

CLOINED INTO WOMANHOOD

By Chris James



ILLUSTRATED BY C. PITTS

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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CLONED INTO WOMANHOOD

By Chris James

Chapter 1

It all began eighteen months ago. I was then aged nineteen and had run away from home some six months previously following a violent row with the man that my mother was living with. My own father had left us some years ago, and mother had a succession of boyfriends, some of whom I tolerated while others were unbearable. Finally I could stand the situation no longer and left to find my fortune in London.

It seemed to me at the time that a young man must succeed in that vast city of opportunity. What a ghastly mistake it turned out to be. I had certainly escaped from that miserable and tedious life in Bradford, but I never contemplated the life that I now had to lead for the rest of my days.

I cannot go and complain to the authorities; nobody would believe a word of my story, especially as my actual memory of past events has been permanently obliterated, and all I have are the few notes that I made and somehow managed to keep. Everything that has happened since arriving in the special hospital and school, deep in the Devon countryside, is still fresh in my mind, but the first treatment they gave me on arrival began the total erosion of all my past life in order to make a more pliable and willing victim. Their training and transformation of me happened to other unfortunate young men, who were also taken into captivity in the same manner.

The only hope is that this testimony and story is read and believed by somebody who has the power to stop these evil women from continuing the experiments and treatment on others. The only documents I have are my diary and a journal that once belonged to a doctor at the hospital. Using these two items and my hazy memories, I will try to reconstruct the story.

The tattered and pathetic little diary that contains those few notes concerning my past life suggests I had traveled to London by train, on the 10th May 1996. On arrival at Kings Cross I had been fortunate enough to find another like myself who had been in the city for some three months, and also came from Yorkshire. He took me back to his rather dingy bed-sit, and I recorded two days later that London did not seem to be the city of opportunity that I had always believed it to be.

During the following days it appeared that I had unsuccessfully tried to get work, had been approached by drug pushers and threatened by young muggers who thought I was trying to muscle in on their territory. On the 18th of the month I was approached by a very buxom, heavily made up woman who invited me back to her flat for a drink and a chat. My notes seem vague as to what happened at that meeting, but judging from subsequent entries I must have visited her on four or five occasions, before moving into a flat; strangely enough, from that day on it remains in my memory.

Indeed it seemed to have started the chain of events which have led to my present predicament.

Her name was Vanessa, and it was on the third visit that I remember her saying, "Well, my dear, it seems that you are not being very successful in finding work, and must admit that where you stay is dirty and unpleasant. I could make life much more pleasant; however, my conditions are somewhat unusual and you may not want to accept them. I require a maid and she needs to dress and look like one, but needs to be able to protect me if my clients become awkward. There are many young men around willing to dress in skirts, but I am giving you the chance. Don't decide now but think about it. You would have your own room. and food and pocket money would be provided. All you have to do is a little work about the house and dress as the maid when I have doubtful customers."

I presumably refused at the time, because it was nearly two weeks later that my diary records that I visited her again. Once more my memory remains clear only concerning her insistence on my taking the post she offered, and saying that she would give me one more week to decide.

Midsummer day, June 21st, was the fateful day that I agreed to her request and moved into the flat. What then happened is uncertain, but it would appear that she showed me around the premises, which consisted of far more rooms than I had previously imagined. My few belongings had been left in the entrance hall, and the only item that I ever recall seeing again was the nearly new anorak that my mother had bought for me shortly before leaving home.

This, and this alone, enabled me to record the early memories of my horrendous experience, because I had torn the left-hand pocket lining soon after receiving the jacket, and my diary had slipped into the lining.

The lucky slip enabled me to continue keeping a brief record for some months, and I have been able to read and remember my notes long after they had stopped the treatment to erase the past from my mind.

Vanessa took me into a bedroom, persuaded me to totally undress, and in this naked condition lie on the bed. She took a measuring tape from her pocket and proceeded to take my measurements and record them.

"Now, dear, have a shower. It is the second door on the left. Use plenty of the perfumed gel that is hanging in the cubicle, we want you to smell right, don't we?"

I tried to protest and should have realized at that point all was not straightforward. Stupidly, I did as asked, returning to the bedroom some twenty minutes later smelling strongly of a very feminine perfume.

Lying across the bed was a long-sleeved white satin blouse and a tartan knee-length skirt, along with silky nylon knickers, full panticorselet, suspenders and stockings. Vanessa was standing beyond the bed. I hesitated on entering and looked at her in shock, gasping audibly.

"Don't be shy, just think of us as girls together. After all, you did agree to be my maid. The clothes should all fit according to the measurements I took."

“No, no, I can't do it, it's ridiculous. I know what was said, but I'm not that sort of person, I could never seriously pretend to be a woman.”

