

BECOMING SARAH

By Jane Barrett



ILLUSTRATED BY VERONICA VINYL

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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BECOMING SARAH

BY JANE BARRETT

Chapter One.

James and Sarah.

He lay floating in a white cloud, aware but *unaware*. Periods of lucidity came and went, pain washed in and out of his body. *Something* was happening to him! At last, his senses returned and he became aware of his surroundings. It was a bedroom of sorts, filled with strange equipment: Monitors, lights and buzzers. At last he comprehended it was a hospital room... but *why*?

He tried to sit up, but his arms wouldn't move. His body was so weak! He tried to raise himself. The effort was too much and he felt as though something was holding him down, his arms seemed fastened to the bed. There was something wrong with his body, it didn't feel right. Far too much weight was on his chest and his face felt swollen. Finally the effort became too much; trying to fight it off, he once again slid into darkness.

Sometime later—it could have been days or only moments, any sense of time had vanished—he was aware once more. There was movement, someone was there. His lips tried to form a question. “Where am I?” But then, a prick in his arm and once more, darkness.

Sometime later he was awake; this time he was sure no longer alone. In the darkness, though, James could see no one.

He cried out, “Please help me!”

Nothing happened and once more he was asleep again. Then, daylight, a shaft of sunlight across the floor. Slowly, a picture swam into focus. The room was large, all cream and pink, and someone was bending over him. At last his eyes focused. He saw young and pretty, a mass of dark curls under a white cap.

He tried to say “Where am I?”, but his tongue seemed uncoordinated, thick and horrible. Her hand was on his brow, then at the back of his head, lifting it. A beaker was at his lips. “Sip this.” The taste of the cool water was nectar.

“Now, just relax, Sarah. Lady Catherine will be here in a moment.”

Sarah! He wasn't “Sarah”.

Sarah's death had occurred almost three months earlier. Something terrible had happened, what was it? He couldn't remember, couldn't focus.

Lady Catherine? *Aunt* Catherine? What was *she* doing here? He wasn't allowed to see her. The family had split apart, unable to accept her demands. Terrible pictures of the past started to form in his mind. James tried to blot them out, horrible images re-

fused to leave his eyes. Sarah, his sister, her body sliding into death, eyes sightless, looking towards him. The room turned dark and dim.

He lay across from her, helpless in his own narcotic grip as the heroin completed its deadly task. No! No! He'd only wanted her to experience one small trip. It hadn't happened. A pitiful scream broke the silence of the room and he felt pain in his throat. It was the sound of his own voice. Then once again, merciful darkness.

Later, hours, perhaps days, consciousness returned. The pretty woman was at his bed again. "Awake again, Sarah? Wait, I'll call Lady Catherine."

He tried to tell he was not Sarah, he was *James*. Sarah was dead. He had seen her die, and it wasn't his fault. How could he have known the heroin was so pure.

Minutes later, his Aunt was seated beside him. There was no warmth in her smile, no sympathy. Her eyes fastened on his, contemptuous. He squirmed beneath her gaze. "Ice Princess" was how his mother had described Aunt Catherine. She was beautiful, her aristocratic face always composed, never a lock out of place in her ash blonde hair. But, the way she could make you feel!

"Ah, Sarah! How are you feeling?"

"I'm not Sarah, Aunt Catherine, I'm James."

His remark seemed to make no difference. Aunt Catherine's smile became colder, more malevolent.

"James is no longer with us Sarah. He died in a drug overdose."

She motioned the dark-haired nurse to leave. Once alone, her voice and eyes remained cold and emotionless as she told James of his new role.

The funeral of "James" had taken place only a few days after Catherine found the bodies. Now, as far as the world was concerned, Sarah was still alive. She and her brother had a serious illness, but, as far as the outside world would know, thanks to medical science she was now well on the road to recovery and would be living normally very soon. Unfortunately, however, James had not survived, and his body had been cremated.

James could only lie on the bed and listen with increasing horror to his Aunt's words. There was, he thought, the slightest sign of sympathy, and he tried to explain that he hadn't *meant* it to happen. But, another contemptuous glare from her and the words died in his throat. It was as though she was talking to a stranger. Her voice continued, cold, totally lacking in emotion. The Bellingham estate, she explained, could only pass to Sarah.

James' grandfather had made sure of that. Shocked by his grandson's drug taking and gambling, he had talked sternly to James, telling him to stop immediately or face disinheritance. James laughed in his face and walked out.

