

# UNUSUAL CONTRACT

*By Chris James*



ILLUSTRATED BY CHAS

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A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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# UNUSUAL CONTRACT

By Chris James

## Chapter 1

I was penniless, unemployed, and lonely when I saw the advertisement in the Country Magazine.

Required:

Young person for domestic and general household duties, would suit one who has T/V or T/S leanings and is tired of his present lifestyle.

A complete change of attitude and living standard guaranteed, but must be prepared to sign binding contract for minimum three years, once suitability has been agreed on, to live in and work at country residence according to my rules and regulations.

I was intrigued by the offer; one of my weaknesses being that of dressing as a girl for fancy dress parties, carnival parades, or any other suitable excuse. Wasting no time I reached for the telephone and dialed the number.

“This is the residence of Lady Trendy, can I help you?” the feminine seductive voice asked.

“I am interested in the post for domestic help advertised in the magazine.”

“I see, and how old are you? Also, what family commitments do you have?” The almost hypnotic voice waited for my reply.

“I am 25 years old, live alone, am unemployed, and my previous partner left six months ago. We have had no contact since.”

“What about close family? Do you keep in touch with them?” she inquired.

I paused, wondering what significance it had, but then replied: “No, my father left home when I was a young child, and my mother died six years ago.” I stopped and awaited her reaction.

“I am sorry to hear that. But, if successful, we will make you feel like one of our family. Can you describe yourself? How big a figure, for instance.”

I again paused, perplexed by the line of questioning. “I am five feet, seven inches tall. I weigh about eleven stone and have reasonable educational standards to G.C.S.E. level. I am keen on cricket and rugby football and like to read detective novels and watch nature programs.”

She stopped me at this point, saying, "Well, I am afraid there will be no chance of you playing cricket or rugby here, but you can continue to watch nature programs and read your books. Please give me a contact telephone number and address. I shall be in touch within the week."

I gave the required information, and, before I could ask anything further questions, the line went dead.

Pondering what had just passed, I left the flat and wandered into town. I was suspicious that the whole thing had been some elaborate joke. However, I did stand and gaze into the window of the major store selling feminine lingerie and fashions, particularly noticing the attractive nylon petticoats and nightgowns. I wondered what it must be like to wear such garments other than to a costume party.

I returned home, anxiously awaiting a telephone call. I hoped that the next one would be from the mysterious woman with the hypnotic voice.

It was an entire week before I received the call, late in the evening. "Will you be at home the morning after next?" The voice was the same woman with whom I had spoken before.

"Yes," I hastily replied. Before I could say any more, the line went dead.

The morning dawned, and I waited expectantly and with considerable excitement for the next development.

Suddenly the door bell rang, and I hurried across the room to answer it. I opened the door to see a young, smartly dressed woman carrying a briefcase.

"Mister Chris Roberts?" said the voice, which I immediately recognized as being the same as had answered my earlier telephone call.

"Yes," I replied, standing aside for her to enter.

She moved to the settee and perched herself carefully at one end, patting the seat by her to suggest I join her.

"We have considered your application and feel it is time to progress further. You do still want the position, and understand the requirements of the post?"

"I think so," I replied.

"Think so is not good enough. Lady Trendy has very precise requirements for her staff. As stated in the advertisement, she is prepared to give young men who are so inclined the chance to change and live, work and dress as females. However, she insists that such an opportunity be a serious matter, giving them the chance to see how the other half are expected to manage. She feels that three years is needed to fully experience the difference. The work will be of a nature normally performed by domestic female staff, and full uniform is supplied, as is suitable clothing to wear during leisure time. Certain temporary alterations to your figure will also be made, to enable you to more fully embrace the feminine role."

"What if, after a few weeks, I find that it is not what I expected or want?"

She put her hand on my knee and leaned closer. Her perfume filled my nostrils with an overpowering aroma.

“Mister Roberts, you have only one chance to say 'Yes' and change your lifestyle.” She waved her arm around my dingy flat. “For the comfort, wide-open spaces, and good food of the castle. There will be rules and conditions, but the work is easy. And believe me, most feminine clothing is decidedly more comfortable than masculine, once you get used to it.”

She came even closer as her voice continued, the perfume now causing me to become confused. I realized that she was holding a dainty handkerchief to my nose.

“Delicate, beautiful perfume, isn't it Chris? Soon you could be wearing this, along with your attractive satin blouses, skirts, and silk stockings. Come now, surely you are not going to forego this opportunity? I have the contract in my briefcase; it just needs one little signature, and we can leave immediately.”

My thoughts were in turmoil. She allowed my hands to wander over her body, feeling the brassiere beneath her blouse, the stocking tops and suspenders beneath the skirt. Surprisingly, I had no masculine sexual response, instead a desperate need to wear the same type of clothing.

The next moment I found myself handling the contents of a suitcase that she had picked up from the floor and unzipped, resting it on my lap. It revealed to me a complete set of woman's clothing, ranging from knickers and brassiere to blouse and skirt.

She began to loosen the buttons of my shirt, the belt and zip of the trousers; in minutes I stood completely nude before her. Under the effect of the perfume or drug, I stood and allowed her to press firmly a false set of breasts to my chest and hold them in position for several minutes. She explained that the adhesive would soon dry, giving me a newer, true figure. Then she took the brassiere and secured it about my bust, for the first time in my life supporting a pair of breasts. This was quickly followed by suspender belt, nylon knickers in pink, matching full-length petticoat, white satin blouse, and multicolored, calf-length skirt.

I was then bade to sit while she rolled stockings up my legs and secured them to the suspenders. She placed medium-heeled, black court shoes on my feet.

The sultry voice spoke again. “Chris, stand up and look in the mirror. Feel those lovely clothes that you are wearing.”

My hands wandered over my body and thrilled at the feel of breasts prominently thrusting out the front of the silky blouse. At the same time, however, controlled by the brassiere which held them. The suspender knobs could be felt through the skirt as my hands smoothed over it in a typically feminine manner, and my ankles were slim and shapely, created by the high heel shoes that now adorned them.

“Sit,” she commanded, then produced from the bag a blond wig. It was combined with a complete head mask in fine, rubber-like material.

Smoothing my own hair to the scalp with a liquid, she carefully pulled the mask over my head. She adjusted the hair before lowering the face mask, again being careful to align my eyes, ears, nose and mouth. Finally, she applied further liquid to my neck as she smoothed the garment into position, completely hiding from view my masculine facial appearance.

“That is better, Christine. You make a beautiful young woman. I will now give you a complete make over, then we can leave on our journey to your future.”

I tried to protest the rush, but she waved the document before my face which clearly showed my signature agreeing to the contract. I could remember nothing of when and how I had signed.

Still bewildered and suffering from the effects of the perfume or drug, my resistance to her was slight. I allowed her to apply the whole range of cosmetics to my face, eyes, and lips. On her instruction, I pursed my lips as she applied lipstick, closed my eyes to allow application of mascara and eyeshadow, and winced slightly as clip earrings were fixed to the lobes of my ears. The most surprising thing appeared to be that the mask had no obvious thickness to it; the application of brush, liquid, or lipstick seemed to go straight on my own skin.

“Stand,” she said. “Look at yourself once more. Miss Christine Roberts, how can you be anything else?”

The figure staring back at me no longer resembled in any manner the sorry, depressed male that had occupied this flat over the past twelve months. Instead, an attractive young woman was reflected, her face beautifully made up with short 'Diana' style blond hair, dangling clip earrings, and wearing an attractive satin off-white blouse, patterned calf-length skirt, black nylon-clad legs, and court shoes.

The effect of my appearance was to cause a very distinct sexual stirring within my loins. Strangely, there was no erection.

“You may be wondering why the erotic clothing is not causing an obvious sexual response. It is the special perfume, as you will find more frequently over the coming months. However, I have a sanipad that should perhaps be placed in the gusset of your knickers, just in case any discharge occurs.”

She handed me the packet and indicated that I should open it, then lift my skirt and carefully place the pad in position. “It has adhesive and will stay in position, my dear.”

Next the handbag she had brought into my flat was thrust towards me with a shawl to place about my shoulders.

“Right, Christine, let's be on our way. I will let you into the car and then return to tidy the place and leave the farewell note from Chris.”

I was still too overcome by the whole charade to answer, and dutifully followed her down the stairs and out to the pavement. I carefully walked the fifty or so yards to a parked Peugeot, trying to adjust to the unusual height of the heels that I now wore. The few people we passed on the way showed no interest in us. Indeed, how would they, looking as I did?

She unlocked the door, and I carefully slid into the front passenger seat. I was anxious to do so in a feminine manner and not to reveal my lingerie. My efforts seemed to satisfy her, after which she again centrally locked the doors, leaving me and presumably returning to the flat. The effect of the overpowering perfume was by this time leav-

ing me, and I began to feel foolish sitting in the car dressed as a woman. At least two passing men looked hard at me as they passed.

I was too petrified to move, however, and did not any longer have the key to my flat. The surprise visitor had taken control of it when leaving me alone in the car.

After what seemed an eternity, a click of the locks opening indicated her return. Moments later, she started the car engine and, without a further word, pulled away from the parking lot.

“Please wait,” I cried. “This whole thing scares me. I know what was said and perhaps agreed, but the thought of trying to live almost permanently as a woman is altogether different from dressing for fun when I feel like it.”

She continued to drive, increasing her speed as we reached the motorway.

“Of course it’s different, that is why Lady Trendy insists on the contract and checks out all potential staff before reaching this stage. We have already taken precautions to ensure your continued cooperation. The head mask you are wearing is secured with a special glue, at both neck and skull, and is worn continuously during your initial training period, unless your employer decides otherwise. The perfume is also applied liberally each day; it is a special drug which affects the sexual genes, creating a deep yearning to be female. The amount breathed by you is minute compared to the normal daily dose. Obviously, because of its nature, females can use it without any change of character.”

I fell silent, realizing that my foolishness in applying for the position with Lady Trendy looked likely to result in me having no choice but to live the life of a woman, for perhaps the next three years.

“My name is Sarah, companion and secretary to your future employer. We have a seven or eight hour journey ahead of us, so I suggest you get some sleep. Later I intend to stop for a break, cup of coffee, and to freshen up in the ladies room.”

“What about me? I can't use the ladies,” I replied.

She laughed loudly at my comment, and continued. “You would look extremely stupid entering the gents, dressed and looking as you do. Indeed, one of the first changes that you will experience is to be given securely fixed false breasts and the appearance of a female between your legs. Her Ladyship considers those to be essential for you to properly experience what it is like to be a woman. Once that is done, there is no option but to use the toilet in a feminine manner for the next three years.”

I again fell silent, realizing that I had agreed to something far beyond what I could have imagined when first contacting them about the job.

The stupefying effect of the drug was by this time wearing off. As the car swung rather sharply around a bend in the road, I was able to appreciate the different feel of the clothes I wore. My behind slid across the car seat aided by the slinky silk knickers, coupled with the nylon petticoat and a similar material skirt. A gentle but noticeable pull came from the suspender at the back of my legs, where it stretched from the belt to the unyielding top of the stockings. My legs felt naked and cold compared to normal when covered by trousers. The car fan working caused a cool breeze that brushed

across the nylon-clad legs and indeed onward, upward past the knees. However, all these unusual feelings did have a rather pleasant reaction. Not so the brassiere that clung tightly and unrelentingly about my chest; it restricted my breathing and upper body movement whenever I turned my shoulders.

How could a woman accept or enjoy wearing such a garment? Little was I to know at that stage what the future held, and how I was condemned to wear one for the rest of my life.

The powerful car ate up the mileage along the motorway, and soon I began to feel sleepy.

Suddenly the car slowed, bright lights shone through the windows, and I realized we had entered a service area. We stopped, and I grabbed her arm. "I can't do it! Somebody will know that I am not a woman."

"Wait," Sarah replied. Picking up the handbag, she opened the side zip and took from it the dainty handkerchief, liberally sprinkling liquid from a small bottle.

"Hold that to your nostrils for a few minutes; it will soon change your attitude."

I knew what to expect but was too scared to leave the car feeling as I did at the moment. I willingly took deep breaths of the peculiar but powerful perfume.

Within seconds, the wonderful feeling of wanting to be feminine returned. Glancing in the car mirror convinced me that I was indeed already a woman.

Without further inhibitions, I alighted from the car and carefully started the walk across the parking lot to the building. My heels clipped in time with Sarah's as we walked.

A chill wind blew about my unprotected legs, previously always covered by long trousers. Now only thin nylon stockings kept out the elements.

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As we reached the door, it swung open automatically. We entered the brightly lit restaurant and looked about. Two or three faces looked towards us then back to their papers, food, or drink.

"Coffee," she said, walking towards the counter. I nodded, fearful of speaking, as my voice was not changed. She then, without asking, added a packet of chocolate biscuits to the tray.

The drug which I had inhaled helped me to gain confidence; but, as I stood by her, it felt as though the other customers were staring through my clothing and could view my naked male body beneath.

It was with considerable relief that we took the tray to a table in the corner of the room. I carefully smoothed my skirt as I sat, also tucking one foot behind the other to look as elegant as possible.

Fifteen minutes later came the next traumatic experience. Sarah stood to her feet and virtually propelled me in the direction of the ladies toilet.

I hurried into one of the cubicles. I quickly remembered to lift my skirt and sit to do the necessary, then wondered what women did if the seat was dirty or wet as so often was the case in the gents. Waiting until I heard a door open, I left the stall myself, only to find that it was another woman, not Sarah, emerging. I could only rinse my hands and slowly dry them, as I waited. Still she did not emerge. I eventually realized that the only occupied cubicles were those of people who had entered since washing my hands.

Cautiously, I went to the door of the room and reentered the restaurant, looking desperately for my companion. Eventually I saw her waving to me from the main door of the building. In turmoil, it was necessary to run the gauntlet of customers alone before reaching her.

I grabbed an arm, still afraid to speak, and pulled her towards the parking lot and safety of our vehicle. Back in my seat, I turned to her sharply. "Why did you do that, Sarah? I was petrified."

"Don't be such a silly girl, Christine. Nobody could possibly mistake you for anything other than an attractive young lady. I can see we have a lot of training to do with you, before reaching an acceptable female standard."

Waving my hand, I replied. "Please go, take me to this Lady Trendy or whatever her name really is. At least working there I won't have to be around strange people seeing me dressed in feminine clothing."

She laughed again as she buckled her seat-belt. She told me to do likewise and started the engine.

"How do you know what is going to happen? Her Ladyship may send you shopping at the supermarket, or insist that we all attend one of the local fetes that she sponsors. Then you would be expected to run one of the stalls for her."

Not knowing whether to take the comment seriously or not, I did not reply. The car exited the service station and gathered speed along the motorway.

It was almost midnight when Sarah slowed and took the slip road which rapidly narrowed to a minor country lane. Finally it turned through gates onto what appeared to be a private driveway. This road continued for several miles, and twice she slowed considerably. I heard the splash of water as we presumably passed through a flood.

The car swung around the corner of a vast, dark building, into a courtyard, where she applied the brakes and shut off the engine.

"Well, Christine, we have arrived at your new home and workplace. It is too late to meet anybody tonight; I will show you to your room. Get a good night's sleep, and tomorrow you will start another lifestyle."

She led me through the side door, along a corridor, up two flights of stairs, and finally to a door at the end of another corridor. Switching on the electric light revealed a bedroom with dressing table, chair, wardrobe, and bed with pink duvet, which was partly pulled back to what was obviously a very frilly, ivory colored nightdress.

Pointing to a door in the corner, she simply said, "Toilet and bathroom: soap, toothbrush, and other essentials are yours. Sweet dreams, see you in the morning."

She closed the door behind her as she left. I sat on the corner of the bed, fingering the silky nightdress, again pondering the stupidity of allowing this to happen. I was too tired to do other than use the toilet and wash my teeth. I wondered about washing off the cosmetics from my face, but finally left them. I then stripped off the feminine clothing that I had worn for the journey and, as there was no alternative, put on the nightdress and literally fell into bed.

