

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 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.

Chapter 1 – Murder Witness

What started out as a nice night to celebrate his promotion to Project Manager, Gary Smith found himself expectedly caught up in a horror situation through no fault of his own. His two best friends Jake and Mark had joined him in the cellar bar for drinks and he'd ordered enough drinks that by the time they walked out they were wasted.

They headed over towards the bus stop dodging the insane traffic to get their transport home.

"I'm glad I'm not driving," said Gary who had downed a month's amount of booze in one night such was his determination to celebrate. Both Jake and Mark propped themselves up in the shelter to wait for the bus.

Gary heard what sounded like something hitting metal in the alley just a little further down the street.

"What the hell was that?" asked Jake who heard it too.

"Should we go and take a look?" suggested Mark. "The bus won't be here for another 15 minutes or so."

So, the three friends slowly walked towards the entrance to the alley and looked inside.

It was the kind of New York alley you never wanted to find yourself in at that darkest hour of the night. The small streetlights were either burnt out or were missing leaving the alley shrouded in an impenetrable darkness except where the incident was happening.

They suddenly lost their drunken euphoria when they saw a large man kicking what looked like a black bag on the ground. There were two other men who were standing watching as the man aimed kick after kick at the prone black object.

The only sound that broke the silence was the pathetic cry coming from the ground. Gary couldn't believe his eyes when he saw the sadistic silhouette of a man kicking someone. Gary stood there, frozen in fear and disbelief, as the man casually walked back satisfied that the person wouldn't move.

“Hey, it seems we have a nosy parker,” said the older of the two men watching proceedings. He immediately drew an automatic and aimed it towards Gary and his two friends. “Scram if you know what’s good for you.”

“Sure, thing Mister, we never saw nothing,” Jake said back tracking urgently.

Gary though was either foolish or brave and moved forward towards the scene. The man shouted again, “I won’t tell you again now clear off!” He then aimed his weapon directly towards Gary who decided that the threat couldn’t be ignored this time.

“Ok, you’re right mister it’s none of my business,” Gary replied as he backed away with his hands raised. He’d had a good look at the man and the huge automatic he was carrying.

“What’s going on?” asked Mark his speech still slurred.

“I think it’s a gangland beating,” said Gary. Suddenly there was a gunshot from the alley followed by the sound of the men running away out of the other side of the alley. “They’ve shot someone.”

He looked around the corner and peered into the dark alley and saw that the men had all fled. All that remained was the figure on the ground.

“Come on they’ve gone,” Gary shouted. Gary ran back into the alley and expected to see a man lying on the wet dirty cobble stones. He was surprised to discover it was a middle-aged woman who was lying there injured. She’d been brutally kicked in the face, and she was bleeding profusely from her nose and mouth. Her flimsy clothes were torn and ripped. Her legs were battered and bruised too with wounds on her bare thighs from the many brutal kicks she’d received. Strangely he noticed that she was missing a red heel on one foot. To finish off the savage attack there was a hole in her side.

“Help me please Mister, they’ve shot me,” she cried pitifully.

“Jake call for an ambulance,” Gary said as he knelt to attend to her.

She grabbed his hand and sobbed, “My boys, my daughter... who’s going to tell them?”

“You’ll be all right,” he said holding her hand until her pulse slowly stopped.

“My God she’s dead!” Jake said alarmed. “They’ve killed her!”

“You better call the cops too then,” Gary said covering the woman’s badly damaged face with a newspaper he found beside the body.

Jake dialed 911 and when the operator answered, he told her what they had just seen and where it had happened.

“We’ve to wait until the cops arrive,” Jake declared. “They’re on their way.”

As they waited, Gary couldn’t help but feel a sense of dread creeping up on him about what had just happened.

Chapter 2 – Reluctant Witnesses

Sirens announced the urgent arrival of the police squad cars and an ambulance about 10 minutes later, and the three friends were questioned by a detective about what they saw and heard.



The Police arrived but she was dead

“There was nothing we could do man,” said Jake. “They were kicking hell out of her when we went to investigate what was going on. They threatened us with a gun so we backed off and then one guy must have shot her.”

“We’ll need a witness statement from you guys then,” said the detective. “I’m Lieutenant Joe Ross of the NYPD.”

“We can’t bring her back!” declared Mark who wanted to go home rather than hang around talking to the cops. “I don’t want to get involved in no murder. Those guys were nasty sons of bitches to do that to a woman.”

“Me neither,” said Gary who knew that by reporting what he’d seen, he could be putting a target on his own back “I want to go home and just forget this.”

"No can do," Joe replied. "I'll either take a witness statement from you in the back of my car right now or I'll take you down to the precinct and lock you up for the night before a court appearance in the morning."

"On what charge?" asked Jake.

"Drunkenness," Joe claimed.

So, they all sat in the back of the squad car and recounted everything that had happened into a tape recorder held by Joe.

"You're the only witnesses to that unfortunate woman's death. Would you be willing to stand up in court and testify if we catch those hoods?" asked Joe.

"What and end up like her, dead in an alley?" Gary replied genuinely scared.

"We'd put you through our witness protection program," Joe replied. "No one would ever trace you after your appearance in court. The witness protection experts are amazing, and you'd just disappear."

"I'd also lose my new job," Gary replied. "It's taken me years to get my promotion."

"Look we have a good idea who did this," replied Joe. "If we put them in a line-up, will you try and pick them out?"

"That rules me out," said Jake. "I never saw any faces."

"And me," added Mark. "You saw him though, Gary."

Gary cursed under his breath and couldn't deny he got a clean look at the man with the automatic even down to the green and grey necktie he wore.

"Well, I guess I'm going to need protection because I saw the one with the gun and that man must have seen my face." Gary confessed realising his future life was going to change completely as a result.

"Don't worry, we'll protect you," Joe promised. "We'll give you guys a lift home now I have your statements."

Chapter 3 – A few days later

"Did you hear the news this morning?" Joe asked Gary during his early morning call.

"No," replied Gary as he had just woken up.

"We've arrested three men in connection with the murder in the alley," replied the detective. "We'll need you to come down to the station to formally identify them."

Gary groaned but reluctantly agreed. He was able to identify the man with automatic easily in the line-up while the other two men in the alley were known associates of the murderer with similar white supremacist beliefs.

All three men were formally charged with the murder of Mrs Callista Kamal who was the wife of a wealthy businessman on the east side. She was originally from Athens in Greece and

had married her Egyptian boyfriend two decades earlier before arriving in the USA. She had a 13-year-old daughter and a 4-year-old son.

"Thanks Gary," Joe said after the successful formal ID session. "We'll take you to our safe house for the time being."

"How long do I need to stay there?" Gary asked.

"Until the trial starts and for as long as it lasts," replied Joe. "We'll make sure after the trial is over that your present identity will just disappear."

The next day, Gary was approached by a man from the Witness Protection Program. He told Gary that due to the nature of his testimony, he would have to go into hiding.

Sure, enough Gary was then taken to a safe house in a suburb of the city where he was placed under protective custody as it became clear he was the prosecutor's star witness. The U.S. Marshals Service provided guard over Gary 24 hours a day 7 days a week. They brought him food, drinks and reading material as he waited for weeks to give evidence.

Gary soon realised that for his safety he wasn't allowed to leave or even step outside the house, so he spent all his time watching television, reading books, or playing computer games. He also began learning Italian because he'd hoped to visit the village in Italy where his grandmother was born when all this mess was over.

A month after he had moved into the safe house, a newspaper article he'd read, gave Gary a clear reason to panic. A suspected petrol bomb attack had started a house fire which had led to a man suffering from serious smoke inhalation and second degree burns that had left him recovering in hospital. Meanwhile in another incident, a man was in a coma after the car he was a passenger in had failed to slow down around a sharp bend. The brake failure was traced to a cut brake line, and the car had crashed through a garden fence and into the side of a house. The driver was dead at the wheel.

From the descriptions, Gary quickly deduced that both Jake and Mark were now in hospital, and they would be unable to corroborate his testimony in court. In disgust and some fear, Gary crumpled up the newspaper angrily and seethed to James the agent on duty.

"I'm your last witness and I'm worried that there is no escaping these people!" Gary declared. "It looks like both my friends who were with me that night, are now in hospital so it's clear I'm going to be next!"

"I'll speak to my boss right now," James said after reading the article. "If need be, we'll move you out of here, but I don't think you're in any immediate danger."

"You think? You don't know? Look man I don't want a petrol bomb to come crashing through the living room window like what happened to poor Jake," Gary replied.

"You're in court the day after tomorrow," James said. "We'll make sure that you can take the witness stand."

"And then what?" Gary asked still genuinely scared. "If my testimony leads to their conviction and they get life or the death penalty they are still sure to come gunning after me."

After a long conversation with his boss, James suddenly announced, "OK just pack up your stuff because we're pulling out of here."

"Where are we going?" Gary asked whose nerves were on edge.

"It's best that you don't know. Just be assured that we'll be moving you to another maximum-security safe house closer to the court," James replied. "This new place will protect you."

"It had better James because I'm scared shitless," admitted Gary.

"I don't doubt you," James replied. "We've done this before, and you'll make it to court. They won't reach you where we're going."

"It's what will happen after I testify that worries me most," Gary said. "Are you going to keep your side of the bargain and keep me safe then for the rest of my life? These guys are really serious and for sure they will track me down. How can you possibly stop them?"

"Yeah, we will," James replied as he watched Gary pack up his stuff into two large holdalls.

Before the move occurred another 6 heavily armed security men arrived, and Gary was transported in a black armoured SUV to a secure building surrounded by tall security fencing and armed guards at the entrance gate. It was more like a prison than a federal building and they were clearly taking no chances with their star witness.

"You'll be here for a few weeks and then after court we'll take you somewhere else where no one will find you," said James as they entered what appeared to be a self-contained living area inside the main building. There were no windows but there was a comfortable looking living room, kitchen, bathroom and bedroom. Gary was panicking that even here that they would struggle to protect him.

Since it was late, Gary just went to bed, and feeling relieved about the enhanced security he closed his eyes and fell asleep. However, his dream became a nightmare, and he woke up in a cold panic sweat after he'd dreamt of being beaten up and then cruelly buried alive by the killer.

As the weeks went slowly by he found himself thinking more and more about the man he had seen murder the woman and what would happen if his cronies got their hands on him.

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"You're finally required in court today," said the facility head who had brought him a shirt, tie, clean shoes and a suit to wear that morning.

After getting dressed, he had a leisurely breakfast. The same armoured SUV collected him and took him to the court to give his key testimony. After the weeks of waiting around, his trial appearance was a bit of an anti-climax, and it was clear that his evidence was going to lead to the conviction of the three men. Gary stubbornly stuck to his story despite stiff cross examination questioning by the defence lawyer.

"You're a dead man walking," said one of the men on trial as Gary walked past him after he'd finished giving his evidence in the witness box. He looked around the court and saw a man and a young girl sitting huddled together in the public area. He had a goatee beard and looked like an Arab while his daughter had long dark hair and hazelnut-coloured eyes. Gary was still feeling scared, as he got back into the armoured SUV again in the underground car park below the court.

"What happens now? Where are we going?" asked Gary as they moved off.

"We're going to uphold our part of the bargain we struck in return for you giving evidence," said Carlos, the head of security.

"My friend is still in a coma and not expected to live, while the other is in a great deal of pain from the burns he'd received," Gary said still feeling scared. "I don't want that to happen to me!"

"I can understand that Gary," Carlos replied. "There's a new option we are offering to people like you. However, it's extreme and once we start it cannot be reversed or stopped. We can guarantee though that you won't have to look over your shoulder again."

"What is it?" Gary asked. "It sounds like I need that."

"It's called 'Witness Transition Program'," said Carlos. "We'll change you into the opposite of what you are now. You'll become a completely different person, with a whole new identity."

"Those men won't recognise me afterwards?" Gary asked.

"That's absolutely correct. Even your own mother won't recognise you afterwards," Carlos then declared.

"Then let's do it!" Gary said desperately deciding that he wanted what was being offered. He had made up his mind immediately. "One of those hoods in court told me I was a dead man walking as I walked past him."

"Very well in a few days we'll take you to a new location for the transition and then your life will change," said Carlos. "In the meantime, just relax until we move you."

Back in his high security room, Gary switched on the television and watched the evening news. The first story on the local news channel was about the murder trial and that the jury had quickly returned a guilty verdict. The judge had then sentenced two men to life in prison with no parole, while the third was sent to a maximum-security prison at Sing Sing for life.

"At least something good has come out of this," said Gary out loud to himself.

Just two days later and Gary was on the move again. Instead of the armoured SUV this time he was ushered into the back of an ambulance where he was asked to lie down on the gurney.

There was a pretty nurse and a doctor present who strapped him down.

"What's going on?" Gary asked suddenly feeling alarmed.

"We're just going to sedate you before you arrive at our clinic," said the doctor preparing the back of Gary's hand to accept the IV needle.

"Is this absolutely necessary?" Gary asked as the IV started flowing. Almost immediately he started to feel drowsy. Gary wondered what could be done such that he wouldn't be recognised in future.

"Yes, unfortunately but it's easier this way," replied the doctor. "You'll be beginning a completely new life. Do you have a preferred place that you'd like to live?"

“What?” Gary asked his brain beginning to rapidly fog up. “My grandmother came from Lazio in Italy, so I always wanted to go back there and to Malta.”

“Once you arrive at the clinic you’ll be completely in the hands of the top medical professionals,” the doctor claimed but Gary’s eyes were already closing thanks to the sedative. “When you wake up again, you’ll be a completely new person.”

Gary tried hard to listen to the doctor and nurse talking, but he was soon overcome as the drug kicked in.

They would be giving him a new identity and a new life, in the hope that he’d be able to live his life without fear.

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.”

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."

Chapter 9 – Back in Court

After long telephone arguments with Mrs Stoner, Gary managed to convince her that it was important for him to witness the court hearing. She finally agreed to help Gary gain access to the hearing which was restricted because of security reasons.

With some effort from Mrs Stoner, Gary would be attending as Signora Anna Raponi who would be working as an accredited freelance journalist for RAI the Italian state broadcaster. The story given to the court was that the case had raised some interest in Italy as the convicted man had originally hailed from Sicily twenty years earlier and had clear connections with the Mafia.

The night before his flight back to New York, Gary automatically put on his sheer nightdress relishing the feel of the material on his bare sensitive skin. As he dutifully removed all his make-up, he was no longer alarmed at his bronzed aged skin. He would often go to sleep with his face smothered in face cream in a bid to keep his skin looking youthful just like any other middle-aged woman.

He'd also recently discovered that his new female sexual organs could finally be stimulated to an orgasm. He wasn't sure how, but he felt that it was probably due to the uterus transplant he'd received from the young woman months earlier. He surmised that everything was now working as it should be hormonally,

Over the last few weeks, he felt that his sexuality had also changed, and he'd often found he was thinking of men more and more. His masturbation fantasies now often featured Italians making love to him.

When he'd asked Harmony for an explanation, she'd told him that his most recent blood test had revealed he had the typical female blood hormone levels of an 18-year-old woman. "Perhaps the hormonal changes are rewiring or somehow altering your brain?"

The following morning Gary woke up at around 7am after dreaming he was back at college and dating Rosemary his girlfriend at the time. With everything taking a lot longer to get ready, Gary needed to get moving immediately to make sure he was at the airport by 10am for his noon flight back to Kennedy airport in New York.

He put on a shower cap to protect his long coiffed hair and had a quick but enjoyable hot shower. He enjoyed the feeling of the water beating on his large breasts and nipples. Still, he turned off the water and stepped out on tip toes as usual into his waiting pink furry 4-inch heeled mules.

Going to the wardrobe, he pulled out the navy-blue skirt suit with the below knee pencil skirt. He decided to wear the cream low cut blouse with the one button jacket that would do nothing to hide his now ample cleavage.

"I've just got my eyelashes to do. Fortunately, they gave me such wonderfully long false eyelashes," he said out loud to himself.

His final touch was a heavy coating of red lipstick to his plump lips, "I'm ready now." He announced as he walked towards his wardrobe and pulled out a pair of 5-inch patent black heels to wear. His heels clicking on the tiled kitchen floor alerted his new housekeeper to his presence.

"You look wonderful Signora. There's fresh coffee ready in the pot," She declared. "Drink it quickly because you'll need to get going."



Hot coffee – Gary felt nervous before heading back to New York

“Call me if there are any problems here while I’m in the USA,” he asked thinking about Giulia’s threat to sell the villa and then he quickly drained his cup.

“Don’t worry everything will be just fine Signora,” she replied. “Your taxi is here early.”

After the long routine flight from Rome, he was met at Kennedy by Mrs Stoner who had arranged accommodation at a hotel near to the courthouse.

“You should be able to walk to the court building tomorrow morning from the hotel,” said Mrs Stoner. “Here is your press card which we used to get you accredited journalist entry into the court.”

“Thank you, you’ve been very helpful,” he replied hugging her warmly.

“Like I mentioned on the phone, I’m not sure that this is a wise thing to do Anna,” said Mrs Stoner.

"I'm confident the killer won't recognise me looking and sounding like this," said Gary pointing to himself. "I don't recognise myself anymore when I look in the mirror."

"Very well, I hope going to the court will be worthwhile," Mrs Stoner replied. "Goodnight Signora."

The next morning after a brisk walk from the hotel, Gary was ushered into the public area of the court by 9:30am. Gary wasn't surprised to see the husband of the murdered woman sitting alone in the public area of the court, so he deliberately sat down beside him.



Walking to the court but this time in heels and a tight skirt.

“Is this seat taken?” Gary asked politely with his strong accent.

"No, it's free," the widower replied with his thick Arabic accent but in perfect English.

When he'd sat down, he suddenly noticed someone else on the other side of the court. There was a hunched figure of a man who wore gauze bandages on his face and hands.

'My God it's Jake,' thought Gary looking across the crowded court room.

"What brings you to court today?" asked Gary striking up a conversation to the man beside him. Gary already knew the reason but he wanted to strike up a conversation with this man because he suddenly thought that Jake might somehow recognise him. Then he thought he was just being irrational. If no-one else recognised him then Jake wouldn't either.

"Sadly, it was my wife who was shot dead nearly a year ago," he said. "I'm Mr Kamal and you are?"

"I'm Signora Raponi," Gary replied automatically giving his new name.

"I'm pleased to meet you," Kamal replied. "Did you know my wife?"

"No unfortunately," replied Gary. "I'm so sorry for your loss Mr Kamal. Hopefully justice will prevail again today."

At that moment the defendant was led into the court by two guards. He was wearing an orange prison uniform, and he was handcuffed, and his ankles were chained together to render any escape attempt difficult if not impossible. Gary studied the prisoner's appearance, and it was obvious he had changed, as his head was completely bald, and he had a small goatee beard.

"I'd hoped he would be rotting in hell by now for what he did," said Mr Kamal softly.

"All rise, Justice Bailey presiding," said the court official announcing the arrival of the judge at 10am. The judge was an attractive middle-aged woman who took her seat allowing everyone in the court to be seated too.

Gary took out his notebook from his briefcase and started taking notes as the case proceeded slowly. The defence attorney was claiming that the original trial was a miscarriage of justice after clear evidence had emerged of jury bribery if his client was found guilty.

After two hours of boring legal discussion, the case was adjourned for a two-hour lunch break. Gary walked out towards the court restaurant when Mr Kamal came alongside him.

"Do you mind if I buy you some lunch?" he enquired. "I need cheering up after this morning's gloomy proceedings. Being the host to such a pretty and delightful woman for lunch will certainly help."

Gary tried to think of a reasonable excuse to avoid the lunch date without upsetting Mr Kamal but there was none that came to mind.

"I'd be delighted to join you for lunch," Gary found himself saying in reply after a brief pause.

"Very well let's go for a decent lunch at the restaurant next door, rather than this dismal cafeteria," he declared proffering his arm to Gary who somewhat surprised himself again by putting his arm inside only for Mr Kamal to grasp his hand tightly.

"My goodness your hand is so cold," he declared.

"I've found that being cold in cold weather seems to be quite normal here in the USA unlike my home country of Italy," said Gary.

"You need to be warmed up my dear," he said. "May I know your first name Signora?"

"It's... sorry it's Anna," he corrected quickly about to blurt out his old first name..

"A table for two," said Mr Kamal to the waiter after they entered the plush, opulently decorated restaurant. "My first name is Zosar."

As they took their seats, he thanked Anna politely again for joining him. "Please order whatever you would like to eat."

"I'll just have the chicken salad," said Gary after surveying the menu. "And a small glass of house red wine,"

"So, what brings a wonderful beautiful Italian Signora to the United States?" Zosar asked as they waited on the food to arrive.

"I wanted to have some cosmetic surgery done here in a clinic in New Jersey," Gary declared in his now usual shrill voice "Unfortunately, there were complications, and I became ill. That meant that I had to delay my return home for a few months. I'm covering the conviction appeal for Italian television because he has Italian connections. I'll be going back to Rome next week."

"I know Rome, the eternal city, very well," he declared. "Where in Rome do you live?"

"I live near the ruined town of Ostia near the coast. Do you know it?" he asked.

"Oh yes my wife and I visited the ruins many years ago," he declared. "Perhaps one day you will be kind enough to show me around the city next time I visit?"

"Of course, I'd be delighted to show you," Gary replied.



'This guy is trying to hit on me,' thought Gary as he stood up. "Excuse me but I need to freshen up."

"Please hurry back," Zosar said as Gary stood up and walked towards the rest rooms. As Gary looked back over his shoulder briefly at the table, he noticed Zosar was staring intently at his shapely ankles. He smiled at Zosar as he opened the restroom door.

'I can't believe that he's had a hard on all the time we were talking,' thought Gary as he walked into a stall to pee. 'I'm thinking he really wants to get me into bed. I don't know whether to be disgusted, insulted or excited that he's sexually attracted to me.'

After he'd wiped himself and pulled up his pantyhose over his tanned legs, he smoothed down his skirt and he automatically went out to freshen up his lipstick. As he uncovered his Dior signal red lipstick, he stared into the mirror to apply it. His long furry eyelashes blinked rapidly as he pursed his lips to apply the creamy colour.

'Well, you're obviously a very desirable woman now,' he thought as he finished applying the lipstick. 'I honestly feel excited that I turn him on so much. I also felt wonderful when I caught him staring at my legs.'

Make-up refreshed Gary walked back to the table and dutifully his escort stood up until he was seated again by the waiter.

"Thank you," he said to the waiter. Gary noticed that his friend's erection was still present, and he strangely felt aroused too. 'My God I'm feeling excited and my heart is beating fast.'

As Zosar talked about the trial, Gary was deep in thought wondering about the strange feelings he was suddenly experiencing. 'I was even getting turned on just putting on fresh lipstick! On the one hand I'm revolted that I've been turned into Anna but now it seems that I'm turned on that I'm stuck in this body. How weird is that?'

"A penny for your thoughts Anna," Zosar said after he noticed that Anna was lost in thought. "Your lunch is here."

As Zosar munched on his juicy fillet steak, Gary tried to make do with his chicken salad.

"I wonder do you have any information on the three men who witnessed your wife's murder?" asked Gary. "Also I still haven't found out what their motivation was for murdering your wife."

"I can send you newspaper cuttings and notes I took during the trial," said Zosar. "By all accounts the three men who witnessed the killing received swift retribution from the associates of the killers. One was badly burned, another was badly injured in a car wreck and the man who bravely testified was shot dead."

"Thanks, that would be useful," said Gary who realised that the passing of his male persona was now widely known.

"Give me your cell phone number and I will add you to Whatsapp," he asked.

Gary gave him his US cell number and his recently acquired Italian cell phone number too.

After a wonderful lunch they went back to court where the defence claim was dismissed after evidence from the jury foreman was produced. "The verdict we reached was unanimous and even if Mr Watkins had accepted a bribe, it would have made little difference to our verdict as it would have been 11 to 1 in favour of guilty on all the counts," he explained. "Following the evidence provided by the main prosecution witness, there was no doubt that we reached the correct verdict."

Despite desperate cross examination by the defence council the foreman maintained his position. The judge then ruled that the original conviction was upheld and that the appeal was dismissed.

"Thank God for that," said Zosar who allowed himself a brief smile.

They then slowly filed out of the courtroom and Gary thanked Zosar for lunch again. As they walked out into the main corridor, Gary noticed how much smaller he was compared to Zosar despite the 4-inch heels on his feet.

"Signora, I would love to see you again," Zosar then declared.

Gary gave him a warm inviting smile through his painted red lips, "Yes that would be lovely but that won't be easy as I go back to Italy in a few days."

"It so happens I have to attend the wedding of my cousin in a few weeks time so I could alter my itinerary on my way back," he explained.

"We'll see then," said Gary strangely flattered that he would do that.

Gary then felt a sudden surprise tightening deep in his vagina as he allowed Zosar to kiss his hand. That done they politely said goodbye.



Zosar exuded confidence when he said, "I hope to see you again Signora."

