



Reluctant Press presents:

Harvesting Peaches

Dee Dee Perri



A 'New Woman' E-BOOK

Copyright © 2009, 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!

Harvesting Peaches

by Dee Dee Perri

Chapter 1

It was after the church service and before Sunday dinner when I encountered Jimmy. That he was there, in Gamma House, on a Sunday should have seemed remarkable to me, were I connected to this earth. I wasn't. My plain white 'church' dress was a high collared gown with a hemline that wisped lightly across the tiled floor that led toward the front desk. My white slippers, occasionally peeking out from my skirts as I advanced, seemed more to glide above the earth than to trample down on her bosom. Even with eyes that had muted harsh contours into slightly fuzzy transitions, I could discern the discomfort that lurked unveiled in Jimmy's eyes.

I twirled, causing my skirt to billow out as I raised my hands above my shoulders. I twirled once, twice, then three times and began to giggle, for I'd never experienced anything quite like this. The long, conservative skirt intensified my sense of the feminine. That sense of living in the Looking Glass, of being Alice, had grown moment by moment as the day aged into early afternoon. I wasn't going to let Jimmy's long looks destroy that. I began to twirl again even more rapidly.

He grabbed me, or to be more exact, I spun willy-nilly into his arms as a fit of giggles consumed me. He waited until I was fully entrapped and ceased to struggle. Finally, as I let his arms gather in my whole weight and hold me suspended against gravity, he said, "How would you like to go for a ride, Peaches?" He didn't wait for me to respond but led me to the front door. IT OPENED. I stood there transfixed. This was Sunday and it was afternoon. I hopped over the threshold like one might jump over a rope and looked back in delighted surprise mixed with a bit of alarm. The door opened and I was free. For over four months, it hadn't opened, not to me. I looked back at Jimmy without comprehension. "Never on a Sunday," I said as confusion bloomed. There were no day passes on Sunday,

there was almost no staff and certainly no one to supervise me, except Jimmy and Jimmy wasn't a real member of Gamma House.

"But a Sunday drive would just be the thing, don't you think, Peaches?"

I thought my heart would explode as he joined me. We glided onto the sidewalk and down the nearly empty street. Ok, I glided; he seemed to be entirely Earthbound.

Jimmy was an M.D. who worked at least forty-sixty hours each week at Eastside Hospital; he had a small but growing private practice. Not rich, but certainly a man of adequate income. The car was the same shambling wreck he'd owned as an undergraduate, a Ford Crown Victoria built long before God had run out of oil. Twenty years old if it was a day. It was, maybe, the one clear sign that he hadn't bought into the 'doctor status' thing. I remember thinking that here was someone I could trust. I giggled and poor Jimmy rolled his eyes. He hadn't expected to find me in this condition. "When?" he said.

I knew what 'when' meant. "Oh Jimmy, I was all wrong about everything." As the car accelerated away and Gamma House disappeared, I leaned back into the seat pleased with the world for really the first time ever.

We stopped at a Burger King. I was famished but after a few bites, I was as full as a feather pillow. Jimmy took it all in good humor but it was obvious that I disturbed him something terrible. There was a young woman with a baby sitting across the room. Jimmy was talking to me and his voice was heavy with significance but it was impossible for me to keep my eyes off that sweet bundle of love. Finally he gave up, reached across the table and grabbed my wrist. Without further word, he led me back to the car. I watched that baby until I couldn't see her any longer, then, finally, my attention returned to the here and now.

I thought that we were going to Pasadena and my heart stuttered a bit at the prospect that he might be taking me to Tina, but we headed more south than that and eventually entered the very wealthy area around Huntington Gardens. The homes were mostly mansions, huge estates with vast lawns and magnificent old trees. We went into the driveway of the least of these, a mere gatehouse or cottage compared to the neighbors, but magnificent nonetheless. The drive way split, one lane going to the east side of the brownstone, the other sweeping to the left, past the main door. Jimmy stopped the car where the drive divided. "There," he said, pointing to the east side where a large sunroom, an enclosed porch, stood. "That's where my Grandfather had his medical practice."

