

Transformed

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by Chris Bellows

“You’re healing nicely, Mr. Von Webring,” the handsome doctor grasping a well scrubbed bed sheet of pure white.

Lying supine, her hands hold the cloth up at my chest, veiling any view I may have as she visually examines my nether region. There was a time when baring myself there and being subjected to the scrutiny of a becoming woman would bring arousal. But not this morning... not last morning... and probably not tomorrow morning... her visits daily.

I have been in a accident... at least that is what I have been told. And there seem to be complications... some misunderstanding... or whatever. For I am strapped in place. Wrist cuffs, ankle cuffs, thigh cuffs, arm cuffs, a broad waist belt, even a prosthetic high and well padded neck collar all hold me completely immobile. I am catheterized for sure, my bladder in no need of draining. I should be vehemently protesting, but oddly, I have not the strength. And more oddly, I just don’t feel like mustering the strength.

“And another injection for you,” the doctor reaching to a nearby tray.

“What is it doc?” even my voice seeming to be meek.

I inquire each time and never receive a specific response.

“You may call me Dr. Gehorchen,” her German birth and heritage evidenced by the Teutonic inflection of her surname. “We prefer our... patients... to be formal with us. We demand... and deserve... courtesy, Mr. Von Webring. Respectful courtesy.”

With that she flips over the right side of the sheet and presses the hypodermic needle into the side of my right cheek, smiling. I believe the term is Schadenfreude... but despite my own German heritage know nothing of the language.

“Your wife will be visiting. You will be polite with her, yes?” again that look of Schadenfreude as the words come across as more of a command than a question.

I am about to correct the woman, but this subject matter has been discussed. In my state of languor I merely smile, feeling the spreading warmth of whatever has been injected.

I have been separated from Taylor Phipps for over a year. Thus I do not think of her as my wife other than as a matter of law. My suit for divorce is being contested and all attempts to come to terms are now negotiated between attorneys. Though I remain living on the sizable Phipps estate, I sleep and eat in the quarters over the large garage, designed for the chauffeur back when vast wealth and the fleet of horseless carriages required full time maintenance and repair.

It is now home, comfy and far enough from the main house that I come and go for many days without crossing paths with my estranged.

Stunning, erudite, well educated, wife Taylor... prospective ex wife... is an heiress. Old money earned in the steel business back when the metal was used to build just about everything... thousands of miles of railroads included. I don't know the exact number, the bank and brokerage statements always kept from me, but the wealth probably approaches nine figures... no decimal point.

And me? Well despite the regal surname, I'm a working slob, waiting tables to put myself through college, then in being glib... smooth... going into public relations where to date I have excelled. But not excelling and talking smoothly enough to convince Taylor to just sign the papers and separate.

So after suggesting we amicably part ways, my husbandly duties deemed inadequate based on evidence of her afternoon trysts, my attorney Pamela Harrison... as aggressive a divorce lawyer as known in the metropolis... advised me...

'Go after the wealth. She'll come to terms.'

And so began the war. I claimed millions of her money, Taylor decided to go after my income. And that is when I realized a rather egregious error in conducting our... my... financial affairs over the seven plus years of betrothal.

A cadre of Phipps family lawyers pointed out that I have been paying for everything, supporting Taylor in letting her wealth accumulate. With my six figure income such was not a strain. But now... if and when presented to a judge... Taylor can claim that I have been supporting her and to maintain her life style alimony of fifty percent is needed.

And my claim for her assets? Well, it seems the strategy of Pamela Harrison was a bit of a stretch. Assets acquired outside the marriage... such as inheritance... are not community property.

Yes, it was a bluff and it was called.

I have no savings. Every paycheck has gone to living expenses. Worse, in my field, the compensation road can become very rocky, at times even my glib personality not producing the sizable annual bonus which has in most years paid down the credit card debt.

So for over a year I have been living over the garage and paying the rent for the entire estate to the trust which owns the property. Yes in a tax scheme the turn of the century mansion and many attached acres were placed in an historic trust with the proviso that once it is no longer utilized by a Phipps family heir, it goes to the state as a public park or museum, or whatever.

So there you have it. The prospect of losing this divorce battle is daunting. No inheritance money. Half of my income to my wife. The need for a new place to live, since I will no longer be a Phipps family member. And should a bad year arise, impoverishment.

“I’d... ah... really like to move a little,” noting that the doctor is scribing on my chart, the ultimate task before departure.

“Were you addressing me?” the query gently goading as the room is otherwise empty.

Her hand returns to the right side of the bed, lowering. She pulls something and there comes an instant stab of pain, sending a message... of who is in control... and conversely who is completely at the mercy of an in charge woman. Yes, giving the tube a quick and easy yank translates to agony where a man feels most his vulnerability. I am definitely catheterized.

“Ah... yes, Dr. Gehorchen... are all these... ah... bindings... are such necessary?”

No objection to the tug, for some reason deciding to quietly cede to her authority.

“For now yes, Mr. Von Webring. The psychiatrist and your wife will decide otherwise.”

“But she’s not... we don’t live as man and wife.”

“That’s not how the court order reads, Mr. Von Webring. Ms. Taylor Phipps is your legal guardian in the even of your incapacitation... under law she has your medical proxy.”

“But I am not incapacitated!” the choice of words resolute but my tone so ineffectively humble.

Why?

“You are considered incapacitated until it is decided otherwise.”

“And who decides?”

Again comes that smile. One may consider it charming... assuming one is not so helplessly tethered, turned into a pin cushion, and subjected to such simple but torturous tugs of her hand.

“Your wife of course... in consultation with the medical staff.”

With that she leans, her perfume filling my nostrils, the scent not at all feminine.

“So you be a good gir... boy for us, Max,” her whisper readily interpreted as wicked.

I lie staring at the ceiling, even head motion limited. Most hospitals have televisions as I have so often told myself over the days. When I inquire, the tending nurse just smiles and nods, explaining that I am not in a hospital but a clinic. When I inquire what kind of clinic there comes an ominous smile and words urging me to rest.

‘All will be for the better,’ the advisement so matronly as she one by one releases a limb and offers a sponge bath.

The system of binding is impressive. Each cuff and strap is pulled to tautness through a buckle. A metal post is then slipped through a grommet hole, holding firm the tether, the post then capped by a powerful magnetic disk. Such is removed only by she with a small and simple device which temporarily reverses the magnetic field for quick release. As a result, limbs, waist belt and head gear can quickly be unfastened... and of course resecured... for bathing... and most gratefully to counter cramping.

So the hours of silent immobility bring thought. How did I get here?

Memories... dinner with Taylor at a posh restaurant, Yvette's, her favorite. Such has been rare since commencing divorce. Wine, a great meal, I try to be positive, civil in encouraging separation. I know she has a lover... possibly more than one. I hint that she can be free to socialize as she chooses, empathizing with her needs. No more clandestine rendezvous.

Taylor... well... to be blunt... enjoys a certain... how shall I phrase it... aggressiveness in bed. And has on more than one occasion... ok... many occasions... suggested that in the size department the equipment of husband Maximilian Von Webring is inadequate. Our twelve months of conjugal undertakings before separation involved oral gratification... solely... with me as provider... never to receive reciprocation.

So why not separate? I have assumed her resistance stems from her self image as an heiress, the supporter of museums, the appearances at charity black tie dinners, the memberships in snooty social clubs. Not only does divorce have stigma, but she certainly cannot drag before the aristocracy the bull studs with whom she prefers to fornicate.

No, I suppose up and coming public relations executive Maximilian Von Webring brings her a different form of status, relevancy in the world of business which dovetails with her eleemosynary pursuits.

But can I be sure?

The room door opens. Any diversion is welcomed. But the nurse just left and Dr. Gehorchen only visits daily.

In wheels a cart, pushed by a very pretty girl. Though dressed in white, she's young for a nurse, most at the clinic middle aged, haughty and imposing.

