

# SEEDS OF LOVE



A fiction story by  
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SEEDS OF LOVE

By Sara Duresi

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**This work is dedicated to the most wonderful and supportive creature on earth, my girlfriend Jenny D'.**

#### DISCLAIMER.

This story, all the characters, places, etc. are completely fiction. Any reference to living persons, real facts, etc., is purely a coincidence. This work is property of Sara Duresi, who allows everybody to read the story for free. The story can also be downloaded on a computer, saved on a floppy disk, CD Rom, printed, e-mailed, posted on the net, as long as the author's name, e-mail address and disclaimer are not removed, no money is requested (it is free!), and no modification or correction is made to the original.

Either you enjoy the story or not, I would love to have your comment. I have other stories in mind, and your support is essential for me to improve the quality of the stories, but also as a gratification to see that somebody is reading my work. Your message should be fairly short, and carry the title of the story as a subject (Seeds of Love), so that I know you are one of my readers and it is not junk mail. Your privacy will be respected by erasing the message immediately after reading it, and will not be answered back unless, for some reason, an answer is requested. But, please, allow me some time for an answer, since I am usually quite busy. If you want, in your comment, you can request the acrobat (pdf) file of the story, which includes my short biography, and photo. Enjoy.

#### IMPORTANT NOTICE

Since some details of violent behavior and sex among straight and transgendered people is described in the story, **if you have not reached the legal age in your country, this is offending you, or it is illegal to detain and read this kind of material in your country, please do not proceed in reading and erase it from your computer, move on and have a nice time doing something else. If you continue, you do it at your own risk and full responsibility!**

Also, in case you are looking for a lot of sexual details, maybe you are going to be disappointed, and should move on to another story, since I intended to write a story reflecting more the adventure and inner feelings of a transgendered person versus a complete description of his/her sexual activity.

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## SEEDS OF LOVE

How seeds of plants could change a human life.

Foundation has been applied. The eyeliner and mascara are in place as well. Now it is the time for some soft shade of red lipstick. Not too dark because of the white dress. While moving my red glossy lips around to make sure the lipstick has been applied correctly, I stop for a few moments. In a couple of hours I shall get married for my second time. But this time in a completely different role! Then I inspect my eyes, my lips, my wavy and long blond hair, my whole face to make sure the soft color shades of the make up are enhancing my face in the best possible way, and then start thinking that this is not what I was supposed to be. I would have never imagined, just a few years ago that I was going to be a bride one day. Mother Nature meant to give me a completely different direction in life. But this has been changed by forceful events, completely against my control. But I do not want to mess it up by giving just a few details now that could create confusion in your mind. Since right now all the most important events of my recent life are flashing through my mind quickly, let me describe you the whole story.

### **1 - College and graduation**

Only just five years ago, I was an absolutely normal young boy, named Chris Johnson. I mean, just the average boy, with normal behavior and attitudes by our society's standards. Although I was still working on my degree in agronomy, I got married with Martha Levine due to a stupid accident... Well, you know, once in my life I tried to have some nice time and fun with a girl.... just to realize a few weeks later that she was pregnant. The problem could have been solved in other ways, but we loved each other so much that we decided to get married and keep the baby. Also, my degree was supposed to be only a couple of months away and, soon, I could have got a good job. Or, at least, these were my expectations. With some other students I was part of a team working on a project for manipulating the genetics of plants and do whatever we wanted to with them.

The project was mostly oriented in increasing the size and quality of the crops. However, at a certain point, I personally discovered a special blend of chemicals, which would work on the DNA of the seeds and let us adjust the quality of the crop as we pleased. From a lot, lot richer product in terms of nutritional contents than the average crop, down to nothing. This was so revolutionary, and my very own discovery, which I thought would be a super PLUS for getting my degree.

And this actually happened. I got my degree without any problem and, a few days later, I received the phone call of my life: It was from a research center belonging to the Department of Agriculture!

I went there for the interview and, a few days later I had my own little private office, with my name on the door, and a lab with a group of assistants.

Ten days after I started working there, the chief of the research teams called me and told me to meet with him in his office in a few minutes. When I got there, I noticed that there were also two men wearing dark elegant suits. In my mind I was thinking of them as two Mafia guys, because of their serious and bullish faces, typical of people who are not accustomed to fool around. They introduced themselves as managers of a very important brand of agricultural products, such as seeds, fertilizers, etc., and were very interested in my research about the genetics of plants and already had a copy of my studies in their hands,

which they got from college. They wanted me to investigate about one of the aspects of it, on behalf of their company.

"Doctor Johnson," said one of the two men in black "we are particularly interested in one of the aspects you have mentioned in your work. You state that the DNA of the plants can be modified by a chemical blend and, according to the composition of the blend, this could increase up to 4 times the contents of vitamins, proteins, fats, etc, than an average crop these days, or could decrease them down to zero, and all this leaving the taste, size, color and exterior aspect of the crop exactly the same. Is this true?"

"Yes Sir! That is absolutely true." I answered in a very excited way.

"We are very interested in this research of yours." Continued the man. "Especially as concerns the aspects which deal with the fact that the harvest grows up normally, but the chemicals take all the proteins, fats, and the other nutritional components out of it. Is it true that the person or animal feels fulfilled by eating the products but does not get any kind of vital support for the body?"

"Yes....." I answered with some hesitation. I could no see why their company, a leading producer of seeds and fertilizers was interested in something that would decrease the potentials of a crop, versus something that would increase them.

"In our experiments" I continued, " we also tried to test them. For example, we tried to use our chemical components on some corn. We ate corn for three days and, although we all were eating more corn than ever and we did not feel hungry in-between meals, at the end of the experiment we found that we all had lost a few pounds."

"Do you think this chemical blend would work on all kind of plants?" asked the elder man.

"Yes, it does. The only thing that we need is the DNA's root of each plant."

"That means it is enough to have one of the fruits or plants available in order to extract the root of the DNA, is that correct, Doctor Johnson?" asked the older man.

"In theory, yes. However, if you want to make sure that the chemical works one hundred percent for sure, the best is to take the DNA when the fruit is still on the plant or within one hour from when it has been harvested. If we take it from an old fruit, or a fruit that has been picked up over one hour, the success varies from eighty down to forty percent. This may be due to our extracting method, which is still at an early stage and may need some more testing to improve it."

"Interesting!" Exclaimed the younger man, while the older added:

"Thank you very much, Doctor Johnson. Let us talk with the top management of our Company and we shall be back with you shortly".

I greeted my boss and the two men and then returned to my office.

## **2 – The offer**

I thought that the two mafia men and their Company had completely forgot about me, since nearly two months passed and I heard nothing from them.

It was on the day after my birthday, when I arrived to my office a little bit late because I took Martha to do some of the last medical examinations right before her pregnancy, which was due soon, that I found a message from my boss to go to his office upon my arrival. I thought he was probably questioning my delay. I rushed to his office, to find him together with the two men from the company of agricultural products.

"Good morning Doctor Johnson" said my boss. "I thank you for coming. Now I have to leave you alone with these two gentlemen for about half an hour. They do have something extremely important to tell you." And he left the room closing the door.

The Elder man made himself comfortable in my boss's leather armchair and started talking to me.

"Doctor Johnson, please relax and listen to me. I have to tell you something important and extremely secret. We do not belong to a Corporate Company in the agricultural business. We are from the Bureau of National Safety that is under the direct command of our President. Your study, if it works, may be very, very helpful for the safety of our country and all the other allied countries. It may save millions of people. What we need from you is approximately one week of your time to go through a quite risky challenge. We can only give you the details about what you are supposed to do after you have accepted and the mission has started. You may refuse now, and only feel guilty later when some terrible war may happen. You may give us one week of your time, perform a quick but risky challenge, you will become a hero and go back home with one million dollar tax-free. We do have an estimation that the possibilities of something going wrong are ranging to around ten percent. In that case your family will receive assistance all their life long. In case something goes partially wrong and you get injuries, you are going to receive full assistance from us and covered by insurance for all your life. No questions now. In case you refuse, you should forget about us. In case you accept, be here next Monday at five in the morning. We shall be waiting for you at the front door of the labs. Come alone with your own car. Nobody needs to know. Not even your wife. You have to find an excuse for which you don't have to call her for about four days. We know she is pregnant, but secrecy means saving your own life and the lives of our team working with you. This is all for now. See you Monday at five in the morning!"

Both men left while my boss came back.

"Chris, everything has been arranged already." He said while walking in. "I mean, following their instruction, we issued an order for you to go on a mission studying the new experimental plantations in Jose's Valley for one week, so if anybody is looking for you here and you would be covered.

"Thanks, but I am not sure I can really do that." I answered in a very doubtful way.

"You must try to do it. It is for you, your wife, your future children, for all your friends, for the Nation.... and they say that the risk involved is quite low: only five to ten percent chances at the very most."

"I will think about it over the weekend and, in case I am not here on Monday at eight as usual, it means I am with them for one week...."

It was a very hard weekend. Mostly trying to figure out how to find a good excuse for my wife. Yes, a really good excuse that would let me stay away from home one full week and not calling, or being called, for about four days in such a critical time for a woman's life, as pregnancy is. And all this right in the cell phones era, in which is literally impossible to miss a

phone call even in the middle of the desert, as long as there is some energy in your battery and a tiny bit of line.... She was not happy, but accepted my excuse.

### **3 – Mission is beginning**

Monday at ten minutes to five in the morning, I arrived at the front door of the lab. The two men were there already. They let me in the back seat of their car, and one of them came to sit with me. The car started and after a few minutes the man next to me apologized himself for such a request but, due to safety reasons, he would have to blindfold me.

They drove for a very long time. I have no idea how long, but maybe three or four hours. When we finally arrived to our destination, I was brought into a building and finally my blindfold was removed. I realized I was inside some kind of a military building. After a few minutes a man in a black suit followed by a few officers in uniform came in. I learned that this man, and also the other two guys in the black suits belonged to the secret services. We all sat down in some kind of a conference room while somebody in a high uniform (I am not an expert but he looked like a general) began to speak.

"Gentlemen, I thank you all very much for being here to be part of this special mission. I would like to express some special thanks to our friend from the Lab, who accepted to join us in this mission. From now on he will be known by the nickname of Jack. We all have nicknames here during secret missions. So, thanks Jack for being here!"

I just nodded with my head as a sign of acknowledgment.

"Today," the General continued, "we are starting this special mission, which should be completed in three to six days at the very most, according to the weather conditions. Unfortunately, there is a new, very serious, danger for our Country and many other democratic and allied countries. This is coming from Namila Island. As you all know, a terrible dictator rules Namila Island. His name is Pinntoxx and, just like reported several times by the media, Pinntoxx is making his people believe that he is the direct descendent of Toxx God, the God of the local religion, and he is ruling the Island both politically and religiously. That is a double power-knot for those poor people. In order to control the situation better, he turned the clock back a few hundred years, reducing women into serious slavery: they belong to their husbands, or family. They can only go around by themselves in the morning from eight to noon shopping for food in the small street markets and take care of other tasks connected with the family business. Outside of the permitted hours, women can only go around with their husbands, or male family members such as brothers, father, and other male in-laws. Women found alone outside of the permitted hours are considered like trash, and can be raped, tortured, killed or reduced into slavery by any male who finds them. Women who are cheating their husbands or not attending the family cores properly, or showing signs of rebellion can be killed with no public judgment. When the body is cremated, the husband or family member just need to state the reason for the killing, so that this can be reported in the public registers of the population."

He paused briefly, and then continued:

"This situation gives Pinntoxx a double strength: on one side about half of the population, which is female, is being controlled by the other half of the population, which is male, leaving only the males to be checked closely by the State Police and the Army. This situation also allows the male population to be mild and not rebelling, since they can use the latent "male-power" on their women and not against the government. Actually, a change in the Government could lead to some big social changes, weakening the male power on women, and most men do not want that to happen.

Pinntoxx has a very powerful army, including nuclear and bacteriological weapons, and has become a real danger for Tamila Island, a nearby island of the Tami-Nami archipelago. We think it is a question of months before they proceed with an invasion of Tamila. We must avoid this because, in case Tamila falls, it would be easy for Pinntoxx to invade all the other smaller islands of the Tami-Nami archipelago and re-instated the illegal situation that we managed to stop with the helps of our friends in Tamila: under Pinntoxx the Tami-Nami Islands will be the Hub port for most of the illegal drugs to our country.

The population of Namila Island is only of approximately three hundred thousand inhabitants. Not that much, but the Island is not that large. The Island is the second largest island of the Tami-Nami Archipelago, and is also the most remote on the east end, but only five miles away from Tamila Island, the largest Island, which luckily is a friendly country with us. We could easily engage a war with Namila under any excuse, but we prefer to avoid that, since Pinntoxx could use his nuclear and bacteriological weapons against Tamila. Another important thing not to be ignored is that, experts says, under the most favorable weather conditions, some of his nuclear weapons could reach the Northern part of our country, and we do not want this, and also we want to avoid that a few millions of people would die. We needed to find a solution."

There was another long pause.

"After a few months of planning, we happen to hear about Jack's studies. We checked with him about some details and then spent the last two months planning this mission. We are going to send a small, specialized task force on Namila island to retrieve the DNA of their three most important kind of plants grown there, which represent eighty percent of their food supplies, naturally grown on the island. Once the DNA's root has been retrieved and the chemicals are ready in large quantities, we shall send our radar-invisible aircrafts to spray it all over their plantations during night time, and nobody is going to suspect anything until a couple of months later, when they would start collecting the crops and using them for nutrition. Nobody should be suspecting of us. On the other hand, the beginning of starvation on the people should weaken Pinntoxx, hold responsible of not taking care of his people. He would have no time to bring extra food in, since a bad crop is a pre-warning of food shortage, but an apparently very good crop, although useless, and nobody realize it until it is being used, gives no pre-warning! Of course, we shall be ready to bring food to help the people in Namila, if they get rid of Pinntoxx. Therefore his own starving people would destroy Pinntoxx, while we would be ready with food for them and a new Government to be installed for their future. Questions anybody?"

"Yes Sir," I said promptly. "I would like to have more details about the first part of the plan, the one that involves me directly."

"You are absolutely right, Jack. I was saving this for later, when all the details will be revealed. Well, it is now noon. In twelve hours from now you will be boarded on a plane and take off from this base. Four hours later you will be landing in Tamila, our allied island next to the enemy. Then you will have two days in Tamila to review all the details, get adjusted to the time change and weather change and also to get familiar with the other folks part of the team. Then, in the evening of the third day, or the fourth day in case the weather is not good, four of you including Jack will be boarded on the mini submarine with two members of



the crew. You will cross the channel between Tamila and Namila completely under water, reach the safe place where the sub can surface very close to the coast, which has been already spotted. The four of you will have four hours to complete the job using infrared-visors, in order to find the plants we are looking for and picking up their DNA roots. The Mini Submarine will be back in the same spot where you landed exactly four hours later. It will try only once, so be ready in position at the meeting time! In case of bad weather, the mission will be delayed for one or two days.

However, since from this very moment you are not going to be released until the mission is over, later today you will receive the final plans with all the details of the mission, so that each one of you is able to know what he is expected to do. Does anyone have other questions? No? Okay, now go and relax in the rooms we have arranged for you all, and study all the detailed plans which we are giving you!"

Later we were given a bag containing all the tools needed for the mission, including infrared viewer, helmet, mimetic uniform, etc. then we were boarded on a helicopter which brought us to a military airport, and here transferred on a small jet plane heading to Tamila Island. During the flight, the head of our team went over and over the instructions, paying special attention to me, since I was absolutely not prepared to the military tricks.

The following two days were like hell: hard military training. We were finally allowed to relax in the morning of the third day. That evening we would board a mini submarine and sail to Namila Island.

#### **4 - Action**

Tension was high while the submarine was heading to Namila, and I was particularly nervous. I was really scared by the mission, but also considering the consequences in case something would go wrong. Martha was supposed to give birth to a baby, which was also my baby, in about a couple of weeks, and now more than ever I wanted to be with her. I did not care at all about this mission. Why should I be a hero? Why somebody has to risk his or her own life just because of a stupid dictator? Nobody knows I am in this mission right now, and the average person does not even have a clue about my possible sacrifice. People just care about their job, their salary, their family and friends. Then, if somebody has to die for them, in order to keep their life quiet and smooth, that person is very welcomed. They do not care if there would be a widow now suffering just because somebody died for them! If somebody needs to die to keep them happy, they should be the ones! Well, let's think about something else. I am not going to die. I don't want to die. For God's sake, it is just a question of taking some juices out of some plants in order to take their genetic root out of them..... Well, that may implicate that a couple of hundred thousand people would be probably lead to starvation in a few months from now.... Just because of one dictator, and to protect other people from possible attacks. What the heck! Why I had to get involved into this. Why wasn't I enjoying life and playing football or chess in college with my friends, instead of spending days and days in the Lab experimenting???

"Ready in ten minutes!" Captain John whispered, shaking me up from my sad thoughts.

I was getting more and more nervous.

The mini-sub surfaced very close to the coast. Captain John, Peter, Rob and myself got out of sub and started swimming toward the island. Everything seemed quiet, and nobody was around. We touched land and run immediately into the bushes. From there we started walking in our formation: first Peter, then fifty feet afterwards Captain John, I was following another fifty feet after him, and then Rob. We were moving according to the maps taken from the satellite, showing where the plantations were. We should do the job in about ninety

to hundred and twenty minutes, but they considered four hours for the sub to come back, just in case of some unexpected delays.