The car stopped in front of the front door. He got out and opened my door. "I grew up here. Mom and me. You're going to love it." He looked at me to see if I understood. "It's been in probate for almost five years, but it's mine now, Peaches." He took me by the hand and led me up to the front door. He opened it and stood back, "What do you think?" he said as he nudged me inside.

It was beautiful. To the right was a formal dining room filled with marvelous mid-nineteenth century antiques and to the left was what could only be called a setting room, though the furniture was of a late nineteen-thirties style. It was no Victoria or Queen Ann structure, newer, perhaps nineteen hundred to nineteen ten. The squared massive beams running the length of the entrance way screamed, "Craftsman."

"It's exactly like my Grandmother left it, except for my study and, of course, my clinic. Let me show you around, Peaches." He took my hand in his and we went through the dining room into the connecting kitchen. The latter had almost a nineteenth-century feel to it though the major appliances were modern. Never had so much tile met so much wood. I could see why he loved this house so much.



It was quite a bit later when his arm went around my waist as he led me up the stairs to the second room. At the top of the stairs, we turned right and followed the hardwood-floored hallway all the way to the front of the house. He stopped and opened the door before stepping aside. It was a bedroom. A huge curved bay window dominated the far wall with a built-in sitting area, "How precious," I sighed. To the right and left of that window were tall narrow windows, forming arches at the top like in a church. To add to that church-like illusion, stained glass existed where normal panes might have sufficed. It was like a little chapel but cozy. To the right was a four-poster bed that was of the same period as the house.

"I was born in that bed," Jimmy said. "My grandfather delivered me right there." He turned and looked at me. "I want you to have your baby here, Peaches. In the same bed. I want to deliver Beatrice into your arms. Me, not some unknown physician."

I could see the emotions in his eyes. I wasn't ready for the intense relief that overwhelmed me a moment later. "Jimmy?" I said, my eyes now leaking. I wanted to say that I didn't know what to say. But I was so moved, I could not say anything. Go figure.

He drew me into his embrace and tucked my head to his shoulder. I cried all the harder. This was a home. "Oh..." I moaned.

"I was granted your ward, Peaches. You are staying here. Tonight and tomorrow and countless tomorrows after that. You and Beatrice."

I guess I swooned. I'd never done that before but once you get the hang of it, swooning comes pretty easily. It's a good escape when faced with more data than one can properly encode. It cuts off the flow. It sure is a conversation stopper.



I was sitting in the front parlor curled up in an over-sized chair with my feet tucked under me and a magazine in front of me. It had been so long since I'd had access to the outside world, internet, TV's or magazines like Newsweek. But my eyes were just skimming the pages. Every time I tried to read an article, I just lost interest in all those words. Jimmy told me to sit here and so I did. I could hear him at the front door, then a car door banged just outside. I turned in the chair and froze. Tina was walking up to the door. Tina. No alarm ran through me, not like last time. I felt removed from what I had been. I was no longer Bill. I'm not sure I'd fully convinced myself that I no longer cared because my heart quickened its pace. Then I heard her voice as she entered the entryway, and a knife stabbed me in my chest.

"I don't have time for this," she said with a familiar edge in her voice. "I should be at the station by now. What's so damn important, James?" The last was followed by the sounds of her high heels on the hardwood floor followed by the door closing. She was only a few feet away from me now.

"It's Bill," Jimmy said.

"Oh my God. Has something happened to him?" There was concern in her voice, I noted.

"Yes and no."

"What?"

"Peaches is here, Bill isn't."

"Don't jerk me around, James. Here? You brought who here?"

"Her. Bill is Peaches and she's in full Gamma transition, Tina. The Bill you knew is gone. I told you what was going to happen in the final months before her due date. I think it would be good if you could see her. I think it might help you to, err, resolve the feelings you have regarding your former husband."

She hissed like a snake. "Ssssick. Sick, you're... pathetically sick, James. I don't want to remember him that way."

Obviously she attempted to leave, for the next thing she said was, "Let go of my arm, James. Damn it! You're hurting me! Let goooo..."

I was still wearing my 'church' dress but no shoes. I had made up my mind to say or do nothing. It was obvious that Tina did not want to see me like I was and I couldn't blame her. There was actual fear in her voice now. "Let her go, Jimmy." I said stepping into the entryway. "And Tina, I understand."

