



Reluctant Press presents:

CHANGE IN SPACE

Heather Berdrow



A 'NEW WOMAN' E-BOOK

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Change in Space

By Heather Berdrow

Part 1

Our story begins as many do. Our hero, Jack Thomas, was in bed. Not only did Jack wonder about the stars, but his mind would wander back to Earth. “Why do I feel this way?” Jack thought. “I just know that I am different than the other boys.” Jack had been sneaking into his mother's and sister's clothes for some time now. Luckily, he hadn't been caught. He knew he had to be very careful; if his parents ever found out, he would be in big trouble.

Jack was 16 years old, a freshman in high school. He had a sister a couple of years older who was starting her senior year. Jack wasn't the tallest, the fastest, or the strongest, but he could hold his own in a pinch. Jack's father, a former Marine Sergeant, made sure of that. But Jack also learned about the softer side of his personality from his mother. She was fond of saying, “You should stop and enjoy the little things that life has to offer.” That saying was in Jack's mind often.

Lately, Jack looked forward to the weekends. His sister Beth was a pretty and popular girl. Jack's parents were very proud of her and took her and her cheerleader team to competitions all over. Thus, the weekends were almost always free. Jack knew he could take advantage of this time to fill the void inside of him.

On that Saturday, Jack spent most of the day dressed in his sister's extra cheerleader uniform. Of all the clothes available to Jack, this outfit was, by far, his favorite. The short skirt showcased his shapely legs. He had even shaved them, so they would look their best. He had overstuffed the bra he was wearing, tenting out the front of the sweater he had chosen to wear. “Maybe just a little too much stuffing,” Jack thought as he passed a mirror and caught a glimpse of his profile.

He also wore tight little panties that matched the skirt, white ankle socks, and athletic shoes. He had put his longish hair into a ponytail. Jack had wanted to paint his nails, but fear kept him from going too far. Jack spent some of the time he was dressed reading Beth's teen magazines. He had learned from several of the articles how to put on basic makeup. His technique had been improving over the last few attempts. Lipstick, a little eye shadow, and some blush were all he had worn.

Jack looked at the clock. His family would be home soon. So he headed towards his room to change. For some strange reason, Jack suddenly felt very sleepy. This hadn't ever happened to Jack before. He was always very vigilant when he was dressed. Jack tried to shake the sleepiness from his head. He had to return his sister's clothes, before she came home. But instead, he just lay down on his bed. As his made-up eyes began to flutter closed, the last thing Jack saw was a bright light fill his room. Then all went dark.

Jack had no sense of time. He didn't know how long he had slept. He did know that he was still wearing the cheerleader outfit. Only now, he wasn't on his bed. He lay on a warm, hard surface. He tried to open his eyes, but couldn't. He began to hear sounds, voices, and a strange but gentle hum, coming from beneath him.

Jack became quite scared and agitated. "What is going on? Where am I?" he thought. A voice answered him. Jack spoke to the voice. "Who are you, and where am I?"

The voice replied. "My name is Lana, and I am the Captain of this ship."

Jack realized that he heard the voice in his mind, not in his ears. "Where are you taking me?" Jack asked.

"To our planet," replied the voice. Jack was terrified. He rarely ventured out of his home town. He could hardly fathom a trip to another planet. "I have about a million questions," Jack thought.

"All will be revealed to you, but for now, you must sleep," the voice of Lana told Jack. With that, Jack's eyes became heavy as before, and he slept again.

When Jack awoke again, he felt great. None of the overwhelming haze clouded his mind. But Jack felt strange at the same time. He realized that he was only wearing the bra and panties he had on under the uniform. He wanted to cover himself, but his arms were being held down, somehow. "Oh, what has happened to me?" Jack thought.

That familiar voice answered him again. "Hello Jack. This is Lana. Do you remember me?" the soft voice asked.

"Yes," he thought. Then he remembered being at home, dressed in his sister's clothes, feeling sleepy. He knew that he had been on some kind of ship, and was being taken to another planet. Again, Jack felt fear, but was also embarrassed. No one had ever seen him in girl's clothes.

A figure appeared before him. It looked like a woman, but she was dressed funny. Kind of like a man. Jack blushed deeply. Here he was, dressed in lingerie, and couldn't do a thing about it.

"I am Lana, Jack" the woman spoke real words that Jack heard with his ears.

Jack had a difficult time trying to find his voice. "What are you going to do to me?"

