

FEMALE ESCAPE

By Chris James



ILLUSTRATED BY CHAS

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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by Chris James

Chapter 1

I looked across my desk at the name plaque, STEVE MADDOCKS, FINANCIAL ADVISOR, and then back to the pile of correspondence before me.

The top letter in particular spelt the end of my career, and probably a criminal investigation.

The past year had been a total disaster as one investment after another had failed, until finally some three months previously I had foolishly opened a secret account to cover the losses, a completely illegal action. Now this also showed a massive loss of some £250,000, resulting in the letter from the bank.

It stated that I would no longer be able to operate the account without the personal authority of my Managing Director. Naturally, he had no knowledge of such an account and believed that my operations were still successful.

I picked up the letter in despair, screwed it in a ball, and tossed it into the waste bin. The following letters were little better: last demands from the telephone, electric, council, and golf club. Next, the final demand from The Mayflower Casino, where I had turned to for salvation as my stock market losses rose. The boss was now insisting on immediate settlement of my gambling debts, a further £200,000, or else his assistants would be calling on me to 'persuade' me to pay up.

That had been my final attempt at salvation; surely my gambling luck would not desert me. In fact, I had lost money even more quickly than on the markets, money that I did not possess and had no chance of finding.

I lived alone in a penthouse flat in fashionable dockland of East London, but the home was mortgaged to the hilt and would not realize the smallest fraction of the money I required.

I sat back and contemplated the position before ringing for my secretary. Moments later, the door opened and Cynthia entered carrying her note pad.

"You won't need that, Cynthia." I said. "Take a seat and be prepared for a shock."

"Good morning, Sir. You said something about an emergency when you called me. What can I do to help?"

I knew that it was necessary to confide in somebody, even though I doubted whether she would have any easy or quick answer to my problem.

"It's a long story, you'd better sit down."

To my surprise, she immediately and carefully lowered herself into the armchair reserved for special visitors. This unnerved me further, as she was well aware that is how I considered the chair, certainly not for paid staff.

I looked at her and saw a totally different woman, one who exuded authority and control of the situation, not the usual prim but obedient secretary.

“Well, what is so important that you drag me away from my typing duties?” The manner in which it was said destroyed any confidence I still had.

Standing before her with eyes lowered, I told her of my financial affairs, how I had bent and twisted the rules on Stock Market dealings to the extent that, if it came to light, I would almost certainly face criminal charges for fraud. Also if Mayflower casinos found me I would be lucky to escape with my life.

“Why tell me?” she asked. “I’m not stupid; I’ve known for months you were in debt and had irregularities way over your head.”

Then with a toss of her head, she continued.

“I’ve never liked you or your methods of business. It would rather please me to see the newspaper headlines ‘Steve Maddocks sentenced to 20 years for fraud.’ The only problem is that some of the blame might be aimed at me, and I could find it difficult to get another job.”

“Will you help me?” I said in a begging manner, her previous comments making me even more nervous. “It would be to your advantage as well.”

She sat silently, looking at me in an arrogant and disdainful manner.

I waited for several minutes before thumping the table with my hand and demanding, “Answer me.”

An amused smile crossed her face.

“Yes, I will help you, but at the end of the day you may wish that I hadn’t.”

“What do you mean?”

She ignored the question and stood up, saying, “Right, I must go and make arrangements. Obviously you will have to disappear completely and adopt a new name and lifestyle. The best way is to fake a suicide note. So, while I’m gone, think what’s going into a couple of notes, then write and sign them. One will be left here, the other in your car, which will eventually be found in some suitable spot, such as Beachy Head at Eastbourne, a favorite place for suicides.”

I was speechless at the sudden way in which she had taken control of the situation.

“Don’t pack anything, we’ll arrange to find you some clothes. Somebody contemplating suicide doesn’t take a suitcase with them.”

She had by this time risen and was walking towards the door, which she opened. She left the office before I had any chance of asking what she intended to do to help me.

I flopped into the recently vacated armchair and once again looked at the letter which threatened to destroy my life. I couldn’t begin to understand how my affairs had

reached this state; it didn't seem possible that investments could have crashed so badly in a matter of a few months. I was always so careful to 'hedge the bets.' And as for the shadow account, what had prompted me to try such a madcap scheme? Then I recalled it was Cynthia's idea, she had read about it in a novel, or so she had told me.

