



*Reluctant Press* presents:

# Unchained Melanie

Jennifer Lauren



ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. PAGANI

---

A 'NEW WOMAN' E-BOOK

---

Copyright © 2005, Reluctant Press - All Rights Reserved

***Reluctant Press TG Publishers***

This story is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder.

***Protect Professional Fiction on the Internet!***

We need *your* help! We want to keep providing our readers with low cost, professional quality fiction on the Internet. We spend thousands of dollars to edit, illustrate and typeset *each story*. It is important, therefore, that everyone works to help keep professional fiction alive on the Net.

This story is protected by US and International copyright law, and is owned exclusively by Reluctant Press, which retains exclusive rights to publish these materials. The civil penalties for copyright infringement can be severe, including substantial monetary damages, injunctive relief, and liability for attorneys' fees incurred in prosecuting a case. If a court determines that the infringement was committed willfully, statutory damages of up to \$100,000 for each copyright infringed can be awarded. Even if not found to be acting willfully, a defendant can still be held liable for statutory damages of \$500 to \$20,000 for each copyright infringed. **These penalties apply even if money was not charged.** In addition, criminal penalties may be imposed if someone willfully infringes a copyrighted work for commercial advantage or private financial gain. This crime is punishable by up to five years imprisonment, up to \$250,000 in fines, or both. State civil damages and criminal penalties vary from state to state and country to country, but are always severe.

The best way to keep professional illustrated fiction available on the Internet is to do **YOUR** part to protect the author's and publisher's copyright. *You can be part of the solution.* Encourage others to purchase our stories. Never share the access rights you've purchased. **You** make the continued availability of TG fiction on the Internet possible. Thank you for your cooperation!

# Unchained Melanie

**By Jennifer Lauren**

## CHAPTER ONE

Steven Ross checked his cell phone and groaned. It was his wife, Pamela, who was calling him. Didn't he just ask her not to call him at work?

"Hello?" he answered weakly.

"Steven, listen to me. I don't care how you do it; I want you to take a week off." Pamela's high-pitched voice came through the phone loud and clear.

"But honey, I'm involved in an important deal . . ." Steven began.

"You just do it, mister or I'll make you sorry you didn't!" Pamela said casually then hung up.

Steven looked around the office to see if anyone had heard their conversation, but it seemed no one was paying any attention. Taking a deep breath and exhaling slowly, he knew what he had to do. He didn't want to, but if he defied Pamela, there would be hell to pay. He knew that.

Steven got up and walked down the hallway to his supervisor's office. He knocked once. There was no answer. He knocked again. Still nothing.

Then he began to hear what sounded like whimpers emanating from the office. The door was ajar and Steven peaked in.

He couldn't believe his eyes! Lying across his boss's desk was Debbie, one of the new young tellers. Her long blonde hair dangled over the edge of the desk and little whimpers were escaping from her lips. All she appeared to be wearing was a bra, garter belt and stockings. He could see Mr. Lyon standing between her wide spread, stocking-encased thighs, his hefty manhood nudging just inside the wet folds of her tight, wet pussy.

“Please fuck me, Frank.” Debbie begged.

“I need to feel your big cock inside of me again!”

Then, this obviously wasn't the first time, Steven thought to himself while he stood transfixed, unable to move from his position at the door.

Steven knew that Debbie and her husband of five years had been trying to have a baby, but to no avail. Rumor had it that her husband was sterile. But young Debbie wanted a baby very badly and it looked like she might get her wish.

Mr. Lyon stood over the petite young woman who was writhing with passion.

He started moving into her slowly but deliberately,

“Please, Frank . . . Give me a baby . . .”

“I don't think that's going to be any problem.” Mr. Lyon moaned, starting to move strongly in and out of her.

The 50 year old man crushed his mouth down over little Debbie's, kissing her deeply as he increased the power and rhythm of his thrusts. He tore his mouth free of hers and pulled up her bra exposing her small breasts and started licking and sucking them, causing her nipples to become as hard as a little stones.

Little cries began to spill from Debbie's mouth as Mr. Lyon's thick, hard-driving penis nudged her clitoris into sweet bliss. Steven could see his boss's heavy balls slapping against Debbie's white, upturned ass cheeks as he pounded into her relentlessly.

“I'm gonna cum!” Mr. Lyon groaned.

“Oh, yes! Cum inside me!” Debbie cried.