"Good morning Mr. Von Webring. Your wife sent me."

Seeing me so thoroughly bound seems to bring concern... initially. Yet in youthful aloofness, she quickly shrugs off my incapacitation and wheels the cart to my left side.

"I'm doing more and more guys these days. Used to be just at Halloween. But you know... this gender thing... it's... well... guess we're all a little confused..."

As I note the cart laden with various bottles, towels and small brushes, the girl palms my left hand and examines. She then smiles and turns her attention to the cart.

“Guess I don’t have to tell you to stay still,” repressing a giggle. “They’ve got you tied down like some kind of serial killer. A Hannibal Lecter thing... though you’re not muzzled, ha, ha, ha.”

Her hands work my fingers... attention paid to my nails. It’s manicure I receive, taking her time, small talk ending.

Then the girl picks up a small bottle and shakes it.

“Your wife picked a nice shade. She said it would highlight your eyes... and it will,” the smile vibrant and charming.

With that the bottle is opened, held before my eyes, acetone filling my nostrils. Does the girl taunt?

It is nail polish!

“Lavender... very, very pretty Mr. Von Webring.”

The girl departs, her annoyance not diminished by her beauty. Manicure, pedicure, in my peripheral vision I catch glimpses of the gaudy coloring, fingers not within the scope of vision but my toes in view as I wriggle out from beneath the covering sheet. My feet appear to be ridiculously effeminate.

Worse, what did she do to my lips... my eyes... my cheeks?

Her efforts required over an hour I am sure. And whatever this Dr. Gehorchen injects seems to suppress any inclination to protest. I have just laid there and let her do whatever!

Needing distraction, countering the stress of the unknown, my thoughts return to that dinner, my last recollection before regaining consciousness in this hospital... clinic room.

We consumed our meal, Taylor as always ordering in moderation, such untoward attention to her figure... her allure. Yet such exquisite results. Still the wine flowed abundantly as planned. I wanted to woo her... not into bed... but into an amicable separation.

I explained to her my infatuation... my attraction to her... my affection. Divulged that my love, now distant, is strong enough that I had been forcing myself to overlook her transgressions... soiled cocktail glasses when there were no alleged visitors... bed sheets astray after attentive morning tidiness. I told her after many months of unrequited oral servitude that her message was received. Love life over... but for the convenience of my tongue.

I further explained that like possessing a beautiful creature of the wild... ultimately nature calls for freedom. She should be free. In a way intimating that she should be liberated to fuck whom she wants... when she wants. Of course not using such crass language.

She just smiled and nodded... to me... but also to the nearby owner, Yvette... many years a friend.

‘That drink, Yvette. The special one for Max.’

Returning her attention to me, she suggested she had the bartender make a very tasty after dinner beverage.

‘Consider it to be in celebration, Max. For I agree. I should be free. But so should you.’

Had we come to agreement?

Owner Yvette seemed to be particularly enthusiastic, eagerly returning with the special cocktail. Thinking a no fault divorce, no exchange of income or assets, would be forthcoming, we toasted... my special drink... Taylor her Chablis.

She sipped, I swigged heartily, over a year of confrontation coming to an end. But then something happened... lightheadedness. And there came her final words. In not having heard her voice since... such haunt the recesses of my mind.

‘You will not have the balls to leave me Max.’

Darkness consumed. And that was it. And here I lie, contemplating the tense of her utterance... not ‘do not have the balls’... but ‘will not have the balls’.

She is to visit, wife Taylor, so said Dr. Gehorchen. In wait, I wonder if the tone and graceful ambiance of that dinner will be renewed. I really thought there was agreement. But now I lie strapped down, seeming to be in wait of execution... yet with this perplexing visit from a bubbly cosmetician.

Room absent anything which reflects an image... what do I look like? The girl exited giggling.

My room door is pressed open with vigor. When wife Taylor Phipps enters one expects a royal entourage to be preceding her... she is that ravishing... her suavity illuminating the drabness.

“Well Max, I see my girl has stopped in... very becoming. Always wondered what you’d look like in lavender... those blue puppy dog eyes are aglow.”

Slim where a girl should be slim, curves where a guy likes curves, the thrice weekly gym workouts... which I pay for... are evident as she effortlessly pushes a heavy chair to my bedside, ignoring the less pretentious hard wood chair intended for limited visitation.

“The doctor says you’re doing well. She’s expecting a full recovery... ah... almost.”

I clear my throat, prefacing speech. But even that slight gesture comes across so meekly

“Good to see you Taylor. Thanks for stopping by. There’s... ah... well... a lot...”

“To be discussed, yes. Starting with your divorce petition. Under the circumstances... with your... ah... condition, I’m sure you’ll give serious consideration to withdrawing it. Pamela Harrison is a great attorney but... ah... expensive.”

“But if we have an agreement, Taylor... remember my suggestion that you be freed... she’ll be wrapping things up. Not much more time to be billed.”

“I think you misunderstood, Max. I agreed that I should be free. Suggested you be free as well... of your... well... let’s term it shortcomings. But not free due to divorce. I’m a Phipps, Max. Generation after generation of dignity and wealth. A Phipps does not consent to divorce... does not get dumped like some unwanted trash. A Phipps reigns,” her tone pedantic.

She reaches forth, an extravagantly bejeweled hand smoothing along my left cheek. Her presumptuousness annoys but there is nothing I can do to avoid her touch.

“So pretty.... anyway, how would it look if I in turn dumped you... in your hour of need?”

There is a pause... silence. I know not how to respond... my so termed need unknown.

“Guess we need to back up, Taylor. My need? Other than to get out of these bindings and get dressed, I’m not sure what needs I have.”

“Max, you’ve had a breakdown... beginning at Yvette’s. I’ve spoken to the psychiatrist. She says since you’re well restrained I can speak frankly... no further harm to come.”

The words are serious, spoken with great drama... akin to those of a soap opera. But Taylor smiles coyly... at first. Then snickers.

“At least that’s the story to be told outside the clinic... like to your boss. Your special drink... at Yvette’s? Well I laced it with a psychokinetic drug. Somewhat like LSD. I’m sure you’ve read where folks under the influence of stuff like that convince themselves of having abnormal power... like they can fly... you know... things like that.”

The notion frightens. Did I attempt to fly? Benumbed to silence, I merely nod.

“Well I got you to the car, and then... you in such an amenable mental state... on the drive home we discussed your castration complex.”

“I don’t have a castration complex!”

Words of objection yes, but coming across as so frail. What are these injections?

“And your gender obfuscation,” Taylor ignoring my protest.

What am I to say? What am I to do? I am helplessly strapped down, forced to listen as Taylor

reaches into her pocketbook, retrieving a hand mirror.

“It’s a bit of a ruse, yes Max. But when one has a few hundred million, one gains influence... and respect... with the various authorities. It was a simple matter for me to hand you a steak knife in the kitchen and command you... no... really just suggest... that the end of your masculinity would set you free... augmenting that silly sermon you gave me at Yvette’s. And when your aggrieved wife phoned the police and EMT squad, who was to doubt my version of events? You bleeding profusely and being incoherent.”

With her soliloquy, she holds before me the mirror, positioning such that my face reflects back to me. I shudder, she smiles. I find the annoying cosmetician to be talented beyond her years. I am in full make up, eye brows trimmed, mascara, rouge, eyeliner... the coloring so astoundingly complementing my blue eyes.

And I do look... well... I cannot bring myself to use the word.

“Becoming, Max... as I said.”

I close my eyes. In shame? In anger? In disbelief? Please not in wonder!

“And the bleeding? The steak knife?” I must understand the end.

“Oh Max, I tried so hard to stop you,” the words intoned with such mockery. “But you’ll need to talk to the doctor about that. The clinic here specializes in this type of thing... boys who want to be girls.”