Was she involved in my downfall? This keenness to help me escape, the idea of a suicide note, and even the comment about possibly regretting her help at the end of the day. I picked up the telephone and began to make calls to try and check the facts concerning my financial mess, but the effort was in vain. It was clear that my contacts were either not able or willing to assist me, one going as far as suggesting my best bet would be 'Go as far as possible away from England and the stock market.'

I again picked up the telephone in an effort to contact another of my friends. Total silence. Someone had even cut that contact with the rest of the world.

I rushed to the door of the office and into reception. Cynthia was missing and the telephone in that office was also not working.

I now had no alternative but to trust Cynthia when she returned, that is if she intended to return.

Meanwhile, the fake notes needed writing; there was no point in delaying that any longer.

Half an hour later, two notes lay side by side on the desk.

'To whom it may concern,

I have acted very foolishly and destroyed my career and have reached financial ruin. Attempts to rectify the situation have led me into rash and unethical accountancy dealings which could result in my being sent to jail.

I could not bear this to happen, so the best solution is for me to end my life.

Sorry for the distress I have caused.

Steve Maddocks'

I propped the letters on the desk, thumped my fist on the table in frustration, and walked towards the window of my office, which was situated on the first floor of a small block near Kings Cross.

It was an hour later that the door of the outer room slammed. Cynthia entered my office.

"Very well, Steven. You had better sit down and fully digest what I am about to say. You are aware that we have been plagued during recent months by letters, telephone calls, and e-mail from this woman in Switzerland that you had the misfortune to hit in your car last year."

I interrupted. "What has that nut-case got to do with it? She has some obsession with me, agreeing to change sex with her. To start with, I have no intention whatsoever of becoming a woman. Secondly, this idea she has, that her doctors have perfected an

operation to completely switch the sexual organs between two people, is too crazy for words.”

“Stop, will you, Steven? I agree that the whole thing is ludicrous, so why don't you appear to accept her offer? I will get in touch and arrange for her to smuggle you out of the country with a view to carrying out the change. By all accounts, she has the money and resources to do this. Once into Europe you flee to wherever it is you intend to go. It is too late trying to leave as yourself; the evening paper has somehow got hold of the story, and a warrant is out for your arrest. Also I picked up this note at the bottom desk. The Mayflower Casino is raring to get you.”

A single sheet of paper was inside the envelope. Crudely written in dark, thick pencil was the message:

‘We're waiting, Steve. We know you are there. And the minute you step out of the door, we will be on you. A slice here, boot in the groin and guts, ankles under the car wheels. I wouldn't like to be you afterwards.

The boss doesn't like welchers, especially when they owe as much as you do, Maddocks.

—The Debt Collectors’

I gasped and covered my face with my hands in despair, shaking with anxiety and fear. I was totally confused and out of my depth. In financial dealings, I could be as ruthless as anybody, but physical action and pain were not my scene.

“Very well, but how do I get away from the office if those thugs are watching the place?”

I sank into the chair behind my desk and waited for her to explain.

“It will take time to make arrangements with this woman, Catherine Goethe, as she calls herself. But the police and the thugs won't wait, so we must get you away to a temporary sanctuary. I have already taken the liberty of contacting a friend of mine who is roughly your size. She is going to visit that doctor on floor three. The one who carries out somewhat dubious but just lawful abortions. However, it is going to appear that something went wrong, and a private ambulance and medics will arrive, collect her, and rush her off to hospital.”

I looked rather blankly at her as she paused, only partially understanding her plan.

With a withering glare, she continued.

“You, Stephanie, are going to change places with her. I have a change of under-clothing, including certain padding in my shopping bag. You must change into that before she arrives, then quickly take her blouse, skirt, coat, and a pair of shoes that will be in her bag, along with a wig, which is sufficiently similar to her hair to fool anybody at a quick look.”

I began to splutter and object. “Either you do it, or I am away and you can sort out your own mess.”

Realizing that there was no alternative, I nodded. The next moment she handed me a bag and told me to start.

I slowly began to remove my tie and shirt, but then paused and looked at her.

“For goodness sake, don't you think I have seen plenty of men in the nude? Hurry up, your double is due in twenty minutes, before that you need to look sufficiently feminine in the underclothes and be wearing sufficient makeup to ensure the disguise.”

