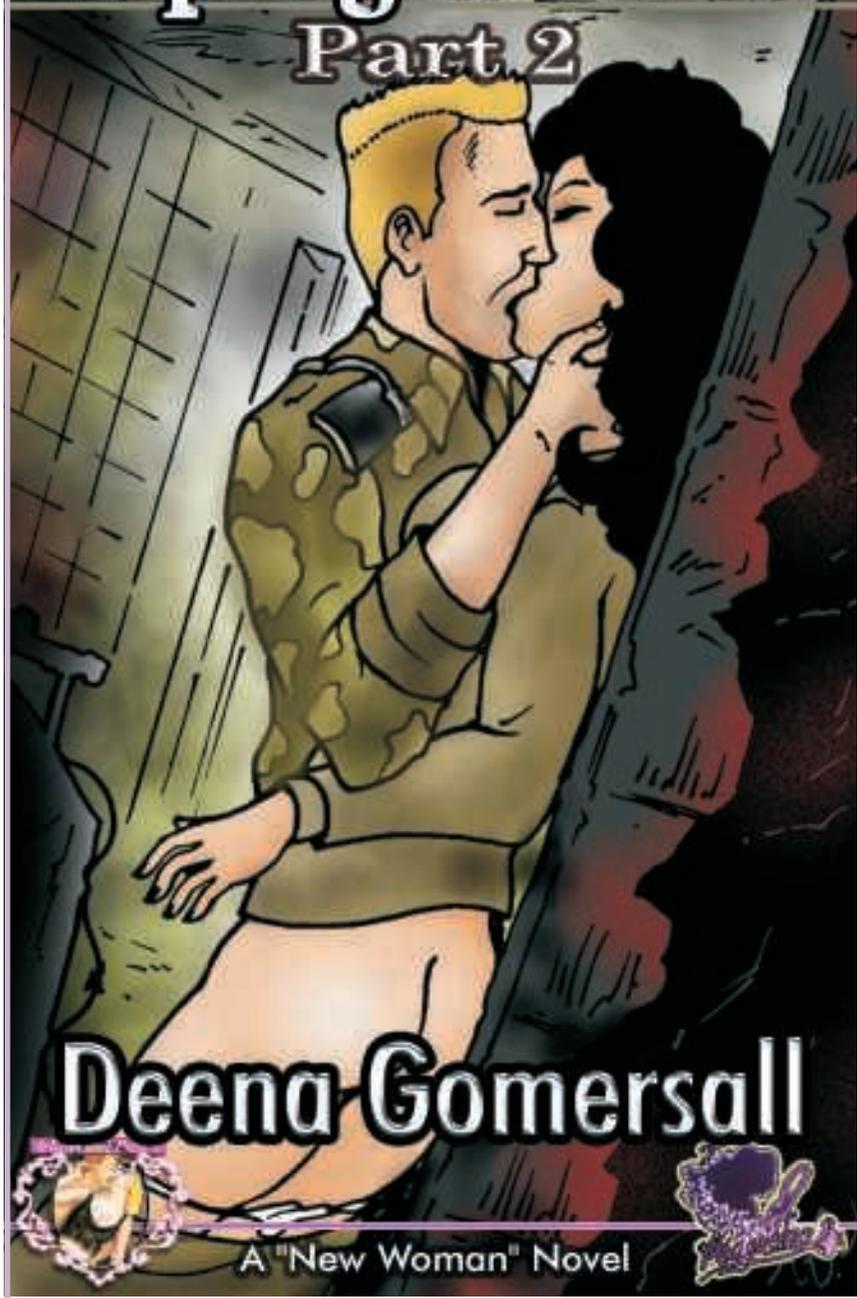


# Reprogrammed

## Part 2



**Deena Gomersall**

A "New Woman" Novel

## **Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers**

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# **Reprogrammed**

## **Part Two**

**by Deena Gomersall**

### **Chapter Ten – A Meeting Of Officers.**

The soldiers all continued to train in close combat fighting; shooting, physical fitness, stealth, avoiding capture and interrogation training, including Coop, as he had been without any military training in a long time and needed to be both physically fit and mentally alert.