The familiar, powerful smell of the perfume immediately invaded my nostrils; both the two pillows supplied appeared to be soaked in the liquid. I was too tired to take any evasive action. I lay down and quickly fell asleep.

## CHAPTER 2

I would have been far more desperate to escape and return to my mundane but secure life as a man if I had heard the conversation that had taken place in the study of the building where I now rested. It occurred just two days before I got there.

Lady Carstairs, the owner of the estate, was addressing three other women as they sat around the large mahogany desk that graced the middle of the room.

She was a large, majestic woman in her early fifties, with slightly graying, short cropped hairstyle. She wore a silk long-sleeved blouse above the family kilt of the MacDuff clan.

"Ladies," she began, "Doctor Margaret Frobisher will shortly give you details of the magnificent results that she has achieved with the perfume spray and the synthetic skin graft. The government has failed to back her practical testing of the drug, merely stating that continued research may be carried out on men who have accepted the risk involved and wish to become guinea pigs. As you know, I advertised in the Country Magazine for domestic staff. After considerable checking, I short listed three young men with no family attachments, all of whom admit to dressing on occasion as females. Chris Roberts is the first of these, and Sarah will collect him, later this week, using the 'perfume' to overcome any doubts he might have."

Helen Carstairs stopped and waved towards one of the other people present, who was of about the same age. Her shoulder-length straight hair was dark brown, without any tell tale signs of gray. She was also shorter and much slimmer, the ivory blouse and calf-length brown skirt with matching leather belt emphasized her slim waist.

"Doctor Frobisher will now tell us what has been achieved and, hopefully, what to expect in the future."

Margaret Frobisher had already stood to her feet, before the previous speaker had finished and sat down.

"I am so pleased that Lady Carstairs has cooperated with my research and agreed to use her home for the continued testing of suitable patients. The perfume or, if you prefer, drug, has been derived from a stupefying spray used by certain female ants, when they want males of their species to concentrate on being workers instead of sex-crazy insects. However, what we haven't been able to determine is how long-term the effects are, if taken extensively. We do know that a human male, sprayed and inhaling the drug, immediately loses all masculine sexual drive. And strangely enough gets a desire to dress as a female. The effect lasts some thirty minutes." She smiled smugly.

"Given an extended spray for, say, ten seconds, the most macho male can be persuaded to dress as a woman and just as quickly becomes desperate to tear the clothes off again when the effect wears off. The benefits are obvious and very marketable. A tiny jar of the spray can be carried in a coat pocket, and any unwanted attention or attack thwarted by the application of an innocent perfume spray."

The third member of the group was Sarah Firth, who remained silent. The last of the women, who had laid out before her a thick folder of papers, then spoke.

"I have carefully prepared the necessary papers to ensure, as far as possible, that any legal action taken after the time has elapsed will be invalidated by signed documents in our hands. This Chris Roberts and the two other test cases will be persuaded to sign documents committing them to a three year contract, working and living as females in Dunock Castle. Also in the small print will be an agreement to become recipients of the drug to test its long term effects. Incidentally, the synthetic skin will also be used on them at some stage to test the effectiveness when used to provide false breasts that cannot be removed, except by further surgery. Also an appearance of feminine genitals, rather than the unsightly masculine ones, so they can wear feminine bikinis and swimwear. Such infringement of civil liberty could lead to court action for damages, unless we adequately cover ourselves before the men start their three year experience of living as females."

"Thank you, Miss Hunter," Lady Carstairs said as she once again stood to her feet.

"Sarah Firth will travel to Hampshire tomorrow, check that everything is as we believe, then call on Mr. Roberts and arrange for him to sign the necessary documents before traveling back here to start his new life. Doctor Frobisher, I trust your room and surgery meets with the necessary requirements."

A nod from Margaret was sufficient confirmation. Helen continued. "It is my intention that these young men experience all aspects of dressing and living as females, ranging from wearing kitchen maid uniforms with equally plain cotton knickers, slip and thick tights, to the most silky seductive knickers, stockings, and suspenders under evening dress or very short cocktail dress. Their own hair will be allowed to grow as quickly as possible, then given a permanent wave and fashioned into unmistakably feminine hair styles. All bodily hair will be treated and removed by proprietary products. Except, that is, where found on a woman. Special attention will be paid to the face; I am not interested in how long it takes to reestablish after they leave here. Doctor Frobisher will take measurements and give each 'volunteer' false but irremovable breasts to match their general physical size, as soon as possible. Later she will also adjust their lower bodily appearance. I want these three men to look and feel like they have become as feminine as the rest of us, and to spend the next three years unable to escape from that situation."

The women present nodded in agreement. Sarah then added her comments. "I have been delegated by Her Ladyship to be responsible for grooming them into natural feminine behavior, teach them about cosmetics, perfume, hair care, as well as deportment and gestures expected by a young woman. I am afraid that the poor dears can expect little relief from constant reminders and training in these aspects of life. At the end of the contract, will need to relearn from the start how to behave once more as men. But that need not concern us. Meanwhile, Mrs. Carter the housekeeper will train these men in their new role as domestic maids: washing, ironing, preparing food, cooking, and general house cleaning."

"Thank you, my dear," Lady Carstairs said. "It is my dearest wish to see what can be achieved in changing the behavior of the male when subjected to the environment we are providing here."

She then stood to her feet, indicating that the meeting was over, and the women left the room. Sarah Firth left to prepare for her long journey south to collect the first 'volunteer' for the experiment.

### CHAPTER 3

I awoke with a start, unable to recall where I was, but was quickly reminded as my hands felt the smooth, silky nightdress that covered my body. I saw the feminine clothing scattered about the room, and the bottles, tubes, and jars of cosmetics covering the dressing table.

Slowly memory returned, accompanied by a desperate need to use the toilet. Somewhat to my relief I found that my body still appeared masculine, except for the mask of a face that had been secured over my own.

Barely had I returned to the bedroom when the door opened and Sarah entered.

“Christine, the doctor requires you in her surgery. Nothing to worry about; it seems that Her Ladyship wants her new maids to keep their normal facial appearance, to remind them of what they were, before starting this adventure into how a female is expected to live. Don't worry, you are not going to be allowed to look like a man in feminine clothing. Your hair is to be trimmed and permed into a feminine style, and treatment given to ensure you have no need for a razor during your stay with us.”

She handed me a pink frilly gown edged with lace, that clearly emphasized the femininity of the situation, girding it about me we left the room.

Minutes later we entered the surgery, a room I was to see many times during the following months, sometimes in pleasure, at others in dread and despair.

“Good morning, Miss Roberts, it is a pleasure to meet you. Tell me, what are your feelings this morning? During the night we replaced the pillows you were using with untreated ones.”

“Oh, I never realized,” I replied lamely, wondering what sort of answer she required.

“Come now, Christine, how do you feel about this contract to live as a female for three years?”

“I think it is all a mistake. Yes, it is fun to dress in girls clothing for a party, and I needed a job and change of environment. But this seems all too serious.”

She beckoned me to lie on a rubber-covered couch and walked towards me, holding a jar and cotton wool. She continued, “Don't worry, this is to dissolve the glue so that the mask can be removed. It was necessary to disguise you so that nobody could report seeing you leave your old flat. The stop at the service station was again to emphasize that Sarah was traveling with another young woman last night.”

Standing over me, she carefully peeled back the synthetic skin from my neck and applied generous quantities of the liquid. She then slowly continued to ease the mask from my face; more liquid to my scalp eventually allowed a full removal of the false headpiece.

“Stay still,” she ordered. She turned to a shelf, taking a different jar of white cream. She then donned a pair of plastic gloves and liberally coated my face with the cool sticky contents.

“Leave that for ten minutes. Sarah will then help you remove it and wash your face, before she gives you a complete facial makeover. She will help you dress as a nice young lady before meeting Lady Carstairs, your new employer.”

We left the room and returned to my bedroom. There Sarah opened the dressing table, taking from the drawer a clean brassiere, suspender belt, pink lacy knickers, full length petticoat, and stockings, which she lay at the bottom of the bed.

“Come,” she said. “Time to remove the cream and with it your beard. In the future, a daily application of the cream will be made to erase any masculine beard and to soften and smooth your facial skin. It is not permanent in it's effect, but you may find that as the weeks pass, the need to use it will decrease. And if you decide to leave us, it might take several weeks before appreciable hair growth returns.”

It seemed pointless to argue. I was not prepared to accept everything demanded, although the extreme desire to be feminine was not triggered.

“No, I made a mistake and should never have asked for the job. Please let me return to my old flat and forget any of this ever happened.”

“I am sorry, Christine, my dear, but the contract is signed and safely locked away in her Ladyship's safe.” Sarah laughed as she answered. “You have no option but to spend the next three years as her domestic maid. Today is a rest-day before Mrs. Carter starts teaching you the duties. Please put on those clothes, or it will be necessary to use persuasion.”

She took from her pocket a jar with a spray top, which obviously contained the 'perfume'. I attempted to protect myself by putting hands to my face, but the initial burst covered my chin, cheeks, and hands.

I immediately felt weak and slumped onto the edge of the bed, my hands falling to my lap. A second burst of spray hit my upper lip and nose. Within seconds I had been forced to breathe sufficient amounts of the drug.

Sarah stood back with a satisfied smirk on her face, as confusion over my sexual identity quickly occurred. Within minutes, I found myself picking up the knickers. I felt the smooth silkiness and then put the garment over my feet and eased it up into position; the brassiere followed, as I found myself automatically easing the breasts that protruded from my chest into the cups of the garment. Suspender belt, stockings, and petticoat quickly followed. She indicated that I should sit at the dressing table and assisted me in applying a full range of cosmetics to my eyes and face. I pursed my lips as I applied the lipstick, a deep red which enhanced their feminine appearance.

Clip earrings dangled from my ears, a diamond ring sparkled on the third finger of my right hand, and a dainty feminine watch adorned my wrist.

“That is good, Christine. Surely you feel better like that. Now we must go to the staff saloon, where Mary is waiting to trim and perm your hair. That will make the whole thing feel much more permanent, won't it?”

I nodded in agreement, as she opened the wardrobe and took out two or three blouses. She lay each across the bottom of the bed, asking which I preferred.

Taking a long-sleeved satin one from her, I eased my arms through it and began to get used to buttoning a garment the feminine way, once more feeling my shapely breasts in the process.

This was followed by a calf-length, multicolored flared skirt, and finally by red high-heeled sandals, which I buckled about my ankles.

Standing before the full length mirror, I allowed my hands to glide over my feminine body with a sense of satisfaction; it all seemed so right and what I wanted.

An hour or so later, I was allowed to see what had been done to my hair. I gasped as the chair was swung round to face the mirror. Portrayed was a slightly square faced with a definitely feminine figure, attractively made-up face, narrow shaped eyebrows with dark mascara-covered eyelids, bright sparkling earrings, all crowned by a beautiful, bouncy, waved brunette head of hair.

We left the room, and Sarah insisted that I take a walk with her around the gardens of the castle. As we did so, time passed and my doubts began to return. Why had I allowed myself to dress like this? I was a man, this was all wrong, but there was no point in trying to tear off the clothes. Nothing else was available; well, certainly not as we walked around the grounds.

She sensed my anxiety and smiled. "What is wrong, Christine, my dear? You make a very attractive young lady, that is what you wanted a very short time ago."

"It's that damned perfume, the effect of breathing it makes me lose all sense of what is right," I replied, starting to hurry back towards the house.

She grabbed my arm and stopped me. "Look here, young lady, you are going to spend the next three years dressed as you are, that is, totally as a female. Therefore it is right. The sooner you accept that without my having to use persuasion, the better. The doctor will soon make things more acceptable, when she gives you more or less permanent breasts, which will of necessity need supporting with a brassiere. After all, we need to wear one, so why not you? Those disgusting masculine protrusions will also be suitably masked and replaced with a totally feminine looking crotch, which I am pleased to say ensures that you use the toilet in a respectable feminine manner for the next three years."

I pulled away once more and hurried towards the house shouting, "I am not a young lady, so stop trying to treat me as one! I am just not going to accept this ridiculous charade, I am leaving."

Rushing into the house, I ran through the hall, up the stairs, and into my room. I slammed the door behind me, then cautiously and in despair looked at my figure in the dressing table mirror. The hairstyle was so ultra-feminine that, even if I removed the clothes and scrubbed my face, any resemblance to my former masculine self would be slight. I screamed in anger, blaming myself for falling into this trap, then finally throwing myself onto the bed and pummeling the clothes in frustration.

Slowly sense prevailed. I calmed down, before beginning the task of calculating how to best escape from this nightmare I had fallen into. Fortunately nobody followed me to the room, and this gave me a chance to think logically about what could be done. Any escape by foot from the castle would require stout walking shoes or boots, none of

which were available in my room. I needed trousers, even if forced to wear the rest of the feminine clothing, and a warm anorak or suitable overcoat. Access to a map, along with confirmation of where exactly in the highlands of Scotland this place was situated, would also be necessary.

I realized that it was pointless rushing into an escape, which could only end in disaster unless properly planned. I needed access to the library, where maps might be available, and to find the cloaks cupboard for both boots and topcoat.

Standing to my feet, I looked into the mirror, to see reflected back my feminine image. Now feeling composed, I walked from the room, down the stairs, and into the library.

“Good morning, my dear,” said the voice. Sitting in a chair by the fire was an elegantly dressed, middle-aged woman of stout build and short cropped graying hair. “Good morning,” I hesitantly replied.

“You must be my new maid, Christine. Is that correct?”

Anxious not to anger at this stage, I confirmed that it was so.

“I am Lady Carstairs; this is my ancestral home. I expected Miss Firth to introduce us, but now that you are here, let me welcome you to Dunock Castle, your future home and place of work for the next three years. I am pleased to give you the chance to experience life as a woman for that period of time. I hope that it is as interesting and fulfilling as you had hoped. Sarah has probably already given the details of my basic rules, the main one being that having signed the contract, you are committed to spending the entire three years, living, working, playing, and dressing as a female. Doctor Frobisher will give temporary plastic surgery over the next few weeks to help you feel fully the part; after all, it would be silly to live and dress as a woman unless you had a sensible feminine bust, and possibly even more important, the correct appearance at the bottom end of your body.”

I gasped at this calm indifference with which she spoke and was even more determined to escape from this lunatic place as quickly as possible. She misunderstood my reaction and continued speaking.

“Don't worry, these changes will be corrected before leaving us after your contract expires. But it gives you the unique experience of knowing first hand how the other half of humanity has to live and cope.”

I managed to smile and thank her, before hurriedly leaving the room, and the house, to breath fresh air and try to regain a sense of sanity.

Finding a quiet part of the garden, I sat on a seat and took stock of my appearance. My upper body was clothed in a shimmering satin-type blouse, over which I wore a thick cardigan to keep warm. I pulled the skirt above my knees, revealing nylon-clad, rather feminine-looking legs, slim ankles, and high-heeled red sandals.

My hands slid over my body, feeling the outline of the brassiere, the suspenders clasping and holding the stockings that I wore, and, although not visible, my face made-up with cosmetics to look as feminine as was possible.

I realized that, to escape, it would be necessary to continue the female disguise. It would be the only possible way to avoid unwelcome attention.

“Hello, Christine. I have been looking everywhere for you.” The voice of Sarah made me look upwards to see her standing a few feet away.

“It is time for you to meet Her Ladyship,” she continued.

“I have already met her and talked to her. She explained what is expected and what is going to happen to me,” I replied.

