

Witness Transitioning Program part 2 (c) Elaine and Mr D 2024

Gary Alexander Smith was a 27-year-old Caucasian male with dark hair and a fair complexion, and he was also the unfortunate witness to a horrendous murder. After just escaping the same fate as the woman he saw gunned down in that dark alley he survived but not quite in the same way he had hoped or had wanted. The only consolation he had was that he was still alive to talk about it.

Gary gets to experience life but not as he knew it.

Please note that this story is set in the future where medical science has advanced enough to permit some of the scenarios presented. Thanks go to Linda who proof read the whole story including Part 1.

Part 2

Chapter 4 – Transition Programme

For the next few months, Gary didn't know what was real or what was a dream as he found himself repeatedly sedated and coming around from what had been yet another operational procedure. He vaguely heard masked doctors and nurses talking and looking down at him. Thankfully he wasn't in any pain or discomfort as he hovered just barely conscious.

"Where am I? What's happening?" he would often mumble but he was usually greeted with platitudes and vagueness from the nurses who tended him 24 hours a day.

"Don't worry your pretty head," said one nurse just before he was dosed up again into oblivion and they began yet another surgical procedure.

He awoke once feeling deeply uncomfortable with a lot of pressure on his chest. "What's been happening?" he complained.

"Your latest procedure was a huge success," the nurse said soothing him with a cool damp cloth on his forehead. "Don't worry you're in good hands."

He was quickly rendered unconscious again by more sedative injected into his IV line.

"Wait, please," he said with his voice sounding different as he fell deeply asleep yet again.

In one drug induced dream, Gary found himself naked in a large white padded room. There was a mirror on the wall, and he walked over towards it. He stared into the mirror and found that his now curvy body was smooth and hairless. His nails and hair had also grown longer.

Alarmed from the dream, he suddenly woke up and found himself in a private windowless room. Then a nurse hovered in front of his eyes.

"You're doing so well honey," she said as she fiddled with the drip-feeding fluids into his hand. "You still have a long way to go before we're finished unfortunately."

Gary couldn't tell if he was awake or dreaming when he found himself lying on his back on a massage table covered only by a thin white sheet.

A young woman with a large bosom then entered his line of vision and vaguely asked, "Are you ready for what comes next?"

"What happens next?" Gary asked.

"A whole-body massage," she replied, and her oily hands began to massage his arms and shoulders. She started to massage his chest paying great attention to his nipples. "Do you feel that?"

"Yes, I feel it. Why are my nipples so sensitive?" he asked. "Why is my voice so different?"

"You seem to like them being touched," she replied ignoring his questions. "That's good news Anna. They seem to be sensitive."

Gary was completely confused by her comment and why she'd called him Anna. She continued to massage his chest and he noticed that as she did, the skin wobbled easily under her hands. He looked down and saw that his chest had large trembling mounds of flesh, fat and skin which he didn't understand.

"My God what the hell have they done to me?" he asked obviously alarmed.

"We've given you a completely new identity," she declared as she continued to massage his hairless body including his now sculpted waist.

The next time Gary opened his eyes, he found himself in a room with natural light coming through a window. He groaned as he tried to move. He found that he had no strength and his legs felt numb. A nurse looked over and smiled at him. In the back of Gary's mind, something told him something was wrong, he could feel his body, but something felt off.

"Ah, it's good to see that you're finally awake. You'll be glad to know that all the procedures they've done so far have been a great success. I'll get the doctor soon to see you now that you're awake."

That 'so far' comment made Gary wonder what else was planned. The doctor duly arrived a few minutes later and quickly checked his pulse and then looked into Gary's eyes.

"What day is it?" asked Gary.

"Today is Saturday," the doctor replied.

"My voice is different. Something is weirdly wrong with it," he said unused to his softer voice. "What's today's date?"

"It's the 19th May today," replied the doctor.

"May!" Gary declared. "That can't be right surely. It was early January when I was moved here!"

"It's the correct date because you've been in and out of surgery for the last five months," the doctor replied pointing to the rolled-up newspaper he removed from his pocket.

