

Transition Into Skirts



Romana

A "New Woman" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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

Call toll free (800) 359-2116

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Transition into Skirts

By Romana

SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE OPERA

A light fog limited visibility on the empty beach about half a mile in all directions. In the distance, a rumbling sound marked the position of either a thunderstorm or a jet aircraft. A lone figure, Larry Richards, jogged down the empty beach just beyond the irregular, surf-washed water line. Sea gulls paid him little heed, but repeating waves of small shore birds rapidly darted out of his way and then landed a few feet behind him.

Larry checked his watch. It was ten before noon. Soon it would be time to turn around and start back to the parking lot. His pace slackened as he reflected on the late Saturday afternoon schedule. He and his wife Peggy would get ready to go to the opera, while their twin girls, Erica and Shawn, would over-prepare themselves for the teen dance in the evening. He gave a hollow sigh, lamenting that his alter ego, Lori, would not be going. Though he had a lean figure and

was only five-foot-nine, she still did not pass well, nor would Peggy set foot in the car with her. Someday, perhaps, she just might pull off such an adventure.

Larry's mind was jolted out of his daydream as he tripped and fell to his knees. When he righted himself, he brushed sand from his gray sweat shirt and brown trousers. He turned to see what had caused him to trip. It was an opaque bottle, half-submerged at an angle in the sand. Larry pulled the bottle free. It was over a foot long and reddish in color. It was also very heavy. There were several thin black bands along the length of the bottle, which curiously looked like some kind of reinforcement. The bottle had a strange blue stopper. Larry tried to remove it, but he could not make any sense of it at all. It was time to leave, but he was determined to figure it out. He pulled as hard as he could, but the stopper would not budge. He was about to give up. As he squeezed the stopper, it suddenly fell off the bottle without any effort. When the bottle began to buzz, Larry got nervous and threw it into the surf. He noticed that all the shore birds around him suddenly took to flight; then there was a flash of light followed by blackness.

A sensation of coolness was the first thing Larry felt as he opened his eyes. The sun was starting to break through the overcast. He was lying on his back, head toward the surf. A wave came, and water surged up around his head as far as his shoulder. Larry jerked to his feet; then he turned and froze.

There was a woman standing in the surf, not more than ten feet from Larry, but she was no ordinary woman. She was almost eight feet tall, with long golden hair. Her skin had a light bronze texture, and her face hinted of oriental features. At first, he thought she was wearing some kind of uniform, but he noticed too many inconsistencies for that hypothesis. She wore a dull-red short-sleeved metallic dress

with a knee-high skirt, matching calf-high low-heeled metallic boots, and a wide black belt. She also wore gold arm bands just below the sleeves, and a black and gold head band ringed her head. Strangely, she seemed to have what resembled electronic keypad bracelets around each wrist.

“I would presume you to be a genie,” said Larry softly, more to himself than to the tall figure, “but you don’t exactly look like someone from the *Arabian Nights*.” Larry wondered if he should run, but she did not look menacing. He also doubted that he could outrun her.

The woman was silent, but she was obviously as intrigued with Larry as he was with her. She began to manipulate each keypad, alternating from one to the other. Occasionally, she would pause; then she would continue, as if driven by unseen events.

“Does that allow you to understand me?” asked Larry curiously. “My name is Larry.”

There was a long pause; then she spoke, “I am Tremaark of Genrada. I am still learning to speak...your language. You people have...erratic syntax. Though I am still learning, I thank you for freeing me from my prison.” Her voice was a low contralto, verging on tenor. Her accent resembled a varying combination of French and German.

“Genrada?” questioned Larry. “I have never heard of it.”

“It is another dimensional realm, parallel to your space,” Tremaark explained. “Our two cultures and all the beings in them have a common origin. Our legends tell of a woman, born on your world many thousands of your years ago, who had the gift of wizardry. She led her people to a better life in a satellite realm, which came to be known as Genrada.”

“This Genrada,” asked Larry with a note of disbelief, “just where and what is it?”

“I do not dare to create a graphic to show it to you, because I will suffer an unwanted consequence. Genrada is here, and it is not here at the same time. Our two realms are kept separated by a process that can be seen through insight, not knowledge. Genrada is very small compared to your universe, but its numerous worlds are much larger than your world. We of Genrada speculate that advanced beings created the realm before your world was formed. They abandoned it when dinosaurs still roamed here. We know this, because they were the last animals that they ‘borrowed’ from your world. Few of their artifacts have survived. Apparently, they no longer needed Genrada, so they moved on.”

