

# Charlie's Tales



**Charlie**

A "Spectrum" Novel



## **Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers**

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

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder. This material is intended for persons over the age of 18 only.



Copyright © 2024

Published by Reluctant Press  
in association with Mags, Inc.  
All Rights Reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced without the written permission of the publisher, except for brief quotes contained within a critical review.

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

Call toll free (800) 359-2116

[reluctantpress.com](http://reluctantpress.com) & [magsinc.com](http://magsinc.com)

# New Authors Wanted!

**M**ags, Inc and Reluctant Press are looking for new authors who want to write exciting TG, crossdressing or sissy TV fiction.

**S**tories should be in Word or Rich Text format, and around 24,000 to 30,000 words in length. Reluctant Press also prints some shorter stories in the 19,000 to 24,000 word range.

**I**f you think you have what it takes, this could be your opportunity to see your name in print on a real book, commercially published, and get paid for it.

## Contact

**magsinc@pacbell.net, reluctantpress@gmail.com - or  
call 800-359-2116 to get started.**

### **BE THE FIRST TO KNOW**

**Our monthly newsletter can keep you in the know. It's free, and you can cancel at any time! We'd love to see you there... Just send your name and address to Reluctant Press, P.O. Box 5829, Sherman Oaks, CA 91413 or call 800-359-2116 and leave a message to be included our free newsletter.**

# Charlie's Tales

by Charlie

## **“Deserved Change”**

My name is, or was, “Victor Stone,” or as some of my friends called me, “Stoney...” My Mother was a well-to-do-widow, and I was well spoiled by the time I was a senior in high school. It was the usual story, too much money and time on my hands and not enough supervision and discipline.

I sat in the court room and listened to the prosecutor tell the jury about my crime of rape in the first degree against Doctor Wilkins’ daughter, Janet. Truthfully, I wasn’t too worried even though I was guilty as charged. You see, my lawyer had spoken to several of my good friends who were prepared to testify that she had been at fault and had been with several others of them at the same time.

These so-called “friends,” were doing me this favor since they didn’t want to lose all the good times and fun that I always paid for. The well-paid lawyer: and,

the fact that I and my witnesses sat in court in nicely tailored suits, clean shaven and neat, looking like choirboys, had the jury doubtful from the beginning.

Our long hair was tied back in ponytails. Mine reached well below my shoulders and was bound neatly with a leather band.

Janet made a terrible witness, stumbling over her words and not really sure of what was happening around her. Janet was a little slow and if she had been a normal girl, I'm sure things would have turned out much differently. By the time the jury came back to render its "not guilty" verdict, poor Janet was in tears while I was all smiles for my friends, and my mother, who was in the courtroom.

However, nothing was said until Doctor Wilkins passed me in the hall and, looking holes through me, said, "I will see you later, young man."

I felt a chill go down my spine and for a minute, I almost apologized, except that just wasn't my style.

Arriving at home, I was whistling and singing and acting very pleased with myself and the way things had gone because, of course, with a not guilty verdict, I was free as a bird!

But, when I met my mother in the hallway, she just looked at me with utter contempt, slapped my face just as hard as she could, and stalked off.

I now knew that I wasn't really wanted around the house, so I called some of my friends to meet me at the local roadhouse for an evening of celebration. I truthfully didn't think I had done anything too wrong and I fully intended to go on just as before.

Heading for the roadhouse on one of the back roads I often frequented, I was forced off the road by a huge, black limousine. Before I knew what was happening, I had been lifted out of my little sports car, blindfolded and gagged. My hands and feet were tightly bound with rope by two very large, strong men. I was then thrown into the limo's trunk with the deck closed and locked after me.

The car drove for what seemed like hours, but at last we stopped. The trunk was opened and I was lifted out. Someone threw me over their shoulder like a sack of meal and I was carried inside something to be thrown to the floor.

