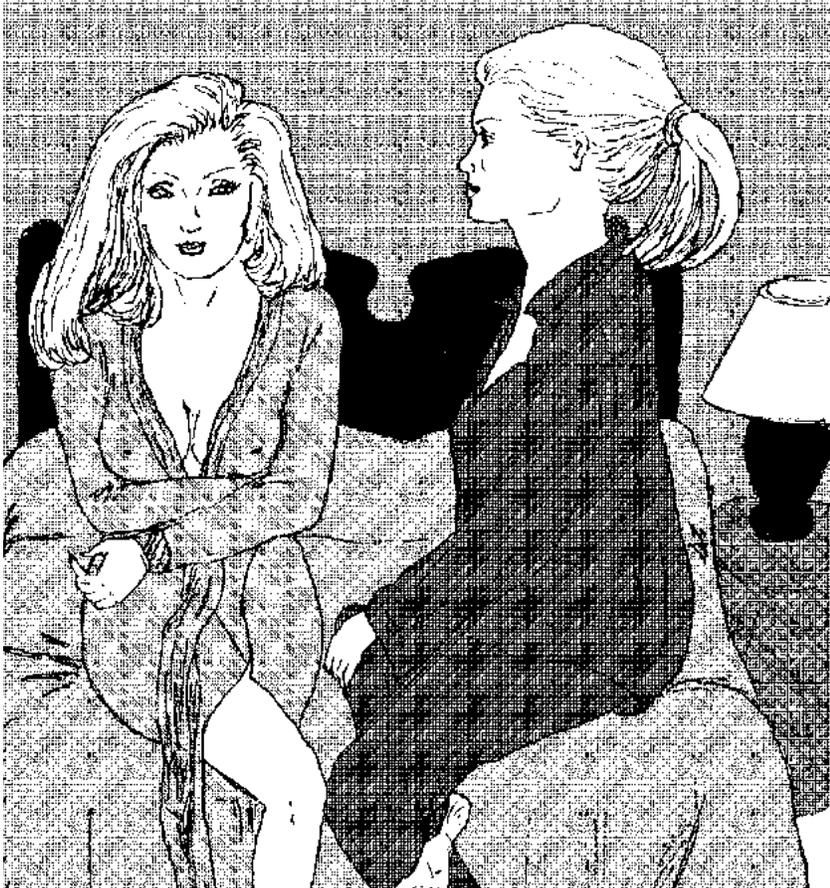


TRANSSEXING

By Olivia Evans



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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TRANSSEXING

By OLIVIA EVANS

CHAPTER ONE: THE STORY BEGINS

Marsha Peterson, a young attractive brunette, was sitting cross legged on the floor of her fiancé's bedroom. She was slowly repackaging the contents of a cardboard box that she had accidentally dropped.

There were some interesting things in it, but mostly it was what she would consider just plain junk. She half regretted the offer that she had made to John about helping him pack his things to move to the new house. She still didn't understand how he could have accumulated so much stuff that it had already taken three truck loads to move to their new home. Of course, in all honesty, one of the trucks had been devoted to his art deco telephone booth and the dozens of dresses and other women's clothing belonging to John.

Marsha had been a bit taken aback when she had first seen the huge, walk-in closet filled with the soft and feminine clothing.

Of course, Marsha knew John designed exclusive women's clothing. In fact, she was wearing a pair of semi- dress slacks and blouse that were, without a doubt, the most comfortable clothing she had ever owned. She, as well as half the women in the country, considered his designs classic and would always be in fashion.

But still, it was odd that only a small portion of the clothing in the closet were his designs, most were off the rack.

And unlike the scarcely worn garments that she knew were his work, the woman's wardrobe appeared to have been well used.

Confused and worried about John's sanity she had questioned him about it.

She could remember the occasion clearly. It had been early on the same day John had proposed to her. They had been invited to spend the weekend at his half-sister Susan's cabin at the lake. Susan Harriman and her husband Allen, were celebrating their second wedding anniversary and wanted to include the man that had introduced them...

