

# Sins of the Father



Francis Peters

A "New Woman" Novel

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For information address  
Reluctant Press  
P.O. Box 5829  
Sherman Oaks, CA 91413  
USA

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# SINS OF THE FATHER

by Francis Peters

## CHAPTER I

Evening darkness etched black against the library oak panels despite the yellow cast of dark red shaded lamps. The bookshelves towered about the four silent men, who stood by a huge marble top desk that once belonged to Benito Mussolini, a dictator with less real power than the dark figure that sat behind the desk now, Franco Grassi. Don Franco nodded his head and a family soldier bent over and turned on the desk lamp to place a red folder upon the otherwise empty marble surface. Don Franco did not like clutter, it smacked of carelessness and an unwillingness to finish off what must be done. This thought caused him to look up at the young wise guy that waited before him.

Tommy DeAngelo stood silently before the imposing figure of Franco Grassi. No one spoke in Don Franco's presence without permission, especially when his anger was so apparent. His power over the

Organization and its members was absolute. A life could be snuffed out with nothing more than a wave of his hand; a career destroyed with little more than a nod of his head. This power, though absolute, was delegated judiciously and, in the Don's mind, fairly.

This reality was Tommy's only hope for survival. After all, he had not killed the girl. Yes, he had taken her against her will; he had taken her virginity and destroyed her innocence. But, she was alive when he left her, emotionally distraught but physically well.

*'God, how was I to know she was the Don's niece. Why hadn't she mentioned that relationship? Despite her beauty, I would have had nothing to do with her had I known. That is exactly why she made no mention of it,'* Tommy's mind complained.

Had they known, no man in the Organization would have been stupid enough to become involved with her.

She was beautiful, in a classic, elegant way. So different than the women Tommy was accustomed to meeting. Tall and slim, she seemed to glide when she walked, the result of years of dance training. That training was also responsible for her legs, those wonderful long legs, so firm and well-shaped.

He remembered the first time he had seen her as she sat with almost regal grace at a party, her nylon-clad legs crossed, slim skirt pulled taut above her knees. Despite his considerable experience with women, he had felt clumsy when he approached her, intimidated by her beauty and poise.

He could still remember her gentle scent, her well manicured nails. Their deep red polish matching that of her lipstick. The single strand of pearls she wore about her neck, and the catlike, sensuous way she crossed and uncrossed her legs, the sweet whisper of

the sheer black stockings floating to his ears as she moved.

He remembered his hands trembling as he held a match for her cigarette; his eyes drawn to the swell of her breasts, the intricate lace pattern of her bra conspicuous beneath the thin fabric of her blouse.

She had seemed so reserved, so vulnerable.

He knew now exactly how calculating she had been. To her, men were toys, sexually insecure playthings she loved to tease, then reject. His friends had warned him, but he was not about to let any woman, even a woman as attractive as she, master him.

Later that evening, his judgment clouded by too much alcohol, his passions inflamed, he had taken her as she attempted to ward off his advances.

But, he was not to be dissuaded. He enjoyed her struggles. He enjoyed ripping off her skirt and discovering the lacy garter belt, its thin straps taut against her firm thighs. He delighted in the feel of her breasts through the sheer lace of her bra, her nipples swollen with desire.

He took her violently in much the same way he dealt with enemies of the Organization. Her helplessness only served to excite him further. He felt no remorse when he was finished. His world was a violent one in which only the strong survived.

That one moment of passion had led to this. The silence of the darkening room and the awaiting men. Don Franco opened the red folder to review the facts presented by his personal staff and others. All neat and tidy.

Though only 22 years old, Tommy DeAngelo had spent years in service to the Don, slowly, but inexora-

bly, working his way up through the Organization until he had become part of an inner circle only few achieved.

The Don's anger was directed as much at his stupidity as it was at his actions. Don Franco had expected great things of Tommy. His courage, devotion and intelligence had made him a valued employee.

