

Witness Transitioning Program (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.

As part of a huge medical transformation, he was turned without his full knowledge into a 53-year-old Italian woman. Gary gets the 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.

Part 3

Chapter 6 – Life in Italy.

That night acting as Signora Anna Raponi, Gary presented her passport before the long 8.5 hour flight to Rome Fiumicino. He only had brief details of his new address in Ostia, so he quickly scanned through the phone that had belonged to the real Anna in the departure lounge. He studied all of her photos again that she had taken with some amusement.

So, with a heavy heart, he had to leave his native New York and his old life behind. He realised that there was nothing of his old life left as the plane crossed the Atlantic at 40,000 feet.

After a bumpy landing, Gary walked nervously towards immigration wondering if there would be a problem. He presented his passport which was flawless, and no one who met him would ever suspect that he wasn't who he claimed to be.

Through the exit gate he walked outside into the searing Italian morning sunshine to hail a cab as all Anna's suitcases would be delivered later to the villa. He just had a small clutch purse and his make-up case with him as his heels clicked on the hard concrete surface towards the taxi ranks. In his purse he had the keys to Anna's house and the keys to her red Mercedes that would still be in the driveway.



“Signora!” The taxi driver called out. “Do you need a taxi?”

“Si,” Gary replied turning to speak to the driver. “Ostia per favore!”

“Da questa parte fino al mio taxi,” he replied pointing to his new taxi.

“Grazie,” said Gary turning and following the man to his taxi. “Via Passo Buole.”

The taxi driver took him directly to Anna’s villa and when he stepped out of the cab, he looked over the strange house that was to become his home.

‘This is going to take a lot of adjustment,’ he thought as he surveyed the white walled 4-bedroom villa standing in front of him. ‘I have a new house, a new country, a new sex, and a new life. Welcome to Rome!’

As the taxi drove away, it left Gary pondering over his new identity and the huge lifestyle changes that lay ahead.

'Luckily for me Anna had put her email and bank account passwords and even the combination number to her safe in a file on her phone,' he thought as he walked inside out of the hot sun.

Gary absolutely loved the large house that he as Anna now rented from his mother-in-law at a very modest rent but that was the only thing he enjoyed. When he got dressed in some of Anna's huge collection of clothes, he still wasn't happy seeing the reflection of a middle aged woman with sun tanned weathered skin staring back at him. It wasn't easy to reconcile that he was Signora Raponi now and it seemed that there was nothing that he could do about it if he wanted to stay alive. Just a few months ago he'd been an active 27-year-old man, while now he was fifty-three years old and was suffering from having periods and the start of bunions on his feet from constantly wearing high heels.

He found a recipe book and decided that he would try to prepare a pasta dish for his first meal. He looked in the fridge and freezer to discover that the contents had long since perished. The smell inside the fridge was disgusting and he covered his face as he threw out everything into the bin. The power to the house had obviously been switched off at some point leading also to the freezer defrosting. Obviously, the previous Anna hadn't expected to be gone so long.

'Shopping for food comes first then,' he decided. On the way to his new home, he had noticed several nearby supermarkets, so he decided to drive to the nearest one to get some basics for dinner such as pasta and pasta sauce. Checking he had money, he walked out to the Mercedes in the driveway. When he pressed the key button to unlock the car there was no response. He realised that after so long away, the battery was probably completely dead.

'Perhaps I can find some tinned food in the cupboard,' he said as he walked frustratingly back into the house. There wasn't much but he made something out of a can of tuna and a can of tomatoes washed down with a little red wine. He washed the dishes and let them drain as he went to have a cold shower as the oppressive Roman summer heat was relentless as the house wasn't fitted with air conditioning.

He allowed the cold water to gratefully wash over her breasts and torso. He closed his eyes as he lathered the soap onto what was now his fleshy body. He ran his hands down Anna's body and when his fingers touched his new groin, he gasped. The sensitivity was still fresh and shocking. He stepped out of the shower, dried and dressed himself in a bra, panties, strappy wedge sandals and flowing silk robes before heading to the living room to watch some Italian television and to make some calls.

