

Raine Monday

Warning!

This graphic novel is rated R for simulated nudity, and features transgender and LBGTQ+ themes.

If you don't like that kinda stuff, run away!

This is book I of The Facility, a
Transformation series by Raine Monday.
There is a prequel to this story you can see
at

https://rainemonday.com

This is book II of The Facility, a
Transformation series by Raine Monday.
There is a prequel to this story you can see
at

https://rainemonday.com

THE PRESIDENT















As I watched him leave, I couldn't help but sigh. He'd been my fiance, my partner, my lover less than a year ago before everything started. *See Nick's very bad day and The Billionaire.





But ever since becoming fully human again, three months ago, he'd been acting more and more like what he appeared to be...a prepubescent young boy. He even wanted to 'go back to school' so he could learn how to be male.



But I guess I was one to talk. I had started as a guy named Nicholas Buchannon and been turned into Connie Ward, and now Conchita Estrella. I only understood Spanish, and without a translator no one could understand me.



I took the subway downtown. Today Maxine Sterling and I were going to be switching bodies for a week. She wanted to 'feel' what it was like to be young again, and had promised to look at the nanites that held me in this stuck state.



It was supposed to be a 'trial run' to see if we were 'compatible' swap partners. I didn't really want to be an old woman, even a powerful old woman, but if it lifted this forced language off me, I thought it might be worth it.



Afterall, what could go wrong? I sighed, my stomach trembling with butterflies. I didn't want to do this, didn't want to leave Ryn, or Wren as he now preferred, but I did have to get a job at some point and couldn't with this language barrier.



As I walked to the meeting place, I tried to relax. Maxine had said she would take time off her busy schedule so 'I' wouldn't have to handle any of her business...it wouldn't be that bad...right? Right?



































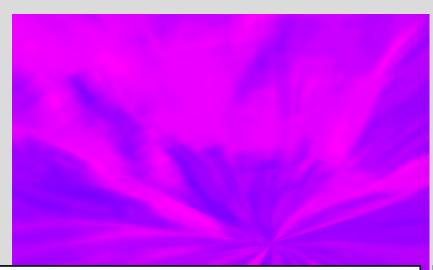




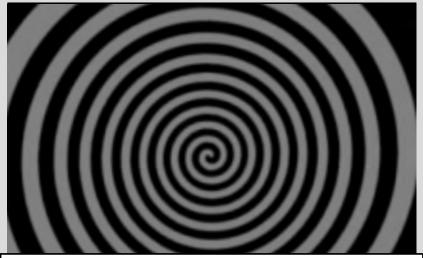




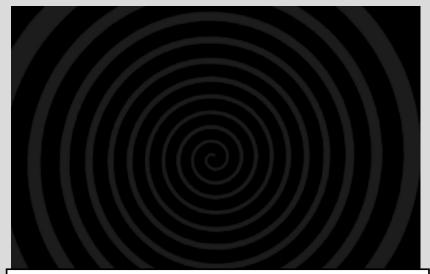
As the machine hummed to life, I felt a strange floating sensation, and a tickling in my nostrils.



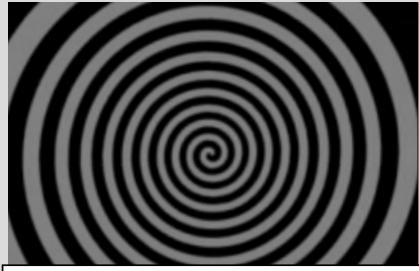
The purple light sizzled my senses and made all my nerve endings tingle.



A droning sound filled my head, and a huge spiral filled my vision...I was pulled deeper into it...into sleep...



At some point, I fell asleep.



When I awoke, I could see the spiral...but the voice sounded different, more muffled...and I was in pain...



Colors were off...and I moaned in pain. The sound of my voice sounded strange in my ears...it was Maxine's voice...



I was so tired...and my everything hurt...













I felt an intense warmth and tingling that felt like an energy shower. It made me shake, and I was glad I was strapped in.

















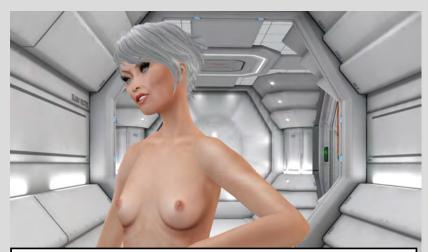








I walked out of the room...an promptly got lost. There were a million halls and rooms...some stranger than others



Every hall looked like every other hall. White, sterile, and hermetically sealed. I was beginning to panic.



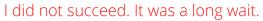
Finally, I found my way back to the waiting room. I dressed quickly in Maxine's clothes...and found myself absently fixing her makeup, hair, and wig back into place.



Something was definitely going on with Maxine...I saw techs and other doctor's scurrying around with equipment













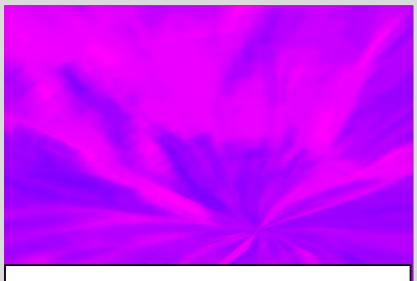




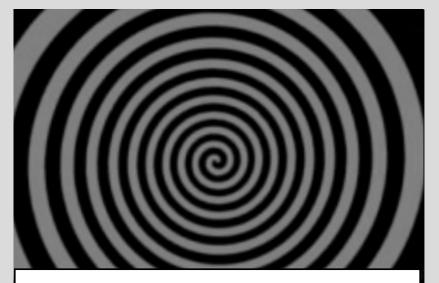




As the machine thrummed, I stared up into the purple light and tried to relax. It wasn't working...



If this didn't work, did that mean I'd be stuck as Maxine? And what about the 'real' Maxine, would she be okay?