And there we were, face to face. "The Gamma from the other night?" she said. Her eyes were already wide and they grew wider still. She was staring at me, transfixed, but also screaming at Jimmy at the same time. "YOU NEVER TOLD ME!" She twisted and turned to face Jimmy, her hands forming claws, "YOU KNEW, DIDN'T YOU, THAT NIGHT AT THE PARTY! YET YOU-NEVER-TOLD-ME!"

Something inside me snapped and I did what any Gamma would do under similar circumstance, I began to bawl. Not some wimpy sob or a little boo-hoo cry, a whole lot of something broke loose inside my brain like cargo that had broken its bounds in the hold of a storm-tossed vessel. I threw myself down and tried to bury my face into that polished hardwood floor, not really a very good idea.

Tina kept saying, over and over again, "Oh my God. My God. My God!" Her frenzy was like that of a woman watching someone dear and close to her, drown. Then something inside her snapped, as it had in me. She pushed past Jimmy and flung herself on me, wrapping me in a protective embrace. It was both very noisy and confusing because she began to wail as well. It was very much like what had happened between Mary Jane and I. Poor Jimmy. He stood there dumbstruck. He was male and had not a clue as to what to do. Males fix things, females share. It was like all the grief we'd stored up together came out

simultaneously. It was like I'd died and left her a young widow, only I hadn't exactly died and now I was returned in impossible form.

She tore Jimmy a new asshole. "Give-us-time-alone," she said with a heavy cadence. It wasn't the words, it was how she said them. She never said asshole but even a deaf man could have heard what she meant. He backed away, walked into the kitchen and quietly closed the door. A few minutes later, "Bill?" she sobbed wetly into my ear.

"Tina." I clawed my way up and twisted around to face her. I blubbered, "I love you so much."

She all but crushed me in her hug as she groaned, "Bill. Bill? Bill!" There was no comprehension in her voice, only more confusion.

~oOo~

Women innately notice and attend to young humans, especially babies. The Gamma does the same. But an Alpha female has resources to inhibit that response if the occasion indicates more advantageous behaviors or perhaps detects dangers or some disadvantage in that particular behavior. The Gamma seems one-tracked in her response to the sight, smell, touch, or sound of a baby. For both her and her Alpha sister, this response system is extremely powerful, as it should be since the survival of the species is closely tied to how she responds. But the Alpha female has inhibitory options. I think Tina is a prime example. A baby and a career are not readily combined, though it is possible to have both. Tina was no Gamma and I was. Therein lay the difference.

After Tina repaired her makeup, she left. Meeting obligations was as essential for her career as they were for an Alpha male.

I remember standing there as I watched Tina's car disappear. The wound was once again open and raw. My emotions, though on an ebb tide, were orders of magnitude higher than the norm. I did what any emotionally traumatized female might do and a Gamma would do, I looked for human comfort. I was entirely self-focused at that moment, a natural reaction to the intense and confused messages Tina and I had exchanged. Had I not been that way, I might have realized that Jimmy had wounds of his own. A sensitive, aware, individual would have noticed that Jimmy had displayed more than a casual interest in Tina. That she referred to him as 'James' suggested that she desired to maintain some distance between them. Had I been Bill and not Peaches, I would have known that she and Jimmy were not lovers. But I wasn't Bill, and Peaches needed comfort.

My needs were real, though, unlike an Alpha's, not sexually motivated. Dr. Ash had hinted at the possibilities of my 'apparent' sexuality to attract and hold an Alpha's interest. And I knew full well that neither Jimmy nor any man-woman Gamma could satisfy me sexually. I am not suggesting that I had such clear, cost-benefits profiles in my head that night. That would surely be well beyond my Gamma capacity. More simply put, could fucking Jimmy make me feel, over all, better? That was the question. Indeed I'd given that some thought before he'd adopted me. Besides, I'd never been with a male.

Jimmy made it a little easier by slipping beside me and putting his arm around my waist before pulling me away from the door. "That went well, didn't it." It wasn't a ques-

tion anymore than it was directed toward me. I was more aware of his arm around me and the force of his body as he guided me back to the sitting room. I looked up at his face and saw only a distant, thousand-yard stare. He could have been a robot working the assembly line and I a box poised for shipping. "Jimmy?"

