



Reluctant Press presents:

NYPD Tranny

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. PAGANI

A 'NEW WOMAN' E-BOOK

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N.Y.P.D. TRANNY

By Jennifer Lauren

CHAPTER ONE

When Sgt. Shawn Elliot was promoted to detective after only five years on the force, he became the youngest police officer ever in NYPD history to head up his own narcotics team. Working out of the 57th precinct in Greenwich Village, the 25 yr. old detective led his team on a number of assaults against the local mob drug cartels.

Shawn was a good cop, as had been his father. It was all he ever wanted to be. And he was quite adept at putting away gang members, hoodlums and heavy-handed pimps set on breaking the laws of the city of New York. He gained a lifetime of experience working his way up from rookie street cop to sergeant to Watch Commander and then to detective. Shawn's wife Gina wasn't crazy about her husband's recent promotion to Narcotics, but the extra money would come in handy for the new apartment they had rented. Gina was anxious on starting a family, but Shawn had put her off, citing that they would start a family after he finished his three-year tour with the Narcotics division.

They had gotten married after Shawn graduated from the police academy five years earlier. Gina had chosen not to work even though the two newlyweds could have used the money. Shawn made up for his wife's shortcomings by working 15 to 20 hours a week overtime. But he was beginning to fatigue from the additional hours and it was evident to everyone who knew him that Shawn was burning out fast. His health was beginning to suffer and his reaction time was dulled by the long hours working Narcotics.

Working the docks late one Friday night in August, Shawn and his team raided an old warehouse that was a suspected Methamphetamine lab. They had rehearsed the raid over and over again. Every man knew where he was to be and what he was supposed to do.

Everyone was wearing a bullet-proof vest, including Shawn, when they busted the door down and went charging into the musky darkness of the warehouse. Leading a section of three other officers, Shawn took his men upstairs and began searching.

The word on the street was that the mafia was using this building as a drug storage facility before shipping it out across the city and the country. And it was Shawn's job to keep as much as possible of the drug trade out of business and off the streets.

While Shawn and his men investigated the darkened rooms upstairs, other officers searched the ground floor. If there was anybody in that building they would find them.

Shawn heard a noise behind him. He wheeled around and saw a figure standing about ten feet away in the shadows. A second later a flash of light and an incredible BOOM! echoed through the upper floors of the warehouse.

Shawn dropped to his knees, feeling as if his middle was on fire. He tried to speak but no words came out.

A chorus of fire erupted from behind him and he saw the shadow fly backward into a wall and collapse in a heap. Everything seemed to be moving in slow motion to Shawn. He glanced down at the area just below his Kevlar vest and past out. When he came to ten minutes later he was being hurriedly loaded aboard an ambulance.

"Just take it easy, soldier. Hang in there, Shawn!"

It was the voice of his partner, Sgt. Jill Murray.

Once inside, the ambulance started moving. The pain down below was so intense Shawn felt like screaming, but he didn't. A warm wetness seemed to be flowing down his thighs and he realized that this was his life blood draining away. Apparently the paramedics couldn't stop the bleeding . . .

"Shawn . . . Shawn can you hear me?" a female voice asked.

It was Gina's voice and it sounded frightened.

"Please, Shawn, wake up!" she began to sob.

He could hear the desperate pleas of his wife but he couldn't respond to her. He couldn't move no matter how hard he tried. His eyes fluttered open and he could see Gina sitting next to his bed, a look of horror in her eyes. He couldn't move because the heavy doses of pain medication he was receiving rendered him incapable of responding to her. He could only look at her, trying to reassure her with his eyes. But she was too upset and crying too hard to see how badly he was trying to communicate with her. Shawn tried to move his hand but found it impossible. He wanted to tell her that everything was going to be all right . . .

"I'm sorry, but there was nothing we could do to save his genitals." A man's voice from the door said.

"We did everything possible, but his penis and testicles were mangled by the close range shotgun blast."

