CraveX
A Wife's Revenge
By Carole Jean



CRAVEX

A WIFE'S REVENGE

BY CAROLE JEAN AND ANONYMOUS

carolejeanppa@hotmail.com

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ADAM

Kindle Edition

Copyright © 2015 by Carole Jean All Rights Reserved

No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form by any means including photocopying, recording, or any other electronic or mechanical methods, or by any information storage and retrieval system without the prior written permission of the publisher, except in the case of very brief quotations embodied in reviews and other noncommercial uses permitted by copyright law.

CRAVEX - A WIFE'S REVENGE !

I was dizzy and cold. I opened my eyes and closed them immediately. The light was intense. I opened them more gradually, blinking and squinting as I became accustomed to it, and I saw a woman holding a syringe. She stuck the needle into my arm and pressed the plunger. In my dazed state, I tried to lift my hand to stop her and found that I was strapped down.

I watched as the liquid flowed into my arm and looked around the room trying to take in my surroundings. I was in my own guestroom, stripped naked and strapped down to the bed. I didn't recognize the woman. She asked, "How do you feel?"

I tried to speak but my throat was dry. Eventually I managed to say in a strangled voice, "Why am I strapped down? What happened to me and who are you? Why did you give me a shot? Was I in an accident?" The questions were jumbled and I struggled to make my voice heard.

"There is nothing wrong with you. I'm Dr. Brund; your wife invited me here. The injection was an experimental drug I've created called CraveX. It is a distillation of the ingredients that cause addition to such drugs as crack and heroin. My theory is that it will create a craving so strong that one will do anything to obtain it."

"Why have you given it to me?"

"You're my first human subject. I'm going to see if you become a CraveX addict to test my theory."



"What do you want?" I was panicking. "You can't make me a drug addict. Don't do it."

The doctor smiled as though in sympathy but her words only reinforced my anguish. "There's no use pleading. It is only by making you dependent on CraveX and seeing if you'll do everything your wife asks of you that I can truly test its effectiveness."

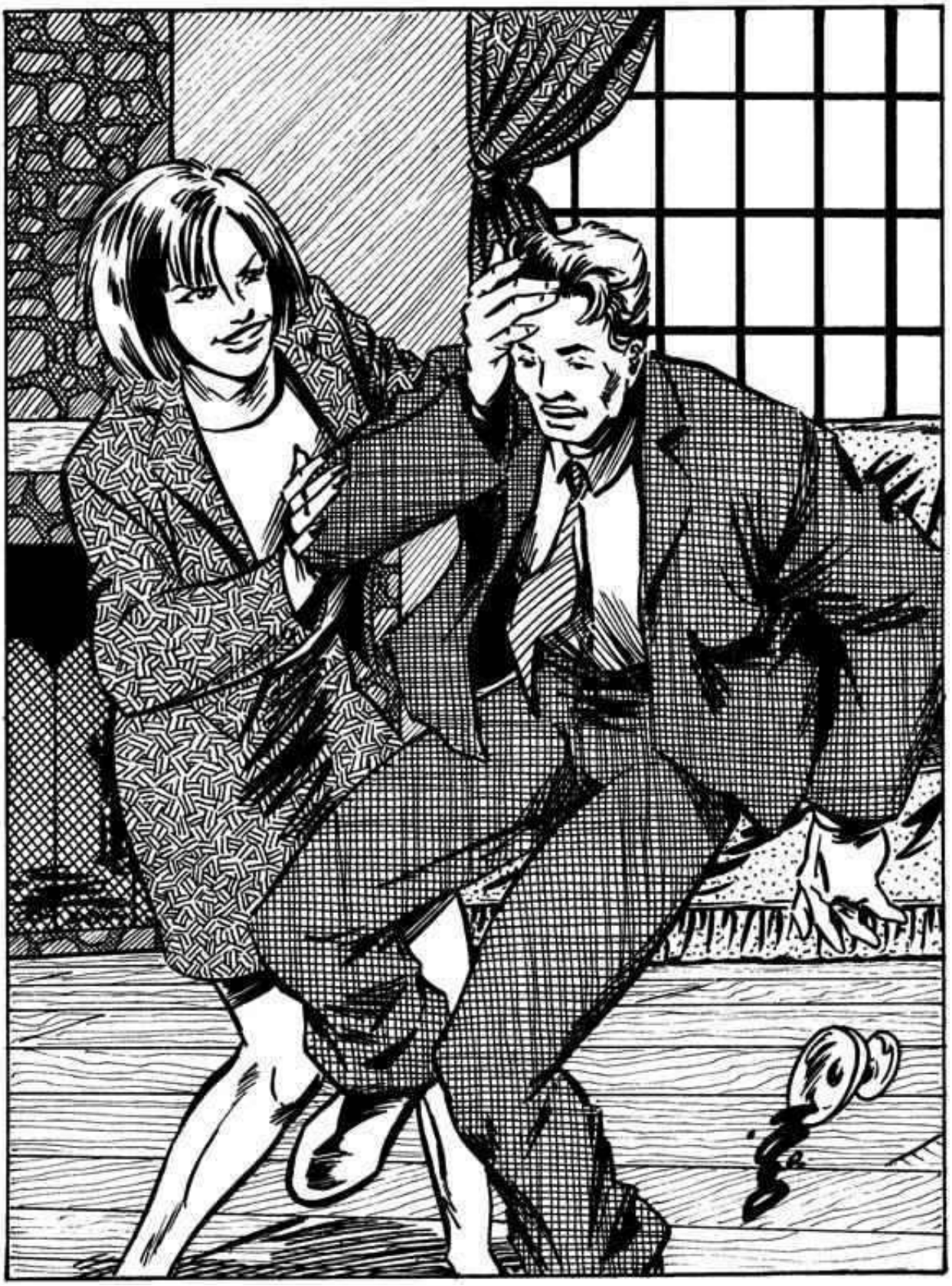
"What about my wife? Does she know about this? I want to talk with her."

"I know this will be difficult and sometimes painful for you. Just remember this test is for the advancement of science and the ultimate good of humanity. If we can gain a more thorough understanding of addition we can fight it more effectively. You will receive injections every day for a week. You've already had two. If my theory is correct five more and you'll be the world's first CraveX addict." She turned and was gone before I could reply.

I was in a daze still wondering if I was dreaming. I tried to think. How did I get here? The last thing I could remember was feeling dizzy after having a drink with my wife.

Where was my wife? "Darling!" I yelled. In a few moments Lucy came into the room and looked at my bound form. She too held a syringe. I glared at her angrily. "What's that for? Who was that doctor? She said I was a test subject. What the hell was that about? I don't want to be a guinea pig. Untie me damn it!"

She ignored my questions, and stuck the needle in my arm giving me another injection.



"People will wonder what's happened to me. They'll call the police, and then you'll be in big trouble. It's a criminal offense to hold someone against their will." I babbled on perspiring with frustrated anger and fear. She saw the sweat and wiped my forehead.

"It's no use thinking I might release you. The doctor intends to addict you to CraveX. It's very important for her research. She was grateful to me for offering you as a subject. As far as everyone else is concerned, you are on vacation. Your secretary is running the office for you. She has been very helpful. Though she's disgusted with your behavior."

"What did she tell you? Mary's a liar you know."

"I do known. In fact I've known for some time. Those late nights at the office, those sudden essential weekend trips, your lack of interest in me after them. There have been many clues for some time."

"Don't you trust me?"

"Mary trusted you, Charlie. That was her mistake. She thought you were leaving me for her."

It was all true. Even the part about my foolish secretary thinking I would leave my wife for her. My wife was wealthy and my own salary could never support the life style I had become accustomed to. She was wealthy, and I needed her for that. But men have other needs too. Mary had been satisfying them for several months but she was not the first nor would she be the last. She was, however, the most possessive.

"She was shocked when you dumped her for another girl in your office, so shocked that she called and told me everything. You know you really shouldn't have treated her so badly. "





"That bitch is making everything up." In fact I hadn't been gentle about dumping my clinging secretary just as soon as I found a more malleable replacement. I didn't even try to conceal my new affair from her. I thought if she saw me with my new girlfriend it would make for a quicker and cleaner split. I hated the long weepy breakups; the ones where they want to talk and talk about it. So I 'accidentally' pushed the call button while I was going at it with my new girlfriend, our receptionist. Mary was furious, all the more so because, as she had told me, she thought the receptionist was a brainless bimbo.