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The four of them; John, Allen, a very pregnant Susan and herself, had been sitting in soft, comfortable lounge chairs on the deck of Allen's cabin. The deck had a spectacular view of the lake, several hundred feet below them.

Marsha had been half daydreaming in the warm still air, when the subject of how difficult it was to find maternity clothing that was not only comfortable, but looked good as well, had been brought up by Susan.

“Why don't you design some maternity outfits for me to wear for our next baby?” Susan suggested to John. “Maybe you and Marsha could collaborate on the design. Just think, John, of all the new and interesting additions to your personal wardrobe you could have.”

“Sorry Susan, I'm not going to be working on my collection for a while. And I don't think that Marsha would care to 'collaborate' just yet,” John replied, shyly glancing at Marsha.

Thinking to herself, ‘Want to bet?’ Marsha smiled sweetly back at him.

It was a strange and kind of refreshing relationship she had with John. He was rapidly becoming the love of her life, mainly because he had been the only man that hadn't tried to take advantage of her every time she turned around. In fact she had never even seen him completely disrobed. He was always the perfect and considerate gentleman.

Always. Sometimes, though, she wished he wasn't so perfect. When Susan had brought up maternity clothing, it jogged her memory to ask about the strange wardrobe she had seen in John's closet. Since everyone except for her seemed to know the answer already, it seemed to be a logical time to ask, so Marsha spoke up.

“John, honey, what are you doing with that closet full of women's clothing?” She blushed slightly when she realized how the question sounded. “I mean, are they earlier designs of yours? Or...”

“Those are mementos of another time, long ago, sweetheart. They have a very special meaning to me.” He smiled. “Some of them belonged to my first girl friend, Allen's sister. We were pretty serious at one time, she almost became my wife; Mrs. John Wilkinson.”

Allen and Susan leaned forward to listen to the explanation. They both wore a strange smile on their faces.

John looked sad for a moment, then smiled at Marsha.

From his smile, Marsha suspected that there was far more to the women's clothing than mere keepsakes.

“I had proposed shortly before she died. I loved her dearly and will always have fond memories of her. She was such a sweet, lovable and sexy girl.”

Marsha felt a brief twinge of jealousy.

He turned and smiled crookedly at the bare chested Allen. “Don't you think so, Allen?”

Allen smiled and absently scratched his hairy chest. “Nah, she was an ugly old dog. I don't miss her at all.”

“Allen stop that!” Susan protested, giving him a sharp poke in the ribs with her elbow. “I loved Alison, and there are times when I really miss her.”

Allen looked tenderly at his wife. "I know you do honey. I suppose that I do too sometimes. But she's gone and perhaps that's for the best." Seeing the bewildered look on Marsha's face he explained.

"Really, she wasn't all that bad of a person. But she had a lot of problems. I have to admit now that even I felt a little sorry after she was gone." Allen paused and for a second watched a speed boat pulling a water skier on the lake.

*"But if it hadn't have been for her death, my little Suzie here," Allen reached over and patted Susan's protruding stomach gently, "wouldn't be knocked up higher than a kite."
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"Hi, Marsha. Taking a break?" John's voice startled Marsha out of her daydream.

"No, I'm just trying to clean up the mess that I made," Marsha explained pointing at the box and its scattered contents. "I'm sorry, it just slipped."

John laughed and sat down beside her and started to help her the contents. "Don't worry about it. There was nothing breakable in there anyway." John picked up a picture frame. Sharp shards of glass hung from the ornate carved wooden rectangle. "Well, almost nothing."

He carefully picked the loose glass free and tossed it into a waste basket.

Marsha looked over his shoulder at the photograph in the frame. It was a studio portrait photo of an attractive girl wearing a very tight and revealing two piece bathing suit. Marsha recognized the suit as one of John's earliest and most successful designs. In fact, the skimpy garment had been mounted in a glass frame and was now hanging in a place of honor over the living room couch.

