



Reluctant Press presents:

Book Of Days

Stacy Nolan



ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHRISTA HAIGHT

A 'SPECTRUM TV' E-BOOK

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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“Becoming Becky”

Stacy Nolan

The salon appeared to be full. I stood outside on the sidewalk and stared through the large display window.

A gorgeous blonde sat at the reception desk painting her nails, a woman’s magazine spread out on the desk before her. Beyond her desk, I could see several staff members tending to customers; all looked young and trendy.

Taking a deep breath, I pushed open the heavy plate glass door and went in. All of my senses were assaulted at once; the sights and sounds, the smells all made me aware that this was an all-female environment.

The receptionist looked up from her magazine and gave me her best smile.

“Good morning and welcome to Complete Hair and Beauty Salon. How can I help you?”

“Hi, I would like to have my hair styled, perhaps with some highlights?”

“I’m sorry but all our clients are ladies. May I suggest that you try Greg’s Barber Shop over on Puloma?”

I hadn’t expected this response and I felt myself growing more and more embarrassed as I noticed people looking in my direction.

“Look, I didn’t come here today to argue with you. I would like my hair styled and tinted and I have the money to pay for it. Why does that seem to be a problem?”

A white badge gave the receptionist’s name as Carly. Her smile had slipped and she was looking a little flustered. I was about to take things further when a voice said,

“May I introduce myself? My name is Lisa McNab. I am the manager. Would you like to step into my office, please?”

The Manager's office was not at all what I had expected. It was tastefully decorated. Its furnishings consisted of a large old-fashioned roll top writing bureau, a massive oak desk with a red leather inlaid top, and two overstuffed red leather easy chairs.

"Sit down please, Mr..."

"Weaver, Chad Weaver," I replied.

"May I get you a drink? Perhaps tea or coffee?"

"Coffee would be great, thanks."

"Okay, Mr Weaver, please tell me what it is that you would like for us to do for you and I'll tell you whether or not we can help you."

"It's pretty simple, really. I have been growing my hair for years, and now that it's long enough, I would like it cut, styled and tinted like a woman's."

"You are serious about this, aren't you?"

"Yes, very much so."

"Mr Weaver, all of our hairstyles come with a little something extra for the month of June: eyebrow shaping and tinting, semi-permanent eyelash extensions, ear piercing, acrylic false nails, etc. Our customers tend to leave it up to us. Would you be willing to do the same?"

"Oh yes, the more feminine you can make me look, the better!"

"Alright, Mr Weaver, there's just the matter of a couple of disclaimer forms for you to sign. Then we can start."

"Saskia, our top hairstylist, and Yvonne our beautician will both be free shortly to take care of you personally. I will personally instruct them to give you the works."

"Thank you very much. I really do appreciate this."

Twenty minutes later, I was shown to a private part of the salon where a single chair was waiting for me. It had been turned away from the large wall-mounted mirror. A stylist was waiting for me, her expression one of amusement.

"Hello Chad. It's nice to meet you. My name is Saskia. Please take a seat, then you can tell me how you would like your hair."

"Could you do it for me in the same style as yours?" I replied, staring in awe and wonder at her long straight hair, which hung to a point midway down her back.

"Oh, how girly!" Saskia exclaimed excitedly.

I sat quietly, my eyes shut as Saskia got to work. Knowing that I was going to leave here looking like a girl really turned me on. My cock began to grow hard. I tried to control my breathing, to think of anything to take my mind off what was happening. Oh, it wasn't easy!

It wasn't just my hair that was being worked on; I could feel my eyebrows being plucked and shaped, and something was being done to my eyelashes too.

Makeup was being applied to my smooth, hairless face; my lips were injected to give them a sexy feminine pout. Finally, my ears were pierced. I clearly heard the muffled “pop” from the small machine, but the process was painless.

Suddenly, Saskia was saying, “Okay, sweetheart, all done, you’re going to just love the new you. I would never guess that you were really a guy!”

She turned my chair so that I sat facing the oversized mirror. I couldn’t hold back a gasp of shock! Of course, I had expected to look girly but nothing like this! I really *did* look like a girl!

