

# REJUVENATION

A woman with long, straight blonde hair is sitting on a dark rock, looking out over a vast, hazy landscape at sunset. She is wearing a white lace-trimmed top and dark pants. The scene is bathed in warm, golden light, with rays of sunlight visible in the background. The overall mood is peaceful and contemplative.

STACEY ZACKERLY

# **REJUVENATION**

**BY STACEY ZACKERLY**

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## CHAPTER 1:

"Are you out of your fucking mind?"

It was a perfectly reasonable question under the circumstances. Harold Rafferty's best friend of 40 years, Alvin Carpenter, had just told him that he was volunteering for an experimental stem cell treatment that would essentially erase those 40 years from his life...at least from his body. The procedure would cost him nothing but it wasn't without risk and it had a fairly big catch attached to it.

"Why?" Alvin shot back. "Do you enjoy being 65-years-old?"

"Not particularly," his friend replied.

"Neither do I. I hate it in fact. I hate getting old and the thought of what comes next is not too pleasing either. Every day something new seems to break down on my body. I move a little slower I even think a little slower. With this treatment I'll be young again. I'll be in my 20's. I won't have a bad back or a heart condition and I won't have to spend half of the night running to the bathroom. I'll be fit and ready to live a whole new life."

"True, but that's not all you won't have," Harold pointed out. "You want have a cock!"

The catch was that in addition to being rejuvenated as a 20-something-year-old Alvin would also be a woman.





## CHAPTER 2:

Stem cell replacement was the future of medicine. All medicine, not just for sexual reassignment, but that was an area of specialization for Baldwin Systems and they had invested a fortune in the technology. Getting a "sex change" had always been a painful, lengthy and expensive process and the results varied greatly from person to person. It generally involved a lot of cosmetic surgery to achieve the desired result. Instead of using implants or other "plastic" techniques stem cell replacement was more like re-growing body parts using organic material. Baldwin Systems had seized on the reality that there would be a vast market of people who might want to make that gender change if it were easier and more affordable and perhaps most importantly more customizable and natural.

They had recently received approval from the FDA to begin testing on live human subjects so volunteers were being offered the chance to both knock years off the clock and to change their gender. The ads had asked specifically for men and women between the ages of 50 and 75. Alvin was 65 so right in the butter zone as it were.

"I can see why you want to be young again but why do you want to be a woman?" Harold asked, genuinely dismayed.

"I'm not sure that I especially do want to be a woman but I want to be 25 again, that's for damn sure, and if that's what it takes so be it," was Alvin's answer.

"Don't you have to be gay to have a sex change?"

"No you don't have to be gay. You just have to identify with the opposite gender. You know, a woman trapped in a man's body sort of thing."

"Do you feel like a woman trapped in a man's body?"

"Hell no, but that's what I had to tell them to get approved for the procedure," Alvin calmly replied.

"Isn't it better to be an old man than a young woman?"

"I don't know. I'll tell you after I've gone through the process."

"But it's...unnatural!"

"It's the future Harry. That's all it is. It's going to be kind of strange for the first few people who go through this kind of thing but eventually it will be commonplace, with or without the sex change. People are going to live into their hundreds and maybe beyond. If I can go back and be young again why wouldn't I? To have all the knowledge and wisdom that I've accumulated with a healthy body that can appreciate it? Why wouldn't I do it?"

"Because you'll be a girl!" Harold practically screamed.

"So what? Haven't you ever wondered what it would be like to play for the other team?"

"Look, I'll admit I've thought it about it once or twice in a fantasy kind of way, just to know what it felt like. I might be willing to try it for an hour or two or maybe even a day but you're talking about a permanent change."

"Nothing says it has to be permanent. As the technology advances and becomes more commonplace people may switch back and forth all the time if they want to. If they can change me into a woman now they can always change me back into a man later," Alvin suggested. "The main thing is that they make me young again. I'm going to have a chance to live my whole life again and maybe a lot more beyond that. A life without the aches and pains and

frustrations of old age. But I'll be smarter and better prepared to deal with things this time around. As they say, youth is wasted on the young."

"I still think you're nuts," Harold said with a grimace. "You don't know anything about being a woman. You don't know what kind of problems they face on a daily basis. And you don't like men...I mean sexually...do you?"

"No I don't like men. Lots of women don't like men. I'll be a hot young lesbian. Don't tell me that doesn't sound appealing."

"All right, that doesn't sound too bad. You know I've always had a thing for girl on girl porn."

"Well if I make any porn with my new girlfriends I'll let you know," Alvin joked.

"Seriously Alvin, don't you think you're getting in a little over your head with this? Why not wait until the rejuvenation process is available without the gender switch?"

"I might be dead by then or it might be too expensive. Who knows? This is a great opportunity. It sounds like a big adventure. What have I really got to lose?"

"Aside from your penis?"

"I prefer to think that I'm gaining a pussy not losing a penis," Alvin chuckled. "I'll be the same person I always was...just in a different body."

"And 40 years younger. Hell, if people see us together they'll think I'm your grandfather," Harold said as he shook his head sadly.

"Either that or a very dirty old man."

"Shit, you'll be about my granddaughter's age!"

"Well maybe we can go shopping sometime or swap clothes if we're the same size."

"You're really going to do this aren't you?"

"Yup. I'm really going to do it."

Alvin was not at all the appropriate candidate for sexual reassignment but he was very clever and did a lot of research on the subject. He knew the kind of questions he would be asked and was prepared to make a very convincing argument for why he should be accepted. If anyone suspected that he was just fooling them in order to get a free operation that would make him young again they didn't show it or didn't really care all that much one way or the other. He had been accepted with no trouble at all.

He was a modestly successful writer currently in semi-retirement. He wasn't as rich and famous as some of the top novelists in the business but he had made a decent living and had parlayed that into some good real estate investments so money wasn't a huge problem for him at the moment. Of course if he was going to live another 50 years or more he might need to come up with some sort of an income along the line but for now he could cruise on his bank account.

The legal bullshit of making a gender change official had been processed and packaged and stamped and taxed and was now ready for the final step. Alvin Carpenter would still exist as his pen name but once the procedure was done he would become a she named Alyson Carpenter. Her driver's license would still list her correct age as 65 but she would look like a woman of about 25. Participants in the program were given a letter to show anyone who questioned the oddity of one looking so young at an advanced age and a phone number to call for verification if necessary. Someday this would all be very normal but at the moment it was groundbreaking and new.

Stem cell replacement therapy was being used in a variety of applications, especially in the treatment of cancer and heart disease but the "cosmetic" aspects were also turning into big business. Prolonging life and reversing the effects of aging were quite understandably things of interest to a huge amount of the populous. The press had dubbed it the "Fountain of Youth Treatment" and it was a pretty accurate description. Baldwin Systems had simply combined the youth rejuvenation aspects with sexual reassignment and come up with something that was quite novel and daring. Using material from your own body one could be "redesigned" from the ground up, as it were, and contoured into an entirely new form.

Alvin would genuinely be a woman when the whole thing was done. He would have a functioning set of female organs that would look, act and respond like that of any other woman. Even pregnancy would be theoretically possible. In the old way of doing it hormones were injected over a period of time and radical cosmetic surgery was usually involved in order to create something that was as close to a female body as science could make it at the time. Now it would be more of an internal process of flipping the switches in the body's own natural state to become something different.

One of the biggest breakthroughs of the process was that nobody would ever have any reason to know or even suspect that someone had once been a member of the opposite sex. That was totally up to the individual to reveal or conceal. Alvin would emerge from this process as a very pretty girl named Alyson with "real" breasts and a vagina that had been cloned from his own genetic material.

Out with the old in with new Alvin thought as he entered the clinic as a man for the last time. Whatever is waiting out there it's bound to be interesting.





## CHAPTER 3:

Shock may not be the perfect word to describe the sensation of waking up as an entirely different person but it was probably close. Even though Alyson had known all along what was going to happen to her there was nothing in her life that could have completely prepared her for the experience.

Only her eyes seemed at all familiar as she examined herself in the mirror. She was indeed a very attractive young lady with firm breasts and soft skin. Her boobs weren't enormous by any means but there was plenty there to create some nice cleavage in a top with a plunging neckline.

Her voice probably took the most getting used to. It was so much softer and younger and more feminine. It was weird to speak and hear someone else's voice coming out of your mouth but hopefully soon she would accept it as her own.

She would have to stay in the hospital for a few days to make sure that there were no complications and there would be some follow ups along the line as well. She was essentially a guinea pig so there wasn't any use in complaining about things like that. Baldwin Systems, and the whole world in theory, were anxious to see how she did. Alyson was pretty anxious on that score too.

Alvin's wife had died about 10 years ago and he had never remarried. She wasn't able to have children and though they thought about adopting they had never done it. They were a reasonably happy couple and certainly very comfortable together. They had lived as man and wife for many years and it had taken a long time for Alvin to really accept the fact that she was gone.

There were no other close relatives but Alvin did have a number of friends, none as close as Harold, but buddies of various types. One of the downsides of living a long time is that you end up going to a lot of funerals. Some of his old pals were gone now, or moved away or in some kind of retirement community. Old age and death and dying and sickness just seemed to be a part of everyday life and conversation. That was mainly what drove Alvin to become Alyson. To be young again was worth just about any price. She wanted to have a future again instead of dwelling so much on the past.

When Alyson was finally home she knew she wanted to see Harold but thought it might be fun to surprise him. If he couldn't recognize her nobody would she thought. She knew that on Wednesday afternoons Harold could usually be found on the driving range of their favorite golf course. It would take a little effort to get the right costume and props but she figured a once-in-a-lifetime prank like this was worth a little investment.

She got some women's clubs and a very cute outfit with a skirt that was probably a tad shorter than it should have been and headed out to the links to spring her trap on her old pal. She saw his car in the parking lot and casually made her way to the driving range, stopping to pick up a bucket of balls on the way. Alvin had been a pretty decent golfer but Alyson honestly had no idea whether she would retain that skill or not. It didn't really matter at the moment as all she wanted to do was get noticed by Harold and that would probably happen the first time she bent over to put a ball on the rubber tee.

Fortunately there was a spot to the right of Harold so that he would have to see her sooner

or later. As it turned out it was sooner. To her delight she found that she could still hit a ball with both accuracy and distance but decided to back off a little and play the novice instead. Soon Harold took the bait and came over to her practice area.

"Say, you've got a nice swing," Harold said jovially.

"You mean for a girl?" Alyson grinned back.

"No, no I mean you've got a nice swing but I noticed that you were dropping your shoulder a bit much on your backswing. That's why the ball was slicing like that."

"Maybe you could show me. I'm not sure what you mean," Alyson said innocently.

"My pleasure."

Yes it probably is your pleasure you filthy old hound Alyson thought to herself as Harold got up right behind her and put his arms around her waist. Classic male move. Worked pretty good for tennis too. As Harold helped her take a few practice swings Alyson had the definite impression that her friend had an erection. He was pressed so close against her ass that it was hard not to notice. Did Harold really think he was going to get it on with some chick a third of his age or was this just a cheap thrill for the day?

"That's it. See how fluid that swing feels?" Harold asked.

"Oh yes, I think I see."

Harold stepped back and told her to hit one using the technique he had just demonstrated. For the hell of it Alyson decided to really let it fly and drove the ball a couple of hundred yards down the range beautifully straight and true. Harold was surprised and impressed. He never really expected his coaching to do any good but maybe he was a better teacher than he thought.

Alyson tried hard not to laugh and they both went back to hitting balls until their buckets ran out. Harold ran out first but he stuck around to see how his new protégée was doing and when Alyson finished Harold gallantly offered to buy her a drink in the clubhouse.

"Thank you, that sounds lovely," Alyson replied as they adjourned to the watering hole for libations, something they had done together often in the past.

Pretty soon it became apparent that Harold was actually hitting on her. There was no mistake now about that erection. Harold was adrift in some pornographic fantasy world where hot young women went to bed with senior citizens because they helped with their golf swing. It was kind of amusing and sad and embarrassing all at once. Alyson had planned to reveal her true identity as soon as they got to the bar but now she hated the idea of doing so. The joke didn't seem so funny anymore. Harold was really getting his hopes up, along with his pecker, and she didn't know how to let him down gently.

Finally she decided to pretend that she was running late for an appointment and excused herself politely. She thanked him for the lesson and gave him a quick kiss on the cheek for some reason. God, that was probably a dumb idea but the whole thing had obviously been a dumb idea. Once she made her escape she felt awful. She was going to have to face him like this eventually and he would certainly recognize her. Oh well, there was nothing to do about that now. She would just have to apologize and hope that he would get over it. Their friendship had endured for four decades it could surely handle this little bump in the road.





## CHAPTER 4:

"You asshole! I can't believe you did that to me!"

Harold wasn't taking the joke as well as Alyson had hoped he might. It was several days later and they were in Harold's house. It had taken a few moments for Harold to comprehend that this hot young woman was really his old pal but then he recognized her from the golf course and astonishment quickly turned into anger.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry," Alyson kept repeating. "It was supposed to just be a joke. I wanted to surprise you. I wanted to see if you'd recognize me."

"How the hell could I recognize you looking like that?" Harold snorted.

"I guess that was what I was trying to prove to myself. You know me better than anyone. I was curious to see whether you could just tell who I was somehow."

"Maybe if I had some time to talk to you or something after getting a look at you but what you did to me on the golf course was humiliating."

"Not really. I would probably reacted the same way if the circumstances were reversed. Some women like older men. You had no reason to assume that I wasn't what I appeared to be."

"You kissed me you motherfucker!"

"On the cheek. I wanted to do something nice to make up for all the trouble I had caused," Alyson explained.