Mr. Lyon stiffened and came!

The man's creamy white semen pooled warmly into her depths.

Mr. Lyon then bent down and kissed Debbie deeply while his sperm surged against the neck of her womb.

Steven finally tore his eyes away from the spectacle he was witnessing and walked back to his cubicle. He wondered what Mrs. Lyon would have said if she knew her husband was bonking a girl young enough to be his daughter? He also wondered why Debbie had gone to such great lengths to try to become pregnant. What would her young husband say if he found out she was going to have another man's baby? Those thoughts boggled his mind.

Steven waited until he saw Debbie leaving Mr. Lyon's office before going and knocking at his boss's office door.

Steven explained he needed to take a week off to attend to his dying mother, who lived in Atlanta. He knew he had to have a darn good reason for wanting the time off with such short notice and it worked. Mr. Lyon granted Steven the week's leave, no questions asked.

Steven went back to his desk and tried to work but it was of no use. He couldn't concentrate. He couldn't help but wonder what his pushy wife had in store for him this time. The last time this happened Pamela had taken Steven to a secluded cabin for a week where she made him dress up in one of her skirt outfits, nylons and high heels and tied him up

on the bed and in a chair. She had even gagged him by jamming a tennis ball into his mouth, forcing his jaws agonizingly apart and tied in place with a nylon stocking knotted behind his head. With her, anything was possible!

At 5:00 PM Steven hurried home, not wanting to tempt fate by angering his wife. She was used to having everything her way during their ten-year marriage. And Steven just felt it was easier to indulge her whims and fantasies as long as she didn't go overboard.

When Steven arrived home he had no idea what Pamela had in store for him. If he had known he probably would have run.

Pamela marched him upstairs and bathed him in a sweet smelling bath.

"I have some news for you but I'm not going to tell you until you get into these." Pamela nodded toward the clothing on the bed. There was a pair of pink lace bikini panties, a matching bra, a garter belt and stockings, a white half-slip and a grey and white skirt outfit. There was a pair of black 3" heel pumps on the floor beside the bed and a long red wig.

"Oh, honey, do I have to?" Steven groaned, trying to get out of it.

"JUST DO IT!" she ordered.

"OK . . . OK . . . just don't yell, alright?" Steven wined.

He dressed in the clothing she had laid out for him.

"The wig and the shoes . . . DO IT!" Pamela ordered louder this time.

"OK . . . OK . . ." he said, flinching as if she was going to hit him.

He did what he had been told. What else was a wimp to do?

"Good . . . That's good." Pamela nearly smiled.



“Now sit down here. I’m going to tie you up so you can’t escape.” She told him.

Steven sat down in the wooden chair, not wanting to incur her wrath.

Pamela took some lengths of nylon rope and began tying Steven to the chair. She pulled his arms up and over the chair back and tied his wrists cruelly to one of the braces. Another line passed across his middle, securing him to the chair. She lashed his legs together above his stockinged knees and at the ankles.

Steven tried to move but couldn’t. She had tied him tighter than usual this time.

“Honey, these ropes are too tight, they’re . . . MMMMPPPHHH!!!”

Pamela cut him off by stuffing a rag into his gaping mouth, then took one of her nylon stockings and tied it behind his head to hold the rag in place.

“I’m not interested in your problems.” Pamela hissed.

“And you may as well get used to those clothes, too, because you’ll be wearing them from now on.”

“MMMPPPH???”

“That’s right, honey bunch. I’ve denied myself for too long and I need a lesbian lover. You are going to be that lover. Of course, I’ll call your boss in a few days and tell him you won’t be coming back to the bank. And we’ll be moving as well. Maybe to Castle Rock where no one knows us. . . .”

Steven freaked. He tried desperately to speak through the gag but only a muffled mumbling sound came forth. She couldn’t be serious. Or could she . . .? Steven thought wildly and he began to struggle.

“Go ahead. Test your bonds, but I assure you I’m very serious. I’ve tried fighting it, but it’s no use. I’m just a lesbian in my heart.” Pamela said with conviction.

“Oh, and I almost forgot . . .”

Pamela went to her purse and took out a syringe and prepared it.

“Wondering what this is?” a crooked grin came to her lips.

“They’re female hormones. They’ll cause your breasts to grow and your already tiny penis and testicles to wither up. They’ll be absolutely useless, but, hey, you still have a tongue, right?”