"What the hell!" Gary said angrily. "What have you done to me?"

"You'll find out soon enough," the doctor declared. "I've summoned the director to see you and she'll tell you more soon."

"Tell me more what?" he asked annoyed.

"Just be patient please. All will be explained to you soon," he said hoping to placate his patient. "I'll be back in a moment."

"I'm confused. My whole body feels weird. My voice is strange, and I've lost lots of strength in my muscles," he declared.

He wanted to sit up, but he was feeling too stiff, and his chest felt oddly heavy. He rubbed his eyes wondering why his vision was strange too. His eyelashes seemed longer, and blinking was noticeable. He heard voices outside in the corridor, and he tried to listen into the conversation.

"How is she doing?" A woman asked.

"I think she needs more healing time; I think we should monitor her over another few days, but her vitals are all stable," the doctor replied.

'What do they mean by 'she' and 'her'?' he wondered. 'Were they talking about someone else or me?'

"When are we going to explain everything to her," the nurse then asked.

"We'll give her more time to recover first," the doctor replied. "In meantime we can start her on some fluids by mouth and then some solid food in day or so. Also, you can remove her IV line."

Gary was still trying to work out who they were talking about and wondered if there was another patient nearby besides him. The nurse then came in a few minutes later and expertly removed his IV line which meant that they had clearly been talking about him and not anyone else.

"There it's all done," she said happily taking away the IV-line stand. "What would you like to drink?"

"Can't I have something to eat?" he asked trying to make his voice deeper. He coughed but it made no difference.

"Since you've been out for so long, we need to start you slowly back onto food. Hopefully you'll be able to start eating solid things tomorrow but, in the meantime, how about a nice cool glass of milk?" she offered.

"I'm very thirsty, so yes please," he declared. "Maybe that's why my voice is sounding so different."

The nurse returned with a glass of milk and asked him to swallow several pills at the same time.

"What are the pills for?" he asked.

“Antibiotics, and vitamins,” she replied. She didn’t tell him the other pills were going to be his last dose of female hormones and a sleeping pill. Within a few minutes he easily started to feel drowsy, and he quickly fell asleep.

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When he woke up early the next morning, his body was still feeling strange with pressure still bearing down on his chest. He rubbed his eyes feeling his long eyelashes as he blinked awake. His brain was still slowly trying to figure out the oddness in his body, when the nurse came in with a small tray of food to eat.

“As promised, breakfast is served” she said setting it down. “You have cereal, toast, a banana and hot coffee.”

“Can you help me sit up?” he asked. “Somehow I don’t have any strength in my arms.”



Sitting up in bed, Gary feels the weight on his chest

“Yes, let me help you,” she said as she grabbed the bed’s control box and pressed a button to raise the top of the bed. It allowed him to sit up but the weight on his chest shifted downwards stretching the skin. “I’ll be back in a moment as I just need to empty your urine bag.”

When she had gone, he looked down towards the breakfast tray, but his eyes focussed in horror on what was now protruding obscenely from his chest. He pulled at what was a distinctly feminine looking lacy nightdress and gasped because on his chest there were clearly two massive mounds of flesh.

“Oh, my goodness, I have... such huge breasts!” he declared clearly shocked. He placed his hands on them and felt the flimsy fabric of the nightdress up against his chest. “What the hell! They’re real, I can feel them!”

Panic set in and his hand went rapidly down between his legs. He felt around his pubic area, and it was clear that his prized manhood was also gone. Moving the tray aside, he pulled up his nightdress and he pulled the duvet cover back to uncover his hairless legs. He was shocked to reveal that his toenails were painted bright red.

“Hell no, this is all screwed up,” he declared.

He swung his legs over the side of his bed and managed to stand up despite feeling very lightheaded. He then noticed that his calf muscle really hurt when he put his heels down on the floor. He held onto the bed trying to gain his balance with the extra weight on his chest. After so long lying on his back, the dizziness and lightheaded feeling persisted, and he decided to wait there for a few minutes before moving towards the bathroom.