Gena was the daughter of the Don's youngest brother, a brother he found little use for. He was unreliable and indecisive, yet loved to assume the trappings of his family's power. The Don knew his niece was little better. Beautiful on the outside, but deceitful within. The game she had played so successfully in college with the pampered sons of the socially elite had no meaning to a man like Tommy. It was likely she had gotten nothing more than what she wanted and deserved. It was only because of family honor that Tommy stood here.

His reading complete, the Don closed the folder to look down from DeAngelo's anxious eyes to the unsigned order attached to the outside of the folder. His brother had demanded retribution. As fond as he was of Tommy, he had no choice but to comply. Nothing stood above matters of family honor.

All that remained to be decided was the method of vengeance.

Tommy would not be killed by being sealed alive in an oil barrel and dumped into the New Jersey wetlands to vanish forever as the heavy barrel sank into the toxic ooze, as the Don's brother had insisted. Nor, would he be dealt with, as a rapist might be in the old days, with his cock and balls cut off and the cock stuck into his mouth as he died slowly in agony from the rupturing blood gushing from his loins!

But, since Gena had been the victim of DeAngelo's stupidity and lust, the Don reluctantly agreed that she should decide what should be done to her rapist, and he accepted a pen from one of his awaiting soldiers to sign the order...

"You will live," Don Franco announced with a curt nod towards the two men, who had brought DeAngelo for judgment. He watched with sadness as Tommy was led from the room by his lieutenants. He had sent other men to their fate. Some had gone insane during the process; a few had even taken their own lives rather than accept what lay before them. He prayed that Tommy had the strength to endure; because, to a man such as Tommy DeAngelo, nothing was more important than his own life.

Except for one little thing...

Don Franco, who had seen countless men die slow, painful deaths, shuddered at the exquisite cruelty of Tommy's fate.

Then he turned his attention to the next red folder placed neatly upon the pure white marble top of his desk...

## **CHAPTER II**

Tommy struggled to regain consciousness. His mouth was cottony. His tongue felt swollen to the point that he had to gasp for breath. His head throbbed with pain. He remembered the sharp needle being thrust into his arm and the terrible fear as awareness slipped away, but little more.

He vaguely remembered the horrible dreams. Dreams of needles being thrust again and again into the skin of his lips and cheeks, other needles piercing the flesh of his face and chest. He sensed the acrid

smell of burning flesh the sound of women's laughter.

The glaring lights disoriented him further, making it impossible to determine how long it had been since he stood before Don Franco. He only knew he was alive, as Don Franco had promised... As he had hoped, his punishment would not be death. If that was the Don's intent, it would have been accomplished by now. The Don, if nothing else, was brutally efficient when it came to matters of retribution.

Tommy's sense of relief at cheating death was only fleeting. *If the Don had not chosen death, what exactly had he chosen?* Tommy was no stranger to the other methods of retribution available to the Don. He had been a good soldier, and he had enjoyed his work, especially when he brought the horror of the Don's retribution into the soul of some poor slob... For some reason, perhaps pride of work, he remembered the six days that he spent working over a stoolie, so as not to leave a single bruise, yet when DeAngelo left his work the poor screaming man was as totally helpless and as limp as a Raggedy Ann dolly for the rest of his life.

The mists in DeAngelo's mind slowly sifted away into the stark antiseptic white glare of the world about him, he knew that the drugs were wearing off....

Struggling to rise, he realized his arms and legs were tightly restrained. He was stark naked! He could feel the hard, rubber like surface of a medical examination couch underneath his body, and that he was somehow half seated with the back of the couch raised. His hands were secured by straps at the wrist to some sort of metal rail at each side of the couch. For some reason his knees were pushed upwards and wide apart with his feet strapped into metal stir-

rups bolted into the top of an upright three foot high steel rod placed at either side of the couch just about at his waistline. The other end of the couch had also been cranked up so that his eyes could not fail to see his completely exposed loins.

With only enough strength available to keep his eyes open from the returning mists, he looked down at his body. He could imagine the rich brown forest of thick curly hair surrounding a heavy full scrotum with its two plum like testicles awaiting the demands of his eight inch long flaccid cock as it swelled forth eagerly to reveal its gleaming smooth red dome to become a massive battering ram of male power!