Just at that moment Jake walked past Gary and he almost tried to move away rapidly, scared that Jake would know who he was. However, Jake just filed past not recognising him. They did smile briefly at each other and Gary was then shocked to see the extent of Jake's burn injuries. Then although Jake had looked directly at him, he hadn't recognised Gary under the make-up and long hair. That was a horrible realisation that he wasn't being seen as Gary anymore by those that knew him best. Also, he desperately wanted to say hello to his old friend and to find out how he was faring, he knew very well that wouldn't help matters as far as his own personal security was concerned.

"Thank god that murderer wasn't released," said Mrs Stoner after he called her during the short walk back to the hotel.

"Yes," Gary replied. His mind was on the strange attraction that he suddenly felt towards Zosar. "I had lunch with the husband of the murdered woman."

"That poor man! Imagine how he would have felt, if his wife's murderer was released," Mrs Stoner continued. "Did he take a shine to you?"

"Yes, it was quite a shock to discover that I can get such a handsome man sexually excited," he smiled.

"Do you want to see him again?" Mrs Stoner asked as he walked into the hotel reception to get his room key.

"I don't know," Gary replied getting his key and walking towards the elevators.

That night he received the first of what would be many sexually motivated Whatsapp messages from Zosar.

I'm watching Red Notice. 9:17 pm

I just got dressed after a long bath,
now getting ready for bed. 9:19 pm ✓✓

Okay 9:23 pm

Can I ask you something, you are
not going to sleep now are you? 9:23 pm

It's not quite my bed time, I am still up
I am now currently reading my favorite
book. What do you want? Ask. 9:33 pm ✓✓

Tell me more about yourself and
personality and how would your friends
and family describe you? 9:40 pm

Well I am not going to give everything
away, but I am creative yet can be quiet
when I have a lot going on inside my
mind 9:52 pm ✓✓

I am a kind and fun loving man who
wishes to meet someone with those
same qualities. I would like someone
who is passionate about life, someone
who cares about other people, someone
who enjoys spending time with and
showing affection and devotion to their
partner. I'm shy, reserved and a bit of an

Message



Chapter 10 – A relationship with Zosar

A few weeks later and back in Rome, it wasn't a big shock to discover that Gary had been enjoying the flirty conversations with Zosar on Whatsapp ever since the court appearance.

I miss you already

8:15 am

It has been three days, I am about to leave for Italy. Goodbye

8:39 am

Bye

8:39 am

Have a safe flight, I expect to be able to talk to you when you return.

8:43 am

I have to turn my phone off, I will not be communicating for a while.

Have a good day Zosar.

8:48 am

I will be awake, thinking about you, don't worry.

9:50 pm

I just arrived in Italy, Goodnight Zosar. I will talk to you another time. I must get a taxi home.

Bye Zosar.

9:52 pm

Hello Signora. I hope you had a good trip home I found some newspaper cuttings that might interest you. Can you give me your email address and I will send them to you.



Message



Sorry for the delay. My email address is Anna.raponi@yahoo.it

11:05 am

Check your email now

11:05 am

Thanks. They were very interesting. I'm glad he'll be in prison for life.

11:30 am

Me too!

11:31 am

The wedding I mentioned is in August. Will you be home then?

11:35 am

I don't plan on leaving Italy for a while, I will be home. Why do you ask.

11:39 am

I would really like to stop off in Rome on my way home to see you again.

11:40 am

I can meet you at the airport and show you around. Do you plan on staying in a hotel.

11:52 am

Can I come and pay you for a visit? I am guessing you have plenty of room at your place. Would you mind if I spend a few days with you before I head back to New York. You can still show me around.



Why do you want to stay with me?

12:00 pm

Is that a no

12:05 pm

I am not saying anything until I know why you are asking?

12:10 pm

Oh!

12:11 pm

I want to get to know you a lot better.

12:12 pm

Why? You can get to know me while staying in a hotel. Why do you want to stay in my house?

12:20 pm

I'm not sure there is just something special about you. I rather spend my time in your presence.

12:40 pm

Something about me? We only met that one time at the court. We've been communicating via text.

12:43 pm

Yes I find you very attractive. I rather spend my nights in the company of an attractive woman like you, rather than spend my nights alone in a hotel.

12:50 pm

You do? You find me attractive?

12:55 pm

At times those conversations had bordered on becoming highly sexually charged as Zosar told him how much he wanted to know Anna intimately. He'd even said that he wanted to have sex with Anna because he claimed that she was his kind of woman.

The thought of having a man cumming inside his vagina both disgusted and fascinated him at the same time. Could he have sex with a man and have him not know about his past? Then having sex with a man would be the ultimate proof that he was no longer a man himself anymore.

The trip back to New York for the court appearance had made Gary realise that the USA was now effectively no longer his home, as his Italian passport only had a limited time visa stamp. Somewhat reluctantly he had boarded the return flight back to Rome as his pleading to Mrs Stoner produced no change in her intractable attitude.

"You can't stay here now you're an Italian citizen. Also, in Rome you'll be much safer than here," Mrs Stoner had said convincing him he had no choice but to take the return flight.

**

A large package had arrived in the office of Harmony Earnest from the USA. Harmony had emptied the contents on her desk to discover the medical records of Gary Smith. She listened intently to audio tapes made almost twenty years earlier where the young boy had expressed his desire to become a girl.

As she listened to the tapes, she became aware that although Gary was making a cry for help from his abusive alcoholic father, he wasn't transgender or suffering from dysphoria. He was using the situation to try and get his father to sober up. It seemed though to have had the opposite effect as she studied a picture of 15-year-old Gary dressed in effeminate clothing of a short skirt over his jeans while he wore a pink flowery T shirt.

Harmony started to write some thoughts into her laptop while everything was fresh in her mind.

'Reference Anna Raponi formerly Gary Smith. I had wondered why this woman was still struggling to cope with her gender change so long after the operation. I thought that it might be deep feelings of regret at having had the operation, however on reviewing the tapes and transcripts it's clear to me that as a young teenager, Gary had never actually suffered from gender dysphoria, and it was his way to try and get his father to turn away from alcohol. It was quite plainly attention seeking and invented to try and shock his father back to normal. If that had happened, then Gary would have given up the lies.'

Gary turned to more effeminate styles of dress in an act of rebellion against his father's authority over him. The pictures in his file show his dress was effeminate in style rather than overtly dressing in skirts and dresses as a transwoman. Since Gary had lost respect for his father because of his drunken behaviour, he tried to get a reaction from him to change his ways.

No wonder Gary now Anna has struggled since this gender change was done. I will continue to monitor the patient.'

**

"How are you feeling today, Anna?" Harmony asked as they sat opposite one another again.

"I would say that I'm feeling much better," Gary said in Anna's usual high-pitched voice.

"How do you feel about your breasts now? Do you still feel negatively towards them?" Harmony probed.

"Yes, unfortunately I do," he replied.

"How about if I might try a little hypnosis then to see if that will help you?" Harmony suggested.

"What would that do?" he asked unsure of wanting to lose control over his feelings.

"If you let me try then you'll soon find out, won't you?" Harmony suggested.

"Very well," he said. Within a few minutes he was conscious again and suddenly felt only positive thoughts about his large breasts.

"Tell me Anna what do you like about having large feminine breasts?" Harmony then asked.

"Oh, I absolutely adore having large breasts. I love when men stare at them and when they are touched. I feel extremely sexy putting on a lacy bra and seeing my breasts filling the cups," he replied. However, inside his head he was feeling the exact opposite, but he was verbally unable to say anything negative about them now. "It makes me feel so feminine seeing my large breasts. I also love being a woman now thanks to you."

"That's wonderful," Harmony replied. "Do you want me to undo your hypnosis?"

"No, I think it's what I needed," replied Gary.

"I'll come back and see you next week then Anna. Just to check you are still happy," said Harmony standing up to leave.

"Harmony, can I ask you a question?" Gary asked just as Harmony reached the door.

"Of course," She replied turning back to face Anna.

"What do I do to fight the effects of these strong female hormones? I've been getting some lucid lewd thoughts lately," he admitted.

"About what?" asked Harmony as she sat casually on the arm of the sofa to listen.

"They are about a man I met back in New York."

"Tell me about him? Why do you find him so exciting?" Harmony then asked.

"Well, I met him at the court hearing, and I could see that he found me sexually exciting as he had an erection all the time, we had lunch together," Gary explained. "That has never happened to me before."

"With a man?" she asked.

"Yes, with a man," Gary replied.

"Well, you are clearly a very attractive woman now. So, it's perfectly understandable that any warm-blooded man should feel sexually aroused looking at you," Harmony explained.

"Does it happen to you?" he asked.

"It happens all the time and it's something that I take for granted now. Like you it was a big shock the first time it happened," Harmony agreed. "Did you feel revolted seeing he was aroused?"

"Strangely no. I felt aroused myself for the first time," he admitted. "I've never wanted to be with a man before, so this is all very confusing for me."

"You're a woman now though so perhaps the female hormones in your body are rewiring your brain to accept being with a man?" suggested Harmony. "I hope it goes well for you Anna. I can't wait to hear all about it. *Please try to have fun with your body!*"

"Thanks Harmony I'll try," said Gary standing up suddenly feel his demeanour change. They hugged warmly at the door. He watched her skilfully get into her little sports car and drive out of the gate,

Gary finished the hot day with a tepid bath before bed. Trying something different, he allowed the deep soapy perfumed water to cover his shapely body and he ran his hands over the most sensitive area. He felt his naked sunburnt skin and shivered at the thought of Zosar and his hard cock invading his vagina.

When the water was completely cold, he got out and after putting on his favourite nightdress with the built-in support bra, he went to bed. As he went to sleep, he suddenly remembered Harmony's last words. "*Please try to have fun with your body!*"

The next morning after he'd had a weird and disturbing dream about Zosar. He closed his eyes to recall the dream and was perturbed that he'd easily allowed Zosar to control his behaviour. He'd heard that Arab men can be control freaks and require their women to behave in certain ways. He assumed that Zosar was a Muslim and would want his women to follow Muslim custom and practices such as wearing a hijab while out in public. In the dream he found that Zosar had insisted he wear a hijab whenever he went out.

He was about to go down to have breakfast when his phone rang. It was a call from Anna's son Luca.

"Ciao mama," Luca said happily, "Come stai?"

"Oh, Luca I'm so happy to hear your voice again," Gary said naturally in fluent Italian.

"I heard you were ill from my grandmamma," Luca said.

"Yes, I had a bad infection in the USA after my operation," Gary replied. "I was ill for a few months. Thankfully I'm a lot better now. Now I'm just glad to be back home despite the heat here today."

"It's hot here in Malta too mama," he said speaking in Maltese.

"It's better if you speak in Italian Luca," Gary said unable to understand. "So how are things in Malta?"

"Sorry mama, I speak Maltese all the time now, so sometimes I forget," Luca replied. "I will be here in Valetta for another few weeks as the harbour project ran into problems with unexploded bombs dropped by the Germans in the last war."

"Oh my God! Please be careful," Gary exclaimed sounding worried.

"I'll be all right, I stay well away from them," he laughed.

"Promise me you will," Gary said still sounding alarmed and concerned just as a mother should.

"I will mama. I'm glad you're feeling much better," he said. "Unfortunately, I better go. They want me to sign some drawings. I hope to get home for a holiday in a few weeks' time."

"Take care then Luca. Until then, I love you," Gary said sounding just like his mother with her voice.

"Love you too Mama," he declared as the phone went dead.

"Oh, darn I wanted to tell him what his grandmama is going to do with this villa," screamed Gary annoyed that he had forgotten to mention it. "I must be going senile."

After a light breakfast of coffee and croissant he decided to look through Anna's lingerie drawers and he stumbled upon something at the back of the bottom drawer that piqued his interest.

He pulled out a life size penis shaped vibrator; it had a cover on the bottom for what turned out to be for the batteries. He tried to switch it on but obviously with it being unused for months, the batteries were dead.

He remembered seeing a hand torch in the kitchen and thought the batteries would fit this vibrator. He quickly walked downstairs to find the torch. He unscrewed the bottom of the torch body and released the batteries. He cursed his long nails as he tried to quickly put the batteries into the vibrator battery compartment. Happy that the vibrator worked as he hoped, he went back upstairs to Anna's bedroom and lay on the bed.

Taking Harmony's advice that he should enjoy his new body, he opened his legs wide and gently pushed the vibrator against his clit. He switched it on, and his mouth formed a circle in surprise as the vibrator moved and vibrated against his sensitive spot giving him waves of pleasure.

"Oh my God!" he exclaimed as he felt the arousal feelings wash over him from the vibrator. "I think I just had my first ever orgasm as a woman!" There was no longer the physical evidence of an orgasm, but he'd felt the pleasure of it all the same. "This is so much better than using my dilators."

After such a pleasurable experience, Gary eagerly put on his newest underwired bra to hold his large breasts in control. He was forced to concede that a bra was an essential item of clothing for him, and it wasn't just decoration. It was now clear that he had to wear a bra and he put on the matching panties too.

With the depression fog lifting, Gary had stopped taking the pills that Harmony had prescribed.

Then there was suddenly something new and exciting to look forward to as Zosar had booked a flight to Rome from Egypt a month after Gary had gone back home.

So it was that he paced the marble airport concourse in Anna's yellow sundress and matching 5-inch stilettos waiting for Zosar to emerge from the arrivals gate. His heels clicked

attracting the attention of countless Italian men to his presence as he walked towards the arrivals exit.



Walking towards arrivals – Gary felt nervous

When Zosar finally walked out of the gate pushing a large trolley he almost ran towards his new Italian girlfriend.



Zosar looked very happy to be in Rome.

He happily outstretched his arms and warmly embraced the buxom woman he'd come to see while kissing her passionately on the lips. Gary's eyes opened wide in astonishment as his puffed soft red lips were crushed by Zosar's passionate lips. The kiss and embrace lasted a long time and Gary felt his breasts were being squashed against Zosar's chest. Gary felt his mind relax as the kiss continued. 'I can't believe that I am kissing a man and that I'm enjoying it.'

"Anna it's lovely to see you again my darling," Zosar said after the long passionate welcome kiss. "I've missed you very much."

"It's so good to see you too," Gary said taking a tissue from his clutch bag and handing it to him. "Your lips are now red from my lipstick."

"Where is your car?" Zosar asked after wiping the colour from his lips.

"It's this way please," Gary said pointing a long nail finger towards the main exit from the terminal building. As Zosar pulled his case outside, Gary's stilettos clicked noisily on the concrete paving beside him.

"It's so wonderful to be back in Rome again in the company of such a wonderful sexy woman like you Anna," Zosar exclaimed happily. In response, Gary eagerly stretched out his long-nailed hand to happily wrap their fingers together as they walked.

"You look wonderful my darling; I hope you'll permit me to take you to dinner this evening. I know of a wonderful roof top restaurant near to the Coliseum," he said happily.

"Oh, thank you but perhaps we can go another night as I've made you 'cucina povera' that I hope you'll enjoy," Gary said pressing the car key button to open the car doors.

"I'm very hungry," Zosar said loading his case into the back of the Mercedes as Gary looked on. "Unfortunately, the food on the plane was very poor."

"Don't worry I'll soon feed you," she replied as she watched him close the rear door of the car.

"Is it far to your house?" he then asked.

"No, it's just a few miles south," Gary said pointing to the exit of the airport car park. Gary was about to enter the driver's seat, when Zosar put his hand out for the car key.

"I'll drive!" he said confidently. "You can give me directions, but I always prefer to drive."

Somewhat reluctantly Gary handed over the key to Zosar who proudly announced that he had learnt to drive when he was in the army. With Gary's timely directions and Zosar's driving, they safely arrived back at Anna's imposing villa.

As Gary unlocked and opened the front door to let them inside, Zosar carried his heavy case up the steps into the large hallway of the house.

"Welcome to my home so please treat it as yours too for as long as you want. Your bedroom is on the right at the top of stairs," said Gary pointing towards the marble staircase.

"I would much prefer to share a room with you, my darling," Zosar said sounding annoyed.

"I want you to be completely comfortable as my guest, so I've had a bed made up for you in the spare bedroom. The maid has a few days off, so we have the place to ourselves," Gary replied determined to show he had some authority in his own house,

"I like that we are completely alone," Zosar said, as he put his suitcase down and took in the internal decoration of the villa.

"There is a table outside if you want to eat on the patio by the pool, or if you prefer, we can eat inside," Gary said pointing in the direction of the dining room.

"The pool sounds perfect darling," Zosar replied, and he walked out onto the patio at the rear of the house.

Zosar sat beside the small swimming pool and took off his socks and shoes. He put his feet into the cool water and splashed them happily. Within a few minutes Gary arrived carrying a tray containing freshly baked bread, a large plate of chicken pasta and a glass of water."

“Do you have any wonderful Italian beer?” Zosar asked.

“I’m so sorry I wasn’t sure if you drank alcohol and yes, I have some bottles of beer in the fridge,” replied Gary who dutifully went to fetch a bottle of Peroni from the kitchen. He handed the opened bottle to Zosar who simply poured the water out into the pool and filled his glass with the amber liquid.

The two then had an enjoyable and filling lunch in the hot Italian sunshine. That was until Zosar started to stare at Gary’s bosom and face making him feel uncomfortable at times.

“Do you know you’re staring at me?” Gary asked sweetly.

“Yes, but I am just taking in your rare beauty,” Zosar admitted. “Instead of staring perhaps you will permit me to touch you in your private places?”

Gary felt strange when Zosar’s hand touched his bare knee and then moved its way towards the hem of the sundress. At that point Gary nervously stood up onto his heels and asked, “Would you like another beer honey?”

“Yes, I’d love another beer,” Zosar replied handing over the empty bottle. He was already getting aroused as he watched Gary swivel his hips and then he sashayed back in his heels towards the kitchen.

“Why am I feeling so damp inside?” Gary asked himself out loud when he reached the sanctuary of the kitchen again. “I’ve never seen an erection that big before.”

Gary duly sashayed back with the fresh bottle of Peroni and handed it over. “There you go honey. How was your lunch?” asked Gary putting the empty plates back onto the tray.

“It was excellent! I do love home cooked food and it’s good to know that you’re obviously an excellent cook,” he said.

“Thank you,” Gary said sweetly. “I’ve always enjoyed cooking and it’s nice to get a compliment about it.”

“I’ve just had a great idea. I really need to cool off in this heat and since there are just the two of us here why don’t you take off your lovely sundress and join me in the pool?” he asked as he started to unbutton his shirt and slacks. Gary was shocked to see his toned and bronzed manly flat chest and strong muscular hairy legs. He was everything that Gary no longer was or could ever be. There was also the presence of a huge unmistakable bulge showing under his briefs as he eagerly slipped down into the cool water.



Cooling off in Anna's pool

"Come on in! There's no need to be shy! Just take off that lovely dress and join me!" he said it as though it was almost a command.

Gary somewhat reluctantly began to remove the dress which of course revealed his large sagging breasts.

"Anna you are such a gorgeous looking woman," Zosar said causing Gary to smile at his compliment.

After pinning up his long blonde hair to avoid getting it wet, Gary walked down the steps into the cool water and knew that his thin panties would be translucent. Zosar energetically swam over and then standing up looked down at Gary who was much smaller without his heels.

Before Gary could react, Zosar put his arms around Gary's narrow waist and pulled him close against his hard body. Then Zosar bent down and eagerly started sucking on the hard nipple on Gary's right exposed breast.

"I can't wait any longer Anna, show me your bedroom," Zosar ordered after he had sucked hard on both Gary's large hard nipples. "I adore your large breasts and your hard nipples are so delightful."

"I'm sorry to be a prude but I'm not ready for sex with you," Gary replied. "My period is about to start, and it would be too painful for me."



The day ended with a tour of the house and a lovely dinner before Gary found an excuse to avoid Zosar.

"I'm sorry, it is simply bad timing, but it is my time of month, please let me sleep in my own bed."

The rest of the time Zosar was there, Gary had to make excuse after excuse as Zosar tempted and teased. He took her to the places he promised he would take her and paid for everything. Gary even flashed the wedding ring and said, "I need a little bit more time."

As expected Zosar had to return to New York after three brief days in Rome, for his daughter's thirteenth birthday. He promised to invite Anna to come over to New York for a holiday and he kept his word and duly made the flight arrangements.

"When you come over, you'll be able to attend the auction that my company is hosting on Saturday," he'd said. "You'll almost certainly manage to sell some of your less attractive pieces of jewellery and perhaps pick up something much more your style."

He even arranged for Anna to stay at his large brownstone house in New York.

His latest Whatsapp message said, *'My daughter told me that she is looking forward to meeting you. That's good because she desperately needs a woman back in her life. My son is excited to meet you too but not as much as me.'*

Alongside the text there was a lewd picture of Zosar's hard cock with his hand on it.

The picture suddenly made Gary feel jealous that he no longer had his penis. All he had remaining was a small piece of the head that was shrouded in skin at the top of his man-made vagina.

Thankfully Harmony called round again to see Anna the day before the flight.

"Oh, I was thinking how nice it would be to see you here and here you are," Gary said hugging her as she walked into the house.

"I'm always happy to be here," Harmony replied as they walked back to the cool living room.

"Harmony, I'm feeling quite apprehensive about this visit to New York," Gary began nervously,

"Why's that Anna?" she asked sitting down and crossing her legs.



Harmony looked relaxed as Gary talked about going back to New York

“Well, you know that I’ve been speaking to Zosar off and on for months but tomorrow I’m flying back to New York at his invitation to spend some more time with him,” Gary replied. “Up until now I’ve always managed to resist his sexual advances towards me despite him making move after move.”

“Just why is that a problem Anna?” Harmony asked.

“I’m worried that I won’t be able to say no to his advances this time,” Gary replied.

“Why should you be worried though? I assume that after all this time since your gender confirmation surgery; you’re now completely healed up?” Harmony asked.

“Yes, I’m told that I healed up faster than normal,” he replied. “It’s not that though.”

"What is it then?" she continued her probing. "I assume that you've kept yourself fully dilated?"

"No, it's not that either! I'm worried that I won't be able to stop his advances and that I won't enjoy it and worse that I can't satisfy him," Gary said finally coming to the point. "I've only ever had my dilators and lately my vibrator inside me, so the idea of having him penetrating me is going to be a wild mind trip."

"Of course, you're feeling worried," said Harmony in her usual soothing tone. "It's only natural that you would feel worried. Any woman in your place would probably feel the same way. Sex for most women is a huge event because they want to be desired for all the right reasons. They prefer to be with men that care deeply about them and that it won't be just a one-night stand. Clearly Zosar cares about you otherwise he wouldn't have invited you over and clearly it isn't going to be a one-night stand."

"Yes, it's all of what you said and a bit more," Gary said not making himself clear.

"I imagine it's been a long time since you've had sexual relations with anyone, and it was obviously a lot different back then!" Harmony observed.

"Yes, that's the big problem," admitted Gary as usual talking automatically in perfect Italian "It's because I've never had sex with a man before!"

(They always talked in Italian automatically because having spent so much time in Rome he now even thought in Italian.)

"Right let me ask you this question. When you know that you're the one that's giving him an erection how does he make you feel deep down?" Harmony asked. "Tell me what comes into your mind immediately!"

"I feel a mixture of things. I feel happy, I feel excited, I feel shocked, and I feel weird," Gary replied. "I never expected to see a man get an erection just by looking at me. I didn't think that I was that sexy."

"So, what do you feel inside knowing that he wants to have penetrative sex with you?" Harmony asked.

"Honestly now the thought turns me on! I somehow feel my vagina starting to get damp," Gary replied. "It feels strange because when I was aroused as a man, I had the same display as him. Now there isn't the same display though my nipples do get hard."

"The thousand-dollar question then, is do you want to have sex with him knowing what it will involve?" Harmony probed.

Gary bit his plump painted lip slightly before answering her "I've tried to imagine it in my head but honestly I don't know what having sex with a man will be like."

"You do know that when the time comes, and you finally allow him to penetrate your vagina that you'll realise from then that he'll be the man in your relationship going forwards?" asked Harmony getting to the point. "It won't be about having sex as a straight couple so much as from then on, your role in the arrangement is that you'll be the woman. To keep him happy you'll have no choice but to accept your place in the relationship and to be completely convincing as the woman. Correction his woman."

“Yes, that’s the part that truly scares me.” Gary admitted. “I’ll just react to his advances as best as I can. I’ll have to let him push inside me and when he does it will hit me hard that I’m the female and he is what I can now no longer be and that’s the male.”

“Okay, before your flight tomorrow, I suggest you use your largest dilator and make sure your vagina is ready,” advised Harmony. “Use lots of lubricant too when he makes love.”

Chapter 11 – Back to New York again

After packing Anna’s suitcases with all her clothes, Gary went to bed early that night, after trying and succeeding to get the largest dilator into his manmade vagina as preparation if things got serious with Zosar.

As he went to sleep he wasn’t sure how he would react to another man making love to him but there was only one way to find out and that was to try it.

The long flight back to America went quickly as he slept through most of it. He smiled to himself on the final approach to Kennedy as he’d remembered to pack Anna’s yellow sundress because Zosar wanted to see Anna wearing it again.



