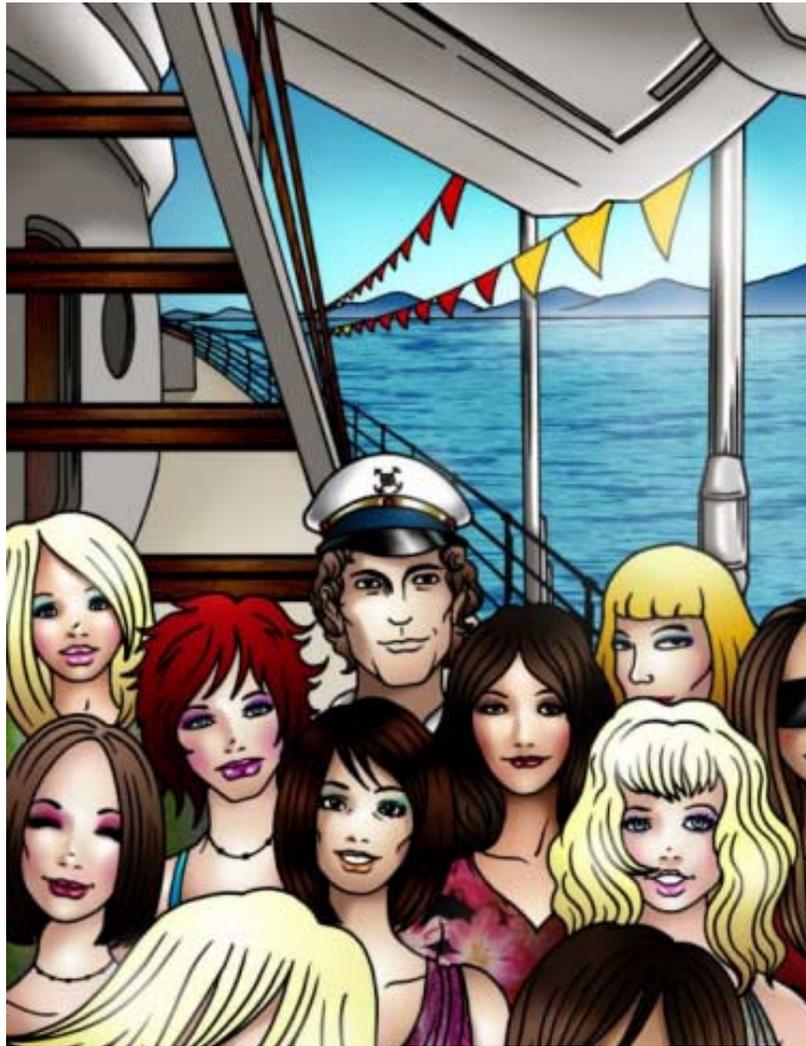




Reluctant Press presents:

CROSSWORLDS

Heather Berdrow



A 'SPECTRUM TV' E-BOOK

Copyright © 2008, 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!

Crossworlds

By Heather Berdrow

1.

The Orion is the newest ship, just added to the fleet of Earth Science Administration, also known as the E.S.A. It is a long-distance star cruiser assigned to Delta sector, a newly discovered, never explored area. It lay many light years from Earth. The Orion had been traveling for nearly 14 months, as it approached the destination of its maiden voyage.

With few exceptions, it had been an uneventful but fruitful assignment. Viewing a super nova in progress had been a first for the E.S.A. Captain Scott Adams was a young officer, but he had a proven track record. He had been given his first command aboard the Orion, and was determined to keep the crew on their toes, and keep them fresh. Frequent drills had made sure of that. With a compliment of 102 officers and crew on his mind, the Captain wanted the cruise to be the best and the safest ever.

The Captain had only recently been promoted. Being the smallest member of his training class, he knew he had to work harder to get anywhere in the E.S.A. At a mere 5'7" and 140 lbs., Scott Adams still cut a sharp image in his command uniform.

On long voyages, there were long stretches with little to do. This gave Captain Adams plenty of free time to ponder his life from childhood to the path his career took him along. He was the only son of a working single mother. He had three older sisters. He would often smile to himself at the games he and his sisters played as children, while his mother worked. She was gone for long hours to support her family, and had little money to spend. He remembered all the time he had spent in dresses, saving his boy clothes for school. But he couldn't remember complaining, not even once. It just felt right at the time.