His daughter and son-in-law had not helped, protesting that James must be allowed to work this out himself. Grandfather demanded guardianship of the boy. When they would not agree to his demands, he made the only decision his autocratic nature would allow. He resolved that the Bellingham Foundation would *not* provide a feeding frenzy for drug barons!

So much did he hate what he saw as inevitable, that, in the event of his eldest daughter Elizabeth's death, his entire estate would go to James' sister, Sarah. Under the terms of the will, Sarah was to become a ward of his second daughter, Catherine, until the age of twenty-five.

In the unlikely event of Sarah's death before the age of twenty-five, everything was to go to the Internal Revenue Service. The hundreds of millions in investments, the precious Old Masters, the collection of Rodin sculptures, all of it would be forfeited to the government.

Lady Catherine paused, looking at the pitiful object in front of her. Three months had passed since the discovery of the two bodies. When she had heard of her niece's decision to visit James, she rushed to his apartment. Ten minutes earlier and Sarah would still be alive.

One look at her blue-tinged lips and the needle lying alongside her had been enough to let Catherine know she was too late. Catherine's scream was a combination of sorrow and anger at the dreadful waste. She had always had a deep, abiding love and affection for her beautiful niece and to lose her like this was so cruel.

Her anger was directed at the wretch lying alongside her. He was completely helpless. For one terrifying moment, she felt such anger at his deed she wanted to smother him with a pillow. The rage flashing through her mind insisted it would be a blessing to rid the world of another vermin. As quickly as it arose, the rage passed, her mind was clearer now. Revenge would come slowly, it would be savored and be *far* more cruel than mere death.

First, the Foundation must be saved. Lady Catherine was very wealthy in her own right, but there was never "too much" money. Money was the essence of all power, and the Foundation, The Daughters of Madrigal, needed it all.

Her Father had been quite wrong to place the Foundation in such jeopardy. To be fair, though, he couldn't realistically have expected his daughter and son-in-law to die so soon after his own end. It would be *such* a tragedy if all those art treasures and money were lost to the Foundation because of James' weakness and desire for thrills!

Her own actions were illegal, but through the network of power and connections she wielded, they would be almost impossible to detect. Now only a trusted few would know of the body substitution and the massive changes that had taken place.

At first, when she learned that the final operation couldn't be completed, she felt terrible frustration. He was escaping the retribution, damn it!. But on reflection, she realized destiny had taken a hand, had chosen another way of placing him more tightly in her grip. James would suffer both physically and mentally because of it.

Lady Catherine looked again at the pale, beautiful face before her, steeling herself. This was not Sarah, the niece she had loved as much as any daughter. It might *look* like her, but it *wasn't* her.

James lay still, unable to move. He tried to raise his arms, hide his face, but they seemed confined in some way. It was impossible to accept what Aunt Catherine was saying, he must be still in a nightmare. It was a hallucination; soon he'd wake up, he

was sure. This time he was finished with drugs forever! Never again would he become involved.

But, Aunt Catherine wouldn't go away. She was real, her hand reached out and touched his face, her fingers cool against his fevered skin. In that moment, he knew this was reality.

His nightmare was real, her words *would* come true. He flinched as Aunt Catherine raised her hand, but she was only signaling the dark-haired nurse to place pillows behind his back and raise him into a semi-seated position. Reaching down, she released two tapes that fastened his wrists to the side of the bed.

Aunt Catherine lowered the silk sheets. Looking down, he could see he was wearing a white, satin high-neck like her. Now, it was time to let him find out what lay in store for him.

Slowly, satin-covered button by button she unfastened, to expose first one, then a second creamy-skinned breast topped with a rose pink nipple. His scream of horror broke through Aunt Catherine's calmness.

"Stop it Sarah. Stop this instant!"

James tried to control himself, to stem the tears flowing from his eyes. Aunt Catherine leaned forward and, using the white silk sheet, dried his eyes. Again, she beckoned to the nurse who came forward with a large hand mirror. She held it so he could see his face. His heart raced, the feeling of madness threatened to engulf him. The face was not his. Before him in the mirror was Sarah, his sister.

It was true. Somehow in this madness he had become Sarah. During her life, they had almost been identical; the slight difference was James' eyes were emerald blue while Sarah's were violet. Only those who knew them well could spot the difference. From their early teens they had been able to change clothing and fool even their parents. Then during a baseball game, a fly ball gave a tiny twist to his nose. Now, even *that* was gone. The thin retrousse nose and full slightly generous lips were Sarah's. The only thing that had changed since that fateful day, was her white blonde hair. This had become shorter.

Aunt Catherine's eyes were cold and remorseless. "You see Sarah, it *is* you!"

