

T.G. COOPER

TRIALS

OF A

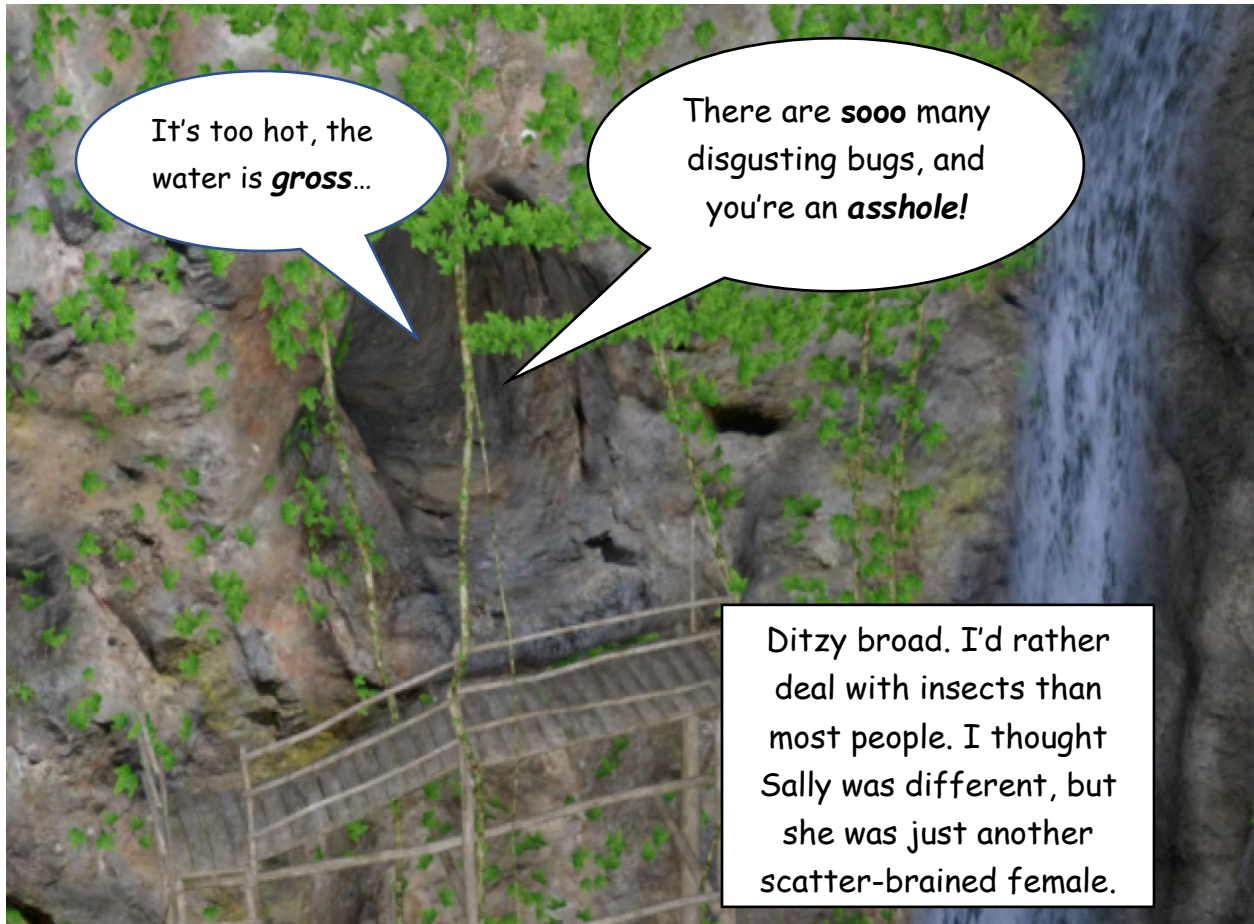
MAN





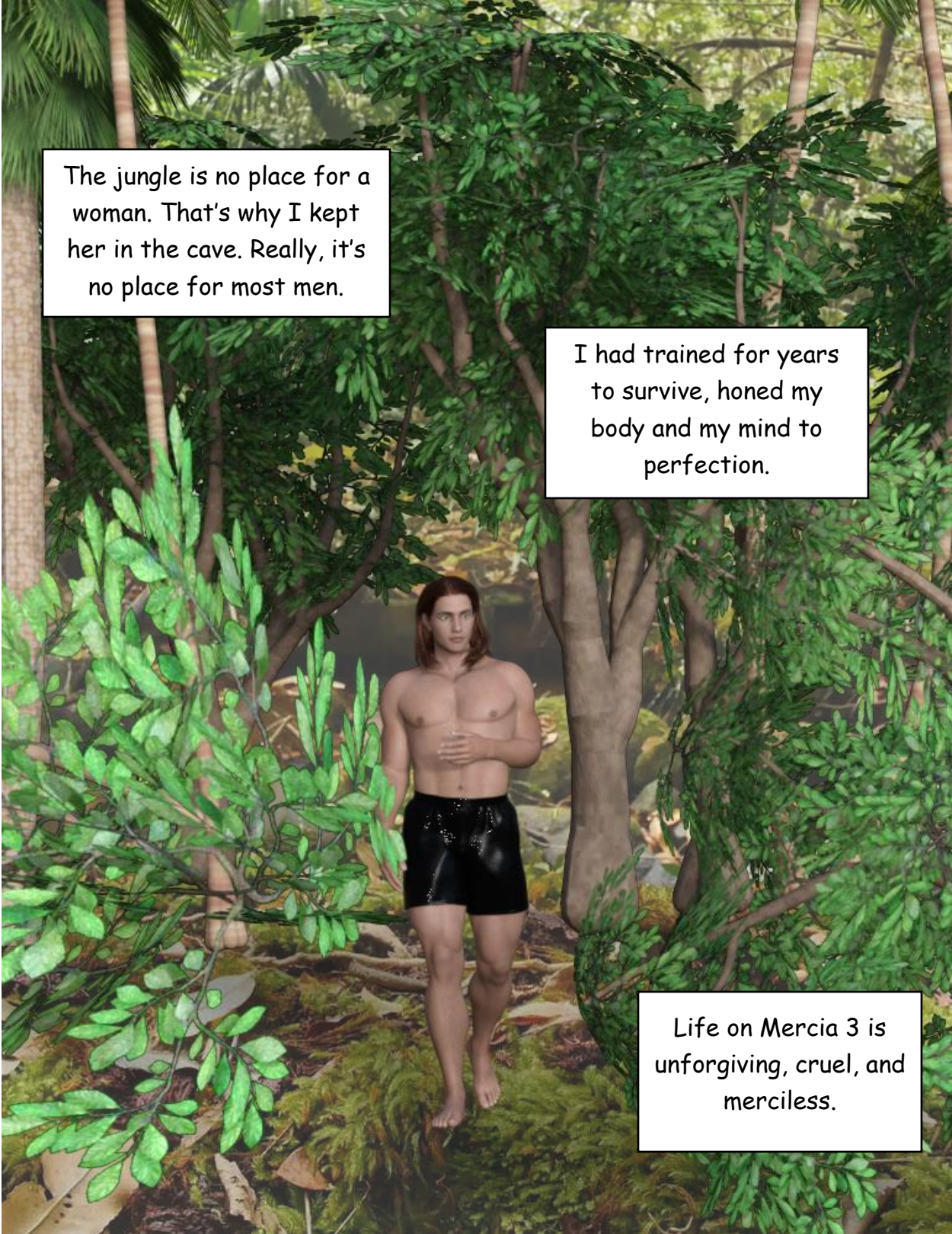
THIS PLANET  
SUCKS!!!!

Day 32  
So much for finding peace and quiet on Mercia3. Only Sally could find something to be miserable about on a tropical paradise planet we had all to ourselves. We'd argued for 31 of our 32 days here, and now she walked out on me.





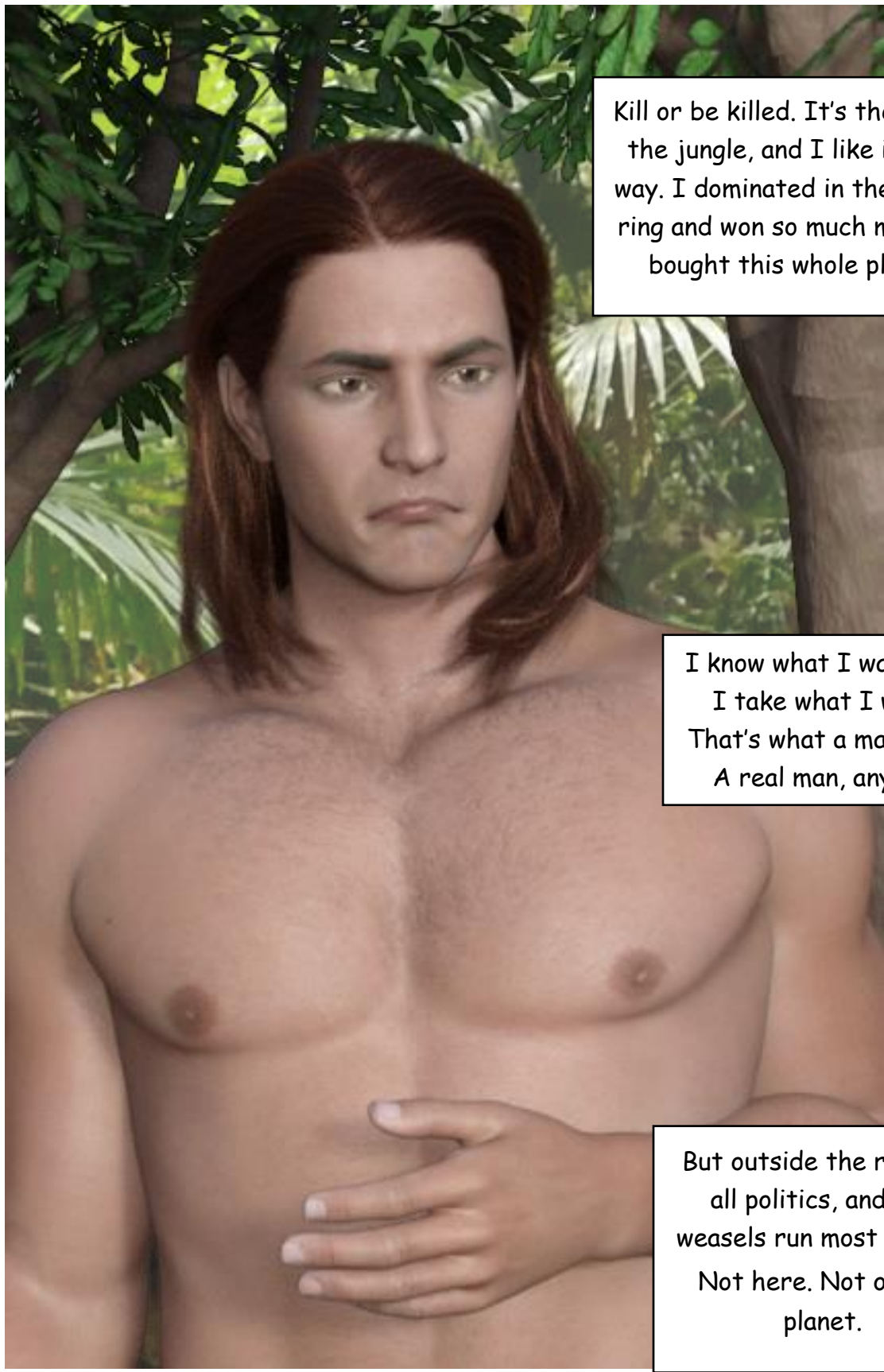
She would come crawling back. There was no doubt. Sally needed a man. She could never be alone. I would miss that fine ass, but celibacy would only make me stronger. I thrive on self-denial.

A man with long brown hair, shirtless and wearing black shorts, stands in a lush jungle. He is looking directly at the camera with a serious expression. The background is filled with dense green foliage and trees.