The blindfold was removed, and I found that I was in a hospital room that had bare, white walls, one small hospital bed with side rails and a very small, barred window. I suspected that I had been kidnaped and was now in Doctor Wilkin's sanitarium.

When he came in with a woman dressed in white, I was sure that I was in big trouble! Introduced to her, I was informed that without her intervention, I would now be dead, but she had advanced an idea that the doctor liked much better and would make me regret what I had done even more than I already did, which was not at all!

I was further told that what was about to happen to me was with the full approval and consent of my Mother, and that nobody would be looking for me as my car would be found a couple of hundred miles away from where I had been abducted, out of gas and wrecked where I had driven it off the highway.

The lady doctor whose name was Taylor, came over to me and, producing a huge hypodermic needle,

gave me a shot and my lights went out. I knew no more for a long time.

However, I did wake from time to time, always feeling sore all over my body, never really coming completely awake. Once I thought that I heard my Mother, but dozed off again before I could speak to her.

My face hurt; also my chest; also my groin; and my stomach; and my pelvis felt like it was being pulled apart. Even my rear end was sore, as if I'd been soundly spanked, something that hadn't happened to me in years!

After what I thought was several years, I at last came to my senses. I was still in the same hospital room where I had been brought at the beginning of my imprisonment. I felt as if I'd been beaten with a stick in every joint of my body!

The room was now dark and no one was around that I could see, so I felt that now was a good time to get out of there and try to find a police car on the road to report my abduction. What I didn't realize was that my legs would no longer hold me up. I'd been in this bed a lot longer than I'd thought! The minute I stood up, I immediately fell flat on my face, out like a light again!

The next time I awoke, there was a uniformed nurse sitting by my bed, a big, heavyset male nurse, who I remembered as having been one of the two men who'd abducted me in the first place!

Laughing at me, he said, "Well, well, at last you've returned to the land of the living," and pushing the bell, he said, "we'll have someone here to see to you in a minute or so."

The lady doctor came back into the room and listened to my heart with her stethoscope, took my pulse, looked into my throat and ears, thumped me on the back, saying, “Well, you’re in fine shape, physically!” Then she laughed and added, “Just about time for Doctor Wilkins to see you.”

When Doctor Wilkins came in, he had a sneer on his face when he asked me how I felt, “Do you feel any different?” were his actual words.

Actually, I hurt all over. I also realized that my body was not only sore, but very different than it had been before. I now had what felt like breasts, and an empty curve where my manhood had been...

Doctor Wilkins was pleased at the look on my face as I explored my body with my hands and, laughing at me again, remarked that never again would I be able to terrorize and rape young, semiretarded girls!

“You no longer have the necessary equipment,” he informed me snidely.

He went on to tell me that I had been under Doctor Taylor’s care for about six weeks, and that now I was as much a female as medical science could make me!

I now had a vagina between my legs that had been constructed from the remains of my penis, though turned inside out, so that the nerve endings were still in place and had been “sensitized” greatly. My breasts were really saline implants under my chest muscles, though they weren’t full sized as yet.

I was receiving massive doses of female hormones through the I-V’s in both my arms. I was being fed at the same time... There hadn’t been any solid food in my stomach for over six weeks and my weight had



fallen from its usual one fifty-six to an even one hundred and fifteen pounds.

They had also changed the shape of my bottom and hips by using liposuction to remove the fat from my stomach and waist and returning it to my hips and butt. When they were all done with me, I would have the shape and body of a girl, and as time passed, I would learn to act, talk, walk and even to dress as a girl... always!

At the same time, Doctor Taylor let me in on the news that Janet was pregnant and that at the time she began to produce milk for her baby, I would be given a special female hormone which would cause me to give milk too! And that was when my breasts would grow to their full size and weight!

More news came to me in the form of a letter from my mother, who wrote that she was pleased at the form my punishment had taken, and that when I was completely transformed, she would come by to see me.

It took me quite a little while before I had digested all this information, and when I did, I started ranting and raving that I would sue all of them, and for every penny the doctors and the sanitarium had...