Gary chose a pair of Anna's tight leather pants, black heels and red polo top with a beige coats. He carried presents for Zosar's two children of Italian chocolates.

Zosar was waiting to meet Anna at the airport. There was a warm loving greeting between the pair as Gary exited customs and immigration.

When they arrived at the Zosar's large town house he first helped Anna to get out of the car. Then Zosar went to the rear of the car to lift the cases out, while Gary just stood looking pretty knowing it wasn't his job anymore to lift the heavy suitcases out while a man was present.

Zosar easily pulled both cases up the steps to the front door and knocked using the brass door knocker.

As they waited on Ruth the nanny to open the door, Gary just wanted nothing more than to kick off Anna's heels. Despite not wearing them on the plane, he'd spent hours wearing them and he knew that his ordeal wasn't about to end anytime soon.

"Ruth please open the door and let us in! I'm here with our guest from Italy," he called into the front door letter box opening.

When the front door finally opened, Gary saw that Ruth was an attractive raven-haired woman who was probably in her mid-twenties. She was a couple of inches shorter than Anna and she was wearing a headscarf and a Star of David necklace.

"Ah, Mr Kamal, welcome back, I'm sorry I didn't hear you as I was using the vacuum cleaner in Cal's bedroom," Ruth said warmly and opened the door wider as Zosar started pulling both cases inside. She spoke with what Gary took to be either a Russian or Polish accent. It seemed to Gary that she looked at Anna with a combination of both jealousy and relief. The woman's eyes had glanced at Anna's large heaving bosom nestling under her red sweater. In comparison Ruth possessed an hourglass figure though but with a modest sized bosom.

"Welcome Signora Raponi, I'm so pleased to finally meet you," Ruth said sincerely. "Mr Kamal the guest bedroom is ready and the kids are outside playing in the rear garden."

"Thank you, Ruth, could you take these bags up to her room please and then tell the kids to come in," he ordered. "I'm going to give Anna a brief tour of the house before she meets my children."

With one hand around Gary's sculptured waist, Zosar led them around the deceptively large house. Gary saw the different rooms, each styled with gold and bold colours. As they went upstairs Gary felt Zosar's large hand stray onto his ass.

"On this floor there is the master bedroom and the guest bedroom," Zosar announced. "The guest bedroom has a small balcony and lots of wardrobe space for all your clothes."

When they went into the master bedroom, Gary immediately noticed a framed photo that showed Zosar standing in the middle with what must have been his wife on his right-hand side. On the other was a man that was dressed in a dark grey suit. Gary saw that he had a smug smile, and his face was decorated by a dark beard that was greying in places. His dark brown eyes were looking directly at Zosar rather than at the camera.

"Where was this taken?" asked Gary.

"It was at a party we had at my office, about two years ago," replied Zosar.

"Who is he?" asked Gary tapping the picture with a long fingernail.

"That's my friend and business associate Omar Kabir," said Zosar. "He's about five years older than me but we grew up together when we moved into the same street in New York. Then we went separate ways when I joined the army, and he finished college. We reunited when we both applied for jobs with the same company here in New York."

"You still seem close," Gary observed. "I can feel it in your voice that you care for him."

"We were always good friends. He came to the USA from Saudi Arabia with nothing, and he slowly but surely became wealthy through constant hard work," said Zosar. "I had it easier because I had the money and chose to work for the sake of having control over something."

"I can see that," replied Gary.

"Let's go downstairs and meet the kids," Zosar said grabbing Anna's hand to pull her away from the picture.

Going downstairs, Zosar's firm grip led Anna back into the living room. There sitting on the sofa were his two children. The eldest was a teenage girl with long dark hair styled just like the woman who was murdered. She had dark pupils that were like chocolate buttons while her oily face was covered in pimples. Lastly, she obviously chewed her nails as they were untidy and quite short. She sat quietly though with her hands clasped together in her lap.

The second child was a four year old boy. His hair was dark just like Zosar's and he had the same skin complexion as the woman in the photograph, but his bright eyes were obviously from his father. The boy stared up at Gary wondering if he was going to like this strange woman. He then looked over at Zosar.

"Kids this is Signora Anna Raponi from Italy who will be staying with us for the next two weeks, so please make her feel welcome," Zosar said introducing Anna.

"They look lovely Zosar," Gary said in faltering English.

"Anna, this is Sidra my daughter and Cal my son," he said pointing to them in turn even though that wasn't necessary.

"Papa is this lady going to be our new mom?" Cal asked naively looking directly at Gary's large bosom.

Gary almost lost his balance in shock at the sweet childlike comment from Cal, but Zosar just grinned in reply.

"She's just a very good friend," he replied in a friendly fatherly tone as he added. "Who knows though perhaps one day?"

At that Sidra stood up and walked over to Gary with her hand outstretched.

"I'm pleased to meet you Signora Raponi," she said. Already Gary could tell that Sidra was going to be a beautiful woman because of her pretty round face, her dark lips and her already developing bosom. "I feel I already know you well because my father speaks about you constantly."

“He does?” asked Gary in Italian, before he realised his mistake and repeated the question in accented English. “What does he say?”

“He mentioned on the phone yesterday to Uncle Omar that you’re a knock-out,” She replied laughing before turning to her dad and speaking in Arabic.

“You didn’t say that she was so beautiful to this extent,” Sidra said in fluent Arabic.



Cal looked up at Sidra and chuckled, “She is beautiful, and she looks like a nice older lady to be our new mom.”

“Cal, that isn’t a very nice to say,” scolded Ruth as she stood in the doorway. “She is what we call a mature woman.”

“But she has lots of wrinkles on her neck,” said Cal pointing at Anna. Gary was flustered at the youngster’s uncomplimentary comment as it reminded him that his previous tight perfect skin was prematurely aged while his tan has become fixed after months living in Italy.

“Okay, we’ll all have lunch together, and then you two can tell Anna about yourselves,” said Zosar.

When the long day had ended, Gary gave an excuse to have a bath where he thought about what had happened. Cal had spoken about his interests in bugs and while Sidra spoke about her passion for fashion. Gary cleaned his now familiar female body with the perfumed soap and then stepped out of the bath. He’d just wrapped a pink fluffy towel around his large breasts when there was a brief sudden knock at the door.



Gary wrapped the soft towel around his soft feminine body after the hot perfumed bath.

“Anna would you like to join me for a glass of wine on the terrace?” asked Zosar through the closed door.

“I would say yes but I’m very tired Zosar because it’s been a very long day,” Gary explained. “After such a long trip I really need some sleep. I’ll feel much more energetic tomorrow.”

Gary walked out of the bathroom and went to put Anna's lace nightdress on. He had just pulled up Anna's thong panties when the door just opened and Zosar rudely walked in. Gary had been topless but quickly pulled his nightdress straps up to cover his heaving large breasts. Even so he saw that Zosar was just staring at his bosom.

"If you are going to bed, I insist on letting you know that I plan on making you a special breakfast. Since you're Italian I think that you like wild mushrooms," he said enthusiastically.

"I do love mushrooms so I'll look forward to the breakfast." Gary said, trying to turn around, but Zosar held his shoulder and waist firmly and kissed him passionately on the lips. Gary felt Zosar's beard scratch his face but relaxed into the kiss.



Gary quickly pulled up the shoulder straps on the night dress to cover up his bosom.

'What's wrong with me? Allowing a man to kiss me like this?' Gary thought to himself as Zosar's tongue invaded his mouth.

"Goodnight, if you weren't exhausted, I'd have suggested we stayed up and made passionate love but there's no rush," he said. "Sleep well Anna darling and I'll see you in the morning."

Gary climbed into bed in two minds about what had just happened. On the one hand he was annoyed that Zosar had seen his bare breasts and the other he'd allowed him to kiss him hard on the lips.

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The following morning, breakfast was omelettes stuffed with fried wild mushrooms, fried onion, red peppers and grated cheese. Sidra was dressed in her school uniform and Cal was still wearing his pyjamas. After pleasantries, they ate together and by the time breakfast was finished, Ruth had arrived to get Cal ready for nursery school.

"Dad, remember tomorrow, I'm going with my friends straight from school for a sleepover, you said it....," she stopped as Zosar interrupted her.

"Yes, Sidra, you're still going, so don't worry," he said. "I won't stop you from having fun with your friends."

Zosar smiled and then looked over at Gary who was still slowly eating.

"I have to attend a business meeting this morning, but I'll be back around 1pm when we should have the place to ourselves," said Zosar who got up and kissed Gary on the cheek after the children had left the kitchen. Sidra was picked up by a friend's parents who took her to school and Ruth drove Cal off to nursery school which he attended every morning. That left Zosar alone with Gary.

"There is a pool outside in the garden or there is the rooftop garden if you want to relax. I'll see you at around 1pm," he said and after another passionate kiss, Zosar left to go to work.

That left Gary alone in the large brownstone house so he removed his heels and tried to walk around barefoot but it was painful, and he had a fear his toe ring would catch on something. He put the heels back on and walked upstairs to the spare bedroom again to make the bed. He stepped out onto the terrace and felt the sun on his tanned skin.

"Just what am I doing here? I'm back in New York and staying with a man and he's really trying very hard to get me into his bed," Gary said out loud to himself in Italian. "I don't understand why it's so hard to speak English now. I must try to speak in English with Zosar."

He went back inside the bedroom and pulled out the vibrator he'd packed. He used it for an hour, as he massaged and rubbed what was left of his penis that now looked like any other clitoris.

He was just about to have an orgasm when he heard the ping of an email arrive on his cell phone. He opened the email app to see that it was a message from Giulia his mother-in-law.

'I went by your house to talk to you about the return of a family painting that I knew Maurizio had taken, but you weren't at home. While I was there though, I learned from your housekeeper that you've had a man staying with you at the villa and that he was an Arab. It seems that you've changed a lot since Maurizio died. You clearly aren't the same woman my son married. I told you before that I was thinking of selling the villa well this is just to let you know that I've received a very good offer for it, and so I've decided to accept it.

So, now you have just two months to find a new place to live and to remove all your furniture and belongings."

Gary cursed and swore out loud, "The bitch!"

He decided to write a short reply.

'You allowed Mau and I to live in the villa as a wedding present. Now that he's dead you just want to kick me out on the streets?' he asked simply in reply.

A few moments later Giulia sent out a more vindictive email back.

'Oh, don't feel too aggrieved Anna. I know my son left you plenty of money, so I'm quite sure you can afford to buy or rent a nice smaller place nearby. I've decided that before you come back from New York you can call your housekeeper to start boxing up your belongings and I'll put them in storage because you won't be able to get in again. The door locks will all be changed,' his mother-in-law replied angrily.

"What a bloody vindictive woman!" he said angrily. He was shocked and disappointed that the villa had been sold and he wondered just where he could live now. Giulia was right that he had a healthy bank account and there was over 10,000 Euros in cash inside the wall safe. His US tourist visa was only valid for three months, so he'd have to return to Italy and then quickly have to find somewhere else to stay.

"Well, I'm here for at least two weeks so there's not much point worrying about it until I go back to Rome," he decided. He went to the top drawer and pulled out his one-piece bathing costume and decided that a swim might clear his head or give him ideas on what to do about Giulia's threats.

He stripped off and inched the tight dark blue one piece bathing costume up his still hairless legs and hips. After he had pulled the straps over his collar bones, he stood and looked in the full-length mirror at his reflection. Through his long doe like eyelashes, he could only see a beautiful mature woman staring back. There was no sign of who he once was. There was no tell tale bulge between his legs only the impression of his new sex while up on his chest he exposed deep cleavage from the massive breasts he now possessed.

He had good intentions of going for a swim in the heated outdoor pool but the sun was warm and he lay back in the lounger. He dozed off briefly before he heard a window being closed or opened nearby and he felt that he was being watched.

He crossed his legs and sat upright but the tight costume gripped his new body tightly between his legs suddenly cutting into his wider hips and crotch. It made him acutely aware of the nothingness between his legs while the straps cut into his collarbones.



He spent had hoped to spend more time outside but all the time he had the feeling he was being watched. He dipped his now highly arched feet into the water admiring his painted cherry red toenails. He decided that his toe nails needed another coat of polish when he got inside the house.



Red toe nails and highly arched feet meant even they always looked feminine in appearance.

He sat on the sun lounger after cooling his feet in the pool and started to re-apply his make-up using the same well rehearsed methods of foundation, eye make-up, and lipstick. On a good day he found he could apply the cosmetics in 10 minutes. He found that not wearing the make-up just wasn't an option as his face look softer and more feminine wearing it.

His make-up all done, he decided to make a strong coffee having noticed two jars of Egyptian coffee in the kitchen cupboard. He walked indoors and then downstairs to the kitchen to prepare a drink. He sat on a high chair next to the coffee maker with the sun lounger towel wrapped around his shoulders waiting for the hot liquid to fall into his cup. Just as it had finished, he got up to return to the bedroom to get dressed. Just as he started to move, Zosar arrived back home earlier than expected to find Gary in the kitchen wearing only the blue swimming costume and bath towel.

"Ah have you been for a swim?" Zosar said eagerly putting his hands around Gary's narrow waist. "I hope the water was warm."

"Thanks yes the water was warm but I didn't feel like a swim," Gary replied who was still carrying the cup of coffee. "I've just made myself a coffee would you like a cup?"

"I see, well yes darling, I'd love one," Zosar replied. "It's been a hectic morning."

"You take mine then and I'll make myself another," he said handing the cup to Zosar perhaps as a way to get him to stop massaging his breasts that he'd started doing.

Gary went back to the coffee maker and switched it back on. "It was nice to relax and clear my mind in the sunshine but I felt that I was being watched."

"Ah yes I forgot to mention Mrs Jones. She likes to keep an eye on my house and the neighbourhood even when I ask her not to," Zosar replied after sipping his hot coffee. "Would you like a sandwich for lunch?"

"Yes please," said Gary sitting on the stool again to get off his feet.

“What was troubling you that you needed to clear your mind?” Zosar enquired spreading pieces of roast beef onto the bread. “Can I have another cup of coffee please?”

“It was nothing important,” Gary replied pouring more of the dark liquid into two cups. “I’ll tell you about it later. Would you like milk or cream this time?”

“Leave it black please,” Zosar commanded who put the two finished sandwiches onto two plates.

“Thanks,” said Gary taking his plate. “I was really exhausted last night.”

“I know it was a bit thoughtless of me to ask you to go for a drink,” he said sheepishly. He sat himself beside Gary. “Perhaps we can find something mutually enjoyable to do after lunch that will completely take your mind off things.”

As the two had lunch, Gary enquired, “How did your meeting go?”

“It was all right,” he replied. “It was just about the latest company business plan. But I was only half listening, I know I was meant to pay full attention, but my mind was elsewhere.”

“Where was your mind?” Gary asked, but based on where Zosar’s hand was currently located, he already had an idea of the answer. His left hand was stroking Gary’s thigh.

“My mind was in my bedroom making passionate love with you. My gorgeous woman,” Zosar admitted easily.

Gary felt embarrassed at his comment, as Zosar stood up and put his empty cup and plate into the dishwasher.

“Anna, I don’t believe I showed you the view from my roof terrace,” he said turning to face Gary and taking his long-nailed hand he ordered, “Pick a bottle of wine from the rack and then let’s go up for a nice drink.”

Zosar grabbed a corkscrew and two wine glasses as Gary picked the only red wine available.

They entered the master bedroom and on opening the sliding windows they stepped out onto the terrace. Gary was still conscious that he was practically naked under the large towel as they looked over the city skyline in the distance. They both stood as Zosar pointed out famous buildings that Gary pretended not to know.

“It’s a beautiful view.” Gary said, forcing himself to speak English.

“What I see in you is very beautiful too.” Zosar replied and Gary turned to see that Zosar was staring directly at him. “You are my idea of the perfect woman and I just cannot wait any longer so let’s go inside and make passionate love.”

The unopened bottle and glasses were left on the table outside, as Zosar grabbed Gary’s slim feminine hand and just easily pulled him back inside the bedroom with a jerk. The jerk though caused the bath towel to undo and it suddenly dropped to the floor, leaving Gary standing in the swimming costume and the 4-inch mules on his feet as Zosar slowly pulled Gary towards the bed.

"Zosar, I am... can we...?" Gary was struggling for the right words as Zosar quickly dropped his pants and briefs to the floor reveal his magnificent and fully erect penis.

"I've been waiting for this moment ever since the first time we met," declared Zosar who eagerly moved closer towards the gorgeous woman he saw in front of him. "Do you see what you've done to me Anna?"

Gary though stubbornly kept his legs closed and just stared at his erect cock before speaking, "Why don't we do something different this time? How long has it been since you had a mouth sucking on your penis?" Gary asked wondering why he'd asked that stupid question. Was he actually volunteering to suck another man's penis?

Zosar looked surprised before smirking. "It's been a very long time, darling Anna."

"Then that's what I'll do." Gary said as he slowly dropped down onto his knees. He felt Zosar's hands on his shoulders also pushing him down so that his face was level with that hard cock that stuck out obscenely from his hard body. Gary gulped and wondered if he was really going to go through with this submissive act.

Somewhat reluctantly Gary opened his plump lips and acting like Zosar's erect cock was a large skin-flavoured lolly pop, he less than eagerly wrapped his lips around the head of his warm fully erect rod. Gary was so confused because he didn't feel revolted as he started to suck harder, and he choked slightly as Zosar suddenly pulled Gary's face towards his groin. He was surprised he could fit most of it inside his mouth before choking.

He sucked and moved back and forth, allowing the throbbing member to touch the back of his throat and stimulating his gag reflex again and again. Gary lost track of time as he focused on his task, and he listened to the moans Zosar was making.

Gary looked up at Zosar's face and fluttered his long eyelashes giving him a come hither look as Zosar briefly looked down at him. Then Gary felt that Zosar's cock was threatening to erupt in his mouth, and he tried to pull back. Zosar though had other ideas and held Gary's head firmly in his strong hands.

"You can't pull out now!" Zosar ordered and he held Gary's head so firmly that when his load finally squirted out, it gushed into Gary's mouth. Gary had no choice but to taste the salty-sweet sticky mass as it slid down the back of his throat. Sated Zosar finally let go of Gary's head and stepped back with cum still leaking out of the tip.

"That felt incredible Anna," said Zosar. "It must be over 10 years since my late wife did that to me. That was truly amazing. Now I guess I'll need to return the favour and prepare you for the main event while I recharge my battery."

Zosar helped Anna back up onto her feet and had her sit on the edge of the bed and with his broad hands he helped to remove the swimming costume. With it out of the way he just spread Anna's wide thighs and stared happily at the moist vagina in front of him.

"I've been longing to taste your juices since we were at your house in Rome, so you will make no more excuses Anna," he ordered. "You have a very beautiful vulva. It's just as I imagined it would be. I can't wait to put my large cock deeply inside it and make you truly my woman."

"Thank you," was all Gary could think of saying using Anna's timid voice. Gary's mind was racing and in turmoil. Right at that moment as Zosar bent to lick his pussy it seemed that he was no longer Gary but Anna. There was no avoiding the reality of the situation that poor

Gary was physically dead. Only this 53 year old big breasted woman called Anna existed. Only Anna had sucked on his cock and only Anna would feel him suck on the labia.

When Zosar's tongue started to lick and then he began to suck on his labia, Gary gasped and moaned in sheer delight. In all his life he'd never experienced such pleasure from the ministrations of someone else's mouth. Zosar sucked the folds of skin surrounding Gary's vagina deeply into his mouth extracting the juices while at the same time he pulled back the skin over his clitoris and started to rub on it gently. Then a hand would reach up and rub Gary's pendulous breasts in turn causing his nipples to harden.

Gary's feminine body shivered as he found waves of pleasure erupting through his mind. This was a completely new experience and all he could do was lie back and take Zosar's pleasurable mouth. He was for some strange reason much more turned on than ever before. For so long he'd denied himself this situation and now it was a reality. Gary suddenly allowed his body to float free and shuddered as he came hard as he suddenly remembered Harmony's phrase. *'Please try to have fun with your body!'*

"It's now the right time we were joined properly as a man and woman should, just let me put on some protection," Zosar said as he walked over to the bedside cabinet to pick up a condom.

As Zosar returned, he casually handed the rubber to Gary who then started to panic. Receiving Zosar's tongue and mouth was one thing, but now it was going to be the real deal. Was Zosar really going to do this? After ripping open the wrapper with his teeth, Gary struggled to put on the rubber over his hardening cock because of his long nails.

That amused Zosar greatly, but he laughed "I do love your long nails, Anna. I want you to have them much longer still because I want you to dig them into my back every time I make love to you."

Zosar then kissed the tips of Gary's already long nails now that Zosar's penis was sheathed in thin latex. Gary in turn started to feel more comfortable and was strangely attracted to the sight of Zosar's erection more than he thought he would be.

"Now lie on your back Anna." Zosar demanded and he spread Gary's plump legs wider. Gary closed his eyes briefly and then stared up at the ceiling when suddenly there was the unwelcome sound of the front door opening and then closing downstairs.

"Mr Kamal are you home?" called out Ruth. "Cal wasn't feeling too well so he needed to come home early. I called you but you didn't answer your phone!"

"Damn!" Zosar exclaimed exasperated. "Who would have children!?"

He reluctantly stepped back and quickly pulled up his pants but left his briefs on the ground as he looked down at his woman spread out on the bed.

"Stay there, I'll be right back," he said as he rushed out to see what the problem was with his young son.

Gary though grabbed the towel and rather than stay put he headed for the spare bedroom to get dressed. He put on the sundress and matching yellow heels again. He decided that his legs were feeling cold, so he'd just started to put on a pair of sheer pantyhose as Zosar suddenly opened the spare room door.

"I'm sorry but it seems that my son ate something he shouldn't at nursery school. He's been sick and Ruth had to bring him home. He's in bed and now I need to pick up Sidra from school soon. Ruth will look after Cal while I fetch Sidra. You can come with me if you'd like?"

Gary nodded and dutifully followed Zosar downstairs to the car. As they drove to Sidra's high school, Gary stared out of the window at the crowded New York streets while Zosar's hand was rubbing suggestively on his upper thigh. They arrived at the school just before 3:00pm and they waited a few minutes for Sidra to emerge. When she saw her father's car, she eagerly ran towards them leaving her friends behind.

Sidra was about to get into the front seat as usual, but when she saw Anna sitting there, she climbed into the back instead.

"How was school today?" Zosar asked impatiently putting the car into gear as she put on her seat belt.

"Great, though I got an essay to write for homework from Miss Rodriguez our English teacher, she replied. "I have to write essay about a poem of my choosing in 500 words or more."

"That doesn't sound like a lot of fun," Zosar replied sympathetically.

"Yes, all my friends agreed that we should write it at Olivia's sleepover tomorrow," said Sidra. "All my friends are all excited about going tomorrow."

"That's good, unfortunately your little brother is at home sick, so Ruth is looking after him," he explained. "Anna wanted to come with me to pick you up from school."

"It's nice to see you here Mrs Raponi." Sidra said happily.

"It's nice to see you too and it's good to know that you have so many nice friends at school," Gary replied and looked at Zosar, who busy driving them on the short journey back home.

After their evening meal a few hours later, Zosar asked Gary to talk to Sidra while he checked on his son.

"I've left a bottle of Italian red wine to breathe for when we get back here," he said pointing to the dining table.

"That should make me feel at home," Gary replied smiling as he walked towards Sidra's room.

Sidra was getting changed into her pyjamas, when Gary knocked on her room door. "Hi Sidra, it's me. Can I come in?"

"You can come in if you like," said Sidra from the other side of the door. Gary opened it and was surprised to find her standing only in her pyjama bottoms. Her naked torso revealed her small bare breasts that were perfect and perky.

"Your father wanted me to chat with you," said Gary closing the door behind him. "Is tomorrow night going to be your first sleep over?"

"Yes, I'm going to be with my best friends from school so it should be fun," said Sidra pulling on her pyjama top. "Olivia's mum is the best for allowing us to have the sleepover."

Gary looked at Sidra and it seemed that she was just a younger version of the woman, he watched die in that alley. He felt sad that Sidra had lost her mother so cruelly that night.

"I heard from your dad the terrible thing that happened to your mother," Gary said trying to be sympathetic. "I'm not here to replace her. I could never hope to do that but I hope in time we can become good friends because your father seems to really like me."

"I know," she replied. "He had to employ Ruth full time because he was always so busy working. But he always tries hard to be a good dad."

"From the short time I've been here, I can see that," Gary said.

"I don't want my dad to worry about me, so I try to show him that I'm responsible," Sidra said getting into bed. She switched on her bedside light. "Can you switch out the room light please? The switch is by the door."

That done Gary knelt and tucked Sidra into bed.

"My mum used to do that to me every night," she said yawning. "You're the first to do that since her."

Sidra sat up briefly and hugged Gary warmly, "I like you being here Mrs Raponi. My dad seems to be so much happier when you're around."

"Call me Anna when it's just us two alone OK?" Gary asked. "I hope you sleep well but I better go and see your dad now."