Larry had relaxed enough to be more observant. He noticed that she did not look right; for she was very muscular, and her face contained many male features. Also, her voice was too deep for a woman. “Are you a genie?” he asked boldly, deciding not to pursue any gender questions.

“Your language is difficult for me, and your thought patterns and the computer records of your culture are hard to access,” Tremaark began, “but, I suppose, to you, I am very much like the fabled, supernatural being of which you speak. Ah, that could mean there have been others.”

“Others?” questioned Larry.

“Of my people, exiled to this world of yours. Genrada is a realm of wizards, of whom many are powerful tyrants. Their enemies have been known to vanish. Like them, I was locked in deep sleep in a gravity bottle, set adrift in some remote ocean, where I would either die or be set free. Obviously, I am now free...free to return home!”

“What about all the electronics,” asked Larry, as he tried to figure out the source of Tremaark’s powers.

“I am not advanced in my powers,” she explained, “so I must use the amplifier-coordinator in my head band. The controls are contained in my bracelets. An advanced wizard does not need these tools to effect changes in objective reality.”

“If you are from a realm of wizards, can you grant wishes?” Larry asked expectantly.

“I see,” explained Tremaark, “the origin of your legends. But I cannot grant any wishes, because I will suffer the consequences of the curse placed upon me.”

“You’re not actually a woman,” suggested Larry.

“I am a man, like you,” Tremaark explained. “I fell in love with Erinda, the most beautiful woman in all of Genrada. She was so radiant, and I loved her so much, but it was not to be. She was claimed by Karamased, a high wizard. Our love was forbidden. When he caught us together, he transformed me into this half-woman, half-man state before imprisoning me in your world. I estimate that it all happened more than 2000 of your years in time past.”

“Can’t you just change yourself back?” asked Larry.

“Like this?” replied Tremaark, as he manipulated his keypads again. His form shimmered for a moment; then his body fattened, his feminine breasts vanished, and his body stabilized into a more masculine appearance. However, the new looks did not last. Within minutes, Tremaark looked exactly as he did the first time Larry saw him.

“I cannot override the wizard’s spell. If I try to make love with a woman or grant anyone a wish, the transformation will proceed to completion. When I return to Genrada, I can continue my studies, so that someday I will become more powerful than Karamased. Then I will be able to restore my body.”

“Is he still alive?” questioned Larry. “It has been more than 2000 of our years, after all! Do your people have such a great life span?”

“We exist for less than 700 of your years, so he, as well as Erinda, would be long dead,” explained Tremaark. “My problems have clouded my reasoning. But his curse is still holding, so he must have descendants. They are the ones that I must overcome!”

“You look like someone who would be better off completing the transformation. After all, there is really nothing wrong with being a woman,” explained Larry.

“Why would anyone want to be a woman!” he exclaimed with contempt. “They have no status, other than existence for procreation and the pleasure of men. It is a dismal life.”

“I can imagine,” replied Larry. “Your society sounds more sexist than mine. Here, cultural conditioning by the male power structure prescribes and creates far more differences between men and women than could ever be defined biologically. Some of us do not like this system!”

“But would you want to be stuck in a woman’s body for the rest of your life?” asked Tremaark.

“I wouldn’t mind; sometimes I even think that it would preferable. Women and their lives are my predominant preoccupation. You see, I crossdress. That is, I go out at least once a month dressed as a woman.

I've been doing it for twenty years. Granted, I am not very good at it, and I usually just go to the support meetings at the Swanson Gender Center. It is not approved male behavior in my society, and it makes my wife nervous, but I do it anyway."

"Other males in your society also do this...transformation willingly?" asked Tremaark with a more interested tone.

"Possibly more than ten percent of the male population, and more than that may have more than a passing interest. Some people think it's a coming evolutionary change," explained Larry.

"That's astounding! You see, Erinda often had me transform myself and pretend to be her sister. In my society, it was considered very perverse and forbidden by law, but we had a lot of fun. We fooled Karamased on many an occasion, but he finally discovered the ruse. In his indignation, he placed this curse upon me," added Tremaark sadly.