"It's a good thing you look and sound like you do because it's hard to stay mad at someone that pretty. I actually got a hard on over you."

"I know, I could feel it," Alyson giggled.

"Oh great! How much worse could this get?" Harold moaned.

"It's not so bad. Stop making such a big deal out of it. You didn't know who I was. You just thought I was some random chick."

"But *you* knew."

"So it was a bad idea. I'm really sorry. Look Harry, how can I make it up to you?"

"I don't know...show me your tits," Harold grunted.

"What?"

"I want to see how real they look. I can always tell when they're fake."

"Well these aren't fake at all I can assure you."

"So show me. I've seen you without your shirt on a million times."

"This is kind of different."

"I know, that's why I want to see for myself."

Alyson sighed and realized that she probably did owe her old friend that much if that's what he really wanted. She slipped off her top and stood before him in her bra.

"All the way," Harold insisted. "I want to see your tits not your underwear."

Alyson reached behind her back and unfastened her bra. It was a move she wasn't too skilled at yet but after a little fumbling the hooks gave way and she pulled the garment off her body. Harold let out an audible whistle and Alyson felt really strange being on display like this, especially in front of her oldest and closest friend.

"Well they sure look real, I'll say that," Harold proclaimed. "How do they feel?"

"Like any other woman's breasts I would imagine," Alison replied as she bent down to pick up her bra.

"Let me feel them."

"No."

"Why not?"

"I don't know. Doesn't that seem kind of creepy to you?"

"Maybe a little but now that I've seen them I want to touch them."

"Fine, fine have at it," Alyson sighed.

Harold got up and came over to where she was standing. He looked at her boobs as if appraising them and then cupped one hand under each breast and began to bounce them up and down.

"You're right, they don't feel fake at all," Harold commented favorably as he continued to juggle her balloons.

"Are you quite finished?"

"Almost."

With that Harold began to squeeze her breasts and played with them for a while and even gave her nipples a little bit of a going over which actually felt kind of sexy, much to Alyson's surprise and horror. She kind of liked the way it felt having her tits toyed with like this. She glanced down at Harold's pants and detected the shape of a very hard penis under wraps which caused her to practically jump away from her friend's touch.

"What's wrong? Was I squeezing too hard?" Harold asked innocently.

"You've got a hard on," Alyson stammered.

"No I don't."

"Yes you do I can see it. Touching my boobs is making you horny!"

"Well what do you expect?" said Harold retreating to the couch. "You've got a great rack. Not too big and not too small. Just right as far as I'm concerned."

"You shouldn't be saying things like that to me," Alyson protested.

"Is it better for me to just think those thoughts? I thought you'd be pleased. I'm just complimenting you. I guess if you have to be a woman you might as well be a good-looking one."

"Good grief, the next thing you know you'll be saying that you want to fuck me or something," Alyson whined.

"If you're offering..."

"I'm not offering and I'm shocked that you would even joke about a thing like that."

"Who said I was joking? Why wouldn't I want to fuck you? Look at me. How many chances do I get to score with some hot young babe these days? How many chances do I get to score with anybody? I know that somewhere inside that cute body is my old friend but at the moment I just see a super hot girl. Why haven't you put your top back on if you're that offended by my ogling you?"

Why hadn't she put her top back on? That was a good question. Maybe because she had been too busy being shocked by Harold's lascivious attitude but maybe because she also kind of got a kick out of it. It was weird to be so powerful that all you had to do was take your shirt off to make someone hard as a rock.

She had to admit that there was a degree of curiosity here. She had used a dildo and found

the experience to be incredibly enjoyable. She wasn't particularly fantasizing about anything or anyone at the time but a cock shaped sex toy did do the job rather nicely. Maybe it wouldn't be the end of the world to know what a real cock felt like inside her. And better to happen like this with an old friend who would understand that it was a one shot deal and that she had no experience with this sort of thing, at least from the receiving end of the equation.

"Look, if we do this you've got to promise never to tell anyone," Alyson insisted.

"Who would I tell?"

"I don't know, just keep it to yourself."

"No problem."

"Well I think I'd rather have you do me from behind so that I don't have to look at your face. No offense, I don't mean that there's anything wrong with your face I just don't want to be freaked out by seeing someone so familiar."

"No offense taken. I'm never going to turn down a nice piece of ass."

"Take your clothes off, I guess, and let's get this over with."





## CHAPTER 5:

She hadn't meant for it to sound so mechanical and forced but getting it over with was what was really on her mind. As Harold got undressed she stripped out of the rest of her clothes and went over to the couch. Then she sort of hopped up onto the sofa and got on her knees with her hands kind of draped over the back of the thing. Her rear end was now quite exposed and soon she felt Harold getting up right behind her as he had done at the golf course.

Alyson certainly knew what Harold's cock looked like but at the moment she wanted no sight of it. She was planning on thinking of this as another dildo of a sorts. If she closed her eyes and let him do all the work it might not be so bad.

She was actually impressed at how easy it was for Harold to get an erection. The last few times that Alvin had been with a woman he needed a pill and enough advance warning to be ready at the appropriate moment. Good for Harry she thought. At least he can still get it up under his own power.

A moment later she felt the fleshy sex toy slipping into her pussy. It was so much warmer compared to her dildo but the shape felt very similar. Harold had a nice thick cock and it was incredibly hard at the moment. She almost giggled when she thought about how silly this all was but she knew that nothing would deflate a man faster than giving him the impression that he was being laughed at.

Harold put his hands on her hips and began thrusting. Soon Alyson was surprised to find that she wasn't just passively receiving his thrusts but she was actively jerking her pelvis to greet them.

"God, I hope I don't throw my back out," Harold suddenly blurted out.

"Just take it easy then," Alyson called over her shoulder.

"Too late for that now," was Harold's reply.

The situation was so strange that it hardly seemed real to Alyson. Once she had been penetrated it had taken but a few strokes for her to forget all about being ashamed or embarrassed by what she was doing. Her instincts took over and she began to embrace the pleasure. For one thing she wasn't a man pretending to be a woman or even a man at all. When she had been reborn as a woman she had taken on all of the characteristics of the ordinary female. Her desires, her moods, her emotions were all now as new and different as the more obvious external aspects of her body.

When Harold had fondled her breasts she felt excitement, which was only natural as he was a man and she was a woman and she had never been touched that way before. There was a strange new sensitivity to her nipples that she found electrifying. Standing bare breasted like that she had discovered a strange sense of both power and vulnerability.

On the couch she had offered herself up in an act of surrender that was as old as mankind itself. Of course she hadn't put up much of a fight but that was never the point. It was simply the presentation of her pussy that mattered. That they were friends didn't matter. That she appeared so much younger than he didn't matter. The animalistic urge to copulate was all that mattered in that instant.

She didn't worry about whether this symbolized some sort of latent homosexual desire she may have been harboring for years. She didn't worry about seeming like a "loose woman" by

giving it up so quickly and easily. She didn't worry about how this may affect her friendship with Harold in the future. She had a man's erect penis inside her and she was responding to that magic thrill. Although she had never expected to feel much of anything she was suddenly feeling everything all at once.

Sounds began to emanate from deep within her. Strange and wonderful and ridiculous sounds. Her yips sounded almost more like an animal than a human. Unlike spoken words these sounds didn't formulate in her brain before coming out they just sort of seemed to appear from nowhere. Her mind was too full of other things to be able to concentrate on articulate speech.

Harold was making plenty of sounds of his own as he hunched over her rear end and humped her with the vigor of a much younger man. Nothing makes a man feel more alive and virile than to be fucking a beautiful young girl, even if the girl in this case was actually his own age. Her soul may be old but her body was tight and new.

With a long and agonizing groan Harold began to deposit his milky discharge deep inside her. He hadn't cum this hard in years. He could barely remember a time when he had ever cum this hard. Hot sticky fluid exploded against her inner walls and Alyson had to clutch the back of the couch to remain upright. Was this really happening or was this a dream? Was her old pal Harry really shooting his goo into her snatch? If it was a dream it was a pretty damn good one she thought.

Finally Harold pulled out and a little stream of cum slithered out of her opening. It was probably a mix of his cum and hers, as she had definitely climaxed during the process. Harold collapsed on the couch, panting and out of breath. Alyson could feel how moist she was between her legs and looked around for something to clean up with before giving up and just wiping her hand on the slippery mess. She too took a seat on the couch and the old friends just sat in silence for a time, unsure of what to say or do next.

"Holy shit that was amazing," said Harold, finally breaking the silence. "I can't remember the last time I had a fuck like that."

Alyson didn't know how to reply to that. A side of her wanted to cuddle up and be close to him but she didn't want to give the wrong impression. Curiosity had driven her to try this experiment but it was way too early to be making any decisions about her sexuality. It had turned out to be a wonderful thing to have her friend break her in this way but any sort of a romantic future between them seemed highly unlikely. The biological age difference between them was just too great for one thing. She also knew Harold quite well and knew that he had been divorced three times and was a notorious philanderer. For some reason those qualities never precluded them from being friends when they were both male but now that she was female they seemed like dubious attributes.

"You seemed to be enjoying yourself," Harold continued, still the only one doing any talking so far.

"Yeah, it felt pretty good," Alyson finally admitted.

"No, no, no I want more than that."

"What, your ego needs more stroking?" she laughed.

"No, I mean I need to know what the difference is. You're one of the few people on this planet that has had sex as both a man and a woman. Which is better?"

"I've only had sex as a woman once you know."

"Damn, so I popped your cherry?"

"I guess you did."

"Fantastic!" he said proudly. "I haven't taken a woman's virginity since...hell, I don't know if I've ever done it before."

"None of your wives?" Alyson volunteered.

"Are you kidding? You knew my wives. Hell you even fucked one of them before I did."

"Oh yeah, I'd kind of forgotten about that."

"So which is better?" Harold asked again.

"Well you sure feel it all over as a woman. I mean it's not just all concentrated in the tip of your dick."

"Does it hurt?"

"Maybe a little at first but you forget about that soon enough. Plus it's all so new to me. Maybe it'll get easier in time."

"But was it better?"

"Better...yeah I suppose I'd have to say it was better, but maybe that was just because of the newness. Check back with me later on that, once I've had some more experience," she joked.

"Oh I'm sure you're going to get a lot of experience," Harold said with a wink that was sort of disconcerting. "You're really something special. A lot of men are going to try and get between your legs."

Whether it was meant as a compliment or a warning was a little hard to tell. Still it was pretty obvious that Harold was proud to have been the first, as if that really made any difference. The main thing now was to make sure that he didn't expect this to become a regular component of their relationship. If their friendship was going to survive this weird transformation it would be better to keep things on a platonic basis. She needed a friend to talk to more than a fuck buddy. Now that they had crossed that forbidden bridge it was anybody's guess if they could ever get back to the way things were before.





## CHAPTER 6:

Getting fucked by Harold had been a more profound experience than she had admitted to him or even to herself at the time. For some reason she had sort of assumed that she would think and feel exactly the same after the transformation, that it would just be her body that would change even though she had been informed that she would experience life differently on a lot of levels. Somehow that just didn't seem possible to her at the time. She grasped the concept of reshaping her body into something new much easier than she could grasp the concept of having her whole being reshaped too. But the truth was she was "wired" differently now. Her genetic structure had been altered. If learning to walk in high heels had been her biggest concern she was in for a bit of a shock.

She felt differently now. She noticed that almost from the first moments of being female. It was hard to put her finger on the changes exactly but she knew they were there. She just wasn't thinking quite the same way anymore. It wasn't a matter of trying to "act" feminine she really was feminine and that took some getting used to.

Perhaps the biggest shock was discovering that she found men attractive. Even before having sex with Harold she had started to notice men. Her plan to be a lesbian started slipping away from the very start. She still found women attractive and desirable but her eye was drawn to the male form. She had always sort of wondered how women ever found men attractive and why they liked certain types of guys but she was beginning to understand and even formulate her own tastes and opinions.

There was really no fighting it. There was no need to and she probably couldn't fight it for long anyway. Now that she had felt what it was like to have a real cock inside her she knew there was no turning back. The physical sensation had been wonderful but the emotional sensation was full of possibilities as well. She liked being the object of someone's desire and felt completely alive when she was being penetrated. It didn't seem like such a big difference on the surface but it made all the difference in the world to her.

It was strange to make love to someone while facing away from them. It seemed like the logical thing to do at the time but after they had gotten started she would have gladly turned and looked Harold in the eyes. On the other hand she found that position to be quite stimulating. It seemed distinctly female and that made her feel good. It reinforced in her own mind that things were different now. Her role in bed would never be what it had been before and it was good to get that in her head right away.

Being a writer she decided to start putting her thoughts and experiences down in her computer. She wasn't sure if there was a book there but she felt compelled to express her thoughts and feelings in the medium she knew so well. It was sort of a diary in a way; the journal of a man making the journey into womanhood.

As she tried to describe her first sexual encounter in words she found that she was actually getting turned on. The memory of that thick cock driving in and out of her tight box was still fresh in her mind and made her horny as hell. It might not be great pornography describing how a grandfather had humped her butt on a couch but an erection is an erection and Harold was a decent-looking man for his age. He had kept himself in pretty good shape and he had lasted much longer than she had expected. There was probably something to be said for a man with

experience.

What to do now? That was really the question. Alvin Carpenter didn't live here anymore. His routines were a thing of the past. Well, sitting at her computer writing was certainly a familiar feeling but she knew that she needed to formulate a new game plan for her life. She was young and female and full of energy and curiosity. She just wasn't sure how to channel it yet.

Even choosing what clothes to wear in any given situation was a mystery to her. She had built up a wardrobe of female attire once she entered the program so that she would at least be set with the basics from the start but there were just so many options available that it was kind of hard to get a handle on it.

