

# JULIE REFORMED

*By Chris James*



*ILLUSTRATED BY C. PITTS*

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A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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# **JULIE REFORMED**

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**By Chris James**

## **Chapter 1**

Gradually I awoke, either from a deep, drugged sleep or unconsciousness. As my eyes opened, I struggled to focus them, and found myself in a strange room.

I lay on a bed, my head propped high on pillows. With a laugh, the two women took hold of my arms. Across the spacious room I could see a dressing table and seat. Neatly stacked on one end of the table was a collection of cosmetics, perfumes, moisturizing creams and accompanying accessories. The bed on which I lay was furnished with pink sheets, pillow slips and a pretty, flowered duvet cover.

My eyes moved right and fastened on the open built-in wardrobe that filled part of the wall. Hanging in it was an abundance of dresses and several blouses, along with at least one jacket and a coat. Several pairs of women's shoes stood neatly below the clothes, along with two handbags. On a higher shelf lay several female hats.

Cautiously, I turned to view the left side wall, set into which was a door with a plaque indicating it was a bathroom. Most of the remaining wall space was taken up with a selection of pictures and framed photographs of woman in various poses, and states of undress. Many of them featured my sister Julie. With a gasp, I realized that I still wore the feminine clothing my sister Ruth had persuaded me to wear. The plain white silky blouse, patterned blue pleated skirt, stockings, heavy make up and shoulder-length wig were still in place.

I allowed my hands to slowly wander over my body and I felt the garters holding the stockings. Lifting the skirt, I saw the nylon slip, panties and what appeared to be a full-length corselette.

With considerable effort, I turned my head further around. I realized that the large windows positioned to either side of my bed suggested it was the room belonging to Julie.

Confused and still not fully recovered, I attempted to sit upright, but my head refused to steady itself and I was forced to put my head back onto the pillows. My brain tried to recall what exactly had happened and how I found myself in this predicament.

Slowly, details of the explosion in the vacation lounge became clearer; I started to recall how, at the insistence of Ruth, I had pretended to be Julie, in order to find out what had happened to two other young men from my home town. We believed they had taken a holiday at this place earlier in the season; they had not returned home.

I allowed my hands to wander over my body. I just could not understand how Ruth had so easily cajoled me into dressing in this manner. My hands felt the stiffness of the corsets beneath the smooth silky blouse, the uplift of the bust: very realistic false breasts that she “just happened” to have with her. I was constantly aware of the flow of the skirt beneath which all masculinity appeared to be sufficiently controlled so as to have vanished completely. The garter knobs were evident to my moving fingers, and the feel of flowing hair about my usually clean-shaven neck tickled me.

Perhaps I was to find the answer to my question about the other young men, but at what cost? Would I ever be able to write the story and offer the scoop to the tabloid press? To satisfy my family, especially Grandfather, I wrote articles and occasionally saw my name in print. To be honest, though, I was much more interested in betting on horse racing and in casinos.

It was as a result of such a story that I was now in this predicament. The mother of a young man from a local village had reported that her son was missing. The police said they could do nothing because he was twenty-one. The mother visited Ruth, saying that if a young *woman* was missing, the authorities would have taken more interest. Investigations led Ruth to believe that the missing person was interested in crossdressing. Reluctantly, his mother agreed that this was correct. She was afraid that he might have been attacked after being mistaken for a female. Ruth then contacted me to discuss the matter, knowing my interest in journalism. She persuaded me to contact a local organization where such people met to dress and discuss their needs with sympathetic women.

A little more than a month later, on a Thursday evening, Ruth and I attended the organization’s regular meeting. Despite attempts on her part, I refused to go to the meeting dressed as a girl. For that occasion, at least, she conceded the point. We confirmed that the missing young man was a member of the club. The club’s officials were also concerned with his disappearance, as any adverse publicity would affect their acceptance in the town. They let me have all their available information, including the telephone number of a center in Cornwall where men can spend a whole week dressed as females. They weren’t sure, but believed that Thomas, the missing person, had intended to spend a holiday there.

