



*Reluctant Press* presents:

# Just In Time\*

Heather Berdrow



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A 'NEW WOMAN' E-BOOK

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# Just in Time\*

**By Heather Berdrow**

## **Part 1**

The subject was examined for appropriateness, then prepped. He was taken to Room 1, where just prior to insertion, he was injected with a return tag. He was to be sent to the mid-1800's, somewhere on the North American continent. The jump took place, on time, without complications.

Prep consisted of period apparel, anatomic adjustments, and a recording chip. The subject was also given a cultural indoctrination implant, all without the subject's knowledge.

Our latest subject's number is 101. All but one of the prior jumps has been returned to our era for downloading. The one was lost on an inbound transport. Or so we thought. We considered the problem to be a glitch in the system, but we were to learn otherwise. More on that later.

The program has been sending and returning individuals to different time periods, to gain information on those times and eras. We have several parameters that we record. Climate is one, along with the societal attitudes of the people living during that time. The first few individuals were brought to our facility without their knowledge or consent, as we have government approval. We can do just about anything we like. Within reason, of course.

We now use volunteers. We advertise to a segment of society that not only enjoys the historical period, but also the changes we make in their physical appearance.

The project is called "Twilight." It was developed by a group of scientists. They were working on a much different thesis, when they discovered the time travel aspect of their research. After receiving federal funding, the program changed from development to implementation. The equipment was brought together, assembled, and tested. It functioned beyond all expectations.

Each subject is interviewed, sorted, and classified. We have specific eras we required data on, but once in awhile, we will send an individual to a period of their own choosing.

Like number 92. His original name was Joseph. We refrain from disclosing last names, for the sake of security. During his interview, we found out that he had a love for the 1920's. After much discussion and consultation, he was granted his desired travel period. After clothing him for the era, he was placed into the machine. The first part of the process involves anatomical reassignment. In essence, a he becomes a she. Facial features are softened, hair grown longer, and breasts are added, along with other female anatomical parts. If the subject is too tall, or too heavy, changes are also made in these areas. Our subjects all leave this era at 5'6" and approximately 120 pounds. Their figures usually measure somewhere in the neighborhood of 36-24-36. If all subjects fit the same pattern, clothing can be manufactured ahead of time, at a reduced rate. We can supply our volunteers with everything from shoes, to lingerie and dresses, of the chosen time frame. We have an obligation to save the populace some money, even though they have no idea we even exist.

You might want to know about our travelers. That's the designation they receive while they are associated with the program. I can share a few of the less classified adventures.

## **Part 2.**

I was using Joseph as a model, so we can begin with him. As I said, we advertise to a specific population: transgendered persons. Joseph was a cross dresser, who had a deep yearning to be closer to the feminine aspects of his personality. This was all verified during the testing stage. He was 32 years old at the time, and a nice-looking man, but nothing too special. He was single, without any encumbrances. He was a little older than we like, but near perfect in all other areas.

He was 5'7", and 140 pounds, so the device had to make but a few subtle changes. Once the physical parts were completed, Joseph was provided with a small starter wardrobe of appropriate looking clothing, which used modern materials. The attire was nearly indestructible. Not only was lingerie of the 1920's given, but also dresses, hats, and shoes. He was also provided, during indoctrination, with training in cultural norms of the 1920's for makeup, dressing, and acceptable behaviors.

Even with the physical changes that we made, our subjects were not able to get pregnant. Although their external anatomy was functional, the internals were unchanged. This leads to certain restrictions being placed on all of our travelers. First of all, no traveler was allowed to marry during their stay. The chances of time line disruption were just too great. They could be sexually active, but there would be no pregnancies. Finally, they were not allowed to divulge the fact that they were travelers from another time.

And because of the recording chip, with daily downloads, these individuals were being closely monitored on a continuous basis. If a disruption or rule violation were to have occurred, that individual would be immediately returned. Each traveler knew that they were not true women and that they were but visitors to that time frame. Also discussed was the consequences for rule violations.