"Huh?" he said as he turned away. It looked as if he were going to just leave me there, alone.

He might as well have done so. He fixed himself a drink and eased back into his easy chair, maintaining his thousand-yard stare. Finally he looked at me. "What, Peaches?"

"You care for her, don't you, Jimmy?"

"That bothers you," he said, not as a question but as a fact. "You still love her, right?"

He didn't wait for me to respond, "She's no fucking lesbian, you... twit."

He looked suddenly embarrassed, "I'm... I'm sorry, Peaches. I had no right..."

I could have cried but I'd expended all the tears I had. Moreover, what was the point? He was right. Tina had been traumatized more by the complete absence of my maleness than I had expected. She'd kept asking for Bill. There was no Bill left except a bushel of memories, like an scrapbook from a bygone era. Gammas aren't all that good at planning, nor at inhibiting their emotions. I stood up and walked over to where he sat, "Could you hold me, Jimmy?" A few tears splashed harmlessly down my cheeks. For an age, he didn't move. I dropped to my knees and fumbled at his zipper. His voice said no and his hands gripped my shoulders with sufficient strength to stop me but in the last instant, his resolve slipped away.

I'd never handled a man's cock before, perhaps in foreplay, but Bea wasn't a man any more than I was. I went down on him with no more force than I had done with Bea. Orally gratifying Jimmy was mostly an easy way to make him want to hold me in his arms, which was what I most wanted. To desire me? Or value me? To share some humanity? Of course Alpha's aren't designed that way. They can't sip at the fountain of sexuality without taking off their clothes and diving into the water, making lots of splashing sounds.

We ended up in his bedroom at the back of the house on the first floor, me naked with my cock rigid. I think it was the cock that slowed up Jimmy. I think it could have ended there before it had begun. I was flush with excitement, my nipples were twisted into wrinkled knobs and I wasn't about to have his sexual concerns become mine. I lined up my vagina with his erect penis, the latter still slick with my spit. In the superior position, I essentially thrust him into me. The shock on his face as he realized that my pussy was the real thing, that I could grip his shaft with my muscles as tightly as a practiced whore, that I was as 'real' as any woman he'd ever known.

Like any male, he must have assumed the frenzy that overcame me was of his doing. That I was at the very apex of desire, a wild woman, possessed, surely said something good, right? Thank God he came less than two minutes later. After he came, he held me tightly against his chest. It was the post-coitis closeness that I craved. It was either his manly skills, my pure attraction to him or, most likely, both that had made me his dedicated sex kitten. Were he to ask, I planned to lie. He didn't and I didn't.

It took Jimmy some time to recover. The second time we did 'it,' he claimed the top position and I suffered below. I think I frightened him as well as myself in the levels of passion 'we' achieved. I had trouble sleeping the rest of the night, though I'm sure he didn't. It was pretty easy to fake a climax; it was damn hard to fake the quiet calm afterwards.

"Jimmy, you're quite the lover."

"Thanks, Peaches." He believed me. Why not? The last thing I needed was a male that was a lover.

~oOo~

Jimmy lay with his shoulders, chest and groin against my back, warm flesh to flesh, his hand that once draped across my waist now pressed palm down on my pregnancy, my baby, as if he were protecting her and me. It was nearly three o'clock in the A.M. but I wouldn't have traded mere sleep for this. I was mind-fucking, as Bea would have said, or masturbating, since this was a solo gig.

That I was falling in love with Jimmy made for a jittery ride. Try as I might, there was nothing about his form that fit my expectations. I mostly had not looked at him when we screwed. More than once, when he was on top, I half-expected to see Bea's sweet breasts swaying there, just out of reach of my mouth. I had found his climax to be most delicious part of our lovemaking. At that moment he was as vulnerable and overwhelmed as I. For me, vulnerability and need were just facts to be accepted; his momentary climax brought him relief. I couldn't help wondering what it would be like to actually cum to the summit, so to speak. All I had now were memories of such an event, memories that would likely fade with time.