The first time she put a dress on she couldn't believe anything that flimsy was actually meant to be worn in public. The material was so thin and her legs so exposed. Even a slight breeze could turn into a Marilyn Monroe moment from *The Seven Year Itch* she feared. The whole thing felt lighter than a t-shirt. Still she had to admit that it was really comfortable once you got over the embarrassment of having just a little curtain covering your lower torso.

She had jeans and various shirts for hanging around the house and running casual errands but she wanted to be more adventurous. It was still hard to think of a top as a "blouse" instead of a shirt or to refer to her underpants as "panties" but that would surely come in time. It was interesting to note how the world tried to draw very clear lines between male and female attire even when there was no real reason to do so. Guys wore "boxers" or "briefs" and even though there was no big difference between briefs and panties no man would ever dare to refer to his underwear as anything so feminine and delicate.

And the underwear didn't stop with panties and bras. There were slips, or half slips that were worn under a dress or a skirt to make it hang smoothly or to protect the skin if the material was something coarse like wool.

Alvin had always thought that women's stockings were sexy as hell and when he was younger every woman wore pantyhose at least and he could remember when stockings were held up by garter belts. These days bare legs were much more common and sexy stockings tended to be reserved more for the kind of nightwear you'd buy at Victoria's Secret. It would probably be fun to put some fishnets on sometime but at the moment Alyson had no use for erotically charged pajamas.

Clothing was obviously going to play a much greater role in her life than it had before. What she wore made a big statement about who she was and she was suddenly interested in developing a sense of style of her own, whatever that might be. She had to avoid the natural temptation to wear the trashiest things she could find. Her only consideration of the female body prior to this was in lusting after it. Slutty revealing clothes were very appealing to a man's pornographic fantasies but to an actual woman going about her daily life it was generally best not to look like a cheap hooker all the time.

It was strange being pretty all of a sudden. It was different than being just attractive. It was more work for one thing. A man could be considered attractive with messy hair and a three day growth of beard stubble but a woman needed to be on top of her game cosmetically. The "casual look" was fine but it usually still involved some work to make it seem like one had just rolled out of bed looking gorgeous.

This was also something that had been discussed with her during her orientation but she

had largely dismissed it. She hadn't seen any reason to conform to some superficial standard of feminine beauty, and more power to her for the thought, but once she was actually a pretty girl it suddenly seemed like a good idea to remain as pretty as possible. It was virtually impossible to shake the pleasure she got from being complimented on her looks. No matter how trivial it seemed she suddenly wanted very much to look nice and be appreciated for it. That was odd because she hadn't been raised to have those feelings from childhood but she had them none-the-less. Perhaps it was a desire to feel more feminine and to fit in with other women or perhaps it was something instinctive that went back to the primordial urge to attract a mate. Whatever the reason she wanted to be stylish and fashionable but had no clue as to how to accomplish that.

Becoming a female virtually overnight was a bigger challenge than she had expected. There was no mother or older sister to offer womanly advice. As a man she had lived with a woman for over 30 years but it was hard now to picture herself in that wifely role. Hard to remember the kind of details that she desperately wanted to know now. She had always been perfectly content to let the mysteries of womanhood remain mysterious.

She sort of assumed that the fact that she had lived for 65 years would be enough to get her by. It was supposed to be a big advantage but in many ways she was even less prepared to face life than a child having lived all of those long years as a man. Maybe she should have paid a little more attention to those orientation sessions. She was suddenly desperate for guidance.





## CHAPTER 7:

"You want to do what with my granddaughter?" Harold asked in dismay.

"I just want to take her to lunch and maybe pick her brain a little," Alyson replied.

"She's a 22-year-old girl who doesn't know shit about life except mooning over boys and spending all day on her phone texting or whatever it's called."

"And I'm essentially a 25-year-old girl who doesn't even know that much," Alyson pointed out. "It's not like I said I want to fuck your granddaughter or something, I just said that I want to talk to her."

"Jesus, you're not going to tell her that I fucked you are you?" Harold said aghast.

"Of course not. I'm the one who made you swear not to tell anyone about that, remember? How would it even come up for fuck's sake?"

"I don't know. You start gossiping and girl-talking and whatever and who knows what secrets you might share."

"Jesus Christ man I'm not throwing a slumber party. I don't really know Julie very well but she's honestly the only woman my age that I even know at all," said Alyson.

"But she's not your age. She's a third of age," Harold reminded her.

"Yeah, but not my real age anymore. That's just a number. That was how long Alvin Carpenter had been alive but this version of me is totally different. I'm going to have to start living my life as a girl in her 20s. I just thought it might be nice to get acquainted with someone who was more or less in the same boat."

"This thing is getting weirder all the time," Harold moaned.

"What's the big deal? I want to go to lunch with Julie. It's as innocent and harmless as can be."

"Well if you're talking to Julie I doubt if innocence will be on her mind. She's kind of...wild."

"Really? I had no idea."

"It's not something I brag about. Maybe it's just me being old fashioned and protective but from what I've heard from her parents she can be kind of a handful to deal with."

"This lunch is beginning to sound more interesting all the time," Alyson smirked.

"It's not funny. It's my granddaughter we're talking about."

"Sure, sure I understand. Just set it up will you? Give her some information about the procedure I went through and see if she sounds willing to have a chat with me."

"She'll probably just think it's creepy and tell me to get lost," Harold grunted.

"Well if that's the case there's nothing to be done about it. Just ask her anyway."

"So are we going to fuck?"

"God, I was afraid you were going to say that," Alyson said with a heavy sigh. "Do you really think that's a good idea?"

"It sounds like a damn good idea at the moment."

"You horny bastard. Why don't you try dating someone your own age?"

"Where am I going to find another woman who's my own age but looks like you do?"

"I don't know. Maybe you could hang around outside the clinic where I had my procedure done and try to pick up on the newest test subjects as they come out the door."

"That wouldn't be any easier than me trying to hit on any other young babe at a bar now would it?"

"I don't think we should have sex Harry. And I especially don't like the idea of you expecting me to just bend over every time we get together."

"Hey, I just thought you might want to try practicing cock sucking or something. That is something that requires some practice you know. You don't want to be ready to blow some young stud and suddenly realize that you have no idea how to do it," Harold explained.

It actually did make some sense. She knew that she had absolutely no blowjob technique and kind of a fear of the whole subject. After so many years of being a man she certainly knew how much men loved to get their dicks sucked and that a woman who did it well and enthusiastically was a valuable prize but at the moment she really wasn't in the mood to go down on her friend's cock.

"I think I'll take a rain check on that," she smiled.

"I'm glad to help any way that I can."

"For starters just hook me up with Julie. Then we'll see about the BJ."

God, that had felt distinctly like a veiled offer of prostitution. She wanted something from Harold and she had actually hinted at blowing him to get his help. Was it that easy to be a whore? She hadn't actually offered him that deal of course, just sort of implied it, but it had come so easily and naturally to her. She could see how using her body and sex appeal might get her all kinds of things in the future. Even if she didn't follow through on the implied offer it was still a powerful and potentially dangerous weapon to be playing with. She had the kind of looks that could make men do all sorts of stupid things and as they always say never point a gun at someone unless you're prepared to use it. Better to proceed with caution in the area of flaunting potential sexual favors she thought. One needs more experience to know how far to push things.

Julie had no problem at all with accepting Alyson's invitation to lunch. She was of a younger generation that didn't have as many hang ups about transgender people and she was frankly quite curious to see how her grandfather's old buddy had been magically turned into some kind of young woman. They'd met before and seen each other a few times over the years but neither one of them really knew anything much about the other.

Alyson wasn't sure what this meeting would really produce but it was a starting place. Being a writer she wanted to take notes but thought that would be too weird and invasive. She'd have to settle for mental notes instead.

She was very curious to see what Julie would be wearing and what kind of handbag she might have and how much makeup she'd have on. For some reason she also felt a little nervous about this casual get together. Julie was a "real" girl after all and was presumably quite at home in her body and her nature. Alyson was afraid of sticking out like a sore thumb by wearing or doing something obviously wrong, as if there was a clear cut code for all young women to follow.

Julie breezed in and Alyson took stock of every detail. She had certainly grown into a lovely young woman. It had been a few years since she had last seen her and the change was dramatic.

"I love your necklace," Julie said as she plopped down in a chair across from Alyson.

"Thank you. It's nothing fancy but I liked the way it looked," Alyson replied.

"That's the only reason to wear something isn't it?"

"I guess so."

As it turned out Julie probably had more questions than Alyson did but that was fine. It kept the conversation flowing. Julie kept insisting that this must be some kind of a put on until Alyson produced her driver's license and the note from the clinic.

"Holy crap that is far out," Julie gushed in amazement. "So now you're a chick and you don't know exactly what you've gotten yourself into."

"That sums it up pretty nicely," Alyson said with a half smile. "I don't have any friends my age, well not my new age anyway. I feel kind of lost and out of place."

"Shit, I feel like that all the time and I have tons of friends. Have you had sex yet?"

"Um...yeah...sort of."

"Either you have or you haven't. It's hard to sort of have sex isn't it?"

"It was no big deal really. I just sort of did it quickly with an old friend," Alyson partially mumbled.

"God, not my grandpa I hope," Julie joked.

Alyson went pale for a moment and Julie started into her eyes.

"Why you little slut! You fucked my grandpa didn't you?" Julie chuckled.

"I didn't say that," Alyson protested.

"You didn't deny it either but when I suggested the idea your face sort of gave it all away. I'm not surprised really. My grandpa is a total horn dog. I have to keep him away from my friends or he'll hit on every one of them. So did you like it?"

"I'm not sure this is the best topic of conversation," said Alyson.

"Come on, you wanted to have an open and frank discussion with a woman of your age didn't you? What the hell did you think girls talked about...Nancy Drew novels? I don't mean was my grandpa a great lay I just mean did you like having a dick inside you? I assume that was a first time for you, or maybe not. Maybe you became a chick because you'd rather have cocks in your pussy than your ass."

"It was the first time and it didn't mean anything. It was just sort of...practice I guess."

"That's cool you don't have to explain anything to me. If I woke up with a dick one morning the first thing I'd probably want to do is find some chick to nail. It's natural curiosity. What we have to do now is find you some more age appropriate cocks to practice with. If you want to know how to have fun as a girl and enjoy life to the fullest you've definitely come to the right place!"

Alyson wondered what she was getting herself into but at the moment it didn't really matter. Apparently she wasn't just going to get some friendly advice...she was getting a new best friend as well.





## CHAPTER 8:

Apparently Julie liked to party in every sense of the word. No wonder her parents thought she was a handful. That might have been putting it mildly. Of course they probably only knew the half of it.

Julie was cute, smart, vivacious, sassy and rebellious. She wasn't rebelling against anyone or anything in particular she just had that youthful spark of doing the outrageous simply for the sake of it. She was in her final year of college and studying to be a commercial artist but at the moment her taste in art was far more avant-garde. She was sort of a Bohemian with a credit card.

For some reason Julie really seemed to fancy the idea of taking this new girl under her wing and showing her the ropes. Maybe it was because Alyson was so inexperienced that Julie had the chance to turn her on to all sorts of wicked adventures. Despite the age difference Julie appeared to accept her as an equal, once she got over the idea that Alyson used to be her grandfather's male friend Alvin. As far as Julie was concerned there was no trace of that old man now and just a fine young specimen of womanhood waiting to be molded into the next great party girl.

Julie lived on campus in a dorm room so the fact that Alyson had a nice big house all to herself was definitely a bonus. There was even a swimming pool and a nice barbecue area that seemed perfect for entertaining and Julie had lots of ideas where entertainment was concerned.

Shopping was definitely a high priority on Julie's list and soon Alyson knew all the trendy stores in the area. She also got the obligatory "makeover" which seemed to be a female ritual of some sort.

Another advantage of Alyson having her own house was that it gave Julie a place to get high without fear of being caught on campus smoking weed. Soon Julie's paraphernalia was being stored at Alyson's house and the two girls would often pass the time passing the bong or the pipe. Alyson hadn't smoked dope in 40 years but it brought back some pleasant memories.

"So you didn't find men attractive before?" Julie asked while taking a deep hit.

"No, not at all. I mean, I never really thought about it one way or the other. I was a happily married man who liked women," Alyson replied.

"But then you had this thing done and suddenly you had a craving for cock?"

"Not exactly, but I did notice right away that I felt differently about men."

"You were checking out their trousers."

"Yeah, sort of," Alyson admitted.

"So you're not turned on by women anymore?"

"No, I wouldn't say that. I still think women are pretty hot."

"Don't worry we all feel that way. I don't know anybody who hasn't made it with another chick at least once," Julie announced as she passed the bong.

"Really? I always kind of wondered about that."

"Men always do wonder about that. I think my grandpa would have paid good money to see two of my hottest friends going at it. You can always tell those things. The older the guy the dirtier he is. Didn't you like watching lesbian porn?"

"Sure I did."

"I don't know what it is but something about two chicks fooling around just drives men crazy. If you're in a nightclub and you see a couple of cute guys that you want to pickup just kiss your girlfriend and those dudes will be all over you like glue. We'll have to try that sometime," Julie announced casually.

Oh God, that was a scary thought. She had never intended to become Julie's friend and certainly had been honest when she had told Harold that her intentions were innocent and harmless but Julie had a way about her that was really attractive. It wasn't that she looked like a supermodel or anything but she just exuded some kind of powerful sensuality. The thought of kissing her, even as a ploy to trap men, suddenly seemed very arousing. Better to get that thought out of her head. Maybe it was just the weed talking.