The outcome was that, within a week, Ruth and I had booked a stay at the same venue. She thought it unwise for me to tell anybody else what was planned. I would be able to sell the full story as an exclusive, if and when we had something definite to say.

Why did I listen to her? As near as I could tell, I now appeared to be injured by an explosion, unable to speak or shout for help. I was feeling very weak, and I was still dressed in this ridiculous manner as a female.

I had attempted to shout for help on several occasions since awaking, but I could not. My limited strength allowed me to slowly struggle to my feet and further examine the room. A toilet and bathroom were behind the marked door; the views from the window confirmed that I was in the family home occupied by my sisters, in the wilds of North Devon.

Unable to do anything to help myself, my thoughts returned to how I had landed in this predicament. We had arrived at the holiday center on Saturday afternoon, had

picked up our chalet keys and the weekly program of events. I remembered that I had told Ruth that I would *not* be attending any of the evening functions and entertainment. The program clearly stated that only “authentic feminine dress” was allowed at any times in the main function areas and bars.

She asked me in a sarcastic manner how I thought it possible to find any clues to the missing persons if I did not dress up and join in the festivities. In any case, she asked, what was so terrible about finding out for myself how the other half of the community dressed?

I placed my suitcase on my bed, and opened it to find nothing but feminine clothing and accessories. Turning to Ruth, I said that we must have gotten the wrong case.

In a stern, authoritative voice, Ruth pointed out that, unless she had taken this step, I would have found excuses not to dress and we would never find our missing persons.

I had no choice but to dress as a woman for the week. Why I did not walk out then and there is a mystery even to me. After a shower, I walked back into my room to find that she had laid out on the bed a complete outfit. My discarded masculine clothes were no longer to be found.

Not content with providing nothing but feminine clothing, she obviously relished the opportunity to select the most frilly, lacy and silky stuff available, along with a strong corselette. That would remind me at all times how I was dressed, and obviously change the outward shape of my body.

Even without any masculine clothing, I was still about to rebel and leave her, until she informed me that the car keys had been deposited at reception, in a security locker and nobody but she knew the code to open it.

Moments later, adopting a far more menacing tone, she instructed me to dress. First, she handed me the pink, lace-trimmed silk panties. Reluctantly, without any real choice, I took the garment and, for the first time in my life, donned a pair of feminine undies. Worse was to follow as I struggled into the full-length corselette, struggling to pull the shoulder straps into place and realizing for the first time how such a garment restricted movement and confined your body. She then handed me the very realistic false breasts, placing them into the bra cups herself. Those were followed by garters to fix to the hem for securing the stockings.

On her insistence, I looked at myself in the dressing table mirror, and cringed at the view that greeted me. Her comment about making a “good younger sister”, certainly didn't improve the way I felt. By that time, however, she had completely taken control of the situation; in any case there was little I could do to alter things. To my shame, I let her continue to complete my transformation.

Stockings, slip, blouse and, finally, skirt followed, and I stood before her dressed completely as a young woman. She then made me sit on a chair before giving my face a cleaning with lotions. That was followed by a full make-up including mascara, eye shadow, lipstick and blusher for the cheeks. Pearl hanging earrings were screwed to my ear lobes and a shoulder-length wig was clipped into position over my own hair.

Eventually, I was allowed to stand and she handed me a pair of medium-heeled court shoes, followed by a handbag to hold. Before I could protest, Ruth opened the door and pushed me out of the chalet, locking the door behind me.

I banged on the door and pleaded to be let back in, only to hear her say that I should take a walk around the camp to get used to the feeling of the clothes. She would join me in about a half hour, after she showered and changed. It became obvious that nothing would change her mind, and the last thing I wanted was to draw attention to myself, so I did as she suggested.

Because of my weakness in allowing her to dictate to me that Saturday evening, I was now incarcerated in this room, still recovering from the mysterious explosion. I had allowed Ruth to control the situation over the three days following our arrival; they were spent with me dressed in feminine clothing exclusively. She insisted on letting the other guests and staff know that we were “sisters”, Julie and Ruth, staying at the center in an attempt to trace my “boyfriend”, Thomas.