Their trainer, Drill Sergeant, Scotsman Calvin McDonald, made a point of being tough on Coop in order to not give any noticeable preference to a female and secondly to show Coop personal respect in not treating him any differently just because he was a higher ranking officer and a war hero.

“C’mon, Mathews, ye can do better than that. Push yourself, man,” the tough Scot bellowed at him. “I got a wee daughter at home who can knock the socks off of yer.”

He sat the men around him to go through various details off the training field. “Ya all know you are going over there as unrecognised British Army regulars. That means that if any of ya are caught, ye could be shot as spies. So ya don’t wanna be caught, okay? But if those guys do catch ya, ya need hard training in regards ta dealing with being captured. I’m gonna give ya the absolute worst training; resisting interrogation and enduring certain techniques which I think is a good thing because it helps ya to know how bad things can get for ya.”

Despite his questions and answers meeting with his men in order to bring out in the open what had been done to him and for his men to fully understand his position, Coop knew that they couldn’t help but notice numerous differences in his personality and the way he did certain things plus his body language which he found hard to hide. He knew that they could no longer recognise him as the person he had once been.

During the course of the training, Coop was invited to break off in order to come along to a meeting of high ranking officers to discuss the forthcoming mission.

Coop was dressed in a smart looking pants suit for the meeting; the jacket which fell to mid-thigh covered the white blouse he wore. The pants had flared bottoms. He wore black slingback shoes with a kitten heel on his feet.

In spite of knowing exactly who and what he was now, Coop took out a tube of lipstick from his small clutch purse and applied light pink lipstick to his lips.

As Chloe he had always felt more confident when in a situation like he was in now if he was wearing lipstick. The personality he had built around Chloe was still very strong with him, having been so recent.

Coop went into the large room which had a large polished oak table in the middle. Nine military brass types were seated around it; some he knew, some he didn't. There was at least one friendly face amongst them, Brigadier Ian Webster.

At the head of the table was another Brigadier; Reginald Pershing whom Coop knew of but had never met. He was presiding over the meeting. Sitting directly opposite him was a major general, Sir Reginald Carter-Jones.

“Good afternoon, Colonel Mathews, please take a seat. How are you feeling today?” Pershing asked.

Coop sensed that the Brigadier was struggling not to talk to him as though he was talking to a female, even though, at least outwardly, he was.

“I'm good, thank you, Sir. I'm as well as can be expected and the men and I have been training very hard.”

“It's a difficult situation, Mathews; you have already shown tremendous courage and heroism in this, at tremendous personal cost. We have to believe, however, that the information you stored on the device is of extreme importance to the Russians, due to their recent actions. Obviously, they have still not

located it. Can you remember everything about the raid you made?”

“Some things are sketchy but I remember most things now, Sir.”

“We have a deep undercover agent who has supplied valuable info on hill security. He is the same one who knocked out the security alarms six and a half years ago, unlocked the window you went through and supplied us with exact details of where you would find the computer and the password to gain entry. I doubt we would have been successful without him.

“Once we had all of that information, you were dropped in on the hill by parachute and made your way to the building, managing to pass security guards. Your escape was not as successful and you were pursued and shot at. Luckily your team members were standing close by in the rescue helicopter.”

“Yes, I am aware of all that, Sir.”

“Obviously, their security has been greatly tightened since then and they have dug in gun holes which are dotted strategically around the hill. Although you do not have to infiltrate the building this time, access onto the hill will be very difficult.

“The key to the operation will be secrecy and stealth, with as few men as possible to aid you. We did recommend sending some of the SAS guys in with you but you have elected to use a team that you have been with on other missions. Is that correct?”

“Can you remember just where you buried the device?”

“Once I see the area, Sir, I should remember. I know there were two large shaped rocks. As you say, I was being pursued and knew I had to act quickly and so didn’t have time to look at the coordinates.”

