

# Tanya's Tales



**Tanya Colli**

A "New Woman" Novel



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# Tanya's Tales

by Tanya Colli

## The Proper Punishment

Before setting my sentence, the judge reviewed with me the testimony of the court appointed psychiatrist in his chambers.

At the trial, the psychiatrist had testified, "The defendant became a rapist because he hates women." He elaborated, "The defendant's hatred for women is really a cover-up for the fact that he feels inferior to them. His height and build are rather effeminate so they contribute to his feelings of inferiority. Thus, raping women is his way of bringing them down to his level." He also said, "The defendant's hatred started at the time his father committed suicide."

My father was wealthy, but weak. Mother dominated him and treated him cruelly. When things became difficult and our family finances became poor, she hounded him and nagged him unmercifully. He finally shot himself in the head. The money from his life insurance saved our family financially.

The psychiatrist further testified, "It is my belief that the defendant's hatred began when his mother told his sister that his father's suicide was the ONLY thing that his father ever did right in his whole life."

What he did not testify to in court was the fact that I knew father had really committed suicide just to escape my mean, demanding, difficult, dominant mother. I was quite sure that he had wanted to get away from my bitch of a sister, too.

The psychiatrist was quite specific in his testimony.

"As a result of his father's suicide, the defendant grew up hating himself, and hating men, in general, for being weak. He covered this up by being somewhat aloof towards women."

He also dissected my marriage saying, "His marriage turned out very badly. He married a woman who eventually turned out not to be loving and nurturing, but a very bossy woman. He later discovered that she was actually a 'butch' lesbian."

"As time and his absolutely horrible marriage went on," he added, "he began to actually hate women."

The psychiatrist concluded, "To vent that hatred of women, he became a rapist."

He later pontificated, “The defendant seems to have made his selection of his victims on the basis of their looking very much like his sister. The defendant has a pathological hatred of his sister, because she and her mother always ganged up on him, forcing him to do things that he didn’t want to do.”

The psychiatrist’s testimony was a major point in the prosecution’s case.

It also was a major point in the judge’s sentencing guidelines. That testimony allowed him to assess just about any sentence he felt was justified, consistent with the need for the public to be protected from future criminal acts. In other words, he could do just about as he damn well pleased and there wasn’t much that could be done about it.

I was sitting in the office across the desk from the judge. My feet were shackled and my hands were manacled to a chain around my waist. The only decoration in the office was a calendar showing the day’s date and that the day was a Wednesday.

The judge was looking at me, speculatively, over his half rimmed glasses. He asked, “Do you know what usually happens to sex offenders when they are sent to prison?”

“No, sir,” I answered. “I don’t.”

He then told me, in great detail, how they were harassed and raped by the life sentence inmates. He described how the “lifers” regarded rapists as their personal sex slaves and mistresses.

The judge concluded his frightening speech by telling me bluntly that my life would be hell in prison.

I believed him.

The judge then had my victim brought into his office. He asked her, "Now that the defendant has been convicted, what would you like this court to do with him?"

She told him that she didn't care if I went to jail or not, but she wanted to make sure that I could never rape another woman again! Her family agreed.

The judge said to her, "I've got an idea for a punishment that will not only save the state a cell, but will also guarantee that he can never rape another woman again, ever!"

She asked just exactly what the judge had in mind.

The judge said, "I don't want to tip my hand until I have all the pieces in place."

The judge then asked my victim and her family to wait in his office library while he worked on the idea.

Next, the judge had my wife, Georgette, brought into his conference room. He asked her, "Do you love your husband enough to help keep him out of prison?"

She asked, "Just what do you mean?"

The judge detailed what he wanted her to do.

At first she seemed reluctant, but the judge convinced her that she would be far better off going along with his plan.

"If you should decide to divorce your husband after he is sent to prison, I would be compelled to submit a

friend- of-the-court brief to the judge that hears your case. The psychiatric reports on you, on your husband, and on his sister would have to be “unsealed” to be used as evidence in your divorce proceedings. Don’t you think the press would have a field day with those?”

My “loving” bisexual wife shrewdly decided that it was to her advantage to go along with the judge. She actually figured out additional angles to make things even better for herself. She began to scheme how to make the situation enjoyable.

The judge had her wait in his conference room while he went back to his own office library where my victim and her family were waiting.