The sheet was drawn from the rest of his body, and the nurse began raising his nightgown. James kept his eyes averted, trying to steel himself, unable to stand the sight of the dreadful mutilation they'd carried out on him.

"No, you're not *completely* Sarah. You will *have* to look sometime."

Finally, he glanced down; to his astonishment he was still intact. His gasp of relief was audible.

"Don't think it was an act of kindness, Sarah. You only remain male because of a genetic defect. When Doctor Buell began the operation around your genitalia, she found your nerve structure too entangled to allow a complete cropping. Otherwise, you might have become a quadriplegic. Though, if *I'd* been doing the operation myself, I would have taken the chance. "

The merciless look on her face was enough to convince James that Aunt Catherine was quite serious. It wasn't going to be the blessing he had imagined. The operations were now complete; apart from his genitalia he was identical to his sister and he was to take her place. It would be a few days before he would walk, but with careful exercising he would on his feet in a few days. Aunt Catherine beckoned the nurse closer.

"This is Monique, she will be your personal maid." James was in too much shock to take in much of what Aunt Catherine said. He looked at Monique, taking notice of her for the first time. Tall and slim, her hair was dark, shining in its blackness. Beneath this, her features were pert and pretty. Dark eyes, smiling at him. It was impossible to tell her age. He guessed her to be about thirty. "Good morning, Mademoiselle Sarah." The accent was unmistakably French.

What he had taken to be a nurse's uniform was on closer inspection a white silk dress. It was short, finishing above her knees and beneath it a froth of petticoats were just visible. About her very trim waist was a white satin, heart-shaped apron.

Whether intended or not, Monique was the quintessential French Maid. Aunt Catherine outlined the rules of the household. The next two months would be spent becoming Sarah, learning all the mannerisms and ways of womanhood. Monique would be his mentor and he was to obey her as he would Aunt Catherine.

James was stunned into silence by shock. He was very frightened, aware of just how helpless he was in the hands of these two women. Despite the apparent changes to his body, he still didn't believe it was real. Surely it was some sort of trick. No one could have carried this out. It was impossible.

Now was the time to put his foot down, show them what they were asking was ridiculous and out of the question. What Aunt Catherine was demanding was worse. There was *no way* he would accept this!

"Aunt Catherine, this is quite ridiculous! Release me. I won't become a girl, you'll have to find someone else."

Even Monique was shocked by Lady Catherine's reaction, as she stepped forward and slapped him viciously across his left cheek, then his right. She hit so hard, the imprint of her fingers remained red against the whiteness of his face. She looked at him disdainfully, her eyes as cold as her voice.

"You arrogant young fool! Never say you 'won't' to me. Because of *your* greed and selfishness, your sister is dead and Bellingham Foundation may be destroyed!" She snapped her fingers beneath his nose. "You *will* obey and follow every instruction without question or you will be snuffed out like the miserable insect you are!"

She wrenched the sheet from his body and, reaching down, took hold of one of his nipples, squeezing it savagely. James screamed, his voice high and shrill against the silence of the room. "There! *Now* do you understand? You have been changed into a woman. Now, learn to *act* like one!"

James had never been so frightened. Aunt Catherine was quite calm and composed as she pulled the sheet back up over his still-painful breast. Her look was calm, unflustered.

All his resolution vanished. Whatever she asked, he would do. "Yes, Aunt Catherine, I understand," he sobbed.

Chapter Two: Learning To Be Sarah.

From that moment on, his life was no longer his own. He was completely ruled by his Aunt and Monique. James was weak from almost three month's sedation and the operations. With Monique's help, he was helped from the bed that afternoon. The first few hours were spent sitting, as his body struggled back to normality. Unfortunately, it gave James too much time to realize the enormity of what had been done to him.

His time in hospital had been spent resting. The results of the surgery caused him pain but, as there had been no major reconstruction, James' recovery was quick. By the end of three days, strength had begun to return to his body and he was able to exercise properly. It was not his idea, James had never been one for gratuitous exercise; unfortunately he was no longer in control of his destiny. Monique made it quite clear he was expected to use the gymnasium to work out and quickly achieve a lithe body.

While the exercise was an inconvenience, coping with Sarah's body and the change in thinking was another thing altogether. As brother and sister, friends and relatives had commented on how alike they were. It was clear they were not identical exactly, but when they were younger they had changed clothes and identities before a party and had fooled the other participants. That was before Sarah rounded out and became a truly beautiful woman.