He held on as he tip toes towards the bathroom

Finally, he slowly hobbled towards the bathroom and then removed the nightdress as he did so. He almost fell over as he pulled the nightdress roughly off from over his head. He was naked as he entered the bathroom, and he stood before the full-length mirror in shock.

His jaw dropped in astonishment as he stared at his reflection in complete disbelief. Staring back at him was the face and the body of a woman. However, what astonished him even more was that he that now looked considerably older than he expected. He grasped a towel

rail to steady himself as he continued to stare in horror at the mirror. He was clearly a middle-aged woman whether he liked it or not.

He had full shoulder length brunette hair that flowed down and framed his face. He noticed that there were now grey strands mixed into his hair. He walked closer to the mirror to study his face in more detail.

"I don't recognise myself anymore," he said out loud as he saw that his nose was much smaller, his lips were plumped up, age lines had been added under and around his eyes, his eyebrows were highly arched and had been thinly plucked. His cheeks were more pronounced, and his previous square jaw was rounder and there was no facial hair. His neck was now devoid of any prominent Adam's apple and the skin was looking wrinkly.

His gaze then wandered down his body taking in the sight of his huge breasts, sagging belly, narrower waist and wide hips that gave him an undeniable hourglass figure of a mature woman. Mature because it seemed that his skin was wrinkled in many places and there was a healed surgical scar visible above his pubic hair. His focus centred again on the massive breasts stuck on his ribcage that sagged down without a bra for support.

"Bloody hell!" he exclaimed. "These tits are ridiculous."

Then his attention was drawn back down to his groin. He pulled back what were now his labia to reveal he had a realistic, pink and healthy vagina beyond. His hand now sported long red nails, but he carefully inserted a finger deep inside his new opening. He had completely healed up and he wasn't in any pain. He gasped when his finger massaged what was left of his dick mounted above his vagina. There was a clear catheter emerging from his urethra which was freely dripping urine onto the floor because there was no urine bag attached.

He was still trying to comprehend what had been done to him when there was a sudden knock on the door as the nurse walked in.

"Madam, what are you doing?" she asked. "You should be lying in bed eating your breakfast."

"I am, um. I was going to use the toilet," he said thinking of a more mundane excuse rather than give the real reason.

"Madam you have a catheter installed in your bladder, so you don't need to use the bathroom," she explained handing him his thin nightdress that she'd picked up off the floor. "Now though you need to eat some solid food again. You've lost a lot of weight, and we need you back healthy again."

Gary put the nightgown back on when he reached the bed and sat there getting his breath back.

"Why do you keep calling me madam?" he asked. "I'm not a woman!"

"Oh, you are joking Signora Raponi," she said. "You're a widow who was married to an Italian businessman who lived near Ostia in Italy."

"What has happened to me?" asked Gary.

"You've had many procedures and surgeries over the past few months," the nurse replied. "To make you feel better again."

“How come they gave me breasts this big?” he then asked putting his hands under them to lift them up.

“Your plastic surgeons gave you exactly the size you wanted and needed,” she replied. “We asked you lots of questions before we proceeded.”

“I don’t remember any of that!” he replied adamantly refusing to believe that he had ever wanted such large breasts.

“That’s okay, please eat your breakfast, rest and I’ll be back in a little while to remove your catheter,” she said before heading back to her other duties.

He sat back in the bed again still feeling astonished at what had been done to him. With the nurse’s assistance he’d eaten some breakfast washed down with the coffee. As he settled back under the duvet, he just couldn’t believe the changes. He was a middle-aged woman.

A few hours after the nurse had returned and easily removed the catheter, he was able to use the toilet for the first time.

“Now though I must sit every time I need to pee,” he said as he sat down that first time. Helpfully the nurse had provided him with a pair of her wedge sandals to wear while moving around in his room.

Chapter 5 – Gary’s Adjustments

Gary spent the next few days trying to adjust mentally and physically to his new feminine body. He was angry and deeply upset by the changes. Despite his anger it slowly began to dawn on him that there was nothing that he could do about what had happened to him. The only consolation that he could take from the changes was there was no connection with Gary Smith anymore which meant he wouldn’t need to deal with a hit man in future. He had been reassured that his medical records would be securely retained.