“Well, you had better leave then, but it will have to be as you are. I have already thrown your old clothes in the bin, and the perfume you are wearing takes about twenty four hours before it wears off.”

Reluctantly, and for the first time in my life, I dressed as a woman: the knickers clung seductively to my loins, the silkiness feeling particularly strange to my backside. They had elastic legs finished with frilly edging. The panticorselet pulled in my body in a restrictive but not unpleasant way, giving my body a very different feminine shape, exaggerated moments later as Vanessa handed me falsies to put into the bra cups. She then explained how to secure the suspenders to the garment, sit on the edge of the bed and carefully pull on the stockings, secure them, and once again stand on my feet. As I did so the stockings and suspenders pulled tight, in yet another all together strange manner, that soon was to become a routine daily occurrence. A full length slip, blouse, and skirt followed, finished with high heeled shoes.

She then applied cosmetics to my face, varnish to my finger nails, clip-on earrings to my lobes, and finally a long wig was pinned to my own hair.

We moved into the lounge and each sat in an armchair. She frequently questioned me as to how I felt, were the corsets comfortable, how did it feel to wear skirts, what about the shoes... I had to make several walks about the room and serve us both with several drinks of gin and orange throughout the evening. Twice I had to use the toilet, each time she reminded me to use it as a young lady would. Finally, in a somewhat inebriated state, I was allowed to return to my room, still dressed as a girl, and told to stay there and decide whether I wished to continue this new style of living.

Later that evening, Vanessa gave me details of a chance to have training at a special school, following which a permanent position would be found for me at a suitable aristocrat's house, or as her own maid. Apparently, under the influence of the drink, I agreed.

This was the reason given as to why I found myself a virtual prisoner at High Tor Sanatorium and Finishing School, in the depths of Dartmoor. Whether I had willingly agreed or had somehow been forced or tricked into doing so, I will never know; however, much of what has happened to me in these past months was certainly against my wishes. The form of punishment used to ensure cooperation was too unbearable to resist.

The following morning, still dressed in the same clothes but with my anorak to protect me from the heavy rain, I was escorted from the flat by two women. I was bundled into the back of a car that stood outside the flat and driven away. A long and tedious journey followed, punctuated by two short stops at what appeared to be remote spots to allow me to relieve myself and have a small drink of fluid that tasted like lemonade, after which a blindfold was secured about my eyes.

Finally the car drove along a bumpy and ridged lane or road, before finally stopping. The door was opened and I was pulled from the car; somebody took my arm, and I was made to walk a considerable distance over various surfaces including what appeared to be a metal bridge.

Eventually we stopped, a door opened, and whoever was holding my arm spoke.

“Here we are, doctor, the last of your present intake. I do hope that she enjoys her stay with you, and the eventual transformation that she will undergo.”

I felt a different person take my arm and say, “Steady, there are three steps in front of you before the door. I will remove the eye mask as soon as we are in my surgery.”

“Where are we, what is going to happen?” I pleaded in panic. “I want to go back to London or back home. Let me go.” I struggled to pull clear, but another unseen person took my other arm, and I was pulled through the door into the building. They continued to hold me firmly and frog marched me along a corridor, through another door, into a room that smelt strongly of mild disinfectant.

They pushed me back against a table or bench of some sort. I toppled backwards but was held and pushed into a prone position on it. My arms were pulled downward and secured by cuffs to each side of the table and belts were secured about my waist and upper chest.

Still I could not see, as the eye shield remained secured to my head. I now really began to panic as I felt the skirt that I wore being lifted above the waist, and the knickers were removed, followed by my legs being pulled wide apart and secured in a raised position to either side of me.

By now I was desperate and began screaming, only to be stopped by a gag forced into my mouth.

“Keep quiet,” said a voice. “We are only going to shave that part of you and insert a small control device beneath the skin. Your genitals won't be removed for some months yet, not until you are fully trained in feminine behavior and ready to take up a position as maid in one of the big houses.”

I tried to resist, but there was nothing I could do as my genitals were lathered and shaved. That was followed by an injection which quickly made the whole area numb. I partially felt a pressure to the tender back of my penis and possibly the scrotum. Then all went silent, and I was apparently left alone.

It seemed hours later that I was roused from a restless doze by the sound of movement, and the bonds about my waist and chest were released. I was helped to the floor, and finally the eye shields were removed. I blinked and tried to adjust my sight after the long period of darkness, and finally ascertained that the room was indeed a surgery, in which I had been secured to a leather couch. Finally the gag was removed from my mouth, and the woman standing before me said, “Clarissa, that is your name from now onwards. I am Miss Payne, your instructor and teacher. Do as you are told and all will be well, any refusal or unladylike behavior will result in appropriate punishment.”