So Joseph was on his way to 1920's America. Once he arrived, Joseph became Josephina, a twenty-something single working girl. She soon found work as a waitress in a

small greasy spoon café, somewhere in Chicago. Even with a cold Chicago winter soon to come, Josephina continued to wear dresses.

Josephina made friends easily with several of her female co-workers, as well as a couple of men that worked in a local factory. The men were regulars that came in for breakfast or dinner a few times a week. At least in the beginning, she was quite shy and reserved around the men. But after a few weeks, she became more comfortable with herself, in her new gender.

Each Time assignment that was initiated was required to last at least 6 months. Depending on the available data, some assignments were longer. Some ran as long as a year, but that was a rare occurrence. We have several that will last much longer planned for the future.

Back to Josephina. As she became more adept in her new role, her increased confidence level allowed her to experience several new life directions. She had worked her way up to having most weekends off. Prior to her travel assignment, Josephina had taken several dance lessons so she wasn't afraid to accept a dancing and drink date with one of her regulars.

He was 6'2" and an easy 200 pounds. His large were dwarfed by his smile. Though the front of his trousers told a different story, Mack told her that he wanted to be just friends.

At first, Josephina was okay with Mack's standoffishness. But the longer they were together, the more she wanted from him. She felt rejection from Mack. On a particular Saturday night, with Mack working an extra shift, she went to a local dance club by herself. While sitting there, she met Thomas. He was very handsome and very charming. After a dance or two, they headed to another local club together.

There, Thomas bought Josephina some champagne. It took but a few small glasses for Josephina to get a little giddy, lose some of her inhibitions, and to lower her defenses a bit. Between the champagne and the slow dancing with Thomas, Josephina had become ripe for the picking. Thomas knew this, very well. It had been his plan from the start.

During one slow dance, Thomas pulled her close enough that she could feel his excitement, as it poked her in her soft belly. His hands were roaming freely over her body, from breast to bottom. She could feel her own excitement, in the crotch of her panties. She was primed and ready for some fun.

Thomas invited Josephina back to his place, for a night cap. Once inside with the door locked, she was at his mercy. Thomas made his move. He was a slick one. It wasn't long before her dress lay on the floor. Once her slip had been discarded, Josephina lay on his couch in nothing but hose, garter belt, panties, and bra.

Thomas quickly had his shirt off, with his pants soon to follow. With her inhibitions gone, Thomas was able to undress her further. He unhooked the bra and tossed it aside. His mouth was on her dark brown, hardened nipples. He was not a very gentle lover, she thought to herself. Josephina was beginning to sober up. Her panties were next to come off. She began to resist Thomas. Her love nest was wet and ready to accept his excitement, but the rest of her was not. He lay between her legs and forcefully separated them. Without warning, he drove his stiffness deep into her. At this point, Josephina was completely sober.

She tried to push him off, but he was too strong. He easily overpowered her. Thomas held her hands behind her back as he continued to ride her wetness. He seemed to get bigger, the more she struggled. He then made a final thrust and emptied his seed into Josephina. She could feel spasm after spasm of the stiffness inside her.

He soon became soft and fell out of her. He got up, pulled on his shorts, then showed her to the bathroom. She carried her clothes with her as she shut and tried to lock the door, but the lock was broken. This added to the hurt and frustration that she was feeling. While she sat on the commode, Josephina could feel Thomas's juices run out of her. She put her face into her hands and began to sob. She felt dirty and used. After dressing, she tried to fix her hair and makeup as best she could. She then fled his apartment. "Thanks, Baby. If you want more, you know where to find me," he said with an evil laugh.

Josephina no sooner had the door to her room shut, than she stripped down and headed for the bathroom, and got into a steaming hot bath. She stayed there for quite some time before she began to feel better. She then rinsed and dried herself, before stepping into a fuzzy robe and slippers. Josephina gathered all the clothes that she had worn to the club, and went to the basement furnace. Once the clothes were inside, she finally felt she could take a breath.

Back at work the following Monday, Josephina shared her experiences with her girlfriends at the diner. She wanted to go to the police and report the assault. All the girls knew of Thomas, and his reputation. They told her it would do no good to make a report, as Thomas was a police captain. The last girl that tried to report him was found dead in an alley the very next day. There had been no investigation into her demise. Her murder remained unsolved.

