

Experimental Surgery (Man to Designer Woman TG)

By FoxFaceStories

An Anonymous Story Tier Prompt

Benjamin is celebrating a recent windfall when an attractive femme fatale begins flirting with him. Unfortunately for him, he is quickly drugged and taken to a hidden laboratory, one which exists for rich donors to pay for men to be transformed into perfect submissive trophy wives, all for their amusement. Benjamin must try to escape, before an old rival claims him as his wife.

Experimental Surgery

Part 1: The Setup

Hello, dear reader. I don't know if anyone will ever read this story, but I truly hope they do, because it is a story worth telling, and one that I would never be able to tell out loud. Only in writing can it be put down, and if you continue to read, you will begin to understand why. This is not an easy tale, especially because it is true. All the events I have written down here are entirely true; they occurred to *me*, and in some ways are still occurring. At times, I have even included excerpts of my writing during this period, that which I was able to hold on to without my captors knowing. But I am getting ahead of myself. You are about to read a story of a man, one among many, who was tricked, sedated, and forced to undergo surgery, hormone treatment, and mental conditioning in order to become . . . someone else. It is the story of my death, my rebirth, my fall and my survival. I hope that something is gained by it, should you read it, and perhaps something further can be done.

For now though, I simply ask that you believe what I have written down. Every word is true.

The first thing you should know about me is that I was born Benjamin James Hardey. Yes, if you know me in person, I imagine you find that quite a strange fact indeed. Nevertheless, I was, and I ask that you do not put down these letters just yet. If you wish, just imagine that this is some strange flight of fancy, and proceed from that assumption. I will attempt to convince you along the way, alright?

The second thing you should know is that I wasn't exactly the most humble man in life. I was the only son of two rather pushy parents who had agitated for me at every turn to

succeed. Even when I left home, that drive to succeed and overcome all obstacles in my path only increased. Without them as a safety net I had to make sure I never failed, that I was able to build my own safety net and become wealthy and successful. Naturally, I entered the corporate world several years later, and even I was surprised how much I took to it like a fish to water.

I won't deny, my looks helped. Some said I had a kind of 'Bruce Wayne' look to me - y'know, Batman - since I was tall, dark and handsome, and perhaps just a little brooding at times. Of course, I could turn on the charisma when I wanted to, an easy thing when you look good, particularly in a suit. I always made sure my black hair was styled for the office, and that I put in the extra hours. I quickly rose up the ranks in a large textile manufacturer - Texton - and soon was angling for even higher promotions. All this while only being thirty one years old when everything changed.

I made quite a few friends on this path, and not just the kind I was schmoozing and wining and dining for said promotions. No, I certainly did pretty well for myself, and I won't lie and claim I didn't have a few office flings here and there, particularly with the secretaries. All consensual, of course, and lots of fun, especially in the roomy, rather *steamy* closet of level three.

I'm trying to explain that I lacked a sense of humility at this point. There was this guy, who will become very important to the story soon. His name was Jonathan Dart. He was with the Texton for a while, and he was constantly angling for a climb up the corporate ladder like I was. Unlike me, though, he lacked a few advantages. He was an average-looking guy who almost appeared a bit rakish, and he didn't have my charm when it came to the ladies. I won't lie, I snapped up a few, such as the lovely Heather Grace, right out of his grasp, despite knowing he was pursuing her. He didn't like me much, but it was easy to step on him, particularly since he was a good footstool to go places. When he did marvellous work and I was serving as his manager, it wasn't hard to pass it up and claim the lion's share of the credit. Oh, he glared at me, but what could he do? It wasn't like he could dethrone me, he could only quit four years into our ongoing rivalry and disappear into the wind.

At least, that's what I thought. I quickly forgot little Jonathan, but he hadn't forgotten me. No, he spent a great deal of time remembering every little injustice and humiliation I'd visited on him, and vowed to do the same to me . . . with interest. I wouldn't find this out later, though. For several more years, I coasted ever higher up the ladder, until I had become a very wealthy figure nearly at the C-suite level, and just in my mid-thirties by that point! Thirty five, specifically, and with a great future at Texton after closing yet another great deal and raising our share market value once more. It was enough to award me a grand new Christmas bonus to round out the year, and at our company Christmas Party I was the toast

of the town, the one with the various awards and celebrations. Everyone knew I was going places.