“We have some film footage of the hill taken by a drone which had the Kremlin waving accusing fingers at us. Take a look and see if you can identify the two rocks... it will make the mission easier.”

“We need speed... get yourself as quickly as possible to the location of the buried device, back off and get out of there,” General Cuthbert Mackintosh joined in, “The men you take with you are solely for backup. We want to avoid any fire fights which would result in diplomatic conflict between ourselves and the Russians.”

Coop was then shown video footage from the drone but there was nothing that stood out from the angles of the film. He had it pointed out to him where Russian soldiers were dug in around the hillside and the location of two high watchtowers.

“Perhaps we need to see if there could be a reason for Colonel Mathews to have access onto the hill under a presumed identity. I may have an idea, gentlemen,”

Brigadier Webster told the assembly. There was then an hour of discussion on the plausibility of the idea that Webster had and what needed to be done to implement it.

Coop was unsure about his friend’s idea and it would be a big change of character for him from any other operation he had undertaken but as the gathering of brass that were in attendance thought that it could work, due to its keeping his true identity and gender, secret, he went along with it.

“Is the mission absolutely clear to you now, Colonel Mathews?”

“The mission is very clear to me, Sir,” he answered.

“Very good. Now, is there anything else you wish to know or bring up before we close the meeting, Colonel?”

“Yes, there is, Sir. I would like it put on record through this meeting that I am very unhappy that the military and government found it fit to alter me, both mentally and physically, that you allowed my wife, children and family to believe that I am dead, just for your own ends, Sir.”

There were rumblings around the table and more than a couple felt uncomfortable at the unexpected outburst. Even his friend, Brigadier Webster, put his hand to his face as he thought ‘Here we go again’ in reference his outspoken friend.

“Colonel, that and what befell you on your last mission, was a very delicate matter; we had to act fast and in the way that we deemed best all round.”

“With respect, Sir, what you did was to take liberties and *not* act in a way that was best all round. It certainly wasn’t best for me. You totally altered my body without my consent, you changed my goddamn sex, you took away my memories and had me living, believing, I was someone else for over six years.”

“As I have stated, Colonel, we did what we needed to do. You were more dead than alive, you had lost what makes you a man. We did what was best for you.”

“Wrong, Sir. You did what was best for *you*. You gave me no choice in the matter. How did you know

that I wouldn't have preferred death over being made into a woman that I am not? You couldn't know that I may have preferred having no genitals at all to being given a vagina. You say I had already lost what makes me a man. With respect, Sir, what makes me a man is up inside here," Coop stated, tapping his head.

"And with respect to you, Colonel, you seem to have adapted to what we did to you, very well even though you are now fully aware of whom and what you are," Pershing countered, giving indication of how Coop was dressed and with the mascara on his lashes and his wearing lipstick.

"Choosing to present myself to the best of my ability as what you have made me does not make this right, Brigadier Pershing."

The highest ranking officer at the table, Major-General Carter-Jones, looked at the woman in front of him and, for the first time, addressed him personally. "I find I have to ask myself if you are fully committed to this operation, Colonel. Or will your obvious resentment of what was done to you get in your way?"

"I am a Colonel in the British army, Sir. As such I am fully committed to doing all that I can for my Queen and country, Sir," Coop replied strongly

When the men had finished their training, almost a month to the day that Coop had met back up with them, they were on their way over to an RAF airfield to be flown over to Camp Bastion, Helmand Province in Afghanistan. There they rested for a few days before making their way through the Russian border as German tourists, forged papers and all, and took up residence in a town that was close to the hill where

the storage device was located. Seeing the hill once again in the distance brought a chill down Coop's spine.

Coop stayed in a hotel separate from his men, two of the men being roomed in another hotel in the same town and two in a different town. Coop was following the orders of doing this mission alone and attempting to use his female side in order to try gain help from locals.

Once they were settled in, Coop organised with Clarke to go over to a local bar where he was hoping he could elicit interest in himself and hopefully be shown onto or around the private hill. He wanted to try to determine the exact spot where he had deposited the device.

