



*Reluctant Press* presents:

# From Stacy W/ Love

Stacy Nolan



ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. PAGANI

---

**A 'SPECTRUM' NOVEL**

---

Copyright © 2004, Reluctant Press - All Rights Reserved

***Reluctant Press TG Publishers***

This story is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder.

***Protect Professional Fiction on the Internet!***

We need *your* help! We want to keep providing our readers with low cost, professional quality fiction on the Internet. We spend thousands of dollars to edit, illustrate and typeset *each story*. It is important, therefore, that everyone works to help keep professional fiction alive on the Net.

This story is protected by US and International copyright law, and is owned exclusively by Reluctant Press, which retains exclusive rights to publish these materials. The civil penalties for copyright infringement can be severe, including substantial monetary damages, injunctive relief, and liability for attorneys' fees incurred in prosecuting a case. If a court determines that the infringement was committed willfully, statutory damages of up to \$100,000 for each copyright infringed can be awarded. Even if not found to be acting willfully, a defendant can still be held liable for statutory damages of \$500 to \$20,000 for each copyright infringed. **These penalties apply even if money was not charged.** In addition, criminal penalties may be imposed if someone willfully infringes a copyrighted work for commercial advantage or private financial gain. This crime is punishable by up to five years imprisonment, up to \$250,000 in fines, or both. State civil damages and criminal penalties vary from state to state and country to country, but are always severe.

The best way to keep professional illustrated fiction available on the Internet is to do YOUR part to protect the author's and publisher's copyright. *You can be part of the solution.* Encourage others to purchase our stories. Never share the access rights you've purchased. **You** make the continued availability of TG fiction on the Internet possible. Thank you for your cooperation!

# “A New Romance”

By Miss Stacy Nolan

Like most transvestites I was around ten or eleven years old before I realised that I was “different” to other boys, and then it took me almost a decade to figure out what to do with it.

My Mom and older sister Vicky were great with me, Vicky was always dressing me up in her clothes, everything from her school uniform to her Bridesmaid dress, nothing was ever too much trouble, every little detail about my transformation had to be spot on.

Mom didn't really say a great deal about my love for all things feminine, she didn't encourage me but neither did she try to discourage me.

Apart from the time which I had to spend in school I was dressing almost full time as a girl, the soft feminine garments just felt so *right*, unlike the horrible rough and uncomfortable boy's thing's that I still had to endure.

\*\*\*

## **October Half Term Holiday.**

A whole nine days off school! It meant that I could spend the whole time as “Charlotte Louise” my feminine alter ego, I was so happy I could have cried, Vicky too was delighted to have her sister home for the full nine days!

Saturday morning Mom woke Vicky and I up at the crack of dawn. “Come on girls, we've got some serious shopping to do, lets hurry before they run out of parking spaces at the Mall.”

Mom seemed really different today, almost as if something had been worrying her, now she was chatty and cracking jokes.

“Right, Charlotte-Louise, lets see what I can find for you to wear today.”

I had been reaching for my usual T- shirt and faded jeans when Mom said: “Oh no, not today, Ma’am, you insist on making a big fuss about being allowed to wear girls clothes, well today you get your wish! I’m taking my two daughters on a *girlie* shopping trip, its about time that you got some pretty clothes of your own, you can’t keep wearing your sisters clothes all of the time now can you?”

“No Mom,” I mumbled, feeling really subdued, terrified of leaving the house and venturing out as a girl for the first time, it wasn't that I wasn't confident of passing as a girl, I knew that I looked 100% female, no it wasn't that, I was worried about giving myself away in some other way, the little gestures and mannerisms that divided the boys from the girls.

Although I was terrified about venturing outside as a girl.... I also found the thought of it really exciting!

My small cock began to grow hard as I picked up the clothes that Mom had selected for me.

There was a short skirt in tweed, a cashmere sweater in dusky pink, its high neckline decorated with four pearlised buttons, a pair of sheer patterned hose which were covered in pretty bow motifs, and a pair of black leather shoes with twin narrow ankle straps and three inch stiletto heels, Mom kept my underwear simple, white panties with frilly edging to the waistband and to each leg, my bra again was simple, Mom had sewn gel pads into the bra cups, giving me a realistic bosom for a young girl of my age.

I always enjoyed having my hair and make-up done by Vicky, and today was no exception; with each application of make-up I felt my masculinity slipping further away, careful use of make-up totally feminised my face that could never have been described as masculine to begin with.

It must be at least eighteen months, maybe more since I had my hair cut, at first my lengthening locks had just been a nuisance, but as it grew longer and longer I found it that much easier to care for, I usually wore it in a high ponytail, secured in place with a black velvet scrunchie...very Girly!

\*\*\*

The journey into Town seemed to take forever, I felt that everyone, and I mean everyone was staring at me, when we arrived at the car park I sat in the back of the car and refused point blank to get out, Mom laughed:

“Now come on love, we can't leave you there!”

“But everyone we passed seemed to be staring at me, I felt so embarrassed!”

“If anyone was staring at you sugar it was because they were thinking how pretty you were, now come on, we haven't got all day!”

Reluctantly I got out of the car, Vicky took my arm as we joined a crowd of shoppers who were heading in the direction of the elevators, I cringed as my high heels tip tapped out a tempo, it took me a moment to realise that no one was paying me any special attention, all were too intent on reaching the shops.

Ten minutes and we were in “Scruples” the latest fashions from Paris and Milan but at a fraction of the price, I watched fascinated as my son Charlotte selected a couple of skirts and tops and went over to the changing rooms to try them on, he came out a few minutes later looking as pleased as punch, on seeing me waiting for him he said:

“Oh Mom, aren't they gorgeous? And they fit me perfectly, you know. Can I buy them, Mom? Please, I'd like to get them myself, they will be the first new female clothes that I have had, can I buy them.... please?”

“Of course you can, Darling, it obviously means a lot to you.”

Five minutes later she left the store with her purchases in two store bags, she looked so “Girlish” my heart went out to her; I couldn't help but wonder what the future would hold.

The three of us were deep in conversation when the male voice boomed out across the Mall.

“Hudson? Is that really you? I had my suspicions about you, but I had no idea that you had gone this far. Hey, come and see who I've found!”

His name was James Carlos Martinez, his friends called him “J”, he was the school's hard ass, with a record of violence, vandalism and theft, the Head teacher and teaching staff were all well aware of his activities, but could do nothing until they had firm proof or someone made an official complaint.

I had my own theories about bullies, I figured that most were cowards who picked on the small and the weak and hid behind their own little gang of “hangers on”, well, I wasn't small nor was I weak....

Within a minute Mom, Vicky and I were surrounded, I recognised several of the faces, including Martinez there must have been nine boys, and a further six girls, all began heckling me as they drew closer, calling me a faggot, sissy boy etc.

This only made Martinez bolder as he moved in closer, turning to my Mom and Sister I said, “Look, trust me I can handle this, just stay where you are, don't antagonise them okay? the Mall's Security will be here any minute now.”

Turning to the approaching Martinez I said, “So what is it, J, have you come to ask me for a date? Well I'm sorry, I only go out with Humans. Frustrated? I've got some tissues here if you think that you can manage a wank?”

“Wank?.... That is what you do best, isn't it, Shit for Brains?”

With a roar of anger he came at me fast and hard, two things stopped him in his tracks, the first being that I didn't move, he could see that I wasn't scared, the second thing to stop him was my kick to his balls, with barely a sound he folded to the ground.

I looked around at his little gang of hangers on, they stood motionless and speechless.

“So, does anyone else want a go at the title? No? Because if any of you bother me or my family again I promise that I'll fuck you up beyond all recognition, is that understood?”

A few backed away a couple of steps then turned and walked away, to those that were left I said, “How about picking up Mr. Martinez before he leaks all over the floor?”

Seeing the pool of urine spreading around their “Leader” the few that remained suddenly found urgent business elsewhere.

Mom took my arm and led me away quickly before the Mall Security arrived, Vicky following close behind.

We went into a small teashop that looked to be about 3/4 full, we found a table near the back and sat down, Mom and Vicky looked at each other and burst out laughing, Mom said:

“Now Charlotte, that wasn't very Ladylike was it! That poor defenseless lad...what a shame.”

I didn't find the situation quite so amusing, but I found myself laughing along with them anyway.

The young waitress came to our table to take our order, the badge that she wore gave her name as Tanya, she seemed to be as attracted to me as I was to her.

Over cups of Tea and Cakes we talked seriously about my “situation” Mom and Vicky had no idea that I was a Transvestite, long ago I had told them that I was a Transsexual, and that I wanted...no.needed to dress and act like a young woman, it seemed easier to admit to that than to admit to being a Transvestite, which was something that most people thought of as being perverted.

Mom chose this moment to break some news to me.

“Charlotte honey, I haven't mentioned this to you before because I didn't want to raise your hopes until I had all of the facts and was sure, you see, I have spoken to Doctor Randall about you, she wasn't in the least surprised, she said that transsexualism was far more common than people believed, she explained that many years ago many males were embarrassed and afraid to admit that they wanted to physically become girls, those that had the courage to were often disowned by their families, they lost their jobs and their friends.

Another problem for the male to female Transsexual to face was having to take female hormones for the rest of their lives, the hormones did not have a 100% success rate, they did not really feminise the face, and voices remained embarrassingly deep and masculine, even the growth of Breast tissue was slow to form, and when they had, usually remained quite small, more like a young girls than the breasts of a grown woman, many were caught in a kind of limbo between the sexes.

“And this is supposed to make me feel better is it Mom?”

“Ssshhh! Just let me finish will you? Now, as Doctor Randall was explaining, that was the way that things used to be, but apparently not anymore Charlotte, there is an amazing new formula being tested in America at the moment, its known as Fem 10 EX, results have been amazing, almost "Instant Feminisation", once inside the male host body the 10 EX spreads feminising all in its path, a kind of hormonal parasite, really - rapidly turning male into female.

The Initial course of treatment is usually followed by a weekly booster injection, six of these being all that is required.

As we were leaving the Cafe the young waitress slipped a small piece of paper into my hand, winking at me she whispered “Call me”, when I could do so without being seen by Mom or Vicky I unfolded the scrap of paper, all that was on it were the words “Don't Forget” followed by her name and telephone number, Hhhhhmmm!

\*\*\*

We decided, or should I say it was decided for me that on my return to school in three days time I should attend dressed as a girl, it seemed that everyone including the Head teacher Ms Taylor were aware of my “little run in” with Martinez, and of course everyone was aware that I was dressed as a girl at the time!

Although Parkside School is mixed with both male and female students, they were separated during lesson time; it was likely that I would be placed in Miss Andrews's class. Not that it was a problem; I'd had my eye on a couple of real babes in there for some time now!

Parkside did not have a School uniform as such; they liked their pupils to be “smart but casual.”

### ***“Almost Fall”....***

As a boy I had always been one of those that people knew better than to mess with, today I would be returning to the school as a feminine little Sissy Girl.

I took my time dressing, savoring every moment...White lacy panties and matching bra, the cups of which were filled out with small gel inserts, a pair of black opaque hose came next, encasing my slim hairless legs.

I stepped into a very short pleated Tartan skirt, which came with a narrow black leather belt that fastened easily about my slim waist. A cream colour cable knit sweater came next, it was quite long, covering all but the last two inches of my skirt, finally I sat down on the edge of my bed and slipped on a pair of strappy shoes, they had a 2 1/2 inch chunky heel which would be ideal for School.

Sitting down at Vicky's Vanity table I allowed her to quickly but expertly apply my make-up, eye shadow, Mascara, Blusher and Lipstick, this done Vicky began to brush out my lengthening hair, even after only ten months it had reached a

point just past my shoulder blades, my hair had never looked so good, so full of body and shine....

I almost panicked as Vicky began snipping away with a pair of scissors.

“Don't worry little Sis, trust me, I know what I'm doing, now just relax a little, okay?”

Ten minutes later and she had finished; warily I turned towards the mirror....“Oh wow! Look what you have done to me!”

Vicky laughed at the shock in my voice.

I stood before the mirror and stared in awe at myself, Vicky had been sure to give me a style that couldn't be mistaken for anything other than soft and feminine, she had cut my hair into a long pageboy, and I now had bangs! They reached long and straight reaching down to my eyebrows, I could see from the way that Vicky was smiling that she knew exactly what she was doing, she had cut off just enough hair for it to be difficult for me to tie it up, yet, left loose it would naturally fall back into this very feminine layered style.

I gratefully accepted a lift from Mom, but got her to drop me a short distance from the school's main entrance.

Walking the short distance back I felt a mixture of excitement and trepidation for I had no way of knowing what sort of reception I would receive.

I didn't have to wait too long to find out:

“Hey Hey! It's Michael Hudson, the bitch who wasted some guy named J, Martinez! Baby you look HOT! If I'd known what a sexy little chick you make I'd have asked you out long ago!”

The guys name was Vince Walker, I smiled demurely and replied: “If you was asking me out Vince how could I have said no?”

Vince obviously liked that for he came in close gently took my left hand and kissed it.

Vince was popular with both the girls and the boys, as well as being star player in the schools football team; everybody wanted to be his friend.

Letting people see that Vince and I were close wouldn't do me any harm at all, if anything it should help to speed up my acceptance.

### ***“Its a Girl Thing!”***

As predicted I went into Miss Andrews class, which had 38 female pupils including myself.

The “Hard time” which I had expected from the girls never arrived I'm glad to say, most, if not all of them thought that it was “Cool” to have a boy in their class who dressed and acted just like them, which was another step down the slippery slope towards femininity...

On arriving home one Winters afternoon I was sat in my room and checking the contents of my purse when I pulled out a slip of paper, I unfolded it and read “Don't forget, Tanya, this was followed by a local Telephone number.

Of course! The Waitress from the Café in the Mall!

Picking up my Mobile phone I dialed the number, it rang eleven times before it was answered, a sleepy voice said; “Hiya, this is Tanya...and who are you?”

“Hi, my name is Charlotte - Louise...you gave me a piece of paper with your name and telephone number on it?”

“Sure, I remember, about two weeks ago? You were with what looked like your Mom and your sister.... right?”

“Yeah,” I mumbled.

“Well sister, just one question remains, Do you, like me, enjoy intimate physical contact with other girls?”

“Lets get this straight okay, you are asking me if I am a lesbian? I'm sorry Tanya, but you are way off the mark.”

“I'm sorry to hear that, Sugar, we could have had a lot of fun together...how about we get together this weekend? I'm not back in work until Monday, nothing heavy; somewhere public if you like, where do you live, Charlotte?”

I hesitated a moment or two before answering, “Not far from Finsbury Park in North London...How about you?”

“I'm not far from you in Holloway...Why don't we meet at the tea House by the Boating Lake in Finsbury Park, that way if you don't like me or what I have to say...you can just walk away.

Well? What do you say? You've got absolutely nothing to lose have you?”

We arranged to meet at the agreed place tomorrow morning at 11 a.m..

I was up and in the shower by 9 a.m., as the steam rose about me I began to plan what I was going to wear.

A little later and back in my room I stood before my open closet, I wore a large towel wrapped around my upper body, a smaller towel around my head, holding my wet hair, my selection made I laid the feminine clothes out on my bed, I suddenly became aware of my terrific hard on! I suddenly wished that Tanya was here to take care of it for me; I imagined her full red lips closing around the engorged head of my swollen cock, phew! Stop it girl otherwise you'll need to take a cold shower!

I slipped on my lacy panties and a matching bra, the gel inserts would need to be replaced soon; I would need larger one's.

A long grey tweed skirt and a soft and fluffy cream-colour angora sweater came next, sitting down I then put on a pair of black leather four-inch stiletto heeled boots that came to mid calf.

I brushed my hair and put on my make - up and most expensive perfume, finally I put on my full-length black leather winter coat and picked up my purse.

Passing the full length closet door mirror on the way out I caught sight of my reflection, what I saw stopped me in my tracks for the Image was 100% *female*.

\*\*\*

Tanya was sat on a park bench near to the Tea House entrance when I arrived, she was smoking a cigarette and looked to be deep in thought, taking care not to startle her I said: "Tanya? Hi, it's Charlotte!"

She turned towards me, her smile warm...."Charlotte...You came! It's so good to see you again!"

"Yes, likewise.... I hadn't realised just how pretty you actually were, you should have been a model instead of a waitress, you would have gone far!"