Ten minutes later we found the plantation of the first fruit. I cut one in half, took the parts I needed and stored them into a sterilized container, sealed it and placed in the freezing bag I had, so that the material would freeze and be preserved for my job later in the lab. We proceeded walking and, fifteen minutes later, we reached a plantation of the second fruit we were looking for. Again, I took the material needed, and then we continued our way to the plantation of the third and last plant we needed. This was reached thirty minutes later. I performed the usual task. First part of the operation completed in fiftyfive minutes. Perfect timing. Now we just needed to go back and hide to wait for the submarine to get back. We reached the coast in the spot were we had landed and hided ourselves in the bushes, about fifty-to-sixty feet away one from the other. I guess we were all doing the same thing: checking the ocean with our infrared device, waiting for the signal from the submarine.

Exactly four hours after we landed, a small infrared blink came from the ocean, allowing us to spot the submarine. We all raised and walked toward the ocean, while Captain John sent the confirming signal to the sub, meaning that everything went through okay, and we were coming. It was then that Hell came into reality.

A lot of Namila's soldiers, probably fourty, fifty or maybe more, came out from all sides and opened fire on us. Unlike the others, I did not have a machine gun, which I would have not known how to use anyhow, but only a gun. Peter, being the first, was killed instantly, followed by Captain John. Then Rob collapsed as well, but he managed to kill two enemy soldiers first. At that point I did not even bother to retrieve my gun. These people were so fast, and also I never use a gun before in my life... I was surrounded immediately. They knocked me down on the ground with a fist in full face. Then I felt hands undressing me. They removed my uniform completely, leaving me naked like the day I was born. Then, with my surprise, they put my uniform on one of their dead soldiers and dragged me in the back of some bushes. What followed made me faint: they took some wooden poles and planted them in the sand to make like two large X a few feet away one from the other. Then they brought another long and thick wooden pole and put it on the X on both sides, to form what it looked like a clothes' stand. Then, one by one they hang on the pole Captain John, Peter, Rob and the unknown Namila's soldier in my uniform. Then they took some branches, disposed them on the ground under my companions, poured some liquid on them and also on the branches, and then put it on fire with a match. By the way everything went on fire so fast, I felt that they used gasoline. I could do nothing but see my friends burn until only ashes were left and the wooden structure collapsed.

Then, they made me walk for ten minutes to reach a road where a few military trucks were waiting, and drove me to a camp. Here they gave me what looked like a bright yellow kimono, and then put me on a Jeep, escorted by a few soldiers. I ended in a prison and, for a few days, nobody came to see me, except for bringing me some food once a day.

## **5 – Hell is here!**

I spent a few days in complete solitude, desperation, crying like a little child lost from his parents, and wondering what would ever happen to me now.

In the early morning of the third day the door of my cell opened. Three soldiers came in, ordering me to follow them. They accompanied me to the bathrooms first, were they ordered me to take a shower. They gave me a new bright yellow Kimono, and then accompanied me outside of the building to a van. They drove for about half an hour to this fairly large town, which I learned to be Namila City, and also the capital town of the Island, and then headed

to a wonderful palace on top of a hill, which we reached after passing through three gates and five checkpoints. I was feeling we were going to the Presidential Palace. Maybe Pinntoxx and his friends wanted to use me as a hostage to negotiate something with my country. These were my thoughts, but I could not have been more wrong than that.

We passed through a lot of wonderful rooms with frescoes, fireplaces as large as my bedroom at home, a lot of servants in uniform and soldiers were everywhere. We stopped in front of a huge door. They made me remove my yellow kimono, and left me completely naked. At that point the door was opened, and I was lead into a huge room, richly decorated in every corner, with thousands of lights on the three large chandeliers hanging from the very high ceiling. The room was empty except for what it looked like a royal throne on the opposite side from the entrance. There, in a very regal position, was sitting a big man dressed very elegantly, caressing a huge white cat, which was sitting on his lap. I figured this should have been Pinntoxx. I was feeling really embarrassed to be there completely naked in front of other people. After we entered the room, Pinntoxx made a sign with his hand, and a very strange armchair was brought into the room. They made me sit on it and then tied my ankles at the chair's legs and my waists to the chair's arms. Then everybody left, leaving me alone in the room with this strange and crazy dictator.

"What is your name, little man?" Asked Pinntoxx in a deep voice.

"My name is Jack, Sir." I answered in a weak and fearfull voice.

"First of all, I am your LORD, Jack. Not your Sir!"

"I am sorry, my Lord, for using an inappropriate title with you."

"And, please Jack, tell me: What were you doing in my Island the other night, when you have been arrested?"

"Well... My Lord, I..... I.... I happened to be on a boat, when this sank not far from this Island and I was so lucky to make it to the Island, while my companions were all killed...."

"Listen Jack, I am your Lord, and as your Lord I pretend to hear the truth. Let's start all over again, and I need the truth now, or you'll be dead in less than one minute!! What is your name?"

" Ehhmm, I.... am Jack, Jack Williams My Lord."

"Okay, Jack. You keep lying to me and for this very bad behavior of yours, you are going to have what you deserve in a few minutes from now. In the meantime, here is a good story."

He pause for about one minute, while staring at me, and I was completely scared by his look.

"Jack, let's pretend that your name in Chris Johnson, married to Martha Johnson, who is pregnant and expecting a baby in less than two weeks from now. You have a degree in agronomy and are very expert with the genetics of plants. You are a very bright and smart person, but just like all the bright and smart persons do sooner or later, you have made a mistake. A big, VERY BIG mistake. You have accepted to come to MY Island on behalf of your stupid country in order to collect the material that would allow you to create some chemicals capable of sterilizing our crops and lead all my people, over three hundred thousand people, to starvation! You stupid fool! You idiot and merciless man, how could you accept to do such a thing?"

There was another long pause, while I was completely frozen, and scared to death. He knew everything about me! Not only the purpose of my mission, but also all my personal facts.

"But you did accept. You were perfectly capable of understanding what you were doing, and tried to make it work. For this reason you would deserve only one thing: to be condemned to death!"

I felt I was having an heart attack, getting weaker and weaker, my head empty, I felt fever. No! He could not kill me. I wanted to go back to my wife, my soon coming baby!

"A public execution in the main square of Namila City, in front of all the People of Namila!" There was another long pause in which, I am sure, he was enjoying seeing my pale face and my trembling body, while I was crying like a baby.

"No, this is something that YOUR stupid people would do. Why killing a person who just made some mistakes but did not harm anybody yet? I have to use some mercy with you since, after all, you have not committed a crime. We have been able to stop you just in time!" Just on the edge, the point of no return to a disaster!"

I started breathing again.... My life was saved!

"However, what you had in mind was so bad, so mean and evilish and so criminal against my People, that something must be done. If I let you go right now, you would head straight to Hell for your bad attitude. Since I am YOUR LORD, I must do whatever is possible to redeem you and highlight the path that would lead you to Heaven. My Heaven, where all my People are elected to go one day or the other."

While Pinntoxx was taking another long pause in his speech, I remembered that he was considering himself a direct descendant of God, and was acting like God now. I felt it to be very scaring having my fate in the hands of a mad dictator!

"So, in order to redeem you, here is my irrevocable decision."

He pulled a cord and a side door opened.

A servant in a high uniform came in, kneeled in front of Pinntoxx and said:

"Everything is in readiness. Please give me your orders, My Lord"

"Let our guest in, please."

"Immediately, My Lord!"

The man stood up, bowed in front of Pinntoxx and left the room walking backwards so that he would not turn his back to him. The door closed, and then it opened again to let in a small man in his sixties holding a big bag in his right hand. The man went to bow in front of Pinntoxx.

"Thanks, Doctor Jiiz. Please go next to our guest now."

The man moved next to me.

Pinntoxx smiled and then continued talking again in his solemn and strong voice:

"So, now that we are all here, I can explain the only way our guest Chris Johnson can save his soul and go to our heaven. His plan was very evil, potentially deadly for thousands and thousands of our people. And what worst, his plan was directed to have me killed by my very own People! Now that we have stopped him, our people are safe. And since they all live, he is allowed to have a chance to live as well. But he must live a new, pure life, in order to be admitted to Heaven. Our secret services reported that he was working on some genetical modification of the plants, in order to obtain something against what Mother Nature had created them for, that is, a fruit completely empty of nutritional values and holding seeds unable to give birth to other plants. That is, a fruit apparently normal in the shape, color and taste, but completely useless for what it was meant to be and unable to reproduce. Is this true, Doctor Chris Johnson?"

I was hesitating, not knowing what to answer.

"Doctor Johnson, I need your answer, and the true answer. A lie would condemn you to instant death!"

"Yes, it is true, very true My Lord" I whispered.

"Being this true, I condemn you to the same fate our plantations would have been condemned: Doctor Jiiz will do some deep genetical modification to your body, in order to obtain something against what mother nature had created you for: A woman. That is, a woman apparently normal in shape, color and taste, but useless for what a woman is meant to be, and unable to reproduce. Your seeds will not be able to reproduce again, Your body can be appreciated by a man, but you would not feel the real pleasure from sex anymore. Exactly as you were planning to do with our plants."

I was in complete shock.....

"Doctor Jiiz" Pinntoxx continued, "You are responsible for this project. I know that you have the means and capabilities for succeeding in this task. I give you exactly six months from today to complete the genetical transformation of our guest. No one day more, no one day less. If you reach full success, in six months from now you will bring me the new virgin lady. I will take her virginity, delivering my blessed reproductive seeds inside her unfertile body, to purify and lead her on the right path to Heaven. You will be rewarded with a new Mansion in place of your small apartment, and you can have her to assist you, since she is skilled in Lab researches. She would have to follow up all the rules for women in this country, which you are going to teach her during her transformation.

You will also be in charge of the "Purification Program" for my People, in order to correct the problems and have everybody in my Heaven.

Should you fail in this project, you both will be killed in six months from now. Is everything clear Doctor Jiiz?

"Yes, My Lord, everything is clear and the task can be achieve successfully. Being this my first experiment, more time would have been appreciated, but our guest is very young, well built, and I think his body can stand higher dosages of chemicals and a series of surgeries in a closer sequence than we would normally suggest. As it was agreed with My Lord yesterday, I would suggest to proceed immediately to stop the testosterone action, so that the subject does not develop any more into a masculine way, and also it would not interfere any more with the female hormones, and transformation would go smoother and faster. Just like I described to My Lord yesterday, I can stop the testosterone by removing his testicles."

"Of course, you can proceed Dr. Jiiz" said Pinntoxx. "You can proceed immediately, as agreed" and pulled the cord again, making the bell ring.

The door opened and two men came in. They moved to the two sides of my chair and pushed some levers. The chair lifted and was shifted down on the top, so that I found myself almost lying down with my legs up in the air. I was shocked, completely unable to move, scream or do anything else.

"Our Lord said that you may be interested in studying this kind of genetical modification, and want you to see all the steps." said Dr. Jiiz. "For this reason a mirror has been brought in." And while he was talking he adjusted a stand with a mirror on top and he angled it in a way so that I could see clearly the back of my legs, my ass cheeks and the balls-sack. One of the two men start passing all the tools to Doctor jiiz, while the other one was holding a silver tray. Doctor Jiiz injected what I felt being an anesthetic in five spots all around the ball-sack. Then after a few minutes, when I started feeling its effects, he injected some in the ball sack, and the balls as well. A few more minutes later Dr. Jiiz took the lancet and made a vertical cut in the sack. I almost fainted, but since I was too shocked I tried to resist because I wanted to be aware of what was being made to me. He proceeded and put his fingers inside, pulling one of the testicles out. He cut the small tubes connected to the testicle, placed the ball on the silver tray and then sealed the tubes in order to prevent bleeding, and put them back into the sack. He repeated the operation with the second testicle. Then took the needle and applied a few stitches to the cut in order to seal it. He proceeded with some medication and applied a medical band. Finally he turned to Pinntoxx and said:

"My Lord, the first task has been completed. IT is no longer a man, but not a woman yet!"

I was in tears!

"Let's show our guest what is left of his manhood!" Ordered Pinntoxx.

The man on my left put the chair back in the normal position while the other who was holding the tray came closer and stopped in a position so that the two bloody testicles on the tray were only a few inches from my face. I was devastated and almost fainted, I felt nausea, wanted to throw out, but somehow managed to resist. The man with the tray then walked to Pinntoxx and the most disgusting thing happened.

"So, my little kitty" said Pinntoxx while caressing the huge white cat on his lap "we had a man who wanted to have our people starving with no food. Now that evil man has gone! He does not exist any longer. Soon he will be a sweet and caring woman, aiming for Heaven. In the meantime he has been so kind and, instead of having us starving, he is offering you some very fresh and tasty food. Here...."

Pinntoxx took one of the testicles from the tray and put it in front of the cat. The cat smelled it, licked it a couple of times and then took it in his mouth and started chewing and eating it.....

"Isn't it good my dear? You are a very lucky cat, having a chance to receive a wonderful present such as some freshly harvested meat. Here is another one. Wow, you really love it. Can't believe how happily you are licking your moustaches. The balls are juicy, aren't them? Not only you have been able to taste some tender and fresh meat balls, but you also help us get rid of those bad sticky cells which could have created some more Doctor Johnsons"

Then Pinntoxx turned back to us and said:

" Well. Decision has been made and you have six months Doctor Jiiz. No one single day more."

"Yes My Lord. As you wish!"

And he left the room while the two men lifted my chair and moved it out of the room with me still tied on it, while Pinntoxx said:

"See you in six months, madam!"

## **6 – Doctor Jiiz's lab**

We were escorted to a large Villa, not far from Pintoxx Palace. Once there, they escorted me into a room, equipped with a bed, some basic shelves, a cabinet, a mirror, toilet, one chair and a small table. I was chained to the bed. At that point I started feeling some pain in my groin, which meant the anesthetic was losing its effects.

"You are better to help me in this process, and everything will be okay for both of us." Said Doctor Jiiz with a warm smile.

"I won't!" I replied with a nasty voice. "I want to go back to my wife, who needs me badly because of her pregnancy! I am sure that my country will send a task force to rescue me pretty soon."

Doctor Jiiz broke into a noisy laugh, and said:

"Number One: it is good that your wife is pregnant and you should hope everything will go through okay, since you will not be able to make your wife or any other woman pregnant again in your current life....

Number Two: Nobody would come to rescue you, because you are officially dead! You still don't get it, right? You should have wondered about the reason why one of our dead soldier was dressed up in your uniform and burned on the shore the other day. Four men composed your task force. And while the submarine was checking what was going on the beach, four soldiers were killed and roasted on the fire. There is no need to risk the life of other soldiers to put together another task force in order to rescue just the ashes of four soldiers, since nobody is alive, at least apparently.

Number Three: your life is now saved. You could have died, but Pinntoxx gave special orders to not kill you. He wanted to punish you for what you were attempting to do. As a descendent of God, just killing is not enough for him. He needs to punish people for what they have done, but also redeem them. So, he decided to punish you with your same weapon: genetic modification! When our intelligence services informed him about this potential visit and its purposes, he sent me immediately for two weeks to the Mainland at Doctor Ginn's clinic, where they are specialized in gender issues and sex reassignment surgery, to learn about all the techniques. So, now it is up to you to be a good girl and

help me. Once we show Pinntoxx you are a real girl and he would have humiliated you, he is going to release you and you can be my assistant in the "Purification Program". If you do not behave the right way, we are both going to be killed and, knowing Pinntoxx, it would not be a quick and painless death. If there is no way he can redeem us in order to go to Heaven, then he will send us to Hell. But Hell would start while we are alive in front of him. He could torture us for 10 or 15 days before we die crying and begging for mercy. Now turn back honey. I am going to make you two shots: one to calm down your pain at the groin and the other one would be your first dosage of hormones. We shall start with a medium dosage, and increase it later.... You have to keep yourself in good shape, since you will have to stand a dosage of female hormones two to three times the average dose for a normal transition. It has to happen fast and well. I will have to monitor your blood with tests every couple of days to make sure you can stand the dosage."

He made me the two shots and I closed my eyes, falling asleep almost immediately.

It was a dreamless sleep. When I woke up I found myself in that horrible reality again. I was being held prisoner on this island. I was officially dead, so nobody would be looking after me. What would they tell my wife? Will our baby suffer inside the mother's body when the news would be given to Martha? What would ever happen to me? Why they have to do this to me. Why they think it is not enough to keep me as a prisoner and need to change my body? Usually prisoners of war come back home as heroes after the war. Why not me? My thoughts were stopped as Doctor Jiiz entered the room.

"Oh, you are awake. Farag, could you come in, please. She is awake." Then, while a lady came in pushing a small trolley with some equipment on it, Doctor Jiiz continued:

"Since you had quite a serious surgery amputation made yesterday, for about one week we would not do any other important change to you. In the meantime, let me introduce Farag to you. She has been selected to help me with your reassignment, and also to train you. In the meantime, for the next several weeks she will do the electrolysis process to remove all the body hair permanently from you. Now, before she proceeds for the first session, let me have your arm. I need some of your blood to do tests and monitor the progress of the hormones and how heavy we can go with the dosage. The sooner they work, the better it would be. But we should not have big problems, since yesterday we have removed the source of your testosterone. "

For one week, we entered a standard routine: Doctor Jiiz would wake me up at seven in the morning with one shot. Then any other day would suck some of my blood for testing, then Farag would come and work on the body hair with her equipment for a couple of hours. Then some lunch, a little nap. Around three in the afternoon another shot, then Farag would spend a few hours going through books explaining me about women, their needs, their duties. Except that their "duties" were reflecting what the culture of this island was requesting: Completely submissive to their men, do the cooking, the cleaning of the house, the washing, sewing, and so on. Sex would be only at their husband's request, and to be made exactly how the man would ask, no matter what they would ask for. Then no personal freedom at all: they could go around alone only a few hours in the morning, mostly to do the shopping for food, for the house and their men, then they could get out the rest of the day only escorted by men, either the husband or any other male member of the family. It was almost impossible to see women around in the evening. While men would go around for drinking, playing cards and having fun, women would stay home, waiting for them to come back. In many cases men would come back home at dawn completely drunk and beat their wives. In other cases they would often come back home after having visited a 'Rilah' a house where prostitutes would entertain men.



