



***Reluctant Press***

# **Anything For Love**

***By Emma Weaver & Deena Gomersall***



*ILLUSTRATED BY MISTY MALVEAUX*

---

**A SPECTRUM™ NOVEL**

---

***Copyright © 2002, Friendly Applications, Inc. - All Rights Reserved***

### ***Reluctant Press TG Publishers***

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

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

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

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

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

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

## ANYTHING FOR LOVE

By Emma Weaver & Deena Gomersall

I carefully double checked the contents of my red leather purse. driving license, medical and dental cards, birth certificate, social security card plus a variety of credit and store cards, all bearing my new name; Rachel Cussak. Was it really only twenty months ago that I had been plain old Danny Cole? A sixteen year old motor mechanics son who had resided in the Islington area of North London?

My transformation from male to female had been far from trouble free, meeting Shannon Taylor had undoubtedly been the turning point in my life. Want to know my story? Well, here it is...

\*\*\*

Shannon Taylor was gorgeous! You know, 100% babe. She was easily the most popular girl in school and never went short of male admirers. She could easily have had any guy she fancied, all she would have had to do was click her fingers. So, you can well understand my surprise when, one day, right out of the blue, she strolls right up to me and asks me if I would like to go out with her. ME!

Dumb old Danny Cole... on a date with every guys most erotic dream, Shannon Taylor! Oh, come on, get real, there had to be a catch! I knew only too well how the best girls liked to flirt and play their little prick teasing games, wind the guys up. I had to be realistic; Shannon wasn't interested in going out with me, she was just playing some cruel joke for fun.

So, I told her NO!, thanks but no thanks, I wasn't interested and suggested to her that she tried one of the school jocks, perhaps one of the big hunky types from the school's football or tracks team, after all, they were always chasing after her affections.

For a moment Shannon's expression was one of surprise, she never expected anyone to turn her game around on her. Then a look of hurt showed in her eyes and she mumbled, "Okay Danny, I'm real sorry if I embarrassed you..., I., I, well I just thought that..."

I was astounded when Shannon turned away from me and I felt sure that she had started to cry. She may have been using the old and trusty female ploy, but, like all guys get suckered in when a girl cries, it was now me that was apologizing.

"Hey there Shannon, don't go getting all upset. I'm sorry that I snapped at you just now but, I just couldn't understand why a girl like you would want to go out and be seen with a wimp like me, I mean, you have your pick from every guy in school.

Shannon dabbed angrily at her teary eyes with a tissue she was holding. “Yeah, well that’s just it you moron, I’m not interested in any of those jerks who have nothing between their ears except muscle..., it’s a nice caring and intelligent guy like you that I’m interested in Danny, not one of those meat heads, who considers girls to be just for one thing only. I’ve noticed you. You are kind, considerate and gentle and you have a great sense of humour. I have been waiting for ages for you to come over and ask me out, but now..., I feel such an idiot! I suppose now I’ll....”

“Shannon! I would love to go out with you!” I laughed joyfully.

“You would? Well, ...that’s great! How about tonight?, I have nothing special on. We could catch a tube up to the West End, take in a movie and then perhaps get a bite to eat at a burger king joint. What you think?”

“Yeah, that sounds like fun...” I replied.

“Oh, that’s great. Look... this is my address...” she told me as she started scribbling on a piece of scrap paper that she pulled out from her shoulder bag. Handing it to me she then said: “I’ve also added my phone number... just in case. Pick me up at seven Okay?”

“Sure. I’ll be there.” I replied in a daze.

I was taken by surprise when Shannon suddenly threw her arms around my neck and kissed me... right on the mouth. I could taste her lipstick, smell her perfume, feel her breasts gently pressing against me. Wow! For an instant I could feel myself developing a hard-on and I felt faint with desire.

Just as I was hoping she wouldn’t notice the bulge in my pants Shannon broke away and said, “See ya later honey.” And began walking away. I quickly looked around hoping that every guy around had just witnessed that I had just been kissed by Shannon Taylor. They had ! Everyone was looking over, enviously at me. I strolled away, chest puffed out, like a Peacock.

### ***The Date...***

I called for Shannon at 6.50 pm. I found that she lived in a huge three story house in Thane Villas, just after the Seven Sisters Road and she had answered the door even before I’d had a chance to knock, shutting it quickly behind her and joining me on the porch. Seeing the look of surprise on my face, she said

“Oh, sorry. Look, I can’t invite you in Danny, My Mom works for Morrett’s the pharmaceutical company...”

I broke her off briefly to indicate that I had heard of them.