“MMMPPHHH!!!” Steven struggled, trying desperately to get loose.

Pamela approached Steven and quickly gave him the hearty dose of Premarin.

“That’s a good girl.” Pamela said calmly as if she was under some spell. There was something in her eyes that told Steven she had lost it. The glint in her eye when she shot Steven up with the hormones told him that she was dead serious about turning him into some kind of lesbian lover. How far she would take it was anybody’s guess. Pamela was unpredictable. And her revelation that they were moving to another town and Steven’s forced resigning of his job made him realize how serious she was about transforming him into a woman.

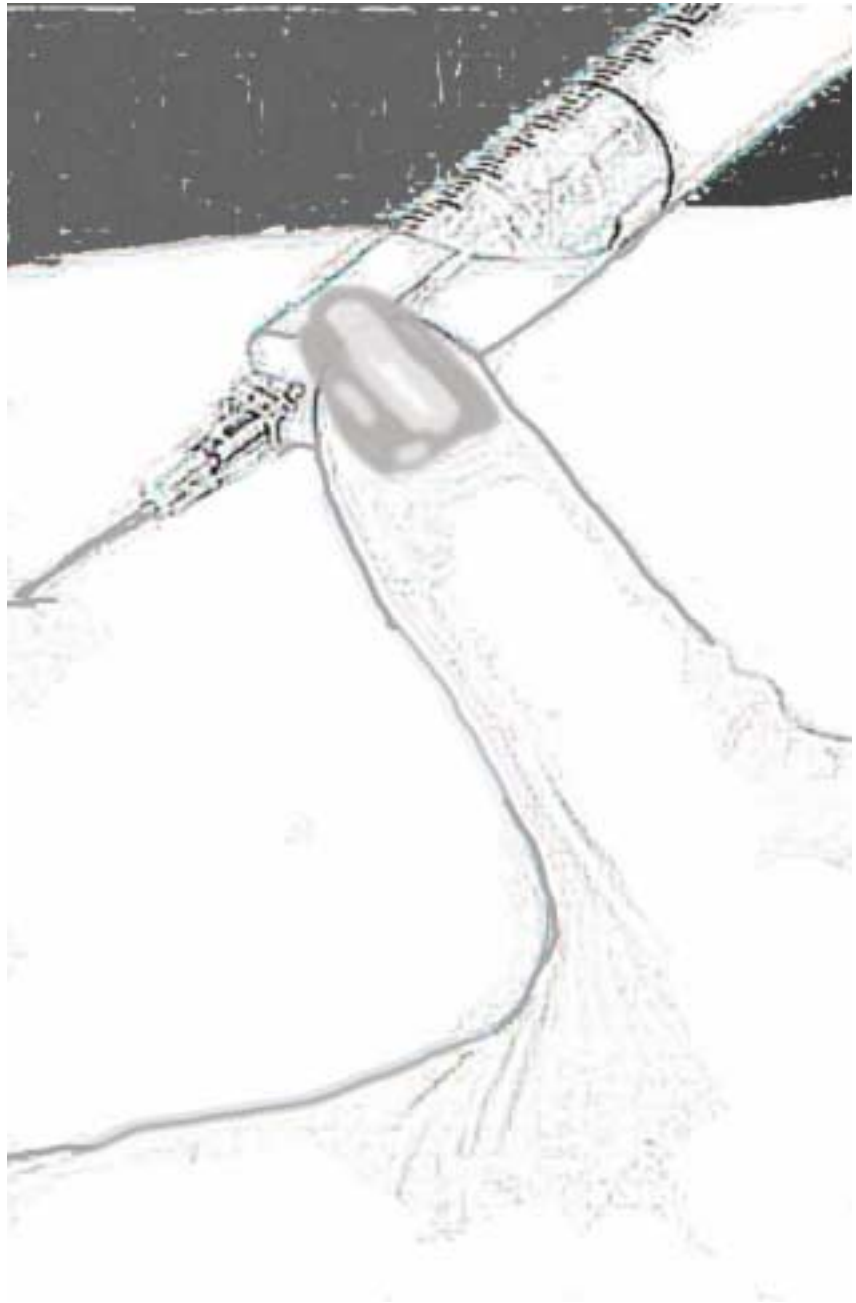
"I'm going to be giving you massive amounts of hormones over the next few days because we have no time to lose." Pamela continued as she put away the syringe and took a cigarette from her purse. She took a lighter from an end table and casually lit it. Steven struggled in the chair before her. But his efforts were in vain. She had tied him especially tightly this time.