The jungle is no place for a woman. That's why I kept her in the cave. Really, it's no place for most men.

I had trained for years to survive, honed my body and my mind to perfection.

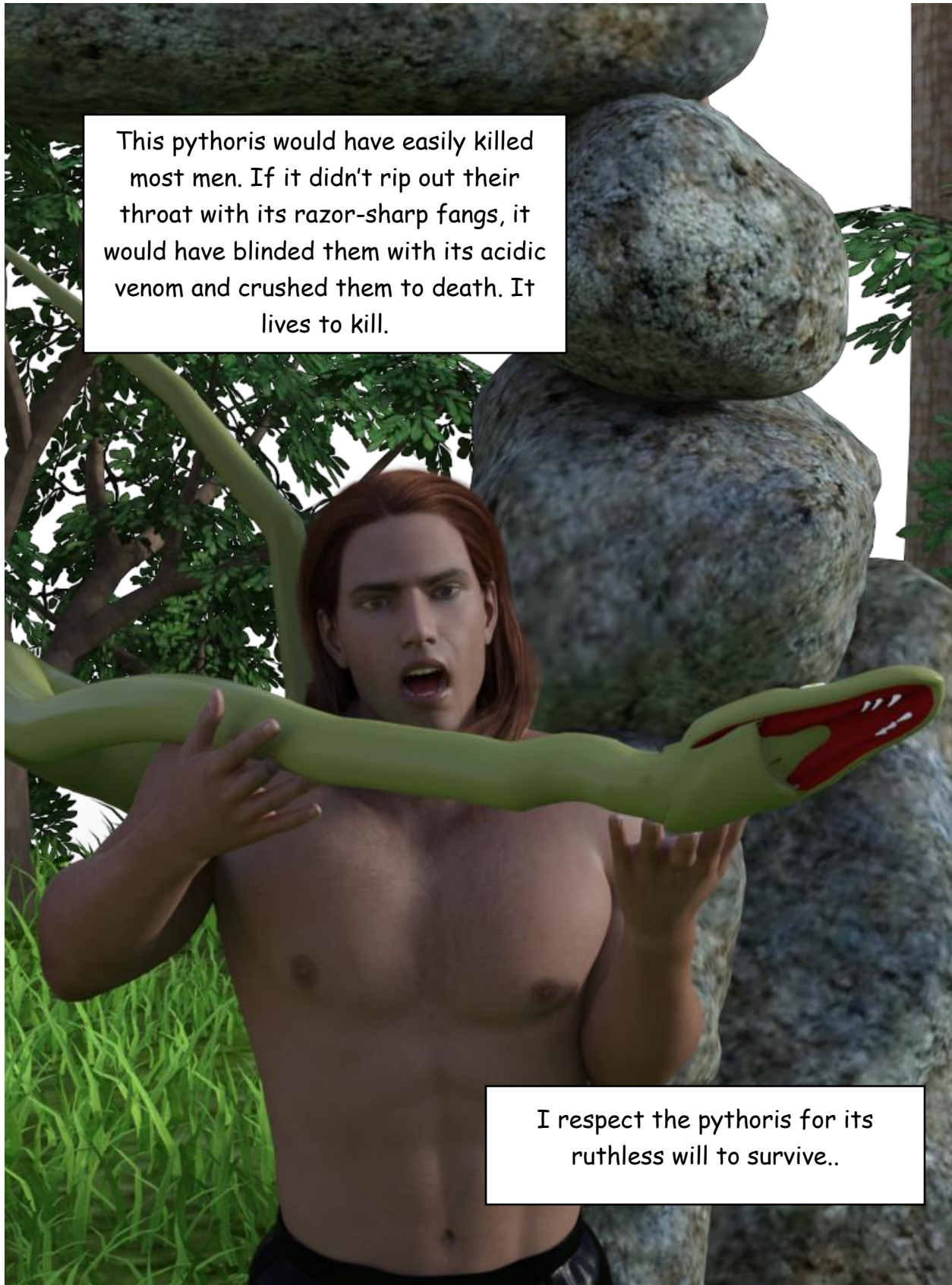
Life on Mercia 3 is unforgiving, cruel, and merciless.



Kill or be killed. It's the law of the jungle, and I like it that way. I dominated in the battle ring and won so much money I bought this whole planet


I know what I want, and I take what I want. That's what a man does. A real man, anyway.

But outside the ring it's all politics, and the weasels run most worlds. Not here. Not on **my** planet.



This pythoris would have easily killed most men. If it didn't rip out their throat with its razor-sharp fangs, it would have blinded them with its acidic venom and crushed them to death. It lives to kill.

I respect the pythoris for its ruthless will to survive..

A character with long, straight red hair is shown from the chest up, holding a thick, green, cylindrical plant stem horizontally in front of their mouth. The character is eating the stem, and there are three distinct splatters of bright red blood on the green stem: one on the left side, one in the center where the character's mouth is, and one on the right side. The character has a serious expression. The background consists of green foliage on the left and a large, grey, textured rock formation on the right. The scene is set outdoors.

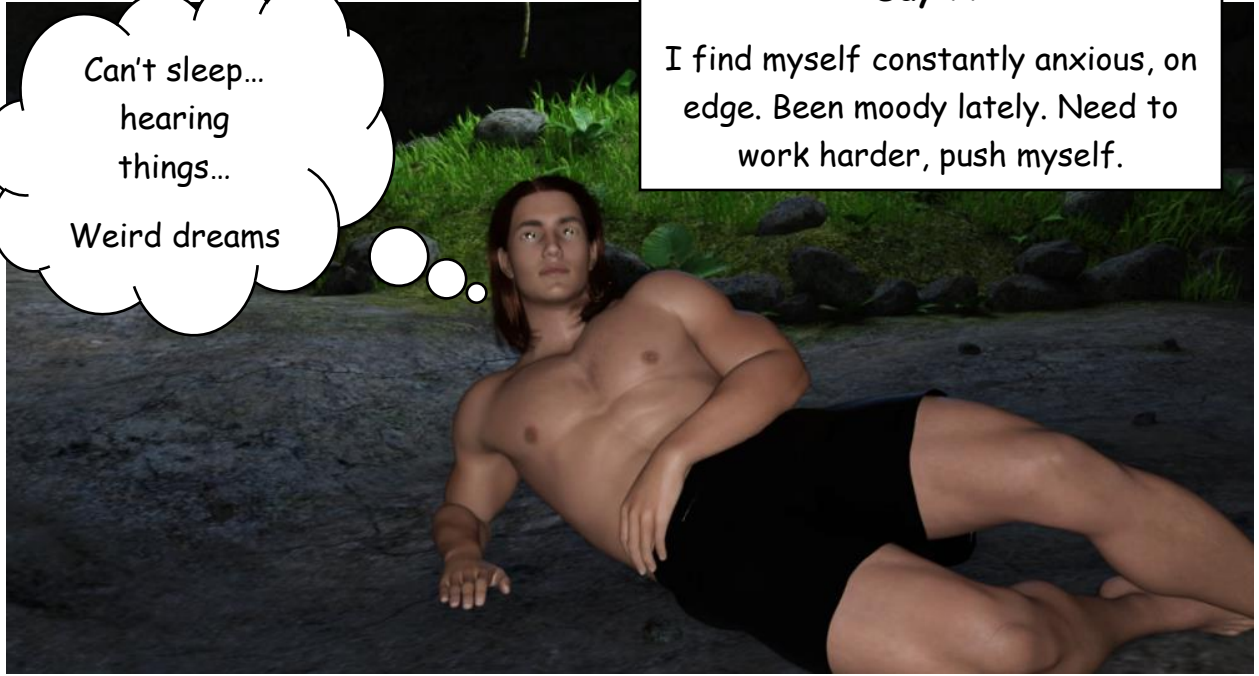
One more thing about the pythoris.

They taste *good!*



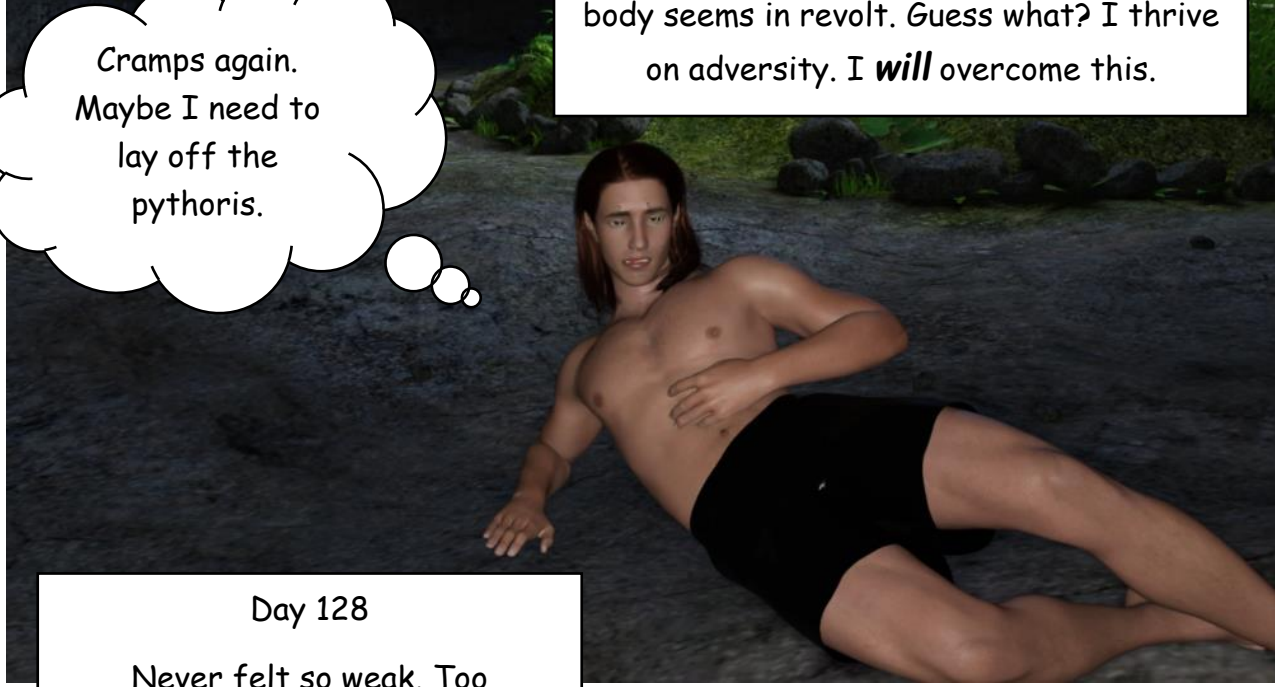
Can't sleep...  
hearing  
things...  
Weird dreams

**Day 77**  
I find myself constantly anxious, on edge. Been moody lately. Need to work harder, push myself.



Cramps again.  
Maybe I need to  
lay off the  
pythoris.

**Day 100**  
I've lost muscle. Withering away. My whole body seems in revolt. Guess what? I thrive on adversity. I **will** overcome this.



**Day 128**  
Never felt so weak. Too dangerous to hunt. I live on seeds and berries.



Day 184  
Good news. I'm putting on some weight again.

My *chest* never stops *aching*.

Bad News: It's all fat, and it all seems to be going to my chest ...



Bitch tits!

Day 223

When Sally left, she took my ship and all my tech with it. I didn't care. I didn't need any of that stuff, and besides, I was sure she would be coming back in a week or two, tops.

I have no way of getting any medical attention for whatever the hell is wrong with me. Maybe it's for the best. I never did like any old sawbones.

I was wrong, by the way. The fat isn't all going to my chest...



My ass...

Feels huge...



I've started wearing some of the clothes Sally left behind when she took off. I almost couldn't bring myself to do it. These are women's clothes, and I'm not **that** kind of guy.