He’d been told to stay in his room and that he would be undergoing a series of tests to check if he was going to be fit enough to leave the facility in a months’ time.

One thing that he detested about the change was that he now had to carry around the two large breasts all the time. He’d also discovered that sleeping on his side was strangely uncomfortable as his breasts would move around like two bags of Jello stuck onto his chest. He was constantly aware of the weight of his unsupported large breasts and the wide hips of his altered body.

Finally, the Facility Director came to see him after he’d complained bitterly about what had been done to him.

“Signora Raponi,” she said. He looked up at the elegantly dressed woman approaching the bed with her hand outstretched. “I’m very pleased to meet you at last.”

“Thanks,” he said acknowledging his new Italian name. “Who are you?”

“I’m Mrs Stoner, I’m in charge of this facility,” she said. “You’ve been my guest here for the last few months. How are you feeling now?”

“I’m just feeling very confused and angry because I never expected to have a body like this, and why do you keep calling me Signora Raponi?” He asked.

“Because your new identity is Signora Anna Alessandra Raponi. You’re taking over the life of a 53-year-old woman from the Lazio region in Italy. Your husband was diagnosed with terminal cancer and took his own life late last year and you then came to the United States to undergo cosmetic surgeries only there were sadly unexpected complications. Those medical complications have delayed your return home to Italy, but we’ve processed all your travel documents and you’ll be going back to Italy next month,” explained Mrs Stoner. “You just have one last procedure to endure before then.”

“One last procedure? Isn’t what you’ve done already to me not enough?” he asked angrily.

“Unfortunately, what we’ve done was entirely necessary as we heard that a contract hit man was still out looking for the old you,” she said. “To make sure that you’re not killed by this gunman as we promised, we’ve had no alternative but to give you a completely new life and identity. We also promised to make you the opposite of what you were. We were going to make you just a woman but an excellent opportunity cropped up that was given to us.”

“You can say that again,” he said sarcastically.

“It wasn’t an easy decision, but you’ve been given the identity of an older woman from Italy; she was born in Malta with an Italian mother and an English father. That meant you had to have plastic surgery to alter your face and body so that you would look just like her. She died having plastic surgery here in the USA, so we took the opportunity to transplant what we needed from her, so you’ve received her uterus and ovaries,” she then explained making him shudder. “With the implant you’ll have no need for female hormones but instead you’ll need to take immunosuppressive treatment to prevent rejection of the donated organs.”

“You’ve transplanted what?” he asked incredulously.

“I know it’s a lot to take in, but you now have female reproductive organs,” Mrs Stoner explained again.

“I’m sorry to hear that she passed away,” he said. “I suppose that explains the scar on stomach near to my panty line?”

“Correct! However, we thought that you were a good tissue match to the poor woman but unfortunately your body rejected her transplanted organs a few weeks later. However, we were able to source the uterus and ovaries from an eighteen-year-old woman who died in a car crash and that was the last surgery you had done. By all accounts your new transplanted organs are functioning well, but we’ve fooled your pituitary gland to function normally for an adult woman.”

“Wait!” he asked incredulously “You did what? Who gave you permission to do this?”

“You did! Here’s your signature on all the consent forms,” she said showing him the paperwork.

“So, I’m now a woman! And an Italian woman who is 53 years old?” He asked incredulously.

“That’s correct,” Mrs Stoner replied then taking a small cloth bag out of her jacket pocket. “You are also a widow. You were married for over 20 years, and you have two adult children. Since you were married you wore rings including this lovely diamond engagement ring and an engraved wedding band. Signora Raponi had several pieces of jewellery that you’ll need to wear including this lovely, jewelled Rolex wristwatch and these rings on her other fingers.”

Gary tried on the rings and found that they were a tight fit sliding over his knuckles. "I got them on, but I doubt that I can get them off again they are so tight, he admitted."

