

DOMINANTLY YOURS

By Dr. Linden & RavenStarke



ILLUSTRATED BY RAVEN

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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FORWARD

FROM THE DESK OF MARLA C. LINDEN, M.D.

Dear Reader,

Let me welcome you to these Dr. Linden/Raven Starke transgender fiction stories. We hope you enjoy them, and that you will read them again and again.

These stories are a little different from most cross dressing fiction, in that they are co-written by a woman, me, Dr. Marla C. Linden, who is actually transforming her young ex-boyfriend David into a shemale companion named Raven Starke.

Our stories also contain original computer artwork by my associate and business partner, Dr. Claudia VanDerstadt.

If you enjoy these stories, please write with your comments. I'd also like to hear from other superior women about their lives, and I welcome any suggestions you may have concerning Raven's future training and feminization.

Dominantly Yours,
Dr. Marla C. Linden

P.S. Dr. Linden wanted me to thank you personally for reading our story.

Sweetly yours,
Raven Starke

ALL GIRL BAND

By Dr. Linden & Raven Starke

“I swear to God, that brother of mine is the most worthless creature on this planet!” Lisa Thomas was about ready to toss a Ming Dynasty vase through the patio doors when her roommate and business partner, Lynn Horton grabbed it from behind.

“Whoa, there! What's gotten you pissed off enough to break a \$15,000 antique?”

It took Lisa a few minutes to calm down and talk rationally, so Lynn replaced the vase on it's pedestal and made them both a cup of tea.

“My brother Bob just called collect from a train station in France. He's broke and wants me to send him money.” Her eyes flashed at the mention of her brother's name.

“What? Why does he need your money? It's only been two years since you received your inheritances. He couldn't have blown \$750,000 in that short a time!”

Two years previously Lisa and Bob's parents were killed by a drunk driver while coming home from a charity function. As a result of their mother's real estate business, and their father's successful medical practice, they shared equally in a substantial inheritance and insurance settlement.

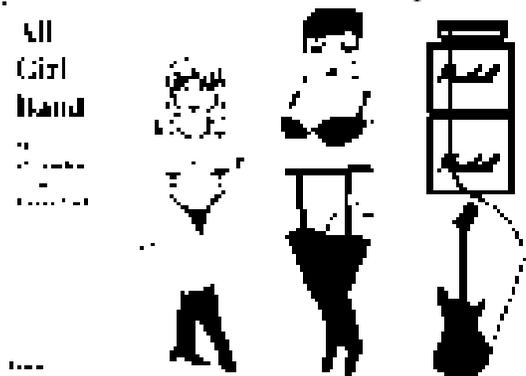
“It seems that while I invested my money wisely in Dad's medical clinic and your music management firm, my brother was getting laid and stoned while playing with some rock band called ‘Doggy Style!’” Bob's only skill, as least as far as Lisa could see, was an uncanny ability on the electric guitar.

“What are you going to do? Send him the cash, or turn him down and teach him a lesson?” Lynn refilled their teacups.

“Tell you the truth, I'd like to let him rot over there until he's desperate enough to get a real job and earn his airfare home! But I guess I'll send the little shit a plane ticket. If I sent him cash he'd probably just buy drugs with it.”

“Does he know about the new developments in your life?” Lynn asked hesitantly.

“Um,...no! I haven't told him,” Lisa giggled as Lynn handed her the refilled cup. “But he'll be in no position to make a stink. He'll be under my roof, living by my rules!” There was a hint of triumph in her tone.



Lynn sat on the leather sofa and put her arm around Lisa. Lisa snuggled down into the cushions and purred contentedly.

“I can't wait to see your brother's reaction when he finds out his big sister is a dyed-in-the-wool lesbian!”

Both women had a long laugh, their hands on each others thigh, as the sun set over the Pacific Ocean. By the time the sky was dark, Lisa and Lynn were deep in the throes of passionate lovemaking.

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It had been six weeks since Bob's reluctant return from Europe, and much to Lisa's disappointment he hadn't changed his ways in the slightest.

His demand for a new car was turned down, as was his insistence that Lisa give him drug money. Most nights he'd disappear with his scummy musician friends, only to be found by Lisa and Lynn passed out on the sofa the next morning. This was one such morning. “Look at him! Drunk and drugged out of his mind.”

Lisa was at her wits end over what to do with him.