"So do you think you're straight or bi?" Julie asked.

"I don't know. Straight I guess. I mean now that I'm a woman and I'm interested in men I guess that makes me straight. Of course I haven't been with a woman since I became one so it's hard to know for sure how I would feel," Alyson shrugged.

"Well let's conduct a little experiment shall we?"

They were both sitting on the floor in the living room with their weed sitting on the coffee table. They were close enough to pass the bong back and forth so Julie just took a big hit and held it in her mouth as she leaned over and kissed Alyson, releasing the smoke in the process. It was just about the sexiest thing Alyson had ever experienced and once she had taken the hit all the way down she turned her attention to Julie's lips which were still planted on her own.

"So did you feel anything?" Julie inquired when they finally broke apart.

"Hell yes, but it might just be the head rush."

"I think it was my tongue more than any bong hit."

"I think you're right."

Alyson grabbed Julie and they began kissing again. As they did so Julie slipped her hand under Alyson's top and began to fondle her breasts, much as her grandfather had done. So apparently it wasn't only dirty old men who liked to play with boobs.

Soon her top was gone and the bra quickly followed it and Julie was sucking on Alyson's nipples. Alyson had a really nice buzz going and the sensation of having a woman touching her like that was heavenly. Somewhere along the line Julie ended up topless as well and Alyson found herself returning the favor with some serious breast play.

There was no hurry to anything at all. The kissing and touching and caressing was all rather slow and deliberate. Julie's tits were smaller than Alyson's but they were cute and pert and fit the girl's body perfectly. There wasn't as much to grab onto but one could fit an entire boob in one hand with ease.

Alyson was wearing a skirt which made it all the easier for Julie to gain access to her now very moist slit. Julie let her fingers play with Alyson's pussy on top of her panties as they continued to kiss and pressed their bare breasts together. Eventually those fingers made their way into Alyson's snatch and rather expertly went to work on her clit.

"Damn, you're pretty wet girl," Julie said as she pulled her hand out and licked her fingers clean. "I think we're definitely leaning towards the bisexual side of things. Still need more testing."

The next "test" was to flip Alyson's skirt up and to remove her panties. Julie guided Alyson to the edge of the couch and then got between her spread legs and buried her face in Alyson's

muff. Julie appeared to be an experienced pussy licker, which just made her all the more exotic in Alyson's mind.

Alyson could remember the day Julie was born and how proud Harold had been. In most of her memories Julie had just been a little girl but now she was a grown woman on her knees and performing cunnilingus like a champ. Where does the time go anyway?

She really hoped that Harold would never find out about this. There was nothing wrong with what they were doing as they were both consenting adults and not related in any way but it still seemed like something that would probably not go over well with the girl's grandfather. God, she had fucked both Harold and his granddaughter. That seemed remarkably sleazy on the surface but under the circumstances it probably wasn't all that surprising.

Alyson climaxed at least twice, maybe a third time. It was hard to tell for sure as a woman. Julie was quite impressed and even a little envious.

"Damn you're really orgasmic," Julie enthused. "Sometimes for me sex is more like having a stick shoved up your butt...but not in a good way."

Alyson wondered what good way there was to have a stick shoved up your butt but didn't want to seem too square by asking.

"You were creaming up a storm girl," Julie continued. "I can get myself off pretty easily but when someone else is doing the fucking it doesn't always work for me. Of course I've been with a lot of dumb college guys who were usually drunk and didn't really know what the hell they were doing. It's not always like it looks in the porn films. Some guys just kind of climb on and bang away for a couple of minutes and then they're done. I tend to need some time to get warmed up."

"Well I've got time. Maybe you could show me how you like it. Just guide me if I'm lost," suggested Alyson.

"You are a dirty little bean licking slut aren't you! Get those pretty lips over here and park them on my pussy. I have a feeling you're going to get a mouthful of girly cum."

That sounded just fine to Alyson. She would work that pussy as long as it took. That's what friends are for, isn't it?





## CHAPTER 9:

The thought of being bisexual as a man would have horrified Alvin, probably driven him to seek counseling and might even have made him contemplate suicide. The negative stigma of being gay was deeply ingrained in his consciousness as it was for many men, especially those of his generation. Homosexuality hadn't just been frowned upon in his youth it had also been a pretty serious crime. Even men who enjoyed watching girl-on-girl porn often refused to think of what they were seeing as homosexual. It was easy to drive that thought from your mind when you were jerking off to two pretty girls fucking each other.

Alyson was very proud that she had made Julie cum. It seemed like the least she could do to return the favor. In all honesty that afternoon on the floor had been the best sex Alyson had ever known as a man or a woman. Better than Alvin's wedding night or the time he got a blowjob from Charlene McDonald in the band room in high school. She felt good all over and very content as she soaked in a hot bathtub later that evening, reflecting on her first lesbian encounter.

Maybe she was going to be a lesbian after all. Not too likely. She knew that she was still curious about men and drawn to them sexually. One little romp with a college girl while hopped up on grass didn't make you a fulltime lesbian she reckoned.

Even without the sex Alyson was having a blast hanging out with Julie and her friends. It took a lot of energy to keep up with them and their burning the candle at both ends ways but that didn't seem to be a problem anymore. Staying up all night and running on adrenaline and caffeine just brought back old memories. It was a very different time when Alvin had been in college but in a lot of ways very little had really changed.

Julie was a little dynamo and always seemed to have something going on. Sometimes it was a busy night of club hopping or going to some art gallery in some god-awful section of town or sometimes it was just lounging around talking about everything and nothing. Since they were spending so much time together Alyson thought about asking Julie to move in with her but that would be very hard to explain to Harold.

She wasn't trying to keep her friendship with Julie a secret, aside from the sexual aspects and the drug use, but it wasn't something that she felt particularly compelled to share with Harold either. Even though she had known Harold for 40 years she was actually much closer to his granddaughter these days and certainly didn't want to get in the middle of some family squabble. Why shouldn't Julie have fun? She was young and pretty and full of life. Old people could be such stickin-the-muds.

Julie had finally convinced Alyson to use her pad for a big pool party so one sunny afternoon the house was invaded by a variety of young people. What the neighbors would think was anyone's guess but Alyson planned to keep everything under control as much as possible. For one thing it was a daytime party so even if the music got a little loud or something it was doubtful that anyone would call the cops.

Music was something that Alyson was not embracing as easily as many other aspects of youth culture. Her tastes were pretty clearly defined from a lifetime of listening and it was one area where she felt really old and out of touch. She honestly didn't know who these new artists were and couldn't exactly see what the appeal was. None-the-less she wasn't going to force her

old fashioned tastes on anyone so Julie was in charge of programming the music for the party.

Being a pool party lots of people came in swimsuits so there was a lot of bare flesh, both male and female, on display. Alyson couldn't remember the last time there had been a party in this house but whenever it was it certainly was nothing like the one raging all around her at the moment.

Since Julie knew everybody she sort of co-hosted the affair, which was fine with Alyson except for the fact that Julie was remarkably free about granting people permission to do just about anything anywhere.

Everyone was seriously impressed that someone so young had such a nice house and more than one guest assumed rather naturally that this place belonged to Alyson's parents. There was no need to explain the uniqueness of her situation. It was rather nice to just be thought of as a young woman like any of the other young women at the party.

"So who have you got your eye on?" Julie asked when they were both semi-alone in the kitchen for a moment.

"What do you mean?" Alyson replied.

"Come on, you must have been scoping out the talent. What sort of man meat are you in the mood for. Or maybe you'd rather bang one of these bikini babes," said Julie with a wicked grin.

"Can't I have both?" Alyson joked.

"Now you're talking baby. Shit, we could probably get a full on orgy going in no time."

Alyson sort of hoped that Julie was kidding but knowing Julie she probably wasn't. Alyson knew that people would be necking here and there and maybe slipping off to a bedroom or something but she had never considered the idea of some sort of big group sex affair going down in her own house. Was that even legal? Were all of these kids adults? She suddenly wished she had checked IDs at the door before letting anyone have access to the booze.

There were already some people swimming nude in the pool which kind of freaked Alyson out. She didn't want the neighbors to peek over the fence and see that sort of activity. They probably all wondered what happened to that nice, quiet old man who used to live here. There never would have been a party like this if he was still around.

The party was lasting much longer than Alyson had anticipated and showed no signs of slowing down even after the sun had long since retired. Julie had picked up some lighting equipment at a party store and now the living room became an impromptu nightclub as dancing replaced swimming as the main focus of attention.

Julie had been running around all day in a skimpy little bikini and now she bounced into the living room and ripped off her top which she proceeded to swing around her head as she gyrated to the beat.

"Let's kick this party up a notch! Who wants to fuck?" Julie cried.

Apparently a lot of people did as clothing began to fly in all directions. For a moment Alyson felt like Julie was the *Cat in the Hat* and regretted letting her in the house but that feeling passed quickly and soon Alyson was stripping out of her clothes. Whatever was going to happen was going to happen and it promised to be something interesting and new at the very least.





## CHAPTER 10:

Julie had pounced on the first erect cock she could find and was now riding some guy who was sitting in Alyson's favorite chair. Well that old chair had gotten a lot of use in its time but never anything like this.

Alyson was naked but she just stood off to one side and watched for a while. It was kind of hard to believe that this was actually happening. There seemed to be a lot of cock sucking going on and she suddenly sort of wished that she had taken up Harold on his offer to let her practice on him. Part of her really wanted to try it but part of her was still terrified.

As she stood watching she felt a man's hands cup her breasts from behind. She knew it was a man because she could also feel a rather large but flaccid penis pressed up against her butt.

"Hey sweetie, you want to dance?" a male voice whispered in her ear.

"I'm not much of a dancer," Alyson replied over her shoulder.

"That's okay neither am I. The secret is not to care about that."

Alyson turned and saw a very handsome young man smiling at her. She returned the smile.

"Well...let's dance," she said.

The two of them began to sort of groove to the beat in the middle of the room as the orgy raged all around them. If there was ever a time to dance with reckless abandon this was it as no one was paying them the slightest bit of attention.

They danced very close and the boy kept rubbing up against her. At one point he turned her around and she began to wiggle her bare ass against his pelvis. They were still sort of dancing but they were also sort of making out. It was strange and wonderful and thrilling as the music pounded and the lights flashed and the sight of people fornicating was everywhere you looked. Suddenly a crazy idea popped into her head.

"Don't go anywhere," she instructed her dance partner.

Alyson looked for Julie and found her on the couch kind of sandwiched between two guys.

"I need to borrow you for a second," said Alyson.

"Sure, what's up?" said Julie as she slipped out of her tight position. "Sorry guys, back in a bit."

"Teach me how to give head," Alyson suggested.

"What? Right now?"

"Yeah. I want to blow that guy over there but I don't know how."

"You mean Mike? Sure thing."

Julie acted as casually as if Alyson had just asked her to refill the ice bucket or something and soon the two girls were standing next to Mike who had just continued to sway to the music without a partner.

"Get on your knees girl and take his cock in your hand," Julie instructed.

Alyson did as she was told and soon she had a grip on Mike's dick. The feeling was both familiar and new at the same time.

"Now start stroking it," said Julie. "Wait a minute, spit in your hand or lick it or something. You want to get it wet and slippery."

After lubricating his prick with her saliva it began to come to life in her hands. It was actually thrilling to watch something so big and powerful grow right before her eyes. It felt very

warm to the touch as it throbbed in her palm.

"Now just keep stroking like that while you lick the tip of his dick like a lollipop," suggested Julie.

That didn't seem too difficult so she stroked and licked for a while, moving her tongue around to reach different parts of the head. It wasn't bad at all going slowly like this but she knew it was going to get more intense in a few moments.

"Okay now you're going to take him in your mouth. Don't forget to breathe through your nose and try to keep your teeth covered with your lips."

Alyson hesitated for a moment. It wasn't that she didn't want to put his dick in her mouth, she actually was very anxious to try it, but somehow it just didn't seem possible that anything that big and hard could actually fit in there. She was afraid of gagging or choking on it and didn't want to throw up or something. Talk about a major turn off.

There was also a psychological barrier to get over. As a man Alvin had often practically had to beg for blowjobs. Many times he had tried to present a persuasive argument about why it was perfectly natural and no big deal but it was often a hard sell. Even his wife rarely went down on him and usually only on special occasions like his birthday or Christmas. The impression was that giving head was some great gift that needed incentive for bestowing. If women were that reluctant to do it it must be kind of unpleasant.

Still it hadn't been unpleasant at all so far. Stroking Mike's pecker and even licking it had actually been a huge turn on. The fact that she was on her knees probably contributed to her anxiety. It was a strange view being right at cock level but it did make it easier to concentrate on the task. Yet it was hard to shake the feeling of submissiveness completely from her mind. She had been a man just a short time ago and performing an act like this on another man would have been unthinkable. Well she wasn't a man anymore she told herself as she opened her mouth and let Mike's dick slip inside it.

Not really having a clue what to do next Alyson kind of bobbed her head up and down rapidly until Julie touched her shoulder and volunteered to show her how it's done. Alyson stayed on her knees as Julie joined her on the floor and she watched intently as her friend demonstrated a variety of techniques that might be employed. If Mike thought this was odd he showed no sign on it and just stood patiently enjoying the demonstration.

At one point Julie stopped sucking and gave Alyson a delicious long kiss while Mike's hard prick stood at attention just inches away from them.

"Now you try it again sweetie," Julie coaxed. "Don't be in a rush. Keep stroking and let the cock slip down your throat. No need to force it at this point. You'll get used to it in time and you'll be able to take more and more of it. Good girl, that's the way to do it. It's fun isn't it?"

