



Reluctant Press

Good Shemales

Stacy Nolan



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A 'SPECTRUM' NOVEL

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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The Changers

By Stacy Nolan

How long had I been here? Days, maybe even weeks?

Taking a deep breath I strained against the cords that held me at my wrists and ankles so securely to the four corners of the bed on which I lay.

It was no use, I couldn't move an inch, my full womanly breasts jiggled and bounced as I thrashed and struggled, my nipples swollen and distended with anguish and despair.

Why were the bastards doing this to me for crying out loud ?... What kind of sick pleasure did they derive from torturing me in this way ? It was sick.

There was no other word for it....sick, sick, sick.....

The I.V. line in my arm was connected to a bag hanging on a metal stand alongside the bed.

They told me that the bags clear fluid contained a powerful "cocktail" of female hormones, hormones which were now changing my very D.N.A. sapping my masculinity, reminiscing me beyond all recognition....I could almost feel my body changing, taking on new wondrous shapes....

It was almost dark once again, I cried out, a sound so full of pain and torment, I began to whimper like an animal...."Please...Is there anyone there?"

I hated so much to be left alone like this, it frightened me so....I missed my Mom and Dad, I even missed my little sister Katie, I began to cry softly, silently, I just wanted this to be over with, I wanted to go home.

I was still little more than a child, and now I had the face, body and voice of a woman of around twenty years old, could I ever be a normal boy again?

Hearing a noise I looked up, the woman the others called Sarah was watching me, she smiled and said, "Hello Emma, and how are you feeling today?...Helen and Terri have been out shopping, they have got you some lovely new clothes to wear, a girl has got to look her best after all !...Our work with you is almost completed, you'll be going home in another couple of days"....

"Oh thank you, thank you!" I cried, overcome with emotion. "I promise that I'll be a good girl....honest! I won't try and escape again, you have my word!"....

Sarah laughed, "Okay, I'll allow you to get up for a little while, you can even watch some television, but if you cross me you'll be sorry, okay ?

"Yes Sarah, I promise, I'll be a good girl for you."

She hesitated a moment, then nodded, as she bent over me to untie my bonds I could smell her perfume and stale cigarettes,

I sat up slowly, stiffly, my long blond hair falling around my face and shoulders as I did so, on unsteady legs I made my way to the bathroom, switching on the overhead light I stared in a mixture of horror and fascination at my pale reflection....Could that gorgeous woman really be me?...her wide green eyes framed by long dark lashes, high cheekbones, full pouting lips, her mane of long blond hair, and her slim full breasted figure....my figure now I suppose....

My hand reached down to where my penis and testicles used to be, my fingers examined my pubic mound with its female cleft.....I began to giggle girlishly as I wondered what Mom would say?

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“A GOOD SHE-MALE”

By Stacy Nolan

So young, and such spirit! He thrashed wildly as he tried to break free of the bonds that held him so securely, his long blond hair whipping around his pretty face.

The low cut dress that he wore did little to cover his now sizable breasts, a locking bar secured at his ankles held his long slim hairless legs firmly apart.

He swayed, struggling to keep his balance in his 4 inch stiletto heels.

Madam Sasha's potion was at work, as were the powerful female hormones that we had pumped into him from day one.

At first he had been so defiant, but his speedy feminisation had shook him, he began to beg and plead for his freedom, to whimper and cry like the little girl that he was fast becoming So Sweet!

His face and body were changing at an alarming rate, within a few more days his feminisation would be total.... it was all to do with changing a persons D.N.A. and genetic engineering, I'm not saying that I understand it, I just know that it works.

Today will be my fourth and final session with him, smiling, I caressed the cold metal tip of the long sleek vibrator. He gasped and his head snapped around as I switched it on and it purred to life....

“No, please, not that !!” he pleaded in a high girlish voice, he could beg and plead all he liked, I would show him no mercy....none at all.

Later, his will broken, he cried softly, he had come like a girl, now he could never be a boy again.

This one would fetch a good price, after all, a good she-male is hard to find!

###

“Loving Every Minute”

By Stacy Nolan

I couldn't believe that I was here, that I was actually going to go through with it at long last!

After almost nine months of growing my long hair even longer, constant day-dreaming and fantasizing....countless wet dreams, I was finally here at “The Beauty Spot” on Toledo and Warner, “Hairdressers and beauty consultants to the stars!” their advertisement claimed.

Standing at the marble reception desk whilst the girl checked her appointment book I took in the sights, sounds, and smells of this all female environment.

“Ah, yes Mr. Taylor....I have you booked in for 11 am with Ms Fiona, please take a seat and I'll call you as soon as she is ready.”