Farag explained me the concept of prostitution on Namila. Prostitutes are not free women. They are mostly young women who committed some crime, or went by themselves around in the afternoon or evening without a male escort. Very often they are young wives that, for some reason, their husbands have grown tired of, and request that they are judged for some stupid crimes, mostly made up. And when a woman is judged in this country, she is always found guilty, no matter what she did, because women are evil, women do not have the innocence, the purity that men have. And after a wife has been condemned to work in a 'Rilah', her husband would be free to marry another woman, and would go often back to the 'Rilah' to humiliate his ex-wife again by having sex with her!

I remember that when she explained this to me, I jumped up and cried out:

"That's a non sense. My wife is a wonderful creature, pure and innocent, just like million of women on this planet. It is more likely that we, the men, are the evil creatures on this planet."

"You are probably right. They may be the evil creatures on this planet, and we are the innocent and pure little creatures. But unfortunately men still sort of rule this planet, and the two of us must follow their rules in order not to be destroyed."

I almost wanted to jump on her and kill her, since she was referring to me as a woman, but then I stopped. She had no fault for this. She was just one of the elements of this game, and she had to move according to the written rules of Pintoxx, but she had on control on this. Maybe she was feeling some pleasure, a sense of feminine revenge by seeing this man, which for her is the icon of power, being changed into a girl, the icon of powerless. Or maybe she was just feeling pity on me? She would never mention anything about this, but her eyes looked pure and sincere to me. And her manners were sweet and caring. It is probably true: most women are angels. Most men are devils! Yes!

## **7 – The big change!**

One week had passed and I started feeling slightly different. I was calming down, I felt sort of relaxed, often tired though. I was also feeling a funny sense of discomfort in my chest and my nipples were very sensitive when I touched them during the shower. While I was thinking about these things, suddenly the door opened

"Is my patient ready for some small changes?" said Doctor Jiiz while walking in the room with a trolley-cart full of equipments. This totally scared me.

"Relax!" He prompted as soon as he noticed fear in my eyes. "Today we are just doing something simple. First of all we would do some injections in your lips to make them fuller and more feminine. Then some injections to your nipples to let them raise and grow a little bit more than the usual shot of hormones. In the end I am going to discuss with you about what it is going to happen tomorrow."

He did all his injections, and then he sat on the chair next to my bed and start explaining.

"Tomorrow I shall bring you to the main lab, were we shall do some changes to you, mostly to your face: I shall model a little bit the various parts, filling or removing according to the case, adjust your nose by making it a little bit thinner and in a more feminine shape. Before we proceed with the nose, I am going to show you a few possibilities, and in this case you

can select the shape of the nose you would like to get. Then we can shave the Adam's apple while we are there. This would be it for the first session. You should recover in one week. "

The next morning they woke me up earlier than usual. They drove me to another place, similar to a hospital, I was put up to sleep and when I woke up I was again in my room. I was feeling very sore in my face and throat. As soon as I could stand up I went to bathroom, but could not see anything because of the bandages. Three days later Doctor Jiiz came to me and said that I was supposed to go back to the hospital to retouch the job a little bit. They brought me back to the hospital, put me to sleep again! This time waking up was very hard. I felt so weak and sick. When Doctor Jiiz came to see me, I almost passed out.

"How is my sweet girl today?" he said.

"Terrible, really awful. Feels like a bomb has exploded inside me."

"Well, a bomb sort of exploded inside you. And your penis has blown up leaving a small hole! And the explosion caused also two protrusions on your chest.... sweet girl! And while there we rounded your hips a little bit and also accessed your vocal box and adjusted your voice to a higher and more female pitch!"

They did not tell me anything in advance, but it happened. They completely removed whatever masculinity I had left! It's funny, I knew it would have happened, but now that it actually did happen I was frantic.

The days and weeks that followed were a complete discovery of my new body. It was a terrible shock for me, and Farag was a great, wonderful help and I was glad she was there.

I heard that there are men who want to change into women, or women who want to change into men. They so desperately want it, that they are surely prepared to the result. And I am sure they do have all kind of support. But here I am, every single day some bandage gets removed and something different and feminine shows up. One day new bobs, the next a new nose, the following fuller lips, the next a new voice, the next wider hips, the following day no more penis, then a brand new pussy.... And the boring thing of dilatation of the new vagina that has to be done during the first few months to prevent it from shrinking and partially close. I had to overcome a sex change that I did not want, but also all the other changes in my body effected my way of living life. Here society is very antique, but also in my old world, where I used to be Doctor Johnson, being a woman means expecting a different behavior than being a man, from the way one dresses to the way one talks, walks, moves, eats, thinks, etc. etc.

Once I overcame the first shocking impact, Farag started giving me lessons of what women do on the island: cooking, cleaning, sewing, doing the laundry, ironing, etc. And she spent particular care about the unwritten rules that could put a female into deep trouble in Namila.

The days were so intense and busy that time was flying away. Four weeks were missing to the end of the six months period, and although Doctor Jiiz and Farag were pleased about how things were proceeding, I feared the date. I was nervous about what would happen to me in a few weeks, I was thinking about my baby, which would now be three months old. And I was sitting here, not even knowing whether it was a baby boy or a baby girl. But in case I failed in being a girl, I could have been killed or, even worst, thrown into Hell, as Doctor Jiiz explained at the very beginning.

The last three weeks were spent mostly in lessons of mannerism and behavior. And the day finally arrived.

Although women here dress with some kind of a Sari only, they brought me things to wear that in our country only a slut would wear and Farag did my hair, now quite long, and make up in a very heavy and sexy way. I am sure they had received instructions about this, since my total humiliation was requested that day. When it was time to leave, Farag hugged me like a mother would kiss her little child and kissed me on the lips, wishing me good luck. Doctor Jiiz came to pick me up. When he saw me he smiled and whispered in my ear that we would have made it without problems. At the front door three soldiers were waiting for us. The car drove us to Pinntoxx's Palace.

## **8 - Passing the test: a question of life or death!**

As soon as we entered the Palace, the soldiers told Doctor Jiiz that he must have been waiting in the hall and he would be called later. Then they escorted me through the palace. We reached one door and the first soldier knocked, walked in for a while and then they searched my pockets and body to make sure I had nothing on me. After that they let me in the room by myself and closed the door behind me as soon as I walked in. It was a bedroom, the lighting was soft and there was also some music in the background. A huge bed, probably double the size than a king size was in the middle of the room, with silk linens, and as you would expect, Pinntoxx was in there, laying half seated with a pile of cushions holding up his back.

On one side of the bed, laying on a large velvet cushion, I recognized the cat which ate my male things.

"Here is my little chick" said Pinntoxx in a very amused voice. "Come in closer, right in the front of the bed. Okay, now let me admire you: twist around, slowly, very slowly in front of me. Gooood. Okay, now start undressing, very slowly, until you are completely naked."

I did as he ordered. Very slowly, so slowly that it took me probably twenty minutes to get completely naked. And I had fear of what would follow.

"Mmmmmhmmmm Good girl. I can see that Jack, I mean, Doctor Chris Johnson was absolutely right about genetic manipulation. His theory was that a fruit plant could have been activate to produce a fruit which is up to three times richer in proteins, calories, etc., or de-activated down to zero nutritional, but leaving the same shape and overall look intact. I told doctor Jiiz to study this kind of genetic changes and try to apply them to humans. I even sent him overseas for a while to study the process that is considered as a standard procedure for transsexuals. The intelligence services of your country even spied him, thinking that his study was just a cover for some secret operation. They could not figure out the reason why Pinntoxx could be interested in studies about transexuality! Ha, Ha, haaa! But I see that the whole project was worth the investment. You look exactly like a sexy young girl. In minutes I will try if the fruit taste the same as the girl I had earlier tonight. But even though everything would taste the same, you are de-activated, you can be fun for a man but no other use is possible than just being used! No babies could come out of you. You are now a sterile fruit, unable to procreate either with a man or with a woman. Isn't that wonderful? Exactly as Doctor Chris Johnson was stating in his studies."

I was trembling for fear, for rage, for this nasty man, for this terrible punishment to me that was actually meant as revenge against my country.

"Come on, little slut. Prepare my missile for tasting you."

While saying this, he lifted the silk linen, showing his naked body. I knew what he wanted.

So I went on the bed, next to him and, with some disgust, I lowered my head on his cock and started licking and sucking it. It was getting harder and bigger. After a few minutes he stopped me. He pushed me aside and told me to lay on my back and spread my legs. He jumped on me, positioned his shaft at the opening of my still virgin vagina and with a sudden stroke he entered me all the way in. Luckily my good Farag knew what was being planned and put some lube in my vagina. He started plowing in and out faster and faster. Apart from the first disgust, and the situation I was in, it was not that terrible. Actually, the top part of the vagina seems to be very sensitive and a strange and funny warm sensation was developing there. Another minute passed, then he screamed and a few jets of warm liquid spurted inside my inner part.

"Go, go sperm cells. Try every corner of this useless woman to find that no home is available for you! Ha Haaah Haaah! Yes, Doctor Jiiz really made a great job. I will reward him. But you have not been tested in full yet!"

He reached for a button on the nightstand and pushed it. Almost immediately the head of the guards came in the room:

"Yes my Lord?"

"Come in and close the door." ordered Pinntoxx. "Then remove your pants and come closer to the bed. The bitch here wants to suck you hard first and then she wants to be ass-fucked wildly." and gave a very strong laugh.

I was scared to death. My dear Farag did not think about my ass and therefore no lube had been applied there! The soldier came to the bed and Pinntoxx gave me a kick in my right arm, as to say 'go and fetch it!'. I went there and started sucking his cock. After a couple of minutes Pinntoxx's voice broke in:

"Fuck the bitch in the ass, NOW!"

The soldier took his cock out of my mouth, made me turn around, positioned the head of his cock on my asshole, then grabbed my hips and started pushing in. It was terrible. An awful pain went through my body. The more it was painful and the harder he was pushing in. I could not resist any longer and start crying and complaining. Pinntoxx got nervous by my complaints, so came it, put his swollen cock in my mouth and said:

"Suck, bitch. This should shut you up!"

At the same time, I felt the soldier's lap against my ass cheeks and his balls touching my vagina. It was all the way in, and the pain was terrible. He started pounding fast while also Pinntoxx started fucking my face holding my ears. It all lasted for about ten minutes, although it seemed to never end, and I experienced the most painful ten minutes of my life. Then they came almost at the same time and seed flooded my throat and ass. After the two men started breathing normally, Pinntoxx ordered the guard:

"Take her and all her belongings away. I want her clean and be present with Doctor Jiiz in the audience room within twenty minutes!"

A couple of housemaids helped me to clean and dress myself. When ready, the guards escorted me to the audiences' room, where I met Doctor Jiiz. He meant to start asking me

something but stopped, since right at that moment the door opened and Pinntox entered. We both bowed.

"My dear Jiiz" said Pinntox, "I am very proud of you. You really did a wonderful Job. For this reason you are entitled to keep her as an assistant or whatever you think is good for you to do with her. You will have your reward as we agreed. I also officially nominate you in charge of the Purification Program.

You know that we have a few rebels on this island. Well, our army will catch them, one by one and deliver them to your lab, where you can use the same treatment as reserved to Doctor Johnson!"

"That's a great idea, My Lord!" answered Jiiz. "After the treatment, nobody will ever be able to recognize them and, as women, little they could do against you."

"Right! I am going to think about it and let you know all the details in one week from now. Now you both can leave. And, by the way, even if you would consider her and assistant, a slave or whatever, please fuck her and you would be amazed by the fact that the feeling is the same as fucking a real woman. Then, for me it was even better since I knew I was fucking our enemy! Goodbye now!" And he walked out of the room.

We were escorted back to our place and Doctor Jiiz told me to go and rest for the rest of the day. We would discuss tomorrow about everything. I spent the rest of the day and the whole night crying. I was not even the shadow of a man any more. I would never ever be a real woman. And after what happened today I just felt like trash.

## **9 - Trying to convince my friend Farag**

The next morning Farag came in and, as soon as she saw my horrible and suffering face, she ran toward me and we hugged tightly for at least twenty minutes. Finally, I whispered in her hear:

"Farag, we must find a way to escape from this hell...." but I had to stop since Doctor Jiiz just came in.

"Good morning girls, how do you like the sunny day we are enjoying today?  
There was no answer from us.

"As soon as I settle down I would like to talk to both of you. As you both may expect, things are going to change now. And I would like to discuss them with you."

He went back and forth for a few minutes and then he called us in his room.

"First about Farag. Your work here is almost finished. By now Christine can handle her make up, she can dress herself, and her behavior is not different than any other woman here. So, be ready because one of these days I am going to send you back to your family, so that you can marry your boyfriend."

After a small pause, he continued:

"Let's talk about Christine now. And you, Farag, can go to the other room taking care of your tasks."

He was not calling me Jack or Chris (for Christopher) any more, but Christine!.

"I think you will become my full time assistant. I need someone now, because Pinntaxx is going to issue a new, secret, order to all the police stations in the island that they have to secretly deport all terrorists, or whoever creates political interferences with Pinntaxx, to our new lab. The new lab will be officially ready for us in about 15 days and it is able to handle fifty persons at a time. Considering the time needed to complete the treatment, we can create the average of two new women per week. These men will be transformed into women, exactly as you now are my dear Christine. I should better say +almost+ like you are. In fact, there would be an additional touch there. With you Pinntaxx wanted to keep your brain in full work, since you are a foreigner, not interested in internal political games, and his target was mostly to humiliate you. And the only way he could humiliate you was to keep your brain intact, so that you are always conscient of who you were and who you are now. Instead, with these people we shall change the body from male to female, but also the brain. We shall cause them a mental shock to erase their past and then re-educate them. They will not remember about being born male, and at that point, we have nothing to worry about them, since women in this country are unable to move a finger without the approval of their family or husband."

He made a small pause while looking outside of the window. In the meantime, I was in a shock state. I had been completely changed. Pintoxx put Doctor Jiiz in an odd position: either he would transform me into a woman in a few months or he would have been killed. I am sure Doctor Jiiz did much more than what was allowed. If the maximum dose of hormones was 10, he gave me 20, or maybe even 30. In case I died, he would have not gained his new ambitious position, but he would not been killed, since they would have blamed my body not being strong enough to survive such a complex reassignment, and I had been an enemy of their country anyhow. But he succeeded! So, here I am, completely confused, inside an unknown shell which holds my 'soul', with all my past values, my past life and beloved still alive in my heart and brain. And the shell, although well made and as beautiful as a sex bomb, was still something odd: I could not be a man any more, but I was not a woman as well. Penile inversion does not mean one has a vagina! And, not matter what I actually was as a person, in this place the only thing I could have been was a slave! And, much worst, I was supposed to help Doctor Jiiz to torture, mutilate and change other males into females just because their ideals were different that what this mad dictator was aiming to. I needed to escape from here, and the soonest possible.

Doctor Jiiz started talking again, but I was not listening to him any more. My mind was racing, thousands of miles away. With the years I may be able to overcome my problems and accept the fact that my whole gender had been re-programmed, but I could not face a future as a slave, a prisoner within an institution that would destroy and re-program other people just because they were fighting for freedom. I was afraid I could do nothing for them, but I needed to escape from this madhouse. Farag was my only hope, but she would be out in a few days. Therefore, I had to act quickly!

The next day Farag started collecting and packing her few personal belongings, in order to be ready to leave whenever Doctor Jiiz would have requested. I tried a few times to approach her, but without success since Doctor Jiiz was always around. Finally, one day around noon, Doctor Jiiz was required to go urgently to meet with Pintoxx. He left very excited, because he thought this meeting would mean the beginning of the horrific program.

I waited a few minutes after he left, to make sure he was not coming back for some reason, and then approached Farag. She was scared by my idea of escaping and, although I tried

my best to persuade her, including an explanation of how women have a much better life in my country versus Namila, she was hard to convince.

"Farag, I don't care if I get killed. I must escape from this place, I just need a way to go to Tamila, and would love it if you could join me." I said desperately.

"You would probably never be killed." answered Farag, "but you are going to have very, very few chances to make it and a lot of chances to fall into hell. And when I mean hell, it is really Hell! After all you have a safe job here, and having the status of working with Doctor Jiiz, you are protected and those Namila's monster men will never touch you. You may regret it seriously about leaving this place."

"I really regret having accepted the mission which brought me here. I have lost my family. I have lost my body, my personality, my identity. What else could I lose now? Losing my life would be simple losing and empty box, since all the virtues and values have been taken out of it!"