On Tuesday, we received a message that somebody who might be able to shed light on the disappearance of the young man would arrive that afternoon. A special lounge had been provided for our meeting, and we were expected at 4:00 PM. After lunch, Ruth once again made me change into a fresh outfit, including lacy cream-colored panties and stockings, with a different skirt. She moisturized and cleaned my face before reapplying the make-up. After handing me a new pair of high-heeled shoes and thrusting a handbag at me, Ruth led the way from the chalet to the crucial meeting

I remember entering the room along with Ruth, and being asked to sit on a settee, while she took a seat on the other side of the room. A strange diffused red light illuminated my seat, making it difficult to see the two women who had come to meet us. It was nevertheless relaxing and comfortable and made me slip very quickly into a dazed stupor. I was rendered unable to think clearly or answer their questions in a coherent manner. Eventually, a voice penetrated my befogged mind.

“John, or should we say Julie, it seems that you have made too much progress in tracing the two young men from your town. They would not appreciate their stories being plastered across the front pages of the tabloids. Neither would our research organization. Since you’re so anxious to know what happened to them, why not become a guinea pig yourself, and have the same unique treatment?”

“I assure you that life will *never* be the same again. I doubt whether you will want any editor to print your story.”

Moments later, there was a huge flash, accompanied by a loud noise like an explosion, and I was thrown to the floor, feeling sharp stabs as though I was struck by debris.

My next recollection is of coming to in this room, feeling very weak. Also, as I was soon to find, I was minus the ability to talk.

I was puzzled by the fact that the room appeared to be Julie’s, before she had left earlier in the year to tour Central America. For years, I had lived in my own apartment in Central London, but I visited the old family home from time to time, most recently before our trip to the holiday center.

Slowly, I climbed to my feet and moved to the window, to convince myself that this was indeed our home. My efforts to walk were painfully slow; my body seemed like lead. Painfully, I moved over to the door, but either my grip was too weak or the handle was in some way secured, and the door locked.

I sat back on the bed, to think how it might be possible to attract somebody's attention, and perhaps find out what had happened to me.

Finally, completely exhausted by my puny efforts to examine the room, I lay back on the bed, and idly allowed my hands to slide over the clothing I wore. I felt the firm foundation garment, so strange and foreign to a young man, the garters firmly holding the stockings and the bulging breasts that protruded from my usually flat chest.

How often I had snapped a young woman's' garter in fun. For some reason I now did the same to myself, feeling the sharp, unpleasant slap as it hit my bare leg.

Surely, Ruth or Sarah would soon come to my aid, and release me from this stupid charade, although Ruth had been responsible for me dressing this way in the first place.

## Chapter 2

A short distance down the corridor from where John was held prisoner, an attractive middle-aged woman was sitting at a large study desk, on the top of which rested a television monitor. This was coupled to a camera located at ceiling level in his room. From time to time, she glanced at the monitor before returning to studying the contents of a file.

Opposite her sat a middle-aged woman. John knew her very well and he would have been shocked to hear the conversation.

“Well, Ruth, we’ve carried out the first part of our contract. How do I know that you will honor your side of things? We can’t afford to spend money on research into this cloning project, unless we get well-paid by satisfied clients. In this case, *you* are our client, not the young man that is going to be converted.” The doctor leaned back in her chair, waiting for an response. She didn’t have long to wait, as Ruth pushed a notebook toward her. On the cover, in gold letters, were the words “The Project”. The doctor opened the notebook and read the contents.

*“Our grandfather is over ninety years old and declining in health. In his will, he left the business and estate in Scotland to his eldest surviving male heir. He only had one child, a son, our father, who was killed ten years ago in a boating accident along with our mother. There were four children from this marriage.*

*“I am the eldest, then Sarah, followed by John, the youngest and most irresponsible. He would have no idea how to run either a business or the estate, but due to the antiquated rules by which our grandfather worked, John was intended to inherit the lot except for an annual grant to we two girls. However, should there be no male heir, the fortune is split equally among female relatives, with the eldest daughter, me, controlling the business under the guidance of an appointed manager.*

*“I intend to control that business and the estate, and will see to it that any appointed manager does what I tell him. Therefore, if John has been totally and permanently changed into a female, by the time of grandfather's death—and I will see to it that 'she' has a thorough medical examination to prove that point—then we two sisters will share the fortune, and I assume control.”*

Ruth looked across at Doctor Roberts, waiting for her reaction.