"Are you telling me that my husband can no longer make love to me?" Gina's voice cracked.

"That's true, Mrs. Elliot. Right now we are just trying to save his life." Gina burst into tears, wailing uncontrollably.

"Why don't you go home, Mrs. Elliott? I'll have an officer take you home. We'll let you know if there are any changes. But I wouldn't get your hopes up. The next twenty-four hours will be critical."

"Oh, my God, what has happened to me?" Shawn thought in his drug-induced stupor. He faded off into black. A week and three surgeries would come to pass before he re-awakened.

Shawn heard voices in his room as he slowly came out of the drug induced coma.

"He's coming out of it, doctor." A female voice said.

"Shawn? I'm Doctor Becker. Can you hear me?"

Shawn's eyes fluttered open and he desperately tried to focus on the two forms standing next to his hospital bed. His lower body felt as if it was on fire and he struggled to clear his mind.

"We thought we'd lost you a couple of times." Dr. Becker spoke softly.

"Water." Shawn managed to croak.

The nurse handed the doctor a plastic cup with a straw and he held the straw to Shawn's cracked lips.

"Where am I?" Shawn managed to rasp, a dribble of water running down his chin.

"You're at Mercy Hospital. You've been here almost a week. We've stopped the bleeding down below and saved your left leg, but we need to discuss something very important right now. Do you understand me?" The doctor said seriously.

"What's that?" Shawn asked, as if waiting for the next shoe to drop.

The doctor motioned for the nurse to shut the door.

"Mr. Elliott . . ." he began.

"Shawn, please." Shawn corrected him.

"And be straight with me all the way."

"Very well." Dr. Becker took a deep breath.

"You are lucky to be alive. The shotgun blast blew your testicles off and a portion of your inner thigh... Your penis was shredded beyond repair. We had to remove it."

"Are you saying I'll never be able to make love to my wife again?" Shawn finally spoke.

"Yes, I'm afraid so."

Shawn's mind exploded into a thousand different thoughts. What would he do? What was to become of him? Gina would surely leave him because she wanted and needed a lot of sex. Before the accident, Shawn was giving it to her four or five times a week!

He struggled back to the here and now.

"What are my options, if any?" Shawn asked.

"Well, you could live out your life in a castrated condition."

"You mean a freak?" Shawn said, his voice cracking.

"Or you could start a new life."

"What new life?"

"A new life as a woman."

"What do you mean?"

"We can rebuild you. We have the technology. You would be a prime candidate for Sexual Reassignment Surgery."

"You've got to be kidding!" Shawn said.

"No, Shawn, I am not kidding. I'm very serious. This same accident has happened dozens of times and men have begun new lives as women. Anyway, the choice is yours, but we don't have much time if the operation is to be a success." Dr. Becker said.

"You think about it. Talk to your wife about it. Let me know by this evening."

He grabbed his clipboard and left. The young nurse just stood there for a moment, unsure of what to say.

"Can I get you anything, Mr. Elliott?" she finally asked.

"Not unless you can get me back my balls." Shawn spat angrily.

The nurse disappeared out the door.

Shawn laid there, his mind haunted by the reality of his situation. He figured that he'd already lost Gina. The reality of no more sex would send her packing. Shawn knew that she needed a man, a real man with a good, hard cock. The bigger the better!

But his career, his life. That was a different matter. Being a cop was all that really mattered to him and he knew it. He started contemplating the possibilities of continuing in police work as a woman. Could he do that? And would the department still accept him. Or her? Shawn agonized over these issues for a long time until he made his decision. In fact, he made his decision just before Gina came by to see him that afternoon.

"How do you feel?" Gina's voice echoed across the room.

Shawn could tell by her tone that she'd already spoke with Dr. Becker.

"I'll make it they tell me." He answered, not looking at her.

"That's good." Gina said, unsure of what to say next.