"Your dignity, and your confidence in being a human being are not lost yet!" said Farag with sadness. "If they catch you, you can only be an animal from now on, a bitch to be fucked by thousands of men-dogs, or could be a human-spitting bowl which can be used by any man!"

"But don't forget that there is also the possibility that we could make it. In which case, we would both get our freedom back, at least that. Think about it, Farag, you can wake up in the morning and decide what to wear, where to go, what to do, and this could happen every single day of your life. You can decide which boy to date, which one to marry or just have sex with. Nobody will ever impose you an husband you do not want as they do here. And you can go dancing by yourself on Friday or Saturday night. I know it is risky, very risky, but the final prize may be worth it!"

A strange silence rose for a few minutes. Then I realized that Farag was crying. I started crying too

## **10 - Let's run away from this hell!**

That night I could not sleep, and was working on my plan. And when the light of dawn started filtering inside the room I felt ready. Later Farag arrived. I told her that today was the day for trying our desperate plan.

When Doctor Jiiz arrived, I told him that there was something wrong with my vagina, since I was feeling an intense pain inside. I knew that mentioning a problem about his "creature" would have involved him emotionally and would have been curious to check about it immediately.

So, I took my pants off, I sat on the chair and spread my legs apart. It was when Doctor Jiiz was only a few inches away from my pussy and all involved in checking it, I felt it was the right time. I took the wooden pole similar to the one used for baseball that I had put next to the chair earlier and within a fraction of a second I hit Doctor Jiiz on his head with all my force. He collapsed on the floor without saying anything, since the action was so fast. Farag rushed in since she heard all the crashing noises caused by the items hit by Doctor Jiiz when he collapsed. She started crying.

"Farang, please, it is not time for crying now. Please help me to tie him to the bed."

We both worked hard in moving his body, tied him securely to the bed, gagging him to prevent that he could call for help. Farag went into the other room to collect her few things before we left the place.

It was then that an odd thought hit my mind. I could not resist. I needed my revenge! I looked in the trolley-cart of Doctor Jiiz and found a lancet. I walked to the bed, cut the front part of his trousers, then I took his penis in my left hand and position myself so that I could emasculate him with the lancet. Right at that moment Doctor Jiiz opened his eyes and started looking at me with fear. At the same time Farag came in the room and stopped by the door like she would be frozen.

"Jiiz, I wanted to emasculate you for what you have done with me, and I really could now. But I feel pity on you. You are just a poor little man. Your cock is saved now, but please do not interfere with my escape! Even though you manage to free yourself in a short time, allow me at least 24 hours before you give the alarm. Okay?"

Doctor Jiiz nodded with his head while his eyes were getting wet and also his face was relaxing. At least I was glad that he almost had a heart attack, but then I thought that was not enough. I run into the kitchen next to the lab, took a large chili pepper and some butter, went back to doctor Jiiz and after greasing his ass with the butter, then inserted the chili pepper all the way in his ass, and with my finger I made sure it would break and all the seeds would spread around in his hole.... He became red in his face, started sweating and begging through the gag.

"Relax honey. Maybe you are just feeling what I felt when the head of the guards took my cherry at Pinntox's Palace. Enjoy!" And while I was leaving the room I was laughing about the fact that he had never been able to try his own creation, since he never had the time to fuck me yet!!

I put on the Sari that Farag gave me. We both were dressed very normal in order not to attract too much attention. We still had about one hour during which we were free to walk around without a male or family escort. From the details that Farag was able to give me in the past few days, the plan was that we would walk through the food market, buy enough food and water to last for a couple of days, then hide in a little place that Farag knew near the fishermen warf. At night, we would get out of our place, take one of the fishermen boats and try to leave, heading to Tamila and the freedom, which was only about five miles away. But as we walked out in the daylight, I started feeling very insecure. I was among enemy people, it was dangerous, but it was also my first time out, by myself, as a woman.

However, in spite of my fears, everything was going quite smoothly. We walked the mile and half from Doctor Jiiz lab to the food market without problems. Farag bought the food that we needed and I helped her with the bag. Then we headed to the hiding place. This was a small deposit that her uncle, a fisherman, was using for storing his tools. That week the man was sick, and was not going out with his boat, so we would be safe in there. We got it right ten minutes before women were not allowed to go around by themselves any more. We spent the rest of the day either talking or trying to sleep in order to be fresh and ready when the moment would come. We were also wondering if Doctor Jiiz gave the alarm yet or know. Surely, the fact of being Christine, that is Pinntox's revenge against our country, would have made things harder. I was not just a prisoner, but I was a symbol for Pinntox now. I am sure he would increase the security around the coast immediately, once he would hear that I escaped. Finally the dusk came, and we both grew more and more excited every minute that passed away.



At around one in the morning we decided it was time. We walked out very carefully. It was silent around us. We decided not to cross the large square area in front of the pier directly, but to walk around the perimeter, which was less lighted and safer. We did it without problems, except for a few moments of fear when somebody slammed a door a few hundred feet behind us. We finally reached the pier. Luckily it was desert. We decided to walk all the way to one of the first small boats at the far end. This would have two benefits: we would be far from the port's main square, with less chances to be caught, and then we would also be closer to the open sea.

We reached the far end, where three small boats were tied together. Fortunately they all were motorboats. We decided to take the third one, which was easier to untie. Before releasing the boat I checked on the other two to see if more gasoline was available, just in case. One had none, while there was a five gallons tank on the other one. I moved it to our boat and while turning to Farag to check if everything was ready I hit something that crashed down on the floor with a lot of noise.

"What the hell is happening there?" A deep and sort of drunken voice broke into the darkness.

We both squatted and tried to hide in the small boat.

From our position we could see the light of a flashlight going back and forth, trying to locate us, and the voice of a man getting closer and closer. Farag managed to slip under some kind of dark plastic covering material, while on my side there was nothing to hide with.

Another few moments and the light passed quickly over my face. Then came back right on me!

"Hey, we have a little chick here!" Said the man while getting closer.

"What are you doing here in the dark?" asked the man with some hesitation and, since I was not answering, he went on "Where is your man, or your family, little girl?"

"My father just left to take something and is due back in a few minutes, Sir." I answer with a soft and scared voice.

"You stupid girl!" started screaming the man. "You don't tell lies at your age. This boat belongs to Joseph and he has no daughters but four sons!"

He was a big fat man, and now that he was screaming, his disgusting heavy breath mixed of garlic, onion and beer was hitting my face.

"You little liar, you broke the law. You are going around alone after dark. I found you, and now I can do what I want with you unless your husband or male family member does not show up in a couple of minutes."

There were a few moments of silence, with the big man in front of me, and I was squatted on the floor with my arm wrapped around my legs, trying to protect myself.

"You know what, drinking all that beer is good, but then you feel you have to relieve yourself. Let's do that while we are waiting." and without other words he took his penis out and start pissing on me!

His warm, stinking liquid started hitting my hair, my face, my body and was endless. I think he went on for at least one minute. When he finished I was completely wet and dripping of his piss.

"Now little bitch you have to clean me! Open your pretty mouth and lick my cock clean. I found you and now you belong to me and must do what I tell you. That's the law bitch! It is THE LAW BITCH!!! BITCH!!!!"

He was screaming louder and louder. I did not want other people to come. We may have had some chances to make it with a man, but not with many. So I opened my mouth and started sucking and licking his disgusting penis. It was stinking and extremely bad tasting, but there was no choice.

It started growing and getting harder. So I started giving him a real blowjob. Taking over the disgust, I had to give my best so that he would concentrate on the pleasure and not screaming, hoping that, in the meantime, Farag would have been able to come out with something. A few moments later he started moaning, and breathing harder. Without being seen from him, I signaled Farag with my hand that, if there was something she could do, it would be either now or never! I could see Farag's shadows moving around silently.

Suddenly the man grabbed my head, pushed his cock all the way in and started spurting huge jets of cum, flooding my mouth and throat, and dripping from my lips...

"Swallow it all BITCH!" he said with a breathless voice.

I just swallow it when I heard a big banging noise, and the man collapsed, while Farag's shadow appeared from the back.

"Good Lord, Farag, ten second earlier and I could have spit his disgusting spunk, instead of swallowing it down!"

"I am sorry Christine, but I only found this right at this moment." and she showed me something that looked like a large frying pan.

"Please, help me Farag. We have to tie this huge man with a rope. We cannot leave him here, since he could give the alarm in a few minutes, so we have no choice other than bringing him this us."

We tied the man very well, then we started rowing our way out of the little port, since we did not want to make noise right there by starting the engine.

About 30 minutes later, when we were about half a mile from the port, we started the engine and headed toward the small tiny lights in the far distance, that is, Tamila Island.

A few minutes later, the man came back to life and started cursing and screaming.

"Shut up!" I ordered the man. "I am still wet and stinking from your awful piss, and my mouth is so sour by having swallowed your disgusting cum. This is enough for me to cut your dick and balls if you do not SHUT UP IMMEDIATELY!!!"

The man got scared and kept silent for a while. We were going at full speed, which was not a great speed anyhow, toward Tamila Island. We were about half way through when we noticed that a couple of lights were moving fast in our direction.

"They are following us!" said Farag with a desperate voice.

"Yes, I see. They are also approaching us very fast. We'll never make it with this slow thing."

We were now over half way from Namila, and it was at that point that I noticed that also from Tamila there was a light moving fast toward us.

"Look Farag, they are coming to rescue us!"

"Yes, I see, but the Namila ones are much closer. We'll never make it!"

"Even though it seems impossible, we still have to try and make it. Could you imagine going back to Namila as prisoners?"

"Oh my God, Christine! I would prefer to be killed here in a fight, than going back as a prisoner."

It was at that point that I noticed that from Tamila some lights in the sky were moving in our direction. They were helicopters.

"Farag, look there! Helicopters from Tamila!! We are saved!"

"Hurray!!" screamed Farag.

I turned to look back in direction of Namila, just in time to see an extremely fast light moving in our direction with a whistling noise. Then I heard a big explosion, I felt like flying in the sky, then some kind of a painful impact.... And darkness!

## **11 - Life is back**

I was home, my own home, sitting on the sofa and sipping my coffee when Martha came with our baby, a beautiful tiny baby boy. She sat on the armchair next to me, crossed her beautiful legs and positioned the baby on them, facing me. Then she said to the baby to talk to dad, and ask him 'how are you, daddy, how are you? How are you? How.....  
I thought something was wrong with me.

"How are you?" said a female voice.

This is not a baby's voice and not my Martha's voice either!

"Hey, you are moving. Wake up!" the same female voice screamed again.

At that point I realized that I was in the dark, my head was exploding, my body was in deep pain, and I was cold and trembling probably for some fever.

"Please, open your eyes young lady." the voice begged again.

Oh, I though, probably this is the reason why I am in the dark: my eyes are closed. I tried to open my eyes, but it was so difficult. Finally, with a big effort, I slightly open them to be hit by the daylight!

A blond girl in her mid twenties smiled to me.

"Who are you? Where is Martha?" I asked with a very soft voice, full of apprehension.

"Hi, I am Susan. But I don't know about what you are talking about. Who is Martha?"

"Martha is my wife!" I said with a desperate voice.

"Oh, that's interesting. I don't know what has happened to you, but you must have hit your head and gone through a serious shock before I found you on the shore. That's the only way to explain what you are saying. How could a girl like you have a wife? Maybe you mean your husband? But this does not make sense either, since how could a man be named Martha?" She said this with a strange face, partially astonished and amused at the same time.

At that point I started to recall something about a boat, another lady screaming and a fat man tied on this boat. Oh, yes, now I was slowly remembering all what had happened.

"Where are we now?" I asked frantic.

"Well, you are in my house. In case you mean the location, we are in Ocean Beach, Tamila Island. But who are you? Why were you half naked and wounded on the shore in front of my house last night? Did they rape you, or what?"

Now I remembered everything. The boat, Farag, the missile or whatever hit our boat. But I was happy to hear I was in Tamila now.

"Well, I am sorry for this confusion. You are corrent, something must have hit my head and I was very confused until now. My name is Christine. I now recall everything. I was escaping from Namila together with Farag, a girlfriend of mine. The Namila's Coast Guards were following us and, when they realized that they could not make it to catch us because the Tamila Coast Guard was approaching us as well, they hit and sank our boat. Then I do not remember anything else, until you woke me up. By the way, did you happen to see my friend Farag?"

"No, but we may check that later with the police. In the meantime, please take these pills. My doctor was here a few hours ago. He visited you, prescribed a few pills and said you should be okay in a couple of days. It is five in the afternoon and I have to go to work now. Please sleep and rest. In case you need me, please use that phone. Lift the receiver and press 1. That's were my work number is memorized. Ask for Susan. Bye now."

"Goodbye and, thanks, Susan."

I spend about five minutes thinking about everything that happened, and then went back to sleep.

It was true. In a couple of days I was up again. I had some scratches and black marks on my skin, but considering what had happened, I was okay. Susan checked with the Police, but there was not trace of a girl named Farag on the Island. This made me feel extremely sorry. Farag had died, and I felt responsible for her death, having been the one to convince her to leave.

Susan is a gorgeous girl, pretty face, long blond hair, and a body to die for. She was working as a waitress in a local pub from six to midnight. Not a lot of money, but a lot of opportunities to make some good money with tips and....

"Well, they actually need an additional bartender. This could probably be a girl. It's up to you dear, and since I like you, I can talk to you straight. These men are pigs. Just show them some boobs or legs and they are on you. If you continue arousing them they give you larger tips and often leave their phone number with the tip. Then, if you think you are open minded and willing to give a few blowjobs or being fucked, you can call them and make some extra money. I usually make ten times more in one month by making a few phone calls than by working at the pub. Think about it and let me know." Susan ended her speech laughing.

She was really a good friend of mine. She never reported the police that she found me, she gave me one room in her place, and as you would expect, ten days later it was my first day pouring gallons and gallons of draft beer to the people sitting by the counter. Susan was true. I noticed that when I was dressed in jeans and t-shirt, tips were about fifteen percent of the value spent, and probably one or two phone numbers in a standard evening. When I was wearing spike heels, miniskirt, fishnet stockings and some opening in front, showing a portion of my boobs, there was no tip lower than twenty percent, and at least seven or eight phone numbers in a standard evening. Later I start calling some of the guys. In my year and half at Ocean Beach I discovered that men argue and negotiate on the price for a blowjob or for fucking you, but the ass is priceless. If they ask me how much to fuck my ass I just ask for a high figure and they usually accept without further discussion. It must be due to shortage of girls who are willing to give their ass away and, evidently, there is plenty of pussy and lips available around these days. So, within a few weeks I started meeting only guys interested in my ass, at MY price. I needed to raise enough funds to go back home as soon as possible, and giving my ass away a couple of times a week, in one month would give me the same amount of money than giving two blowjobs or regular fucking each day for one month. So, more money for much less work!

After a few months Susan told me that one of the guys she meets every now and then told her that some of the people at the pub nicknamed me "golden ass". That's another awful male attitude: when we come to sex, they need to advertise everything!

Things were going smoothly. I was working from six in the afternoon to midnight at the pub for six days a week. I was dating one or two guys a day for the extras.

Sometimes in the middle of the night I would wake up and spend a couple of hours on the shore, looking towards the tiny little lights of Namila Island in the distance and thinking to poor Farag who was probably down, on the bottom of the ocean somewhere between where I was standing and the lights in the distance....

After one year and five months on Tamila Island, I decided I had raised enough funds to try and go back to my country. Imagine, I left my country as a potential heroe, and now, in order to go back, I would have to do it as an illegal immigrant. I did not want to get in touch with the secret services or the army.

It could take me months to explain them who I am, or better, who I was. Eventually, they would surely help me, giving me a new identity, since Chris Johnson was officially dead, and I was not a male any longer, but they would surely use me many other times for their stupid and awful war games. So, I decided I had enough money to pay for an illegal transfer back to my own country and also to survive there for at least six month while deciding what to do and getting organized. One month later Susan was in front of me, crying because I was leaving. We were like two sisters by now. She accompanied me to the docks, where I met with the people in charge of the transfer. I had to kiss her goodbye at the gate. We were both crying, and we promised each other to be in touch again. Then I was accompanied inside a warehouse. They let me, together with another two ladies and one man into a container. This had a small section at the rear end, which looked like a small padded room, with air conducts. It was equipped with some food, mostly canned food and cookies, and water to last about one month for four persons, although the trip would only last twelve days. But you never know: there could have been a trade union strike, or a delay or

accident, or whatever. After having closed us into the small compartment at the very far end of the container, they loaded the rest of it with the goods.

## **12 - Back to my Country – trying to start a brand new life!**

Fourteen days later, the door opened, and we exited in a place that looked like a warehouse. There were a few men around, looking like people from the mob. At that point they were supposed to give us the documents to become “legal” in the country, but they wanted extra money. We said that we already paid a lot of money and it was agreed that the documents were included. They even collected photos from us about fifteen days before the departure date, in order to have the documents ready at our arrival.

Our resistance caused a fight. The man in our group was beaten and they took all his money. One by one the two ladies and myself were raped a few times each and they took all our money. Then finally they gave us the documents and released us.

I got one passport, a driving licence, and all the other papers to prove my identity in name of Miss Lisa Parker. I took a bus to downtown and registered for the night in one cheap motel. The awful people took most of my money, but not my small emergency savings, which I kept in a special container inside my ass. Luckily they did not ass fuck me, or they would have found it.

But I originally had enough money to survive about six months in a wealthy way, now I had enough money to survive only one month in a very cheap way.