"Thanks Anna, you do make my dad happy, so that's good. Goodnight," Sidra said as Gary walked back towards the door with his heels clicking on the bare floorboards.

"Good night, Sidra," said Gary. "Sweet dreams."

Gary finally joined Zosar on the terrace where they had a glass or two of the red wine.

"How was Sidra?" he asked.

"Honestly, I think she's fine. She's just a perfectly lovely young girl. She really appreciated me wishing her good night," Gary replied after sipping more of his wine. "This wine is very fruity and good."

"I want to taste it from your mouth," said Zosar suddenly surprising Gary as he leant in towards Gary. "Take another sip of wine but don't swallow and then pass it into my mouth as we kiss."

So Zosar kissed Gary and the wine then literally flowed between them.

"I've never ever done that before," laughed Gary.

"Now it's my turn," said Zosar taking some wine into his mouth.

As they kissed Gary's apprehension disappeared as this time, he drank from Zosar's mouth. Then he felt Zosar's tongue invading deep right into his mouth making his heavy eyelashes open wide.

"I think it's time we finished what we'd started earlier," said Zosar pulling Gary up onto his heels. "Follow me."

Once inside the bedroom, Zosar locked the bedroom door and put the key on the dressing table.

“Let’s get our clothes off Anna. I want to see your wonderful curvy body again,” he suggested but Gary locked inside the bedroom knew that the only way he was going to get out now was after Zosar had mounted his cock into his wet pussy and cum inside him.

Zosar helped to remove the sundress and started eagerly nibbling on Gary’s hard nipples when suddenly they suddenly heard Cal crying outside the bedroom door.

Zosar cursed in Arabic and reluctantly got up to see what was wrong with his son. He opened the door and picked up Cal and gently carried him back to his own bedroom. Now on his own, Gary found himself falling asleep in the large bed.

Gary woke up a few hours later still wearing his panties, pantyhose and just one of his yellow heels. He was still in Zosar’s bedroom and for a moment he realised that nothing had happened the night before, so Gary allowed himself a welcome sigh of relief. However, that relief was short lived as Zosar was lying next to him, his erect member was pressing into his rear. Gary felt a hand around his waist and then heard the mutterings of a sleeping Zosar.

“You are a priceless jewel; I can’t wait to make you shine.”

Gary carefully got out of bed and found his clothes and went onto the terrace, he took a deep breath of New York air and then headed for the kitchen.

Zosar looked a combination of annoyed and concerned when he noticed the bed was empty beside him but that changed when he saw Anna in the kitchen. His face lit up and a smile appeared.

“There you are. Listen, after I read him a couple of *Thomas the Tank Engine* books, Cal fell asleep. Ruth has the day off so I’m taking him to my late wife’s parents so they can look after him for a few days and please let me know if anything is wrong. I asked Sidra to get a lift to school with Olivia, so she can return to her house for their sleepover. I’ll be back in about 60 minutes and just leave the bed. I’m going to need it when I get back,” he said stealing a drink of Anna’s coffee.

Gary finished the coffee, after Zosar left and was nonchalantly walking around the house looking at pictures and books in the bookcase when, Sidra came down to have her breakfast. She had a change of clothes and her school bag with her as she gave Gary a hug before heading out. Home alone, Gary returned to the spare room and looked at the wedding and engagement rings on his left hand.



'I know what I'm selling this Saturday.' Gary thought and he then tried to remove the rings from his finger but couldn't get them past his broad knuckles. He washed his hands and then used hand lotion and after much painful coaxing the rings were worked free only for one ring to fly across the room. Cursing he found it and put the rings in Anna's jewellery box. Looking in the mirror he then discovered he was missing a gold earring from his left ear. He was worried about it, so he returned to Zosar's bedroom and was looking under the bed on both his hands and knees when he heard a cough.

"I'm back," Zosar whistled looking at Gary down on his hands and knees with his wide ass sticking up in the air.

"So, I see, I was looking for my earring," Gary said, standing up and struggling to balance on his stilettos, he eagerly wrapped his arms around Zosar's neck. "How's Cal?"

"Do you mean this?" asked Zosar pulling the gold hoop from his pocket. "I found it earlier and just popped it in my pocket for safe keeping. Let me put it back into your ear."

"Thanks but there's no backing clip though," Gary said. "It will just fall out again."

"That's easily fixed," Zosar replied going to his late wife's jewellery box and removing the clip from one of her gold studs. "There that should keep it securely in place now."

"Thank you Zosar," Gary replied feeling that he was complete.

"My late wife had five holes in each of her ears," he said. "You should get more done and you can then wear all her lovely earrings."

"So, Cal is still with your wife's parents?" Gary asked changing the subject.

"Oh, yes he's fine because he loves being with his grandmother," he replied. "Now where we?"

"I think that you wanted to use the bed again," laughed Gary.

Zosar reached into the bedside drawer and pulled out another condom. Before Gary could react, Zosar handed the packet to him so he could put it onto his erect penis.

"I love when you put these on me," he said as Gary faced his erect monster with a certain amount of envy.

"There your cock is all ready for action," Gary said pulling the rubber down to the base with his fingers.

"Tell me what you want?" Zosar then asked. "Tell me what you are?"

Zosar's hands found their way onto Gary's large mounds and he massaged them until he felt his nipples firmed up fully erect.

"I want you inside me and that I'm your woman," Gary replied who was already moist between the legs. Gary saw Zosar's determination and heard Harmony's voice in his ears, *'have fun with your body!'* Gary realised then that he needed this much more than some inanimate vibrator.

Gary whispered, "I want to feel you deep inside me. So, take me."

"I want to feel your insides," Zosar replied and then ordered. "Spread your long shapely legs and slip off your panties."

Zosar started playing with Gary's large breasts again this time rubbing them together.

"Before I fill your pussy with my manhood, I want to do this," said Zosar who knelt either side of Gary and he put his cock between his breasts. "Now push your breasts together trapping me between them."

Gary did so, not fully understanding why until Zosar pushed his cock between his mammaries. His cock then rammed in and out of the tight space that Gary had created.

"That looks and feels amazing," said Zosar and while Gary felt it was demeaning, he couldn't see any way to stop it until Zosar tired of it. "Now your time has come!"

Gary submissively opened his legs wider as Zosar moved down the bed so that his cock was at the opening waiting.

“What are you waiting for darling?” Gary asked.

“The best part of the journey is just before you start it,” Zosar said. “I’m just imagining what it will feel like to finally take you.”

Gary wanted to feel him inside but realised that Zosar was in complete control now. In his position he wasn’t able to do anything but wait.

“I love that your large breasts are so natural,” Zosar said eagerly sucking on each nipple. “Now I’m going to explore your naked pussy with my cock,” Zosar declared confidently. “You once filled my stomach with your excellent cooking now I’m going to fill your vagina with my excellent hard cock. Then I am going to make passionate love to you for hours.”

Gary opened his legs even wider not knowing what to expect and as he looked up, Zosar’s face descended to kiss him passionately on the lips. At the same time Zosar pushed his cock deep into Gary’s juicy opening. Even if he wanted the lovemaking to stop, he knew that wouldn’t happen as Zosar’s body was now pinning him onto the bed while his tongue and cock were penetrating his body.

“You’re so wet my darling,” he said pulling back and pushing inside again and again. “What do you think when you feel my cock deep inside your vagina Anna?”

“I feel wonderful each time you push inside me,” Gary replied honestly. “You make me feel complete as your woman every time you thrust into me.” He didn’t know where that positive feeling had suddenly come from.

Gary put a hand down and could feel Zosar’s hard cock go deep inside him over and over. “You are so huge!”

“I’m going to make love to you all day. Now kneel for me on all fours,” Zosar ordered, and Gary turned over and dutifully went onto his hands and knees. Zosar stood on the floor and then he just pushed his cock deeply into Gary’s gaping lubricated pussy. Gary gasped out loud and gave a small cry as it pushed in all the way inside and hit the entry to his implanted uterus.

Zosar started to move in and out of Gary’s pussy. Gary looked over his shoulder at the first man to ever take him sexually. After a few minutes though Zosar unloaded the contents of his testicles deep into the condom as his penis danced inside Gary’s slick pussy.

“You were so tight Anna,” he cried. “Now it’s your turn to cum.”

“My turn?” Gary asked as Zosar turned him over onto his back, spread his legs slightly and he then moved in to suck on his clitoris again. That made Gary cum within minutes, and he shuddered to a halt sated.

“Oh, that was incredible. You made me cum so hard,” Gary said satisfied. He was beginning to think that perhaps he had somehow had always been Anna Raponi as no true blooded man would have enjoyed the sexual adventure with Zosar as he had just done.

“You did the same to me,” Zosar said going back up towards Gary’s face. He inserted his tongue deep into Gary’s mouth again and he had little option but to just allow him full access.

No one had ever kissed him with such passion as Zosar had just done. No one had ever made love to him the way that Zosar had done. Then he had learnt Zosar was dominating everything that had happened and he could either break it off or acquiesce to Zosar’s sexual

demands. There was one undeniable truth that he now realised and that in this relationship he was expected to be the submissive female, while Zosar was the dominant alpha male.

The passion didn't stop and it went on for hours as Zosar would recover and then make love again and again over the rest of the afternoon.

The sun was low in the sky by the time the two were in the kitchen and as Gary made something to eat for them both, he knew that now that they'd finally had sex together, it wouldn't be the last time.

"With no children here tonight, how about you and I have another adventure but this time, let's not use a condom; if necessary you can use some of my late wife's birth control pills," he suggested. "I want to feel you directly on my hard cock!"

Chapter 12 – Zosar and Anna

The following morning Gary found himself moving on autopilot, after waking up in Zosar's bed. After getting out from under Zosar's arms, Gary thought about the previous night of lovemaking. The events replayed in his mind and his aching body was still sore where it mattered. As he headed for the ensuite bathroom to pee he could still feel Zosar's hard body pressing down on him and each step on tip toe was slow since his legs were still feeling shaky. He stepped onto the cold tiles and the balls of his feet ached. He wished that he could wear flat sensible shoes but realised that Zosar wouldn't permit that to happen. After squatting to pee, he turned on both taps of the bath and adjusted the temperature. He added some foam bath and as he looked down he noticed the many love bite marks on his massive mounds of flesh. He shuddered at the memory of Zosar's insatiable passion.

'Was it always going to be like this? I can't believe that finally happened, I'm not only filled with his cum but it's smeared all over my face and breasts,' thought Gary as he stepped into the bath and felt the warm soapy water play on his soft skin. He grabbed the perfumed soap to wash his torso clear of the dried cum on his breasts. Gary had his back to the bathroom door so that he didn't hear Zosar approach. Gary was still scrubbing his breasts and belly when a hand was felt on his shoulder.

"You got up early," said Zosar. "Come and join me in the shower."

Zosar turned on the pulsing water and Gary got out of the tub and walked over. Once inside, the water washed the suds from his back before Gary felt Zosar's body press hard against his back and felt something against his own wobbly bottom. Unbelievably Zosar was warm and hard again and his cock was pressing up hard against Gary's ass. Zosar forcefully turned Gary around and he was then pushed against the cold tiled wall of the shower. As the hot shower water pulsed on them both, Zosar's hands groped the giant globes he prized so much and he traced Gary's curves.

"Last night was perfect, but I want to enjoy you here again now," Zosar declared as he then kissed Gary passionately again only this time he felt his rough unshaven stubble on his face. Zosar's hands went around his back and grabbed his ass to pull Gary closer until he felt Zosar's manhood up against his labia again.

"Are you ready?" he asked but before he received an answer he just thrust his naked cock deep into Gary's vagina yet again.

"Oh God," Gary cried as the shower water rained down on them.

Zosar continued thrusting until he came a few minutes later. Gary unable to resist the new sense of pleasure let out a soft moan. Gary hoped that Zosar was finally sated with this latest release into his vagina which was now feeling sore from the pounding it had taken.

They emerged from the shower soaking wet and Gary could feel Zosar's cum leaking out of his opening and down his leg as they walked back into the bedroom.

"I forgot to tell you Anna, I never threw out my late wife's clothes and shoes so you are free to wear what you like from her wardrobe. She was a fashionista and you must be close to her sizes, so perhaps something of hers might fit," he said as they sat on the bed wearing bathrobes. "That pink bathrobe you're wearing was hers."

"Did you have any particular favourites of hers?" Gary asked.

"Yes, I loved when she wore her lingerie. It's all in those dressing table drawers. You can use her cosmetics too. I would like you to style your hair more like hers and I can show you her regular beauty salon," he said. "In time you can dye your hair to have her dark hair colour too."

"It seems that you want me to replace your late wife?" Gary asked.

"I want you to marry me," he declared. "Will you?"

"Marry you? I will need to think about that," Gary declared. "I need to think what it will mean moving here from Italy."

Gary sat on the bed just wearing the towelled bathrobe and heels looking at the huge wardrobe filled of Zosar's late wife's clothes. Gary had already found a cherry-red lingerie set in her lingerie drawer. It was lacy and he felt excited like he'd done he first wore his mother's clothes as he slowly laid them out on the bed.

Zosar's late wife was a 40F in her bra size but he tried on the bra to find that it was a good fit. That was a shock, as he realised that his bosom had grown a little more since the transplanted ovaries were obviously still working.

He found the rest of the lingerie fitted perfectly before pulling a packet of sheer seamed stockings out of the drawer. Clipping the stockings onto the suspender belt was challenging because of his nails but he finally managed it enjoying the feeling of the smooth stockings on his legs. He rubbed his legs together relishing the electric feel of them. He was disappointed to see that her shoes were a size too small but thought perhaps her heeled sandals might fit.

Strapping them on he stood up and he finally stepped into a dark red wine-coloured knee length dress and pulled it up over his wide hips. The skirt was tight and pressed his thighs tightly together. The dress had short sleeves and he could see his tanned but saggy arm muscles. He checked his nails and saw they were still perfect with no chips. He sat at the vanity and applied the cosmetics onto his face. It reminded him of his younger days when he sat at his mother's vanity and played with her cosmetics. Satisfied with his heavy make-up he walked out.

"My mother in-law just called to say Cal is feeling better, but I think I should still have him checked over so I'm going to take him to our doctor. I don't know when I'll be back and I've asked Sidra to have Olivia's mum drop her off here."

"See you soon then my love," Gary said moving over to pour himself another coffee. Zosar pulled on his coat and took another passionate kiss on the lips from Gary. So left in the

house alone again, Gary spent the rest of the day, reading some old women's magazines that he'd found under the coffee table in the living room. He kept himself occupied by starting dinner and it was after three in the afternoon when Sidra opened the door to the kitchen and walked in.

"Is my Dad home?" she asked.

"No Sidra, it's just me here," Gary replied.

"Anna is there any word from my dad?" she asked.

"He sent me a text an hour ago that they were just waiting to see the doctor. So hopefully they'll come back home soon and thanks for remembering to call me Anna," replied Gary.

Sidra hugged Gary and looked up at his womanly face and figure. "I hope Cal's all right."

"I'm sure he is. Your dad just wanted to make sure. How was your sleepover with the girls? I hope you had a nice time," Gary asked.

Sidra looked away and headed for her room ignoring Gary's question.

"Sidra?" he asked.

"It was lovely, we told stories, did each other's hair, we played a game, I don't want to talk about it right now," She replied.

Gary didn't want to push her but the less than enthusiastic response worried Gary.

"So, nothing bad happened?" he asked.

"No, we just had fun and we did some silly things," She replied.

"That's good that you had fun," Gary said. He watched her go towards her bedroom and he decided to follow her. He cursed his noisy heels on the tiles so he kicked them off and walked on tip toes until he was standing outside her room. He put his ear to the door and heard Sidra speak to someone on the phone.

"My dad's not home so I can't ask him yet but you have permission, right? I can't believe he said yes."

There was a brief pause.

"What was I thinking?" she asked.

Gary wondered what was up having only heard half of the conversation but he returned to the kitchen to continue preparing dinner when the kitchen door suddenly swung open again five minutes later.

"Anna, I'm back! Cal's fine, he just needed something to settle his stomach. Is Sidra home?" he asked.

"Yes, she's in her room. She was looking for you when she got home."

"I'll go and talk to her. Can you give Cal a wash? His face is dirty."

While Zosar was busy speaking to Sidra, Gary took Cal to the bathroom where he washed the boy's face.

"I'm a big boy, I don't need help to wash," he claimed.

"You'll do what your father wants so don't move while I scrub your mucky face," Gary replied. "Put your shirt back on."

After dinner Cal was put to bed by Zosar, while Gary continued reading his fashion magazines in the lounge.

"Sidra wants to spend time with her friends on the day of the auction, I've arranged for Ruth to be here to look after Cal. The plan is for you and I to leave early on Saturday for the auction. Have you decided if you have anything to sell?"

Gary nodded and said, "Yes, I have some rings that are worth a lot of money."

"I saw that you removed your wedding rings," he said. "Can I ask why?"

"They don't mean that much now," Gary explained. "My husband died almost a year ago."

"I did the same after my wife died," he declared.

Chapter 13 - The Auction

As Zosar drove Gary to the nearby auction venue, Gary held his leather clutch purse which contained several thousand dollars worth of jewellery including Anna's old wedding and engagement rings.

After saying goodbye to Sidra, who was preparing to go out, and Ruth who was looking after Cal, Gary was wearing a body-hugging silver gown that went to the floor that almost hid the sky-high stilettos on his feet. The dress and shoes had belonged to Zosar's late wife which made him feel strange knowing he was wearing the dead woman's clothes.

"How do I look?" He'd asked Zosar as they walked from the car into auction house.

"Perfect, just perfect darling," Zosar said reacting positively.

When they reached reception, they both had to register their names with one of the three girls dealing with that process.

"What's your interest in the auction?" asked Samantha who wore a name badge on her jacket lapel. She looked to be in her late twenties with long blonde hair that had the roots showing while her inflated breasts provided deep cleavage.

"We're interested in both buying and selling," said Zosar handing over a list of the items for sale and the items were all labelled and numbered. "My girlfriend wants to sell these items of jewellery and we'll be bidding too hopefully."

"There are two kinds of auction happening today. First, we have the traditional open auction; where you bid openly against everyone in the hall for each item through the auctioneer. Each item is given a starting bid and it's for paintings, ornaments and items of clothing. Then second, we have a silent auction, for those who wish to sell their items without knowing who wins. This auction is for items such as former gifts, estates items and jewellery. For this kind

you'll need a bidding number. You write that number along with your bid on the bidding sheet in front of each item."

Gary looked at Zosar who nodded.

"I will take a panel and also have a silent bidding number just in case."

"Right then please take a panel which you show to the auctioneer each time when you bid," she explained handing him a small board with the number 53. Samantha also passed Zosar a slip of paper with his bidding number. "If you win a silent auction, you will be told at the end of day."

After that was done, they walked into the auction room which was already filled with well dressed people who were adorned with expensive watches, bracelets or rings.

Gary walked with his arm inside Zosar's who held his hand in place. They walked around the room looking at the lots for sale. Zosar brought them to a multi strand pearl necklace with what looked like a gold clasp at the rear. There was a guide price of 1500 dollars beside the item and a piece of paper with several bidders already; Zosar took out his pen and wrote his number and price for the item.

"Let's see what else is here," he said nonchalantly. He led Gary towards other lots on display when suddenly Zosar laughed. "Look who is finally back from Dubai. Anna, come and meet Omar my old business associate."

With Zosar holding his hand tightly, Gary was dragged towards Omar who he recognised from the picture in the house. The only difference was that Omar's beard was now longer.

"Omar, my good friend," declared Zosar happily as the two men embraced warmly. "I'd like you to meet my girlfriend, Anna. Anna this is Omar Kabir."

Omar looked at Gary and licked his lips before extending his arms and the pair hugged.

"It's a pleasure to finally meet you Anna," Omar said. "I've heard a lot about you already from Zosar."



There was something about Omar that Gary didn't like. Perhaps it was the way that he stared at his cleavage?

Omar shook Gary's dainty and effeminate hand and Gary noticed that Omar just stared into his cleavage.

"Zosar has also talked highly of you too Omar. It's an honour to finally meet you in person," Gary said taking his hand back.

"Let's go and check that they have labelled your items correctly Anna," said Zosar pointing to the display cabinet where they had been installed on display.

"Nice pieces," said Omar admiring them and reading the descriptions.

"Thanks," said Gary who approved of the display and the guide prices.

"Are you bidding on anything Anna?" asked Omar.

"Perhaps, but so far I haven't seen anything that catches my eye," Gary replied honestly.

Omar looked at Gary closely before turning to Zosar. "Can I have a word with you?"

Zosar nodded and asked, "Honey why don't you look and see if there's any items that you want to bid on?"

Annoyed that he was being cut out of the conversation, Gary moved around the display cabinets in turn looking for something that Zosar might approve. He passed a painting of a naked woman, with a guide price of 1200 dollars. Gary saw Samantha standing near a man with salt and pepper hair, wearing a dark suit. After circling the large hallway, Gary returned to Zosar and shook his head that he hadn't seen anything he liked.

The two men had already finished their conversation leading Gary to wonder what it had been about. Then there was an announcement that the auction was due to begin and they should take their seats.

Omar bid for and won a small ivory statue of a woman carrying a storage jar on her shoulder in the open auction.

Then Zosar was delighted to learn that he had successfully bid for the pearls despite the bidding cost of 7,000 dollars. Lastly it was time for Gary's items to fall under the hammer and he was amazed when the total exceeded several thousand more than the guide prices. Coming from a famous jeweller in Rome apparently had helped to increase their value.

Zosar went to pay for and collect the necklace, while he also received a much larger sum of money for all of Anna's jewellery. He put the cash into his pocket and then went back to Anna who was still fending off Omar's comments.

Zosar was delighted and proceeded to attach the pearls around Gary's neck.

"Stand still for me a moment. There that's perfect darling," Zosar said kissing the back of Gary's neck. "Do you like them?"

"Like them? I love them," replied Gary fingering the pearls that decorated his neck and shoulders.

"I'm sure that they'll go with many of your dresses and outfits," replied Zosar happily.



Gary was delighted to wear the pearl necklace home after the auction. The silver dress barely contained his breasts.

On the way home Gary looked at Zosar, who had clearly fallen in love with him as Anna. With no way back to either Rome or his former life, Gary remembered Zosar's remark during their lovemaking and finally accepted the idea of being married to Zosar. He'd decided that if this was his only way to have a family life married to another man then he could see little alternative. He just hoped his own fondness for the man could translate into love eventually.

Chapter 14 – Sidra's Halloween Dance

It was late October, and Anna was in the kitchen preparing dinner early, while Zosar was picking up Cal from nursery school. The hall clock had just chimed half past the hour when Sidra walked in from school after she'd been dropped off by Olivia's mum.

"Yes, Paulo, I'll see you tomorrow, we can discuss our costumes then," Sidra said talking into her phone. "I'm sure my dad will allow me to go, after all it's a school event. Sorry but

I've got to go because Mrs Raponi is here," whispered Sidra as she hung up when she saw Anna working in the kitchen.

"Is that you honey?" asked Gary.

"Yes Anna, how are you?" Sidra asked putting her phone back inside her school bag.

"Good, what were you talking about on your phone?" Gary then asked wiping his hands after chopping up onions.

"Oh, just a friend who was making sure I was going to the school Halloween Bash," Sidra said putting her bag on the table.

"Does this friend have a name?" Gary enquired.

"His name is Paulo," she said annoyed and feeling embarrassed. "Why does that matter?"

Anna walked over towards Sidra and looked into her face. Gary smiled when he saw Sidra's cheeks flush with colour.

"You like him, don't you?" Gary asked. "Is he your boyfriend?"

"Anna, it's not really any of..." she had her reply cut short as Gary interrupted.

"Yes, I can see that you do like him," Gary said noticing Sidra's face turning redder. "Does Paulo like you?"

"Yes, he told me so after I called him up during the sleepover," Sidra confessed.

"Oh, so you spoke to him during the sleepover?"

Sidra then cursed in Greek remembering her late mother's usage.

"Sidra please watch your language!" ordered Gary. "I happen to know a little Greek."

"Sorry Anna, it's just that I was dared to call him by the other girls then," she replied.

"And so what happened?" Gary asked.

"I asked him if I could meet up with him at school," she said annoyed her secret was out.

"Sidra why are you hiding this from your father and I?" asked Gary.

"He's just 15."

"Oh, I see, well let's hope he's a gentleman during the dance. I'll talk to your dad and persuade him to allow you to attend on one condition," Gary said.

"What's that?" Sidra replied.

"That you stay in the dancing area with your friends," Gary said.

“Well, we are just good friends,” she announced.

“Sidra, just be careful please,” said Gary. “You’re such a lovely young girl so don’t get into bad situations with him. Just make sure that you are always in the company of others, and you’ll be just fine.”

“What should I do if he tries to kiss me?” Sidra asked.

“That depends on how and where he wants to kiss you,” Gary said. “You are only 13 years old going on 14 and so you have plenty of time to worry about kissing boys.”