“But I am not a girl,” I protested. Hardly had I uttered the words when I screamed and fell to the floor; an excruciating pain shot through my testicles and scrotum.

“Get up,” she ordered, and I scrambled quickly and painfully to my feet. “Put your knickers on.” She handed me the pair that had been removed earlier, and I rushed to comply.

“In the future you will do as I say without argument. For your information, this is a special training school for young ladies, where all ideas and feelings of masculinity are systematically destroyed prior to the student being given a complete and fully operational set of feminine sexual organs in place of those you have at present. All students are fitted on arrival with the control unit that you felt a moment ago, and on each and every occasion that justifies punishment, you will feel it all over again. So let's start again, the way I intend it should continue. Now, what is your name, and what are you?”

“My name is Clarissa, and I am training to become a young lady,” I whispered in reply.

“Good, that's the easy part. I hope for your sake that you cooperate and find it as easy to carry out orders in the future.”

She turned and walked towards the door, beckoning me to follow. We walked along a corridor past several small rooms, the doors to which stood open, indicating that they were recovery rooms in a hospital. We passed a reception desk and went out into the fresh air. There was a gravel path that led across a grass rectangle to another building. Next to it was an ornate entrance door, above which stood a notice board proclaiming the title, “HIGH TOR LADIES' FINISHING SCHOOL AND ACADEMY.”

“You are a very lucky girl, Clarissa, being chosen to become a student at our special school. We guarantee that all pupils become perfect young ladies in thought, deed, and behavior by the time they graduate and are ready for the special operation in our hospital. In fact so intense and thorough is our training, they would have no idea how to behave in any other way.”

“What do you mean by special operation?” I murmured, as we continued across the grass rectangle.

“Come now, dear, I'm sure you know that Clarissa will be feminine in every possible way when she takes up her appointment as maid to one of the wealthy clients who finance our establishment. She will need to be careful what she gets up to with the young gardeners and other randy men about the place. The result might be rather more than bargained for; her employer would not like her new maid becoming pregnant too soon after starting her job.”

“No, no, please don't do this to me,” I cried. She responded by taking the control panel from her pocket. “I'm sorry, Miss Payne, I promise that I will not question your instructions again.”

“Very well, I will allow it to pass on this occasion, but don't expect me to be as lenient in the future.”

We had by this time arrived at the school building. Leading the way, she took me to my dormitory, where several other unfortunates like myself were busy changing out of ballet outfits into traditional school clothes.

I stood in shocked amazement at what was expected of us, and watched as they dressed: firstly a bra, followed by a broad girdle secured at the side from which hung suspenders. Then came the knickers, traditional schoolgirl navy blue cotton with elasticized legs, but with the addition of nylon or silk lining, which I was soon to find for myself caused them to feel smooth and slinky against one's genitals. Next they dressed in long-sleeved blouses, buttoned to the neck, a short red skirt, black stockings, and finally high heeled black court shoes.

As they finished and left the room, each curtsied to Miss Payne and said, "Good evening, Madam," in as soft and feminine a voice as they could manage.

When all had left, she showed me to a bed part way along the room. "This is yours, Clarissa, the wardrobe contains your various uniforms and casual clothes, the dressing table your lingerie, nightdresses, and other accessories. They should fit perfectly, as you were measured by computer camera at the medical center. You will now undress and find the uniform that the other girls were wearing and put it on as quickly as you can, then join the rest of the class for the evening session of voice therapy."

Reluctantly I opened the top drawer of the dressing table and fingered the frilly nylon and lace knickers, slips, and nightdresses that would constitute my future underwear.

"Hurry up," she ordered. "You will get plenty of chances to wear those things later. Right now you need standard uniform blue cotton knickers, bra, girdle, black stockings, blouse and skirt." I quickly dressed as ordered and sat at the dressing table to refresh my makeup and brush the wig that adorned my head; as I did so, my backside slithered to and fro, encased as it was in the knickers. My genitals began to react to the sexually stimulating feeling, and suddenly I screamed with pain as the control pellets were automatically activated. All sexual excitement immediately ceased and the pain also stopped.

"Please, Miss Payne, what can I do to stop this happening? The knickers are so soft that I can't stop it."

"Very simple solution, my dear. You will see a pack of pills on your dressing table. They are the equivalent of female contraceptive pills. Take one each day and they quickly and effectively make you sexually impotent, within three months permanently so. Refuse to take them and the painful electric shocks will occur each and every time you have to wear those knickers, and they are standard wear for classroom lessons and gymnastics. The choice is yours. You see, our policy is to let students be responsible for their own demise as young men. It is far more gratifying to us and reduces your ability to resist or refuse later treatments."