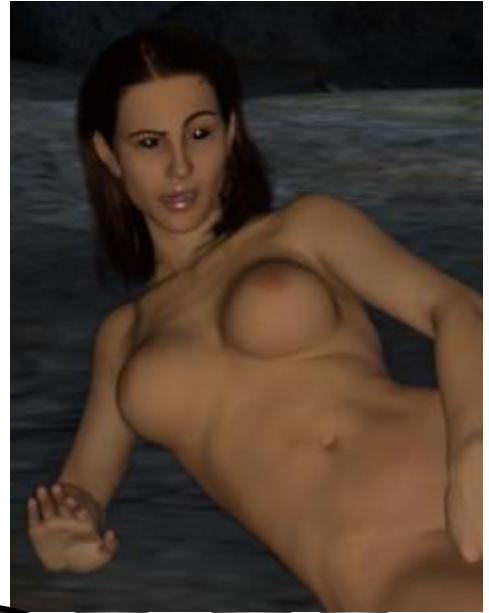
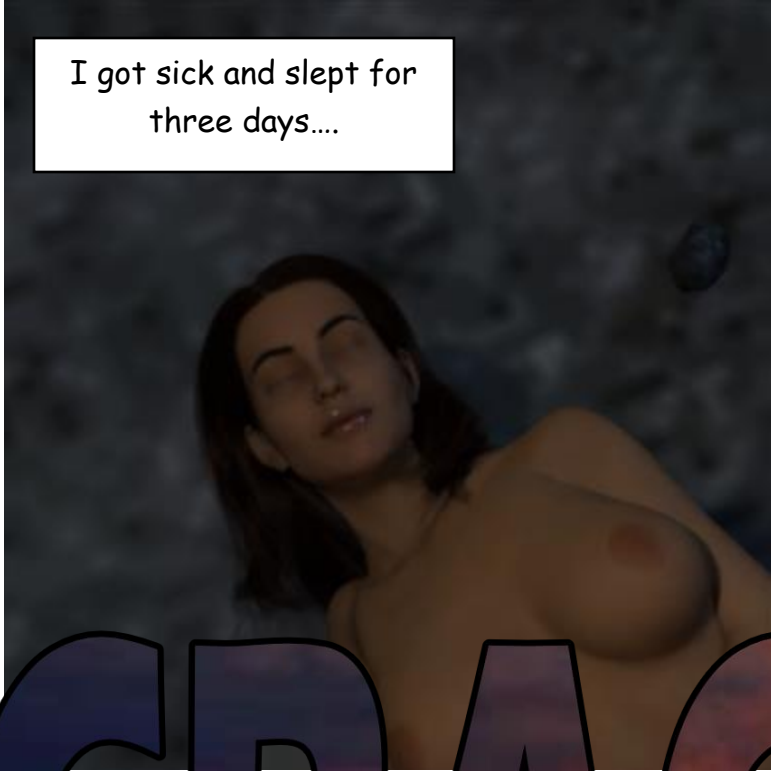
Hunh. Maybe I'm not **any** kind of guy anymore. That was part of it, I guess. Putting on Sally's clothes forced me to admit I have a woman's figure now, a woman's shape.

I still have a thing or two you expect to find in a guy's pants, but the bigger my tits get, the smaller my junk.

If Sally came back now and saw me like this, she'd laugh her ass off. I don't even know if I could beat **her** in an arm-wrestling contest.

I'm alone here. It doesn't matter what I look like, though I could do without the backaches. I still have a man's heart, his courage. It's what's inside that counts.

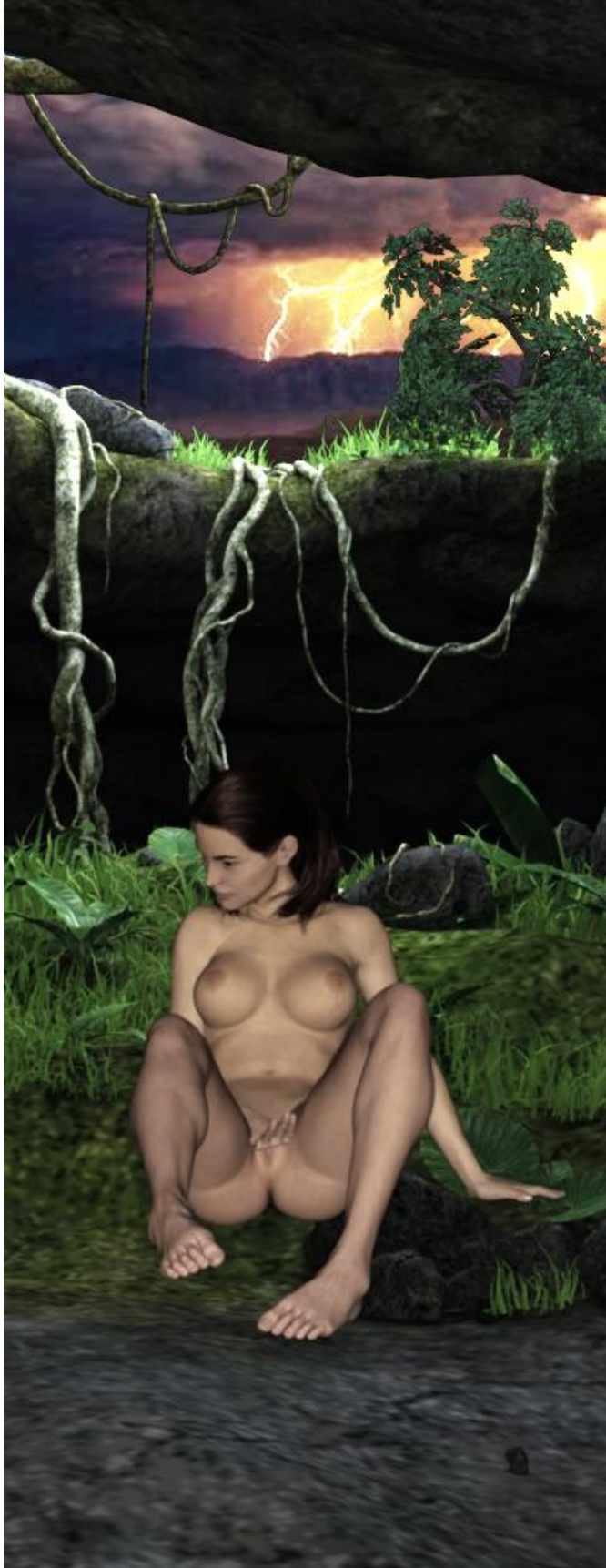
I got sick and slept for  
three days....



# CRACK!



The sound of thunder woke me.  
Out of habit, I reached down to  
scratch my balls, but they were  
gone. Everything was gone.



Instead of my pride and joy, my fingers brushed against a soft mound. Panic. I'd seen where things were headed, but it was like I saw the train coming and had just chosen to believe **it** would stop. I'd refused to believe **it** was even possible, that I could lose my very manhood. I had to believe that one part of me would escape this change. No. No, I thought. *Not this. Please, not this.*

I probed, slipping a finger inside my-- in my—there are thoughts you never think you'll have, sentences you would never say. "I slipped my finger into my **vagina**" was one of those.

Even thinking the words, "**my** vagina" sent me reeling, my brain racing with confusion and denial. I shook my head, refusing to believe what I felt. I refused to believe it was true, because I couldn't have a - oh, man, **girl thing**. I couldn't. That would mean that Stone Cameron was a **girl**. That I was one of *them*.

I'm a girl, I thought. Fuck. For some reason, the old nursery rhyme came back to me: Sugar and spice and everything *nice*.

***I would never be that. Never.***



I would never be sugar, but I would never really be me again, either. I didn't know who I was anymore. I cried. And I hated myself for crying—already acting like a bitch. My father told me, "You get one day to feel sorry for yourself." I took a day, and then I got on with life. It was either that or starve to death.



Day 227

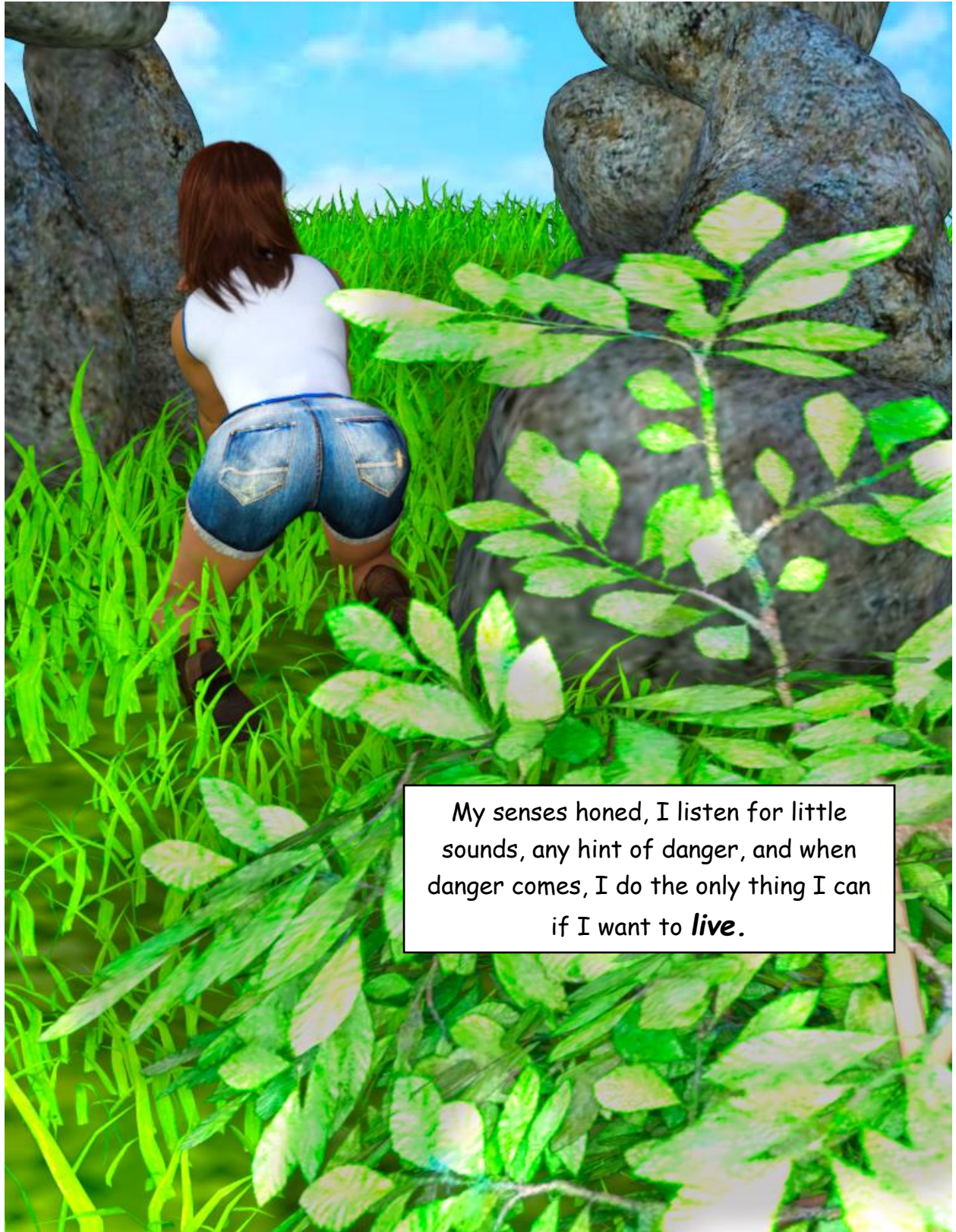
I still wake up expecting to find it was all a bad dream. It's so hard to wrap my head around the idea that I'm a bitch. Fortunately, I keep myself busy just surviving. I'm not strong enough to hunt anymore, so I stick to the seeds and berries.



It's about stealth now. Each time I leave the compound, I risk being mauled by a great cat, ripped apart by a pack of raptors. I sneak everywhere.