At first Steven thought Pamela was going through another one of her phases. She had always turned him loose after a day or so of bondage. But as the hours turned to days and the hormone injections increased in volume, Steven began to realize that Pamela wasn't playing games this time. The hormones were beginning to take their desired effect. His breasts were growing at a phenomenal rate and his skin was becoming increasingly soft. His entire body was taking on a more feminine shape and he was so weak from hours of waiting on Pamela hand and foot while wearing a short skirt, nylons and high heels.

Pamela lectured him for hours while he sat tied up in the heavy wooden chair. He was too tired and weak to try to get away.

But Pamela wasn't taking any chances. She kept Steven tied up and gagged at night or whenever she left him alone. After a couple of weeks Steven had given up on any hope of a reprieve. Pamela had bought them a nice ranch-style home in Greenville, about a hundred miles north of where they lived. As soon as she deemed Melanie fit for taking out in public, they would move. She put their present home on the market shortly before Melanie's first public appearance.

Melanie didn't know it at the time, but Pamela was determined to make her as much a slave to her as possi-



ble. She had acquired a secret potion from a Haitian palm reader and began putting it in Melanie's food and water. The palm reader had promised Pamela that the potion would feminize her husband completely. Pamela had no idea of how complete and permanent Melanie's physical changes would become.

One day they both dressed in nice skirt suits, silk stockings and pumps and drove to a mall in a nearby city. Melanie followed Pamela's lead and the two walked through the mall, doing a little clothes shopping along the way. Pamela did all the talking and Melanie passed with flying colors!

Then Pamela took them out for drinks, not telling Melanie that she'd arranged for a buff young man to meet them there. After several drinks, of course!

By the time the guy showed up, Melanie was quite tipsy. Pamela forced two more drinks down her before the three of them left and returned to the house. Melanie was so drunk she was unaware of what was happening. She found out the next day when Pamela smugly showed her the photos she had taken the night before. Melanie turned white as a sheet. Displayed before her were ten photographs showing Melanie lying on a bed with the man they'd met. In one photo Melanie was only wearing a bra and a garter belt and stockings while she sucked the guy's large, man-sized cock. Another photo showed Melanie and the man kissing while she played with the man's erect penis between them! And still another showed Melanie's sweet face with a big load of creamy white semen all over it!

She couldn't believe what Pamela had done!

"These pictures are my insurance policy in case you ever try to leave. I'll send these pictures to everyone we know, including the papers!" Pamela threatened.

Melanie just hung her head, unsure of what to say. It seemed his wife definitely had the upper hand and he didn't want to say anything that would set her off.

"You're just a little slut, did you know that?" Pamela quipped, rubbing salt into the wound.

Melanie nodded her head in the affirmative.

Actually, she remembered quite a bit from the night before. Although embarrassed to admit it, she actually enjoyed the encounter with the strange young man. She couldn't get the thought of his hard cock out of her head. Nor the taste of his manly secretions. It was all quite bizarre, but she started to question her own sexuality.

In the weeks that followed, Pamela and Melanie moved to their new house in Greenville and started living the lives of two financially-secure lesbians. Melanie's breasts had grown quite large with the constant hormone injections. The potion was kicking in as well, changing her body forever. No longer would she look in a mirror and see a skinny, wimpy little man. When she looked in the mirror these days she saw a shapely, curvaceous looking young woman. Melanie's penis and testicles had shrunk up into useless appendages, good only for urinating. She couldn't achieve an erection no matter how hard she tried. It wouldn't take Melanie long to figure out that she never would again. Ever! The potion had seen to that. There was no turning back now, Melanie thought to herself. She



decided that the only thing to do was to become the best woman he could. And that was that.

When Pamela and Melanie moved into their new home in Greenville, Pamela assigned Melanie her own bedroom and only allowed Melanie to enter her bedroom when she wanted some TLC.

One morning Melanie awoke to the shock of her young life. Her penis and withered testicles were gone! She stared down in disbelief at her pubic mound, which was covered with wispy light blonde hair. A depression ran vertically down the mound between her legs and she reached down and touched it. She drew her hand back as if she had received an electrical shock.