"No, no, I won't do it," I said, but a slight movement of my body had caused the knickers to once again slither against my backside and genitals. The resultant erection once again caused me to scream and grasp at my crotch.

Picking up the strip of pills, I twisted and turned them in my hand. I opened one section, took out the pill, and again paused as I tried carefully not to move and trigger the electrical shock. I put the pill into my mouth and swallowed, she handed me a glass of water and I washed down the pill.

“Good girl, Clarissa. I see we are beginning to understand the situation. It is no good resisting, once you accept that your destiny is to become a total and complete young lady, the sooner life will become enjoyable again. Put the pills away in the drawer and remember to take them daily; failure to do so will very quickly trigger an erection and inevitable pain. You can now go and join the other girls for elocution lessons. Remember that when it is your turn to speak, a machine monitors the pitch, strength, and tone of your voice. Failure to pitch it into an acceptable feminine level, and the machine activates the electric impulse and your scream certainly reaches a feminine sound. Allowances are made: at first the level required is not as high is adjusted weekly. We do believe in being fair and just to our girls, so long as they cooperate. One final thing before you leave, you saw how the other girls behaved in front of me, before we go you must try your best to copy them.”

“Thank you, Miss Payne, and good evening,” I said, making a feeble effort to hold the edges of my skirt and curtsy to her.

She made no comment except for a tut, but led the way from the room, to the other end of the corridor and into what resembled a language study. There were separate sectional desks, complete with microphone and headphones, at most of which were sitting the unfortunate 'girls' that I had seen changing in the dormitory earlier.

She waved towards an empty seat, and as I sat once again experienced the strange slinky feel of the knickers against me. I realized with a shock that it raised no sexual response, and could only wonder at how powerful the pill must have been to have affected me so soon.

I was told to use the headphones and listen to the others, to remember and learn what was expected of me, as soon it would be my turn. Fortunately, apart from joining the group in a final team recital of a poem, I was left alone that first session.

Chapter 2

Four women stood on the stage of the main hall of the school; one was facing towards the room in which eight figures were dancing to the sound of ballet music, in her hand she held a type of remote control panel.

Each of these dancers were dressed identically in pale pink Tutu-dresses, very full white silk knickers, and pale tan stockings, the tops of which showed in several cases due to the strenuous effort they had put into their dancing. Pale pink ballet shoes completed their dress. All had heavily applied cosmetics on their faces, particularly about the eyes, cheeks, and lips, and they wore shoulder length hair, long dangling earrings, and a bracelet on each wrist. All fingernails were painted with vivid red nail varnish. Despite the manner in which they were dressed it was evident that all were in fact young men.

Suddenly one of them stopped and rushed towards the door.

“Come back here immediately!” shouted the woman holding the control panel. Before he could respond, she pressed a button, and he fell to the floor screaming and clasping his hands to his crotch. Twice more she pressed, and he convulsed with pain; he was allowed to lie where he had fallen for a few moments.

“Get up, Katrina, and join the others. Unless you want more...” He struggled to his feet and gingerly resumed his place in the dancing routine.

The taller of the other women turned and said to the other two, “Come, we will leave Miss Silver to continue her ballet lessons with the new recruits. We will retire to my study, and I can explain to you, Miss Masters, what your duties and responsibilities are at the school.”

They walked through the entrance hall and entered the door marked 'Headmistress, Miss Cynthia Sterne'.

“Take a seat, ladies. Firstly, Miss Masters, let me introduce you to our resident hospital doctor and eminent surgeon, Miss Casters. You may recall that several months ago there was considerable fuss about cloning, which led to a total ban on its use. Miss Casters was instrumental in perfecting the cloning of special bodily organs, rather than the complete person; nevertheless, she was refused permission to continue with her research. She has now joined our Feminist movement, and we are supplying her with suitable donors to receive these cloned organs, particularly the female sexual organs. I will let her explain more fully how she creates them later.”

Turning to the doctor, Miss Sterne continued, “Miss Masters is eminently suited to working with our often reluctant students, she was unfortunately repeatedly abused by her father when a child, and then had the misfortune to be attacked and raped on the way home from work last year. She knows who her attacker was, but the police will not take action due to insufficient evidence. We have promised to help her get revenge, both against men in general and that beast in particular, that is why she is now working for us.”

“Good,” replied the doctor. “You do really need two more tutors, of the right caliber and attitude. We have decided not to use excessive drugs to condition our pupils into

accepting what is good and proper for them. So, strong and vigorous regime and training must be used to crush all resistance and make them fully cooperative and amenable to our wishes.”