"Mary is quite resourceful. She found Dr. Brund. Do you know how difficult it can be to get a license to practice medicine in this state? The doctor went to quite a good school in Columbia and had an excellent medical practice there. However, she can't go back. She made an unfortunate slip when operating on the daughter of a man high up in the drug cartel. They can hold a grudge for a long time and are quite ruthless. Her only way home is to impress people even higher up in the cartel. One of them is holding her parents hostage pending the results of this test. It's quite a story, but the important message is that you made a bad mistake embarrassing your secretary and me. She and I have arranged everything. The injection I just gave you will put you back to sleep so you won't struggle. Once your body absorbs the CraveX the really interesting experiments will start. If the drug works the way Dr. Brund says it will, I'll make you do things that you never dreamed of. Your whole personality and lifestyle is going to change forever."



I felt my senses swimming and I tried to stay awake to argue but it was futile. My eyes closed and I lapsed into a drugged oblivion.

Each day I had a hazy recollection of injections. One day I was alert enough to hear Lucy said, “I’m now going to give you shot number seven myself. In theory, you will then be addicted.” She pushed the needle in my arm and emptied the contents of the syringe.

I stared at my arm in horror and saw the red blotches left by the previous injections. It came flooding back, the threat to turn me into a drug addict, my secretary and my new girlfriend. “You haven’t done it have you? Please tell me you haven’t made me an addict.”

“Yes, you’re hooked on CraveX. Just wait, you’ll do anything to get your next shot and the longer you take it the greater your dependence. I’m going to keep you tied up for another week and give you seven more shots just to be certain. You’ll submit to the most demeaning task, obey the most outrageous instruction I give you.”

“I will not.”

She just smiled

The second week was similar to the first. The difference being that I was fully aware of the daily injections and soon found that I was longing for them. As the time grew nearer so did my craving. I grew frightened as I realized I was now addicted. They had done what they had promised. I wept in frustration at my lack of control, but I received no sympathy, only a clinical detachment.

At the end of the two weeks they stopped the injections to observe what would happen.

The first day was all right.

The second I felt a gnawing pain in my stomach and couldn't eat.

The third day was horrible. First I twitched, itched and burned. Then I was sick to my stomach and I felt a horrible pain in every joint that just kept getting worse. I pleaded "Oh God! Please give me some CraveX! Please, please I will do anything you want but please give it to me!"

Lucy stroked my brow, "in a little while my dear, Doctor Brund is coming today, she will want to talk to you."

She left me and I flailed around under my straps in agony, weeping in terrible pain and sweating profusely. Two hours went by and I was sure I was dying.

Then I saw two figures standing at my side looking at me. They were Doctor Brund and my wife.

"Doctor help me please you must help me. The pain, I can't stand it."

"Of course I'll help you, but you must promise you will do anything your wife asks you of you."

"I will, I will, anything, but please give me CraveX please."

She came over and injected my shaking form. Within minutes, I was back to my normal self, weak and shaken, but recovered.



"Are you ready for your first assignment dear?" Lucy asked.

I nodded.

"Listen carefully. You know now how much you need CraveX. I'm your only source of it. I'll keep you supplied as long as you're obedient. You're a perfectly normal man, perhaps too much of a sex addict, but that is about to change. You are going to become a woman."

"I don't understand, how is it possible, I can't just become a woman, it's crazy."

"I have a series of tasks you are going to carry out to become more feminine."

"Why would you even want to do this to me?"

"You've humiliated me with other woman. Well now you are the one who is going to be humiliated by being the other woman yourself. First you will buy some proper clothing. You'll buy the things that any woman would need - a bra, panties, slip, panty hose, a dress, and shoes in your sizes. You will also purchase lipstick, matching nail polish, eye makeup and perfume. Then you will return here and ask me nicely to help you dress, apply your makeup and teach you to behave in a feminine fashion. Here are some of your own clothes to shop in. Enjoy them; they'll be the last male clothes you'll ever wear for the rest of your life. You will never cheat on me again. Now off you go darling."

She loosened the straps that had tied me to the bed for nearly three weeks. I stood and almost fell. I was so weak and dizzy. I put on my clothes, and took my wallet I checked and it contained money and my

credit cards. She gave me my car keys and I got in and drove away. The fools! Now that I had my money and car I could go anywhere I wanted. That certainly was not shopping for some damn girls' clothes.

I thought about contacting work, but it was late and I decided to wait until the next day. I checked into a hotel and had an excellent dinner. I was thinking about my next moves when I felt a pain in my stomach and started to shiver. Oh God no it can't be happening. But it was, I was getting a spasm, I wanted CraveX. I tried to convince myself that I could beat it but it was no use, I knew had to have the drug.

I picked up the phone and called home. Lucy answered I told her "I must have CraveX, help me please."

"Where have you been I expected you back hours ago? Have you gotten your new clothes and makeup, Gabrielle?"

"Don't call me that!"

"The stores are closed now. You'll have to shop tomorrow. I'll give you CraveX when you come back with the things I told you to purchase. Bye for now, sweetie," she said and hung up.

I looked at the phone in disbelief. The pain was getting worse and I knew that soon it would be unbearable. I tried to sleep but the cramps and the pain in my joints kept me awake all night.

As soon as the stores opened, I went to buy the female garments. I tried to be calm but it was impossible both because of the pain and the embarrassment. Even worse, I had to buy them to fit me and I didn't know my size in woman's clothes.

The clerks gave me peculiar looks as I wandered through the lingerie department grabbing a slip and a pair of panties. I thought large was good for the slip. The panties had numbers, not sizes. The higher numbers seemed bigger so I took one of the larger numbers.

The bras made no sense to me at all. I must have looked as mystified as I felt, because a clerk came and asked, “May I help you, sir?”

“I need to buy some things for my wife.”

“I’ll be happy to help you. What have you selected so far?”

I gave her the slip and panties and she asked, ”Are you sure of your wife’s sizes?”

“I don’t know them.”

“Is she about your size?”

I nodded.

“Then these panties are much too large for her. I’ll help you select another pair. What about her bra? Is her chest about the same size as yours too?”

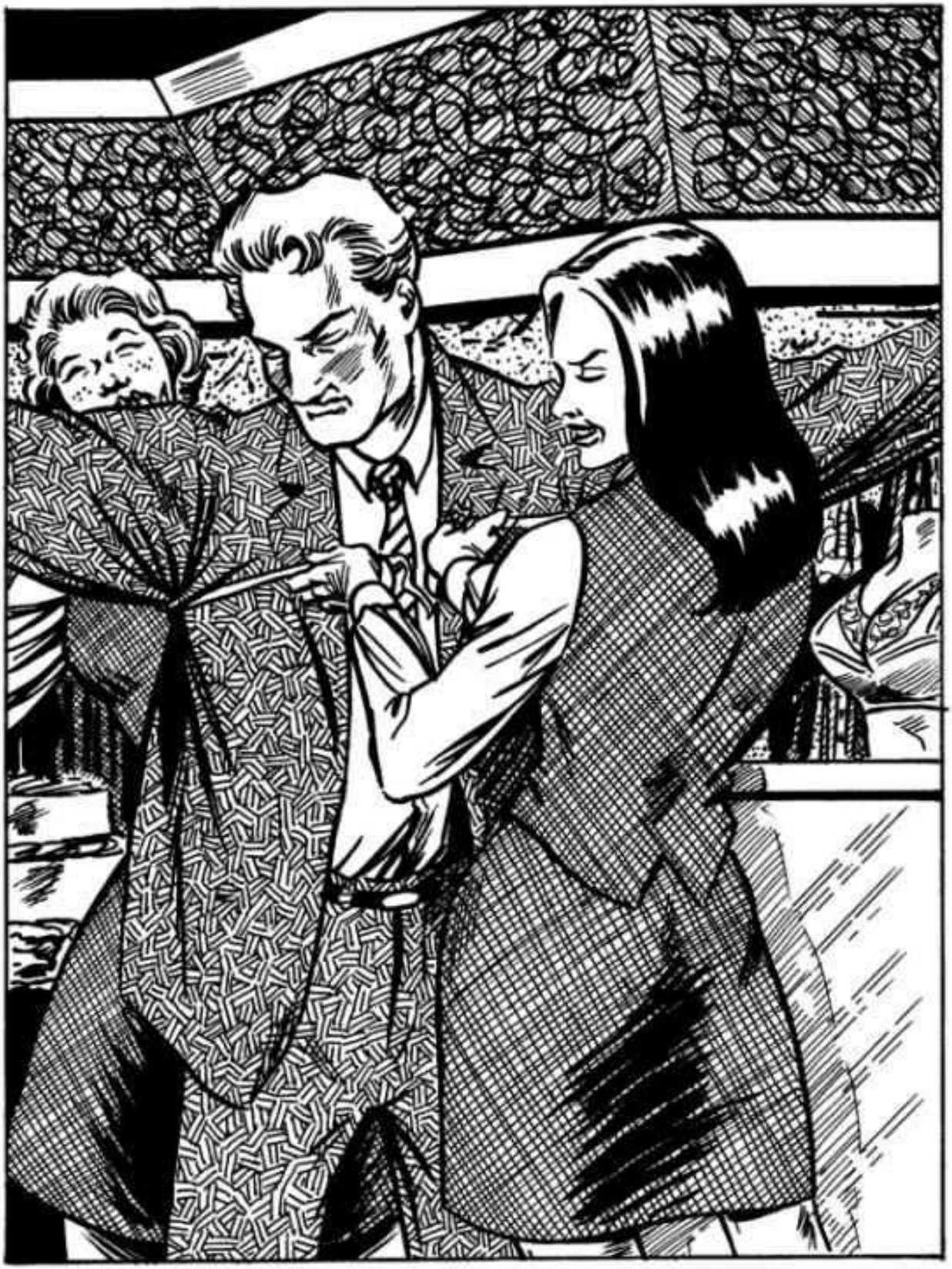
I nodded again.