Tanya stood up, hand in hand we walked into the Teahouse, during the summer it would have been full of customers, but today we were sharing the Teahouse with three other people, two old women and a middle-aged man, he made his way over to the counter, ordered a mug of tea and two rounds of toast, he made his way over to a small corner table and sat down, he pulled a newspaper out of his coat pocket, judging by the condition of it it must have been at least a week old!

Putting down the menu Tanya looked across the table at me, "What are you having then sweetheart?"....

"Sorry Tanya, come to think about it I really am hungry... can I have an all day breakfast please? And I'll take a mug of Tea with that?"

There was no waitress service here so Tanya went over to the counter to place our order.

She was back five minutes later, she sat down and said, "They have not long opened, it'll take a while waiting for things to get hot, so our Breakfast's will take around 15 minutes, is that okay?"

"Sure, no problem, it'll give us a chance to talk anyway."

Tanya Marie Shannon, 19 years old, left her home and family in East Sussex 18 months ago.

"Looking for work as a photographic model, I soon discovered that photographers and their agents only wanted me for one thing.... sex.

"I soon found myself desperate to find work, my "Nest egg" of £300 would soon be gone, and I would be left on the streets to survive.

"At one point I felt so low I even considered prostitution, then along came the waitressing job. The rest, as they say, is history."

"When did you discover that you had lesbian tendencies, Tanya?"

“Do you know, I don't remember...Isn't that strange? I suppose that I would have been in the region of seven or eight years old.”

“Look, I don't really know of any other way to say this Tanya...I'm not your dream girl - in fact I'm not even a girl, My name is Michael Hudson.”

For a moment or two, Tanya looked to be speechless, then turning to face me she said, “You probably used to be Michael Hudson.... but trust me, your certainly not anymore, you look to be all women to me, Charlotte, are you taking female hormones?”

“No, well not just yet although I do want to experiment with them before I'm much older.”

“Sweetheart, you must take them, you already look very feminine and that's without the help of hormones, just imagine what you would look like with them...please, come home with me now, there is so much that I can help you with!”

### **“No Pain No Gain”....**

Tanya's apartment was not at all what I had expected, it was clean, bright, and modern, it's furnishings were all new, several paintings adorned the pure white walls, looking closer I realised that they were all blatantly pornographic with nothing left to the imagination.

“Can I get you a drink?” Tanya asked.

“A cold glass of Cola would be nice, please.”

Tanya laughed. “No silly! I meant something a little stronger than Coca Cola!”

“No thanks, I don't really drink, a glass of Cola would be fine thanks.”

Tanya took a packet of cigarettes from her purse, she took one from the packet and put it between her full pouting lips, she lit it from her gold cigarette lighter, tilting her head back she blew out a long stream of blue / grey smoke...I felt my small cock begin to stiffen as I sat and watched her, her every little gesture and mannerism were just so sexy.

Tanya sat down close next to me, so close that I could feel the heat from her body against mine, she kissed me long and slow taking my breath away, like the girl that I appeared to be I felt myself go weak in her arms.

I didn't resist as she gently took my hand and lead me upstairs to her bedroom, without a word we both quickly undressed and got into bed.

I was still a virgin who knew nothing about sex, while Tanya knew enough for both of us, she taught me things that I had never even heard of, knew how to make my every nerve ends tingle with pleasure.

We saw each other often after that first time, it seemed that Tanya had “big plans” for me, plans that would make us both rich quickly.

The following week we went along together to see Doctor Randall.

Tanya explained that because of my age I was still a little unsure of my sexuality, although I did know long term that I wanted to become a woman, Tanya suggested that localising the areas of my body to be feminised would allow me more time to adjust.

To my utter surprise and delight Doctor Randall was in full agreement, so much so that she even suggested starting the treatment immediately.

“Right, young Lady, now there is no cause for you to panic, the treatment will only take 30 minutes to complete, The Fem 10 Ex is more effective when given slowly via an I.V. line than it would be if given by Injection, If you'll follow me through to our private treatment room we can make a start.

The treatment room looked more like a scaled down operating theatre to my untrained eye.

I was asked to get undressed and to slip on a green Hospital type gown, this done I was asked to lay down on the table.

The I.V. lines were quickly and expertly attached, one between my small boy breasts, the second line went into my neck at the base of my scull, once in place both were secured in place with surgical tape, as warned I began to feel warm and peaceful as I drifted off to sleep.

\*\*\*

“Tell me Doctor...what will this dose of Fem 10 Ex do to Charlotte? And just how effective will it be?”

“Good questions ... Miss?”

“Miss Connors, Doctor.... Tanya Connors.”

“Well Tanya, firstly whatever effect the 10 ex has on Charlotte will be permanent, and cannot be reversed at any point, Today's dose will pinpoint her rapid breast growth, within 48 hours her production of breast tissue will have increased by as much as 40%, her breast growth will continue until they reach their full potential.

“The second I.V. line which is attached to the base of Charlotte's neck is feeding the Fem 10 Ex directly through to Charlottes voice hair and face, on leaving here she will be in no position to hide her new found femininity, with her high girlish voice, her long hair, and just look at that face! No male could ever look so pretty!

“Some of the Fem 10 Ex will reach her brain, feminising everything that it touches, helping Charlotte to accept, even welcome the advance of womanhood, besides...what choice will she have? Looking so like a woman?”

\*\*\*

Waking from a deep untroubled sleep, I had to admit that I felt fantastic. Judging by the expressions of Tanya and Doctor Randall though it was obvious that something was wrong, Tanya stood alongside my bed holding my hand.

“Tanya? What’s wrong? What is it?”

She smiled, “There’s nothing wrong, Charlotte, in fact far from it, the 10 Ex couldn't have possibly worked any better, you now have the voice face hair and bosom of a beautiful young woman.

“No, the problem is like it or not you are now branded as a woman for life - your life.”

Doctor Randall's said, “It seems obvious to me dear that you were meant to be a girl, so naturally feminine, when you feel that you are ready to continue your journey into womanhood then please let me know, in the meantime have fun!”

I lay on my bed reading a copy of Dean Koontz latest hard back book, “The Taking”, this guy really knows how to sock it to the reader, a real roller coaster ride for the emotions, on the stereo playing softly was Enya's album “Paint the Sky with Stars.”

Feeling tired I decided to call it a day, I put away my book then sat at my vanity table to take off my make - up, I had soon gotten used to this daily ritual.

My face had changed, was in fact still changing, now nothing remained that was even remotely masculine.

Tanya and I were now even closer than ever before, which was not surprising considering that she had a hand in “creating” me, the strange thing is we were more like friends than Lovers - no, “sisters” would be a better description of our relationship, we were both free to go our own way when it came to dating others.

\*\*\*

The telephone call came right out of the blue, a familiar male voice said; “Charlotte...is that you, honey? Hi, it’s Vince Walker! I've been doing a lot of thinking about you, lately...in fact, your all that I can think about, the thought of you and me together so turns me on, Charlotte, you are my ultimate fantasy girl.”

“Well thank you, Vince...I hope that you realise that I like you too, listen, its been nice chatting to you, but if that’s all you called for I've got to go, I've still got plenty of work to do.”

### ***“The Date”....***

Vince picked me up at 6:30 p.m.; he had borrowed his Dads car, a red Toyota Yaris Verso auto.

He suggested that we find a Cinema showing a film that we both liked the look of, and then from there we stop off for a meal.

It had been ages since I had been to a West End cinema, in fact, this would be my first time as a girl.

I wasn't at all surprised when Vince steered me towards the back row, to be honest I was kind of pleased.

The seats were wide and comfortable, covered in a plush velvet like material, it was nice and dark here at the back, and we had no one sitting anywhere near to us.

Vince had looked a little surprised when given the choice of which movie to go and see I had chosen a British horror film called "Dog Soldiers" instead of one of the current chick flicks that were making the rounds.

\*\*\*

As soon as the house lights went down Vince was all over me like a rash, his hands were everywhere, I was wearing skimpy panties, sheer "Stay Up" stockings, a short pleated skirt which hid very little, my bra was low-cut, lifting my full round breasts, making them look enormous. Over this I wore a figure hugging white angora cardigan with tiny pearlised buttons down its front.

Vince knew exactly what buttons to push, he gently kissed my throat as his hand slid under my pleated skirt and softly stroked my thigh, teasing me by letting his fingers roam around the elasticised leg holes of my panties, his touch making me gasp with pleasure as my own cock grew hard, its bulging head weeping clear pre-cum. This seemed to excite Vince, his strong hand wrapped around my hard cock, his hand pumping up and down...

"Oh, Vince *please!* I want to feel my cock deep inside you, don't make me come now!"

"Okay baby, it'll be worth it, I can't wait to get you into bed!"

The Movie only had around twenty minutes to go so we stayed until the end, not that we could tell you much about the storyline.

On leaving we headed hand in hand to the nearest Burger King; neither of us needed to put it into words, but we both knew exactly what we were hungry for.

Vince informed me that his parents were away this weekend and that we had the place to ourselves, he took my hand and we almost ran up the stairs to his bedroom.

It was not what you might call your typical guys room, no pin ups of busty babes, no sports stars, a large bookcase occupied one wall, his taste in books consisted mainly of horror fiction - Stephen King, Shaun Hutson, James Herbert, Richard Laymon, and Dean Koontz. Vince obviously had taste.

In one corner was his stereo; on two shelves above this was a collection of C.D.s, everything from David Gray, The Carpenters, The Lighthouse Family, to Enya and Vivaldi.... Not a rap album in sight!

It looked like there was a lot more to Vince Walker than meets the eye.

\*\*\*

We both undressed without a word, in bed I tried my best to keep the pace slow and easy.... but it was far from easy, Vince knew exactly how to turn me on, I gave myself to him willingly, it was a new kind of loving for me, and I was loving every minute!

Vince took me every way that he could, from behind he entered me, reaching around he took hold of my hard throbbing cock, his left hand squeezing my full breast, his rhythm was perfect. We came together; I thought that we may never stop.

\*\*\*

At the moment I am still between the sexes, one day I'm sure that I will complete my journey into womanhood.... but just not yet, for at the moment I am enjoying having the best of both worlds.

When we can occasionally get together for a "threesome" the sex is incredible, totally mind blowing, I think that the three of us realise just how lucky we are.

Well, I'm meeting with Tanya this evening; she has a new girlfriend, who is very interested in meeting me. .... I wouldn't want to disappoint her now, would I?

##

# “Awakenings”

**By Stacy Nolan**

Arriving at the Hospitals reception desk I nervously checked the time on my wristwatch against the wall clock, both read 07:53 a.m.. If it wasn't for Karen's constant pestering I wouldn't be here now, I'd lived with the bloody Hernia for two years, why all the fuss to get it repaired now?

My own Doctor had assured me that the operation was far from major, being classed as “key hole” surgery. If it were that simple why was I to be kept in for two or three days?

Minutes later and I was being shown to the men's general surgical ward. A short but very pretty nurse carrying a clipboard approached me.

“Mr. Ryan, follow me, please? This is your bed; I thought that you might like to be by the window? I'm the staff nurse, my name is Rebecca Carter, and I will be looking after you during your stay with us. Let me ask you a few questions on current medication etcetera, and then we can get you comfortable, okay?”

Having taken the usual medical questions, nurse Carter left. I pulled the curtain closed around my bed and quickly changed into my pajamas and dressing gown. Finished, I reopened the curtains and got into bed, sitting back I surveyed the ward. “Ward” was rather an exaggeration, it was more a large room really, with three beds on either side. All six beds were occupied.

I glanced at the young guy in the bed to my left, he lay facing me, dabbing at his eyes with a tissue as if he had been crying.

“Are you alright there, buddy? Can I do anything for you?”

“No, but thanks for asking, my name is Stephanie Weaver, my friends call me Steph.”

We shook hands, his hand felt so small and slender in mine.

“Hello. I’m Bob, Bob Ryan, I’m pleased to meet you.”

It suddenly dawned on me; he had long blond hair, pulled back in a high pony-tail and tied with a black velvet scrunchie. His ears were pierced and fitted with large gold hoops, he was even wearing makeup!

I have no idea what his story was, and to be honest I didn't want to know. I lay down on my bed and picked up my book, “*SEIZE THE NIGHT*” by DEAN KOONTZ. I concentrated on losing myself in the story.

Damn! 10:15 p.m. and I still couldn't sleep, I pushed myself up onto my elbows and looked around the ward, everyone else appeared to be asleep, I quietly got out of bed and put on my dressing gown and slippers.

I left the ward and headed for the dayroom, to my relief it was deserted, I closed the door behind me, switching on the television I adjusted the volume, keeping it low, I sat down and picking up the remote control began to skip through the channels, the amazingly funny “*Only Fools and Horses*” was being shown back to back, then on channel 4 at 11:30 p.m. one of my all time favorite movies *The Hitcher*, John Rider from Disneyland, *Brilliant!* at least it should take my mind off tomorrow’s operation.

Later, I left the dayroom, switching off the television and light as I did so. Five Nurses were sat at the Nurses station drinking tea and eating biscuits, I didn't like to interrupt them, I mumbled *Goodnight* as I passed.

A little blonde asked, “Would you like to join us, Mr. Ryan? Plenty of tea left in the pot!”

“Oh go on then, if you insist!”

I spent the next half an hour or so chatting with the nurses, drinking their tea and eating their biscuits. before I really knew what was happening it was after half past one in the morning.

Back on the ward I found the young feminine guy sitting on the edge of my bed looking out of the window.

“Hi ya, what are you doing there?”

“Hey, I’m sorry, I couldn't sleep, I've just been passing the time looking out of the window even during the early hours of the morning its busy here, Ambulances, private cars, all night busses, a hospital never sleeps, does it?”

“I guess not,” I replied, “Listen, Steph, if you are comfortable why don’t you stay there, have my bed? I don't mind sleeping in your bed? They're be starting with the wake up calls between six and half past. if I'm lucky it'll give me four hours sleep.

“Sure my friend not a problem, you go right ahead, and thanks.

I was asleep before my head hit the pillow, a deep trouble free sleep, the best that I'd had in ages, and little did I know, but the best I would have for a long time to come.

\*\*\*\*\*

When I eventually awoke it was like emerging slowly from the end of a long dark tunnel, I began to flex muscles and joints, it was when I tried to ease myself into a sitting position that the pain came, lancing through me like a hot knife through butter, I gasped and cried out, this bought a Nurse over to me.

“Hello, Ms Weaver? I’m Staff Nurse Benning, Can I get you a little something for the pain?”

“Ms Weaver? I’m not Ms Weaver! my name is Bob Ryan.”

The staff nurse, looking worried said, “I’m afraid that’s not possible, Mr. Ryan is in theatre right now undergoing a Hernia operation.”

“So, I’m mistaken, is that it? I’m confused about who I *am*?”

“Please calm down, just relax, I will see If I can get Dr. Veronica Nelson, the Surgeon who operated on you, to come and speak with you okay? Now please just relax.”

“Relax? how the hell can I relax for crying out loud! what have you done to me?”

Doctor Nelson was not at all what I had expected, not that I really know what I expected to be truthful She appeared to be no older than 23 or 24 years old, attractive in her own way, she was wearing a crisp white blouse and a short tartan skirt, her long slim legs were encased in sheer black hose, on her feet black leather shoes with three inch heels, she wore her dark hair pulled back to reveal gold studs in her ears, she looked good enough to eat.

Pulling up a chair besides my bed the Doctor picked up the clipboard to which notes were attached.

“So, Ms Weaver, what seems to be the trouble?”

“Trouble, Doctor? the trouble is that People keep calling me *Ms Weaver*, that’s the fucking problem! Have I,Q's suddenly dropped around here?”

“Please try and remain calm Ms ...eh, I have your notes right here before me, including the consent form duly signed by yourself. I can assure you that there has been no mistake.”

“Now hold on a minute Doc, my name is Bob Ryan, I came in here for a routine hernia operations, why is everyone insisting I’m this Ms Weaver? Wow... hold the phone just a goddamn minute!

“Last night, or should I say this morning, when I returned from the dayroom I found the young effeminate guy in my bed, he was looking out of the window, he seemed troubled, obviously had something on his mind, I told him that he could stay there if he wanted to, I would sleep in his bed, the next thing that I remember is waking up here in the recovery room.”

Doctor Nelson nodded, “Yes, that is right, the Nurse would not wake you up to give you an injection which is intended to knock you out prior to surgery.

“What I’m wondering is, have we been mistaken for each other?. And if this Ms Weaver has gone to theatre as Bob Ryan for a hernia operation, then what the hell have I had done?”