“That still does not confirm how I can be sure I will receive the money promised to our clinic.”

Ruth rummaged in her handbag and produced a check.

“There you are, a check for one million pounds payable on delivery of one total and complete young lady, by the name of Julie, formerly John, at or before the reading of the will. However, she is not to emerge in public until after Grandfather’s death, just in case he tries to change the will.”

Ruth stood, handed over the check and walked toward the door.



Doctor Roberts took the piece of paper. "Thank you. I wouldn't like to cross you in a business deal; the consequences could be quite frightening. However, I am intrigued by something you said earlier, about there being *four* children from the marriage. What happened to the fourth?"

Ruth turned and laughed. "That is what makes this plan of mine virtually foolproof. You see, Sarah has a twin sister, or I should say, *did* have. Julie was always rather rebellious. Just under a year ago, she flew the coop, ending up in central America where, unfortunately, she died of a tropical disease.

"The death certificate for our parents was mailed to me, as the eldest living relation. I kept it in my personal papers, and it was only recently when I heard about your research and the details of the will, that I realized the significance of that piece of paper. It has been carefully amended, and now says that poor John died in Panama last month. Julie is still here to collect her share of the fortune, or at least *will* be when you have finished with her.

"Revenge is sweet, I hated John for his masculine arrogance, but at the same time, his untimely death would be both dangerous and leave me with no means of getting my own back. Now I can make darling "Julie" squirm and suffer for the rest of her life. She won't complain, or she'll lose everything. I've made sure that certain other documents have also been adjusted to suggest that John was in fact adopted, not born to our parents.

"I don't think Julie will risk everything to try and prove differently, especially when by that time, the medical evidence will show conclusively that she is fully and completely female. Your companion is a plastic surgeon, and the set of photographs of Julie in a variety of poses, should be sufficient to allow a cloned version of her to be reproduced from the unfortunate John."

Doctor Roberts smiled before saying, "Well, I must say you have been *very* thorough, Sarah has already given the sample of female sexual tissue, that must be blended with tissue from the patient in order to develop the embryonic sexual organs."

Ruth laughed before replying. "Thank you, Doctor, I am *really* going to enjoy having sister Julie back with us. I will leave you to start your treatment, and hope to hear soon the progress being made. I trust that the facilities I have provided for you are satisfactory.

"The cameras are positioned in two corners of the bedroom, plus there is one in the bathroom. The handle to the room's doors can only be operated from outside, unless you have the special key. Although there is no real security to the windows, the poor dear is as weak as a baby. I assume you intend to keep him that way.

"Regarding your last concern, we are very lucky that Julie was nearly 5 feet, 4 inches tall and about 130 lb.. As you can see, John is perhaps three inches taller, and twenty pounds heavier, but will presumably lose weight during the treatment."

The doctor smiled before replying. "Yes, all is suitable. For the present I shall continue to administer the drug, keeping him helpless."

Ruth turned and watched the young man on the monitor. "Rather sweet dressed like that, don't you think, Doctor?" she asked. Without waiting for an answer to her

question, she continued. "It is impossible for you to imagine the pleasure it gave me, when I first persuaded him to dress in female clothing at the holiday center. I locked him out of the chalet, knowing that never again would he be allowed to dress in masculine clothing. Well, at least not while he still had a male body," she said with a chuckle.

The doctor responded, "Will you want to return and taunt your darling little brother during the torment of his unwelcome sex change?"

"Most definitely," said Ruth. "I am going to thoroughly enjoy watching the irreversible change from arrogant young male to a sobbing sexless creature, on the path of slow development into a naive young woman. She will slavishly do as I tell her for fear of the consequences, and she will find out what it is like to marry a man she doesn't love, and have children by him. It will all happen simply because I say so, and control the purse strings."

The doctor paused before continuing.