Josephina was near tears. She hid her face in the apron of her uniform. When she lowered the apron, she came face to face with Mack. He tried desperately to find out why she was crying. Nothing he did could make her talk. Josephina resisted the urge to tell Mack what had happened. He would only get himself in trouble. Or worse.

A few days later, Josephina found herself in a pawn shop. She purchased a small handgun, one that would fit into her purse. As she passed the club she and Thomas had gone to, she saw Thomas leave with a much younger girl, no more than 18, if that. He was having a difficult time keeping her on her feet. Josephina knew she had to do something, or the little girl would be another notch in his bed post, right next to hers.

As soon as Thomas pushed the girl into his squad car, he turned and ran right into Josephina. "You're going to do to her, what you did to me," she said as calmly as she could.

"And just who is going to stop me? You?" he said, as he began to laugh heartily, directly into her face. Josephina pulled the gun from her purse, pointed it at him, and began to squeeze the trigger. He tried to get his own gun out, but it was too late. Boom, boom, boom. Red splotches began to grow on his coat. Two of the shots had hit him in the chest, and the third was lodged in his gut. His mouth was moving, but no words were uttered, as life left his eyes. He slumped to the ground, into the gutter.

Josephina put the gun back into her purse, turned, and headed for her room. She could hear screams and sirens behind her. She didn't look as she turned down the alley. She

found a dumpster and put the gun under some trash before continuing down the street, turning at the next corner, and out of sight of the crime scene.

Josephina was back in her room, sitting on the bed. Tears ran down her cheeks, smearing her foundation and blush. She sat still, with her head in her hands. Josephina was appalled by the violence. She didn't understand why she had reacted in such a way, or why she even purchased the gun in the first place. Josephina began to hear a low hum coming from behind her as it filtered into the room. The bed shook gently as the hum grew in intensity. A bright light filled the room. Before she knew it, Josephina was back at the facility, still in a sitting position, wearing the same clothes she had put on that very morning.

A voice sounded from somewhere to her right. "Welcome back, traveler." All made sense now. She realized where she was. Josephina was taken to a debriefing room, where her experiences were documented. The recording device was removed after she had been put into a deep sleep.

Upon awakening, she now had a shorty nightgown and panties on. A facility staff member soon came in to the room, to ask a few more questions. As the conversation ended, she was asked about returning to her former male self. Josephina declined the offer. She was asked to sign a waiver, which she gladly did. Once again, the facility provided her with a small wardrobe and some spending credits. She then was given transportation to a new home, in a new town. Josephina now wore a simple, long sleeved silk blouse, in a pastel green and a skirt that had a hem which ended just about her knees. It was a deep chocolate brown and had many pleats. A pair of low-heeled pumps completed the outfit.

She had a difficult time trying to get the image of Thomas, bleeding on the sidewalk, out of her head. At the first opportunity, she made her way to the local library. There she researched the day of the shooting. She read, with deep interest, the story the local newspaper had run. It seems that Thomas was indeed, a police captain, but was on leave during an internal investigation of corruption. It was noted that he was on the payroll of the local mob. It was conjectured that Thomas was killed by a rival gang, in response to an earlier murder in another part of city. Witnesses were unable to agree that it was a woman that had pulled the trigger that fateful afternoon; no further details were available.

In an article from a few days later, the police commission held a news conference. It was made public that more than 10 women had come forth with stories of sexual abuse at the hands of Thomas. All the sordid details were there, in black and white. They all had similar stories of alcohol, his apartment, and his violence. This came as no surprise. But after reading the stories, Josephina felt better. No more women would be harmed, and that was a good thing.

Once she was done reading everything about Thomas, she decided to look up what had happened to Mack. He had married one of the waitresses from the diner, and they were expecting a child that next year. Emotions tugged at Josephina's heart. She could imagine the ceremony and the honeymoon. It was only then that Josephina realized that she had fallen in love with Mack.