\*\*\*

The thing was, nobody would tell me anything, apparently a Mrs. Marston, the Hospitals Director of Surgery was cutting short a vacation to get back to the hospital as soon as possible to see me, she was expected back hopefully by mid afternoon.

My wife Karen had also been contacted and was on her way in - just what the hell was going on here?

I was transferred into a private room with its own telephone and television. No sooner was I settled than Karen arrived, she was shaking, and she had obviously been crying.

“Bob, what is it? What’s going on? Nobody will tell me anything and it’s so frustrating!”

“I know, Honey, I know, a Mrs. Marston is coming into see me, I want you to stay here and listen to everything that she says, this is obviously a serious matter, okay hon?”

“Okay, Bob.”

\*\*\*

Mrs. Marston was a serious woman, poker faced, giving very little away, I didn’t like the way that she kept checking her notes and looking up at me, finally she broke the silence and said, “It would appear, Mr. Ryan, that there has been a terrible blunder - a mix up between yourself and a Ms Weaver in theatre, you have both undergone the surgical procedure intended for the other.”

I lay there and waited for her to continue to explain, but she just sat there looking at me; her expression calculating. Eventually she said, “Ms Weaver was due to undergo sex reassignment surgery in theatre 1, and yourself a hernia operation in theatre 3. It seems that there was some confusion with your notes and as such you were taken to the wrong theatre.”

“No! surely you don't mean to tell me that I have had sex change surgery?”

“I’m afraid, Mr. Ryan, that is exactly what has happened.”

“But why? How? If it has been done then surely it can be undone, just change me back?”

“Believe me, I wish that it were that simple, sex reassignment surgery has come a long way in recent years, some might say leaps and bounds, up until say three years ago it was a gamble.

“Some surgeons were Artists, whilst others were well, to put it bluntly little more than butchers. The vaginas that they created or in some cases hacked from what remained of the male sexual organs didn't work so well. Sensitive nerves were lost and destroyed, leaving the newly formed Vagina without feeling.

“The new women then found out that they would need monthly injections of female hormones for the rest of their life, as time passed they quickly noticed that in the majority of cases their faces and voices remained masculine, spoiling the illusion.

“Now the new procedure uses a completely different approach, keyhole surgery using micro Lasers, nerve endings are skillfully reconnected, the pituitary gland which is situated at the base of the brain, convince this gland that it is female and it will trigger the body's own production of female hormones, this massive surge of femininity quickly overwhelms the host body, flooding it completely, within roughly three months you have become the Woman that you would have been had you been born female.”

“And are you telling me that this will happen to me? I will become a woman and there is not a thing that anyone can do about it?”

“Yes Mr. Ryan, precisely, I can see that the changes have begun already, your best option is not to fight it, but to give in and go with the flow.”

“No way! I'm going to fight this and I'm going to win, but in the meantime I'm going to take this hospital to court for every penny that they have! You mark my words!”

“There's a part of me that wouldn't blame you if you did, Mr. Ryan, but before you do anything rash I would advise you to stop and think.

“Undoubtedly you would win any court case and be awarded a large sum of money, but have you thought about the adverse publicity that you would face? There is those that will say that this was no accident, that you knew exactly what you were doing when you swapped beds with Ms Weaver. Complete strangers would come forward with stories, gay males claiming to be ex lovers, stories of your urge to become a woman.

“You would be haunted by the press, Mr. Ryan, newspaper and television, even if you did tell them a truthful account of what has happened the chances are that the reporters would make up one of their own, one with more impact, a bigger headline. Like it or not, your face would be on the cover of every newspaper and magazine in England - maybe the world, could you honestly face that?”

Feeling subdued I asked, “Okay, lets say that I buy what you are saying, so, what are the alternatives?”

“Whatever you decide to do, Mr. Ryan, the first thing that you will need to do is to come to terms with and accept that you are now a woman. There is nothing that can be done for you. The sooner that you can come to terms with this the better. Prepare yourself for some major changes, for changes are inevitable, Mr. Ryan.”

\*\*\*

The least I would have expected from Karen would have been tears and anger. but no, if anything she seemed to find my situation amusing, even funny, how could she? at a time like this when I could do with all the help and support that I can get!

Time passed quickly in Hospital, the passing hours turned into days and days into weeks.

When I began to change I tried my best to ignore what was happening to me Anyway, if I was to keep to wearing my hair short and to continue wearing my own male clothes, then hopefully my feminisation might not be so noticeable.

I sat before a large wall mounted mirror my own eyes staring out of a feminine, even pretty face, just who was I trying to kid?

The Doctors had advised me not to get my lengthening hair cut short, their reasoning was that by the time my feminisation was complete my hair would have grown long and girlish. this would not only save me a lot of time in growing it, but also save me from the hassle of having to wear a wig until my own hair had grown enough.

My own chestnut brown shoulder length straight hair was becoming a real pain, I hated the way that it tickled my face and neck but knew that I would just have to grin and bear it, I had started to wear it pulled back into a high ponytail, this kept it out of my face but if anything the ponytail made me look even more girly, I just couldn't win!

### **“GOING HOME”...**

The wall clock read 08:10 a.m., Karen was due to collect me at 11:30 sharp. Somehow I knew that she would be on time, at least I wouldn't have to face my family, friends and neighbours; Karen would keep away visitors by saying that I have gone away on a business trade convention to Birmingham.

Everyone in hospital seemed to be amazed at the growth of my chestnut brown hair for it now reached over half way down my back.

My full breasts were also growing at an alarming rate, so much so I was now wearing a 36-B bra , I just felt so ashamed at the changes to my body, it was if it were betraying me, was no longer my own.

Karen closed the curtains around my bed blotting out the curious stares of the other patients on Women's surgical ward four.

Shaking out the contents of two large department store carrier bags onto the bed she asked, “Would you like to choose what you wear to go home in Sweet-heart, or shall I choose for you?”

“You may as well, Karen, I honestly couldn't care less. I'm cringing at the thought of having to walk around dressed in women's clothes. It's sick!”

“Quit bitch'in will you, Bob? For crying out loud, you are really getting me down. Look, I know that your life has been turned upside down and that right now it must seem like a living nightmare to you, but why keep beating yourself up over something that you cannot change? There is nothing that you or anybody else can do about it. I'm not saying that you should give up, but at least stop giving me and everyone else around you a hard time!”

Ten minutes later and I was ready as I'd ever be. Karen had quickly sorted through the contents of the two bags selecting some and discarding others.

It felt as if I were a child again as Karen helped me to dress, simple matching bra, panties and suspender belt in white, a short pleated tartan skirt that ended mid thigh, a figure hugging pastel pink woolen sweater that accentuated my feminine full bosom and narrow waist, it had a wide cowl neckline which was fastened at one side by three large buttons.

Then, just when I thought that things couldn't possibly get any worse Karen reached into one of the carrier bags and produced a pair of shoes, they were black leather with thin ankle straps and three inch stiletto heels. As Karen instructed, I sat down on the edge while she put them on my feet and carefully fastened the narrow ankle straps. Suddenly, things seemed so final.

Karen looked pleased with her handiwork as she set about brushing my long oh so feminine hair, leaving it loose, swaying about my slim shoulders.

Karen then took items of make up from her bag and began to apply them carefully to my face, it occurred to me that only a few days ago I would not have allowed such a thing to be done to me, now not only did I not object to it, I actually enjoyed it, just what was happening to me?



The journey from the Hospital to our home in Finsbury Park, north London took a little under thirty minutes, although it seemed to last forever.

Karen parked the car as near to our house as possible, everywhere there seemed to be people that we knew, coming or going, children playing, frozen with panic I did not want to get out of the car.

“Hey come on, Honey, nobody but nobody is going to recognise you now! Just look at you, you look amazing! Now come on, hold your head up high and lets go in.”

No sooner had we got in and I'd put down my case when there was a knock on the door. Karen opened it and two women walked in; Chrissie and Sara, two work-mates of Karen's.

“Hello, Sugar, sorry to interrupt, we won't stay long, we could see that you had a visitor. We were just wondering about your Bob ....haven't seen him for ages!”

“Bob's away on one of those Trade Conventions, something to do with the launch of four new Air Rifles.”

Rachel laughed, saying something about “Boys and their toys.”

“So who's your visitor, Karen?”

“Visitor? Oh, that's my sister, Rachel, she's come to stay with Bob and me for a while.”

“Your sister? We must meet her, Karen, even if it is just to say hello!”

In Karen's favour, she did try her best to stop them, but the two women had pushed their way past her and into the house. I felt sure that Chrissie and Sara would be sure to recognise me even in my feminised state, I felt my nipples begin to grow hard in embarrassment and anguish.

“Hello, Rachel, I'm Sara and this is Chrissie. Wow, we had no idea that Karen had such a beautiful sister, surely you must be a model?”

\*\*\*

It took us over twenty minutes to get rid of the two women, Karen eventually having to resort to physically pushing them out ahead of her, with the front door closed behind them Karen began to laugh.

“Hey, its alright for you! did you see the way that Chrissie was staring at me?”

“She's a lesbian, you idiot, of course she was staring at you, probably couldn't wait to get you into bed!”

I blushed, trying and failing to hide my excitement, the thought of bedding Chrissie really turning me on. My knees felt suddenly weak as I visualised Chrissie going down on me, my hips raised and my back arched as she forced her moist tongue deep, oh so deep inside me, probing, licking. darting. Chrissie stared intently at me, almost as if able to read my mind, making eye contact with me she smiled, I tried to smile back, my face blushing furiously.

***“There’s no place like home”....***

The Hospital officials were keen to keep us happy and offered us a new home either abroad or anywhere here in England, to be fully furnished to our own tastes and requirements. A new family car per year, new outfits of clothes when required, new Identities including medical & dental records, even educational records.

I was now Rachel Ryan, it was as if Bob had never existed at all. Also on offer was a generous payment of £50,000 per year...who could say no?

As for Karen, she was delighted. It seemed that having her husband transformed into a woman was a very small price to pay for a life that until now she had only been able to dream of.

As for me, I was slowly coming to terms with my new life. In some ways, it was quite exciting. I was now a far better looking as a woman than I had ever been as a man.

##

# “Breasts For Danny”

By Stacy Nolan

I glanced at my bedside clock, it read 05:18 p.m., Mom was due home from work at around six p.m., I still had a little time.

Taking down my sports holdall from the top of my closet I reached in and took out a handful of glossy magazines, they had titles like *“Chicks with Cocks”* *“She-male Island”* and *“Forced to be Sissy Girls”* to name just a few.

I had been fascinated in *“Special Girls”* ever since I was old enough to get a hard on, and now at the age of seventeen it was almost an obsession. I would try and imagine what it must be like to be feminised against your will? Watching your body change as breasts began to form, hips and butt becoming wider and more feminine, seeing your face rapidly become that of a stranger...a woman, a woman with long hair cascading around her slim shoulders. It must surely rate as the most exquisite torture Imaginable.

I reached for my favorite magazine *“Forced to be sissy girls”* some of the young guys in it were so feminine that you would never know that they weren't really girls, it was obvious that they could never hope to be boys again. Slipping out of my shorts I took hold of my throbbing cock, wave after wave of pleasure washed over me, I opened my magazine turning to my favorite photograph, a full page spread of “Charlotte” - a real babe if I ever saw one, she wore a pink low cut fluffy angora sweater which did little to hide her massive breasts, just as the lacy pink panties failed to hide the very unladylike bulge that threatened to burst forth at any moment.

Charlotte had long straight blond hair and full red lips that were made for sucking cock. When I came, I came hard, grabbing for a handful of tissues from the box on the bedside table I narrowly avoided making a mess.

It was at “Samantha’s Bar” over on Pico that I met Debbie, the large poster outside described her as the “Hottest young she-male in town”, she did three twenty five minutes sessions per night, up on the stage pole dancing, then a little later she would move down amongst the tables nude doing private lap dances for \$25 a throw.

Most of the Bars customers were dirty old men, many of which didn't even try to hide what they were doing to themselves under the newspaper in their lap.

Soon I was a regular at the Bar, going two or three times a week, I even befriended the doorman, a huge black guy who goes by the name of “Rhino”. He either assumed that I was aged well over 18 or he just didn't care; being a kid, money was a problem for me, usually all I could afford was the Bars entrance fee and the price of a pint of beer, which I made last me all night.

Looking up I saw that Debbie was crossing the floor towards me. “Hi ya, do you mind if I join you?”

“No, not at all, can I get you a drink?” I breathed a sigh of relief when she declined.

“Its just nice to have someone of around my own age to talk to, some of these creeps think that a \$5 tip buys me...well it doesn't, hey I'm sorry for laying that on you, its my problem.”

“I don't mind, its nice just to sit here with you, Debbie, at the risk of sounding like one of those creeps, I only come here to see you, where's my manners? My name is Danny.”

“And do you want to be my friend, Danny?”

“Oh yes Debbie, more than anything else in the world, you are absolutely gorgeous!”

“Why thank you Danny, you are sweet, but are you sure? Most guys your age would run a mile from a girl with a cock?”

“You are beautiful, I find you fascinating, there is so much I'd like to learn from you, Debbie.”

We met the next morning at 10 a.m. at Gino's Coffee Shop over on Wiltshire and Craven north. Debbie looked even prettier with her clothes on.

She wore a figure hugging soft fluffy jumper in a pastel pink, cream colored clamdiggers, and a pair of white slingbacks with two inch heels, her hair was so feminine, medium brown in color with blond hi-lites, reaching way past her slim shoulders her hair was feather cut at the sides, with bangs that almost reached her arched eyebrows, it was backcombed from the crown to add height, all in all a very feminine style.

I had bought plenty of money with me not wanting to make a fool of myself, but I needn't have worried as Debbie insisted on paying. A little later over a second cup of coffee we talked, it felt comfortable, almost as if we had known each other a long time.

I loved everything about her from the way that she toyed with a strand of her hair, the way that she tossed back her hair when she laughed, even the way that she smoked her cigarettes was so goddamn sexy!

After our first date we spent a lot of time together, usually mornings because of Debbie's hours of work, the first time that Debbie touched me I nearly came in my pants, it was purely innocent just holding my hand, or slipping her arm around my waist as we walked, but this soon turned to hugs and kisses.

Sex was out of this world, Debbie taught me everything, and I mean everything! Any inhibitions that I had soon turned to lust, it didn't feel like gay sex, it felt right and natural.

After one strenuous bout of lovemaking I happened to say, "If only I could be like you Debbie, I would love a body like yours, so pretty and feminine, yet to still keep my cock for those times...well, you know?"

"Do you really mean that Danny? Because if you did, I can help"

"I mean it more than you can imagine Debs, but I fail to see how you can help?"

"Just leave it with me for now sweetheart and I'll see what I can do, okay?"

The days passed by and Debbie said no more about it. I assumed that she had either forgotten or had just changed her mind. Then early one Sunday morning early in spring I received a phone call from Debbie, she sounded delighted.

"Danny? Hi its Deb's, listen, I've got a friend who say's that she's prepared to help us, its a short course of injections about 10 or 12 in total then...instant womanhood, are you still up for it then?"

I managed a "You Betcha!" even though my heart was pounding twenty to the dozen. Did I really want this? It sounded like if I was going to change my mind I had better do it now before it was too late.

Grabbing pen and paper I jotted down the address that Debbie gave me, dressing quickly and quietly not wanting to wake Mom and have to answer questions like "Where are you going at 7:30 a.m. on a Sunday morning?" I grabbed my wallet from the nightstand and left the house.

Flagging down a Taxi over on Fallstaff I gave the cabbie the address that I'd jotted down, the ten minute journey was made in silence, so taken up was I in my own thoughts. My gut Instincts told me to stop the taxi, turn him round and head for home, shame that I didn't listen.

Debbie answered the door on my first knock, almost as if she had been standing there waiting for me.

"Come on in lover I want you to meet my friend, I've told her so much about you!"

Darlene was in her forties but pretty despite her age, she told me that she worked in the research department of "Marsden Pharmaceuticals" and at the moment they were working on a new wonder drug which at this stage was only

known as SH/374, she explained, "Up until now Transsexuals undergoing sex change surgery had no choice other than to take female hormones for the rest of their lives, without them their bodies would begin to return to their original masculine state, needless to say that most Transsexuals were more than willing to take the female hormone tablets.

"SH/374 differs in several ways, Danny, first and foremost it only takes a short course of injections to totally feminise a subject, the SH/374 acts as a parasite attaching itself to and destroying all sign of the male hormone Testosterone, spreading and growing stronger, and the beauty of it is the new "Wonder Hormone" can be localised, feminising say the face and the hair, or maybe you want a feminine figure, I can just see you with large bouncing breasts!"