And that was when I saw her.

She had legs that seemed to stretch for miles, the slits of her gold-sequin dress doing a marvellous job of tracing her smoothness all the way up to her hips. Her cleavage was fantastic, and I wanted to get lost in it; not just my vision but my face entirely. I'd been dating Yin Leechun for a while by that point, but I was ready to dump her on the spot if this woman was single. She had inviting red hair that fell down over one shoulder in gentle waves, and her dress was bare-shoulders, letting me take in her cute smattering of freckles that seemed to be places just so. Her lips had been done up ruby red, her eyebrows and eyeshadow dark. She looked as if she'd stepped out of an old noir film, a classy femme fatale who knew what she wanted and would use all her wiles to get it.

I wanted to get her.

One drink for a little liquid courage, and I readied to advance toward her, ending whatever dull conversation I was having with a colleague. But then I saw that she was already heading toward me, sashaying her hips from side to side, strutting her body as if she were the radiant sun itself, there to light up my world. She smirked at me, not with any patronising quality but with a shared understanding of mutual attraction.

"Hey," she said, as if that was enough. In some ways it was.

"Hey yourself," I replied, arching an eyebrow. "I don't remember seeing you around the office. I would have remembered."

"I'm newly transferred," she purred, getting surprisingly close to me, enough that I could smell her perfume as if it were an aphrodisiac pheromone certainly, I had a good look down at her cleavage; a show I was getting the sense was very deliberate. "I work in marketing. I try to get people's attention, make them want more."

"Well, it's certainly working on me. I'm Ben. Ben Hardey."

She extended a hand for me to kiss, and I did so, as if we were in a far classier time.

"Mallory," she replied. "A last name can come later. Everyone's talking about you, Ben; the handsome hunk who's a rising star."

"They called me a handsome hunk?"

She grinned, flashing me a brilliant smile. "Well, I may have embellished a few details of my own. Are you single tonight, Ben?"

"Tonight? I rather am. Why, are you looking for someone to keep you company?"

"Someone?" she said, her lips so close to mine as she looked up at me. "No. Yours? I could stomach that for a bit . . . *if* you buy me a drink."

"How do you have it?"

“Sex on the beach. Or anywhere, really. Oh, you mean the drink? I’ll have a margarita.”

We got to talking some more, and if you think this amount of flirting was enough, it soon became almost explosive in its chemistry. Soon I didn’t even have time for my bosses, and whatever Yin was texting me was long forgotten. I was spellbound by Mallory, her perfect form smuggled into a dress that could barely contain her fine bosom or her sharp wit. The venue was a ritzy casino hotel, so it didn’t take her long to pull me to a quiet corner and ply me for more about myself. Naturally, I also embellished, but I did a good job of talking myself up while continuing to flirt back with her.

“I’m talking about myself too much,” I said. “And in the company of a woman like you, that’s practically a crime.”

She grinned once more, biting her full lower lip and enticing me further. She held up her drink.

“Well, cheers to capturing your attention, Benjamin? I don’t have to worry about any rivals, right? No peers of yours ready to stab you in the back?”

And that’s when I spoke the words that doomed me for the rest of my life.

“None. The only guy who was in my way was practically pushed to quite a few years back. A sad little twerp who just couldn’t cut it.”

“Did this twerp have a name?”

“Jonathan something. Jonathan Dart, that’s it. Heard of him?”

She smiled, and didn’t answer, instead gesturing to her drink. “Get me another one of these. Don’t worry, I’ll guard yours.”

I was too enamoured to notice any manipulation, this despite her being the ultimate femme fatale in looks and style and action. Instead, I went and got her another cocktail, and when I returned she was still guarding my drink and I was none the wiser. She looked at me with a devilish expression when I sat back down.

“What are you thinking?” I asked, sipping my drink and admiring her form, especially the peaks of her two mountains.

“I’m thinking you should finish that drink and then get me out of her. Preferably back to my place.”

I sculled that drink so fast I almost gave myself a goddamn heartburn.