Adapt and survive. I am small, weak, so I adapt my tactics: no longer a lion, I live like the antelope, the gazelle.



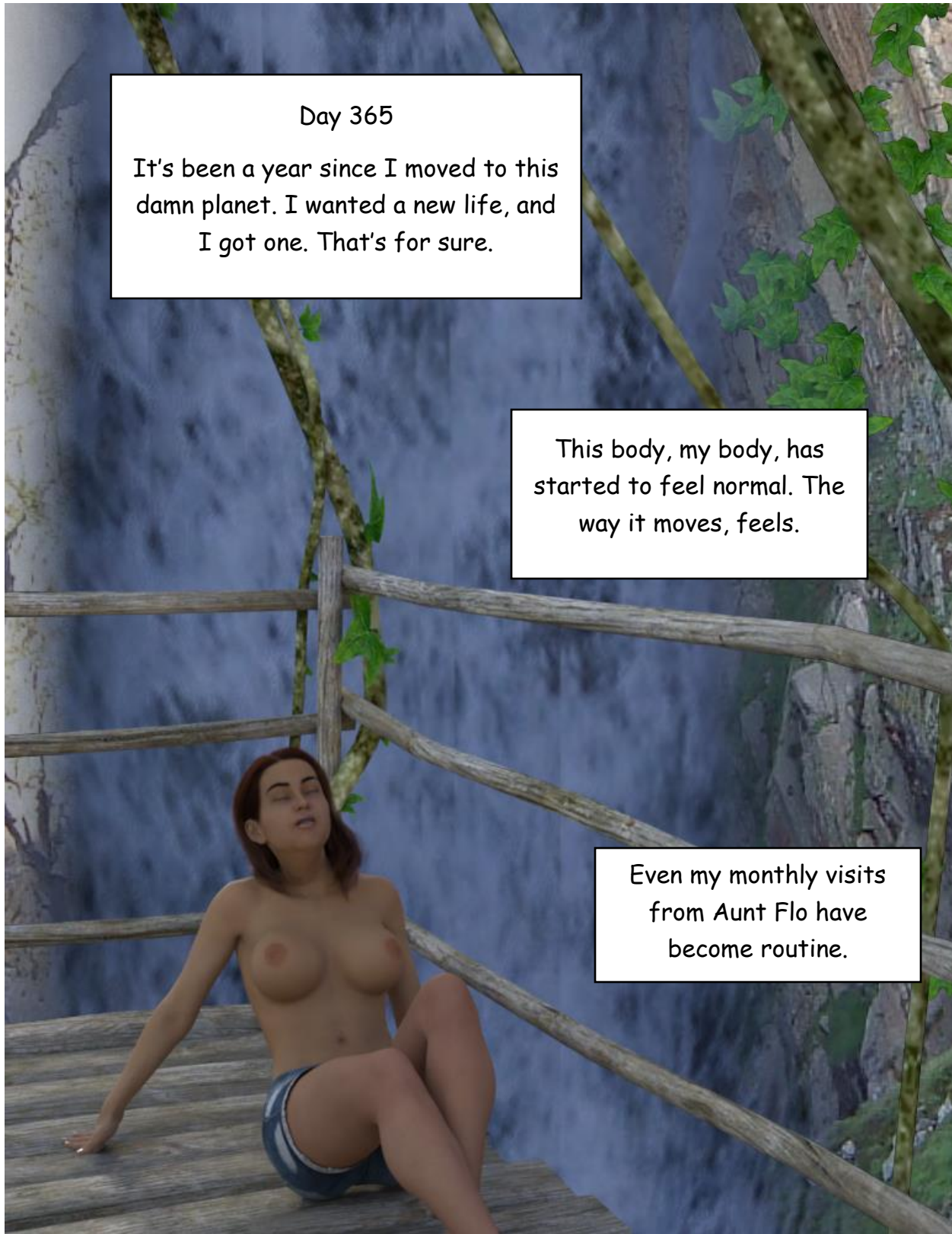


My senses honed, I listen for little sounds, any hint of danger, and when danger comes, I do the only thing I can if I want to *live*.





Why didn't I bring a gun? A knife, at least? I did, and they were all on my ship. I really thought Sally would be back by now. I'm glad she isn't. I don't want her or **anyone** else to see me like **this**.



Day 365

It's been a year since I moved to this damn planet. I wanted a new life, and I got one. That's for sure.

This body, my body, has started to feel normal. The way it moves, feels.

Even my monthly visits from Aunt Flo have become routine.






## **CHAPTER TWO**

An old buddy from my mercenary days. I don't want him here. I'll kick his ass off my planet.

He calls himself "Ragin."  
He tells some people it's because he's Cajun, but I know it's really short for "Ragin Hard On " because he likes to--."

**Fuck!**

A woman with long, straight red hair is the central figure. She is wearing a white, thin-strapped bikini top and light blue denim shorts with white patches. She is standing in a lush, green jungle environment with large trees and vines. Her right hand is raised to her face, with her fingers near her eye. The background is dark and filled with dense foliage.

And it's like I suddenly remember  
I am a woman now, and I know  
how he thinks about women...

Looks at women...

He's just like me, or  
like I was... probably  
still am

The thought of him seeing me  
like—this? No. He can't know  
I'm a girl. No one can know.



I can hear him outside, climbing the ladder. **I'm afraid of him**, I realize. I'm all tits and ass now. I'm scared. Fuck.

It's not **that**. He's no rapist. But he hears the word "no" as a challenge. We both did back in our running days.

I'll tell him Stone left. Said he was never coming back. And if he does hit on me, I'll just tell him to **fuck off**.

*Just calm down*, I tell myself. You're still Stone. Be a man and handle this.

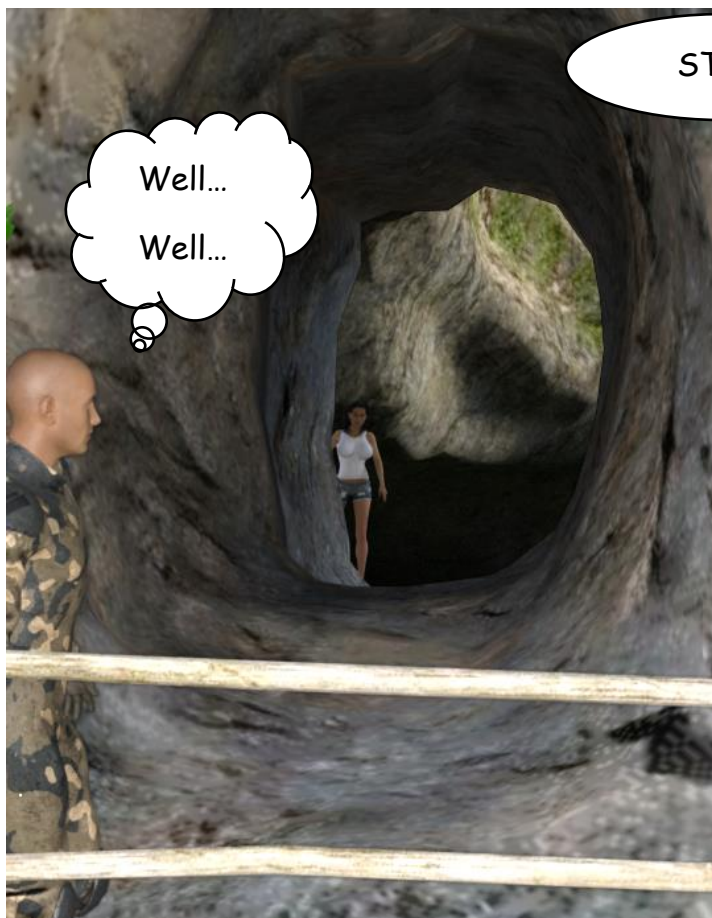
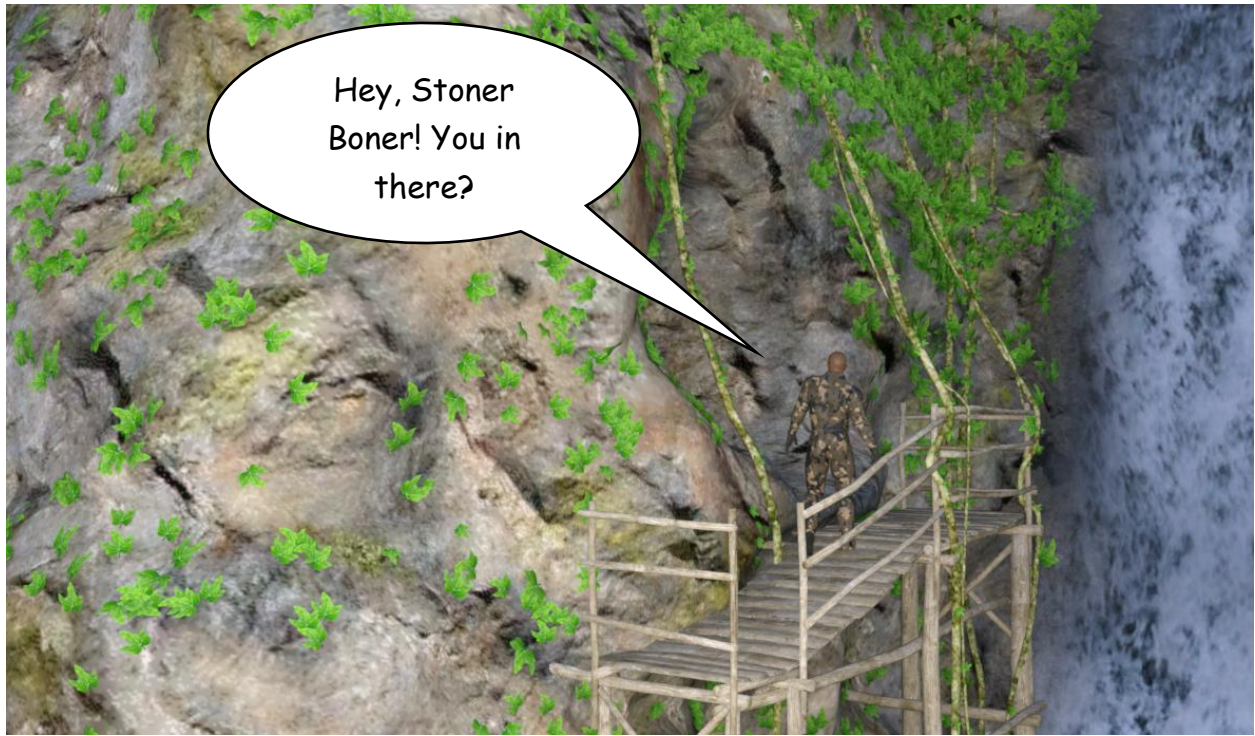




I grab a tank top and at least cover my tits. No time to find my old clothes. He's almost here!

God damnit! Everything is too tight, too small. I didn't care before, but *before* I was alone.

There were no **MEN** around here. I feel like it did when I first changed again- I am one of them. A girl.





Ragin...

Turn around, get back in your ship and leave.

Feisty!

Little!

Minx!

How does she know my name?



I'm serious!

Yes.

I can see that.

Anyway, I'm just looking for my bro, Stone.

Stone left, and he's never coming back. So, get lost.



He left you here all **alone?**

Oh, hell.





Listen. I came all the way out here to the ass end of the galaxy to do some hunting.

So...

You need to leave...

I'm gonna stay a few days...

We hang out. Get to know each other.



He's so tall.



He steps closer, invading my space. He touches me on the arm, and I know what he's doing. It's exactly what I dreaded. He's coming on to me.



He brushes my hair off my shoulder,  
and I drop my eyes. I'm blushing. Why  
am I acting like a bashful schoolgirl?



He keeps talking. I  
don't even hear the  
words. Those eyes!







I'll move my stuff in and hang for a couple days.

This is it. I have to draw the line. Tell him to fuck all the way off.

Actually

Actually...