“Yeah, and he threw up on the Persian rug, too!” Lynn protested angrily as she gingerly lifted the soiled carpet and carried it to the kitchen. “I've had it with him. When he comes to, he either straightens up and flies right, or he's out of here on his ass!”

Lisa spun on her heels, slammed the front door and took off in her Corvette. Lynn knew that Lisa was off on one of her `therapeutic' drives. She said driving fast helped her relax.

Lynn went back into her office where she was finishing up some business for an all girl band she managed called `The Vixens'. She was sure they could be big stars with the right guitar player, but so far she hadn't found one. She'd just gotten off the phone with the increasingly neurotic band leader when she heard the tv in the living room.

“I see you've finally awakened from your stupor. What was it this time, Bob? Cocaine? Maybe some grass and Jack Daniels?”

Bob could barely focus his eyes, but he knew right away that it was Lynn. He hated the condescending way she spoke to him. He also hated her for turning his sister into a dyke.

“Shut up and get me some black coffee!” he growled.

Lynn considered telling him off, but instead just stood about 10 feet from him, smirking and shaking her head. “You know, Bob, it's too bad you're so lazy and doped up all the time. Lisa could use some help around the house, and I might be able to pay you a few bucks to run some errands.”

Lynn watched him wrinkle his nose and curl his lip at her suggestion, and once again was struck by how good looking Bob Thomas was.

About 6' tall and broad shouldered, his dark brown hair and blue eyes perfectly complemented his ruggedly chiseled features. Sure, he had a three day beard and a

few extra pounds around his middle, but all things considered, Lynn could see why he was able to get just about any girl into his bed.

“Isn't that coffee ready yet?”

“I'm not your goddamned servant. In fact, if I say so, Lisa will toss your arrogant butt in the street, so don't fuck with me! Lynn could no longer suppress her anger.

Bob reminded her of the man she married when she was just 15. It only lasted 2 years, but they were years of beatings, humiliation and low self-esteem. She resolved to never let any man push her around again.

She'd just turned to reenter her office when Bob grabbed her from behind and squeezed her ass!

“Hey! Why you son of a...!”

“I just wanted to see if a dyke's ass felt the same as a real woman's. I bet if you let me fuck you, you'd never go back to my sister,” he leered, mere inches from her face.

“If you don't let me go this instant, I'll...Oh!”

“Damn, your pussy feels just like a real girl's too. C'mon, you lezzie bitch! What's my sister got that I can't give you?” Bob's hand was halfway down Lynn's cotton blouse when he heard the door slam.

“Let her go you bastard, or I swear, brother or not, I'll knock your balls off!”

Lisa stood there in her 3" heel black leather boots and motorcycle jacket, eyes ablaze and hair windblown, holding the heaviest looking poker Bob had ever seen!

“Listen sis, calm down. I was just being friendly. That's what you wanted, isn't it?” Bob turned on the charm in an effort to escape from this situation with his anatomy intact.

“No! You listen! This is the last straw. Pack your crap, and I mean everything, and get your worthless ass out of here today...NOW!” Lisa waved the poker as she ranted, and Bob just prayed it didn't come down on his head.

“Where will I go? At least give me some money!”

Lisa and Lynn stood arm in arm before the sofa, both glaring. “You get nothing! If I ever see you again, you'll regret the day you were born. We want you gone by 5:00!”

Lynn watched as Bob and two of his dirt bag friends packed his musical equipment and clothes into their van. Lisa joined her.

As they loaded the last box, Bob whispered something to one of his friends, and they both laughed out loud.

“I still wish you'd let me fuck you, Lynn. A woman can never be a real woman until she's been fucked by a man like me!”

Before anything else could be said, the van disappeared down the drive, the smell of burning rubber in the air.

“Well, that's the last we'll see of him,” Lynn announced.

“For his sake, it better be!” replied Lisa.

It was well after midnight, and Lisa and Lynn were wrapped snugly in their waterbed listening to a rare southern California rainfall, when they were both awakened by a loud crash from downstairs.

“Maybe a branch broke a window?” Lynn offered halfheartedly.

“Well babe, I just heard that branch fart! You get the Mace, and I’ll get the Taser.”

The two women tiptoed down the stairs until they could see a shadowy figure in the kitchen.

“Shhh...we’ll wait here at the foot of the stairs,” Lisa whispered, “and when he comes out, you spray him with the Mace, and I’ll zap him!”

No sooner had she finished than the intruder came around the corner carrying what looked like a knife in his hands!