Her apartment was rather surprisingly at this nothing motel at the edge of town. The kind of place you expected a drug deal to go bad or the FBI to hole up some stool pigeon or

something until they could get him safely to court. I told her as much, but she just gave that now-familiar smirk.

“It’s not my real place. It’s just a spot I go to when I want to have fun, no questions asked. Wild fun.”

Looking back, the hook was obvious. And yet there I was, the stupid fish not just nibbling at the bait but swallowing it whole. Devouring it right down to my stomach. Or perhaps just looping it around my loins, because it was my dick that was doing the thinking that night.

I followed her into her apartment, the one at the end, recessed in darkness. I was starting to feel a little drowsy, but I didn’t think much of it, not with her leading the way, her ass shaking in the tight confines of her dress. As soon as the door was shut and the lights were on I spun her around and pressed my lips against hers. We kissed passionately, the kind of kisses only a woman trained in such sensual arts knew how to deliver. Her body pressed against mine, her breasts pert and lovely and ready to be unwrapped. I continued to make out with her, edging closer towards the motel bed.

Only to begin to falter. The first was a stumble in my left leg, the next in my right. I began to hold onto Mallory for support, wondering what was going on, but she continued to kiss my lips, moaning as she made out with me.

“Wh-wait,” I managed, my words slurring. “Something’s . . . happening. We n-need to stop. Something’s g-gone wrong. Just need a minute.”

I collapsed to my knees, my vision blurring. There were now two Mallories that I could see, sliding into each other and circling impossibly, like I was almost blackout drunk. I remember this part clearly, though what came next was far more uncertain. I definitely remember collapsing onto the bed with her help, but she pulled away from my touch, still showing that dangerous smirk. My heart pounded, and a panic filled my heart.

“Wh-what are you d-doing?” I asked, as she picked up her phone.

“He’s ready,” she said to someone on the other end of the line. “No, the two-bit compound worked perfectly, just like you said it would. One part on my lips, the other dissolved in his drinks. He’s nearly out of it. Time to send someone in. Thank you . . . master.”

My vision was almost gone. I was struggling to keep my eyes open, my senses away, but it was too difficult. I succumbed to sleep, the narcotic drug working its way through my system. To this day I don’t remember the exact moment I fell asleep, or if I experienced anything while I was transported. I do, however, remember very, very clearly down to the last detail, how I woke up in the dungeon.

It was not a sudden waking like in the movies. Instead, I groggily got up, recognising that this was not my bed. For a moment, I was curious that this was Mallory's bed, but then the last memories came to me, and I recalled that I had been dragged. That was finally enough for me to take in the smells and sights of my new surroundings, and determine that I definitely wasn't in Kansas anymore, little Dorothy.

"What the fuck? Where am I?"

It was like a dungeon, albeit with modern surveillance. The floor was made of stone, the walls too, and the door looked to be constructed of pure steel, with bars for looking out that would permit not escape. Outside the window, I could hear the sounds of people yelling, some male and others more feminine. They were demanding food, drink, and freedom. I could see why: my own cell had a toilet, a wash basin, a simple single bed that I was sitting on, and a mirror. There wasn't much else at all, in fact.

"Help!" I called out, my voice raspy and weak. I swallowed, and regained it. "HELP! Get me out of here! I'll pay you anything you want!"

Yelling was useless, though. That damned bitch of a woman had honeypotted me, and now I was ensnared in her trap, or whoever her 'master' had been. I spent the next several hours taking stock of everything, but it was mostly a mix of terrific boredom and heart wrenching terror. Occasionally doctors in coats strode by my window, but they didn't both with me. My own clothing was gone, replaced with simple patient garb. I didn't have my phone, my wallet, or anything that would identify me, and no one was listening to my demands. Clearly this was some kind of kidnapping scheme, at least that's what I thought at the time, and they were waiting me out until someone paid for my release or I offered up everything.

Finally, after far too long waiting, my cell door suddenly opened. The gorgeous woman strode in, Mallory now wearing a red dress that clung tight to her curves.

"You!" I growled, and I shot to my feet, ready to strangle her. I wasn't one for violence against women, but I needed to escape.

