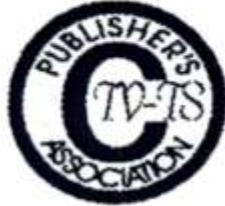


SHE MADE A SWEET
SHEMALE
DAUGHTER-IN LAW



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Janice Wildflower
GEMINI



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She Made A Sweet Shemale Daughter-in-Law Book 3

By Janice Wildflower Gemini

Chapter 31: Plastic surgery to feminize my facial features-

At that point that part of my punishment and brain washing was over. However, I was now to be for some time amenable to this type of sexual stimulation. Doctor Michele told me that the good news was that it appeared that she could reverse my physical feminization with male hormone implants. However, the bad news was that after they took affect and I reverted back to my male appearing self, I would be recognizable by whoever I was hiding out from. The doctor was willing, however, to perform some minor cosmetic facial plastic surgery, in line with her customary practice, which would soften my features and make me appear much younger than I was and virtually unrecognizable to any one that did not know me well.

She explained that she did not typically perform this surgery on males, as her clientele where typically females who wished to appear younger; but she could see no harm in performing the procedures on me, they were all easily reversible or would wear away with time. In the meantime my facial features would appear more feminine and would match my body. When my body masculinized again, my face would only make my appearance younger rather than feminine, or so she claimed. I had already been prepared for this and already knew that I had to agree, or suffer worse changes, and so I did.

I decided since I really had no choice in the matter, that I should try to play up the appearance that Mona's subjugation of me had been totally successful. So I asked, "Aunt Mona, what do you think I should do? I'm just too out of it to make an intelligent decision." Aunt Mona ate it up. She must have felt her program of making me dependent on her was working. I could see the pleasure on her face and her body movements. She told me, "I think the doctor knows what is best for

you, dear. Let's go with whatever she suggests. After all it is reversible. Isn't it Doctor Michele?"

"Just about," replied the doctor, and I knew that it was pretty much a done deal. I didn't like the 'just about' part of the answer, but already knew it was a done deal, or I would be leaving the office a steer rather than an effeminate bull.



Doctor Michele told me she would do the hormone implants first and then the cosmetic surgery. She suggested that I be put under a mild disassociate anesthesia to help with the pain management as well as being injected in the applicable areas with a local anesthetic. Mona took over for me and I agreed with those suggestions. The doctor proceeded. Mona held my hand, which was actually comforting and I returned the pressure until the general anesthesia took effect. It didn't

put me out, but made me sort of high so I didn't really care what was being done to me, and couldn't focus.

As I lay on the examining table, the implants were implanted. When that was finished I was moved to a more comfortable operating table - actually more like a dental chair than a table. With the move, I started to get quite dizzy and a bit nauseous, which subsided as soon as I sat down again. But it foreshadowed things to come, all well planned by Aunt Mona. My face was injected at multiple sites with the local anesthetic, which was given time to work and then Doctor Michele begun to change my face. I felt no pain, but I could feel the pressure as she cut, grinded and sewed.

Through incisions above each eyebrow the bony ridges above my eyes, typical of males, but not commonly found on females, were ground down until they were gone and the shape of my forehead became more rounded and much more feminine.

Likewise small incisions were made in my cheeks through which soft artificial bone was introduced and served to build up and raise my cheek bones, rounding out my entire face to make that appear much more feminine.

Next a number of slits were made around my eyes, and sewn as to give them a slight slant, very oriental in appearance and quite facially feminizing, under the circumstances.

Next my lips were injected with collagen until they plumped out and became full and pouting, lips that would belong to a sensual woman, without a bit of masculinity left in their look at all.

Finally, any ridges or furrows in my skin were removed with Botox injections, further serving to make my appearance more youthful and combined with the other changes, more feminine. Of course all the incisions were sewn closed with many more stitches than necessary, all to make sure I had absolutely no scarring. All I have described here I did not actually see. I could not see everything that was being done to me, and in any case I was quite out of it after a while due to the general anesthesia. However, days later, after I recovered the changes wrought in my face would become apparent.

Chapter 32: Corseted for a female shape and drugged for a female mind set-

After the surgery I was allowed to rest for some time, I was very lethargic and still quite out of it. My lower back still hurt from all the rough sex I had been subjected to, so I was contented to be left alone. The doctor and Mona were discussing things in hushed tones and in my state at the time I couldn't really focus in on the discussion. Doctor Michele at some stage after the surgery told me I was reacting badly to the anesthesia and she was going to start an intravenous drip in case I went into a shock reaction. I told her, "Not necessary," and tried to get up but the room spun, I got very nauseous and slumped back down again. So I sat back down and let the doctor do whatever she wanted to.