There really wasn't any way for Alyson to reply except to make a little nod with her head and sort of a grunting response. Julie continued to give advice and encouragement and jumped back in once or twice. She had to keep reminding Alyson to look up at Mike from time to time and show him how much she was enjoying it. That look could be better than the blowjob itself she explained and Mike agreed with a guttural moan of some sort.

When Alyson started to get a nice groove going Mike reached down and put his hands on her head but Julie brushed them off and reminded him that Alyson was a novice and didn't need the extra pressure of being forced down on him. Mike just smiled and put his hands behind his head and stretched. This lesson could go on all night as far as he was concerned.

When Mike was getting ready to pop Alyson had another moment of panic. She had really been enjoying herself and was horny as hell but she didn't know what to do with Mike's cum. Julie knew exactly what she was thinking and volunteered to take over for the climax. Alyson was determined to see it through to the end and just took a good grip on Mike's shaft as he began to shoot his sticky goo in her mouth.

There is simply nothing like the sensation of hot jets of cum slamming into the back of your throat and the first time it happens it can be kind of mind boggling to comprehend. Alyson was almost too startled to swallow and soon her mouth was filling up with his cream. As she pulled her head back the liquid was beginning to drip down her lips and Julie grabbed her neck and prepared to open her mouth.

"Don't be a greedy little bitch," Julie joked. "I earned some of that you know."

With that Julie brought her lips to meet Alyson's and her tongue shot into her friend's mouth and lapped up some of the remaining cum. It was the most amazing kiss ever, even better than the bong hit kiss, as the taste of Mike's fluid mixed with their own saliva and both girls were soon licking Mike's slowly deflating dick.

"Well you're officially a cock sucker now," Julie announced proudly. "How do you feel?"

"Fucking fantastic!"





## CHAPTER 11:

Alyson was an official cocksucker now. That took some time to sink in. What surprised her the most was how proud she felt. Swallowing cum wasn't a horrible burden that women only needed to do reluctantly, it was the reward for a job well done. Julie had said that she had "earned" some of it and that was pretty much the way Alyson felt. She knew she was just a beginner but she had succeeded in making her man shoot his load, albeit with a lot of help from Julie. She vowed to get better and to learn to relax and take it even deeper next time. She knew there would be a next time with somebody. She had a taste for it now and had gotten past the psychological hurdles.

The world of sex was unfolding with many colors and styles. Sex of any kind had become sort of a distant memory for Alvin, especially once his wife passed away. Even then they weren't terribly active for many years. Sex always seemed so important at the start but as time went by it was often more pleasant just to get a good night's sleep. Alvin had a lot of back pain that made many sexual positions pretty difficult to accomplish and his overall sex drive had diminished greatly.

Alyson's libido was back in high gear. Sex was suddenly on her mind again in a big way and she was ideally equipped to get as much as sex as she wanted. That was a really intoxicating realization. You can forget about cash or gold or platinum or diamonds; there is no commodity on Earth more coveted than a hot girl with a tight pussy.

It wasn't arrogance that made her think that, it was the simple fact that she had lived as a man for so long and knew how much the desire for a young woman could drive one almost insane. Even when Alvin was younger and a decent-looking fellow sex had always been something you had to work for or pay for and there was no guarantee you'd get it no matter how hard you tried.

It was funny to be on the other side of the street for a change. Obviously she didn't really know what dating or a "normal" sex life was like as her only experiences so far were all weird "experiments" and now she was in the middle of an orgy in her own living room.

Ah, yes...the orgy. Julie had taken charge as usual and now had a row of girls, herself included, positioned on the couch much the way Alyson had been when she fucked Harold. Noticing that there was room for one more Julie coaxed Alyson into joining the group which she did, squeezing into a little space at the end of the sofa.

There were five little pussies all waiting to be stuffed and a line of horny young men getting ready to stuff them. It wasn't exactly a game, it was more of a choreographed fuck fest. The first guy got behind the first girl and began to hump her then he pulled out and went to girl number two as another cock stepped in to plunge into girl number one. If there was a goal it was probably to get through the whole line without blowing your wad but there were no official rules to this game.

Alyson was at the extreme end of the line and had to wait her turn as the girls at the other end were getting plenty of attention. If someone lingered too long and was holding up the line Julie would call out for everyone to switch and the line moved on. Perhaps the object was to keep all five girls filled for as long as possible by rotating new men into the line. In any case Alyson was actually pretty anxious for her turn to arrive and let out a yelp of delight when she

finally got penetrated.

The assembly line worked pretty well and even if a guy did have to hold up to ejaculate someone else quickly replaced him and the line flowed on. The sound of five squealing girls each making their own unique pleasure moans was pretty surreal. It sort of reminded Alyson of a kennel or a pet store. You could try to be quiet but it just didn't work. Each girl had her own signature noise which could be anything from a high pitched scream to a steady whimpering purr and shouting profanity also seemed to go with the territory. Cock tends to make your brain turn to mush and even the most shy and reserved young lady has been known to scream like a banshee while getting drilled.

Eventually all the male participants had delivered the goods. It was random chance which box they made their deposit in but Alyson had received a couple of loads along the way. The five girls all kind of collapsed into a giggling pile of tits and pussy and there was plenty of kissing and rubbing and finger banging to be enjoyed.

If you had told Alyson that things like this actually happened outside of porn movies she never would have believed it. All these kids were so horny and so comfortable about getting naked in front of a group. Alyson had been to parties where people had sex back when she was Alvin but it was a much more private thing where people paired up and went off to find a secluded spot.

Someone had even taped the proceedings with their cellphone camera and for a moment Alyson was worried that it would be posted to some porn site on the Internet but then she realized that no one was going to recognize her bare ass in a line of naked butts and she had no one to hide this from anyway. There was no family to be shocked and scandalized, no lover to become insanely jealous, no employer to be offended. So what if someone saw a video of her sucking cock or getting humped? Hell, at this point she hardly knew anyone in the world who even knew what she looked like these days.

Somehow the party did eventually come to an end and Alyson and Julie were left to survey the damage.

"Well I don't think we trashed your pad too much," said Julie as she picked up someone's panties that had been left behind.

"No, all things considered I think the building will still stand. Not bad under the circumstances."

"I guess we should start cleaning up," Julie suggested.

"I don't want to bother with that tonight," Alyson groaned. "I'll do it tomorrow."

"Hey, I'm here now. Let's get it over with. I'll probably end up sleeping most of the day tomorrow."

"You could spend the night here if you want."

"You mean crash on your couch?"

"If you wanted to. Or you could sleep in the guest bedroom. Or you could...sleep in my bed if you preferred."

"Why you dirty little lesbo you want to fuck me again don't you?"

"I didn't say that," Alyson protested weakly. "Of course I wouldn't mind."

"Have you got a strap on?" Julie asked.

"No, I'm afraid I don't."

"Well we'll have to take care of that soon. How about vibrators, dildos?"

"Yeah I have some."

"That will have to do I guess. Lucky we're already naked. Saves us all the hassle of getting undressed."





## CHAPTER 12:

They hadn't gone to bed right away but they hadn't done any cleaning either. They just sat on the couch with the TV on chatting away more than paying attention to what was on the screen. They were still naked, as there was no reason not to be, and it was a very liberating feeling. Alvin and his wife never sat around the house naked even in the early days of their marriage. It just wasn't the sort of thing they would do.

"You seemed to be having fun. I hope the party was worth the hassle," said Julie.

"I had more fun today than I've had in the last two decades at least," Alyson replied with a wide grin.

"God I keep forgetting how old you are. You just seem so young."

"I am young now. I've just lived a long time."

For some reason that caused them both to break out in a fit of giggles. It wasn't really funny but they were getting into a silly mood. It was nice to be able to giggle, Alyson thought. It was nice to be silly sometimes. Her life as a man had become very serious. It was okay to laugh at a joke or at a funny show on television but men weren't supposed to giggle for no good reason. Alyson found it so much easier to wear her emotions on her sleeve. She didn't have to "act" like a man anymore, which of course was really an act in many ways for many men. There was a lot of societal pressure on men to be cool and calm and in control. You couldn't really get away with being moody or flighty or unpredictable the way a woman could.

"So how come you don't have a steady boyfriend?" Alyson inquired.

"I've got lots of steady boyfriends. They just kind of come and go really quickly. That's the problem...they cum too quickly so they've got to go," said Julie, triggering another bout of the giggles.

"Maybe it's time we got you hooked up with some dude," Julie suggested once they were able to speak again without laughing.

"Hey I'm in no hurry for that. I'm enjoying things they way they are right now."

"Yeah, but you should know what it feels like to fall head over heels in love with a man. Just for the experience."

"I was married for over 30 years you know," Alyson pointed out. "I think I probably know a bit more about love than a young whippersnapper like you."

"True, but you weren't in love with a man...I assume. I'm guessing it's a kind of different feeling. Well, I'm sure you'll find out soon enough anyway. You're too hot to be free for long. Plus you're not skilled in toying with men's affections yet. You'll probably fall for the first line you get from a cute guy with a nice smile."

"Probably not. I'm also somewhat experienced with the way men think and operate."

"That's true. That's probably a pretty big advantage when you come to think of it. It's like you've been spying on the enemy all these years and you know his weaknesses. Not that men are the enemy by any means, but they can be kind of an opponent sometimes."

"I obviously know your grandfather really well and I sort of know your parents. They all seem pretty conservative. How did you end up so crazy and wild?" asked Alyson.

"Hell if I know. It's not like I have this big plan. I just sort of wake up every day and let it rip."

"I can't decide whether you're a good influence on me or a bad one. You're certainly a profound influence one way or the other."

"Maybe it's both good and bad. Who knows. As long as you're having fun, you don't get knocked up and you don't end up in jail or the hospital for more than one night you're probably doing fine. There's plenty of time to end up old and respectable. Besides, I can always do what you did and stay young forever."

"Even if you had to become a guy to do it?"

"Well then I'd have a cock to fuck you with and I wouldn't need to fool around with a strap on. Now get in the bedroom bitch and break out those toys. Your pussy has been empty for way too long!"





## CHAPTER 13:

Alyson had a lot to write about in her journal these days although she had been so busy she had kind of let that lag behind. Having this much fun was kind of a full time job. She wondered how Julie ever got any schoolwork done but that girl seemed to be a ball of constant energy.

Harold was understandably curious about how things were going and what Alyson had been doing with her time but she was naturally reluctant to give too many details. She really didn't want him thinking of her as a total slut who played sex games and hosted orgies and shoved cock-shaped objects with batteries into the pussy of his granddaughter. Of course it was all true and she wasn't ashamed of the life she was living but under the circumstances it seemed better to keep that sort of information to herself. Harold would no doubt love to hear about her slutty adventures but that would probably just lead to more aggressive suggestions that they get it on again. Hell, he'd especially love to hear about her lesbian exploits...until he found out who her partner was. It was a hypocritical attitude but still sort of understandable. A man may love watching pornography but very few of them would be comfortable knowing that their wife or girlfriend or daughter was appearing in them.

For her part Alyson had gone from being horrified that someone had a camera at the party to somewhat intrigued by the idea of being videotaped during sex. It was something Alvin and his wife would never have considered for a second. Alyson was curious to know what she looked like getting boned. Hearing the sound might be a little embarrassing but that couldn't be helped. She wasn't planning on becoming a professional porn actress or anything and wouldn't have known how to go about it even if she did but the idea of shooting some amateur erotica had been floating around in her head recently.

Julie would probably go for it without hesitation but then there would be documentary evidence of their exploits and who knows who might run across it if they posted it somewhere. Of course Julie could easily set her up with a male partner for the occasion if she really wanted to do it but it was probably just a kinky fantasy anyway. Sex was just so much on her mind these days that she was constantly looking for new and exciting things to explore.

Sex was obviously fun but it was also one of the things that Alyson could embrace and understand easily in her new role as a young woman. Alvin had always lived by the theory that the longer you live the further out of touch with the world you become and Alyson was discovering that the theory was somewhat true.

She was actually from an older generation and had grown up in very different times and developed a world view based on those experiences. The kids she was hanging out with now had a completely different attitude about things. It wasn't just that they weren't familiar with a lot of things that Alyson just assumed everyone knew, it was the fact that they looked at life with a different perspective that was hard for her to comprehend.

It went beyond their taste in clothes and music and popular culture. Their political outlook and their sense of values seemed quite odd to Alyson. These kids had grown up with a computer at their fingertips and a wireless phone in their hands. If they thought about the time when Alyson was actually their age it would probably seem pretty ancient and primitive to them.

Sex was kind of the great equalizer. People have always been fascinated by sex and always

will be. Pornographic movies came into existence the moment someone figured out how to make pictures move. People have been creating pictures of people fucking for thousands of years. Alison's perception of womanhood was largely a pornographic one, which was fine at the moment, especially since she was under the influence of such a charismatic party girl like Julie.

She was slowly learning a few things about being a woman aside from how to give head or properly apply cosmetics but her current lifestyle was kind of a fantasy world. If she knew anything from her many years of life experience it was that you can't just tap dance your way through life from one party to another forever. Fortunately she was financially secure and could afford to waste a bit of time right now with no real purpose in sight but she knew that there was more to life than that.

Perhaps it would be motherhood this time around. Alvin had always sort of regretted that they had never adopted a child, especially as he saw his friend's children grow up and have children of their own. Then she thought about Julie and hoped that if she ever did have a child it would be a boy.

Of course marriage had been good but it wasn't without its drawbacks. Alyson was certainly in no hurry to go down that road again right away. Marriage had brought with it a certain amount of stagnation. For many years the only thing that had really mattered was making money and paying bills and saving up even more money for retirement. Alvin's wife never made it to retirement and all of their plans to travel and enjoy life together again went unfulfilled. Perhaps it was better not to think too far ahead.