“My dear,” said Miss Sterne, “you have changed your attitude since leaving the research center, when you first arrived, your concern was that any subject for surgery fully concurred and agreed to any operation. I told you then that to find young men willing to undertake such a drastic change would be impossible, and our initial intake proved that point, even though they were transvestites already.”

“Yes, well, it's a criminal waste that my research is not being used to replace organs such as the heart and liver, so we must prove to society how efficient my work is even with the technically more difficult task of completely changing a person's sex.”

“Miss Masters, you now see why I am anxious to recruit somebody with the anger and disgust for the male gender that you show.” Miss Sterne stopped and opened the drawer of her desk, taking from it one of the remote control panels. “This is your issue of the main means by which we control our pupils, and it is the same as you saw Miss Silver use earlier. Please do not use it for fun or unnecessary vengeance. It is to be used to control students, when they disobey an order or fail to reach the required standard of feminine excellence that we have set for them. You press the particular button firmly, and an electric current immediately passes through their genitals, creating intense pain. A second or third press may be necessary, but no more. Any continued refusal to cooperate must be reported to me, and more drastic punishment will be arranged. In an emergency, such as students attempting to attack or overpower you, pull the tab sharply that is situated at the bottom of the panel. This will start a warning screech and also operate all eight buttons, causing all students to become immediately incapacitated with pain.”

She handed the panel to Margaret Masters and indicated to the doctor. “The doctor will explain exactly what she has done to create this effective deterrent to bad behavior.”

“Good afternoon, Miss Masters, I am pleased that you are able to join our team,” said the doctor. “As you can guess, I am not exactly fond of the male specimen myself, but the reason is rather different. I have had to battle against their prejudices to get accepted as a research biologist, only to get slapped down when perfecting one of the greatest findings in modern medicine. Organ transplants have proved extremely costly, mainly because of the rejection factor. My discovery totally eliminated that problem, but has been banned on the grounds that it is cloning. When we have successfully dealt with three or four intakes, and sent them back into society as perfectly formed and complete women, they will have to realize how important my discovery really is. However, I am anxious that our subjects are not addicted to tranquilizers or other drugs when they leave us, so it was necessary to invent some means of controlling them that would not be found. The answer became obvious to me very quickly: the male genital area is very tender, and pain inflicted through that part of them, at frequent intervals, would eventually make them wish to be rid of the offending part. Our training and conditioning is also aimed at making them want to be female, and the combination should lead to a nice, clean acceptance of such a future life.”

Miss Casters paused, as Margaret Masters nodded and studied the control panel.

"The Principal, Miss Sterne, has to ensure that each of our students voluntarily signs an agreement, in the presence of independent witnesses and a J.P., that he wishes to have a complete sex organ transplant, and also officially changes his name to that of a female. Finally, of course, the part of them that received the punishment will be removed, so should a young lady be foolish enough to complain, there would be no possible evidence that they could produce, to suggest that anything was done without their full and complete agreement."

"Very ingenious, but surely the authorities will still be suspicious of such an accusation," replied Margaret.

"Just think about it, dear. We ensure that all valid memory of their past life is eliminated or jumbled into a disconnected nonsense by means of hypnotherapy. If they are examined, it will be confirmed that they are totally and completely feminine in all ways, experiencing the usual monthly curse, reacting sexually as a female, and looking and sounding like one. Nowhere in this world is there means to give a sex change even remotely equal to what I can do and will do with these subjects of ours. Also, should it still be pursued, there is the agreement that has been signed, which protects all of us from any claim that we forced them to participate."

Margaret Masters sat back in her chair to consider the enormity of the situation, into which she had entered in her determination to get revenge against her attacker.

"How do you construct these sexual organs that are used?" she asked. "I have heard of the term cloning, but have no idea of what is involved."

"My dear, it is far too technical for me to fully explain," answered Miss Casters. "Briefly, and in the simplest terms, it involves taking a piece of living sexual organ tissue containing sufficient numbers of the female gene, to ensure development in that sex, and coupling it to a non-sexual tissue from the person who is going to receive the organs. This ensures that the growing organs have the same blood group and tissue match as the recipient, making sure of a successful bonding in the body cavity provided by the complete removal of all traces of the previous masculine parts. In short, the end product is totally a woman in all respects, and she has to accept that fact whether wanting to or not. I have taken the necessary tissue from each of our patients, students, or whatever you care to call them, and have coupled each sample to a small part of the female organs that I already hold in cold storage. They are now growing and will be ready for transplant in six months. You and your colleagues now have the task of ensuring that your charges are suitably conditioned and trained into accepting the change we plan for them."