There's no way. That's impossible, Melanie told herself. She reached back down again and traced the folds of her brand new vagina, feeling an electrical jolt as she did so. Her fingers found the hard little nub that was her clitoris and fingered it lightly. This nearly sent her into orbit!

When she showed Pamela her new pussy, she didn't seem surprised.

"It's about time! You didn't need your male organs anyway!" she said.

Pamela had started up a real estate business in Greenville and it was taking more and more of her time these days. Most of the time Melanie was left on her own, cleaning the house, vacuuming, washing clothes and basically doing the work of a housewife. She was even preparing their meals every night.

But Melanie was growing bored with the lesbian relationship she shared with her one-time wife. She was experiencing some new and strange desires and emotions. She yearned to feel the hardness of a man again and feel what it's like to be mounted and fucked. She was also developing a craving for big cocks and decided to do something about it.

One night while Pamela was away on a business trip, Melanie broke her chains. After taking a long, hot bath, Melanie stepped into a pair of pink bikini panties and donned a matching pink lace bra. The bra could barely contain her straining breasts and she made a mental note that she'd have to get some larger ones. After wrapping a black garter belt around her trim middle and fastening it, she twisted it into place. Sitting on the edge of the bed, she pulled on her black stockings and attached the tops to her garters. She stepped into a brown leather mini-skirt and pulled on a long sleeved white cashmere sweater. Her 3" heel knee high black boots completed her ensemble.

Melanie's hair had grown out and it was no longer necessary for her to have to wear a wig. She applied her makeup conservatively, yet elegantly, as Pamela had showed her. A few strokes of a brush through her shoulder-length hair and a bit of lipstick and she was all set. All set for what, she didn't really know. All she knew was she needed to be with a man. A real man with a man's needs and desires. And she figured she'd find one downtown in one of the many bars that lined Second Avenue.

Grabbing her purse and the keys to the Mazda RX-7, Melanie glanced at the clock on the wall.

"It's almost Happy Hour!" she thought to herself with a gleam in her eye.

"There's got to be a lot of men out there looking for a good time!"

Stepping out into the garage and getting into the car felt so freeing to her. She felt so alive . . . so sensual. It may have had something to do with the way the backs of her stockinged thighs felt as they rubbed the leather seats. Or the way it felt to drive in high heels. Whatever the cause, Melanie was dressed to kill. And she was out for a good time.

She pulled into Kelley's bar first because the bartender had always been friendly and polite to her. She entered the bar and walked to the far end, the sound of her silk stockings rubbing together barely audible. Sitting at the end of the bar Melanie took a pack of Marlboro's from her purse and set them on the bar. The bartender smiled at her and nodded.

"What'll it be, honey?" he asked, digging in his pocket for a lighter.

"I'll have Rum & Coke to start with, Tony." Melanie replied in the most feminine voice she could muster.

"Coming right up!"

"What's Pamela doing these days?"

"She's been really busy with the reality lately."

"Business good?" Tony asked as he poured a double shot of Capitan Morgan into a glass.

"I guess so. She's hardly ever home and I've been so lonely." Melanie whined.

"You looking for some action?" Tony asked her quietly as he set her drink in front of her.

"As a matter of fact, I am." Melanie purred.

She took a cigarette from the pack on the bar. Tony lit it for her and glanced around the half-filled bar. Most of the patrons were men, with a few couples here and there.

"Maybe I can help you out." Tony whispered.

"I'll get back to you."

"Cool!" Melanie said, taking a long drag on her cigarette.

She was beginning to notice that quite a few of the men in the bar were eyeing her. She took a long sip of her drink and shivered. Tony really knew how to make them!

Maybe it was just her own paranoia but Melanie could feel the weight of the men's hungry eyes upon her. She felt as vulnerable as a deer caught in the headlights of a speeding car. She had no idea how this night was going to end but one thing was for sure. She needed to experience being with a man for the first time, even if that meant a little stroll out to a guy's car for some "playtime."

Melanie was just finishing her drink when a tall, balding man of about forty entered the bar and headed in Melanie's direction. She glanced up at Tony who nodded in the man's direction and winked at her. He placed a slip of paper before her that read: "He's the guy. \$50.00" and that's it.

"What is that suppose to mean?" Melanie asked herself.

"\$50.00?"

The man sat on the stool beside Melanie, taking out a pack of Marlboros and laying them on the bar.

"I'll have a beer, Tony." The man said in a deep, masculine tone.