The reaction Alyson got when she saw her other old male friends was basically the same as Harold's initial response. They didn't believe she was really Alvin without proof and once they were convinced they drooled over her with barely concealed lust. The knowledge in her head was exactly the same as it had been before but because she seemed so different she was treated very differently. They saw a young woman and they reacted the way they would with any other young woman. They tried to impress her. They talked down to her at times. They made suggestive comments and stared at her body whenever they thought she wasn't looking. They liked being around her because she was a pretty young thing and it made them feel younger to be in her presence but they simply couldn't deal with the fact that she had been their buddy for years and years.

In some ways Alyson wished that they had erased her memories when they gave her this new body but that was kind of silly and wouldn't have changed anything for the better. She knew that her old friendships were fading away and maybe that was best. Through Julie she was meeting new people and they all only knew her for what she appeared to be. It was probably better to move forward than to spend too much time looking back.





## CHAPTER 14:

"Well if we're going to do this thing let's do it right," said Julie.

"All I suggested was that it might be fun to set up a camera so that I could see what I look like having sex," Alyson protested. "I don't think there's any particular right or wrong way to go about it, is there?"

"You're willing to get naked and fuck on camera, right?"

"Sure."

"And you're willing to upload it to the Internet so that other people can see it, right?"

"Well I might be willing to do that if it's not too dumb looking or something," Alyson admitted.

"Exactly what I'm getting at. There's no point in baring your soul...and your body for millions of people if you're going to create something crappy. The world is already full of crappy amateur video. I'm an artist. I see no reason why we can't make this an artistic expression of erotic fantasies," Julie suggested proudly.

"I kind of just wanted to see what I look like getting laid."

"And so you shall but not just in a cheap and tawdry webcam video. I'm going to make you a star."

"I don't really want to be a star I just want to stick a camera in the corner of the room and turn it on before I fuck."

"That would be a complete waste of time and talent."

"What talent?"

"Yours and mine of course," Julie shot back, a little offended. "My artistic talent and your erotic talent."

"Do I have any erotic talent?"

"Of course you do darling. And under my expert direction you will not only not look dumb but you will have millions of men jerking off to your every move."

"Millions?"

"Well maybe a few thousand at any rate. Perhaps I was being a little optimistic," Julie admitted. "Look, you're a writer and I'm an artist. You've got money and I've got contacts. Don't you think it would be more fun to make a video that would blow people's minds while they watch you blowing cocks?"

"Yeah...what's this going to cost?" Alyson inquired suspiciously.

"Who knows at this point? We haven't got a script yet but I can get a lot of crap from the college like lights and cameras and people who know how to use them. Believe me, getting a crew together to shoot a porno is not going to be a problem."

That's how Alyson got talked into making her first foray into the world of pornography. Once Julie set her mind to something she was a juggernaut and hard to stop. Alyson had to admit that the idea was kind of intriguing even if she had her doubts about the artistic merits of the project.

The most appealing part of the plan was that they were going to be casting the other performers from a pool of the most attractive people Julie knew. Alyson would have her pick of partners and could act out any fantasy she liked. It was probably going to end up costing

way too much money for what it was but Alyson wasn't hurting in that department and this did sound like it might be extremely fun...or a complete disaster. Of course that was often the case when you aimed high and took a chance on something crazy. In any case it was bound to be a unique experience.

Alyson, the pragmatic writer, wanted to tell a straight narrative story of some kind but Julie, the radical artist, wanted it to be more expressionistic and symbolic. They compromised and settled on a story that would be largely set around a dream sequence. They decided it would be the story of a man who falls asleep and dreams that he's a beautiful young woman experiencing a series of sexual encounters. No one but Alyson and Julie would know that it was sort of an autobiographical story but they would share the in-joke.

The dream sequences could be anything since it was a dream and didn't have to make sense or look realistic. That would allow Julie to design creative settings and use weird camera angles. If nothing else it would certainly qualify as an "art film" if anyone was worried about being associated with a cheap porno.

The casting sessions were a blast. Julie was very professional and Alyson tried to be but most of the audition process involved very attractive men taking off their clothes and stroking themselves until they were fully erect. Alyson was ready to jump across the table and fuck all of them right there but she managed to maintain her composure as she tried to take notes. There would be girls too in this epic erotic masterpiece so many young beauties disrobed for them and gave them both an eyeful of their qualifications.

Basically no one was going to be turned down as they planned a big orgy sequence for the grand finale so it was more a question of choosing which people to feature in the other scenes. Everyone would join in for the big bang at the end. Julie kept saying it would be like the end of Fellini's *8 1/2* but in Alyson's mind it was just a stylized version of the orgy that had been held in her living room.

The first day of shooting was going to be very easy for Alyson as they were only doing the opening and closing scenes where her male alter ego goes to sleep and wakes up. That would bookend the dream stuff in the middle.

Rather than being an old man "Alvin" was portrayed as a hot young stud. Naturally he would walk around the house naked before getting into bed so that they could get some nice footage of his ridiculously cute butt and his big dick.

There were basically two members of the crew who were experienced and sort of knew what they were doing; the cameraman and the sound guy. The rest of the crew were basically horny college guys who came to leer at the action but who would be pressed into service moving things around and whatnot as needed.

They were filming in Alyson's house and Julie proved to be a remarkably competent director. They weren't shooting anything terribly difficult but Julie was completely on top of the situation and seemed to know the lingo of communicating with the cameraman. Since it was shot on high definition video they could watch the playback right away and Alyson was very impressed with the quality of the photography and lighting, even in these naturalistic scenes.

The next shoot would be a little different. It would be shot in a large storage building that they had rented to serve as their soundstage. Julie had worked for hours and hours on the sets and props and there was always the chance that this thing would actually turn out all right. Of course the bigger difference between the next shoot and this one was the fact that Alyson

would be making her porn debut. She was terrified.





## CHAPTER 15:

Alyson would be waking up in a stylized bed that was in a completely black room with just a few white, lacy curtains draped from the ceiling. This was her big acting challenge as she had to convey her surprise at discovering that she was now a woman instead of a man. Fortunately she had real life experience to draw on so hopefully she could channel some of that and not make a total fool of herself.

She was to get out of bed, naked of course, and wander around the strange room looking disoriented before she began to notice her new body. Then she would begin touching and examining herself which would lead to a masturbation sequence.

Alyson had assumed that getting naked in front of a bunch of other people wouldn't be that difficult since she had done it already in the orgy at home but this was a little different in that she would be the only naked person and every eye in the building would be focused squarely on her.

"Couldn't I wear panties at least?" Alyson whispered to Julie just before they were to begin shooting.

"No you can't wear panties. Your male self went to bed naked so you have to wake up naked," Julie replied.

"But it's a dream. Couldn't I be dreaming that I'm wearing panties?" Alyson suggested.

"No because it's a masturbation scene and we want to see you playing with your pussy. That's kind of the whole point of this project isn't it?"

"All right, I'll get naked," Alyson sighed.

"That's my girl. No one wants a temperamental diva on the set."

They shot Alyson getting out of bed and wandering around a number of times until Julie was satisfied. Fortunately the lights were kind of in her eyes so she really didn't see the crew all that well. It made it a thousand times easier to forget about the lascivious spectators and just lose herself in the scene.

Julie wanted a lot of realism for the masturbation sequence so she grabbed a smaller camera and operated it herself while the primary cameraman tended to stay in longer shots. Julie obviously had a vision of how she would cut it all together and it gave Alyson confidence that there really was some sort of artistic merit to this sordid endeavor.

When the time came Alyson lay on the bed and spread her legs as she began to rub her vagina. They were recording sound so Julie didn't want to interrupt too much but she began to shout instructions and suggestions which Alyson tried her best to follow.

"That's it! Now use your middle finger and play with your clit. Really work it. I want to see a totally wet pussy!"

Before long Alyson wasn't thinking about the crew or the camera or even Julie's instructions. She was really starting to get aroused by her pussy play and the sounds she was making were so realistic and sexy that Julie just shut up and let the audio roll.

Alyson ended up masturbating three times that day and climaxed at least once on all three tries. Julie was certainly right about her being an orgasmic girl. She aroused pretty quickly and came often and hard. She wasn't squirting by any means but she did get very wet and it was easy to see how turned on she was, especially in the tighter shots.

"Wow, so that's what my pussy looks like," Alyson commented later as they watched the footage. "It sure is pink."

"Like they say, it's all pink on the inside baby," Julie laughed.

"That was actually kind of fun once I got over the terror."

"Good. You're going to be a lot more busy in the upcoming scenes so I'm glad you weren't scared off."

"Do think it's very erotic?" Alyson asked.

"Sweetie there wasn't a flaccid dick in the room. Even I was getting wet. You're an absolute natural at this. You just love sex so much and it shows."

God, she did love sex. It was funny to have that singled out as some kind of unique trait because Alyson just assumed that everybody loved sex, even though she knew that wasn't entirely true.

What really surprised her however was the fact that she was learning to enjoy performing in front of men. At first she had done everything she could to block them out of her mind but as she got going on multiple takes she started to actively think about the guys in the room. She had a bathrobe handy to slip on when they took breaks but after the first one she decided to ignore the robe and just casually walked around in the nude. She knew the men were trying not to stare at her and that they were failing. She found it flattering and it boosted her confidence.

The next sequence was a continuation of the bedroom scene. At the end of her masturbation a gorgeous guy with long curly blonde hair and a ripped body enters the room silently and climbs in bed with her. The guy really was hot, much more classically beautiful than most of the guys you saw in porn, but he was a friend of Julie's and often did some modeling for the college art classes. He was getting paid a few bucks under the table but he was worth every penny, especially once he showed off his prodigious erection.

This section was about discovering romance and featured a lot of kissing and foreplay which Alyson enjoyed very much. Her first moment of onscreen penetration would be lying on her back as the boy entered her in the traditional "missionary" position. Julie wanted lots of close ups of her face in the throes of passion and Alyson was able to offer up a large selection of options.

Julie was striving for as much continuous, natural fornication as possible but sometimes they would have to stop and move the lights to shoot from a different angle. Alyson found it particularly funny to watch Julie climbing around the bed with them shooting extremely close angles of the guy's cock in her pussy and so on.

The sequence ended with her in a "reverse cowgirl" riding her lover for all she was worth. Then the room would fill with fog and that would cue the transition to the next sequence. Unfortunately the guy running the fog machine got a little carried away and there wasn't really any ventilation in the storage building so they had to open the doors and escape outside until the room cleared. Alyson looked around for her robe but couldn't find it so she darted for the door in the buff as did her partner. Julie wasn't anxious to advertise what they were doing in that building so she had a wall of crew members surround the naked actors which just made the whole thing even more comical.

Soon the fog cleared and they resumed shooting. While the boy had worked as a semi-professional model he had never done porn before and unfortunately he popped a couple of times during the shoot which always required a break while everyone sat around waiting for the

guy to get hard again. Alyson felt really bad for him. That was a lot of pressure to put someone through. Trying to get another erection as quickly as you can is tough enough without a whole room of people staring at your dick between glances at their watches and other impatient gestures.

Julie took the opportunity to shoot some still pictures of Alyson by herself and some with her partner. Julie was quite good at that too it appeared as she seemed to know how to give instructions to get the poses she wanted while snapping away with her camera. It wasn't something they had planned on but the unexpected break gave Julie some inspiration.

Eventually the boy was hard enough to continue and Julie made sure they got the fog under control this time and soon they had everything they needed to move on. Alyson would have a new challenge in store for her as the next sequence involved the darker aspects of sex and would probably get a little rough. She hoped she was up for it but there wasn't any turning back now.





## CHAPTER 16:

For the next setup the setting was changed from the romantic curtains and soft lighting to a stylized chamber with abstract shapes and menacing looking pieces of bondage gear. The room was all red and black and gave the impression of being some sort of dungeon.

Alyson would be in a costume this time, which was actually a lot of fun to wear. She had a black leather corset that exposed her breasts while pushing them up, black boots that came up over her knees, leather bracelets with silver rings and a collar with spiked studs. She had never worn anything like this before but she loved the way she looked and felt in this outrageously sexy outfit.

Her partner in this scene would be a well-oiled muscle man wearing a black mask over his face and no shirt. Although he looked like a medieval executioner he was actually a very nice guy who was on the college wrestling team. He only agreed to appear as long as his face would remain concealed the entire time, which was no problem.

There would be some more fog at the beginning as Alyson wandered about looking confused again but they were starting to get the hang of how to use the fog machine to just cover the area they needed so that part went without a hitch.

There was no scripted dialogue in the film, which was probably best as none of the cast had any acting experience, so it was sort of put together like a silent movie. Julie just called out directions and the actors tried to follow.

The executioner beckoned Alyson to come and stand before him and then pushed her to her knees before hooking her up to a chain that ran between her bracelets and her collar. Then he produced his cock and forced Alyson to begin sucking it.

Alyson had never had any kind of a BDSM experience so it was all kind of new and kinky. The first part wasn't terribly difficult as the chains were more symbolic than constricting and all she had to do was give head. Because it was supposed to be rough sex the guy was instructed to grab her head and force it down on his dick and a few times he got a little carried away and Alyson had to pull back because she was choking so hard but it went pretty well and after a suitable amount of time the executioner was ejaculating all over her face.

This was also a new experience for Alyson and she soon learned that it's not a lot of fun to have cum shot up your nose or directly in your eyes but she tried to remain calm so that she didn't ruin the shot. She wasn't really anxious to have to sit around and wait for the guy to get hard again so she hoped Julie got all the footage of that she needed the first time.