But, in disbelief he saw instead a childishly hairless groin with a wrinkled pink hose barely two inches long, with a circumcised little tip barely larger than a thimble, resting like a limp worm on an otherwise smooth sexless surface!

Despite the horrors he had personally witnessed and dispensed as the Organization's enforcer, he was only able to let out a short scream of horror before fainting.

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Marilyn Churchill, better known as the Countess to those acquainted with her professionally, gazed at Tommy's motionless figure on the viewing screen. The video cameras in his cell made it simple to monitor his activities. She had been waiting for over 10 hours for him to awaken.

*'The new drug has a considerably longer half-life than I had imagined,'* she mused to herself. She made a mental note to reduce the dosage for her next subject.

She was neither surprised or disappointed at Tommy's initial response. Having witnessed her patients' initial response to their physical appearance over thirty times now, the multiplicity of their reactions was expected. Some became quite hysterical and required deep sedation; others became withdrawn, almost catatonic; and, still others responded exactly as he had, attempting to submerge the reality of their situation in an unconscious bliss.

He would sleep for another 24 hours before finally awakening. She licked her lips in anticipation of the pleasure to come.

She still found it difficult to believe her good fortune. Though physically blessed, she had been little more than an average student.

The other American graduates of her Mexican medical school consistently did poorly after transferring to an American school. Most found low-paying positions in rural areas or inner-city clinics where their lack of expertise was balanced by their availability, and where they were not subject to the whims of a litigious patient population.

How she hated the sexist, male-dominated medical profession. Given the opportunity, they would have buried her as they had buried her friends.

Her future had been secured by a middle-aged female physician, Janet Carlisle, one who had trained at a time when a woman's highest aspiration was to become a nurse, not a physician. Janet Carlisle had fought the same battles and had come to hate the members of her profession, and all men, with the same intensity as Marilyn. They had become lovers, finding strength in one another's arms.

It was Dr. Carlisle who had introduced her to the men of power — Mafia Dons, Arab Sheiks, KGB and

CIA operatives — men who required medical expertise for their covert operations. At times, she was expected to provide medical care to those who could not afford public scrutiny; at others, she was expected to reconstruct the facial characteristics of a spy or a member of a witness protection program; and, at others, she was expected to apply her medical and surgical expertise to extract information or break the will of a suspected informer.

She had been paid very well for her services, well enough that she could have easily retired on her savings and the inheritance she received following the tragic death of Janet in an automobile accident.

But, still only 35 years of age, Marilyn Churchill realized how inordinately pleasurable her work was to her. She opened her Clinic in a scenic and isolated valley in the state of Washington and dedicated her life *to her ultimate joy*.

The emotional and physical destruction of the men entrusted to her care!

She was proud of her accomplishments. After working alone for 2 years, she had hired other women with the skills and the demeanor necessary to make her Clinic productive and efficient - psychologists, pharmacologists, nurses, therapists, even a seamstress. But, the process had become routine, and the growing burden of administrative responsibilities had taken Marilyn away from her first love.

Now, Tommy DeAngelo arrival had inspired Marilyn's interest and imagination as it had not been in years. He was the youngest subject ever referred for therapy and was in superb physical condition. His slim build, average height, and almost delicate features made him a splendid candidate. And the explicit wishes of the woman, who had sent him into

her imaginative care, showed a kindred mind dedicated to a revenge so exquisite as to delight Marilyn's most secret fantasies. She thought of the weeks and months ahead, and a wave of pleasure swept over her. She thought of the physical and emotional torment he would endure as she inexorably crushed his manhood, then transformed him into a dependent, passive, creature. She lay back, her superb body alive with excitement. As she thought of the entertainment to come, she gently caressed one nipple; she slipped her other hand beneath her skirt, above the stocking tops to her soft, white thighs, and then buried it deep within herself. She was surprised to find herself already quite wet with sexual excitement. She climaxed with a moan of absolute pleasure as she gazed at Tommy DeAngelo's figure flickering on the monitor.

"Sleep peacefully, my sweet plaything," she thought aloud; "your nightmare has only just begun."