My hair was now very much like Saskia’s; it was still brown in color, but a shade or two lighter. My hair had been lightly layered at its sides, giving me a much softer and more feminine look. Blonde highlights added to this; full bangs came down to my finely arched eyebrows, almost covering one eye. Curious, I pulled at my new false eyelashes. Nothing happened except for making my eyes water.

“I wouldn’t do that if I was you, honey,” Saskia said. “All you’ll do is rip out your own lashes at the roots. Best leave them alone, you’ll get used to them!”

Gold studs had been fitted into my newly pierced ears, catching the light every time that I moved. I licked my swollen lips, tasting the red lipstick as I did so.

I had been very tempted to wear something stylish and feminine but, thinking about my return journey home, I had decided to keep it simple. I was wearing a pair of red skimpy undershorts, faded denim jeans; white sports socks, white Reebok training shoes and a lady’s sweater. The latter was a dusky pink in color with a Bardot neckline, which revealed a lot of bare shoulder. It was made of soft fluffy cashmere, its wide collar decorated with three oversized pearlized buttons.

I glanced down at myself and my long hair swept forward, brushing my face gently. Its soft touch thrilled me, making me hard.

My thoughts were mixed as I left the salon. I wanted nothing more than to dig a deep hole and hide myself away, yet on the other hand, I wanted to show off my new look. I wanted people to stop and stare at me, to be unsure whether I was male or female.

Saskia gave me a big hug and kiss and said, “Good luck, sweetheart!”

I thanked her for her help and stopped at the reception desk to pay my bill. Then, opening the door, I gingerly stepped out on to the sidewalk and bumped straight into our next door neighbors’ daughters Donna and Carly

They started to apologize, and then Carly said, “Wow...Chad? No, it can’t be! Oh boy, just look at you! Your hair! And your face! You look so pretty!”

Questions from the girls came thick and fast. I was so embarrassed, I didn’t know what to say or do. Suddenly, I was crying.

Donna held me close. I could smell her perfume, feel her full breasts pushing against me. Again, I felt my cock growing hard.

Donna said, “Oh baby, come on, don’t get upset. There’s nothing wrong with you wanting to be a girl! What you have done today is a cry for help. You have taken the first step and that took courage.”

"Thanks," I whispered, "but what are my Mom and Dad gonna say?"

LATER....

"Mary, don't try and tell me that it's just a phase he's going through! I knew that he was different from other boys his age. He never liked sports, for one thing. I mean, what boy his age doesn't like football and baseball? Jeez! He's no son of mine, the limp-wristed sissy!"

My Mom was crying as she said, "Oh Brad, how can you say that? He's still your son, for crying out loud! Chad is going to need our love and support more than ever now, don't you see? If he wants to become a girl, then we should help him."

"I'm sorry, Mary, but I just can't handle it. If I stay here, I'll say or do something that I'll regret later. I need a drink, don't wait up. I don't know what time I'll be home."

After he had left, Mom shouted upstairs and asked me to come down.

"There are things we need to sort out, Chad. Well, you certainly kept *that* a secret, didn't you? Do you really want to be a girl, or is it the dressing-up that you like?"

How could I admit the immense sexual thrill that seeing my self dressed-up as a girl gave me?

Reluctantly, I said, "I want to be a girl, Mom. I've tried to fight it, honestly I have, but it's no use, the urge is just too strong. I figured if I was going to go through with it, I should do so while I was still young enough. The transition from male to female would be much easier."

"Okay, I love you with all my heart, and that's not going to change just because my son is now my daughter. I promise to do everything in my power to help you to become the pretty girl that you obviously want to be. Now don't you worry about a thing, darling. I'm going to get you the best help available."

As the days passed, Dad became less embarrassed around me. One evening, he nervously presented me with a small gift wrapped present. I opened it to reveal a dainty gold lady's watch, its face so tiny as to be almost impossible to read. I loved it.

I gave Dad a big "Thank you" hug and kiss and to my surprise and delight, he hugged me back, saying, "You're going to make me very proud, darling, 'cause you're going to grow up to be the prettiest girl around."