Within a few hours a local garage mechanic came and thankfully he only needed to replace the car battery. The mechanic had suggested that the car also needed a service but from his past life experience, Gary decided to decline the offer for now. As Anna though he'd had to cope with the sexual innuendo from the typical Italian mechanic and that she knew nothing about cars. It was thus early evening before he could drive the car to a local supermercato to replenish the food stocks in the house.

Money wasn't a problem as he'd located and opened Anna's wall safe inside her wardrobe using her key and there were several thousand Euros in cash available.

For several days Gary tried hard to cope with his new situation, but it was clear that he was struggling emotionally. He just wasn't coping with his new life as an Italian woman. He felt like he was living a nightmare as every day he'd no option but to dress up in his lingerie and then a dress. Although he tried, he found that he just couldn't wear the flat comfortable shoes that Anna owned, because of Sylvia's dogged insistence of wearing heels for the last month.

Every time he walked; his feet were in agony. He found that Signora Raponi owned several pairs of stretch pants and shorts, but the weather was so hot that he was forced to concede that wearing a sundress or a kaftan nearly every day to stay cool was preferred.

At first, he resisted the idea of putting on make-up but realised that it would help if he at least tried to copy the make-up the original Anna had used. She would wear lipstick, false eyelashes and eyeliner normally so he reluctantly decided to practice doing the same until he felt he'd become proficient.

After a week, he was starting to feel lonely when unexpectedly there was a knock on the front door early on a scorching hot afternoon.

"Signora Raponi?" A smartly dressed woman asked after Gary had opened the door.

"Si," he replied. "Io sono Signora Raponi."

"I've been sent to check on you and report back to Mrs Stoner," the woman said in Italian. "I'm Doctor Earnest. May I come in?"

"Of course," replied Gary recognising the name Stoner and opening the door wide. "May I get you some iced tea or something else to drink?"

"Iced tea would be perfect, thank you," the doctor said following him into the kitchen.

He poured two drinks and suggested, "The living room is the coolest place today."

"You have such a lovely house Signora," the doctor observed crossing her legs with sensuality courtesy of the tight skirt and sheer stockings that she wore.

"Thank you," Gary replied. "How are both Mrs Stoner and Mrs Hanning?"

"They are both well. They wanted me to check in on you to see how you're coping with your new life here in Italy," she explained.

"You are Italian?" Gary asked.

"No, I'm English but I've been living here for many years. I'm a trained psychiatrist and Mrs Stoner has asked me to see if I can help you cope better with this huge change in your life," she explained.

"I'm not sure how you can do that," replied Gary. "However, you should know that I've been feeling very depressed lately."

"That's understandable," replied the doctor. "Please call me Harmony if I may call you Anna?"

"Thank you it's much better on first name terms Harmony," Gary said but he was still feeling uneasy.

"Please tell me more about yourself and how you came to be here," Harmony then asked.

"Don't you know already?" Gary asked back. "Didn't Mrs Stoner tell you what they did to me?"

"Yes, but I'd like to hear it in your own words and how you felt about it," replied Harmony. "It can't have been easy."

“Well just six months ago, I was an active 27-year-old American and now as you can see, I’ve been changed against my will into a convincing 53-year-old Italian woman to avoid being gunned down,” he started.

“What makes you say that this was all against your will?” she asked. “I was given to understand that you were a male to female transgender woman and that this was something that you agreed to happen so that you would become unrecognisable.”

“Well, what healthy normal man would want to trade his life and body for someone twice his age, with huge breasts, long flowing hair and female sex organs?” he snapped back.

“I take your point,” she said agreeing with him. Inwardly though Harmony was trying to think of a way for her patient to somehow accept what had happened.

“Please start from the beginning, tell me more about yourself,” Harmony asked trying to give herself some time to think what the best plan would be.

For nearly an hour, Gary eagerly explained his past and the night of the murder before he finished with the transition and the shock he felt waking up as a woman. “They showed me forms I signed agreeing to everything they did to me,” he said sighing. “I honestly can’t remember choosing to have breasts this size but now I’m stuck with them. These are not breast implants, but they seem to be part of my body. If I want them removed, they will need to give me a double mastectomy.”

“You don’t like them?” Harmony asked.

“No, they constantly remind me of my impossible position and situation,” he admitted.

Harmony had been recording the conversation to avoid taking notes, and she spoke. “I agree that you must have had a huge shock.”