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Tommy slept fitfully. He did not know that what he had seen was simply the beginning of a process, not its end. Before his initial awakening, he lay in a state of semi-consciousness for almost three weeks. An intravenous catheter delivered life-sustaining fluids as well as large doses of estrogen and a testosterone antagonist. Catheters had been inserted into his rectum and bladder to drain his body's wastes. A nasogastric tube had been fed through his nose into his stomach; through it the fatty diet he subsisted on was infused.

His physical appearance had changed considerably since he had stood before the Don.

Each intervention was specifically designed to do so.

The room had purposefully been kept pitch dark; giving his skin, already softened by the female hormones, a pale, almost translucent appearance. The hormonal manipulation, in conjunction with the fatty diet, had also begun to redistribute and increase the percentage of his body fat. Breast tissue, still not externally apparent, had already started to develop.

He had undergone electrolysis therapy on a daily basis; his entire body, even his pubic region, was now quite hairless making him appear infantile and unthreatening. All these changes were still reversible, or, at least, tolerable. *Except for the one fundamental alteration that had sent his horror filled mind into the comfort of his present sleeping void...!*

Though he had not yet seen his face; what they had done to it was an entirely different matter. There, too, electrolysis had been applied.

Most strikingly, however, his lips had been enhanced with collagen injections and then painstakingly tattooed a bright red, making them full, pouting and sensual. The contrast of his red lips against his white skin gave him a sultry, sensuous appearance. They were now a permanent manifestation of his feminization, a symbol of the new sexual role he would be expected to fulfill.

Marilyn could not help but smile as she gazed at him knowing that he would be quite surprised to discover how many men would find his lips a source of sexual desire, and ultimately, pleasure.

His cheeks had also been tattooed, although with a lighter pink coloring, giving him a girlish, almost childlike blush.

Permanent eyeliner had been applied above and below, accentuating his eyes. Permanent longer eyelashes had been painstakingly surgically implanted one by one into the eyeliner to give him wide, classic, soft, round, brown doe eyes of feminine innocence.

A few simple plastic surgical procedures, the healing scars hidden beneath his hairline, had shaped his nose, elevated his cheekbones and eyebrows, narrowed his chin, and tightened his facial skin. These minor changes had drastically altered his facial appearance to make him look much younger. Even his closest acquaintances would have trouble identifying him as Tommy DeAngelo, *much less a man*.

It was not only to perform these procedures that Tommy had been deeply sedated for three weeks. Its primary purpose was to drastically alter his muscle mass and tone while each cell in his body was exposed to the feminizing hormones.

Marilyn was always amazed at how quickly even a well-trained athlete could be reduced to a helpless weakling by just a few weeks of absolute bedrest. She knew that, not only would Tommy be pathetically weak when he finally awoke to discover his sense of helpless vulnerability, this muscle weakness would be far easier to re-create into body contours much more consistent with his new gender. The exercise regimen her therapists had designed along with the feminizing effects of the hormonal therapy would narrow his waist and shoulders, broaden his hips, and tone his muscles without adding mass.

Marilyn did not believe in half measures. She was being paid handsomely to see that her client's wishes were fulfilled.

*They expected more than a physical transformation.*

That could have been accomplished with a simple sex change, a procedure requiring less than a few hours.

No, their purpose was far more ingenious. They intended that their victims would be transformed into women - in all ways, but two.

They would be left with their impotent male organ and with their memories. That, even more than the transformation itself, was the cruelest aspect of their punishment.

When they left her Clinic to the life chosen for them, they would *understand they were neither male nor female!*

Undeserving of the rights and privileges of either; they would know they were acceptable only to those few eccentric souls who took pleasure in their bizarre androgyny; and, they would live every moment of their lives with the memories of who they once were and what they had become.

They were purposefully placed in menial positions, usually filled by women, be it as a scrub woman, maid, nurse's aide, waitress, or whore...

Marilyn often wondered how many women's lives were destroyed because of man's cruel sexism. As horrible as their lives had been, at least they did not have memories of themselves as powerful, independent and free.