"Pretty girl," Marsha noted, taking the picture from John's hand. "Who is she? Is this the 'Alison' that you and Allen were talking about?"

John looked at the girl in the picture, smiled, and almost casually answered. "No, that's me. Taken about a year before Alison died."

"This is the girl that died, you mean?" Marsha corrected, not quite believing she had heard him correctly.

John looked into her eyes, and obviously coming to a decision, repeated his statement. "No, that really is a picture of me. Susan took the picture when I modeled the suit for our first ad campaign."

He looked critically at the picture. "Not one of my better designs."

"Do you expect me to believe that this is a picture of you?" Marsha countered with a tight little smile. "Look at this girl. There is no question about her sex. She's a woman, and a well built one at that. There's no way you could fake those breasts, broad hips and terrific looking legs. Not with all the foam rubber in the world. Besides, don't forget I've seen that suit, it's about a size 7, you couldn't fit it over one leg, let alone fill it out like that."

John smiled back at her. "There should be a proof photo in here somewhere, one that hasn't been retouched." He rummaged through the things still on the floor. "Here it is. Take a look."

Marsha looked at the proof photo. Other than a small scar and a small birth mark that had been retouched out of the other picture, they were identical. She looked up at John. “So? Its still the same girl. It doesn't prove anything.”

“Take another look at the birth mark and scar. I think that you may have seen them before.”

He was grinning as she looked again. Marsha dropped the picture in surprise and shock.

“My God, it is you! But how? You're not a wom... How did you become a ma..,” she stammered, confused at what she had just seen and heard.

“How did I become a man? A more accurate question would be how did I come to be a woman. And I assure you that I was a woman. There is nothing artificial or fake about that picture.”

He looked at it again and laughed. “Except for the hair color. I was going through my 'live life as a blonde' phase. It was bleached.”

“But how? I mean...”

“Well, there's this bottle of nasty smelling stuff that you put on your hair, and...”

“John Wilkinson,” she warned angrily, suspecting that she was being made fun of, “I want to know what all this is about. When did you take this picture. And how did you do it.”

“That, my beloved, is a long story. Care to hear it?” John asked gently. He stood and helping Marsha up, walked over to bed. They sat on the edge of the bed several feet apart.

Marsha intended to get no closer until she got to the bottom of this. She was torn between fascination and fear. ‘There was no way that the girl in the picture could have been John, yet he had presented proof that it was.’

“All right, I'm listening.” She sat with her arms and legs crossed. She had no intentions of dismissing this until she had received a reasonable explanation.

“Okay. It all started about 4 years ago. I had just turned twenty two and was on summer vacation from college. I had taken a part time job working for the Tri-Cities Moving and Storage Company...”

CHAPTER TWO: EXPERIMENTS

John used the end of his T-shirt to wipe the sweat from his forehead. Out of the corner of his eye he caught sight of his reflection in a huge plate-glass mirror.

Overall he was pleased with what he saw. He had been working out during the gym classes in college and it was beginning to show. He had already developed a well defined set of muscles, now all he had to do was to bulk them out some more.

He flexed his biceps at himself in the mirror and smiled.

'Yes sir, not bad, not bad at all,' he thought.

His daydreams about the powerful body he was building were interrupted by the sound of his boss's grumbling voice.

"...that chest over there."

"What?" John asked.

"I said `take the hand truck and move that chest from here to over there,'" Mr. Hanson, the foreman said patiently. "And quit admiring yourself in that mirror. Honestly, you're worse than my teenage daughter!"

John watched the older man walk down the aisle laughing to himself. "Weight lifters, hah!"

John grabbed the hand truck and slid it under the heavy looking chest. Bracing himself for a heavy load, he jerked backward and nearly fell to the concrete floor. It was lighter than it looked and he had no difficulty in moving it to the desired location.

John had been working for the moving company for nearly six weeks. The work was hard and usually dirty. Especially when he had to work in the older storage areas. But it beat all the fast food joints in town.