The judge then explained to my victim and her family what would happen if I went to prison, and how soon I could end up back on the streets, due to prison overcrowding.

My victim was angry and horrified. Her family was aghast.

He then outlined his plan and explained its advantages to everyone, including the fact that I definitely would never rape anyone else again. The judge then told them that if they agreed, he would have them sign a paper stating that they agreed with the modified punishment and were in favor of it.

After much discussion among themselves, my victim and her family concluded that the modified punishment proposed by the judge was best. My victim and her family all signed the papers.

The judge then excused himself and went out to his secretary’s office.

There, he picked up a legal document and went to the conference room where my wife was waiting. He informed her that my victim had “signed on” to the plan and that she would now have to sign legal papers for her part of the deal. He reminded her that if she reneged after signing, she would be in contempt of court, and he could have her arrested and thrown into prison.

She agreed to her part of the deal and put her signature on the papers.

The judge told her he would be back shortly, and departed. The judge returned the signed papers to his secretary and then walked into the vacant office where I was waiting. The judge asked me, “Have you thought about how you’re going to survive in prison?”

I told him, “I’ve thought about it, but I don’t know what I’m going to do.”

The judge then told me that he had a plan.

“If you agree to my plan, you will not go to prison. Instead, two other things will happen. First, you will hand write an apology to your victim. Second, after you’ve written and signed the apology, you’ll be taken straight away to the county hospital, where you’ll immediately undergo a sex change operation. Your body will be reshaped by a plastic surgeon. After surgery, I’ve arranged for your wife to teach you all of the things necessary for you to know as a woman.”

“Let me make it quite clear to you,” he let me know. “If you should be so foolish as to refuse this plan, I will sentence you to prison for life. And I’ll personally see to it that you’re sent to a maximum security prison for dangerous prisoners.”

My feelings were in a whirl. It was time to consider everything carefully.

If I didn't sign, the judge would see to it that I became a sex plaything for men who were mean and rough. I had read what they did to their playthings. They usually castrated them, first thing. And, when they were through with them, they either gave them to their friends or they killed them. I could well lose my life.

On the other hand, if I signed, I would lose all of my manhood. But I would not go to prison. I would not be around mean and rough criminals, and I would not risk losing my life.

I would have a whole new life as a woman.

If I was changed into a woman, then I too would have all of the privileges that were denied to me as a man. I too could get away with things that NO man could do. I would be joining the majority sex on the planet and I would be able to have the best of every deal.

The truth was that I really didn't like being a man very much. So, if I went along with the judge's plan, I would become a woman. I'd be trained to be womanly. And, while my wife wasn't the nicest of people, she could definitely teach me the "womanly arts". It was a good future versus a lousy one.

Naturally, I agreed and signed the papers.

The judge ordered that I be held there in the vacant office until he gave further instructions. The bailiffs saw that I was already shackled and my hands were manacled to a chain around my waist. So, they ig-

nored me while they waited for the judge to return, and issue further orders.

The judge took the papers out to his secretary's desk. Using an extra phone there, he contacted the head of surgery over at the county hospital. When he explained the circumstances to the doctor, he got immediate wholehearted cooperation. The necessary arrangements were made quite quickly.

The judge then returned to his office and told my victim and her family that I had agreed. He next handed to her my hand written apology. He also told her that the sex change operation would be carried out on me within a couple of hours. The judge then thanked the victim and her family for all of their cooperation. They expressed to the judge their appreciation for his getting me to write an apology and for his making sure that I'd never rape anyone else again. He politely escorted them from his office, and had a bailiff escort them out to their car.

Then, he went to his conference room and told my wife, Georgette, "The operation on your husband is scheduled to take place in about an hour. You'll need to be at the hospital to learn when to begin your husband's reeducation. You can get that information from the doctor as soon as he finishes the operation."

She agreed and asked, "Will it be all right if I de-tour by our house to get some things?"

The judge agreed and told her to check in with the bailiffs that would be guarding me at the hospital when she arrived. He also reminded her that if she didn't show up, she would be in contempt of court and he would issue a warrant for her arrest.

Georgette had once spent the night in a jail cell and it frightened her to death. She never wanted to be jailed again. She would definitely do what the judge told her to do, just to avoid going back to jail.