“June, come help me,” she said, and the two measured my chest. “What’s her cup size, honey?”

I was dying of embarrassment. “I’m not sure. You see my wife is ill . .

The girls just smiled knowingly. They clearly didn’t believe I was shopping for anyone else. Their references to my ‘wife’ were full of sarcasm and dripping with false concern.





“Does ‘she’ need any outer wear or does ‘she’ just want these darling undies you’ve so lovingly selected for her?”

“She needs a dress and shoes,” I said.

“And she is just your size?”

“Very nearly.”

The girls giggled and one said, “I think I have just the dress for ‘her’.” She brought one from a rack and held it up to me.

“I think it may be a bit small. Would you like to try it on, dear?”

I flushed bright red and pushed it away. “Of course not. It’s for my wife. Why would I want to try on a dress?”

She brought me a larger dress in another style and took me to the shoe department. She found a pair of high-heeled shoes in my size and made me try them on. My head was killing me and the cramps were getting worse.

I was so distracted by the pain that I didn’t complain when the clerk told me to walk around in them to be certain of the fit, ‘for her’.

Eventually I bought all that I had been ordered to. I paid the bill in cash so they wouldn’t know my name, and I fled from the shop.

I stopped at a drug store and grabbed a bunch of cosmetics and pantyhose. Then I drove home, thinking only about getting my CraveX.



Lucy beamed at me “Have you bought your new clothes, Gabrielle? Tell me all about your adventure.”

“Please give me some CraveX.”

“You may have your CraveX after you have told me all about your shopping expedition.”

I quickly related all that had happened to me.

“Did you find it exciting that those lovely ladies were paying so much attention to you? Such a shame you couldn’t use your masculine charm on them, but buying ladies’ garments is not a very masculine pursuit is it?”

“I got the damn clothes now give me some CraveX. I’m going crazy. You can’t do this to me any longer. You have to cure me of the addiction.”

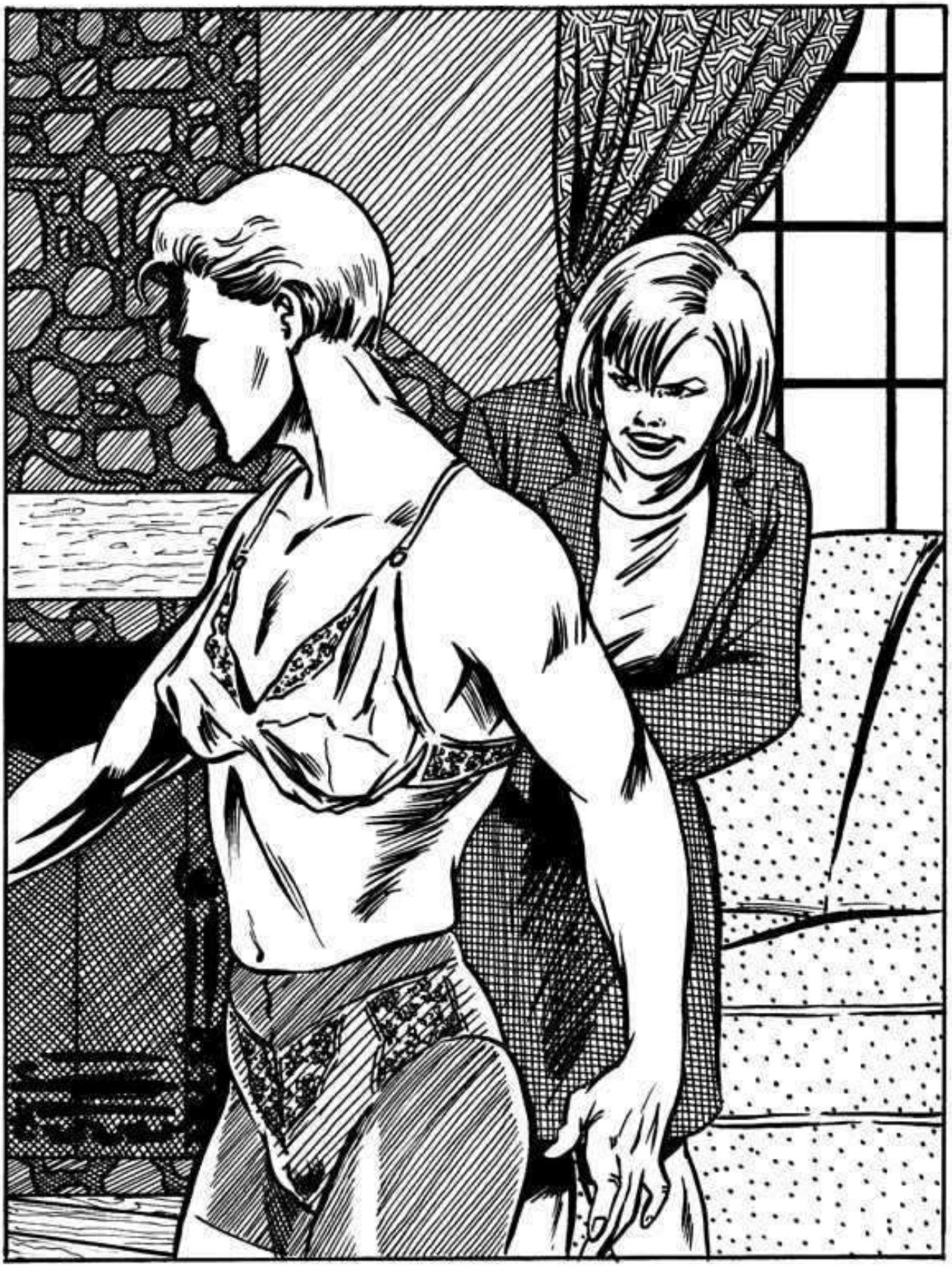
“I’ll give you CraveX after you are dressed and made up. First we must take off all of your male clothes. You can say goodbye to them forever. Then you may shave your body and put on the lovely feminine clothes you selected.”

I stood limply and allowed her to undress me. She balled up my suit and other clothing and made a big production of throwing them in the trash. “Now you have no more male clothing. I gave all the rest to charity. Take this razor into the bathroom and shave close all over your body. Don’t forget to shave your underarms, but don’t shave your face.”

When I returned, she began dressing me in the women's lingerie I had purchased. The panties were first, drawn up my legs and smoothed round my hips, followed by the sheer pantyhose. I was embarrassed to be wearing this girly stuff, but mostly I thought about the shot of CraveX that I would be getting soon.

As she was fastening the bra round my chest she said, "We'll have to use padding until female hormones have developed your breasts."