Whoosh! went the can of Mace, scoring a direct hit on the prowler’s unseen face, followed by the manic ‘click, click, click’ of the Taser shooting its 50,000 volt charge into the man’s midsection!

“Aargh!” he screamed, before he fell to the floor in convulsions from the electrical shock.

Lynn immediately turned on a lamp while Lisa stood over the culprit, ready to zap him again.

“BOB!” Lynn shouted in recognition.

“You thieving asshole! Why did you come back?” Lisa screamed.

“I don’t think he’ll be in any condition to answer you for a while.” Lynn was right.

He lay there on the Persian rug, a quivering mass of Jell-O, eyes rapidly swelling shut from the Mace, and his muscles twitching uncontrollably.

“Pweez...uh..uh.., don her meee, uh...uh...!” he stammered in terrified pain.

The two women tied his hands and feet together and dragged him onto the hardwood floor where he was gagged and tied to an antique iron stove Lisa had just bought.

“That ought to hold him until morning. I’ll decide then whether or not to have him arrested for burglary and assault with a deadly weapon!”



Lisa looked at the knife on the floor, along with the salami, cheese, bread and beer he'd obviously been intending to eat. She put the food back in the refrigerator, but left the knife right where it fell with Bob's fingerprints all over it!

BOB'S AWAKENING

I don't know how long I lay there all trussed up on the hardwood floor. The next thing I knew, sunlight was streaming onto my face, and the smell of fresh brewed coffee filled the air.

I tried changing positions, which was nearly impossible considering the way they had tied my wrists and ankles. I also tried to call for help, but the gag permitted little more than a guttural, animal-like noise.

I heard the familiar 'clack, clack, clack' of women's high heeled shoes on the floor, and then my field of vision was filled with a pair of black, spike-heeled, pumps. They were so close that I could smell the leather.

"Is our big bad burglar awake?"

I recognized Lisa's voice immediately and tried to make eye contact, but my restraints didn't permit it.

"Mmmph...rrmph...grggl...!"

"I'll take that as a yes. If I remove your gag, do you promise to behave yourself?" she asked condescendingly.

The thought of giving her the satisfaction of an affirmative answer galled me to no end, but my need for freedom outweighed my pride and anger. I nodded.

Lynn and Lisa sat imperiously above me on the sofa, their coffee cups in hand, while I related the events which led to my return the night before.

"After I left here, me and the guys drove to Malibu and had a few drinks at a bar. We met these chicks, and they invited us to their place on the beach. On the way there, we stopped at a 7-11 to get some beer, and the next thing I know, one of my buddies pulls a gun and tells the clerk to empty the register!"

"My brother, the future convict!" Lisa crowed.

It pissed me off that she actually looked pleased at the possibility that I might go to jail!

"That's not all, sis. The clerk reached into the drawer and came out with a huge wad of bills in his right hand, which my buddy reached for immediately. Then I saw the .44 Magnum in the clerk's other hand! Fifteen seconds later both the clerk and my buddy were dying on the floor, and I was running down the highway as fast as my feet would carry me."

Lisa went to the telephone while Lynn kept a close watch on me. She dialed the police, and I held my breath as my beloved sister spoke.

I was relieved, and a little surprised when she hung up a few minutes later without having turned me in!

She'd spoken to an ex-girlfriend who worked as a police dispatcher. The good news was that the clerk wasn't dead, just badly wounded. The bad news was that my buddy was dead, and the clerk was certain that he could identify the other robber! In fact, the police already had a composite drawing and were releasing it to the newspapers and television stations!

"You really did it this time, Bob. According to state law, if anybody dies as a result of a crime, even one of the perpetrators, his accomplice is responsible. You'll be charged with armed robbery and murder!"

Lynn knelt down beside me, her full breasts near my face. "This is the closest you'll get to a woman for a long time. But I'm sure you'll be very popular at San Quentin!"

"You can't turn me in! I'm your own flesh and blood! Just give me some money, and you'll never see me again." I tried to keep the fear out of my voice.

"No way I'm going to be an accessory to murder," Lisa shot back as she picked up the phone.

Lynn continued to sit beside me on the floor, the smell of her perfume taunting me. She seemed to be deep in thought.

"I'm begging you, sis! You know what'll happen in prison. I'll do anything you want. Just don't turn me in!"

I babbled like a baby, ashamed at being reduced to begging for my freedom.

"Maybe there's another option," Lynn suggested.