For these men it was different. Each time they submitted, or were demeaned, each time they were made to feel weak and vulnerable, their torment would be magnified by the memories of their past.

Marilyn cared nothing about the reasons these nameless men were sent to her. To her, they repre-

sented a symbol of reprisal for all the injustice engendered by men on women.

In her mind, they were the rapists, the warmongers, the oppressors and the tyrants who had subjugated women since the birth of civilization.

*Their exquisite torment was a joy to her. Their destruction and transformation was a labor of love.*

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Marilyn stood next to his bed when Tommy awoke for the second time. She felt it was essential that her figure be the first he gazed upon. The beginning the process of associating her with power and authority.

She had dressed superbly for the occasion. Despite her abhorrence for men, she enjoyed their physical response to her appearance. She chose her clothing carefully, making certain they reflected both authority and sensuality. She had finally selected a simple pink silk blouse with pretty pearl buttons, the fabric thin enough to allow the lace of her black camisole to peek through; a slim, black, knee-length skirt which accentuated her slim hips and shapely legs; sheer black hose; and, black pumps with 3 inch heels.

The pumps were essential. All her employees were required to wear them. The tile floors of the procedure rooms echoed with the staccato click of their heels. Marilyn found it amusing that apparel designed to emphasize women's vulnerability and weakness could be used as a symbol of their power. Before Tommy left the Clinic, the authoritative click of their heels on the cold tile floors would have Tommy trembling with abject fear.



Tommy's eyes opened slowly and he looked deep into the eyes of his tormentress. Confused at first, he slowly became aware of his surroundings and his previous brief moments of awareness. He struggled weakly against his restraints, still not aware of the weeks of inactivity that had drained him of all strength. Minutes later, he lay back exhausted.

She had no intention of allowing him to faint again. She had waited three long weeks for this moment.

"My name," she began, "is Marilyn Churchill. You will address me only as Countess. Or, as Mommy, when it amuses me. Because, you really are newly born through my efforts.

"You have many questions which will be answered in time. For now, you need only understand this. You were once Thomas Anthony DeAngelo. You were *once* a man, as you are now all too aware. When you leave here, you will be someone and something quite different than when you arrived.

"You have much to learn over the weeks and months ahead. A lifetime of behavior and responses must be assimilated over a very short period of time. Your perception of yourself, your relationship to men and other women, and your sexual identity will undergo a fundamental change.

"How much discomfort that process will involve is entirely up to you. In order to assure those changes, a certain amount of pain is unavoidable. My staff and I have found that behavioral training — a series of rewards and punishments — is very effective in achieving our ends. With your cooperation, the pain can be minimized.

"You have seen your body, soft and hairless like a woman's, far different than what you remember. I

understand what you are thinking. Rest assured, there can be no turning back.

“You will understand that when you see your pretty face.”

This was the moment Marilyn enjoyed above all else. That special moment when hope and optimism were crushed, when her patients understood the true horror of their situation. Holding a silver, gilt-edged mirror over his face, she allowed him to see what she had done.

He stared into the mirror without comprehension, his mind attempting to make sense of the impossibility he observed. The reflection contradicted a lifetime of self-perception. It was not until he attempted to speak, his facial movements reflected in the mirror, that he realized the effeminate image was he. He closed his eyes, attempting to block out the horror he faced.

She would not allow it. Grasping his tiny male organ she applied pressure and pulled it upwards until the pain forced him to open his eyes.

“Oh, let go of me!” he protested in utter dismay at the high pitched soprano squeal of his voice, seeing those pouting red lips move prettily as they mimicked his shrill words.

“Look at you,” she whispered. “Such a pretty girl with such lovely red lips and blushing cheeks and innocent eyes. How badly men will want you. I’m going to be so very proud of you.”

Squeezing his now suddenly rigid organ even harder as if it were a weed to be pulled from his loins, she continued: “You do want to make me proud of you, don’t you?”

Fearing the awful high pitched cry of his own voice he couldn't bring himself to reply, although he was willing to do anything to stop the horrible pain she applied so casually. In angry dismay, he nodded numbly. As he gazed at himself, he realized the outrage and hatred he felt were no longer reflected in his features. Instead, his pouting appearance conveyed a pretty innocent girlish petulance.