“Very well. Lunch will be ready soon, and you haven’t met Mrs. Carter, the housekeeper. She is responsible for training you in all aspects of your duties as a maid and for giving you the necessary du-

ties to perform. This afternoon, she will take your measurements and find uniform clothing from the store. There are two types: the traditional black maid outfit with white apron and cap, along with black stockings and court shoes; also an everyday, stripped apron style dress, coarser stockings, and knickers for normal working conditions. However, Her Ladyship has also insisted that all three of you new maids are made fully aware of what being a female was like years ago, when her mother was a young woman. She has instructed Mrs. Carter to provide you with a whalebone, pink, full-length corselette. These are to be worn each Sunday until she is satisfied you have learned how a young woman had to live and behave in those days.”

I cringed at the thought, having once worn something similar for less than an hour at a fancy dress party. Sarah took my arm, leading me back to the house and towards



the kitchen. "I hope for your sake that Lady Carstairs soon accepts your attempts at being a young woman. I can think of nothing more uncomfortable than wearing one of those corsets under your other clothes, when sitting in Chapel for the compulsory Sunday service, followed by lunch and afternoon knitting, embroidery, or some equally appropriate occupation for the day of rest."

We entered the kitchen. A large, well built, rather overweight woman, with gray hair secured into a bun at the back of her head, came forward.

"Good morning, you must be our new arrival. Christine Roberts, isn't it?"

"Yes, that is right," I replied.

She stood feet apart and hands on hips and stared at me. "Yes... It will be Mrs. Carter, or Madam, in the future. If you don't mind."

Not wishing to upset her immediately on meeting, I meekly replied, "Sorry. Good morning, Mrs. Carter."

Merely grunting, she pointed to a seat at the table. Sarah and I sat carefully and waited.

"Lunch will be ready in half an hour; meanwhile, when I have finished here, we will go to the clothes store and see what we can find to fit you."

Turning back to the gas stove, she checked two pots which were simmering on the rings, before turning to another young girl who had been standing silently in the corner of the kitchen.

"Mary, look after things while I get our new maid fixed up with her uniform."

The girl looked towards me with an amused smile on her face. She also knew the truth about me, as Sarah had used her hairdressing expertise earlier.

Mrs. Carter then walked purposefully from the room, and I meekly followed. She finally stopped before a door on the upper floor, took a key from her pocket, unlocked the door, and led the way into the room.

Shelves on each side were stacked with bed linen and clothing. Clearly visible was a pile of white cotton knickers, which I was soon to find were the style usually worn by school girls. They had the traditional elastic leg. Three pair were placed before me on the table, followed by two apron-style stripped dresses, several pairs of coarse black stockings, two full-length cotton petticoats, a pair of almost flat working shoes, and two white calico aprons.

"That is your normal everyday wear for work. You have brassieres and a suspender belt, I presume."

"Yes, Mrs. Carter," I replied.

"Now, this second pile must be kept immaculate by you. It is for when you attend Her Ladyship, either at special functions or if serving her evening meal."

I nodded as she began to make a second pile of clothing. This time the knickers were a sparkling nylon white, still with the elastic legs. The two dresses were traditional black maid style, probably just reaching to the knee. White frilly aprons and

matching headpieces followed, then a pack of fine mesh stockings and finally a pair of black court shoes.

“Right, Christine. That basically completes the uniform, which is your responsibility to wash and iron as necessary. We now have one final item that Her Ladyship insists all of our young girls experience during the first three months of their stay. It is a long story, but apparently her mother had a boyfriend and three brothers during the Great War. One week when they were home on leave, she refused to dress as her mother wished and was banished to her room in disgrace. That was the last time she saw either the boyfriend or brothers, as none returned from the battle field. She refused to wear the traditional full-length whalebone corsets that were part of all nice young ladies’ dress in those days. The present Lady Carstairs was made to wear a pair by her mother, every year on Sundays during that same month, and she now makes all new staff wear them when they begin their employment here. A corsetiere makes them specially for her to the sizes given. Take off your dress, I need to take accurate measurements. The garment will be ready for you next Sunday.”

Reluctantly, I did as told, and she quickly took the size of my bust, waist, hips, and length of body.

“I hope Doctor Frobisher keeps your bust size the same as the temporary one you have now.”

I replaced my dress and picked up the bundles of clothing, and I walked from the room back to my own bedroom on the floor below.

Mrs. Carter stood in the doorway, watching as I carefully hung the dresses in the wardrobe. I put the underclothes into the dressing table drawers and the shoes on the floor.

“Good,” she said. “Now, for lunch, we all eat in the kitchen. Don’t worry about Mary, she knows about you and the other two maids, though she might poke fun at you for wanting to live as a girl. However, she knows that any silliness from her and Lady Carstairs will hear of it, and it could result in her dismissal.”

I didn’t reply, but my thoughts were very mixed. I knew that somehow it was necessary to find exactly where this place was situated, what chance there was of getting away, and how to get suitable clothing for my escape.

“Mrs. Carter,” I said, as we descended the stairs, “where is this place? I presume we are somewhere in Scotland. Don’t the staff want to go out evenings to dances or the cinema?”

She stared at me with a withering look, before saying, “Her Ladyship likes to keep to herself and expects the staff to do likewise. She does not approve of the lax attitudes of today’s youth. We are ten miles from the nearest town, and the only road has two fords which make access very difficult at night and during bad wet weather. So of necessity we have to be self contained.”

I had failed to get the information about where we were, but it was increasingly obvious that my only chance of escape would be to steal the car. I would die of exposure if I tried to leave on foot.

Reaching the kitchen, I was told to sit in the chair next to Mary. As suspected, she immediately nudged me in the side, saying, "Christine, welcome to Dunock Castle. I expect you will find it rather boring after life in the big city. Did you have a boyfriend? I bet you did. Had sex with him every night, I expect. That's what men always want from us girls. Oh, I forgot you were one, so you would know. Your hair does look pretty. It's sure to attract wolf whistles and other attention from the local young men."

I ignored her and took the plate of casserole offered me. I added vegetables and began to eat.

She nudged me again. "You shouldn't eat too much, you don't want to put on weight now that the measurements for your special corsets have been taken. They are uncomfortable enough, believe me, without squeezing in any extra flesh."

This time I turned and complained to Mrs. Carter, who immediately said, "Mary, stop it this instant. Christine is going to find her change of lifestyle difficult enough without you adding to it."

"It's her fault, nobody made her agree to change sex. Now she has to find out what happens to foolish young men who think it is so much nicer being a female."

"Very well," replied Mrs. Carter. "Much of what you say is true, and Christine will find it very different. But it is her choice, and now she has to live with it."

The conversation alarmed me, suggesting that the whole thing was permanent, instead of for a three year period. Which in any case I was thinking was three years too long.

Standing to my feet, I turned to leave the room but was grabbed by Sarah. "You do not leave the table until everybody has finished, and Mrs. Carter gives the word."

I was thrust back into my seat. I uneasily picked at the food; all appetite was gone, and the need to escape considerably increased.

Whether my feelings had somehow shown, I was unsure, but when eventually leaving the kitchen, Sarah left with me and followed to my bedroom.

To avoid her, I visited the bathroom and took as long as possible before returning.

"Christine, it is impossible to escape from here. Lady Carstairs insists that you become as feminine as possible, both to make you feel more comfortable in the role and also to deter any idea that you have of leaving us and reverting to a male. Doctor Frobisher has worked fast on your new breast formation, and she will be ready to change your appearance in that area later this afternoon. Once they become part of your permanent shape, along with the other alterations, you will soon realize the folly of trying to retain any masculine thoughts or desires. It would be quite pointless to do so."

The threat was clear. Not only was I to be given breasts, but also in some way it seemed the doctor was going to remove my male genitals.

I rushed towards the door, attempting to push Sarah aside. She was stronger than I realized. She was also skilled in judo, and I found myself flat on the floor with her standing over me. Before I could recover, she took the dreaded perfume spray from her pocket. Kneeling across my stomach to keep me down, she gave me a prolonged dose of the spray straight into my nostrils.

I gasped and was forced to breathe the overpowering drug. I was quickly weakened, as she continued to spray, ensuring my blouse and neck were also drenched with the liquid.

When allowed to rise to my feet a few minutes later, my whole attitude to femininity had changed. When she again mentioned the smooth, white, milky breasts that were going to be given me, my hands automatically moved to my chest. I yearned for the very feminine appearance that was soon to be mine.

“When the doctor has finished fixing your breasts, she will give attention to your lower body. You don't want those ugly masculine appendages to remain down there any longer than necessary if you are living here as a young lady. Do you?”

Sarah stopped talking, and a satisfied smirk grew across her face. Somehow I knew that I didn't want to be changed but was quite unable to resist the thought of being given what amounted to a complete feminine body. I found myself answering, “Oh, no, please let the doctor carry out the operation. It will be so much nicer knowing that I have exactly the same type of body as the rest of you.”

“That's a good girl, just what I wanted to hear. You must repeat that to the doctor when she asks you, and you must sign the agreement form for her, like a nice obedient young lady.”

She then made me lie on the bed and rest, while she went to make final arrangements. I did as told, feeling that I needed to gain my strength for the exciting experience ahead of me.

Before leaving, she again used the spray in my nose, as well as on the pillows where I rested.

“Good, that will make doubly sure you don't get any change of feeling before the doctor sees to you.”

I continued to rest, the feeling of femininity remaining intense due to the stupefying drug. Eventually daylight began to fade, and I wondered whether Sarah had forgotten about me. Slowly standing to my feet, I straightened my clothes, checked my appearance, and left the room to search for her.

She was in the lounge talking to Lady Carstairs.

“Come in Christine,” she said. “I have just finished telling Her Ladyship that you need to become as feminine looking as possible, and soon, to overcome any ideas you might have of wanting to leave us and returning to being a nasty young man.”

“No, I don't want to leave,” I replied quickly. “You said the doctor would attend to me this afternoon. At the moment, there is nothing I want more than my own breasts and other female bits.”

Sarah looked at Lady Carstairs before replying. “Yes, well, we all know that is the effect of the drug. Earlier, when not under its influence, your attitude was all together different.”

I whined as I replied, “That was all a mistake! Please get the doctor to treat me...”

Lady Carstairs walked towards me and said, "Don't worry, young lady, she will operate on you as soon as possible. I am not having staff here who can behave in any manner whatsoever as men. Unfortunately, the road is not passable this afternoon due to floods. She should be here tomorrow."

Taking me by the arm, she led me to the magnificent large sofa and motioned me to sit. I did so, being careful to smooth the back of my skirt. Then I folded my hands together and rested them in my lap. I was immediately conscious of the suspenders securing the stockings that I wore, and I was reminded of my feminine state of dress.

"Christine, my dear. I was sorry to hear from Sarah that she has doubts about your sincerity in wanting to become a young lady for the next three years. However, you are here now, and quite obviously I cannot afford to have details of what happens leaked to the press. The drugs and skin grafts Doctor Frobisher is working on are very important, but they must be kept secret until we are satisfied they work properly. That is why you and the two other young men that are coming were chosen with such care. None of you have relations or partners, and each willingly applied for the post, knowing that it entailed living and dressing as a woman."

I twisted my hands together in my lap. "I do want to live as Christine and work for you. But somehow both Sarah and Mary gave the idea that the change would be permanent."

"No," she replied. "You are only committed for three years. We should be in a position to market both products by then, and if you wish you can return to your previous mundane lifestyle."

She stood to her feet and waved in the direction of Sarah, who had been listening to the conversation. Accepting this as a dismissal, I also stood to my feet and walked from the room.

The perfume still lingered on my clothing. To fortify the effect, Sarah once again drenched my face and blouse with the powerful drug, telling me that the evening meal was scheduled for 6:30.

In a confused but strangely satisfied state, I remained resting on my bed as darkness fell. I was eventually awoken by the light being switched on and Mary standing in the doorway.

"Time to eat, MISS," she said. "How does it feel wearing a skirt and being so vulnerable?"

She ran forward and pulled the skirt above my waist, revealing knickers, stockings, and suspenders. She plucked one of the suspenders in a spiteful way, causing me to yelp with pain. Then she deliberately grabbed at my crotch, where my male genitals were only covered by the thin knickers.

"What are these things? You know Her Ladyship won't allow anything masculine in the house. Shall I cut them off now? Still, might as well leave them for Doctor Frobisher. She will make a cleaner job of it and give you a usable fanny instead."

By this time I had scrambled clear of her and stood to my feet. I then slapped her hard around the face, saying, "Leave me alone, or I shall see to it that you get dismissed! Understand?"

She laughed and backed away, hurrying from my room. I followed her to the kitchen and took my seat at the table without a further word to anybody.

Once dinner was over, I hurriedly left the room to return to my own. I used the toilet in a feminine manner, still being under the influence of the drug because of the vast amount poured onto my blouse by Sarah earlier in the afternoon.

However, when washing my hands I inadvertently spilled a considerable amount of water over myself; I needed to change the blouse for another top. Several minutes later, I realized that my mind was freeing itself of the female obsession, and soon the need to find a way of escaping this mind-bending slavery reasserted itself.

I finished changing, adding a second blouse, two jumpers, and a cardigan. I also got the thickest skirt that I could find in the wardrobe. Then I stood looking from the bedroom window; dusk had fallen and total blackness obscured the land. Carefully I left the bedroom and crept towards the hall where, to my relief, I found a torch which I quickly picked up. I opened the main door and left the house, and in darkness walked around to the courtyard where I had first arrived, less than twenty-four hours earlier.

All was in darkness this side of the building, and I felt safe in switching on the torch to look for some means of transport. I checked three stable garages before seeing the four-wheel-drive traveler, and I was by this time shivering. Although finding two jumpers and a cardigan, no coat was available in my room, and no chance had occurred to find the main coat cupboard in the house.

I knew that any attempt at escape was both foolhardy and ill-prepared, but from what had been said I knew speed was essential to avoid the fate intended. Also, when under the influence of the drug, my mind was incapable of accepting the horror of the future planned for me.

I broke open the door of the garage, checked the vehicle, and hunted for keys or tools to effect a by-pass of the ignition, so that the engine could be started.

After several minutes, I had successfully cut the leads and was ready to attempt a start. To my relief the engine burst into life, and moments later I was able to drive from the garage, across the courtyard and onto the road. There I switched on the side lights of the vehicle and drove as carefully as possible away from Dunock Castle. I was then able to check the dials on the dashboard; I was immediately concerned to find that the fuel showed empty, well into the red segment. It was now far too late to check whether another vehicle or a spare can of fuel was available.

Almost immediately the engine spluttered and coughed, then picked up for a few more yards before finally stopping. Moments later my escape attempt had finished in total failure. Behind me, no more than 400 yards away, the castle lights twinkled in the cold frosty air. I was marooned in a useless vehicle and dressed in such a manner that any attempt at walking from the estate could only end in my death from exposure.

I slumped over the wheel. After a futile and painful thump on it with my hands, all was lost. Sarah and Lady Carstairs were bound to take precautions to ensure that no further chances of escape would occur.

I again looked back at the building; everything remained quiet. Presumably my departure had not been noticed, possibly there was still a remote chance. Could I get back to the garages and find a can of petrol? In this remote place it was essential that a store of fuel was kept.

I carefully alighted from the vehicle and began the return journey on foot. Reaching the courtyard, I switched off the torch to check all was quiet, then began to search the stable garages in turn.

The first three were empty. As I walked into the fourth, with a hiss the dreaded perfume sprayed across my face and onto the clothing that I wore.

A light was switched on, and standing before me were Sarah and Mary. The latter grabbed my arms, holding me firm, as Sarah again operated the spray, ensuring that my nose and mouth were saturated. I struggled briefly as she stood before me with a smirk on her face.

“Dear me, Christine, not trying to leave, were you? I guess your favorite perfume will soon make you think differently. It is cold out here. We will go into the kitchen, by which time your mind will be wondering why on earth you wanted to leave this opportunity to become a nice young lady.”

What she said was true. Within minutes all logical masculine feelings had melted away, to be replaced by the usual obsessive need to be feminine.