She stuffed some panty hose in the bra cups. "That will do for now, we'll buy you some prosthesis while we're out later. You have an appointment this afternoon with your doctor to ask him to prescribe female hormones. The hormones will reduce your masculine aggressiveness and impede your hair growth, but it is important for you to remove as much hair as possible. You'll also visit my beauty shop today for electrolysis to begin removing your facial hair, and you'll schedule regular appointments to continue the electrolysis and to wax your legs, arms, back and chest. It will make you feel more feminine when your skin is soft and smooth and your clothes will feel silkier on your body and legs when you have no hair. You must also return to where you bought these clothes. I'm sure that the ladies will enjoy seeing you wearing the things you bought from them. This time you must let them help you select some additional dresses. You'll try them on in the store and let the ladies give you advice. You will be needing all the help you can get from women if you want to learn how to be one."



"But I don't --"

"Hush, I should call you Gabi. Sit down and I'll do your makeup. Pay attention because after today you'll be doing it for yourself." She began by applying nail polish, and then went to work on my face. It was hard for me to sit still. I needed CraveX so much that I was shaking.

"You didn't do a very good job of coordinating makeup colors. We can have that fixed at the beauty salon this afternoon after your electrolysis. Do remember to tell the girls that you want to come every week for your manicure and pedicure. You should also schedule a monthly waxing, and once your hair grows out you'll need a monthly trim and styling."

She painted my lips, squeezed my eyelashes with some curved metal thing and applied mascara to my eyes. Then she picked up and fluffed out the light pink silk dress I had bought. "This will look darling. Did you pick it out yourself?"

I looked away and lowered my eyes. She put it over my head and zipped it up the back sealing me into a silken cocoon. She finished by spraying me liberally with the sweet smelling perfume I had purchased. It made my senses reel.

"You look absolutely gorgeous, Gabrielle," she said. "You are just about the cutest man I've ever seen on two nylon covered shaved legs."



Finding myself fully dressed in girl's clothes for the first time, I exploded in anger. "You bitch! I hate this! Now that you've humiliated me for fooling around by dressing me up in these things, give me my CraveX. Then get the doctor and have her free me from this addiction, let me out of these damn things and give me back my pants."

She looked at me sharply. "You'll suffer for that outburst. You want to be free. All right, you are free to walk out of this house right now wearing your new clothes. You are free to go back to the store where you bought them and ask the nice ladies to help you select more lovely girlish things to wear," she snapped.

"If you think I'm going out wearing these things you're crazy. I'm calling the police."

Her eyes flashed with anger. "Oh are you? Do you think the police will believe your story about being forced to dress in women's clothes and wear makeup? They'll just laugh at you if they don't decide to throw you in jail. How will you survive without CraveX? What to do you think the other prisoners will do to you? Forget any crazy idea of escaping; you have no hope of escape. I have the only source of CraveX in the world and you would likely die in painful convulsions if you went more than a few days without it. You're going to spend the rest of your life as a female and you're going to arrange it all yourself, not because you want to, but because I'm making you do it. Not only are you going out to do what I said, I'm going with you to enjoy watching it."



I wanted to yell at her, to hit her, but I remembered my last night without CraveX and meekly left the house with her dressed as I was.

We drove back to the store where I had bought the things I was wearing. Getting out of the car and walking down the street in a dress was the most terrifying experience of my life. There were dozens of people and they were all looking at me. I felt that they could see right thru my dress.

Once we were in the store, the sales girls gushed over me saying how lovely I looked and how well the dress went with my eyes. “I knew all along that the clothes were for you,” one of them said. “I could tell just by looking that you were a sissy and were uncomfortable dressed as a man.”

“I thought they might be for him,” said the other. “But he looked so masculine I didn’t know why he would be wearing women’s’ clothes. I thought maybe he’d lost a bet or was going to a masquerade. I never thought he was a sissy.”

“Gabi, let’s take off your dress and try on some others,” Lucy said. She unzipped my dress and lowered it to the floor. “Step out of your dress, Gabi.”

Reduced to my slip and underwear, I was horribly embarrassed to see the smiling faces of the sales clerks and the sound of their giggling was like fingernails on a blackboard.



“How do you know Gabi?” one of the women asked Lucy.

“We’re good friends. I met Gabi a few years ago and he recently told me that he wanted to become a woman and asked if I would help. I tried to talk him out of it, but he was adamant.”

“He’s actually going to become a woman? How is that even possible?”

“He’s a transsexual. After a year of taking hormones and living as a woman full time, he’ll have the operation.”

“He’ll wear dresses everywhere for a year?”

“Yes, and he’s very nervous because they don’t know about it at his office yet. Monday will be his first day at work in a dress.”

The girls were fascinated. They told me how much I would enjoy being a woman. It was so much nicer than being a man they said. I would be able to wear lovely clothes all the time. “I’m sure your co-workers will be supportive of your decision,” one said. “After all, you look lovely.”

They brought me dress after dress and I had to try them all on. Lucy had me buy dozens. With each one I had to have the right bra, slip panties, hose and shoes. I must have tried on everything in the store that didn’t have legs. The clerks watched me as I changed, ostensibly to be helpful, but they couldn’t keep from giggling as I dressed and undressed. “We girls do have problems with our zippers,” one of them said as I struggled to close the back of one of the dresses.”



My wife bought me dozens of dresses, a selection of nightgowns and loungewear, and a pair of realistic falsies, which were as heavy as real breasts and had rosy raised areas where the nipples should be. How the girls giggled as I took the stuffing out of my bra cups and inserted the falsies.

"Come by and see us anytime, Gabi," one of the clerks said as we left with our many packages.

Next she took me to her beauty salon and again explained that I was a transsexual preparing for my eventual change. The girls were delighted to be working on a man. They gave me the full treatment all the way from electrolysis to a manicure and pedicure. One of the girls worked on my hair, cutting it and combing it into bangs. She apologized for not being able to do more but said that as it grew out she would be able to cut it in more feminine style.

I made a regular appointment for every Saturday afternoon plus several other appointments for electrolysis.

The next stop was even worse. My doctor, Fred Brett was speechless at the sight of me. I hesitantly asked, "I-I wonder if you can prescribe some female hormones, I want to become a woman."

"A woman, really?"

Lucy gave him a letter from Dr. Brund explaining that she had counseled me and that this was a decision we had agreed upon.

"It's a very big step, Charlie."

"Her name is Gabrielle," Lucy said. "Tell Dr. Brett you're sure about this, Gabi."



"I am very sure, I must have the hormones."

"Very well," said Fred, "fill these prescriptions. I want you to take both capsules every day for the next month. They are very strong and by the time you've finished them you should be beginning to notice your breasts have become swollen and sensitive. You might have hot flashes and headaches. Make an appointment to see me in a month and I'll see how you are doing and modify your prescription to a maintenance level. I understand you think you know what you want, but if you have any questions or reservations, call me."

I walked out in a daze. When we got home it was late and I was feeling a consuming need for CraveX. "Well, my dear, that was a good day"

"It was awful. The women in the store were laughing at me. Fred tried to persuade me not to take hormones. I don't want to become a woman but I insisted he give them to me. I'm burning up, you must give me my CraveX."

"Very well but you may only have your drug if you take your hormone capsules first."

"But I'm a man, I want to stay a man, I can't become a woman." She shrugged and turned to go.

"No please! Yes all right, I'll take them but give me my CraveX."

She held out the capsules. I took and swallowed them. She then injected me with CraveX, escorted me to the guest bedroom, and undressed me down to my falsie filled bra. She gave me a short pink nightie with matching panties, which I had to put on, and she tucked me into bed and kissed me on the forehead,

saying, “Sleep well, Gabi.” My day had been full of many exhausting emotions and I soon fell asleep.

In the morning I woke and sat on the edge of the bed. I didn’t know what to do next so I just sat there, miserably uncomfortable in my bra and nightie until she arrived. It didn’t help my feelings of discomfort that she was the one wearing pants.

“Anything in particular you’d like to wear today, dear?” I was too distraught to answer and shook my head.



"Would you like to wear that lovely silk print the girls picked for you?"

The thought of having to wear that dress or any dress was equally repulsive to me.

"I think that silk is sensuous and feminine, don't you? But you have so many dresses. You can pick whichever one you like and I'll choose some pretty undies to go with it while you're bathing."

I didn't want to wear any of the damn things. I went to the closet and grabbed the dress closest to my hand.