Releasing his little hose with disdain, causing it to shrivel back to its worm like limpness, Marilyn turned and walked away, the authoritative click of her heels echoing in his ears.

Incapable of any other response, a tear of shame and defeat trickled down his soft, pink feminine cheek.

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Almost two weeks passed, after Tommy's release from his drug-induced stupor, before he was able to walk without assistance.

He had been moved to a small, but cheerful room, that was overwhelmingly feminine in its decor and color. Pink floral wallpaper decorated the walls; sheer white lace curtains hung from the windows; and, one entire wall was lined with a shatterproof mirror in which he could not help but visualize his physical transformation.

During that time, he settled into the Clinic's routine as *The Countess* made certain of that by advising him that whenever a member of the staff entered the room he would immediately stand and curtsy out of respect to an adult, in acceptance of his own subordinate status. She required that he remain standing in the presence of her staff member, with proper posture, and his hands placed palm to palm at the small

of his waist behind his back. When the staff member left, he had to curtsy again.

She would not permit him to talk, unless requested to do so. She knew that he now dreaded the sound of his high pitched soprano voice, that he self consciously attributed to his castration, not realizing that they had actually shaved and tightened his vocal cords. She knew that fundamentally, this new girlish squeal only added to his shame, like his new childlike manners.

What made this ordeal of shame worse was that no clothing had been provided for him, exposing his uncovered body to the entire staff.

These rules even applied when a staff member brought him his meal tray. His diet consisted of a bland, fatty formula which contained carefully measured amounts of estrogen and sedatives to assure his passivity. Though he had actually lost almost 20 pounds since his capture, mostly water lost from the conversion of muscle mass for fat, his body was now covered with a thin layer of fat which made him appear soft and gently curved. His breasts were terribly tender and small mounds of flesh had appeared on his once firm, masculine chest.

He became ashamed of his nakedness, unable to conceal his increasingly feminine figure and unaccustomed to being surrounded by well-dressed, attractive women who viewed him aloofly and with pure clinical detachment.

Each day, a physical therapist massaged, stretched and exercised his atrophic muscles. Other than the sessions with his physical therapist, his only other daily requirement was a shameful period of self-meditation spent standing before his bedroom mirror and gazing upon his own reflection.

Experience had taught Marilyn that an essential aspect of his transformation was a gradual acceptance of his new appearance.

A therapist, young, attractive and scantily-dressed, sat before him during these sessions, intensifying his feelings of personal and sexual insignificance.

From time to time he would steal a glance at her, admiring her shapely legs and the swell of her breasts beneath her lacy bra. His inevitable physical response to her presence, once a great source of personal masculine pride, was now only a little, inflated infantile nubbin deserving of being viewed with giggling disdain or matronly disapproval as he sheepishly covered the offending nuisance with his trembling, all too feminine hand in blushing awareness of his babyish behavior.

Every aspect of his life was controlled by the therapists, further eroding his sense of independence. More than anything, he found his life oppressively tedious. Each day brought the same food, the same exercise regimen, and hours of pure boredom. Cut off from the outside world, his existence was reduced to the four walls of his girlishly decorated room.

Attempts at casual conversation, or inquiries were rebuffed, or even worse, ignored. He quickly learned that: these women were all business; his status only permitted him to speak when he was spoken to; and, after they had attended to his needs, as they defined them, or received the answers to their questions, they left him to curtsy his good-bye.

Accustomed to attention and power, he had never felt so totally insignificant.

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He had met each member of the Clinic staff, many of whom held extensive interviews with him. Slowly but unfailingly they had extracted details of his life and personality that would be used when his formal training began.

This personality profile was compiled and then presented at a group meeting several weeks later.

Marilyn, as chief therapist in his case, chaired the meeting. Her presentation, as always, was formal and precise.

Although the social relationship between staff members was casual, meetings which outlined a patient's therapeutic course were managed with complete professional decorum. This was not a time for careless errors. Far too much was at stake. It was essential to reach a consensus regarding the most suitable approach to the patient's emasculation and subsequent feminization.