I lurch, somehow finding the resolve to fight my bonds... futilely fight my bonds. My paroxysmal efforts bring laughter. The departing words of Dr. Gehorchen come to mind ... ‘you be a good gir... boy for us’.

Taylor’s hand retracts, the mirror returned to her pocketbook, her cell phone retrieved.

“Think you need another injection, Maxine... ah... Max. The testosterone... it seems to still be flowing. I’ll come back again... make sure all your needs are addressed. No point in being disgustingly rich if you can’t put the money to a good cause.”

With that, the cell phone is positioned within a foot of my face... my heavily made up face. I don’t want to be photographed... but there is nothing I can do. There come clicks and flashes.

“For your boss, Maxine. Should you decide not to resign your job, some nice photos of you in full make up will surely enhance your career. And I really think you should have Pamela Harrison tally up her final bill. Since you’re to be unemployed, I’ll pay it on your behalf.”

“Unemployed?” I sputter.

“You’re not leaving here until there is a full and satisfactory evaluation, Max. And I think you will enjoy finding out what that entails. I know I will.”

“Catheter out, Max,” Dr. Gehorchen proclaims, no compunction in employing my first name while I must be more formal in addressing her.

She again holds up the sheet, blocking any view I may have of my privates.

“And I’ll want a semen sample.”

She tugs at the tube, bringing agony, on this occasion sustained and burning until finally the tip exits my urethral opening. She smiles with my yelp of pain. Yes, it brings that look of Schadenfreude.

“I will send in the masturbation nurse. Meanwhile, do not wet the bed. You’re to relieve yourself under the supervision of a nurse into a penis receptacle.”

For an experienced medical professional, the bedside manner of Dr. Gehorchen is rather abrupt. Hopefully, being relieved of the catheter signaling progress, I will not need to become accustomed to her brusque tutelage.

“Masturbation nurse?” I cannot help inquiring.

The smile returns, this one uncharacteristically warm.

“We can extract a sample utilizing more... ah... extreme methods. But we’ve found that obediently being relieved of male essence better acclimates our gir... ah... patients to their new role.”

Bed sheet lowered then pushed to the side, I once again become a pin cushion, my daily injection. I cannot help recalling Taylor’s words concerning my testosterone levels. The stab, the slow glowing warmth, in not wanting the imposing doctor to know of the odd subtle joy, I suppress a moan of pleasure as whatever flows brings instant tranquility.

Yet she does know, tenderly patting my face, mother to child.

“Very pretty, Max,” my make up apparently remaining in place over night. “The psychiatrist will be in later. And in having been injected then jerked off, you’ll be very calm and complacent for her.”

I seethe with her touch, so condescending. And her choice of words, once again so unprofessional.

She scribbles on my chart, departing to leave me to my thoughts.

A steak knife, to my groin, a drug induced attempt at self mutilation... or so it was described by wife Taylor Phipps. And the ultimate damage? Not to be divulged... not to me.

It is strangely heartening... though ignominious... that I will be rendering a sperm sample. Thus there cannot be complete devastation... down there. But my masculine pride? Well bound and made up in lavender... nails, lipstick, rouge and eye shadow... such is being decimated.

The photos! I cringe with the thought... in the hands of my estranged wife!

What is this place? What kind of clinic?... for boys who want to be girls! Why has Taylor threatened me should I not resign from my job? And I must assume my divorce attempt is suspended... sidelined if not forever terminated. Will attorney Pamela Harrison also receive the photos if I do not cease her services?

My burdened mind is distracted when the room door opens. In comes a woman of maturity, her appearance that of a great aunt, gray hair, fully sized though not obese, smiling jovially. She carries a tray, setting it down on the table beside my bed.

“Very pretty, today... Max... or do you prefer Maxine?”

Something about the injection that inhibits a forceful reply. For some reason I find myself modestly whispering ‘Max’.

“Well, I am your masturbation nurse. And you’re going to give me a nice semen sample like a good girl.”

There! She said it... girl... not correcting herself ala Dr. Gehorchen. And that smile... such confidence in her ability.

With that she steps to my side and whisks the sheet from my body, baring me completely to her view but taking the time to tuck the rumpled cloth up about my chin, again veiling from my eyes my naked flesh, wounded groin included.

“My goodness, Maxine. It’s good that you’re with us,” I must assume surveying my wounds. “Tsk, tsk. Well you’re much older than most here. A lot like to sit straddling my lap as I milk a sample. But being well bound... and fully sized... I’ll just do you just like this.”

Hands reach to the tray, arranging and gathering things as she speaks.

“First a specimen pouch,” producing a small bag of clear plastic. “And we tie it about your little peepee. Such a tiny thing,” her words reminiscent of wife Taylor. “So cute.”

Deed done, next comes a vibrator, also reminiscent of wife Taylor... a frustrated wife Taylor... used before she began her afternoon dalliances. The nurse lubricates, holding the phallic shaped apparatus before my eyes as if it is an object to be coveted.

“And we begin,” her hand lowering.

I feel her work the tip between my thighs, then under. It rubs about at my perineum, gliding lower within my gluteal cleft then finds my rectum with accomplished ease. As it slips inward, I

lurch against my bounds. She smiles.

“Bingo. Lots of little fannies penetrated over the years. Lots of happy little girls.”

With the daunting words, her free hand flips a switch. There comes a hum and a most pleasant sensation, the woman keenly finding my prostate.

I blush. There come goose bumps. I cannot deny the delight. Neither can I deny the humiliation.

“The art is in finding the appropriate velocity of vibration. Every little girl has a different level of enjoyment... slight... but so meaningful in having them give up what I want from them. Some object... at first... but in time they all want to release for me... to please their masturbation nurse.”

I feel sanguine, the injection bringing such abeyance. Head restrained, rumpled sheet piled under my chin I cannot see, as always staring at the ceiling. Am I erect for her? The vibrations mask any sensation of ejaculation. Will I spurt... have I spurted? Her allusion to being milked seems most apropos.

Minutes pass, the vibration level is adjusted, a little faster... a little slower. Then her free hand goes to my chest, fingers sensuously toying with right nipple then left. There comes an inadvertent sigh of pleasure... not to be repressed. I don't want her to know she is pleasing me against my will. Yet she is... and her smile suggests she knows. She plays my nakedness like a musical instrument.

“Pay dirt, little girl,” a prideful exclamation.

The vibrator retracts. Am I disappointed? Do I want more? Then the little specimen bag is slipped away.

“Nice and clear, Maxine,” the appellation known to taunt.

As she gathers up her things, I find myself in a stupor. I did not ejaculate... I felt nothing close to the manly surge of a normal orgasm. Yet there comes a pleasant delirium. And I yielded for her... with that there is no doubt.

“You have a nice talk with the psychiatrist, Maxine. And maybe I'll have you sitting on my lap if your days of self harm are deemed behind you and you're released from the Segufix straps. As I said so many girls like it that way... riding and slowly secreting for their nurse.”

The notion both horrifies and is strangely enticing.

Do I want to perform for her?

The room door opens. Whereas I can normally lower my chin and press forward my head to ascertain who visits, the head bondage somewhat yielding, I care not to make the effort.

If it is the psychiatrist, Dr. Gehorchen is prescient. Her words come to mind... 'you'll be very calm and complacent for her'.

I am. It seems my energy is depleted along with my sperm. I just lie, my preferred view of late being the spotless white of the ceiling.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Von Webring.... or do you prefer Miss Von Webring?"

Such a provocative start to a psychiatric interview! I do not reply... in ire?... or in fatigue?

"I'm Dr. Rosen, here to counsel you. I assume you were expecting me."

"Yes."

"That's yes, Ma'am, Miss Von Webring. We expect politeness at all times here at the clinic."

The voice is low, smooth, sultry. I must wonder if the woman engages in phone sex.

"I prefer Mr. Von Webring... or better Max."

"And you were addressing me?" corrected again.

"Ah... Max... Ma'am."

"That's better, Max. In your mind... your present thinking... is Max a pejorative for Maximilian... or Maxine?"