James found it most difficult dealing with a pair of thirty-four B-cup breasts. They were not particularly large but they were perfectly formed, high and firm, with two rose-colored nipples. They created a surprisingly heavy weight on his chest and it was several days before he stopped knocking into objects with them. However, the greatest difficulty arose from this new erogenous zone.

Silks, satins and soft laces were constantly caressing the tender new flesh and sending erotic messages flashing through his body. A brassiere helped slightly, but created problems of a new sort, focusing the erogenous feelings in his swollen nipples. It took only the slightest touch to bring them erect and send a delicious series of shivers through his entire body.

A lesser but new problem was his now more rounded body, James had not exactly looked after himself the past few years. Before the incident he had wasted away, becoming almost waif-like, thin and scraggy. Now, the rest, good food, and exercise had resulted in a stunningly beautiful body which, like his breasts, was proving difficult to cope with.

Worst of all, not everything was in the "correct" proportions. He and Sarah had been almost the same height; in fact he was exactly one inch taller, nothing anyone would notice. Their hands and shoe size were almost identical, his fingers just fractionally longer.

The new problem lay elsewhere. Sarah had been renowned for her slender waist. During surgery, an effort had been made to correct this with liposuction. It had only been partially successful; there were still another three inches to account for. Monique already had the correction underway through corseting and this was proving extremely painful for James.

In the corner of his bedroom, a device had been installed to make Monique's task of fitting his corsets easier. To James, it looked like the medieval torture device, the "rack". It looked like a miniature trapeze, with a short, padded bar attached to two strong silk ropes passing over a pulley attached to the ceiling.

"Sarah's" wrists were fastened to the bar, and Monique drew the bar upwards until he was standing on tiptoe. This stretched the body, and allowed another two-inch reduction in his waistline without additional effort on her part.

It was the unfortunate "Sarah", who bore the pain and discomfort of the labor saving. The tight constriction about his waist was painful in the extreme. He had agreed to the tightening without knowing what was involved.

During the day, he pleaded with Monique to ease the laces. The maid refused, telling him not to be such a baby. The next morning had refused to use the device, and was surprised that Monique did not argue with him. She just left the room.

A few moments later she returned, accompanied by Peggy, the burly chauffeur and Madame Hester, the house keeper. Sarah did not get the chance to argue or present his case. Peggy seized and held his wrists while his satin night dress was stripped from him. Then with ease, he was dragged to the trapeze bar and his wrists tied to it with a satin ribbon. The bar was hoisted high and Sarah was left dangling, his toes barely reaching the floor.

The episode terrified him. He had not been physically hurt and his pain was small. No, what had frightened him was the way his tormentors completed the whole episode in silence. No one had listened to his pleas, they had completed the task unsmiling and remorseless. The only sound had been his own pleading. As he hung helplessly from the bar, he knew that he was completely vulnerable and totally in Aunt Caroline's power.

Then came the sexual fantasies. He had now lost control of his emotions. Within days of walking again, there began the most disturbing sexual hallucinations. They had begun the first day when Monique was dressing him and his body was tightly constricted by the corset. He still hung from the trapeze, wrists fastened by the ribbons, gasping for breath following the cruel tightening of the laces. Now, she asked him to raise first one leg, then the other, before drawing the silk stockings up.

Before the first was halfway up his leg, the sensuous touch of silk against his smooth flesh had him aroused. He felt an unbearable tightness in his groin. He could see in the mirror facing him, his engorged member standing proud from his otherwise girlish body.

Monique at first ignored the alien flesh, addressing it only after she had fastened all six suspenders. Then, she reached out, her hand touching it gently. The caress of her hand sent shivers up and down his body. It felt so wonderful he could not stop a gasp from escaping his lips.

Gently, she began to stroke him, her fingers softer than the touch of finest silk. All the time her eyes were upon him, a tiny smile turning up her lips. So tensed and aroused was he, the whole episode barely lasted a minute. Suddenly, in a sigh of ecstasy which almost became a scream, he burst forth into her hand.

Monique said little to him, but left him still tied in the trapeze as she wiped him clean. At last she released him before completing his dressing. His outfit for today consisted of a slim-fitting white silk dress which clung tightly to his body.

Throughout the day he tried to put the incident out of his mind, but it proved impossible. All about him there was the sense of femininity. The tightness of his corset was omnipresent, painful. It had taken control of his body, changed his awareness. Now, his body fluttered at the touch of softness.

He was aware of the silk swirling about his ankles, the swish of satin against the silk stockings. His nipples were erect and tender as they moved within the silken confines of his bra. Within minutes of being freed from the trapeze he became aroused, and the thought of Monique's soft fingers would not leave his mind.