Each patient was different. Each had his own fears and means of motivation. Each strength and weakness would be probed and manipulated in order to reach the desired end.

The period of time during which Tommy would remain acquiescent and receptive was nearing its end. The initial shock of his physical transformation, which tended to paralyze the subject into a state of inactivity, was diminishing and the constant sedation would soon have to be discontinued. Unless a firm plan of action was implemented, weeks of work would have been wasted.

Experience had taught Marilyn, and other members of the clinic, that the initial period of helplessness

passivity would soon be replaced by attempts to reestablish a sense of independence and manhood. This was a critical time during which the safety of the staff and the patient's process of feminization might be endangered.

"Thomas DeAngelo, age 22, referred by Miss Gena Grassi for crimes against women," Marilyn began. "His complete personality profile is outlined on pages 4 to 9 of your case reports.

"In brief, Mr. DeAngelo's personality is typical of many of the men sent to us — violent, unpredictable, arrogant, and quite condescending regarding women and others he considers inferior to him. As you are aware, these characteristics are, in many ways, disadvantageous to the subject when placed in a position of complete dependency. He will have a tendency to underestimate our power and our ability to complete our assigned goal.

"Unlike many of our other subjects, however, Mr. DeAngelo also demonstrates several tendencies which may prove to be quite challenging.

"First, his tendency towards deception approaches almost sociopathic levels.

"Second, despite his unpredictable nature, he is capable of inordinate patience when faced with a challenge. We must assume that Mr. DeAngelo will go to almost any length to gain our trust before either attempting to escape or striking out at one of us. With his sedation scheduled to be stopped tomorrow, it is essential that his training be accelerated at once. His patience may prove, in the end, to be to our advantage. He might be thoroughly broken before having the opportunity to strike out.

“I suggest we begin our training on Monday. As of that day, Tommy DeAngelo’s life as a man will come to an end.”

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Tommy stood before the mirror during his hour of self-reflection. Although now accustomed to the feminized image reflected back, he still had difficulty comprehending its meaning.

*‘Whatever has been done surgically,’ he thought, ‘can always be revised. I am a man. Whatever they have done, I am a man. If only they would speak to me. If they would only tell me what they want I’m certain we can work out some type of agreement. Perhaps when I meet with this Countess on Monday morning we can resolve this ludicrous situation.’*

He did not yet understand that negotiation and compromise were not part of his future. He would become exactly who and what they wanted him to be.

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He stood naked before Marilyn in her Tudor styled office, attempting, with little success, to cover his partially erect organ. He nervously saw his nakedness in a mirror on one oak framed, stucco finished, wall in a room where the low beamed ceiling, and her height, seemed to make him smaller, like he felt when the two women led him naked down the hall.

It embarrassed him to be seen like this.

His penis seemed oddly out of place on his completely hairless, gently curved body. It had always been a source of pride; now, its tiny incongruous appearance was disconcerting to him.

There was something about this woman other than her obvious physical beauty which seemed to excite him. In addition to her feminine sensuality, she conveyed an aura of power.

He felt childish and insignificant in her presence. He realized she was displeased by his physical response, but he could not seem to control it.

Women had once looked at his naked body in a very different way — as a source of pleasure and of power. Weeks of being surrounded by attractive women who looked at him with either clinical detachment or barely concealed amusement were beginning to erode his sense of male sexuality.

She gazed at his futile attempts to maintain his modesty with mocking derision in her eyes.

‘No,’ he suggested to himself, *‘I can’t let this happen. I won’t let them take away my identity.’*

“Well, young *lady*,” Marilyn said mockingly, “how have you enjoyed your stay with us? I trust your accommodations are acceptable. Your room is very much like the one I had when I was a young girl. A pretty girl loves to be surrounded by pretty things. And, you are very *pretty*. You will become even more so as the months pass and your womanhood flowers. Why, even some of my staff are quite envious of you.

“It takes a great deal more than physical appearance to make a woman, however. You have a great deal to learn, and to forget. There is so much to do in so little time.