The woman taunts... as did wife Taylor... as did my masturbation nurse... while pushing a chair to my bedside.

"Let's make you more comfortable, Maxine... Max. We've found that with boys of your ilk exposure and a sense of vulnerability invokes a need to engage. Makes a boy talkative. We like that."

With that, just as with the masturbation nurse, the covering sheet is pulled up, toes to chest, once again collecting under my chin, exposing all as intended, but blocking my own view.

The woman peers at my nether region and smiles.

"So it's not Miss Von Webring... yet you've harmed yourself... and in a way which refutes your maleness. Let's talk about that."

"I was drugged. Some kind of hallucinogen. I was... well... not really conscious. If I did this I don't recall," not really fully aware of 'this'... i.e. what I did to myself.

"And why did you take the drug? An attempt at escaping... the burdens of masculinity?"

“I didn’t. My wife slipped it into my drink. She’s told me that.”

“You’re confabulating. That is not what she has told us. And the police report indicates that she called for help. Does not seem probable she would drug you then call the police.”

“That’s what happened,” my tone one of exasperation... impotent exasperation.

I can turn my head just enough and roll my eyes to view my interlocutor. Short light brown hair, professionally attired in a dark blue business suit, even features. She appears trim, as best as I can determine, and attractive. Not stunningly so as with wife Taylor, but certainly not a woman to be spurned by any virile male.

Yet here I lie helpless, baring all... physically... mentally... emotionally.

“There’s quite a bit of research, Maxine... Max... on certain hallucinogens... similar to what we believe was induced. And it indicates the effect is to enhance certain needs and desires... to more readily bring such forth... to effectuate... the mind urging action on innate things that are held within. So you take a knife... to your genitals...”

“I was provoked. My wife told me so. She planted a suggestion.”

“Again, not what she has told us. But let’s assume that is true. Though under the influence, one cannot be encouraged to do things that deep within one would find to be objectionable. You’ve read where people jump off buildings and bridges. Well it’s because they have always wanted to fly... like a bird... and the drug seems to make that possible for them. No latent desire to fly, no life ending jump.”

I attempt to nod... such futility, head remaining well restrained.

“So what does that suggest about self castration, Maxine... the deep need to shed your masculinity?”

I have no reply. But I must ask myself again... self castration! What is the extent of the damage? Privates kept out of sight, I know not. But the masturbation nurse extracted something. Penis first catheterized then used to gather the specimen, yes. But testicles intact?

I must ask!

“Dr. Rosen, no one will tell me... what happened... the results... down there?”

“Dr. Gohorchen has done a wonderful job saving things for you. You’ll survive... physically. The question is whether your deep need... the denial of your masculinity... your quest to end your virility... will result in another attempt... drugs or no drugs.”

She pauses, letting the thought percolate.

“By the way, I like your make up, Maxine... Max. Lavender. It makes a statement. A little garish,

but we've found boys who want to be girls like to draw attraction. A 'look at me... I'm so girly and so proud' sort of thing."

It's not the case. I should vociferously be objecting. But I can't... or I won't?

"What is it they're putting into me... injecting?" never getting an answer from Dr. Gohorchen.

"Courtesy, Maxine... respect..." she reminds.

"Ma'am," I humbly add.

"Oh, it shouldn't be of concern to you. A special concoction we've developed here at the clinic. A little of this... a little of that. Keeps you nice and calm for us... takes you down a road, the journey to be completed when we can get you out of all those straps and begin therapy and training. Your wife will be very pleased. And you should be very grateful to her. It's a very expensive process."

The woman leans forth, a hand extends. There comes more unprofessional conduct as she tenderly tweaks my left nipple. I am aghast to find her touch is both soothing and welcomed. Though vulnerable in my bound nakedness I feel secure, protected, things unknown and confusing explained. I am a kitten, shielded by a knowing mother cat. The kneading fingers of Dr. Rosen bring a slight giggle. Aghast again... it is girlish.

"See... you're going to be happy, Maxine. You're going to learn to please and labor more meaningfully... for your wife... not in public relations... and just as a girly boy so much desires to work and please. Life will change... for the better. The masculinity you have attempted to reject will no longer be a burden. You're fortunate to have such vast resources available for the transformation."

Yes, the Phipps family fortune. Whatever is forthcoming, funds will not be an issue.

Days go by. Daily sponge baths. Injections. I am trained to withhold bladder urges until a nurse steps in with a receptacle. I must urinate on the schedule of the clinic not mine. The cute little girl... the cosmetician... revisits, explaining presentable manicure, pedicure and make up require having weekly appointments.

I am spoon fed like a toddler. More humbling is defecating, beginning with the lower half of the covering sheet being folded up... again impeding any view of what concerns... followed by the insertion of a suppository, and then moving my bowels into a pan under the encouragement of a supervising nurse.

A mirror has been positioned, placed high on the ceiling near the door such that I can endlessly glare at my reflection... and of course the fine efforts of the cosmetician. My appearance is amazingly effeminate. I cringe at the prospect of having photos sent to my boss. On that I need to confer with wife Taylor... if begging can be so termed.

Dr. Rosen visits. Stripped of all covering, in the nude we discuss what she terms my feminine side. I deny having to express any such urges. She smiles coyly, intimating that precluding ultimate release from the tight unending bondage is the expression of my true feelings... my innate desires.

There is also discussed my so termed need to serve.

“That dinner with your wife... the night you engaged in self mutilation... you told her of your infatuation. Having a great attraction for her, despite not having had conjugal relations for many months.”

Under my breath I curse Taylor. Why does this woman need to know of this?

After a silent pause she continues.

“You also said you were able to overlook... what you termed transgressions. Really Maxine, you deprive your wife of husbandly duties then term her need for normal carnal contact a ‘transgression’? Rather prudish, is it not?”

What can I say? Acclimated to being called Maxine, such no longer brings irritation. But to engage in this chicken or the egg type of discussion seems fruitless.

“She began... ah... well there were guests... at the estate... afternoons... while I worked, Ma’am,” frustrating thoughts of being cuckolded so meekly expressed.

“Perhaps because you could not satisfy her? That she needed the company of a man who could... shall we be blunt... bring her to orgasm... other than through cunnilingus?”

She smirks with the taunting question, Taylor obviously discussing in depth details of our sex life... however infrequent and limited.

Both the overbearing tone and the subject matter bring distress. But it seems all I can do is shrug... as best I can. It’s the injections, I once again tell myself. I am a pin cushion for both hypodermic needles and barbs.

“Or perhaps you desire to please and satisfy her in other ways... fully aware of your inadequacies as a man.”

What!

Yet it is strange, how little real rage is felt. This attractive, highly educated woman so insouciantly offends my masculinity and I respond not... no words forthcoming... and it is certainly useless to make an attempt at any physical rejoinder.

I cannot move... must take the verbal flogging.

“Did you ever think, Maxine, that perhaps your affection for wife Taylor Phipps can better be

expressed rather than by thrusting her aside in divorce but instead to nurture her needs. You suggested she needed freedom... and she does... and she will have it. But you need freedom as well... freedom from the expectations sought of the masculine.”

Where is this going?

“We can help... here at the clinic. But first you need to agree... to acquiesce... then we can let you out of the Segufix bonds. A little at first. Then as your training progresses and we transform what you call infatuation into genuine respect and servitude, there will be longer intervals of release each day... until you’re deemed ready to serve.”

Servitude? Deemed ready to serve?

“And once out of your head restraint, we can do something with the hair. Something more befitting your new station in life.”

I must ponder. Has it been a month in complete immobility other than the brief sponge baths? Groin deemed healed, is this the reason I have not attained release... the demand that I submit to training?

I know not what is the cost... keeping me bound with 24 hour care. But I do know the Phipps family wealth will not be depleted should the expense be in the thousands per week.