“Yes, you’re right,” replied Sidra. “The other girls are jealous because they don’t have boyfriends yet.”

“Boys can be a major distraction to your studies too,” said Gary, “I know your dad wants you to go on to study at college and to get a good job.”

“Yes, I know,” Sidra replied, and Gary opened his arms to offer a motherly hug. “Thanks Anna.”

“Do you have any homework to do?” he asked as Sidra picked up her bag.

“Yes, we always have homework to do,” she sighed.

“Well, if you get stuck on anything ask me to help, please,” he said smiling. “There’s no disgrace in asking for help.”

“I guess not,” Sidra replied, and Gary allowed a smile as Sidra left for her bedroom to start her homework.

Gary wondered if the movie that Sidra had gone to see a few days earlier had been a date with Paulo rather than a girl’s day out.

Gary poured a cup of coffee and sat at the kitchen table to drink it. He crossed his sheer nylon encased legs and loved the feeling of them on his legs. He then looked at his left hand with its almost impossible long nails that he’d allowed done at Zosar’s insistence and at the new diamond solitaire ring that adorned his fourth finger.

He’d been taken by surprise when Zosar had treated them both to see a top Broadway show before taking him to a restaurant for dinner. He’d loved seeing West Side Story and he’d worn a long evening dress in royal blue with matching shoes while Zosar had worn his tuxedo and bow tie.

It was the day after the auction and only three days after she’d told him that Anna’s villa in Rome had been sold by his mother-in-law. In response Zosar had hugged her, kissed her hand and promised he would find a way to make her happy. That was right before he’d made love again.

It was just before the dessert course that night when Zosar had finally formally proposed marriage by taking the box out of his jacket pocket and holding it up.

“I’ve been lost since my wife died,” he started. “I wasn’t sure if I could always be there for Cal and Sidra because of work pressures and I was quite depressed for a long time. Then suddenly you came into my life, and I felt complete.”

Gary allowed a nervous smile through his red painted lips as he remembered that if Zosar ever formally proposed marriage he would accept. He’d lost his home in Italy and had nowhere else to go. Since the night of the murder he’d also endured a lonely troubled existence and perhaps this arrangement would solve his problems too. Only he was going to need to deal with the problems stuck in the role of Zosar’s wife. Then he thought that perhaps confronting the situation as his wife head on would finally force him to accept his position as a mature woman.

“Anna, you’ve brought joy back into my life, you fulfil me, you give me a purpose, and you can make my family complete,” Zosar continued interrupting Gary’s secret thoughts.



Zosar asks Anna to marry him.

“What are you trying to say?” Gary asked.

“I would have thought that was obvious,” he said nervously opening the small box. “I can’t imagine a world without you being in it; so, Anna I am asking you to be my wife. Signora Raponi, will you marry me?”

Anna fondly remembered the applause from all the restaurant waiters and the other diners, as Zosar knelt beside Gary’s chair and held out the ring that would make any girl jealous. What escaped Gary’s lips caught him by surprise as he happily agreed to his wedding proposal.

“I accept your proposal Zosar,” he’d said. “Now stand up and put it on my finger. Then give me a kiss!”

He happily obeyed Gary’s order and sat down as the restaurant cheered.



Gary felt happy wearing Zosar’s engagement ring at the restaurant.

The next day Gary arranged to have all Anna's clothes and personal items boxed up and shipped over to New York. Although there were many fine antique pieces of furniture, Gary told Anna's son Luca to take care of it all. He could keep or sell the items as he wished.

Chapter 15 – Wedding Bells

It was the second Saturday in December, and the weather wasn't as cold in New York as it could be.

Gary was in the dining room having his face and hair done for the impending wedding in a few hours. His ears sparkled with the three diamond stud earrings in each earlobe while his fingers were now decorated with the extreme length fingernails that Zosar had always wanted.

Under the glorious white wedding dress, he was wearing complete feminine white lingerie of a satin corset that sharply pulled in his waist, white seamed sheer nylon stockings and lacy thong panties. On his feet he wore white jewel encrusted platform soled pumps with a tall 6-inch heel. Around his neck he wore a diamond necklace, and matching bracelets adorned his wrists.



Anna after make-up and ready to go to the wedding

He was patiently waiting for the call to say that it was time for the wedding. The wedding was only hours away as he looked out of the window as the make-up artist applied the eyeliner to his eyes. He had finally embraced the only solution that was available to his new life and that was that he would become Mrs Zosar Kamal.

He reasoned that he wouldn't need to worry about his former life in Italy anymore. It had needed a lot of mental gymnastics on his part but for the past three months, he'd had no choice but to embrace and accept the role of the female during the almost daily sexual coupling in his relationship with Zosar.

The only dark cloud on the horizon was that his regular period was late this month and he tried to dismiss the possibility he might be pregnant. He had accepted he was a woman now inside and out. As Lorraine the make-up artist continued to work on his face, he looked at the expensive diamond engagement ring on his finger, knowing that soon a wedding band was going to join it and he would then become Zosar's loving wife.

He realised that with the almost daily sexual activity, he'd not needed to keep his vagina dilated and that he'd really begun to enjoy sex with Zosar particularly when he was on top, and he could impale himself on Zosar's manhood. Then he felt that he was the one that was doing the penetrating rather the other way round when Zosar was on top.

Even so when Zosar was on top, Gary had found his position as the woman to be sexually arousing. While Zosar pounded into him for hours, he would feel Zosar's weight on top pinning him to the bed. He was unable to move during that time as Zosar's greater strength possessed his body.

For the most part though Gary had to accept that his role in the relationship had to be the submissive woman, while Zosar was the dominant male. It was almost always Zosar who initiated the sexual activity, and he tried his best to accommodate Zosar's passionate desires night after night.

Even though he was a complete woman with the breasts and genitalia of one, he still somehow stubbornly considered himself to be a man. A feminised man but a man, nonetheless. That had necessitated that he fully accept his position and to force him to act in his new social role in ways he'd never imagined he could.

Perhaps it was the fact that he didn't look like Gary Smith anymore, he didn't move like Gary, smell like him, sound like him or act like him that meant that he had been so fully and easily accepted as Anna Raponi. Even Zosar had not realised that he wasn't a natural woman despite the many times they had made intimate passionate love.

Gary was shaken out of his inner thoughts when there was a noisy commotion outside the room.

"Who is it?" Gary asked in Italian and before he could try again in English, he heard a female voice reply but in Italian.

"Mama, it's me," said Catarina, Anna's daughter as she walked into the room. "I had hoped to be here yesterday, but there was a strike in Rome so I'm so glad to be here for your wedding."

"Catarina, how wonderful that you could be here," said Gary trying to show he was happy that Anna's daughter was here but at the same he was petrified that Catarina would realise that he was an imposter. "Come in and relax. I'm just about finished with my hair and make-up."

"Oh, mama you look wonderful," said Catarina who air kissed to avoid mussing Gary's carefully applied make-up. "I can hardly recognise you under all your make-up and hair."

Catarina was wearing a lovely green skirt suit outfit, and it seemed that she resembled a young Anna that Gary had seen in the family photograph albums that had recently arrived from Italy.

Catarina was surprisingly much taller despite the fact that his feet were shoehorned into the 6-inch wedding heels. Catarina's brunette hair was long and straight so that it hung down her back, but she had the same eyes, nose and skin tone as Gary. The only major difference was Catarina's bosom wasn't as big as Gary's.

"Catarina, I'm so glad you could come to my wedding," Gary exclaimed. "You're very brave coming all this way. Where did you get the money for the flights?"

"I spoke to Nonna and told her I wanted to come here so she helped me out with the money and by driving me to the airport," Catarina explained. "She wasn't very pleased about me coming but she was generous."

"I can imagine that she wasn't pleased. How did you know I was getting married?" Gary asked.

"After Nonna told me to pack up my things from our house, I asked Luca where you'd gone. He told me that you were getting married here in New York and since he couldn't be here, he gave me some money too," she replied.

Gary gave Catarina another warm hug pressing his large bosom against Catarina. "I'm just so glad you came."

"Wow you look absolutely beautiful," Catarina replied. "I so glad that you've found someone new."

"Thanks darling, Zosar my new man makes me feel happy and I just wish Nonna could have understood that," explained Gary.

"Luca said that your new husband has two children," she said. "By the way Greta your housekeeper has found a new job nearby and the villa was sold to a retired doctor."

"Yes, I'll have a new stepdaughter called Sidra who will be my bridesmaid and she's 13 years old while Cal turns 5 years old in a few months," Gary declared.

"I hope you won't forget your other children," said Catarina.

"Of course I won't forget you and Luca," replied Gary. "You two are now standing on your two feet and I'm very proud of you both."

"Nonna said I can stay with her as I go through university," Catarina then explained.

"At least she's doing something right," Gary said fiddling with the engagement ring as usual. "I can't believe how much you've grown up."

"Nonna said you'd changed and I wanted to see what she meant," Catarina then said.

"Do you see any differences?" Gary asked.

"Yes, I do," she replied. "You've returned to your usual blonde hair colour again and you're not brunette anymore."

“Yes, I thought, being with a new man, I’d return back to my more normal style,” he explained. “Your late father used to make fun of my blonde hair moments. When i was with my two best friends he would declare that three blondes had one brain.”

Catarina looked Anna up and down, starting at the feet before finishing by looking her at her heavily made-up eyes.

“Is there anything else you want to tell me mama?” asked Catarina.

“I don’t think there is anything more. It seems you know everything now Catarina,” replied Gary who confidently knew she would never see that he used to be a man looking like he now did. “What about you? How’s life in university?”

“Studying Art is wonderful and so far, I’m enjoying the course,” she explained. “I get the feeling that you’re keeping a secret. I won’t tell anyone if you want to tell me.”

Gary fluttered his long eyelashes in anxiety that she had sussed him out. “I don’t have any secrets,” he claimed.

“Well just tell me something. Are you truly happy now?” Catarina then asked.

“Yes of course I’m very happy. Zosar makes me very happy, and I wouldn’t marry him if he didn’t. Nonna made me very unhappy for a while when she sold the house from under me, but it seems that when one door closes another opens. I’ve been very lucky to fall in love with a wonderful and generous man.”

“That’s good. I do hope you enjoy your new life with him mama,” Catarina offered. “I better let you finish getting ready.”

“Oh, I think we’re done,” said Lorraine who picked up a spray can. “Close your eyes Signora while I fix your make-up.”

She liberally sprayed Gary’s face to fix the make-up in place. Lorraine then removed the protective tissues from the dress. “There we’re all done. All you need is your veil pinned to your hair and you are ready.”

“Oh, my I can’t believe how I look now,” declared Gary as he stared intently into the mirror. He put his hand up to his face and saw his long nails next to his plump glossy dark red painted lips. His black lined eyes fluttered his long eyelashes. He smiled and his cosmetically whitened teeth shown through. Then his eyes fell to look at the cleavage the wedding dress that Zosar had specifically picked out for him to wear. He put his hand onto his laced-up waist feeling the tightness in his breathing.

“I think you approve Signora,” said Lorraine happily.

“I simply adore what you’ve done,” said Gary who then moved carefully towards the door dragging the long train of the dress behind him. “Now I just have to wait patiently for the limousine to arrive.”

“You look so lovely mama,” said Catarina happily.

Gary looked at Catarina and smiled back. "Thanks, and I'm very glad that you're staying for the wedding," Gary replied. "You'll be my guest of honour and you can stay in our guest bedroom.

"I wouldn't want to miss it," she explained. She scrolled through her cell phone and found the email that her brother Luca had sent her earlier.

"Sorry I can't come to the wedding Sister. I'm just too busy here in Malta. I'm struggling to believe that our mum can fall for a man so quickly and to an Arab at that," Luca had written. "When I spoke to mama, she sounded much different to what I remembered and Nonna told me that she was looking a lot different after she got back from the USA. Then when she was ill for so long, she made no attempt to contact us to tell us what had gone wrong. That doesn't make much sense. When I came to collect my things from my room, I spoke to Greta and she told me that mama would walk around the villa almost naked, and that she'd found sexual toys in her bedroom. I don't know what to believe but can our mama change so much? I even thought that it might be that an imposter was playing her. Just why that might be so, I don't know."

Catarina typed in a reply to Luca as she sat waiting for the limousine to arrive. *"I'd say that mama's gotten much softer and gentler since our dad's death last year. There's no doubt that she's changed and I'm not sure whether that's all her choice or whether it's because of the man she's marrying. I noticed that she's had her ears pierced in three places and it wasn't that long ago that we fought over my decision to get my ears pierced for the first time. Her 'breasts are much larger, and I don't know if that's because she's had a boob job or not! She's wearing a wedding dress that's not very tasteful, and her bosom is on show in a way she would never have done before. She is what I would describe as being almost too feminine now. Her face was heavily made up and her lips are thicker with dark red lipstick. Mama rarely wore lipstick and when she did it was usually pale or muted colours. Then she had the longest false nails and the highest heels I've ever seen her wear."*

"In meantime until proved otherwise she's still our mama. I'll send you some pictures of the wedding later," Catarina quickly sent it.

**

Gary had to be helped out of the limousine because of the large dress and the tight underskirt he wore under it. He was carrying a small bouquet of white and red roses. His veil was down over his face as he walked into the marriage hall that Zosar had arranged for their wedding. Although Anna was Catholic, Zosar had long since given up his faith after his arrival in the USA. So, the hall was suitable for marriages where the partners had different religions. Despite being raised by Islamic parents, Zosar had pressed Gary hard to stop believing in a higher power, but Gary had resisted and felt that he needed God to help him get through this.

Gary though was relieved when Zosar told him that he wouldn't be expected to dress as a Muslim wife should after the wedding.

With Sidra and Cal in close attendance behind him, they slowly walked down the hall towards Zosar and Omar who stood together in front of the registrar and the Catholic priest who had agreed to conduct the wedding. Catarina went in front and took a seat in the front row on Anna's side of the hall.

Most of the people present were all friends of Zosar, and as she passed by, she smiled happily at Catarina and at the small bunch of friends he'd made since arriving in New York.

She also saw Omar standing beside Zosar as his 'best man' as Gary walked gracefully and slowly down the aisle in the painful heels. Gary's thighs rubbed together with the stockings rustling as he walked.

'What am I doing?' he thought as he walked towards the Zosar. 'I'm going to get married to another man! This can't be happening!' He wanted to back out and leave but where would he go? What would he do and where would he stay? He was the woman and he'd had to accept that reality as Zosar had obviously done. 'I must do this as I don't have any alternative.'

Sidra was Anna's bridesmaid behind, and Hazel, Olivia's mum, had agreed to be the maid of honour. Young Cal was also present and when Gary arrived at the front of the hall, Sidra dutifully arranged the wedding dress train behind him. Gary kept his focus on Zosar, who was handsomely dressed in a white coloured suit and a white tie.

He was smiling happily as Gary drew alongside and they held hands. Zosar squeezed Gary's hand tightly and it hurt Gary as he squeezed. He moved his hand to intermingle their fingers and stood patiently as the priest stepped forward to begin the wedding.

Sidra stood beside Cal as Gary stood beside Zosar and the music stopped. The priest looked on at the two of them before going through the wedding formalities. He asked, "does anyone have a just reason that this marriage should not go ahead?"

When no one spoke, the ceremony began, and it took a long-time causing Gary to shift his feet to ease the pains he was feeling in those crippling shoes. He would balance on one heel to straighten his foot slightly. Zosar sensed and supported Gary with his arm that he held onto tightly.

After they were married, Gary felt the passion and ardour in Zosar's kiss, so his breath was taken away. When the kiss finally finished, they turned to thank the clapping audience. Catarina nodded at Anna and mouthed, "Congratulations mama."

They walked down the aisle together with Gary glad that he could finally walk again. They stopped outside the hall, and they had several photographs taken.

There were several of Zosar and Anna together kissing, then with the children and Gary insisted that Catarina should join them.

When Zosar enquired who the young woman was, Gary introduced her. "This is my daughter from my first marriage. Her name is Catarina Raponi, and she came from Rome just for our wedding."

"I'm pleased to meet you," said Catarina.

"Likewise welcome to New York," said Zosar. "I hope you will stay at our house. We have a guest bedroom."

"Thank you, I had booked a place at the youth hostel, but I would prefer to stay at my mama's new home. My brother Luca sends you both his best wishes for the future," she added.

"It's a pity he couldn't come too," said Zosar.

“Unfortunately, he’s busy working in Malta otherwise he would have come,” Catarina explained.

The introductions made, the photographs were taken, and Gary looked radiantly happy that everything had gone so well.

They headed off for the hotel next door and the wedding reception. The first event that occurred was that Gary threw his wedding bouquet to the well-wishers and it was caught by a young girl who was Sidra’s friend much to her great delight.

There were the usual ceremonies such as the first dance, cutting the cake and the wedding dinner with lots of fine food from Italy and Egypt to be eaten.

Later Gary managed to speak to Catarina in the lady's restroom.

“This dress is so awkward and difficult when you need to pee,” Gary said as he emerged folding it back down into position again.

“It looks lovely on you though mama,” Catarina said applying some lipstick to her lips.

“Thank you honey,” Gary replied looking in the mirror. “I better repair my lipstick too after all those kisses from my husband.”

“I would like you to keep me informed about your married life here in New York,” Catarina said happily. “If you ever return to Rome then please let me know. Who knows, perhaps I can pay you a visit here in the summer?”

“Of course, you can! Thank you for your lovely surprise being here,” said Gary. “How long will you be here in New York?”

“Unfortunately, I have to go back on Tuesday night,” Catarina said sounding sad.

“Oh, you can’t stay here for Christmas?” asked Gary.

“Sadly, I can’t, but I’ll leave you a present which you mustn’t open it until Christmas Eve.” said Catarina who then hugged Anna and stepsister Sidra before leaving. “I’ll go and get my belongings at the hostel and then come to your house.”

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On Christmas morning, Gary had woken up feeling strange because his period was now two weeks late. They had another long sex session the night before and Gary felt the now familiar morning after ache in his vagina after Zosar’s passionate lovemaking.



Happy Christmas – Anna getting ready to have a busy Christmas cooking dinner and opening presents

Zosar certainly enjoyed sex and his demands seemed never ending, while Gary had to endure them without complaining. To show he was still willing, he would sometimes start the process by wrapping his arms around Zosar’s neck and then whisper in his ear, “take me to bed and make love to me again my husband.”

She got out of bed and had a shower before going to wake the kids, but Cal was already awake playing with some of his presents in the living room.

Anna went to the tree and found the gift Catarina had given her earlier that month.

The label was marked with "*DO NOT OPEN UNTIL X-MAS!*" under the words "*To Mama love Catarina.*" She sliced open the adhesive tape with her long nails easily enough. They were still impossibly long and despite her frequent pleas to Zosar that she could have them shorter now the wedding was over, he wouldn't hear of it.

"I much prefer your nails long like this," he'd told her.

Gary shrugged and realised that he had no choice but to endure them. After almost a month he'd found that he was finally tolerating them now.

As he opened the present, he was surprised to see it was a clay statue of what looked like Zosar in the David pose and it was as naked as the original David. There was also a small hot pink clit vibrator. There was a note inside which read, "For the days he's not home during your longest nights."

Gary quickly pocketed the vibrator in the pink housecoat he was wearing when Zosar entered the room seconds later. He saw the statue though and said, "Your daughter has great taste."



Zosar received this green towel robe for his Christmas from his Sidra and Cal. Gary had seen his old one and decided to suggest the idea and they chose the colour.

The rest of the day was spent with the family; Sidra loved her new necklace, the locking diary and make-up kit. Meanwhile Cal was super excited that he had a superhero figurine.

Zosar gave Gary a pair of elegant high heels, some lingerie for the honeymoon and some expensive French perfume. Gary gave Zosar a new tie while he received a pair of socks from Sidra. That night they had roast beef for dinner and Zosar made a toast to his new family.



Christmas from Zosar – a pair of elegant heels

“I hope you two will behave with your grandparents while we are away on our honeymoon. They’ll be taking you to school and to see your friends Sidra,” said Zosar who looked at Sidra and Cal.

Sidra then looked over at Gary with pleading eyes hoping that Anna wouldn’t say anything about her seeing Paulo for the last three months. Gary smiled at her and that put her mind at ease.

“Yes, dad, we’ll behave, I’ll keep up with my homework and make sure I get good grades,” promised Sidra.

Chapter 16 - Cruising together

The honeymoon began in the New Year with their flight out of New York towards Barcelona in Spain. There they picked up the cruise liner for the cruise that Zosar had booked which would tour the Mediterranean including Zosar’s hometown in Egypt.

They’d had a lovely family Christmas before leaving Cal and Sidra in the care of the late wife’s parents for the two weeks they would be away.

“After Spain, the ship calls at Tunisia and then goes along the coast of North Africa towards Egypt,” said Zosar as they flew across the Atlantic towards Spain.

“Does the ship go near Malta?” asked Gary.

“Yes, but it doesn’t stop there unfortunately,” said Zosar.

“That’s a pity. It would be wonderful to surprise my son Luca,” Gary replied.

“Yes it’s a pity because the ship stops in every major port on this cruise. After Egypt we go to Turkey, Athens, Rome, Monte Carlo and then back to Barcelona,” he said showing the itinerary to his new wife for the first time.

“This cruise is a wonderful wedding present,” said Gary happily studying the brochure.

Safely on board, Gary was delighted to find they had a cabin at the rear of the ship and it had a small balcony area. After the necessary lifeboat drill, the ship set off for Tunisia where they had booked a tour to visit some Roman era ruins. They sampled some local food and drink during the tour marvelling at the ancient ruins.

Back on board they had a couple of days at sea as they headed towards Egypt. Gary was walking on the deck, in a sea-green sundress and matching 5-inch heels. A few months earlier and he would have moaned about wearing these shoes but now he just accepted it as part of his role as Zosar’s wife.



Gary in Anna's green sundress on deck

Gary found himself needing some time on his own and he would often head up on deck on his own to try and clear his mind. He found that he understood English well, but he still found himself thinking in Italian which meant he had difficulty mingling and communicating with the mainly English-speaking passengers.

He often had to say, “no capisco.” when someone was speaking to him in a broad American accent. On the third day as they approached Alexandria, Gary was holding onto the railing as the giant ship sped towards the port. He had needed to stop walking for his toes were aching in the tight shoes. He cursed to himself that he hadn't broken the shoes in prior to the cruise. Gary looked out at the calm Mediterranean Sea as they approached land in the distance.

This was truly a magical experience, even breathtaking, and at that moment Gary then just wished that the heavy breasts on his chest, the long hair that was blowing in his face, the shoes that hurt his feet, the dress threatening to expose his panties in the wind and the impossible long nails that were digging into his palms weren't part of the package.

Gary let out a frustrated sigh as he saw the sandy shore slipping by. Then a cough startled him out of his inner world, and he turned to see his husband Zosar, standing beside him in his tan suit. He slipped an arm around Gary's narrow waist and said, "Come inside darling, it's freezing out here. I know we are doing a winter cruise, but you don't want to catch a cold."

"I'll come in shortly, I was just wanted to get some fresh air and to see the coast," he explained rather than tell him the real reason. He wanted to escape and to get out of this absurd situation he now faced, but it was impossible. Everything reminded him of his position. He was stuck as an older woman, and he'd hoped that by becoming Zosar's wife that fact would have helped to make him accept things easier. Then there was the only consolation that he'd been in grave danger and that he was still alive thanks to being Anna. Perhaps he could try to have a carefree life if he could quit his internal strife and just accept what he had as Zosar's wife.

"We'll be arriving at Alexandria, tomorrow morning, we'll spend a few hours exploring Egypt before we move on to Turkey," Zosar explained.

"Will I get to see where you grew up?" Gary asked, trying to act like a loving wife.

"Unfortunately, not, we will be going to Giza on a day trip to see the pyramids," Zosar replied. "That will be something you won't forget."

"Oh, I think you're right," Gary conceded. "It would have been nice though to see where you grew up."

Unfortunately, we probably won't have enough time as the trip to Giza and back will be a long one and the ship is due to leave at 9pm," he declared.

"That's a pity because I did want to see where you lived when you were a little boy," said Gary pouting.

"You pout so delightfully," he replied nuzzling Gary's neck amorously. "I only lived in Egypt for 9 years and then we moved to America. I'm sure the area has changed a lot since then so you won't see what it was like then. "I have a much better idea, why don't we go inside and we can warm up a little before joining this nice couple I met. They told me they are celebrating 15-years of happy marriage together."

Zosar grabbed Gary's hand and pulled him away from the railing. He found himself walking back inside and along to the back of the ship where their suite was located. Once inside their suite, Gary couldn't fight off Zosar's advances as he unzipped his dress.

"Step out of your dress my love," ordered Zosar and Gary did so making sure his heels didn't catch on the material. Gary knowing what was going to happen next stood in his white lacy lingerie that Zosar had bought just for the cruise.



Cold after his walk on deck – Zosar warmed up Anna in the cabin.