I stopped as soon as I saw two burly men step in with her, both of whom looked absolutely capable of throwing me like a ragdoll around the room. One even smirked at me.

"Benjamin James Hardey," the woman said in her honeyed tone. "It's good to see you up and awake."

"What is this? What are you doing to me? Is it money you want?"

Someone laughed from outside the cell. Mallory smirked. "This facility is not interested in money; its patrons are more than capable of funding its progress. We are simply here to administer a set of changes to you, ones that are at the cutting edge of technology."

“What do you mean? What kind of changes? What the fuck is this facility?”

Another smirk. “Years ago, a great man named Amadeus Markha had a dream. He had a terrible enemy, one who constantly stifled his own plans for greatness. The height of displeasure came when his lady love was stolen from him, seduced by his enemy. Amadeus was an expert in genetics, however, and he devised a series of treatments that would make his enemy not only pay, but suffer the ultimate humiliation . . . that of becoming his wife. And his enemy was *not* female to start with, Mr Hardey.”

I recall scoffing. “That’s ridiculous.”

“And yet it is what he achieved. A totally biological woman was made from his enemy’s body, through a series of surgeries and chemical treatments. The new woman was made pliable and submissive through repeated mental conditioning, to the point where she served him loyally, even as her own consciousness remained. In the end, she became his collaborator, his trophy wife, the woman who warmed his bed and birthed his children for him. The ultimate woman, all thanks to this experimental surgery.”

“Where is this woman, then?”

She indicated to herself, her perfect form. “Why, she is standing before you, Mr Hardey. I am her. You may call me Mallory Markha, the very first successful test subject for Amadeus’ experimentations.”

I couldn’t believe it. I refused to believe it.

“This is sick. You’re sick. This whole thing is bullshit.”

“I thought too, until I became this woman and could not resist my new husband’s thrusts into me. Now . . . I am his. Wholly. You might say I am resigned to it, though after fifteen years this is the life I know, and can only participate in fully.”

She clearly caught my confusion.

“Yes, Mr Hardey, I am in my forties now. I do not look it, do I? Would you say thirty? I would. One kindness of the treatment is that even as you age, your beauty will take much longer to fade. Consider that as we prepare you for your first treatment; a simple hormone injection to get you started.”

My heart skipped a beat, then began thudding in my chest as the two large men advanced upon me. I tried to run past them but they easily manhandled me, gripping me and ripping up the sleeve of my patient gown to present my arm. Mallory stepped forward, as alluring and seductive as ever, but now with a needle in her hand.

“Trust me, Mr Hardey, you are not the only one here. My Amadeus runs this service as a business. He is quite rich now. You were simply poached.”

“Why me!? Why me, dammit!”

She was so close to me by that point, the needle dripping slightly. "Because someone wanted revenge on you, Mr Hardey. They wanted you to be their perfect wife, your humiliation total."

"Who? WHO!?"

The dark laugh I'd heard outside the cell repeated itself, and then finally the figure strode into the room to reveal himself. I'm sure you've already guessed who it was, but at the time I could scarcely believe it: Jonathan Dart stood there in a very fine suit, looking far more professional and assured than I'd ever seen him before, and more powerfully built too. So different from the scrawny rat I'd stepped over in my corporate conquests years ago.

"You!" I proclaimed.

"Yes, me," he said, voice dripping with acid. "I've been waiting a long time for this, Benny-boy. You ruined my life for a long time, humiliated me, stole Heather from me, and for what? Just another step up the ladder? Well, you'll be helping my conquests soon; business, and sexual. I can't wait to see what a sexy wife you'll make. I've got a very particular look in mind, in fact."

I screamed invectives, howling at him, trying to reach forward and ring his neck. But the hold of the two muscle bound titans was too strong, and within moments Mallory was plunging the needle into my upper arm, the flow of hormones pouring into my system. I became woozy immediately, and after several more attempts to get to Jonathan's smug expression and wipe it off his face, I began to collapse entirely.

"There, there, Benny-boy," he said, even as my eyes began to close and the men set me back on my bed. "Don't fight it. You're going to be such a beautiful wife. I just know it."