He was earning almost twice the minimum wage, and since his expenses while he stayed at home were relatively modest, he had managed to save most of it for college. His savings to date totaled more than \$2,500.00. By the time school started again in the fall he would have saved nearly four thousand dollars. Not much, when you considered that it would have to last the entire school year. But still a respectable sum. And just enough to pay for the field trip that would take place during the spring break.

John was studying Anthropology. He had first become interested in the subject when he had read a magazine article on a South American Indian Tribe. His fondest dream was to explore the Amazon River Basin and discover an unknown tribe. He even planed to live with them for two or three years, learning all he could about them.

A friend of his had once told him that he should have been born a cat. As curious as he was, he would need all of the fabled nine lives, if not more! There were times when John would have agreed with the statement.

It was dark when he returned home after work. He had bought a hamburger and some fries on the way home, knowing that no one would be there. While he ate the cold hamburger, he read the colorful postcard from his parents that had been in the mail.

The postmark was from some little island he'd never heard of in the South Pacific. According to his mother's short note, his parents would be gone for another month. The two month, all-expenses paid cruise had been a bonus from the steam ship lines his father worked for. A reward for suggesting a way to increase the number of paying passengers taking recreational cruises on their cargo ships.

Once, carrying passengers had cost the company money. Now it was almost more profitable to carry passengers than it was to carry cargo. Using the senior Wilkenson's suggestions, the company had tripled the number of passengers and had turned a losing venture into a profit.

John looked at his half-eaten hamburger and sighed. He had been spoiled by his mother's excellent cooking, and he missed it badly. He wondered if he would survive the fast food diet he had been eating for another month. The company had offered to allow him to accompany his parents, but he had to decline.

John almost wished he had gone, but right now the extra spending money was more important than the trip. Once he had graduated and become a successful business executive, he would have all the time in the world to take long trips. Besides, going with his parents would mean that he would have to leave his girl friend, Alison.

Alison, he sighed, remembering that the next day was Friday, payday and the start of another weekend alone with Alison.

While he was reduced to eating what he considered to be little more than cardboard and sawdust, there were some advantages to his parents being gone. He had the whole house to himself and could invite anyone he wished to spend the night. For the last three weekends, that someone had been Alison.

He burped up some of the hamburger. He half wondered if it was such a good deal after all. After he had eaten, he called Alison.

They talked for an hour. When he had hung up, he couldn't remember much of what they had talked about, but he did know that he had enjoyed the sound of her voice.

One thing he did remember was that he had proposed to her for about the twentieth time. She had turned him down again, saying that she loved to have fun with him, but marriage was not in her plans. Not right now and maybe not even with him anyway.

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The next morning, John had been give a fork-lift and a list of storage crates to pull for the semiannual unclaimed storage auction. By noon, John had been able to find almost all of the crates that were on the list. The only one left was one that didn't have a storage number, only the single notation, "Acme Prop Company, Inc."

He had seen the crate several days before and had little difficulty finding the beautifully made wooden crate. Constructed from some kind of dark hardwood he couldn't identify, it stood just over 7 feet high and was about 4 and a half feet square. It had been placed in storage nearly five years before, and despite having been moved a number of times didn't have a mark on it. Its history was a little odd, even for the storage business.

Acme Prop and Make-up Company had paid the storage charges every month for a little over four and a half years. Then without explanation, the payments abruptly stopped.

Per company policy, Tri-Cities had tried to contact the company before selling the container off for unclaimed storage. All attempts at contacting the company had been unsuccessful.

Now seven months in arrears, the storage company decided to sell off the unclaimed crate. John was strangely attracted to the crate and its unknown contents.

He knew that Tri-Cities had a policy of allowing its employees to buy unclaimed storage before it was offered at public auction, as long as they paid the full amount of storage charges. He decided that he would take advantage of the policy and purchase it for himself.