Zosar had given Gary no choice over wearing the lingerie that exposed the outline of his pink healthy vagina and labia while his cleavage was clearly visible. Gary as usual submitted to the superior strength of Zosar as they first sat and then lay down on Zosar's bed.

The cabin staff had left another cute towel sculpture on Gary's bed when they'd cleaned their suite earlier. Gary felt Zosar's eager insatiable growing member plunge into him yet again as the ship ploughed on towards Egypt.

He wrapped his legs around Zosar as he thought about the cabin staff having to redo the room again. Then as Zosar bore down on him, Gary felt Zosar's lips pressed hard against his recent collagen enhanced lips. Gary's mind suddenly went blank as Zosar continued to penetrate his body over and over. Fortunately, Zosar didn't notice as Gary went into an automatic response mode as all he could think of doing was to dig his long nails into Zosar's back and try to squeeze and tighten on his urgent manhood.

Sated Zosar got up and paraded his rampant hard cock in front of Gary. Zosar then pointed to his manhood and that was his signal to Gary that he was to lick it clean with his tongue as it softened.

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Later that afternoon, Gary found himself unable to follow the conversation between Zosar and the wedding anniversary couple that Zosar had talked about on deck. Gary crossed his legs conscious of the stockings he was wearing as they rubbed together sensuously.

The couple were both in their mid thirties with Lana originally from England who had met Greg her husband in Australia when she'd emigrated. Gary's body and mind was still reeling and slowly recovering from their earlier prolonged coitus in their suite.

"Anna, is this your second marriage?" Greg asked with a heavy Australian accent. His unexpected question snapped Gary suddenly out of his apparent vacant emptiness.

"What? Oh, yes sorry. Yes, Zosar is my second husband and we were just married before Christmas," Gary said looking directly at Greg.

Lana brushed some natural blonde hair away from her eye. "It's so romantic, finding love again after both your tragic losses."

Zosar touched and stroked Gary's stocking covered thigh under the table. Gary turned to look at Zosar and smiled.

"It was yes. We were so lucky to find each other," replied Zosar. "So please tell us, how did you two meet?"

"In college," Lana replied. "I was studying journalism as well as some live art to help pay rent and food in Sydney. You see, I had a 3-year-old that needed feeding from my first relationship."

"I was doing an Art Major and Lana happened to be the class model," Greg added.

Gary zoned out again as Zosar asked, "what do you do for a living?"

He hardly heard when Greg replied, "I'm an art appraiser. I value paintings and sculptures for insurance purposes among other things."

"We've had three more kids since we got married so I'm a busy housewife," Lana added.

Gary was struggling to hear or comprehend that they had married just nine months after they'd first met.

Gary was brought back to instant reality when Zosar put his arm around his waist and pulled him closer, "We've only known each other 6 months but it was love at first sight. Isn't that right honey?"

Gary was still in a daze and half aware, just nodded, "Yes, it's all gone so quickly".



Zosar posed in front of the pyramids.

After seeing the pyramids at Giza, the air-conditioned bus ride back to the port in Alexandria was not unpleasantly long and they were back aboard several hours before the ship's scheduled departure time.

Zosar nibbled Gary's ear and whispered as they walked back to the suite, "When we get back into our room, I am going to make you a mummy and have my way with you again."

Gary gulped but looked straight ahead as he walked beside in his tall wedge heels.

"When we sail for Turkey, Lana and Greg have invited us to join them by the pool tomorrow," said Zosar as they walked. "I said we would be happy to join them in the hot tub."

"Wonderful," Gary replied simply however he didn't want to be seen in public wearing his bathing costume.

After such a long day, they had dinner in the main restaurant as the ship headed northeast towards Turkey. Rather than go to the after-dinner show, Zosar kept his word and they went to bed. He produced the spare towels and wrapped Gary up, exposing his breasts and vagina.

“What are you doing?” asked Gary as Zosar tied his wrists to the top of the bed.

“Just making sure my submissive wife is turned on when I impregnate her,” he said as he tied each leg in turn to the foot of the bed.

“Zosar come on, let me go!” Gary pleaded.

Instead Zosar lay on the bed beside him and stroked Gary’s body in all his sensitive places.

“I like you all helpless,” said Zosar. “You can’t move and can’t stop me from doing what I want to do to you.”

“What are you going to do?” gulped Gary.

“I am going to make you cum so hard over and over and then I’m going to shoot my sperm deep inside you,” said Zosar.

Zosar sucked and licked, massaged and rubbed over and over until Gary had no choice but to convulse in the most amazing orgasm he’d ever had. As he came down from his euphoria, Zosar lay on top and quickly emptied his testicles into Gary’s neo vagina.

“Have you finished?” Gary asked tugging forlornly on his bonds.

“Yes, for now,” said Zosar.

“What do you mean Zosar?” asked Gary.

“I’ll take you again in an hour or so,” he said.

“Come on, surely you’ve had enough?” moaned Gary.

“I can never have enough of you. You are my dream woman! I love you with all my heart and if possible I want you to have my babies,” he said with his eyes flashing. “Just so you know what’s expected of you.”

With his eyes bulging, Zosar gagged Gary with a pair of panties and tied a nylon stocking around his head. He shook his head ‘no’ but Zosar had told him to stop struggling as he mounted Gary yet again.

When Gary woke the next morning, he found his arms and legs had been released and he walked naked to the bathroom to pee. Zosar wasn’t around, but as Gary flushed the toilet, then Zosar just walked in with a tray full of food from the breakfast bar.

“Come and have some hot coffee and croissants,” said Zosar putting the tray onto his bed. “That was pretty amazing last night. I hope you enjoyed our little bondage session because I certainly did.”

“It was different,” said Gary munching on a croissant. “I felt totally helpless.”

“I loved seeing you helpless,” he said happily slurping on hot coffee. “Let’s get ready for the hot tub when you’ve eaten breakfast.”



Gary in Zosar’s gold bikini which was just basically three pieces of coloured material.

Gary pulled the gold bikini from the drawer that Zosar had packed for the trip. It was basically just three small triangles of material held together by thin strings.. After much adjustment he got the triangles arranged to cover his nipples and aching pussy. Then it was a case of putting on a long kaftan robe with his wedge sandals. Gary watched Zosar wearing a pair of

chinos and a white turtle-neck top. Gary stared at his face in the mirror after scrubbing off the previous day's make-up, he redid it all carefully.

"Ready?" asked Zosar.

"I'm ready," replied Gary. "Let's go meet up with Lana and Greg."

Gary dutifully followed Zosar into the adult's only part of the pool. They headed for the changing rooms first to get a locker and then they went out looking for the hot-tubs.

Greg had just finished swimming a few lengths and he got out as he saw them.

"It's this way," he said dripping water onto the pool side. "We thought you weren't going to make it. Lana's inside waiting for us."

Gary and Zosar entered the hot tub area and Gary's eyes were immediately drawn to the partially naked Lana standing by the hot tub. Gary hadn't realised that she had such an amazing hourglass figure, but it was her pear drop breasts that really drew Gary's eye. She was topless and on her right nipple there was a ring piercing, and on the left side was a colourful tattoo of a warrior with legs of a lion and the wings of an eagle, holding a flaming sword.

Lana smiled when she saw them. "I'm so glad you could make it. Are you ready to warm up?"

Lana stepped into the hot tub water and sat down so only her naked breasts were exposed. Zosar nonchalantly didn't bother as it seemed that he only had eyes on Gary's larger bosom rising and falling.

Gary tried hard not to not stare at Lana's breasts or ask a question about her tattoo. Instead, Gary closed his eyes to concentrate on the young couple as they described each of their children. One of them was the same age as Catarina. After thirty minutes of the hot tub, the men went for a cooling swim while the ladies continued to relax.

"This is so nice and relaxing," Gary said and Lana agreed.



As Anna, Gary enjoyed the hot tub chat with Lana

“Yes, it’s been very nice so we must do this again,” Lana said hugging Gary and he felt her warm breasts again his.

“We need to get moving,” Greg said drying himself off with a large bath towel. Greg shook hands with Zosar but not with him as Lana started to walk towards the changing rooms.

“They are a nice couple,” said Zosar. “We could be just like them.”

Let’s have something to eat before we see the live show,” suggested Gary who wondered if Zosar had plans for tattoo or nipple piercing.

After their first week on the cruise, the ship arrived at Galataport, Istanbul in the early hours of the morning. Gary woke up to the engines slowing down and was feeling worried, because he knew his usual, always regular period was now several days late.

On the one hand, he was glad he didn't have the problem of having the lining of his uterus being shed as usual. He had come to hate his monthly curse with all that involved, but if it hadn't appeared as usual, he feared that Zosar's promise to create a new baby had come true.

With the ship not leaving until that evening, they had time to go ashore and buy more souvenirs and toys for Zosar's children. They had enjoyed a quiet stroll with Zosar apparently unconcerned that Gary wore his more comfortable wedge sandals rather than the stilettos he usually handed to Gary in their suite.

After dropping off their purchases at their suite, Zosar suggested they head for the movie theatre to watch the latest releases. As they waited for the afternoon matinee to begin, Zosar spoke, "When we go back home, I'm going to take you to a tattoo artist friend of mine."

"Why?" asked Gary. "What do you have in mind?"

"I was thinking that your large butt needs some decoration," he said.

"What kind of decoration?" asked Gary who was worried about having a tattoo.

"I was thinking you could use some pretty tattoos like a butterfly, or a dove or some flowers or even all three," Zosar said settling down to watch the movie.

Gary struggled to watch the movie because his period still hadn't started and now Zosar wanted to give him a tattoo. The movie wasn't particularly good and they left halfway through and returned to their suite. They got dressed up for the captain's dinner party with Gary wearing a new split skirt dark blue velvet dress and matching heels. He wore his hair up and long dangling pendant earrings.



“You look amazing darling,” Zosar said wearing his white jacket tuxedo. They had a nice time enjoying the drinks and canapés on offer as the captain mingled among them. It wasn’t possible for him to meet and greet everyone before the announcement that dinner was due to be served.

That night, as they got back to their suite, Gary spoke as he started to take off his dress, “Zosar my vagina is feeling quite sore now. I don’t think I can have sex with you tonight.”

“That’s fine my love, I can always use your rear,” he smirked.

“Zosar, my love, please I know you have your manly urges and I’m happy that I turn you on so much but can’t I just sleep until tomorrow without sex? These intense days have caught up with me.” Gary pleaded with Zosar as they lay. Zosar got in beside him and he could feel his hard cock still rubbing against his rear. Gary though closed his eyes and fell into a deep sleep.

When they woke the next morning, they looked out of the rear of the cabin to see the white bleached buildings of Athens on display.

"We have a tour of historic Athens today at eight so we need to be quick if we want to have some breakfast," said Zosar.

"I don't feel very hungry," said Gary who was feeling nauseous. "I'll just grab a milky coffee."

Zosar followed suit and they walked out to join the tour up to the Parthenon overlooking the city. For some reason there were not too many people around, so they enjoyed walking through the ruins and posing for photographs to send back home. On the way back to the port they bought more souvenirs and Gary wanted to find a pharmacy. As they walked through the Athens streets with Greg and Lana, Gary found the Kanellopoulos pharmacy and whispered to Zosar, "Can I have 50 Euros please?"

"Why?" he asked.

"I need to get some ointment for my vagina," he whispered. "I also need some new lipstick."

"I'll be in that souvenir shop across the street," Zosar replied taking out the money from his wallet.

Gary quickly asked the lady assistant, "Do you speak English?"

She nodded and so he asked, "I need a pregnancy test. Do you have any?"

She nodded again and pulled one from the top shelf behind her. "Anything else?"

"Yes, I also need some antiseptic ointment and some red lipstick," Gary replied.

"That will be 35 Euros Madame," the assistant asked and Gary paid.

Happy with his purchases he crossed the street and joined up with the others.

"Did you get what you needed?" asked Zosar putting his hands out for the change.

"Yes, thank you honey," said Gary giving him the notes.

They walked down the street and not seeing anything else of interest, they shared a taxi back to the port and arrived at the gangway into the ship with hours to spare. Zosar had invited their new friends to their suite to watch the ship leaving the port and to watch the coast of Greece fade away to a glass or two of Greek red wine.

"We'll see you after dinner," said Greg. "There's a good show on tonight."

"Yes," replied Zosar seeing them out to the corridor.

"They are nice people," admitted Gary. "Excuse me while I apply some ointment."

"No lie back on the bed," ordered Zosar. "I'll put the cream on you."

"There's no need," Gary replied.

"I caused the irritation, so the least I can do is to try and make it better," Zosar replied taking the tube of antiseptic and smearing it onto his fingers. He gently applied the cream inside and outside Gary's female opening. "There now, how does that feel?"

"A lot better thanks," replied Gary. "I need to use the bathroom."

"When you get back, I'm going to try something new," said Zosar.

"What's new?" asked Gary when he'd returned. He got back to find that Zosar was naked and lying on the bed.

"It's going to be my version of Greek style sex," said Zosar. "I think you're broadminded and submissive enough to try it."

"Try what?" asked Gary looking confused.

Zosar got up and went to his suitcase where he pulled out a life-sized dildo that looked like an exact replica of Zosar's hard cock.

"You'll soon see," said Zosar. "Go on all fours."

"What are you planning to do?" Gary said alarmed.

"I'm going to switch this on and you are going to put it deep inside your pussy, while I'll then take you from the rear," he said. "Now take off your dress and lingerie but leave your shoes on."

It seemed that whatever Zosar demanded, he got and Gary felt that he had no choice but to do as he ordered. As he pulled down and tossed aside his panties, Zosar sneered and then picked up one of Gary's stockings.

"This is just in case you get too loud," he said pushing Gary's panties deep into his mouth and then tying the stocking around his head keeping his mouth gagged. "Now switch it on and put it inside yourself!"

On all fours Gary found himself gagged, with the dildo vibrating inside him while Zosar was slowly pushing deep into his rear. After around thirty minutes and one orgasm from Zosar later Gary was told, "Darling that was amazing. Take off the gag and put the dildo inside your ass. Then sit and use your mouth to get me hard again for round two."

When Zosar came again after nearly thirty minutes of fellating him, Gary was relieved that the amount that emerged was at least quite small. Gary fell asleep with all three of his openings sore from having them stretched by Zosar.

When he awoke around 5:30am, he nervously took the test kit from the bag. He ripped open the wrapper on the test kit and placed it into the stream of urine as he sat. He was looking at the test window slowly change as the liquid seeped upwards.

"Oh God I am bloody pregnant!" he exclaimed to himself after five minutes as he compared the result with the leaflet explanations. Gary looked at the test in disbelief and almost fainted with the shock.

The test was giving the reason why his periods had stopped. He was going to have a baby! Zosar's baby!

He stepped into the shower thinking the hot water would wake him from what was surely a nightmare. He was only under the powerful spray for a few seconds, when Zosar suddenly joined him in the cubicle. As they washed each other, Gary made a decision to test again later in the day. Zosar kissed Gary and used one hand to caress and massage his clit.

"You are up early honey," he said after the kiss.

"I couldn't sleep and I needed to pee," Gary replied rinsing his body.

"Our next stop is at the Port of Civitavecchia for Rome tomorrow afternoon. Send Catarina a message to see if she would like to meet up in the city," Zosar suggested. "I always wanted to have tea at Babington's near the Spanish steps. Suggest there."

"I'll send her a Whatsapp message but knowing her, she'll be too busy with her studies to meet up," said Gary who went to get his phone charging beside his bed.

"Catarina, we will be arriving in Rome on the 13th and staying until the evening of the 14th, do you want to meet up for lunch at Babington's on Monday? Let me know before 9pm on Sunday. We'll get the train from the port to Termini so we could meet there. Love Mama."

"There's no harm in asking," said Zosar who waited patiently as Gary quickly sent the message. "It's just gone 6am and I'm hungry so let's head up to the buffet for breakfast so we beat the queues. I don't want you to wear any underwear under your dress."

Gary gulped and nervously agreed, today was going to be a long day at sea.

Later Gary did the second test while Zosar was out of the cabin briefly. He walked back into the bedroom to wait on the results. He sat on the bed and checked to see if Catarina had replied.

Seeing that she hadn't sadly replied, Gary walked over to the test stick to see that test had given the same results as before. There was no doubt that Gary had a baby inside him. Gary was about to put the test in the bin when Zosar suddenly entered.

"Lana and Greg want us to help them in a Trivia... What's that?" Zosar asked when he saw what Gary was holding. Zosar snatched it to look at the result. "Is this what I think it is? You are, we are going to have....."

"Yes Zosar, I am pregnant."

Zosar hugged Gary, squeezing him tightly. Gary's breasts were pressed against Zosar's broad hard chest. Gary let out a sudden gasp when Zosar released his bear hug.

"How far along are you?" Zosar asked.

"To be honest, I've now missed two periods," admitted Gary.

Zosar then grinned like a Cheshire cat. "This news must be celebrated but you can't drink wine any more now. After the Trivia, we're going to use the private pool and I will make arrangements with the attendant. The hot-tub will be all ours to help you relax."

Zosar kissed Gary on his plump red lips before dragging him out of the room with the test stick now discarded on the ground. The Trivia quiz was a great distraction from the reality of the situation. Despite finishing second it was no big loss for the competitive Zosar who was still happy about the news. Lana could tell something was different, but she just waved goodbye as Zosar took Gary to the private area again.

"We didn't bring our swimming costumes," said Gary.

"We won't need them," Zosar said as they reached the lockers and undressed. With the pool to themselves, Gary found himself naked and Zosar admired the body of his wife from a new perspective.

"That huge ass of yours is still getting a tattoo, but I am thinking we need one for your belly too, maybe something like a rose, right over the belly button," suggested Zosar.

Gary looked down but couldn't see anything beyond his massive drooping breasts. Zosar got into the hot-tub and Gary followed.

"I'm going to have another child and you're still fertile enough to have another baby," he announced. "I just knew it was possible."

"Zosar, can we...?" Gary's words were cut off as Zosar moved forwards rapidly. His tongue invaded Gary's open mouth while a hand felt and massaged his breasts. Gary found himself holding onto the edge of the hot-tub hard as Zosar's erect penis slipped inside and penetrated the labia.

By the time they got out and were cooling off in the pool, Gary's legs were like jelly and he was glistening with sweat. When they were dressed and heading for the buffet restaurant at the front of the ship, Gary had to lean against Zosar for his legs still weren't working.

"You are getting an extra dessert tonight." Zosar whispered to Gary as they found their seats. Gary caught a glimpse of Zosar's full crotch and realised then what he meant.

They arrived in Italy on the Sunday evening just as the sun was setting and those who had booked the historic night tour were taken in a fleet of coaches towards Piazza Navona in Rome.

With so many passengers ashore and a large audience in the theatre enjoying the live song and dance show, Zosar took Gary up onto the top deck and with their coats keeping them warm, he pointed in the direction of the city miles inland.

"You once lived in this beautiful country and because of fate; you fell across my path. I'm so glad you accepted my hand in marriage and I'm so pleased that you're carrying my child," he declared.

Gary said nothing as he stared out over the huge port complex as trucks moved around below restocking the ship with fresh food. Gary realised that there was no going back and no living a life of luxury here in Italy, and no life as a man ever again as Gary looked at Zosar.

"I need to use the restroom, why don't you head back to the room, I'll join you there," Gary said.

Gary headed for the restrooms and pulled his phone from his coat pocket to look up Harmony's telephone number. He almost dropped the phone when he was bumped into by a young woman exiting just as he entered. Once inside a cubicle, Gary opened his email and sent a quick message to Harmony.

“Harmony, help me, something dreadful has happened. It’s way too much; I am near Rome so please call me. Anna.”

Gary actually did need to pee and so he lifted up his dress and sat down. The news that he was pregnant was still just too much to comprehend. The transplanted uterus and ovaries he’d been given from the 18-year-old woman were somehow still working and then Zosar’s seed had fertilised an egg. He had a foetus growing inside him. After flushing and washing his hands, Gary freshened his lipstick automatically and then he suddenly realised what he was doing.

‘My God, I’ve been doing this for so long I’m doing it automatically now,’ he thought. ‘It’s like I’ve always been Anna.’

As he walked out his phone beeped with an incoming text message.

“Mama, I would love to catch up with you and your husband, how does 1:30pm sound? I’ll meet you beside the statue in front of the steps, love Catarina.”

Gary knew the ship wasn’t scheduled to leave Rome until late that day so the time was perfect. The train into Rome took less than an hour with a short ride on the Metro to Spanish Steps.

“Catarina, 1:30pm will be perfect. We will see you at the Steps Mama.”

Gary returned to the room to let Zosar know that the lunch date was happening and they sat down to wait for room service.

Later there was finally a reply from Harmony about Gary’s earlier plea for help. *“What’s the bad news?”* she’d asked on Whatsapp.

“I’m pregnant!” he replied.

“Seriously?”

“Yes seriously, I did two tests and they both were positive,” he replied still not quite believing it himself. *“I bet they didn’t expect that to happen when they gave me a uterus transplant.”*

“Oh, and congratulations then and you must be very excited,” Harmony messaged back.

“Excited? I’m scared to death more like. I can’t give birth like a normal woman, can I?” Gary exclaimed.

“I agree you can’t,” said Harmony. *“Your pelvis is still anatomically male, I think. I’ll contact Mrs Stoner and perhaps she can recommend a good gynaecologist for you in New York and if she knows if they modified your pelvis.”*

“If I can’t give birth normally, how will I give birth? I can’t believe I’m talking about this,” Gary replied feeling alarmed.

“It would be safer to give you a C section and it’s a good deal less stressful for the baby,” said Harmony.

“Hopefully it will be a whole lot less stressful for me too,” Gary added.

"I'll message Mrs Stoner now to let her know," replied Harmony. *"I'll let you know what she says."*

"Thanks Harmony," replied Gary closing the app.

**

The next day Zosar sat and nonchalantly watched his wife getting ready. Gary stood in front of the mirror putting on his make-up for the trip into Rome that they had planned. He stood easily in his usual 5-inch stiletto heels and wore sheer stay up stockings, a black thong that nestled deep between his ass and a matching underwire bra that supported but still showed off his ample breasts.

His below shoulder length hair is held back from his face temporarily by a hair band as he undertook the delicate chore of painting his face again.

"You do that so well Anna," Zosar said as he watched Gary. "Your face is always expertly made up."

"Practice makes perfect," Gary replied. "Applying black eyeliner can be tricky and messy but I can do it easily enough after all these years."

So, Gary went through his well rehearsed routine which despite his long stiletto nails, he accomplished easily using his vast array of paints and polishes in front of the large mirror.

"It usually takes me about 15 minutes to make-up my face in the way that I know you like," Gary continued.

Standing in heels on the same spot can be a painful experience for most people, but for Gary it's become a way of life as he doesn't wear anything else now except heels.

As he stared into the mirror, Gary knew that it wasn't his fault that he was now a 53-year-old woman. Having married Zosar, he also knew that he had no longer had choice but to be his wife and that he should always try to be very convincing.

So much time had passed since this huge change had occurred and he still struggled to come to terms with the knowledge that he had to stay as a middle-aged woman called Anna.

Then he worried that even that wasn't enough for Zosar as he had talked about giving him femininely styled tattoos on his body and since they had been married, he'd had to always dress exactly as Zosar wanted.

One thing that worried Gary was that despite his wider hips he doubted that he could give birth naturally and he knew that he'd need to have a C section operation to give birth.

So, his make-up all done, Gary brushed his growing hair thinking about what had happened a year earlier. He still wished that he hadn't gone to investigate that noise in the alley and yet ironically, he'd become the replacement of that murdered woman. As he smeared red lipstick onto his bottom lip, he knew there was no way for him to go back to being a man again.

His makeup done, Gary walked confidently towards the closet and Zosar had hung the outfit up that he had to wear for the day. It was a tight figure hugging light brown leather dress. The hem came to just above his knees but the bodice as usual revealed his deep cleavage.

Gary knew that Zosar loved his big breasts and they no longer freaked him out as they had once done. Now they were just a nuisance and got in the way a lot. Since he was pregnant, he imagined that his breasts would get bigger still. He remembered the story of the television game show hostess who'd become pregnant and when she returned, her modest bosom had increased dramatically. He wondered if he was going to cope with life over the term of his pregnancy.

Gary knew that Zosar would be happier if his breasts grew even more. It seemed that he loved playing with Gary's bosom every chance he could. In turn Gary had started to become used to Zosar's continued attention.

One drawback that Gary had discovered was that the extra weight he now carried on his chest had increased the pains in his back and it often affected his sleep.

Gary gingerly and carefully stepped into the dress and turned to have Zosar zip him into it. It was a tight figure-hugging dress and Gary has learnt to keep himself in check, weight wise by dieting and exercising when he can.

"How do I look?" Gary asked as he turned around.

"Very womanly," he replied. "I think pregnancy suits you."

Gary smiled at the compliment and looked at his nails. "My nails need to be redone," he said showing Zosar. "Maybe we can find a nail bar in Rome?"

"We'll have plenty of time before we meet Catarina," he replied.

"What's the weather like outside?" Gary asked.