I continued to undo the trouser belt and zip, then protested once more. “No, I can't do it, there must be an alternative to me becoming a transvestite.”

She stood to her feet and walked towards the door.

“That's it, I'm finished, find your own salvation.”

She reached the door before my courage evaporated, and I cried out to her. “No, please stop! I promise that I will do as you tell me.”

I removed the trousers and pants, also my socks, and stood before her, waiting for whatever she intended to dress me in. A pair of silky nylon knickers with lace motif across the front was the first article, followed by an all-in-one panty-corselet, which already had suspenders attached to the hem.

“Sit,” she said, handing me a pair of stockings and showing me how to roll them on to avoid snags. A full length petticoat followed. Finally, she stepped forward, holding a very realistic false left breast. Peeling a cover from the back, she pulled aside that cup of the garment I wore and firmly pushed the boob to my chest, carefully holding it in place for what seemed to be several minutes. The same procedure was then carried out with the right side, leaving me with a very feminine looking appearance about the chest.

“They are the sort worn by women who have been forced to have a mastectomy. They will stay in place for as long as need be, certainly until you are clear of the country.”

“What?” I exclaimed. “How long do you think I'm keeping up this farcical game? As soon as we are clear of London, I'm changing back to my clothes.”

“I'm sorry, Steven, but remember you are going to agree to this sex change operation with Catherine Goethe. The only safe place for you to stay in this country is at a nursing home in Kent, where the Matron has no idea of your real name and believes you really are a genuine transsexual.”

I collapsed back into the chair feeling dazed, completely out of my depth at what was happening. I was far from comfortable in the tight foundation garment.

“Good, that sounds like Margaret.” The sound of the reception door slamming greeted these words, and next minute the door to my office opened to admit the woman just as Cynthia completed my wardrobe.

Too bemused to object or think clearly, I dressed as instructed, then the women placed the wig on my hair, secured it with pins, and stood back to check the result.

“Definitely your double,” said Cynthia with a laugh. Margaret had meanwhile taken a blue nurses dress from a holdall, and quickly dressed herself in it, then pinned a blond wig over her own hair and adjusted her facial makeup.

“Right, Stephanie, take a spin; let us see how you look.”

I turned as instructed, but not before replying to Cynthia's taunt.

“Shut up, will you? I am not Stephanie and have no intentions of becoming such a person. Just make certain that this Goethe creature gets me out of the country, then I'm away to America or Australia.”

Margaret, meanwhile, had opened the door of the office and led the way towards the stairs to the upper story of the building. I felt foolish dressed as I was and had difficulty negotiating the stairs in the high-heeled shoes. I also found the feeling of the stocking suspenders pulling at each upward stride strange and disconcerting, as was the swishing of the skirts. We reached the third floor, and she quickly hustled me into the ladies toilet at the end of the corridor before I could protest. Fortunately, it was empty, allowing me to bluster and speak.

“Why hasn't Cynthia come with us? She is supposed to have arranged all this, and she knows what is planned for my escape.”

“Don't worry your pretty little head about that,” came the reply. “I am equally in the picture as to what's happening. And in any case it would rather give the game away if Steven Maddock's secretary left the building with a patient who had visited Doctor Marshall. don't you think? ”

I could find no answer and waited anxiously as she looked through a crack of the door, presumably waiting for the paramedics to arrive.

Suddenly, the ring of the lift sounded indicating it's arrival. Two figures appeared pushing an ambulance wheelchair.

Margaret pushed me from the room and hurried along the corridor.

“Right, sit in the chair. It will be necessary to secure you with straps to make the whole thing realistic.”

Without further protest, I did as asked. A blanket was placed about my legs then strapped across the knees, a further restraint was put about the waist and a third across my chest. The lift door was reopened and the chair pushed in, all three following me.

“One last thing, Stephanie: To make it even more difficult to recognize you, and totally in character with someone who has just collapsed, I will secure this across your mouth and nose.”

Too restrained to stop her, Margaret took a face mask, placed it on me, and secured the straps behind my head. I then began to struggle as I heard and smelt the mixture of gas, but the mask was held firmly in place by her. Very quickly I began to lose consciousness.

Chapter 2

Chateau Banderstaf, set deep in the valleys of central Switzerland, was the ancestral home of the Goethe family. Catherine Goethe, the new Mistress of the chateau, was standing at the foot of the magnificently carved wooden staircase leading upward from the entrance hall. She could hear the telephone ringing loudly in the study.