"You can't mean you want to help this lizard!"

"Maybe there's a way he cannot only be punished, but also be useful to us, without turning him over to the police."

I couldn't believe Lynn was on my side. Especially since my near rape of her the day before.

"Yes, yes. Anything you want! I promise I'll..."

"Shut up Bob," Lisa growled turning towards Lynn. "What do you mean he could be useful to us?"

For the next fifteen minutes they conferred in hushed tones near the fireplace. I could only make out a word here and there, and I remember Lisa laughing a couple times. Finally they broke up their huddle and returned.

"Here's the deal, Bob. Either you agree to cooperate with us, without question, or I call the cops right now and turn you in for robbery, murder, attempted murder, breaking and entering and attempted assault!" Lisa stood there, arms crossed and hip cocked to one side. Her shiny black leather pumps just inches from my face.

In the background I could see Lynn with her hand on the telephone. As I weighed my limited options, there was a knock at the door.

"Who is it?" Lisa asked sweetly.

"Los Angeles Police Department, ma'am. May we ask you a few questions?" came the no nonsense reply.

“Sure. Just let us throw some clothes on.”

I'm sure Lisa could smell my fear.

“What'll it be, little brother? Accept our terms, or become the `Sweetheart of Cell block D'?”

“Whatever you say, sis. Just don't turn me in!”

Quicker than I could say `free at last', Lynn had me stuffed into a lingerie filled trunk at the back of her closet. I could barely make out bits and pieces of their conversation with the cops:

“He tried to break in last night...”

“A warrant for his arrest...”

“My brother has friends in Europe...”

“If I ever see or hear from him again, I assure you I'll call immediately!”

After what seemed like an hour in that hot, stuffy, feminine box, Lynn and Lisa returned.

“I think they believed me when I said you might have gone back to Europe. But, they'll be looking around here for you anyway. Bob Thomas has got to disappear!”

“You got it, sis! Just give me some dough and...”

“Be quiet unless you're spoken to!” Lynn said.

“You misunderstand, little brother. We have a deal. You belong to us now. You're not going anywhere. But Bob Thomas is still going to disappear!”

The next two days were a whirlwind of confusing (at least to me) activities, during which I was kept naked except for one of Lynn's pink, terry cloth, bathrobes, which barely (HA!) covered my ass. They burned the only clothes I had, and took all of my identification. Lisa spent a great deal of time on the phone with someone at our father's medical clinic, and also her lawyer, while Lynn spent an equal amount of time talking to someone named Tasha.

For my part, I realized that losing my stuff was better than a jail cell, so I just watched tv and drank beer. In fact, I'd just finished one that Lisa cheerfully served me when I began to get drowsy.

“Enjoying your beer?” Lynn asked.

I nodded, wondering why my hands were going numb.

“I hope so, because it's the last one you'll be having for a long, long time.”

With that ominous statement ringing in my ears, I realized she had drugged me!

“Wha's goin' awn, Lee...saaa?” I slurred as the paralysis spread quickly to my throat, arms and legs.

“It's time for Bob Thomas to make good his escape from the law. Although, you won't be escaping justice,” Lynn stated as she rolled first my legs, then my torso up in a large Persian rug. “Don't worry dear, I promise that when we're through the police will never catch you.”

Lisa made this promise as my numb body was lifted off the sofa by two beefy Latino men that appeared out of nowhere! I tried to scream out a protest, but whatever they'd given me left me completely motionless and speechless.

“Curare, little brother. That's what I put in your beer. Just enough to make you manageable for Hector and Felipe. I discovered that for a hot meal and \$100, there is very little they won't do!”

I was carried to the garage and tossed roughly into the back of an old pickup truck filled with rags, cardboard and aluminum cans. As the two men covered me with this refuse, Lisa and Lynn came into my field of vision, both smiling. My terror was out of control at this point, and the syringe Lisa held did nothing to allay my fears.

“We're not going to kill you. After all, we're family! We've just found a way to make you more useful, and at the same time protect ourselves for having hid you from the police.

With that, she stuck the needle deep into my exposed right shoulder. I heard the doors to the truck slam shut, and the antiquated engine sputter to life.

“Senora, where are we taking this hombre?” I heard one of the men ask as consciousness slipped away.

“Take Pacific Coast Highway north until you reach Malibu Canyon Road. Turn right and drive until you see a sign that says ‘The Thomas Clinic and Medical Lab’. Go to the rear loading dock, someone will meet you.”