"How...how much is this going to cost, you see I have very little money saved?"

"No need to worry Danny, Debbie has paid me in full for both of you! Okay, if you are ready we may as well make a start."

Darlene led me through to her modern well-lit Kitchen. "We'll do it here if you don't mind Danny, this room is Ideal, its very clean so there is little chance of infection, and of course its nice and bright, which obviously helps."

Ten minutes later and I was getting dressed again, I had been given a total of six injections, one behind each nipple, two at the base of my neck, and the final two into my testicles. The injections themselves hadn't been as bad as I'd imagined but they did leave a strong burning sensation, Darlene assured me that this would fade quickly.

Running her fingers through my collar length hair she said, "Oh Danny, Debbie was so right about you, you are going to be so pretty!"

I shivered as a chill ran through me, for if she was even half right it sounded like I was in big trouble. Not really sure that I wanted to know the answers, I asked Darlene: "So, what happens now? When will I start to change? Will I turn into a woman overnight?"

"It's not quite that simple, I'm afraid, Danny, results vary significantly from person to person, some notice changes within 24 - 48 hours, whilst others can take up to a week before family and friends start to comment.

"Call back and see me after another seven days Danny and I will give you your final series of injections. Once they are in your system you will be as pretty and feminine as if you had been born a girl."

That evening I made love to Debbie with a passion, an urgency that I'd never known before, she cried out in pain pleasure and surprise as I thrust and pounded into her... "Oh Danny please...more...I want more!"

"As my throbbing cock thrust deeper, harder into her I was happy to oblige."

Three Days Later...And one month before I was due to finish school for good, I reached out and switched off my alarm clock three minutes before it was due to sound, stretching languidly beneath the cool white sheets I squinted my eyes closed against the bright early morning June sunshine, suddenly my right hand

bumped against something...something which should not be there, I now had my own pair of large firm breasts.

Getting out of bed quickly I dashed over to the full length mirror which was mounted on the closet door, how I managed not to scream out loud when I came face to face with my feminised reflection I'll never know.

My soft rounded figure was undoubtedly female, from its wide hips and buttocks, to its long smooth shapely legs. Could my hair have really grown so long overnight, and my face...no! Surely not? It was now the face of a stranger, a female one.

My feline eyes were green in colour, framed by long dark eyelashes; my cheekbones were high and defined. My nose was pert and slightly upturned, whilst my Lips were full and sexy, all in all the face of a sexy sensual woman.

“Oh WOW, is that really me?”

I jumped at the sound of my own voice, it sounded so high and girlish. I found an old Ace bandage and used it to bind my breasts tightly, baggy trousers helped to hide my feminine hips and Derriere, whilst a white shirt - two sizes too big - helped further to hide my breasts. My face voice and hair were going to be a big problem, I rubbed a little moisturizer into my face, then sneaking into my Moms bedroom I picked up a couple of hair scrunchies, one pink and the other one black velvet.

Sitting brushing my hair I couldn't fail to notice how full of body and shine it was, it bounced and swayed around my slim shoulders, I tried it with a centre parting but no, that was way too “girly”, and with bangs was even worse, finally in sheer desperation I pulled my hair into a high ponytail and fastened it in place with the black velvet scrunchie, if anything this made me look even more feminine, but what could I do?

“Danny, hurry up, sweetheart - otherwise you won't have time for breakfast before you leave for school...what are you doing up there?”

Taking a deep breath I made my way downstairs. Mom was in the kitchen making a fresh pot of coffee when I walked in.

“I'm afraid it'll have to be Cereal hon, there's not enough time to cook you anything, sit down and I'll fetch y... oh my god! Danny, what's happened to you? You look... you look like a girl! Just look at your hair, and your face it's... it's just so pretty! Are you wearing makeup?”

“No, of course I'm not” I muttered, too embarrassed to meet her gaze.

“Well, one things for sure you can't go to school with your hair like that, I know that some boys wear their hair long these days, but not like that Danny, that's a girls style for crying out loud, I'll run you to The Barbers so you can get your hair cut, then I'll take you on to school, with a bit of luck you shouldn't be more than twenty minutes or so late, if needs be I'll”....

“No Mom, I don't want to get my hair cut, I like it like this, and if other people don't like it then I guess that's their problem”.

Some people are small minded, they don't like anything that is different, it scares them, I knew that I was in for trouble today, and the trouble came in the form of Greg Collins, head of the schools Football team and star of most of the track and field events, Greg was a very popular guy, he was never short of “hangers on” and today was no exception; girls swooned around him and he loved it! I for one couldn't blame him.

As I passed the bench where he sat with his admirers he looked up and said: “Hey Norton! whooo weeee....you sure look pretty! your hair is gorgeous...sweetie! why don't you come over here and sit on my knee?”

“Tell you what, Collins, why don't you climb up on that bench and Kiss my arse!”

Collins was furious, especially as his friends seemed to find the situation hilarious! he threw himself off the bench and came at me hard and low, I side-stepped easily hitting him in the neck with a solid right, he went down but being so strong he was up again quickly. He came at me again but this time more cautiously, he kicked me hard in the stomach and it was my turn to hit the ground.

Collins picked me up and pulled me in close, before he could do anything else I slammed a head butt full into his face once...twice, I felt his nose break, he let go of me stunned, I stepped in close and brought a knee up hard into his groin, he went down and this time stayed there.

“Wow did you see what he did to Collins? he really did a number on him!”

Suddenly people were cheering, cheering for me, before I knew it everyone in school was talking about it.

...Debbie was insatiable with lust, she loved the new feminine me especially my budding breasts, my nipples grew so hard as Debbie sucked my cock, my hair was worn down, cascading around my shoulders, my now pretty face was fully made up, the first time that I'd ever experienced the joys of Mascara and eye shadow, Lipstick and powder.

Debbie insisted that I wore black lacy “Stay up” stockings and black leather shoes with ankle straps and four-inch heels, I felt like a slut.

My throbbing cock was stained red from Debbie's Lipstick, and my nipples sore from all the attention. I was instructed to lay face down on the bed with two plump pillows beneath my stomach raising my butt into the air nicely, I gasped as Debbie massaged some kind of lubricant into me, then guided her own erect cock into my back passage, I cried out as I stretched to accommodate her as she slid in all the way, with tears in my eyes I pleaded with her not to hurt me.

Later, we lay in each other's arms, I felt sexually satisfied, safe and content.

“Wasn't that nice!” Debbie purred like the cat that got the cream, I had to agree.

***Injections, second course.***

Darlene explained that the second course were stronger than the first, similar to having booster shots.

“But surely this second course can't make that much difference?...I mean, well, just look at me! I couldn't be any more feminine if I'd been born a girl!”

Darlene smiled, “Lets just wait and see shall we?”

Arriving home that evening I felt like a pincushion after all of the needles, I felt terrible, almost as if my body were being turned inside out. I went to bed early, shivering, I just about managed to pull the covers about me, I was asleep even before my head hit the pillow.

My fitful sleep was filled with vivid highly erotic dreams, dreams in which in my feminised state I was always the submissive one, with a variety of lovers, all beautiful women using and abusing me.

I awoke at around 4 a.m., doubled up with stomach cramps, all of my joints were aching, it felt almost as if I was being re built from the inside out and it was agony. After about an hour or so the pains eased to a more manageable level as did the shivering a little later, I fell into a deep trouble free sleep.

The following morning I was shocked and even a little sickened to see what changes had taken place during the night, my cock had not just shrunk...it had gone, leaving in its place a very feminine looking cleft, morbid curiosity made me examine myself and I found that I could slide

three fingers inside all the way easily, to all extents and purposes I now had a vagina. My breasts seemed to be bigger and were surely now a 38D, my hair was also much longer, almost down to my slim waist, and my face!, now



it was no longer a mix of male and female, for now I was female through and through, only my eyes remained my own as they gazed at me out of what had now become a living prison.

Shock number two came when I found that my boys clothes no longer fit me, shirts were far too small in the bosom, my school trousers were now much too large in the waist yet too small in the hips and bum!

Well I had no choice really, I couldn't stay here in my room forever, I would have to venture out sooner or later. I forced myself to open my bedroom door and call down to my mom.

“Mom?...Mom! can you come up please, I...I really need your help.”

A Mother's instinct must have told her that something was seriously wrong. “Danny what's wrong, love, don't you feel well?”

My back was to her as she entered my room.

“Oh Danny...your hair, it's so long...just like a girls, you can't keep it like that you know, you'll have to call into the Barbers on the w....”

I turned to face her, as I did so the look of shock on her face was enough to break my heart. She couldn't fail to notice my now pretty face, my full pendulous breasts, my flat stomach beneath which sat my female mound, and my long smooth shapely legs, sudden realisation hit me with the force of a hammer blow.

The injections had been a goof - a bit of fun at the time, I don't really know what I had expected...but certainly not this, not total feminisation. Mom seemed to recover very quickly considering the shock she had just had, perhaps this was her way of dealing with things?

“Right, Danny obviously you can't go into school in uniform...don't worry about it though, you'll have to wear something of mine.”

I was just about to protest...then I thought, *why bother?* Clothes were the least of my worries at the moment.

Mom continued, “I'll need to make an appointment to see your Principal, inform him of what is happening and ask for his help in getting you transferred to a local girls school.”

Instead of objecting I found myself thanking her for all of her help.

“Don't be thanking me, Danny, I only did what any mother would have done, right, let's sort out something for you to wear.”

I followed Mom into her bedroom, she opened the double doors to her walk in closet, pretty tops and beautiful skirts and dresses were hung neatly on either side.

“I have no trousers or jeans, Danny so I'm afraid you'll have to wear a skirt, okay? A nice white blouse won't be too different from your usual shirt, especially if worn with a school tie. you will need to wear tights, and a bra and panties, while you get dressed I'll see if I can find a suitable pair of shoes for you to wear.”

I experienced mixed emotions as I dressed in these most feminine of clothing. Although I could no longer get a hard-on as a man, I found myself getting turned on as only a woman can with a pleasant warm glow spreading outward from the pit of my stomach, I almost passed out as my fingers toyed with my oh so sensitive erect nipples.

The panties were a perfect fit, shame that I couldn't say the same about the bra, it was a good size too small, which helped to make my swollen breasts look enormous.

Rolling the black opaque tights up my long legs was also sensual, maybe because up until today it had been taboo. The short black skirt was tight around my hips and thighs, this restricted me to walking with much shorter steps than I would usually...I now walked like a woman.

The blouse was a perfect fit but the problem was that without the help of the ace bandage and a tight T-shirt my full breasts stood proud from my chest, there was no denying them now.

On Mom's return I saw that she carried with her two pairs of shoes, the first were a sensible pair of women's Loafers, I wanted these to fit so I really tried, but sadly they must have been at least two sizes too small, the second pair were far more feminine, black leather with a single ankle strap and a chunky 2 1/2 inch heel, I wasn't at all surprised to find that these fit me perfectly!

Next it was the turn of my hair and make up, Mom instructed me to sit at the Vanity table while she took care of this; "Danny your hair is gorgeous, most girls would give anything for hair like yours, I'll take you along to my stylist at the weekend, get her to give you some hi-lites or something, there's not much that I can do with your hair this morning sweetheart, would you like it up in a ponytail or shall I leave it loose?"

"Leave it loose please Mom, I like it long and straight, it feels nice as it sways around my face."

Mom looked a little surprised but said no more. I watched in awe as Mom carefully applied my make-up, her own make-up was always perfect so I felt sure that mine would be too, sitting quietly I watched as she applied eye liner, eye shadow and mascara, followed by a touch of liquid make-up then lip liner and lipstick, she then plucked and shaped my already sparse eyebrows, then added a touch of eyebrow pencil.

"Oh Mom, that's just fantastic! thank you so much, will you do my make-up for me each day until I learn how to do it myself?"

"Of course I will Hon, right, come on now then lets get you to school."

...As we neared my school I pushed myself down further and further into my seat, my face beginning to flush red with embarrassment.

All talk gradually stopped as I walked through the school grounds towards the main building, I couldn't fail to hear the whispers, "Na, that's not Danny Norton...just look at her Boobs!, no way is that a boy!"

Another boy said, "I don't care if that is a boy...I want her."

Mom had obviously spoken with the Principal, or maybe his secretary, but I was allowed to attend all of my usual classes. The majority of the boys tried their best to ignore me, perhaps they felt that my self-inflicted feminisation was a betrayal of the male sex - who knows?

Now most of the girls were a different matter, they loved me! unlike the boys they seemed to feel that my new feminine self was the ultimate compliment!

I never went to a new girls school, it was decided to allow me to finish out my time where I was, after all, it was only seven months. Debbie and I are still an "item" she was spending her spare time teaching me some of her dance routines, when I finally graduated from school she found me a job as a dancer at "Samantha's Bar", well the regular clientele soon took to me and I was soon doing three or four sessions per night.

Between us Debbie and I were earning good money, enough at least to find our own apartment and buy a car. Our sex life is out of this world. Debbie loved taking the lead, whilst I was happy to play the submissive role, how could I object?

Danny was now Danielle.

##

# ***“California Girls”***

*By Stacy Nolan*

My plane had touched down several minutes early; the flight from Heathrow airport in London was non-eventful.

For Dinner I ordered “Chicken Surprise” it was no surprise to find that the Chicken had all the taste of plastic and the side order of “side salad” wasn't much better being soggy and warm.

The flight was saved from being a total disaster by the in-flight movie “The Crow” starring Brandon Lee, a modern day classic.

After being advised to travel light I collected my two small cases from the busy carousel. Stepping out of the Terminal the heat hit me like a hammer blow, the sun shining down from a clear blue sky.

I glanced around, my face broke into a warm smile as I saw Ron striding towards me, I shook his outstretched hand noting his firm grip as I did so, we embraced, slapping each other on the back as guys tend to do in a self conscious way.

Other than exchanging photographs with each other this was the first time that we had actually met, Ron and I were both published authors of “Transgendered fiction” and over the past couple of years or so we had exchanged hundreds of emails, we became firm friends; we even exchanged gifts several times per year with bumper gift packages at Christmas!

I had feared that conversation may have been a little strained, but thankfully it was far from the case, we had so much in common.

The first thing that I noticed about Redondo Beach was that the guys spent a lot of time pumping iron, most were young tanned and muscular.

Now the girls...Oh wow, the majority were endowed with the most amazing Tits I have ever seen, seeming to defy gravity! I just stopped and stared as they glided by on their roller skates, all were blonde and beautiful.

I wolf whistled at two passing babes, laughing one pouted her lips and blew me a kiss, the second wiggled her ass provocatively, Ron laughed: "Still chasing the shemales, Ken?"

"You mean? Nah! No way.... not those two, surely?"

"You better believe it, my friend, and there's plenty more where they came from!"

Back home in England I had met a lot of she-males, and photographed many of them, I have always considered myself 100% heterosexual wouldn't dream of sleeping with another guy, but I must admit to having a weakness for she-males, through the long term use of female Hormones and plastic surgery most she-males are 99.9% woman, but these "California Girls" take things to a new level. How could they ever have been male?

\*\*\*

Ron's home took my breath away; it made my three-bedroom semi detached house in Wallasey look like a shoebox.

"Hey, big guy, why don't you go and freshen up? It's amazing what a hot shower and a change of clothes will do for you, meanwhile I'll make us a couple of long tall drinks...what's your poison Ken?"

"A Southern Comfort & Lemonade would go down a treat, thanks Ron!"

Over the drinks Ron showed me several of the new story lines that he was working on.

"This other pile here are stories that have been sent in mainly by readers for possible publication, as editor its my job to read through them all, offering helpful criticism and advice when and where I can, I try my best to be as constructive as possible, never mocking their efforts, with a little careful editing a good number of the stories sent in will end up in print."

I clearly remembered having my first story published. I was on cloud nine when it happened.

### **"Nightlife"**

"You are going to love this place, the Kingsland Bar has some of the most beautiful shemales in California, truly stunning, a word of warning though, don't try and use your camera in here, otherwise we'll be thrown out, okay?"

The first thing that struck me was how few men were in the club; all of the staff appeared to be females, as were the clientele who occupied the tables and lined the full length of the bar.

“So when do I get to see the gorgeous she-males that you mentioned, Ron?”

“Ron laughed. “Take a good look around the room buddy.... they are *all* she-males!”

I too laughed, sure that he was joking, but his expression told me that he was deadly serious. We managed to find ourselves a vacant table just as the House lights began to dim.