“...well, she’s working on this new ‘hush hush’ project at the moment, something to do with this new, revolutionary form of female hormone...”

I did my best to show interest in what she was telling me but, in truth, I was having difficulty in averting my gaze away from Shannon’s sizable breasts which swelled proudly above the low cut neckline of the pink top she was wearing.

Leaving her house we walked, hand in hand, the short distance to Finsbury Park underground station, fed handfuls of our small change into the ticket machine then caught the next tube train that went to Leicester Square.

Upon stepping off the train we found ourselves being swept along by the mass exodus of commuters who were wanting to speedily get up to street level.

To say that I was in awe of Shannon would be an understatement. She was so stunningly beautiful, an angel... her long blonde hair that swayed about her pretty face, her lovely blue eyes that were framed by long dark eyelashes and her full, sensual cherry red mouth that had just been made to be kissed, curvaceous body designed for sex... even her husky voice was so sexually appealing.

We paused outside Warner's West End cinema, advertising the film **Pearl Harbor** across it's frontage. "What do you reckon to that one, Danny?" Shannon asked, flashing her radiant smile.

"Sure. Why not." I laughed, not really caring much what film we saw, just so long as I was in Shannon's company.

I felt an animal magnetism between us as we sat together on the back row, we couldn't keep our hands off each other, it was like I was in a wonderful dream. As Shannon's hand stroked my leg and her lips caressed my cheek, once again I felt an uncontrollable erection forming, I hoped, desperately, that she would not be disgusted by it.

Surely I had died and gone to heaven. I could not believe this was happening to me. Whilst Shannon's soft silky hand gripped my aching penis, her tongue, deep within my mouth, probed and explored. I was unable to keep control any longer and felt my face burn as my throbbing penis spewed out an explosive climax. "Ooh, you naughty boy!" Shannon merely chastised in a playful giggle.

**-000-**

It was on our second date that Shannon introduced me to her Mom. "Hi there Danny, it's nice to meet you, Shannon has already told me much about you." She told me. As she took my hand and held it. I could feel myself blushing under her steady gaze.

Smiling, I replied, "It's nice to meet you, too. I can see where Shannon gets good looks from."

"What a lovely thing to say. Thank you Danny, you should hold on to this one Shannon, he's a real charmer. But please, do call me Helen., Mrs. Taylor makes me sound ancient.

For a moment my mind began forming images, clear mental pictures of the three of us, all in bed together. Suddenly, once again, I could feel my pants straining uncom-

fortably, I had never been aroused as often as I had over the last couple of days. Slowly I began focusing back on the here and now and became aware of Helen talking.

“...and plenty of drinks and snacks in the fridge. And I have left money so that you can order a pizza, if you don’t want to cook...”

“Mom!” Shannon exclaimed, “Will you stop fussing? We’ll be fine, go on.., go.., or you are going to be late for work...”

Ten minutes later Shannon and I had the house all to ourselves. No words were necessary, Shannon virtually dragged me upstairs to her bedroom.

My lust, just like in the movie theater, cause our first attempt to be over with very quickly, the second time we were in no hurry, slowly exploring one another’s bodies with hands and mouth. Once again I found it hard to believe that this was reality.

### **Change...**

I rolled off of Shannon in a state of exhaustion. Gee! She was insatiable, she had such an enormous sex drive. My eyes were shut and I sighed in relief as I lay, warily, upon my back, then silently groaned as I felt her, once again, reach for and fondle my flaccid cock; she was wearing me out physically.., but what a divine way to go!

A little later still Shannon snuggled in close behind me, her body radiating warmth onto my back and the back of my legs. I considered feigning sleep, but thought better of it.

“Danny, sweetheart, Do you really love me?” she suddenly asked

Turning to face her, I replied in a husky voice. “Of course I do, having you is beyond my wildest dreams.., my greatest wish come true.

“I’m serious though Danny. Would you say you loved me enough to do anything for me? I mean, ‘anything?’”

I searched her beautiful eyes. She was looking at me intently with a serious expression. I took my time in replying this time, considering the meaning of her question. Yes. Yes I believed I would do anything for her. I adored Shannon with all my heart and, now that I had her, I couldn’t bear to lose her. She looked relieved as I confirmed that I would do anything that was in my power for her.

“Oh Danny, I just knew I had made the right choice in you. It’s just that.., well, It would really turn me on if you would allow me to dress you up during our love making sessions.”

A bemused smile spread across my face as I looked at her questioningly. “Dress me up? What do you mean? You mean like some fantasy figure, a super hero?”