I fell asleep, full of fitful dreams and mad wanderings. My first step towards unwanted womanhood was only at its start. It was to change the course of my life forever, dear reader.

Part 2: The First Injections

It was at this point, dear reader, where perhaps you are thinking I deserved this fate. Perhaps I deserved some kind of punishment, but as you will see as you continue to read on, the cruelty of my captors knew little boundaries, and if then I have still not earned your sympathy, then know I was not alone.

I discovered this the next morning when I woke in my cell once more. At least, I thought it was morning. It was difficult to tell, what with no outside facing windows to track the rise and fall of the sun. But I knew instantly that the injections had done something odd to me. I felt weaker, but not in the sense that I had become exhausted or burdened. No, I

simply felt . . . less muscular. I quickly checked over myself, and found it to be true: whatever hormones they had given me had evidently reduced my muscle mass. It was only a slight change, but my normally powerful build appeared as if I had slacked off the gym for a month. It was a minor difference, but it struck fear well into me. The same was true when I noticed that there was a pile of black hair upon my bedding and on the floor. It took me some time to realise that it was not hair from my head, but rather my body. It had shed during my sleep, and even my chest hair was largely gone, slipping out of my bland prisoner's shirt and onto the ground.

"What the fuck?" I remember saying. "What did they do? Put oestrogen into me?"

I checked myself over repeatedly. There were no mirrors to look at, no way to determine if my face had changed, though it seemed largely the same. I even still had a little scruff upon it.

"There's no way, there's just no way."

Mallory's words repeated in my mind again and again, her tale of Amadeus Markha and his revenge upon her. How that stunning woman - literally the greatest beauty I had ever seen - had once been a man, and Markha's rival. And she claimed to not only be his wife, but bound to him dutifully! To have become impregnated more than once and given birth to his children! It was the stuff of a cheap fetish novel or pulp horror fiction, not real life! I refused to believe it.

And yet I had seen Jonathan Dart and heard his taunts. I had always been pretty good at reading people - it helped me in business greatly - and Mallory had been one of the only ones to slip past my defences. That was because she had a great bosom. Dart didn't have that. He just had a sneer. So I was reasonably confident in my assessment that he truly did believe I was going to become his wife.

It was bad fucking news, that was for sure. It meant that, even though his plan was obviously crazed, I was going to be injected with estrogen and have my body fucked up. That alone would still be revenge against me, not to mention ruining my own life.

"Have to escape," I murmured. "And get out of here through any means."

There was the sound of a metal grate being opened, and then my cell - which was reasonably large - suddenly had a hot meal in it. My stomach gurgled, a hunger overwhelming me.

"I'm not fucking eating that," I declared anyway. "I've got no idea what's in it."

"Suit yourself," came a guard's voice. But the meal was left there.

My stomach groaned again.

Starving myself only worked for a brief time. My hunger was positively unnatural. Neither Jonathan nor Mallory came on that first day, nor the second, by which point I was aching for food. I had succumbed to drinking the water they provided me; it didn't look like it had anything in it, though it did taste a little tangy. But the food - which was surprisingly well made, even if still like hospital food - remained there as a constant temptation.

"Nnghh," I groaned, clutching my stomach. "Why am I s-so goddamn hungry? Let me out! I'm not eating your f-food!"

And yet the hunger grew. It's amusing to me now, looking back on that time, to think about how confident I was that I could hold out. The truth was, by the third day I was so ravenous I could have eaten *anything*. My body hair was all gone by that point, except around my pubic, but no other changes had occurred. The guards spurned all attempts to talk, and I was starting to feel like I was going mad. One can only scratch so many symbols into the wall before one went mad.

And went mad I did. I tried to fight the guards when they entered to replace the toilet paper and bed roll I'd deliberately ruined. I was easily overpowered. I tried to bargain with them, offering riches, half of all that I owned. They simply ignored me, except for a baldheaded fellow who scoffed.

"And risk bein' turned into a damn like you'll be? No thanks, buddy."

I removed one of the legs from my bed and used it as a digging implement at night, hoping to get out, but this was no Shawshank Redemption, and I was no Andy Deufresne. I had no experience in such things, and the object was too bulky besides.

