

# A Dish Served Cold



# Simone Reynolds



A "New Woman" Novel



## **Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers**

This story (including all images) 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. This material is intended for persons over the age of 18 only.



Copyright © 2016

Published by Reluctant Press  
in association with Mags, Inc.  
All Rights Reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced without the written permission of the publisher, except for brief quotes contained within a critical review.

For information address  
Reluctant Press  
P.O. Box 5829  
Sherman Oaks, CA 91413  
USA

Call toll free (800) 359-2116

[reluctantpress.com](http://reluctantpress.com) & [magsinc.com](http://magsinc.com)

# A Dish Served Cold

by **Simone Reynolds**

Phil slipped the Mondeo into gear and pulled away. It was going to be a long journey down to the South West coast, so she was pleased she had started early. The sun was just breaking through, there was little traffic on the road, and she was excited with anticipation. This was the first time that she had seen Martin since she and Sarah had parted. Martin had been best man at her wedding and a friend all her life, but now they rarely met, just kept in occasional email contact. Now that she had no wife it seemed like a good time to spend a weekend together.

By midday she was well down the motorway and she stopped off for coffee at the service station. She visited the disabled lavatory as it was free, for convenience, then continued with new enthusiasm. Needless to say there were traffic jams reducing the journey to a crawl as she entered Cornwall but, as the afternoon wore on, she knew she was getting close.

Soon she was seeing familiar landscapes and suddenly was able to spot the sea. It nearly gave her as

much as of z thrill as it did when she was five years old and arriving for the annual family holiday. Now there was no Mum and Dad, now she was a parent herself with adult children.

She rounded the last corner and saw the ocean, unbroken, in front of her and the breathtaking bay which framed Martin's home. There were white "sea horses" and she could make out small sailing dinghies and perhaps a surfer. It had all the makings of a perfect long weekend.

While she had enjoyed a full, married life, at least up until recently, with two sons and a full-time job, Martin had stayed single and been able to sell his software company for a handsome profit to retire 6 years ago. In some ways she had been jealous, but then her world had been fulfilling in a different way. She had a successful partnership in a firm of solicitors and she enjoyed her specialty and helping her clients.

They had been close friends at school, she going on to university for a law degree and Martin taking electronic engineering in the north. They had kept in touch but without achieving the closeness of the "best friends" that his wife had.

At last she reached Martin's house, a small villa, built back from the sea, but with a clear sight of the nautical comings and goings. She knocked at the door and Martin opened with a beaming smile to welcome her in.

Martin stood back and looked at Phil, taking her all in. He started a little uncertainly

"Well, you look rather different!"

"Yes, I've lost a little weight and I thought I would colour my hair from that grey," Phil responded. Her

hair was long but tied down so that this could not be appreciated at first glance.

“Come and sit down, I’ll make some tea.”

“I’ll bring my bag in while you’re doing it”.

Phil soon had her baggage assembled in the hallway. Martin helped her out of her coat. He looked a little suspiciously at Phil. This resulted in a slight blush. Phil was wearing a dark polo neck pullover, but there were discernible bulges on her chest. She didn’t think it would show that easily. She should have worn a pattern.

They were soon sitting to either side of the fireplace, no fire today because the weather was gloriously warm – April here was better than Phil’s current hometown of Leicester.

“It’s not just your weight, is it?” Martin started.

“How do you mean?”

“Well, your shape is different.”

“How do you mean?”

Martin indicated his chest.

“You seem a little flabby at the top, but otherwise very slim. Your hair too, it’s long – almost like when we were teenagers.”

There was a substantial pause, which was filled when Phil took a deep sigh.

“Well, I guess I’m here to tell all. I am becoming a woman. I am in the process of changing, all since Sarah dumped me. She caught me dressing up and didn’t want to cope with it.”

“She did what?”

“I know, I know, it would seem strange to anyone. Anyway, I had been dressing up and she found out. I was discovering my ‘feminine side’.”

Naturally enough. Martin laughed at that, as he was intended to.

“So how far have you got?” quizzed Martin.

“I am normally dressed as a woman and I have breasts et cetera, and usually I wear a bra, but I didn’t think you were ready for ‘full femme Phil.’ so to speak.”

“Christ, I’m a single man, shy, retiring etc. I am not ready for anything!” Martin laughed with an element of glee.

“Would you like me to dress like I normally would?”

“Why not? This is incredible, I just could not have predicted it.”

Phil made to rise, a little unsure.

“Go on, you have to now. I am all agog.”

Phil was secretly pleased that he had been spotted so early. She picked up her suitcase and headed for her room on the first floor. She carefully closed the door and opened her case.

She had a white moulded bra, which she thought would not be too OTT. Once she had this on to support her well-developed bosom, there was a white blouse. She was already wearing white knickers and she slipped on a pastel turquoise skirt which came down to her knees. She put on some white ankle socks and some sandals and completed her clothes

with a cross round her neck. She brushed her hair out and applied an Alice band. She popped a couple of little studs into her ears and felt she was all done.

When she came down the stairs, Martin was standing up to welcome her.

“That’s quite extraordinary,” he beamed with delight.

“I didn’t apply my war paint, otherwise I would have been another hour.”

“But you look splendid anyway.”

“Thanks.” Phil wasn’t really sure if he was lying.

“Look, I was planning to go out for a meal tonight at the restaurant on the corner. How do you want to go?”

“How do you want me?”

“Well, it would be delightful to take an attractive woman.”

“Yes of course, but would it be alright taking me?” They both laughed with relief at this.

They drank their tea and for the moment just talked as old friends, catching up on events and filling in the gaps. Inevitably the atmosphere was not the same, a certain falseness to it.

“You’re going to have to explain things properly, Phil.”

“Where shall I start?”

“In the words of one of your favourites ‘Start at the very beginning, a very good place to start’.”

“Well, here comes doh, re, mi. Now you know why that bit too!” They both laughed. Phil had always been a Julie Andrews fan, while his mates were more into Deep Purple.

“I think I started when I was quite young really. I had breasts when I was like an early adolescent.”

“Yes, I noticed that, but I didn’t like to mention it”.

“Now with hindsight I know that the condition is part of adolescence and hormone change for many. But I already thought I was abnormal – I had undescended testes”.

“What kid doesn’t think they are abnormal? We’re all so self-centred at that stage,” Martin added with a sympathetic tone.

“Anyway I was obsessed by feeling like a girl. When everyone was out, I used to try on my sister’s bra and knickers and of course they wore suspender belts in those days too. I didn’t do it very often and I knew it was wrong but I couldn’t stop myself, when I got the chance. One thing, I was pleased to have long hair, since in those days that didn’t make you stand out particularly.”

“True enough. Do you remember Dave getting his in the Bunsen? What a smell.”

“Yes, it was like when the dentist uses that fast drill. The smell of burning flesh.” Phil could remember it only too well. The teacher had been pretty cross.

“Still, I always wanted mine short.”

“Yes, but I guess you didn’t want to tie yours in different styles like me”.

“You never showed any of this at school.”

“I’m not an idiot, funnily enough,” Phil responded before going on.

“As I got older, I think hormones kicked in and it became less of an issue, but still from time to time it resurfaced. The funny thing is girly mags; when I see the picture, I imagine it’s me. Me posing, not me ogling. I don’t see myself having sex with the girl, but of someone having sex with me as the girl.”

“That’s certainly a new market, which I guess Play-boy may not have been aware of,” Martin interjected.

“Yet I met and dated girls and of course fell for Sarah eventually. Never really fancied men in the flesh in that way. Even when I am making love, I often see myself as being the girl. I close my eyes and imagine being taken, even while I am ploughing into Sarah.”

“I can see that might annoy her, if she knew. And I don’t particularly want to hear about things best not shared – too much detail as they say.”

“I’ve been doing this all my life, but in recent years I have become of the opinion that I am more female than male. I take more interest in women’s things; my pastimes are cooking and dancing and now even sewing. My breasts have become more sensitive and I get more fun from them than my penis. Actually, I think Sarah liked not touching the old todger as much and she never liked sucking it. I wanted them bigger and took some herbs – pueraria – which certainly helped.”

“What let Sarah into the secret?”

“Well, I was silly. I was off for a few days, while Sarah was working and it was such lovely weather that I decided to sunbathe. Really just read my book in the

garden. As I was at home by myself all day, I was wearing a bra and pants under my ordinary clothes. I slipped my shirt off and I should have known better. I just lay in the sun. Suffice it to say, I fell asleep for about half an hour or so, I suppose. I didn't really notice anything but later I could see that I had gained bra marks. White breasts against an off-white background. Sarah could see what I had been up to and quite honestly was very alarmed. I told her everything and she wasn't as tolerant as I had supposed."

"You mean you had been at it all these years and never been discovered before?"

"Actually no. Now of course it's different, I am wanting people to know, but am not sure of the best way to tell them."

"Why do you think you've decided to come out now?"

"I reckon that as I've got older my testosterone has dropped, emphasising my basic tip towards the female. I am becoming more girly."

"Why didn't you just have some testosterone then?"

"Sarah asked that too, but I don't want to. I liked what was happening and I wanted to be more womanly. I've been to my GP, then a psychiatrist, and now I am on hormones. In fact if it all goes well, I might have a sex change."

"That would be something. Getting your parts cut off. I can't imagine it myself; the very thought makes me queasy."

"Ten years ago, I would have said the same thing. Not now, though. I dream as though I am a woman –

in women's clothing and even having sex. Like a wet dream as a woman."

"That's impressive. I remember I dreamt in French when I was doing my 'A' Level, but I was still me," Martin seemed a little incredulous.

"There's not too much of the old me now. I've been on the hormones for eighteen months and I have lost a lot of hair on my body; I only shave once a week. My penis is quite tiny and I don't get it up much. My balls are small and soft too."

"So how do you get pleasure, if I may put it like that?"

"Well, my nipples feel great and all my other parts seem to switch me on. I can get some fantastic wobbly orgasms, where I seem to shake all over, like I have my finger in the mains."

"I don't know whether I am shocked or amused, but for the moment you're still Phil to me," Martin added.

"Actually I am staying as Phil – possibly Philippa or Pippa. How would you like me for dinner?"

"I don't know, do you want to do cosy or sexy?" he joked.

"Cosy, I think."

They set off at half past 7 for the short trip to the restaurant. Phil had settled on a skirt and his polo neck with some pumps on his feet. The atmosphere was busy but Martin had a table booked and they were soon shown to their seats. One of his friends came past.

“Hi Martin. You didn’t say your weekend friend was going to be a lovely lady.” it was a tall burly man who spoke.

“Hello Steve, meet Phil – Philippa – an old friend. She goes way back.”

Steve took Phil’s hand and kissed it gallantly. She responded with a smile. After came a brief chat, whereby Phil said she was now divorced, not letting on that it was from a wife.

They settled down for their food. Phil had a crab starter, then a piece of sole for the main course. With it he had a glass of white wine. Martin meanwhile had pate followed by a large steak and a plate laden with chips. Here they were handmade and fried to perfection. The steak was running red, as rare as the restaurant could manage. They were familiar with Martin’s taste in meat. He washed it down with a frothing pint of hand-drawn beer.

“Ah, perfection,” he sighed as he put his cutlery down.

Phil decided against pudding, but Martin had a large slice of apple pie and cream.

“I can see another way you’ve changed,” Martin declared. “Diet. You don’t eat as much.”

“I can’t say I want it and the type of food has changed too, as you can see. I also drink halves not pints, not just to be more ladylike, but I just don’t seem to have the capacity.”

When Martin was alone in his room he set to thinking about Phil and what he had been up to with his body. As adolescents they had been great friends, they were even accused of being gay. In fact he had felt in a sexual way about Phil and he knew that Phil

had had no feelings for him. He didn't care to disclose it either, but he had enjoyed being with Phil and when they had been on holiday together once, he had nearly revealed his feeling. In the end they had stayed just mates.