"It's not very warm," he said stepping outside. "You'll need your coat today."

He helped Gary on with his fur coat and they then headed outside the ship. There was just the short walk up to the train station. It was very cold and the shock of the cold air on Gary's thinly clad stocking covered legs made him shiver.

At times like this Gary wished he could wear warm trousers like Zosar or even thicker pantyhose.

Zosar took Gary's hand as they walked through the port towards the station. His heels were clicking on the hard tarmac surface. Fortunately, the train arrived a few minutes after they had bought tickets into Roma Termini.

They sat beside one another and Zosar held Gary's hand tightly. Every so often he would turn Gary's face towards him and they would kiss affectionately for a few minutes until he got tired.

"We can catch the Metro to Spanish Steps," Gary said helpfully.

"No, we'll get a taxi there via a nail bar," Zosar replied.

Once in the taxi, Gary asked in perfect Italian that they go to Spanish Steps but to drop them off at the nearest nail bar to the steps.

"I know a place, Signora. It's not far from the Piazza di Spagna," he replied.

"How far is it from the steps?" Asked Gary.

"It's maybe 100 metres away Signora," the driver replied.

"Perfetto," Gary said simply.

A few minutes later and the driver dropped them outside the nail bar. Zosar paid the driver and Gary asked Zosar, "Do you want to come in and wait?"

"No, I'll head to Babington's and book a table for 1:30pm and soak up the atmosphere at the steps," he replied. He kissed his wife and was about to head off when Gary said, "I'll need some money darling."

Zosar handed over 2 fifty Euro notes and Gary walked towards the nail bar, carrying the most money he'd held in the time since their wedding. And he couldn't believe that he was going to get his nails done with it. He watched Zosar walk through the crowds.

Inside the nail bar he explained what he wanted done to the receptionist. He waited a few minutes until one of the technicians came from their rest area to deal with Gary's nails.

"I need my nails filled," said Gary pointing the gap that had appeared between his cuticle and his old false nail.

The girl was Chinese but she knew what was needed. She quickly took off the old polish and roughed up the old nail surface on each finger. Then she started to build up the nail again using acrylic fillers. Gary realised that his nails would not be any shorter but they wouldn't be any longer either.

When all the fills were completed, the technician automatically chose a red shellac bottle and applied the thick colour over the full length of the nail curing the polish each time with the UV lamps.

He had been tempted to ask the girl to make his nails shorter but he knew that would just anger Zosar. He walked back out into the January chill after paying the bill and headed towards the piazza in front of the steps.

Zosar saw Gary approaching and he held up his nails to show that they were complete. "I found some shops down this street you should see," he said greeting Gary with a hug and a kiss. "This street has every fashion house or cosmetics company you can think of."

"My hands are cold so I'd love a pair of gloves," said Gary wrapping his fingers between Zosar's fingers.

They walked down the long street and walked into a few stores to be offered leather gloves at 80 Euros a pair.

"These look very nice," said Zosar pointing to a pair of long elbow length gloves in matt black leather in one shop window. "But two hundred Euros is a bit much!"

"Let's walk back to meet Catarina," suggested Gary who was struggling to walk on the cobbled street and he was feeling cold. After a short walk they arrived back outside Babington's where Catarina was waiting.

"Mama, you look wonderful," Catarina exclaimed in Italian.

“So do you honey,” Gary replied in Italian air kissing Anna’s teenage daughter. “Let’s go inside out of this cold!”

“You’ve booked a table?” asked Catarina.

“Zosar organised a table when I was in the nail bar having my nails done,” said Gary. “How is Luca?”

“He’s still very busy in Malta,” she replied.

“Is there any sign of the end of his contract?” Gary then asked.

“Yes, there is another few months before they’re finished building the museum,” she explained.

Still speaking in Italian, Gary continued, “You remember that I have two small vineyards near Frascati?”

Catarina nodded as she took her seat.

“I was wondering if you could drive us to Frascati after lunch to look at them?” asked Gary.

“Yes, I still have your old red Mercedes with me,” Catarina replied. “Why do you want to see them?”

“I have an idea both you and your brother will like,” Gary said drinking Earl Gray tea that Zosar had ordered.

“What’s going on?” interrupted Zosar.

“I want to gift the two vineyards to my children,” Gary explained. “I won’t be living here anymore and it makes sense to let them have both plots of land.”

Gary quickly translated into Italian so Catarina knew his plans.



Gary posed for a photo for Catarina who sent it on to Luca in Malta. “Look who I had tea with today.”

After the delightful lunch where they had scones, cream and jam with their teas, they walked out an hour later towards Catarina’s car and she drove them towards Frascati south of Rome to view the two small plots of land that Anna had owned since her husband’s death.

“These plots have been in the Raponi family for decades and I want to give one to you and one to Luca to do with as you want. I will be living in New York with Zosar so it’s best that you both have them. I think that your papa would want that too,” explained Gary.

“Yes,” said Catarina happily. “In that case I’ll take this one with the stone shed and Luca can have the other one.”

Gary remembered the time he was with Mario during the summer. They air kissed and Catarina decided to walk into the vineyard to explore the contents of the shed. Wearing 5-inch heels Gary waited by the car as Zosar and Catarina walked over the rough ground towards the shed. Zosar pulled on the old wooden door and reluctantly it opened. After a few minutes they emerged with a small rusty metal box.

Catarina handed the box over to Gary, "I found this box under some sacks."

"I wonder what's inside it?" asked Gary shaking it. There was a metallic rattle from inside the box.

"There was no key inside the shed," Catarina replied.

"We should get back to the ship," cautioned Zosar who was keeping an eye on the time. "Would you give us a lift back to the port?"

"Of course," smiled Catarina who drove quickly back down the hill towards the Rome ring road. After a brief stop to refuel the car, they drove back into the port with an hour to spare before the sailing.

She parked close to the ship and they hugged farewell and gave quite tearful goodbyes.

"Hopefully you'll find the deeds to the vineyards and arrange to get the ownership changed. Owning a vineyard is a lot of fun," said Gary.

After Zosar had hugged Catarina, they watched her drive back towards her grandmother's house.

"What you did was a nice gesture," Zosar said as they walked back on board the ship.

"Yes, I think so too," replied Gary who knew he'd not be able to look after the plots living so far away in New York.

"Wait a moment," said Zosar who disappeared into the leather gift shop near the ship's entrance. When he came out, he handed Gary a pair of gloves in brown leather that almost matched his leather dress.

"You're so good to me Zosar," Gary said happily putting on the gloves.

"These will help keep your fingers warmer," Zosar replied. "Just like your warm heart."

Chapter 17 – Home Alone

After the long hectic cruise Gary was glad to be back home in New York. With Cal at Nursery School, Sidra at school and Zosar back at work, Gary was kept busy tackling the chores of cleaning, laundry and cooking and making meals. They were going to employ a housekeeper but hadn't found one that suited yet, so Gary had to do the chores around the house.

As he pushed a lot of dirty laundry into the washing machine, he suddenly realised that the 22nd of January was the anniversary of the trial of Zosar's wife's killer. Since then, everything in his life had dramatically changed. It had been just eight months since he'd woken up to find that he'd been surgically transformed into a female. Not just any female but a 53-year-old Italian woman.

It was such a long time that he'd been Anna that he sometimes felt that his previous life as Gary had somehow never happened and he'd always been a woman called Anna. He had become used to dealing with the large breasts that weighed heavily on his chest. It seemed that even since the cruise, that his breasts had seemed to get heavier. That morning his bra was somehow difficult to fasten in behind so he'd reverted to the tried and tested method of clipping it together in front and then turning it around then putting his twin fleshy mounds into the cups and then putting his arms through the shoulder straps.



Now who could that be? Gary was working in the kitchen.

Dressed in a gingham dress, Gary was in the middle of some tidying in the kitchen when there was a sudden knock at the door. Gary walked to the front door and opened it to find

Omar standing there is a pin-striped suit and black tie. His beard was trimmed and his hair was sleeked back with gel. He was holding a brown paper parcel.

"Hello Omar. Zosar isn't home right now," said Gary. "He's at work."

"That's OK it was you that I came to speak with," Omar replied walking in past Gary towards the lounge.

"Me?" Gary queried.

"Yes you," Omar said sitting himself down like he owned the place.

"Very well what can I do for you?" asked Gary regaining some composure.

"I think you may have fooled your husband but you haven't fooled me," Omar began as he crossed his legs casually.

"In what way am I fooling Zosar?" Gary replied starting to feel nervous. He folded his arms under his breasts to help hold them up as he stood beside the bay window.

"Oh yes well you have been fooling not just him but everyone for almost a year now and I wonder what it will take to keep my silence on the matter?" Omar asked.

"Your silence on what exactly?" asked Gary who began fidgeting with an earring.

"You know Zosar and I have known each other a long time and I think I know him better than anyone else. I know that he wouldn't react well on what I am about to say," continued Omar. "Please sit."

"You do have great legs," Omar said. "Every time I see you, you are always in such high heeled shoes and your legs are so shapely."

"Thanks, but you didn't come here to talk about my legs," replied Gary wishing he would come to the point. He was beginning to detest Omar now.

"You're right. I didn't come to talk to you about what great legs you have but about what you will do to keep my silence that you were once a man?" Omar said finally and simply.

"That's preposterous," said Gary astonished that his secret seemed to be out. "Do I move, sound or act like a man?"

"Deny it all you want but I know from my contacts that you have undergone a series of advanced surgical procedures to turn your body into that of a convincing woman," Omar continued. "Please don't insult my intelligence by continuing to deny it."

"I see," said Gary simply. He was shocked that his secret was out.

"Is that an admission that I'm correct?" Omar said sounding smug.

"Actually," Gary began feeling alarmed but in some way liberated that his secret was out in the open at last.

"Well?" interrupted Omar.

“Well I did have my gender reassigned last year and I’ve been living as a woman ever since,” Gary reluctantly confessed.

“Thank you, Anna, I thought so,” Omar said with his white teeth flashing happily.

“What do you propose to do about it?” Gary asked. “Zosar has no idea about me and accepts me completely as a woman and his wife!”

“Let’s just say that guilty and sordid little secrets like these can remain secrets for a price,” Omar then declared.

“Do you want to blackmail me?” Gary asked. “I don’t have any money. Zosar controls the family finances and I only get a small allowance each month for visits to the beauty salon. Zosar even buys my clothes and shoes.”

“Do you take me for a fool?” Omar replied. “I know that you have some money tucked away in an Italian bank account.”

“How do you know about that?” asked Gary incredulously.

“I did some research in Italy and found your mother-in-law. She told me that you had sold all your furniture and paintings in the villa you used in Ostia. You also get Anna’s husband’s government pension paid into your bank account each month. So, I estimate that when you moved to the USA you had a five or even a six figure sum in that account. Now you’re a kept woman, you have no real need to keep that money for yourself. For one thing that money actually belongs to the real Anna’s children and not you,” said Omar finally getting to the point.

“So, is that what you want?” Gary asked glumly.

“My business needs a decent cash injection,” Omar replied.

“What else do you want?” Gary then asked.

“Well like Zosar we have the same taste in women and I find you particularly attractive as a woman and I want to sample what your husband enjoys about you. He told me that when you were on the cruise together, he used all three of your openings nearly every day and more importantly you wanted and allowed it to happen,” Omar replied.

“Go to hell!” Gary exclaimed. “I’m not going to bed with you!”

“Oh, but you see you have no choice in the matter,” said Omar confidently. “The alternative is that the happy family you’ve created will be destroyed and I don’t think that you want that to happen,” Omar continued. At that he stood up and moved towards the lounge door. “Come!”

Gary saw that there was no alternative and reluctantly followed Omar upstairs. “This way,” suggested Gary pointing to the spare bedroom.

“Why not the master bedroom?” Omar asked.

“I’ve just changed the bed linen and Zosar will wonder why I did it again,” said Gary opening the spare bedroom door.

“Take off everything except your stockings and shoes,” ordered Omar. “Then start to undress me.”

Gary did as he was told as there was no alternative to refusing. Omar stood naked with his large cock erect right in front of Gary's face.

"Now suck my cock Anna," he ordered. "Don't stop until I tell you."

Gary's face screwed up unhappily but he opened his mouth and allowed Omar to insert his cock deep into his mouth. He hated every second and the taste was making him feel sick.

"I bet when you became a woman that you never imagined you would allow men to use your pretty mouth this way," Omar said enjoying the fellatio as Gary looked up at his face. "You do that so well. You are the perfect cock sucker but now it's time to see what else you have. Lie back on the bed!"

Gary didn't want to but knew he had no choice. Omar had switched on the light on his phone and carefully examined Gary's vulva.

"I've seen trans women close up before, but you are the most perfect I've ever seen," he replied moving up so his cock was at the opening to Gary's inviting vagina. "I'm going to enter you and I want you to squeeze on me as hard as you can."

Before Gary could say a word, Omar quickly showed his true colours leaving Gary wishing he was stronger and able to fight back. He dug his long nails into Omar's back and even scratched him hard but Omar was enjoying himself so much that he didn't flinch at the scratches. About 10 minutes later, Gary was relieved when Omar finished.

"That was really good," said Omar before he kissed Gary and inserted his tongue deeply into Gary's mouth. There was no response from Gary to his kisses so Omar got up and started to get dressed. Gary was relieved that Omar had finally stopped his torment and sat on the edge of the bed unable to speak but feeling outraged.

"Now one last thing before I go," said Omar. "Open up your phone and your Italian banking app."

Gary picked up the phone and expertly opened up the phone and then the app despite his long nails. Omar took the phone and smiled. "You have 79,000 Euros that don't belong to you any more so transfer it over to my account." He handed a slip of paper with his bank details to Gary.



Omar now nearly 100,000 dollars richer ruthlessly left Gary without a penny

“Often when a man sees a woman he pays for sex. This way is so much better that you paid me for sex,” said Omar happily.

“If you’re done then please go,” said Gary who wanted to wash Omar’s scent away.

“Until next month I’m done,” said Omar. “Ciao Anna.”

Chapter 18 - Luca visits: Five months later.

Sitting at the kitchen table Gary had just decided to put his feet up on the chair opposite. He'd removed his heels and was massaging his sore feet when suddenly the doorbell went. Since walking barefoot was impossible now, he sighed and put the pumps back on and then walked to the front door.

Gary opened the door and looked up at the tall man standing with his back to him. His hair had been bleached by the sun and as he turned his eyes were sea green. His face was covered in rough stubble rather than call it a beard. He was wearing a faded blue hoody and a pair of faded blue Levi jeans.



Luca looked happy to be in New York visiting his mother.

"Mama?" he asked hardly recognising his mother who was bloated from being 7 months pregnant.

"Luca?" Gary asked but he had instantly recognised him from the emailed photograph he'd sent.

“It’s so good to see you, Mama,” said Luca who moved forward to eagerly hug Gary.

For his part Gary still shocked to see Anna’s son in the flesh but he still had the presence of mind to invite him in.

“Come on in,” Gary said pointing to his big stomach. “I’m sorry the house is in such a mess but as you can see, I have a weight problem these days. Go on into the kitchen and take the weight off your feet.”

“Thanks, it was a long flight from Rome,” he said flopping down.

“So, the Malta job is finally finished?” asked Gary.



“Not long to go now,” said Gary now 7 months pregnant

“Yes, I’m glad to say. I have been working almost seven days a week for months so when we finished, I spoke to Catarina and she suggested that I should fly to New York to see you and some American friends from college,” he explained. “So here I am.”

"It's good to see you and you are looking so fit and healthy," Gary said. "Tea or coffee?"

"Strong black coffee, please mama," Luca replied.

"I'm sorry I missed your wedding and Catarina gave me your address in New York," Luca replied in rapid Italian.

As the coffee percolator started to bubble, Gary watched as Luca then removed his hoody to reveal, two well-toned, strong, muscular arms that made Gary's skinny mature-aged puny arms look like twigs.

"Catarina told me that you went on a cruise for your honeymoon and you saw each other in Rome," he continued. "She also told me about the gift you gave us of the vineyards."

"Yes, I hope you like your vineyard; though Catarina chose the bigger one of the two," Gary said happily.

"Yes, she told me everything. She even found a locked metal box. Did you ever find what was inside it?" he asked.

"Yes, it was some gold jewellery and some rosary beads," Gary said. "We had to open the box here when we got back to New York but I think they belonged to someone who had worked on the vineyard. We took them to an auction and I got a few hundred dollars for it all."

"You look different from a year ago," Luca then said. "I wish I could have seen you when you were in Rome but looking at you now you've certainly become a new woman."

"How do you mean by a new woman?" Gary asked.

"Your hair is beautiful and you look more elegant," he replied.

"Thanks," Gary said. "I wanted to get rid of the past and start again here in New York. I have a wonderful new future."

"I am glad to hear that," Luca responded. "I'm not judging you, I'm just surprised."

"Excuse me a moment," said Gary as the washing machine beeped in the utility room. He switched it off and took the opportunity to adjust his dress feeling the uncomfortable pressure of his breasts because they weren't fitting in his bra properly. He realised his breasts were getting bigger either because of the pregnancy or because of his implanted ovaries. He was still taking his daily immuno suppressant pills to stop his body rejecting the transplants.

"Sorry about that, the machine doesn't stop beeping when it finishes the spin cycle," Gary said taking his seat again.

"When I get back to Rome, I will drop by to look at the vineyards and it might be possible to get permission to build a house on the land," Luca said.

"Will you build it yourself?" Asked Gary.

"I might," he said. "I have a new 6-month contract in Malta starting next week."

"How long was the last one? It seemed that you were very busy with excessive hours," Gary asked.

Switching his gaze back from looking around the kitchen he nodded. "Yes, some weeks I was doing 50 or more hours a week. So, I've saved a lot of money."

"Yes, using that money to build a new house sounds like a good idea if you have some saved," agreed Gary.

"Yes, I love getting my hands dirty so I might do some of the work myself like digging ditches," he replied. "How does it feel to be married again?"

"It's needed a big adjustment living here in America," admitted Gary truthfully. "I love Zosar and I know that he loves me."

"That's good to know."

"Would you like another coffee?" Asked Gary getting up to pick up the coffee pot to refill his own cup. "I liked coffee but I seem to drink a lot stronger coffee here these days."

"I will take another coffee mama," Luca replied. Gary suddenly felt a wave of jealousy appear as he poured the coffee into Luca's cup. Luca was tall, handsome, 100% male, and he was everything that Gary wasn't. "Is that your wedding photographs? He said pointing to the album on the worktop.

"Yes, you can take a look through them if you like," Gary said walking to get the album.

"I'd love to see," Luca replied.

"I just finished printing off all the photos that were taken of the wedding by guests and the photographers," Gary said handing it over.

"I like this one," Luca said looking at a photo of Gary, Zosar, Sidra and Cal with Catarina. "It's a pity I couldn't have been there."

"Yes, sometimes it's just not possible though," agreed Gary. "Besides you are here now."

"Still, I should have come with Catarina," he replied.

"Don't worry about it," said Gary. "Careers are important too."

"I'm glad I could come now," said Luca.

"I am too," Gary replied and they hugged.

"Nonna was wrong to kick you out of the villa," he said pulling back.

"Oh, it was hers to sell," Gary replied. "Besides it helped raise you and your sister and I found a new life here.

"Yes, I can see that you've moved on," Luca replied. "When I get my house built you will be more than welcome to stay there."

"Yes, I will happily pay you a visit," replied Gary.

"It sounds like you had an amazing honeymoon," Luca said changing the subject.

"Yes, it was the most romantic holiday I ever had," said Gary. "One day we would see the pyramids and the next the streets of Monte Carlo. I hope we can do another one."

As Luca went to use the bathroom, Gary put the mugs into the dish washer which was now full of dishes and cups. He started the machine working and went to pull the laundry out of the washing machine. As he did so he noticed his long nails still on his wrinkled hands as he put the washed clothes into the tumble dryer. Despite all the drudgery housework his hands were that of an elegant woman. With the tumble dryer working, he walked back to find Luca putting his hoodie back on.

"Oh, you're going?" Gary asked. "I was hoping you would stay for dinner."

"Sadly, I can't stay. I have a few friends from college who live in New England and I promised that I'd go and spend some time with them," Luca said putting his rucksack onto one shoulder.

"Yes, that's good that you keep in touch with all your college friends," Gary said wistfully remembering all the college friendships he'd lost since he'd become Anna. The loss of his two best friends Jake and Mark had made him realise that there was sadly no alternative.

"I'm heading up to Boston in two hours time on the train," Luca said. "It was lovely to see you and that you're happy here."

"I'm happier now you've been here," said Gary giving Luca another warm hug and a kiss on the cheek. Luca waved as he walked towards the subway and the short trip towards the station.

Gary walked back into the kitchen and filled his recently purchased foot massager with warm water. He added some bath crystals and set the device to work.

"Oh, that feels better," Gary said out loud staring at his poor feet with the red toe polish staring back at him. He had to try and adjust his bra again as the underwire part was cutting into the side of his breast painfully. He picked up his phone to the local lingerie store he used for all his bra fittings.

"Can I make an appointment today to see Marie please?" said Gary sweetly.

"How about at 2pm?" the lady replied.

"Good I'll take it. I need some new bras," he said with a frustrated sigh.

With his feet feeling soft and revived he put on his pantyhose and shoes again. He walked to the lingerie store and Marie sold him another three new balcony bras that gave him the correct support he needed. The only problem was that he was now confirmed with G cup breasts.

Chapter 19: Delivering a baby.

"Zosar, I think it's time!" said Gary in the middle of the night as he felt contractions in his transplanted uterus. He sat upright sweating profusely and patted his huge stomach. "It's time to move!"

“Yes honey. I’ll just get some clothes on,” he said urgently pulling on his pants and a shirt. He coaxed a sweater over his head before putting on a pair of slip-on shoes minus his socks. He grabbed the bag that contained Gary’s night dresses and mule slippers.



While Zosar is getting dressed, Gary is concerned because he doesn't know what will happen.

"I'll message Ruth to come over here when the kids wake-up and she can take Cal to school." Gary said as they headed for the front door.

"Good, Debi won't be coming over until 11 a.m." Zosar replied as he pinged the car doors open. They both headed for the car and Zosar helped Gary into the back seat. Gary needed help getting strapped into the car and that done Zosar rushed to the driver's seat to start the engine.

"I just had a text from Ruth and she's getting ready to come over. I'm so glad we didn't give her notice now Cal's going to school." Gary said and then felt a sharp contraction so he clenched his fists and dug his nails into his palms in pain.

"Hold on tight my love," said Zosar who had the tyres on his SUV screaming for grip as he pulled away. "I want to be with you at the birth!"

"That might not be possible Zosar," Gary replied knowing he wouldn't be allowed to watch the C-section inside the operating theatre.

"We will see," Zosar said going over the damp New York streets at high speed. He even ran a red light.

"Be careful that you don't get a ticket for going through a red light," Gary advised.

"It's more important that I get you into hospital as soon as possible," Zosar said gripping the steering wheel tightly.

"Maybe so but if we hit another car, you might not see your daughter being born," Gary cautioned.

"All right you win," Zosar said slowing down. "We don't have far to go."

"We'll be fine. My waters haven't broken yet so calm yourself," Gary urged.

"When they arrived at the hospital, Zosar jumped out of the car and looked for an orderly with a wheelchair. He arrived back a few minutes later pushing a wheelchair himself. He helped his wife out of the car and then pushed the chair inside.

"My wife is having contractions," said Zosar to a nurse.

"Put her in this cubicle and I will get the doctor," said the nurse.

"I'm having regular contractions," said Gary to the doctor when he arrived a few minutes later.

"So I see," the doctor replied. "Let's get you up beside the other pregnant ladies."

"Can I have a word?" Gary asked in the doctor's ear as Zosar was needed to fill in the patient's registration forms.

"Sure," said the doctor.

"I can't give birth normally. You'll have to give me a C-section."

"Why?" the doctor asked.

“Simple. I can’t give birth normally because I don’t have a female pelvis,” explained Gary.

“Yes I’ll mark up your notes to show what’s needed. We’ll get you into theatre shortly,” he declared.

A few minutes later a porter arrived and Gary was wheeled up the ante natal ward where he was quickly examined by a midwife. “You’re hardly dilated yet,” she said.

“I mentioned to the doctor down in emergency that I can’t give birth naturally,” Gary replied quietly. “My pelvis isn’t capable of natural childbirth.”

“Very well,” she replied. “We can take you into theatre in a few minutes.”

Gary groaned as he waited, then when he was whisked into the delivery room, he felt his heart quicken.

“Everything will be fine,” a doctor promised. “We know your medical history so we know the situation. We won’t let anything bad happen to you or your baby.”

Gary looked at the doctor, “Will I be awake?”

“Yes, it’s best, we’re about to give you an epidural so you’ll be numb from the waist down,” he explained. Gary rolled over to allow them access to the base of his spine and soon Gary felt pinprick of the needle going in. Then there was nothing and Gary heard the doctor give orders as Gary rolled over onto his back.

“Can you feel this?” the doctor asked who prodded the area of the incision.