Shawn just lay there quietly, anticipating his wife's inevitable question.

"Is it true about your genitals?" she finally asked, sitting in a chair beside the bed.

"That's right. Blown clean off." Shawn said.

"You mean we can never have sex again?" she asked more directly.

"Yes."

Gina squirmed in her chair uncomfortably. She reached into her purse and took out a cigarette but when she realized where she was she put it away.

"I don't think I can handle this, Shawn." She finally said.

"I need to be with a man. I need to feel his hardness."

"It's OK. I understand." He said, blinking back the tears.

"Hey, look, I gotta go." Gina said suddenly, standing on wobbly legs.

"Where are you going?" Shawn asked, incredulously.

"I don't want to miss Happy Hour," she said, forcing a smile.

"You take care, Shawn. I'll be moved out in a few days."

Shawn just nodded. She had reacted exactly how he thought she would. With coldness and indifference. It had always been about Gina. And now she was bailing out of their relationship for good.

She turned and walked out the door as casually as she had walked in.

Later that afternoon Dr. Becker returned to check on Shawn. He had a couple of Intern's with him and asked Shawn if it would be all right if his student's observed. Shawn nodded his head.

Dr. Becker changed Shawn's bandages and discussed Shawn's unfortunate situation with his students. Each of the doctors- to- be gazed at the wound with intensity and curiosity. Although Shawn hadn't seen the extent of his injuries yet, the young doctor's reaction said it all.

He had already lost his wife to this hideous mutilation of his manhood. Now the only thing on Shawn Elliott's mind was how to return to being a cop.

"Have you made a decision?" Dr. Becker asked quietly.

His student's suddenly became silent.

"Could I still be a cop? Could I still do my job?" Shawn asked.

"I don't see why not. You'll have to put in a couple of months worth of dedicated physical therapy and work things out with your superiors, but I don't see any reason you couldn't return to being a cop." Dr. Becker said.

"Then let's do the surgery." Shawn said.

"Alright then. I'll make the arrangements right away."

"By the way, doc, what is it that you're going to do, exactly?" Shawn asked.

"We will create a surgical vagina for you from what's left of your shredded organs. You will have a fully functioning female vagina. And I'm certain that with some nerve-splicing we can give you a considerable amount of sensation in that area."

"Then what happens?"

"Then I can arrange for you to see a therapist who will indoctrinate you on all aspects of your "transformation." Dr. Kelly Thompson is very good. She will teach you all that you'll need to know about becoming a woman. She will get you started on hormone therapy which will induce your breasts to grow and your body to feminize. She will be there every step of the way until you're living on your own as a female."

“Very well.” Shawn said, squirming on the bed, trying to get more comfortable.

“I’ll send the papers up for your signature soon and we’ll get you moved and prepped.” Dr. Becker smiled.

“And don’t worry. It will be OK. I’ve done dozens of these operations.”

Shawn nodded weakly. What else was he to do? The last thing he needed in his life was to be some kind of circus freak. At least with the surgery he had a chance at an entirely new life. And Shawn not only wanted to live, but he wanted a chance at life again. Even if that meant becoming a woman. That would be much better than living out his days as a one-man freak show.

Dr. Becker arranged everything. Later that evening while Jill was visiting, Shawn got the news that his surgery was set for 8 AM the next morning.

Shawn turned a whiter shade of pale and felt sick to his stomach. It would all be different in a few short hours.

“There are a lot of people pulling for you, Shawn.” Jill said, taking his hand.

“You’re going to be alright, you’ll see!”

She was strong and he admired her for it. They had a special bond not unlike those of combat soldiers who’ve served together in battle. She was the best. They’d saved each other’s lives on several occasions. Jill stayed at Shawn’s bedside until he fell asleep.

Around 3 AM they came and took Shawn to prep him for surgery. That day would be a very long one indeed.