"It's my understanding that you are prepared to rent us the whole of Penmore House, on a ten year lease, but that you want access yourself to follow the progress we make with our sex change program, especially that of your brother. Is that correct?"

"Yes," replied Ruth. "I have purchased a much more modern and comfortable house near Taunton, where Sarah and myself are going to live. Julie will join us when all hope of her ever again living as a male has long passed."

She stood as she finished talking, and shook hands with the doctor, before leaving the room.

Dr. Roberts sat back at her desk, again checking the monitor and the patient, then pressed a bell.

Moments later, two young women entered the room, and stood a few feet from the desk. They were both dressed in the uniform of nurses, one obviously more relaxed than the other.

"Well ladies, we have a new subject for my treatment. He was foolish enough to start probing into the disappearance of two young men from his area of the country. He came a little too close to the truth for comfort, so it is now necessary to let him find out first hand what I am doing.

"He is a freelance reporter who decided to show his talent, by seeking a scoop on the subject. Unfortunately for him, he failed to appreciate the guile and deviousness of his very ruthless sister. As you will gather, Nurse Clarissa, *you* were one of the missing young men he was trying to trace."

The less relaxed of the nurses smiled weakly, and replied in a slightly deep voice, "Yes, Doctor Roberts, it would seem that I was. It will be quite a surprise for him when he is told. Thank you for letting me stay here and help you; it will give me great pleasure to assist in changing arrogant young men into petite, emotional young ladies. I was subjected to untold misery and humiliation by other boys because of my small size and caring nature. I have now achieved my wish to be female, but I would still like to get my revenge against the male sex."

“Clarissa, you *will* get your chance, but ‘revenge’ is not the word to use. We are developing a very valuable branch of research, cloning complete sexual organs for future use, both for women whose own organs are defective or diseased, as well as to transplant into men who are persistent rapists or pedophiles.”

She paused and gazed out the window for a moment before continuing. “At present, the Medical Council will not accept my work and cloning is banned. The time will come, however, when they will be grateful for my perseverance and work.

“When I present to them my new team of complete, perfect, *permanent* young ladies, all produced from previously normal young men, they can’t help but be impressed! They will need and *want* my expertise in expanding the program.”

Doctor Roberts looked at the two women with pride in her eyes before glancing again at the monitor, to see how her latest subject was recovering.

“Thank you, nurses. Give him a further 30 minutes to explore the room, and find out how escape proof I have made it, then take him to the operating theater his sister has so graciously provided us, to start his treatment. We will use the special cream on his legs, arms and face to remove surplus hair. The special breasts will be applied to his chest and secured with the glue. Finally, we will apply a cream facial to soothe the burns he will be told he sustained in the accident. That will start his period of disorientation. There are no mirrors in the room, so he cannot check his appearance.”

The two women turned, straightened their skirts, left the room and closed the door behind them.

The doctor smiled to herself. Quietly, she said to herself, “Yes, this is a good and successful change. It will be particularly interesting to find how a reluctant guinea pig reacts.”

A few moments later, she turned off the monitor. Leaving the room, she walked along the corridor away from her new patient.

Swinging doors parted to reveal a spotless surgical suite containing a desk, a plain chair and couch alongside an examination table covered in black leather from which hung securing straps.

Stella Roberts knew that her research into cloning organs was a success. It was a big step to implant those organs in living human beings. She had already changed the sex of four young men who had expressed a deep desire to be women. The revolutionary technique she developed was to blend blood tissue from their bodies with a small section of female sexual organ tissue from a previous donor, then allow the two to develop and grow in laboratory conditions.

Once growth began, the embryo could be transplanted into the recipient and allowed to fully develop, after ensuring that all masculine hormone production had been permanently stopped.

On her own, she had insufficient cash to purchase suitable premises for her work. Now this woman, Ruth, had provided both a surgical suite and ample funds. All she had to do in return was convert a young male aristocrat good-for-nothing, into a reluctant, but very permanent, young woman. Crossing the room, she took a full-length

white operating gown from a coat hanger, put it on over her other clothing. She followed this with a white hat to cover her hair, and moved to a sink in the corner of the room to thoroughly wash and scrub her hands, afterwards drying them under an automatic hygienic dryer.