"That's fine because Anna never removed her rings. Let me help you with the bracelets and the wristwatch," said Mrs Stoner who did up the strap on the watch easily. "You'll also inherit all her gold earrings and a cute toe ring that will need to go on the middle toe of your left foot."

"What's this last procedure that you mentioned?" he then asked with his fingers now adorned with ornate rings on each finger.

"Since you've supposed to have lived all your life in Italy, you'll need to undergo a series of tanning sessions to prematurely age your skin to match that of the late Signora Raponi. So, every three days for the next 27 days, you'll undergo these intense tanning sessions. Lastly, we're bringing in someone to help with your movements, deportment and mannerisms, make-up and clothing. Also, we know that you learnt some Italian while you were waiting for the trial to take place, but you'll begin a crash course in Italian, so you're going to be very busy over the next month; we'll also work on your accent." she explained.

"Once that's over, I can finally get out of here?" he asked. "What about my apartment? What about my bike and my truck?"

"We've sold all your possessions and some of the money was used to pay for your surgeries," she explained. "As for leaving here yes, hopefully you'll be put on a plane for Rome within a month. Here is your passport and as you can see you look like Signora Raponi apart from her dyed blonde hair."

"Wait! You used my money to do this to me?" he asked astonished.

"Correct! However, as Signora Raponi though you will inherit a lot more. She had the use of an expensive large villa near Rome, her late husband's pension and you'll own some vineyards near Frascati," she declared.

"But I don't want to go to bloody Italy!" Gary replied.

"You should know one more thing and that is the news that Gary Smith has been officially declared dead. Copious amounts of blood of your blood type was found in the bedroom of a known safe house of ours."

"Okay, so I'm safe now then?" he asked.

"For the time being I'd say so," she replied. "The man who was convicted of Mrs Kamal's murder is now facing life in state prison. Do you have any more questions?"

"When do these tanning sessions begin?" he asked.

"Tomorrow, those will start," she said. "When it's all done, your skin will closely match the late Signora Raponi."

"Is there anything else that I need to know?" he asked.

"Yes, you'll be educated in the life of the real Signora Raponi and to all intents and purposes that's who you'll be," she declared. "You'll be an Italian woman who speaks very little English, who speaks fluent Italian and who dresses elegantly as most Italian women do."

You'll learn who her family are and where you'll live in Italy. When you leave here, you'll be on your own. You'll be Signora Anna Alessandra Raponi for the rest of your life!"

"I don't think I can cope with all that. It's way too much to do or even consider. Surely there must be someone I can contact for help when I'm in Italy?" He asked unhappily.

"No. Once you leave here, only two people will know about your past," she declared. "None of the doctors know the full story. Every bit of evidence that you were ever here will be gone. Even your fingerprints are now similar to those of Signora Raponi. As you can tell, we've left nothing to chance."

The following day, Gary somewhat reluctantly began the first of his nine intensive tanning sessions in the treatment room next door. When he put his nightdress on, his skin was tingling after the intense forty minutes of tanning was completed.

"Sylvia Hanning your department coach will be here after lunch; I suggest you get changed and be ready for her," the nurse said as he walked back to his room.

His new room was more like a hotel room now instead of the clinical hospital room he'd used before. In the wardrobe were all the clothes that Signora Raponi had brought to the USA, and they all fitted his new curvy body perfectly. He found that his bosom was an ample 40DD from reading the labels on Anna's bras. Strangely he was grateful to wear her bras after feeling the discomfort of not wearing one.

"I'm not going to wear a dress or a skirt today," he said out loud as he thumbed through the clothes. He pulled out a pair of stretch jeans and a thin top. He was shocked to discover that none of the shoes in the wardrobe had heels less than three inches. Gary decided to try and go barefoot in protest.

After lunch, a small woman in her forties arrived and she introduced herself as Sylvia Hanning.

"Hi, I'll be your life coach for the next few weeks," Sylvia said happily. "I've heard that you're a post operative transgender woman. Just to let you know, I've helped many women like you, so I'm confident that I can help you too."

"What's first?" Gary asked.

"We'll begin with walking and talking, because I'm told you need to learn how to move and talk confidently like an Italian woman," Sylvia said.