"How sweet," she said, "You'll look darling in that dress." She ushered me into a tub foaming with scented bath salts. I lay in the bath trying to think of a way to escape from her, but there was the CraveX. She appeared with a large pink towel. She told me that before I knew it I'd have a soft feminine body and no one would believe I ever had been a man. "When I've finished with you darling you'll be the envy of many women, soft, smooth and scented. Not everyone can afford the expensive treatments you'll be getting. I must love you to pay so much to help you become more beautiful. A man becoming a woman completely sounds a bit frightening to me. However, you must know what you're doing. I really can't blame you for wanting to be female. I'm certainly glad I'm a woman. Life is more interesting and exciting for a female. Have you never realized how much of men's lives are spent in the pursuit of females? All the pinups and sex books are about men doing things to women. Men constantly desire our bodies. That's why being a women is superior. We always have that body to caress, pamper and dress in silks and satins.



Even if we seem to appear to want men, have you really thought why? We only want them to admire us, to buy us lovely feminine gifts, to open doors for us and to cater to our whims. We don't really need men, apart from procreation and soon we can dispense with them for that. So yours is a wise decision to become a woman, it's a much nicer life."

The words of this long talk just flowed over me as I worried about another trip outside in a dress.

She gave me a bra and falsies, a silk gown with fluffy fur trim and matching mules and watched me as I put them on. She had me sit in front of the glass door to the yard and put a clear coat of polish on my fingernails. The pool man was working outside. We had exchanged information about our conquests. If he recognized me dressed like this, I'd die.

"You're a picture of loveliness," she said. No wonder you decided to be a woman."

"You're talking as if this was my idea. You know you're forcing me to do it."

"Yes darling I know you're being forced. I've tied you down that's obvious. Are you ready for another visit to the beauty parlor? We have to get rid of those nasty hairs. It will take a while to make you soft and smooth as a woman. Come along Gabrielle, you lazy girl, you can't lounge around in your peignoir all day long; you must get dressed."



I allowed myself to be dressed in scented pale blue panties that matched my bra followed by a matching slip and nude hose. She watched me apply makeup to my face and comb my hair into a feminine style. She screwed earrings onto me and said, “You’ll need to have your ears pierced. Ask them to do it for you today at the beauty shop.” The dress finished me off and she stood back and looked at me.

“You look absolutely perfect. It would be a sin for you to wear to men’s clothes again. You were made for female dress. I can’t believe that under all that silk is a man. Not for long though. These hormones will see to that,” she said holding the pills out to me.

“I am not a woman. I’m a man, damn it! I won’t take any more of those pills. You know you’ve forced me to wear women’s clothes.”

“But darling that’s not true. You may take them off now and leave. But if you want more CraveX, you’d better take your hormones.”

I took the capsules and reluctantly swallowed them. She looked at my sad eyes. “Cheer up sweetheart,” she said, “in a short time you’ll be female. Isn’t it exciting? Just run your hands over your breasts and feel how soft they are.”



At the beauty parlor I was given more electrolysis and was massaged with scented oils. A technician pierced both of my earlobes, leaving small gold rings in the new piercings. My chances of looking like a man again diminished as my skin became smoother and hairless. I shivered not from the cold but because I was feeling so exposed. It was affecting my senses. I groaned at my plight, where would it end?

The next day it happened. What I had been dreading most. “Good morning Gabrielle, are you ready to go to work?”

“I feel sick.”

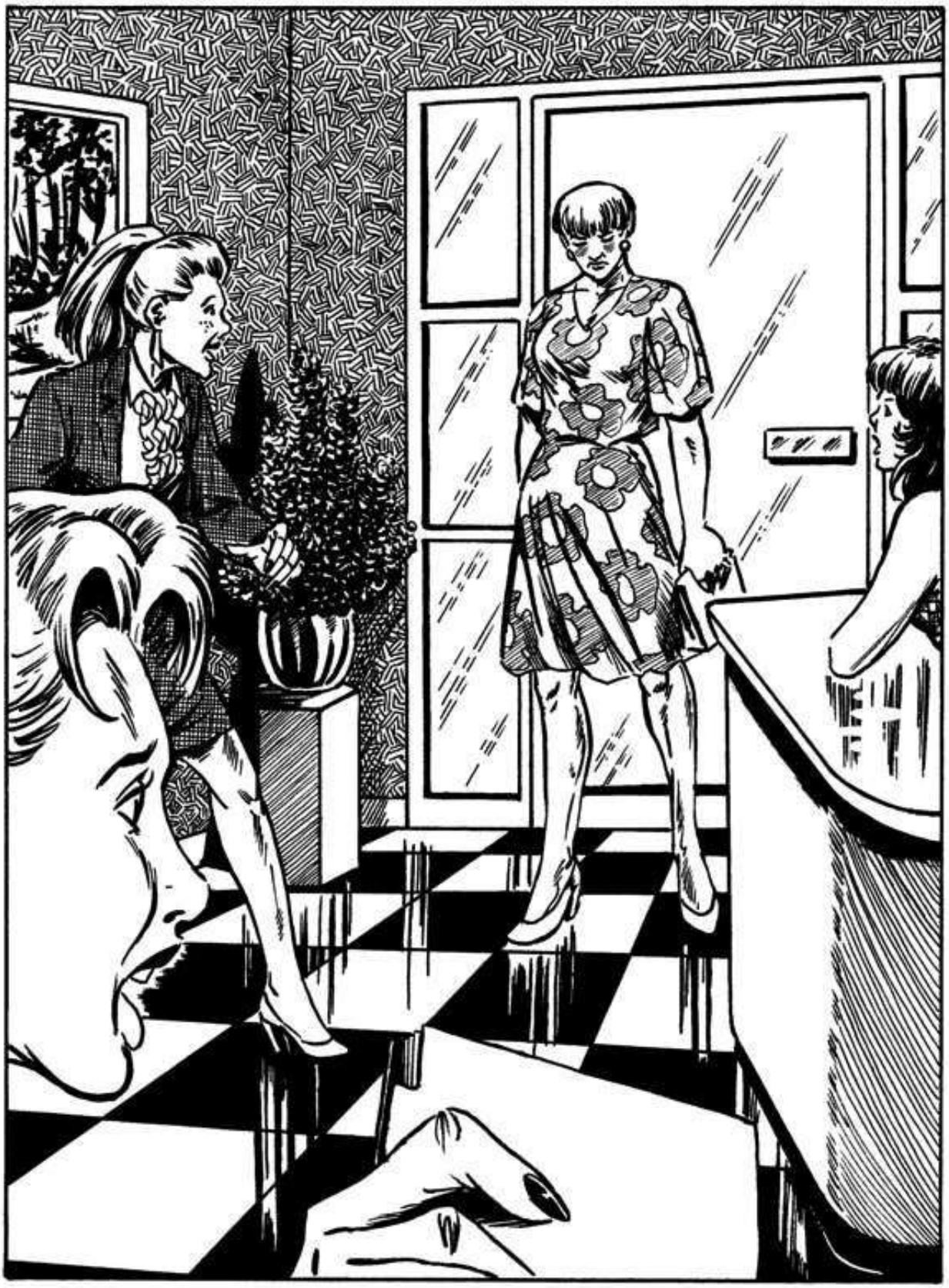
“Do you have a fever?”

“I can’t go to work in a dress.”

“Your co-workers will no doubt be surprised you have decided to become a woman, but they will all know soon so there is no reason to put it off.”

Surprised was an understatement. They were astonished and I was crushed. Entering the office in women’s clothes was the worst moment of my life.

I was an object of curiosity among my co-workers. They didn’t know what to make of me, one day I was a macho man with a reputation for office affairs. The next I was dressed as a woman. I couldn’t blame them for being confused. I wasn’t about to tell them the truth, that my wife and secretary had done this to me. Everyone was shocked (except for my secretary) and my boss wouldn’t even talk to me.





One well-intending but insensitive person even asked, “Is it okay if I just accept you as a human?” (Because I cannot see you as a woman, he fell just short of adding). My life was in ruins.

I tried to hide in my office and bury myself in paper work, but my secretary kept bringing in people so she could show me off. She couldn’t stop laughing at what she had helped do to me.

I asked her to bring me a file to get her out of my hair, but she told me she needed help finding it. When we were alone in the file room she felt my swelling chest and in a teasing voice said, “Why Gabrielle, I do believe that your breasts are bigger than mine.”