As the years had gone by they saw each other periodically and eventually Phil settled down with Sarah, a lovely homely woman who he liked and he was sorry that they had split. It showed the depth of Phil's change or stupidity, he wasn't sure which. He had spent his life single; partly he was shy, and partly he didn't ever find the right person – either male or female - to settle down with, though he had many friends. Never a special one, though.

Now something very different had happened; an old familiar friend had become someone new, but at the same time was someone he was comfortable with. He was quite attracted. What way was he attracted? Was it o the changed body, the changed mind. Certainly Phil seemed a reformed character? He was not now so voluble or gung ho, altogether more charming, but was it womanly charming or man charming? If he made a move, it would be quite a risk, he could end up looking completely ridiculous. Tonight they had looked like a couple and others had taken them as a pair. He was both bigger than Phil and more bulky. You couldn't mistake him for a woman.

He knew that nothing was required from him, but then nothing always led to nowhere. He could play along over the next few days and see how the planned trip went and how Phil behaved. That might give him a clue. He couldn't really imagine Phil as the woman of his dreams, or could he? He was certainly no longer the man of their friendship.

He was thinking his thoughts as he was preparing for bed, a little dulled by alcohol but he was soon

asleep and dreaming of the sea – pretty much as he always did.

In the next room Phil was also preparing for bed, but she didn't expect any changes in her friend. She was so relieved that he had accepted her as she was. The meal in the restaurant – really a pub – had gone well. She had dressed low-key like a holidaymaker, just out for relaxation. She didn't think she had embarrassed Martin, or herself. She was well into behaving the part now. She knew that she passed as a woman, and not just in the shade, but she still sought regular reassurance.

She slipped off her clothes and stood naked for a while, staring down at her little penis. No trouble hiding that, she didn't need to compress or tuck it away now; nearly all tight knickers squashed it away. Her balls had nearly disappeared too. She pulled on her favourite cotton nightdress with a high collar, to keep out the draughts. It came down to her ankles. She took her pills and popped into bed; once the light was out, she, too, was soon asleep.

The next day Martin was first into the kitchen and laid the table. Phil arrived soon after having completed her ablutions.

“What do you fancy?” Martin enquired.

“Oh, just some cereal I think,” Phil responded.

“You don't want bacon and eggs?”

“I don't really eat that now, I don't have the stomach for it. Just like last evening. Do you have any fruit juice?”

“Only in a piece of fruit.” He looked in the bowl. “Banana, orange or pear?”

“I’ll take the orange – low Glycemic index.”

“Low what?”

“Low Glycemic Index. G.I. It keeps you slim because it takes a long while to digest.”

“I didn’t know you cared.”

“I do now. I think its Sarah’s influence. It’s supposed to be good to eat low-G.I. things”.

“Fair enough, but don’t expect me to join you just yet.”

They sat down to a leisurely breakfast, chatting and eating and drinking several cups of coffee.

“So what’s it to be? It’s a lovely day and the sea looks perfect. What do you reckon, a dip?”

“Actually, Martin I wasn’t quite sure of that. I don’t think trunks will do for me now.”

“I don’t know, we do have a topless section you know. This is 2014, even Cornwall gets up to date,” Martin responded with a smile.

“Cornwall might be up to date, but is it ready for me? Or more to the point, am I ready for it?” She laughed with Martin at this predicament.

“Don’t you have a cozy?”

“No. If you think I should have a go, perhaps I should get one.”

“Well, one thing we do have in this town is swimwear.”

So after clearing away, they set off for a walk to the shop. It was quite warm so they were in shorts. Mar-

tin was impressed by Phil's legs, they certainly looked very smooth and long. He noticed the toenails were neatly varnished red. Phil also wore a T-shirt and had her hair tied back in a loose ponytail.

They browsed round a few shops, until they came to one with a good stock of costumes. Phil had a patterned one-piece in mind and held up one for Martin's opinion. He nodded his approval.

"What about a bikini?" Martin enquired. He had his hands on some abbreviated bottoms.

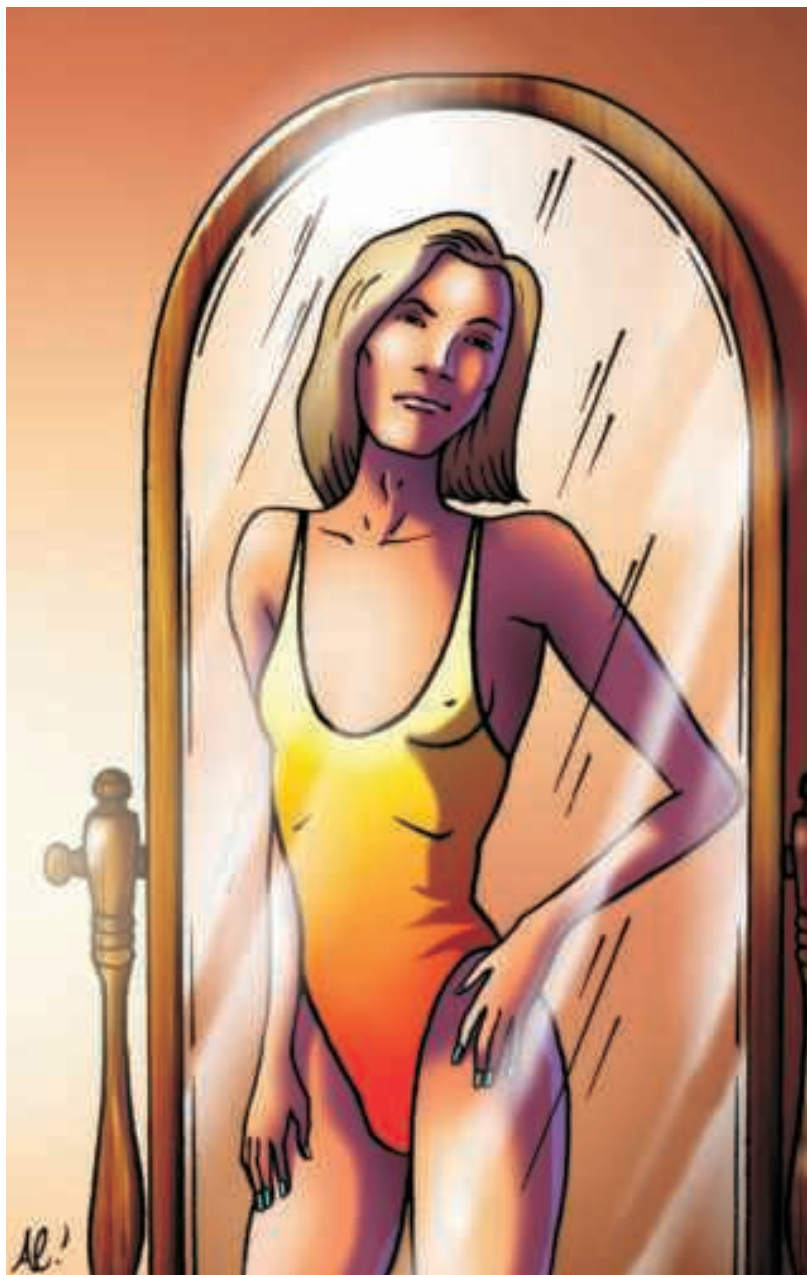
"I have quite a bit to cover up, you know," Phil replied with a smile. She picked a bright one, a bit more modest, with a halter neck top.

"Tell you what, you buy the one-piece and I will treat you to the bikini," Martin offered.

To Phil this sounded just like the kind of offer that she would have made to Sarah. Perhaps she was teaching Martin something about the behaviour of couples?

"OK then. It's a deal." They shook hands and Phil gave Martin a peck on the cheek. They stepped back, both going red, then laughing.

Back at Martin's, Phil tried the costume on. It was orange with a swirly yellow overlay and looked quite jazzy. High cut at the legs, but it covered her pretty effectively. The back was open to just above her bottom. She looked in the mirror and couldn't see anything suspicious. Her breasts filled the top quite well, but you could see her giveaway throat; her face wasn't too bad. She had always looked a little effeminate anyway and with her hair, she thought she passed muster. She pattered downstairs in her bare feet.



“Not bad, not bad at all. You’re looking ready for the sun. Let’s hope it’s ready for us.”

“Do you think I’ll meet the demands of Cornwall?”

“How long is it since you went on a seaside holiday?” replied Martin. “There are as many shapes on a beach as there are people. This is not St. Tropez, it’s not competitive.”

“I know, but what will people see if they look at me?”

“A middle-aged woman, looking in pretty good shape. Confident with herself. I don’t think they will see a tranny man, if that’s what worries you.”

“It does, because this is quite a stretch. On the other hand I don’t have a mother’s tummy, which must help.”

“Yes, your muscles are still there”. He gave a playful push to Phil’s stomach with his fist.

“So, are we ready for the beach then?”

“Well, I’m not, I will have to change too.”

While Martin was getting himself ready, Phil slipped a pair of shorts on and got some flip flops and other accoutrements for the seaside, including a towel and a rug from the back of the car. Martin arrived together with all the other bits and pieces, such as drinks, hats and a beach ball. He was clad by this time in some Bermuda shorts, worn under his developing paunch.

It wasn’t far to walk along to the seafront and they set up camp near some rocks, not too far from the sea, in an area not overrun with children.

Phil was soon applying suntan cream to all her exposed parts. Now she didn't have to worry about the white marks – now she was out.

“Can you rub it into my back please?” she asked plaintively.

“Of course. Hand the bottle over.” Martin rubbed it in all over the exposed skin, pulling down the straps, so he could do Phil's shoulders. He found that he was tightening in the groin area and made sure that no sign was visible to Phil. When he was finished, he gave Phil a slap on the bottom.

“There, all done. Can you do me?”

Phil complied, rubbing it into the prone body of Martin, working gently all over his back and under the waistband of his shorts. This time Martin's erection was well-concealed.

They lay back and enjoyed the sun for ten or twenty minutes and then it was suggested that they try the water. They sauntered down the sand close together and dipped their toes in the water. Phil ran back, laughing.

“Oh, it's cold!”

“Well, what did you expect?” laughed Martin. He put his hands in the water and started splashing it at Phil. Phil's costume was soon wet and she edged in. She eventually got up to her head and dived under, coming up quickly spluttering with delight.

“It's great, so refreshing.”

“Let's hope there isn't too much sewage then.”

“You spoilsport!” she laughed.

They stood up and flicked water at each other. Suddenly, Martin grabbed Phil by the legs, picking him up so she fell across Martin's shoulders, like a fireman. Phil hammered vainly on Martin's back.

"Put me down," she shrieked with delight.

Martin did just that, tipping her into the sea on her back, causing a great eruption of water. They were both completely at home now, rushing in and out of the foam. Before long they were worn out and decided to head for the towels for a rest. As they walked back, Phil found her hand being taken. She cast a glance at Martin and smiled.

After drying off, they headed back to the house for some lunch and some respite from the sun.

"So how was that? Do you think I looked the part?" Phil queried.

"Of course you did. Will you stop asking me that, you're neurotic. As I said, no one is really terribly interested in what everyone else is doing." He was a little irritated by Phil's constant need for reassurance.

"We looked a couple, didn't we?" Phil added shyly.

"We did rather. I was taken by the moment."

"That will be a first for you," she laughed.

They finished their salads and Martin set to making some coffee. It was always a bit of a ritual for him, he liked the whole process of grinding the beans, making the coffee in an espresso machine. As he put down the cups on the table, he asked, "Are you going to show me the bikini too?"

Phil was in his costume still, with shorts, over the top, an open shirt.

“Yes, I guess I should.”