## **Chapter Eleven – A Date With Fate**

Coop and Corporal Clarke walked into the tavern separately and sat separately. Clarke was there simply for backup in case Cooper got into difficulties with any amorous men. Cooper was wearing a pair of blue denim flared pants and a mauve-coloured hooded sweater.

Even without makeup, with his feminine style blonde hair and surgically created facial features plus large breasts, he still looked like a very attractive woman. He knew he needed the look in order to help with the mission. But he wanted to attract male attention, not label himself as some easy bimbo, hence no makeup.

Clarke bought a beer, sat a few tables away, and waited to see if his Colonel would need him at all.

Coop sat as demurely as he could with a tall martini in front of him. He received endless looks of admiration but nobody approached. He was about to put Plan B into action and make his own approaches when a man spoke to him in Russian.

Not fluent in the language, Coop told the stranger in German (a language he was fluent in, having been stationed in Germany during the early part of his army career) that his Russian was not very good.

(Conversation in German)

“I do speak German. I was saying you are a stranger. I know all of the faces in this small town, especially, if I may say so, the beautiful ones.”

Coop groaned inwardly, he was being hit on. Fully turning to take a good look at the speaker, he saw a rather fat, rather ugly, man of middle age.

“Thank you, that is very kind of you to say. Yes, I am a stranger to this town, just here for a few days,” Coop managed to reply in a non-hostile way.

“So forgive me and tell me to mind my own business, *Fräulein*,” the fat man continued after seeing there was no ring on Coop’s wedding finger, “but what brings a woman such as yourself out here?”

“Oh, I’m a lepidopterist. I am led to understand that there is a new species of butterfly recently discovered in these parts that I would dearly like to see and photograph... on a high hillside. Is that correct?”

The man shrugged. “I have seen several butterflies when out walking... white ones, brown ones and blue ones. I do not know of their names.” The man had not expected such a reply, especially from a reasonably young, attractive woman. “Ah! Give me a moment, I

will ask Gedeon if he knows. He is stationed on the nearby hill, he likes to come in here when he is relaxing.”

Coop immediately wondered if he may have struck lucky, but still played it cool. “What? Stationed out there on that big hill? What on earth does he do?”

The man gave Coop a quick glance that bore the look of someone who may have just said a little too much. “Ah, I do not pry into Gedeon’s work. Maybe he tells you himself if he wishes. I will not be long.”

With that, the man rose from his stool and wandered off to a quieter side of the room. Coop glanced at Clarke in an attempt to signal he was okay, then took a sip of his martini.

The middle-aged man returned after several minutes with another man following, a younger man, tall, about six foot two and quite attractive under a six-day growth of beard. Although dressed casually, the man showed a lot of intelligence in his face that did not look at all weather-beaten from being exposed to the elements.

(conversation in German)

“This is the German woman I was talking about to you, Gedeon, the one who collects butterflies.”

The man put on a friendly smile and reached out a hand in greeting. “I am Gedeon Lebedev; my friend Boris tells me you are interested in butterflies around here, a strange hobby for a fräulein, I would have thought. I am sorry but he did not tell me of your name.”

Coop returned an equally friendly smile. “No, I am dreadfully sorry, I had not yet given it. My name is Hannah, Hannah Schneider.”

“I am pleased to meet your acquaintance, Hannah Schneider. So, do you collect butterflies? Photograph them? Any particular ones that you are interested in?”

“It is a particular species,” Coop told the man, “It is called the South Russian Blue. It was discovered by a scientist by the name of Vladimir Lukhtanov a year or so ago and it is indigenous to this part of Russia, on the high hill, I am told.”

“Yes, there was a group of entomologists here, I remember, and they did come across a new species... very much similar to the Azerbaijani blue, which is quite common in this area, I was also told by them,” Gedeon replied with a smile. Luckily for Coop, Lebedev knew very little about the South Russian Blue; the flight period of the butterfly had ended two months ago.