“It was absolutely huge,” he replied. “I can’t hide them, they are always on display, they get in the way, they hurt my back, and I always have to wear a bra to support them because they weigh so much.”

“I’m here to try and help you cope,” said Harmony. “What I’ll do for you in the interim is to prescribe some anti-depressants pills which should lift up your spirits.”

“What if those don’t work?” he asked.

“There are other things we can try,” Harmony said. “I’ll come back next week at the same time to see if there is any improvement. In the meantime, I know it’s easy to say but try to embrace your new life a bit more. Is there a man in your life yet by any chance?”

“No,” replied Gary simply. “I don’t know if I want to be with a man.”

When she got back into her office the next day, Harmony sent Mrs Stoner an email requesting complete copies of Gary Smith’s complete medical history and treatment record. Mrs Stoner readily agreed to send what was available.

Thankfully Gary found that the pills that Harmony had prescribed made a big difference to his demeanour and he was quite pleased to see her when she visited.

As the days turned into weeks, he slowly struggled to adjust to his new strange life in Italy. Gary explored the city and the surrounding countryside, walked along the beach, explored the ruins and went shopping. Driving his red Mercedes, he explored the local area which was quite a challenge, given the parlous state of the Italian roads and the macho often inconsiderate driving of Italians. From the train station in Ostia, he took trains into the centre of Rome and then visited and explored cities like Florence, Bologna and Naples using the high-speed trains. Anna's late husband's government pension was still being paid into the bank each month.



The Roman Villa with the red Mercedes

Chapter 7 – The woman in black

Gary also decided to visit the town of Frascati where he knew that he owned two small vineyards. He also wanted to explore the local area and seeing the main piazza, Gary decided to visit the town centre.

His gorgeous long blonde hair hung down his back as he stepped out of the Mercedes parked in the town square. He'd heard it could be cooler up in the hills and so it proved. He'd worn a black polo neck sweater and a black leather pencil skirt while he wore 5-inch-high heel knee-length black stiletto boots on his feet.

He walked over to the metal railing and there through the smog haze he could make out the

maze of streets that was the city of Rome below. He wished that he could take longer steps but he is limited courtesy of the boots and the tight skirt that only served to remind him of his predicament.

Not that he needed to be reminded of that much. Under his sweater was a leather corset that encased and nipped in his waist. He carried a black Gucci shoulder bag which held his purse containing a few thousand Euros and his make-up bag for his elaborately applied make-up. Kohl pencil, dark eye shadow, and black mascara were available though his eyes with piercing blue contact lenses don't really need any more. His eyelashes as always were long and fluttered under his blonde hair.

Dark red lipstick coated his lips to match his long nails which were covered in wrist length kidskin leather driving gloves with matching gold bracelets and Rolex watch.

From his ears there were long dangly hoop earrings from two piercings in each earlobe while around his neck he wore a gold necklace with a clasp of such intricate design that he couldn't remove it easily because of his long nails.

As he walked into the town looking at the shops, he was greeted by stares from the men and others showed their approval. Looking south up the hill he couldn't miss the imposing structure of Villa Aldobrandini which dominates the small town.



Walking in Frascati

“Boungiorno Signora,” he heard and his head turned to the direction of a man’s voice anxiously. Gary happily replied back and he let the man know that Frascati is a very beautiful town.

“It’s my hometown so I am glad you like it,” said the man. He had a bald head but he was obviously virile and masculine.

“Can you tell me where they serve the best coffee and croissants?” Gary then asked.

“I can show you if you like,” he replied and Gary nodded. “Then follow me please.”

He looked really happy that such an attractive woman walked with him. In the main piazza near to the church there was a cafeteria with lots of rows of tables. Gary gratefully sat down and a young boy took his order of a large coffee and two croissants. The man sat down opposite Gary and ordered the same.

"I didn't have breakfast this morning," explained Gary realising that the man was hitting on him.

"What brings you to Frascati today?" the man asked.

"I'm looking at two vineyards I own, but I'm not sure where they are," said Gary in fluent Italian.

"Perhaps I can help?" he replied as Gary took out his phone to show the addresses. "My name is Mario and yours signora?"

"Anna, Anna Raponi," he replied. "Perhaps you know the location?"