Satisfied that all was ready, she moved back to the desk, pressed a button and spoke into a built-in microphone.

“I am now ready for the patient. I assume that he has been given the preliminary anesthetic. Please be careful when you enter the room. We don't want either of you affected by the gas.”

Minutes later, the swinging doors opened and a wheeled trolley was pushed into the room, on which lay the figure of John. He was being propelled by the two nurses and was now dressed in a very frilly feminine nightdress.

“Bring him to the table, and secure him to it with the straps. He will soon recover from that mild dose of gas, but make sure that we can remove his panties. I have to have uninterrupted access to the base of his spine, in order to insert the drug which inhibits his ability to move.”

The doctor stood back after issuing the instructions, and watched as the nurses did as instructed. Straps were used to secure John's arms to the side of the horizontal surface. He also had straps across chest and waist, after they turned him on his stomach.

Clarissa lifted the skirt part of the nightdress he wore, and tucked the hem into the strap about the waist, then pulled the panties down to his knees. She then carefully wiped the lower part of his back with a cloth soaked in disinfectant.

“All yours, Doctor. When that is injected, he will become as weak as a lamb, the poor dear.”

“That's enough, Clarissa,” said the doctor. “The drug is only to ensure that he does not escape. We want to keep him weak and helpless while undergoing the treatment.”

Doctor Roberts stepped forward. In one hand she held an implement that resembled a hypodermic syringe with a very short blunt needle. She carefully held the instrument against John's lower back, and pressed the plunger. Moments later, she carefully wiped away a globule of blood. She was satisfied that the drug had been correctly injected.

“Good, that will insure that he is unable to escape. As a last resort, it can be used to punish him, too. Ladies, we now come to the matter of giving him a bust to worry about, and removing hair from his body where a female would not be expected to have it.”

The two nurses carefully turned the patient on to his back, eased the nightdress from his shoulders, leaving the chest bare. They carefully sponged the top half part of his body with a solution, before wiping it dry.

The doctor, meanwhile, lifted a very realistic false breast from a box. Carefully, she applied a fixative to the back, then positioned it on the left side of John's chest, smoothing the edges and firmly holding it against the skin of the chest for several sec-

onds. She then repeated the operation with the right breast. Finally, she stood back to admire a most realistic-looking bust, complete with nipples.

Clarissa laughed and said, "That will give him something to think about. Whether he likes it or not, they will need support from a bra, each and every day."

"Yes, very well, Clarissa, but we now need to get busy on the hair removal. When he recovers, I want him to be confused about whether he is male or female.

"The cream is on the table. Make sure you wear rubber gloves when using it. I will be back to start on his face, after you have cleared his arms and legs."

It took fully an hour to carefully remove all signs of hair growth. They left just the traditional triangle around the crotch, as would be expected on a normal female. John was wheeled back to his room, panties and nightdress adjusted, and a cream pack covering his face.

Carefully placing the patient back on the bed, the nurses turned and left the room. They took the trolley and secured the door behind them.

It was thirty minutes later, that Doctor Roberts sitting at her desk, watching the monitor, recorded his gradual recovery.

John tried to sit up, but quickly fell backwards. He put his hands to his head and eyes as though dizzy or disorientated. She nodded in approval as he twice more tried to stand up, She murmured her agreement as his hands moved over his body, then flung wide apart as though stung, as he felt the realistic breasts. Cautiously, they returned and continued to explore the growth he had discovered sprouting firmly from the chest. The hands moved beneath the nightdress he was wearing. Then, in a panic, he desperately tried to tear the breasts from his body.

The doctor continued to watch for sometime, before picking up her medical bag and leaving the room. Seconds later, she arrived at the room where John was undergoing the terrible experience.

"Julie, listen to me, it is no good for you to behave in this manner. I know you had a great shock when the explosion occurred, but now we have to help you recover from that. I have some tranquilizers here. I must warn you, they are Valium-based, and can be addictive. I can give you a dose to calm your nerves, if you'd like. Nod if you agree."