The judge then ordered me taken directly to the county hospital. When I arrived, the technicians began all of their testings, proddings, and probings. The doctor in charge came in and looked me over quite carefully. I was then taken directly to the pre-surgery area and given various pills and shots. I was strapped down onto a gurney, ready to be wheeled into surgery. I was strapped in such a way that I couldn't escape. Soon, the medication began to take effect. I was beginning to be very drowsy. The doctor came into my pre-operation room and checked me over, then he left me alone for a last visit as a man with my wife.

Georgette, my bisexual wife, walked over and locked the door to the room. I was helplessly strapped to the rolling bed. I couldn't move or escape. I was helpless. She came over to my bedside and turned on the television. From her large tote bag purse, she took a leather ball gag. She put it onto me and tightened the buckle. I could hardly make a sound. I was effectively silenced.

Now, I was completely at her mercy. She began to fondle, lick, and suck on my manhood. It didn't take long for my shaft to become hard and throbbing. She continued arousing me until I was ready to climax, and then, just as I started to spurt forth, she used a small vial to collect my semen.

Then, she looked over at me and said scathingly, "I've now got the last of your manhood! It's mine to use as I choose. If you are ever to have any offspring, it will be my decision as to when it will be, and who it

will be with. So, unless you're real nice to me, you'll never know anything about any children you just might have. You miserable worm! You weakling!"

She then went to the door, unlocked it, and left.

I started crying. I was still crying ten minutes later when a nurse came into my room with a medication tray. She looked at the gag in my mouth and ignored it. She stuck the needle into my arm and pushed the plunger all the way in to the stop. The last thing that I saw as a man was the nurse picking up her medication tray and leaving the room.

When I was wheeled into the operating room, the doctor already knew the whole story. He knew of the deal the judge had made that had put me on the operating table instead of sending me to prison. The doctor was in complete agreement with the judge's plan. He was glad to do this operation.

"Hell!" The doctor mused. "I think it's a great idea!"

The doctor had already explained the operation and its circumstances to his assembled team. They all felt strongly that this operation was a great idea, and they were in complete agreement that it would be carried out with NO complications. This was one sex change that was going to go off without a hitch. With an unusually strong feeling of unified purpose, they began the operation.

While one doctor worked between my legs, another one worked at my waist. The doctor at my waist removed all of the stored fat that had accumulated around my torso and my lower stomach. He released adhesions and created others to raise my waistline to the new desired level. He next inserted implants into my breasts which brought them out to a ripe full-



ness. He inserted implants against my hipbones to widen them out to a strongly female shape. Other implants in my buttocks plumped out my rear end.

The other doctor started by removing and discarding my testicles. He then converted the skin covering my penis into a vaginal sheath with the nerves intact, and positioned it into the opening where my testicles had been. A little bit of my penis and its foreskin with all of its nerves intact was retained to form a clitoris. The tube carrying my urine was positioned properly and a catheter inserted. The operation used several new techniques so that the new vaginal opening would never seal itself off. I now had a permanent vagina.

When I came back to consciousness after the operation, it was Wednesday night and I was in the Intensive Care Unit.

I was in great pain. My arms and legs were tied to the bars on the side of the bed so that I could not bother the surgical work that had been done. There were tubes and wires running from me to various bottles and electrical machines. As soon as I was slightly awake, a nurse came and injected something into the intravenous tube going into my arm.

The lights went right back out again.

The doctors kept the lights out for six days. It was Tuesday morning of the next week before I finally was allowed to wake. By that time, I was almost completely healed. There was only a small amount of soreness. I woke to find myself listening to a musical tape that made me feel that I had to give in to my femininity. I found out later that I had also been listening to those subliminal programming tapes for the whole time I was unconscious.

As soon as I was fully awake, a nurse came in and removed the catheter going to my bladder. She asked if I wanted anything. I told her that I wanted a mirror and some lipstick. I didn't know why, but I had a strong desire to make myself look as pretty as possible. I wanted to put on makeup.

Later, Georgette came in and pulled her chair close by. She then told me that she had made an agreement with the judge to teach me to be a woman. Then, she reminded me that I had wanted to father children. She refreshed my memory as to the fact that SHE had the only existing vial of my sperm. If I gave her any trouble in any way, she would destroy the vial.

She also told me that she had been a bisexual for some time and she relished the opportunity to have me as the female I now was. She put my headphones back on me and started another tape before she left.