"Yes, I guess that's right if that's who I'm meant to be," he replied sullenly.

"First though you need to do something else. You'll need to dress as an Italian woman should, so that means wearing high heels, a knee length skirt and a proper top," Sylvia said opening up the wardrobe. She pulled out what she needed and put the items on the bed.

Gary gulped when he saw the 5-inch stilettos she'd chosen. "I can't wear those."

"You can and you will!" Sylvia declared adamantly walking over to the room door and closing it. "You'll be wearing heels all the time from now on because you must walk and move like an Italian woman would and that includes, wearing stilettos. Right, Signora Raponi?"

Gary didn't reply but reluctantly stripped back down to his bra and panties.

“Put on this too,” Sylvia ordered handing him a figure-hugging panty girdle. “You’ll need to keep your saggy stomach in somehow and this is one way to do it.”

Gary pulled it up his now thicker legs and then nestled it over his wide hips.

“Now pantyhose over your legs,” she ordered and handed him a fresh packet of sheer dark pantyhose.

“Now what?” he asked feeling embarrassed that he was wearing such feminine clothing in front of very attractive Sylvia.

“Your skirt is next,” she said. “Put it on the floor, step into it and just pull it up over your hips. It’s a pencil skirt so it’s going to be tight around your thighs and it will restrict your gait. However, for you that won’t be a bad thing as you’ll need to learn to take smaller steps.”

Once he had pulled up the skirt, he put on the blouse which stretched over his large, supported breasts. He tucked the blouse inside the skirt and allowed Sylvia to zip up the skirt in the rear.

“Now just step into these shoes,” she said placing them on the ground.

“Can’t I just sit down to put them on?” he asked.

“No, you’ll need to put them on like that if they ever slip off your feet when you are out walking. So let’s try that,” she suggested. “Lean on me if you need to balance.”

He stood and eased his deformed feet into both shoes. He felt the shoes squeeze his toes together and he wavered slightly trying to keep his balance as he stood back on the needle thin heels.

“Well done,” Sylvia exclaimed. “Let’s go outside into the garden and I’ll start teaching you how to walk and talk properly and correctly.”

Sylvia opened the sliding door out onto the patio, and he followed her outside his heels clicking on the hard patio paving slabs.

At the end of that first day, the two sat down to have a light supper, Gary was feeling uncomfortable in the chair.

“Hey my lower back hurts really badly now,” he declared suddenly.

“I think I know what’s wrong,” declared Sylvia. “You’re about to start your first period.”

“You are joking!” He replied with a look of shock on his face. “That must mean I can get pregnant too?”

“Yes I expect it must,” Sylvia replied. “I’ll massage your lower back after supper. That always helped me when I had period pains.”

Gary went to sleep thinking how weird it would be to become pregnant. He woke up in shock the next morning to discover that there were bloodstains on the bed sheet, his nightdress and his panties.

He called out for Sylvia urgently who was thankfully staying in the room next door.

“What’s wrong Anna?” Sylvia asked standing at the doorway.

“I’m bleeding!” he declared. “The bed is in such a mess! It’s like someone stabbed me!”

“Oh, it’s all right. It’s just your first period so welcome to your rite of passage into womanhood. Women your age don’t normally have a period but with that transplant you will have one every month now,” Sylvia said trying to calm him down. “Let’s get you and the bed cleaned up, and then I’ll get you some tampons.”

“Thanks, are you sure that it means I can still get pregnant?” he asked feeling scared.

“Yes, you could but you could only deliver the baby by a caesarean section,” Sylvia replied undoing the tampon’s paper wrapper. “In practice it’s a bit unlikely because obviously you would need a man to impregnate you. Now spread your pretty legs wide for me,” she asked, and she gently pushed the plastic tube into his vagina and left the cotton wool inside him.

“Thanks,” he said putting some of the tampons into his purse.

“You might want to use a pad too inside your panties when the flow is highest,” Sylvia said handing him one. He decided to use one just in case.