“Ladies!! Lets give a great big Kingsland welcome to the beautiful, talented *Miss Honey Blaine!* The rear curtains opened and a single spotlight picked out Honey ... What a babe! I thought that I'd died and gone to Heaven, for Honey was surely an Angel!

Honey strutted her way to the middle of the stage just as the sound system kicked in with George Michaels “*FASTLOVE*” Honey began to bump and grind her way through the number, she was wearing a skimpy black lacy Basque and a matching thong, and on her feet a pair of black leather ankle straps with 4inch stiletto heels.

Honey left the stage and began to make her way around the room. Picking out tables to stop at, kissing and fondling the tables occupants.... and she was heading our way!

Just before she reached us the music stopped, she pulled up short, gave a little shrug, smiled and mouthed the word “Sorry”.

Of the two new Dancers one was Black and the other Latino, the D.J. introduced them as Candy Wade and Maria Lopez.

The D.J. cranked up the volume and the girls got into their routine, both were good, but neither was a match for Honey Blaine.

This was one crazy place, a little later a dancer named Michelle Goodwin came on stage, she was a stunner! The law says that she must be at least eighteen years, but in my opinion she looked no older than sixteen. When she had finished on the stage Michelle came down amongst the tables, ours was her third stop.

She stood before me, using her knees she pushed my legs wide apart, then reaching down she undid my belt and the zip on my trousers, before I really knew what was happening she was on her knees before me and was sucking my cock, she took it all the way in, licking and sucking until I shot my load into her mouth, she sucked me dry, swallowing it all.

At a little after 10 p.m. we left the Kingsland bar, Ron laughed and shook his head, “Seems like I can't take you anywhere, Ken, you've only been in the U.S.A. for five minutes and you've already had a blow job. Okay my friend, if you still feel up for some fun I can take you to a discreet little members-only club that I know of up in the hills?”

I didn't need asking twice! The taxicab pulled up outside the wide double gates of what appeared to be a small private estate, the driver opened his window and pressed the button on the intercom box; “Hello, can I help you?” said a metallic sounding voice.

Ron leaning forward in his seat said, “Hi, Marsha? It’s Ron! Listen, hon, I’ve got my friend Ken from England with me, are you going to make us welcome.... or leave us here at the gate all night?”

Laughing, a very feminine voice replied, “Come on up, sweetheart, and bring your friend with you, there’s plenty to go around.”

Ron paid off the taxicab at the gates and we walked the 200 or so yards to the main house. As Ron reached for the doorbell the door was opened by a gorgeous red head, without saying a word Ron and the red head whom I assumed was Marsha embraced, their lingering kiss told me that they were more than friends.

“Ken, I’d like you to meet a friend of mine, this is Marsha, we met during her feminisation back in 1983, Marsha, this is my friend Ken, he’s from England...but hey, don’t hold that against him! Ken is a writer like me and just love’s special girls like you...Isn’t that right Buddy?”

I nodded and smiled, leaving all the talking to Ron, he said, “So, are you going to invite us in, or are you going to leaving us stood here on your doorstep?”

Marsha showed us through to the main lounge, I stopped and looked around, my mouth open in shock as I took in the sight before me, for the room was full of beautiful girls and women, some were sitting and some were standing, their ages ranged from early teens through to mid - to late 20’s.

“Girls, I would like you all to welcome two friends of mine, they are Ron and Ken, they are authors of those little books that you find so interesting!”

“No other customers tonight, Marsha?” asked Ron.

“We’ve been closed down for 48 hours Sugar, it seems that someone has complained to the local authorities, maybe its the police department’s idea.... you know, squeeze for an extra payout? Anyway boys, it’s your lucky night, we are all yours, just take your pick.”

Ron looking deep into her eyes took her hand and said, “I already have”....

I stood with a drink in my hand chatting to a couple of the girls, as I did so I glanced around the room, not one of the she-males looked like anything less than a natural pretty girl, I knew that I was going to have to pick one soon.... If only I could have them all, now wouldn’t that be something?

Ron with his arms around Marsha looked across the room at Ken and laughed, “Look at him...He’s like a child in a candy store. I bet he’s thinking, ‘If only I could have them all’.”

Marsha said, “Well he can, I’m sure that all of the girls would be happy to oblige, they haven’t had to work tonight yet I’m still paying them, so there shouldn’t be a problem? Right, leave the girls to me, and make sure that Ken waits until I’m ready, okay?”

### ***“Body talk”***

I knew what girl I wanted as soon as I laid eyes on her, she was about five feet, nine inches tall with a classic hourglass figure, her long straight blond hair fell to a point midway down her back, her make up was on the heavy side, her oh so long eyelashes looked false, her wide mouth with its red painted lips looked made to suck cock, she was wearing a white figure-hugging soft and fluffy mini dress which barely reached mid thigh, on her feet were a pair of black twin ankle strap shoes with four-inch stiletto heels.

Her name was Danielle.... she took me by the hand and lead me upstairs to her bedroom, wearing nothing under her dress it only took her a moment or two to undress, she stood before me, her nipples stood erect, her cock, though limp was still almost twice the size of mine, her eyes were half closed and she was breathing heavy as she said, "Oh hurry up Baby...come on...I want you!"

I didn't need telling twice, I was so turned on I feared that I would come in my pants before I could get undressed!

I lay back on the four poster bed, my eyes closed as Danielle slowly and gently explored my body with her hands and her mouth, I thought that I heard someone else enter my room but I was too far gone to worry about it, I felt Danielle's body press against mine, pinning me down, it felt so good.... suddenly I felt hands at my wrists and ankles, before I could react I found that I had been tied securely to the beds four posts.

Two girls had joined us, one was an Asian, her heavy long black hair hung down to her slim waist, she was wearing a lacy black Basque which did very little to hide the very unladylike bulge between her shapely legs. The other girl, a brunette, looked no more than 15 or 16 years old, although I felt sure that Marsha would not employ someone so young.... at least I hoped so. She wore her hair pulled back in a high ponytail which only went to make her look even more like a school girl, she wore a simple white cotton nightie with a large Teddy bear motif on its front.

The oriental girl kissed me like I'd never been kissed before, her long dark hair falling across my face like a curtain blocking out what the other two girls were doing to me, I may not have been able to see...but I could certainly feel as my hard cock was sucked deep into a warm moist mouth, my every nerve end was tingling, my body crying out for release...when it eventually came wave after wave of pleasure washed over me, my "ordeal" did not stop there, for the girls did not stop, it was torture as they continued to lick and suck at my sensitive erogenous zones, even the soft touch of the girls long hair as it trailed across my chest, my stomach had me begging for mercy.

Throughout that long night the girls continued to visit me in their ones twos threes and fours, even when I was completely drained and unable to reach another climax they wouldn't leave me alone, sucking my limp cock, and kissing and licking every inch of me, this went on until I'd had every girl in the House...some more than once.

Downstairs the following morning Marsha and the girls greeted me as if nothing had happened the night before. Most girls sat around the large oval table, some were eating, but most were content with a cigarette and a cup of coffee.

Ron sat with Marsha; they couldn't keep their hands off each other, both looking like the cat that got the cream!

“Good morning Ken, did you sleep well?” he asked, trying his best not to laugh...and failing.

I tried to look angry, but it was impossible, I'd just had the most incredible experience of my life, a night which I would always remember.

“Yeah, well you know what its like, Ron, the girls were finding it hard to keep up with me, in the end I had to let them get some rest.”

“Okay ,super stud, I believe you!” Laughed Ron.

### **“California Sun”....**

We spent the next few days exploring California. It is vast, we spent hours driving between locations. Ron didn't seem to mind, as he pointed out the many tourist attractions, several of which we would return to.

*Sunset Boulevard. Venice Beach. The Golden Gate Bridge. Carmel. Marin. ... The Big Sur Coast, Santa Barbara, And Monterey. ...*Each so beautiful they took my breath away! We did the whole Tourist “bit” including a ride on a cable car and the film studio tour!

I met a lot of new people and made a lot of new friends, native Californians were warm and friendly, they worked hard and they played hard, American people were proud of their country and would fiercely fight to protect it,

Most people here like the English, and for some strange reason Americans loved our British accent!

Ron is a very generous guy, and as host he wanted to pay for everything, I had to almost arm-wrestle him to be allowed to pay for a Hot Dog or a Beer! The last thing that I wanted to do was to sit back and take advantage of his good nature.

We had only been back at Ron's home ten minutes when the telephone rang, Ron picked it up and listened for a moment or two, “Okay honey, just give me a minute or two and I will get him for you, yeah sure, that's alright, here's Ken.”

Putting his hand across the telephone mouthpiece and in a stage whisper Ron said, “It's Marsha for you, Ken, she wants to have a talk with you about one of her girls, you had better speak with her... it sounds serious.”

With a trembling hand I reached for the Telephone receiver, “Hello, this is Ken, is there a problem?”

“That depends, do you remember a pretty blonde girl named Danielle?”

“Oh yes, she was gorgeous, how could I forget her...she, she is alright isn't she?”

“Yes, Darling, she's fine!” laughed Marsha, Danielle has told me that she likes you, Ken - she likes you a lot, and she was wondering if perhaps you might like to go on a date with her.... Just the two of you?”

“Oh yes, very much so,”

“Okay honey, let me get Danielle for you so that you can make plans.”

At Ron's insistence I borrowed his car. “Now don't you be worrying Ken, the car is insured, its not long been serviced, and it has just under a full tank of gas.

“Don't forget that you are collecting Danielle from Marsha's, at 7:30 p.m., and you have a table booked for 8:15 p.m. at “Lessons In Love” the newest trendy restaurant here in Redondo Beach. I've heard that some couples who try to book are kept waiting for up to two months for a decent table, so be cool!”

*Lessons in Love*.... now where have I heard that before? Got it, it is the name of a single released by an English Band named Level 42.

Even wearing my two-piece gray suit and a shirt and tie I still felt under-dressed here, the clientele obviously had money, and looking around the room it was obvious that all had class.

That, of course, included Danielle, she looked like a million dollars, I couldn't take my eyes off her, she was wearing a very short pleated tartan skirt that hugged her ample thighs, a crisp white blouse went some way to hiding her sizeable bosom, peering through the gaps between the buttons I could see her boobs nestled into the low cut lacy white cups of her bra.

Danielle also wore sheer black hose and a pair of strappy black shoes with 4-inch spike heels. Never mind the menu, she looked good enough to eat!

I was pleased that Danielle had decided to wear her long straight blond hair loose, it looked so sexy! Her makeup too was just perfect!

I could see from the admiring glances that Danielle was receiving from many of the male diners when they thought that their wives and girlfriends weren't looking.... not one suspected even for a minute that she was anything other than the beautiful young woman that she appeared to be.

After we had eaten our meals and the table had been cleared, Danielle asked, “Do you mind if I smoke? I know that I shouldn't but it's a really hard habit to break.”

“No, please go right ahead.”

Danielle took a pack of cigarettes from her purse, she took one out and put it between her full red painted lips, then reaching into her purse again she took out a slimline gold lighter and lit her cigarette, inhaling deeply she blew a long stream of blue/grey smoke towards the ceiling. Even smoking a cigarette looked sexy when she did it.

“Danielle, can I ask you a personal question?”

“Sure Ken, ask away.”

“I was wondering when you decided that you wanted to dress and live as a woman? And how come you have become so feminine and pretty?”

“I was a transvestite, Ken, as time passed it became an obsession with me to create the illusion of total femininity, I started to experiment with female hormones.... and the new very powerful. Female D.N.A. based supplements, the effects of which are rapid and very permanent.

“I lost my job, for we had more people coming in to stare at me, than there was to buy things. My Family were quick to disown me, my mother crying, my father claiming that he had never had a son. Well, I had no family, no job, and no roof over my head, with no where to go I was on the streets, it didn't take Marsha long to find me and take me under her wing, the rest, as they say, Ken, is history.”

Conversation came easy, it was nice to find out that we had so much in common, laughter too, came easy and we had a fantastic evening.

Not wanting to impose on Ron's good nature too much Danielle and I decided to go back to Marsha's.

Danielle took my hand and took me upstairs to her own private room, unlike the rooms that the girls used for their clients, with their four poster beds and pornographic prints on the walls, Danielle's room couldn't have been more innocent, with its South Park bed set, and dolls and cuddly toys on every surface.

There was nothing childish about Danielle's behaviour once we got between the sheets together...she was all woman!

The following evening we decided to make a foursome, I hadn't realised just how striking Marsha was, she was in her mid 40's but could easily pass for ten years younger.

Even in Casual jeans and sweater Danielle looked like a million Dollars!

Well, we decided on a Movie, ***The Last Samurai*** starring Tom Cruise, when we arrived at the movie theatre we found that we had just enough time to grab a bucket of popcorn and a cold drink each before the main feature started.

The Movie was fantastic; Danielle and I sitting hand in hand totally engrossed, Ron and Marsha were busy making their own type of entertainment together, barely coming up for air, they were like a couple of love struck teenagers petting at the drive in! It's amazing to think that these two gorgeous creatures were really gender males.

Later, we stopped at a street vendor and bought “King Size” hot dogs.

With only four days remaining of my two weeks vacation I hated the thought of it coming to an end and having to return to my life in England Don't get me wrong, I am proud to be English, proud of our heritage.... but I have fallen in love with California, it would be great to call Redondo Beach home.

And as for Danielle...I would miss her like crazy; she was loving, caring, and considerate, fun loving and attentive, and a fantastic lover. Dare I admit it even to myself? I was falling deeply in love with Danielle.

The remaining four days of my vacation I managed to “split myself in two” spending the days with Ron sightseeing and exploring the Californian hills, the nights were spent in the arms of Danielle, we were both now desperately unhappy now that we were soon to be parted, I couldn't offer Danielle any comfort for I felt sure that we would soon be forced to go our own ways.

Why hadn't I thought of it earlier? Danielle and I were deeply in love with each other.... so why not get married? It was simple really, a marriage certificate would keep us together, all Danielle needed was the usual Identification documents, Birth certificate, Dental records, her Medical records, Driving licence and such but showing her gender as female. I was assured that all of these documents could be had for a price.

That night Danielle seemed to be preoccupied, she had offered to cook us dinner, I loved my red meat so Danielle was preparing a sizeable steak each.

After dinner we settled down on the settee, Danielle had produced a second bottle of wine, this one a red, by the time that it was empty I was feeling no pain, as I stood up the room began to spin, as my knees began to buckle I sank slowly to the carpeted floor.

### ***“Feminised Nightmare”***

I awoke to the sound of crying, I could hear people talking in hushed tones close by, I tried to open my eyes but it felt as if my eyelids were glued together.... finally they parted, sweeping across my eyes every time that I blinked were long dark eyelashes, I gave them an exploratory tug but I only succeeded in making my eyes water.

Sitting up I became aware of several things at once, the weight of a pair of large very womanly breasts, and the feel of my now long hair as it tumbled around my face and shoulders, In panic I reached for my cock...finding it, only to realise that it was smaller, much smaller than it had been before.

I screamed then, a sound full of anguish and despair, I must have passed out then, for when I awoke sometime later it was to find Danielle sitting on the bed holding my hand, Ron was sat in an easy chair in the corner opposite,

On realising that I was awake Danielle called to Ron, “Ron!...Ron! quick! Ken is awake again!”

Ron came and sat down on the bed next to Laura, “How are you doing buddy? You had us all a little worried back there?”

“I had you worried? How do you think that I felt, waking to find myself like this? Just what the hell has happened to me?”

Danielle began to cry again, “Oh Ken, its all my fault, I felt sure that you would return home to England and I would never see you again, I suppose that I went a little crazy, I thought that if you wouldn't stay with me of your own free will then I would make you stay, I.... I gave you three injections of the new Female Hormone

D.N.A. formula, your body went into convulsions, I thought that you were going to die.

“Well, I went and fetched Marsha, she took one look at you and phoned for Doctor Bryant, he was here in minutes.... it was touch and go for a while but finally he was able to stabilise you. Three injections was a massive overdose Ken, I could have killed you!

“Your feminisation was greatly accelerated, you began to change before our very eyes, Doctor Bryant said that you had become the woman that you would have been had you been born Female.”

“Surely this can't be happening to me, there has to be a way back?”

“None, buddy, the effects are irreversible even after one injection, and remember you've had three of them! Lets face it Ken, you are a woman now, enjoy it.... we are all here to help you in any way that we can.”

“Yes, but unlike Danielle and Marsha and the girls, I had no wish to even dress up as one, let alone this! How can I go home now? How can I let my family and friends see me like this?”