Miss Casters finished explaining and stood up from her seat. "I have to leave now, to deal with my siblings. They need feeding if they are to grow into full sized, healthy sexual organs."

She left the room, and Margaret Masters sat and twisted the control panel that was still in her Lap, looking across at Miss Sterne with a smile.

Chapter 3

We returned to our dormitory, following the elocution lesson, and I was surprised at how the other students seemed to accept the situation in which we found ourselves. They all quickly took off the blouse, skirt, and uncomfortable knickers, taking from their dressing table drawers flimsy, silky knickers which they hurriedly put on with obvious relish. This was followed by a variety of top clothes ranging from mini to midi length winter dresses and in two cases a frilly nightdress and dressing gown. Following this, most of them sat and replenished facial makeup and brushed their hair.

“Come along, Clarissa,” said one. “Surely you're not spending the rest of the evening in your school uniform? We don't often get to dress how we want.”

“I want to get back into male clothes, and out of this place as quickly as possible,” I replied in some anger.

“Tut, tut, my dear. I am Rosemary, the class Head Girl,” replied a tall blond figure. “We don't talk in that rebellious way here. We all were sent here because, to some degree or other, we thought or behaved in a feminine way.”

“I didn't,” I replied quickly. “My only mistake was to trust a woman in London when I was looking for work and a quick fortune.”

The rest of the students smiled and laughed at my comments, making me even more embarrassed and angry.

“Well, Clarissa, I'm afraid it's too late now. You are here, and this is where you stay, like the rest of us, until Doctor Casters and her team have given us a lovely feminine figure. She will remove these nasty things between our legs that give us so much pain and distress and leave in their place a nice, juicy vagina.”

“No, never,” I yelled in reply.

“Leave her alone, girls,” continued Rosemary. “She will soon change her tune, after a few sessions with Doctor Devious and her Dream Machine.”

I had been sitting on my bed while this conversation took place, and the feel of the knickers slithering to and fro were once again becoming frustrating. The others had by this time left the room and moved to the lounge. I stood to my feet and opened the top drawer of the dressing table by my bed, to see facing me a selection of frothy, lacy, nylon and silk feminine underclothes. I selected a pair of knickers, quickly removed the offending pair, and put these on instead. Closing the drawer, I checked the one below, finding a selection of bras, corsets, girdles of various widths, and stockings, plus two or three fancy nightdresses. On checking further, the bottom one was filled with jumpers, cardigans, and scarves, plus a jewelry box that contained a selection of necklaces, bracelets, a watch, and several pairs of earrings. To my further dismay, I found these were all for pierced ears, suggesting another humiliation to follow.

Walking across to the dormitory window, I found it securely fastened, with metal bars on the outside, that would effectively stop exit or entry by that way. When changing earlier, I had seen the extensive grounds around the building, beyond which stood a thicket of trees. In the far distant was visible the moorland, presumably part of Dartmoor, if the nameplate by the door was to be believed. Now all was black.

Moving back to my bed, I realized that the clothes I'd arrived with were nowhere to be seen. Strangely enough, the anorak was still hanging in the wardrobe, where I had put it earlier. Fearing that my very last contact with past life might also disappear, I checked that I was indeed alone in the room, and quickly pulled the diary from the pocket and dropped it behind the cupboard.

I have no idea what prompted me to do this, but I'm glad I did. Shortly after I hid the diary, Miss Payne walked into the room and demand to know what had happened to the coat. I quickly opened the wardrobe and pointed to the anorak, which she immediately took charge of, and removed from the room.

Rosemary then stuck her head in and said, "Clarissa, come and join us. It is no good, your brooding over things. We have been here over a week, and believe me, apart from that wretched gadget that they have implanted into each of us, life is rather exciting."

I followed her into the lounge, saying to her, "I just don't know how you can all be so casual about this terrible abuse of our freedom and disregard for our wishes."

"Don't worry, Clarissa, all your fears and doubts will be eliminated as soon as Doctor Devious has had time to talk things over with you. She has a wonderfully persuasive manner, and, like us, you will be happy to accept and cooperate with their plans and wishes."

"Stop it! There is no way that I will agree," I said, banging my hands against the wall.

In despair, I ran back into the bedroom, even more determined to find some means of escape, only to be faced by another shock. Two of the girls were undressing for bed, and as I entered, they removed their dresses and unclipped their bras. Instead of false busts falling away as the bra was loosened, I was horrified to see realistic breasts.

"Good, aren't they?" asked one as I stared at her. "Yours will be fitted in a day or two. There is no need to worry about these moving out of position, they are bonded to the skin from near the shoulder and under the arm, and are porous enough not to need removing, they also allow growth inside as yours take shape and grow."