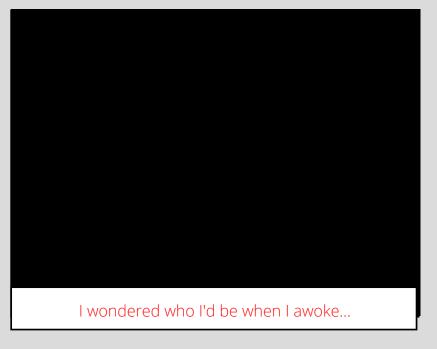


I stared up at the spirals, but wasn't feeling sleepy. I tried to force myself to relax, to let go...do all the things the voices were telling me.



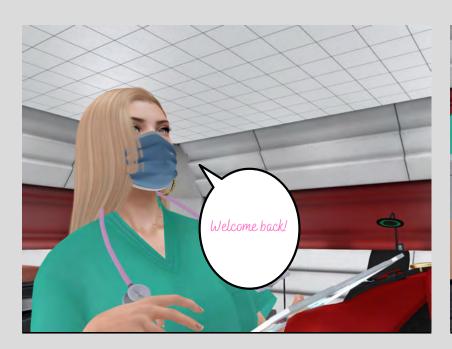






CHAPTER TWO





















I went back and tried to settle my nerves and stop shaking. My body was back! Nick Buchannon!



Maxine's body was trembling and shaky. I finally had to smoke a cigarette in order to calm down.

Apparently she was addicted.



They both came in a bit later. It was so strange to be seeing...myself...from outside myself.























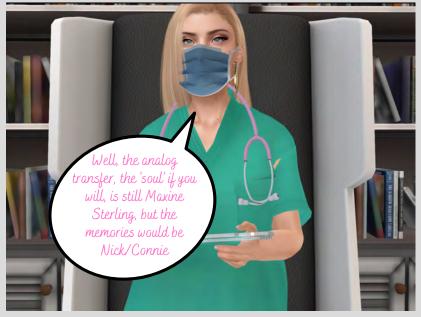


















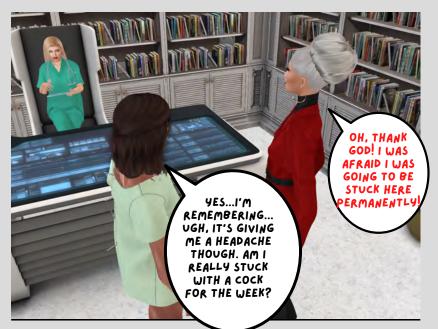








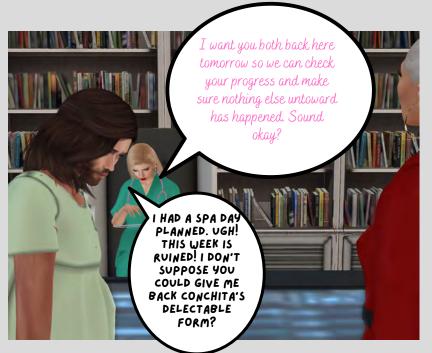












































As I drove, I kept trying not to think about how easy things were coming to me...driving, the craving for a cigarette, that it was getting near cocktail hour and I wanted white wine.





My body was right there. RIGHT THERE! So close, and yet so far. They had to figure this out. They had to...



...or there'd be hell to pay. I was Maxine Fucking Sterling...



Whoa, that was weird. For a minute Maxine took over my brain. I guess New Nick wasn't the only one with identity issues.













THAT'S ONE OF
MY DAILY
AFFIRMATIONS
I'VE NEVER
SAID OUT LOUD
TO ANYONE!



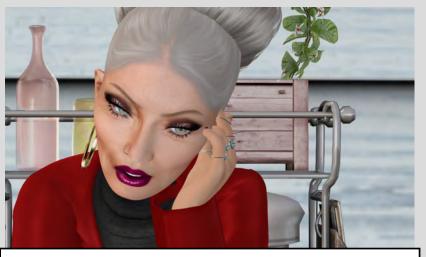








As I handled my business I was struck by the dichotomy in my mind...the quaintness of the house vs what I knew was in Maxine's penthouse.



I could recall both shopping at Bed Bath and beyond for the bath salts on the counter, and Maxine's bidet which I really desired right now...



As I washed up and fixed my face, I was struck at how strange, yet familiar. With the nanites it had been so different, so alien to be female.



I was a strange mix of Nick, Connie, Conchita and now Maxine...it all tumbled through my mind, making me feel a little nauseous.





















So we told him everything. About what happened, the issue with Connie/Maxine, and the current status.

































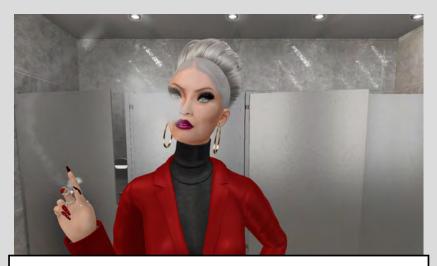
Each time I caught my reflection in the mirror, I was a little surprised...but growing less and less so.

It had only been a few hours...why was this becoming more and more normal?





Maxine must have been a knockout in her youth. I wondered if there was a way to get the treatment Ryn was getting and apply it to Maxine...to me...



Afterall, Maxine was a vibrant older woman with lots of responsibilities...it only seemed fair she be rejuvenated.



















































As we left the Adia Biotech Institute, for the first time in a long time...I felt some hope.











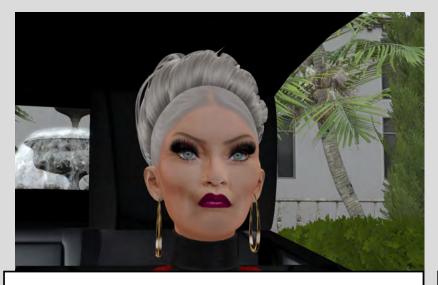












As i drove away, I felt a little strange...both sad, and somewhat relieved I could have some alone time.



I couldn't believe Ryn was whole and healthy and back to her old self. As was my original body.



I finally made it to the building after sunset, and used her special key in the elevator to get me to the top.



I was met at the door by Winnie...the former Winston Smith and head of The Facility









I took my wig off and placed it on the mannequin...I remembered Winston's threats and wondered if I could trust any food Winnie might prepare...