Melanie glanced at him and he smiled.

Melanie smiled back.

He was considerably older than she, but that was alright. Melanie was hoping that her first man would be mature. His smiling eyes and leathery skin told Melanie that he probably worked outside. He had something of a pot belly, but it wasn't enough to be repulsive. He wore a black cowboy hat and was dressed in jeans and a long sleeved western shirt.

"How are you tonight, little lady?" the man asked, taking a sip of his beer.

"I'm doing fine." Melanie heard herself answer.

"My name's Jerry." He said, holding out his hand.

"I'm Melanie." She said, offering hers.

"Good to meet you, Melanie. You know, I have a daughter about your age. You 'bout twenty-five?"

"Twenty-six actually." Melanie said, taking a cigarette from her pack on the bar.

Jerry reached in his pocket for a lighter and lit it for her.

"Thank you."

"Can I buy you a drink?" he asked, lighting a cigarette of his own.

"That would be nice." Melanie smiled.

"What are you drinking?"

"Rum and coke."

Jerry signaled Tony and he nodded.

"So what do you do, Jerry?" Melanie asked, trying to sound casual.

"I drive a truck. Long haul." Jerry answered.

"And you?"

"Well, I was in banking for a few years."

"Was?" Jerry eyed her, taking a long slug on his beer.

"Yeah. I decided to take a break for a while. You know, all work and no play makes Jane a dull girl."

"I can relate to that. Sometimes I wish I could quit and do some of the things I've wanted to do, but never had the time." Jerry said.

"What would you do?" Melanie asked, stirring her drink with her straw.

"I'd like to do some traveling. Get an RV and visit places I've never been to. Besides, I like to drive on the open road. Visit new places and meet new people. I guess you could say that I'm a vagabond."

“That sounds kind of fun.”

The two of them talked for nearly two hours and Melanie found that she and Jerry had a lot in common. Melanie was a little tipsy when Jerry suggested they retreat to the privacy of his car. Not giving her a chance to decline his offer, he took her by the hand and led her out the back door and to his car, which was parked in a dark corner of the parking lot. Jerry opened the door for her and Melanie got into the spacious front seat of the Cadillac. The leather seat felt extremely erotic against the back of her stockinged legs as he closed her door and went around and entered his side.

“How much do you want?” Jerry asked, taking his wallet from his jacket.

“How much do you have?” Melanie asked, trying not to slur her words.

“I have this much.” Jerry said, taking out a fifty-dollar bill.

“Now, what do I get for this much?”

“What you see is what you get!” Melanie answered in the sexiest voice she could manage.

Jerry pushed the bill into her purse and pulled her to him, crushing his mouth down over hers. He kissed her passionately, snaking his tongue deeply into her mouth. Melanie sucked on it softly and her hand went instinctively to the growing bulge in his pants. She grasped the meaty bulge and began to squeeze and rub his hardness through the material of his jeans, causing him to moan lustily down into her ovulating mouth.

Jerry’s hand came up and cupped one of Melanie’s hefty breasts while they kissed. Every time his fingers moved across her nipple, electric jolts shot through her body as if she was plugged into a light socket. Her nipple responded immediately and became as hard as a little stone beneath the material of her dress and lace bra. A strange wetness began to seep into her panties as he toyed with her straining breasts.

“My goodness, what’s happening to me?” Melanie thought, her pulse quickening.

She could feel the man’s penis become large and erect inside the confines of his pants. She could feel its throbbing hardness and was determined to release it.

Jerry tore his mouth away from hers and reached down and opened his pants, releasing his large, man-sized cock from the prison of his jeans.

Melanie wrapped her fingers around it and began to stroke it instinctively, feeling it grow larger and harder in her small, soft hand. She glanced down and saw it in all its glory in the dim light. It was so big; her fingers couldn’t reach all the way around its girth!

“Oh, Jerry . . . it’s . . . it’s beautiful!” she heard herself say as if in a trance

“Oh, baby!” Jerry moaned, the intoxicating feel of her soft hand driving him crazy with desire.

His mouth found hers once again and they kissed deeply. By now, Jerry’s penis was seeping lavishly, lubricating the shaft as Melanie continued to stroke him.

She broke their lingering embrace and stared down at the wet hardness she held tightly in her hand. She was in awe of its sheer size and hardness. She’d never seen such a big cock before, let alone stroked one in her hands.