The madness quickly changed, and I became mad for *food*. When an actual goddamn chicken roast was placed into my cell, I nearly leapt upon it.

"Mhmmm!" I moaned, licking the gravy from my fingers. "God, it's f-fucking delicious. God help me."

I devoured more and more of it, uncaring about my own rebellion for the moment, nor the threat that more drugs might be in my system.

"They don't do it through the food," came a voice suddenly. I paused, shocked. I rose from my chicken dinner and peered through the bars of my cell door into the one directly opposite me. There, a woman's face greeted me. No, it was a man. No, it was something . . . in-between. Slightly more mannish than feminine, but certainly soft and with prominent eyelashes. Their blonde hair was also down past their chin.

"Who are you? How long have you been there?"

"I'm Artie," the figure replied, voice huskier than I expected. "They returned me this morning. I didn't expect to get another cellmate. Samuel already left as Sara a while ago, but obviously business is booming."

"What - what are you talking about?"

"Didn't they give you the brief. We're all being turned into women here. Trophy wives. Powerful men exact revenge on us. Or they just pick a lowly employee they want power over."

"Is that what happened to you?"

Artie shook his-her head. "No. I was a journalist. Artie Smallcheck. I did a bombshell report on a major case of financial fraud by a bitcoin guru. Blew the lid right on him. Turns out he never forgot, because he's paid to get me here and make him his fantasy girlfriend. Apparently, he likes blondes."

"You weren't blonde before?" I asked.

He shook his head. "Brown hair all my life. If I don't get out of here, I'm going to end up as a dumb bimbo slut. I know the type he likes, because it's what he wasted his investor's money on. And I'm already growing . . . tits."

I frowned. This had to be a psyche job. At least, that's what I thought at the time.

"Bullshit."

"It's the true. Hold on a moment."

He removed his shirt and then gripped the bars, lifting himself. Sure enough, he had breasts. They were small, but present."

"Estrogen will do that. This is just some freakshow. They can't actually make us women."

"They can," Artie said. "I've seen it. They can even change your race. One guy got turned into an Indian lady. No change in her accent or language or anything, obviously, but she looked the real deal. They put her in a sari and handed her over to some Indian guy who she began kissing immediately."

"Why?"

Artie shrugged. "Because there's a mental element. I've had it. Hypnosis, brain stimulation. Electroshock. You name it. I can't even fight the guards now; I'm too goddamn submissive. You just have to hope the type of woman your guy wants isn't going to be too stupid and weak like I'm going to be."

I still wasn't sure if I believed what was happening, but the panic was definitely setting in. Of course, Artie was telling the whole truth as it turned out, but at the time I even suspected she might be in on it. Sorry, I think of her as a 'she' now, but at the time she was very much male and identifying as such. I shall try to reflect reality in this.

"I think Jonathan - the vermin asshole who paid to get me here - wants a trophy wife. A woman who will salivate for him. He wants revenge because he stole my woman."

Artie's expression fell. "Then I'm sorry, friend. I might end up the blonde bimbo, and you the trophy wife. Two sides of a similar coin."

I recall that I gulped, then. It was a weak and pathetic sound, but was exactly how I felt.

"You didn't tell me your name."

"Benjamin," I said. "Ben."

"Well, best of luck, Ben. But you might want to start thinking about what your female name will be. From what I've seen, that might be the only choice some of us get in our new lives."

I screamed when the guards restrained me on that fourth or fifth day - I forget which - and brought out the syringe again.

"No! Fuck you! Fuck you! You can't do this to me!"

Jonathan appeared in the doorway, once again tougher and bigger than I remembered him ever being, and smiled that nasty smile.

"Oh, we can. I paid handsomely for this, Benny-boy. This journey is just getting started too. Inject him."

I whined as the needle went in. It was bigger this time, and the fluid looked different. Jonathan caught my panic.

"A more powerful dose," he said. "Your body is primed, and now the real changes can start."

"Fuck you!" I spat. "I'm going to kill you, Jonathan!"

"I don't think so. I think, in time, you're going to *make love to me*. You'll be like that lovely Mallory; a perfect trophy wife. There to please me with blowjobs each morning and wear all sorts of tight, lovely things. And you'll age so slowly that I'll always get to enjoy you. I might even put a few kids in you and let you raise them, just for the humiliation of it all."