The first three days were literally a pain for Gary as he had to get used to inserting a fresh tampon every few hours into his still menstruating vagina. Dealing with the bleeding was a new event but it soon became a necessary chore.

Over the next month, Gary had deportment lessons every afternoon from the hard-working Sylvia. The first few days were particularly hard as he struggled to master even walking in 5-inch stilettos.

“These shoes really hurt,” he often complained to Sylvia.

“Unfortunately, as a middle-aged woman you’ll need to wear shoes like these day in day out. If it’s any consolation you do have great legs and wearing tall heels is always going to show them off to their best advantage,” Sylvia declared.

Every three days, Gary would have his morning tanning session and then Sylvia insisted that he should choose and dress up in Anna’s femininely styled clothes. Then he’d wait for another afternoon of lessons from Sylvia.

After just 5 days of intense lessons, Gary was already learning to speak like a woman with a definite Maltese accent as well as talking only in Italian in his soft surgically altered voice.

Sylvia varied the lessons each day, teaching him how to eat small portions of things like pasta, giving him table manners, how to sit and how to stand up, walking quickly in a tight skirt and heels as well as at a more leisurely pace. He was shown how to gesticulate and to express himself.

“I think to get you ready in time for your trip to Italy we’ll need to try something revolutionary,” Sylvia said after their fifth day together.

“What’s that?” he asked as she pulled out an audio device with a set of earphones from her handbag.

“When you sleep, I want you to listen to the recordings on this mp3 player and hopefully your subconscious mind will absorb some of it,” she said handing the device to him.

Each day was tiring with all the activities Sylvia planned. Each night he would go to sleep almost immediately because he was exhausted. However, he would also sleep with the earphones in his ears that were supposed to give him those regular lessons in Italian. Little by little step after high heeled step, Gary made the effort until on the last day; Sylvia finally declared that he was ready to go home to Italy.

After all the tanning sessions he noticed that his skin was looking a lot more wrinkled and less elastic than ever before. He was also tanned golden brown and somehow his skin seemed thinner as veins and arteries stood out more clearly.

"Grazie mille, Ho imparato così tanto da te, non credo che potrò dimenticarlo." Gary said automatically when he tried to say it in English. Instead, he spoke in Italian effortlessly instead of, 'Thank you very much, I have learned so much from you, I don't think I'll be able to forget it.'

"Prego Signora Raponi," Sylvia replied nodding her approval. "You're welcome, and that's the point, you're now a complete natural Italian woman. So, try and enjoy it."

Gary dressed in a sexy burgundy red evening dress for a final evening dinner with Sylvia who'd also worn a dress.

"It's a pity, it's our final night together," said Gary as he sat at the dinner table. He had tucked the dress under his legs automatically as he sat down much to Sylvia's delight.

"You did that perfectly," said Sylvia. "Your mannerisms must always be feminine in nature now. You don't want anyone to suspect your real past."

"Yes, I realize that now," he said.

"It's like you are playing the part on the stage only you can't stop when you go back to your dressing room. In time it will all become second nature and automatic," Sylvia explained yet again.

"I've been watching and studying woman in movies. That seems to help," he replied, and Sylvia nodded her approval.

"I've arranged to have the cook make us a typical Italian meal for dinner tonight to get you used to Italian food," Sylvia explained serving the pasta dish onto two plates.

As they ate, Sylvia pulled out her phone and showed her charge where he would be staying in Italy. "Your lovely villa is not far from the large marina at Ostia and there are long sandy beaches nearby to enjoy."

"It does look lovely," admitted Gary.

"Your relations all live close by," she continued. "Your mother-in-law is now in her seventies and I know that the old Anna cared about her a great deal."

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"Good morning, Anna," Mrs Stoner said greeting her at her room door the next morning. "Today will sadly be your last day here. You'll be flying to Rome tonight. Do you feel ready?"

"I feel ready to get away from here," he declared confidently. "I'm ready to stand on my own two feet again even although I'll need to be wearing 5-inch stilettos."

"I've heard from Sylvia that you walk confidently and easily in them now though," Mrs Stoner informed him.