After taking out my dentures, removing my makeup, detaching my false eyelashes, my body was quite old and plain...*Maxine's* body, I kept telling myself.



My tongue kept exploring the inside of my mouth and my lips unintentionally smacked together...i was not used to no teeth..



Winnie returned, and spoon-fed me some soup. It tasted good. I was so tired.





I called Ryn, and she answered but obviously had been asleep.



She didn't respond...but I chalked it up to fatigue...



I smoked my last cig of the day, thinking about it...after everything, I knew things would be okay...



They had to be...





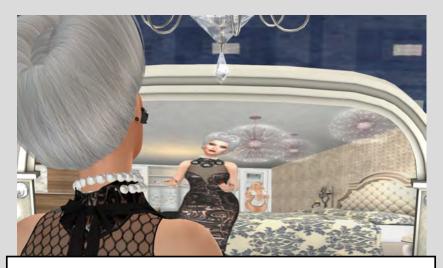




CHAPTER THREE



As I got ready the next morning, I felt different. My head was clearer, my tasks more clearly defined. My knee was acting up, but I had a snappy cane I could use that made me look even more imperious.



I was Maxine Fucking Sterling, and the world was going to know it. I was unstoppable, immoveable. People would RESPECT or get out of my way.









My eyes were drawn to the head of the cane.



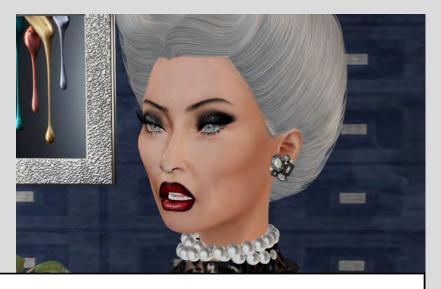
It was a snake's head...a cobra head...memories came crashing in



Ryn...had been stuck as a cobra for more than a year...then a half snake/human...before being changed back into human...



I wasn't Maxine Fucking Sterling, I was Nicholas Buchannon, or Constanza/Connie Ward.



Maxine's personality had completely subsumed me all morning!









As I approached Ryn and Nicholas, I could see they were laughing and holding hands. It gave me a sick twist in my gut...and I was immediately furious.





























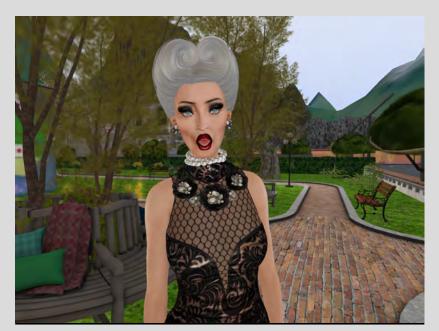














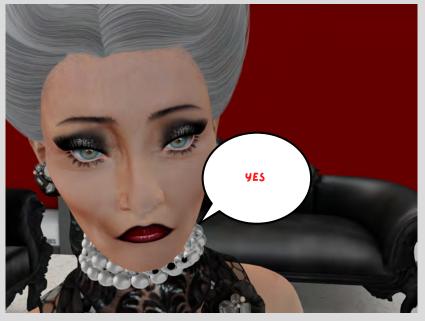


































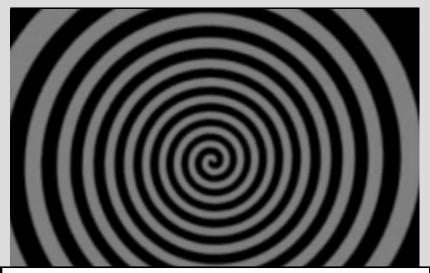




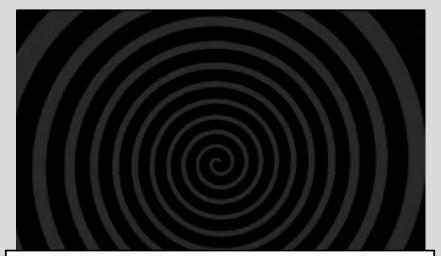








I felt my 'self' unmoored, floating, falling into the center of the machine



Once again I found myself slipping into unconsciousness and I hoped that this was a good sign...





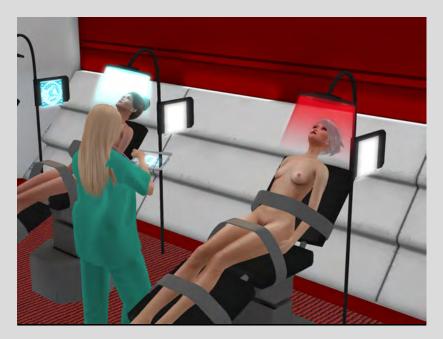










































































The next morning I woke up early. It seemed strange that only 24 hours ago, I'd been in Maxine's body...





When I looked in the mirror, though...my face had definitely changed.

































As ryn napped on the train, I remarked on what a truly amazing person she was.



She always made lemonade out of lemons. She's learned to tattoo, had her humanity ripped away...



And stood by me through it all. It was amazing she was still with me with all my doubts and insecurities.



























































THE PRESIDENT: PART II











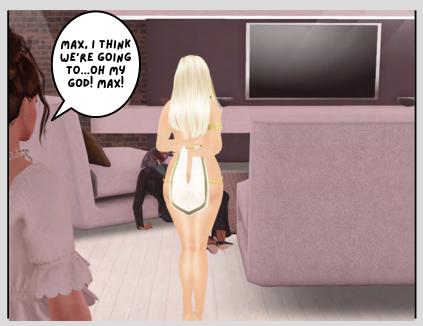












































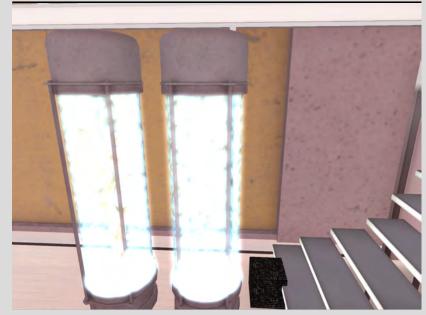






















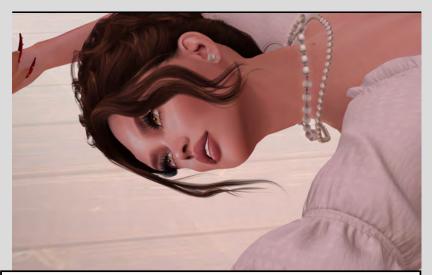
















I was finally able to sit up. The room spun, and my arms and legs felt very numb. My breasts were tender from being squashed.



