Once coffee was over, she slipped up to her room to try it out. The bra part fitted quite neatly, the bottom was a bit more of a challenge. It didn't seem to cover too much at the back, and although she tucked safely inside, there were quite a few protruding hairs. She could see why the Brazilian was a necessity for some costumes.

“Well what do you think?” she announced as she arrived back in the room and did a twirl.

Martin circled him as though a judge of a piece of furniture. The legs looked good for certain. The bottom was not bad and he couldn't really detect any telltale male gender attributes. Phil had quite a tight tummy. Up to the breasts, not too voluptuous. Neck not bad. Face, baring a grin and hair distinctly flaxen, albeit with pale roots. Not a very pretty woman, but an average female of a certain age. Not that he was about to present an analysis.

“You look fine. In fact very good.” Phil of course was not entirely convinced.

“Thanks for the present. I feel it's a bit out on a limb, but quite a boost too. After all, not all women would be happy in it either.”

“Yes but mostly those with a string of kids.”

“Well, I have two!”

“Not quite the same thing.” They both laughed.

“Look I suffered for those two. I remember when Simon was born; I couldn't find anything to eat in the hospital. When Peter arrived, I had to miss that pantomime - because he came two weeks early.”

“Yes, I am sure Sarah would have been overwhelmed with sympathy.”

“I guess not,” she chuckled. “What do you think she would make of me now?”

“Should I really tell you?”

“Perhaps not.” Phil looked sheepish and sighed. She still loved Sarah and had many regrets about the course she had chosen in life, but she had felt such a nagging inside that there had been no other choice.

They decided to go back to the beach for the afternoon, a cotton skirt making Phil more modest and comfortable. They had spells of reading and paddling in the foam, looking into rock pools and eating ice cream. To the outsider they looked like an ordinary middle-aged couple. Inside Phil, she was just with her friend Martin. Inside Martin? Well, he wasn't so clear.

They had a meal of fish for the evening, sharing a bottle of Muscatel, reminding them of past trips to France, then went for final stroll along the front.

“Here Martin, hold my hand again,” Phil seized his left hand in her right.

“Yes, of course,” he said, rather pleased to be invited.

They then proceeded along hand-in-hand, looking a happy couple. When they returned to the house they had cocoa and watched some TV before retiring. For some people, the initial hand-holding would have progressed rapidly, but Martin was not that kind of person – hence the years of bachelordom – he couldn't just shuck off his personality.

“Thank you for today, Martin. It’s meant a lot to me,” said Phil as they parted for bed. She gave Martin a kiss on the cheek and turned for the stairs. Martin blushed warmly but pleasantly, maybe he wasn’t such a cold fish after all. She knew she had spent much of the day looking for reassurance, but she remembered Sarah had done that too. Phil used a similar phrase to “will I pass,” perhaps it was his equivalent of “does my bum look big in this?”

The next day Martin climbed out of bed a little late. He had spent the night awake for long periods, wondering what was happening between himself and Phil. He decided a bath was called for, so he opened the bathroom door and walked in. It was already occupied. Phil was kneeling in the bath with her head over, washing her hair. Her breasts dangled. She didn’t hear Martin enter. When she sat back on her heels, she was fully exposed. Martin could have withdrawn, but he didn’t. He looked at the body in front of him. Naturally he caught site of the genital area. The penis formed a little stick, poking out from the groin. No surrounding balls, as what was left of them were pulled tight in. Phil now recognised his presence.

“Oh, hi Martin,” she blushed, “thought I would wash my hair before you got up.”

Phil could see her penis was being regarded. She took it in her hand and flopped it about a little, to no effect.

“Not very impressive now, is it? It doesn’t get much bigger, but I knew that was the price to be paid for these.” She lifted her breasts with her hands and let them bounce.

“I’ll let you finish,” said Martin, turning to go.

Phil stepped out of the bath and towelled herself down. She was soon dry and put on a dressing gown

for breakfast. Martin took a shower instead of the bath and they were soon together in the kitchen.

“So what shall we do today? Did you have anything planned?” asked Phil.

“Actually yes. A trip to Truro to look around and take in some lunch, then take a walk on to Dartmoor.”

“To admire where my less successful clients end up?”

Phil was a solicitor and this was an allusion to Dartmoor Prison. [For American readers – this is one of the best-known prisons in Britain]

“I thought you did family work?”

“Yes, largely. There’s not much to be made out of criminal work these days, but I do get the occasional mug who wants to take a punt with me.”

“You’re being unfair to yourself. I am sure you’re very good.”

“I am getting a few different clients too now. I am thought to be a sympathetic ear.”

Phil wrapped up warmly for the twenty-mile drive, because Martin had the top of his BMW down. She wore jeans and jacket topped off with a headscarf and the obligatory sunglasses perched on her nose. Martin had his flat cap on and a faithful old coat he always used in the sports car.

They did some serious sightseeing at the Cathedral and looked round at the river, which was navigable up from Falmouth. Phil remembered visiting as a child, but not much of what she had seen. They took in some shopping too. Phil couldn’t resist taking

Martin to some clothes shops and to buy some cosmetics. Martin also pointed out a basque in the lingerie area.

“Have you tried one of these yet?”

“No actually.” It was Phil’s time to be disconcerted. “Shall I?”

She bought a black basque size 36B which she was sure would be about right for her. Some stockings were needed and also a thong. She ended up spending £75. Normally this would have been a difficult purchase, but having Martin there gave her increased female credibility, very comforting.

On the way home they were very jolly. Martin steeled himself and slipped his hand on Phil’s thigh. It wasn’t moved away. It was a shame it had to spend most of its time on the steering wheel.

Phil had offered to cook the meal tonight. She had selected a starter of scallops caught locally – followed by steak and then a soufflé, which had gone perfectly. It was accompanied by a burgundy, then sauternes with the soufflé.

Afterwards they sat down on the sofa side-by-side for the first time. Martin wasn’t sure if Phil would have put the basque on as she was wearing a black silky blouse with loose black trousers. He felt Phil’s thigh, could he detect the suspender catch?

“Yes, I am wearing it,” was the reply. “You’ll have to earn a sight.”

“How do I do that?”

“With a romantic movie and a cuddle on the settee. What else would attract a girl?”

“Not Terminator 3 then?”

“Or even Alien Resurrection. No, more Julia Roberts or Jean Simmons than Arnold Schwarzenegger or Bruce Willis.”

They settled on “Love Actually” which was still in its wrapper. Nestled together, it looked very cosy even if both carried Y Chromosomes. At the end Phil was ready to lead Martin up the stairs to the bedrooms.

“Yours or mine?” Phil enquired.

“Mine’s more spacious.”

They entered and sat on the bed to cuddle. Martin stroked Phil’s neck and ran his fingers through her hair.

“Are you going to help me out of my clothes?”

“What would you like me to do?” Martin responded.

Phil coaxed him into helping to remove her blouse and trousers until she stood in the basque and stockings. They were black ones with a seam at the back and lacy tops, secured with the four suspenders. Martin stood back to admire. He could feel that he was not unaffected.

He stroked the underwear all over, feeling its gorgeous satin texture. He admired the pertness of Phil’s bottom; he squeezed and caressed it. He avoided touching Phil’s penis, he wanted to think of her just as a woman. Phil held him round the neck, staring up into his eyes. They embraced, kissing finally on the lips. Phil inserted his tongue and stroked round Martin’s teeth. They clung together, feeling each other’s warmth.

“We need you to disrobe you now.”

Phil helped him down to some boxers. She could see an erection and she knelt on the floor and took down the pants, leaving his penis at her eye level. She had never toyed with another man’s penis before.

“What do you reckon? Am I woman enough for you?” Martin nodded.

She couldn’t have imagined herself doing this even three days ago, but she had received such a boost here to her womanly pride that she felt she could. Perhaps should. She gently coaxed at the protuberance and at the balls beneath, so much better than her pathetic mementoes. If only she could lose those as well.

She opened her mouth, took the tip in and set to work with her tongue. She wanted it to last, but was not confident of achieving that. Martin put a hand on each shoulder. Suddenly, Phil felt that Martin was pushing in and out too. She created friction against the shaft with her lips and soon the volume of flesh in her mouth increased. There was a sudden surge and she could feel liquid start to burst into her mouth. She swallowed and withdrew her head, wiping her lips and smiling. She could taste the salty, mucous liquid down her throat and still coating her lips. How did this rate on the friendship scale?

They both lay down on the bed with Martin taking Phil into his arms and holding her close.

“That was rather wonderful,” he whispered. He realised that it was years of waiting fulfilled.

They lay in reverie and soon drifted off to sleep. They woke up in the early morning still clutched together.

“That was beautiful, Phil. But you are a bit shortchanged, is there anything that you would like me to do?”

“Do you want to take me?”

“You mean anal sex?”

“Do you want to give it a go?”

“I’ve never thought about doing this before. I should think it will need lubrication. I don’t really have anything.”

“I have some K-Y jelly.”

She climbed out and went to fetch it. She was still in her full basque and was still an engaging site. Despite himself, Martin was stimulated. He lay Phil down on the bed and helped her out of her panties. The site of Phil’s rear framed by the basque and stockings was very entrancing and he spent time fondling her globes. Phil loved the attention. Martin worked some gel out of the tube and onto Martin’s hole. He worked it in with his finger, until there was satisfying slipping in and out. He could feel Phil squirming, he hoped with delight. He never believed that he would be capable of doing this.

He applied some more gel to his penis, then he kneeled down between Phil’s legs and pressed his tip to the hole. Gradually, very gradually, Phil was able to relax and gently he started to invade. He gently pushed Phil’s head forward and slipped a pillow under her tummy so she started to curl up and raise her buttocks and he was able to advance. He withdrew and smeared more gel on and set off again.

It felt uncomfortable for Phil at first, on the edge of painful. She breathed softly and gave way more and more. Martin was starting to make progress.

Two or more inches must be inside by now and Phil had relaxed enough for him to work in and out. Phil was starting to throb and waves were passing through her body. Then Martin came. He slipped out.

They were both satisfied with their achievement – a first for both and amazingly successful. They embraced, both overcome with emotion.

“Oh Martin, thank you.”

They drifted back to sleep for another hour.

Martin woke first and waited for Phil to come round.

“Phil, if you get a cunt, can I be the first to use it?” His shyness and natural diffidence seemed strangely absent now.

Phil hit him with both hands on the chest and laughed.

“Lots of stages before that happens,” she laughed.

They lay around for a little longer, then were forced into action because Phil needed to travel home.

A little later they were washed and dressed, the car was packed and Phil was ready to leave. They came together in a long cuddle and kiss. Phil felt his bottom being gripped as Martin pulled him close. Eventually they separated.

“Well, that’s been lovely, Phil. Not quite what I had expected, but brilliant. We will need ... or should I say *I* will need to keep in close touch.”

“You didn’t know you had it in you.”

“No. I think I had buried it deep.”

She stepped into the car, gave a wave and pulled away. She smiled to herself, enjoying the knowledge that she had part of her friend inside her. She had always enjoyed leaving a deposit inside Sarah and now that had happened to her.

During the next week Martin spent a lot of time thinking about Phil; he looked at the photos he had taken. He even guiltily masturbated while thinking of her/him. Phil entered his dreams, as he entered her. This brought new sexuality fears of his own. Eventually, he thought, "What does it matter? Who cares about being gay these days?" He obtained a happiness he hadn't known before and just wondered when he might see his friend/lover again.

Phil was a partner at a small solicitors firm in the town. There were four others; Marcus, Gwendolen (Wendy), Henry and James, along with secretaries and clerks. The latter claimed to be the ones who really did the work. They had a mixed bag of work; conveyancing, wills, marital breakdown and a little criminal. Phil now did more marital than she had before, perhaps because the public saw her as a woman and a friendly 'shoulder to cry on'.