"We have brought you here, to learn more about your culture and your people. We have only recently discovered your planet," Lana told Jack.

"May I have something to wear? I am a little cold dressed this way," Jack asked.

"But of course, Jack," Lana smiled. "I'll be right back." Lana was gone in a flash, but returned a few seconds later, by Jack's reckoning. With a wave of her hand, Jack's arms and legs were released. Jack quickly covered himself as Lana handed him some clothes. "I'll leave you to dress. We will talk in a little while," Lana said. "I hope these fit you."

Once Lana had left the room Jack was sitting in, he looked at the clothes he had been given. There was a short skirt, with a matching T-shirt. Jack just shook his head. He put on the skirt and shirt and slid off the bed. A pair of low heeled shoes had been placed at the side of the bed. Jack slipped them on also. Each article of clothing fit Jack perfectly. Jack was very confused.

He was no sooner dressed when Lana re-entered the room. She sat down in a chair near the door, and offered another to Jack. He hesitantly took the chair, smoothing his short skirt as he sat. Instinctively, Jack kept his knees together and placed his hand in his lap, as he had seen many girls do. A million things raced through Jack's mind.

Lana spoke, startling Jack, who was lost in his own thoughts. "Your mind is very active," Lana said. Jack flushed, as he knew that Lana was aware of what he was thinking.

"I am sorry, Lana," Jack replied. "I am just confused and a little scared and nervous right now."

Lana's features softened somewhat. "I know, Jack. That's why I am here. We, are just as curious about you and your culture," Lana said. "I know most young boys are embarrassed to be seen in their dainties," she continued. "We had to remove your skirt and sweater and give you a quick physical."

This shocked Jack. "I don't understand," Jack said.

"Young boys and dainties," Lana replied, "Don't all the males on your world dress in lingerie? On ours they do."

Jack couldn't speak. He thought about himself, and his feelings.

"I wasn't aware of that, Jack," she said. "I just assumed that the males of our two species had evolved in a like manner," Lana went on. "If you look into nature, on either of our planets, the males of many species are more colorful, compared to the females. We just thought, if *our* society had evolved that way, yours would have also. I know this is a lot to digest, Jack. Please believe me, you will soon see and understand. I hope."

With that final statement, Lana left Jack's room. He was alone now with his thoughts. No sooner had Lana departed, two young men, about Jack's age, knocked and entered his room. One of the boys was a blonde; the other, a brunette. They both wore their long hair in perky ponytails, set high on the back of their heads. They both wore short skirts, tank tops, and platform sandals. They were, in Jack's mind, very attractive. Jack blushed at the thoughts passing through his head.

The blonde introduced himself as Bobby, and the brunette was Steve. Jack introduced himself.

Bobby said, "This is so cool. We get to meet someone so much like us, from another planet."

Steve just smiled coyly and held out a perfectly manicured hand to Jack. He took the hand and could feel the softness of Steve's skin. "Nice to meet you, Jack," Steve said, blushing. Bobby did the same, but without the shyness displayed by Steve.

"So tell us about yourself, Jack," Bobby asked as they all sat down. "Don't be shy like Steve here," Bobby grinned. Steve blushed at the bold statement, becoming quite red. Jack could see it behind Steve's make-up.

"I don't quite know where to begin," Jack stuttered.

"Anywhere, Jack. We just want to know you better."

Jack began to tell his life story to the two boys. They were very quiet, but their mouths and eyes were wide open. "Oh Jack," Bobby said with a grimace. "The boys on your planet have to wear those awful pants and heavy clothes? How terrible." Jack just shook his head. "So how come you're dressed like this now?" Bobby questioned.

Jack explained that he felt different than most other boys that he knew. He liked the feeling of silks and satins.

Steve joined in the conversation. "Isn't it great to be able to wear pretty things, like panties and bras, slips and short skirts?"

Once Steve began, he really came out of his shell. It was difficult to get a word in edge-wise. Jack was amazed at how comfortable Bobby and Steve were with discussing their style of dressing and how they shared such intimate details, like showing Jack their lingerie. The boys asked Jack what he was wearing. Jack flushed deeply, as he showed his new friends what he had on.

"Those are just the cutest panties I have ever seen," Bobby glowed. "You *have* to come to our room, so we can show you our stuff." Jack agreed to visit.

But before the two boys could leave, the drowsy feeling hit Jack again. "This has been great fun," Jack said, but it's just a little much right now. I think I need to lie down."

Bobby and Steve looked at each other with a knowing grin, and left Jack to nap.