Blushing, Shannon mumbled, “Well actually I was thinking more in the line of some of my things.” Upon seeing the look of surprise now registering upon my face she quickly added, “...Nobody else needs to know, it’d just be between us. Tell me you would do it for me darling, you would if you did really love me, it really would make me happy.”

The bizarre thing that she was asking me to do, the serious expression on her face; rather than being shocked or offended by what she was asking I found myself laughing as I replied. "What? Are you really serious? Why ever would you want me to do something like that?"

"I'd just find it a turn-on. All I'm asking is for you to wear a bra and a pair of my panties during our foreplay then to let me strip the panties from you so we can make love. I'm sure you would love the silky sensuous feel of them yourself."

I found the idea weird and Shannon more than just a little kinky but the look on her face..., I adored her so much, she was just so lovely, so appealing. It would certainly be a new experience and no harm could come of it. It seemed a small price to pay for Shannon's affections.

000

Out of school we spent all of our spare time together, we became more than just friends or lovers, we were soul mates, discovering that we had so much in common with each other.

Shannon was an only child. Her father, a construction worker, had died in a tragic accident when she had been just four years old, leaving her to be raised alone by her Mom. I too was an only child though my father had been an abusive, often violent drunk. He had walked out on my Mom and me after being charged with assault and when I was just six years old. The successful career that Mom had at the time was put on hold so that she could stay at home to raise me.

Now both of our Mom's were independent, career minded business women, each at the peak of their chosen professions. Shannon and I had many of the same likes and dislikes and we seemed to be compatible with each other in so many ways.

Being dressed in Shannon's bra's and panties for our love making had, at first, seemed strange, though I had to admit that the silky fabrics did heighten my sensuality. But, before long, it became clear that being dressed in just a bra and panties was no longer enough for her, she wanted more.

Slowly she persuaded me to don more and more of her things until, finally, she had me fully dressed as a female, and I do mean fully. Basques, pantyhose, mini skirts, sweater tops and blouses, high heeled shoes... even full make up which she expertly applied to give me the face of a pretty girl, all along with a long, very feminine wig that she had bought.

Okay, I knew that I should object, put my foot down before it got out of hand, refuse point blank, but I could not bear to upset her and I certainly did not want to lose her. Besides, becoming Shannon's 'girlfriend' certainly had it's rewards and seeing myself appearing as an attractive girl in the mirror held it's own strange excitement.

***Getting in deeper...***

It was one wet Sunday afternoon during March that Shannon's Mom arrived home unexpectedly and discovered her daughter in a passionate clinch with another young girl.

"Shannon! What on earth is going on?" Helen almost screeched in shock.

"Mom!" Shannon gasped as we both jumped from the settee where we had been making out, ".It's not what it looks like, honest! ...look for yourself., it's Danny!"

Helen seemed almost relieved as she strolled over to me and, before I could stop her, tugged the long wig from my head.

"Well I never. It is Danny, You two kept that a secret, I honestly had no idea. Don't go being embarrassed Danny, your secret is safe with me sweetheart. Believe me, in my line of work I help quite a lot of male to female Transsexuals... it's far more common than you may imagine."

Although I did feel highly embarrassed at being seen by Shannon's Mom fully dressed as a girl I wanted to tell her the truth of how I came to being like this, but then I realized that telling the truth may well embarrass Shannon, and I couldn't risk hurting her or losing her.

Instead, with my mind working overtime, I replied, "Thanks for being so understanding Helen. When Shannon first found out about me., well, I felt sure that she would dump me, worse, that she would go telling everyone at school about me, but I really needn't have worried, your daughter has been great about it, really supportive and, if anything, it has brought the two of us closer together.

Helen smirked wryly. "Hmm, so I see. How old are you Danny? She then asked.

"I've just turned sixteen ma'am," I mumbled, withering under the steady gaze that Shannon was giving me.

"That's a shame. You are too young to receive any help from the medical profession, officially, that is. But that is not to say that I cannot help you. I could start you on a course of female hormones. It has always been my belief that it is best to start the subject at the earliest age possible, before a young males body becomes too muscular and grows body hair, before the face takes on masculine characteristics. If you are really positive that this is what you want then I could even start with you right away."

"Wha..what do you mean Mrs. Taylor?" I stammered, feeling a cold sweat breaking out on my forehead, my heart beating rapidly and feeling close to panic.

Helen's mouth seemed to twist into a cruel smile as she replied, "Female hormones darling, I could give you your first shot here and now.

In horror I glanced at Shannon. It was obvious that she wanted me not to tell the truth. Tears were forming in her eyes, pleading with me, imploring me to go through with it this once, play along for her sake.