How frustrating! I couldn't come clean to my Mom and Dad and admit to them that I was actually a transvestite who found dressing as a woman a real turn-on. How was I going to wriggle out of this before things went too far?

Ms. Verna Cole ran an elite finishing school especially for "Problem girls" with a maximum of twenty-eight per term.

What made Ms. Verna's girls so special was that they were, in fact, boys, boys that were totally feminised, most against their will. Others were quite happy to be turned into pretty little girls.

Ms Verna looked across her broad oak desk at my Mom and Dad and smiled, a gesture that did nothing to soften her predatory features.

Dad asked, "How soon would you be able to take Chad? That is assuming that we can agree with your terms and conditions?"

Ms. Verna looked at the calendar on the wall. "Hmmm, where are we now? Ah yes, it's the twenty-seventh of April today. Monday, the fourth of May, would be the earliest we could take her. Is that convenient for you?"

JUST LIKE ME....

When Mom and Dad explained to me about Ms. Verna's Finishing School, I could barely hide my excitement from them. Just the thought of spending time with others like me really turned me on! And of course I'd be dressed as a girl 24/7!

Well, the Big Day finally arrived. I'd hardly slept a wink the night before. It was like a dream come true for me. My Mom had laid out my school uniform neatly the night before.

Mom had said to me, "Once you start wearing skirts tomorrow, there can be no looking back. There will be no more trousers and jeans for you, my dear; they can be taken to Goodwill."

"Skirts!" I thought to myself as I felt my cock growing harder. Skirts, my own skirts!!

Soon I would be left with no other choice other than to dress full-time as a girl!

GIRLY UNIFORM.

I dressed slowly, savoring every minute. I put on my matching white panties and a bra, the cups of which had realistic breast forms sewn in, giving them the weight and feel of real breasts.

There was a pair of white ankle socks with a lacy trim around their tops, a navy blue pleated skirt, a crisp white blouse, a navy blue uniform blazer, its top pocket bearing the schools insignia. Finally, I slipped my feet into a pair of black Mary Janes with a sensible 2-inch stacked heel.

If I wasn't careful, I would come in my pants. Wow! I looked so HOT!

Mom brushed my hair for me and put it up in a high ponytail, securing it in place with a black velvet bobble.

The small gold studs in my ears had been replaced with a pair of medium sized gold hoops, a touch of light makeup, mascara, eye shadow and lipstick. I was as ready as I'd ever be.

MEET THE GIRLS

My first stop at my new school was Ms. Verna's office. She asked her secretary, a Miss Coleman, to give us a few minutes. "Why don't you go along to the staff room and get yourself a cup of coffee, my dear?"

“Right, lets get down to business, shall we? Our young ladies are split into two groups. There are those who welcome the chance of being turned into one of the fairer sex; the other girls feel that they are being forced into womanhood against their wills.

“They will do all they can to fight the feminizing process, even try to escape if they can. It can take them a while to realise that they cannot win. Now, my dear, which are you?”

“Oh, Ms. Verna, I’ve dreamed of being a girl for as long as I can remember. If you can change me into a girl, a real girl, I shall be forever in your debt.”

“Good girl, that’s just what I wanted to hear! You will be put in with A Class where you will be expected to dress and act like a young girl at all times. Now, don’t you think its time that you chose a feminine name for yourself? I can help you if you wish. How about Debbie, or maybe Helen?”

“I’ve always liked the name Sharon, Ms. Verna, if that’s all right with you.”

“Of course my dear. Sharon it shall be!”

It seemed that A Class was not as popular as Ms Verna would have me believe. My arrival brought the number up to seven. My teacher was named Rachel Stevens. She was a 23-year-old male-to-female Transsexual, a former pupil of Ms Verna’s finishing school. She was gorgeous, with not a hint of masculinity about her. Every little gesture, every mannerism was 100% feminine. Did I really want to end up like her?

STORIES

We girls all shared the one room. It had twelve beds; only seven were in use. The girls were not ashamed to undress in front of each other at bedtime. I couldn’t help but stare in wonder as the girls displayed their bodies in various stages of feminization.

One girl named Christy was really hot. All that separated her from being a complete woman was her small, shrunken cock. I didn’t know whether to laugh or cry.