сомменсінь этактир...... LORDING SHELL.... LORD COMPLETE. UNIT OPERATIONAL



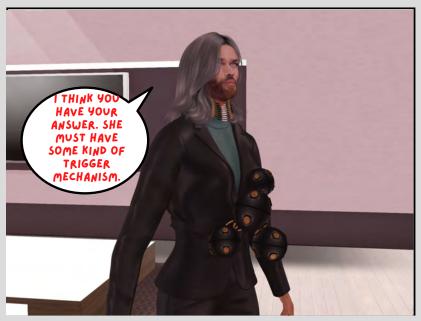












NO TRIGGER MECHANISM NECESSARY. ANY ATTEMPT TO REMOVE, ALTER, ABORT, OR ALTER THIS UNIT CORE PROGRAM = RESULT SELF DESTRUCT SEQUENCE













I CONTAIN NO FERROUS SUBSTANCE. I AM CERAMIC WITH PRIMARY SUBSTRATE OF ALUMINA, SILICA, ZIRCONIA, AND OTHER ELEMENTS. I CAN WITHSTAND TEMPERATURES EXCEEDING 6500 C







THE IDENTIFICATION TAG A.U.N NO LONGER APPLIES.
THIS UNIT IS A SUNTHETIC LABORATORY PRIMARY
HOUSING, NO GENDER ASSIGNED, TO REFER IN ANY
OTHER WAY IS ILLOGICAL.































As we stood with Maxine in the tank, and Ryn...Syph downstairs, a numbness sank into me, and I had a hard time focusing...a depression so deep, I didn't know if I could come out of it.



As I got in the tank I huffed out all my hair, then inhaled...it was terrifying to feel my lungs filling with liquid, and I tried to cough but couldn't....I thrashed, but then was able to settle down.



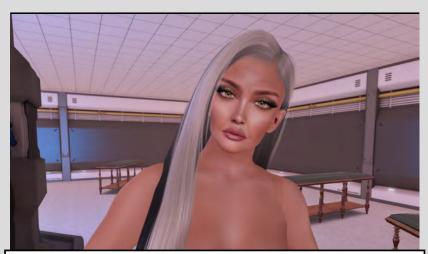




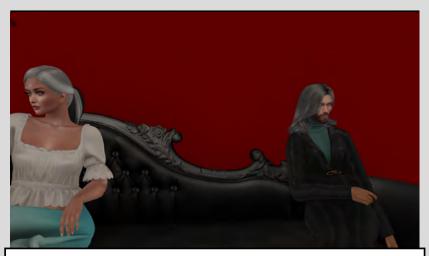
As I settled, I inhaled and exhaled normally. It felt strange, but...eerily comfortable in the liquid warmth...I felt tingles from all parts of my body.



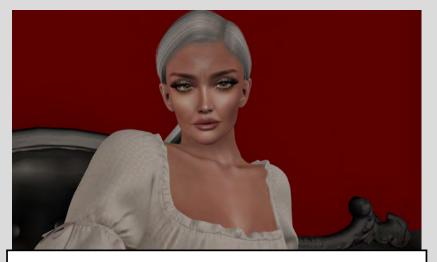








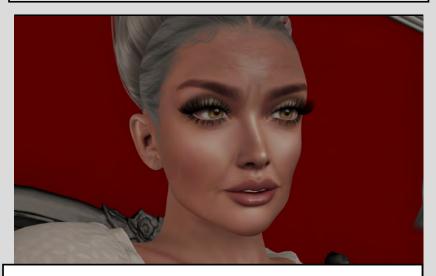
we sat for hours waiting. II hated the feeling of the pony tail swishing on my back, but didn't know how to fix my hair how ryn had tbat mmorning.



she had been so happy, giggling and laughing as she fixed my hair. She'd always wanted a sister and this had been an excuse to dress similarly.



Finally, I gave up and used the hair pins to fix it in a style I remembered from when I'd been Maxine. It was strange that I remembered more about her life than my own sometimes....

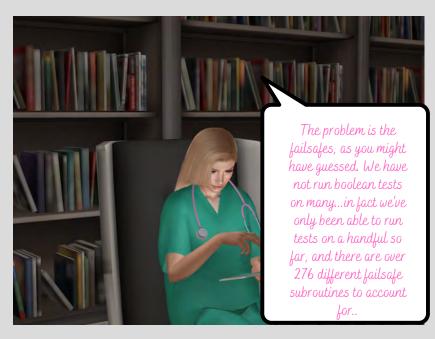


I was feeling very tired, depressed, angry, and overwhelmed at the thought of Ryn. Hopefully, they would figure something out quickly.



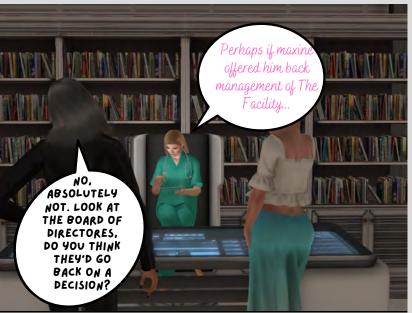












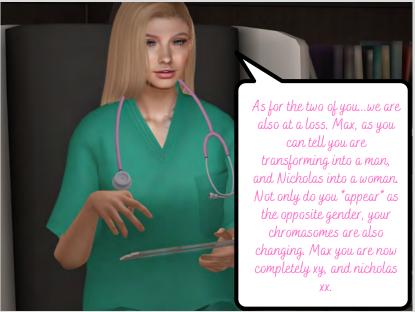




I closed my eyes and tried hard not to cry...but was unsuccessful. I wept.