His travels into the feminine world didn't stop at dresses. His sisters also shared their lingerie with their little brother. He became a plaything for the girls. They also had Scott in panties, hose, and slippers. He was exposed to it all, even makeup, which he became quite

proficient in applying. This went on well into his teens. He still missed the closeness he shared with his family, as well as the feelings he had while dressed. But that was many years ago. Now, he was the captain of a star cruiser and had quite a few other things to keep his mind occupied with.

First Officer James was but a couple of months younger than the captain, but with the politics at the E.S.A. as they were, she would have to wait for her chance to command. She often looked at the captain and wondered why he had been made commander of the ship. Beverly James had more time in space, but he was chosen over her. She never had any negative feelings toward Captain Adams. In fact, she admired his work ethic. He was able to get things done, even under less than optimal circumstances. She liked that in him. But Beverly wondered if her love for women is what held her back, keeping her from the captain's chair.

Standing a few inches taller than Scott Adams at 5'9" and a svelte 125 lbs., she was the picture of health and fitness. There was no job on the ship she couldn't handle. She had a proportionate figure, with great legs and firm backside. She was a beauty, with long blonde hair, and crystal blue eyes. But her greatest asset was her mind.

Dr. Bruce Simpson, Medical Officer, had just graduated from the Academy. This was his first trip into space. He had led his class with a perfect score on all his programs, but he was a little short in the common sense department. At 6' tall, and 170 lbs., Dr. Simpson always looked perfect in his uniform. The doctor was a bit obsessive about his looks and he was a health nut. He worked out several times a day. Some of the female crew would follow him around like puppies, with dreamy looks in their eyes.

The next officer we'll look at is Chief Engineer Bob French. He was the oldest of the officers, at 35 years. At 6'5", 200 lbs., the chief was an imposing figure. Born and raised on a starship, and grown up in the E.S.A., the chief had spent a lifetime in space. He had a quick smile and a deep love for all things feminine, especially women, regardless of shape or size. The chief knew every bolt on the Orion. In fact, some of them were upgraded by the chief himself, well beyond E.S.A. standards. He had no problem getting his hands dirty; he even reveled in it.

Stephanie Wilkes headed up the Navigation unit. She was a petite woman, with an alabaster complexion. She was also well put together, at 5'2" and an even 100 lbs. Stephanie was a quiet, intelligent officer, more than capable of guiding a starship. Like all the women aboard the Orion, she filled out her uniform, front and rear. She was well-toned, and athletic. For a person her size, she had remarkable strength and grace.

Even though every member of the crew was exceedingly healthy and fit, the most beautiful by far was Billie Johnson. She was the chief of communications. Standing at 5'11" and 130 lbs., Billie was a perfect 36-24-36. When her long dark hair was released from the severe braid that she usually wore, it hung down to near her rump. Billie had a love for anything that said 'Girl.' Her make up was always perfect. Her face a work of art when she was done applying the make-up. Dramatic doe eyes, full lips in crimson red, and long natural eyelashes were among her best assets. The soft arc of her waist set off her perky breasts and ample behind. Her natural beauty gave subtle hints of what lay dormant inside her painted exterior.

The entire crew had been hand-picked from the ranks of the E.S.A. for this journey. Very few of the crew had shipped out with each other before into space. The Captain and First Officer James saw this in the crew, and often discussed it in private.

2.

“Captain, I am getting some strange radio signals on my comm,” reported Billie Johnson.

“What kind of signals, and can you zero in on them?” replied the Captain.

“I think they are coming from the fourth planet in that system just ahead,” Billie said as she pointed to a nearby sun system.

The Captain had just come on duty and was making his rounds on the bridge. He made his way over to the communications area, and listened to the reported signals.

“Can the translation unit decode it yet?” Captain Adams asked.

“We are still too far away as yet,” replied Billie. “The unit can only see one’s and zero’s at this distance, sir.”

“Ms. Wilkes, take us closer to that planet,” ordered Captain Adams.

“Yes Sir, we are on the way now,” replied the navigator.

Several hours later, as they settled into a high orbit, all eyes were on the Tele-monitor, looking at a clear, blue and green planet with white puffy clouds floating by. The clouds obscured the land masses below. Seeing the planet, so much like Earth, caused some of the crew to feel homesick. It had been a long time since they had seen their home and loved ones.