That afternoon, my hands were freed and she taught me how to put on my makeup. She also told me that I would be expected to look my best at ALL times. No Matter What! At night my hands were again tied to the bed rails and the headphones playing the programming tapes were put over my ears.

The next day she brought me a very frilly, filmy, lacy, gown and robe set. She helped me into it and then started teaching me to paint my finger nails. That evening, my hands with their newly painted nails were again strapped to the rails and headphones played more programming tapes into my ears.

I was helpless. I wanted some time just to think things out, alone and quietly. I also wanted to be able to scratch my chest. The nipples on my wom-

only-sized breast were still only man-sized and they itched unbelievably. But I could do none of that. I was strapped, immobilized, to the bed. I was at the mercy of the nurses and my wife, or should I say my now *ex*-wife.

I began to dream of myself as a girl. I began to dream that I had secretly always been a girl. I even dreamed that I had only faked being a boy. Sometimes, I dreamed I was putting on my makeup. Other times I dreamed I was putting polish on my toenails or my fingernails. Also, I dreamed I was in ballet class. Or I dreamed I was in Home Economics class.

The doctors started giving me female hormones by pill instead of by injecting them into my intravenous tubes. I was also being given other things as well. After another week, my dreams were beginning to have a romantic edge. I was a woman being made love to by a man. Or I was having another woman who was playing with my tits and tingling my pussy. My nipples had started growing large and my breasts had started enlarging on top of their already womanly size.

I began to picture my femininity as something that was wanted by men. I pictured myself as a flower needing the action of pollination and only being able to accept whatever attentions were offered. I saw that I could not overtly initiate actions but subtly I could influence them. I began to see myself as walking on a tightrope. I had to entice men to me in order to be fulfilled, but if I did too good a job of enticing I'd be forced to submit with no choice or way of escape.

I'd be raped.

That Friday, after over two weeks in the hospital, I was released to go to my house with Georgette. She brought clothes for me to wear home.

I went home wearing panties, a bra, a garter belt, hose, a skirt, a blouse, and high heels. When we got home, Georgette introduced me to her live-in girlfriend Jackie. Jackie was smaller and much more feminine. It was obvious that she was “George’s” little queen.

Georgette then told me that for the time being, she and Jackie would select the clothes I would wear. If I disobeyed or displeased her, I would be punished. They intended to teach me, not only because of the judge, but for the fun of humiliating an ex-man in general and me in particular. They also told me that they would bring in certain of their friends to help in my training.

My training started with my learning that I should almost always sit with my upper legs together. And that I should always try to keep my crotch from ever being in plain view. I learned to cross my legs and to sit in a distinctly feminine fashion.

When I once forgot and mistakenly sat down and crossed my legs like a man, Georgette and Jackie fashioned a punishment for me that was designed to make sure that I couldn’t forget again.

My hands were again cuffed behind me and I was taken to the bathroom. Ropes on my ankles lifted me up spread-legged until only my shoulders and head were on the floor. Then, I was securely gagged. Georgette came in with a wire coat hanger that had been straightened into a long wire whip.

She swung down and hit me on my pussy with the wire. Arghhh! The pain took my breath away. My eyes filled with tears. My screams were nothing more than soft grunts. It stung worse than any pain I had ever endured. I couldn't believe the agony. I squirmed but I couldn't move. She swung again. Tears spurted from my eyes and again I tried to catch my breath with the large gag filling my mouth.

By the end of the tenth blow, I would have promised anything just to stop that stinging pain. I would have gladly agreed to anything in the world, for an end to the pain I was feeling!

I was lowered and my legs were freed.

I was so sore that every movement I made caused me waves of torture. I could hardly walk. My crotch was burning from the whipping I'd received.

For the next two days, I wasn't burning but I was still sore.

Next, I learned to be supple and loose jointed in my movements. And I learned to always have my pelvis tilted forward. I learned to lean my upper torso back from my forward positioned pelvis. I learned to walk by propelling my pelvis forward first and everything else was to follow. I learned to place one foot directly in front of the other. I learned to swing my hips and to bounce my body vertically so that I would jiggle when I walked.

When I made the mistake of not having the proper posture when walking, I was so completely and thoroughly bawled out that I was in tears.

When it happened again, I was punished.