When Jack woke up and attempted to get out of the bed, he noticed that he had been changed into a pink shorty nightgown and panty set. Jack was thrilled with the feelings he was having, but was also disturbed on another level. "Why do I keep waking up wearing something different, and who is doing the changing?" Jack thought to himself. That question was about to be answered.

As Jack got up, there was a soft knock on his door. Jack was really scared. "Someone will see me dressed this way," he thought.

The door opened and a very handsome man stepped into the room. He was wearing a conservative gray skirt suit, a lime green silk blouse, and 3-inch heeled pumps. His makeup was flawless as was his hair. Jack could see the nail polish on the fingers and toes, and that he had on just the right amount of jewelry. As the man approached, he raised his hand to Jack.

"I am Paul, the ship's counselor. And your name is Jack?" he asked.

Jack weakly shook the finely manicured hand.

"You seem a bit lost. Is there anything I may do to help you?" Paul inquired.

All Jack could do at this point was nod yes. Paul pulled up a chair and sat down in front of Jack. Jack noticed how he smoothed his short skirt under him. Jack sat in a chair opposite Paul. Jack could feel the crimson of his cheeks as he began a conversation with Paul.

"I have a lot of questions, but I'll start with why do I get so sleepy, then wake up wearing a completely different outfit, one that is so feminine?" Jack then made an observation. "And I get the feeling that the men and boys dress quite femme, and the women wear more masculine attire."

Paul replied, "This is very true. It is the way our culture has evolved. We thought that yours did also. We thought that your men dressed this way, too. We only tried to make you feel comfortable, and welcome."

Jack told Paul that he understood. Jack then shared with Paul all his deep secrets, his fears and pleasures. Paul sat quietly and listened to Jack unburden himself. Jack didn't know why, but he somehow knew that he could trust Paul.

"Well, that's quite a lot baggage for a young man to carry around, Jack," Paul said with a smile in his voice. "Thank you for sharing yourself with me."

Jack then asked Paul "Is that why I am dressed this way now?" Paul acknowledged Jack. "This may be a silly question, but why do I get so sleepy and have to close my eyes?"

Paul responded. "One of the tools my culture has mastered over many centuries is the manipulation of thinking creatures, much like what you call mind control." This shocked Jack. "Don't worry, Jack," Paul grinned. "My people have a long history of very moral conduct toward others. We wouldn't even consider harming you in any way."

With that information, Jack felt he could finally relax a bit.

"We can send you a thought and you will have a physical reaction to it, like asking you to sleep. We felt we would lower your anxiety level if we slowly shared information about our society, and how it works." Jack thanked Paul for the consideration that had been shown to him. "Now, young man, it's time you got out of this room, but I think you need to change before we start the tour. You'll find everything you need in the dresser and closet." Paul offered Jack help with the dressing, but Jack just blushed and declined. Jack thought he could manage.

"I'll be right outside when you are ready."

After the door shut, Jack explored the dresser drawers and the closet. Jack found bras, panties and silky camisoles in every color. In the closet, he found many skirt/top combinations. He chose a light pink bra and panty set. Then Jack slowly rolled a pair of sheer pantyhose up his smooth legs. This put Jack in heaven. Next came tap pants and camisole in the same color and texture. Jack then put a short black skirt, with many knife pleats, that fell to about 6" above his knee. He then placed a sheer pale pink blouse on. Jack could see the straps of the bra and camisole through it. This caused Jack to blush deeply, but the smile on his face stayed.

Jack finished the outfit with a pair of low-heeled skimmers he found on the bottom of the closet. Chills flew down Jack's spine and erupted on his skin, as he looked at himself in the mirror that hung on the back of the door. Jack could only dream that he could wear such dreamy clothes. Jack then noticed that his ponytail had remained intact. He decided to place a pink ribbon at its base. A crowning touch.

Jack took a couple of breaths, opened the door, and stepped into the hallway. As promised, Paul was waiting just outside. He turned towards Jack and surveyed the youth's choice of clothes. "Very very nice, Jack," Paul complimented. "Your sense of fashion is great, but I think a little makeup is in order."

Paul took Jack back inside, sat him down at the vanity, and began to apply foundation, blush, eye shadow and liner, mascara, and some blush pink lipstick. Jack could only stare at the reflection in the mirror. He smiled, and the image smiled back. "Is that really me?" Jack asked.

"It sure is. Like it?" Paul answered.