What is the nature of the court order that permits this... relegates everything... all decisions... to estranged wife Taylor Phipps? Penniless, no paycheck in probably a month, even if I were able to contact ace attorney Pamela Harrison, I have not any manner of compensating her for services.

“Would you like that, Maxine? To undergo training... earn your way out of your bondage... earn your way out of the clinic... earn your way back into your wife’s life... her graces... her munificence... in a manner which befits you? And best pleases her?”

Once again her hand reaches, brazenly yet tenderly tweaking my right nipple. Goose bumps, a sense of comforting delight, contrasting the concern which comes with the forced decision.

“Please, Ma’am, I need to be released.”

Was that my voice? Such groveling.

Wife Taylor Phipps enters, appearing to lead a royal procession. Such beauty, such poise, my heart leaps in seeing her. I so much miss her! Behind is a nurse and the young cosmetician wheeling her cart.

“Good morning, Maxine,” she chides.

Is the greeting in complicity with the clinic staff? Suggested by Dr. Rosen?

“Thank you for stopping in, Taylor.”

Is my voice changing? It seems high pitched and soft.

“I have some things for you to sign... before you begin your big day.”

Yes, I have been promised release! And sure enough, the nurse moves behind, using the magnetic device to loosen the tight head bindings. Such relief!

“I’m told you’re going to get a little tour of the clinic... for starts,” effortlessly pushing the heavy chair to my bedside. “And I think it is best that I be Miss Taylor... or Ma’am... in view of your new role.”

Is there any point in disputing? Able to move my head... so rare... I nod my concurrence.

“A letter of resignation from your job. As you will read, your medical condition,” the words sardonically enunciated, “precludes future employment. Too bad about this year’s bonus. It’s gone. And in going through your mail, Maxine... how are you going to pay down all those credit card bills?... Tsk, tsk.”

Yes, it seems financial coercion will abet the psychological and the emotional. No work, no income, nothing to pay the bills. Yes, with the photos... lipstick, eye shadow, mascara, etc... the only thing awaiting me at the firm... should I not sign and somehow attain release... would be many questions... if not an outright demand for resignation.

The nurse steps to the side, moving to stand as if guarding a prisoner. Meanwhile the cosmetician wheels her tray opposite my wife and the girl begins tending to my hair, head freed from the many constraining straps.

Wife Taylor continues as the girl works.

“And a letter terminating the services of Pamela Harrison. Divorce suit withdrawn. Sign and I’ll hand deliver it to her... over lunch... with a generous check. Should I share with her some photos, Maxine? She’s the type of woman who I think would appreciate your new look.”

“No, please don’t.”

“Don’t?..”

“Miss Taylor. Please don’t share, Miss Taylor.”

“Good boy... ah... girl. And I’ll think about it. Definitely won’t send anything to her. But perhaps give her a peek over cocktails. Worth a good laugh. And it will preclude any shenanigans... like re-engaging her services.”

Taylor takes out her cell phone, fingers pressing to bring to the small screen a photo of me in full make up, such an effeminate portrayal of rising executive Maximilian Von Webring!

It's demeaning, kowtowing before the nurse and a young girl probably still in her teens. Yet I am in no position to express dissent or objection. Looking at the threatening photo, I sign whatever is put before me.

As the young cosmetician flips about my hair, I realize that a haircut is long over due. But it will not come. Instead she combs, parting in the middle, drawing the relatively long strands straight down. With the weeks of inattention such cover my ears. Deed completed she looks straight into my face, smiles in satisfaction and reaches for a can of hair spray. Next she tidies up my make up. Then a hand mirror comes from the cart. She positions it such that I can see myself... adore myself?

"Oh, you look so pretty, Maxine. Hope you appreciate the efforts. I won't always have you looking so glamorous... not as my servant. But here at the clinic I'm told it puts you... guess I'd say... in the right frame of mind," Miss Taylor gushes, her smile of joy authentic.

Servant?

The girl retreats, beaming in pride as she wheels away the cart. Then the nurse steps forth. Despite the stress of being prettified I am heartened to see in her hand the small device which reverses the strong magnetic field of the capped posts which serve to secure my tethers.

"Stay still, Maxine," my new appellation sardonically intoned. "You'll need covering before you're walked."

Cuffs and straps loosened, my bed sheet is drawn up over my head, loosely left in place, not disturbing my make up. Blinded, I feel the nurse working about my waist, strong hands slipping something under my back as I lie in place. Next the woman encircles my newly freed wrists, replacing the Segufix cuffs with something soft. In finishing, the sheet is slipped away returning me to sight.

"Sit up for me, Maxine. Very slowly, very carefully."

Words well advised, for I have lied supine for many weeks. As I comply, I feel hands drawing my arms behind me. In my state of relative weakness, such feel incredibly powerful. But there comes more than a sense of the nurse's physical strength. There is an emotional capitulation. I surrender myself to she in charge, and there comes an odd feeling of stability in her tendance. Do I want to be under her maternal care?

When I hear a click, I realize my hands and arms have been returned to immobility. This does not distract from my eagerness in looking down, desperate to ascertain the status of my male package.

Alas, an apron has been placed around my waist, a patch of baby blue cloth covering my nether region. Whatever is the damage... whatever the hoped for repair... such is not to be seen. And ironically, the garb small, the lower hem not even reaching mid thigh, hangs loosely. Anyone with free hands can lift and peek... anyone except me.

“Stand and come follow me, Maxine. A little tour of the clinic for you and your wife. Any disobedience and you will be leashed. We’re well equipped here at handling bad boys... boys who will become good girls.”

Such command!

Returned to the maize of cuffs, straps and restraints, it’s been many hours since estranged wife Taylor Phipps... Miss Taylor... departed the clinic. It could be half a day, time not to be judged with the endless isolation... only broken by feedings, an occasional invitation to urinate for a tending nurse and of course the daily sponge bath.

With the disturbing walk, I sleep as best I can, but for how long is not determinable. In awakening, I am glad that, however irritating, the monotony is broken with a visit from psychiatrist Dr. Rosen. Any diversion will placate.

“Good morning, Maxine,” offering a clue as to the time of day. “Did you enjoy being walked yesterday?”

Head returned to bondage, I try to nod but it is ineffectual. I must speak.

“Yes, Dr. Rosen. It was good to be released.”

“See, nice things happen when you are a good girl... cooperative... willing to help us help you,” her demeanor so unctuous.

She pulls up the slight straight backed chair, that declined by my wife in favor of the heavier well padded lounge chair. She sits, the smile presumptuous... but probably rightfully so.

“I like your hair, Maxine. Finally able to have a bit of a coiffure. It’s... ah... stylish... but practical. Many working girls prefer the ease of simply washing and combing. And your make up has been made over. Very pretty. It will look even better when you’re not... well... when the restraints aren’t necessary.”

“And when will that be, Dr. Rosen?” finding an opening for query.

“My, my... so eager. It will be when we decide... your wife... me... the staff.”

The notion is more than upsetting... it enrages... or at least it should enrage. Held captive by she who has been cuckolding me. Yet then I so quickly return to calm. Why?

“But I think it is best that you do the talking, Maxine, in view of your frail disposition. Tell me about the tour... what you saw... about your thoughts.”

With that, hands reach forth, pulling up the sheet to bare my nakedness to her gaze, blocking mine, enhancing my sense of vulnerability. Should I beseech her to play with my nipples?

“So a nice walk... you, your nurse, your benefactor Miss Taylor Phipps... naked and under total feminine control. Such a thrill for you. Tell me all about it.”

A nice walk? A thrill? I should beg to differ. But then again... was it a thrill? I must cast aside the thought. Her commanding voice spurs the need to comply...

Taylor... Miss Taylor took my right arm at the elbow as the nurse led into the hall. At first I thought it was a gracious gesture of affection. Then I realized that in so doing there came assurance that I would not somehow wriggle about my restrained hands and toy or adjust the brief blue covering over my genitals.