Josephina soon found employment. She wasn't making a lot of money, but she was comfortable. Her wardrobe increased, as did her confidence in the image she put forth to others. A year or so later, a co-worker asked her out on a date. That date led to engage-

ment, then to marriage. Josephina and her new husband adopted several children, which they raised as their own. It took some time for her to get the image of Mack out of her heart and mind but now, with a new outlook, husband, and children to look after, she was finally able to be happy.

### Part 3.

The next traveler that we can share with you is Steven. Number 74 was his designation. His requested journey didn't go back as far as Josephina's, just a mere 10-15 years. After his alterations were completed, Steven looked like a high school girl, just budding into womanhood. Even though Steven was in his late twenties at the time of the change, he had wished to return to high school and experience it from a female point of view.

Steven was now known as Linda. Linda lay in a big, canopy bed. The linens, curtains, and all the accessories were in pink and white. As she looked around, she noticed an unfamiliar weight on her chest. She now sported nice, perky breasts, and was wearing a little T-shirt and tight bikini panties. She explored further, only to find that no male parts remained. Linda was beyond thrilled.

Linda slowly got out of bed and headed for a full-length mirror she saw in the corner of her room. She looked over her new body, from top to toe. She turned this way and that, taking in the young, smooth body she now wore. There was a knock on her bedroom door and a woman stepped in.

"Come on, sleepy head. If you don't move it, you'll be late for school," the woman said to Linda, as she shook her head side to side. "I swear. A woman's work is never done." The woman hurried Linda into the shower, then laid out an outfit for her to go to school in.

Once dried off, Linda went into her room to dress. First came a pair of low-rise panties in bright yellow, then a demi-cup bra, in a matching color. Next, Linda slipped a short-sleeved T-shirt over her head. She tried to pull it down as far as she could. That wasn't quite as far as she had hoped. After a short miniskirt in khaki brown was on, a wide expanse of belly was obvious. The skirt had pockets everywhere, but none opened. Finally, she put on a pair of cuffed socks and a pair of tennis shoes.

Linda looked at her hair in the mirrored vanity. It was a medium-length blonde, with lighter shades throughout. She gave it a quick fluff, and it fell into a cute bob style. Some simple makeup additions and she was ready. She grabbed a purse and a backpack filled with books, and headed out the door to her room. She had no idea where she was, or where to go.

"Into the car, sweetie. I'll have to drive you, or you'll be late for sure," the woman said.

"Thanks... Mom?" Linda said, more as a question, than an answer. She followed her mom out of the house and into a car in the driveway. She slid carefully into the passenger's seat. Mindful of the length of her skirt, she gently pressed her knees close together, as she twisted in. Linda pulled the visor down, and began to check her lipstick, eyes, and hair.

"If your skirts get any shorter, they'll be more like panties," her mom said.

"Oh, Mom, didn't you wear stuff like this when you were my age?" Linda asked.



"Yes, but not that short. By the way, I like that shade of yellow on you." Linda remembered the panties she now wore, and blushed at her mother's comment.

Her mom pulled up to the school and pecked her on the cheek, as Linda got out of the car. Again, Linda was lost. Which way was she to go? What class was she supposed to be in? Linda then heard her name being called, and several girls ran up to her.

"Where have you been? Dreaming of that cute Brad again?" the blonde asked her. Linda just blushed.

"No, I just overslept, that's all," Linda replied.

A brunette then said to the group, "Come on. We have just enough time to get to our English class. IF we hurry, that is." The group of girls headed into the school, each carrying books they propped on one arm.

As they walked up the stairs, a much younger boy ran up behind the girls and squeezed Linda on the behind, from under her skirt. One of the dark-haired girls took a weak swing at the boy, but he was too fast, and ran in the other direction.

"Boys just never grow up," the blonde said.

Linda was rubbing her abused butt when she heard, "Need some help with that?" from behind her. She turned and looked at the cutest guy ever, and blushed deeply.

"Hi, Brad," one of the girls said, very coyly.

Brad said hi to the rest of the girls by name. The blonde was Jody, the taller brunette was Cindy, and the coy one was Beth. Brad walked up to the group, and placed a warm hand on Linda's waist. She moved closer to him. Just then, a bell sounded twice.