“Vaguely,” replied Gary.

“If you feel sharp pain then let me know,” he asked. “I will do the incision now.”

‘This feels so unreal! I can’t believe that I’m delivering a baby! Another human being is coming out of me! But I’m a man and I’m not but ... I was a male, But, I’m not a male, not a man anymore. I can’t really be seen as male if I am delivering... if the doctors are delivering a baby! I can’t be the mother!...But what am I thinking? I’m going to be the mother to my baby,’ Gary mind raced as the doctor worked on his lower abdomen. He could feel the pulling and prodding and finally the doctor held up a blood stained baby girl who took her first cry of life.

“We’ll just get her cleaned up and you can hold her as I stitch you up,” the doctor declared. A few moments later the baby girl was wrapped in a soft blanket and dropped into Gary’s arms.

“There you go Anna, a very healthy 7 pound 6 ounce baby girl,” said the theatre nurse.

“Thank you nurse. I’m very grateful.”

He was wheeled out carrying the baby and Zosar was delighted to see mother and child emerge from theatre.

An hour later and Zosar was looking down at the baby in her cot while Gary relaxed in bed inside a private room along with the baby.

There were smiles as they both held the baby in their hands.

“We’ll name her after my mother or you,” declared Zosar. “So Amina or Anna?”

“Amina sounds good,” replied Gary.

“How are you feeling?” asked Zosar.

“I’m just glad it’s all over and the baby is fine,” Gary said feeling sleepy and relaxed.

“She’s perfect,” Zosar declared.



Mother and baby daughter

Chapter 20: Sidra's birthday.

At Gary's request Zosar helped to change the dressing on his C-section wound. He'd been back from the hospital for a day and it being Saturday, they were celebrating Sidra's 14th birthday.

Sidra had blossomed in the 9 months since the cruise and she'd developed just like her late mother, though she hadn't grown much taller.



Sidra turned 14 years old

Zosar though was now aware of Sidra's still growing relationship with Paulo and though Paulo hasn't met them yet, Sidra's description of him gives Gary hope that Paulo is going to be a gentleman.

Gary went to the kitchen where the newest addition to the household was busy cooking breakfast. Zosar had hired Debi from Costa Rica a month before Gary had delivered their daughter. Debi was busy making French toast and scrambled eggs for everyone.

Gary walked over to the fridge to get some orange juice when Debi looked up from her cooking, "Madame Kamal, please allow me; you still need to take eet easy."

Shrugging Gary stepped back as he still felt weaker than he did before the baby was born. His gynaecologist's orders had been that for the next 6 to 8 weeks after the birth there was to be no heavy lifting, no hard work or strenuous exercise.

Gary sat down at the table and allowed Debi to pour the orange juice from the jug into a glass. Gary had barely finished drinking when crying could be heard coming from the baby monitor, he'd brought with him.

"I'll have breakfast with everyone else, but it seems that Amina wants to have her feed first," declared Gary who walked towards the nursery.

On arrival, he unbuttoned his house coat, pulled down the straps of his night dress and lowered the flap on his new nursing bra.

He picked up his baby and instinctively held her so she latched onto the exposed nipple. As Amina sucked eagerly on his tit, Gary remembered that the nurses had taught him well on how to give feeds at the hospital. It had been a huge shock to discover that his supersized breasts were perfectly capable of lactation and because they were so heavy he had no choice but to use them to provide Amina with milk.

Looking at the baby feeding, Gary felt strange having Amina suck on his nipple, but it had become pleasurable too. After feeding and changing Amina's nappy, Gary returned to the kitchen to find everyone else up and at the table.

"Morning mommy," Cal said, looking at the pile of French toast Debi had placed on the table.

"Good morning my love," Zosar got up and helped Gary into his usual chair.

Once everyone was seated, they ate and Debi went off to make the beds.

"I am looking forward to meeting Paulo, Sidra's young man," said Zosar still munching after eating some scrambled eggs and toast.

Sidra blushed; she really liked Paulo, despite him being two years older.

"I hope you like him papa because he's good to me," she said nervously.

"That's the main thing; they'll be here at around 11:30 right?" Zosar asked, after taking a welcome sip of coffee.

"That's the time on the invitation," replied Sidra who turned towards Gary who had a blank expression on his face. "Mom, are you feeling all right?"

"Yes, I'm fine honey, just deep in thought but once I get my clothes on I'll be happy to meet your young man," Gary said. "It's Cal I'm worried about."

"I'm 5, so I can behave," Cal said confidently in between chewing on some French toast so that crumbs flew across the table.

Acting as the Mom now came easily and Gary wiped up the mess with a napkin and then looked at Zosar reading his newspaper. Zosar had already spoken about being worried that Sidra was too young to have a boyfriend and that he wanted her to do well in her studies first.

With a huge sigh Gary stood up and announced, "I'm going to get dressed."

“Wear the dress I picked out for your honey,” said Zosar.

Gary went back to their bedroom and found that the new dress he was going to wear to Sidra’s party was lying draped on the recently made-up bed. Reluctantly he picked it up and hung it up on the wardrobe door handle.

Zosar had chosen the loose sky-blue satin dress knowing that it would easily cover his wife’s post-pregnancy body. Fortunately, since the birth, Gary’s figure had slowly returned back to normal apart from his milk engorged breasts which still were much larger. For once the shoes weren’t his usual stilettos but had block heels albeit with a one-inch platform sole.

Once dressed, Gary sat and automatically did his make-up paying careful attention to his eyes. Now completely unfazed with his long nails, he was easily able to put on the sapphire necklace and matching earrings that Zosar had won at the last auction he attended recently.

After a last look in the mirror, Gary slipped on the shoes and checked that Amina was still sleeping. Up until now the baby had been little bother. She cried when she wanted to be fed and changed but the rest of the time, she’d been a happy baby.

Gary was waiting in the living room, when Sidra’s school friends started arriving for the party. The first was Olivia who was Sidra’s best friend and she was followed quickly by a few more friends from school.

Zosar was standing beside his wife, when Debi opened the front door and let a young man inside carrying a brightly wrapped large parcel.

Sidra rushed towards him to accept his present. “Mom and Dad this is Paulo,” she declared. She then looked at Gary and mouthed “I’m going to get changed!” She then headed for her room to put on her party dress.

“I’m pleased to meet you both,” Paulo replied to shaking hands with Zosar.

Zosar noted that Paulo was an attractive young man with light brown hair and bright blue eyes. He had the physique of an athlete but his pose was more of a dancer.

“It’s nice to finally meet you,” Zosar exclaimed. “Sidra seems to have taken a shine to you.”

“Sidra’s friends are in the back garden. Why don’t you go and join them?” Gary said warmly and pointed a long-nailed finger in the direction he should take.



Sidra's birthday party with some of her friends.

"Thank you, Mrs Kamal," Paulo said and placed his present on the table with the others.

When the last of the guests had arrived, Zosar and Gary escorted Sidra towards the garden which had been decorated with lots of bunting and balloons.

"Sidra, all your friends are here," announced Zosar to his daughter who was dressed in a short-sleeved designer royal blue knee length dress when she appeared at the patio doors. She smiled at both her father and step-mother and she then gracefully walked down the steps in the new 3-inch heels that she and Gary had bought her the day before.

"How do I look?" She asked her father as she walked past.

"Just like a princess," Zosar replied happily.

"Thank you so much for coming," she gushed happily to all her friends. "My papa did all the decorations. Aren't they amazing?"

Zosar had decorated the trees, and the patio with royal blue streamers and balloons while the tablecloth was lined with gold.

“Happy Birthday Sidra!” they all shouted and Gary couldn’t help noticing that Paulo’s face had an embarrassed look while Sidra’s face was red and it wasn’t from overzealous use of blusher as Sidra greeted all her friends with hugs and kisses.

“Please help yourselves to some food and take a seat,” said Gary his voice shrilly declared pointing to the ample amounts of pies, quiche and pastries. “Then we’ll cut the cake.”

Debi brought out a layered, vanilla and strawberry cake and laid it in the middle of the table. The candles were lit and Sidra blew them out. Zosar started to sing happy birthday and they all joined in to sing.

“I’m sorry Madame but your baby is crying now,” said Debi who had heard the crying after she’d gone back upstairs into the house.

“Oh my,” said Gary. He headed automatically for the nursery knowing that she wanted another feed.

While Gary dutifully fed the baby, there were squeals of delight from outside as the music started to entertain the dozen teenagers.

Gary exposed his breast again and sat down with baby Amina in his lap in the nursery. He felt contented watching his baby sucking like it was the most natural thing in the world. It was a pleasurable experience and Gary hated the fact that it was actually quite arousing. Zosar had denied him the use of a breast pump telling him that each feed should be as natural as possible. It also meant that his breasts were full and always ready to be sucked on by Zosar when they went to bed.

That had been a huge turn on for Gary watching his husband sucking on his nipples and feeding on his milk.

When Amina was finally sated, Gary laid her down on her changing mat and quickly changed her nappy. Amina wasn’t in a hurry to go to sleep again and Gary found himself winding up the mobile chime over and over as Amina enjoyed the movements and the chimes.

As he stood and smiled at Amina, he was amazed that she was all his. He still couldn’t get his head around that he had given birth. That he was a mother. It still rankled him that he still considered himself or rather he still thought of himself as a male even though he was probably now the most feminine person he knew.

When Amina finally closed her eyes to sleep, Gary walked back towards the party and saw that everyone was having fun.

“Thanks for arranging a wonderful birthday party mom,” said Sidra as Gary helped himself to a small piece of birthday cake.

“Oh, you are welcome honey,” said Gary who hugged her.

“When can I open my presents?” Sidra asked.

“Now if you like. You’re 14 all day,” Zosar said.

They all trooped back inside and Sidra opened present after present squealing in delight as each one was removed from its wrapping paper.

Gary saw that she was delighted to receive gifts of cosmetics, pretty bracelets, rings and a necklace. When Paulo's present was opened last, Sidra's eyes lit-up when she saw that Paulo had given her a jewellery case that was shaped like a book that opened up to hold her earrings.

Around 4 hours later when the last guest had left, Gary entered the bathroom to have a shower. He stepped out of the dress, heels, black lace lingerie and stockings and looked in the mirror. He removed the bandage to apply a fresh dressing and saw the angry wound still present above the panty line. Over his belly button was a pink lotus flower tattoo that Zosar had wanted done.

Turning to look in the mirror, Gary then saw the pale blue butterfly tattoo on his right shoulder blade and looked down to see the little dove on his padded rear. He applied the fresh sticky dressing over the wound which was slowly improving.

Gary was surprised when Zosar suddenly joined him and his large hands groped the pendulous full G-cup breasts he now had hanging from his ribs.

As he kissed Gary's neck lovingly, he commented, "Paulo seems like a nice young man, hopefully he won't hurt our precious Sidra."

"He genuinely likes her," replied Gary and then suggested. "I don't think he'll hurt her and perhaps the next time he comes here you should talk to him and find out his intentions."

Zosar's hand moved to Gary's belly and butt.

"Cal behaved well. He didn't eat too much and he allowed his sister to have fun," Gary advised.

"Cal's growing up and soon you'll no longer need to wash and bathe him, but he'll need help when he starts going to school," Zosar replied.

"Of course," Gary agreed before moaning as Zosar's hand was now fingering his clit. Gary was already aroused, feeding Amina had made him wet. Gary turned on the shower so it was a steady but slow stream of hot water and looked at Zosar. This was his life now as a mother and wife. He was female and looked and behaved like any mature woman.

"Let's do this before our Amina decides she can't sleep," Gary said his accent strong as he spoke easily with his much-improved English. As Sidra and Cal were helping Debi cook and set the table for dinner, Gary embraced his new life by dragging naked Zosar into the shower.

Chapter 21 – History Repeats

"Let's go for a drink together to celebrate your good news," said Omar. "I know a nice basement bar not far from here."

"I can't my friend," said Zosar. "I must go to collect my son from my in-laws. I'll drop by later and pick you up Anna."

Gary whispered in Zosar's ear, "Please don't leave me here with him. I can't stand him!"

"Don't worry, I won't be long," he said. Zosar turned Gary to face him before kissing him passionately on his plump lips. "Keep him happy. You'll be fine."

“You two have a nice drink together. I have to go,” Zosar said.

“Ciao mi amore,” called out Gary as Zosar waved without looking back.

Gary felt uneasy but reluctantly he decided to obey his husband even though he hated Omar.

“What would you like to drink Anna?” Omar asked heading towards the bar stools. “I have plenty of money in my wallet so it’s my treat.



Gary walked towards Omar's side and said softly, "Just a small glass of white wine please. Excuse me while I go and freshen up." Gary turned and walked towards the rest rooms. 'Maybe I can spend the next hour inside the restroom? Anything but be with that shit Omar.'

He knew that Omar would be watching him walk in that tight skirt and heels. The combination of the tight dress, his now broad hips and the heels meant that the wiggle in his walk was unavoidable. Omar's long look caught the attention of two other men sitting at the bar who both whistled their approval.

Omar though didn't approve of women who provoked men's attention in public in the way that Anna had just done. He also didn't approve of men who dressed as women. Unlike Zosar, Omar still believed in Islam and believed that a woman shouldn't flaunt herself in public. Now Anna was behaving in the same way that Zosar's first wife had done was an outrage against his moral compass. Omar bought himself a zero per cent beer and Gary's wine before moving to a table for two.

'She really needs to be taught a hard lesson in what her place should be,' he then decided as he sat down and sipped at his drink.

When Gary sashayed back from the restroom, Omar was sitting waiting with their drinks.

"All is good?" he asked seeing that Gary now wore fresh lipstick. That provoked and annoyed him yet again.

"Sì, molto bene," Gary replied. "Sorry, yes very good."

"Did you know that all the men were making lewd comments as you walked towards the rest rooms?" he then asked.

"Yes, what of it? It seems to be quite common for men to demean women these days," replied Gary.

"I hope you realise that from the moment I saw you, I wanted to have sex with you," confessed Omar.

"Well, I'm married to your best friend now so that's no longer possible," Gary replied. "Zosar would kill you if you tried again."

"Oh, anything is possible between a man and woman," he said sounding smug. "Zosar was wrong going away from the true religion and if you were my wife, you would be covered up and wear the hijab that the wife of a Muslim man should wear in public." He took another swig of his non-alcoholic beer.

"Well thankfully Zosar is not religious," Gary announced. "He's the one who persuaded me to dress like this."

"That's so wrong! Totally wrong!" Omar declared bringing the bottle down onto the table angrily so that his beer frothed up and spilt onto the surface.

"Hey man! Don't damage our furniture or you're out of here!" shouted the barman at Omar.

At that Gary sensed it was time to leave. He hated Omar but his latest outburst was too much. Gary swallowed his drink in one go, grabbed his purse and stood up again. "Too bad! Thanks for the drink!"

Gary just walked out of the bar to wait for Zosar or to flag down a passing taxi. Omar though wasn't used to being talked to like that by a woman and a few minutes later his anger boiled over and he walked outside looking for Gary.

He saw Gary standing by the doorway sheltering from the cold wind. Gary saw him approach and decided he didn't like the angry look on Omar's face and his clenched fists. Gary walked down the street away from Omar but obviously he couldn't walk quickly dressed as he was.



Scared and upset Gary couldn't outrun Omar dressed as he was.

Omar caught up to Gary quite quickly and grabbed him by the neck. Then he pulled him easily towards the alley. Gary screamed when he realised, he couldn't fight the superior strength of Omar.

"Let me go you bastard!" shouted Gary but no one heard him. Gary struggled and managed to scrape Omar's face with his nails.

Gary though sadly found that his withered muscles were no longer a match for Omar's superior strength. Omar pulled him easily into the same alley that Gary had been in nearly two years earlier at the death of Zosar's first wife.

"Let me go!" Gary repeated and shrieked only to receive a hard slap on the face that really hurt. That was followed by a second and a third making Gary feel like he was going to pass out.

"You're a man who acts as a woman but you don't behave as a decent woman should! So, you need to learn to accept the consequences!" Omar screamed angrily into Gary's ear.

"This can't be happening! This is a nightmare! I saw three men kill Zosar's wife here!" Gary exclaimed.

"If you saw the murder then you truly must be Gary Smith," concluded Omar quickly and correctly. "I wouldn't want to marry a woman that used to be a cowardly man!"

At that Gary managed to break Omar's strong grip as he came to terms with Gary's little secret. "Just wait until I tell Zosar about your horrible little secret," Omar threatened taking a dagger out of his jacket. "I think he'll thank me for ending your worthless life!"



Armed with a ceremonial dagger Omar advanced slashing as he went.

“Stay away from me you bastard!” screamed Gary as Omar then lunged at him with the knife. Gary suddenly remembered that Zosar’s wife was missing a high heel shoe and he realised that his 5-inch heels were the only things that were available to mount any kind of defence. He stepped out of a shoe and picked it up just as Omar lunged again with the knife. Anxiously Gary struck his Omar’s arm with all his might with the sharp heel of the shoe painfully penetrating his skin.

“You bitch! You’ll pay for that!” he shouted seeing blood trickle down his arm and onto his wrist.

Meanwhile Gary had stepped out of his left shoe and now had both heels in his hands.

“Don’t come near me!” demanded Gary but Omar wasn’t finished as he lunged again cutting Gary’s bare arm.

“I’m gonna kill you, you tranny faggot!” Omar threatened. “You don’t deserve to live now!”

“Screw you!” said Gary holding the shoes by the soles and ready to defend himself. He didn’t notice that his thinly clad feet were standing on the cold wet cobbles.

“Hey what’s going on down there?” shouted a voice from the end of the alley. That made Gary remember what had happened when the murderer had levelled his automatic at him. He’d backed away then while Zosar’s wife had died. Would that man just walk away too?

“Help me! This mad man is trying to kill me with a knife!” Gary shouted as loudly as he could.

“Is that you Anna?” Zosar shouted.

“Yes, it’s me!” replied Gary. “Help me Omar has gone crazy!”

“I’m not crazy! I’m not the one who dresses as a woman and I’m not the one who married another man,” Omar cried into the darkness. “Stay away Zosar and I’m going to do you a big favour!”

“You’re mad Omar not me,” said Zosar coming into view under the dim overhead light. “Let Anna go!”

At that Omar then lunged at Zosar with a fresh fierce intensity with the knife. However, Zosar’s unarmed combat skills in the army then kicked in and his opponent received blows to the head and arms so that he dropped the knife and fell to his knees hurting badly. Zosar easily kicked the knife away and then kicked Omar hard in the ribs.

“Come over here babe,” Zosar called as Omar still tried to pick himself up. Zosar took one of the shoes from Gary and brought it down hard onto Omar’s head. Gary was still having flashbacks to the first attack only now it was he who had been fighting for life.

He regretted that he’d agreed to meet up with Omar at the same bar that Gary had used with Jake and Mark. This whole situation had blown up in a matter of minutes until it was completely out of control. Gary was thankful that his husband had come to the rescue.

“Thankfully I read your text message,” Zosar said punching Omar in the face. “I used to be my regiment’s boxing champion. Give up Omar!”

Meanwhile Gary had retrieved his handbag at the entrance to the alley and called 911. He told the police what was going on. However, Zosar landed two fresh blows to Omar’s face, and he had reeled backwards hitting his head on the kerb stone as he landed.

Omar was still out cold, as Gary put his heels back on his wet numb ice-cold feet.

Zosar and Gary hugged as they heard the sound of approaching sirens. Before long they were surrounded by flashing police car lights. They were interviewed and gave statements

about what had happened. Omar was taken away in an ambulance with a police escort. The paramedics staunched the wounds as he was rushed to hospital.

Chapter 22 – Happily, ever after

After the attack in the alley, Anna was sitting with her husband and daughter. Anna just finished feeding Amina and the other two children will be back from school in a few minutes. The local NY news channel issued a breaking news story about Sing Sing Prison.

“What’s happened?” said Anna pressing a very long nail down onto the TV remote volume control button. “That’s the prison where your wife’s killer is serving life”.

“We have a breaking news story from Sing Sing,” the news reader announced. “A prison guard has been viciously attacked by an inmate this lunch time in the prison mess hall. The guard who was rushed to the prison’s medical facility and then to hospital nearby suffered stab wounds to the abdomen by the as yet unnamed prisoner,”

“My God,” said Zosar watching the news intently.

“A further bulletin has just arrived and it seems the prisoner has also been injured in the fight. He’s fighting for his life and in a coma in the prison medical facility,” the news reader continued. The station then flashed up pictures of the two injured men.

“Oh, it’s him!” said Zosar. “The man who murdered Callista!”

“I hope the guard will be all right,” said Anna.

“Yes, I do too,” replied Zosar as Anna opened up her nursing bra to let Amina feed again on her nipple.

“It’s hard to believe that low life Omar arranged your wife’s death because she turned down his unwanted advances and he was blackmailing her,” Anna said looking down at the baby sucking greedily.

“I’m just glad you didn’t suffer the same fate as Callista my love,” replied Zosar.

“You rescued me in the nick of time,” Anna said happily. “You are sure you accept me completely as Anna?”

“Totally,” he said simply. “It was quite a shock to find out the way that I did. But I’ve come to realise what you mean to me. You are the most alluring woman I’ve ever known.”

“So, you love me?” Anna asked.

“I adore you Anna,” Zosar replied watching Amina sucking on the nipple. “You are stepmother to my two children and mother to Amina.”

“Then I’m molto contento,” said Anna who reached over to kiss him passionately on the lips.

A few days later in her Rome office, Harmony Earnest was speaking to Mrs Stoner via video conference call discussing Anna’s case files.

"So you knew that Anna was being blackmailed by Omar but did nothing about it?" Harmony asked.

"Unfortunately there wasn't much we could do about it. Anna didn't tell us but it was noticed that her bank account had been emptied and the money had been paid into Omar's account. We kept a closer eye on him just in case he went and did something foolish. That's what eventually happened when he attacked Anna in the same alley," said Mrs Stoner. "Thankfully he's in Sing Sing for a long time to come."

"Sounds like he was an evil man," said Harmony.

"Well as you're now aware, he was also the man behind the death of Zosar's first wife two years ago because she refused his salacious advances. She didn't succumb to his blackmail threats either." replied Mrs Stoner. "After he tried to blackmail her and she refused, he sent three men to 'scare' her but it ended with her tragic death instead."

"Did he confess all that?" Harmony asked, concerned why.

"He did, he didn't want to be in the same wing as the people he'd paid. Not after knowing what happened to that prison guard," explained Mrs Stoner.

"Seems, everything is all right, let's hope Gary or should I say Anna, doesn't try to sue you."

"What she did was her choice, it was her consent, we just happened to use what we had at the time; she's happily married, five children and a secure future," Mrs Stoner replied.

"Now I think we can close the Anna Raponi case," Harmony said happily. "I had a long conversation with her yesterday and although I detected a little reluctance still. She finally confessed to me that she's finally accepted that she's irreversibly a woman and she's going to be best wife and mother she can be."

"So, what brought about that change?" Mrs Stoner asked.

"In a word, acceptance. Her husband has decided to accept that Anna is not a natural woman but that he loves her despite knowing the full story now. In return Anna has fully committed herself to being his wife and she has truly embraced her new life," Harmony added.

"It's remarkable what all those surgical procedures have achieved. It was a risk to convert Gary's appearance so dramatically but it was necessary to save Gary's life. It came at a huge mental cost and he was probably close to being declared insane more than once," said Mrs Stoner. "We always knew it was going to be a tough challenge for Gary to accept his new role in society."

"Outwardly though Anna although genetically male has embraced the life of a woman," Harmony added. "That is good news."

"I heard from her gynaecologist who delivered the baby and he said that it was very risky that Anna was pregnant and unable to deliver the baby normally," Mrs Stoner continued. "He's arranged for her tubes to be tied so she cannot get pregnant again. She called me about it and told me that was sad but the correct decision."

"I think it's wonderful that her husband accepts Anna totally as his wife despite knowing she used to be a man. That must have come as a huge shock to him. But then Anna told me she truly loves him and he now accepts that Anna is probably the most feminine woman he's ever met," Harmony added. "They are both supremely happy together and I just wish all my patients were like Anna."

"Well, thanks Harmony," said Mrs Stoner. "You are right and I think we can close the case now. Before I go the man that Gary helped to put in prison for murder has recovered from his injuries. He received another 30 years in prison though for his attack on the prison guard on top of his life sentence for murder so he'll rot in prison."

Harmony ended the meeting. "I never expected Anna to marry Zosar, because they were opposites. Then there was Zosar's dominant assertiveness and Anna's submissive insecurity, but they seem to have become a lovely couple. Anna even told me that Zosar had softened a little and he allowed Anna to change her look to become the woman she wanted to be, that included a face lift to make her younger looking and a breast reduction," said Harmony to herself as she closed the conversation with Mrs Stoner. "Good Luck Anna Kamal you deserve some after all you've been through."



Gary Smith was no more and Anna Alessandra Kamal was all there is.

THE END

Thanks go to Linda for proofreading an early rough draft. This story took almost three weeks to write.