The rest of the partners had been quite good about her coming out as a woman, not that they had much option. At heart they only saw things in cash terms; would she bring in more money, or lose clients? The former had proved to be the case, so everyone was happy. She was fairly confident that she was being mocked behind her back.

Today Phil was sporting a bit of a tan, due to the time in Cornwall and she felt it set off her work clothes, a cream blouse under a black velvet jacket and skirt, very well. She always liked to look the part of a professional; she liked to think that it gave her clients confidence.

“Morning Pippa,” called Marcus as he came into the reception. Marcus had been the first to fully engage with the change in Phil and decided on the name shortening, which everyone else had adopted.

“Hi Marcus,” she smiled and opened her office door.

She flopped down at the desk and looked over the mail, which Sally had opened for her. Sally came in.

“Morning Ms Hardiston, how are things today? Did you have a good weekend?”

“Thank you, Sally, I did. I’ve been down to Cornwall to see an old friend.” She didn’t mention he had been her best man. “How about you?”

“Peter and I have been looking at houses. It’s very difficult to find one at the right price.” Sally was planning to get married and she and her fiancé were struggling to find somewhere they could afford. They were hoping to buy with their combined incomes.

“Just remind me, what does Peter do?” Phil enquired.

“He’s a teacher, at it two years now.” Phil recalled a tall gangling man in his early twenties, sporting a neatly trimmed beard. He towered over Sally’s petite frame.

“Well, best of luck with that. I am sure you will get the paperwork done cheaply.”

“Mr. Thomas has offered.” This was Marcus Thomas.

“Offered Simon, I expect.” They both laughed, knowing that Marcus’ clerk would be doing the bulk of the work.

“Well, who is first on the list?”

“The Greigs, you know the elderly couple for the enduring power of attorney.” Mr. Greig was in the early stages of Alzheimer’s.

“Then there are the Smiths and Williams about wills and Sharon Lang about her husband.” The last was the most challenging.

Eventually it was Ms Lang that was shown through the door. Phil rose to shake her hand and advise her to sit.

“How are things now that the court case is over?” she enquired.

Suzie Lang had a violent husband, Wayne, father of two of her three children and there had been a long battle to exclude him from the house where he lived with Suzie. They had bought it together and now he was going to be contributing to the costs without living there. He was excluded because Suzie had been in hospital twice with bad abdominal injuries and a bruised eye. Under it all, Phil knew Suzie still had some feelings for Wayne, not something she personally could understand. The children were also at risk of being taken into care as they had been reported with suspicious injuries.

She looked across at Suzie with her hair tied back, the Black Woods Facelift, as it was unfairly named by solicitors. She had the look of being unwashed and not sleeping. Phil imagined that it was pretty difficult to make ends meet. Not profitable. The legal aid might just cover the firm’s costs, but it all took a huge amount of time. Ten years ago she couldn’t have imagined taking a case like this on, but now things looked different.

“OK, he’s rung three times and I’ve put the phone down. I haven’t seen him anywhere near.” The injunction excluded Wayne from being closer than 1 mile. No phone calls were allowed.

“Not so bad then.”

“I think I’ve seen his brother hanging around at the end of the road.”

“What’s he like?”

Suzie snorted. “He’s just like Wayne, but I don’t know if he’s looking out for me. There is a dealer on the estate and he certainly does crack.”

“You never mentioned Wayne taking crack.”

“I didn’t and he doesn’t. He’s violent, yes, but he is trying to hold down a job,” Suzie responded almost angrily.

“I guess so,” Phil answered. Wayne was a builder, work was sporadic at the moment and she suspected that this had been a source of friction as well. Suzie was a school meals server at one of the local primary schools, just a few hours work, enough not to lose her benefits. Those she desperately needed and she was registered for the food bank in the past – the pre-Wayne era.

The new matter for today was the court case for access. Wayne had been denied so far, thanks to Social Services, but he was applying to appeal and get supervised access, with his parents. Social Services were happy to accede to this, but not Suzie. She had been going to allege abuse, but Phil had advised that proof would be a challenge. They were going to tackle suitability of the grandparents. Suzie hated Wayne’s, but that alone was hardly enough.

“Well, Ms Hardiston, are you ready for the battle?”  
Suzie smiled.

“I have got an adjournment, I have looked into his parents’ background and there may be some child abuse issues there. We may get Social Services on our side, then the job is done. On the other hand we may just argue to the judge that they have no rights anyway.”

“In some ways, they have advantages – they always give the boys presents. Guns and knives and things like that,” she chuckled.

Over the course of half an hour they developed an agreed strategy that Phil hoped Suzie could keep to. She departed in a cheery mood to pick up the children from her sister.

It was lunch then, which Phil took at her desk, then followed the afternoon round of paperwork and investigations. Phil worked mainly with Mary, a youngster who had recently completed her law degree and was pretty sharp at most things. She always had Mary at the ready when doing divorce cases. She tended to be spot on with recent settlements. That way they had secured an unexpected £2 million for a client divorcing a local businessman. It hadn’t made court, so all sides had saved money and she had saved on risk.

Phil’s cases were quite a mixture but she could sense a bias now toward wronged women. Janice, for example, who had been trying to escape an abusive marriage, but she couldn’t quite go through with it just yet. She had restraining orders against her husband and Phil was pushing her towards divorce, but Janice hoped for reconciliation – despite a broken nose and jaw.

Then there was Jackie who had been married to an Egyptian man. It had fallen apart and he had made off with their son and was now beyond their reach. Phil had won an order for his return, but enforcing it was quite another matter.

She had also picked up numerous gay and lesbian clients who liked the idea of a solicitor who was out of the ordinary and more sympathetic to some of their plights. Of course Phil was better at relationship breakdown than brushes with the law, but she had found herself visiting the cells on some nights to extract clients who had offended the sensitivities of the police, who despite their best intentions were still rather at sea with “Non-traditional relationships.”

Evenings now tended to be a bit lonely; she liked to relax with food preparation and then sit with a good book. She also forced herself to go out and participate in the world. One night she went to Bridge Club with her partner Hugh, an old university chum, and one night was spent in the gym. She didn't shower there as she had not been fully accepted as female and the management were a little concerned that their Asian ladies wouldn't be too happy. That would have to await gender reassignment – if she ever got that far.

She was also doing an evening class in history and studying the local industry of the past. The people engaged in the knitting trade – making stockings – particularly interested her, so now she wore so many more herself.

On Friday she left work with satisfaction, knowing that most tasks were in hand and she had been able to let her secretary off early. She was planning to go and see her parents, which was always a bit of an ordeal as they blamed themselves that she had turned out as she had. They just knew it was part of the way

they had brought her up. Her father felt he hadn't taken enough interest, taken her to football and so forth. Phil had never been a team sport participator, but she was able to watch the odd cricket match.

Tonight she had a takeaway, fish and chips. It made life easy at the end of the week, now that she had been shopping too. She parked her car by the side of the road outside her house and unloaded the belongings from the boot. She couldn't park off the road now as she only had a small terrace house. Sarah had their family home; she couldn't really complain as it was her fault that they had split up and she could afford a second home, as they had no mortgage on the first now.

She carried the supplies down the passage which led to the back door, her usual entry point. As she passed the end into the garden at the back, a shape stepped out. At the same time she was grabbed round the throat from behind. She was choked so she couldn't shout. A man in front of her spoke.

“Ah, the tranny brief has arrived at last. Fucking up my life. Now I've come to mess up yours.”

She felt the pain as she was punched full in the stomach, causing her to double over. Then she was hit over the head and dropped to the ground. Before she passed out, she sensed being kicked in the head, in her throat, then finally a boot from the second man to her groin.

She came to a few minutes later dripping blood from her nose, hardly able to breathe. Her bag had been left, with the purse stolen. Her mobile phone was there. Her chain had been torn from her neck.

She choked as she called into the phone to hurry, giving the address as best she could.

There was an insistent ringing in Sarah's brain. It broke through her dreams and she realised it was the phone. She saw the time – 3 am – as she picked it up.

“Yes,” she croaked.

“Is that Mrs Hardistan?”

“Yes.”

“This is the police, Sergeant Miller,” it was a woman's voice. “I'm calling you about Philip, your husband. You're down as his contact on his mobile phone.”

“I suppose I will be, but we are divorced.”

“We realised that as he seemed to be dressed as a woman when he was found.”

“She would have been. She's turned herself into one, or is trying to, she's transitioning. On hormones, but she hasn't had her balls cut off.”

“Well, he's been taken to hospital, been badly beaten up. Would you be able to see him? The doctors would particularly like some photos and we would like to talk to you.”

“Where is she?” she sighed, feeling that she ought to help.

“In the Infirmary, on the Intensive Care Unit.”

“I'll get there but it might take some time.”

Sarah still had strong feelings for her husband; he was her partner of twenty-five years and you couldn't just give that up. She had been overwhelmed when she found him dressed to the nines. This had followed her first discovery of the suntan. He told her of his motives and what he had been do-

ing and she could see she was the last to know, he had hidden his clothes so well. Phil had made clear that he was soon to tell her as he had decided what he wanted to do and was planning to take hormones and make a full change.

Sometimes she wondered if she would rather have found him in bed with her best friend in many respects, but he made clear that it wasn't about sex, it was about inner peace. It sounded cobbler's to her. The break-up had been miserable, but he had left her with the house and even his beloved Mercedes. He didn't have a garage for that now. Still, if he was in trouble, she wanted to help him, or her, or whatever Phil was, or wanted to be. Underneath, she still had strong feelings for him.

Sarah rummaged around and found some warm clothes, then sought out some photos. They were mostly electronic, so she had to boot up the computer and upload them on to a tablet to take with her. They were a range of recent and some from earlier years, but why did they want them?

The hospital wasn't too far away and of course parking was easy at this time of night, so she was soon looking at the board to find the right direction. When she came on to the unit all was quiet and she had problems finding a nurse, but eventually she was brought to Phil's bed.

Her face was like a dumpling, swollen and bruised with bandaged gashes above the eyes and a collar stabilising her neck. Her nose looked very large, but crooked. She had a tube into her mouth and the machines were all clunking and buzzing. Sarah burst into sobs; standing beside Phil's bed she looked terrible, thinking how smart and handsome "he" had always been.

A tall youthful man sporting a stethoscope ER style round his neck and in scrubs came up.

“Mrs Hardistan?” He continued in response to her nod. “As you can see, your husband has taken quite a battering. He has facial and mandibular fractures and his larynx has been broken. He was even kicked in the groin and has large bruises round his testes.”

“Will he come through?”

“I think so, but he needs surgery for his face and neck to put it back together. That’s why we wanted the photos – we don’t know what shape his face was. It’s so knocked about.”

“Well, she won’t mind if you make it more girly, take a bit off the chin, improve the mouth, that sort of thing,” Sarah chuckled.

“Well, we’ll see what we can do,” he laughed. “To be honest he’ll look a mess for quite a time. His speech will be the main worry, the larynx is difficult to repair”.

“When will the operation be?”

“The Maxfax people will be starting on him at 9, the ENT surgeon will also need to work on his throat. He will get through it, if all goes well, but it will take a long time to recover.”

“Why do you think she was attacked?” Sarah asked, almost pleading.

“That’s not one for me. I guess he was a bit of a target, being different, but he may have enemies I suppose. That’s one for the police, I guess.”

“Thank you Dr...?”

“Sorry, Dr. Artbuthnott. I am one of the anaesthetists.”

“Is there anything more you need from me?”

“No, I guess not, just pleased we found someone who cares for him.”

“I wasn’t sure I did till just now.”

Sarah wasn’t really sure whether to stay or go, but Phil was obviously going to be out for a long time. She asked the doctor if she would be needed and he said that they might need her opinion on the merits of various operations, but he wouldn’t be able to say until he had been reviewed tomorrow.