Lisa returned just as I was sinking into the blackness completely. “When you wake up, we'll both be there, and you'll be safe from the police. See you soon, little brother!”

I remember the cool night air hitting my face as the garage door opened and we drove out into the black night.

I vaguely remember thinking: *‘Maybe I should have turned myself in!’*

Time lost all meaning for me. I was having weird dreams about being in a hospital. Nurses would come and inject something into me, and then leave. A doctor would lean over me, look down my throat, and then he too would leave. Sometimes I would come to as I was being wheeled somewhere on a cart, only to drift off again, amidst a roomful of green-clad figures.

Finally, after I don't know how long, the periods of consciousness began to outlast those of oblivion.

Each time a nurse entered my room I tried to call out, but for some reason I couldn't utter a sound. I tried to wave, but found that I was restrained. *‘What had happened to me?’*

I considered the possibility that the two men from Lisa's house had beaten me badly, or that there'd been some sort of accident and I was paralyzed. It also occurred to me that I might be in police custody!

One day, Lisa and Lynn walked through the door to my room, accompanied by the same doctor I'd seen in my dreams.

“How's our little patient today, hmm?” the doctor chirped.

Everybody was smiling as they waited for my response.

“Aargh...grrlf...,” I managed to respond. Even I wasn't sure what I meant.

“Oh my, I forgot to remove the laryngeal inhibitor, the doctor apologized as he reached for a long, strange looking device.

I tried to shrink from him, but had nowhere to go, as he stuck what seemed like his arm and a golf club down my throat!

“This was inserted in order to immobilize the patient's vocal cords during the healing process.” he explained to Lisa and Lynn as he withdrew from my throat. “Now that the sutures are dissolved, we can try our new technique for voice enhancement.”

The doctor spoke as though I wasn't even in the room. I felt like a guinea pig! Before I could speak, he grabbed a small instrument that looked like a jewelers tool and stuck his hand down my throat once again.

“The patient's larynx has been downsized considerably, resulting in a complete loss of what is called the Adam's apple. We then attached a very small prosthetic device called a... well, the name is difficult even for me to pronounce, but we attached it to the patient's vocal cords.”

Lisa and Lynn looked at me like it was a petting zoo, while the doctor continued his medical show and tell.

He touched something down inside my neck, and then I actually felt the tool he held lock into place!

“This device will help throat cancer victims regain a pleasant and normal sounding voice.”

I felt him turn his hand ever so slightly, resulting in a mild pain in my throat.

“Alright now, say: `Good Morning Dr. Leonard'.”

“Goo...morging...dokter Lenner,” I croaked, my voice little more than a good impression of a cement mixer. I felt tears welling up in my eyes at the thought I might have lost the power of speech forever.

“Why does she sound like that?” Lisa asked, as I wondered who the `she' was.

“It's expected. The larynx is so much smaller now, it's incapable of speech in the patient's former vocal range. Let me make another adjustment.”

This went on for almost a half hour before I was actually able to form complete words. To my dismay, my voice kept getting higher and higher with each adjustment.

“Say: `Thank you. I'd love to dance'.” he prompted me, as Lisa and Lynn smirked in the background.

I repeated the stupid line and realized that my voice was almost as high as Lisa's!

“Wait a minute! What the fuck's goin' on here?” I asked as forcefully as my new voice would allow. “Why are you making me sound like a girl....mmmph...aargh?!”

I nearly choked as Dr. Leonard shoved his gloved hand back down my throat.

“Such nasty language. You shouldn't speak so loudly so soon. We're not through, yet.”

The doctor turned to my sister and asked her if she was satisfied with the voice adjustment. To my horror, she shook her head, and then conferred with Lynn in the corner. Meanwhile, the doctor seemed to be checking bandages on my nose and ears, as well as doing something to my scalp.

“Dr. Leonard, we've decided that we don't ever want to hear that type of pushy, forceful outburst from Barbie again. Can something be done to ensure that?”

“Yes, but the patient may never be taken seriously in a board room or business environment. Such an adjustment would leave her with the voice of a,...well...bimbo.”

He looked at me, almost as if he felt my helplessness. In a strange way, I sensed he was powerless too. *‘And who was this ‘Barbie’ Lisa mentioned?’*

“Perfect! The board room is the last place our little patient will be,” Lynn laughed. “More likely the bedroom!”

I felt the doctor make one final turn, much longer than any of the others, and I felt my throat tighten from within, like a rubber band being stretched to it's limit.