But I had to do something quickly. So I spent most of my last savings in just two days to buy what I needed to survive: lingerie, nice dresses, heels, etc.

I started going to some clubs and then try to sell myself. This was the only option left to me in order to raise some funds quickly. But little by little, I found this disgusting. I was raised in a family with good values. I always considered myself a good person, with good respect of myself and the other people. And here I was, in the middle of Hell, full of awful and disgusting people, treating my body like trash to be sold for a few pennies. At least on Tamila Island I was selecting the guys. Here I had to do it with whatever was approaching me, since I was badly in need of some money.

It was a month later that I got an idea. I needed my revenge. I wanted to take pleasure by seeing men suffering a little bit. So I started getting organized.

I rented a small house, still within the city limits, but a little bit on its own. I bought some tools, all the leather outfits that a real mistress needs, and in the end, I bought three German sheper dogs: one female and two males. Once ready I published a few ads in some SM magazines, which sounded like “only if you are prepared for the most extreme wild fantasies!”

I decided to charge a lot, and working only on one appointment per day, six days a week. And it was incredible: just in the first two days of the ads, I was already booked for one full month!

This has been the best time I had after a couple of terrible years. It was really fun to see all these men, some of them very strong built and very macho looking, licking my shoes, crying like little babies while being whipped, and the best game I had, which was also the most requested, was the one with the dogs.

I think I was the only mistress in the area offering such a thing, and I think for this very game, I became quite popular in the local SM community.

The game consisted in playing a little bit with the man, whipping him, asking him to do awful things to himself. Then, since he was a very bad boy, I would secure him on my special

device. It was constructed in a way that the man would be doggy style, with his wrists and legs tied up to the device. Then his head would be blocked inside a special helmet, which was secured to a chain attached to the wall. This way, he could not move his body, but also his head was blocked. A series of mirrors was allowing him to see his body from a couple of different angles.

After the man was secured, I would play my revenge on him by whipping him on the bottom, by pinching his balls, and all sort of painful things. Then it was time for fun.

First I would lube his little hole with some good lubricant. I would take the bottle where I collected the urine of my female dog while in her days for sex. I would pour a little urine on a piece of cloth, then move the cloth up and down the man's ass-crack until this was wet. I would repeat the same proces on the man's face all around his mouth. After taking the bottle away, I would wash my hands and whip him a few more times, and then I would release the male dogs and sit down to enjoy the view.

As soon as the dogs would enter the room they would get immediately excited. I trained them to go first in front of the man and bark loudly by his face, so that the man would get scared. After this the dogs would start their action: one of them would walk around, sniff the man's ass crack, lick it a little bit, then position himself on top and.... push it all the way inside, while the man would scream and complain. At the same time, the other one would sniff the man's face, feel the female's scent, and finally fuck the man's mouth.

This for me was a great moment. My revenge for being what I am now! My revenge for having been raped! And it was great since most of these men would come back later, paying quite a bit of money for another session. Just to play it safe and not be blackmailed, although nobody knew about the camera, all the sessions were filmed and before starting I would ask my clients if they were aware that there was submission, pain and unusual human or animal sex involved, and would only start after they confirmed they were aware of it and they agreed to it.

But the absolutely best thing was that I was being paid for nothing. I did not have to spread my legs, or give blow jobs. Just whip the men and then the dog would do the rest of the job!

After one year I was quite famous, and I changed from one to two sessions a day, to make more money in order to carry on the only project I really wanted to do: return back home.

### **13 - Back home! But... not really home!**

Gosh, money was really flowing in. After almost two years I decided it was time to quit. I figured that with the money I saved in the last couple of years I could afford to buy a very nice house, a very nice car, and live for fifteen to twenty years without the need of a job, thanks to people's depravations. So, if I could find something like a part time job for the day-to-day needs and be a wise spender, I may be okay all my life.

It was one morning in the early spring that I closed my bank account and transfered the funds to another bank in my home town, put my bags in a taxi, returned the keys of the house to my landlord and the went to the airport. Three hours later I was in my hometown, for the first time after over four years.

First thing I checked in into a hotel. I needed this for a few days, until I would find a nice house to stay and a job. This time it would be a serious job. I had enough about sex games. And, actually, I did not feel the need of sex that much. In my past male life sex was very important. I think that sometime it was really crazy. The old Chris would be very relaxed watching television or reading a magazine, and ZAP! in two seconds he would be very excited and his cock hard as a rock! Why? All of that just because he saw a very, very short miniskirt, or some nice hi-heels, or a girl with large boobs, or some sexy red lips! How stupid that was! I am sure that the hundreds of shots that Doctor Jiiz gave me must have altered my brain to a feminine way of thinking. Now girls don't turn me on that much. Men could turn me on, but there must be something. I mean, there must be some feelings, passion and then sex is welcomed. But, of course, I really have no idea whether this is a feminine way of thinking or not. I have never been a girl before and, right now, with a deep pain in my heart, Pinntoxx words are coming back in my head "A woman apparently normal in shape, color and taste, but useless for what a woman is meant to be, and unable to reproduce", and I am not a man any more either. My God, what AM I now? But maybe I feel better this way. Although this is very stupid to think about, I am glad that men have only pussy and boobs in their brain. If sex was not their main perversion, I would not be so wealthy today! So, Lisa Parker now is going to find a job, a house and a new life!

After checking in the hotel, I unpacked my things, took a shower, wore a new dress and walked out. I could not resist, it was stronger than my will, and could not avoid walking by the house where Chris Johnson used to live with Martha Levine Johnson!

I got there in about twenty minutes. If not for having being re-painted, the house looked exactly the same. As a matter of fact, Martha mentioned that we should have re-painted the house before the baby was due, since she never liked the original color. My eyes were getting wet from commotion in seeing my old house. Then my eyes noticed an "on sale" sign on the house on the corner, next to our house. In the old days it used to belong to Anthony Ross' parents, and old friend from hi-school. This could be very interesting, I thought. I wrote down the phone number listed on the sign. I walked back to the hotel and rang the number. After a few ring tones a voice answered.

"Hi, Anthony Ross speaking...."

"Hello Mr. Ross, this is Lisa Parker."

"Nice to meet you Lisa. What can I do for you?"

"Well, Mr. Ross, I would be interested in purchasing your house, if it is not overpriced and I am going to like the inside as I loved the outside, of course."

"By all means, Lisa. Maybe we should set up an appointment so that you can visit the house inside. When we meet I can give you the price and then you can decide what to do."

"Ok Mr. Ross. Are you available tomorrow?"

"Yes, is ten in the morning okay for you?"

"Good. See you tomorrow then."

"Bye and thanks for calling. It was very nice to hear your sweet voice, Lisa."

"Bye now!"



Anthony Ross. Still the same! Always ready to jump on a girl. Even now that he has been married for a while. I have been referring to him as "Mr." Ross, while he kept going on with "Lisa". Well, tomorrow is going to be a big test as well. Anthony used to know Chris Johnson very well. Will he notice something familiar in Lisa Parker?

The next morning I was there at ten on the dot!

Knowing Anthony, I decided to dress a little bit sexy. It could have been helpful in case of a deal. Some nice looking legs or boobs would really grab his attention.

I rang the bell, and was a little bit nervous since this was the very first time I was showing up as Lisa in front of somebody who knew me well as Chris. He answered the door, smiling and, as I expected, his eyes were checking me out and particularly busy on my legs, which were left in generous view by my short miniskirt.

"Hi Lisa, I am delighted to meet you..."

"Nice to meet you Mr. Ross."

"Oh, forget about Mr. Ross, just call me Anthony, or Tony. But, please, come in!"

"Thank you."

He let me in the entrance hall.

"Your house looks very nice, Anthony."

"Well, yes. It is a beautiful little house, and with my wife we really liked to keep it very nice. Too bad we have to sell it now. But let's start visiting the house first, then we can talk about the details."

We started visiting the ground floor, which included a small TV room, a large sitting room, a large kitchen and large dining room. When Anthony finished explaining me about the kitchen and ready to go upstairs, I asked him:

"I noticed that your kitchen is very well equipped and most of the things are brand new. Aren't you sorry to leave all this new things behind?"

"Well, when we renewed the kitchen and the bedrooms upstairs last year, we were not expecting to end up in a situation leading to divorce just six months later. We are still working on it, but my wife went back to her hometown and I have accepted a new career in another State. So, neither of us could really live in here, or move things away. It would cost more than buying them new somewhere else."

"Oh, I see. I am sorry for the stupid question, Anthony." I said in a sad voice, while wondering who was the cheater, Anthony (more likely) or his ex-wife?

"No problem. By the way, be careful on the stairs with those heels!"

"Thanks for the advice but, don't worry, I only wear what I am confident I can walk in." And could not stop smiling when, by a large mirror positioned on the mezzanine I could see him following me a few steps away with his nose pointing up to my bottom. Not being an extremely tall man, and walking a few steps back, I am sure my short skirt was allowing him to see some of my black lacy pants.

We went through the first floor, in which were one large bedroom, a smaller bedroom, one very nice studio and a laundry room. We walked back to the ground floor, and noticed from the mirror on the mezzanine that he was not so interested in my view from top while coming down as he was on my view from bottom in going up the stairs!

He led the way to the small garden in the back. This, as I recalled, on one side was attached to the backyard of my former house, and it was also attached to the backyard of two other houses. I could not help but study the back of my old house to find some traces of things from my past life.

"What do you think about the backyard?" Anthony blurted out shaking me up from my thoughts.

"Nice, probably very nice, as long as the neighbors are nice." I mentioned in sort of a wondering voice, to see if he could give me some information about my old house.

"Oh, don't worry. On the left side you have the Jeffersons, an elder couple. You never see them in the winter since they never walk out of their house. In the summer they do use the backyard, but only when it is not too hot. They do not throw parties, they do not listed to music at ten thousand decibels, and all this makes them the ideal neighbors you may want."

He paused a bit and then continued:

"The one in front of us belongs to Mary Anne Keaton. She married somebody from the east, so she now leaves in another town, and comes back with her family only in the holiday season and for the summer vacation. She would not bother you for more than five or six weeks a year. Then, at your right you have the Smiths. They have a little baby girl, but she is receiving a very good education, and even being only four years old, you can see she is growing up to be a real lady, and not an heartquake like most of the modern children."

The Smiths? I thought by myself. Why not the Johnsons or Levine, Martha's maiden name? I was puzzled about "the Smiths". Was this meaning that Martha is not living here any longer? Or she.... she had re-married?? My curiosity was too strong, so that I tried to keep the conversation on the Smiths a little bit longer.

"I see. So, do you mean the Smiths are good folks since they managed to give the kid a good education?"

"Well, Martha Smith is very nice and good looking. Yeah! She is a real lady. She has been able to grow that little girl very well. She is only four, but she behaves like a little missy already. She has been unlucky though. She was married to a good hi-school mate of mine, Chris Johnson. He died in a car accident about four years ago. Martha went through hell for a couple of years and, two years ago she married Alan Smith. Honestly, Alan is nothing compared with Chris, and Martha would deserve something better than him. But let's quit with gossip and go inside to discuss about business, honey!"

I followed Anthony inside to the large living room and he let me sit down on an armchair while he went to the kitchen for some coffee. I started thinking that, unless the price was outrageous, I should buy the house since Martha was still there.

Anthony came back with two mugs of coffee, and we started negotiating for the price. He was a tough dealer but, as I expected and luckily for me, his piggy side got him down a little bit. Whenever the negotiation would come to a dead point, I would either give him a nice view of my breast through the cleavage by bending forward to take the mug from the coffee table, or my legs would move around quickly, giving him flash views of my underwear. But it came out a good deal for both of us.

## 14 - My new house.

Three days later the sale was made, and since next to my hotel there was an interior design studio, which had a lot of photos in the window of projects that they made and I like them all, I decided to have them fix my new place. So I met with the owner, some Architect John Mellow, who came to see the place and a couple of days later he showed me a few projects. They were all great ideas, and I told him I would let him do the job as long as he could give me a reasonable quotation and the job was made in fifteen to twenty days at the most. I have always been a home person, and was tired to live my life around in hotels or transition places. I wanted to be settled as soon as possible.

I got what I though was an acceptable price from Mellow, and he promised he could do the job in ten to fifteen days since, as I noticed, his projects were mostly considering re-decorating and adjusting existing things, instead of changing everything from scratch.

I decided to use part of those ten days in looking for a job. Unfortunately, I was supposed not to be picky about the kind of job I was looking for, since Lisa Parker did not have a degree or, at least, she didn't have one in her own name! Anyhow, I was oriented toward some kind of a part time job, which would give me enough money for the general expenses but not absorbing all of my time. After a few days the three best options were: the mornings from Monday to Friday managing the agenda of appointments and keeping the accounting for a doctor; working just in the morning but six days a week in a bakery at the counter, and the third one came unexpected from John Mellow:

"Lisa, I hear you are looking for a job, is that correct?" He said during the final inspection to the house at the end of the renovation.

"Yes, I actually do. But.... who told you?"

"Well, after all this is not such a big town, and you happen to be the talk of the town. Well, this unknown pretty girl, just arrived here....."

"Please quit with that. I am aware not to be a beauty!"

"Correct. You are not a beauty. That's the reason I said 'pretty girl'. You are pretty, and there is something unusual and charming in your look which makes you very attractive."

"Is this a commitment or what?" I asked sort of surprised.

"No, I am just saying what the rumor around is about a girl named Lisa Parker. The town is talking about you, and the talk changes a little bit from males to females. Women are wondering where Lisa is coming from, what is she doing in our town and so on. Men are talking about how pretty she is, how nice would be dating her...."

"Knowing men, I don't think being a date is simply enough for them!" I interrupted him.

He could not stop laughing by my remark.

"I did not mean that, Lisa. I just told you what people around here are saying. But going back to my original question, I asked you if you were looking for a job, since Doctor Weiss

told me that he was in touch with you for a position as his assistant. And he was hoping to be so lucky to get the mysterious pretty chick working for him."

"Is that what he said? The mysterious pretty chick?" I said in a surprised way. No that being called a chick was such a strange thing, but I was not expecting it from Doctor Weiss.

"Yes, he did. But before we continue on the subject, I just want you to know that I may need a pretty chick to help in my business as well."

"Oh, yes, a different place for the chick and a different rooster than doctor Weiss, but still a rooster, is that correct?"

"Well, I guess you are right in case you consider any male person a rooster!"

"Come on, John. It's not us considering males as roosters. It's the males considering us chicks. Everything in the male brain is connected with sex! If men were like Christmas trees they would have the word SEX as blinking lights in all colors!"

"I see your point, Lisa. However, I am only considering for a person, either male or female, to help us in the studio. We are so busy going to visit clients and supervising the works in progress, that it would be helpful to have one person, even just half a day, to take phone calls and give some assistance to our clients on the easier things..."

"Ok, John. I am going to consider your offer on the same level as Doctor Weiss' offer."

"Thanks, Lisa."

"But in case I have enough of roosters, I may consider and offer from a business run by capons!"

"That would be boring, I am sure!"

"Why? Do you actually know what it means working with capons, that is, castrated roosters?"

"No, I don't. But I feel that if people are not interested in each other, for friendship or love, or at any level such as straight, gay, lesbian or whatever, social life would be completely flat and boring."

"That's a very deep thought John. You're probably right. Except that very often what you have called INTEREST is turned into harassment or, even if not so extreme as harassment, at least annoying. One thing is feeling that a guy likes me and is interested in me. Another thing is having somebody's breath always at the neck, and be constantly under pressure for some FUN as men are saying. There is no space for us with a rooster. You see, you may tell a girl that she is beautiful, and she would probably thank you and appreciating what you just said. On the other hand, in case I see a nice looking boy, although not my kind of boy, and I simply tell him that he is handsome, I would have created my worst enemy: he would be constantly chasing me!"

"You are right, that's human nature."

"I would say, MALE nature!"

"Ok, I suggest that you leave now before you kill me. Think about my offer and, in case you are interested, give me a call or stop by the studio and we can talk about all the details and, of course, money!"

"I will. Bye now, John."

"See you soon, Lisa"

While I was walking back for my last evening in the hotel, I thought about John Mellow. There is always a strange feeling inside me when I see John. I had sex hundreds of times since they changed me into a girl, nearly four years before, but I never felt fulfilled, or had a great satisfaction. The last great feelings I felt were with my wife, about four and half years before. Sex as a girl for me until that time has always been either a way to cash some fast money, or it was forced sex. It was never a way to express love and deep feelings. And today, I have been meeting with John just to go through all what was done to my house, since the renovation is over, and tomorrow I am moving in. Then we had just a casual conversation and nothing else. However, while he is around, I feel sort of funny. I feel lighter in weight, I feel goose bumps all over my body, and I feel electricity inside my body and on the tip of my nipples when he looks at me. I cannot take my eyes away from his eyes when our glances would casually meet. Am I having a crush on him?? I felt this to be very strange, since it never happened to me before. Maybe this was Doctor Jiiz's revenge. He told me once that he was implanting in my body a tiny small device that would release massive dosage of female hormones inside me daily for ten years. Was it possible that not having my testicles for nearly four years now, having gone through all sort of awful things to my body while in Namila, and probably having taken more female hormones in four years than a regular woman would need in one lifetime, that all of this was now taking over my brain cells and switch them from male to female? Maybe in a few months from now even my memories of past life would be switched? Will I ever recall when I was a young boy? Would I recall all my early years as a little girl? How scaring! It was then that my eyes stopped on a huge poster in the window of a sporting store. The poster was featuring a real hunk, all sweaty and with tons of muscles. My eyes were running back and forth on his strong shoulders, his eyes, lips and the bulky package on the front of his pants..... I could sort of see John Mellow's face replacing his own face. I was feeling some warm flow inside my body, when I heard a young girl's voice next to me saying:

"Nice looking hunk, isn't he?"