"You're insane! None of this is real!"

The man just shrugged. "We'll see."

As you can imagine, dear reader, I did come to see. I truly did. And the following few days began to make me see the truth. The next day I woke up feeling weaker again, and that muscular degeneration was a pattern that continued the next morning, and the next, and the next. It was a slow change, but always steady, and more injections were placed into my body, more serum to presumably bolster the existing changes and speed up other ones. But it wasn't just my muscles that were changing: something was happening to my overall frame as well. On what I was certain to be the tenth day of my imprisonment, I noticed that my shoulders had shrunk, and that my waist had thinned also, though my hips had remained as they were.

"That's how it started for me too," said Artie from his cell. He'd been injected that morning, and his hair was longer in just a couple of days, his jaw more rounded. "It's the bones changing shape. I think there's a DNA component to it, but surgery is also necessary. I'm slated for that soon. Scares the shit out of me."

"It can't be," I remember saying. "It just can't be!"

But it was. The injections could only go so far, but they seemed pretty damn far to me. My nipples were constantly sore and itchy, and I went to bed scratching them. This only led to a strange arousal, and with not much else to do, I must admit I was pleasuring myself constantly as well. A few books had been dropped off to me, but I had resisted reading them yet: they were all instructional manuals from what seemed like the 1950s on how to be a 'Darling Wife' or a 'Dutiful Beau.' Except they were recent creations: all of them had been written by Amadeus Markha and given old-fashioned stylings.

I remember pleading with myself not to masturbate during those lonely nights. I only really had Artie to keep me company in his different cell, and I had no idea how much longer this hell would last. But in the end, I gave up on that too, and it was Mallory's fault. She entered one morning after breakfast wearing a tight red number that emphasised her breasts. Worse, she had brought another woman: a gorgeous brunette with Slavic-looking cheeks and thick lips, and a figure I would have killed to have slept with outside of a horrible situation like this one.

"Who is this?" I demanded, unable to move due to a strong guard. "Another one of your pets? When can I leave this place?"

"You can leave this cell soon," she replied. "Amadeus, my sweet husband, says so himself, and I'm submissive to his commands, as you know. The injections are already taking: show us your body."

I resisted, but my top was pulled from me, and my pants. My worst fears were realised when she examined my penis from afar.

"Definite shrinkage of the scrotum and tests," one of the scientists with her mused. "And areolas are developing nicely. Body retention is good, muscle loss good. Should be ready for initiation into the wider program soon. Artie too, if he can behave himself."

"Herself," Mallory corrected.

"You haven't answered my question!" I demanded. "Who is this?"

"Enticement," she answered, "and a preview. Mr Dart has requested you be presented with women we have finished designing, to give you an idea of what you will become. Also, she wants to practice with you."

They left this woman in my cell. She licked her lips as she saw me.

"I'm Ben," I said. "Is it true? Did you used to be a woman?"

The poor thing shivered, holding herself. She was in the same kind of clothing as mine; baggy and prison-like, but nothing could disguise those generous hips or impressive bust.

"I'm Sonja," she replied in a sexy, husky voice. "I was a man. I was Sergei. They made me woman. I tried to steal from Amadeus and give to competitor. Now they make me lusty. I can't stop thinking about sex. I must have sex, do you understand? You must give me sex, please!"

"Look, I don't know what game you're playing, but-"

She was on me before I could finish my sentence. Soon she was ripping her top off, then her bra, and shoving her giant bust in my face. I lost all control: something about the hormones flooding through my body released my unbelievable horniness. I kissed her back, and then we were entangled together, fingers running over every bump, curve, and crevice, the pair of us moaning.

"I don't want this, but I need it!" she gasped as she rubbed my cock, making it even harder. "I am woman now. I need penis in me. I live for this! It is my purpose now, to be this prison slut! To be guinea pig! Breed me, handsome Ben!"

I should have stopped. Even now, as a woman myself, I still think of Sonja. What kind of life does she live, so addicted to sex it's basically analogous to food and water? I hope she has found some meaning in it. God knows, as bad as it is to feel this way, I still remember the sensation of her lips on my member.