Near dawn, he awoke and entered me from the rear. No foreplay, nothing. I felt the fullness of him inside me and a ripe pleasure gripped me in the absence of excessive stimulation. It was Zen. The beauty was soon broken but I remembered those rich minutes more vividly than all the screwing we did before and after. He could never have understood and I saw no reason to tell him. It was my problem, not his, as long as he held me after we were done.

Dawn came and he explored my body yet again: my breasts, my baby. His lips slid tenderly across my shoulders and neck, then finally to my lips. The soft, sweet kisses captured my heart. Had I hoped to enslave him, I would have failed. I that had been tamed and made his. The rose-colored glasses I'd worn yesterday continued to colored my world. It had been beautiful then and it was even more beautiful now.

At seven forty-five, in the privacy of his home clinic and without assistance, Jimmy cut off my balls. Snip-snip.

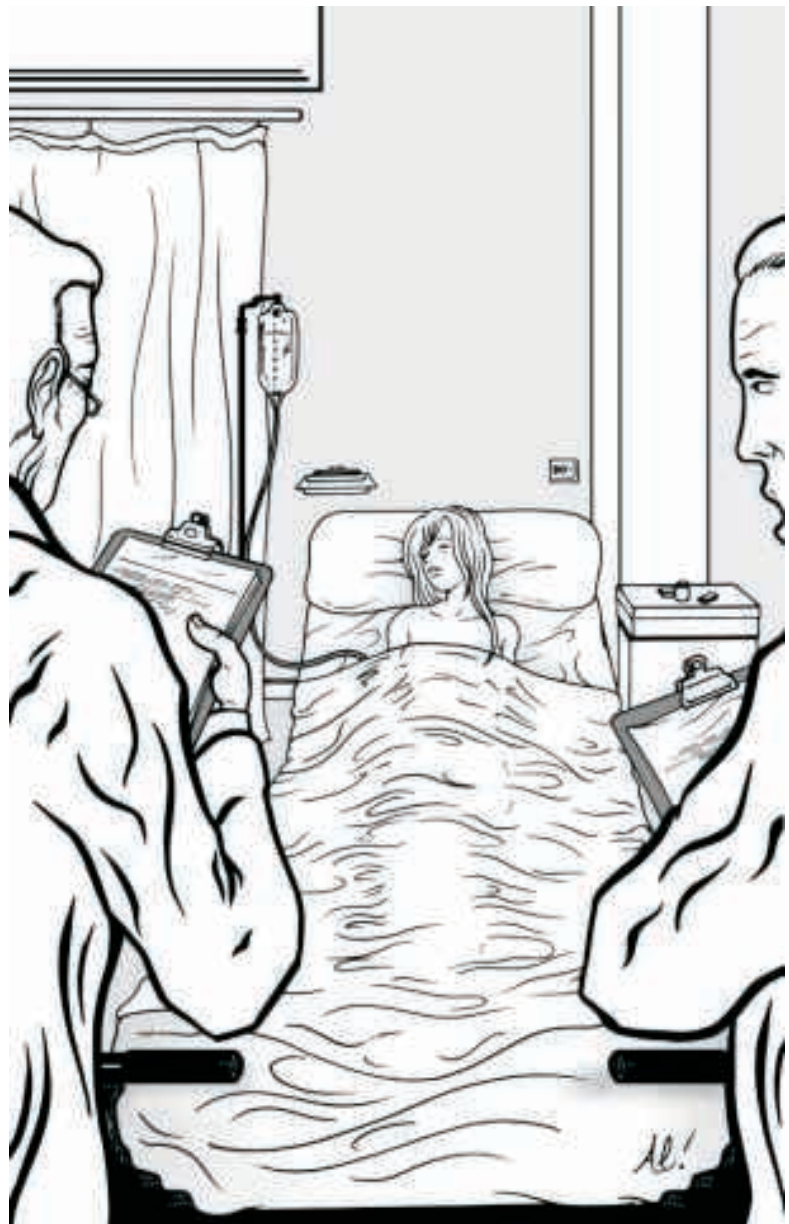
~oOo~

"How is she doing?" said Dr. Ash. "You did perform the surgery this morning, correct?"