"You know it's crazy. I still feel deep down that I'm still Gary Smith even though I don't look or sound like him anymore. Is that normal?" he asked.

"It will take time, but you'll eventually accept that you're now Anna Raponi," Mrs Stoner replied and added. "Gary Smith no longer exists so there is no alternative really. Looking at you though I think you're ready to leave us. Your skin is delightfully realistic, you're dressed as Signora Raponi normally dressed and you can effortlessly speak fluent Italian. We just have one last treat in store for you now."

"What's that?" Gary asked.

"Your very first visit to a beauty salon," Mrs Stoner declared.

"Why?" he asked.

"Your hair colour doesn't match your passport so that needs to be dyed a honey blonde. Then Signora Raponi always had very long nails, so you'll need those done too," she explained. "I'll get Beth at the salon to give you a complete makeover to match this picture of Anna."

When Gary left the salon, his long hair had been dyed ash blonde. His make-up had been expertly done and he'd had a manicure and pedicure. His fingernails were about half an inch longer beyond the tips of his fingers.



After his makeover – Gary looked amazing

On return to the facility, he discovered that Anna's matching suitcases were all packed and Sylvia was waiting to say goodbye.

"Good luck for the future Anna," Sylvia had declared, and they then hugged a tearful goodbye as he walked back out to the car. He watched as the several pieces of luggage were carefully loaded into the car before taking a seat in the back.

“Good luck Signora,” said Mrs Stoner from the front doorway.

Mrs Stoner went back into her office and immediately sent an email off to a friend in Italy as it was now very early in the morning over in Rome.

She had already discussed the possibility of Doctor Harmony Earnest a top gender therapist and psychiatrist based in Rome getting involved in the Anna Raponi case earlier that day.

“Hello Harmony,” said Mrs Stoner as she’d started the call.

“It’s nice to hear from again Marjorie. I wonder why you’re calling me so late,” Harmony replied.

“Sorry Harmony these time zones can be such a nuisance. I thought I would give you a call regarding a new client of ours who is coming to Rome to live tonight,” Mrs Stoner replied. “With your background treating transgender patients, I thought you might want to get involved with this interesting case.”

“Oh, I am always interested in new clients. What’s the matter that you need my services?” Harmony asked as she relaxed on the rooftop patio of her central Rome apartment.

“Well, we decided on rather drastic measures to protect the life of this person who was the key witness in a murder trial. We knew that a hit had been placed on him so we had to act in a way that would give him the best chance of survival,” Mrs Stoner continued. “So, he’s gone from being a 27-year-old American male to a 53-year-old Italian woman by the name of Anna Raponi.”

“That’s a huge change,” Harmony agreed. “How could you justify that?”

“We justified it because we accessed his medical records and we discovered from his early teens onwards that he had a troubled long history of gender dysphoria. According to his records he’d been a regular effeminate crossdresser for all his teenage years, and it had been recommended by his therapist that he should be allowed to transition several times. That didn’t happen because of huge opposition from his late father,” explained Mrs Stoner. “The father sadly died last year from liver cancer caused by heavy drinking.”

“From what you are saying then she should be really pleased about this forced gender change?” Harmony asked. “She can live and dress as a woman as she pleases and no longer fear any hit man waiting to pounce.”

“Yes, but unfortunately he’s been a bit reluctant to embrace what we’ve done to him, and we don’t know why,” Mrs Stoner answered. “Although we told him he would be on his own when he arrives in Italy. It would be wonderful if you could drop by and introduce yourself and keep an eye on him for a few months. We think that in time he’ll come to enjoy his new life as Anna Raponi. He certainly won’t have to fear getting a bullet in the back in any revenge killing.”

“Where will he, sorry she be living?” Harmony asked.

“Ostia. I’ll email you directions and other information later today about him,” Mrs Stoner replied.

“Her address,” Harmony corrected. “He is obviously she now.”

“Yes of course,” Mrs Stoner agreed. “Please keep me posted on what you need to do to help!”

“I will Marjorie and thanks. It certainly seems an interesting case. Ciao.”

“Ciao Harmony.”

End of Part 2