Claire came to Ms Verna’s finishing school three years earlier when she was only eleven years old. She was now a young woman of fourteen, easily the prettiest girl there. She was perfect in every way, almost like a living Barbie doll.

Her large full breasts seemed out of proportion to her slim figure. Claire’s legs were long shapely and tanned; she was wide of hip and narrow of waist. Shoulder-length blond hair framed her flawless face, a face too lovely to have ever been male, yes?

Claire’s pale blue eyes looked through her long dark eyelashes every time that she blinked. Her small pert nose most people would describe as “cute” and her wide, sensual mouth would make boys go weak at the knees.

Claire could only be described as a “sissy.” She minced around in tight skirts and the highest of heels, her wrists limp. She was per

Three more months and Claire’s time at the school would be over. It would be time for her parents to collect their new daughter.

Heather was the hardest girl in our group to get to know; she tended to keep her self to herself most of the time. At eighteen, she was the oldest among us. She would leave the school at the end of this term, her feminization complete.

Heather's choice of clothes and the way she wore her hair and make up made her look older than her years.

Her dark, almost raven hair was cut shorter than most of the other girls; it was feather cut and layered, full bangs almost obscuring one eye.

Smart skirt suits, crisp white frilly blouses, sheer hose, and black leather court shoes with -inch heels was what she wore most days.

Heather was seen as a mother figure by some of the younger girls, someone to look up to, to ask for advice.

I was curious about Heather but I did not have the nerve to ask for the story of how she got here.

One evening early in July, around 7: 15pm, most of the girls were outside on the school's landscaped grounds.

Heather lay on her bed reading a hardcover Dean Koontz Novel entitled "Odd Thomas."

I walked over and said, "Hey, Dean Koontz! My favorite author! Do you know I've read all of his books, except for the one that you are reading?"

Heather smiled. "I'll let you read it when I've finished, as long as you look after it, of course!"

We chatted for ages, finding out that we liked



the same authors: Stephen King,

Richard Laymon, Shaun Hutson, James Herbert, and Simon Clark.

It was the same with movies. We both liked modern day classics like "Taxi Driver," "Assault on precinct 13," "The Crow" and "Enter the Dragon."

It didn't take very long for the conversation to turn to our situation here at the school; it seemed that Heather had been a naughty boy, in trouble for fighting at school, shoplifting, stealing from his Mom and Dad, but the straw that broke the camel's back was when it was discovered that he'd made the Norton twins, Emma and Valarie, pregnant.

"I was given two options. Stay at home and face the music, or take my place at Ms. Verna's special school for girls.

"Know something? I've hated everything they've done to me here. Each day I've had to watch myself change, gradually losing my masculinity, until... Well, do I need to say more?"

"When do you go home?" I asked her.

"Only seven more weeks. I can't wait!" she replied.

"At least then you'll be able to go back to being male again."

"If only it were that simple, Sharon, but I have already had the op several months ago. It's too late for me now. Physically at least, I am all woman."

In a small voice I asked, "Will you show me...please?"

Heather hesitated for a moment or two, then without another word, she began to undress. She never took her eyes off me as she did so. Her clothes lay at her feet; suddenly she stood naked before me.

CHRISTY

As I mentioned, Christy is Hot...and I mean HOT! She is every guy's fantasy woman. Her feminisation was carefully planned from the first. For Christy, this was a moneymaking scheme.

Christy was not a Transsexual; she was not even a Transvestite. Her total feminization was just a means to get rich.

Christy's dream was to become a Shemale model, to pose for transformation magazines, to star in porno videos, maybe even to go on to become a star in mainstream movies, the leading lady to some of today's big stars!

Christy's problem was that before his feminization, "he" had been a stud. Girls adored him, but now he was prettier than most of his ex-girlfriends and he could no longer "get it up." His cock was shrunk to the extent that it was no more than a tiny fleshy bud, so small that he looked almost female down there.

I'm sorry, I know it may sound cruel, but he got exactly what he deserved. Now he's taking the news that there's no going back for him really hard. He's just going to have to live with it, isn't he?