I went and sat in the large waiting area as instructed, Looking around I felt myself begin to blush as I realized that I was being watched.... Several women were peering over the tops of their glossy magazines at me, their expressions ranging from amused to hostile, I suppose that it wasn't surprising considering the way I was dressed....

A nineteen year old boy wearing a soft fluffy dusky pink angora sweater with a wide collar and four small pearlised buttons at its neckline, a pair of white 3/4 length Clamdiggers, and a pair of girls white “flatties” with thin ankle straps, I couldn't help but wonder how the....

“Mr. Taylor?....Ms Fiona is ready for you now, if you'll follow me please?”.....

I was shown into a private room where an attractive ultra stylish woman in her mid 40s was waiting for me....she looked me up and down appraisingly, a slight smile playing around her full sensual lips.

“Oh yes my dear, you have a lot of potential. Now, let me see the length of your hair.”

As I pulled off the black elasticized scrunchie that had been holding my hair in a high ponytail it cascaded down around my slim shoulders.

“ My my, what gorgeous hair!....wasted on a boy I’m afraid, but I can soon fix that.”

Its a Girl Thing.

Ms Fiona asked me what I had in mind, blushing, I told her all about my Fantasies of being feminised, leaving out nothing.

When I had finished she said, “Okay Honey, just you sit back and relax and leave everything up to me. I promise that when you leave here nobody would guess even for a minute that you are not a Gorgeous and sexy young woman.

Totally at her mercy, I settled back in the chair to enjoy the experience, Ms Fiona turned me away from the large wall mounted mirror so that I couldn’t see what she was doing to me, I suppose that alarm bells should have started ringing then, but I was just too excited to think straight,

My long dark hair was washed and a foul smelling liquid applied, as she worked Ms Fiona said, “Whilst we are waiting for that to take darling, would you like me to see what I can do with your face? I don’t care how pretty a girl is, a little carefully applied make - up will always make her prettier!”

I felt my cock begin to stir in my tight fitting underwear as I replied, “Yes please, that would be great, only....I’m afraid that I can’t afford to pay you any more money, it took me all my time to save enough to be able to get my hair done.”

“Oh that’s okay Honey, call it a little gift from me to you, just sit back and leave it all to me.”

I didn’t give it much thought as I felt my eyebrows being plucked and shaped, and long dark false eyelashes being carefully bonded to my own.

“With care these semi permanent eyelashes will last anything up to four years, Now dear, don’t go and try to remove them, you’ll only go and hurt yourself....okay, just sit back and relax, I’m going to give you a little injection in your lips to help enhance them, now, this may sting for a minute.”

I winced at the sharp prick of the needle, its contents causing my lips to swell almost immediately, it was at this point that I began to wonder how I would look.

When Ms Fiona had finished with me, she said, “Don’t worry too much dear, the worst of the swelling will have gone down in an hour or two, and you will be left with a sexy pout that any girl would be proud of, right, now for some color.”

I could barely speak after she had finished with my lips.

“The outline and color are both semi-permanent, they will last somewhere between 12 and 18 months, it is all the rage, and lets a girl look her best 24-7 !”

“Can I see what I look like?” I asked, squirming in fear and excitement.

“No Honey, you’ll just have to wait, besides, I haven’t finished with you yet, you wanted me to make you look like a girl and that’s just what I’m going to do.”

Without asking for my permission Ms Fiona double pierced both of my ears and fitted them with small gold studs, tears blurred my eyes as I fought back the urge to cry, I hadn’t really wanted this, or had I?

Relieved to have the horrible lotion washed out of my hair, all I really wanted now was to go home. Ms Fiona continued to fuss around me, blow drying and styling my long hair, she was smiling as she worked, obviously pleased with her handiwork.

When she had finally finished with me she clapped her hands in joy and exclaimed, “Oh my dear, what a perfectly delightful girl you make! You really ought to invest in some pretty skirts and dresses, your old male clothes won’t be of much use to you now!”

Without so much as another word she turned my chair to face the large illuminated wall mounted mirror, what I saw reflected there took my breath away, leaving me totally speechless.....you see, I no longer looked like Chris Taylor, in fact I no longer looked male at all.....for I now had the pretty face and long unmistakably feminine hair of a young woman.

My formally dark hair was now a rich honey blond, Ms Fiona had carefully cut and styled it in such a manner which would prevent me from pulling it back in a boyish ponytail, for it was now it was in a shoulder length sleek and classic bob, it was backcombed from the crown, and long full bangs had been added which came down almost to my thinned arched eyebrows.

The Bitch had obviously done this to me on purpose, knowing that she had given me a very feminine style which would be near impossible for me to hide.

Leaning in closer to the mirror I saw that my light green eyes were now framed by long dark eyelashes which swept across my line of vision every time that I blinked, I gave the lashes an exploratory tug....but only succeeded in making my eyes water.