I sat dejected on the kitchen seat as Sarah left the room, leaving Mary to guard me.

She grabbed me by the arm, then with her spare hand lifted my skirt and took hold of my penis and testicles, almost tearing them from my body. It caused me to scream with pain.

“Did it hurt?” she asked. “Still, think yourself lucky. I won't be able to do that much longer. The doctor is going to remove them to make you more docile and acceptable to your future life here.”

My head sank at the words. Although my immediate feelings were feminine, still somewhere deep within my memory I knew that it was all wrong, that I should be male.

Next moment the door reopened to admit Lady Carstairs. “You ungrateful girl, Christine. I offered you the chance of a lifetime to spend three years here, enjoying my hospitality as a young lady, and all you do is try to escape, stealing one of my cars in the process.”

Sarah followed her in, carefully carrying a cardboard box in her hands. This was placed on the table, and from it she took a choker silver necklace with a centerpiece in ivory representing a nude female. Next she opened another much smaller box and extracted a foil-covered strip of five or six large pellets. When she opened the first pellet it filled the room with the concentrated smell of the drug which so controlled my thoughts.

Holding both items before me, she pressed the pill into the naked body of the figurine on the necklace, which opened in a jagged laced fashion to accept the drug. Then she held one of my arms, Mary the other, as Lady Carstairs with a satisfied smile on her face secured the necklace about my neck and fastened it.

“Christine,” she said, “that necklace is now locked about your neck, and the controlling drug will be inhaled by you continuously. Sarah has the supply of replacement pellets to insert when necessary, probably every third day. I had hoped that your own natural feminine feelings would have sufficed, but now artificially induced ones will ensure your cooperation while you learn what life is like as a female.”

I was then released and allowed to return to my room, all feelings of masculinity eradicated from my mind and with an overwhelming desire to live, dress, and become a woman in all possible ways. From that moment on, I found myself behaving as a woman, automatically sitting when using the toilet, sponging my face with cleansing cream instead of washing off the stale cosmetics, and even thinking in a feminine manner when watching television, especially a sexual way.

The morning after having had the necklace fitted, Sarah came to my room and ordered me to dress in the basic working uniform: a fawn colored brassiere and wide girdle with suspenders to hold the coarse, itchy black stockings. Next the cotton calico schoolgirl knickers with uncomfortable elastic legs, lace-up black shoes, plain cotton petticoat and the apron-style striped gingham dress. Finally I was allowed to wear a minimum amount of lipstick and powder on my face.

I protested vigorously about the clothing, as she led the way to the kitchen. There she handed me over to Mrs. Carter, with the words, “Here is your new skivvy; the ungrateful wretch tried to escape last night by stealing one of Her Ladyship’s cars. See that she is given the most boring and tiring work possible to punish her for such a dishonest action, then by the end of the day she will be too tired to try any further ideas of escape.”

Mrs. Carter grabbed my arm and pulled me towards the huge kitchen sink that was packed full of dirty pots and pans.

“There you are, my girl, they should keep you busy all morning. I will personally inspect them afterwards, and you’ll scrub them again if I am not satisfied. Just one of the many duties you can expect to perform as a female member of Lady Carstairs’s staff.”

She turned to Sarah, saying, “Is it necessary to restrain her in anyway? I don’t want to be responsible if she tries to run away.”

Sarah laughed in a sarcastic manner. “No, nothing to worry about in that respect, is there Christine? That nice new necklace that she wears contains sufficient amounts of the special feminizing agent to ensure any wearer can think of nothing but wanting to live and dress as a woman. Isn’t that right, Christine?”

I nodded my head and whispered, “Yes, I now feel so foolish and sorry about trying to escape. I desperately want to be completely feminine, like you all are.”

Mary once again tried to upset me, but my feelings were so focused on accepting my female image that it no longer had the same effect.

Sarah smiled and smirked at my reply and my reaction to Mary's taunts. Before she left she said, "Mrs. Carter, the drug needs replacing every two or three days. Should you notice any reduction in acceptance of her situation by Christine, let me know immediately."

I heard everything that was being said about me, but the gender bending drug made it impossible for me to object or even feel resentful about it.

I was exhausted, and my hands felt sore and raw by the time that Mrs. Carter allowed me to stop for lunch. I slumped into my chair by the table, when Sarah reentered the room.

"Letting Christine rest already, Mrs. Carter?"

"She has worked very hard all morning and fully deserves a rest," was the reply, as Mrs. Carter began to serve the dinner into our plates.

"Good," Sarah answered and then looked across at me with one of her smirks. "I have some good news for you, Christine. The doctor will be here tomorrow morning to deal with you, so that means no more work. She has the breast implants ready, instead of those silly temporary ones you have at the moment, which are not part of your body. The implants will be a permanent part of you for the duration of your stay. At the same time, Doctor Frobisher is going to reshape your lower body, to make the whole change feel more realistic. When those nasty masculine protrusions have gone, and it becomes impossible for you to use the toilet as a man, any further ideas of leaving us would be rather pointless. Still, the way you are feeling, those alterations are exactly what you want, aren't they, Christine?"

I tried desperately to think logically and resist what she said. Sarah again repeated the last sentence, and I nodded before agreeing. "Yes, I do so want to look and feel right, with feminine breasts and body."

Sarah and Mary both grinned and smirked with satisfaction at my answer.

Mrs. Carter replied, "Well, my girl, I only hope you feel the same way after the novelty has worn off, because once it has been done, there is no going back. At least not for the duration of your contract here."

The remainder of the day passed in a daze, as I continued to be excited over the treatment that was going to be given me. The perfume had well and truly destroyed all sense of what was right and sensible.

That evening, alone in my room, I stood naked before the mirror and examined my masculine body, still with a sense of disgust, desperate for it to be transformed. I went to the toilet and deliberately stood, using it as a man, telling myself out loud, "Never again after tomorrow."

Finally I cleansed my face, used cream on the skin of my sore hands, and allowed the slinky silk nightdress to ease over my head and fall gracefully to cover my body. Then I literally fell into the bed and into immediate sleep.

I awoke next morning to see snow piled high on the window sill and a blizzard blowing, making visibility virtually nil.

Sarah arrived to tell me that my treatment would have to be delayed, so I was to dress in working clothes and help Mrs. Carter. This routine continued for four more days, before the weather began to improve. The continual effect of the drug contained in my necklace made me docile and willing to work and dress as a woman. I even escaped wearing the corset on my first Sunday at Dunock, as the corsetiere had been unable to deliver it.

## CHAPTER 4

I awoke with a start to find Sarah standing at the bottom of the bed, shaking my legs through the covers.

“Wake up, Christine, it's your special day today. Doctor Frobisher has arrived and wants to see you in her surgery at nine O'clock, in less than an hour. She has told me to remind you not to eat or drink anything this morning, before she carries out these important and exciting changes to your bodily appearance. How do you feel at the thought of having your own plump breasts and a nice smooth line down between the legs instead of that ugly masculine thing?”

She smiled at me in anticipation of my answer; however, either because of the seriousness of the situation, or perhaps the pellet's losing power, I was able to resist the overwhelming feminine feelings. I tried to treat the matter logically and sanely.

It was a mistake on my part, because she immediately said, “Hmm, seems our little persuader is rather weak this morning. I will be back in fifteen minutes to give you a nice new pellet in that necklace, to ensure your full cooperation in today's plans.”

She left the room. I immediately went to the bathroom, used the toilet once more as a man, rinsed my face to clear my head, and hurried towards the window, looking for some way to avoid the fate awaiting me. The view across the valley was shimmering in the morning sun, with frost sparkling on the bare branches of the trees and grass. The rolling hills gave way to craggy mountains, both still covered white with snow.

Unless I was able to leave the house and take a vehicle that was fully operational, my chances of leaving the valley alive were slim. The only other chance was to leave my room and find a hiding place somewhere in this vast building, at least until the doctor had been forced to leave. That could delay, if not stop, my irrevocable change of sex. I did not trust any of the women and was afraid that once the so-called temporary change to my body had been made, they would not honor any agreement to reverse the treatment, even at the end of the three year period.

I quickly decided this latter idea of a temporary hiding place was the best and only feasible answer. I hurried to the door of my room, into the corridor, and I ran towards the stairs leading upwards to the loft.

It was too late; Sarah and Mary had seen my move and hurried after me. I reached the door to the stairs and grabbed the handle. To my dismay, it came away in my hand, leaving no easy method of opening the door. I threw the useless object at the advancing women, who easily dodged the missile. Moments later they reached me. Each taking an arm, they forced me back against the wall. With her spare hand Sarah took from her pocket the foil covered pellet, having already split the foil covering. The strength of the two women was too much to break clear. Leaning against me, Sarah malevolently showed me the pellet before carefully pushing it into the necklace. I continued to struggle for a short while as the perfume wafted up into my nostrils. Attempts at holding my breath only resulted in my eventually taking even deeper gasps.

I lay, rather than stood, against the wall, as the two woman stepped away smirking in satisfaction.

“Well, I think that is your last toss of the dice, Christine. In a few minutes, you know what will happen. And when reaching Doctor Frobisher, you will once again be dying for the chance to have that feminine body. She is going to oblige, and later today you will join the rest of us, having to harness those boobs for comfort, and sitting whenever you use the loo.”

We moved back along the corridor, past my bedroom, and descended the stairs, then took a new passageway towards the back of the house. We walked through a door into a brightly lit, clinically white room, the centerpiece of which was a leather or plastic-covered trolley.

By this time, my mind had been taken over by the insidious drug, and I was obsessed with becoming a woman. So I raised no objection when asked to remove the nightdress and don a surgical open-fronted gown, which they tied temporarily at waist and chest.

Doctor Frobisher was already standing in the room dressed in white operating gown, cap and gloves. Alongside her was a trolley containing a shallow dish, in which rested the most realistic pair of breasts attached to a skin which folded into the container; they looked substantial in size. In a second dish lay another article which was more difficult to define, until Sarah spoke.

“There you are, Christine, your new codpiece. Or should I say vulva, fanny, or any other crude name you have for it. When the doctor has finished fitting that and the breasts, any idea of being anything other than a female will appear rather ridiculous, don't you think?”

I nodded in reply, but she was not satisfied.

“I don't think we heard your reply. I want an answer to my question.”

I nodded again and said, “Yes, I will look like a woman when she has finished, and it would be ridiculous for me to think of myself as anything else.”

The two women smiled, then beckoned me to loosen the gown that I wore and to lay on the trolley.

Moments later, I was prone on the operating table. Mary left and Sarah moved into a side room, reappearing moments later dressed in the same way as the doctor.

Both walked towards me. From each side of the table, they lifted metal struts which they fixed upright, then raised my legs and secured them vertically and wide apart to the struts, leaving my genitals totally exposed to view. A rubber cushion below my buttocks made that area of me even more vulnerable.

Sarah leaned over me with a sadistic smirk on her face, as she picked up a face mask attached to cylinders of gas. She said, “Farewell Chris. When you awake it will be as a new being. All those nasty masculine bits a thing of the past.”

I was by this time extremely worried about how temporary this treatment was in fact going to be. But the effect of the drug on my mind made it impossible to fight their plans.

The mask was lowered towards my face, the hissing of gas already evident. Still leaning over me with a triumphant grin, Sarah pressed the mask firmly over my

mouth and nose, my feeble attempts at resisting futile against the pressure she exerted. The room began to spin, my body numbed, and blackness descended.

## CHAPTER 5

The women of the household never tired of telling me about the operation after it happened. It's as if I was a spectator and not the victim.

Doctor Frobisher walked forward, pushing the trolley of instruments and dishes containing the breasts and other cosmetic fittings. Sarah removed the anesthetic mask from the now fully unconscious figure on the operating table and stood ready to assist.

She cleansed the chest with a solution and waited, as the doctor picked up the breasts. She carefully covered the insides with a jelly-like substance from another small dish, then liberally coated the skin of the chest and beneath the arms with more of the solution.

Satisfied that both were fully covered, the doctor then positioned the breasts immediately over the nipples of the patient's own chest, smoothed the connecting joint of skin between each breast, and eased out and pulled the fold of lower skin down beyond the rib cage. She did likewise above the protrusions towards the shoulders, and, finally, the side flaps under each arm towards the back.

She once again massaged each portion of the new skin, in an attempt at teasing out any trapped bubble of air. Once satisfied that the false breasts were firmly secured to the living skin of the victim, she stood back and studied the result from each angle around the table.

"Good. Well, Sarah, I think that should do. Our young patient now has realistic and apparently permanent boobs, just like any young lady of her age. I don't want to risk them shifting before the fixative has properly dried, so we will wait another ten minutes before starting on the more complex operation. You can cover the genital region with the hair removal cream. It will then be ready to wash off by the time I resume."

"Yes, Doctor Frobisher," replied Sarah, as she stepped forward to do as instructed.

Several minutes passed, and the patient began to show signs of recovery. The doctor quickly moved forward, held the mask once more to the face, having switched on the supply of gas, and the poor victim again passed into total unconsciousness.

Satisfied that the bonding of the breasts to the natural skin was complete, the doctor began the task of changing the appearance of the lower body.

After washing clean any remaining hair around the crotch and covering all but the tip of the penis with a liberal coat of the jelly, she picked up the second article from the dish on the trolley and likewise treated this. Next, with Sarah assisting, the penis was slipped into a tube which formed part of the false sexual parts. The whole article was pushed very firmly against the body, the scrotum and testicles nestling into a tiny indentation and by the action forced back into the lower body cavity.

Doctor Frobisher then instructed Sarah to stand at the lower end of the operating table and continue to push the genitals firmly backward. She in turn began the delicate job of folding back the folds of artificial skin and securing it above, around, and behind the false vagina. It stretched from the naval, around the hips, down the upper inside part of the legs, and finally onto the sides of the buttocks.

Checking her watch, the doctor ensured that the vital section was held flush to the crotch for some minutes, until satisfied that the solution had once again effectively bonded the artificial skin to the live body.

As a final check, Sarah had to loosen the legs from the side struts and turn the patient, first on one side, then the other, as the doctor checked each buttock.

Both women stood back to admire the completed result, Sarah being first to speak.

“Well, Christine, my dear. You voluntarily applied for this post and wanted to know how the other half lived. Now, and for the next three years, you have no option but to experience what it is like to have a female body.”

Doctor Frobisher stood checking and rechecking her work, prodding the breasts, fingering the vulva which now occupied the space between the legs where previously masculine sexual organs existed.

“The poor girl will take time getting accustomed to using the toilet as a woman. I am told that it is probably the most traumatic experience of anybody who changes sex, because they are constantly reminded of the difference several times every day. The sex act is something they prepare for and think about before doing. Although for Christine I am afraid it is definitely a nonevent.”

Satisfied all possible had been done and that the patient was breathing normally, the two women lifted her from the trolley and replaced the gown with the nightdress she had worn earlier. They sat her in a wheelchair.

Minutes later, Christine was wheeled back to the main part of the house and carried up the staircase, finally being laid on her bed and covered with the bedclothes.

## CHAPTER 6

Vague noises, lights, and the smell of fresh air greeted me as I struggled to wake. My vain attempt to escape from Sarah and the vision of the operating theater flashed through my mind. Still, I could not shake off the effect of the drug.

My hand slowly explored my body and encountered what were clearly breasts. More worrying than that, these had a sensitivity not experienced by me when wearing the previous false pair. I knew that in future there would be no choice but to wear a brassiere to contain them.

Memories began to flood back. How Sarah had placed another pellet in the necklace, making me incapable of thinking clearly in a masculine manner. I then realized that the necklace had in fact been removed; that is why the air I breathed smelt so fresh and clean.

In fact, it was possible to think clearly and logically once more, but was it too late. I struggled to recover fully and finally staggered to the bathroom. I washed my face with cold water and stood before the mirror.