CHAPTER TWO

Shawn was in and out of consciousness during the morning of his surgery. He was vaguely aware of the hustle and bustle going on around him, the pricks and the sharp jabs. All Shawn could seem to focus on was the thought that he’d soon be beginning a new chapter in his life. When they finally wheeled him into surgery he was pondering a new name.

“Are you ready to go, Shawn?” he heard Dr. Becker’s voice.

Shawn gave him a weak “thumbs up” sign as the Anesthesiologist fitted a mask over his face.

A few seconds later and he was out for the count. It’s amazing how much we all put our trust in people we don’t even know. And yet Shawn was trusting Dr. Becker to give him a whole new persona.

Shawn’s surgery began at 8 AM and was still progressing at noon. At around 1 PM Dr. Becker finished his task, which was constructing a real female vagina out of the few bits of nerve and fiber that was left. Although he had very little to work with, the good doctor

knew his craft and did an amazing job. Although swollen and puffy, the new vagina looked like the real thing.

During the following week Shauna was hurting. But not the kind of intense pain he was in before the surgery. No, this was different. It was more like discomfort rather than outright pain. His nurses got him up and made him walk daily. Toward the end of the week he or rather, she, began to regain her appetite.

“What have you decided to call yourself?” Jill asked during her last night in the hospital.

“I’ve decided on Shauna.”

“I should have known: that’s a beautiful name!” Jill jibed.

Somehow, Shauna knew that Jill would be there for her. She had already offered her second bedroom to her until she got on her feet and got back to work. She also offered to take Shauna to her medical and therapy appointments

“You’re still the best cop I know, male or female.” Jill told Shauna as she wheeled her out of the hospital and to her car.

“And you’re the best friend anyone’s ever had, Jill.” Shauna commented.

“Yeah, well, maybe I could show you a thing or two about being a woman. After all, I’ve been one all my life!” Jill smiled.

Shauna was one week post-op when she moved in with Jill. She was still smarting somewhat, but got around well by herself and could do most of her required daily things by herself.

Jill had purchased Shauna some clothing and lingerie such as panties, bras and dresses and skirt outfits. She also bought her a couple of wigs and some shoes. These would be enough to get Shauna started and she could purchase more things later. Besides doctor appointments and therapy sessions, there was little time left for voice lessons and etiquette training. Jill worked with Shauna for nearly two weeks, showing her how to walk, talk, and “pass” as a real woman.

When the day came for her first therapy session, Shauna was more than ready. She had decided to go all out and apply all that Jill had taught her. Jill went along for support and even cheered Shauna on while the therapist put her through her paces. Good thing she wore sweats and a sweatshirt. After forty minutes she was thrashed and collapsed on the icing table.

“Good job, Shauna! See you on Wednesday, same time.” The young therapist said.

Jill sat down next to Shauna.

“You did great today!” Jill told her.

“I can’t imagine having to go through this three times a week for the next six weeks.” Shauna moaned quietly.

“Let’s go.”

“Where are we going?” Shauna asked Jill as they left the building.

“Your next appointment. Nobody said that this would be easy.” Jill chided.

"You're kidding, right? Jill? . . . Jill?"

She got into the car.

"Let's go, daylight's a wasting!" Jill called out like a drill sergeant.

Shauna got in and Jill drove them over to another kind of therapist. Her voice therapist, Dr. Julianne Welch.

When Shauna was called in for her voice therapy session, she turned to Jill.

"You're not coming?"

"No. I'll wait for you here." Jill said, picking up a magazine.

Shauna followed the nurse down a long hallway until they came to the last door. The nurse knocked softly and stuck her head inside.

Dr. Welch, Shauna is here." She said.

"Please show her in."

The nurse stepped aside and Shauna walked in, trying not to stumble on the thickly padded carpet. She heard the door close behind her.

"Shauna Elliott? I'm Dr. Julianne Welch, but you can call me Julianne."

She rose from behind a massive oak desk and stuck out her hand. Behind the desk she looked so small. She was quite petite.