I had no reason to remain in bed, I wasn't ill, physically at least I felt 100%, mentally of course was another story, Insisting on the return of my male clothes would have been a waste of time, for there was no way that they would fit me now, the working girls at Marsha's all donated items of their own clothing, soon I had enough to fill a closet!

I remember the first time that I had dressed in them, I couldn't help but wonder how something that fit me so perfectly could feel so strange...yet I suppose that I could say the same thing about my new body!

##

# “Cutting Edge”

By Stacy Nolan

I had never loved Claire, in fact I had never really loved any woman come to that, they were useful for one thing only...SEX.

I had met Claire what, seven or eight months ago? She had been with three friends waiting in a large queue outside “**STORM**” *nightclub* on Wardour Street in the heart of London’s Soho, I had walked right up to the girls and after a bit of the old chit chat they were more than happy to let me escort them into the club.

We walked right up to the front of the queue stopping before the door security team, Mehmet the supervisor kept a close eye on the clubs four doorman, seeing us he came rushing over.

“Nick, it’s so good to see you! Please come on in my friend and bring these beautiful ladies with you!”

Five minutes later we were sat at one of the best tables with a view of the dance floor, all with a complimentary drink.

Whilst Claire’s three friends were very pretty, Claire was stunningly beautiful, an angel!

Claire giggled, “I’m sorry, where are my manners? These are my friends Tracy, Debbie and Tina, and my name is Claire.”

“I’m very pleased to meet you Ladies, my name is Nick - Nick Morgan.

Three months later and Claire was already talking about marriage...what was wrong with women? Why did they always go and spoil things?

I didn't want to end it with Claire, she was *Hot* between the sheets, an experienced lover who knew exactly which buttons to push, but she was leaving me no choice.

With Sarah and Gina tucked away safely in their own little “Love nests” I figured it was time to say “Bye Bye” to Claire.

A nice guy would break it to her gently, but hey, whoever said that I was a nice guy?

Lets just say that Claire was far from pleased...I have the scratches on my face to prove it, talk about a woman scorned!

Claire was soon forgotten, especially now that I had the two new girls on the go, Sarah for weeknights and Gina to keep me company at the weekends.

The woman was waiting for me as I left work, somehow she looked vaguely familiar? She followed me across the car park to my Toyota.

“Mr. Morgan? I’m sorry to approach you in this manner, I’m Mrs. Scott...Claire’s Mom?”

“I’m sorry Mrs. Scott but I went over all of this with Claire, she is a beautiful young woman,

I’m sure that she won’t be alone for long”

“I haven’t come here to plead with you to take Claire back Mr. Morgan...I’ve come to let you know that Claire is now four months pregnant, and if the tests that she had recently are conclusive Claire is carrying your baby son”

“I’m sorry Mrs. Scott but if I’m supposed to be moved...I’m not, if Claire wants to have this baby then that’s up to her, but don’t expect me to hang around to play happy family okay?”

She went to slap my face but I grabbed her wrist before she could make contact, I squeezed hard knowing that I was hurting her.

“Look, if you want my advice get Claire to have an abortion, its the best thing to do in the long run, I’ll even pay for the abortion.... how’s that?”

“We don’t need your money, what you need is a chance to experience life as a woman, then perhaps you’ll understand what a Bastard you are.”

I laughed at her and shook my head, without another word I got in the car and drove away.

### **“PINK FOR A GIRL”**

Sunday Morning, 4:23 a.m., I awoke from a deep sleep to the persistent ringing of the doorbell, and if that wasn't bad enough whoever it was decided to start knocking on the door as well...”Oh for fucks sake give it a rest will you?” I grabbed for a pair of shorts and quickly pulled them on.

Furious, I unlocked the front door and flung it open, two guys stood facing me, both looked as hard as nails and as big as Mack trucks, I quickly swallowed the mouthful of insults that I'd been about to throw at them.

“You Morgan?”

“Why, who wants to know?”

I saw the open hand slap coming from a mile off but still couldn't avoid it, but it landed with enough force to knock me half way across the room.

“Looked painful, Mike.”

“Yeah Bob...painful.”

“Nice Apartment.”

“Yeah, real nice.”

“The guy has style.”

“Right, style.”

“Boys! Boys! Listen, I don't know who you are, but you're certainly not the inventors of "Scrabble!"

Both of the big guys roared with laughter, then they strode across the room and reached for me, and then that was all she wrote...*Blackness*.

My eyes slowly fluttered open, I glanced to my right, there was a woman sitting watching me, her expression unreadable, she looked familiar...got it! Claire's Mom, just what the hell was going on here?

As I tried to sit up I found that I couldn't move an inch, I lay on some sort of padded table, my wrists and ankles secured tightly, two wide leather straps crossed my stomach and chest tightly

“Look Mrs. ...Mrs. Scott, why am I here - where is Claire?”

“Claire does not know that you are here, Mr. Morgan...or can I call you Nick? It seems stupid to stand on ceremony when we are almost family!”

“Us...Family? Not in your wildest dreams.”

“It may well be nightmares in your case, Nick.”

“What are you planning to do to me?”

“Not me Nick...but the surgeon who I have employed to work for me, you see my dear Nick she is going to perform a little operation on you, one which will transform you into a beautiful feminine young girl, a girl of eleven years old.”

Laughing out loud I said, “Don't be ridiculous! Now you are talking complete fantasy...look, you've had your little joke, just let me go and I'll forget all about it, okay?”

“Nick, oh Nick, don't you get it? I'm not talking about sex change surgery; I'm talking something so new that it has never been tried before, and just think, you'll be the first person to benefit from it.

“Let me explain, our donor is eleven year old Louise Weaver, yesterday on her way home from school she was attacked by a street robber, in the struggle that followed Louise suffered trauma to her brain and slipped into a coma, her body was uninjured in the attack, but sadly the monitor which she is attached to shows no brain activity at all, she is clinically brain dead.

“What we intend to do with you Nick is transfer all of your thoughts, memories, hopes and dreams, the very essence that is Nick Morgan into the dead brain of Louise Weaver, not surgery you understand, but something far more advanced, and the beauty of it is Nick is that its a one way trip...there is no coming back...ever.”

“Oh you fucking sick bitch, you can't get away with this, I'll stop you, and I'll...”

“You'll do nothing Nick apart from lay back and enjoy the experience” because afterwards Nick Morgan will no longer exist, your body will be disposed of after the procedure, not only will you be trapped in Louise's body, you will also take on her identity...her Birth Certificate, her medical and dental records, it will be the most exquisite torture imaginable for you!”

I felt the sharp scratch of a needle as it slipped into the flesh of my thigh, within seconds I was feeling drowsy, fighting to keep my eyes open...it was a losing battle, a mask was placed over my nose and mouth and I was gone.

Waking was like trying to climb out of a deep black hole, I struggled every inch of the way; I finally managed to crawl my way over the edge into wakefulness.

I sat up in bed and swung my legs over the side, I noticed several things at once, my feet didn't reach the floor, I was now wearing a nightdress, it was pink and covered in little teddy bears, it also had frills at its hem, its cuffs and its neckline, as I leant forward long blond hair swayed around my face, its soft touch making me tingle all over.

Getting up from the bed I crossed the room towards a wall mounted mirror, it seemed to take forever to cross the room walking as I now did with small girlish steps.

Seeing my reflection gave me the shock of my life, you see, the bastards had really gone through with it...standing before me was a pretty young blond girl, I stifled a scream, a sound full of anguish and despair, backing away from the image in the mirror and shaking her head.

The door behind me opened and in walked Mrs. Scott accompanied by two burley women in hospital whites, one of them bent over me, her face just inches from mine.

“My, aren't you a perfectly gorgeous young lady!

“You fucking Bitch!” I shouted in a high-pitched girlish scream.

“Now now Nicola, your a young Lady now, moderate your language please!”

Sobbing, I said, “You won't get away with this you know, you can't keep me here for ever and when I get out I'm going straight to the police, I'll tell them what you have done to me, you'll go to prison for this!”

“And of course they will believe you, will they? Or will they think that you are mad? If you were to carry on insisting that you are really an adult male you would most probably be sent to an assessment centre, where if your were still insisting that your crazy story were true you would then be taken into care.”

“So what do you suggest then?” I asked, feeling self-doubt beginning to creep in.

“There are agencies where people are desperate to adopt children, young couples who cannot have children of their own, a pretty little girl like you Nicola would be snapped up.”

“How about if I went home to my own parents? I could tell them things that only I would know, they may be shocked but I know that they would believe me.”

“Yes, I’m sure that they would dear, but think of the consequences, the newspapers, magazines, television, radio, you wouldn't get a moments privacy, you would become public property, a freak to be laughed at or pitied, and just imagine the strain on your poor parents, do you really want to put them through that, Nicola?”

“No, of course not...okay, I'll do whatever you ask.”

### ***“Ribbons and Bow's”...***

**Three Months Later.** Why did Tracey Hudson have to invite me to her Birthday Party? It gave my new “Mom” a chance to dress me up, I hated all the fuss, now here I sat in my frilly party dress, it tied at the back with a large bow, on my feet I wore white frilly ankle socks and black patent leather mary janes.

My hair was an absolute nightmare, so long and blond and full of ringlets and curls, pink ribbons trailed down from several large bows, I wore a touch of make-up and my fingernails were painted a pastel pink.

Tracey and I were together in the same class in school, she was 13 today but looked more like 15 or 16 years old, her budding breasts were much bigger than those of the other girls in our class including mine, Tracey also smoked and she had at least two boyfriends that we all knew of, Brad Norton and Jeff Hanson.

I hated having to go to the party, but the last thing that I wanted to do was attract attention to myself by standing out from the crowd and being too different.

The party was “Girls Only” thankfully, for some strange reason I felt awkward around boys, I guess that I worried the boys would see right through me, know that deep down inside that I was male myself, stupid I know, but who could blame me for being a little paranoid?

Tracey's party was just what I had expected, playing C.D.s from the latest “Boy Bands” the girls dancing with each other, others sat around doing each others hair and make-up.

A little later in the evening Tracey’s Mom opened the buffet for us, we all collected a plate then joined the queue at the buffet table, I hadn't realised just how hungry I was, I think that this was the only time all evening when the girls were quiet!

After the table was cleared and paper plates disposed of we all settled down to watch a DVD, "Bad Boys 2" an action / comedy which all of the girls seemed to enjoy.

Then right on time as arranged my new "Dad" called to collect me, he seemed to be genuinely happy to see me, saying, "Hello Honey, I've missed you, your Mom and me haven't known what to do with ourselves all evening, anyhow, how did the party go? Did you have a nice time Sweetheart?"

"Yeah, it was fine thanks Dad, I really enjoyed myself...its another four months to my thirteenth birthday, damn!"

It wasn't surprising that I eventually accepted my new life, I was now a female. It was that simple, and I was feeling everything that a young girl growing up would feel approaching puberty.

My body too was developing at an alarming rate, it was frightening yet exciting, for I was changing from a girl into a young woman before my very eyes.

My face was growing prettier by the day, my breasts were blossoming, and my body was rapidly taking on a very feminine shape.

One good thing about getting older was being able to get out of young girls clothes, I was sick of the frilly dresses, the ribbons and bows, the clothes which I now wore were those popular with teenage girls...low cut tops, short skirts and high heels.

### **"KUNG FU FIGHTING"....**

With each passing day my memories of life as Nick Morgan faded, I actually thought of myself as Nicola Walsh now.

By the age of fifteen I was smoking like most of my school friends, we also spent ages styling each other's hair and experimenting with make-up.

Two nights per week we all went along to the youth club in Wood Green in north London, Friday nights were usually best, seeming to attract a better crowd.

That is except for last week, Chrissie Martin, Janice Barnes and I left the club a little before 10 p.m., we stopped at the Fish & Chip shop, on the high street, with a bag of chips and a can of Coke each we began the half a mile walk home.

We hesitated for a moment or two outside the main gates of Finsbury Park, a short cut through would really shorten our journey, we decided to risk it, despite warnings from our Teachers and Family to keep clear of the park, especially at night.

They came out of the darkness moving fast, there was two of them, both had been in the Youth Club earlier in the evening, two lad's of 15 or 16 trying their best to look tough.

"Well hello girls, we've been waiting for you, I thought we might have a little fun together, and naturally we have come prepared."

Both boys reached into pockets of their Leather jackets and came out holding a wrapped condom.

Janice Barnes found this hilarious; “Look...two Dickheads with their new rubber hats!”

The boys didn't find this even slightly funny; the taller of the two stepped in close and said, “Maybe I'll just show you girlies what we use them for.”

He made a grab for Janice but she sidestepped and struck him a stinging slap across his face, he lunged for her, ripping her blouse in the process and exposing her full breasts in their lacy bra cups. This seemed to spur both boys on as they pounced on poor Janice.

She screamed, kicking and lashing out slapping and scratching, but to no avail, the boys were like wild animals.

Without a moments hesitation, feeling white-hot rage I ran forward and kicked the nearest of the two boys full in the face feeling his nose break as I did so.

As the second boy came at me I let fly with a volley of vicious punches, his face was a mess, with blood pouring from his nose and mouth, even his left eye was swollen shut, I slammed a punch into his gut, as he doubled up in agony I brought my knee up into his exposed face, his head snapped back and he hit the ground hard, out for the count.

Despite just seeing his friend take a beating the first boy still fancied his chances against me it was his problem, and it would prove to be a painful one.

Getting up he touched his broken nose, wincing in pain; he stared down at his bloodied fingers.

“Oh you fucking Bitch...you're in for it now!”

Give him his due, he knew his stuff...he came in fast and low but I was ready for him.

I drove straight fingers into his exposed throat stopping him in his tracks; I followed this with a kick to his nuts with a high-pitched squeal he slowly sank to the ground.

“Wow, Nicola, that was amazing!” cried Janice, “Who taught you to fight like that? Steven Seagal?”

“Nah, his sister” I laughed.

“Hey Nicola, can you teach us some of those moves?” asked Chrissie.

“Sure, but on the understanding that this goes no further, you've got to promise to tell no one, okay?”

“Sure Nicola, no problem,” said Chrissie.

“I won't say a word...honest,” said Janice, her expression serious.

**“Not Your Average Girl”....**

Despite my parents efforts to turn my bedroom into a typical “Girly Den”, my room painted a feminine shade of pastel pink, lacy curtains tied back with big bows, a frilly bedspread, a brand new vanity table, its top covered in bottles of nail varnish, lipsticks, and tubes of mascara, cuddly toys and dolls on my bed, despite everything it still looked like a boys room.

My clothes were left in untidy piles on the floor for “Mom” to collect, there was no stupid “Boy Bands” in my C.D. collection, I preferred the heavier sounds of *Aerosmith*, *Meatloaf*, *Whitesnake*, and *REO Speedwagon*.

On my walls I had several posters, Pamela Anderson, Demi Moore, Smith & Wesson Handguns, and one of a classic Ford Mustang.

One thing that drove my “Parents” wild was my choice in reading matter; I enjoyed the novels of Dean Koontz, “Fear Nothing” “Seize The Night” “The Taking” *Brilliant!* The only other author who came anywhere near was Englishman Shaun Hutson.

Needless to say, my “Parents” were not impressed with my growing book collection, Mom insisted in buying for me magazines aimed at the lucrative teenage girls market, I’m sure that they feared that I would grow up a Lesbian! Each week the magazines always ended up in my room’s waste paper basket...unread of course!

After a few weeks Mom got the message and I saw no more of the magazines, I was delighted I was sick of seeing Britney Spears face smiling at me from the magazines glossy covers.

My viewing matter was also a bone of contention, I hated “Chic Flics” Soap Opera's, and Game Shows, but loved a good action film, anything starring Bruce Willis, Tom Cruise, or my all time favourite, Bruce Lee.

You might well assume from what I have told you that I am some butch “Tom Boy”?...but you would be wrong. I never wear jeans or trousers, unisex sweaters and T - shirts, or shoes or boots with a heel of less than three inches.

For a start I wouldn't dream of being seen out without my make-up, I wear my perfectly conditioned long straight hair to a point just short of my waist, and my choice in clothes is always ultra feminine, Angora and cashmere sweaters, short woollen skirts, stiletto heeled shoes and of course the sexiest Lingerie imaginable, I take a lot of pride in my appearance and take it as a compliment when guys smile and wolf whistle me.

Is it any wonder that I’m confused about my sexuality?