What greeted me confirmed the worst: very realistic breasts were barely covered by the garment that I wore. A quick check, as I pulled aside the bust of it, showed well developed, milky white breasts with the characteristic brown aureole around the nipple. No joining to my own skin was visible, and they both appeared to be a natural part of my body.

Dreading the result, but needing to use the toilet, I next lifted the nightdress to reveal a typically feminine lower part to my body. All signs of any previous masculine sexual organs were gone completely. I now had the smooth, clean cut appearance of a female between my thighs, with no possibility of behaving any longer as the man that I had previously been.

With dismay at no longer having any choice, I sat on the toilet seat and for the first time peed as a woman. I knew that there was little or no chance of me doing it any other way for at least the next three years.

I cursed Sarah and Lady Carstairs, but accepted that in some measure I had been responsible for what had been done. However, I thought it particularly mean of them to let me find out the results of the operation while in full control of my masculine feelings, rather than under the influence of that feminizing drug.

I walked despondently back to the bed. There I found that both Sarah and Mary were standing by the door of my room.

Sarah smiled as she spoke. "Well, Mary, it seems that Christine has already found her new body. Those breasts that in future need harnessing with a bra, and the other changes that ensure we are all safe from any masculine attentions and molesting."

Turning to face me, she continued. "Lunch will be in thirty minutes, my girl, so you had better find something suitable to wear. Mrs. Carter and the other two girls are most anxious to meet our new feminine maid. I wouldn't upset her if I were you; after all, she is going to be your employer for the next three years."

I refused to reply as I stood in the doorway to the bathroom, waiting for them to go.

Mary then sarcastically added her barbed comments. "Mrs. Carter has work for you this afternoon, so it will be necessary to wear the working uniform. Then you can experience what it is like to wear a brassiere out of necessity to contain those real breasts, and feel how different knickers are when the shape is not spoiled by a masculine protrusion."

I lowered my head in shame and dismay at what I had committed myself to for the future and the feeling that my efforts at resisting had been so weak and ineffectual.

"Leave me," I said eventually. "I am not dressing while you are here. At least give me that privacy."

They looked at each, before Sarah added, "You have nothing to hide that we are not familiar with. Your body has exactly the same shape as ours."

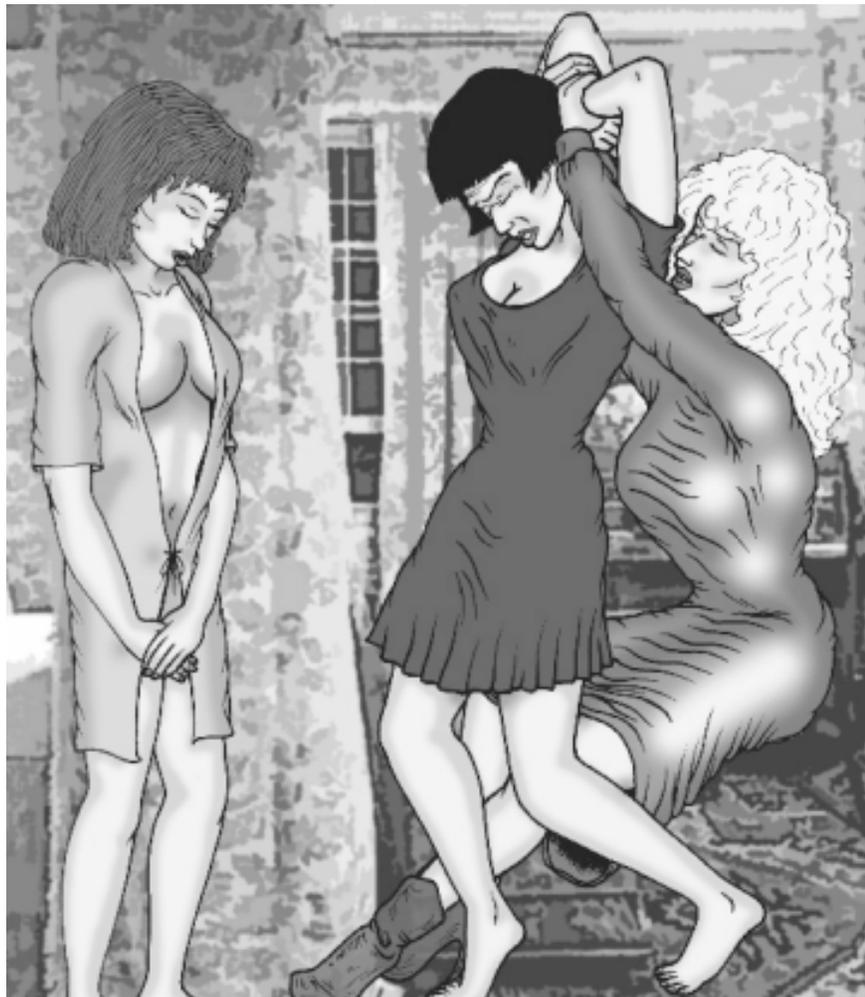
With an act of bravado, I interrupted. "My body is well proportioned, even if it does now resemble that of a woman. You, Sarah are too skinny. And as for Mary, who wants to be as plump as her?"

Mary started to lunge forward but was stopped by Sarah. As they turned to leave Sarah had the last word.

"Nicely countered, Christine. But what a typically feminine and catty comment. You are learning fast how to behave as a woman. Still, we have plenty of experience over the years of having a female body; you are going to find coping with it an ongoing shock."

They left the room. I shut the door behind them and allowed the nightdress to slide from my shoulders, revealing my body in stages as it fell to the ground.

My head of hair was now fashioned in a bouncy female style.



My face showed no sign of a masculine beard, but was smooth as any woman's.

The arms and body devoid of hair, prominent breasts now occupied most of my chest, culminating in the brown aureole and nipples of a fully grown woman.

Below those protrusions, I could see in the mirror the slimness of my waist, which was further emphasized by the broader hips that I now also seemed to possess. Then there was the total void between my legs, where previously had been masculine sexual organs.

The legs remained unchanged except for the lack of hairy growth. Unashamedly I parted my legs and leaned backward to view what I had been provided with in that area. I found a neat triangle of downy hair surrounding an obviously feminine sexual opening.

The need to check how this would affect me raised my curiosity. I again moved into the bathroom. I sat on the seat and forced myself to pee. To my surprise the operation seemed easier than I had thought.

Not wanting to upset Mrs. Carter and knowing that I had to appear before them all as a woman, I moved back into the bedroom and began to dress.

The brassiere now seemed to fit properly, as I cupped the breasts into it. Putting my hands behind my back, I began the routine of securing the article, as would be necessary every time I dressed in the future.

Next was the garter belt about my waist, followed by the ghastly uniform knickers, which I momentarily pulled tight about the crotch to emphasize to myself the new shape of my body. Stockings, petticoat, and uniform dress followed. Finally were the shoes.

Then I had the necessity to sit at the dressing table and apply some cosmetics and brush my hair, to give some appearance of a normal woman, if that was now my fate.

As I left the room and began the descent to the kitchen, my mind did wonder why, despite the lack of the perfume drug, I had still been so calm and willing to accept my feminine image.

I opened the door and braced myself for comment. I entered the kitchen and Mrs. Carter walked forward and embraced me.

“Welcome, Christine. I hope we can work satisfactorily together, because you will need help and friendship to cope with your new image and sex in the next few months.”

Sarah and Mary continued with their sarcastic attitude. Both the other girls, who already worked at the castle, accepted that I was now one of them and treated me as such. Strangely enough, my mind had by this time calmed sufficiently to accept for myself the sex in which I was now imprisoned.

It felt strange to be sitting at lunch with an all-female company, knowing that physically from outward appearance I was now of the same sex. Especially when Moira, the youngest girl, began to talk of the boyfriend she had in Oban, until he betrayed her and found another. All the women were united in agreeing that the average male had a one track mind, sex, and if any other interest at all it was football.

“What about you, Christine?” asked Mary. “I bet you had plenty of men chasing you in Hampshire. Did you let them do it?”

I went red with embarrassment and anger; all of them knew the truth.

“Of course not,” I replied. “It is possible to say no and mean it.”

Mary and Sarah laughed. “We will arrange something. I am sure you will soon be curious to know what it is like, as a woman.”

Mrs. Carter brought the conversation to a finish by giving us all cleaning duties for the afternoon.

The only consolation I had was knowing that in three years I would be free again to live as a normal male. In any case, it was impossible to make me have sex as a woman.

The next few days passed quickly as I adjusted to my new sexual figure. The rather drab uniform clothing, that did nothing to enhance my femininity, ensured that I was in doubt as to which sex I now belonged.

I was no longer under the influence of the feminizing drug, but strangely found it acceptable to dress as a woman. Indeed I felt a need to be able to wear more glamorous clothing than was allowed. I found myself carefully brushing and styling my hair, studying my face for any flaws as I applied cosmetics, and frequently using hand cream and moisturizers to ensure a smooth and healthy skin.

In particular, the knickers were terribly drab and uncomfortably hot when working hard, as I was forced to do for much of the day.

It was Sunday, and I awoke to find Sarah and Mrs. Carter in the doorway of my room. The latter carried the fearsome-looking, heavy pink, full-length corsets.

“Hurry with your ablutions, Christine. It is Sunday, and Her Ladyship insists that you wear the traditional foundation garment. She will check later to make sure that you are, so it is no use protesting.”

I took my time using the bathroom but eventually stood before them. I lowered my nightdress, donned a pair of knickers, and obediently lifted my arms above my head, on command from Sarah.

The corset was in fact a full-length garment incorporating a fancy, lacy brassiere, with strong wide shoulder straps. It secured down the back by means of laces through eyelets, but were at the time loosely fitted. Heavy clasps secured the garment at the front, after it had been drawn about my figure.

Mrs. Carter ensured that my breasts were correctly nestled in the bra cups. Thick, wide suspenders dangled from the lower hem and slapped against my upper legs as she began to manipulate and tighten the back laces. I gasped as the garment was drawn closer and tighter about my body. The strengthening whalebone or steel strips already felt uncomfortable.

“Please, please, it is to uncomfortable and tight,” I pleaded.

Sarah laughed. Mrs. Carter replied, “I am sorry, my dear, but Lady Carstairs insists on certain measurements, and we have yet to reach that standard.”

Eventually she was finished. I felt faint and so restricted as to imagine that I had been fastened into extreme bondage. The next task was to sit, the strips now cutting into my legs and thighs, while I attempted to put on the stockings and finally secure them to the suspenders.

The petticoat, a special dress, court shoes, and short coat followed, after sitting painfully at the dressing table to apply cosmetics.

The service in the chapel was purgatory, sitting on the plain wooden seats, totally unable to get comfortable because of the corsets, sticking in first one part then another of my body.

Lady Carstairs did indeed check me after the service, taking me aside before leaving the chapel, instructing me to unbutton my coat while she felt about my waist. She even lifted my skirt, looking at my rear end presumably to check for the corset.

“Good girl,” she said. “I hope Mrs. Carter has explained why I want this ritual to continue. You are helping the feminine side of my family to serve penance for my grandmother's misdemeanor during the Great War.”

“Yes, your Ladyship,” I replied, attempting to curtsy as I had been taught by Mrs. Carter.

Instead of Sunday being the day of rest, for me it was one of pain and misery. When wearing that garment I found it almost impossible to bend or even sit comfortably, and it was a good thing lunch on that day was a light, cold one. Each time that I protested, Sarah simply laughed and reminded me that all nice young ladies in Victorian times wore such foundation garments.

Finally the day was over, and I was allowed to return to my room. With considerable relief I removed my clothing, including the dreadful corset. The initial ease as it loosened was tempered by pain from the parts of my body that had been most restricted by the garment. It was only helped by the long, hot bath that I took.

Eventually I was forced to leave the bath; the water by this time was only lukewarm. I vigorously toweled myself, again gasping as the towel rubbed the more tender parts of my body.

Finally I dressed myself in the soft, silky, long nightdress and a pair of equally silky knickers, before lifting the duvet and sliding into the bed.

The days and weeks followed a set routine: Sunday's church, followed by cold lunch and an afternoon of embroidery or similarly feminine occupation, all the time secured in the cruelly tight corset.

Gradually I began to enjoy the creativity of embroidering a cushion, using the different silks to fashion perhaps a leaf or flower. For the first time in my life, I found the patience to sit and work quietly. It was only spoiled by the continued restriction of my foundation garments. The feeling of becoming one of the group increased, and further thoughts of escape diminish.

Each working day followed the same pattern: washing dishes, cleaning the cooker, polishing furniture, peeling the vegetables, and occasionally helping with the actual cooking.

As soon as the work was finished, and weather permitted, I would leave the house and walk to a secluded spot in the woods, from which I could see the mountains and valley. The only connecting road to civilization from the castle wound through the valley, disappearing from view as it passed through a coppice of trees. It then reappeared on the other side, before finally passing behind a hill on its way to freedom.

When alone in this seclusion, I would allow my hands to slide over the clothing, particularly my breasts and the void between my thighs. Slowly, as days passed, my mind came to accept fully the situation.

Thoughts of leaving sometimes taunted me. Even if successful in escaping, however, what could I say when reaching the nearest town? I had to accept that to all others, I was a young vulnerable woman, possessing no clothes other than what I wore, with no identity and no money. Surely nothing worse could befall me at the castle, and eventually the three year period of servitude would finish. Then it would be possible to resume life as my former self.

I had been at Dunock almost two months, when my next indignity occurred. It was late evening and I was in my room. I was just about to undress and get ready for bed, when the door burst open to reveal the terrible two, Sarah and Mary.

With looks on their faces of pure mischief and hatred, Sarah took from her pocket the spray and doused my face with it. I staggered back and tried to protest, waiting for the inevitable result.

A few minutes later, they thrust me onto the bed, face down, and pulled my skirt and petticoat above my waist. Then they removed my knickers and forced a double pillow beneath me. I lay with my buttocks well raised, as Mary removed her skirt to reveal a massive black dildo strapped to her crotch.

“Just for you, Christine dear. We are tired of you saying that it is impossible to have sex as a girl whenever we raise the subject. I guess that after this you will think differently and accept it is possible.”

Sarah had meanwhile secured my hands to the head of the bed with belts. She then reached behind me and grabbed my ass. She pulled the cheeks apart and liberally greased my anus. The next moment, Mary jumped onto the bed and forced my legs apart. She adjusted the hideous item so that I felt it pressing against me, before she lowered herself onto me. I was helpless to stop the dildo from entering my heavily greased rear orifice. Moments later I was gasping with pain as it seemed to go so far that I felt as though being split in two.

Not content with that, she then began to ride me with a steady rhythm, which caused further pain and soreness. The humiliation and pain seemed to last an eternity; it was probably only several minutes, however. Finally, with a vicious pull, she moved clear, causing me to scream with anguish.

“Right, Christine, now you know what it is like. Any further righteous comments from you, or suggestions that it is not possible for you to have sex as a woman, and we let the other's know what has just happened.”

Sarah stopped talking. They released my hands, stood away, and looked at me as I lay before them. She then put her hand in the pocket of her dress and produced a sanitary belt and towel.

“Poor girl, it looks as though you will need these as well, by the state of you.”

Placing the items on the bed beside me, they left the room. I was too sore and distressed to move for several minutes; but finally, with considerable care, I stood to my feet and walked into the bathroom. Despite my efforts to clean myself, I was indeed grateful for the sanitary items to avoid spoiling the bedclothes or my nightdress.

The effect of the drug resulted in my accepting the humiliation in a different, somewhat feminine manner. It seemed to ingrain into my mind that I had indeed been sexually compromised as a woman. This thought remained when future talk of sexual encounters were discussed.

I was tested at lunch the following day, as Mary again raised the subject of her boyfriend at Oban.

She then deliberately said to me, “Christine, would you like me to ask Richard to bring his friend with him next time? You must be desperate to have a sexual experience, now that you are female.”