Say it, I tell myself. Just say it. Tell him to fuck off.







Cool cave.

No... no... Stone, you idiot!  
Okay? Sure? Why the hell  
did I say that?

And he's checking  
out my ass. Great.  
Now I have to put  
with that? For how  
long?

"Okay. Sure,"  
I say. For  
the love of  
God, what's  
wrong with  
me?



Say, you look  
kinda familiar...





No!  
We've never  
met.

I, uh, have one  
of those familiar  
faces.



I swear  
I know  
her.

Yeah. You're probably  
right. I'd remember  
someone as pretty as  
you.





## **CHAPTER THREE**



So, yeah.

We fuck.



Wow. That—  
mmmm.



So, how did I end up in this position? I was—  
oh, God! Oh, **God!**

I was out—Jesus!  
Fuck! Tits!



Okay—would you **mind?** I'm about to cum, I think.

Get the hell out of here!





I haven't felt this relaxed in—ever.

Physically, at least. Mentally, I'm -**confused**. I feel shame, humiliation, exhilaration, liberation—All the -ations.

Ragin fucked me silly, and—I *loved* it. I want *more* of it. Lots more.

He **dominated** me, penetrated me. As a man, the man I used to be, I would never have given in to that. But, I did. I did. I had to. I **needed** to be dominated.



I let Ragin stick his dick in me. What if word of that got all around? *Stone Cameron Loves Cock!*

*Cameron gets Boned!*

*Cameron takes it like a bitch.*



And yet, it was so good.

Warm, wet, tingly, shivery hot...

Stretched and filled and he was soooo deep inside me. It hurt, but a good, sexy kind of hurt.

And I'm actually in love with my vagina now. It seems strange to say it, but I am. When he pumped me full of his...

Double Shit.



Shit.




Shit.






# FLASHBACK!





He's actually pretty fucking hilarious, and I found myself laughing my ass off at his bullshit story.

Those creatures—I call them Easy Eats—are the most non-threatening animals in the galaxy.



I'm serious! That Were-chicken knocked the knife out of my hand!

And then, in a weird monster voice, it said, "Dude, now you shall be eateneth, by that you soughteth to eat!"

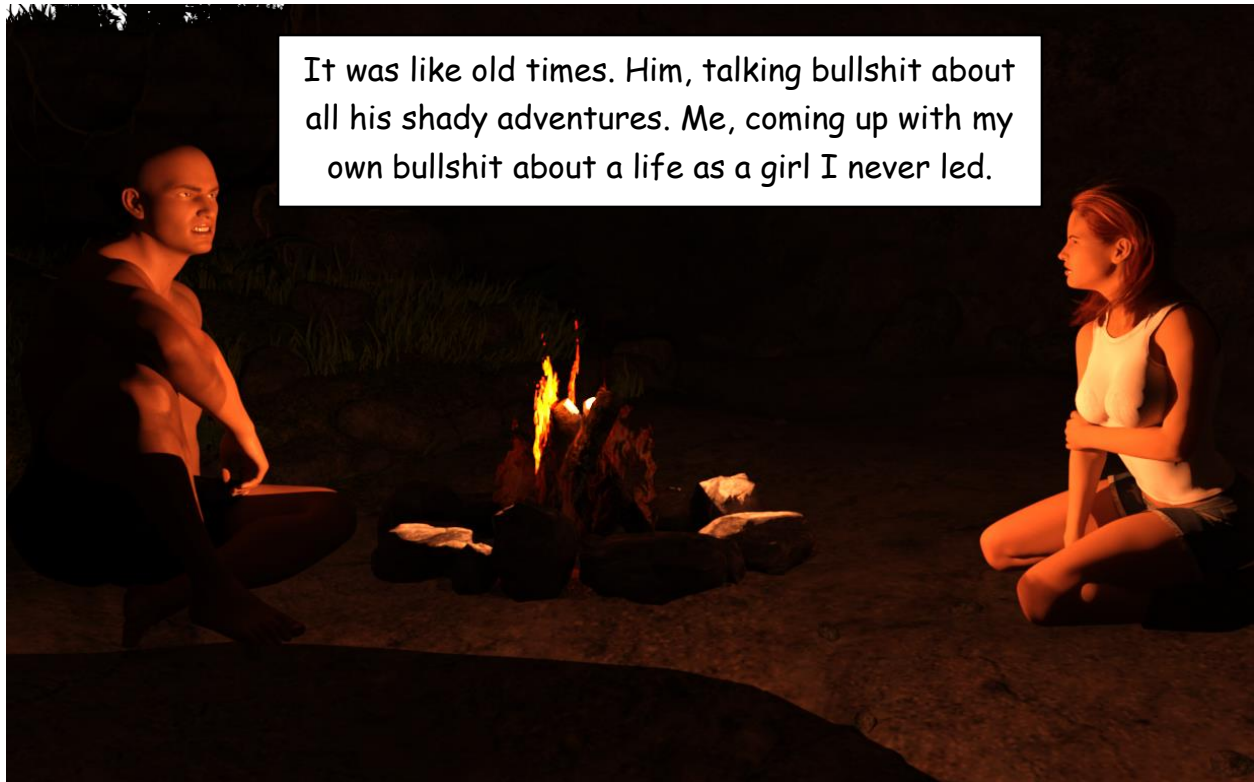


Why does the  
were-chicken  
talk like  
Shakespeare?

Then he gets all  
serious, and there's  
this loooong pause. He  
whispers like it's some  
big secret--



The were-  
chicken is a  
*drama queen.*



It was like old times. Him, talking bullshit about all his shady adventures. Me, coming up with my own bullshit about a life as a girl I never led.



We talked for hours, just like the old days. It was almost like we were still bros, until the very end.

You down to fuck?

Um...  
ah...



The question caught me off guard. This is the first time a **guy** has ever asked me if I want to fuck.

Nah.



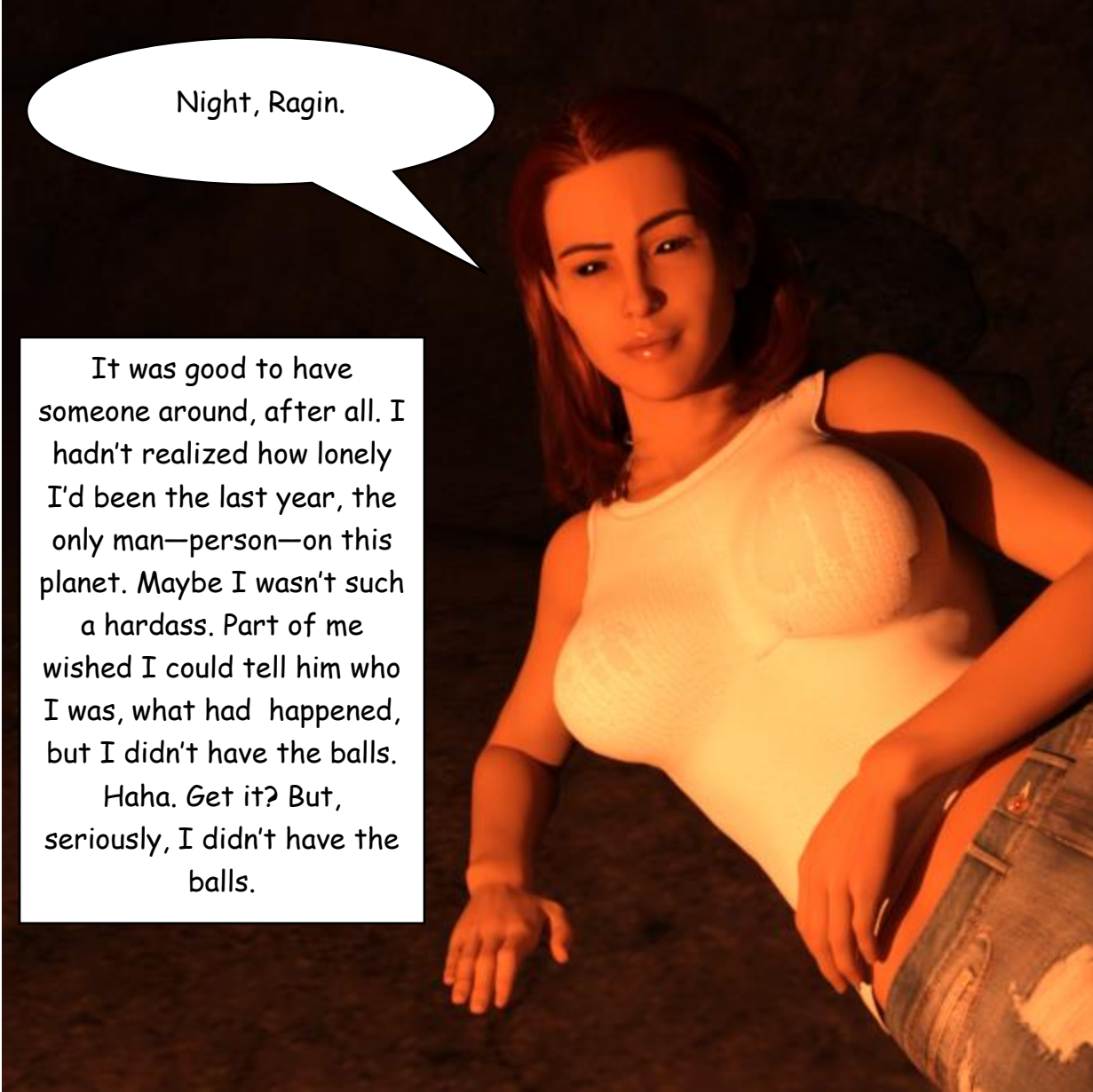
If you change your mind, wake me up,

Goodnight, Stephanie.

Yeah. I told him my name was Stephanie. An old girlfriend. I panicked, but I'm stuck with it now.

So, that was the first night. I thought—okay. It's weird he wants to fuck me, but he isn't going to be a dick about it.





Night, Ragin.

It was good to have someone around, after all. I hadn't realized how lonely I'd been the last year, the only man—person—on this planet. Maybe I wasn't such a hardass. Part of me wished I could tell him who I was, what had happened, but I didn't have the balls.

Haha. Get it? But, seriously, I didn't have the balls.

# MORNING



The next day, we decide to go swimming. I put on one of Sally's suits. I thought it would be funny to torture Ragin.



The water's fine. I'm telling you!