The next part was much scarier as she was to be chained to one of the bondage devices and whipped with a riding crop. It was actually kind of a dumb thing to do as no one there knew jack shit about bondage so the potential for something going horribly wrong was present but that's show business.

Alyson was really helpless as this point and had to put her faith in her friend Julie to make sure that things didn't get too far out of hand. She took a deep breath as the executioner got behind her and gave her ass a good whack with the riding crop.

Although she wasn't struck very hard she let out quite a cry and Julie immediately cut the camera and ran over to her.

"All you all right sweetie?" Julie asked nervously.

"Yeah. It just kind of surprised me, that's all."

"We don't have to do this honey if you don't want to."

"No, I'm all right. I just didn't expect it to hurt that much. People really do this for fun, huh?"

"So they say. Different strokes for different folks. In this case literally I guess."

They resumed the scene and Alyson continued to cry out but she was going to try and stick it out. She had never understood at all why anyone would want to incorporate pain into their sex life but it was kind of a kinky thrill being trussed up and spanked like this.

For the rest of the sequence she was attached to other devices and subjected to yet more pain and ultimately a vigorous ass fucking. This was something she feared but she had prepared for. She had been stretching her ass with dildos and allowed Julie to butt fuck her with the strap on they had acquired so she felt ready for the real thing, even though it was still scary as she felt the tip of the man's cock poking around her anus before sliding in.

She was bent over and stretched out on some other weird torture device that Julie had come up with from somewhere and so there wasn't much to do but lie there and take it. The executioner guy was a big man physically but fortunately not blessed with a huge cock. The dildos she had been practicing with were probably bigger so the guy was able to pound her butt pretty hard without causing her any undue discomfort or pain.

The scene ended with cum being shot all over her ass and her back and it was quite a relief to finally be unhooked from the contraption. Her muscles felt really sore and she was happy for the break.

As she and Julie watched the raw footage back at Alyson's house that night Alyson couldn't help but be impressed by what she saw. Julie had a real eye for photography, which wasn't really that surprising given her background in art and design, still it surprised Alyson anyway. She had been kind of dubious about the merits of this project from the beginning but she had to admit that it at least looked very good and quite professional. Until it was all cut together it was hard to say how it would play out but Alyson knew that it was worth completing, even if it was costing a bit more than the original budget estimate.

Julie was bunking with Alyson during the whole process of writing the script and planning and shooting so the house had become their production office. The girls had also become pretty serious lovers though neither one of them would have classified the other as their girlfriend or acknowledged what they had going as a relationship. Technically they were just friends with benefits but they were both taking advantage of those benefits quite frequently.

It wasn't at all surprising. They had bonded in so many ways and now that they were collaborating on an artistic project it only made them all the closer. The fact that it was a pornographic project meant that their focus was on sex pretty much all the time these days and they were both almost constantly horny.

Alyson really felt like this was the happiest time of her life. Not just her new life but her whole life in general. She didn't mean any disrespect to the memory of her deceased spouse but her life had never been this interesting, colorful or exciting before. Alvin was a pretty typical man who lived a pretty ordinary life. Nothing much ever happened to him and he didn't go out of his way to change that. As a young man Alvin had tried to live up to everyone's expectations of what he was supposed to do. There was a lot of pressure to conform to certain standards and to accomplish certain things.

Being a writer had been his one big non-conformist act until he proved that he could actually make a living at it. Even then it was something his father had always kind of looked down on as "flaky" and "unstable" and not a suitable way to support a family. Plus there was a sense of competition with his friends to keep up with their latest consumer acquisitions and so on. Everything in life seemed to be about trying to fulfill everyone else's expectations.

Now she was shacking up with another woman who shared her bed while they worked on a pornographic art film, of which she was the star attraction. There was nobody in her world to wag a finger at her anymore or look down on her decisions and it felt wonderful to be this free. She had worked hard and saved her money and now she was doing something crazy with it that was bringing her great joy and pleasure. She had no commitment to anyone, even Julie, and was just living in the moment. If the rest of the world thought she was a whore for making this kind of movie or for living the way she was living so be it. No, more than so be it...fuck them! It was her life and she was going to live it this time the way she wanted to.





## CHAPTER 17:

The next sequence was a girl-on-girl thing. This was shot on an ultra feminine set that was all pink and frilly. It sort of resembled a young girl's bedroom with stuffed animals and other girly trimmings. She had another costume, which was all pink lingerie, and she again got a kick out of wearing the getup.

Her partner was a very attractive dark haired girl of Asian descent who was of course a friend of Julie's. Alyson wondered whether they had ever had sex together but didn't ask. It didn't make any difference one way or the other.

The Asian girl was to play the dominant partner who would introduce Alyson to the joys of lesbian sex and it was kind of a nice relief from the harder bondage stuff. It was also nice that nobody had to wait around for some dude to get an erection or to pop on cue. They could just fuck like bunnies and get tons of footage on command.

Alyson wondered whether Julie felt any sort of jealousy watching her with another woman but she certainly didn't show it. Professional as always it was all about getting the shots right with Julie and that helped Alyson relax.

It was an awful lot of fun fucking other girls and not just because she had recently been a man. Girls were so soft and naturally responded to kissing and touching and didn't seem to be in a rush to get the deed done.

The strap on they purchased for their own amusement made a guest appearance in the movie as the Asian girl put it on and gave Alyson a good fucking. Both girls had no trouble giving each other a variety of nice orgasms and the sequence was a real joy to shoot.

Finally it was time for the big finish and everyone was pretty excited because they were in the home stretch and because there would be so many naked people to ogle this time. The set was again filled with abstract structures of different shapes that offered a wide variety of locations to place the actors.

Of course the executioner and the blonde boy and the Asian girl would all be part of the action along with everyone else they had rounded up for the scene. Julie wanted it to look spontaneous so she tried just leaving everyone to their own devices but that plan fell apart in a big hurry as everyone was too shy to just dive in and get something going. Ironically some of these people had been guests at the orgy party but now under the lights and in an unfamiliar situation they became much more reserved. Acting was harder than it looked.

Julie was not deterred by this and soon had a plan for everyone. Alyson would enter the room and everybody would gather around her and take off her clothes. That meant that she had to have some clothes so she just wore what she had been wearing when she arrived for the shoot that day. After the ritual stripping everyone else would begin to disrobe and then the action would really start.

Julie paired people up into different groups and placed them about the stage. Alyson would be essentially passed around the room so that everyone would have a crack at her. No matter how carefully choreographed it was it was bound to be a pretty crazy experience but she was fired up and ready for whatever happened.

At one point Julie called for a break and came up to Alyson.

"Do you think you can handle a DP sweetie?" she asked.

"What the hell is a DP?" Alyson inquired suspiciously.

"Oh, double penetration. Do you think you can take two cocks at once?"

"Where did you plan to put these cocks?"

"How about one in your pussy and one in your mouth?" Julie suggested.

"Yeah, I think I can handle that."

"Good girl, I knew you'd agree. I want to put you on that funky triangle thing on your back while you get fucked by that guy over there and let's see...how about sucking that dude's dick at the same time?"

"How much do real porn stars get paid for this kind of thing?" Alyson joked.

"Well since you're bankrolling the whole thing you can pay yourself whatever you want if it makes you feel better."

Servicing two dicks at the same time was actually a bit trickier than Alyson had expected. The guy in her pussy was really bouncing her around which made it a little difficult to give very good head to the other guy. She was also trying not to fall off of the stupid prop thing which wasn't comfortable at all.

Fortunately it was just one piece of a much larger puzzle and by the time the day was done she had been poked, prodded, humped, balled, banged and screwed in every way imaginable by a cornucopia of nude bodies that all started to blend together in her mind. In short it was fantastic.

As things were winding down Alyson was surprised to see Julie hastily stripping out of her clothes. She came over to where Alyson was lying on her back and prepared to straddle her face.

"What the hell are you doing? I thought you weren't going to be in the movie?" said Alyson.

"I couldn't resist. It's my Hitchcock moment."

"So what am I supposed to do?" asked Alyson.

"You're supposed to lick my pussy bitch. And I expect you to do a good job of it!"

Alyson didn't need to be encouraged. It was a nice treat to have Julie sitting on her face while some guy was drilling her pussy. As another surprise Julie had several more men come over and jack off while this action was going on. The idea was for a big bukake cum bath to top everything off but it didn't go quite as smoothly as one might have hoped for. The guy in her pussy came too soon and ended up just kind of dribbling on her leg. The other guys seemed to find it impossible to cum no matter how hard they stroked their own cocks.

Julie improvised again and placed Alyson on the floor in a circle of bodies and had her stroke and suck every cock in sight while the other girls in the room rubbed and fondled the men as well. Eventually they got something resembling a communal cum shot and after many takes and retakes Alyson was finally suitably covered in jiz.

"That's a wrap everybody!" Julie called out.

There was much applause and hugging and hand shaking all around. Alyson honestly couldn't see very well with so much cum in her eyes and she just sort of stumbled around blindly looking for a towel. Once Julie stopped laughing at her she provided the much needed means of cleaning up and the two girls embraced warmly.

"Hey, how come you're still naked? You were only in that one shot," Alyson pointed out.

"Too much of a hassle to put my clothes back on. Besides, it's very comfortable this way," Julie replied.

"Believe me, I'm not complaining. You can be naked all the time as far as I'm concerned."

"Let's drive home this way. Wouldn't that be a kick?"

"You're crazy."

"No, let's do it. What better way to celebrate the end of our porn odyssey?"

So the two girls drove home buck naked. It was far more terrifying to Alyson than anything she had done behind closed doors. She stared out the window looking for police cars and tried to slump down as much as possible so that no one would notice. At one stoplight a very large truck pulled up next to the them and the driver got quite an eyeful. He began shouting and whistling at them and just for a laugh Julie sat up straight and tuned her body to face him as she juggled her breasts for his enjoyment. The light changed as Julie blew the truck driver a kiss and the car sped away.

Is there anything outrageous you won't do?" said Alyson as she shot a glance at her naughty friend.

"I don't know. Name same something and I'll give you an answer."

"No way, I don't want to put any ideas in your head."





## CHAPTER 18:

Julie had cut some small videos together as part of various art projects she had worked on but she recruited a film student friend to help her get the hang of editing a larger movie. He was a very nice guy named Louis and the three of them spent many long hours sitting in front of the computer working on the film.

Having never worked on a porno Louis had kind of a hard time concentrating at first, especially since he was sitting right next to Alyson who was the star of the show. Julie was all business telling him to cut to the close up of the nipple pinch or try a slow motion effect on the cum shot but Louis was just a horny college guy and watching Alyson getting fucked over and over in every conceivable way while she was practically leaning on his shoulder was almost too much to handle.

Julie finally figured out why the boy was so distracted and whispered a suggestion to Alyson which was favorably received.

"Hey Louis, do you think it would help you to relax and focus on the work if we took a little break and all jumped in the sack together?" Julie inquired.

"What?" said Louis, trying not to fall off his chair.

"Well you seem kind of tense and I'm guessing it's because of all the sex you're watching on the screen. You're probably pretty horny right about now aren't you?"

"Um...yeah...now that you mention it," Louis stammered.

"Then why don't we go fuck and then see if we can't get this movie done," said Julie.

"You mean all three of us?" Louis asked.

"Sure, why not?" Julie replied.

Why not indeed? The girls took the lucky young man to the bedroom and aggressively undressed him. He had been uncomfortably hard for ages while working on the movie so it was a great relief to get his prick out of his pants, let alone have two hot girls go to town on it.

After stroking and sucking his cock for a bit they all hopped in bed with Julie on her back with Alyson's face buried in her muff while Louis took Alyson from behind. It was his fondest wet dream come true. He was a bit nerdy and shy and never imagined that something like this would ever happen to him. Just working on a porn project had made him very nervous but it was an opportunity that he didn't want to pass up. Now he was squeezing the ass cheeks of the star of that movie while his plunged his dick into her tight pink pussy. Just watching the two girls have sex with each other would have been the biggest thrill of his life but getting to join the fun made his head spin.

Poor Louis didn't last very long and was soon ejaculating into Alyson's wet snatch. The girls were just getting warmed up so they pressed on without him and enjoyed a vigorous session of girly fucking while Louis watched and pinched himself to be sure that he wasn't dreaming.

Later the three of them piled into the shower and Louis was treated to a hand job before they all got dried off and dressed and went back to work. That seemed to do the trick as Louis was suddenly inspired and full of creative ideas and the movie really started to take shape.

When it was finally done they decided to throw a party for the cast and crew where they would screen the finished product on Alyson's big screen television. Of course Julie and Alyson

had seen the movie many times by now but it was kind of exciting to show it to a group of people.

Some rough spots aside it was truly a remarkable thing. Alyson thought it was probably the most artistic porn film she had ever seen. It was kind of hard to even think of it as a porn film because it was like nothing she had ever seen before.

"The camera loves you baby," Julie whispered to her during the screening. "Look at how pretty you are!"

Julie was right of course but Alyson still had a little bit of a hard time stepping away from herself and viewing her performance objectively. It was kind of weird to be so naked and exposed and displayed in such intimate moments. She was afraid that her lack of acting experience would ruin the movie but she really had nothing to worry about. She was a hot girl who seemed to really enjoy fucking. Her obvious enthusiasm completely fueled the movie and she tore up the screen.

Somewhat surprisingly the party didn't turn into an orgy even though everyone in the room aside from the camera and sound guys had already fucked each other on screen. The film was a big hit with those who had worked on it and both Julie and Alyson expressed their sincere appreciation for all of their contributions.