“Oh, fantastic. Would it be too much trouble at all for you to show me the right direction to look? I would be ever so grateful,” Coop replied with a seductive flutter of his eyelashes.

“You can walk freely around the lower base of the hill; however, these butterflies that you seek, I am told, are higher up the hill, which is a fenced off and restricted area.”

Cooper looked disappointed. “Restricted? Yet Lukhtanov and his team wandered freely.”

“Not freely, *fräulein*, they were escorted by armed guards. The hill is very sensitive and under constant observation.”

“So, can I get a permit or something? Can I apply to be guarded as I search, or do I return home to Germany feeling a very disappointed lady?”

Gedeon smiled again. "I take it you are here alone, Fräulein Schneider? No suitor accompanying you?"

"I am travelling alone, Sir, yes. And please call me Hannah."

"Then let me take you out to dinner this evening, Hannah and we will discuss the matter and what I can do to help. Let it not be said that Gedeon Lebedev would leave a fair maiden in distress."

Coop smiled. The fact that Lebedev worked on the hill indicated that he was either something to do with the installation itself or its defence. Either way, Coop hoped to glean some important information from him.

It also seemed clear to Coop that Gedeon was interested in the blonde lady he was talking to... after all, he was a man. He'd had six and a half years' experience of being a woman, like it or not, firmly installed in his head. "That sounds like a lovely idea, Gedeon. I will look forward to having dinner with you," he answered rather flirtatiously.

Gedeon arranged a time to meet with Coop and then, after kissing his hand, returned to where he had been drinking.

When Ryan had seen the man leave his colonel's table, he had gotten up and followed Gedeon to where he had been sitting. He wanted to know if Lebedev may say or do something to find out if he was he in any way suspicious.

Gedeon sat down amongst a party of five other males and began telling them of his recent encounter. Ryan himself was not fluent in the Russian language but knew enough to make out some of what Gedeon talked about.

Butterflies were mentioned and the man used his hands to illustrate large breasts with a dirty smile on his face. He then made obscene gesture with his mouth and flicking his tongue that brought harsh laughter to the table.

Knowing the lewd gestures were being made towards his feminised Colonel made Ryan feel both uneasy and strangely protective. He left the bar and went and stood outside, taking a cigarette from his packet.

Several minutes later, Coop also came outside and headed towards the corporal.

“Excuse me miss, you don’t happen to have a light, do you?” Ryan asked in broken Russian, lifting his unlit cigarette in gesture.

Cooper didn’t smoke but he had a lighter in the purse he carried just for this occasion.

“The second man works on the hill. I’m meeting him tonight to discuss the possibility of him giving me some entry onto the hill. Webster’s idea seems to be a good one, he actually knew about Lukhtanov discovering the butterfly so I am guessing he has a lot to do with the secret installation. Be on standby just in case,” Cooper told his corporal, speaking in a lowered voice in English as he ignited the lighter and held the flame up to Ryan’s cigarette.

“So what’s the action right now, Sir?” Ryan asked.

“You go back to your hotel room. I’m off shopping. I need a new dress for this evening.”

“A new dress, Sir?” the Corporal nearly choked. Ryan was already having a very difficult time seeing

his Colonel looking so much like a woman. Imagining him wearing a dress practically blew his mind.

That same evening, Gedeon Lebedev was already in the hotel where they had arranged to eat when Ryan Clarke and Louis Akabussi walked in and sat to a table together.

Gedeon eyed the two men suspiciously. He had seen the white man in the bar yesterday, a stranger to him. He had an eye for remembering faces as head of the secret installation's security team and he had seen the same man ask Hannah for a light, through the tavern window. She was a stranger in town. And now there was another: the new, big black man.

It was a further twenty-five minutes before Colonel Cooper Mathews made an appearance. Louis nearly choked on the beer he was drinking at the time and indicated with a slight nod of his head to Ryan.

“Wow! Fuck me stiff!” Ryan gasped.

Coop was wearing a black minidress that had a wide collar and white trim, his legs adorned in shiny dark black hose that disappeared into black suede knee-high boots with a sturdy three-inch heel. His blonde hair had been made stylish and he wore full makeup.

