

UNUSUAL CONTRACT

By Chris James



ILLUSTRATED BY CHAS

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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Chapter 1

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

Required:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I think so," I replied.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER 2

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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