The first notable aspect of the so termed tour was not so much the many dour women in white uniform but the youthful forms being led about, totally under womanly control, all naked, and all of whom with questionable gender.

Yes, boys who want to be girls... as Miss Taylor described in her initial visit some week or more ago. But so effeminate! Hairless other than styled cranial hair. Some bearing make up as with me. And despite being totally naked... no covering apron as encircled my waist... were they intact? Without an inordinate stare, I could not determine. But the forms were polite, obedient and smiling, some curtsying to my nurse and Miss Taylor with bashful smiles.

Their sojourn at the clinic... voluntary? Or coerced as is mine?

We stopped in a series of rooms... training facilities. Some were classrooms, the nurse listing the various teachings... etiquette... grooming... sewing... cooking... laundry... cleaning. There was a discipline chamber, the nurse mentioning such as we passed by, shrill girlish shrieks indicating it was in use and the session not to be disturbed.

A medical examination room followed. We peeked in to see Dr. Gehorchen tending to a lad securely strapped into a gynecological chair, thighs well parted.

I could not help asking myself if I had spent time so secured during my initial night at the clinic, the doctor ministering to my allegedly self induced wounds.

In an adjoining room the masturbation nurse toiled away. As she described, sitting on a straight backed chair, the woman of size had a youth straddling her thighs, facing us, face blushing. Hands obediently cradling the back of his head, hers played with his nipples while the vibrator worked its magic, penetrating anally, his untouched penis drooling into a specimen receptacle tied about the tip of his penis.

Again, if there were testicles such were not readily evident. Should I have inquired?

At that point in my narrative, Dr. Rosen interrupts.

“How did you feel, seeing a boy... girl... being drained like that? Complete submission,

surrendering to a woman a deed mostly ascribed to the virile male.”

“I... well... I assume a specimen was needed...” not quite prevaricating, but not sure how to reply.

“So you view it as a medical procedure. Do you think it was enjoyable? I believe you have been milked. Would you prefer to perform for us again in a similar fashion?”

I would prefer to ejaculate... like a man... spurt... explode... erupt... not ooze. But can I say that?

“It seemed... well... rather degrading.”

“I see. Continue Maxine.”

There followed final chambers... spouse Miss Taylor taking particular interest. Facilities for perfecting oral servitude, some of the apparatuses bizarre, others merely household items. Tongue strengthening, tongue stretching, breath control, it was explained that the patients were greatly ‘encouraged’ to practice on each other. Yes, analingus!

“And that shocks you, Maxine? Such is in contrast to what your wife has told us.”

Drat this inquisition! Drat wife Taylor, divulging my desperate attempts to counter her perceived need for a lover... lovers.

Yes, before relegating myself to the garage apartment, I orally endeavored to please in any and every manner. She seemed happy with my efforts, until one evening she regally sat over my face and conversed with a lover on her cell phone while I lied, head wedged between her glorious cheeks, fervently tonguing her most odorous opening.

Should Dr. Rosen be made aware of her insouciance? Can such detached conduct, a phone call, be considered a form of being cuckolded?

She looks at me in silence, a sly smile. She’s aware, my wife no doubt relating the utmost in humiliation, telling Dr. Rosen of the call when she described to her lover my oral efforts, that such kept her primed for the next tryst of deep penetration... that which I am deemed incapable of providing.

Formally I seethed in so reminiscing. Not at the clinic... not with the injections. I am calm... somewhat.

“You’ll be trained to better please your wife... in many aspects, Maxine... and others.”

“Others?”

“Surely the tour included the fellatio chamber, Maxine?” a hand reaching to my chest.

It did, the gagging notable... bringing trepidation... even now in sensing the comfort of Dr. Rosen’s tweaking fingers. My silence reveals my concern.

“If you’re eager to leave here, Maxine, then be eager to complete the training. Learn and obey. We’re very good at what we do at the clinic, making the transformation beneficial for all.”

“For boys who want to be girls,” my words more statement than question.

Dr. Rosen smiles, a pleasant twinkle coming to her eyes.

“Some would say... for mothers who want daughters as well.”

Yes, the tour revealed among other things the youthfulness of most of the clinic’s patients. At age 32, I appear to be a dinosaur amongst the naked androgynous appearing bevy of respectful nymphs.

“I will have the training begun tomorrow, Maxine... beginning with etiquette skills. Listen and obey, the instructors can readily send you to the discipline room.”

Why is it that there comes a sense of excitement? Is it to be finally out of my bonds?.. or undertaking the first step toward once again being with Taylor... Miss Taylor... wife and now the woman I will be trained to serve? I must ask again.

“Dr. Rosen, the injections? What are they?”

She smiles warmly, as if talking to a child about Santa Claus.

“A concoction, Maxine. One which is constantly modified as you progress. Starting with strong anti androgens for the first few days, decimating your testosterone levels. Your semen sample proved the dosage to be quite effective, by the way. And not a spermatozoa to be found, as expected with your... ah... self induced wounds. Then we later introduce estrogen and prolactin... give you a nice boost of femininity. Again quite effective once the production of male hormones is terminated. See how much you enjoy having your nipples touched?” a finger teasingly diddling, I am sure the nub standing for her in appreciation.

“And a nice consistent dose of chlordiazepoxide, a sedative with some hypnotic elements. Makes you nice and relaxed for us. And in introducing total immobility, inducing dependence, the hypnotic side imbues a mental image of undisputed authority among the nurses who care for you... and your wife of course. In time she’ll become a deity of sorts. The chlordiazepoxide doses are not to stop, Maxine. Never. You will find a need... to be in the presence of governing women. You will come to feel completely out of sorts without feminine guidance. It will not only become more and more acceptable to you, you will come to crave it. You will learn to obey, to please, and to enjoy doing so.”

So there it is, rather clinical but explained. The injections are taking me down a road, the sedative making things so... so... acceptable indeed.

The fingers retreat bringing disappointment. Hands reach to the top of my chest where the covering sheet has gathered, slipping downward to veil my nakedness. She smiles, reaching to pinch my cheek.

“So cute, Maxine. And most importantly you so much want to look cute for us.”

The session ends. The injections explained, remaining a mystery is my wounded now healed pubes area, so pressingly kept from view.

Dr. Rosen rises from the chair, slipping it back to the wall signaling her departure. Dare I inquire?

“Dr. Rosen may I... is there a time when...” rolling my eyes below, “I can see.”

“Your wife will decide when, Maxine. Dr. Gehorchen saved everything. Not to worry.”

So training begins. Proper etiquette, learning to swallow whatever pride remains and humbly address all as sir or madam... and to curtsy, head down, right foot pushed behind, dipping in bending the left knee. The instructress is a termagant, so often mandating that I steadily hold such an ignominious pose until given recognition.

The blue apron remains, placed about my waist before every release from the tight Segufix bonds. Hands freed for training, I am tempted to push aside the loose garb and peer... assess what has been done... what I did to myself. But I am too well supervised... and the discipline room beckons... the strident shrieks and howls of bad little boys... those to become girls... serving as forewarning.

After each etiquette session comes oral training. Daily I work my tongue in some manner, the nurse quite demanding, quite knowing in oral anatomy... that all can be stretched... all can be strengthened. And it is, consuming an entire orange through a small slit in the peel. Thrusting my tongue into a tight opening in a tennis ball. There also comes breath training, a firm hand placed over my mouth, thumb and index finger pinching closed my nostrils, a very determined nurse decides when I have earned my next breath of air. She seems to know exactly when I am about to swoon, admonishing me not to desperately gasp when finally released.

‘A woman is very sensitive there, Maxine. No distracting rushes for breath. It’s discourteous.’

So I learn that my need for life sustaining is to be subordinated to the pleasure of a woman. And the intervals of oxygen denial become longer daily.

Am I proud of that? To breathe when another permits?

The many days of etiquette end. There follows, laundry and cleaning, the lack of intensity welcomed. However the oral training continues, ending each day of freedom from the straps and cuffs.