"Come on, that's the final bell. We'll just make it," Jody said. As a group, the girls looked to Brad and said their goodbyes as they ran down the hallway.

They just made it into their seats as the final bell rang. The girls all smoothed their short skirts under them as they sat; their knees remained close together. Linda was thinking of Brad as she felt a warm glow begin in her belly. As a male, Steven had never felt anything like that sensation.

The teacher was asking the class a question that Linda did not hear, but it did bring her back to Earth. Once again, Linda lucked out. As Steven, he had been an English major in college. So when Linda was asked a question, she was able to answer it easily. The class went quickly, as did the rest of her morning classes. It was nearing lunch time.

Linda was starving, as she realized that she hadn't eaten for quite some time. Jody and Beth were in the lunch line just ahead, and Cindy was with Linda, bringing up the rear. They all ordered a salad and a soda. Linda looked into her purse and found many treasures that as Steven, he could only dream about. She pulled out a coin purse, and paid for her meal. The four then headed for their usual table.

As they chatted during their lunch, Linda was confused. She was trying to figure out how the facility could put her in a body everyone recognized. She would have to ask when she returned. After lunch, the girls headed for their Phys. Ed. class and their lockers. Fortunately, a key lock was hanging on Linda's. She fumbled through her purse and found the right key. When she opened the locker, her heart skipped a beat. She and her friends

were on the cheerleading squad. She found a practice sweater and skirt. Linda looked around and saw the others changing. They all were in different stages of undress. Linda caught herself staring at the girls, clad in only panties. She quickly looked away and began to change into her practice clothes.

Nervously, Linda changed slowly. First the top came off, then the bra. Linda then slipped a white sport bra over her head and into place around her chest. Next, Linda put on the sweater, then the practice skirt. Linda could see that her friends were all doing the same thing, without a care as to who saw them change. They all pulled their hair into ponytails, and wrapped elastic bands around the base. Linda followed suit. They then tied matching ribbons on the ponytails, before they went out to the practice field.

They watched the head cheerleader as she went through a new routine. The squad tried to mimic what they had been shown. She wanted them to do it better. They did it, over and over again, until she was satisfied. It took nearly the entire period. The girls then headed for a quick shower. Linda felt a strange pressure in her lower abdomen. She knew what it was and went to the restroom. She pulled her panties to her knees, then patted herself dry. Her panties were replaced, and she headed for her locker to dress.

Once they all were dressed, they grabbed book bags and purses and walked together to their neighborhood. They chatted and giggled the whole way home. Boys would pass them in their souped-up cars. They would either gun the engine, honk a horn, or leave skid marks on the street as they passed the girls, who pretended not to notice. All the way home, Linda could feel her backside sway with each step and the miniskirt tickle her thighs. The others did the same. Soon, they stood in front of a house that Linda recognized as her own. She waved bye to her friends, as she headed up the walk.

One inside, Linda could smell dinner being cooked. She put her books and purse in her room, then went to the kitchen. She said hi to her mom, then looked to see what was for dinner. It looked tasty. Just then, a younger boy entered the back door, and came into the kitchen. Linda saw that it was the same boy that had pinched her bottom on the stairs at school.

"Hey sis, how's your bum?" he said with a laugh.

"You didn't pinch your sister again, did you?" her mom asked the boy.

"Just a little," he said as he ran to his room.

"I'm sorry, honey. I know that little brothers can be a real pain sometimes. But someday, he will regret all of this," her mom said, as she tried to comfort Linda, after Linda had shared the incident with her mother.

Before dinner was ready, Linda headed to her room, as she had some homework to do. She had just begun when her mother came to her door, and announced that Linda had a visitor. Linda closed her books, checked her hair and make-up, and made sure that her clothes were on straight. As Linda approached the door, she could see that Brad was standing just outside of the screen door. Linda could feel a little smile spread across her face. She stepped onto the porch, and greeted Brad. "Hi Brad. What's up?" she said.

"Nothing," he said. "I just stopped by to see if you wanted to go on a walk with me," he replied.