By the time Sarah arrived home again, it was 6 o’clock. She had some coffee and cereal and she was then confident to be able to ring her headteacher to say she couldn’t make it. He was very sympathetic as he liked Phil and didn’t know too much detail on the split. Mind you the school had a policy on transgender issues, of course.

With that done, she was at a loss to know what to do. Who should she phone? At nine, she could let Phil’s firm know and she could call his parents and the boys of course. Was there anyone else? He had been at Martin’s, perhaps he should be told? She knew that Phil was planning to come out to him; he didn’t work so he wouldn’t be up yet. She relaxed on the settee and fell asleep.

What woke her up was a banging on the door that heralded the police. It was the Sergeant from last night with a male colleague.

Sergeant Miller sat down in a chair and introduced her colleague.

“Mrs. Hardistan, this is Constable Jones, he and I have been assigned to your husband’s case and we have come to get some background.”

Jones was taller and of a similar age, dressed in a suit. He sat quietly while his boss took the lead. Sergeant Miller, Janice, was a “blooming” woman in her thirties with notebook at the ready and a handbag, a capacious one, thrown on the floor.

“Your husband was a transvestite I see and was working as a woman all the time?” she asked for confirmation.

“Yes, she would prefer ‘transgendered,’ I think. He has been as a woman for over a year and been taken pills for somewhat longer. All his associates and our friends treat her as female, even if they are not entirely happy.”

“I see that you live apart now.” It was Jones who spoke.

“Yes, I couldn’t really deal with the antics and frankly although she is very loving, it wasn’t going to work. We are on friendly terms though and she has given all this to me and moved out.” She waved her hand to indicate the house.

“What do you know about his associates, potential enemies? She hasn’t been picking up men on the streets that you know?” Miller asked.

“No funnily enough, she has been a bit asexual. She still prefers women. Never been gay or bisexual, so I rather doubt it. I can’t be sure of course.”

“So no enemies?”

“Well, what she does at work is another matter. She has a string of people who would be happy to hit

her there, people she has dealt with as a solicitor. She doesn't give me details, but she's mentioned quite a few emotional and violent people."

With a few more questions, they bade farewell, indicating that they would be in touch and would want to talk to Phil as soon as they could, not that that looked as if it would be any time soon.

Sarah decided to ring through to Phil's office.

"Hello Mrs Hardistan," Sally replied. After hearing the story, Sarah could tell that Sally was somewhat shaken, just from her voice.

"The police will be coming to talk to you all soon, about possible client involvement. They may want to go through her files, you'll have to ask one of the partners for permission."

"We're pretty used to them trawling for evidence, but not usually for our own people. Poor Pippa!"

"Is that what you call her?" Sarah smiled.

"Mr. Thomas started it. Obviously, your husband is Ms Hardistan to me." Sarah heard her pause. "How odd that sounds, when I'm talking to you."

"Quite. Do you know if she has been seeing anyone?"

"No. She did go to Cornwall the other weekend to see an old friend"

"Oh that will be Martin. He was Phil's best man." Sarah hesitated, then chuckled. "That sounds daft too."

After some further enquiries she rang off, leaving Sally to break the news to the rest of the firm. She mused over the anomalies that Phil had created and

thought about calling Martin. How had Phil been with him? In, or out?

“Hello Martin, its Sarah. Phil’s other half.”

“You don’t need to explain, I can recognise your voice. It’s a lovely surprise to hear from you. How are things?” Martin answered, with genuine delight.

“Well Martin, they are OK with me, but it’s Phil – he’s been beaten up and had his face smashed in.” The phone at the other end went quiet.

“What’s happened?” He clearly sounded alarmed.

Sarah went into an explanation of what she knew and of the injuries and potential surgery that Phil needed. She said that the police had been and that they had an investigation underway.

“How was Phil with you?” she queried.

“How do you mean?”

“Well, was he Phil?” She didn’t quite know how to broach this if Phil had been in male attire.

“No need to be cagey. He was in female clothing or should I say *she* was. Very charming too. I think an improvement. Not for you, I understand.” He couldn’t decide whether humour was appropriate at this moment.

“It’s been challenging, I have to admit. The boys were amused. They claim to have two Mums. I couldn’t take it.”

“I didn’t know how to play it at first, but everyone treated us as a couple. Perhaps just as well she went home. Anyway, I would like to come up and see if I can help. I don’t have a job after all.” He couldn’t really express his concern over the phone. He was run-

ning hot and cold all over, wondering what had happened to someone he regarded, perhaps prematurely, as the potential love of his life.

“Oh would you? That would be really great. Thanks Martin.” Sarah was genuinely delighted, she liked Martin and he would give her some sensible support.

Hardly had she put the receiver down than the hospital rang. They wanted to operate as soon as possible, would that be OK?

“Can’t you make a best interests decision?”

“We will be, but we’d like to make sure that you are not going to object.”

After lunch she was back in the hospital. Phil now had a frame round his face and his nose was straight. She could tell that Phil’s jaw had been wired as well. Sarah wondered just how much scarring there would be.

“Hello Mrs. Hardistan. I am Mr. Sugden, the Facial surgeon.” It was a new medic who had arrived, older than the previous ones, with grey hair and steel spectacles.

“Oh hello. Are you going to tell me what you have done?”

He launched into an explanation from the top down. They had pulled out Phil’s face, straightened and reset the nose, wired his jaw and also repaired his larynx.

“We are not sure how he will sound, he may be squeaky or husky. Also the Urologists came to look at down below. He has had to have a teste removed and the other looks distinctly dodgy.”



“I suppose Phil won’t be too bothered by that.”

“Yes, so I see.” Mr. Sugden fought to suppress a smile, which was made worse when Sarah grinned.

It was the early evening before Martin arrived, pulling up the drive in his BMW. Sarah hadn’t seen him for a couple of years, but he looked just the same.

She welcomed him with a hug and helped him into the house. After the enquiries about the journey and Cornwall she gave him an update on Phil, indicating that she would have had surgery that day.

“Sounds all very ghastly. To think, it’s only last week that I saw her and now this,” Martin was clearly disturbed.

“I am going to see her, do you want to come?” Sarah enquired.

“Yes, will she be awake?”

“I don’t know. Phil needed the ventilator before, because of the damage done to her larynx. I presume that will have been fixed.”

They were both shown on to the Intensive Care unit where Phil lay stretched out, tube in mouth, with a scaffold of rods over his face. It was explained that this supported his repaired facial bones, which had been pulled into place. It was explained that he would need ventilating for a few days longer and then, if all went well, he could be woken up.

Martin was shaken by the sight of his friend reduced to this. They didn’t stay too long as there didn’t seem any thing to do, while Phil was out. They returned home discussing what they had seen and the possible prospects.

“So what did you make of Phil?”

“Well, she was quite a surprise,” smiled Martin, giving the “she” special emphasis. “Actually I have struggled a bit speaking about the gender issue – not quite getting my pronouns co-ordinated”

“I think we all are,” smiled Sarah, “but that’s the smallest issue.”

“I am sure it hasn’t been easy for you.”

“On a finance level, we have separated entirely amicably. That’s because I have got everything. On an emotional level, I am pretty lonely and I suspect Phil is too. How was she with you?”

“Well actually... we had a great weekend. It was like having a girlfriend to take out.”

“How do you mean?”

“Well, for all the world we looked like a middle-aged couple having a holiday.”

“I suppose you would, man and woman together. Albeit a slightly dodgy woman.”

“I don’t think anybody noticed, and to be honest she looked quite good.”

“What did you do?”

“Went on the beach and to the pub and shops, normal things.”

“Things I don’t do with her.”

“Yes, but you would be two women together.”

“How did she cope on the beach?”

“We bought a costume and went in the sea.”

“Did you get any photos?”

“Certainly. Do you want to see? I brought them to show Phil. She probably won’t mind.”

He got out his tablet and showed Sarah what he had uploaded. She browsed through them. Phil was in various outfits, at the sea, in the pub and they had been photographed together, looking just like husband and wife. The bikini picture amused her, she couldn’t have guessed at that. Then she came to Phil in the basque, of which there were several shots. She blushed crimson.

“My goodness, you two have been very busy. You weren’t just friendly, were you?” Martin went a bright red.

“So how far did you go?” she demanded.

“Well, suffice it to say, Sarah, I am no longer a virgin.” Sarah was visibly shocked. She quickly recovered, with a chuckle.

“I didn’t realise you were a virgin.”

“My shyness and introversion have kept me contained. Over the years I have become even less enthusiastic, but with Phil it was someone I was familiar with and frankly we just sort of – clicked.” He looked distinctly sheepish.”

“I didn’t know she saw you in that way.”

“I am not sure that either of us saw ourselves in any way, but we seemed like man and woman. Not really gay sex. Frankly he/she looks pretty much the part. Not so much in the undressed situation, but

when fully clothed. I liked the simple bits, holding hands and cuddling.”

“Yes, those are the bits I have lost. The partnership and the love. It doesn’t seem in me now, the sex is another matter. I have lost the man I knew and the gap has not been filled.”

“But you still have the person you knew,” Martin insisted.

“Last week I would have disagreed but seeing Phil in his current state, all the emotion came rushing back and I realised that I do care.”

“Until he came to Cornwall, I didn’t know that I cared quite as I do now,” Martin added. Oh, he...she. I am not really getting it right yet!”

This all explained why Martin had come to visit. It had surprised Sarah that he would make the effort but she hadn’t appreciated how the relationship between Martin and his old friend, her husband, had changed.

Sarah encouraged Martin to stay for the week, at least until they knew how Phil would progress and what help she would need. She liked having someone with her, it made her feel not so lonely and she knew Martin and his life pretty well. They would be able to share visiting, which is very draining on relatives. The boys would be coming too, but they couldn’t stay for long because of their jobs.

These first few days they only visited to see a still unmoving body, with the chest going up and down. On the third day they were told that the level of anaesthetic was being reduced and that the next day Phil could probably have her tube taken out, if the airway held. It was agreed that Sarah would go in first, then Martin would join her, if Phil was coping.

Their sons, John and Gregory, would be arriving in the evening and if Phil was awake, they would come straight over.

It was at four days after the attack when Phil was woken up.

“Phil, hello. Can you hear me? You’re in hospital. Open your eyes”

Phil opened his eyes to see someone staring down at her. She couldn’t move and she felt very uncomfortable. She couldn’t move her mouth or face. She tried to reach up but was held in check. The bed’s head was elevated for her and she could then stare out. Moving her head and eyes from side-to-side, she could see tubes and two people in scrubs. It seemed like an intensive care unit. What was she doing here?

“Hi, I’m John, a doctor. You’ve been beaten up. You’ve been out for 4 days and we’ve had to repair your face and throat. You can’t speak, there’s a tube down into your lungs. I am going to try to take it out.”

This now happened and a mask for oxygen was planted over Phil’s mouth and nose. She lay there, staring about with some alarm, not used to being so incapable. She must have drifted off to sleep then, because when she came round, the mask was gone. She still had a tube down her nose and lines into her arms.

“Hello, Phil. We are not sure whether to call you Miss or Mr., but we know you are Hardistan.” It was a smallish woman in a blue uniform with a plastic apron that spoke

“Miss,” she tried to say.

“A lady has been to see you, she said her name was Sarah Hardistan. She said that she would be back later. Its 3 o’clock right now.”

When Phil was fully awake, the doctor tried to explain what had happened. Her face had been very badly injured and they had to put it together round a frame. The jaw had been broken too. The bit he seemed most concerned about was the larynx. It, too, had been crushed.

“I am not sure that you will sound the same, you may be a bit squeaky or husky.”

Phil nodded that she had understood. What else could she do as she couldn’t yet speak?