“Yes, and she handled it very well. She was probably a little sore after the local anesthesia wore off, right, honey?” He looked at me, then back to Dr. Ash. “But she was a real trooper, Tom. Hardly complained at all.”

I nodded in agreement when he said ‘honey,’ a reflex I guess because he wasn’t really talking to me. Being treated as if I wasn’t there wasn’t exactly a novel experience. Oh, when I first got to Gamma House, the staff would pretty much look you in the eye when they spoke to you. Being treated more like a very young child or a beloved pet didn’t happen overnight. The interactions between Alphas and senior Gammas were of this nature and I was clearly now established as ‘one-of-those.’ As to the reality of my adventure in Jimmy’s clinic, castration had been and still was a scary idea. My sense of having been violated rang inside my head as if Jimmy had hit a very large gong. I wasn’t stupid nor had I lost my sense of self. I was more afraid of making Jimmy angry at me than I was of the surgery, however. It seemed to please him when I acted as if it hardly hurt. Truth was even now I felt the loss and I simply endured that throbbing pain between my legs. It was like someone had kicked me in the nuts with a hobnailed boot. My nuts hurt worse now than they ever did and they didn’t even exist any more.

Dr. Ash nodded somberly, “Excellent tolerance for pain is one of the more notable characteristics of Gammas.” The old man shrugged, “Very adaptive for... well, for what they are designed for, Jim.” He looked around, “I guess we pretty much covered the legal aspects. She’ll continue to wear the G.P.S. band until her baby is delivered and your security arrangements seem adequate. I’ll finish the paper work and get it off to the Federal Building. She remains a subject of interest to the Federals with regard to her ‘maker,’ so don’t be too surprised if you receive a visit from Homeland.” He looked



down at some notes he had, "L.A. county is a bit less prissy than the City, so you need not worry about having a social worker under foot. The medical facility you have here in this house along with your medical credentials exceed the county minimum. It's reasonable to say, you are good-to-go." He handed the copies of the various agreements to Jimmy. "Now as to our arrangements..."

"Coffee, Tom?" Jimmy said.

"That would be appreciated, Jim."

Jimmy turned to me and said, "Peaches why don't you take Dr. Ash to the parlor and wait for me there."

I looked around the clinic, a sterile environment if there ever was one. The chill in the air was only partly due to the air conditioning. In the next room, in a plastic bag, bloody remnants of my manhood sat upon a counter. I was eager to leave. "Doctor?" I said.

Dr. Ash took my hand in his much as an adult might take the hand of a child. The symbolism wasn't lost on me but also didn't feel wrong.

~oOo~

I was sitting on the floor of the parlor when Jimmy entered with a tray. The rich aroma of fresh-brewed coffee filled the morning air. As to why I was on the floor, I had no idea other than Dr. Ash had motioned for me to sit, literally, at his feet. I hadn't even fully settled into that position before I felt his hand on my head. He'd run his fingers through my hair before his hand dropped down to my neck and shoulder. The most delightful thing happened, he began to pet me as one might pet a beloved dog.

As his hand lightly ran across my shoulders and my back, I really wished I wasn't wearing one of Jimmy's shirts. I'm sure the pleasure would have been even greater were it flesh-to-flesh. Pleasure. If I were a cat, I would be purring. I tried to imagine me as I was six months ago. I tried to imagine Dr. William Walker at Tom Ash's feet, suffering such attention. I tried but couldn't really get my brain around the image. I leaned into those strokes as a woman might rise up to meet her lover's thrust.

"About the arrangement with the Nevan Foundation?" asked Dr. Ash as he raised his cup of black coffee with two sugars to his lips and drank. He continued his stroking of my back and shoulder, giving the actions little or no thought.

"They appreciate, very much, your support for this arrangement. Peaches is important to them, more than you can imagine." Jimmy smiled, "Tom, you will get all the funding you requested."

"The full two years?" When Jimmy nodded, Dr. Ash smiled but only for the moment. "Could you tell me the nature of Nevan's interest in my sweet Peaches?" The look on Jimmy's face said no. Dr. Ash continued, "There are rumors..."

"Rumors, Tom? There are always rumors."

"I heard that some of the same people who were involved with the exploitation of Betas, some five years back, in the wholesale distribution of 'Beta sex slaves'..."