The next day the teasing was, if anything, even worse as my co- workers shock turned to amusement from the girls and contempt from the men. All that week, I determined that every miserable day at work would be my last. I’d refuse to dress as a woman. I’d refuse the hormones. But by evening I was so in need of CraveX that I took the hormone capsules so Lucy would give me an injection.

On the street, children and teenagers were especially adept at identifying me as a man in a dress. They also had the poor manners to create embarrassing public scenes.

Lucy had sent me to a jewelry store to buy more earrings. I was looking at them when I heard a voice shouting from the front of the store, “That’s a dude, man; that’s a dude in a dress!” I glanced at the teenagers crowding the small store entrance, none of them holding any goodwill toward me.







I looked away from them and back to the clerk, who was looking at me carefully. I waited a couple of minutes until after the commotion died down, selecting and buying jewelry in which I had absolutely no interest, then left the store.

I complained to Lucy and she said, “every time you step out the door, expect for people to know what you are. Accept that it’s going to happen and then forget about it.”

That was hard for me to swallow but it was true. Sometimes it was just a quick double take, and people continued without a break. Serious confrontations were rare. However, every time I went out I got several stares and an occasional sarcastic ‘sir’.

Doctor Brund came weekly with my supply of CraveX and took blood samples for her research. She was quite satisfied with my progress.

I was not. Everyday there was some new humiliation. Like the day Lucy sent me to the Department of Motor Vehicles to change the name on my driver’s license from Charles to Gabrielle. I took a letter from my doctor and a legal name change document, and went in a dress to my local DMV office. Human nature being what it has long been (with ignorance and arrogance never in short supply), I encountered delays and hostility from the staff. In particular the woman reviewing my paperwork treated me as if she thought I was some kind of pervert.



Weeks later Lucy sent me back to my doctor. His nurse smiled and led me into the office. He welcomed me with, “Have you decided about the operation yet.”

“I-I’m not sure, but I think so.” God, help me I thought. I knew I didn’t want an operation. But Lucy told me I had to pretend I did.

“Very well, I’ll arrange for you to meet and discuss it with a surgeon. He won’t perform the operation until you’ve completed a year of living as a woman, but you should begin to consider your options now, all right?”

I started to sweat trying to force out the word NO! I was screaming inwardly, but what came from my lips was, “Yes, that will be fine.“

I almost wept as I arranged for my own destruction. Even if I’d told him no, I knew that my wife and my addiction to CraveX would produce the same results in the end.

“Now undress and let me see how the hormone treatment is progressing.”

I tried to take off my dress but because of the back fastening and my unfamiliarity with female clothes, I had to ask the nurse, “Excuse me, can you help with my zipper?”

“Certainly, Gabrielle, I’ll help with your dress. You’ll have to get used to zips and buttons in inconvenient places now that you are going to become a woman.”

She unzipped my dress and pulled it over my head then looked at me in admiration. “My, what pretty undies you’re wearing, very sexy. I never would have suspected. You know, Doctor, when Gabrielle came here as Charles, I thought he was interested in me. It must have been my clothes he was admiring.”

“Take the rest off,” The doctor said. “Let’s have a look at you.” I took off my lingerie and stood naked before their gaze.

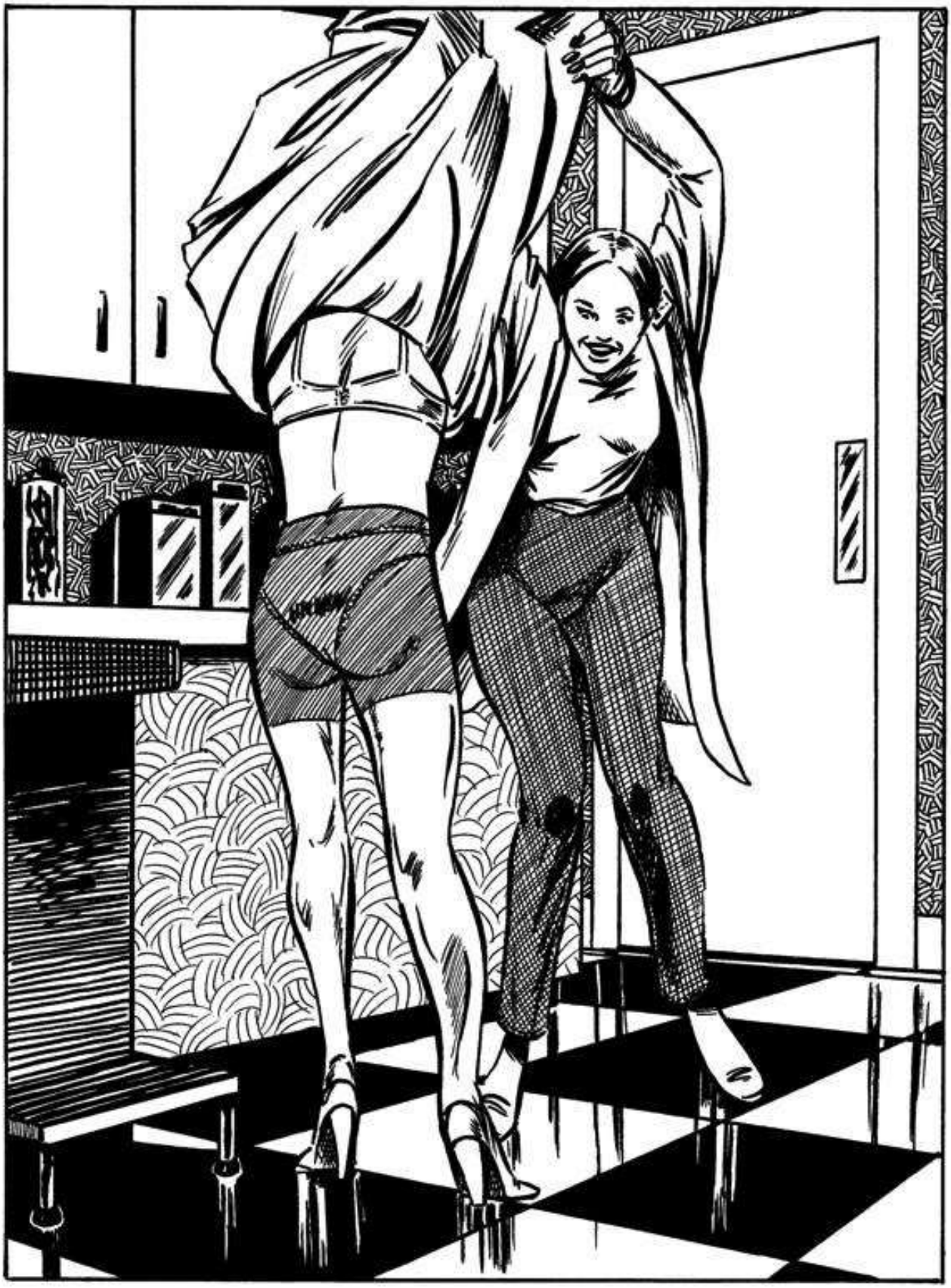
“Oh yes very nice. Your skin is looking beautiful. Now remember keep taking your hormones like a good girl, and soon your breasts and hips will develop, your body will become rounded and feminine. Then if you decide to have the operation you’ll be almost a perfect woman.”

I wanted to shout NO DAMN IT! But instead I sheepishly said, “Yes Doctor.” I was tormented, I couldn’t resist and I was destroying myself by my own reluctant words, but my wife was using her power to destroy anything masculine in me.

“You may get dressed now,” the doctor said.

I dressed slowly and sadly. When I put on my dress, I looked helplessly at the nurse and she went behind me and pulled up my zipper.

“You must practice zipping your own dress,” she said. “I’m delighted to help, but I won’t always be there for you.”



In the months that followed I did learn to wear and zip up a variety of female clothes (no pants of course). Six months after beginning hormone replacement therapy and after many hours of painful electrolysis, I was becoming more female in shape and more youthful in appearance. Fat had moved away from my waist toward my hips and buttocks. My breasts had swollen to an 'A' cup but were augmented with padding to a 'C'.

Life was a constant series of humiliations for a man in a dress. I rode the bus to work every day. The driver sneered at me and the passengers stared and whispered to each other. I sat alone in the front of the bus. I didn't want to be trapped in the rear with a bunch of rowdy teenage boys.