“No,” I replied, carefully adding, “I might not like him. After all, everybody has their likes and dislikes.”

For the moment I had avoided any further embarrassment. But how long could I go on like this? I gave Mary a glare, but when she made eye contact with me I quickly looked away. If she hadn’t taken advantage of me with that huge dildo, I probably would have been more assertive. Since the incident, however, I felt more meek around her and Sarah. I couldn’t believe that the forceful man inside me could be quelled so easily.

## CHAPTER 6

A few days later, a meeting took place in the surgery occupied by Doctor Frobisher. Present were Lady Carstairs, the doctor, and two other women.

The tallest of the women was addressing the rest. She adjusted her spectacles and read from a document.

“Ladies, I am afraid that disturbing news has reached me of side effects caused by the repeated use of the sex drug. As you know, the original idea was simply to aid women who were under a sexual threat, by giving them a spray to direct at the potential attacker.”

The others listened intently as she continued. “The drug would severely reduce the male sexual urge, causing the man to leave her alone. We soon found that it also created an immediate, but temporary, wish actually to become female in the male who was sprayed. The latest results on animals, and in two cases humans, has resulted in the males actually losing all masculine thoughts and behavior permanently. Testosterone in the body has disappeared, and the gene responsible for producing sexual hormones actually reversed polarity and pumped out estrogen instead.”

Doctor Frobisher’s eyes widened, but the woman was not finished. “The dormant female sexual organs that never developed before birth have become activated, and in each case are rapidly growing to normal proportions. We are powerless to stop this reaction. If it has begun in the young man that Doctor Frobisher treated here, any thoughts he had of returning to his former masculine style of life after three years can be discounted. He will most certainly become fully a 'she' in a matter of months, with the full apparatus of a woman, normal breasts, vagina, womb, ovaries... the lot. Further treatment with the drug must stop immediately. Then the doctor can give him a simple test to establish what damage has been done.”

She stopped and took a seat. Lady Carstairs and Doctor Frobisher looked at each other, and the doctor answered.

“Thank you, Miss Willoughby. We note what you have said and will takeover the matter from here. However, I would like any further supplies of the drug you have available. We will carefully control its use with two further guinea pigs that are arriving this week. I will also carry out the necessary checks on our present volunteer, to ascertain how much he has been affected.”

Miss Willoughby attempted to protest that no further use should be made of it, now that these latest findings had surfaced. She was stopped by Lady Carstairs.

“Miss Willoughby, I know how you must feel, but remember that there are hundreds of young men out there who are desperate to change sex. They would pay good money to have a completely functional feminine body, such as the drug produces.” She waved vaguely as she spoke, before continuing.

“I have financed most of your research and can continue to do so, but I require further supplies of Femina, the drug. Don't worry, no adverse publicity will affect you. In fact, none is likely to arise, bearing in mind how careful we are in selecting our volun-

teers. All of whom will have signed legally binding contracts before undergoing any treatment.”

Miss Willoughby seemed to slump in her chair at the reply, which she half expected.

However, her intense fascination and dedication to the research was such that financing needed to be forthcoming. If this was the only way, she knew that she would have to agree.

“Very well, Lady Carstairs. A quart of the drug Femina is ready, and the same quantity again is in the process of being distilled. That quantity would be sufficient to permanently feminize half the male population of Western Scotland.”

Lady Carstairs nodded in satisfaction, before continuing. “I intend to find another three young men who are anxious to experience life as a woman. They are to be told that experiments will be carried out on them, which should totally and permanently transform them into women within twelve months. You will not be involved, and before release as women they are going to suffer amnesia, especially concerning the time they spend here. The poor dears will suddenly find themselves back in their home town, but totally and irretrievably converted into females.”

Miss Willoughby nodded in acceptance, knowing that any protest from her would in any case be ignored by the powerful and wealthy woman who financed her work.

Less than an hour after the meeting had finished, Sarah entered the kitchen where I was busy peeling vegetables for the evening dinner. She whispered to Mrs. Carter, who nodded.

“You are wanted in the surgery, Christine,” Sarah said as she grabbed me by the arm. She led the way from the room, beckoning Mary to follow.

They led their somewhat reluctant victim along the corridor, and up the stairs to my room, slamming and locking the door behind them.

## CHAPTER 7

I had been busy all day, finding that the tasks assigned me were both boring and tiring. All excitement at being able to dress in a feminine manner had long since disappeared.

Sarah had entered the kitchen so suddenly it startled me. Her words to Mrs. Carter were too quiet for me to hear.

I panicked, expecting a repeat of the humiliating dildo experience, especially as they led me upstairs and towards my room. When we entered and the door was locked, I knew trouble was brewing.

Mary continued to hold my arm as Sarah spoke.

“Christine, we have brought you back to your room for a very important reason. Do you like the experience of living as a woman, or are you looking forward to the day it ends?”

“It's not at all what I expected, and I will escape long before the three years are finished if I get half a chance,” I replied.

“Well, dear, we have just heard some very interesting news. The research doctor has had a meeting with Lady Carstairs and Doctor Frobisher. It appears that the drug that has been used on you has developed rather unfortunate side effects if used excessively. The user literally becomes a woman, totally and permanently, and Her Ladyship has decided to experiment with you, as possession of such a drug could be very profitable.”

I struggled to break free from Mary as Sarah opened a box she was carrying and took from it one of the special, tight fitting choker necklaces.

Despite my efforts, Sarah came towards me. I could smell the drug which was about to destroy me. She waved it before my face, as I continued trying to escape. Mary clung to my arms, and I was forced to inhale the intoxicating perfume.

The drug began its usual insidious effect. Firstly my struggles weakened, then the customary yearning and contentment at my feminine state took over.

I was pulled to a sitting position, as Sarah put the choker about my neck and fastened the clasp at the back. Soon both women stood back and watched as the full effect of the drug took over my thoughts. All resistance ceased.

“Good,” said Sarah, minutes later. “That necklace will now stay in place for at least the next seven days. I will replenish the drug every other day. When the doctor carries out her check on you next week, all chance of returning to your former life as a man will be nil. You can remain here for the rest of the afternoon to contemplate your long term future. Unfortunately, your brain has once again been addled by the drug, so the consequences cannot be sensibly assessed by you. All I can say is, good luck, Christine. You will need it.”

They unlocked the door and left the room. I staggered to my feet and walked unsteadily to the bathroom. I used the toilet in what was now a customary feminine manner.

Then, standing before the mirror with my knickers draped about my knees, I looked at what was apparently a feminine body, but which for the present still concealed my masculine organs. The perfume affected any attitude that I did have to what had been said. Nevertheless, the manner in which Sarah had gloated over my future enabled me to realize that becoming fully a woman was not the best option.

I moved back into the bedroom and slowly undressed. I removed my rather plain and uncomfortable maid's uniform. The apron dress, cotton petticoat, calico knickers, and thick black stockings came off. Finally standing nude before the mirror, I also unclipped the brassiere and girdle. I tried to gather together my real feelings, as I saw the artificial feminine figure that was portrayed, remembering the words of Sarah that soon my body would be irreversibly and permanently changed into that of a woman.

Then there would be no choice but to wear a brassiere and knickers, sit to pee, and use cosmetics daily to compete in the competitive female market. Not for a few months in the seclusion of this crazy place, but for the rest of my life in the wide world!

Somehow the reality of this exceeded the effect of the drug, as I sought ways and means of removing the sex destroying choker. It was too thick and strong to snap; the only scissors in the room broke immediately as I put force on them to try and cut the necklace.

Still standing in a naked pose, I finally had to accept defeat. I burst into tears; all strength to resist the drug melted away. Within minutes I was calmly dressing in fashionable feminine clothing with the thrill of knowing I was soon to become fully a woman.

I repaired my makeup, brushed my hair, picked up a handbag, and walked from the room.

Soon I was sitting in the lounge, talking to Lady Carstairs and Stella.

"It is so nice to find that you are prepared to accept the future change of plans, Christine. Stella told me that you willingly agreed to wear the necklace and be dosed with the drug for the next week. It is likely that your genes have already begun to change polarity, in which case your body has already rejected all masculine testosterone and is producing estrogen in its place. The drug will ensure this happens, but Sarah is just going to take a specimen, which will go to Doctor Frobisher for testing. Then we know when it is safe to stop its use."

Lady Carstairs ceased speaking. I could see Sarah smirking with satisfaction, but I could find no words to answer with. I simply put my hands to my face and sobbed, whether with frustration or fear I could not be sure.

Slowly my distress eased, and I gained the courage to speak.

"Please, your Ladyship, can you tell me what will happen? How will I know that the change is taking place, and afterwards, what happens to me?"

Sarah began to answer but was stopped. Lady Carstairs began a lengthy explanation.

"Christine, my dear, once your body starts to produce feminine hormones naturally, and masculine testosterone is annihilated, your breasts should be the first visi-

ble sign. Doctor Frobisher then will remove the synthetic pair that has been fitted. Your hips and backside develop, and the waistline reduces, to give a much more natural feminine outline. Treatment has already reduced body hair, but this becomes permanent. At the same time your head of hair becomes more luxurious and denser. We will of course ensure that it is regularly given a proper feminine-style perm to help your image. At the same time, drastic changes take place within your body. Dormant, undeveloped feminine sexual organs, which were present when you were first formed, now become activated. After several months, they will develop fully and functionally. The doctor will need to remove what remains of your masculine organs and fashion a vagina to connect with these, especially when it becomes time for the first menstrual period."

Sarah virtually wet her pants with excitement and joy at this revelation of what would happen to me. The smirk and look on her face was noticed by Lady Carstairs, who continued.

"Sarah has a vitriolic hatred of men, and nothing would please her more than to see them all suffer the change you are undergoing. When you are fully a woman several alternatives exist, but I do require that at some time within the next two or three years, you have a sexual affair with a man. I shall insist that it is done without either of you taking precautions, as we need to be sure that the drug produces fully fertile women."

I was shocked by the callous manner in which she was planning my future life. Not content with forcing me to change my sex, she now intended that I should become pregnant as a woman, presumably with a man of her choice.

The drug that I was constantly breathing so controlled my actions that I found it impossible to object. In fact, the thought of unprotected sex and it's possible consequences actually gave me a sexual thrill.

She then waved in a nonchalant manner of dismissal. I hurriedly left the room, rushed up the stairs, and into my room.

Throwing myself onto the bed in a distressed state, I burst into tears and realized how feminine that action looked. I could not control myself.

Slowly recovering, my hands moved over my body, feeling it's feminine shape and dress. I felt the gathering of the skirt, through which could be felt the suspenders securing the nylon stockings, and through the silkiness of the blouse there was my artificial bust.

Night came, but relief from the torment did not. I fell asleep and quickly dreamed of that final insult that Lady Carstairs intended to inflict on me.

I was in a room, a bedroom. This very strong, athletically-built man spun me around and kissed my lips with brutal force, making me gasp with pain, but at the same time arousing my sexuality.

The next moment I was on the bed, my clothes about my waist and knickers torn from me. He had removed his trousers, and the penis I saw in the dream was so enormous no woman could have accommodated it. He adjusted himself over me, forced my legs apart, and moments later it began to enter me.

He lifted his upper body clear and laughed as he looked into my eyes. "Right, my beauty, struggle clear of me now, if you dare."

The dream continued as I lay pinned helpless beneath him, skewered by the massive weapon, which for some reason stayed rigid but nothing more. He eventually said, "You are mine, to do with as I please. When I am ready, you will take my seed, nurture it, and carry it to fruition."

I tried to reply, to refuse, to say no, but the words would not come.

Then I felt the penis swell still further, pulsate and twitch, until it caused my juices to flow copiously, ready to aid those seeds into my most intimate and important parts.

Moments later a gush of hot liquid made me scream with anguish and delight, and I knew immediately that this would make me pregnant.

I awoke with a start, and a scream, as the dream ended. I realized that I desperately needed to use the toilet, which was done with me still in a confused state, expecting to see this phantom figure of a man in the room.

Afterwards I lay awake, too frightened to sleep for fear of experiencing the same or an even worse dream. These were to follow on subsequent nights.

Morning arrived and I felt tired, stressed, and depressed. I reluctantly prepared myself for another day of toil in the kitchen, but now with the added knowledge that such a life awaited me. The choker was still firmly secured about my neck, exuding the drug which was rapidly destroying any remaining masculine hormones. The women were talking about me as if I weren't even there.

"The silly bitch shouldn't have tried to find out what it was like being a woman. It serves her right. Now she can experience it in full, like the rest of us: those excruciatingly painful days each month and the premenstrual tension at other times. Just picture it, Christine dear, it will soon be for real. And as years go by, that dread of losing your looks and becoming an old hag of a woman will creep up on you."

Sarah agreed with her, but Mrs. Carter continued to comfort me. The other two girls also joined us, each taking hold of one of my hands.

"Has she got to continue wearing the necklace with the drug?" asked Mrs. Carter.

"Yes, Her Ladyship is most insistent that the perfume should waft into Christine's nose and lungs for the next week, at least, just to make absolutely certain of its special effect." Sarah spoke with firmness, which obviously broached no opposition from anybody present.

I meanwhile stood dejectedly in the room, so influenced by the drug that I could do nothing to defend my lost masculinity, which at that moment meant little.

## CHAPTER 8

Sarah and Lady Carstairs were standing in the stable-yard, as the old-style ambulance swung through the entrance and came to a stop.

Sarah walked forward and opened the rear doors to reveal the figures of two men lying on the stretcher bed, each on one side of the vehicle. Each figure wore a one piece, white cotton, overall-style suit. They was secured to the bed by means of straps about their waist, chest, and knees, with hands fastened in cuffs. They were also gagged and blindfolded.

Lady Carstairs looked into the vehicle and commented, "Good, our new volunteers for treatment have arrived. We will soon have them thinking and behaving in a more suitable manner."

She turned to the driver, who had alighted from the vehicle.

"Well, James, have a good journey? Any trouble with your patients?"

The tall figure, dressed as a paramedic, nodded before answering, "A very good and fast drive. Thank you, your Ladyship. Once loaded, the passengers were as quiet as mice."

Sarah and the driver then proceeded to loosen the bonds securing the victims, making each in turn, step out of the ambulance and enter the castle. Then they were led to adjacent rooms on the first floor and made to sit on the sole furniture in the room: a single bed covered with a mattress.

Minutes later, Lady Carstairs entered the first room, accompanied by Sarah and Mary, who was carrying a holdall containing feminine clothing.

"Richard Wilson. For many months you have been visiting a close friend of mine, in order to dress as a female and pretend to be one. You told Mistress Veronica that if the chance arose, it was your wish to become a girl." He was silent.

"It has arisen, whether you like it or not. I am going to subject you to a new treatment that initially makes the subject desperate to dress and become a female, but then attacks the sexual genes. If our trials are confirmed, it changes the person irrevocably into a complete and fully functioning woman."

The victim stood to his feet, gasped, and attempted to rush towards the door.

Mary pinned his arms to his side and held him. Sarah took from her pocket a choker necklace, which obviously already contained the perfume drug. It was waved under his nose. After a few desperate attempts at escape, he became subdued and stood docile as the article was placed about his neck and firmly locked into place.

Lady Carstairs nodded in satisfaction. "Richard, you will wear that choker continuously for several weeks, the drug being renewed each other day by Sarah, until your testosterone and means of producing it have been permanently destroyed and replaced by active genes pumping out feminine estrogen in their place. You will willingly accept these changes, because a side effect of inhaling the drug is to affect your mind and create a desperate need to be feminine, as you are already finding. We have another patient here who has been undergoing the treatment for some two months. He was a

perfectly normal young man such as yourself. Results from the laboratory were received today, confirming that the drug has totally eradicated all testosterone, and her body is now producing vast quantities of estrogen, which has, to all effect, permanently changed the sex. Christine is now a female, although her body still has a long way to go before it becomes that of a fully functioning woman, capable of conceiving a child. But it will come, both to her and you.”