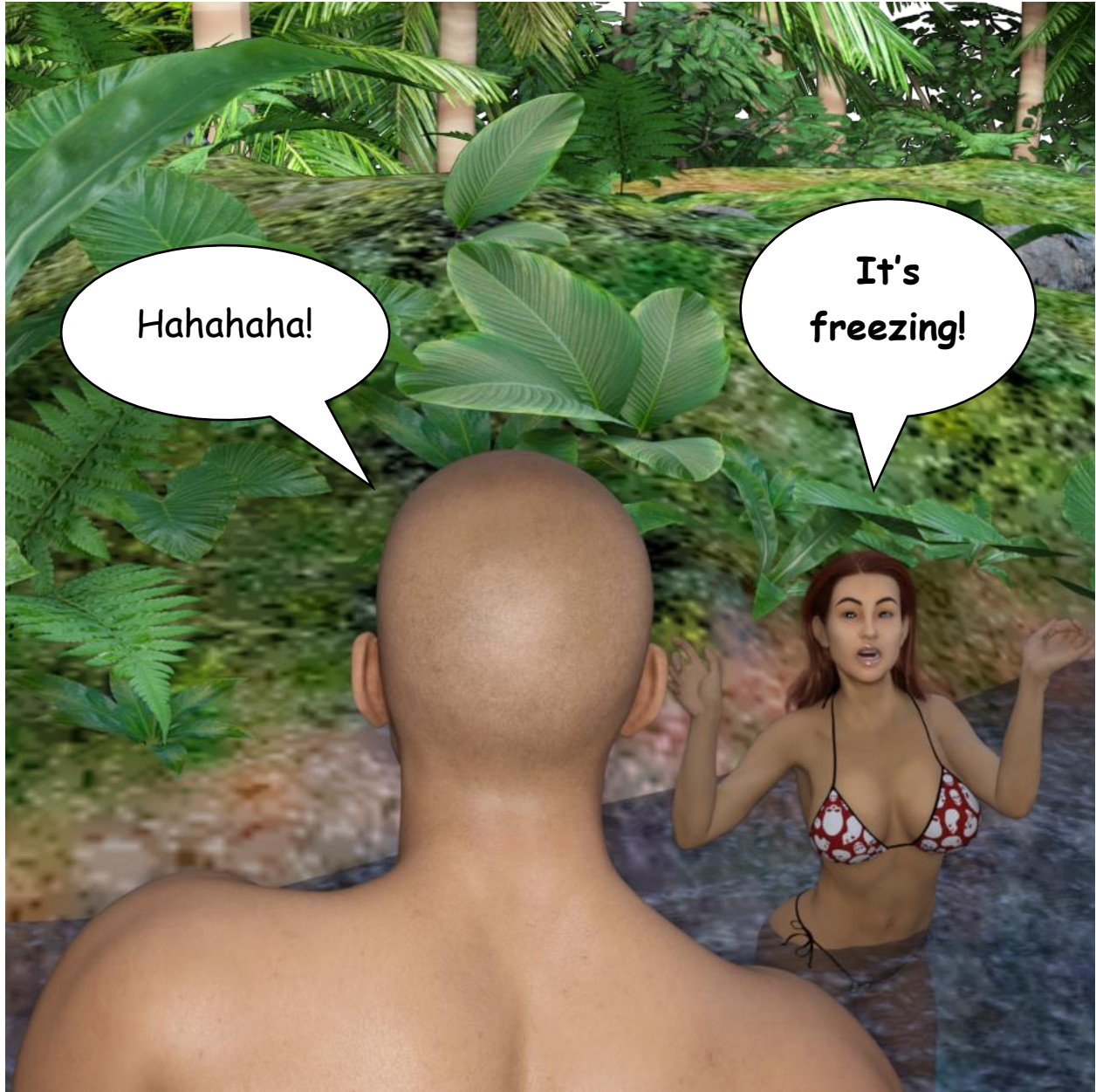
Don't be such a little girl!  
Climb in!

If you're lying,  
I am going to  
kill you!

A tiny little thing like you? Ha!



So, yes, I was flirting. We were flirting. The thing is, we used to bust each other's balls all the time. Fuck with each other. But now that I was a woman, the whole dynamic changed. I think I wanted to believe it hadn't, that we could still just be buds. I like to think that.



He treated me exactly like the pretty girl I appeared to be, calling my "cutey" and "shorty" and "small fry." He constantly told me I was pretty, hot, sexy. It made me skin crawl, at first, to be treated like a woman, but what could I do? A normal woman would love that stuff, so I just tried to react the way I remembered girls reacting when I said it—I smiled and giggled a lot.



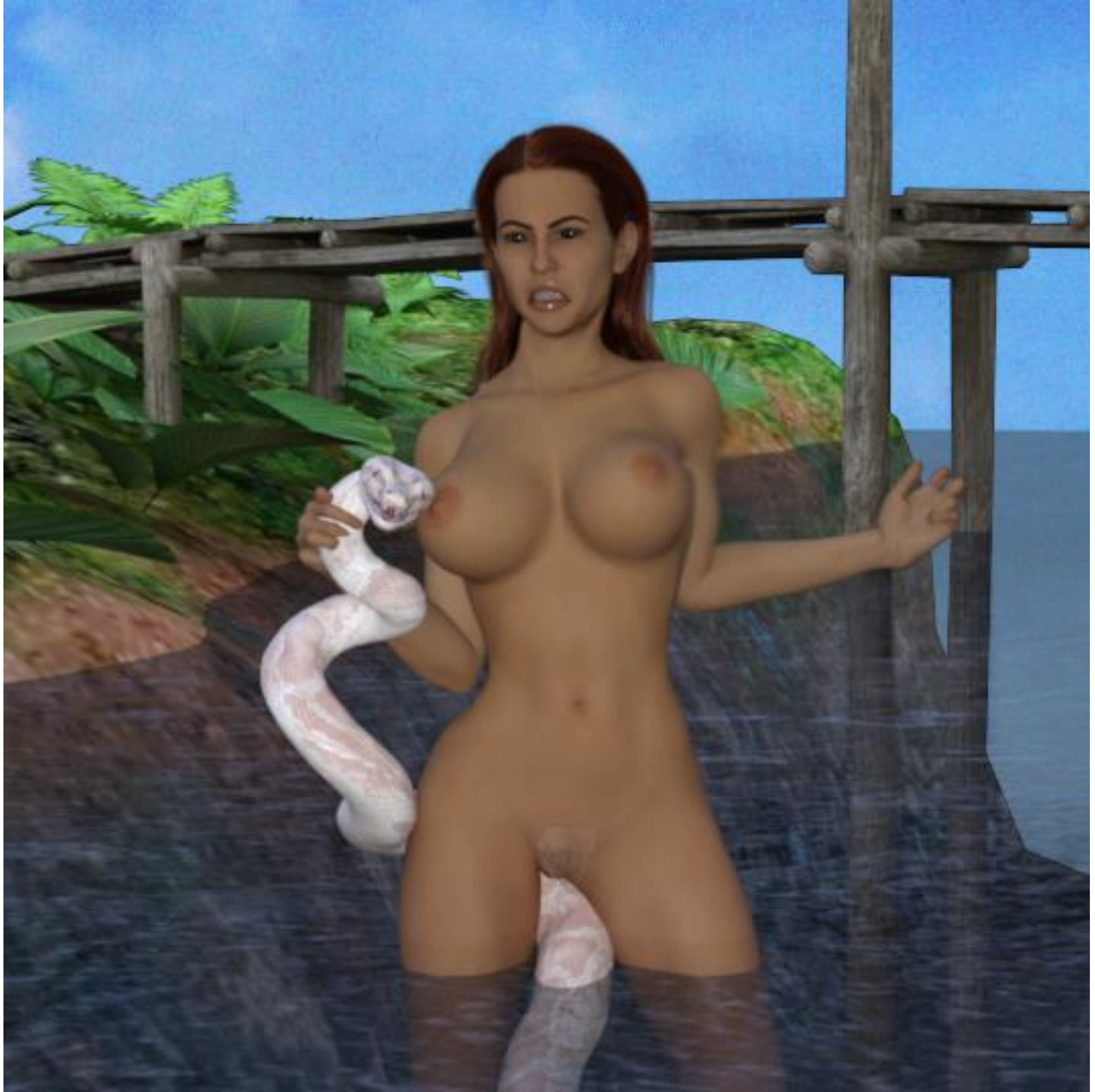
Nothing would have happened. Nothing. I was just playing around, teasing him with my new assets. I would never have let him fuck me, but there was an incident the next day. And that incident woke something up in my that couldn't be denied.



Ragin had gone off hunting. I decided to take a bath. I was used to doing it nude, and he wasn't around. The compound had always been safe.



I was totally relaxed. It was another beautiful day, and I was feeling so good.



I felt the snake slide between my legs, and I reacted as I would have back when I was still a man. I grabbed it, and I tried to snap its neck.





I forgot how small and weak I am now. The serpent wrenched itself free. My arms are so tiny! I was helpless. And I just froze. I couldn't even move. It was the flight, fight freeze response, and I froze.



It slithered between my breasts, all cold scales.  
It was toying with me, feasting on my terror.  
Predators will do that. I couldn't think, couldn't  
breathe. I opened my eyes and looked into that  
creature's hateful face, and I thought—this is it.  
This is how I die.



**Not on my watch.** I was on my way back when I heard Stephanie scream, and I bolted, leapt through the air and attacked! There was no way I would let anything hurt her, and I didn't care about myself or anything else. All that mattered was protecting that girl.



I threw myself into Ragin's arms. I was so scared, and I just needed him to hold me. He gathered me in like a child, and I looked up at him. Our eyes met. The attraction was so powerful it was terrifying, and I knew what I wanted, needed.



My first kiss as a girl! It was—indescribable! I felt it through my whole body, and right then and there I fell in love with Ragin, completely, totally and madly in love! I didn't even fully realize it at the time, but I was **his woman** now. In my mind, I belonged to him.

# Back to the Present



It's the best sex I've ever had.

Pull my hair!

*Harder!*

And it becomes a game of—things you never expected to say back when you were an alpha male

One.

Pull my hair.

Two

Pinch my nipple!

Harder!



Three

Squeaking sounds like a hyperventilating chipmunk.



Four and  
Five.

Deeper!

*Deeper!*

*Deeper!*



Six

Whatever  
the sound is  
that I make  
when I  
orgasm.



Day ????

They all  
just blur  
together.



It's about so much  
more than sex with  
us—I mean the sex  
is great, for sure—  
so--

What was I  
saying?

Oh, yeah, but we talk  
all the time, and we're  
getting so close and  
he's just great, I  
mean, really--

This top is cute,  
right?

He's so considerate.  
He always gets me  
off, and he doesn't  
even mind when I  
just want to cuddle.



We don't even have to talk some nights. We just hang, enjoying each other's presence.



I wonder when he's going to ask me to come with him when he leaves? I know he will. He loves me.

How will I tell him I used to be a man?





We have so much fun. Ragin' loves to role play!

I know you're a Trakian spy, "Betty Sue."

Dratz! If only I could offer you somethings to remain silents? Hmmn. I have beer, cigarette and hot ass. Which you choose?



## Chapter 4



The bastard took off on me!



I was sleeping...

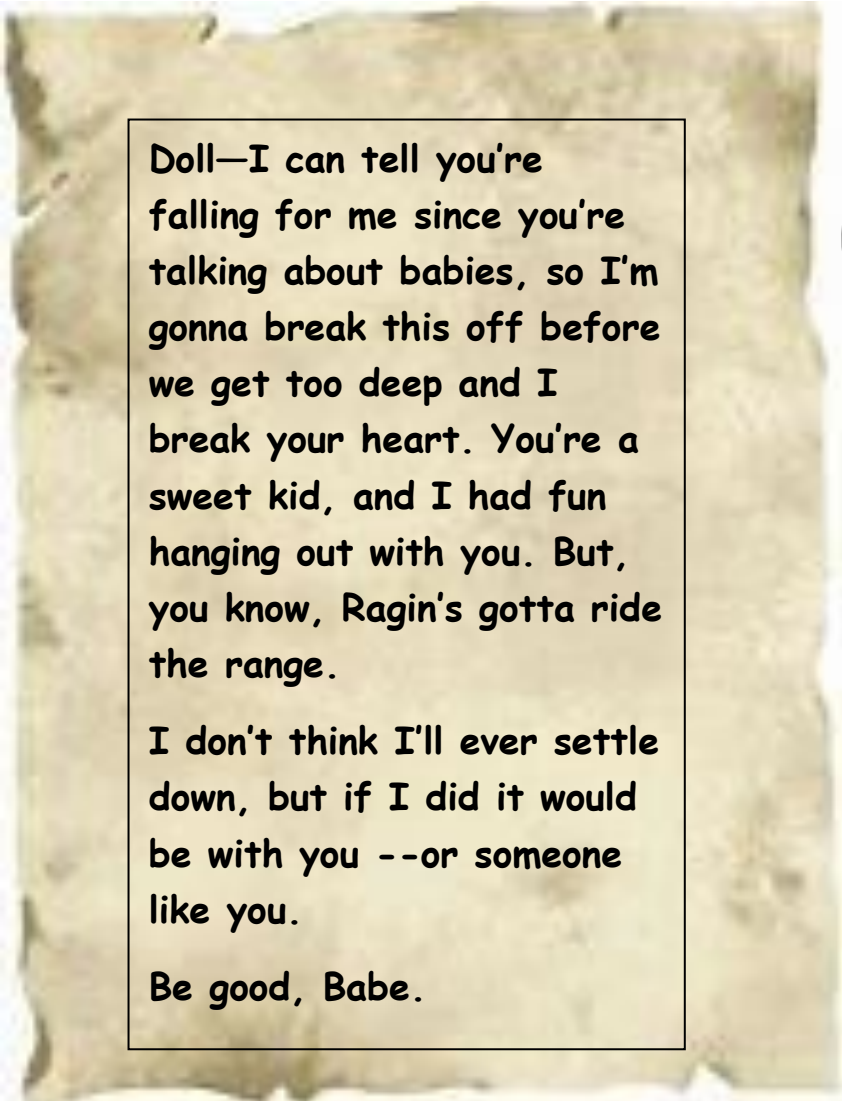


The sound of rocket engines woke me up.