“One more thing, you’ve lost one of your balls and I am afraid the other looks a bit feeble too. I understand that you have been taking oestrogen anyway.”

Phil reached down to his groin. It was heavily banded and a catheter tube protruded from his penis. She knew all his concern about her appearance seemed somewhat ridiculous now, she was probably going to be pretty much messed up permanently. Her eyes started to glisten.

An hour or so later, Sarah arrived. She bent over and kissed her cheek and Phil could see that she had been crying as well.

“Hello, Sarah. It’s lovely to see you. I thought I would be all alone.” Those were the intended words and Sarah could just about make them out.

“Martin is here too, he came as soon as he heard. He tells me that you have both developed a new attachment.” Sarah didn’t know quite how else to put it.

Phil nodded and as if that was the signal, Martin walked in. He too kissed Phil.

“Well old girl, how are you? Like Humpty Dumpty, but it looks as if the King’s men have been more successful.”

“Nice turn of phrase, Martin,” Sarah smiled.

Phil stayed in the hospital for another two weeks with her family and Martin as regular visitors. They brought her all she needed and she was found a single room to cope with her transsexual identity. She was very pleased with that. Martin, with Sarah’s help, had bought her some nightdresses and she was soon returning to her old cheeriness. She could see at the same time that warmth was developing between Martin and Sarah; she was perhaps a little jealous. She couldn’t really complain, after all she was the one who had changed and there was really no reason why Sarah should stay committed to her and Martin didn’t owe her any loyalty either. In fact, she may have given him the confidence to come out of his shell.

Phil’s parents, who were in their eighties, came as well. Her mother was very tearful. Her father tried to make conversation, but couldn’t really hit on a suitable topic.

Phil was right in his estimation of Sarah and Martin. They were increasingly friendly, but Sarah was not so sure of Martin as yet. Martin was smitten with her. Not that he had lost his affection for Phil, far from it. That is why he could buy the clothes; it is what he wanted to see Phil wearing.

At last the day came for discharge. Phil was packed up with all her clothes and the equipment and the nurses waved her off. She left them a box of chocolates, which Sarah had bought for her. The plan was

to go back to Sarah's where she was going to stay in one of their son's rooms. Martin had one of the others.

A "welcome out" meal had been prepared and the three sat round the dining table to enjoy it. Quite an ordeal for Phil, it would be three more weeks at least before all her wires could be released. Still it was great to be out and in a quieter, less clinical, environment.

As the time passed, Phil was able to eat more reliably, though just liquids and mush to start with. She made heavy use of the liquidiser, which had been largely idle since her marriage. Her voice began to come back too. Martin said that it sounded like middle-period Thatcher, when the former Prime Minister had been coached to reduce her shrillness. This did not amuse Phil who had been a firm Labour supporter, but Sarah was delighted by the comparison.

She found Sarah very attentive and Phil lusted after her as before and always took the opportunity to cuddle or kiss her. Likewise with Martin who seemed to want to cuddle up to Phil and, indeed, to Sarah as well. They made a little triangle, though the three were not prepared to admit that either to themselves or to each other just yet.

Finally the day came when she had her final bits of "scaffolding" removed, leaving her face free of metal. Her jaw and throat were healed too and it meant that she could lie down on one side and eat properly. The one thing that hadn't been too badly affected was her teeth. These had been successfully reinstated. Maybe the NHS wasn't so bad after all?

Phil sat with Sarah, looking at before and after photos.

"Perhaps I'm a bit thinner," Phil pondered.

“Well, your jaw’s definitely not as square, I think your face could be longer, that’s why it isn’t as fat. Your nose is a bit turned up too. Still, I am sure a bit of makeup could help you. Do you want to go and choose some?”

“This is a first,” thought Phil.

They soon found themselves in Boots at the cosmetic counter where they spent an hour choosing different products of eye-shadow and foundations to enhance Phil’s new face. It was like having a facelift for free. Phil was most positive about the nose. She looked more “cheeky” and, to her eyes anyway, perhaps a trifle younger. The voice too was quite different and rather wobbly. It was going to take some practice to get it right; it was the same as when her voice broke as a youth. She wasn’t as scarred as she had feared but there were a few marks that would always need covering with a good foundation.

Back at home, Sarah spent time over the next few evenings schooling Phil in makeup – Phil was actually quite experienced at this time, but she took pleasure in letting Sarah help her. It helped their relationship.

Phil had been living with Sarah all the time of his rehabilitation, with Martin spending much of most weekends there too, now that Phil could cope alone. Sarah could sense what she was thinking.

“Stay if you want to.” She gave Phil a hug and a kiss on the cheek. Phil burst into sobs.

“Thanks,” she was barely able to whisper.

That night, after she had gone to bed, Phil heard a gentle knock at the door. Sarah came in.

“Can I join you?” she asked, appealingly.

Phil responded with a smile, lifting the quilt. There was just room when they cuddled close. Sarah spent the night nestled against Phil's bosom. She slept soundly but Phil lay awake, musing on the new circumstances. Martin had taken up with her, she had rejuvenated affection in Sarah. How was that going to work?

What of course Phil hadn't appreciated was how Martin and Sarah felt about each other. There was another mini-romance. During the week that followed, Martin was managing his affairs in Cornwall so Sarah and Phil spent the evenings learning how to respond to each other. Phil explored Sarah in a way she hadn't enjoyed for over a year and realised that perhaps it wasn't going to be so bad after all.

She persuaded Phil into more erotic clothes and adventures. She particularly liked him clothed in corsets and girdles. She personally wouldn't have tortured herself with them, so perhaps that was the amusement. They also liked to be schoolgirls together. They wouldn't have passed in any class Sarah knew but it was quite funny, tying their hair in bunches and sporting short schoolgirl skirts, blouses and ties. Just like the Alastair Simm movies of a by-gone era.

Phil like shopping with Sarah, able to advise each other on what suited and buying a variety of new clothes and shoes. Sarah was particularly helpful on co-ordination – what worked together. Still it wouldn't go on for too long because the following Monday had been set for the return to work.

That weekend Martin was back, amazed at the progress in Phil. They all went to the cinema and he sat between them, with an arm round each. Afterwards, they came home and had a cocoa before retiring. Martin set off first, pleading tiredness from his

long journey. Once he had gone, the other two also made their way to bed. Phil was now joining Sarah in their marital bed. They were settled down when there was a gentle knock at the door. Sarah responded and Martin came in, dressed in T-shirt and boxer shorts.

Phil was quite surprised but he could see from Sarah's face that this must have been planned to some extent.

"Budge up, Phil," demanded Sarah and Martin slipped under the covers on Phil's side.

"I can tell you this has taken a lot of courage on my part, mate," said Phil with a smile.

"Have you two been having sleeping together?" asked Phil.

"Sarah wouldn't, she thought it wouldn't be right. Frankly, I've wanted to in my mind but I have been unable to make the approach." Phil knew how reserved and hung-up Martin could be.

"You're the only one with a decent cock though, aren't you?"

"I guess so," Martin laughed.

Phil set about exploring Sarah's body with hands and tongue and soon had her both naked and in a somewhat agitated condition. Phil turned his attention to Martin and did the same for him, teasing his organ without giving him release. Sarah was fondling Phil at the same time. Martin moved over to Sarah and mounted her, bringing her to an immediate climax and following suit soon after.

"That was my first time in a woman" he burbled, "it was glorious."

After an hour of rest and chat, Sarah and Martin were enthusiastic enough to work on Phil. Sarah started by suckling on her breasts, then turning her over so that Martin could open her from behind and slip a well-greased cock inside to bring Phil to a shaking peak.

“I’m not sure we can do that too often! I’m middle-aged now. Not a twenty-five year old,” Phil laughed.

“Well Phil, you have no usable cock and no cunt. On the other hand you have a beautiful tongue, so we all bring something to the party,” Sarah added.

“Yes,” sighed Martin, remembering his first experience of Phil’s oral techniques.

“One day I might have a cunt as well,” mused Phil.

“You must have reached the end of the qualifying period by now, I would have thought,” said Sarah.

“Yes I have. I better think about seeing the surgeons.”

\*\*\*

That Monday Phil returned to work after an absence of two months, more or less. There was a banner across the outer office reading “Welcome back, Pippa.” Her office was full of flowers and messages from well-wishers and they all gave her a hug when she came in. That included Marcus, Henry and James, not just Wendy and the secretarial staff.

The other four partners had kept her cases ticking over and at a meeting they described how things had been arranged. Their clients and also the barristers and judiciary had been very helpful, understanding

the circumstances for delays and the firm as a whole had had a bit of a publicity boost.

“We’ve been looking to see if any your clients were involved and the police have narrowed it down to 4 who had possible motives, or members of their families, etc. Only one is lacking an alibi, however.” This was Henry speaking, a younger dapper-looking partner who might be classified as a young fogey.

“Yes, the police have been keeping me more or less up to speed, but you know how it is. The victim is always the last to know.”

She went into her office with Sally who gave a brief recap of her cases. The one that most upset Phil was Suzie. Wayne had gained access to his children and had eventually moved back into the family home. Reports of a dishevelled and miserable Suzie had been trickling their way.

“Mr. Thomas tried his best, but he said that Suzie didn’t really help her cause. Once she had to meet with Wayne, the slide was inevitable,” Sally narrated.

“Oh well, we did what we could.” Phil was rather disappointed but fortunately other cases had gone better.

The following week, Janice Miller called into the office and asked to see Ms Hardistan. Sally showed her in.

“How’s it going?” she enquired.

“Not too bad, a few setbacks here, progress there,” Phil replied.

“I’ve come to report on our investigations.”

“What have you found?”

“It all points to Wayne Lang, I’m afraid. Trouble is we do not have enough information for CPS. They will never take the case, and have said so. He was seen in the vicinity and alone. He had legitimate reasons, though not a very good alibi. Just said he was out walking. In an area with no cameras.”

“I didn’t know there were any like that in these days of Big Brother.”

“Just a few and you live in one of them,” Janice sighed. It had been a great disappointment really, such a nasty case.

“Oh well, I suppose I am used to the Police not doing anything.”

“I think that’s probably a little unfair. Your client group just won’t give evidence.”

“Too true, I am afraid.”

With that Phil showed the sergeant out and went back to her desk, a little downhearted now that she knew nothing would happen.

While Phil had had plenty of time as a woman, there was still work to do on his face and she was able to combine to have plastic work done on the NHS as they resolved the damage caused by the attack. Her nose and chin had been improved straight away and she had her lips and eyes modified to match, looking altogether a changed person, if still built on the same framework. The final stage would be the more complex area of reassignment. That she would have to have done at her own expense.

Phil had arranged to see a surgeon at a clinic in London that specialised in gender reassignment. She had received the all clear from her psychiatrist.

She was shown into a spacious office, neutral shades of cream, but with a pleasant sunshine coming through the partly shaded windows. She was alone in the room but didn't have to wait before being summoned to an inner sanctum. Mr. Farrad, a tall middle-aged man, shook her hand and showed her to a seat beside his desk.

"Well, Ms Hardistan, I see from Dr. Burroughs' letter that you have decided to take the plunge." He looked up smiling.

"Yes, I've decided after much thought to cut my ties as it were." Phil tried to be as light as she could manage. She was clad today in her business suit, not quite sure what image to convey.

"Dr. Burroughs is confident that you are sure in your own mind and you have been through a lot to test your commitment. You've seen two shrinks and they both seem to agree with you, so that's all the support I need."

"Yes, and of course I have already lost some of my original assets."

"Oh, you mean one of your testes," he smiled.

"Yes, the beating has had quite an impact but it didn't really test my resolve. I am on better terms with my wife as a result, which has helped quite a lot. I just don't see myself as a man any more and, to be honest, I've really enjoyed the new me."

"Do you feel this final change is essential?"