"Oh yes, yes, yes. I never thought something this would ever come true," Jack beamed.

"Let's go. Lots to see and do, my lad," Paul quipped.

Jack and Paul stepped into the hallway. A few people were moving to and fro. As was custom, the men were wearing skirts, dresses, and short shorts. The women were in pants and shirt. Jack just couldn't see enough. Jack and Paul were joined on their tour by Bobby and Steve. All four talked fashion, non-stop.

"I *love* your makeup, Jack," Bobby said.

"And I love his outfit," returned Steve.

Jack told the boys that Paul had done his makeup, but he had chosen his own clothes.

"Well, if you're going to hang around here for long, you really should learn to do your own makeup," suggested Paul. Both Bobby and Steve volunteered to help Jack.

"We are going to have *so* much fun," smiled Bobby.

During the tour, the group was introduced to many of the crew-members, both men and women. Jack still felt anxiety with every new face. He paused as he realized that he hadn't thought of his family since he left Earth. Jack got suddenly quite homesick.

Bobby and Steve complained about classes, then excused themselves from the tour. Jack inquired about education. Paul explained the schools and classes. As they neared the end of the tour, Jack and Paul met up with Lana, near her quarters.

"You must be starving, Jack," Lana said. "I'll order us up some food, then we can finish the tour." Jack agreed as he realized just how empty his stomach was. There was just so much to experience.

"Please sit down, Jack," Lana said. Both Jack and Paul sat down in some very comfortable chairs, at a table in Lana's Officer Quarters. "I'll ring for something to eat for all of us," Lana quipped.

Lana waived her hand over a console on her desk. Lana briefly closed her eyes. Jack could see her lips move, but heard no sound. The door opened and a young girl stepped

into the room. Jack was spellbound, as he thought she was very cute. She wore a bright pink maid's uniform that barely covered her bottom, silk stockings, and 2-inch black patent leather pumps. The girl looked up briefly and began to blush deeply. Her blush was matched with Jack's flush. He could feel himself become aroused.

The girl, who Lana introduced as Patricia, stiffly began to unload food and beverages from a cart she had rolled into the room.

Lana began to explain Patricia's plight. "You see, Jack, sometimes our girls misbehave, so they need to be taught discipline and good manners. Patricia here seems to have a problem with authority," Lana continued. "Patricia was placed in a program to help her learn her place in society. Unfortunately, Patricia is resistant to programming. She was placed here, in servitude."

Patricia could only look up briefly, and she continued to blush fiercely. She stiffly minced to the table to serve the group. Jack couldn't take his eyes off of her. Jack could feel himself growing, as was the wet spot in his panties. Jack placed his hands in his lap, hoping to hide his excitement. Jack had forgotten that Lana and Paul could read his thoughts.

Lana and Paul smiled at each other, knowing Jack was quite smitten with Patricia. Jack was having a difficult time trying to figure out what to say to Patricia, without completely embarrassing himself in front of her. Paul stepped in at this point.

"Well, Patricia," Paul said. "It seems as though you have made a new friend here. His name is Jack. He is quite taken with you and your looks, but is too shy to tell you." Jack and Patricia blushed equally. Jack then remembered Lana and Paul's ability to read thoughts.

"Don't worry, Jack," Lana said. "She feels the same way about you. She thinks you're a cutie."

"That will be all for now, Patricia." Lana stated. "You may wait until we are done to clean up." Patricia curtsied, and slowly backed out of the Lana's quarters.

"We find," Paul explained, "that sometimes our kids need a little humiliation to curb poor behavior. That is where Patricia is now. She has improved remarkably, but she still needs some reinforcement. She will be back in her own clothes soon enough."

Lana added, "She is at the end of the process. She has done very well."

After a delicious and fulfilling meal, the three left Lana's quarters to finish the tour. Jack couldn't shake the image of Patricia. Not only did he find her irresistible, but he was also slightly jealous. He loved short skirts that showed a little panty, long nylon-covered legs, and those pumps. After Jack's final stop on the ship's bridge, they returned to Jack's room.

"We will leave you here for now," Lana stated. "We have landing duties to attend to. We will be in view of our home world in a few hours."

Jack asked, "What is the name of your planet?"

Paul replied, "Platonia."

Lana and Paul smiled at Jack, then exited his room, leaving him alone with his thoughts.

After Lana and Paul left, Jack sat, pondering his predicament. He was shaken from his thoughts as a vidscreen appeared on the wall. Bobby and Steve invited Jack to their room. "How will I find it? All the doors look the same to me," Jack complained.