My “Bee Stung” lips so full and red, mocking me in their semi-permanent pout, ready to kiss or be kissed, and my double pierced ears! How could I possibly leave here looking like this?

Turning to Ms Fiona I said, “Please!....you’ve got to help me, I can’t go home looking like this!, I look like.... I look like....well, a Girl!”

“That’s right sweetheart, you most certainly do. But isn’t that what you wanted?” asked Ms Fiona, her smile mocking.

I paid my bill, cautiously leaving the premises via a side entrance, keeping my head down, and praying that I wouldn't meet anyone that I knew, I headed for home.

Playing the part

Wow, talk about being confused! Part of me was cringing with embarrassment, just wanting the ordeal to be over with, whilst another part of me was finding this a real turn on My cock was so hard it was causing a very unladylike bulge that felt ready to explode! I tried my best to take some deep breaths, to calm myself down, but Oh boy was it difficult!

Seeing my feminised reflection in the store windows that I passed wasn't helping matters at all I really did look like a girl!

Glancing at the tiny face of my woman's wrist watch I saw that it was a little after 5 PM, my Mom and sister Megan would be home now and there was no way that I could avoid them, best to prepare myself for the worst.

Twenty minutes later, after no worse than a couple of wolf whistles, I arrived home, I thought about just hurrying upstairs to my room but realized that at best this would only delay the inevitable confrontation, no, best to get it out of the way now, taking a deep breath I opened the door and walked in

Mom wasn't home, but to my dismay and horror I saw that Megan was and she had five of her friends with her!

Sarah, Stephanie, Andrea, Claire, and Rachel..... The room went utterly quiet as all eyes settled on me, I was so embarrassed!....I just wanted the ground to open up beneath my feet and swallow me!

Claire was the first to speak: "Wow Megan, just look at your big brother! What a hot Babe! He's gorgeous! I love your hair Chris, its just "so you!"

The rest of the girls all started talking at once then, they surrounded me....touching my long blond hair, checking out my eyelashes, my pouting red lips.

Andrea's mouth found mine, her moist tongue probing deep, exploring, she tasted of cigarettes and lipstick.

Before I fully realized what was happening I was on the floor and the girls were removing my clothes.....their hands and mouths were everywhere, I tried to sit up but found that I was weighed down by a writhing mass of girls bodies, glancing down I saw the head of my throbbing cock disappear between Stephanies full red lips, she sucked it in deep.

Rachel was busy kissing and licking my stomach and chest, I gasped out loud as she used the tip of her tongue to tease my sensitive nipples erect, the soft tickle of her long blond hair was driving me crazy.....

The five girls took it in turns to fuck me.....riding me until I was crying, pleading with them to stop....but they showed me no mercy, none at all....My sister Megan stood and looked on, her expression unreadable....

Afterwards the girls helped me to my feet and cleaned me up, they were talking and laughing, acting as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened at all.

I suppose that for most guys sex with the girls would be a dream come true, but I just felt used, violated and dirty....I picked up my clothes from the floor, and without a word went upstairs to my room, flinging myself down on my single bed I lay and just cried and cried.

In Deeper

Mom arrived home about an hour later, I expect that Megan and the girls must have told her about my “Feminisation”, for when several minutes later she strode into my bedroom without knocking she showed no surprise whatsoever at how “Girlish” her son looked

Standing in the open doorway, her arms folded, she said, “So, this is where its all been leading is it Chris? Growing your hair long like a girl, experimenting with my make-up. Even wearing your sisters clothes? What’s the matter Chris? don`t you like being a boy anymore? Do you want to be a girl? Is that it?”

How could I explain to my own Mom that I was a Transvestite?....that I got a sexual thrill from “dressing up” in the clothes of the opposite sex?.....that it was the illusion of femininity that I loved?....how did I tel her that I had no wish to become a girl for real?.....instead I said:

“I....I don`t know what I really want Mom....I guess I just wanted to find out what it was like to be a girl, even if it was only for a few hours....Well, things kind of got out of hand”.

“You can say that again!” Mom said with a smile, Okay, if thats what you really want Hon then I can help you....From tomorrow onwards you are coming into work with me as ‘The new girl. Lets see how you cope with living as a girl 24 - 7 for a while, on your feet in high heels for the best part of nine hours a day, being a girl won`t seem so glamorous then, you`ll see.”

Her words both frightened and excited me.....Did she really mean it?, me living as a girl!....Wow! it was a dream come true!....I tried to hide my growing excitement....and the growing bulge between my slim hairless legs.

Mom spoke with her boss Gina Falmer on the telephone later that evening and explained the situation to her.