I looked at her. She may have been sixteen or seventeen, very beautiful.

"Yes, he surely is." I said. "Wouldn't you love a boyfriend like him?"

"Oooh, wish I could! But there aren't boy like him in this silly town!"

We both laugh loudly and then went our ways.

I did not feel walking back to the hotel immediately, so I went around for about one hour. And I started looking at the people around. Beautiful girls dressed in a sexy way would pass by. Just a few years ago, I would get a hard on just by looking at them. Now I would look at them without interest except for their make up, their haircut, what kind of dress or shoes they were wearing, and so on. While now some of the boys would cause me a strange feeling inside.

## 15 - Finally at home

The next morning I packed all my belongings, checked out of the hotel and finally entered my new house to finally live in there, and not to check how works were proceeding. I thought that maybe I should organize a party the following weekend for my new house. This was really a good idea, in order to meet the neighbors, the Smiths, and also to thank the friends who helped fixing the place.

I just finished unpacking when the phone started ringing.

"Hi, this is Lisa."

"Hi Lisa, it's John!"

"Hello Mr. Mellow, how are you today?"

"I thought I was John by now, no longer Mr. Mellow! Well, how do you feel in your new house?"

"Too soon. I just got in and hardly unpacked my things. But I feel very happy!"

"That's a good thing. Hey, did you think over my offer for a job?"

"Sorry John, I was too excited about my new house, and I have not had time to think about it yet. Can I stop by your studio later this afternoon?"

"Of course, I'll be here all day today. See you later Lisa."

"See you".

I hang up, and walked to the bedroom. While there I heard a noise in the backyard. Everything was so new and exciting for me that I walked down the stairs and out in my backyard without even thinking, but was just curious to see who was there.

And it happened!

As soon as I stepped outside a familiar voice screamed joyfully:

"Hello my dear, welcome to your new house! I can finally meet you!"

I got almost frozen, my legs started shaking, and I also gasped a little bit.

Right there, just a few feet away was my beautiful wife.

Four years had passed and she was as beautiful as I ever remembered. Her golden hair framing her beautiful face and coming down on her shoulders, like a Venus. Her blue eyes were reflecting the daylight as two pure diamonds and her lips were smiling to me in such a sweet way as only Martha could do.

"I am sorry...." she said a little embarrassed, "I did not mean to scare you."

"Oh, don't worry, I..... I..... I think.... I am okay!" I said in a trembling voice. "I was not expecting anybody out here and got scared by hearing your voice" I was lying. "But, please, just give me a few moments so that I am going to recover completely."

"Oh my dear, I feel so embarrassed. I did not mean to scare you so much!"

She did not know it, but I was not scared at all. I was just trying to face and control my emotions caused by meeting her again after 4 long years.

"I think I feel better now. By the way, my name is Lisa. Lisa Parker..."

"Mine is Martha, Martha Smith. Nice to meet you Lisa."

"Nice to meet you Martha. Do you live here with your family?"

"I live with my husband Alan and my little daughter Christine. She is nearly four."

"Oh, she is in her sweet age! They are such adorable little dolls to play with when they are so young!"

"They surely do. By the way, do you have children, Lisa?"

"Ehm, well, no.... I was engaged to a nice looking and serious boyfriend. We were supposed to get married. Then he died of cancer."

"Oh my God. It must have been awful for you. I really know what it means, since I had a similar experience. Alan is my second husband. My first husband Chris died in a car accident just before Christine was due. That is the reason I have named my daughter Christine, after Chris."

Right at that moment a small girl came out of my former house running and singing. I could not hold it anymore and started crying. I could see that also Martha's eyes were wet.

"I am so sorry Martha. I am sure you think that.... that I am the most stupid neighbour door person you ever had. But I get very emotional."

"Please, do not worry. Actually, I have a feeling you are not just going to be a neighbour, but also a great friend since we have so many hard experiences in common."

"Thanks Martha, that's very kind of you to say. I think we shall be great friends." I paused a little bit to wipe my eyes. "By the way, I am having a party next Saturday for my new house. I am sure you and Alan may like to join us if you are free. It's just a few friends who helped me to fix the place. Probably no more than twenty persons all together."

"We don't have anything planned for Saturday yet, and if I can find a baby sitter for Christine, we would surely join you!"

"Thanks Martha. I am sure we shall have time to talk more at the party. It starts at six in the afternoon. Now I have to go back. I just moved in this morning and still have to fix everything."

"Okay Lisa. In case we do not see each other again in the backyard, we'll ring your doorbell on Saturday afternoon at six."

"Thanks and bye now..."

I walked back inside the house and sat on the armchair in the living room. I needed to relax. This first meeting with Martha had caused an intense emotional stress in me. I also poured myself a glass of bourbon, to help my body to relax. Maybe I just made a huge mistake. Since Chris was dead, Lisa should have kept herself far away from this town, building up a new life, just like Chris would have never existed! Martha has a new husband now. She did a good thing. Knowing that her Chris had died, she did a smart move, so that the baby would grow up with a father.

But even though she had not re-married and would still be a poor little widow, what could I have done? Go back to her in a dress with a good view of my cleavage and my long legs, with heels and make up, smiling to her and saying:

"Hi Martha. I'm Lisa. You don't know me, but I used to be your husband Chris. Well, you see, I am quite a little bit different, and now I look like a girl. Actually, I am a girl now! Or, at least, sort of a girl! You know, I do not have a cock any longer, I am unable to generate a new baby either as a male or as a female. The only kind of sex I could offer you would be, ehm.....sort of a lesbian sex..... but maybe you would still love me, do you??"

That simply does not make sense to me.

I am sure Martha would be sorry for what had happened to me, she would do her best to help me, she would be extremely happy to know that I am still alive as a person, no matter what I look like. But then, what could that lead to?

We could only be girlfriends! I don't think she is lesbian. She always loved boys. She had plenty of them before she started being serious with me. But what an idiot I am. Why am I thinking about this only now? I could have used my energy and money in creating a brand new life for Lisa, to be enjoyed at the best. Instead I am here, trying to bring back a life that is not made for me any more.

I really have to learn keeping my deep emotions far away from my plans in the future. Later I have to go and meet John at his studio. I think I am going to tell him that I am turning his job offer down, and accept the one from the doctor. My feelings are too strange and funny when he is around.

I spent a couple of hours around the house, trying to make things work the way I wanted, and in order to keep my mind busy. Then I took a shower and dressed sort of sexy to get out for a walk. I think it is good to outline my body with nice and sexy dresses until I am young and in good shape to afford it!

I stopped by John's studio. He was very happy to see me. He let me in his office and I sat down in front of his desk, crossing my legs and causing my miniskirt shortening a little bit more. His eyes were dancing back and forth between my cleavage and my legs. It's strange, very strange. All men are doing that with me, but only John makes me feel like I am completely naked in front of him. And all these funny sensations inside my body when he looks at me.... He finally found a way to look at me straight in the eyes, forgetting for a while the other parts of my body.

"Well, Lisa. How things are going?"

"Okay, I think. It finally feels great to have a home for myself again and not live in an hotel room.. By the way, I am having a party for my new house on Saturday afternoon at six. Only a few friends, no more than twenty, would you like to come?"

"Of course. I'll be there. What should I bring?"

"Nothing. There is just some food and drinks, and it is a way to say thank you to the people who helped me on my first few days here, their spouses, and a couple of neighbors. So, nothing is actually needed. It is not a birthday party."

"Okay. I'll see what I can do then."

"You are not supposed to do anything. Please, do not embarrass me in front of other people. I am telling everybody not to bring anything."

"Please, do not get upset with me!"



"No, I am not upset at all with you. Then, listen John, apart from all the other things, I came here to tell you that I am not taking the job you are offering me."

"Why? We have not even discussed about the financial part of it, yet. How can you refuse it before knowing all the details?" He said in a voice full of disappointment.

"It is not about money, John. It is just because this job is not really.... What should I say.... Well, it is not really my cup of tea!" I was not telling the truth. I would loved this job, but.... You see, you love design, you have good taste, and the reason I came to you is for being helped where I was weak. Otherwise I would have decorated my place without any help. I am not even interested in the job at the bakery. Selling bread and cakes is not my cup of tea either. Therefore I may end up working for Doctor Weiss. Even a stupid chick like myself can handle a few appointments and some accounting...."

"You are not a stupid chick, Lisa. You are a bright, beautiful girl...."

"Let's just say pretty, not beautiful...." I said blushing.

"I am leaving now. See you on Friday."

"See you on Friday and, I hope, you would change your mind about the job...." he said smiling and with a wink.

I smiled and left after greeting him.

I went back home, called Doctor Weiss to make the arrangements to start the following Monday morning, prepared a light dinner, and went to bed.

Trying to sleep was very hard. The meeting with Martha and learning about her current situation was sort of disturbing me....

## **16 - Life is full of surprises!**

Everything went smooth until Saturday. It came out we were going to be only fourteen instead of the twenty persons I had originally planned, but it was better this way. It also meant that whatever I purchased for the party as concerns food and drinks would have been surely enough.

At five, the doorbell rang. I was annoyed and hoped it was not some of the guests, since I still had a few things to do, and needed at least another twenty minutes.

As I opened the door, a delivery boy handed me a huge composition of flowers. He helped me to bring it inside and said he had to get something else. While he walked outside I could not resist and opened the small envelope attached. The message read: 'For your new, beautiful house - John Mellow'.

Just as I finished reading, the delivery boy came in again with twelve red roses tied together with a gold bow. I tipped and thanked the boy and, as he left, I quickly opened the envelope to read the message. It said 'For you, beautiful girl - John'. I blushed and started feeling very funny inside. That very strange, unusual and warm feeling, like electricity going through my body, spreading all around, causing my nipples to raise and get hard against my shirt, feeling hot flashes inside my artificial pussy! I could not believe it to be true. Me, an

ex-male turned into a girl against my will, and now sitting here, not interested in girls, but feeling aroused (in a different way than I used to, but still aroused) about a BOY! A MALE! I had to do something to think about other things. So I placed the composition of flowers in the center of the entrance hall, so that anybody could see them when entering the room. Then I took a heart-shaped vase that I had found in one of the boxes that the former owner of the house left in the cellar, and disposed the roses nicely in it, and then positioned the vase in the center of the table that was holding the food and drinks for the party. I knew that this was like answering yes to his message, but after all, nobody else causes me the nice, strange feelings inside me as John does. So what!

I run around the house trying to do the few things still to be prepared, and then rushed to my bedroom to change into the beautiful, elegant and sexy party dress I bought for the occasion, and wear the nice heels going with the dress and retouch my make up. Just as I finished with the lipstick, the doorbell rang. Doctor Weiss and his wife were the first to arrive. I could see Doctor Weiss checking me out in all the details while introducing me to his wife, a nice looking, and elegant lady in her forties.

"Miss. Parker," she said in a serious voice "I think I need to have a serious discussion with my husband before he hires such a beautiful girl as his assistant!"

"Please, Mrs. Weiss, do not worry!" I said smiling "although Doctor Weiss is a handsome man, he is not my kind of man...."

We all end up laughing.

Little by little most of the other guests arrived. Then it was time of the Smiths. Martha introduced me to her husband, Alan. I think I saw him in the early years of college. He was one of the boys that Martha was dating before she got engaged with me. But he was not a good student and, after a couple of years he quit. Then also John arrived. We kissed on the cheeks and I thanked him for the flowers.

As usual the first half an hour is the hardest one in a party. Then people manage to break the ice and start talking together. Soon Martha was helping me with the refills, and we happened to be in the kitchen alone for a few minutes. While there she was talking about how beautiful my house was, and the details she liked the most about the decoration. If not for the way I was dressed, I was feeling I was a few years back, working in the kitchen with my wife! Then one ice bucket slipped away from her hands, fell on one side and started rolling on the kitchen board while the ice was coming out and falling on the floor. We both jumped to grab it before all the ice would be on the floor. We both hold it at the same time, one of my hands under her hand, we looked at each other and started laughing while we kept holding the bucket in our hands. Then I realized she was looking at me with a strange, deep and surprised look.

"You have such beautiful green eyes!" she said.

"Your blue eyes are beautiful as well." I answered.

We laughed again, and then she released my hand and took care of wiping the kitchen board and refilling the bucket with ice, while I was cleaning the floor. We went back to the other rooms where the party was going on.

John called me because he wanted me to hear a nice joke about working for a doctor that Alan just told him. It was a dirty joke and he wanted me to hear it to embarrass me, since I was accepting Doctor Weiss' job instead of his.

About half an hour later the men wanted some more beer, and I went to the kitchen to take a few more bottles from the fridge. I did not realize that Martha had followed me until I turned around from the fridge with the bottles of beer in my hands and I almost drop them on the floor when I suddenly found her in front of me.

I placed the beers on the kitchen board, trying to relax.

"Sorry for scaring you again." she said in a sad voice.

"Don't worry, it's me. It is so stupid, but I just get scared with anything."

"I came back here because I meant to ask you something, if you don't mind."

"Surely not. Please go ahead." I answered her a little bit surprised.

"Do you have.... brothers or sisters?"

"No. I am the only daughter of the Parker family. Why you are asking me this?"

"Well. I was curious. It is just something...." she took my hands in hers and continued "... it is hard to explain, but your eyes and also the way you laugh remind me a lot of one person I knew very well...."

"Was this person from this area?" I asked her, but knowing very well about who she was referring to.

"Yes, he was born in this town."

"Well, my family comes from Forest Hill, a small village almost one thousand miles North from here. My father had a sister and my mother two brothers, but they are still in that area. My cousins did not move from there as well. I am the only one who left, at least till today, and they still hate me for that! Maybe you should ask your friend if he has some relatives in Forest Hill, that could be a possibility."

"I can't ask him. He was my husband. And he died about 4 years ago!"

"I see. And what was his name?"

"Chris, Chris Johnson..."

In hearing my name, I mean, my old name from a past life that I could not use any longer, I felt some pain deep inside me.

"As far as I can recall, there are no Johnsons in Forest Hill. It is a small community and we all know each other. Maybe it is just a case of resemblance. After all they say that we all come from just one man and a woman. Although a lot of us don't surely look alike these days!"

We both laughed loudly. And again, while laughing she was looking deeply into my eyes with a puzzled face. I wanted to get out of this odd situation, so I tried to react.

"Why are you looking at me like that?"

"I don't know. I feel some strange feelings in looking into your eyes."

"What do you mean? Do you happen to be bisexual?" I asked to see if I could shake her out from her thoughts.

"Well, no..... Not really..... I feel it has nothing to do with sex. I have this strange feeling that I know you for a long time and not just a couple of days. The way you laugh, and also looking into your eyes it gives me this odd sensation about having known you forever, it's sort of bringing me back in time, when I was younger, giving me a lot of memories, a lot of wonderful moments....."

"Maybe this has something to do with re-incarnation, if you believe in that. Probably we used to be something like a married couple, or friends in a past life, and now it is coming to your mind! But I do not recall that....."

"That is probably right...."

At that point John entering the kitchen interrupted us.

"Where are the refills?" Asked John, with a wondering look on his face. "They are all thirsty in the other rooms!"

"Oh, we are coming with all the drinks. We had a little accident: the ice bucket just slipped from our hands and the ice went around the kitchen...."

"And it is taking so long?" asked John while looking at me with some of questioning expression.

"Well, we have to clean things when we make a mess. You men don't usually care about a nice and tidy home, so you are usually quite fast."

We all laughed and went back to the other rooms.

About a couple of hours later the guest started leaving.

Martha promised me that she would call me in the next couple of days so that we could go shopping together, then kissed me on the cheeks and left with her husband. I notice that John was staring at us while we greeted.

I then realized that everybody had left except John.

I tried to put on my best smile and walked in his direction.

"John, I am sorry I did not thank you for the wonderful roses yet. But there was no need for sending them. The wonderful bouquet that you sent for the party was more than gorgeous by itself."

John came closer, took my hands in his, causing the same strange and great feeling inside me, and then started talking to me almost in a whisper:

"The bouquet was for the party. The roses are for you, my dear..." he was now so close and was whispering into my left ear. "And they are not just flowers, they are kisses to you, my beautiful girl....."

After saying that he moved closer and closer to my lips. Once upon a time I was a man looking and thinking only about girls. Men would have been disgusting for me. Then they changed my body. I managed to survive as a girl, and I was using my body with men just for the money needed to survive, and it was still disgusting. I never kissed a man before, and never felt physical attraction to men. And now I was there, with a man only inches away

from me, his face getting slowly closer and closer to my face. I could feel his warm breath caressing my face, and instead of repulsion I was feeling attraction, instead of wanting to push him away I was slowly closing my eyes and gently parting my lips, until his lips touched mine. It was like an electric shock through my body. Then his lips sealed with mine and it was a warm flood stamina through my whole body, until his tongue started entering my lips and playing around with mine, causing all the tiny little cells in my brain to bloom like flowers in the spring's sunshine, my heart was pounding faster and faster, making the stream of blood through my veins so vorticose and strong, causing goose bums all over my body.... and now we were hugging each other with a strong passion, while our lips were vacuum-sealed and our tongues were playing a wild love dance, at the rhythm of our heavy and excited breathing..... and time was lost, normal thoughts were no making sense any longer.... everything was suspended up in the air, in the blue sky, on the white and soft clouds.... and the more the dancing tongues were going on and the more my breath was getting short, my body temperature was increasing, a fire was getting higher and higher in my body.....