The contents could very well be something valuable that he could either use himself or sell.

When he dropped the crate off in the auction area, he looked for Mr. Hanson and asked him if he could buy it.

"Sure kid. No problem. Just pay Jenny the storage fees and she's all yours. You can even use one of the trucks to take it home with you tonight if you want," Mr. Hanson told him.

John quickly went to the cashiers office.

Jenny was more than helpful.

"Hum, `Acme Prop'. Ah, here it is," she noted, thumbing through a thick computer print out. "Strange, they paid in cash every month for over four years, then suddenly dropped out of existence. Probably went out of business. Let's see, the storage charges come to a grand total of \$483.78."

John knew he had slightly over two hundred on him, and with his pay check of just under three hundred, he could pay for it now.

Jenny frowned when he suggested how he wanted to pay, it meant extra paperwork to issue and take back a check like that. But she thought that John was a good kid, and liked him so she did it anyway.

Receipt in hand, he borrowed one of the company pickups and took it home during his lunch hour. Using only a small hand truck that had been in the pickup, he left it in the garage. Whatever was inside had been disappointingly light.

That evening, with Mr. Hanson's permission, he had quit a little early.

He was beginning to have second thoughts about buying the crate and wanted to see if he could salvage the wood. If nothing else, that was worth something to someone who worked with wood as a hobby.

He was hard at work trying to open the mysterious crate, when Alison appeared in the open garage doorway. She was carrying her bright red overnight bag and a bag of groceries.

"Hi, honey. What's that? Something from your parents?" she asked indicating the still tightly sealed crate.

John turned and looked at the attractive, blue-eyed brunette. Alison, at 5'5" and 130 pounds, was a knock out in her tight black bike shorts and crop tank top.

“Hi, Alison.” He wiped the sweat off of his face with the back of his hand and smiled. “No, this is some unclaimed storage that I bought at work. I have no idea what's inside. But judging from the way the crate is made, it must be something valuable. If I can't use it, then maybe I'll be able to sell it for more than I paid for it.”

“Oh, wow. Kind of like Christmas in July,” she exclaimed. “Hey, if you can tear yourself away from that thing, you can help me carry in the stuff I brought for our dinner.”

John jumped off the small step ladder he had been standing on and gave Alison a kiss. Taking the groceries from her hands, they walked into the house to put them away.

“How have you been?” John asked as he kissed her passionately, as if he hadn't seen her in weeks.

“Fine. My aunt called after you did and said that she and Uncle Bill will be staying at Grandma's for another couple of weeks.” Alison hesitated for a second. “She asked me where I was last weekend, John. She tried to call me and there wasn't anyone home.”

“Of course not, you were here, with me.” He smiled and then hesitated. “What did you say?”

“Oh, I told her all about us. She didn't really approve, but said that she understood. She likes you, John, likes you an awful lot. But she...” Alison trailed off.

“But she what?” John asked.

“She doesn't think that I'm ready for any real commitments yet. I told her it was just a 'sexual thing' with us, nothing serious.” Alison laughed. “I think she misunderstood. She gave me the usual lecture about being careful, just like Mom used to before she and Dad were killed in the accident. The usual stuff, that's all.”

“Be careful?” John asked, with a blank look on his face.

Alison smiled up into John's concerned face. “Don't you worry you big stud, I'm being careful, real careful.”

“Have I told you yet that I love you, Alison?” John asked, kissing her deeply again. He slipped his hands inside the waistband of her stretch bike shorts and began pulling them down. He got far enough to realize that she wasn't wearing panties before she giggled and she spun away.

“Now don't start that if you want anything to eat tonight.” She giggled again pulling the form fitting shorts back up.

John leered at her.

Seeing the look on his face she giggled again.

“Food that is. Why don't you go work on your `Christmas Gift', while I fix dinner.”

Reluctantly, John went back into the garage and tackled the crate again.

John was still hard at work when Alison came out half an hour later to see how he was doing. She couldn't see much progress.