"You mean the 'no going back' element?" She looked for the confirmation before proceeding. "Yes, I want to look the part to myself and for another too."

“Do you want to enlarge on that?” Farrad was intrigued.

“Well, I’ve met an old friend and developed a relationship. It’s a bit like friends reunited, except we never lost contact. He just sees me differently.”

“What if he changed his mind?”

“To be honest I would be disappointed, but I had already been transitioning before he became an, how shall I say? – an aspect.”

“That seems good. What about Sarah?”

“She is reconciled to me. I will always feel guilty for her but that’s something I will have to live with. She has been incredible while I recovered from the assault. She helped give me the final push.”

“OK. Well, this is the plan. We will be removing your teste, assuming you still have the one, and re-fashioning your penis and the remaining skin into a vagina. We have to have the hairs electrolysed as we will be everting your scrotum and otherwise you would be left with a hairy vagina – and I am sure that wouldn’t do.”

“So when will you be able to do that, do you think?”

“Say about 6 weeks, if you get the hairs removed. We have a specialist, if you want to use her. She does faces and ‘wrinkled retainers.’”

“Fair enough. I am a lawyer so you better go through the risks and complications,” Phil asked, taking on an almost business-like tone, in a fairly light-hearted way.

“Let’s start with the easy bits. You will never have children. It’s essentially irrevocable. It can get in-

fectured, you can have thrombosis – these risks are at the 5% level. It could fail due to technical problems and the outcome would not be as good as hoped. That happens about 1 in 10 times. 70% are happy with the result, and we are happy with 80% - a bit like breast implants. You will need to carry out dilations for several weeks afterwards and maintain the cavity.”

“That all sounds fair enough, I suppose. Do you have any written material?”

“Is the Pope Catholic, as they say? None of my customers misses out on the paper work. If you are looking for a loophole, I am confident that you won’t find one to put a claim through,” Farrad laughed.

“We solicitors don’t look at the outcome, so much as the cost of the fight,” Phil smiled.

“Tell me about it. I keep whole teams in caviar and champers I am sure, but no mud has stuck so far.”

“That’s the spirit. I would rather a good outcome than a test of your litigation policies. I don’t really want to get stuck on this because I think I will be pretty pleased, judging by your testimonials and those new women that I have met.”

With that they shook hands and expressed that they were looking forward to the big day.

Six weeks later Phil found herself at last rolling into the theatre on a trolley. She was taken into the anaesthetic room where Mr. Farrad and the anaesthetist were standing to welcome her. Both were clad in green with their masks dangling round their necks.

“Last chance, Ms Hardistan,” announced Mr. Farrad, “before Dr. Jenkins puts you to sleep.”

“No turning back for me,” Phil replied.

Her next vision was lying with a sheet tucked up round her neck, back in her room. There was a drip running into her arm, but otherwise all was quiet. She felt down to her groin, it was fully engulfed by bandages.

The next week was spent gradually reducing these to leave a pack inside which, once healing had taken place, would be replaced by new vaginal formers to expand her new addition.

Once the swelling had gone down, Phil was delighted with what had been achieved. To her eyes it looked beautiful. Sarah came to visit her three times and called every day. Martin came at the weekend. The boys sent texts, but they couldn't really make the journey.

Finally she was ready to leave and was packed off with some packages of padding and equipment into a taxi, which took her off to her parents. She was expecting quite an ordeal.

Phil's mother was a coping type, even if she was a little elderly now. Both her parents had become inured to her female form now, so it was just a matter of providing a little nursing and moral support along with bedding and board. Her parents still loved her, even if they were not fully accepting and presumably never would be. She had as a man provided two grandchildren, which was a great help to acceptance, as she had provided the next generation of Clan Hardistan.

At the second weekend, Sarah arrived to take him back to the midlands. She was greeted enthusiastically by Phil's mother.

“Hello Sarah,” you could almost sense the relief in her voice. “How wonderful to see you and looking as young as ever.”

“Not so young now eh, Martha!” Sarah always expected a return to childhood with her mother-in-law.

“I’m sure you’re hungry and I’ve got some steak to fry.”

As the weeks went by healing continued apace and Phil was able to appreciate the development of his new genitalia. She was soon back at work and regarding herself as a fully-fledged woman.

“What shall we do, roll dice?” enquired Sarah.

“Why not?” Martin replied.

Sarah dug two out of one of the drawers in the sideboard and brought them to the table where they were sitting.

“You go first,” she suggested. Martin rolled eight. Sarah rolled ten. She raised her fist in triumph.

“Best of three?” he pleaded

“Oh go on then,” she acquiesced, with a smile.

Martin scored six next time and Sarah nine, so she had won anyway.

“I give up, she’s all yours.”

“No sneaking to Phil.”

Martin touched his fingers to his lips.

“Mums the word,” he agreed.



Phil was being taken out to dinner by Martin and Sarah. She didn't know why but they were going to the best restaurant that he could remember. French cuisine and all the bits and bobs. "Amuse bouche" she regarded as particularly silly.

She was dressed in a white lace dress that came right to the floor. She sported a new white corset that Sarah had chosen and long white stockings with a garter belt. She also had a white G-string, which neatly covered her triangle of hair. She had a pendant round her neck with matching ear studs and her hair was swept up on top. Sarah had also chosen a pale pink nail varnish and matching lipstick and the palest of blushers. On her feet she had white court shoes with a peephole toe. *If it was possible for a middle-aged woman to look virginal, Phil did.*

"All I need is a veil," she complained.

Sarah and Martin were both in men's evening dress. Both wore white jackets and made an interesting contrast. Sarah had a red bow tie spotted white and Martin a blue one. These matched their pocket handkerchiefs.

The meal was accompanied by champagne with the starter and a different wine with each course. They finished with a Sauternes to go with the cheese-cake. The two "husbands" kept a careful control of their consumption.

The event finished with a taxi ride home. Phil was escorted from the car by both the others together and they showed her into the house. There they did add the veil and Sarah gave her a full kiss and cuddle, replicated by Martin. Martin put on some dance music and they were soon taking turns as the different pairs round the room.

“All right, so what’s this all been about?” protested Phil at last.

“Phil, this is your wedding night. First use of your new vagina,” Sarah announced.

Phil burst out laughing.

“What a pair you are! The two bridegrooms with the new bride.”

“So now it’s time to get you ready,” Martin announced. He and Sarah set to stripping Phil’s dress from her, leaving her standing in corset and stockings. Sarah then pulled out a white scarf and tied it over Phil’s eyes so she was cut off from what they were about to do. The pair led her upstairs to Sarah’s bedroom and laid her out on the bed, explaining that she was to lie still. They carefully secured her wrists to the head of the bed, so that she couldn’t feel the person who was to take her.

Sarah dropped her trousers to reveal a large strap-on dildo. She nestled it against Phil’s thighs, which caused her to omit a giggle. Nothing was said as Sarah applied gel to her appendage and pressed it to Phil’s new entry. She rubbed the tip up and down, extracting more laughter.

Slowly Sarah introduced the tip of the dildo and worked it in, spreading Phil’s legs at the same time. She lay across Phil, working in and out with resolution, stirring in her a response. Now Phil’s amusement was gone as her body engulfed the penis.

Phil gasped with the size of the entrant but felt herself giving way to the intrusion. At first she found it painful, tearing at her, but soon the pleasure took over. She felt her own responses mounting until she felt waves of trembles running up and down her spine. She started to move with the rhythms of Sa-

rah's thrusts. She knew she was reaching a climax in response to this unseen assailant.

At the carefully judged moment, drawn from her own knowledge, Sarah squeezed the bulb on the dildo and injected her load.

Suddenly Phil felt more slimy inside. She didn't at first know why and then she realised her partner had climaxed inside her.

"Oh thank you," she murmured as she relaxed as best she could with her hands secured.

Sarah pulled off, wiped the dildo and put her knickers and trousers back on.

Martin removed the blindfold and untied Phil's wrists. She sat up, juices running from her orifice. There was his semen but mixed with trace of blood. Her vagina had been slightly torn, as though it was a hymen giving way for the first time. A true deflowering.

"Well, who did that? Was it you, Martin? Or perhaps it was you?" she looked towards Sarah. Both smiled but said nothing.

While they were smiling, Phil was sobbing. They both rushed to her, but it was emotion of joy at becoming a woman.

Sarah had a new long white nightdress ready for Phil as a "wedding" present; it was her favourite sort. Martin provided a necklace of pearls and some matching studs. Phil did feel that she had entered a new chapter in her life.

"I would like to be Philippa now," she said.

“Saying Phil was easier,” put in Martin, “we’ve always called you that.”

“I know but try Philippa or Pippa like the people at work,” She laughed, she didn’t want them to take it too seriously, but she knew she preferred a female as opposed to androgynous label.

Over the next few days the threesome returned to normal. Now Philippa’s front passage was preferred, anal sex was a reducing feature of their repertoire. Once Philippa no longer had a prostate she didn’t gain the same pleasure but with her new attribute, she had obtained so much more.

Some weeks later, Sarah arrived home a little late. Philippa was preparing the meal, Martin being at his home in Cornwall.

“I’m sorry I’m late but the meeting did go rather long. You know what some parents are like,” she smiled.

“What you mean, awkward like me?” Philippa responded.

“Yes, I got a little flustered and we all went out for a drink afterwards.”

They were soon sitting down their meal, relating the day’s experiences. Sarah found the legal cases a little tedious so she half-listened, but it was mainly about Philippa having the chance to unwind. When she finished and they had reached coffee, it was Sarah’s turn.

“I have some news for you and I am not sure how you are going to take it.” She paused before setting off again.

“I have a new man.”

Philippa went quiet for a while, then burst out into a smile.

“I guess I knew it had to happen at some time. You’re a beautiful woman and I am no longer a man. Martin’s essentially mine. You needed someone new, even if I love you still. You couldn’t be unfaithful, since we aren’t even married.”

Sarah rushed round the table to give her a hug.

“You are a dear. I was worried about telling you,” she gushed with affection and relief.

“You need to tell me all about him now.”

“Well yes.” She proffered her phone which had a photo of a tall greying man, in good shape, wearing a T-shirt and jeans. He certainly looked very reasonable to Philippa.

“He’s a widower. Name is Steve Mortimer. His wife died of breast cancer two years ago. He has two grown-up children who have left home. He works at our school, he’s head of Chemistry.”

“How long have you been seeing him?”

“Well since he started last year, but we’ve only become an item in the last couple of weeks.”

“So does the sex with me rate as being unfaithful?” Phil laughed.

“I don’t think so. Bit of licking and dildo work, seems harmless. He knows you live here, I explained all about you.” Sarah joined in the chuckles.

“Anyway he has the important attribute that I now lack.”

“Exactly! Well actually, that is not all really. I don’t see you as a man, I see you as a woman. I want, need, a man again.”

“That’s great. I hope it all goes well.” They rose and cuddled closely, Philippa could feel her eyes moistening.

They now moved more into their separate rooms, coming together for cuddles and if they wanted to watch TV in bed, instead of on the sofa. They were like friends, which of course they were, even if at times they had stayed as husband and wife, though neither would have been sure which role they had.

Martin’s weekend visits were exclusively Philippa’s domain. They went out as a threesome but only the two went to bed together in recognition of Steve. He joined them more and more and sometimes they went to the theatre as a group of four. It was clear, however, that Sarah was holding out on sex.

“How are you keeping him at bay?” queried Philippa.

“Actually not for much longer, he’s taking me away for half-term,” Sarah replied in a matter-of-fact way.

“That’s great! Where are you going?”

“Up to Yorkshire, he’s very literary and wants to do the Bronte parsonage in Haworth”.

“I hope it’s not too boring.”

“Not if I have my way, it won’t be. How do you think an old bat can attract a new man?”