I cried for a few minutes and they respectfully waited for me. Max handed me a tissue, and I stood back up.

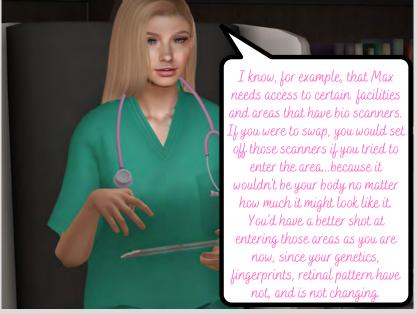


















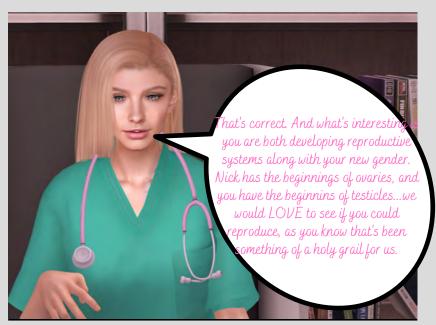






















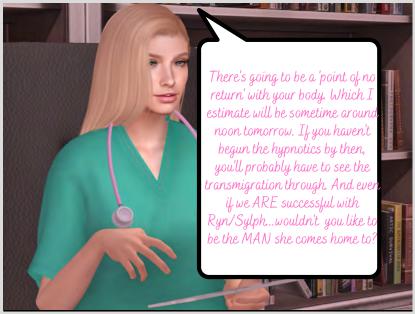






















Feeling morose and very sad, I walked up the lane to our house and found Sylph standing in the dark.









































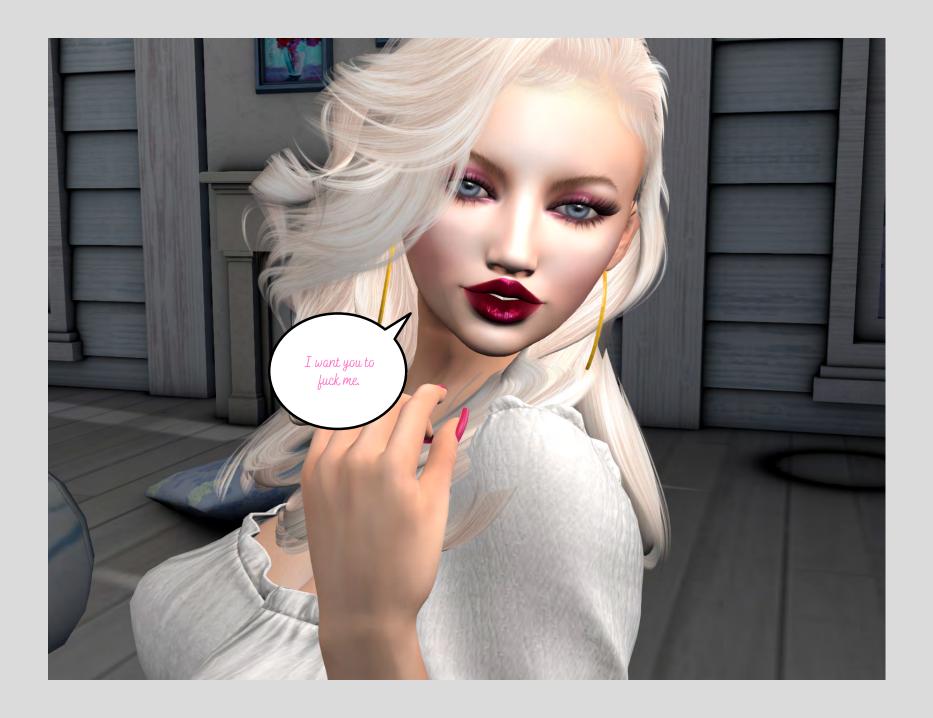


For a moment, I almost blurted out that I wouldn't be Maxine genetically, so that wouldn't work...but then I realized Winston didn't know that!









CHAPTER TWO





























I remembered what Emily said...that Winston wasn't evil incarnate. And I could also tell she was horny as hell. She was practically grinding on my kneecap and I could feel her heat.



She probably thought two birds with one pussy and introduce the nanites back into my body so they could control me again. But she didn't know nanites no longer had any effect on me.



This was the one person who could release Ryn. And even if she was lying, could I risk the one chance that maybe she wasn't?



Ryn might never forgive me. She might leave me completely for doing this. But I had to roll the dice that maybe this was the one time Winston was telling the truth.























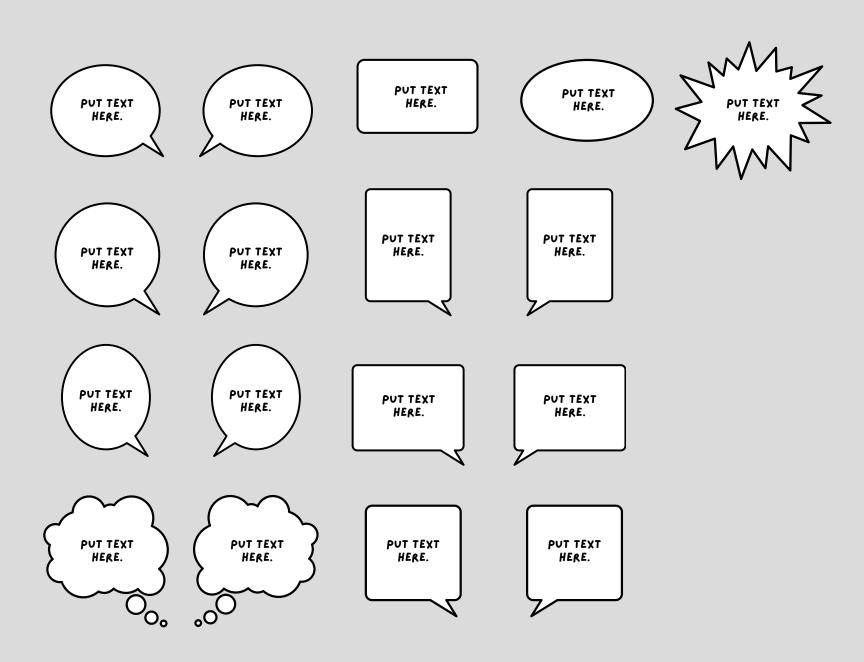












































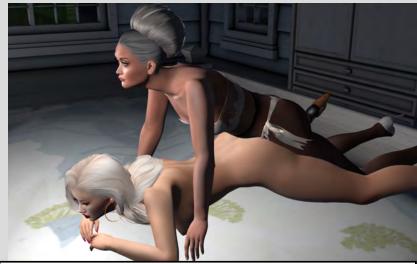












We fucked for hours. She was adventurous and fun, and strangely intimate and sweet.