He withdrew his hand, but quickly reinserted it. This time he held what looked like a long spray gun, and I felt him squirt something down my throat.

This is a combination anesthetic and surgical adhesive. Over the next few hours it will paralyze the vocal cords, while the adhesive assures the current adjustments are permanent!

The doctor left the room, leaving me with my sister and Lynn.

‘Permanent! I'd have the voice of a bimbo permanently!’

Lynn left me no time to absorb this development, because she sat on the edge of my bed and took my restrained hand in hers.

“We realize you must be upset, Barbie. Oh yes, that's now legally your name. You're Barbie Ann Dahl. Get it? Barbie DOLL!”

She and Lisa couldn't control their laughter over my new name.

“According to your new birth certificate. You were born in Phoenix, Arizona to Joseph and Betsy Dahl. I happen to know that your mother gave you that name because her favorite toy was a Barbie Doll. Now pay attention, because you'll need to memorize these details.” Lisa filled a paper cup with some water and held my head while I sipped it. I swore to myself that I'd bide my time, figure out a way back to my life, and then kick the living shit out of both of them.!

Lynn just droned on about this manufactured life they'd set up for me.

I didn't listen, because I had no intention of living as girl. Then, just as I thought she'd finished, she dropped a bombshell.

One last detail, Barbie dear. According to your birth certificate, your were born on the same day as Lisa's missing brother Bob, the 27th of March. That should be easy to remember. Of course, the year is different, since he's so much older than you.

My eyes widened and filled with tears. What did she mean? Somehow, in spite of the anesthetic paralyzing my throat, I managed to squeak out a very weak, very high pitched:

“What...year...does...it...say...I...was...born....?”

“Why, everybody knows when they were born, silly girl. It's written right here-March 27th, 1976!”

Two Weeks Later

The mirror had become my enemy. It was a constant reminder of my loss of identity. I'd put off going to the bathroom as long as possible just to avoid seeing the reflection above the toilet. Part of me still refused to accept the fact that the strange image was mine. Each day the comfort of that denial faded like an old pair of blue-jeans.

I still saw the same broad chest and shoulders as before, only now they were completely hairless, but then, so was the rest of me! One morning two orderlies took me to a room where I was covered with a cool blue gel, and then wires were attached to my toes, fingers, ears and scalp. I was then placed into a shallow water filled tub, where I floated for 30 minutes while a mild charge of some kind coursed through my body. That was 8 days ago, and I haven't been able to find a hair on me since.

My bald head gave me some small satisfaction, because it seemed to emphasize my manhood. At least it did as long as I didn't look down at the rest of my face.

My formerly strong, Mel Gibson-ish nose was replaced with a silly little nothing of a Melanie Griffith-ish nose! It made me look pinched and out of proportion, and more than a little sissyfied. My new ears were likewise much smaller than before, and closer to my head. My formerly single pierced right ear had been augmented with 4 more holes in each ear! And in place of my small silver stud now hung three gold hoops, a black onyx heart-shaped stud and a diamond earring. I'd tried to remove them, but was told by Lynn that surgical glue made that impossible.

Any thought of escape was futile, once I realized that not only were the windows sealed shut, but I was on the 6th floor. The one time I attempted to slip out of my room and get to an elevator, I was caught by a heavysset female nurse, who much to my surprise, easily subdued me until the orderlies returned me to my bed.

“Good morning, Barbie! How are we today?” the man I'd come to know as Dr. Markley asked.

I gave him my usual silent, glaring response. I still couldn't stand the sound of my new voice.

“Come, come now. We must have a good attitude. You don't want your sister to have me use our special way of making you speak again, do you?”

He was right.

I definitely didn't want that. The last time I refused to speak I was given a strange drug that caused me to babble on senselessly until I my throat was sore and hoarse and I fainted from exhaustion.

“Alright, you win. I'm speaking, are you happy now?” My answer was dripping with sarcasm. Unfortunately, with this new voice of mine, sarcasm came out sounding like little more than childish petulance.

Lisa and Lynn entered, followed by a woman in a white lab coat. Her features were strikingly beautiful, with long brunette hair that draped her shoulders and caressed her large, firm tits. She was about 5'6", and perfectly proportioned. From her narrow waist down to her shapely legs, this woman was an eyeful.