"I do know where they are. They are on the right as you drive up here from Rome," he explained.

"I came here a different way," Gary explained happy that the coffee and croissants had been served. He looked at the bill and took out 6 Euros from his purse to put on the table.

"Signora permit me to pay for breakfast?" Mario asked.

"Thank you, Mario. That's very kind of you," said Gary happily thanking him for the free breakfast and putting the coins back into his purse.

Feeling hungry Gary munched on the croissants looking around behind the dark sunglasses he had put on and drained his cup of coffee.



Breakfast

“Are you married Signora?” Mario asked.

“No, my husband died,” admitted Gary.

“I’m sorry Signora,” Mario replied.

“Shall we go?” asked Gary.

“Yes of course I was just looking at your beauty,” said Mario trying to be as charming as ever. He waited as Gary got back onto two feet and he held out his hand. “This way then back to your car.”

Gary declined to take his hand, but Mario walked right beside him. Rather than just act as a guide, it was obvious to Gary that he wanted more.

“Perhaps we can leave your car here and use mine,” Mario offered pointing to his BMW saloon which was less distance to walk.

Gary agreed thinking that Mario’s kind offer of help was genuine. He led Gary towards his

large BMW M5 and opened the passenger side door for Gary to get in. He sat down and swung his legs inside and placed the boots together inside the plush car. Gary put on the seatbelt and noticed how the diagonal strap separated his breasts while the waist strap held him firmly into the car. Meanwhile Mario dropped into the driver's seat.

"Which way are we going?" Gary asked unsure of the direction.

"You'll soon see Signora," Mario said starting the car. The car swung right and onto the road for Rome. "Here are your vineyards," he added as they drove past.

"Why don't you stop?" Gary panicked.

"Because I need to turn the car at the junction ahead," Mario replied.

Presently he stopped the car off the busy road and they walked up a dirt track between the two plots of land.



Happy to inspect the vineyards

“You are very lucky Signora.” Mario declared. “To own these vineyards.”

“They belonged to my husband,” Gary replied who decided that he would give them to Anna’s children sooner or later. Gary found the uneven road difficult to walk on in his heels and Mario found it amusing.

They walked back to the car and got in. Gary had taken some pictures with his phone camera and he reviewed them all. He hadn’t noticed that Mario had driven off the road towards Frascati until he felt the car drop down.

“Where are we going?” asked Gary panicking.

“I thought you might like to see my home,” he said reaching over and squeezing Gary’s hand. “It’s not far away.”

“Mario, I appreciate you taking me to the vineyards but I don’t want to visit your home,” replied Gary. “Please take me back to Frascati.”

“Oh, I thought you might like some lunch,” he replied lamely.

“We just had breakfast!” declared Gary.

He didn’t stop and turn around leaving Gary angry and annoyed. He drove down a narrow lane and drove into his garden and switched off the engine. Mario got out and walked around to open Gary’s door.

“I don’t want to stay here!” Gary declared angrily.

“All right I will take you back to your car in a few minutes,” he replied.

Gary watched as Mario walked into his house and came out a few minutes later. By this time Gary had calmed down a little but he felt vulnerable and inconvenienced as he was several kilometres away from his car and was faced with what would be a long walk in the high heeled boots.

“I have an offer for you Signora,” Mario said getting back into the car.

“What offer?” Gary asked.

“You are everything I’m looking for in a woman,” he declared. “If you were to become my girlfriend you wouldn’t want for anything financially ever again. I’d give you an allowance of 10,000 Euros a month.”

“You’re joking,” Gary replied.

“I’m deadly serious,” he continued.

“Just take me back please,” Gary replied declining his offer.

Gary dropped the courtesy mirror down to check his appearance and that his carefully applied make-up was still ok and when Mario stopped at the lights approaching Frascati, he applied darker red colour to his lips and blotted them. Satisfied he put the Chanel lipstick inside his bag and he put the courtesy mirror back up.

“Thanks for the lift,” Gary said grateful to see his red Mercedes again.

“Ciao signora,” he called.

Gary sat in the car grateful that nothing serious happened. He started up the car and drove back to Ostia.