This had been a substantial worry for Sarah; she was well past her youth, with resplendent wrinkles and bulges not to mention saggy bits. How was she to

impress a new man? Most importantly, how would she compare to his wife?

“Start from the inside and work out. What kind of woman do you want to be? What would she wear? What would she want to do?”

“I want to seem exciting and daring,” Sarah laughed.

“Well then, it’s small and black and shiny!”

“Could be.”

“You’re both school teachers, you don’t want to be like an adolescent schoolgirl, or perhaps you do?”

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“Just starting to blossom, womanhood developing. You were young once.”

“What would attract you, you used to know?”

Philippa laughed, but she *had* wanted to be a girl.

“I don’t think you should do St. Trinians, like we did before. Try innocent instead - white cotton bra and knickers. Long white socks. Blouse and skirt. Sandals. No makeup. Here’s the clincher, when it all comes off – no hair!”

“You mean a Hollywood,” Sarah found herself blushing.

“Absolutely, he’ll come in his pants.”

“That’s no good, I want him to come into me!”

They collapsed in hysterics, laughing with glee.

That was the plan and they set out the next day to achieve it. They had a clothing expedition for the weekend. Philippa had to spend in sympathy and they decided to take the plunge together and booked in as a pair for the depilation waxing.

“Well ladies, who is going first?” asked the beautician, tall in her white clinical dress, not quite welcoming, not quite threatening.

Sarah pulled out a coin. Philippa lost and was soon taken into the application room.

“You’re sure you want to go all the way, love?” the girl asked.

“I’ve promised, I’ll lose face if I don’t.” Philippa looked anxious.

“Yes and hair if you do!” the beautician chuckled.

The warm wax felt fine, but the final rip off was quite a shock. Then the clinician went round her bottom too. After an application of alcohol, she was allowed a good view.

“Gosh, I’m going to be cold. Now I know how a Christmas turkey would feel.” They both laughed.

Sarah came in and Philippa made herself scarce.

That evening they lay out to admire the effect. Both were bald, but it did look remarkably sexy, particularly against suspenders. Sarah gave Philippa a tentative lick on her clitoris.

“Hey, we weren’t supposed to do this,” Philippa complained faintly.

That Friday Sarah was packed off for the weekend and Philippa awaited Martin’s arrival. The two women had decided to wear the same outfits, more or

less, so that they could make notes on the effect. Yes, women can be that calculating.

“You look very demure today,” noted Martin as he welcomed her into his arms.

Philippa had her hair pushed back and held in place by an Alice band, She wore an open cardigan over a blouse and skirt. She had long white socks in place. All ll was ready for the controlled trial

“Yes and no,” thought Philippa.

After a pleasant evening in front of the television, they made their way to Philippa’s room. Martin helped her out of her top clothes, then they removed his, down to his shorts.

They embraced, and slumped on to the bed. He caressed her breasts and she drew out his penis. Then he felt her knickers, easing them down. He felt, then looked quizzical.

“Where’s it gone?” he giggled. His penis seemed pleased.

“Special treat for you. Tonight Martin, I am being 16 years old.”

“You would need to be younger, I think.”

“But then you would be raping me.”

He lay her on her back, rather roughly, pushing her down. He pinned her arms and placed his hugely erect penis against her entry. He forced his way in.

Philippa gave a little gasp at the shock. She hadn’t expected quite such vigour from Martin. She ascended rapidly to a shaking peak as she was filled with his warm fluids. Both collapsed back in a heap.

After a few moments she was ready to speak.

“Well, what did you think?” she asked in an almost concerned way. She was lying on one elbow with her breasts hanging down.

“Fan-bloody-tastic!”

Sarah was to report back later on her experiences. Steve welcomed her into his flat.

“Good grief, Sarah, are you trying to get me arrested!” he exclaimed, with laughter.

“What do you mean?”

“You could be one of my fifth formers.”

“I am for today, even if underneath I am divorced woman with children.”

They packed up the cases and put them into Steve’s Renault and were soon on the road to Yorkshire. They were supposed to have a meal on arrival but Steve couldn’t wait.

He was soon helping Sarah off with her clothes. When he saw her naked triangle, he just gasped with surprise. She experienced a similar entry to Philippa. She was delighted.

“Well,” thought Sarah and reported back, “I think we know what presses your buttons.”

The women made a blow-by-blow comparison of what had happened at the two meetings and it was agreed that Sarah had done better.

“Well, I do have more experience at using my feminine wiles. Also Steve had no idea what to expect. I just hope he stays with me, he was so charming”.

“Let’s hope so. It would be so lovely if you found the right man. I still have a whole wedge of guilt in my brain about you. I know I let you down.” Philippa started to sob.

“Oh don’t worry, it’s too late now.” Sarah hugged her to provide reassurance. “Lots of couples break up anyway.”

“Not usually because the man wants to give up on his sex.”

That Christmas the firm had arranged their staff meal at the Kings Head. It was a Gastro Pub with a very smart restaurant, just out of town. It was just for the partners and the staff. That was now quite a lot of people as the firm had been growing in recent years. Philippa remembered that there had been just himself and then he had linked with Henry, eventually joining to form a twosome, then four and on to the twenty partners that they had recently achieved. So there was a party of sixty in the room, all paid for by their clients. It was to be Marcus who gave the first toast.

He gave a review of the last year, talking in outline, about their work and describing the role nearly everyone had played. There were now too many to actually name them all, but he did his best, which made it drag a little. Finally, he drew to a close.

“So my toast. Raise your glasses to the Government, who have created so many laws for us to exploit!”

They all laughed at this conclusion and rose to the quite unexpected toast.

Henry’s turn came next. He specialised in criminal work.

“Thank you to the drug barons of Central America and Afghanistan for making lots of drugs to supply the criminal world and for us to live off.”

“Oh that’s too cynical, Henry,” called out Wendy.

“Well, it’s your turn now,” he responded.

Wendy spoke up for the police and then lambasted the Crown Prosecution Service for not bringing enough cases.

“I would like to toast the criminals of Britain for being stupid enough to get caught and needing our help.”

When called upon, Philippa stuck to her area of family law. She gave a few examples of the type of heartrending material that she covered, but finished with a story against herself about helping a gold digger clear out the bank accounts of several business men. Much like “Intolerable Cruelty.”

“Thank you to all the rich people whose pockets we have emptied, sometimes for good causes,” she finished.

After that she needed a trip to the lavatory, before the evening started to break up. She came out, having adjusted her clothes, and was heading back to their private room, when a tall man stepped out in front of her.

“Hello, you old tranny.”

She immediately knew it was Wayne Lang.

“Oh, Mr. Lang, what a pleasure it is to see you.” Inside her heart was pounding but she kept a calm exterior.

“I’m sure it isn’t. I’m one of your failures, aren’t I?” he smirked, doing his best to stand tall over Philippa while breathing out his beery breath.

“I can’t win them all,” she flustered.

“No. I explained that to Suzie. Put her right on things. Made her see reason.”

“You’re a vicious bastard, aren’t you?” she said through gritted teeth.

“You would know.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

He raised his eyebrows and fingered his groin. An admission of guilt which could not be used in evidence.

“Very clever. But in a way you did me a favour. The facial treatment ultimately saved me a few bob.”

“You still look like a man to me,” he said, though he knew it wasn’t true.

He pressed up against her now. Trying to impress with his power.

“So would you like a real man like me inside you?” he sneered.

“I can safely say that I wouldn’t.”

She turned to go, slipping under his arm. Unfortunately she let her handbag catch on his jacket and the purse slipped out. Wayne grabbed it and opened it up. He turned away from her before she could see. He pretended to be leafing through.

“Ah yes, your address. Oh, I already know that, don’t I?”

“Hand it back,” she said as forcefully as she could manage.

“Yes, when I’ve had a good look.” He managed in a moment to sneak out three twenty\ -pound notes, which in the gloom Philippa couldn’t make out. He turned and handed back the purse.

“There you are, tranny.” He turned on his heel and made off into the bar.

With her heart pounding Philippa returned to her gathering. She was embarrassed about how she had been intimidated, it wasn’t until later that she discovered the financial loss.

“Are you alright, Pippa?” Wendy had noted her appearance.

“Yes, just an awkward meeting with a client’s husband. A rather unpleasant character.”

Wayne meanwhile had returned to the public bar where he obtained a bottle of whisky and took it to a table to share with his mates. By this time most of the others had drunk their fill so Wayne did most of the drinking and by the end of the evening was highly intoxicated. Finally, he decided that he had had enough, might as well save the rest of the money for another day.

“Any of you guys want a lift home?” he asked.

“I don’t think so, mate,” replied Terry, a tall thin man in a parka. This opinion was echoed by the other four.

“Are you alright to drive yourself?” Geoff queried.

“Yeah, reckon I’ll be OK once I get into the fresh air.”

They all made for the exit with Wayne bringing up the rear. There were general “cheerios” and an agreement to meet on New Year’s Eve for a more serious session. When he reached the car park, Wayne realised that the beer and spirits had reached his bladder and needed a rapid exit. He made for the edge of the car park and loosened his jeans, then he slumped forwards and collapsed.

The evening was petering out in the legal section as well and by 11:30 they were clearing out. Philippa was driving; she had parked in the car park and she made her way out into the dark. She could just make out a shape at the end as she switched her lights on. She got out and went to take a look. It was Wayne slumped on the ground, obviously very drunk and out cold.

She thought she could hit him but then she noticed his trousers were loose. It looked as though he had passed out after taking a leak. She was pleased she had her gloves on as she was able, with a bit of effort, to pull his trousers down, then his pants, exposing his penis. Most undignified. That’s how she left him.

That night it snowed for the first time that year.

Not just a few flakes but a heavy fall covering over the whole area and Philippa woke to a glorious morning of beauty. She cursed the need to dig out the drive. Maybe Steve had stayed over. She checked Sarah’s room. The bed had not been slept in. Sod, she was away. It was all down to her. She needed a man.

“What do you make of that, Arbuthnott?” one of the ED physicians spoke.

“It’s done for, I would say.” The doctor gave a pained expression as though he had been sucking lemons.

“The tip’s irreparable and maybe the balls are gone. I’ve never seen frostbite like it. Not a time to go exposing yourself, is it?”

“When was he found?”

“The morning shift noticed him in the car park, slumped in a heap, with his pants down. He was just moaning, in agony I should think.”

“I can keep him out of pain while you evaluate.”

So Wayne was transferred to the Intensive Care Unit, while the Urologists and Plastic Surgeons contemplated. Eventually they decided to cut off the tip of his penis and fashion the stump into a usable system for passing urine standing up. The testes appeared to very dead and were chopped off and tossed into the clinical waste bag.

It was two months later when Suzie was back in Philippa’s office.

“Wayne’s finished with me, Ms Hardistan, he’s cleared off and won’t come back and he won’t say why. He’s back living with his mother. When I did see him, he was very strange, very withdrawn, not aggressive and macho, not forceful. More...pathetic.”

“I would have said that was good.”

“Yes, I suppose it’s all for the best in some ways that he may be leaving my life. I know I should never have let him bully me, but I just couldn’t help it. When he was OK he was fun to be with, provided he got his way.”

“But you got a fair few bruises.”

“I know, that’s why I was such a fool.”

“I am pleased he may be over in your life,” Philippa smiled as Suzie got up. She also rose to see her to the door.

“Thank you for all you tried to do.” Suzie reached to Philippa and gave her a big hug and they both had moist eyes as Suzie departed.

Philippa sat at her desk and Googled the local paper reports. “Drunk in car park suffers frostbite,” was the headline in the local paper. The location and date made the identity clear to Philippa, but Suzie would not have been able to link it to Wayne as, for the sake of confidentiality, no name was given.

*“Revenge is sweet,” Philippa thought. “An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth and a ball for a ball perhaps!”*

THE END