I felt pity for Shannon. Surely I could play along this once, one injection couldn't do me any harm, I'd read in magazines that these Transsexual are injected for years before there is any real sign of femininity, and they continue being injected for life.



Taking a deep breath I replied, "Oh could you Helen? That is what I have always wanted. I really would appreciate your help."

Helen clapped her hands joyfully. "Good girl, you are going to be so pretty, just like my Shannon."

Helen left the room and immediately Shannon began whispering agitatedly to me. "Oh, thank you Danny. If Mom knew I had been prompting you to dress up for our sex I don't know what she would think of me. I promise I will work something out after tonight, tell her you changed your mind or something."

Shannon stopped abruptly as Helen returned to the lounge carrying a small metal dish that contained a syringe. She instructed me to lift up the short skirt I was wearing and pull down the top of the pantyhose and the lacy pink panties I was wearing. She then positioned me so that I was bent forward over a chair.

I felt anxiety as I waited, a sense of misgiving and I looked over to Shannon who was sat opposite for her reassurance. Shannon had a far away look in her eyes, the expression on her face was strangely aroused, excited.

I felt Helen wiping a small area of my buttock with a cotton wool swab soaked in a medicinal alcohol.. My heart pounded faster and I had to stifle a yelp as I felt the cold tip of the needle sink into my flesh, a pressure followed that was the hormones being injected into me, surging into my system.

"You are very lucky." I heard Helen saying. "This is a brand new strain of hormone Danny, which is very fast acting and very, very potent, it has only just been passed by the medical board. Once in your system the affect of these hormones are permanent, unlike earlier types which need to be taken for life. In fact, a series of twelve shots, over a six month period is all that is needed to achieve total feminization for life. And I do mean total Danny. So, what do you think?"

I was horrified but found my quaking voice enough to ask, "Will... will the first injection have any physical effects on my body? ...I mean, I er, I won't, I won't change into a girl overnight will I..?"

Helen laughed kindly, misinterpreting me. "No Danny, I'm afraid not, you'll just have to be patient, though from the injection I have given you, you will start noticing some changes after four or five days. For instance you will begin to feel strange, 'not yourself' shall we say. Your face and voice will be the first thing to change and you should also start experiencing some degree of breast growth.., they won't be enormous to begin with, I'm afraid, but they will certainly be noticeable. You may find that you need to start wearing loose fitting tops to hide them.

"One of the things that will change very quickly will be your emotions. One minute you will be up and bouncing, the next you will be down. It's all part of the process of becoming a woman I'm afraid and even we genetic girls have to go through it during puberty."

## 000

That night my sleep was troubled with the strangest of dreams, nightmares really, where I was being forcibly feminized and there was nothing that I could do to prevent it.

I waited for Shannon to arrive at school later that morning, neither of us spoke as I linked her arm in mine and we strolled towards the playing fields, that were all but deserted at that time of the morning. Arriving at a bench we sat ourselves down.

Shannon seemed too distressed to start talking about the previous evening so I opened the conversation.

“Shannon. You are really going to have to explain to your Mom about why I was dressed in your clothes, tell her it has all been a big mistake. I cannot possibly go through with this.”

“Oh please Danny, don’t say anything just yet, wait until we can think of something out. Perhaps we could run away together?”

“Did you hear what she said? The injection that she has already given me is very potent, it will start developing breasts on my chest... and I have been feeling really sick this morning. Maybe if we tell her the truth she can give me an antidote that will prevent anything happening to me.”

“Yes, I did hear what she said, she said the effects are permanent. She also said that you would require twelve shots for complete feminization so perhaps what you develop from the first shot... and maybe another one, or two, will not really be as obvious as she made it sound.”

“Another one or two! ...you are joking! I don’t want any changes made to my body, and certainly not anything feminine.”

“But Danny...” she started to sob, Mom will be so angry with me. Not just because I had you dressing in my clothes, but because I then allowed her to inject you by not telling her the truth. I’m certain there will be no nothing really obvious and, as it is new, maybe it wears off after a time. Please Danny, you did once say you would do anything for me, and this is the biggest thing I would ever ask. Mom may prevent me from ever seeing you again if she knows the truth”

“I don’t know Shannon, I’m scared. Don’t worry I won’t say anything about it being your idea to dress me up, I suppose I’ll play along with it until we can come up with a really good reason for me to get out of it... but I have no intention of letting your Mom turn me into a girl!”