"We'll send you directions on your vidscreen. That should be all you need," Bobby replied.

Using the directions he had received, Jack was able to find the room in no time at all. Jack knocked softly, and Bobby answered the door. Bobby and Steve were wearing only bras and panties. Their shapely bodies could be readily seen.

"Come on in, Jack," Steve invited. "We are having a mini fashion show."

Feminine clothes were strewn about the cabin. "We do this all the time. It's so much fun, don't you think?" Bobby asked.

Jack stammered, "I have never been seen dressed in girl clothes, let alone in just panties." Jack was feeling very warm and quite turned on. The boys were very cute and well put together. Perky breasts were obvious, hiding in their bras. Their narrow waists, broadening hips and high, firm behinds also caught Jack's eye. Jack's panties never fit him as well as Bobby's and Steve's did. Jack prayed that his state of excitement was out of sight.

Bobby and Steve finally settled on outfits, put them on, then sat Jack at their vanity. "I see you have tried making-up before, but there is a bit more to learn," quipped Bobby. With that statement, the two set about showing Jack how to apply makeup for various occasions. Jack was a fast learner.

"Wow, it took us a long time to learn what you did so quickly," Steve complimented Jack.

"You're a natural at this, Jack," Bobby added.

The trio sat around a table, and talked as if they had been lifelong friends. Jack finally worked up the courage to ask the boys if they knew about Patricia.

"We sure do," Bobby said. "She was one of the biggest bullies in our class. She is a couple of years older than us so she thought it was okay to pick on us all the time.

Steve added, "Yeah, until she was caught by a teacher. She gave him a hard time, so she found herself in our shoes."

Jack then said, "She seems pretty nice now. I met her in the Captain's quarters. I saw what her punishment was."

Bobby continued. "But that is the final stage. We all had the chance to humiliate her, in any way we wanted."

Steve said, "I put her in that outfit you saw her in and Bobby had her wear those frilly panties. She has even gotten spanked on those panties by some of the older boys and teachers."

Bobby and Steve had a good chuckle about that. All Jack could think about was how cute she was, all dressed up.

Bobby looked at the expression on Jack's face, and said, "Oh no. You haven't fallen for her, have you?"

Jack shook his head. "I don't know. There's something there, I'm just not sure what it is."

Steve told Jack, "Better wait to see her in back in pants before you fall too hard. There are a couple of girls that are real dreams." Jack was still confused about how he felt about Patricia.

Bobby sat close to Jack. "Have you ever kissed a girl before?" he asked. Jack blushed and told them about his lack of experience with girls, quite limited.

"Have you and your boyfriends even practiced kissing?" Steve asked.

Jack told them that boys back on Earth weren't that way, they were more private in their thoughts and feelings. It was at that moment, that Jack realized that Bobby and Steve were more like Earth girls than boys.

"Steve and I practice all the time. Wanna try it?" quizzed Bobby.

"I guess I am a little shy," blushed Jack.

"It's only us boys, Jack. We'll never tell a soul. Do you care to try, and see if you like it?" Bobby asked Jack.

Jack nodded his head yes. Bobby and Jack stood face to face. Bobby put his hands on Jack's hips, and pulled him closer. Jack did the same to Bobby. They closed their eyes, as they pressed their painted lips together. Jack could smell Bobby's perfume, feel his breasts press against him, and felt Bobby's hand squeeze his bottom. Jack was picturing this scene in his mind, except with Patricia. This caused Jack to rise again.

Suddenly, Jack felt Bobby's tongue press against his lips, trying to part them. Jack opened his mouth slightly, allowing Bobby to invade his mouth. Jack's heart was beating a mile a minute. Jack could also feel Bobby's doing the same thing.

But as soon as it began, Bobby pulled away, leaving Jack wanting more. "Well?" asked Bobby. "How was it?"

Jack could only say, "Nice."

Then Bobby told Jack he should watch as he and Steve practiced together. "You may learn more," Bobby remarked. Steve rose and stood close to Bobby. Arms entwined, bodies meshed, and hands roved over bodies. Jack could see the exchange between Bobby and Steve. Even with Jack's untrained eye, he could tell they were doing more than practicing for some fictional event, they were in love.

Jack cleared his throat and the two boys parted, flushed and breathless. "Sorry, Jack," Bobby excused himself. "We kind of get caught up in things, sometimes."