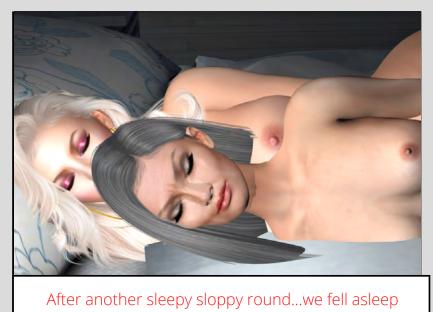
She did things Ryn never even thought of...



and finally, by the end we were both sated, exhausted, and she was happy...



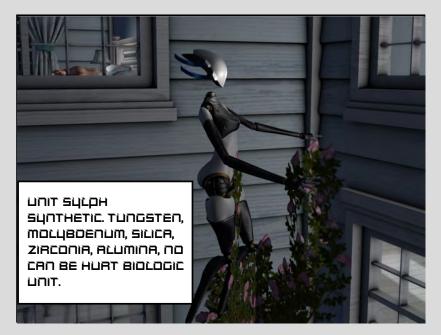


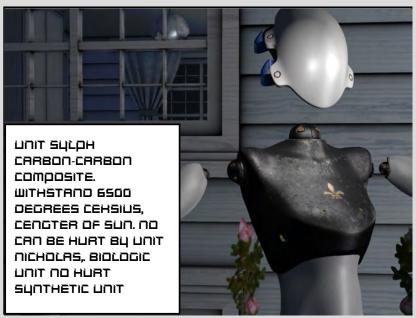














CHAPTER THREE





















It struck me that she'd said that...like we were going to be living together.

































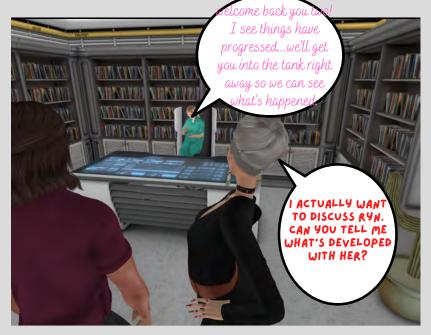




















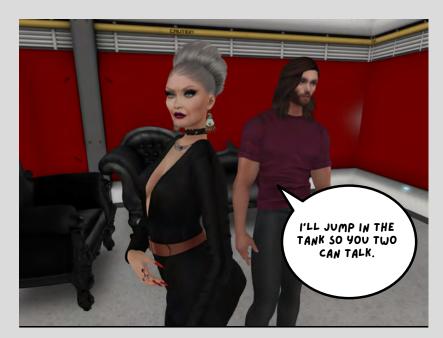






































So I told her...about Winston, about the night before, all of it. I felt my heart sinking into despair...but then...



along. Ryn had broken up with me during my

very bad day...





And then she had told Jeffrey to hold back on the treatment that would have allowed her to remain human, and became the snake.



She had attached herself to Maxine during the swap, not me. Then when Winnie tricked her out of her body...she went willingly.



And now...after fucking my most bitter enemy in order to gain her humanity, she refused it.



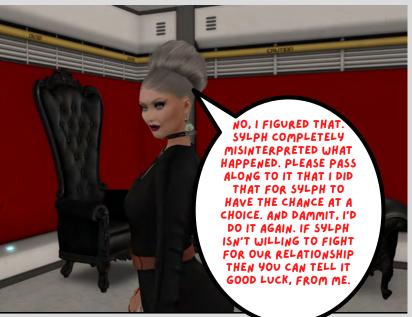
She didn't fight for us. She'd been retreating from us all along.







for.







































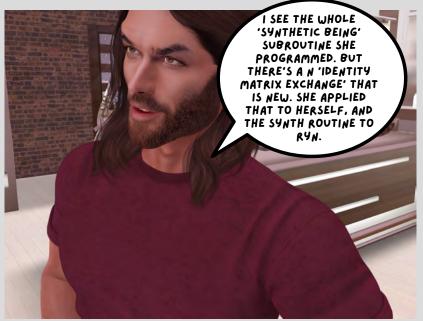




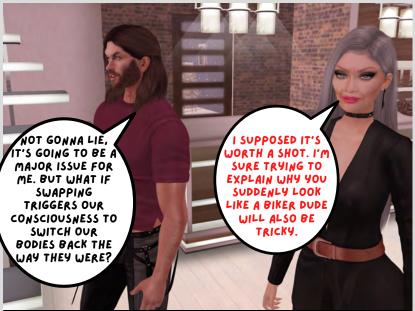












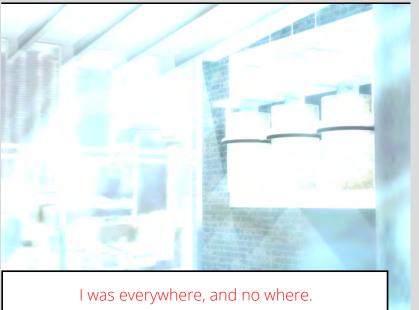


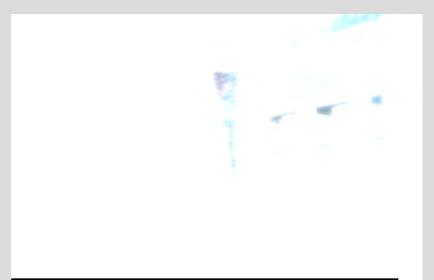












Everyone, and no one.