Richard, despite the effects of the drug, made another attempt at reaching the door. He screamed, “No, no! It was all a game to see how the other half lived and to feel what it was like wearing knickers, corsets, and skirts.”

Mary laughed. Sarah replied coldly, “Richard, my dear, you ARE going to find out what it is like. You will be wearing feminine clothing for the rest of your life, and here you also find out how to live and work as a woman. How to make yourself pretty with cosmetics and attractive hairdos, and eventually what to do sexually to please a man.”

Placing the bag of clothes on the bed, she opened the top and took out knickers, brassiere, suspender belt, stockings, petticoat, blouse, and skirt, finally placing a pair of black court shoes on the floor.

“That will do for a start. I should imagine you are feeling rather uncomfortable in those clothes that you are wearing. We apologize for the indignity, but could only spare one driver. We couldn't risk either of our patients trying to escape, so the nappies and plastic pants under the overalls were rather necessary for such a long journey. The bathroom is next door, towel, bath lotion and talc all supplied compliments of the management.”

Thirty minutes later, both patients had washed, dressed, and stood waiting as Sarah led them along the corridor and upstairs, allocating each a room on the same floor as me.

Each were locked into their room for the night, to ensure that they fell completely under the effect of the Femina drug. Sarah then looked in on me, to inform me that two new volunteers had arrived to undergo the same treatment as herself. She didn't know I was already aware of everything.

She then joined Lady Carstairs and Doctor Frobisher in the study. She took a proffered drink as the former said, “To the success of our scheme! We now have three patients to carry on the research. As you have already confirmed, Doctor, the first, Christine, has already passed the point of no return. Her body is busy pumping female hormones around her system to totally feminize her. Tell me, Doctor, is there any risk at all that the change can be reversed, once it has reached this state?”

“No. As far as we know, all capability of producing masculine testosterone has been annihilated.” Margaret Frobisher paused, then continued. “Should the patient escape and seek medical help, all that can be done is to artificially give masculine hormones for the rest of her life, to give an appearance of masculinity. Stop the input, and she returns to a feminine cycle, just as any woman who tries to change sex.”

Sarah once again smiled with total satisfaction at the knowledge that I was now irrevocably a female, even if much was needed to be presentable as a woman.

“Shall I remove the necklace and supply of the drug tomorrow morning?” she asked.

Lady Carstairs looked towards the doctor, who replied, “Yes, there is no point in wasting further quantities on Miss Roberts. She will now develop normally as a female over the next few months.”

## CHAPTER 9

A week had passed with the necklace once more secured firmly about my neck. Each day Sarah replaced the capsule to ensure that I received a full dose of the drug. The doctor had taken a blood and tissue sample to check my sexuality.

I slowly awoke from a deep sleep, interrupted by further sexually oriented dreams in which I had either voluntarily or been forced to partake in intercourse with the same large, rugged man featured in my earlier dream.

On every occasion, the weak helpless female that I had become was emphasized, even when carrying out the act without force. The inference was that, unless I submitted, he would make me suffer.

I brushed my teeth, showered, and used the toilet in what was now the habitual feminine manner. Then, with a shudder of disgust, I picked up the knickers and dressed in them and the remaining uniform clothing. I brushed my hair, applied a minimum of makeup, and left the room.

I entered the kitchen to find the usual staff carrying out various chores, but also two new 'girls' who quite obviously were unaccustomed to being dressed in a feminine manner. Each was wearing the horrendous choker necklace.

"Good morning, Christine," said Sarah. "Let me introduce Lady Carstairs's new maids. This is Rosemary, who used to be known as Richard, and Andrea, alias Andrew. They will be undergoing the same treatment as you and will be intrigued and perhaps thrilled as they watch your feminine development. The doctor wants to see you after breakfast, to give the splendid news that the drug has done its work; you are now irrevocably changing into a female. Her Ladyship has instructed me to remove your necklace, in order to save our supply of Femina. As you know, it has no effect on female persons, so is wasted around your neck. On the other hand, our new recruits will wear them continuously for the next few weeks until they also join the female sex."

I looked across at Rosemary, who was looking very red and embarrassed, as was Andrea. Both were under the influence of the drug, and I realized that they must be desperate to become women, but at the same time deep within their subconscious knew it was wrong.

Sarah had so often pretended that I was beyond the point of return to a masculine life, that at first I ignored her. However, when she walked forward, turned me around, and released the choker, I knew that this time it must be for real.

We ate breakfast. The two new recruits were the main butt of sarcastic jokes from Sarah and Mary. I began to breathe more freely and, at the same time, quickly lost that desperate need to be feminine. Unfortunately, this only made me realize even more how uncomfortable the uniform clothing was, especially the calico knickers. The meal ending, Sarah called to me.

"Christine, the doctor wants you in the surgery to check your progress and possibly remove the false tits. Your own real breasts are already developing, and she is anxious that you get the experience of noting their daily growth."

Reluctantly and dreading the outcome of the visit, I followed Sarah as she led the way through the house towards the surgery.

“Come in, my dear,” said Doctor Frobisher as we arrived at the door. At the same time she waved to Sarah to leave us and beckoned me to sit in the chair by her desk.

Standing by me, I could smell the Chanel perfume she was wearing. I was aware of her intense femininity, as she began to speak.

“Christine, the results of your tests are back, and I am sure that Lady Carstairs will be overjoyed with the results. As we suspected, extensive exposure to the drug Femina does permanently destroy all testosterone and the future ability to produce the masculine hormone. In its place the sexually productive genes pump out vast quantities of female estrogen, which in turn creates a completely female body over a period of several months: normal breast tissue, narrowing of the waist, and expanding of the hips and posterior. The dormant female sexual organs, which were present from birth but suppressed by the male hormone, begin to grow, eventually producing healthy ovaries, womb, and the ability to reproduce as other women do.”

I gasped as she stopped. With hand to mouth, I stuttered. “You, you, don't mean... That's what's ha-happening to me?”

Grasping my hands together between her own, she said, “Yes. You, Christine, can now look forward to these developments over the next few exciting months. You must let me know about any abdominal pains, especially nearer the date when I



can estimate your internal organs have developed. It will then be necessary to remove any remaining external masculine growth, which will have long been useless, and fashion a vagina to connect to your new female sexual organs. That will allow normal female sexual acts and the release of the normal monthly menstrual waste.”

Snatching my hands from hers, I put them to my face in horror and burst into uncontrollable tears. Now that the accursed necklace had been removed, my normal masculine thoughts had surfaced once more, although I suspected not for long if what had been told to me was correct. The thought of becoming totally a woman and wearing the type of clothes I now wore filled me with disgust and dismay. Never again to feel that male supremacy that all men have, by virtue of that piece of flesh between their legs, and an acceptance of normally being superior in strength to most females...

I tried to stand, but was forced back by her.

“You will soon come to accept and enjoy the new life, Christine. In order that we can both monitor your development, I will remove the false bust that is at the moment giving you the right figure. Your normal, permanent breasts should start showing within days. They will give a reliable record that all is developing as it should.”

Reluctantly, I followed as she led the way into the operating theater. I allowed her to strip me to the waist, before sitting on a stool as she washed her hands, donned surgical gloves, and picked up a tube of liquid. She commenced to apply the liquid about my upper body. Slowly she began to peel away what appeared to be my own skin, from my back, shoulders, under the arms. She finally removed the lumps which had formed my breasts over these past weeks.

She sponged the whole area clean before finally speaking. “Well, Christine, not very feminine looking at present, are we? But it should soon change, this time permanently. Meanwhile, I will give you false pads to wear in your bra. Get dressed for now and have a thorough shower or bath when you return to your room.”

Still in a daze from the startling news concerning my future, I did as told. I even inserted the false breasts without comment, as they were handed to me.

Completing my dressing, I followed the doctor as she returned to the surgery. I sat on the easy chair that was indicated.

“Christine, I at least realize the huge and at times embarrassing problems that you will encounter in the next few months as you adjust to a feminine lifestyle. I have therefore taken the liberty of employing a woman of vast experience in teaching young ladies of various types how they should behave as females. Her name is Miss Harrington, and you will meet her tomorrow. She has in the past been employed as a school mistress at a famous young ladies finishing academy, a girls school, and most recently a young persons correction center for females.”

I could do nothing but nod, as Doctor Frobisher continued to explain. My mind was still too occupied with the horror of realizing that I faced spending the rest of my life as a woman.

The doctor must have understood my feelings. “You may feel at this moment that the thought of a feminine life is alien to you, but the hormones which are now being produced by your body will quickly alter your brain patterns, as well as the body,

causing you to accept more readily such a lifestyle as being acceptable and indeed preferable. I strongly advise you to cooperate with Miss Harrington; the things she will teach you will help immensely in adapting to a feminine life, and being fully accepted by others as a woman.”

At last I was able to recover sufficiently to speak.

“Please. Oh, please, can't you stop this happening?” I pleaded.

She shook her head and once again confirmed the finality of what had happened to me.

Realizing that nothing more remained to be said, I stood to my feet and reluctantly left the surgery, returning to my room.

Standing before the mirror, I lifted my skirt, fingered the slip worn beneath it, and then the horrendous uniform knickers. I looked intently at the suspenders holding up the stockings, before moving my hands to the brassiere that constricted my chest.

These were the types of garments that were now destined to be normal clothing for the rest of my life. I needed to use the toilet and found myself sitting in the traditional feminine manner to have a pee, something that would soon also be inevitable.

In a last token of disobedience, I removed the abhorrent knickers, threw them across the room, and took a clean pair of attractive white nylon panties from the dressing table drawer. I pulled them up my legs and about my thighs. The material was so smooth, I closed my eyes and ran my hands along the soft crotch of the panties. Moments like this were so rare, I thought I might be able to lose myself for just a moment. But whenever I opened my eyes, this room like a prison cell brought my thoughts crashing back to the present. For a brief time, at least, I almost felt better. That night my dreams were convoluted. I awoke several times moaning in a mixture of anxiety and anticipation.

## CHAPTER 10

I stood before the mirror naked, after completing my morning ablutions and shower. My hair was now shoulder length, luxuriant and waved in an unmistakable feminine style. It just revealed pierced ears, displaying dangling mock diamond earrings.

I clasped my hands to my chest and cupped the rapidly growing breasts; they already resembled those of a teenage girl. Between my legs still remained the relic of my past manhood. However, the penis had shrunk dramatically, had virtually lost all feeling, and certainly had no ability to react in a masculine sexual manner. The testicles had also all but disappeared, leaving a loose floppy sack.

A month had passed since being informed of my fate, that of inevitably becoming a fully functioning woman. I had spent about two weeks feeling betrayed, suicidal, and desperate to regain masculinity. Then, however, the natural effects of the fast developing femininity had wrought a dramatic change in my thoughts.

I was now anxious to present myself as a normal, attractive woman. The appearance of my hair, the shape of my body, and the correct dress sense now preoccupied my thoughts. It was important to retain that slim, flat stomach and narrow waist, to worry about any blemish or spot that affected my facial appearance.

All that remained to remind me of my past life was that growth between my legs, which the doctor had deliberately revealed once more the previous week, when peeling away and removing the false vulva that she had taken so long to carefully fashion and fix in place earlier.

'It is necessary for the sake of my health' was her excuse, but I felt it was more a question of confirming that my thoughts were changing to match the new sex.

The very sight of it now revolted me, and I had told her and Lady Carstairs that I wanted it removed. Indeed I had pleaded for the operation but was told it would be done when the time was right.

Two days before, I had deliberately ignored the instruction to dress in the standard uniform and decided to do so again today.

I took from the drawer a pair of pink, silky knickers, a brassiere with lace edging, a dainty suspender belt, a nylon petticoat, and fine denier stockings. I dressed in the clothes, then selected a long-sleeved, almost transparent blouse and mid-calf-length patterned skirt, finishing with high heeled court shoes. It was Sunday, and I was supposed to wear the uncomfortable, tight, heavy corset. They may have changed my sex, but I could still prove to them that I had a will of my own.

When fully assembled, the whole outfit seemed so comfortable and attractive that I felt completely and utterly at ease. I was now the woman that Lady Carstairs intended to create. I sat at the dressing table, completed my makeup, and dabbed Chanel perfume on my neck and wrist, intent on upstaging my earlier enemies Sarah and Mary.

Before leaving, I rested on the bed, thinking about my future and allowing my hands to wander, feeling the garments that I wore. I eased the skirt higher, so that one rested on my bare leg, at thigh height, between stocking and knickers. I touched the

taut suspender, as many women do when alone and meditating on some important matter. Next moment, moving towards the mirror and pirouetting on tiptoe, I allowed the skirt to flow up and outward in a swirl, before gathering it with my hands as they caressed my growing hips and broadening posterior.

Then came the time to leave, to carefully and regally descend the stairs. I stared straight past Mary as she stood in the hallway and made my way from the house towards the chapel for the morning service.

She called after me that I wasn't dressed properly and that Lady Carstairs would be furious. I was now so confident in myself that I gave her a most unladylike sign with my finger and continued on my way.

Standing by the door of the chapel were the two new maids. A subdued and broken Andrea had just two days before been given the news that the Femina drug had destroyed her masculinity in the same manner as it had me. Next to her was Rosemary, who strangely enough had not yet suffered the same fate. Indeed continued use of the drug had to an extent made her obedient, but never to the extent of willingly accepting a female role. She had therefore suffered even more, by being constantly dressed as a female against her wishes and knowing the choker necklace would eventually break down her resistance and bring about the inevitable conversion.

Both looked and no doubt felt uncomfortable, dressed as they were in the standard Sunday uniform including the horrendous corsets.

The remainder of the party arrived. Before entering, Lady Carstairs deliberately humiliated Rosemary by lifting her skirt and checking the corset. With Andrea, she simply asked and accepted a nod in reply. She looked towards me and simply grunted; she could quiet clearly see for herself that I had ignored the instruction to wear them.

The service over, we all walked back to the main building. Lady Carstairs beckoned me to join her.

"I am pleased to see you looking so beautiful and very feminine Christine."

She took my arm and directed me away from the remainder.

"I want to talk to you about your future. It seems that you have accepted a future feminine role in life, with a spirit and character to match. Doctor Frobisher shortly requires a new receptionist and assistant at her clinic. The job is permanent and is available to you, when the final operation has been carried out to remove forever any last vestiges of your previous life. However, I am sure that soon you will meet the man of your dreams. After getting married, like most men in this area, he would expect you to stop work and keep house, at the same time providing him with a family. The modern idea of equality of the sexes rarely reaches these parts where the husband definitely rules the family home."

She stopped. I gasped and attempted to reply, "No, no, I couldn't have children."

"Don't be silly, Christine, of course you can. Didn't you listen to the doctor? Soon there will be no difference whatsoever between you and a woman born as a female. Normally, I would have insisted on completion of the three year contract that you signed. However, that was before we were aware of the extreme effects of long term ex-

posure to the drug Femina. It is now important that you are able to mix freely in the community and cope with living fully as a woman in normal society. The operation is to take place next week. You will convalesce for two weeks, then take up your new job.”

I didn't know what to say. She continued talking.

“The clinic is situated near Stirling, and plenty of opportunity will exist for you to shop and socialize in that town.”

She paused, and we stopped at the top end of the garden path. I looked away, across the valley at the rolling hills and mountains. I reminisced about the dramatic changes over the past three months. I felt, looked, and to all intents and purposes was a woman. It would be churlish to refuse that final removal of my past life. The opportunity offered would ensure a sound, steady future, albeit with the person directly responsible for my present situation. But, at the same time, it gave me the security of a fallback who could be asked when things became difficult. I decided I was determined not to fall for the sexual attractions of a man; I would rather remain a spinster.