“Where are you, Monique? Answer the telephone, can't you?” she called.

“Yes, Madame, immediately.” A middle aged, thick set, course looking woman hurried into the study.

Moments later she reappeared at the door. “It's a call from England for you, Madame.”

Catherine Goethe hurried across into the study, slamming the door behind her.

“Yes, this is Madame Goethe, surely you recognize my voice by now. That's Cynthia, I presume,” she paused. She sat on the edge of the desk and listened intently, occasionally commenting or agreeing.

“So, stage one is complete. He's there and believes that his only option is to flee England. Well, just make sure he doesn't change his mind and leave you.”

She laughed at the comment made. “No, He does seem to be quite secure at present. Just make sure it remains that way.”

She replaced the telephone and walked to the window, where she stood looking across the meadow towards the towering Alps that virtually enclosed this valley which formed part of the Goethe estate.

Catherine continued to stare as she contemplated what a good servant she had in Cynthia, who had been Steve Maddock's secretary for the past eighteen months, during which time she had carefully and ruthlessly destroyed his credibility in financial circles. He was now totally dependent on her getting him out of the country to safety.

Catherine allowed herself a smile, as she thought about what consequences that safety would have for the young man.

She murmured to herself, “At last everything is falling into place. Soon I will be rid of this weak, feminine body, and as a new vibrant authoritative man will become the most important business mogul in the whole of Europe.”

Catherine moved back to her desk, opened the top drawer, and took out a desk diary. She thumbed through it and found the telephone number she wanted.

“Hello, is that my friend Doctor Schmidt?” She paused for a moment.

“Yes, we have the subject for your experiment; he is safely on his journey to the nursing home in Kent. He is firmly convinced that both the police and the casino thugs are searching for him. I have told Cynthia Thomas to ensure that he is given a sedative to calm his nerves, but it will in fact be your special concoction that causes even more anxiety, though it reduces his ability to think and act logically. It is then up to you to convince him that escape to Switzerland would be preferable to staying there

and being arrested by the police or, worse still, taken by the casino thugs. However, he must sign the documents first to satisfy the customs and emigration. The matron believes that he is a committed transsexual but thinks he needs encouragement to go through with the change. She knows nothing of his real name or situation.”

She paused and listened before once again interrupting.

“Yes, yes. I assure you the money order will be on it's way to you, as soon as you have got him to sign away his masculinity.”

Replacing the telephone, Catherine called out. “Monique, I want to go over the plans we have for dealing with our very special guest when he arrives.”

Monique reentered the room and stood before the desk. Catherine had meanwhile made herself comfortable in the leather chair.

“I have contacted Doctor Schmidt and arranged for the supply of hormone drugs, some of which have already been put to use. He's told me that it is a special formula concocted by him, mixing several feminizing hormones to bring about quicker and more effective results. Our guest will use toothpaste and talcum powder doctored with the drug; and, as you know, a filter unit has been fitted to the water supplies to his room. All water he drinks or uses will be doctored with a further supply. I trust you have also fitted and checked the surveillance cameras in his rooms.”

“Yes, Madam,” replied Monique, “the speakers are in place and operating so she can be constantly corrected when she fails to perform in the required feminine manner. When necessary the high pitched screech at maximum power will have her begging for mercy and doing as told.”

“Good”, Catherine smiled. “It'll be several days before his arrival, during which time he will have constantly worn feminine clothing. He will believe that, when he gets here, he will be able to dress once more as a male. I am afraid that he is in for a rude shock and is very unlikely to cooperate without persuasion. I hold you personally responsible for ensuring there is no escape, at least not until he has given me that part of him I so desperately need.”

“Madam,” said Monique, “I've been wondering why it had to be him when there must be many men more willing to change sex with you.”

“I have a rare blood group and even rarer tissue match. My doctors have been searching for over two years without success. Fate then intervened when that fool crashed his car into my Rolls, while he was on holiday last year. I arranged for him to go to my hospital for treatment. He wasn't seriously hurt, but blood tests were made in case he needed a transfusion. To Doctor Schmidt's surprise they matched mine exactly. He was kept in hospital on some pretext or other for a few more days, and further tests proved conclusively that blood, tissue, everything matches. My psychiatrist examined him, supposedly to check there was no brain damage, but found there was no way he was likely to agree voluntarily to a sex change. In short, he was a chauvinist masculine figure, quite unable to consider himself as a second class female.”