Next is grooming. There comes intricacy, obviously in not before making myself up, learning is time consuming. But the exacting skills demanded are not necessarily for my appearance. I will be expected to assist my benefactor... Miss Taylor... with her daily grooming. And of course she

must look ravishing, her natural beauty enhanced by way of my new found skills.

Serving meals, the next few classes, I interact with my fellow students... all boys learning to become girls. A few sit at a table, some giggling while I am instructed on proper servitude. Completely nude, it is then that I can more readily assess their maleness. I am appalled to see most have been altered. I must wonder how long a visit to Dr. Gehorchen's medical room... sitting in the gynecological chair... is required for such a life transforming procedure.

Discovery stresses the dosage of the hypnotic sedative chlordiazepoxide. Yet the shock seems to dissipate rapidly, and with the instructress firmly barking orders, the many altered genitals... genitalia?... soon come to be overlooked. My waitressing skills progress.

Later, after oral training, I lie well tethered. It is then that the thoughts come. Have I so sat for Dr. Gehorchen? Nothing from that fateful night can be recalled after ingesting Miss Taylor's special after dinner drink! Worse, I suppose, is how much damage did I do to myself.

And is it true, as Dr. Rosen lectured, that hallucinogenic drugs cannot induce one to do something he/she would otherwise be predisposed not to do? Only those with a latent desire to fly like a bird convince themselves to step off a high bridge or building.

What latent desire did Miss Taylor's cocktail reveal?

Sewing is at first ungainly, but with reasonably dextrous hands, I learn quickly. I will not be making dresses, but as a good maid... so it is explained... a variety of skill sets is demanded. And I find myself nodding in agreement.

A maid? And the notion does not disgust? The chlordiazepoxide is most effective.

Cooking and kitchen skills are last. Just as with sewing classes, I will not be an expert... not a gourmet chef... but in knowing Miss Taylor's life style, while breakfast and a light lunch will be required, elaborate dinners are mostly taken out. Probably more important is learning to make drinks, serve as a sommelier, assure the wine cellar is well stocked. In that I am accomplished.

So I am trained as a maid. Oddly, my pride somewhat flourishes. And when a visit from Miss Taylor is announced, I gush with excitement, Dr. Rosen explaining...

"Your training will continue, Maxine... oral skills perfected. You're not ready yet... for release into servitude. Still your benefactress has something for you... a gift. But first you'll need to visit Dr. Gehorchen."

I lie for her naked, as she also demands, covering sheet rumpled under my chin as she delightfully toys with nipples, brought to life by the daily injections of prolactin.

Her fingerpos feel so good... but a visit to Dr. Gehorchen... her daily stabs of the hypodermic needle enough to endure... brings distress.

Her chair!

“Please no, Dr. Rosen,” such a timid response.

“Oh but yes. Some jewelry for you. Maids are rarely permitted such, but I think you’ll enjoy her offering. Just need some piercings first.”

Despite the stress, I sigh in joy, my nipples such a delightful new found erogenous zone.

“Tomorrow, medical room then more oral training. Fellatio. We’ve found that boys wishing to be girls have great aptitude in being put under the penis. I am sure you will excel, Maxine.”

I sit, Dr. Gehorchen smiles... it’s that smarmy smile of confidence... tending to the naked, well restrained helpless male, the insouciance telling.

It’s the nightmare scene, strapped into the gynecological chair, thighs and legs parted to the extreme. Should I explain that the male anatomy does not conform to such ungainly posturing?

She flips up my loose baby blue apron, eyes gauging, her smile broadening.

“The depilation went well, Maxine. Still not a hair in sight.”

Not a hair? My groin always kept out of view, I have been unaware. Apparently during my period of unconsciousness... days?... a week?... more?... I have been defoliated there.

“Some pin pricks, Maxine. Do not be frightened,” the words intended to comfort... and do not.

With that a hand goes to a nearby tray, as the left works about my pubes. I feel slight tugging. Odd to feel relief when a woman palpates my scrotal flesh. At least it is there, I tell to myself.

Then the right hand returns, needle firmly grasped. There comes a jab, not as deep as the injections, but painful. I cry out, could the high pitched squeal be mine? It must be. Then a second... and another embarrassing girlish squeal. Then with left hand continuing to grasp and tug, the right hand returns to the tray. A shard of metal is retrieved, then apparently thrust through my first new opening. Another shard joins the first in the second opening.

“There... a few days to heal and your wife will adorn you with some pretty jewelry,” spoken as if bearing something there is a precious gift.

I am distraught. As the apron is slung over my nether region and a nurse steps forth to release the straps, my mind races despite the chlordiazepoxide. For in addition to baring a woman’s offering there, it is now time for fellatio training!

I am to be trained to suck cock... but more distressing is... whose... where...and when!

I lie in the Segufix straps and cuffs. Curious that I am agitated... for the head harness messes up my hair. Though easily combed and returned to boyish cuteness... a page boy, having learned to style hair... as I look into the mirror high above the door where the wall greets the ceiling I find I have acquired this desire to want to look good. And my hair is astray.

A desire to be cute? I answer myself no, but is that true? The forced hormonal changes are definitely taking affect. I want to pretty myself... for Miss Taylor is to visit. And I want to look good for her.

Why?

I divert my thoughts, but when doing so the fellatio training comes to mind. Rugged, demanding, I have yet to service a real penis... but it is coming... there is no doubt.

Larger and larger dildos have been orally taken, the supervising nurse unrelenting. And one, which comes at the end of every class, is the pinnacle of deviousness... and depravity.

Electrified, the device has incredibly sensitive sensors, when orally inserted able to determine whether I am properly swishing the underside with my tongue... a motion which I am being trained to never ever cease without first being authorized.

To assure my tongue indeed does not stop, a slim wire leads down under my apron. There a probe... a metal tube... partially catheterizes. Failure to obediently suck, swish and swirl with the demanded level of energy and enthusiasm leads to an electrical charge within the hypersensitive urethra. First somewhat tolerable, but the surge strengthening with continued reluctance to properly orally perform.

Such wickedness!

Should I become belligerent, refuse to bring simulated oral delight to the clever phallus, I fear my penis will be fried like a sausage.

So I suck, swish and swirl, for how long? The timing is not mine. And though my training classes have ended in all other aspects, my skills as a house maid perfected, orally serving the faux penis goes on and on, day after day.

I am forced to subordinate myself to a device!

Then, after what I gather to be a week, there came a surprise. Working my tongue fervently, the device spurted, thick globs... what I hope was some form of synthetic male essence.

I choked, the supervising nurse repressed laughter.

‘Swallow, Maxine. Good little girly boys must learn to swallow... take the offerings of a real man... and be grateful.’

She gently pulled from my mouth the deviant device, talking as she opened an unnoticed flap at

the base.

‘Now the words, Maxine. I want you to repeat them as I refill,’ squirting white sludge into the opening. ‘Thank you sir for fucking my mouth. And for your essence. I so much enjoy the taste.’

She dangled the device in front of me, waiting as I humbly repeated. Then, words uttered, she slipped the dildo back into my mouth.

‘When it squirts for you, that means your fellatio is accomplished, Maxine. Good girl. But we’ll need to work on the gag reflex a little, some nice long dildos with a special shape. We’re very good at training boys who want to be girls here at the clinic. You’re going to be very popular.’

I cringe with the words. And I cannot help asking myself, popular with whom?

The room door opens. A nurse enters. I am heartened to see in her hand the gadget which releases the magnetic posts. I often pine to have my own. But then what? Hands well secured, it would be useless, just bringing more frustration.

“Your wife is coming,” stepping to my head and releasing the harness.

I am thrilled. But why? She has used her medical proxy to not only imprison me but to force this transition to... to... to what? A maid... to serve her. And had I a tail, it would be wagging like a puppy.

Has all this truly been forced?