Chapter 8 – Meeting Mother-in-Law

Then a month after arriving in Italy, he received an unexpected call from Anna's 75-year-old mother-in-law (Signora Giulia Raponi) and she wanted Anna to pay her a long overdue visit to her house near Anzio.

"I want to see you," said Giulia. "We need to talk."

"What is there to talk about?" Gary asked.

"We need to talk about why you spent so long in the USA and other things," Giulia replied.

"Very well," Gary replied. "I was planning to drive down the coast to Circeo so I will come and see you instead."

The next day he walked into Giulia's impressive villa as promised. She had a remote property well away from the town and it was surrounded by a high wall. There were six dogs barking as Anna's heels gave away her presence. Giulia was sitting beside her small pool and rose to greet her guest. They hugged briefly.



Mother in law's impressive villa

"Hello Giulia, you look well," said Gary happily.

"Thank you, Anna. So do you. I understand you were unwell in the USA?" She asked.

"Yes, I picked up an infection that left me very ill," Gary replied. "The clinic did everything they could to make me better, but I was close to dying."

"Oh dear. Well, I am very glad to see you back home again," Giulia replied. "The reason I wanted to talk to you face to face is that I am thinking of selling your villa."

"Why?" he asked. "I'm still paying you the rent each month even though I haven't been living there. I really love the house."

"Unfortunately, it looks like I will have extra bills to pay on my apartment in Rome, the apartment manager is claiming that my plumbing system is leaking, and it is causing problems to the apartments below mine," She explained. "I might need to get all the pipes replaced. It's going to cost a great deal of money to fix."

"I see. When will you know?" asked Gary. "Perhaps I can help with your bills?"

"No Anna, that's not going to be possible, I need nearly one hundred thousand Euros to do what's needed," Giulia said though in fact the amount was only just 5,000 Euros.

"But it was where your grandchildren grew up and Maurizio loved living there until he passed away," Gary replied unhappy at the thought of leaving the house.

"It wasn't an easy decision as it's been in my family since the fifties. However, I can't see any other solution now," Giulia claimed.

"Thanks for letting me know," Gary replied feeling that the real reason she was selling the villa was just to get revenge on Anna who'd had a brief affair before Maurizio had passed away.

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"How are you today?" Harmony began as she sat down again in Anna's large living room.



Harmony sat down and listened to Gary carefully.

“I’m thankful that it’s a lot cooler today,” he replied.

“Did you pay a visit to your mother-in-law like you said last time?” Harmony then asked.

“I thought at first she was quite pleased to see me after all the time Anna had been away,” Gary said. “Then she brought up that she is going to sell my villa.”

"Why?" Asked Harmony.

"She gave me a couple of reasons, but I think she still blames me for the loss of her son Maurizio who died last year," said Gary remembering the story behind his tragic ending.

"What happened to him?" Harmony asked.

"I heard that he had terminal throat cancer, and he didn't want to die in pain, so he took his own life," Gary explained.

"That's so sad," Harmony said. "Have you heard the news from the USA?"

"What news?" Gary asked looking down at the deep cleavage between his breasts. Somehow his breasts were still growing, and his newest bra was a 40E cup size.

"It seems that the man you helped to put in Sing Sing has now appealed against his conviction," she said pulling a newspaper cutting out of her purse from a few weeks earlier to show him. "I didn't want to distract you from your treatment and your adjustment to your new life here, so I deliberately kept this from you. He appears in court next week."

"Oh my God!" cried Gary unhappily at the thought of that man gaining his freedom. It was ultimately because of that man that he was now a middle-aged woman. "Please let me read the article."

He quickly read the article and discovered that the defence were claiming that a member of the jury had been rigged or bribed.

"According to this a retrial hearing has been called because one of the original juries has committed suicide," Gary said still speaking in fluent Italian. "Apparently the juror jumped from a bridge after he admitted they he was paid by Mark's dad to make sure the man who did the shooting was found guilty."

"I'm going to go to that court. That murderer will never recognise me now looking like this," declared Gary.

"What do you hope to achieve by going to the court?" Harmony asked.

"I want to see justice done," he replied. "Don't forget that it's because of him that I'm now Anna. So, I'm going."

"Oh, you're such a crazy woman," declared Harmony picking up her phone. "I better speak with Mrs Stoner to see if that's okay."