Catherine smiled at the memory. “We had to let him return home, as his disappearance would have started a massive police hunt, but I made sure that from that day on his fate was sealed. I've controlled his business dealings ever since through my very

able associates, who are with him now. I have told you more than perhaps I should have done, but now you know why it had to be him and how important it is that he goes through with the treatment.“

Monique put her hand to her mouth and smirked. “Do not worry, Madame, you know how I feel about men since I escaped my husband's clutches. It will give me the greatest pleasure to be involved in the gradual emasculation of this arrogant man and his eventual acceptance of having become a female. The stages of the change he goes through will please me immensely, and I intend to ensure that he is constantly reminded of what he is gradually losing.”

“Very well, Monique. I chose you knowing how you felt about men. But remember: I do not want any damage to those parts of him I intend making my own. I intend to become a whole, undamaged male myself; he is the passport to that end.”

Catherine looked at the large oil portrait of her father hanging above the fireplace. She stared at the stern face which looked down at her from the canvas. Quietly she murmured, “Father, you've a lot to answer for. You always wanted a son but instead got a daughter. Now, through the marvels of modern science and the way your thoughts affected me when I was young, you will soon get your wish.”

CHAPTER 3

My recovery had been slow, but the realization of how I was dressed finally shocked me into full consciousness.

I now stood in the room, looking at the figure that reflected back from the mirror, and subconsciously allowed my hands to caress down my body. I felt ridiculous but had to admit the feeling of my femininely clad body was strangely erotic: The firm shape of my bust, waist slimmed by the corsets, the skirt swirling against my nylon clad legs as I moved, and the court shoes forcing me to take smaller feminine steps.

I resolved to tell Cynthia, when she returned, that I would take my chance on avoiding the police and the thugs. No way was I prepared to stay dressed in this manner an hour longer.

Turning towards the door, I heard voices and the clop of shoes approaching along the corridor. The door opened to admit Matron accompanied by the other nurse, who said, "Right, Stephanie, we have brought you a cup of coffee. Dinner will be another two hours yet. Matron thinks that, after the traumatic day, you should rest for a while. She has put a mild sedative in your drink."

"No. I am not staying. This whole thing is stupid. There must be some other way of escaping from my problems."

"Stephanie, we know how you feel, but a short rest will enable you to think more clearly about the consequences of what you have just said. Come now, drink the coffee and give it more thought."

Realizing that further argument at this stage would probably result in the Matron calling the police, I took the mug and drank down the coffee, handing the empty mug back to the woman.

"Good girl," said the Matron. "Now just lie down on the bed. The sedative will act quickly and make you drowsy; we don't want you falling and hurting yourself."

I fell backward onto the bed as she finished and attempted to speak.

"I want... to speak to Cy——" My muscles had become so slack that all I could do was drool and slobber. I fell into an uncontrollable emotional burst of tears.

The matron turned and left the room, leaving me with Margaret, who merely laughed.

"Right, dear, I have just the thing to ensure your full cooperation with signing those documents, confirming your wish to change sex."

Next moment she took from her uniform pocket a box which contained a fully charged hypodermic.

"There, dear, don't cry. Just have a nice rest; the drug will soon stabilize and leave you feeling nicely relaxed. None of that nasty aggression, but placid and obedient to our wishes. Tomorrow morning, Doctor Schmidt will be here from Switzerland with the documents for your signature. Once they are in order, arrangements can be made to fly you out of the country, away from those nasty thugs that your colleague told me

about, and treatment can begin to change you into a pleasant and attractive young woman.”

I couldn't respond.

“Then you will be able to wear the sort of clothing you have on now without anybody being nasty or unpleasant about it. In fact, they are going to become natural, everyday wear for the rest of your life.”

I struggled to protest and explain how it was all a mistake, but I could do nothing but mumble incoherently. The women turned to leave the room.

I attempted to rise but had no strength left in my muscles. My thoughts turned once more to Cynthia and wondered whether she was part of this diabolical plan. Would she return to help me? My only hope appeared to be with her, unless the drugs wore off, and soon.