My hands were still old, veiny, wrinkled. In fact they had even more age spots than before...and they hurt.



Awareness returned...everything seemed misty and out of focus a bit.

























The question on my mind was where...and who...I'd be when I awoke.

THE PRESIDENT PART III

































Over the next few days, they took me off the oxygen, and I slowly started making my way up and around again.





They gave me some donated clothes...and had someone from social services come over for hair and makeup help...thinking it would make me 'feel better.'





Meadow-Glen elder-care facility.











As she pushed me out of the hospital, I felt nervous and started trembling when I saw the men from the van walk out.



















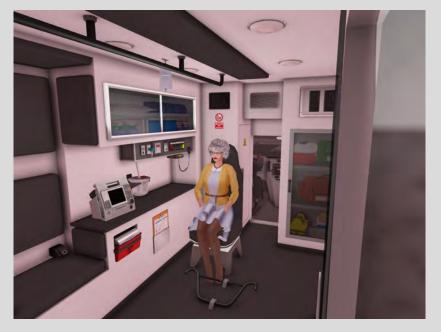














One year later...

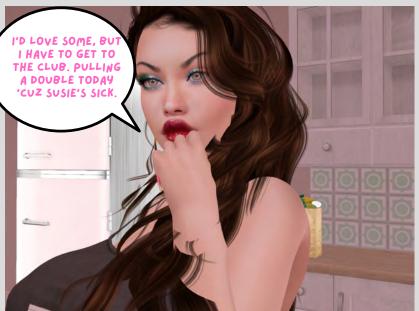


































I didn't really care about the pills, other than my arthritis medication. He let me keep half of it, but the pain in my back and legs kept me in a wheelchair.



I wanted to go to the authorities when I caught Dar stealing, but Joyce threatened to kill her son if we ever did...so I just let him take the damn pills.



The neighborhood wasn't the greatest...

































































happen to Dar's child?













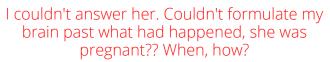






My brain was a steam train locomotive burning high octane Nos. It rattled through the chain of events, everything that had happened.





















CHAPTER TWO

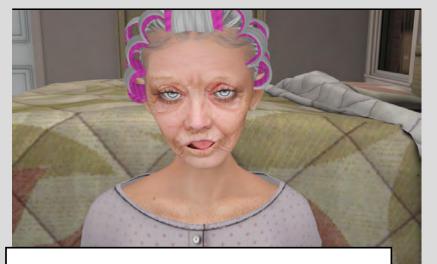




As I got ready for bed my mind wandered through my past...being Nicholas, being with Ryn, our journey to Mexico, all of it.



After the explosion...I'd awoken in this body. Who was I? I certainly wasn't Max, I was older than Max, and I wasn't anyone I knew...



Max hadn't become Nick fully either, something of an idealized Nick maybe, but I'd never looked that good in the past...



In the morning, I'd take the bus to Max's penthouse...we'd get this straightened out...

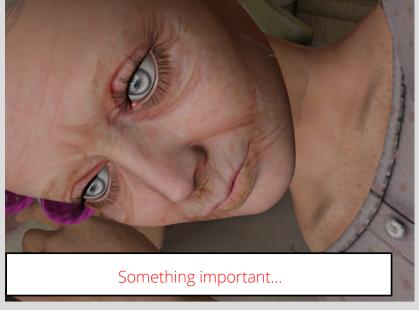


As I fell asleep I could still smell Ryn's fragrance and it made me smile knowing, she, at least, was back to herself.



















































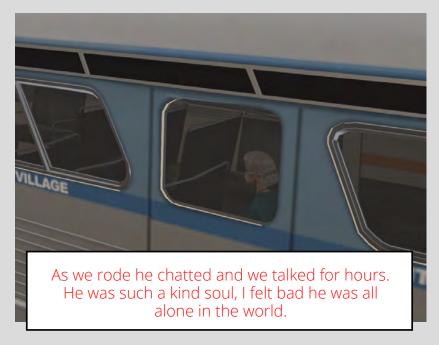




















It felt surreal being back at this building where it had all began...I hoped Max was at least home, and that he'd see me.





































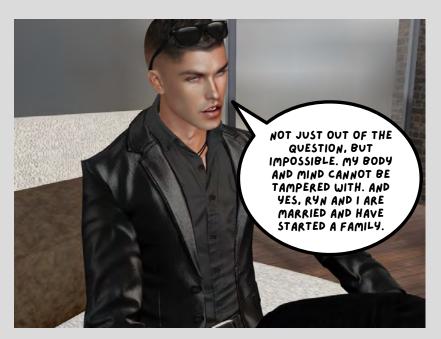




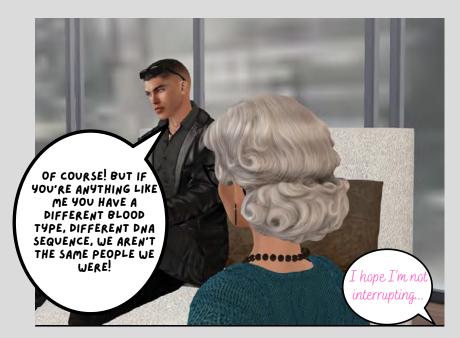


















































CHAPTER THREE



































THE LIQUID WAS WARM, AND HELD ME UP AS DIFFFERENT APPLIANCES ATTACHED THEMSELVES TO ME.



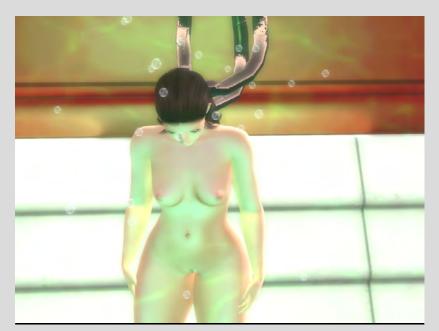


IF FELT SO WARM, AND NICE. I QUICKLY FOUND MYSELF DRIFTING TO SLEEP.