Which got a big laugh. Here I was in a place full of patients who had all sorts of delusions, and I was going to sue for being turned into a girl?

Who'd believe me? Even with another doctor's examination, which would show only an honest to goodness female, the very idea was ludicrous!

They put up with me for a very short time before I was introduced to something they called "Sparky".

This was a silvery object the size of a large cigar that all of them carried, and it was a sure way of getting the attention of even the unruliest patient! It had several batteries in it that produced a high voltage shock; and, once felt, just seeing it caused an instant response and obedience!

Doctor Taylor had barely touched it to one of my new breasts and I thought I'd been set on fire!

I received one more bit of news about this time, and that was that when I was completely and utterly female and feminized, I would have the pleasure of being treated as I'd done to Janet, the doctor's daughter.

My rapist would be a long-time patient, who had what the male nurse described as the biggest prick he had ever seen on a human being! He truly loved Janet, and she was the only one at the sanitarium he would obey, with or without Sparky.

Everyone on the staff loved Janet, and as for me, my life wasn't worth much since I had hurt her so badly.

My new life started the next morning when I was turned out of my bed, to learn to walk all over again; but, this time in high heeled shoes and female clothing from the skin out.

I was walked down the hall to a much nicer room, which I found out later was paid for by my Mother. Here I found a closet full of girls' clothing, dresser drawers packed with female lingerie of all styles, colors and fabrics, and boxes that hadn't been unpacked yet!

Most of what I found was strange to me, but my nurse, who was a tiny little thing, told me that she would help me learn all about being a girl. Believing that I was still the same old macho man of old, I immediately attempted to overpower my little nurse, Patricia, and got a belt from Sparky that rolled my eyes back in my head!

“Next time, you get the full shot!” Pat told me. “I went easy on you the first time, but no more! Now, listen to the rules you are going to live by for at least the next year, and maybe longer.

“You are never, ever, to leave this room unless you are completely dressed, including having your hair done and with a flawless make up job.

“This afternoon, you will be taken to the sanitarium beauty salon where your long stringy hair will be cut and styled. You will receive a permanent wave in your choice of colors and styles. The sanitarium maintains the salon for the female patients, who seem to enjoy being pampered. It aids in their recovery and ultimate return to society.

“Of course, in your case, there’s not much chance of your getting out of here for some time!”

After lunch, I was taken to the salon where the first thing I noted was that all the staff members were each equipped with the silver pen-like Sparky stick-out of the pockets of their uniform jackets!

I spent the next three hours or more in that salon being transformed from a half-boy, half-girl, into what even I thought was a most beautiful, dark-haired brunette with highly arched eyebrows, impeccable eye and lip make-up, and instructions on how to do it myself the next time!

Returning me to my room, Patricia gave me instructions on how to use the toilet like a girl. You know, sitting down for everything. Up until then, and for the past months since my surgery, I'd had a catheter in place so that I wouldn't wet the bed. But now that I was ambulatory, I could go as any normal girl would, by sitting down and doing what was needed.

"One more little item," Pat reminded me, "internally, you are wearing a form to keep your new vagina from closing up, and it has to be removed when you urinate."

She followed me into the bathroom and showed me the tab protruding from between the lips of my new vagina.

"Pull it out, but be very gentle," she ordered. "You're going to be surprised at its size and length!"

I almost passed out when it was all out of me, a fairly soft but firm plastic form in the shape of an erect male organ, complete with fat crown and veins, and a good eight inches long by two and a half in diameter!

Patricia went on to inform me that I was to reinsert the form after doing my toilet. But, first I must douche and then I must wash the dildo in hot water before I coated it with a vaginal lubricant. Truthfully, it did feel nice when I pushed it back up into my body and Pat laughed at my stunned expression, saying, "Maybe there's hope for you yet!"

I learned more and more about being a girl as time passed, and I also began to realize just what I'd done to Janet, Doctor Wilkins' daughter.