Jack responded, "If it's cool between you two, it's cool with me. I am no one to judge."

The trio briefly hugged as Jack excused himself to return to his room. The boys asked if he needed help finding his way back, but Jack declined, as he left the boys' room.

Once back in his room, Jack began looking through his drawers and closets to see what other treasures awaited, when he heard a soft knock on his door. When Jack opened the door, he saw Patricia standing there, still wearing her service outfit.

"Hi, Jack," Patricia squeaked. "I'm Patricia, do you remember me?"

"Of course I do. Very nice to meet you," said Jack. "I haven't been able to think of much else, since we first met."

Patricia said, "I am on a break right now, and I wanted to meet you under better circumstances."

They looked each other up and down. "You look so cute, Jack," Patricia said.

"So do you," replied Jack. "Is it difficult for you to dress up as a maid?"

"I've kinda been acting up in class, so I have to dress in boy's clothes. It is a real eye opener," confessed Patricia.

"Wow, you look great in your outfit. It fits perfectly and you're so cute in it."

Patricia laughed, then gave Jack a funny look. "Are you new here? I haven't seen you before," Patricia said.

"I was picked up on the planet we just left. It's called Earth," Jack replied.

"Do girls dress like this where you come from?" asked Patricia, her eyes wide.

"It seems that that our cultures dress the opposite of each other. Boys wear shirt and pants, girls wear dresses and skirts," Jack stated.

"Then," Patricia asked, "how come you're dressed in a skirt and lingerie?"

Jack explained that some boys and men on Earth like to enjoy the feminine side of their personality, but that society frowns on such behavior.

"So you like to wear dainties, and skirts and such?" Patricia quizzed Jack.

"Very much," flushed Jack.

"Seems like we have started off on the right foot," snickered Patricia, "because I like wearing pants and you like the skirts. Sounds like a match already."

Before they could go any further, they both heard the alarm. "Time to get to landing stations," the voice came over the intercom. Jack stayed in his area and Patricia left for hers, but not before a quick kiss on the lips of a stunned Jack.

The craft bumped, then ground to a thunderous halt. This startled Jack no end. He had never experienced anything like this. After the all-clear was sounded, Bobby and Steve went to Jack's room to retrieve him.

"Come on, slow poke," Bobby said. "You have to see our planet. It's beautiful."

The trio arrived at the exit hatch just as it opened. Jack's eyes grew quite large. Except for some technology, the differences were so small, he could swear he had returned to Earth. "Are you *sure* we didn't go back to my planet?" questioned Jack. "Your planet looks identical to mine."

Both Bobby and Steve nodded their agreement. As Jack took in the sights and sounds of this far-away world, Lana and Paul joined the trio of boys, trailed by Patricia. She had changed back into jeans and a T-shirt. It struck Jack strangely. Patricia looked so much like an Earth girl, but she had no breasts poking from her shirt. But Bobby and Steve did. Lana and Paul continued to be aware of Jack's thoughts.

"We are aware of the differences in our two cultures," Lana spoke to Jack. "After our physical of you, we found that you were more like a Girl of Platonia than a boy in our society. But the clothes you were wearing led us to believe the opposite."

Paul spoke next. "On our world, Jack, men and boys have breasts and vaginas, as we are the baby carriers, and primary caregivers. The girls and women, on the other hand, have penises, are the head of the household, and in most instances, the bread winners." Paul continued, "Patricia, Bobby, and Steve are still young, so they have yet to learn our thought reception techniques. They haven't a clue to the differences between you and them."

Jack was torn with this new information. He had just met, and made friends with, Bobby and Steve, and had a huge crush on Patricia. "How," he thought, "am I going to figure this out?"

Lana put her hand around Jack's shoulder, and tried to reassure him. "I can see your dilemma, Jack," she said. "We will figure out some way to help you."

Back on Earth, Jack's family was beside themselves. They had come home to find that Jack was nowhere to be found. They looked everywhere, and called all his friends. Nothing. His family was quite worried. They were about to call the authorities, when there was a knock on their front door.

Michael, Jack's father, answered the door. He was met with a very confusing image. There was an attractive woman there, but she was dressed very masculine.

"Hello," the woman said, as she put her hand out. "My name is Carla," she introduced herself. "If I may come in, I have some information about your son, Jack. This may help to ease your fears."

Jack's father was stunned, but admitted Carla and showed her to the living room, where Jack's mother and sister were sitting.