I was too shocked to make any reply, and silently undressed and put on the night-dress that had been placed on my bed. I was careful to ensure that the knickers, skirt, and blouse that I had just removed were placed near enough to the bed for me to find them without light or disturbing anybody else, and my shoes right where I would stand when creeping out. There was no way such treatment was going to be carried out on me, no matter what cost or pain it caused. I had to escape that very night, or all would be lost.

Eventually Rosemary was satisfied that everybody was settled into bed and turned off the lights. Many of them chatted for what seemed an eternity, and twice comments were made to me, but I pretended to be asleep. Finally, all became quiet, but I continued to wait, and was lucky to do so, because the door opened and a light was shone around the room, presumably checking that we were all in bed and asleep. The door closed and all was silent.

Some minutes later, I cautiously sat up in bed and waited for any reaction. None was forthcoming, so very carefully I slipped out of bed, gathered my clothes and shoes, stepped very gingerly towards the door and managed to leave the room without disturbing any of the others.

To give myself an alibi, should somebody follow me, I slipped into the toilet. There I put on the clothes that I was carrying, and once again paused long enough for anybody who had seen me to raise the alarm.

Finally I moved, hurrying along the corridor and down the main staircase. Diffused nightlights allowed me to walk without fear of falling or knocking into an obstruction, but at the same time I would be seen if any of the staff were still about.

Reaching the bottom of the stairs, I began to run towards the front door, but immediately on stepping off the stairs, I gasped with pain as an excruciating shock coursed through my genitals. Despite the intense pain, I continued, managing to open the door and stagger down the steps into the open air. As I did so, an alarm bell began to ring, and several lights came on in the building.

Realizing that my one hope of escape was fast receding, I struggled to cross the lawn towards the trees. But by this time I was fast becoming delirious from the electric shocks that pulsed systematically through my genitals, at about two second intervals. I must have collapsed to the ground and lost consciousness.

I blacked out, coming back to consciousness hearing a voice say, "She is recovering... What a silly girl, going through all that pain unnecessarily. Now she has to endure a very uncomfortable several days during which she will wish that part of her had already been removed and corrected."

Another voice, which I recognized as that of the principal Miss Sterne, said, "Take her to the padded cell in the hospital. I only hope that Doctor Devious can still make her understand. That woman in London had no right sending us somebody who was so obviously unsuitable. Now she is here we cannot let her leave, and it will be even more interesting to convert somebody against their wishes. A test case for our future plans, you might say."

I was lifted to my feet; with a person holding each arm, I was assisted across the lawn and into the hospital. By this time I was recovering and was able to see that my captors were taking me past the individual recovery rooms. We stopped by a cell door.

Miss Sterne unlocked the door, and I was thrust into the room, taken to a rubber covered bed, and forced to sit. A strong leather belt was secured about my waist and locked into position; a chain from the belt passed under the bed and was obviously anchored in some manner.

The top part of the bed was raised to form a pillow, but no covering bedclothes were provided. The room was thankfully warm. The women left me, closing and locking the door behind them. I threw myself down on the bed in despair and frustration, clutching at my extremely sore and painful genitals. With the added knowledge that all must

now be lost, I had no possible hope of escape and had to await the attentions of this Doctor Devious that kept being mentioned.

After a while I sat up, still holding my painful crotch. I looked about me: immediately adjacent to the bed was a commode-like toilet that would at least save me from one indignity. The back half of the cell contained a large wooden, padded chair, bolted to the floor, containing a number of securing belts.

Two from each padded arm were obviously to secure the victims arms. Further belts were attached to the lower cross beams of the chair legs, one wide belt would go about the waist. Finally, hanging from a head rest were another two. One presumably was to secure the neck and the last to hold firm the head, probably placed across the forehead.

The whole section of the room was lit by an eerie red hue, sufficient to frighten the strongest personality. I attempted to look away, only to find that mirrors strategically positioned on the walls by the bed and on the ceiling were angled so that I had to view the chair whenever my eyes were open.

To increase the sense of fear, no sound whatsoever permeated the room; the silence made the whole scene more threatening, and I was soon to find that when attempting to lie down and close my eyes to shut out the sight, a frightening whispering began, increasing in volume if I attempted to ignore it.

I could hear sobbing, gasping, screaming, and begging by a voice very similar to my own, punctuated by another compelling voice which ordered me to look and watch what happened to disobedient young ladies who refused to accept the doctrines of the school, especially those who tried to run away.

I would sit up in terror and once again look towards the chair, only to see that it was in fact empty; all would be silent until I tried again to sleep.