SO I DIDN'T FEEL IT...WHEN THINGS STARTED TO CHANGE...



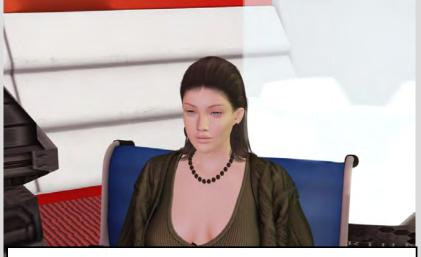












As I dressed, I noticed my body was no longer wrinkled and old. I felt so much better, with no pain!





























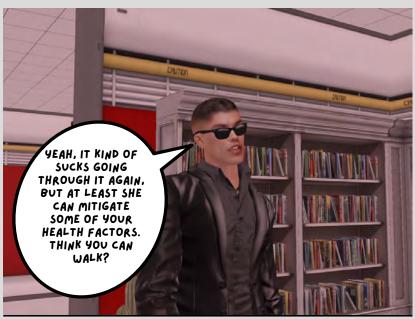






























As they kissed. I felt strange. My stomach did little flip flops, and I thought briefly I might be sick, but then the moment passed.





































































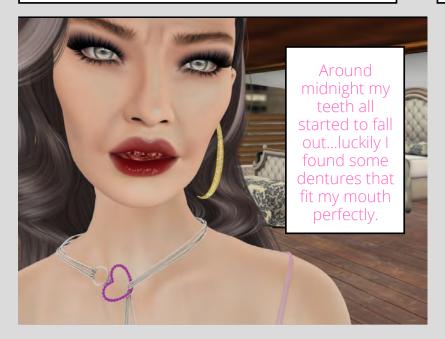












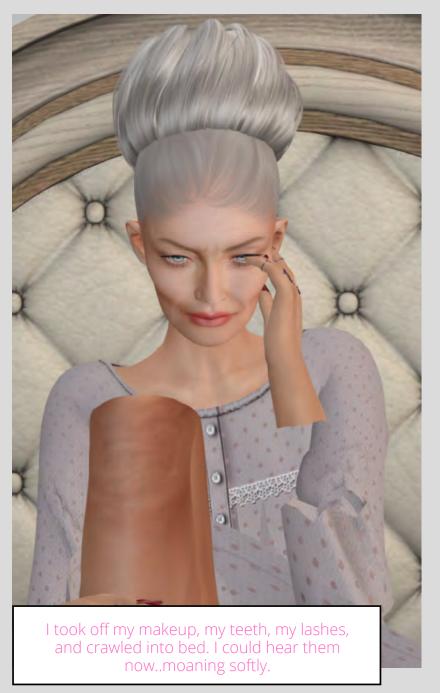












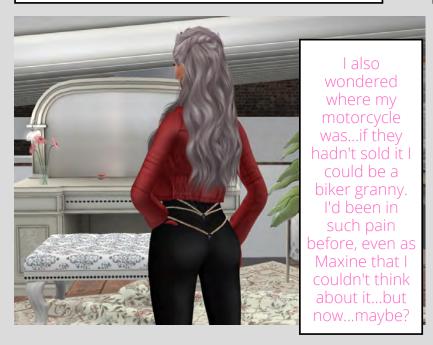


CHAPTER FOUR











I had just stared cleaning up from the previous nights' meal when Jordan walked in...































































































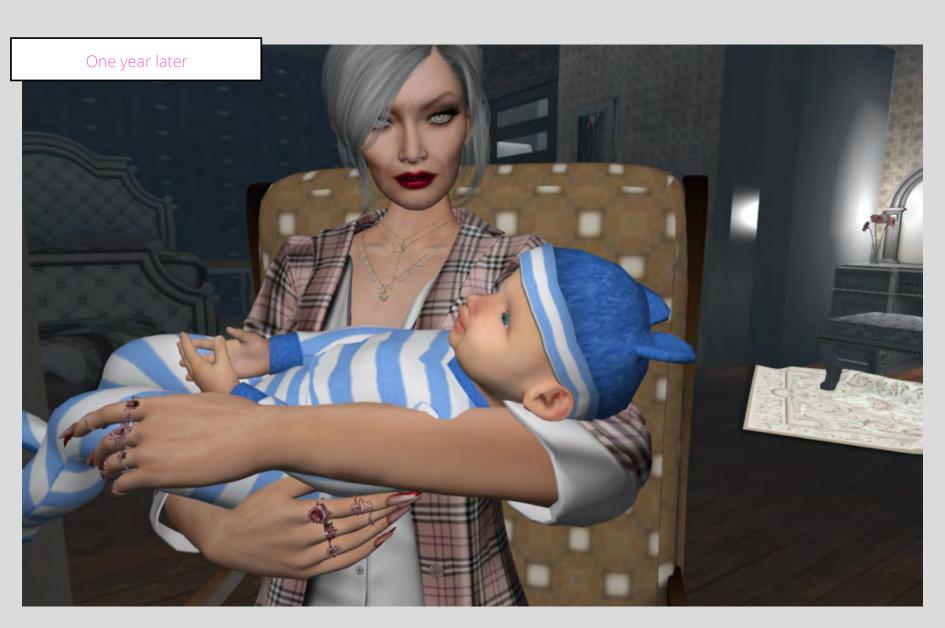








EPILOGUE

















Ryn had taken to hypnosis like a duck to water. It had created a desire to be ultra feminine and she'd gone after it with a passion.



After the birth, she'd used novacorp to fix her nose, hips, lips, ass, breasts, all in a quest to be ultra feminine.





































































































As I got ready for bed, I was torn with worry over Ryn, and excited about the new opportunity.



I knew I could make a difference. Help people. Mean something and make a difference.



Tomorrow I'd start a new chapter in my life. As Mildred Walker, Director of The Facility.

The End (for now)

For more information on all things Raine Monday please visit https://rainemonday.com