The remainder of the day passed with me feeling more and more depressed as hope of rescue dimmed. Cynthia had not appeared, and the other two women had simply checked from time to time that I was still in the room. Margaret had twice assisted me to the toilet and made me sit to pee. Just like any respectable young lady would do, she commented. Still unable to communicate, I could not bargain for my release or even appeal to be allowed to send a message to Cynthia.

Despite not having eaten, nothing seemed to happen to provide me with that evening dinner that had been mentioned before tricking me into drinking the coffee. Finally, darkness began to fall, and a low powered electric light came on to illuminate the room.

The women reappeared, stripped me of my clothing, and, taking me by my arms, propelled me into the bathroom. They sat me on the toilet while they filled the bath with warm water and a further, very feminine smelling bath oil.

I was held by the matron, while the nurse bathed me, concentrating on my masculine genitals, finally making them erect by gentle and sustained massage.

“Shall I give him relief, Matron?” she said.

“Why not?” came the reply. “It appears that he wants it removed, so at least show him what he is going to lose. It will almost certainly be the last time he does it. As soon as he signs the agreement forms and reaches Switzerland, the first treatment they give him puts a total block on production of testosterone, making his body more willing to accept the changes the female hormone cocktail produces.”

I made pathetic attempts to struggle as the nurse continued her massage, finally resulting in a violent discharge across the bath and back into the water.

Both women laughed as they immediately lifted me to my feet and began drying my body.

“Fancy wanting to loose that masculine dominance,” said the nurse. “Still, soon you will have no option but to be the passive receiver like the rest of the female population.”

I was half walked, half dragged back into the bedroom, dressed in another pair of nylon knickers, then a frilly long silky nightdress, and sat on the edge of the bed.

To my further dismay, the nurse produced a pair of pink rubber directoire knickers, which she then proceeded to pull onto me.

“Sorry about these, but the drugs do cause some weakness of the muscles. And we can't keep running in to see whether you need the toilet during the night.”

I was then pushed back into the bed. Meanwhile, the Matron was mixing two pills into a glass of milk, which she handed to me.

“There we are, my dear. A nice strong sleeping draught to ensure a sound night's sleep.”

The glass was placed to my lips while Margaret held me upright. I was made to drink the concoction.

“I will wait with him,” said Margaret. The matron nodded and left the room.

“Right, dear, that will ensure you sleep the night through and wake tomorrow ready to make that crucial decision to change your life completely. Another dose of that drug I earlier injected you with in the morning, and all thought of independent action or speech will be denied you for a matter of ten to twelve hours. Plenty long enough for you to sign the documents, convincing the lawyer that it is done voluntarily. The matron has no knowledge of this drug being administered and will confirm that all was done of your own free will. Then the plane ride with Doctor Schmidt to the delightful Goethe Sanitarium, set in a beautiful isolated valley in Switzerland, for your conversion.”

I was already becoming tired as she spoke and quickly fell asleep.

I remembered little of what happened during the following day: vague visions of being fully dressed once more as a woman, having cosmetics applied to my face, and walking from my room down to a study or library, and of seeing Margaret sitting in the room. A very official looking man was sitting at the desk, accompanied by another holding a sheath of papers. Another man in a white coat was explaining my wish to become a woman. I found myself unable to refute this claim and vaguely remember saying that I did. Finally, I signed several documents before returning to my room.

I partially recovered later, as Margaret stood before me shaking my shoulders.

“That was a good girl. The suggestions fed into your mind last night worked perfectly, and the Magistrate and lawyer were totally convinced. Also, you willingly signed away your masculinity and agreed to a sex change transfer with your beneficiary, who is paying for the treatment and covering your very extensive debts in exchange for your agreement.”

I found that my voice had recovered, but I was still sufficiently under the effect of the drugs and hypnosis to do no more than make a token protest, before again becoming emotional.

CHAPTER 4

Catherine Goethe was idly slapping the riding crop against her jodhpurs, as she stood looking at the nearby mountains through the window of her study.

Her thoughts were interrupted by the sound of the telephone; she stepped forward and lifted the receiver.

“Hello,” she said. “Yes, this is Catherine Goethe. Ah, and how is England these days, still wet and windy?”

She listened for several minutes before answering.

“Good, so our friend has dutifully signed the documents, all legally and willingly in front of independent witnesses, and is at this minute already on his way to my Sanitarium with Doctor Schmidt. Thank you and goodbye.”