"Will you lose your powers if the transformation proceeds to completion," questioned Larry.

"Women in Genrada also have powers; it is more difficult for them to focus them...for status gaining maneuvers. I am already advanced in my skills, so if I were transformed, my sexual identity might not be a limitation. You are suggesting that I complete the transformation, and continue my battle against the high wizards as a woman, as if to honor my beloved Erinda."

"You said it better than I," added Larry. "It is clear to me that the women of Genrada need a champion. Like me, I think your mind is already tilted in that direction. You need only to decide to do it!"

“I have never acknowledged these feelings,” admitted Tremaark. “I always said that it was only a game with Erinda, that it never really meant anything. As a militant woman, I would induce fear in the hearts of every high wizard in Genrada. Yes, that is the way! I will turn Karamased’s curse against him. Make your wish, Larry, and let my fate transpire.”

“Oh,” replied Larry hesitantly, taking surprise that Tremaark had given in to his logic. “Let me take a moment to compose myself,” he said with a big grin on his face.

Tremaark nervously adjusted his keypads as he awaited Larry’s wish. Larry already knew what he wanted, but he was somewhat embarrassed to ask for it, to waste such a valuable asset on one of his frivolous whims.

“My wish,” said Larry as he took a deep breath, “is to be able to change myself into a complete woman on demand. And, as this woman, I must be able to wear all my wife’s clothing. I realize that it is ludicrous,” he added as he struggled for breath, “but it is really what I want!”

Tremaark paused to do more calculations and manipulations with his keypads. After minutes, he finally spoke, “It can be done, my friend, within certain limitations.”

“What kind of limitations?” asked Larry nervously.

“Your wish is for an active device, rather than a passive treasure. Active devices change objective reality on demand. They can do this because even objective reality is not absolute; it is real, but it is also illusory. Active device wishes are more difficult; they have rules. Such as rule one: the transformation will go to completion in about seven minutes. If you do

not want the changes to become permanent, you must interrupt the process before completion.”

“Okay, I’ll agree to that. Please continue.”

“Rule two:” added Tremaark, “you must clasp hands with a real woman as a model during transformation to create the general body proportions. In your case, this would be your wife. In addition, your imagination will determine what physical features are to be added to this creation. You also might pick up some personality traits from the model.”

“I can live with that,” agreed Larry, “so please go on.”

“Rule three:” continued Tremaark, “a transform finger ring will be the active device. When you place it on your finger according to Rule two, the transformation will proceed. When you take it off, the transformation will stop. When you put it on again, you will revert to your present form. You must put it back on within thirty-six hours, or else the changes will become permanent. If you lose the ring, or if someone else uses it while you are transformed, the changes will become permanent. You may reverse the use of the ring only twelve times. If you try to use the ring for a thirteenth time, the changes will become permanent. If the transformation becomes permanent, or if there have been thirteen transformations, the ring will lose its powers.”

Larry pondered all the rules. Nervously, he asked “When I am this transformed woman, will I be real. I mean, will the changes just be cosmetic, or will I be just like the model, internally and externally.

“If you follow the rules, you will be the woman that you want to be. I can attest that the changes are not of a cosmetic nature. Your new objective reality will be physically exact, without any exception. In the fi-

nal stages, the transformation moves to the genetic level. Once that is complete, there is no going back.”

“Why will the ring be good for so few uses?” asked Larry.

“As an active device, it will tie up my powers every time you use it. I do not want to be bound to the ring forever,” Tremaark explained.

“In that case, I agree to those rules,” said Larry as he strained hard to keep all hesitation from his voice and from his mind.

“Wait a moment,” urged Tremaark as he once again manipulated his keypads. Tremaark cupped his hands. There was a bright flash of light; then he held up the ring for Larry to see. An aura of light that surrounded the ring vanished as Larry gazed at it.

Tremaark handed Larry the ring. As he spoke, his voice changed upwards in pitch. When Larry took his eyes off the ring, he realized the Tremaark had physically changed. All the incorrect masculine features were gone. Tremaark looked like a beautiful, proportionally correct eight-foot tall woman.

“Good-bye, Larry. Use the ring well. May it help to make your deepest wishes come true. However, I cannot leave without giving you a true gift of value. When the ring is exhausted, it will transform into a jewel of great worth.”