In my past life as a man, I always wondered what girls were thinking about men. I mean, as a boy, I would look at the wonderful, sexy figure of a girl, and get immediately a hard on, specially if the girl was dressed in a certain way. And I was questioning how a girl could feel attraction for a man, since most of men are not sexy and they dress in a regular, often anonymous and unsexy way. And while there, I discovered that for a girl sex is not the first important approach. It has to be the man, by attracting her first for the way he acts, or smiles or whatever, and manage to attract the girl to be intimate with him. And a kiss, a real love kiss, is just sexually devastating for a girl!

Before I realized it, we were completely naked in my bedroom. John was lying on the bed while I was caressing and kissing his body all over. Then I found myself in front of his swollen, hard rock cock, surrounded by the manly scent which was driving me crazy. By that time my lips, my tongue, my mouth were dancing with his gorgeous cock and balls. It did not last long, probably four or five minutes and then a huge stream of warm tasty love juice flooded my mouth, going down my throat wave after wave. It was heaven, and after cleaning him dry with my mouth, I cuddled next to him, but it was just a question of a few minutes. Then he started kissing me all over, sucking my nipples, eating my pussy, rimming my ass hole, and he finally took me.... parting my lower lips so tenderly..... entering me slowly.... until he was all the way in..... he kissed me deeply one, two, three and more times... then he started moving inside me slowly, then faster and then in a wild way.....

That night never ended. He flooded inside my mouth, my pussy, my ass. And I could not believe I was in deep love with this man.

## **17 - But now.... The truth is coming out!**

The next morning John opened his eyes while I was entering the bedroom with the breakfast tray. We kissed each other and then had breakfast. Then we showered and sat on the sofa chatting.

"Wow Lisa, you are really a ball of fire.... For a moment yesterday evening I thought you were not interested in men..."

"What do you mean?" I interrupted him.

"Well, the way you and Martha were looking in each other's eyes was not certainly the way two friends just look at each other!"

"Come on, please!" I said a little bit shyly.

"And that also appeared quite strange to me. Yeah, Martha is a great girl, a beautiful girl, but with a very tough life. They say that in the end one always gets what he or she deserves, and I think she sort of deserves it!"

"What do you mean?" I asked him with surprise.

"Well, it is not my style to talk about people in a bad way. So, I would prefer avoiding it, especially now that she was at your party and you seem to get along very well with her, in a way. Or somebody else could tell you about her. After all, everybody knows."

"First of all I am not a lesbian. Then we are just girlfriends. And, please, tell me what are you meaning by saying 'everybody knows'?"

"Yes, now everybody knows what is behind her, Alan and that poor Chris Johnson."

"Well John, we made love all night, and since everybody else seems to know, why don't you tell me now. After all I just saw her a couple of times and our friendship would still be easy to break if what EVERYBODY KNOWS would bother me in some way. But I would hate being her girlfriend in case she does not deserve it, do you agree? What is her problem, is she lesbian?"

"Okay, I'll tell you. Officially she got pregnant of Mr. Johnson while in college. She married him. A few months later, and just before she was ready to deliver her little daughter, Mr. Johnson died in a car accident while driving back from the experimental plantations in Jose's Valley, where he had been working for about one week as an expert in agronomy and bioengineering. Some time later Mr. Johnson's widow married Mr. Alan Smith, and they now live a happy life. This is the official story for people who do not know her. But now everybody knows the true story, which came to light after Mr. Johnson's death, and would probably have never been discovered otherwise."

I was listening in trepidation. John had no idea he was telling Lisa, alias Chris Johnson, about my wife!

"It looks like Martha Levine, her maiden name, was very famous in college. She was part of a group of eight or ten girls who were very "spicy". In fact, everybody tried to invite them to any frat party or any other kind of party that was going on. The group of girls soon became famous as the "Cock's Sisters". Yes, because any party where they were going would end up with them sucking all cocks, sometime fucking too! Then she was lucky to find Mr. Johnson and start what was looking like just a friendship with him. He was part of one of those groups of supermen, who always want to be number one in everything. When everybody was off duty with lessons, having fun, he and his friends would be always in the lab experimenting. So, Mr. Johnson was completely unaware of what was going on at the parties, and it was perfect for her. With time, they started dating more seriously. Then something happened. At one of those parties, probably because of too much beer, after the sucking followed the fucking. And while being fucked by some of the guys, it came out that one of the condoms broke and one boy's cum flooded Martha's pussy. The boy in question was Alan Smith. Surely enough, a few weeks later Martha discovered she was pregnant. The following question was to decide what to do next: get rid of the baby? Get married with

Alan. But Alan was a loser, he was ready to quit with school and go working somewhere. But he was also one of those guys with an attitude, always ready to drink and fight. Not really the best husband and father you would want to have. So, the best option for Martha was making love, naturally without protection, with Chris Johnson. Then pretend that he was the one responsible for her pregnancy, and marry him. He was so successful in his studies, that he would be surely a wealthy person some day. And that is what happened. And when, unfortunately for him, Chris died in a car accident, a few months later Martha married the actual father of her little daughter. If you ask Christine, she surely does not know any other father than Alan. Chris was just an old friend of her mother, who died in a car accident."

I was frozen, I could not move and was crying like a waterfall.

John realized about this.

"What's wrong Lisa? After all you have nothing to do with this?"

"I know..." I said sighing "but I am so sensitive that these things really touch me and make me crying. Poor Mr. Johnson!"

"Yes, poor Mr. Johnson. He was really a good guy. He did not deserve this. But this is what happens when one is too good. Somebody will take advantage of the good people sooner or later."

"John, please promise me that you will never, ever, take advantage of me!"

"Lisa... my love.... I will never do awful things to you!"

And our lips sealed into an endless kiss.

## **18 - Fate cannot be changed.**

The next morning while sitting in front of my vanity, I looked terrible.

Gosh, it is my first working day at Doctor Weiss's studio and cannot show up like this.

Although having made sex with John was something fulfilling me, after John left yesterday afternoon, I have been thinking about Martha. It was a hard afternoon and it was difficult to sleep. I have been crying a lot. I don't know whether to believe John or not. But why should I not believe him? After all he knows me as Lisa, and he thinks I have met Martha only a couple of times.

He would have no reason to fool me around.

And what about me? I have been through hell during the last four years, and the only reason I am still alive is because of my strong will to come back and see my little baby, my wife. Now I am here to discover that I do not have a child, my wife is not my wife any longer and, actually, she used me for her silly purposes.

Why everybody is using me?!?

My wife had used me for her purposes!

Our Government had used me for their purposes!

Pinntoxx had used me as revenge against our country!

Doctor Jiiz had used me for his experiments!

I had to fight to create my first life, studying hard to become a scientist. I had to fight for not losing my mind while being destroyed as a man and re-constructed as a woman. I had to fight for my personal freedom, causing poor Farag to die during our escape. Now I have to fight to build up a new life as a woman.

And the thought of Martha, already engaged with me but still sucking and fucking with everybody while I was working at the lab is devastating! I was imagining how my friends were laughing while I was kissing my Bride, kissing those lips that had been sucking all my friends, eating billions and billions of sperm cells from hundreds of guys. One of the Cock's Sisters! But evidently fate cannot be changed. She got pregnant of Mr. Smith, and was supposed to marry him. I got into the picture but then was taken away from her, so that she could marry him. I have been able to return home but fate made me change in a way that I could never claim her back as my wife. I am now a girl. I am no longer a man, or possible husband!

Then I tried to concentrate on myself. After all it was my first day on a new job, and could not start with a disaster.

As I arrived at the studio, Doctor Weiss greeted me and, noticing that I was not in the greatest shape, asked me how I was. I just said that I was nervous about the new job and could not sleep well last night.

He showed me my desk, in a small room next to his studio, by the waiting room. He showed me my uniform that he would like me to wear from the following day. It was a dark business suit, with a skirt coming down two thirds of the thigh, which I was supposed to wear with some patent leather heels.

My job consisted in taking all the phone calls for the appointments, scheduling them in the agenda, collect all the bills and file them in the accounting. Of course all phone calls that day were endless, since everybody was asking about the new girl taking the phone calls.... However, it went on quite smoothly and, when the morning was over, I left to meet with John, who had called me to see if we could have a quick lunch together.

He asked me how I was, and I told him about being nervous for my first day at work.

Later, as soon as I reached home, I took a bath and then relaxed a little bit.

At around three, while I was all absorbed in my thoughts, the phone rang. It was Martha asking me if I wanted to join her for some shopping in half an hour, since she managed to get her little daughter by Alan's parents for a few hours. I accepted, started dressing up for the occasion and retouched my make up.

Martha picked me up and, as agreed, she drove to a shopping mall in-between our town and another large city, which I never had a chance to visit due to the fact I had not a car yet.

It was fun. We visited a few stores and tried things on. We were giving suggestions to each other and ended buying several things. Then we decided to go to the food court and relax a little bit with a drink.

It was then that I decided to dig a little bit for the truth.

"Martha, I am sorry to make such questions, but unfortunately people talk a lot about other people and I am now confused. I thought you told me that Christine was named after your first husband's name, but I heard that she is not his daughter. Is she actually from your first husband or is she Alan's daughter?"

She looked at me a little bit puzzled and then answered me with some embarrassment in her voice:

"Yes, people talk more than they should! It is an intricate story. However, she is Alan's daughter."

Having a truck passing on my body would have been less painful in that moment. I think she noticed that I was feeling in discomfort, by the way she was looking at me.



"I see you are confused" she continued, but also turned her face away from me. "People are evil sometimes. However, since you are my girlfriend and you may hear several versions of it from other people, it is better that I tell you my version, which is the true one."

"Okay...." I said with embarrassment. "That would be nice. Since we met we have started our friendship in a way that we would probably become good girlfriends, and it would be a pity not to have a sincere relationship...."

"Thanks Lisa. Well, you see, we all make mistakes, particularly when we are young. During college I was part of a group of girls, who were so close with each other, and were thinking differently than the average girls at that time. We thought that if some boys have the right to fuck girls, be proud of it and be called 'playboys', why this should not be possible for girls? So, little by little we started going to parties and have fun with boys. We became pretty famous and they nicknamed us the 'Cock's Sisters'. Although we discovered it after a while, but most of these parties were just made with an excuse, like somebody's faked birthday, in order to invite us and have fun. I think we have been fucking or sucking every single boy in college. However, what we thought was some kind of revenge against males, our way to make girls similar to boys, became our damnation later. Because, even modern girls, are considering certain things to be bad. They hate the fact that boys would go with many girls and be playboys, but still think that girls should not go with many boys.

At that time I also met Chris. He was different than the average boy: very kind, very sweet, romantic, and was always studying and working in the lab. I thought he would have been the right man for me, and since he was very good with his studies, I thought he would be successful in his professional life. Later we got engaged. At that time I tried to get out of the Cock's Sisters, but it was very hard. By now we were sort of prisoners of our own creation. All those sex-starving boys would not give up, and actually blackmailed us to make the photos taken at the parties become public if we would stop being the Sisters! For that reason I decided to change and go to another college the following year. Chris thought that it was due to the fact that one of the professors hated me, which was also true. The new college would have saved my life. But three more months were missing at the end of the school year in the old college, and there were a few more parties still scheduled. It was at one of those last parties that the worst happened. There were a few more boys than the average party and, at a certain point, we run out of condoms. The Sisters used condoms mostly for protection from diseases, since most of them use to take birth control pills. Me, the stupid one, was not. I still wonder how could I avoid taking birth control pills while I was being a whore with so many men? However, one of the things they were doing at the party was competition games among boys and, of course, the winner were entitled to a prize. That particular evening I happened to be the prize and Alan won the game. So, he was entitled to fuck me. Right there, we realized that there were no more condoms left. But he wanted his prize by all means. It was agreed that he would fuck me only until close to coming and then I would have made him come with my mouth. When it was a prize and not a regular fucking or blowing, the whole thing would take place on a table in the center of the room and everybody would watch. So, he started fucking me while everybody else was yelling and screaming. He went on for a few minutes, then he hold me tightly with his strong arms, pushed himself all the way in and screamed in my right ear 'take this huge load SLUT!!' I tried to get out of there and screamed not to do it, while everybody else was laughing, but it was too late. I was already full of his sperm. Of course, a few weeks later I was positive at the pregnancy test. I went to see Alan and he told me that it was my problem not to have taken a birth control pill, and he would never marry a whore just because she was pregnant from him. He also quit with his studies a couple of weeks later, since he was not so good. Then I made the second greatest stupid mistake of my life. I went out one evening with Chris and made love with him. Poor little boy, he was so embarrassed. Although we had been dating for a long time and had been engaged for over 3 months, we never went through serious sex. And here, suddenly, he was fucking me. Actually, I was fucking him, since I

was taking control on him and he was so unconfident in himself. I made sure he would come inside me. Of course, a couple of weeks later I broke him the news that soon he would be a father!"

Before these last few sentences I was looking around, checking the people who were passing by, avoiding eye contact with Martha, but at that point I could not avoid looking at her directly. She was actually looking up at the ceiling, somewhere, and crying. I handed her a paper napkin. She used it and then continued her story.

"Chris was so happy about the news. He said that he would get his master in a few weeks and then would start looking for a job immediately. We married a few months later. Then, right a few weeks before I was due, his company sent him on a mission to some experimental plantations in Jose's Valley for one week. I never saw him again. He had a car accident on the way back. A big truck smashed his car completely. Poor Chris. The accident was so bad, that the coffin was sent back sealed! We recognized him by the only thing that was not destroyed in the accident: his watch. The news was on the paper and, a few weeks later, Alan visited me. He got the news and was very apologetic for what happened to Chris and, mostly, he was very sorry for what he had done to me. He said that if I would forgive him and I would accept it, he would marry me later. I did not know this man, but in my desperate situation I accepted that he would start living with me, to see if marriage would have been possible. He started being daddy for Christine, and, one year later, I married him."

She took a pause because her crying and sighing had increased. I was just sitting there, with one million things going on in my head.

"Then, the other day you came. And something inside me blew up. I asked if you had relatives in this area, or there are some Johnson in your roots, since you are a girl, your face is different, but your eyes and the way you laugh are reminding me a lot about Chris. The night after meeting you in the back yard I could not sleep. I thought that Chris' soul just took over a girl's body and came back for revenge. I was really frightened, and I almost did not want to come to the party. But then it was good that I came, since I had a way to know you better, and to notice that you are so sweet that you would never harm me and, actually, I like you since you also remind me about Chris. And I feel that being nice with you it is also like being nice with poor Chris."

Gosh! I felt like killing her and also killing myself right there. First she did all these things to me, ehm, Chris, and now she wanted to be nice with me in order to be nice to Chris.... But then I thought that maybe the best would be avoiding any comment about Chris, for my own sake.

"You know a funny thing?" I said. "When we were in the kitchen the other day and we were looking in each other eyes, John arrived. Then he told me that, because of the way we were looking to each other, he though we were lesbians!"

"Forgive me, please." She said still crying. "I already caused other people enough damage. I don't want that people start thinking you are a lesbian just because of me!"

"I am sorry Martha, but I don't like women!"

Then we left and drove back home.

## 19 - Some good order in my life is now needed!

Life went on quite well for a while. My job at Doctor Weiss was good and I was doing well. I got officially engaged with John, and every now and then I used to go shopping with Martha. She was getting closer and closer to me, and she admitted she never had a friendship with a girl so close and intimate as with me. One evening she came to my house, with her face in a mess, like she had been crying. I let her in.

"I am sorry to disturb you, Lisa" she said with a weak voice.

"It's okay. You are my best girlfriend, so I am here to help."

"It's happened again, Lisa, I can't stand it any more" she started crying.

"Please, calm down. Stop crying, relax and then tell me what has happened." I said while I took her between my arms. Martha was a little bit shorter than I am, so her head was resting on my breast while I was holding and caressing her beautiful long hair, as she would be a little baby girl.

"It's a nightmare! It had happened every now and then, but in the last few months it happened more and more frequently, almost every week." she sighed.

"Martha, what is happening to you?"

"Yes, a nightmare. It's Chris, my first husband who died a few years ago in a car accident. He comes back to me at night. He tells me that now he can see me, but I cannot see him. He has been able to know the real truth about what I was doing while dating him, he knows that Christine is not his daughter, that I have been fooling him around, and he is now talking to God to make sure I am not admitted to Heaven and I should be damned forever for what I have done!" she had to stop because she was crying too much. I could start feeling wet on my breasts, because of her tears filtering through my shirt and bra.

"Martha, come on, it was just a nightmare, a dream. Not reality!"