She replaced the telephone and paced across the room. Her slim, almost masculine figure moved easily as she walked, her close cropped hair hardly moving.

“Monique,” she called, “come in here for a minute, will you?”

The door opened, and Monique bustled into the room.

“I want you to prepare the suite of rooms; he will be here later this evening. Ensure that the filtering of the water is working and ensure the correct dosage of the hormone cocktail is used. I will entrust that duty to you, as the doctor is traveling with our patient. The tubes of toothpaste and talcum powder should already be in the bathroom, and the dressing table and wardrobe full of the clothes he needs. Check that only the most feminine, frilly, silky underclothes have been supplied. I want to impress on him from the beginning that he is going to become the most attractive and feminine of women.”

“Yes, Madam Goethe,” replied Monique. “I have everything ready as you asked, but I will check again.”

Catherine crossed the room and stood before the glass fronted section of a bookcase which covered the whole wall. The light was shining in such a way that she was able to see a clear outline of herself. She put her hands to her head and pulled back the already short hair, hiding as much as possible behind the head. The effect was to give her an even more masculine appearance, and she was pleased with the result.

She stalked across the room, deliberately lengthening her stride, and continued through the hall and out of the house. When she reached the stables, she strode into the saddling room and grabbed the beam at head height, remembering the manner in which her groom had so often performed arm lifts to impress her when she was a younger girl. She tried to emulate him.

“Damn, damn,” she said aloud as she failed to lift her body high enough. “Just wait, my strength will increase! One day I’ll equal or exceed the number he boasted of. It’ll amuse me to make Stephanie try to do the same, when she has these weak feminine sexual organs I have to carry at present.”

She picked up her saddle, left the room, and walked across to the stable housing her favorite horse. As she rode across the estate, she became more relaxed at the thought that her aim in life was nearer to reality. Soon her father's wish would be granted. He would have a son to be proud of.

Back in England, Cynthia was sitting in the study of the Newton Nursing Home talking to the Matron. She read out the signed document.

‘CONTRACT OF INTENT

for

FULL SEX ORGAN TRANSPLANT

I, Steve Maddocks of 59 Beech Avenue, Surbiton, Surrey, hereby agree to a full and complete transplant of all sexual organs with a specified female of the same age, who wishes to remain anonymous, and thereafter live totally the life of a woman. I agree to this action in return for the National Bank of Morocco canceling all debts owed by me to the Mayflower Casino of London and also accepting the shortfall incurred in financial dealings on the stock market when I was acting as dealer for Johnson Investments.

Signed,

Steve Maddocks

In future to be known as Stephanie Maddocks.

Witnessed by Margaret Reed and Carole Jones

10th October 2000’

“Well, Carole, I think we can say that Steve's days as a male chauvinist pig are numbered. I was particularly amused by your nurse's account of what you did to him yesterday. I must try it on him myself when I get back home, before he loses the ability completely, really emphasizing what he is about to lose for ever.”

The Matron laughed as they touched glasses and drank a toast to a new future for their latest patient.

“Thank you, Cynthia. I am glad to be of assistance in helping with another transformation of a male into a decent human being.” She laughed as she made the comment. Not waiting for a reply continued. “Well, it is time to get him, or should we say her, ready for the journey. Another top up dose of Valium and suitably restrictive and secure clothing, just in case she tries anything stupid like trying to remove it, would be appropriate I think. After all, it would be very unfortunate if the patient showed anything a woman shouldn't have at the airfield.”

A short while later, a very subdued and tranquilized Steve was suitably secured into a wheelchair and lifted into the back of an ambulance. He was now wearing an ankle-length skirt, coat, gloves, and shoes. What could not be seen was that the matron had taken great delight in once again putting him into rubber directoire knickers, followed by a knee-length, high-waisted panty-girdle, after confirming with Cynthia that this would effectively ensure that he would be unable to show any untoward parts of his anatomy during the journey that might suggest he was not of the gender required.

A brief journey of thirty minutes quickly passed, and the ambulance swept through the gates of the small airfield. It briefly stopped at the control tower, where the passports and other papers of Doctor Schmidt and his patient, Miss Stephanie Maddocks, were checked. A cursory glance into the vehicle, and it was waved forward to the waiting air ambulance standing on the runway. Moments later, Steven Maddocks, wanted for fraud, theft, and illegal financial dealings on the stock market, left England for the last time.