“In your time with us, you will do more than just learn what it is to be a woman.

“We intend that you will *become a woman*. Your very essence will be that of a woman, though you will

retain your male organ and the memories of yourself as a man. You will both love and despise what we will do to you.

“You see, my sweet little girl, part of you will not only want, but need your new feminine delights. Meanwhile, the remnants of your manhood will scream out in impotent defiance. You will love to see your bureau drawers filled with lovely, lace-trimmed lingerie, chemises and teddies, panties and slips. You will delight in seeing your closet overflowing with pretty dresses and skirts and blouses.

“You will forget what it means to wear coarse, drab underwear. Instead, you will thrill to the caress of sheer nylon against your girlish legs, delicate folds of fabric appearing then disappearing with every move. You will exhilarate to the feel of taut garter straps against your thighs and to lacy bra straps digging into your soft shoulders.

“You will forget the feeling of heavy shoes on your feet. Instead, you will delight to the feel of well-fitting pumps in a seemingly endless variety of colors and heel heights.

“You will learn to sit and walk and stoop properly. You will even explore every aspect of your feminine mystique, learning to attract a man with a demure glance or a pretty smile.”

“You’re crazy,” Thomas blubbered, hating the soprano whine of his voice that he attributed to his emasculation, clenching his now soft hands into fists. “No matter what you’ve done to my face. or what you’re doing to my body; you can’t really believe that you can destroy what I am. No man would ever allow you to do this.”

Marilyn smiled at his ineffectual show of anger, seeing the shame he felt over his voice in his helpless

eyes, while his pretty face merely smiled in simpering sweetness.

“You’re wrong, Christina, or Chrissy. Did I tell you that is to be your name. I can barely remember how many men have stood before me as you are, convinced of their superiority. All are now my sweet little girls. As you may or may not know, I have chosen not to marry or to have a family of my own. You, and the 31 who preceded you, are now my family. My pretty girls. “And I intend that you will be the loveliest of them all. Although it will hurt me to do so, it seems that Mommy will have to be very firm with you until you are capable of showing appreciation and behaving in a ladylike manner.

“Now Christina, I want you to go to your room. A few changes have been made to your room and clothing has been provided. I will meet you there in a few minutes.”

He stood motionless, paralyzed by this turn of events. For a moment he thought of hurtling himself at her. But, when she stood, towering over him confidently in her heels, a wave of unfamiliar fear passed through him. He had never felt so soft, so vulnerable, so absolutely defenseless as he did during this assault on his dignity.

*‘Now is not the time,’ he promised to himself as he meekly curtsied before The Countess. ‘I’ll settle with this bitch at some other point. At least they’re giving me some clothing to wear. If I play my cards right, maybe the food will even get a little better.’*

He slowly walked back to his room between the two women, who had brought him to *The Countess*. As he did so, he began to wonder what it was that really stopped him from attacking her. Such paralyzing fear was foreign to him. He would never have allowed a

woman to speak to him in such a manner. He suddenly understood that the vague discomfort he had experienced over the past several weeks was a gnawing self-doubt, an uncertainty which now seemed to permeate every aspect of his life and being. "God," he whispered to himself, "what's happening to me."

### CHAPTER III

He could feel his heart pounding with fear as he slowly was walked back to his room. He finally understood the seriousness of his position and the commitment of these women to his emasculation.

In the short time he was gone, a smaller, pink-coverlet bed had been positioned next to the one he had slept in. A variety of children's story books and dolls lined the shelves of his bookcase. Items of clothing, clothing suitable for a child of 6, were neatly laid out on his bed.

Moments later, the authoritative click of her heels announced Marilyn's arrival.

"Oh, Chrissy," she said, sarcasm dripping from her voice, "Look at the lovely things I've selected for you to wear. Such lovely things for a sissy. Such lovely things for a pretty young girl."

As before, the urge to fight back was overwhelmed by the paralyzing fear and anxiety.

"But first," she continued in those enthusiastic tones that matrons reserved for little children, "you must be bathed and something done with your hair."

He did not resist when she had him step into a scented bath and then scrubbed his soft skin as if he were a child.