Ragin? Ragin!



Ragin and all his crap were gone. He'd run off.




Doll—I can tell you're falling for me since you're talking about babies, so I'm gonna break this off before we get too deep and I break your heart. You're a sweet kid, and I had fun hanging out with you. But, you know, Ragin's gotta ride the range.

I don't think I'll ever settle down, but if I did it would be with you --or someone like you.

Be good, Babe.

How thoughtful of him! He didn't want to hurt me, so he snuck off in the middle of the night!





I did  
mention  
babies, but  
I wasn't  
serious.

Can you imagine  
what hot little  
babies we'd  
have together?





He just about  
crapped his  
pants.

Babies? Haha.  
Shit. I mean,  
babies?  
Shhhhhiiiiit. No.



Chickenshit! I never should have warned him about the pythorhis!

Let him see what it's like to be small and weak!



To pop out a pair of tits and to have his own pussy!

Let HIM be a *woman!*



That prick! How could he do this to me? How could he treat me this way? I did wish I'd stuffed that stupid snake right down his lying throat!



The next few days are so hard.



I keep thinking about all the fun we had together.

I miss him so much. I love him and hate him and I want him to love me the way I love him—or else I kill him. One or the other.





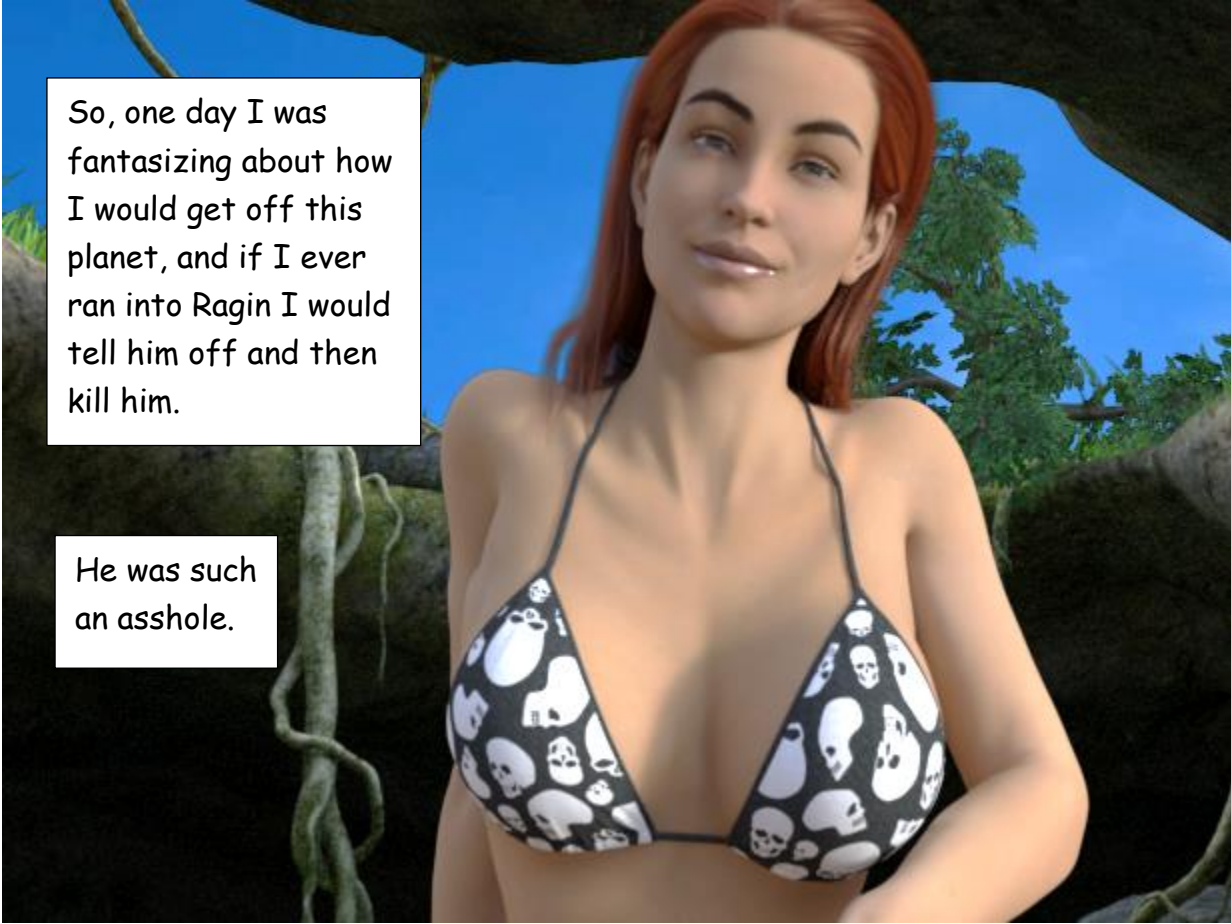
What did I do wrong?

Why couldn't he love me?

I blame myself, I blame him. I blame the stupid pythoris. I blame my parents.




I'm ashamed of what I let him do to me. I'm ashamed of what I **wanted** him to do to me. I can't believe I actually trusted him. He'll tell all his friends about fucking me, I'm sure.



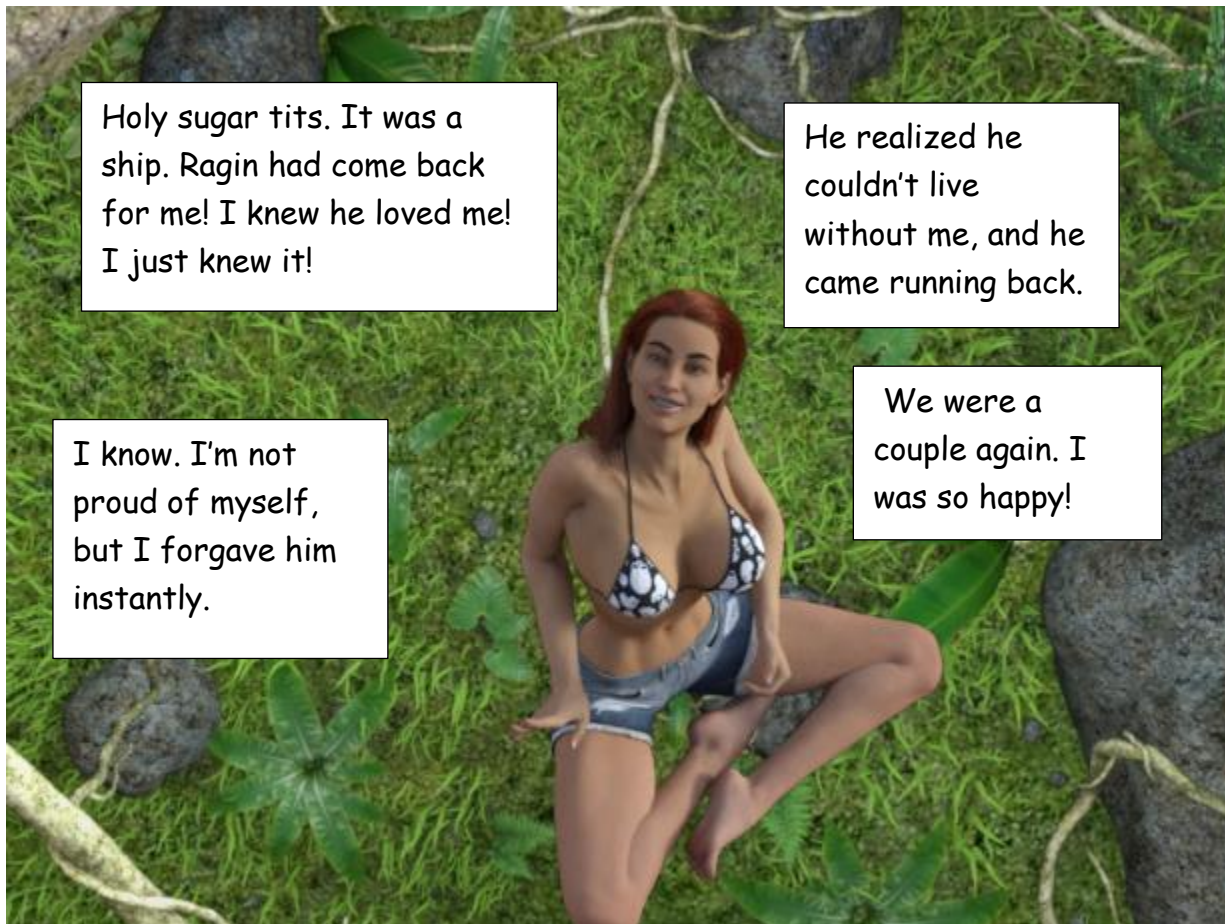
So, one day I was fantasizing about how I would get off this planet, and if I ever ran into Ragin I would tell him off and then kill him.

He was such an asshole.



And then I thought I heard the sound of a spaceship.

No. That asshole wouldn't dare.



Holy sugar tits. It was a ship. Ragin had come back for me! I knew he loved me! I just knew it!

He realized he couldn't live without me, and he came running back.

I know. I'm not proud of myself, but I forgave him instantly.

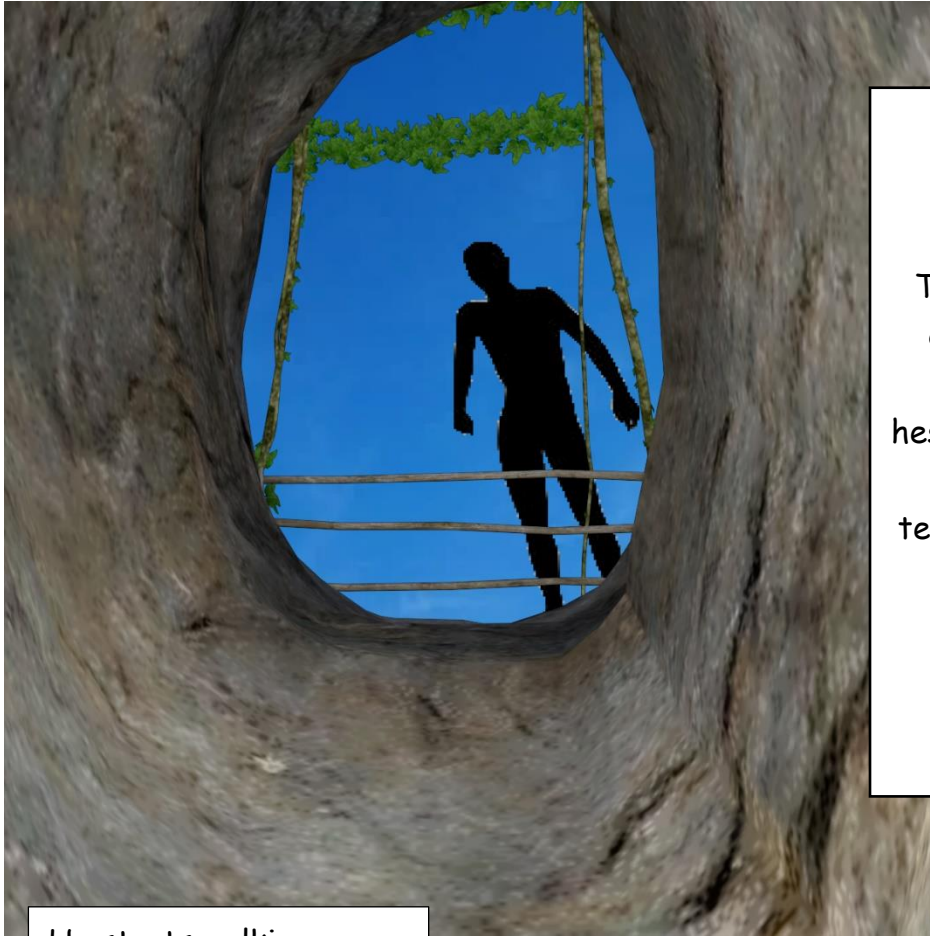
We were a couple again. I was so happy!