Every now and then Nick Morgan will break through the facade, his memories and personality will come to the surface, I will see the pretty young girl that I have become, causing me anxiety and distress, everything seemed so alien to me, from my long feminine hair, to my make-up, and my pretty clothes, it may sound silly, but having to sit down to urinate is easily the most embarrassing thing for me.

My face blushed red and my heart beat was racing fit to burst, his name was Steve Henley, he was the Hottest guy in school, all of the girls were after him, but so far he had kept his distance from them.

“Wow, and for a while I thought that I was the only D.K fan here!”

For a moment I was flustered, he had lost me.... then I realised, we were both carrying a hardback copy of “The Taking” Dean Koontz latest release.

I smiled, “Oh right Dean Koontz, is there any other author?”

We chatted for a while about his books, it appeared that we had both read all of his works.

Steve Henley smiled, his blue eyes twinkled and his perfect white teeth sparkled, he said, “Listen, we've got a lot to talk about, would you like to go for a coffee with me after school breaks this afternoon?”

“Yeah, Id like that...sorry, I don't know your name?”

“Steve, I’m Steve Henley,” he said, holding out his hand to me.

I took his hand and we shook hands gently, my face again flushed red as I said, “Hi Steve, my name is Nicola Morgan.”

### **“Dino's Bar & Grill”....**

I hadn't laughed so much in ages! Steve had a wicked sense of humour!

We went from discussing the works of Dean Koontz to favourite movies, Television shows, Cars, and Hobbies.

He laughed and said “Do you know something, Nicola, I've never known another girl like you, don't get me wrong, you are absolutely *gorgeous!* But you’re also like one of the lads! You’re amazing!”

*If only you knew the truth,* I thought to myself.

We sat back and ordered another coffee and a piece of pie each, totally at ease in each other’s company.



Steve obviously had no intention of “rushing things” we had been going out together for almost four months before he even mentioned Sex,

Well tonight was the night, Steve's parents were away for the weekend and we had the house all to ourselves, I had told my “Parents” that I would be staying with my friend Janice, so there was no problem there.

Things will happen at the right time and not before ...Well, how many people get to lose their virginity twice in one life time?

##

# ***Draven, Midnight Hunter***

*By Stacy Nolan*

My story began about two years ago, I had left the Marines nine months before. Finding it impossible to find any work other than Security for piss-poor wages. With nothing better to do I began to spend most of my time hanging around the local pubs. Drowning my sorrows didn't help.

Leaving “The Horse & Jockey” in London’s Soho I headed for Leicester Square underground Station and a thirty-minute journey home. I reached the platform just as a train was pulling out, cursing my timing I took a seat knowing that it was approximately fifteen minutes or so until the next train was due.

The scream made the hairs on the back of my neck stand on end, it was terror personified. I was up and running in the direction of the scream in an instant, reaching inside my old Army jacket I unsheathed my knife, a true fighting knife with a nine inch serrated non reflective blackened blade and a steel knuckle guard that doubled as a knuckle duster.

As I rounded the corner I was faced with a scene straight out of a nightmare: A huge darkened figure crouched over an old man who lay in a spreading pool of his own blood, I stopped in my tracks as the figure turned to face me, surely I must be asleep and dreaming this?

It was not human, not by a long shot ... or was it? As it stood to face me I saw that it stood at least seven feet tall, lean and muscular, its large paws were tipped with wicked looking claws, its elongated jaws were lined with wicked looking razor sharp teeth, its red eyes a glimpse into hell.

It looked me up and down and in a low voice said, “Hmm, how kind! Dessert!”

Without warning it sprang at me knocking me to the ground, its claws ripped through my clothing, raking the skin beneath. I used my left hand to try and hold its snapping jaws at bay whilst with my right I searched for my knife which the creature’s impact had knocked from my grasp.

Suddenly my fingers locked around it and with all of my remaining strength I thrust it into the creatures throat, it staggered back, its eyes filled with pain and shock, I followed hacking and stabbing at it relentlessly.

It went down, its growls turning to whimpers as life left its body.

The knife slipped from my grasp as I myself slowly slid to the ground laying inches from the monster, I spiraled down into unconsciousness.

\*\*\*

As soon as I came to in my Hospital bed I found myself surrounded by cops, it seems they had me down for the murder of the old guy, the way that they had it figured I had tried to rob him, when I found out that that he had no money in a frenzied attack I had stabbed him repeatedly with the vicious combat knife. They could give no reason for my injuries so decided to ignore them.

A burly Detective stood over me. “So what’s the story, Cowboy, been taking some bad shit? Are you seeing things?”

Before I could think up a snappy answer the door opened and another “suit” entered the room. He looked around the room, seeming to sum up the situation at a glance. “Alright boys, the party is over, go home and get your beauty sleep!”

Reaching inside his jacket he took out a leather wallet, which contained a badge that I couldn't see from the angle where I lay. Whatever it was it certainly did the trick, the cops didn't need telling twice.

“Mr. Draven? I'm pleased to meet you, my name is Victor, I work for a small government department - so small in fact very few know of our existence, and that’s the way that we like it. ... Well you certainly did a number on that Breed, eight wounds, any of which could have been fatal.”

“What the fuck *was* that ugly bastard?”

“To be totally honest, Mr. Draven, after sixteen years research we still don’t know. They could be a new species, or something much older than mankind itself, perhaps even the origin of the Werewolf legend.”

“How many of them are there?”

“I wish we knew, there have been reported incidents in the U.S.A. Russia, China, and Sweden to name just a few, none more so than here in England where over recent years sightings and incidents have increased markedly.”

“Okay, so what happens to me now?”

“That rather depends on you, the brute that you killed has now been disposed of, you see the general public cannot find out about our *friends*. Can you imagine the widespread panic? Even the police and the military know only of the rumours. No, Mr. Draven, you will be charged with the rather nasty murder of Mr. Jenkins, the elderly gentleman that you tried to save.”

“Your secret won't remain a secret once I get into court, I'll make sure that everyone knows.”

“Really, and who is going to listen to the ravings of another lunatic? Calm down Mr. Draven, I have a proposition for you. How would you like to hunt those bastards down? Working for us at Goldberg & Wright, you would to all intents and purposes be above the law; we would supply you with anything that you may need, including custom-built weaponry, body armour and equipment, and naturally a good monthly salary and expenses, and as already stated, you are answerable only to us, well Mr Draven, what do you think?”

\*\*\*

In the months that followed I found myself a playmate in the form of a young and very sexy transgender girl named Dawn.

She had an appetite for blood, hunting down and killing the Breeds that we christened Hunters with a fury like I'd never seen before. Dawn even saved my life one dark night, but not before a Hunter had plucked out one of my eyes as if it were a grape.

\*\*\*

**NOW...**I sat bolt upright in bed gasping I managed to stop the cry of terror before it erupted from my mouth.

I felt Dawn stir beside me.

“Draven, are you alright, honey?”

“Yeah sure, just another dream go back to sleep, Sugar, I won't sleep again now I'm going to get up and make myself a cup of coffee okay?”

“Okay then Dra...” she mumbled already almost asleep.

\*\*\*

Flicking on the electric kettle in our small kitchenette I put some coffee and milk in a mug sitting down to wait for the kettle I reached out and switched on the radio low so as not to disturb Dawn, the laid back D.J was playing Enya's “*Paint the sky with stars*”.

I just sat and let the mellow haunting tracks wash over me.

It was 3:18 a.m. I'd managed almost three hours sleep which was not bad for me.

The Hunters were out there and they were getting stronger bolder taking chances as never before. How long would it be before they left the shelter of the London underground system seeking new prey?

Dawn thrived on the excitement and the killing totally ruthless and fearless Dawn is a male to female transsexual, a stunningly pretty face and ultra-feminine body; 95% female with just his male sex organs left as a "reminder." Despite my initial negative reactions Dawn and I quickly became lovers.

Dawn was a lot more man than I could ever hope to be, and more woman than most men ever hope to have. She never mentioned having sex change surgery and I figured why rock the boat? We were obviously both happy with the way she was and I got to have the best of both worlds.

Six years of tracking down the Hunters had taken its toll on me in fact there was no one more surprised than me that I was still alive I felt old and weary but how could I rest knowing what I know?

Drinking a mug of black coffee I sat and watched as Dawn prepared herself for a night's hunting. She posed a striking figure tonight she was wearing thigh boots skin tight shorts a figure forming Basque which fastened at the front with criss-cross laces tight across her massive bosom, all of the items in supple black leather all hand made for her by a woman who used to make a living making garments for the stage and television.

She was retired now but kept herself busy working making "special garments" for a handful of select customers.

\*\*\*

Dawn now had her own special weapons aptly named "Claws" - basically a pair of supple black leather fingerless gloves with a nine-inch blade fitted at each knuckle. She moved with almost ballet-like grace, the blades an extension of herself.

Flashing as they whistled through the air, stabbing, slashing, tearing — usually the Hunters did not know what had hit them until they realised that their life's blood was fast ebbing away.

Sometimes it was difficult to tell who was the pupil and who was the teacher.

For Dawn, it was the combat that she loved. Craving the feeling of power as she sliced and diced her next Hunter. In the six months that she had been with me she had "retired" almost as many Hunters as I had in my whole career.

After the little incident when I had lost an eye during a clash with a Hunter my friends at "Goldberg & Wright" had decided that nose-to-nose confrontations should be avoided in the future where possible.

Hence my new toy: a scaled down skeleton stocked repeating crossbow. Its payload of twelve three-quarter-length aluminum bolts with their barbed points would deliver 12 shots with maximum force. Each bolt carrying massive stopping power, fitted with a leather sling I carried the crossbow under my right arm, it was all but undetectable beneath my long black leather coat.

\*\*\*

We cruised the underground system for nearly six hours before we both agreed to call it a night.

The only action that we'd had was a gang of teenage lads wanting to know where the fancy dress party was that we had just come from, bloody cheek of them!

The stinging pulsing needles of spray from the shower made me tingle all over, I examined the raised scars on my body giving up trying to count them after I had reached 27, that's not counting the nine on my face. Yet women still seemed to want me, go figure it.

I get told a lot that I look like Kurt Russell as he looked in "Escape from New York" ... I can't see it myself, though. To me, I'm more like Steven Seagal!

I emerged from the bathroom with just a towel around my waist. Dawn was already in bed and was smoking a cigarette.

It was obvious that from the way she had pulled up the covers that she had nothing on beneath them.

She had applied her makeup in a way that she knew really turned me on: Plenty of dark eyeliner and mascara - her eyelashes looked oh so long, eye shadow to accentuate her eyes and lipstick dark red.

My cock grew hard as I thought of the things that Dawn was capable of doing with her mouth.

Letting the towel slip from my body I stood before Dawn, the head of my erect cock swaying from side to side like a cobra before it strikes.

"Hmm, is that all for me, Draven? Come on baby, hurry up, I want you!"

I didn't need telling twice. Dawn certainly knew which buttons to push; she soon had me begging for it. My nerve endings were on fire as she ran a fingertip beneath her own swollen cock, it felt huge, its tip already wet with clear pre-cum.

She gasped with pleasure. Dawn slowly kissed and licked every inch of me, my cock grew so hard I felt sure it would explode!

Her own hardness was pressing urgently against me, tentatively I reached back, Dawn pushing herself hard and urgently against me.

Thoughts of gender were far from our minds as we coupled again and again, giving and receiving the ultimate pleasure.

Later, as we lay exhausted in each other's arms Dawn whispered, "Draven, we are not going to get ourselves killed out there are we? It's just, well, there's only the two of us, lets face it, we need help."

"And what do you suggest?" I replied angrily. "An advert in the Evening Standard for crying out loud? I've managed so far, and that's before you volunteered yourself. Remember I'm in charge around here Dawn and don't forget it, okay?"

Dawn looked hurt I immediately regretted my words. It was obvious that she was concerned for me; I had spent too many years alone, always having to fend for myself. Reaching for Dawn I said "Hey you are right as usual, we need help.

"The Hunters are growing in number — growing stronger and bolder, surely the authorities must realise the number of commuters who are turning up dead? Their heads and limbs spread over several miles of track, organs removed sometimes the eyes. When their suicide theory didn't work they come up with a serial killer. Who the fuck do they think they are kidding?"

"Draven, I have friends who would only be too happy to help us, special girls like me, ultra-feminine transgender girls; more woman than man. One is a Martial arts expert. She had her own Dojo in New York for six years. She is a fighter like us, Draven, and is itching to go back to what he does best.

"The other two are Bodyguards, simple as that! They had a little run in with the law following a complaint from a man they had ejected from a Nightclub, they both thrive on danger and violence, and when the going gets tough they will be right at your side, they won't let you down."

### ***"Meeting the Girls"***

We had arranged to meet with Dawn's friends at "Second Helpings" a very trendy restaurant on Wardour Street. She had booked a table in the name of Hunter — very droll.

Dawn had chosen a large private table well away from the other Diners. It afforded a clear view of the front door and window we were also positioned for the rear exit in case we had to make a run for it well you never know, stranger things have happened.

The Restaurant door swung open and three young women entered. All were fashionably dressed; Gucci Base Jasper Conrad Rockport, you name it! They spoke briefly with the maitre d. He checked his list of bookings spoke to the women briefly then escorted them over to our table.

I felt that I must have died and gone to heaven these women were **gorgeous!!** Every red-blooded male's sexual fantasy. Well, almost.

Dawn stood up to greet them, kisses and hugs all round - then she said, "Girls, I'd like you to meet the guy who saved my life. You know, turned it around and stuff. For his trouble all he got was my undying friendship and loyalty. I love him more than life itself. This is *Draven*."

To my utter surprise the three women took it in turns to kiss and hug me warmly, I was not surprised however to note that the eyes of the other diners were upon us. Surely these sexy *gorgeous* young creatures couldn't be the hard violent former men that Dawn had told me about?

Laughing, Dawn asked, "I take it that you like my friends, Draven? Well you just remember, you are mine now. If I was to catch you playing around, well, lets just say it wouldn't be advisable."

Somehow I believed her. To mess around on Dawn would surely bring a whole world of pain.

The Waiter arrived to take our orders, I was still studying the menu where everything seemed to contain Garlic Butter sauce Mushrooms red peppers herbs and spices even the soup of the day was French onion.

"And what may I get for you Sir?"

"Do you have any plain food? Steak? Cottage pie? Even Egg & Chips?"

"No sir, our menu caters to the educated pallet. May I suggest you try the Fish & Chip shop around the corner?"

Quicker than most people could blink I had reached out and grabbed hold of his tie at the throat I pulled him in close so that his sweating face hovered an inch or two above the lit candle on the table, he began to whimper, "Okay then lets have a rethink, shall we? Now I feel certain that your chef will be only too happy to accommodate me. Why don't you go and ask him nicely?"

Ten minutes later and much to the amusement of the girls I was tucking into a platter-sized steak, two fried eggs, garden peas and french fries - this was followed by a big helping of jam roly polly and custard. Now that's what I call food!

It was over coffee and mints that the girls introduced themselves.

First to go was "Spirit" in a husky but still very feminised voice she explained that she had been born and raised in Japan.

"I soon learned the various forms of Martial Arts; by the age of eleven I was teaching them. Eighteen months later and both of my parents were killed by yakuza bandits a contract was put out on me one which would remain open until my death. With the help of friends I was whisked away to the U.S.A. shortly afterwards I was moved to New York City, this time the problem was with the Mafia, and here I am."

Our two Bodyguards are April and Vanessa, both are strikingly beautiful 23-year-old transsexuals, both spent three years in Japan studying under Master Shintzu. Both girls quickly adapted to the physical and mental state required, both reaching the highest level for Swordsmanship.

On returning to England both girls remained together and found work with a Film and Television company for which they did some protection work, must soon they were in demand for their work as stunt doubles.

“And naturally when Dawn contacted us wanting our help well she didn't need to ask us twice. It's a long story, Draven, but we had vowed that we would always be there for each other to the death.”

The five of us reached out and joined our hands in the middle of the table in an unspoken pact.

\*\*\*

My small apartment was now overcrowded but I certainly wasn't complaining. I liked being the only guy with four gorgeous transgender girls hovering about!

With our three houseguests out shopping for new clothes in London's West End, Dawn and I had a chance to talk.

“Dawn, I want to make one thing clear to you, I've no intention of going over this with you again. If you don't believe me then I guess that it's your problem I like your friends and if they can fight half as well as they look then they are going to be awesome, but it's you that I love, Dawn, okay?”

“I want us to go out tonight, the Hunters will be expecting us. They will be ready for us.”