Captain Adams asked, “Anything yet, Ms. Johnson?”

She replied, “Not yet, Sir. We are certainly close enough, but there seems to be some sort of energy barrier around the planet. We just can’t decipher the signals.”

“Just to be on the safe side, we had better bring the shield and weapon systems on-line,” the Captain ordered.

“I have been trying to do just that, but the circuits are not responding, Sir,” the First Officer replied to the Captain.

“Better get the chief on it,” Captain Adams said flatly. “I don’t want to be caught unprepared.”

As Beverly spoke into the comm to Chief French, she and the crew saw a bright light begin to rise from the planet’s surface and approach the orbiting craft.

“Get us out of here,” demanded the Captain. But before anyone could act on his orders, the ship was enveloped by the light. All the ship’s vital systems failed, plunging the ship into an inky darkness.

The Captain began to bark orders to anyone who could hear him. “I need power, lights, something, anything,” he bellowed in frustration.

Only one voice answered. "The crew is all out cold, sir. And we're going down, Captain," said Beverly from somewhere near Scott Adams. As he tried to answer her, the ship turned crazily to the right, tossing the Captain to the floor. The lights flickered on, briefly. Scott could see the crew, as they lay on the floor, at their duty stations. Scott also saw that Beverly was the only other conscious person left on the bridge.

The intercom crackled, and the Chief's voice boomed through the room. "The engines are completely dead. I may be able to give you maneuvering jets, but that's about all, Captain."

Scott then said to Beverly, "Take the controls and see if we can find some place to land."

Beverly responded, "I am on it." The tele-monitor flickered on, and Beverly and the Captain both could see the land. It was moving very closely towards them. There was a severe jolt. All went black aboard the Orion.

3.

Captain Adams was dimly aware of his surroundings. He felt pain, from his head to his toes. In his dreamlike state, he thought he heard a strange feminine voice from a distance.

"Good. You're finally coming around," the voice said.

He tried to open his eyes, but the lights were too bright. His head began to swim. The Captain weakly asked, "Where am I, and where is my crew?"

The voice replied, "All in good time. Right now you need your rest. We'll talk later." The blackness crept back into his head, as the lights disappeared.

Sometime later, the Captain was able to open his eyes. As his vision cleared and thoughts sharpened, he was able to get his bearings as he looked about his surroundings. He could see that he was in a pleasantly decorated room that had a comfortable temperature. The bed he rested on was just as nice. He saw no windows and only one door, located on the far side of the room. As his mind returned to the present, he could tell he no longer was wearing his working uniform. He now had on a soft and silky nightshirt, in a pale peach color. This brought back feelings he hadn't had in quite some time. He could also feel the tightness of panties as they stretched across his hips and bottom. "Just what the hell is going on?" he thought to himself. Scott then heard that voice, once again.

"Welcome back. We were getting worried that you weren't going to wake up," she said. He was finally able to focus, and a woman's face appeared in front of him.

"And who are you," the Captain asked.

"My name is Conna, and I am the chief counsel here on my planet. You are now on the planet on Mysina. And your name is?" she asked the Captain.

"My name is Scott Adams, and I am Captain of the star cruiser Orion," he replied. "How is it you can speak and understand our language?"

Conna countered with, "We have been monitoring your world for many years now. We have someone who can speak any of the languages found on your planet."

Scott then asked, "What happened, and why am I dressed this fashion? Where is my uniform?"

Conna pulled a chair up to the Captain's bed, and sat gently. "So many questions, Captain. I guess I should start from the beginning," she stated. "Your ship crash-landed not far from here. We were able to rescue you and your crew."

As Conna spoke, Scott took stock of the chief counsel. She was older and somewhat plain. She had short cropped hair, a fair complexion, not much of a figure. "You still haven't told me why I am dressed this way, and where my crew is."

"Most of your crew is here, in this hospital, although some did not survive. The majority are here in this wing, and some in another," she said. "We are truly sorry for your losses. Most of the injuries to you crew were minor in nature, as was yours. You have been brought here to rest and recuperate. As for your uniform, it was in tatters," Conna said to Scott. "We discarded it, and replaced it with what our men wear here on Mysina."

As the conversation continued, the nightshirt Scott was wearing shifted. A wave of electricity swept over the Captain. When he searched for the source of the tingling, he found that he now had breasts. They were quite large, but also very perky, and the nipples were erect. He could feel himself pale as he gasped, "Where did these come from," Scott tried to ask.