Minutes after she left his room, Sarah could stand it no longer. Alone, he reached down carefully, pulling the skirt to his waist, and lay back on the bed. Sliding his hand down, he reached into his knickers. No sooner had he exposed the swollen member than the door opened suddenly. Aunt Catherine and Monique entered.

"Sarah! What are you doing?" Aunt Catherine's voice was sharp and demanding.

He felt his face flush bright red, as he hurriedly tried to pull his dress and undergarments into position. It was no use. Aunt Catherine held his wrist, leaving him exposed. There was no need to reply, Aunt Catherine's eyes said she already *had* the answer.

"You were correct, Monique, we'll have to use the bridle. Fetch it, please."

Aunt Catherine released him, but Sarah was told to remain still. He wanted to hide his condition, but could only lie there. Aunt Catherine sat beside him on the bed, hands primly nestled in her lap, a look of contempt in her eyes. *Never* had he felt such shame. He tried to will the arrant flesh away but it remained, swelling by the minute, while his Aunt continued to look at him, her lips curved malevolently.

He knew his torture was only beginning when Monique returned. In her hands was a strange-looking device, In his confused state Sarah had no idea what it was for. At Aunt Catherine's instruction he took it in his hands.

"You need to know what you'll be wearing," she said.

It consisted of thin, gold-colored plastic, "carbon fiber resin" it was explained to him. It was a segmented tube about two to three inches in diameter like a slender, old-fashioned telescope. Each segment was short, only about a half-inch long. It tapered towards the front slightly before finishing with a rounded knob. It had a hole less than the diameter of his smallest finger in the center. The other end of the ten-inch tube had an egg-shaped basket attached to it. He held it in his hand, feeling its springy resilience. At last, the horror of what was proposed gradually dawned on him.

"No please, Aunt Catherine, I won't touch myself again! *Please* don't make me wear this!"

"Oh, come now Sarah, don't be silly. You'll be fine and it'll take away all temptation."

The smile was still on her lips and Sarah knew there was to be no escape. He lay trembling with frustration as Monique showed him the finer points of the device., how each of the segments slid smoothly over one another, how they expanded or contracted. She demonstrated how it would fit closely to him whether he was swollen or flaccid.

Monique made Sarah open his legs wide and she slid it over him. The basket hinged open at the bottom to fit his testes then it was fastened with a tiny padlock. Monique slipped the key onto a silk ribbon and slipped it about her neck. Without even pulling his dress back down, the two departed, Aunt Catherine said they'd leave him to "get acquainted" with his new attachment.

For almost an hour he lay, sobbing. Try as Sarah might, he could not overcome the horror of part of his body being taken away from him. His arousal was undiminished; if anything humiliation and fear had increased it.

He reached down and tried to touch his member. All he could feel was the alien smoothness of the plastic. He squeezed hard, pressing his fingers tight about the metal, so tight he almost drew blood. He might as well have been on another planet; despite all the pressure, not the slightest feeling was transmitted to his member.

Despite the lightness and flexibility of the device, it seemed to have isolated completely this part of his body. Sarah tried rubbing and pulling on it without avail. There was no feeling at all. When he lost an erection, something unusual happened. The tube would shrink with it, always conforming to his condition. Monique called it "Nanny Bates". The name puzzled him until she explained the reason for it. It was a play on the word "masturbate", an activity now completely denied to him.

Over the next few weeks, Sarah came to see it as a very effective reward and punishment system. Aunt Catherine gave him a small lockable notebook which he was to present to each of the people instructing or helping him during the day: Josephine, responsible for his deportment and makeup classes; Peggy, his tutor in languages and Hester for economics and history. Each of these, plus the half-dozen other staff members he came into contact during the day gave out merits or demerits for his attitude, manners, and application.

They each had a key, entered their marks and returned the notebook to Sarah. He was not allowed to know the results. His reward or punishment was administered just before going to bed.

Wearing only a silk negligee, Sarah's wrists were fastened to the trapeze bar and Monique would remove Nanny Bates. Trepidation and expectation seemed to inhabit his body in equal amounts, and both put him into a state of arousal. Monique would inspect him thoroughly and apply a sweet-smelling ointment.

Then, donning silk taffeta gloves, she would begin stroking him until he was on the point of exploding. At that point, she would break off and inspect his demerit book. She would carefully inspect the notes and add the points. All the time Sarah would wait, his body demanding release. If he had misbehaved, Monique would refit Nanny Bates in place. He would be left tense and unfulfilled; his sleep that night would be broken as he tossed and turned, waiting for release that would only come from some frustrating wet dream.