Michael introduced Carla to Debbie, Jack's mother, and to Beth, his sister. "What sort of information do you have," he asked Carla.

"Let me start by saying that Jack is safe, and is in no danger," Carla began.

Jack's family was quite wary of Carla. How did she know Jack was missing, and did she really know where he was?

Carla continued, as she sat down, facing the family. "I am aware of your thoughts and can understand your current state of mind. I am from another planet called Platonia, and I am here to answer your questions, and ease your anxiety."

Jack's family was speechless. Debbie was first to speak. "Just where is Jack?" she asked Carla.

"He was taken aboard a starship and is probably nearing Platonia as we speak. Please believe me when I tell you Jack is quite safe," Carla reassured the family.

"This is all very strange, and not very rational at all," stated Jack's dad.

Carla explained her planet's evolution as compared to Earth's. She also explained the ability she had to read their thoughts. "If you really can read minds," Beth said, "then you know this whole thing is too incredible to believe."

"I know how you all must feel right now," Carla said. "I think if things were reversed, I would feel the same way you do."

Jack's mom then asked Carla, "Why did you take Jack and not someone else?"

Carla answered Debbie. "We have several men and boys aboard our ship, as we felt their desires, their need, and we wanted to help them. This was a perfect opportunity to learn about your world."

Jack's dad then asked, "But what thoughts and desires did Jack have that made you choose him?"

Carla responded. "This may be difficult for you to understand, but Jack has a love for clothes of the opposite gender. He has a deep desire to be a real girl. We picked up on his feelings, as we did the others. The males of our species are the ones that wear dresses and skirts, have genitals that allow them to get pregnant, and bear children. Except for the physical differences between our cultures, they are very similar."

Carla then asked, "Would you like to see just how different we are from you, when it comes to gender?"

The family all nodded yes. Carla smiled, rose to her feet, and began to undress.

"This isn't really necessary, Carla," Debbie said. "It may be embarrassing for you."

"Not at all," replied Carla. "This is simply part of my job. I have trained for many years for just this instance."

When she was disrobed, Carla's body looked like any Earth male's. Except for her face, which was very attractive, she was a man to Jack's family, genitals and all. The whole family was shocked into silence. Carla dressed, then sat down.

"I know this is very confusing, and I understand that. I need you to believe me and not continue to look for Jack," Carla added.

"We are very shocked, as you can imagine. We did know about Jack's confusion as it relates to his gender," Debbie explained. The whole family was in tears from relief that Jack was alright, and from Carla's declaration of Jack's gender desires.

"I am here to help you in any way I can," Carla offered. "I am sure you have many questions. Please feel free to ask."

After several hours of questions and answers between Jack's family and Carla, it was agreed that for now, nothing would be said to anyone. Carla assured them that Jack would be home soon, in good health. Carla left them with a device to use that could contact her if they needed anything. She told them she would be back as quickly as possible to help. This was very reassuring to Jack's family.

After Carla left, the family sat down to discuss all that had occurred. As they compared notes, Debbie and Beth realized that there had been many signs of Jack's gender expressions. Beth had noticed that sometimes her clothes weren't where she had left them. She just thought she had been mistaken. Beth's mom had thought the same thing. They all seemed to feel a sense of peace, even the tough Michael. Debbie thought that Jack's dad would have come unglued over having a son who was a 'Twinkie' as he would put it. "This is very strange," Debbie thought.

Jack was settling into his new temporary quarters on Platonía. Patricia, Bobby, and Steve were there to help. Jack had been told by Lana that he would be staying at least a week on Platonía. This was very exciting for Jack, but he still thought a lot about his family. How would he explain everything when he got home? This caused anxiety in Jack. He had a lot to think about, including his feelings for Patricia. He knew that he and Patricia were basically the same physically. But this didn't bother Jack very much. This was something he also stressed about.

Jack was sitting in his room when his new friends came calling. They could tell Jack had a lot on his mind. Not by what he said, but by his body language.

"What's the matter, Jack?" asked Patricia, as she sat down beside him.

"Please, Bobby and Steve, will you sit with me too?" Jack pleaded. "I have a lot to tell, so bear with me." The trio became quiet as Jack began.

"We all know that we are from different worlds, and that our societies have evolved differently. Jack continued. "I really feel like I have made some great new friends in you Bobby, and you too, Steve. There are feelings I have for Patricia that are different." Jack swallowed hard. He found this to be more difficult than he thought.