My boss couldn't stand working with me and told me that he was going to have to let me go. He said that I was making our customers uncomfortable. He offered my job to my former secretary. Mary accepted his offer on the condition that I was given hers. "That's right," she loved to say, "This is my old boss. He works for me now."





She enjoyed watching me do the work normally done by the office girls that I used to lord it over. My unfamiliarity with my new clothes led to many embarrassing incidents.

Eventually the girls in the office began to accept me as a junior member of their gender. We went to lunch together and talked about fashion, diet and men. They complained about the bosses in the office and how they were harassed. I now knew what they meant from both perspectives.

While the girls at work began to accept me, the children on the street never did. They followed me, laughing and shouting teasing or insulting comments.

Neither did the police who frequently found reasons to stop and harass me once the word got around.

One Friday night after another horrible week at work, Lucy remarked how ladylike my skin was becoming, “so smooth, soft and feminine darling,” she teased. “Would you like to sleep with me? Then I can stroke your lovely female body.”

“If I get you in bed, I’ll show you whether I’m a man or a woman.”

“Promises, promises, sweetheart, I bet you can’t function as a man now with all those female hormones inside you.” She started to undress. When she was naked, she looked at me tauntingly, “Want to try lover?“


FILE
ROOM







"Come on, I'll show you." I dragged her onto the bed and started a frenzied assault on her body. Lucy's nipples were swelling with desire. I also had swollen nipples but, to my dismay, I couldn't achieve an erection.

Lucy stroked my nipples through my gown. "Come on sweetheart where's this powerful weapon of yours? Has dressing in girlie clothes made you impotent? Or could it be the hormones you insisted on taking? Never mind just relax darling I'll show you how women make love."

Soon Lucy was astride my body. She inched her way upwards, "Use your tongue darling," she said. "If you can't be a man then be a woman."

In my frustrated anger, I attacked her with my tongue and mouth. She moaned with pleasure. "Oh darling that's right oh oh! You're going to be a superb lesbian. God it's marvelous." She collapsed in an orgasmic spasm and lay for minutes sprawled over my body. I was weeping with frustration. Eventually she became aware of my tears and kissed me gently. "Never mind darling in a few months you'll be able to achieve the sort of pleasures normally only granted to females."

"But I want an erection like a normal man."

"Now darling you can't have it both ways, if you want masculine sex then stop taking hormones"

"You've forced me to take them."



"Just think, after you have your testicles and penis removed and have your own vagina, men will be able to use you as you were unable to use me." She kissed me deeply and turned over.

I lay for hours in my frustrated state thinking of ways to escape becoming female. But all that happened was the realization that because of CraveX I was doomed to spend the rest of my life as a woman. I finally fell asleep and had nightmares of myself in a torn dress being threatened sexually by a shadowy brute.

When I woke, Lucy was gone. I wondered if I'd also dreamed about the sexual encounter with her. Eventually she appeared. "Good morning my dear," she said. "Are you ready for your hormones?"

I took them from her and threw them on the floor. "I'm not taking any more hormones, that's it. I'm not going to destroy myself. You can keep your CraveX."

"Very well my dear." She walked out.

That showed her, I thought. I can do without CraveX. I have the willpower. Why didn't I assert myself sooner? It will take a while to get the female hormones out of my system. What will I tell people at work? Never mind, at least I stopped it in time. I went on talking to myself, trying to believe that I'd won. But, as the day wore on, I was starting to need my CraveX.



I looked at my feminized body and found that I was starting to find reasons to ask for CraveX. I felt my smooth skin and touched my swelling breasts; they were quite large now. I certainly looked like a woman.

Perhaps even if I had no more hormones it would be impossible to return to manhood. My doubts mounted with my growing desire for CraveX. By evening I was drained from my mental battle. I sighed deeply and called Lucy.

“Yes, what do you want?”

“Nothing, my mistake.” Lucy turned to go and I panicked “No don’t go. I need some CraveX.”

Lucy pointed to the hated hormones that were still on my floor. Tears were flowing down my cheeks. I went on my knees and clutched her skirt. “Please don’t make me do it, I beg you. I don’t want to be a woman.”

“Pills first,” she said. I got them with a despairing sigh and swallowed.

“That’s a good girl,” she said. “Now lie back and rest. You look exhausted. I’ll get your CraveX.” She kissed me gently.

The next day we went to the mall together. “Now that you’re committed to becoming a woman and your salary has decreased,” Lucy said. “You need to do more to help me around the house.



She made me buy myself a damn maid's uniform! 'Helping more around the house' included me being her maid and dressing the part. The black satin uniform was very short and she suggested that I buy fish net stockings and ultra high heels. I spent much of each day in my uniform and was expected to answer the door it in.

I was allowed to change into my 'normal' clothes when I went to the market. But it was still humiliating. Particularly when she had me buy her tampons.

I was even going to the drug store to buy her birth control pills. I wondered why she needed birth control. It certainly wasn't because of me anymore. All of our sex was now my pleasuring her orally.

Nearly a year had passed and the date for my surgery was approaching.

"Soon you'll have the operation that will make you complete," Lucy said one night. When she left the room, I slumped onto the bed feeling utterly defeated.

I woke early and was aware that Lucy was standing at my side. She looked at me and smiled. "Good morning my dear," she said.

"Please, I don't want an operation. I don't want to become a woman. I don't want to have a vagina and make love to men."




1



Lucy sat on the bed, pulled my head onto her bosom, and stroked my hair. “There now darling you must be brave. It’s for the best. Phone the doctor now and confirm that you’ll be having the surgery.”

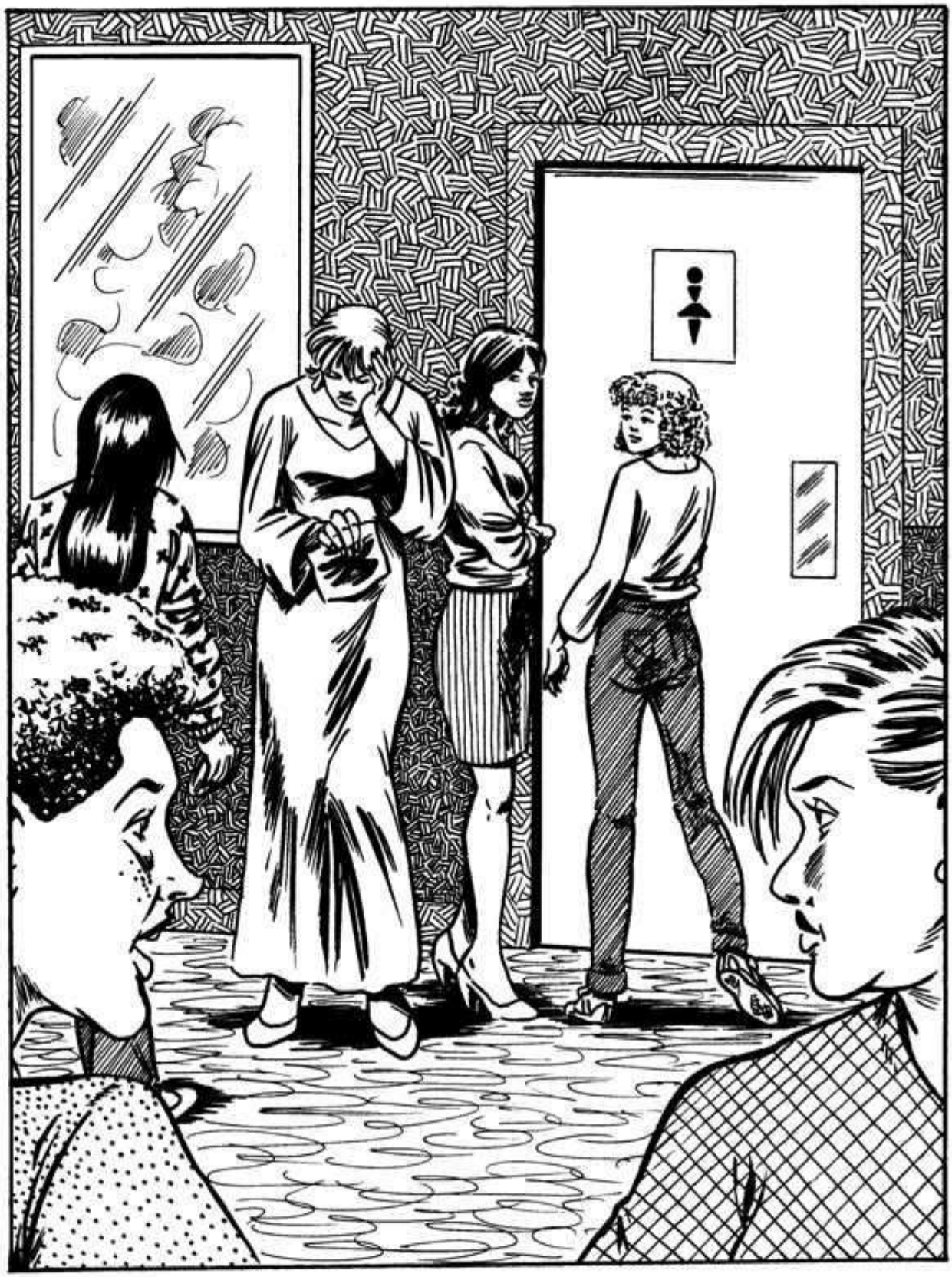
I sobbed with the realization that I was helpless. She wanted me to suffer, to arrange my own destruction. It was all part of her plan. She listened while I called and told the surgeon’s secretary that I’d be there.