I try 100 different sexy poses, trying to get in just the right position to blow his mind when he walks in.

I hear him climbing the ladder outside. It was just like the first time, but I wasn't scared.





There he is at the cave opening! He peeks in and hesitates. Neither of us speaks. The tension is insane! My heart is racing!

He starts walking towards me. I can't wait to see his face when he sees me! He'll take me in his arms and we'll kiss!



Closer... closer... I feel like my face is going to cramp up from holding this smile so long! He calls my name, "Stone? You there?" Wait. He knows my real name? And his voice sounds *wrong*, he sounds like a woman. He sounds like...



Smiling? Go ahead and laugh.  
I'm sure you think it's hilarious  
I have these big ass tits now.

Laugh? No!





I'm smiling because--  
You're so beautiful!

Wait.  
What?



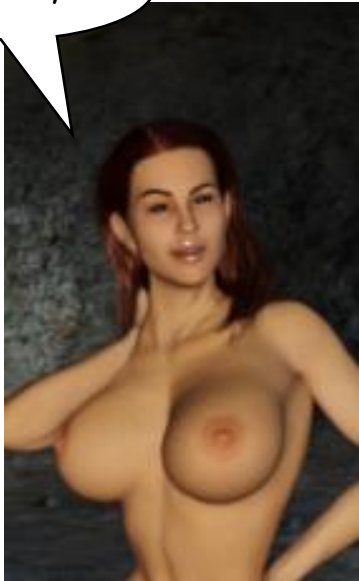
I'm not into girls.



But knowing it's *you*  
inside that hot body?



Seriously?





Sally had changed. She'd found a therapist, a life coach. She'd learned to stand up for herself, and even started a business.

Your tongue is magic!

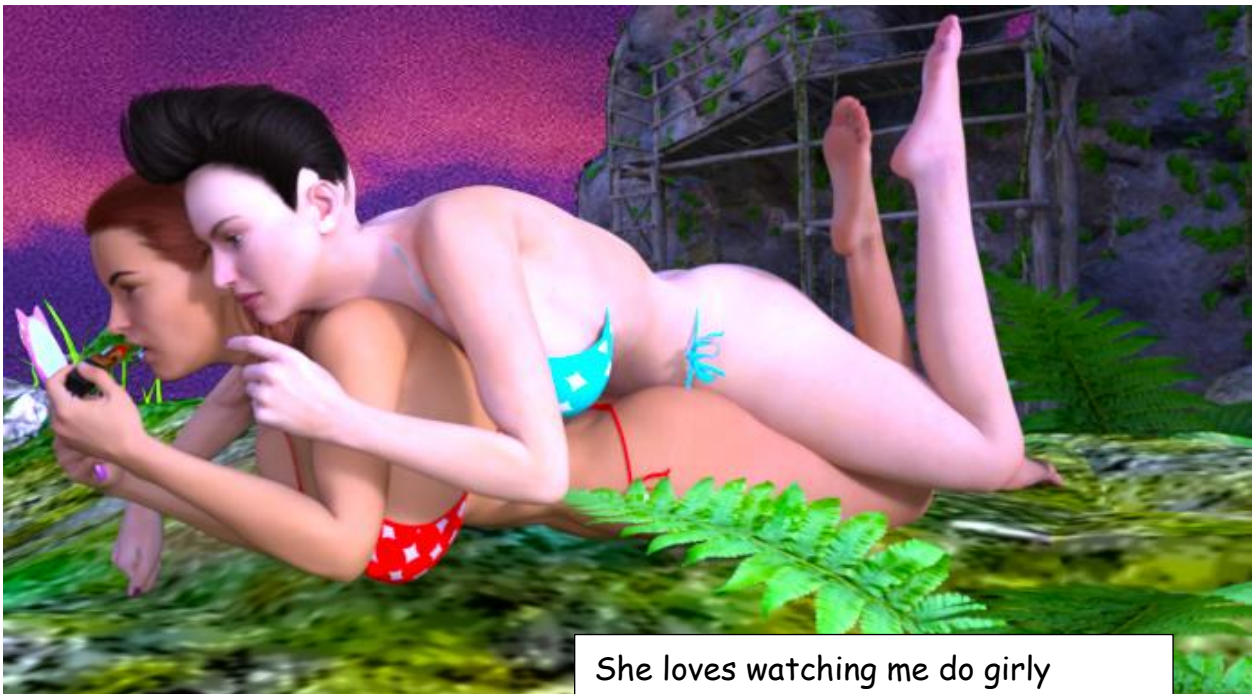
We both wondered if maybe her time here had played a role.

I'd never been with a girl as a girl, but I was determined to learn how to make her happy.



She, on the other hand, knew exactly how to get a girl off.

Her mouth on my nipple, fingers inside me... finding my clit! Omigod!



She loves watching me do girly things, like putting on lipstick. I like to please her.



I'd like that.

I want you to come with me.

And just like that, Stone Cameron is heading back to the real world, a very changed man—in body. But, I've said it before, my body doesn't change me. I am Stone Cameron, and I always will be. It really is what's inside that makes the man.





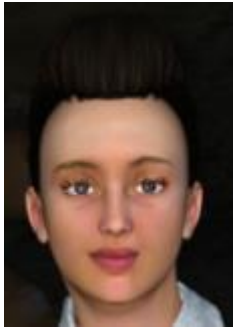
I saw the potential for Stone's discovery right away. Not only would it be a boon for trans people everywhere, but an agent that could transform a middle-aged man into a young woman very well might have applications to regenerate organs, reverse aging. The possibilities were endless—and very lucrative. It took me no time to find investors, and Stone found himself one of the richest and most famous women in the galaxy.



It took some nudging, but he eventually accepted that to succeed as a woman in the business world, he needed to "adapt and survive." It was cute. It took a little time, but he learned to do his own hair.



And he practiced doing his makeup, studying what he liked the call the "hard science of cosmetics." It made him feel better to use macho terms for girly things. Bottom line, he could put on his "warpaint" as well as any girl.




It wasn't easy for a man like Stone to learn to be a woman in the so-called civilized world. It's one thing in the jungle. Snakes don't care if your nails are on point.

But in the world, for a man like Stone who wanted to win every competition, it was all or nothing, and I have to give him credit for facing the challenge head on and doing what he had to do.

There was *one* challenge that nearly knocked him on his ass, and I do mean literally!





He had the hardest time mastering heels!

For weeks, he was mincing around the office, constantly losing his balance.

I wonder if some of it was mental, because it had to be pretty big blow to whatever masculine identity he had left to find himself in a tight skirt and a pair of heels.

Stone, you're getting so good in heels!



Thanks!

He's so proud of himself for mastering the feminine arts. It's adorable.

Stone Cameron  
certainly has  
blossomed into quite  
the impressive young  
lady! I'm really proud  
of him.

And he's  
proud of the  
woman he's  
become, too.



# ELLE



**STONE CAMERON**

**WOMAN  
OF THE  
YEAR!**

**HIS BEAUTY  
SECRETS!**

**SEX: BETTER AS A  
GUY OR A GIRL? STONE  
REVEALS ALL**

**LIFE AS A GIRL:  
MORE WORK THAN  
I EVER IMAGINED**

**FIVE WORKOUTS  
FOR KILLER LEGS!**

**WHERE TO  
SCORE  
THESE  
SHOES!**

**SPRING  
SHIFT**

**NEW BEAUTY  
TECHNIQUES**

**FLIRTY  
DRESSES**

**DATING DEAL BREAKER?  
BAD CREDIT!**

**THICK, WET, CURLY LASHES!  
10 MASCARAS YOU NEED IN  
YOUR MAKEUP BAG**

**TALLER, LEANER, SEXIER  
OUR TEN BEST JEANS NOW**

**FULL, LUSCIOUS LIPS!**

**YOUR PRETTIEST HAIR IN  
LESS THAN 10 MINUTES!**

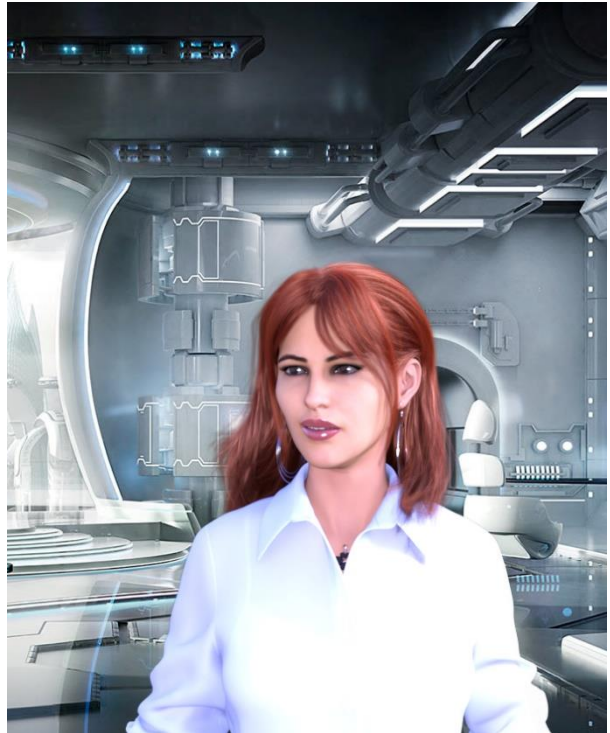
SPORTS  
ILLUSTRATED

# Swimsuit

New!

**PERFECT 10**  
**STONE CAMERON**  
**SIZZLES IN**  
**SICILY**







Look at me! I'm a fucking man! I knew  
Stephanie looked familiar! The bitch!  
She shoulda warned me! Now, I'm stuck  
as a bitch, and **don't judge me!**





A man has to eat!

Special Thanks to my 9 dollar supporters!

Your support makes it possible for me to create TG Media!

Alexia

Brocks McGrath

Calvin

Charlley Crow

David

GameOver

JoeBlow 78

John Kyle

John McManus

Mackenzie Hunter

Mikkel

Paul Leppek

Peter Post

Post Neo Dude

Semmel

William

And Love to all supporters! You're awesome!

# Epilogue



I've changed so much! One thing that hasn't changed? I still love to show off me chest! It looks a little different now!



He's still part of me. He always will be, but I am a woman now. A proud woman.

I used to be proud of how **big and strong** I was!



If you had told me one day I would be just as proud to have pretty, little feminine arms? I would have laughed.

Do I ever miss being a man?

Hmmmnn?





No. No, I don't.

Not since I fell in love!



He's a **real man** who knows how to treat a woman.

Being in love feels like....



# BRIDES

**50**

**Ways to  
cut catering  
costs!**

**Major  
Flowers  
for  
Way  
Less!**

**Just.  
Too.  
Pretty.**

**Bridal  
Hair  
Tips!**



**STONE  
CAMERON  
From beast  
to bride!**

***Glow!***

**Get pretty,  
sexy skin**

**Celeb  
Secrets!**

**How to  
have a  
happy  
marriage.**

**Best Day Ever!**

**From *diamonds to decor.*  
Everything you'll need**





**And they lived happily ever after!**