“Now my problem is this, Dawn, I don't want us out together as a group, we'll draw way too much attention. We need to split up into two groups, I don't want the three of them out there on their own, not until they fully realise what they are up against, and until we have had a chance to see what they can do. Dawn I thought that I would leave that decision up to you.”

I could see that Dawn didn't like this turn of events one little bit. She said, “I guess that Spirit is by far the stronger of the three, her moves are almost magical. She frightens me at times. You will be safe with her, Draven; she even makes me seem like a pussycat! Vanessa and April can come with me, the three of us should be able to watch each others backs.”

“Sounds well thought out to me, Sugar, okay we'll roll with it, here's what we'll do, the three of you can cover the underground system between Holloway Road and Finsbury Park Station. We'll rendezvous at "KINGBURGER" on Holloway Road at zero-zero thirty hours. In the meantime, Spirit and I can take a look at the railway sidings at Kings Cross. Dawn. I just hope that these girls are even half as good as you say they are. If not It could be a bloodbath.”

*Kings Cross Station*, It was a crap night; the rain If anything was getting heavier. We caught a red double-decker bus from Finsbury park to Kings cross, with only a handful of people on the bus I was glad for the rain which was keeping people home that need not venture out.

\*\*\*

Spirit would have attracted a lot of unwanted attention looking the way she did, like a model straight out of the pages of a hard-core porno magazine. Not that I would know about things like that of course.

Spirit sat next to me, not speaking, not moving, her eyes were open but she was not seeing what I was seeing, it was as if she were focused on a point somewhere in her past, maybe her future, I sat and looked at her not sure if she was even aware of my attention.

She was beautiful, stunningly so. Her raven black hair reaching almost to her narrow waist.

What had influenced these truly amazing creatures to become beautiful and feminine? Was it the same thing that changed her into the vicious killer that she is now?

We moved as one through the Night World, no words were needed, responded to each others thoughts and movements as if by instinct alone. Something was about to happen, I could feel it.

My pulse rate raced...fast...faster, my heart pounding.

The sound of the breathing was painful and labored, growing fainter by the minute, we moved towards the sound, spreading out a little as we did so, then rounding different ends of the stationary railway carriage we found him. He couldn't have been any more than his mid teens; he lay on his back unmoving, his face remarkably calm considering that very little of his stomach remained.

The Hunters having eaten their way deep into his organs, he looked at us as we knelt beside him.

"It hurt so much at first, but now I just feel cold, and so tired, I just wa..."

With a sigh he was gone.

It was at that instant that the Hunters launched their attack, they flowed over the train carriages and the ground between them, there must have been twenty, maybe more, they surged towards us gaining speed.

I glanced around for Spirit, expecting to find her seeking cover like myself. But no, she stood alone on open ground, perfectly still, her arms loose at her sides, her head was cocked slightly to one side, she began to sway from side to side, slowly at first, then faster and faster, a scream was building within her, growing in pitch as the Hunters drew closer.

Spirit left her move until the very last moment, drawing a Japanese sword, a Katana?

She began a complex series of moves, as the first of the Hunters reached her a cry of sheer rage erupted from her, the sword, little more than a blur really, flashed twice, the Hunter stopped. A stupid look of surprise on its face, as it top-

pled forward, its left arm detached itself from the body, the decapitated head hit the ground, stopping some two feet from the body.

Then she was amongst them - the sword slashing, stabbing, cutting its way through them, her rage seemed unquenchable.

As more and more of their number hit the ground the Hunters began to retreat, but Spirit was relentless, slicing and dicing. Then to my total disbelief the Hunters turned and ran. Oh, you should have seen them run!

As suddenly as it had began, it was over, Spirit stood alone in the kill zone. I approached her cautiously, not wanting to startle her; in truth I was more afraid for my own safety. This baby can Rock!

She turned slowly towards me, a gentle smile replacing her expression of pure evil.

I took her hand as we walked amongst the dead, more to stop my own hand from shaking than anything else; we had 27 Hunters down, **27!** Incredible considering that it was the work of Spirit alone.

Surely this could not be ignored any longer? You couldn't write this off as a "shaving accident"?

Well, could you? The Government would have to sit up and take notice.

"Spirit, that was fantastic, you were like a force of nature! The Hunters stood no chance, remind me never to cross you!"



\*\*\*

### ***“Going Underground”***

Finsbury Park Station was empty, well, almost, there was the three of us, and then there were the Hunters, were their number 3 or 3 dozen? I could hear their howls in the distance, sometimes they moved in closer.

We followed the handful of commuters as they left the station — could none of them hear the sounds that echoed through the tunnels for crying out loud? Or did they prefer to ignore them, make out that monsters did not exist only in other people’s nightmares?

I was just warning the girls to “arm up” when the Hunters chose to attack, their roar pure animal blood lust, given even half a chance they would tear us to shreds, they poured from the tunnels heading straight for us.

For just a heartbeat or two Vanessa and Aprils expressions were of fear then their training kicked in.

We met their rush head on three? Four? Or five? Hunters went down almost immediately without so much as a whisper.

Vanessa was a force to be reckoned with, lashing out with feet and fists, her blows devastating, crushing bone, physically ripping off the Hunter’s jaw, blood jetting as she used a three finger grip to tear out a throat.

I felt bile begin to rise in my mouth, then suddenly I found I had my own problems.

A Hunter landed on me slamming me to the ground, claws dug into my thick black leather protective vest.

I couldn’t move being pinned by the bastards weight, its face loomed large over mine, its dead expressionless eyes like something straight out of hell, suddenly there was a flash of steel and its head rolled to my left, the stump of its neck jetted blood several feet into the air, I managed to roll away, avoiding most of the gore.

Looking up I saw April standing over me, her short sword dripping blood, she said, “I guess he just didn’t have the head for it eh?”

It was with terror that I realised that the Hunters were still coming, obviously intending to overwhelm us here in the tunnels. They intended to make this the final battle.

*“Oh Draven we need you...Help us!”*

The Hunters were becoming braver by the minute, pushing forward their attack, pushing us further and further back.

Their numbers grew as more and more of them streamed from the tunnels, win or lose this would be the final battle, fought here tonight, and it wasn’t looking good at all.

*Where are you Draven?*

Vanessa was totally relentless, almost as if welcoming the attack of the Hunters, drawing them in and snapping them like dry twigs, still not using a weapon, her bare fists and feet being weapons enough.

April seemed to be growing weaker by the minute, her short sword being used more to protect herself than to launch an attack.

As for myself, I seemed to be spending more time worrying about the other girls than I did worrying about myself — I too was being pushed back.

Something whistled past my head with an angry *Snap*, a Hunter who had been gaining ground on me was lifted off his feet and pinned to the wall with two metal bolts through its heart and another between its eyes, *DRAVEN!*

There was no time for greetings or questions, Draven and Spirit were with us, now the tide was turning, it was as if we found a new strength.

The Hunters had no answer to Draven's Crossbow and were dropping like flies, 20 minutes later and it was over, the Hunters numbers depleted so they no longer posed a real threat. those that survived would crawl away and lick their wounds or die.

### ***“Haven”***

We arrived at Kingburger a little before midnight, as we entered all eyes looked our way, they must have thought that the Circus had come to town, what with four beautiful women dressed in black leather bondage gear, and me wearing a full length black leather coat and a pair of black cordura S.W.A.T. boots, my hair was long and straggly, my face unshaven, and a black leather eye patch covered the mess left by an attacking Hunter not so long ago. I was a vision straight out of Hell.

Although shattered from this evenings battle we all had to admit that we were starving, maybe it was the adrenaline rush, I don't know. We each managed to get through a Double Kingburger & Fries, and a doublethick chocolate shake. Too tired to walk we caught a Black cab to my small apartment in Finsbury Park.

You would think that with four beautiful women undressing before me that I might have had more than sleep on my mind, at any other time you might have been right, but right now all I could think about was the Hunters, considering how long I had been fighting them could it really be over with just like that? one bloody battle and they were gone for good? something told me that there were still battles ahead. around 2 a.m. I managed to drift into a troubled sleep.

*Next Morning at 7 a.m.* and our houseguests were up and dressed and ready to leave, it was hugs and kisses all around, it was an emotional moment for in a short time we had been through a lot together.

Ten minutes later and it was just Dawn and I once again, we undressed quickly and climbed back into bed, we were hungry for each other and the comfort we could bring.

We kissed long and hard our tongues probing, exploring, just to think that this sexy feminine creature could ever have been born male?

Dawn licked and sucked my cock for me, oh it felt so good! as it grew hard in her mouth, it was in so deep I thought that she might swallow my cock, I lay beneath her, totally submissive heightening my pleasure, Later, exhausted, we fell into a deep sleep in each others arms.

We awoke together just after 4:30 p.m., using the remote control I switched on the small 14 inch color television. BBC 1 was showing a newsflash - a glamorous looking reporter looked into the camera and said, "This morning a chilling discovery was made by London Underground staff as they made a routine sweep of the tunnels and platforms beneath Holloway Road Station, a breed of creature, neither man nor beast was found slaughtered in vast numbers, many were shot down with what would appear to be crossbow bolts, but the majority were killed with blows with the bare hand.

"Nearby at Kings Cross railway sidings a similar discovery was found, we go over live to our reporter Ray Kingsly."

I switched off the television throwing the remote onto the bed, Dawn looked at me and asked: "So what happens now, Draven? Now that their bodies have been found - this is what you wanted isn't it? For it all to be blown wide open?"

"Damn right it is, sweetheart. Now the government will be forced to act, to take action. Troops will be sent in to clear out those bastards once and for all. The public will insist on it now, the thing is I don't want us to be around when it happens, if we are recognised we could easily be pulled into this, no, we have done our share, without us who knows what might have happened? What do you say about putting some distance between us and London for a few months, Dawn?"

She hugged me and said "Oh yes, please!"

### ***"Moving On"***

Up and ready, I sat with a mug of tea and watched Dawn as she sat and brushed her long feminine hair and put on her make-up, my cock grew hard as I sat and watched her dress, matching white panties and bra, sheer hose fastened to a frilly suspender belt, a short black woollen skirt, a soft and fluffy Angora sweater in a pastel pink, her shoes were black leather ankle straps with three inch heels. Oh wow, she looked so pretty and feminine, a side of her which I'd never seen before.

I removed my jeans and shorts, reaching for Dawn I reached under her short skirt and removed her skimpy white panties, she sat down in my lap allowing me to guide my hard throbbing cock into her tight little anal passage, she wiggled and wriggled against me, I felt my cock sliding all the way in, Oh it felt so good, squeezing and releasing as Dawn tensed and relaxed her muscles ...I came hard, so very hard, my balls contracting as my love juices drained from me. But Dawn wanted more, much more.

Still squeezing my cock, holding it so tight, I couldn't move, I felt myself building towards another explosive climax.

I reached around Dawns slim waist and felt her sizeable tits through the soft Angora fabric, her nipples hardened at my touch, she moaned with pleasure as I rolled her nipples between my finger tips, they felt like hard knots, She put her head back and lightly closed her eyes, her mouth hung open, her full lips painted a dark red, she was close to reaching her own climax.

She cried out loud, slamming into me, forcing my swollen cock so far into her I honestly thought that we would end up joined like that forever.

\*\*\*

I rang "Goldberg & Wright," expecting as usual the normal recorded greeting. Or maybe nothing, the line closed down?

"Draven? is that you? Firstly are yourself and the girls all right, any injuries that require any treatment? ....Great, that is good news.

"It would seem, Draven, that we greatly underestimated the Hunters, especially their numbers. It would seem that they were not contained to the London underground system. There are reports of sightings as far apart as Brighton to Liverpool. We need you to visit the..."

"No, I'm sorry but I'm retired as of from today. I've got some living to do with the little time I have. Besides, I have Dawn to think about now."

"Ah yes, the delectable Dawn. Quite so, Draven. Look, old man, why don't you stay with us in an advisory capacity? You know these creatures better than anyone."

"Okay, Victor, but on the understanding that I set up the contact terms. Like, place an advert in the National press, something like "Draven contact Uncle Victor"? That should do the trick!"

"Is there anything that you will need?"

"Yes, two state of the art cell phones with spare batteries, and I suppose I had better take a good supply of cross bow bolts? In fact, Victor, a little bird tells me that you are now making these little bolts with a C4 sting in the tail... Oh yes, how *nasty, better give me thirty then.*"

"Good lord, Draven, you are a rogue! Right now it's all about the public and how they perceive you - hero or villain."

"Yeah, that's their problem - thanks Victor, I could do with some cash if you have any to spare?"

"Okay Buddy, 4 p.m., let's say, the Newsstand on the corner of Blackstock Road and Seven sisters road?"

As usual Victor produced the goods, handing me a large carrier bag and moving on again before I even had a chance to thank him and shake his hand.

Back home Dawn and I quickly checked the bags contents, there were two packs of crossbow bolts, each containing 50, one pack being C4-tipped - the third and largest package contained money, lots of money, even between us it took several minutes to count it, for once I was absolutely speechless. Tell me someone who wouldn't be, facing £33,000!

Never having been one for material things I had managed to collect a further £18,000 myself over the last couple of years, it seems that we had both had the same idea when Dawn threw down her own wad of money.

“There is another £12,000 there. Please take it Draven, before I get another uncontrollable urge to hit the shops for more new clothes!”

We were in no rush, no rush at all, we had both agreed on traveling light, deciding to shop for whatever we needed when we reached our destination.

We both agreed on the Railway Train as our main means of transport, it was so relaxing to sit snuggled together watching the countryside flash past.

We got off at Rhyll Station in North Wales, all of our worldly goods split into two lightweight “Sprayway” back packs, much less cumbersome than full sized suitcases.

We kept up with the steady flow of commuters leaving the Station, Dawn held my hand, fearing that we could be parted in the crowd.

Outside we found ourselves in Rhyll town centre, Rita's Café was situated opposite the new children's village, we checked the menu, at a fraction over £5 each for a three course lunch it would take some beating.

Later, I stopped a Taxi Driver and asked him if he knew of a sporting goods shop that sold Air weapons.

“Abner Target Sports is where you need to go, my friend — is it small game that you are after or maybe something a little bigger?”

I smiled in reply.

“Okay then, Daffyd Jones is the man to speak to, here take one of my business cards, give him the card and tell him that Thomas Williams sent you, and tell you what, I'll even take you to the shop in my taxi.”

Abner target sports was bright and modern, its windows full of Fishing gear, Rods and Nets, reels, a massive golf umbrella, wax jacket and trousers.

You name it and Abner target sports had it.

Daffyd Jones was a small slight guy in his mid 40s, a pair of wire framed eye-glasses were perched on the end of his thin nose, what he lacked physically he certainly made up for in knowledge, what he didn't know about guns wasn't worth knowing.

I showed him the business card that I'd been given by Thomas Williams the Taxi Driver, he squinted at it for a moment or two then came from behind the counter and locked the door.

He beckoned us to follow him into the back of the store. "Okay, are you after some advice, or do you know what you are looking for?"

"Both really, we want two high power air rifles, one full sized long range for me. It needs to be at least twice over the legal limit, I also want something smaller and lighter for my girlfriend. Again, it needs to be powerful with close up stopping power, any suggestions?"

"Oh yes, I have an idea exactly what you need, starting with the Lady, A .25 calibre B.S.A.

"Lightning, shaved down walnut stock to reduce weight even further, replace the mainspring with a Theoben gas ram unit, fit a Cordura sling, a Tasco red dot reflex sight, attached to the rifle with a one piece mount, finally, replace the standard silencer with a new state of the art Vixen Hush master silencer.

"You need a .20 calibre Theoben Fenman carbine fitted with a long range Simmons 3x9x50 low light scope, and a Theoben Vortex silencer, you are also going to need a rifle case each, and a good supply of ammo each, say 2,000 pellets each?"

I handed over £1,200 in cash whilst Dawn carefully packed everything away into their cases.

### ***Three Months Later***

Snowdonia, so rugged, so beautiful... Mr. Turner the Farmer must have been 85 years old if he was a day. He was a canny old bastard and wouldn't move an inch on price.

Eventually we agreed on £40,000 for the Bungalow, and a further £2,000 if we wanted his old world war two-era Jeep. Lets face it, without the Jeep we would be stranded, especially during the build up to winter.

The papers were quickly drawn up and signed by both parties.

The thought of Winter on Snowdonia — just Dawn and myself curled up on a big soft rug before a roaring fire, brought a smile to my face. Life was certainly looking up.

And hunting could wait.

##