“Dunno about you mate, but I would,” Louis confessed as he looked at the colonel. Ryan just nodded in agreement, his mouth still agape as he watched Coop look around, smile a big wide smile as he spotted the man he was meeting, then head over to where Lebedev was seated.



The Russian rose to his feet and pulled out a chair as the woman approached. “You brush up very well, Hannah, I wasn’t sure you would come,” he told Coop in German.

(Conversation continues in German)

Coop looked at him with a curious smile. “Why wouldn’t I?”

“Well, it is not often that I have a date with such a beautiful lady.”

“But I am only here to talk about access to a hill with butterflies on it,” Coop responded flirtatiously using all the female knowledge he had gained from living as Chloe William. “But, we can call it a date if you would rather.”

“I would like that very much, Hannah. That would make me the proudest man in this town. Now as far as your request goes, there are some private installations on the hill that require maximum security. As such, I am sorry to ask but I need to see some identification from you before I could get you permission. It is not me, you understand. I just have to do as requested.”

“Oh! I never realised it was so private. Yes, of course I have identification; I have my papers right here with me.” With that ,Coop went into his purse and brought out some official looking documents.

MI5 had already prepared everything that Coop could need, including a travel visa from Germany to Russia, a German passport and even a card with a photograph, showing that Hannah Schneider was a member of the EBG, the European Butterfly Group.

“I see that you were born in Dresden, Hannah. I have been there. With good fortune, we may have met earlier in life.”

Coop just smiled as he put the documents back in his purse. “So, do I pass your scrutiny?” he asked, still smiling.

“Yes, of course my, dear. But as I said, it is not me that demands it. Now, with that matter out of the way maybe we can begin the more enjoyable part of our evening. Are you ready to eat yet?”

“I ate earlier today. I try to keep my figure but I guess I am quite peckish,” Coop replied.

“Then I shall order two Solyanka for us. You will enjoy.” Gedeon motioned a waitress over with his hand. “Inga, two Solyanka for myself and the lady, and two vodkas.”

The busty barmaid wrote the order down on her pad whilst giving Coop a dirty look and walked off.

“Forgive Inga, we used to see each other. She can be unforgiving of rival women,” Gedeon laughed.

“And am I am a rival woman to her?” Coop asked.

“You did say that we could call this evening a date, did you not ,Hannah? Therefore I think that constitutes your being Inga’s rival.” As he spoke, Gedeon placed his rough callused hand on Coop’s thigh, exposed by the shortness of the dress he wore, stroking it and then giving it a squeeze. Coop inwardly grimaced.

The pair talked about Dresden and Saxony. Coop had done his homework on the German city and state and, if it was a test, easily answered what Gedeon

knew of it. It was fifteen minutes later that Inga returned with two bowls and two glasses.

Solyanka was a type of thick soup containing sausage, bacon, ham, and beef, as well as an array of vegetables and chopped pickles along with a traditional slice of lemon. The meal was tasty and filling but had a rather sour flavour to it.

Gedeon lifted his drink to chink glasses with Coop, then downed the contents in one. Coop met his eyes and did the same, taking down the strong fiery liquid in one.

“Ah, a Fräulein with fire in her,” the man laughed, then called out loudly, “Inga, more vodka over here.”

Gedeon was still suspicious of the woman and her possible two companions. He hoped plying her with drink may loosen her tongue. Her papers and passport seemed in order but it was his job to be suspicious of strangers, especially three arriving more or less together when the village hardly ever had visitors. Plus the hill and installation had been placed on a Code Yellow alert over the past month.

“So this new butterfly of which you seek, the hill has a lot of rock and stone. What does its grub feed on? I see so few flowers.”

“The larvae feed on a blue flower, *Clerodendrum ugandense*, which grows sporadically on high hillside slopes,” Coop answered confidently.

The attractive woman seemed to know her stuff which made Gedeon wonder if she just may be legitimate. He hoped so as he really fancied having his way with her before the night was over.