The room door opens. Dr. Gehorchen enters, followed by wife Miss Taylor and a woman I have not seen in months. I am shocked... I am embarrassed. It is attorney Pamela Harrison. I stare... in trepidation, her seeing me like this. I have no words.

The nurse steps to the side, leaving my head free to move, limbs remaining tethered. The doctor approaches. Embarrassment turns to outright humiliation as she flips up the covering sheet, placing a tray on a nearby table with my hypodermic needle. Once again, though completely exposed to others, I see not the condition of my pubes. But I am bared for all others.

“Some visitors,” the announcement superfluous, noting that the young cosmetician joins in wheeling her cart.

Pamela Harrison, selected as my divorce attorney for her aggressiveness, shrinks not from approaching, despite the ignominious exhibition of my intimate anatomy. As the doctor approaches, my attorney... former attorney... visually examines.

A woman of size, ruggedly attractive, shoulders broad, hair short... mine is now probably longer... I cannot help thinking that as a result of the clinic’s efforts I appear to be more effeminate than she.

Pamela Harrison nods, turning to wife Miss Taylor, then smiling as the doctor moves to my side, hands lowering, fingers palpating about my groin.

“Well, say hello Maxine,” Miss Taylor admonishing me for my silence.

Weeks of training, I cannot curtsy as so often demanded, but I find the words ingrained by the many etiquette classes.

“Good morning, Miss Pamela,” loathing myself, my voice so soft, humble and high pitched.

“You’re as pretty as your picture,” comes the husky reply, “Maxine. You do prefer Maxine.”

A statement more than a question. Such irritation. My own attorney joining in the feminine dominion.

The doctor tugs again, fingers fidgeting about the flesh of my scrotum, removing and placing onto the tray the shards of metal thrust through her piercings of days ago.

“All healed and ready. And a nice injection for you Maxine. Make you feel warm, comfy and submissive for your master, then I’ll leave you to talk.”

Master?

Right buttock jabbed, there indeed comes the glowing warmth. It soothes.

“No more anti androgens,” Dr. Gehorchen informs, turning to Miss Taylor. “Not needed. You probably have a higher testosterone level at this point. He’s depleted... and obviously will stay that way for you.”

I cannot help noting the collective smirks, the end of my maleness seeming to bring wry glee to all present.

“Just the estrogen and prolactin... dosages increased... and of course the chlordiazepoxide. Keep your girl calm, complacent but eager to serve.”

With that, the doctor departs and the cosmetician wheels up her cart, glaring at my exposed penis and pierced scrotum... which I still cannot see.

Why is it that I am gladdened when she combs my hair then dutifully begins working my nails? Do I truly want to look pretty for Miss Taylor? And now my attorney?

I think of my adoration for her, stunningly attractive, such divine shapeliness. I adulated enough to want her to be free of me, for her to grasp all the pleasure I was incapable of providing. And then she saved my life as I attacked myself with a steak knife. She is to be held in esteem, a Goddess to whom I owe all. She is now in charge...and she should be... I will be obedient and please her. I now have the skills.

The two women watch for a moment, seeming to let me to my thoughts, stew in my humble embarrassment. Miss Pamela finally speaks, her voice lawyerly.

“So, to confirm, Maxine. Divorce suit withdrawn?”

I nod.

“Well I can see why. You’re going to need care... a governess. The police report, which led to the court order appointing your wife as guardian, suggests that you attempted suicide by way of self mutilation. I can see the results. A very demeaning way to die, Maxine, cutting off your balls. One bleeds heavily from the groin. You’re fortunate that your loving wife was there to respond. To save you.”

I nod. There is no point to reiterating the true events... that I was drugged. Dr. Rosen has dogmatically drilled into me that hallucinogenic drugs do not implant undesired thoughts and prompt unwanted actions.

“And you have terminated my services as your attorney?”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

Such a wicked smile as the formidable attorney turns to Miss Taylor.

“Then he’s all yours, Taylor. No one to contest the court order, no one to interfere with your authority.”

“And nothing... no conflicts... in you now representing me... and the Phipps family matters,” wife Taylor, her smile seemingly even more wicked. “Make sure he’s completely impoverished and unemployable, Pamela. I want him financially subjugated as well as physically, psychologically and emotionally. His credit cards are unpaid... and will remain so. So no job, no money, no credit. Completely dependance. I’ll need you to make sure it stays that way. As discussed, fee to be negotiated... and paid in kind,” the latter words spoken with mirthful emphasis.

Miss Taylor reaches into her pocketbook.

“I told you Maxine... a Phipps is never dumped. Dignity never to be assailed.”

I nod.

“And I said that you would not have the balls to do it,” extracting curious looking artifacts. “And as I’ve also said... and I’m sure the doctor as well... that after your night of self harm, she saved things for you... things so precious for the supercilious male.”

She holds before me an object appearing to be a pendant... at the top a thinly gauged open ring. Beneath hangs a globe of clear Lucite, within there is a sphere of gray the size of a modest meatball. Below that dangles a tiny bell, chiming away with the motion of her hand.

“Your right testicle, Maxine. Recovered from the kitchen floor by the EMT folks. Tsk, tsk, they so much hoped it could be restored to you. Instead I had it plasticized. Then in consultation with the staff here at the clinic, I had Dr. Gehorchen neuter you completely. Your left testicle,” her hand jiggling an identical second pendant, the chiming bringing wicked laughter from attorney Pamela Harrison.

“Guess in a way they’re now mine. But I’ll lend them to you. Tiny male bits... but still too large to attach as earrings,” mockingly holding the trinkets to the side of her head.

“You almost died from your attempt at castration, Maxine. I need to assure myself that it won’t happen again. Very messy, you could have killed yourself. But your precious little plums have been saved. And you’re going to wear them for me. I had assurances that much of your little sac would remain, Dr. Gehorchen restored everything... though the eggs are gone. But the empty nest remains. And with the good doctor’s piercings, you’ll be able to feel and hear your... my... balls as you labor for me about the house.... nude... at all times... unless I have visitors and want you uniformed.”

My apoplexy is not countered by the chlordiazepoxide. My heart pounds. I am neutered, physically emasculated, the ready acceptance of so many things feminine now explained. I watch in shocked silence as Miss Taylor hands the baubles to the young cosmetician. The girl gushes, seeming to know what to do, suspending her efforts in painting my nails, hands going to my pubes, trinkets to be attached.

“I’d like to walk him... her... listen to her new bells” turning to the tending nurse. “I understand it’s time for her class... to be put under the penis. Has there been any anal training?”

The nurse steps forth, magnetic device in hand, releasing cuffs and straps.

“No Miss Phipps. Not yet. She’ll be quite tight. We’ve not begun to open her.”

“Then it will surely provide a good afternoon of entertainment.”

Freed, I sit up, for the first time offered a glimpse of my privates.

My penis is abysmally small. Shrunk, the deluge of female hormones evident. More shocking... the loose fleshiness where once my testicles resided. The open rings of Miss Taylor’s offered jewelry have been thrust through the new openings, the fingers of the cosmetician working to close the loops.

Words of weeks ago come to mind... Miss Taylor’s initial visit... ‘the doctor has done a wonderful job saving things for you’.

My life as a virile male... accomplished public relations executive... is over... permanently. Yet I seethe not... anger seeming distant... if there is any at all. I find myself resigned... to a life of servitude. I have none other. Attorney Pamela Harrison will assure that the journey down the path begun by my rash drug induced actions, guided further along by the clinic... for boys who want to be girls... mothers who want daughters... will be completed.

“Your former attorney tells me she is very good with the strap on, Maxine,” Miss Taylor hinting at the payment in kind for services rendered. “For girls like you, bending and spreading is just as important as sucking cock.”

End

Sequel soon to follow - ‘Maid Service at the Phipps Estate’

Comments, criticisms and feedback are welcomed. Chris_Bellows@hotmail.com

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