“Meet Dr. Renee Sanders, from the clinic's bio-genetic research team,” Lynn announced in introduction, as she sat down beside the bed. “Dr. Sanders has been working on something brand new that she thinks will ensure your safety from prosecution.”

As Lynn spoke, the woman in the lab coat was setting several bottles on a table beside my bed.

“Recent advances in genetic engineering have allowed us to greatly expand our knowledge of exactly how living things develop certain characteristics.”

In spite of her beauty and allure, I found Dr. Sanders' droning, monotone voice annoying.

“For instance, last month we injected a mouse with a hybrid 'genetic cocktail' made with mutated and enhanced cells from a common house cat. As of this morning, the mouse had gained 4 pounds and is meowing like a lion.”

She lifted one of the bottles and inserted a long hypodermic needle into it. I was watching her so closely, that I never felt Lisa and Lynn strap my arms to the bed.

“Hey...why are you doing that? Let me go!”

“Hush now, Barbie. We don't want a scene,” Lisa ordered as they quickly secured my legs also. “We think we've discovered a way to synthesize the DNA code of humans, modify it, and regenerate it in another host body.”

As she spoke, Dr. Sanders swabbed my arm with a cotton ball, and I watched helplessly as she slipped the needle into my soft white flesh. I watched as the pale yellow, viscous solution drained into me, and I wondered what it was designed to do exactly.

“How long before we see some results?” Lynn asked impatiently.

“About a week,” Dr. Sanders answered.

“What kind of results do you mean?” I asked meekly, beads of sweat beginning to run down my forehead.

My tormentresses, Lisa and Lynn, looked at each other conspiratorially as Dr. Sanders wrote on the chart hanging at the foot of my bed while answering, “as we speak, the genetic information contained in the injection is moving through your system heading for your cerebral hemispheres, pituitary gland, and prostate. It will attach to the appropriate cells and chromosomes and modify them to match the encoding on the new genetic data.”

She smugly clicked her pen and replaced the chart.

“What the fuck does that mean in English?” I wailed.

“That is no way for our sweet little dolly to talk,” Lisa warned before they left.

I did not get a straight answer from anybody that day, but over the next week the effects of Dr. Sanders 'genetic cocktail' became as clear to me as the pert upturned nose on my face.

My hair began to grow back, but only on my head and crotch. It started the very next morning as a soft fuzziness, and by nightfall my formerly bald skull was covered with thick, wavy hair that nearly touched the bottom of my neck. And it was a vivid honey blonde! By the second day, Lisa had to show me how to pull it back off my face with a barrette in order to keep it out of my eyes.

My eyebrows grew back that first day too, but nothing like they were before. Instead of my dark bushy ones, I found I now had well groomed, highly arched brows, just a tad darker than the mane of hair that had taken over my head.

The crotch hair didn't materialize quite as quickly, but there were certainly other things going on down there.

My balls first began to ache the second day, and by noon on the third day after the injection it felt as though somebody were kicking me in the crotch every 10 minutes!

I begged the nurses for some pain medication, but they just smiled and left me alone. It felt as though my testicles were trying to shrink back into my gut, and sure enough, by the end of day four, they had reduced in size by at least 75%! They now looked less like the masculine organs of a grown man and more like the prepubescent balls of a 10 year old boy.

At the same time, my beloved cock dwindled away to almost nothing. It now barely peeked out from a triangular forest of newly grown blond pubic hair. It was no longer long or supple enough for me to grab onto, and I was relegated to sitting down to pee, just like a woman!

Now, a week later, Lisa and Lynn were coming to review the effects of their demented handiwork. I trembled at the thought of being seen by my sister as I now was.

“I had no idea the change would be so dramatic!” Lisa exclaimed as I stood motionless and nude before them.

“Yes, we're quite pleased with the results of the Stage One injection,” answered Dr. Sanders. “Nurse, please read the last entry on the patient's chart?”

Just a short while ago, I would have been consumed with sticking my big, throbbing rocket into the very pretty and buxom young nurse, but now I bowed my head shyly as she responded.

“Patient Barbie Ann Dahl, admitted 6 weeks ago exhibiting the physical characteristics of a fully grown male adult 24 years of age. At the time of admittance, the patient stood 6'0" tall and weighed 190 lb.. Patient's body was covered extensively with coarse black hair, and the genitals were measured as being somewhat...er..., large. The penis was 6" in it's flaccid state, and 12" erect.”

I listened wordlessly as the details of my debasement were enumerated while Lisa and Lynn just smirked.