It was a bittersweet night as Julie was planning to move back into her dorm room and bear down on her studies. She was close enough to graduation that she didn't want to screw things up with her school work now that the end was in sight.

Alyson would not only miss having Julie around all the time she would also miss the fun of working on the project. It was a lot of work for something that probably had no profit potential whatsoever but it had been exciting and arousing and rewarding. It was fun to be a "star" even if it was in a movie that might never be seen by anyone and would easily be dismissed as filthy pornography by many.

The sex wasn't as intense that night as it usually was partly because they both were feeling a little bit of a letdown. That feeling is pretty common when a movie or a play comes to an end and the little family breaks up. It was especially true now that Julie was moving out but it was probably best in the long run. Neither one of them really wanted to be tied down to a relationship, especially one with a member of the opposite sex, so getting a little distance might help to cool things off.

Being in love with a woman wasn't quite as scary a proposition for Alyson having done it many times before but Julie had always pictured herself as primarily straight and playing with girls had just been something to fool around with.

In a lot of ways this movie would probably be kind of the winding down of Julie's wild ride. She would be graduating soon and would need to put her commercial art portfolio together and try to land a respectable job somewhere with a respectable firm. That's what her parents had been paying for all these years and what they expected from her in return. They never knew the full extent of their daughter's debauchery but had enough warning signs to worry that she was on a dangerous path. Once she was done with school they would certainly crack down on her and make sure that she got her shit together.

The girls giggled and cried and fucked and tried to get some sleep that night but it was almost impossible to do. There was a feeling of change in the air and it didn't seem to be a happy change for either of them.





## CHAPTER 19:

"What the fuck have you been doing with my granddaughter!" Harold practically screamed with spit flying off the corner of his mouth.

"I don't know what you're talking about exactly," Alyson replied, genuinely bewildered.

"Your little movie project is what I'm talking about," Harold lashed back with more venom.

Alyson was totally confused. Aside from the screening for the cast and crew nothing had been done with the movie as far as she knew. They were talking about uploading it somewhere but no definite plans had been made.

As it turned out Julie was so proud of the work that she had shown it to her parents who had basically gone ballistic. They threatened to pull her out of school before graduation or cut off her financial support. They even shouted something about disowning her and changing the family name to avoid scandal and social ridicule. Apparently they didn't enjoy the movie very much.

"So what? We made a movie together. What's the big deal?" Alyson asked, trying to play it off as nothing important.

"It was a porno film," said Harold. "I thought you were just going to lunch with her."

"Well we kind of hit it off and we've been hanging around. What's wrong with that?"

"What's wrong with that? There's a movie with my naked granddaughter sitting on your face, that's what's wrong with that."

"Oh, you saw it did you?"

"Yes I saw it. And what the hell were you thinking? Is that what you've sunk to? You want to be thought of as some kind of porno tramp?"

"It's not exactly porno, it's more of an erotic art film," Alyson protested.

"Bullshit! You're being fucked in the ass by a guy with a mask on. If that's not porno I don't know what is. And what were you doing with Julie?" Harold demanded.

"That was kind of spontaneous. It wasn't in the script. She just wanted to jump in the scene for the fun of it."

"She's my granddaughter for Christ's sake!" Harold shouted.

"Yeah, I know. She's also an adult. If she wants to sit on my face or anyone else's face for that matter it's her business."

"Have you been fucking her?"

"That's really none of your business Harry," Alyson retorted, starting to get pretty mad herself.

"You fucking slut! You are out of your mind."

"Look Harry, your attitude is pretty hypocritical. You love pornography as much as anyone I know. Who do you think the people are in those movies? They're all someone's sister or daughter or granddaughter or whatever. They're just people like anyone else. Julie put a lot of work into that project and she has every right to be proud of how it turned out. The subject matter may be sexual in nature but the execution is extremely artistic and well done. If you didn't enjoy it as a movie or a work of art or a piece of pornography that's fine, everyone's entitled to their opinion but I think as family members you should try being a little more supportive. That movie meant a lot to her."

"You stay the fuck away from my granddaughter you freak!"

"Or what? You'll punch me out? You couldn't take me down when I was a 65-year-old man and you couldn't do it now that I'm a girl. I think you're just jealous that you weren't invited to hang around and stare at all the hot pussy you lecherous old bastard. As far as I'm concerned you can go fuck yourself Harry!"

It appeared the last real bridge to Alyson's old life had been thoroughly burned. She was shaking with rage as she drove home. What a hypocrite she thought. So Julie made an erotic movie. How many people make a movie of any kind, let alone one that turned out so good? She's young and ambitious and creative and all her idiot family could see was the sex.

Well if her family abandoned her Alyson wouldn't. Let them try to pull the rug out from under her with their financial extortion! Alyson would support her if need be.

Not surprisingly Julie was anxious to see Alyson and extremely apologetic about having gotten her messed up in her family drama. Fortunately Alyson had calmed down quite a bit by the time they got together but she was no less firm in her resolve to back Julie all the way.

"You can move in here fulltime if you want," Alyson suggested. "If they try to fuck with your education I'll pay for it. Whatever you need I'm here for you."

"God, that's so sweet but things aren't really that bad. They just needed to rage a little and take the moral high ground so that I'd feel like a slut and come to my senses," Julie replied with a smile.

"Why in the world did you show them that movie?"

"Probably deep down because I expected them to react this way and I wanted to see them freak out. There was a side of me that actually hoped they would be so impressed by it that they'd cut me some slack and at least give me credit for pulling something like this off but I sort of knew that they'd blow up," Julie admitted.

"Man, I would never have been able to show something like that to my parents no matter how artistic I thought it was. That was pretty brave."

"No, it was actually pretty obnoxious when you think about it. They've bankrolled my whole education and provided me with everything for years and years and years and I had to be the rebellious bitch who threw it all back in their face. I knew they wouldn't like it and I knew they wouldn't get it but I just kind of wanted to prove how independent I am, when of course I'm really not. Sponging off of you wouldn't be any better I promise you."

"I don't look at it as sponging off of me," Alyson protested.

"I know you don't and that's why you're so awesome. But I've worked really hard for four years to get this degree and I always knew that I was kind of on a short leash as far as my partying was concerned. It's time for me to look for a job and really be independent, not just rebellious and ungrateful."

"That sounds so final."

"I don't know about that," said Julie with a shrug of her shoulders. "It's just the next chapter in my life. Julie goes into the big bad world and tries to make a living. It's what people do. At least I had a lot of good times along the way. It's not like I'm becoming a nun or something anyway, it's more like I have to dial it down a notch. I can't imagine changing completely over night...can you?"

"No, and I wouldn't want to imagine that. I like you the way you are," said Alyson, fighting back the tears.

"But don't you see, you're on your own kind of a journey too? You're having a ball right now but somewhere along the line you're going to meet some guy and fall in love or run out of money or get bored with all the sex stuff and take up skydiving or something. You're just beginning to comprehend what it means to be a woman. It's not all swinging parties and porn films. You need to live and get some more diverse female experiences under your belt."

Alyson knew she was right. She was getting advice from a 22-year-old party girl but it did make sense. They had both been riding a buzz but like any drug it could take its toll if abused. Julie had helped Alyson come out of her shell in a big way and for that she would always be grateful. But Alyson could also remember what it was like to leave college and be on your own for the first time in life and understood that Julie would probably need to pay a little more attention to the "serious stuff" just as Alvin had done many decades earlier. Alyson had built her financial nest egg already and owned a home and had investments that made it possible to just fuck around all day or party all night or make crazy porno films. For Julie it was time to learn something about paying the bills.

They both swore that they would remain close but Alyson had the sinking feeling that it would be hard to do down the line and that this really was the end of this chapter in both of their lives.





## CHAPTER 20:

Alyson attended Julie's graduation although she kept as far away from Julie's family as possible. She didn't want them to know that she was there and potentially ruin this wonderful moment by causing a scene.

Julie had knuckled down and put together a very strong portfolio and already had several job offers from design firms. The best paying job meant that she'd have to move to another state, which she certainly didn't want to do, but in the end she would have to choose which path was best for her career and starting over in a new place might be the best thing for her in the long run.

Alyson felt kind of adrift. She wasn't on speaking terms with Harold anymore and with Julie not around all the time there was no built-in social director to organize her life and fill it with adventures. She had met a ton of people through Julie but never really established any kind of close ties with them. They were all just part of the gang that sort of floated in and out of Julie's life.

And Julie was right that Alyson probably did need to have some different experiences. It had all been sort of a blur since she started hanging out with the Pied Piper of sin and debauchery.

Even though what she did in the movie was hardly acting Alyson had actually gotten the "acting bug" from the experience and thought about taking some lessons or something. Modeling also appealed to her now, nude or otherwise, and she began to poke around on the Internet seeing what sort of opportunities really existed in that field.

Her ability to get naked in front of people and even fuck on camera had given her a new sense of empowerment in a way. She knew she was up to almost any challenge now and had put her old fears and shyness in the past. If you can stand naked in a room full of men with their clothes on and have no sense of embarrassment or shame or modesty you can face all kinds of other social situations with ease. A common trick used by people who have trouble with public speaking is to picture everyone in the audience naked but it can work the other way around too. If you are comfortable enough in your own skin to function effectively while buck naked you don't really have much else to fear.

Medically everything was going just great with her procedure. There were no complications or side effects or problems to speak of. Her body was responding exactly the way her doctors had hoped it would. That was very good news to Alyson who really didn't like the idea of having a bunch of additional operations or something and who had no desire to go back to her old self. Alyson was just so much more fun than Alvin had ever been.

In many ways the unintentional headfirst dive into overt sexuality had probably been the best thing for her. She had basically lied her way into the program by pretending to be someone who really desired to change her gender without seriously weighing the consequences of that. It could have resulted in total disaster. Theoretically it still could but because she had found a type of acceptance in her female form so quickly and discovered a world that would never have been open to Alvin, even if he had the courage to pursue it, she had formed an attachment to her new femininity that would be hard to break.

Of course she hadn't been exposed to many grown men yet. Most of the guys she knew

were rowdy young college kids who would fuck anything and were eternally grateful for even the slightest sexual favor. To most of them she was some sort of exotic goddess who lived in a nice house and could afford to throw wild parties and finance porn movies. For a guy like Louis getting to actually put his dick inside such a remarkable creature was like dying and going to heaven.

Her foray into porno wasn't some tragic tale of a starving runaway being forced to do shameful and degrading things to survive. She had co-written and financed the thing specifically because she wanted to star in it and because her best friend was going to direct it. There wasn't one moment where she felt degraded or demeaned by the experience.

Everything that she had done she had been in control of. She wasn't a trophy wife or the plaything of a rich man who thought of her as just another possession like a sports car that could always be traded in for a newer model. She hadn't been sexually harassed by a pushy boss or fellow employee. She hadn't been denied anything because of her gender or discriminated against in any way. The only people who had even talked down to her were her decrepit old male friends who were living in the Stone Age as far as sexual liberation was concerned anyway.

Unless she was run over by a bus tomorrow she probably had many years of living left to go and would no doubt experience any number of things that were less enjoyable than the ones she had been experiencing so far but at the moment being a woman was just about the best damn thing in the world as far as she was concerned. She felt better, brighter, stronger and more in control of her life than ever before.

When she volunteered to be a scientific test case she was hoping to turn back the clock and buy some more time, the gender change was just the ugly price she had to pay for the kind of rejuvenation she was hoping for. Instead she had found a very different kind of rejuvenation. She wasn't just turning back the clock she was turning her whole world upside down and at the moment she was really enjoying the view.



## **AUTHOR'S NOTES:**

Some of my books have the potential for a sequel but in this case it's already in the works! I was just having so much fun with the story and the character of Alyson that I kept right on writing the next installment the minute this one finished so if you enjoyed this I promise the story will continue!

The stem cell replacement treatment described rather vaguely in this book is probably closer to reality than you might think. One scientist recently commented that the first person to live to be 1,000 has already been born. Naturally curing cancer and heart disease are far more important medical priorities but since medicine is big business it's not surprising that so much time and effort is already being devoted to using this technology to give men bigger penises and women larger breasts and ultimately the choice of gender.

This book has a somewhat similar theme as my previous work "Second Time Around" although the two stories don't have much in common once they get rolling. I found the idea of an old man willingly changing gender in order to be young again very intriguing and wanted to explore it from another angle. In the not too distant future we may see a surprising number of people making that choice, not because it's the only way to be young again but because they're curious about how the other half lives. The easier it becomes to body swap the less defined the nature of gender itself will become. As life expectancy increases to 100, 500, 1,000 years or more it may be quite common for people to gender jump around a bit and possibly live many lives in many different guises.

If you had it to do all over again mightn't it be fun to give the second try a go as a member of the opposite sex? While the thought might be horrifying to some I'm guessing it's at least a bit intriguing to many.

Wear condoms for God's sake! Despite my completely irresponsible spraying of cum all over the place in my books I beg you to exercise caution and practice safe sex. Leave the crazy, dangerous stuff to your imagination!



**ALSO BY STACEY ZACKERLY:**

*Confessions of a Cybersex Slut*

*The Transformation*  
*The Virgin Whore of New York*

*Free Love  
Unchained*

*Borderless Desire*  
*Sweet Dreaming*

*Not Really Me*  
*No Turning Back Now*

*The New Roommate*  
*Only One Exit*

*Pink and Blue*  
*The Ultimate Punishment*

*The Role of a Lifetime  
Buried Treasure*

*The Halloween Party*  
*The Fairy Godmother*

*In the Name of Science*  
*Second Time Around*

*Buried Treasure 2: Secrets and Longings*  
*The Dude Ranch*

*Becoming Penelope*

*At the Crossroads*

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