### ***Feminine Feelings...***

Before I knew it I had received my *forth* injection. Helen seemed delighted with my progress. What muscle tone I'd had was now gone; smoothed away leaving my arms slender and rounded, my hands soft and delicate. My waist size had shrunk from a slim 32" down to a tiny 28" whilst, in contrast, my hips and fanny were fuller and rounded. My legs had become slender and shapely. They were hairless and looked much longer than they had been before. I had to admit that my legs really did look great whenever I wore sheer black stockings but, the biggest shock of all had been my breast growth. They weren't that noticeable after the first injection but certainly were just a couple of days after the second. Even my nipples had protruded, become fat and rubbery and they were so goddamn sensitive, tingling with pleasure at the slightest touch.

Breast tissue had begun to form at an alarming rate and, within days of my second injection, had developed into small, conical shaped breasts that any teenage girl would have been proud to have. Now, a further two injections on, they had grown considerably larger still, becoming both fuller and rounder... and a whole lot heavier. I was now a size 36b, and I was still developing!

My facial features had also changed dramatically, becoming unmistakably feminine in appearance. It was bad enough having to look like a girl at all, let alone a very pretty one!

My voice was also betraying me, sounding higher and softer. And it wasn't only my breasts that were growing at an alarming rate, my brown hair had now reached to just below my shoulders, hanging long and straight, full of body and with a healthy sheen. I knew how girlish it made me look, but, even when I pulled it tightly back and put it into a pony tail, it still looked very feminine.

So, if all these changes were happening so rapidly to me, why had I allowed Helen to administer a forth injection into my system? Well, even after that first injection, as it passed into my system, I found that I was now intrigued at seeing the developments that were happening to me, I was even a little excited by them and, the more I developed, the more excited I became.., wanting to see further changes, and yet terrified by them at the same time. If that makes any sense?

For school I started to wear my baggiest clothes, attempting to conceal my rapidly developing feminine shape. I could no longer wear my school uniform, it just did not fit me anymore, the shirts were stretched across my full bosom and my pants were too large in the waist yet tight around the hips and bottom.

I could do very little to hide my long feminine hair. Worn loose it just splayed out and looked far too girlish and so, a pony tail seemed to be my only option.

I found that the boys in my class had started to avoid me and talk behind my back, some called me names to my face such as sissy faggot, little girl, sweetie and 'Sharon' ... which was derived from a pretty girl who I now looked quite like and who was in Miss Denver's class..

The girls, on the other hand, were mostly kind and considerate towards me, taking me under their wing. They seemed to have adopted me as being one of their own, which, I suppose, in many ways I now was.

After some gentle persuasion and prompting from both Shannon and Helen, I finally plucked up the courage to inform Mom what was going on, though I had dreaded it. To be honest I had expected floods of tears and anger, accusations and maybe even a demand for me to leave home, But, to my utter surprise... and relief, she was great about it. Really supportive.

She told me that she'd had her suspicions for some time, she had seen for herself how feminine I was becoming before her very eyes, But, it had been a phone call from Shannon's Mom, unbeknown to me, that had explained everything to her.

Helen had gone and told her that I was a Transsexual and that my being born a male had been a mistake of nature. She had said that, in reality, I was a girl trapped inside the body of a boy, but, with the use of corrective female hormones, she could rectify the problem for me. Within a very short period of time I could actually be living, full time, as a girl.

After her initial shock my Mom became all for the idea, going as far as to say that I could become the daughter she'd never had but had always dreamed of having. She actually began meeting with Helen, spending more and more time with her so that, together, they could plan out my next stages of feminization.

This whole thing was fast becoming a feminized nightmare, I didn't know what to say to Helen that would keep Shannon from trouble and I didn't know how to let Mom down now that she was so looking forward to having me as her daughter, yet, with each day, I was becoming more and more girlish, my body a feminine prison from which I could not escape.

Still not knowing how best to deal with the problem I was given my sixth injection by Helen which marked the halfway stage of my transformation. I shuddered as I studied my reflection in a large, illuminated mirror. Surely I was now beyond help, and, if I looked so much like a girl as I did now, how on earth was I going to look after the final six injections. I somehow had to put a stop to all of this.

—000—

Over the following few weeks my life at school became unbearable, so much so that the school principle was no longer able to guarantee my safety and My Mom was called into school to have an emergency meeting with him.

It was decided that because of my 'physical changes' I would likely be at risk from some of the other male students. Mr. Reynolds, the head teacher, felt that it would be in the interest of all parties for me to be transferred to a different school.

"Mrs. Cole", he began, "I appreciate that this must be a very difficult time for both of you, but really, I honestly believe that a transfer is in the best interest of Danny and the only option really open to him."