"I don't know if there is a way." she sighed "A way for me to let him know the real truth. He was a really nice, great and generous boy. At that time I found myself to be a.... a whore.... a bitch..... a slut just for my very own stupidity! It looked like a fun thing in the very beginning to be free, to be able to act like boys with girls. But we are not the same in this stupid world. Our idea was to be able to get fucked by any boy that we would like, but not by every single boy who happened to be around. Our bad reputation caused us to be blackmailed and end up being fucked by any single boy who just wanted to fuck us! And we hated it. You have no idea what it means to be a slut against your will. And at that time I met Chris. He was different from the others, and was dating me for the pleasure of spending time with me, not for fucking me!!!! I really fell in love with him, but could not get out from the Cock's Sisters nightmare, and God punished me by having me pregnant of one of those bastards name Alan!!!! I was lost. I did not know what to do and was ashamed of myself. Alan told me to go and fuck the baby and myself. I did not want to lose Chris and an abortion could have raised some doubts in somebody with whom I never had sex. So I betrayed him a second time by raping him, having sex with him and then pretending he was the father of the baby inside me. But he was so good, so nice. He accepted me, loved me, and was waiting for the baby together with me as the most caring father to be.... why he had to die? Why? Why?" and Martha went on into a hysterical crisis.

I was in tears as well. At least she loved Chris a little bit!

"And I hate Alan!!" She shouted still in tears. "Once he heard that Chris died in the car accident, he came back to me. Evidently he was having second thoughts about the baby. After all Christine was a creation of his rancid seeds! He wanted to stay with me, help me and eventually, marry me. I was a lonely woman, in the weakest part of my whole life, ready to give birth to a baby, with no man beside me, with no moral and financial support. I accepted in desperation, and now I am tied to Alan. A man who I don't love, a heavy beer drinker, a macho male waiting to be served by his female slave! I cannot stand him any more. I need help..... help..... please help me Lisa!"

"Martha, please calm down. I know what you mean. Please, do not tell anybody, but I have been a whore myself for nearly three years all together. In my case was for necessity. I had to 'work' for survival. It was terrible. I have been lucky to meet John, who has been showing me that LOVE does exist, and that sex with a man can be pleasure with love. Then I know what it means being betrayed. I know what it means being forced to do things against your own will. I know what hate means. Somebody stopped my life in a way, and I had to start all over again, from scratch, rebuilt everything in a different way. But there is always a way out, Martha. You are a beautiful, strong woman and you can find your way out of this situation."

"Lisa.... I had my head on your breasts and could feel it from the bumps of your heart that you are talking to me from your deepest soul. Thank you Lisa."

"You do not have to thank me. It's just our very own fate. You have betrayed your man, and he now lives a completely new life, eh..... I mean, probably a much better life in.....Heaven. You said he was a very good, caring person. Therefore, he is surely talking to God right now, but not to ask for your perpetual damnation. I am sure he is talking to God for his help to rescue you from this Hell on earth. You found yourself with an unexpected child from an unwanted man, you have lost the man you loved, and another man you hate persecutes you. I am sure your Chris is talking to God to take you out of this situation. He is probably like me. When I found that I had been cheated, robbed, or raped, I was asking for revenge, I really wanted a bloody revenge. Then when I see my enemies in tears on their knees, I feel pity on them. I may release them, although I know I could find them again on my way one day. It happened to me nearly three years ago. I was there, with a sharp lancet in my right hand in front of the man who destroyed completely my life, and took my family, my friends away forever from me. I had managed to tie him to the bed. He was gagged so he could not scream. I went closer to him, took his cock in my left hand and positioned the lancet in a way that I could cut his small, stupid male tool in a fraction of a second. But then I had pity on him. This man, so strong and full of his ego, was now sweating, shaking like a little baby and his frightened penis was no larger than a peanut. And a man without his small male sex toy is worth nothing! No matter how much pain he had caused me, my happy life that he destroyed, I could not do it. But before leaving, I went to the kitchen and took some butter and a big chili pepper. I went back to him, greased his butt and slid the chili well inside his ass. Then I inserted my finger and with the nail broke the chili and spread it all around inside his butt with my finger. He became all red, moaning in the gag, sweating like a fountain. I did not emasculate him, but he is surely going to remember for all his life what it actually means having a 'pain in the butt!'"

I could not stop laughing. I was in tears but laughing at the same time. Martha was doing the same. Tears were flooding down her cheeks, but she was giggling.

"I am sure that your Chris, in looking at you now that you are on your knees, crying for what you have done to him, and knowing what you have been going through, he would forgive you with a wonderful, endless love kiss...."

We spent about fifteen minutes hugging and looking into each other's eyes. Little by little our eyes stopped crying and we found ourselves smiling to each other.

"Lisa.... I don't know what is inside you, but you are the greatest, loving person I ever found."

"Don't make me blush, please!" I whispered...

Right then, I don't know what happened. Maybe I forgot about my new persona, I felt time was four years back and I was holding my wife in my arms....

Being completely out of control, I hesitated a little bit, but moved closer to her, so that our lips were almost touching. She closed her eyes. I did the same and after a few moments our lips touched. It started in a very slow motion, with embarrassment from both of us. Then I start feeling some familiar things: her scent, the way she would seal her lips in a kiss, the way her tongue would move around my mouth and playing with my own tongue. In ten or fifteen seconds our embarrassment seemed to dissolve and this turned into a deep appassinated kiss. I was carried away and after a while I responded in full passion as well, finding myself as Chris again. This extremely intense, passionate and incredible kiss lasted surely a few long minutes. When our lips broke apart we both gasped for air.

"Wow, Martha, do you always kiss men that way? Chris was surely a lucky guy!" I said giggling in embarrassment.

"Well no. This is one of those special kisses that are saved only for special events. You know what, Lisa? I feel better now. I really feel I have kissed Chris and even sensed his response back to me. In the beginning it was not so, but after a few seconds you were kissing me back like Chris would do. Isn't that funny? I do not believe in reincarnation or other strange things, but...."

"But I think you need to rest a little bit my sweet girl! Too many nightmares, not enough sleep, and now you even start kissing women!"

"Maybe you are right, Lisa..."

"Listen to me now. You go back home, if you cannot sleep take some sleeping pills, but try to have a very nice rest. Then tomorrow sit down and study what to do with your Alan. No matter what it costs to you, there is need to re-organize your life so that you can be happy."

"Thanks Lisa, maybe you are right!"

I accompanied her in the entrance hall and, while getting closed to the front door, she turned back to me. She put her arms around my neck and whispered into my ear:

"Lisa, thanks so much for being so kind to me. Too bad you are a girl. If you were a boy, I would marry you immediately! Could I kiss you one last time?"

"Ok, but this would be the very last time. I am not lesbian and I just do it because it is helping you right now."

"Thanks!"

And our lips sealed again in another endless kiss.

She finally broke the kiss and run out of my house.

A few days passed and I did not see or heard from Martha. I did not call her to avoid disturbing her while planning for a new life. I felt sure that in case she needed some help, she would call me. At the same time I did not want to give her the idea I was too much interested in her, particularly now, after the kisses.

Life sometime is quite strange.

One of those days John came to me all radiant: he got a very good offer to sell his business, which he was probably going to accept, so that he could fill the dream of his life: get married, go in a huge city where there are a lot of businesses with a lot more money to spend than just the private people in this little town, and start an interior design agency with his wife Lisa!

Wow, this was really something. If I was going to marry him, I should follow him. My job at Doctor Weiss' was not that important after all. And probably, yes! I would marry him (a man!?!?!). But I though I needed to tell him something extremely important, but very embarrassing, first. I did not know how to approach this subject, but I needed to. I put all my inner forces together and told him:

"John, I love you so much, I am willing to marry and follow you but, before we get married, I want you to be aware of something very important: I cannot have babies!" I blushed a little bit. "A few years ago I had a problem which required some surgery to remove my ovary. So, now I am completely sterile. If children are important for you, I would understand it in case you change your mind about getting married with me!"

He took me in his arms and held me tightly. Then, after a few minutes he said:

"Don't worry, honey, if we need children we could adopt them, but I it would be impossible to adopt such a lovely wife as you would be!"

"Thanks honey, this is too kind of you!"

And we had one of those wonderful evenings at home.

The following three months were very busy.

John was finalizing the sale of his business and his house. I was trying to sell my house as well. In the meantime we were going back and forth to several large cities to decide which one was best to live in and then, of course, we had to find a house there and start a new business. However, we decided to get married in our old town with all our friends before leaving for the new adventure.

## **20 - Back to our days!**

So, here I am, and today is the big day!

It is time to stop dreaming about the past, and should start looking ahead, to the future. What was I doing when all this started? Oh, yes...

Foundation has been applied. The eyeliner and mascara are set as well. Now it is the time for some burgundy red lipstick. While moving my red lips around to make sure the lipstick has been applied correctly, I stop for a few moments. In a couple of hours I shall get married for my second time, but in a completely different role! Then I look at my eyes, my mouth, my nose, my wavy and long blond hair, the colors of the make up and start thinking that this is not what I was supposed to be. Mother Nature meant to give me a completely different direction in life. But this has been changed by forceful events, completely against my control. By now my dear reader you know that in a few hours I shall become Mrs. John Mellow....

There is a knock on the door.

"Come in!" I said in a very excited voice.

The door opened and there comes my best girlfriend Martha bringing in my bridal gown. I wanted Martha to be close with me today for many reasons. First because, although she is still not aware of it, she is the person I have known for the longest time among all the people at the wedding. Second reason because I wanted her to live my wedding experience close to me. Third because I wanted her to see my naked body while I was getting dressed.... because probably....

I stopped working on the make up and moved near the bed. I got completely naked and then moved to a drawer, where I picked up a couple of gift-wrapped packages.

"Martha, please...." I said in a very excited voice. "Could you please help me with this selection. I have two different sets of lingerie, and would like your judgement about which one would be the best for me today."

One was just a strapless bra, a thong, garters and white stockings with lace on top; The second one was a sexier version of the bra, with a lacy coulotte, garters, and white fishnet stockings.

She suggested the second one.

While I started wearing the lingerie, I told her it would be good luck for her to wear the one I was not using. She thanked me and got undressed in a second. She was still the gorgeous girl I used to know. She wore the lingerie and we both went in front of the full-length mirror, admiring ourselves.

"We look like sisters!" said Martha with some excitement.

"Can you imagine what would happen with a few horny men around here?" I said smiling

"They would have a very 'HARD' time!"

We both exploded laughing like crazy.

Then I looked deeply into Martha's eyes and said:

"Can you believe I am getting married?"

"I envy you, Lisa. It looks like a life full of love is waiting for you." she hugged me "Good luck my dear Lisa..... I love you my friend...."

"I love you too, Martha!"

We looked again in each other's eyes, and then we kissed with growing passion. It was a long time I wanted to do it, so I slowly pushed Martha on the bed, then started caressing her body, kissing and licking her all over. I ate and fingered her pussy while she was moaning wildly. She was breathless and her pussy was a river of juices, she was coming, coming and coming again every couple of minutes. I thought she did not have an orgasm in years! When I finish, I turned to the mirror to see my face in a mess, my make up replaced by pussy's juices. Then I turned to Martha. Her face was so sweet and relaxed, her beautiful eyes were still in ecstasies, her lips softly curved into a sweet smile while her breath was still heavy. She wanted to return the favor, but I stopped her.

"It's getting late, honey.... And after all you don't need to do it. I just wanted to give you a unique present: a few moments of love and intense passion. Some sunlight to give you a breathe through your dark sadness and frustration. You see, there is still love and passion if you search for it. Don't lock inside your shell. Be alive, live your life in full. Drop the stupid husband of yours and start a new life....."

There was only one hour left. We took a quick shower together, then she helped me dressing and with the make up. I took the bouquet of flowers and we run outside where the car was waiting.

The ceremony was great, and so was the party afterwards. After everybody was gone, Martha drove John and me to my ex-house to change into a normal and comfortable dress for the flight. John's house was already sold. Mine was sold as well, but we asked the new owner for using it until today at midnight.

As usual, men are ready must faster than girls. So I had to tell John to excuse me, but would take me another ten to 15 minutes. He said he would load our luggage in Martha's car, then would go to Jimmy's pub for a last, quick beer.

After he left I was still naked, just starting to wear my lingerie, when Martha came in the room.

"You are so beautiful, Lisa" she said in sort of a sultry way.

"Nothing compared to you, honey!" I answered her in the same sultry tone that she used.

She kept staring at me while I finished dressing.

Then, I move in front of Martha and started looking at her in those gorgeous eyes. I wrapped gently my arms around her neck, while she hugged my body.

"Look at me, Martha. Look deeply inside my eyes. What can you see down there?" I asked with the sweetest and most charming voice I could have.

"I see something rare to find in people.... I see..... I see..... too many things which are so wonderful and so hard to describe with words..... I see all the good things one could have in life!"

"Martha, what you see deep inside my eyes in just my heart and there is nothing else there than LOVE, just pure love. If you drop Alan and try to find a new person for your new life, always look deeply inside his eyes. If you do not find in there what you see in my eye now, just drop that person and look for somebody else!"

"Oh... Lisa...." and she started french-kissing me with the usual passion.



"Why don't you give me your new address?" She asked in desperation after we broke the kiss.

"Because you would follow me."

"I surely would, Lisa..... I love you!"

"That's not the right thing to do. You are a woman, and in your life you need things that only one man could give you..."

"But today... today during the ceremony I felt like I was the one marrying you!"

"That's exactly what has happened. You were my wife today. I was your man and I made love to you, taking care of your female needs, and driving you to Heaven."

"You surely did! I think it has been the most intense half an hour of my whole life!"

"Well, this morning I was your husband, and you were my wife."

"Why can't this happen again in the future?"

"Because today will be gone in a few hours, and now I am no longer a man. I am a woman. I have just become Mrs. Mellow, and I have a husband to take care of. I realized that things changes in life. I still cannot believe it, but I am now married to a hunk, my dear. You should do the same!"

"Oh, Lisa.... I don't really follow you." She said a little bit puzzled.

"Let's wait a few more hours, and things will be clearer for you as well. You relax, take a nice sleep, and a brand new day will raise tomorrow. I am sure you would feel like a completely new person. Let's go now, or we are going to miss our flight."

We kissed tenderly one last time.

Then walked out of the house and met with John. Martha drove us to the airport. As soon as we got there, John grabbed a luggage cart, loaded the bags and started moving to the entrance.

"John, I'll reach you at the check in. Let me greet Martha one more minute!"

"Ok, but be quick, we are running late!"

Then I turned to Martha, to see she was crying.

"Oh, Martha, don't do this. I may ruin my make up if you cause tears to come out from my eyes!"

"Lisa, this is all so strange, but I.... I.... love you!"

"I love you too. A lot, lot more than you may think. Just because I love you I decided to marry John. And because I love you I decided it was good to leave this little town. And still, because I love you, I made my decision not to give you my address and asked John not to tell other people exactly where we are going. All this because I love you..."

"But if you are my husband, as you said, I need to follow you.... you cannot leave me like this!"

"No, Martha, I was your husband today, during that half hour. Now I am just your girlfriend leaving with her husband. But before you go home tonight, please stop at my place. Here is the key. Then leave the key under the doormat. Don't forget that, because the new owner will look for the keys there. Once in my house, go to the bathroom and open the little first aid cabinet. Inside there is a gift box tied with a red ribbon. Take it and only open it when you are completely alone for half a day, you are relaxed, feel well and it is a good day for you and the sun is shining. That would be my love gift to you! And you will understand why I cannot be your husband."

I kissed her quickly on the lips and ran away, reaching John at the check in. One hour later we were up on the clouds, heading a few thousands miles away from my past and the ghost of Chris Johnson, ready to enjoy and live my new life with my new, handsome husband.

And Martha?

In the little box I packed my story. Basically what you have been reading now, my dear friend. With the exception that at the end I told her that now I don't like women any more, I am only interested in men. But I was so in love with her that I made her former husband Chris come alive and have sex with her right during what was supposed to be my wedding day, that is, the most beautiful day in a girl's life!

And she should shake up her life a little bit. I have been destroyed completely as a man, but I have been able to re-born as a girl and enjoy my life. She should do the same. Erase her past, and find a new, real love.

From John's friends I heard that a few days after our departure she had a big fight with Alan, they filed in for divorce and she now has a happy life with a rich merchant. They say that she keeps telling everybody that her whole life changed suddenly one day, when her former husband Chris appeared to her in a dream as an angel!

Sometimes it is really hard to understand when dreams blend with reality. But life has always something wonderful to give us when the seeds of love are giving life to flowers, which will bloom in our heart!

My first story is over, my dear friend. I hope you liked it.

Sara

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**Sara's self potrait – POP ART - Ó2004 by Sara Duresi**

#### **A little about Sara.**

Well, I consider myself so lucky. I live in a wonderful country (Italy), I travel all around the world, I have a great job, I love to cook and experiment with new recipies, I love good food, good wine, I do have a wonderful and supportive girlfriend (please read girlfriend, a genetic girl, not a husband!). When I have time I read everything, from detective stories to fiction, historical, bios, and I am into great movies as well.

I am happy to have been given the gift of enjoying the emotions of life both as a boy and as a girl. It's hard for me to decide which one is the best. I feel very sorry when I drive my girlfriend nuts because of my dual-personality, but I do love her most than anything else on this tiny small planet. She's everything for me, and I try my best to make her happy as a boyfriend, girlfriend, sister, lover, and so on.... It is true, sometimes two girls living under the same roof and confronting each other on high-heels are a little bit too much, but life is never boring this way.

I send a hug to all my readers and, any comment you may have, good or bad, please drop me a line (quoting the title of this story in the "subject" line, to avoid being erased as junkmail) at:

[saraduresi@hotmail.com](mailto:saraduresi@hotmail.com)

Thanks a lot also for accepting some "typos" or grammar mistake in my story, as Italian is my first language and English only my second. Thanks! Other than this, I wish you all the best for a great life, either you live as a boy, or as a girl (T-boy or T-girl as well!)