Eventually sheer exhaustion must have overcome the commentary, and I slept finally. I awoke to find that somebody had entered and stripped me of the clothes that I had worn when trying to escape. I was now dressed in what appeared to be very tight, full length foundation garments, which I later found to be whalebone corsets. I also had on the regulation school knickers, skirt and blouse, black stockings, and high-heeled calf-length boots.

I moved my head and realized that large heavy earrings were firmly secured to my ears, and long false red nails were pasted to my own.

Minutes later the door opened to reveal Miss Sterne and two other women. They walked to the bottom of the bed and looked at me.

“Well, Clarissa, how are we this morning? I see you have dressed yourself very prettily for your first session with Doctor Devious. What lovely earrings, nails, and makeup! We will soon have you thinking the same way as the other girls, and then you can rejoin them for normal training and lessons.”

“Please let me go, you know that it's a mistake my being here. I'm not like the others, they wanted this to happen.”

“Don't be silly, Clarissa. How can we possibly let you go? In any case, your new organs have already started growing, and we can't waste them after all the effort Miss Castors has put into her research.”

I looked at her as she spoke, noting the severe business suit, that she wore as Principal of the college, the crisp white blouse through which could clearly be seen the cups of her brassiere containing her well proportioned breasts. Very soon I would have no choice but to wear the same garment day after day to support the female breasts that they intended should sprout from my chest.

Obsessed with that thought, I stared at the upper body of the second woman as she walked forward towards me. I shrank back in terror; the events of the past hours had destroyed all sense of resisting or indeed logical thinking.

Fearing that I was about to be punished in some way, my reaction was to panic. I shrieked as the woman took hold of my arm, as Miss Sterne stepped forward and unlocked the belt about my waist. I was hauled to my feet and forced to walk across the room, to the even more terrifying chair. They pushed me into the seat and, one by one, fastened the straps about my arms, waist, legs, and neck. The third person then stepped forward and lowered a helmet over my head, finally securing this into position with the last remaining belt across my forehead.

“Good bye for now, Clarissa,” said Miss Sterne. “When we meet again, I am sure that you will have seen the error of your ways and will cooperate with us in our future plans for you. Doctor Devious is extremely thorough and efficient in her methods to get reluctant pupils to see our point of view. I should think that two or three days should suffice.”

By this time, I was shaking with fear. The red light still illuminated this part of the room, and as soon as the other two women left, the remainder of the room became totally dark. I was unable even to see the doctor who had been sitting on the edge of the bed. All remained silent, and my body shone in a strange reddish hue. The panic once again took hold of me.

I twisted and struggled to release myself, but the action caused me to slip and slither inside my knickers. This in turn caused an erotic sensation, which it was necessary to control for fear of further electric shocks, where I was still sore and painful.

I was gasping, screaming, and panting in the same manner as the sounds earlier that had stopped my sleeping; all ability to control matters or resist were gone.

“Please, talk to me. What is it that you want me to do? I just can't stand the suspense any longer.” I waited for a reply but none came.

Sinking into further despair, begging, screaming, and sobbing, waiting for the unknown to happen, I twisted my head to see the doctor. A total void of blackness was all that could now be seen at that end of the room.

After what seemed an eternity, a new phenomenon appeared, a figure dressed as a young woman gradually appeared in the center of the wall in front of me. The person was fully dressed in clothes exactly as those now worn by myself. As I looked, the face turned into a mirror image of myself. Slowly she began to undress, removing the blouse that emphasized the fleshy upper part of “my” breasts, most of which were still

concealed within the strong, full-length corset. Next to be removed was the skirt and slip, to reveal suspenders and stockings over extremely feminine looking legs; as the stockings were peeled down it was evident that the legs were smooth and hairless, as one would expect on a young woman. The hands next unclipped the corset, and as it fell away the un-harnessed breasts jutted out to their full glory, leaving the figure wearing just those schoolgirl blue cotton knickers. I struggled and screamed as the hands remorselessly held the elasticized waist of the garment and slowly lowered the knickers over the lower stomach and crotch, eventually revealing a feminine void between the legs where there should have been my masculine sexual organs. Moments later I was forced to watch, with legs apart, holding the knickers at knee level, a close up view of the crotch. It was shown to emphasize the total and complete femininity of the person. Still mesmerized by what I had seen, I continued to watch as the person dress herself; it appeared finally to leave the wall and diffuse itself into my body.



Following was a sense of contentment, replacing that of fear. When a soft, gentle voice started speaking, I was desperate to listen and absorb every word it said.

“Relax, my dear, your troubles are over. I will now take control of every thought and deed; it is time for you to accept your new role in life. Relax, you are feeling tired, very tired, let your body sleep and empty that mind of yours of all past memories. They are not worthy of you, and are irrelevant to your future. I want you to totally relax, relax, relax.”