"I think if I just said what's on my mind, it would be easier. Even though I love to be dressed like you and Steve," Jack said to Bobby, "I am physically more like Patricia."

All were silent for a few seconds, as they waited for the next admission.

Patricia was first to reply to Jack's confession. "Do you mean our plumbing is the same?" she asked Jack. He nodded yes.

"I have always felt I should have been a girl, but an Earth girl, with breasts and other physical traits. I have always hated what I have between my legs," Jack said as tears began to well up in his eyes. The silence and tension around all of them was palpable.

Patricia began to snicker. "After all I have gone through these last few weeks, I have to fall for someone that's equipped like me. This comment reduced the pressure, and everyone began to laugh.

Bobby and Steve excused themselves, leaving Jack and Patricia alone. They sat together, holding hands. They talked for what seemed like hours, sharing their feelings and desires. The two were very comfortable with each other, making it easier to share secrets. Patricia put an arm around Jack's shoulder,. Jack looked up into Patricia's eyes. She leaned forward and began to kiss Jack quite passionately. Jack melted into Patricia. Jack then felt Patricia put her free hand on his nylon-clad knee, and begin to rub gently. Jack could feel himself become aroused. Patricia began to move her hand up Jack's smooth thigh, nearing his pantied crotch.

Jack was very unsure of himself. Should he protest and push Patricia away, or give into the moment? Jack felt Patricia slide a finger across his silky panties. That was all the convincing Jack needed. He put his arms around Patricia's neck and allowed her access under his short skirt. Encouraged by Jack's reaction, Patricia began to kiss Jack's ear, then move to his neck. Patricia whispered her desires to Jack, and he gave in to her.

Patricia could feel Jack's state of excitement which was matched by her own. She felt Jack's panties strain and become wet. She slowly rubbed Jack, feeling him grow in her

hand. Patricia was in the same condition. Jack's legs moved apart and his hips began a rhythmic motion, as he grasped Patricia. His breath rasped in her ear. It didn't take long for Jack to explode into his silky panties. Jack's heart raced. He held his breath, as the last spasm flowed through his body.

Jack opened his eyes and looked at Patricia. She had a smile that stretched from ear to ear. With help from Patricia, Jack was able to sit up. Jack placed his hand in Patricia's lap and could feel her hardness. He sat Patricia back as he opened the zipper on her pants, freeing her from the prison. Jack didn't know why, but he leaned forward and tasted Patricia's discharge. He then looked into Patricia's face, and smiled. He slowly lowered his mouth onto Patricia. It felt strange, but also wonderful. He had no experience with girls at home, so he was very nervous. Patricia spoke softly to Jack, telling him what to do. Having someone else's member in his mouth had never crossed Jack's mind prior to this. He wasn't particularly interested in boys, but girls fascinated him. But this just felt right to Jack. He had no explanation for that.

Patricia leaned back and closed her eyes, content knowing she was with Jack. She could feel the softness of Jack's lips around her hardness; his mouth was warm and wet. Patricia placed a hand on the back of Jack's head, the other around her shaft. Jack's head began to bob faster, as Patricia encouraged him. Finally, she could hold back no longer the inevitable wave. Jack could tell that Patricia would soon come. He prepared his mind and body for it. Before either was ready, Patricia came in torrents into Jack's waiting mouth. Jack swallowed her love juices, till none remained.

Both Jack and Patricia were spent. They sat close to one another, arms encircling each other. Soon, they had regained enough strength to straighten their clothes. Patricia returned herself to the confines of her pants, as Jack got up to change into a pair of clean, dry panties and hose.

Jack returned to the common area, where Patricia sat. He sat down, and looked to Patricia. "This is really going to complicate things, you know?" Jack sighed.

"I know, on many levels, Jack," replied Patricia.

Before they could continue their conversation, Lana and Paul were at the door to Jack's quarters. He answered, and invited them in.

Lana spoke. "You two are quite right. None of us ever thought that this would happen. You two are so different, and yet the same." Paul agreed. "We need to approach this in a mature manner," he said.

The four sat down to discuss the options available to them. Jack and Patricia explained their feelings to Lana and Paul, who were very supportive.

"We know what you're feeling right now. It is new and exciting. But we need to take a step back, and see if this is a long term thing."

Jack and Patricia already knew the answer. This was the real thing, as each had found a kindred spirit in the other. The only question was how to proceed. Lana told Jack that contact had been made on Earth with his family, and that some of the situation had been explained. The news took Jack sometime to digest.

"How much?" Jack asked.