"I think we have talked enough for now," Conna said. "You need your rest. We'll continue this conversation later."

The Captain began to protest, but a feeling of weakness began to flow over his body, and darkness filled his mind. The last image Scott Adams saw was Conna holding an I.V. tube, and adjusting the flow of medication into Scott. "I am being drugged?" was his last thought.

Many hours had passed, as Scott Adams slept without dreams. When he finally woke, he saw that he was not alone in his room. Looking at the figure across the room, he saw that it was a woman, probably some kind of nurse. She had a nice bottom with a cute little wiggle, as she moved about. Scott also noticed nicely rounded hips and very attractive legs that showed from beneath her short, white skirt.

The nurse turned to face the Captain. Scott continued to check out this woman in his room. He saw a smallish waist, medium-sized breasts. Then, "Oh my gawd," he thought to himself. "She is a he." The make-up was flawless, as was his hair. He wore a pleasant amount of jewelry, including simple ear rings that hung from pierced lobes. His top and skirt were a crisp white somewhat transparent. The unmistakable outlines of a bra and panties were clearly visible. The Captain could also see the name tag that he was wearing just above a breast. It read, "Nurse Steve."

"Good morning," Steve said. "How are you feeling?"

The Captain shook his head and said, "I am not sure. Why are you wearing a skirt and lingerie?"

Steve replied, "Mysinian men have always dressed this way. Ever since the beginning of our society. We like to look pretty and sexy for our woman." Just then, Conna entered the room. She had a pleasant smile, as she pulled the chair to his bed.

"I guess we can continue. If you feel up to it, of course," Conna asked the captain. Scott shook his head. It was then that the Captain could feel the longish hair that cascaded down his neck, and onto his shoulders. He was in shock.

Conna continued to speak softly to Scott. "I see you have met Steve. He is a senior nurse here, with many years of experience." But between the movement of his breasts, and the tickle of his new hair, Scott was both distracted and confused. He searched Conna and Steve for answers. Scott still looked to Steve, trying to take it all in.

"He is beautiful," Scott thought to himself. Steve noticed the look on the Captain's face. He smiled coyly, then went on with his duties.

"I can see that I need to explain our society to you and why you have changed since the crash of your ship," Conna said, interrupting Scott's stare.

"I think that would be very helpful at this point," he said to Conna.

"Here on Mysina, women and men lead straight forward lives. They work, get married, and have children, just like they do on your planet, with the exception that the men are the child bearers and homemakers, and the women provide the family unit support. After examining your crew, it seems the opposite is true in your culture. So we are curiosities to you, you are of us. Is that the way your society exists on your home world?" Conna quizzed the Captain.

Scott explained Earth society to Conna, with Steve listening in. They agreed that the two planets had evolved in a nearly identical line; the roles for males and females were the main difference.

"That explains much," Conna said to Scott. Nurse Steve returned to Scott's bedside with a tray. "I have some medications for you that should help you feel better," he said. Scott noticed the perfect manicure, with matching colors on his nails and lips. It was a frosty pink. Steve then gave Scott several purplish pills and a small cup of water. The Captain downed them without a second thought. "I also have a small injection that will help you to heal faster," Steve explained. "Please turn onto your side." Scott complied. He felt Steve's soft hands gently lower his panties, and then the slight pin prick. Scott could feel the warm medication flow into his rump. A flush came over Scott, as his heartbeat began to race. He was still embarrassed to be seen by others wearing lingerie.

"What was in that injection?" the Captain gasped.

"It was a hormone solution. You have received several since your arrival. This should help you to blend into our society more easily," Conna answered before Steve could respond to the Captain.

"It is all part of your medical indoctrination," Conna added.

"Are you trying to make me into a woman?" Scott asked in surprise.

"No. You will still be a male. Only now, you'll be a Mysinian male. Now that you have had all of your injections, it will be impossible to return to your former self," Conna re-

plied. Scott attempted to get out of the bed, but he was still weak from the hormones that flowed within, and his injuries from the crash. Soon the Captain slipped into a deep sleep. He saw both Conna and Steve smile sweetly at him, as he closed his eyes.

4.

On another floor of the hospital, Beverly James and Billie Johnson were waking up. "What in the hell happened to us?" Billie asked.