“Thank you, Lady Carstairs. I am prepared to accept the inevitable and become fully a woman as soon as the doctor can carry out the operation. I would also be happy to work for her, as proposed.”

She nodded and led the way back inside, turning to enter her study. I went the other direction to the kitchen.

## CHAPTER 11

I heard about the day of the operation in great detail from the doctor.

The anesthetist held the mask firmly in position. After a brief struggle, I became still. With a nod, the doctor stood back to allow the surgeon forward.

My legs were held wide apart by side struts on the operating table, in which rested my bent knees. This gave full, uninterrupted access to the crotch, where the limp masculine sexual organs hung. All hair had been shaved from the whole area.

The surgeon worked fast but thoroughly. An hour or so later, he stood back, his task completed. I now totally and permanently resembled the figure of a female, especially in that particular part of the anatomy.

One of the assisting nurses stepped forward, holding a large sanitary towel and belt which she carefully placed in position about my groin. After having released the knees from the stirrup, she lowered the nightdress to create a sense of decency, for when I recovered consciousness.

The surgeon and doctor left the room, washed themselves, and retired to a lounge to drink coffee and chat. They remained on call in case of problems.

“Thank you, Dr. Lloyd,” said Doctor Frobisher, as she poured two cups of coffee. “Miss Roberts is the first of several victims, or should we say patients, affected by the experimental drug Femina, which was supposed to make masculine sex pests harmless. However, as you are aware, prolonged exposure to it effectively and irrevocably changes their sex, leaving you simply to remove the useless parts and fashion a vulva to connect with the developing female sexual organs within the body.”

Dr. Lloyd nodded before answering.

“The only thing worrying me is, did Miss Roberts and the others willingly agree to the continued exposure, once you knew the risk?”

“Oh, yes, of course they did,” replied Margaret Frobisher with a serious straight face.

The surgeon nodded taking a further sip of coffee.

“I saw the X-rays, and there is no doubt that she has the rapidly developing sexual organs of a woman. There was no alternative but to carry out the operation, but I should hate to think that in the early stage you are forcing them to accept the treatment.”

“Don’t worry, Dr. Lloyd. Lady Carstairs and I wouldn’t dream of forcing such a change on anyone.”

They then stood to their feet and walked back into the operating room. They checked the recovery of their patient. I was slowly stirring and breathing at a steady rate.

“Nurse, you can remove her to the ward and stay with her while she recovers. Although aware of what was intended, the shock of finding herself with a complete woman’s body could still be traumatic.”



## CHAPTER 12

I stood before the dressing table in the bedroom of the apartment that Doctor Frobisher had given me, adjacent to her clinic. The nightdress slid from my shoulders and hung momentarily on my breasts before tumbling to the floor. I was dressed solely in a pair of close fitting knickers that clung to my body, indicating the clear-cut feminine shape between the legs. My breasts protruded firmly, now fully developed and crowned by the unmistakable brown aureole around the nipples. Narrow waist, wide hips and a prominent backside gave further unmistakable evidence of a female. To complete the picture, my hair was now shoulder length, bouncy, and waved, framing the smooth, soft, and attractive face.

I continued to stare at myself, as my mind began recalling the events of recent weeks.

The departure from Dunock Castle, along with Doctor Frobisher, and preparation at her clinic for the final piece of the jigsaw that would see me totally and permanently a woman.

How I had been urged to undress, have a thorough bath, shave away all hair around my then useless masculine genitals, and finally dress in a plain pink nightdress, before making myself comfortable on the bed. Doctor Frobisher had then given an injection to relax me and remove the ability to resist or object to what was about to happen. Moments later, they had transferred me onto a trolley, which was wheeled to the operating theater. The last thing I could remember was a feeble struggle to push aside the anesthetic mask, as it was held firmly to my nose before that final irreversible removal of any trace of masculinity.

Later, I had slowly recovered consciousness and allowed my hands to move carefully down my body, over and past the developed breasts and the slimmer waist. I almost reluctantly felt between my legs.

There was nothing; a void existed where those masculine genitals had hung all my life. The soft feeling of a pad held firmly to my crotch stopped me from actually feeling my body, but there was no doubt that this pad covered the figure of a female.

I was shocked at the finality of it but not dismayed. For weeks the inevitability of such a change had conditioned my mind into an acceptance, and indeed a desire, to become a woman.

More than three weeks previously, before the departure from the castle, I had dressed for my daily chores. I had realized that soon I would have no option but to accept total femininity. I had decided to dress without wearing a brassiere, having read how many women complained so often about this uncomfortable item of apparel.

The attempt was a disaster. My breasts had already developed to such an extent that every action or movement that morning was both uncomfortable and embarrassing; my tits wobbled and swung to and fro through the uniform dress.

At the first opportunity, I had rushed back to my room and rectified the situation, accepting that my body was already basically that of a woman.

My mind cast back to those days, not that long ago, when I had innocently read that advertisement in the magazine and had applied for the position offered.

Somehow, all that and what had gone before belonged to someone else, an unfortunate unemployed young man.

I was Miss Christine Roberts, an attractive and vibrant young lady, setting out on an unknown adventure into life as a female. Much needed to be learned, especially from a romantic and sexual point of view.

At the present, I had no idea what a sexual relationship as a woman was like, except to know that I would be expected to become the passive, weaker partner in such a liaison.

Visions of a strong masculine figure leaning over me, unclothed, with his huge erection nearing my body as I lay without protesting, with legs wide apart and knees raised... These images passed wildly through my fanciful thoughts.

I removed the knickers and, slowly pivoting, once more admired my figure. Then I moved to the bathroom, picked up a plastic cap to cover my hair, and stepped into the shower. I allowed the water to cascade from the hand held spray.

I adjusted the nozzle to create a fast, hard flow and trained it at my breasts, gasping as it stung very tender feminine flesh and nipples. At the same time, however, it aroused a strange sexual feeling which was increased as I turned the spray to the crotch, where it pummeled a new sexual opening that was now part of my body. My body finally sagged and backed away from the flow, as it continued to massage the lips of the labia, causing me to respond in what could only be a feminine sexual manner. Although being totally innocent and virginal in such ways, I could only assume this.

Eventually, I stopped and reluctantly moved from the shower. I vigorously towed myself dry, before stepping back into the bedroom and selecting clothes for the day. Yet another session of counseling and therapy was scheduled to ensure a complete and total image of a woman.

Before beginning to dress, I could not resist once more standing before the mirror and studying the figure reflected back at me. My eyes slowly moved from the feet upward: slim ankles joined to smooth, hairless legs, ending as they joined at the feminine opening, the lips just visible around the secret mechanics of a female reproduction chamber.

Next was the flat stomach, broad hips, and slim waist, passing upward and outward as the two hillocks that formed the breasts peaked with the brown aureole around the nipples. Then it sloped away in milky whiteness towards the shoulders. A slim neck; smooth, attractive face framed by the bouncy, waved, shoulder-length hair. My eyes were topped by thin, shapely eyebrows.

I tried to recall how my previous masculine self would have reacted to such a sight, but all that passed through my mind was that he would doubtless have behaved in the macho, sex-mad manner of most males. I was now truly and completely feminine in body and thought. I realized that at some time in the near future it would probably be my turn to surrender sexually to a man, hopefully willingly to one that would love and

cherish me. My mind contemplated the possibility of marriage to such a man and even giving birth to a child.

Dragging myself back to the reality of the present, I recalled those feelings only weeks before when Lady Carstairs had suggested that I should soon find a husband and have children. I remembered the very abhorrent thoughts of mine concerning such an idea.

I dressed, fitting the inevitable brassiere about my breasts, knickers to cover that most intimate part of any woman, followed by a girdle to hold the stockings that would emphasize the feminine shape of my legs. Next were the more visible garments: a black slip that would perhaps peep out below the businesslike skirt, depending on how I sat at my desk, and finally a crisp white blouse, through which could still be seen the outline of the bra.

Then I went to the dressing table to brush my hair, apply cosmetics and jewelry, and finish the rest of the daily routine that was now essential as a woman.

Moments later, I left the room to attend another session with Jackie Stewart, a behavior therapist that Dr. Frobisher had kindly employed. She was to ensure that I met the full criteria of a young woman of my age, and finally to eliminate any masculine gestures or behavior traits that might still exist.

Everything that I was to do since the surgery had to be done as a female would. She calls me Chrissie and discusses the use of female pronouns. The first time that we were having a session in her office, she told me to go to the bathroom and use the toilet as a woman. Did I wipe myself afterwards as all females were expected to do? Then she quizzed me as to my feelings and reaction to this simple act, which for the rest of my life would need to be done in this manner.

During our sessions, she talked to me about self-image and asked how I saw myself now that I am an individual with a need to experience the full human experience of what I had become. Everyone has a masculine and feminine side of their personality; she explained. She wanted to help me bring out my feminine personality.

When I heal a little more and can fully assume an externally female role, I must be prepared to present that personality and to accept the conditions that society places on a woman. She told me to learn to be at peace with my new self, to listen to my body. Because of my small body frame, youth, and the surgeon's skill, I present the exterior image of a woman. But I must learn to project the interior image to match that appearance. I must look, act, and think as if I have always been female. I must learn how to select the correct cosmetics for my skin tone, how to apply the makeup correctly for the clothes and particular event I may be attending.

We talked about my hair, which is short; but we experimented with it. She gave me a brush to fashion my hair in different ways. I have to learn the names of the different clothes and styles: cowl, turtle, crew, V-neck are just some of the descriptions I needed to memorize. Tulle, chiffon, lace, taffeta, and many more types of materials that were used in female clothing are important to know also.

She showed me films of different men and women's gestures and body language, then stopped the film and made me comment on the way that people are moving,

standing and gesturing. I had to determine if it is a natural feminine motion or an exaggerated one.

Then it was my turn to move my new body like a woman: to walk, sit, rise from a seated position, eat, stand, and gesture. Learning to walk was difficult, because I found that women use a balanced movement from the hips and let the rest of the body come along. I was shown pictures of me during our first session, where I was sitting in a chair with my legs spread and taking up the whole chair. She had me sit in the same chair with good posture, knees together, arms close to my body; while she took another picture. Then she showed me the difference in the two pictures.

As part of the counseling I had to listen to several tapes to determine how to project femininity with just a voice. My voice would be different from what it used to be, and I had to learn different speaking patterns to complete the vocal transformation. I also had to change the use of words to a female vocabulary and expand the dynamic range of my voice. Additionally, I learned how to express the correct facial expressions and body language to support my speech patterns. When you watch video comparisons of men and women speaking, it is quite easy to see that women are more expressive in their delivery, while men are flat and very monotone. She tells me that I must expand my living skills to learn about fashion, cooking, and taking care of children, and be able to talk with normal women about jewelry or cooking food.

This daily ritual of the therapy sessions lasted some three weeks. Virtually any and every masculine trait was ruthlessly eradicated from my system. Even if it had been possible for me to dress as a man, there is no way in which I could have pretended to be masculine. Such behavior had been eliminated totally.

## CHAPTER 13

My transformation was complete. The day had arrived once again to begin working for my living, but this time irrevocably and totally as a woman.

Never again would it be possible to pretend that I was otherwise. Two days previously my stomach had indicated the final signal of what I had become. Two days of embarrassing, painful, and emotional trauma had followed. I now knew that this fate awaited me each and every month for years to come; that is, unless I allowed myself to become pregnant, and then quite possibly suffer even worse symptoms. Doctor Fro-bisher had pointed out that to many women their maternal clock often dictated their actions in this respect. That at some time in the future she hoped mine would also, enabling her to add a further dimension to her research in this field.

For my part, I hoped that no such thing would occur. But I was nevertheless curious as to how I would react when faced with a man who wanted sex that I desired.

I sat at my desk in the reception of her surgery, safe in the knowledge that nobody could ever accuse me of not truthfully being a woman. The thought was comforting. Obviously, the events of the past days had been traumatic, but the act of actually experiencing a menstrual period and needing to cope with that fact in the established manner ensured that never again could anyone accuse me of not being fully a woman.

I now felt completely at ease in skirts, stockings, and high heels. I took pride in my appearance and viewed hunky attractive men in a totally different way.

My chance came earlier than expected. Barely a week had passed, when two men arrived from the electric company to install additional power points in Doctor Fro-bisher's surgery. Either by design or fate, she had left to visit the remaining patients at Dunock Castle.

"Hi there," the younger man spoke, as I entered the surgery looking for a file.

"Doing anything special tonight, darling?" he continued.

I blushed and tried to ignore him. I continued searching for the document.

"Just look at those legs, Jock. Just feel your hands running up and down, can't you?"

Fortunately, the older man did not join in the small chat. Indeed he told his companion to shut up and get on with his work.

However, my heart jumped at his words, and my legs wobbled at the thought of a date with him. He was very handsome in my eyes.

I continued with my work but found myself sneaking a look in his direction throughout the morning. Twice I did the right thing for a female secretary: making them coffee.

It was with considerable relief I found they had finished and left when I returned from lunch. Very conscious of my figure and the importance of retaining its shape, the lunch had consisted of one meager sandwich, an apple, and fruit juice. It was hardly comparable to the meals that I had consumed only months before.

The work was hardly taxing, and, for much of the time, I was idly examining the files from Dr. Frobisher's cabinet. I also checked my appearance in what was by now a very obvious feminine manner. Was my hair neat? Could that lock of hair look better further forward? Did the lipstick need renewing? Was that a blemish or pimple on my cheek?

I had been working in the office for three months when Margaret Frobisher invited me to a local dance in aid of Highland Relief. There I was introduced to Donald Cameron, a well-built, handsome Scot of middle age.

I believe that I danced with him for the rest of the evening, which for me passed in a euphoric haze. Thank goodness my training under Jackie Stewart had included ballroom and Scottish dancing, the result being that I faultlessly danced the female steps without error. I almost swooned as he complimented me on my dancing prowess.

Things progressed rapidly. Six weeks later we were engaged to be married, and that evening I hesitantly agreed to return to the room he had booked in a country house hotel. We had consumed a splendid dinner and, for my part, far too much wine. I knew full well what Donald had planned.

Moments after entering the room, he clasped me in his arms and put his lips to mine in a deep passionate kiss. It effectively removed any last inhibitions that I had. All thought of resistance to his advances left me, not that my now weak feminine efforts would have been of much use if he had wanted to insist.

However, by then my knickers were feeling hot and wet with my juices, and my sex throbbing with a deep yearning to be penetrated. He lifted me from the ground and carefully laid me across the bed. Still standing, he deliberately unbuckled the belt and lowered his trousers to expose a thick, rigid penis. Desperately I whimpered and tried to remove my skirt. He grabbed the loosened garment and swiftly pulled it down my legs and away. Then lying partially across me, he continued to fuel my yearning with another deep kiss, while one hand simultaneously massaged my thighs and removed the knickers that I wore.

Nothing could now save me; I was putty in his hands, as he continued his massage of my sexual parts. I was gasping with a mixture of pleasure and desire. Finally, his form appeared over me and slowly lowered to trap me beneath. I felt deliciously, totally feminine, and helpless.

My legs parted, knees raised to each side of him, and the object of my desire pressed firmly and rigidly against my well lubricated sexual opening. Then rhythmically he began to enter, deeper and deeper, causing pain at first before a wave of ecstasy never before experienced by me.

I reached a peak and momentarily panicked at the thought of what I was letting him do to me, not having taken any precautions. But it was far too late; at the very moment the realization came, he exploded inside me with jets of hot sperm.

I whimpered and then cried, as he eased himself from me.

"What have we done?" I gasped. "Neither of us used anything."

“Does it matter, my darling? We are getting married, and I want a family. It is your job to provide me with one.”

That statement from Donald said it all. I was now fully and completely a woman. Despite the supposed equality of the sexes, my prime job in life was to perpetuate the human race. My future husband obviously intended that I should do just that.