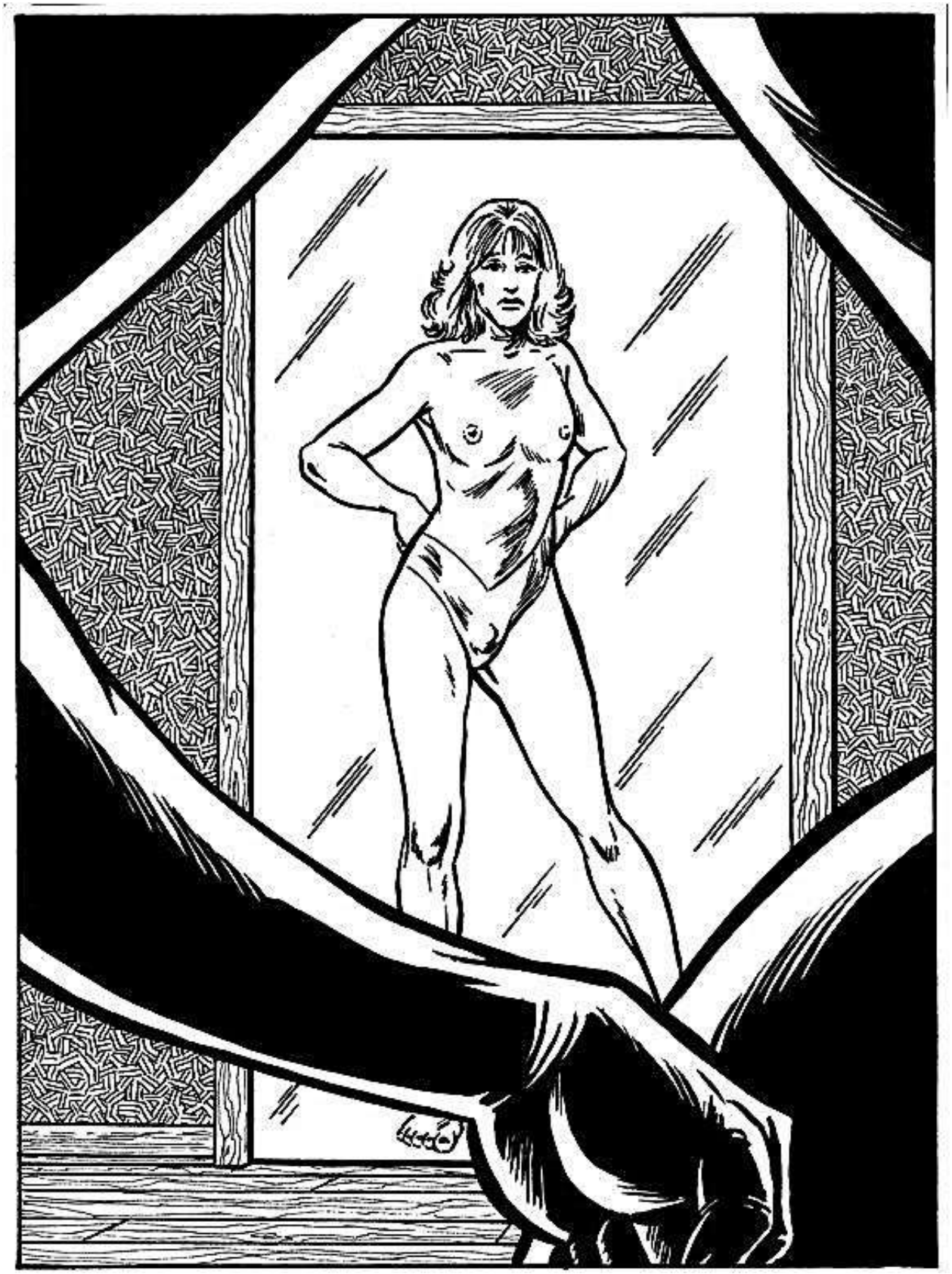
Lucy kissed me tenderly on my cheek. ”Let’s have fun and forget all about the things that are troubling you, dear.”

She took me to a basket ball game. I used to love them, but large crowds now made me uncomfortable. I felt as if everyone was looking at me. Further, by half time I really needed to pee and I had to stand in line at a ladies room with a bunch of women who kept staring at me.

The next morning Lucy asked, “Are you excited about the thought that tomorrow you will achieving your wish of become a woman?” she asked.

“How can you ask me that? I’m terrified at the thought. It’s the last thing in the world I want. I want to remain a man. But look at me, look at my shape. I have a woman’s bust, my skin is soft and hairless, my hips are round and swollen like a female. But oh God I didn’t want to look like this.”





I started to weep again. Lucy stood and said. “Oh yes I know you really didn’t want to be female, but now it’s too late. Tomorrow you are going to find out about your the final step into femininity, getting a vagina. Today let’s have some fun.”

The day’s ‘fun’ consisted of her taking me to the beach wearing a tight one piece swim suit that revealed both my swollen breasts and my shrunken penis. I received way too much attention.

“Please, can’t we go home,” I said.

“Just a little while more, Gabi.”

The next day she brought me to the clinic. They took my temperature and blood pressure. I was hazy about the rest of the morning’s events as a result of the sedative pills they gave me. It was only when I saw a nurse with a syringe in her hand that I became alert.

“ What’s that? Why are you going to inject me?” I asked.

“It’s just your pre-op poke,” she said. “Don’t worry, it won’t be long now.”

I tried to move but my limbs refused to function. I felt them lift me onto a cart and they wheeled me into an operating theater. There I was strapped to a table and I saw Doctor Brund looking down at me. A Nurse had a mask in her hand and she placed it over my face. I knew they were going to put me to sleep.



"Ready darling?" Doctor Brund asked. "My colleague and I are going to give you a lovely vagina and make you a complete woman. Just relax, soon you'll be what you asked to be, a female. Your days of being a man are over. You'll be a woman from now on."

I tried to hold my breath but soon the gas took me into my new life, that of a female.

I woke up and found bandages around my throat and genitals. They had really done it. God but my throat was sore.

Three more days in the clinic I waited with a catheter coming out of my bandages. A local anesthetic kept me from feeling anything in my groin, but they couldn't use it on my sore throat. I had nightmares again of the hulking brute. This time he and his intentions were crystal clear.

Finally came the great unveiling. Lucy was there and Dr. Brund.

First she removed the bandages from my throat.

"We did a cosmetic shaving of your Adam's apple. It went very well and you should feel better soon," Dr. Brund said.

Then she began removing the bandages on my groin. My spirits were at their lowest ebb as I looked for my new parts.

It was still there!

They hadn't taken it!



“I wanted to show you that we could do it anytime we chose,” Lucy said. “For now I prefer you in an intermediate state a ‘she-male’. I hope you are not too disappointed.”

There was still hope, I thought. All I had to do was kick the CraveX habit and I could still be a man. But whom was I kidding. I’d never kick the habit and Lucy would never let me be a man again. I would be a secretary in the office and a maid in my home for the rest of my life. How I wished that I’d never cheated on her.

The End