“Thank you, Tremaark. I hope you have a good trip home.” He thought about how shocked the high wizards would be when Tremaark went about feminizing their society.

“My name is now Erinda. The love of my life shall relive in me. You know, I don’t feel weaker; in fact, I feel more powerful. I vow that the high wizards will

not appreciate my return. As I gain skill, I will turn all the high wizards into women; they will never suspect who is doing it to them,” she added with a devilish grin. “It is now time for me to depart. Larry, I urge you to move as far away as possible. I am activating the transport field. It is not safe to be too near it.”

A shimmering, ray-framed multicolored field in the shape of a polyhedron formed around Erinda. Taking Erinda at her word, he began to run back towards the parking lot. He heard the loud hum behind him, but he did not pause or turn, because he could feel the heat generated by the transport field. Momentarily, the heat faded. Larry stopped and turned to look. A hazy, dissipating swirl of light marked the position where Erinda had stood; then even that was gone. Larry was alone on the beach with the shore birds.

He looked at the ring; then he shouted, “But Erinda, it is too small. How will I ever get it onto any of my fingers?” asked Larry, realizing that he was talking to a deserted beach. He had the ring, but its acquisition seemed so much like a dream. Had he hallucinated the whole incident? He did not ponder the question for long. When he looked at his watch, he realized that he was already late getting home. Peggy would be upset. He put the ring in a pocket in his pants and started to jog up the beach as fast as he could make his legs propel him.

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“Dad, which outfit should I wear tonight?” asked his daughter Shawn as Larry headed down the hall toward the bathroom. She held two different outfits in front of her in sequence. Shawn was the taller of their fraternal twins. She was a redhead, while Erica was a brunette. Both the girls were extremely intelligent and got straight A’s in school; however, they

were also well into the ‘raging hormone’ stage of their lives.

“The red one,” he replied hurriedly.

As soon had he gotten into the bathroom, Peggy came to the door. “Larry, are you finally back?”

“Sorry,” he replied, “but I was unexpectedly delayed. I’ll explain to you in a moment.”

“You’d better hurry, or we’ll be late,” she urged. “I’ll be in the bedroom.”

When he reached the bedroom, he gave Peggy a quick kiss. She had not yet completed dressing; she was still wearing a black slip while she combed her shoulder-length red hair. She pointed to his clothes, all neatly laid out on the bed.

“I really hate that suit,” he said. “Maybe I can still dress up.”

“No way,” she replied sternly. “You know that you could never pull it off. Besides,” she added with a smile, “it takes you more than two hours to get ready. You’d never make it!”

“Peggy,” he began as he approached her from behind and put his hands on her shoulders, “you won’t believe what happened today, while I was jogging on the beach.”

“Larry,” she said as she turned and gave him a sideways smile, “okay, so what happened?”

“It was magic. But I won’t waste time in explanation. Let’s see if this works.” He groped in his pocket until he found the ring.

“Now you’re being silly,” she said as he held her hands.

Larry checked to make sure he could see his watch. "All I have to do is hold hands, while I put this ring on," he explained.

"It's too small. What is this all about?" she asked with a mystified expression.

"Here goes," said Larry as he worked the ring toward the small finger on his left hand, "so let's see if something happens."

Peggy just looked at him quizzically. To Larry's amazement, the ring actually slid onto his selected finger. In his mind, he tried to picture the soap opera star, Victoria Majors. He braced himself; the first effect was not slow in coming. His stomach felt like he was in free fall, and every inch of his being was in motion. He glanced downwards, as his chest shrank in girth and his breasts grew in size. At the same time, his waistline almost seemed to flow downwards into his growing hips.

Trying not to lose his thoughts of Victoria Majors, Larry wondered if the transition was spectacular. He looked over at Peggy. She seemed to be getting taller. But he had never seen such an astonished expression on her face, as she stood there with her eyebrows arched and her mouth hanging agape. For a moment, she tried to break his grip, but he held her with all his strength, which was diminishing.

"Your chin...it's receding, and, Lord, your hair is growing!" Peggy uttered weakly.

The pace of the transition was slowing, Larry could still feel something going on inside his body, mostly below his chest. The six minute mark was coming up on the watch. At six minutes and fifteen seconds elapsed time, he released Peggy and hurriedly removed the ring. His transformation stabilized.