"We crash-landed. That's the last thing I remember," Beverly replied. As with the Captain, their room was also pleasant and comfortable. They both looked about the room, as they tried to get things together. They too, had their uniforms replaced. They now sported polo-type shirts, and trousers. The room they were in was windowless, and had but one door.

Just then, the door opened, just a crack, and a man's face appeared. "Good morning. I am glad to see you up and around. How are you both feeling?" the man asked, as he stepped into the room. He registered Beverly and Billie's shock. As he stepped into the room, they saw that he was wearing a smoky grey jacket and matching short skirt. A frilly pink blouse peeked out from under the jacket. They also saw tasteful 3" pumps in black that completed the outfit.

Beverly asked the man, "Why are you dressed that way? It's a nice suit, but too feminine for a man to wear. Looks quite funny on you."

He replied, "My name is Doctor Jenkins, and all professional men dress this way. If I wore a sundress and sandals, I would look odd. It just doesn't go with a lab coat." He displayed a wide smile while addressing the two women.

Beverly and Billie both giggled at his comments. "Don't men dress as professionals where you are from?" the doctor asked.

"Yes they do, of course. But men on my planet wear pants, and the women wear the skirts. Usually." Beverly replied to the doctor's question.

He had surprise written all over his face, with Beverly's explanation. "Really? And the men don't have the children and run the home?" asked the doctor. Both the women were taken aback at that last statement. They shook their heads no, as they were unable to verbalize at that point.

"I see you are the ones with the breasts. That usually signifies the child-bearing individual. You seem more adept to carry and nourish a child." Again, they were unable to reply, and were left quite speechless.

Finally, Billie quipped, "We do. I mean the women have the children," she said in a defensive tone.

"It seems that, with the condition of your spacecraft, you and your crew will be here for some time," the doctor said to Beverly and to Billie. "Of course, we will do all we can to help you acclimate and be more comfortable in our society. We have developed many programs for just this purpose," Doctor Jenkins told the two women.

"Just where are we?" Beverly asked.

"You are in a hospital. You and the crew were brought here directly from the crash site. This is the planet of Mysina," he replied.

"Do you know where our captain is, and can we see him?" Beverly asked.

"If your captain is a male, he is probably on another floor, in a different wing. All the male members of your crew were placed there. They are in the South wing. We are currently in the East wing. As for seeing him, I'll have to get clearance from the council," he said. "The males will be treated for their injuries, then placed in a medical indoctrination program," the doctor said.

"What do you mean?" Beverly asked. "What kind of indoctrination?"

Matter-of-factly, the doctor described the program, in detail, to Beverly and to Billie. "All we want is for you to be healthy and happy members of our culture," the doctor told the pair. "Over the last few years, our scientists have been able to isolate which hormones are responsible for the development of secondary characteristics. Once they are administered, the body changes. Men grow breasts, hips and their behinds round out, and the skin seems to soften.

"There is remarkable hair growth on the head, but not the rest of the body. It will also allow the man to carry an infant within them. There is a basic change to their DNA. But they are still able to function, with respect to their erections, and therefore have sexual relations."

"You can't do that to us," Billie said to the doctor. "Especially without our consent. This would never happen in our society. It is morally corrupt."

The doctor replied, "That is the way our society is, and has been from the beginning. We are not about to change it for you. The decision has already been made. I am sorry." Without further comment, the doctor turned on his heels, left the room and the two puzzled women behind.

"What are we going to do?" Billie asked Beverly.

"First, we have to get to the captain before it's too late. He'll know how to handle this," Beverly replied. "We just have to find him, but that may prove quite difficult."

Beverly and Billie looked about their room. The only way out was through the one door. But there was no handle, and no way to open it. They realized they were stuck. As they began to plan, they heard a gentle hissing and the door began to slide open. Another male face appeared around the door.

"Hello?" the face asked sheepishly.

Beverly grabbed him by the arm and pulled him into the room. Before they could get out the door, it slid to a close, just as quickly and quietly as it had opened. The women then looked over their new captive. Like the doctor, he too was wearing a blouse, a short pleated skirt, and modest heels. The nylons covering his legs glistened in the light. Beverly could see and feel the man's bra through the thin material of his blouse, as well as the outline of the panties, covering his behind. It was wide, but not overly so. Beverly and the captive had the same expanse of hips, and similar sized breasts.