Shauna took her hand and shook it like a man would.

"Hello." She managed to croak.

"Please, sit." Dr. Welch gestured toward a chair beside her desk.

"We'll have to work in the handshake." She smiled.

"What do you mean?" Shauna asked.

"I mean you shook my hand like a man would. You wouldn't want the world to think you're a man dressed up like a woman, do you?"

"Of course not." Shauna said.

"Various people, mostly transsexuals, come to me to learn how to change their voices to sound more like a woman. The whole idea is this: It's all in your tone and delivery. I can show you how to speak and sound like a woman. And I can teach you how to act like a woman. Now the first aspect of this course is implicit obedience on your part..."

She took a sip of water for a glass on her desk and leaned back in her chair.

"I don't understand." Shauna said.

"You have to truly WANT to become a woman in your heart, otherwise this won't work. Do you really want to become a woman?" Dr. Welch asked pointedly.

"Yes, of course I do!" Shauna burst out.

"It's not as if I have a whole lot of choice in the matter."

"That's where you have to change your thinking." Dr. Welch said.

"You've got to want this more than anything in the world to make the effort pay off. You've got to promise me you'll be here for your appointments on time. You have to do whatever I ask you to do, no questions asked, or the deal is off, understand?"

Shauna lowered her head and nodded.

"And if you work really hard, maybe, just maybe, you'll be able to "pass" as a real woman."

Shauna looked up, blinking back a tear.

"But I have to pass as a real woman if I'm going to get back on the force."

"That's right, Jill told me you were a cop and wanted to return to working in law enforcement."

The doctor flipped through Shauna's file.

She removed her glasses and set them on the desk, a somber look coming to her face.

"Well, Shauna, what's it going to be?"

"I can do it. I really want to make it." She sniffed.

"Good. That's what I wanted to hear."

She reached into a desk drawer and took out a thick pink booklet and two CD's.

"I want you to read this, a chapter per week. Practice the things that are on these CD's as well. The more you practice, the better you'll become. Understand?"

"I think so." Shauna said.

"You have to change your whole attitude. Your thoughts, your ideas, your dreams. Just remember this. You will get out of this what you put into it. And if you really want to become a cop again, you came to the right place."

During the last fifteen minutes of the session, Dr. Welch got Shauna going with a few words and phrases that would help her pass in public.

"Do you have a makeup coach?" the doctor asked at the end of the session.

"Jill has been helping me." Shauna said.

"Good. She did a good job with you. Just watch what she does and put it to memory. The whole idea is to look nice without going overboard. And remember this: A little bit goes a long way."

Shauna nodded mutely.

"What?" Dr. Welch tested her.

"Thank you."

"You're welcome. That sounded better, but work on it every chance you get, OK?"

"I will, I promise."

"Good. Very good! I'll see you next week, same day and time, Shauna."

"Thank you, Julianne." Shauna sounded, almost smiling.

She winked at her.

Shauna left the office in great haste. She had remembered Jill promising to take her shopping for some new things and this sounded like more fun than therapy sessions.

Jill took Shauna downtown and they went to all the big stores. Shauna took \$1000 out of savings to cover this shopping spree. But she was a woman on a mission. Jill helped her with the style and colors of things that would accentuate her positive features: Her long, slender legs for a start.

She took Jill's advice and got several pairs of pantyhose, of various colors and textures. But she was also learning that she was a traditional dresser at heart and especially appreciated an older style of lingerie, such as garter belts and stockings. She took two garter belts, one black, the other white, and added them to her cart. Jill helped her pick out several pair of thigh-high stockings in beige, white and black.

Jill suggested two skirt suit combos that she could wear to job interviews or when she returned to the police department to try to get her job back. The skirts were rather short, but Shauna had the legs for them. She wanted to look nice and sexy, but professional at the same time. But she didn't want to compromise her belief to display what many would say was her finest attribute: Her legs.

Shauna had a weakness. She loved shoes. High-heel pumps or sandals. Even knee-high boots. It didn't take her long to spend the \$1000.

The two ambled out of Macy's with armloads of bags and boxes. Shauna was exhausted when they finally got back to Jill's apartment. She flopped onto her bed and slept until Jill called her for supper. She had been through a lot in the past couple of weeks and she knew she needed to find a way to build herself back up both physically and psychologically.

The department had put her on administrative leave for 90 days with pay. This was a blessing because she felt she needed to contribute to the cost of living expenses she and Jill had. Plus she needed money to pay for her voice therapy and a supply of female hormones prescribed by Dr. Becker. Her insurance didn't pay for these things. Maybe the insurance executives thought she should live as a castrated male freak instead? Insurance companies were so sterile. They knew nothing and could care less about Shauna and her new life. That night as Shauna lay in bed, she made a vow to herself. She was going to go all out and embrace her new life with gusto. Whatever it takes, I will do, she thought. She was bound and determined to be the best she could be. And right now that meant several grueling sessions of physical therapy in addition to her voice sessions and etiquette training.

Jill had acted as a liaison between Shauna and the department. They had told her that they would review her progress and abilities after 90 days and make a recommendation for rehire if she passed the physical and mental requirements of the department. This meant that Shauna had about ten weeks to get herself into shape in more ways than one.

"So much to do and so little time." Shauna said quietly over and over again, practicing her voice tones.

It wasn't long before she slipped off to sleep.

The next few weeks Shauna was a very busy girl indeed. She attended all of her scheduled therapy sessions in addition to putting in some serious overtime at the gym. She began dressing up everyday and putting her new style and mannerisms into practice. Her voice therapy paid off enormously and it gave Shauna the confidence to go anywhere, day or night, and “pass.” The large doses of Premarin she was taking were causing her breasts to blossom and her body to take on a more noticeable female shape.

A week before she was to go in and speak to the department board, Shauna’s breasts were filling out a 42C bra! And feeling better than she’d felt since the surgery. Dr. Welch was very proud of her and sent along a recommendation that Shauna Elliott be reinstated as a police officer as soon as possible.

Finally the big day arrived and Shauna dressed accordingly. She decided on wearing her navy blue skirt suit, nylons and matching 3” heel pumps. She had rehearsed over and over again in her head the things she wanted to say to the board. Chances were that this would be her one and only chance to get back on the force. At this point, she was even willing to start back at the bottom as a street cop or even a secretary. It would be a foot back in the door and she could prove herself and move up. Anything would be possible if only . . .

“It’s time to go.” Jill called through her bedroom door.

“I’m coming, Jill.” Shauna called back, checking her appearance in a full-length mirror before grabbing her purse.

“You look really nice!” Jill commented as they drove downtown to police headquarters.

“You really think so?” Shauna asked.

“I’m shaking.”

“You’ll do fine, you’ll see!” Jill said, patting her hand.

“I hope you’re right.”

Jill dropped Shauna off at the main entrance and went to park the car. Shauna reported on time to the desk sergeant who had Shauna wait in a room next door to the conference room where the board was meeting. She started fidgeting nervously and then stopped herself. She crossed her nylon-encased legs and the feeling of the material sent jolts of electricity throughout her body. Feeling a bit vulnerable and small, she cleared her mind and focused on the facts.

Whether she was a he or a she wasn’t the issue here. What was the issue was the fact that she still had the experience and skills needed to perform well as a police officer. And she hadn’t forgotten her training at the Academy. She could only hope that the board would see things this way as well.

“Ms. Elliott, would you please come in?” a woman’s voice said from the door.

Shauna smiled, stood and walked into the conference room. There was a table at the far end. Seated behind the table were two uniformed cops, a sergeant and a Captain, and two officers in plain clothes, a woman of about thirty and a man of about forty.