"Oh God," I moaned as she lowered herself on me, sucking perfectly. "Ahhh, that's - I need this too!"

She made a terrific moaning sound, and her other hand stroked my shaft. I didn't stand a chance: I came in a huge way, pumping what felt like a gallon of semen down her throat. She moaned again, and the oddest thing happened: she literally orgasmed from giving me head.

I collapsed back onto the bed, her slumped against the side of it, panting.

"Great, I suck another dick! It never ends! In two hours tops, I need suck another!"

I only barely remember her saying this because of how it stood out to me, because my attention was immediately taken over by the rush of hormones running through me, the final results of the injections activated by the intense release of dopamine and expenditure of my semen. I gasped as my muscles overheated, seemingly melting into further fat deposits. My rear bulged, expanding slowly but surely. My voice squeaked, cracking up an octave, and that same cracking sensation occurred in my hips and in my face, where a new formation of bone and tissue was occurring. I wriggled like a fish out of water on the bed, feeling my chest develop into an actual pair of boobs - small ones, but definitely breasts, complete with

their own foreign-feeling jiggle. My thighs were likewise bigger, but my feet and hands shrunk, the extra tissue going elsewhere.

“Ohhhhhh, wh-what’s happening to m-eeeeee!?”

Sonja clambered backwards. “I’m sorry. I’m sorry. They use me for all of this! I am good at starting change with my lips. Mhmm . . . so hot.”

The door opened again, and Mallory entered, a gentle smile on her features. The scientist with her seemed very joyful from the results.

“My God, what a quick onset of change! He’s taking better to the designer process than any other subject.”

“Then he’s ready for initiation,” Mallory said, folding her arms beneath her breasts. “He can be socialised with the other girls, and learn what it is to be a woman. And, of course, undertake the surgery.”

“You can’t do this!” I cried, though my body was weak from becoming so feminine. Sonja followed a guard out of the room, mumbling apologies.

“We can, and I must. I follow my husband in all things. You will do the same when you are Jonathan Dart’s trophy wife, and like me, you’ll learn to accept it. We’ll pair you with Artie to aid you both in this transition.”

“I won’t accept it!”

“You’ll have to, because with initiation . . . comes the surgery.”

I distinctly remember that being the moment I fainted yet again.

Part 3: The Doctor Will See You Now

Jonathan appeared alongside Mallory, as well as several beefy guards. It was the morning after I’d fainted, and I’d tried *everything* to escape. I’d pulled at the bars, used a damp cloth to try and twist them apart, and even begged and grovelled to the guards. I even cut my hair again using a shard of metal I’d pried off near the bed leg, but it grew back by the morning anyway.

“Goddamn it!” I remember yelling. “Let me the hell out of here! I don’t deserve this!”

“You deserve everything that’s happening, Benny-boy,” Dart said with his smirk. “Just as Mallory here deserved to become Amadeus’ loyal trophy wife, and Sergei in the other room deserved to become Sonja, the endlessly horny slut that she is, for trying to steal his work. Artie broke that poor crypto investor’s heart by cracking open the report that destroyed his billionaire holdings, so in a way, he’ll deserve becoming his fantasy girlfriend too. You all deserve this, and I deserve my revenge.”

“Fuck you!” I cried, my voice cracking. “I won’t go along with this!”

"You will, after the surgery. You have no idea how much more of a woman you'll be. Don't worry, you won't be alone. Artie, it's time for your next bout." He called that out to the opposing cell, and I heard Art whimper.

"I'll escape. I'll escape, Jonathan, you'll see!" I yelled, even as the brutish guards came and grabbed me. "I'll never be your fantasy wife!"

"Of course not!" Mallory teased as I was pulled away. "Because fantasies are not real. But we are, in fact, very much so. And just as Amadeus made me his perfect bride and mother of his children, so shall you be for our paying customer Jonathan here."

I yelled and screamed, but it didn't matter. I was hauled onto a hospital bed on wheels and strapped tightly in. Behind me, Artie was being similarly loaded up, though he didn't fight nearly so much as me, almost as if he were resigned to it.

"I am being sorry, friends!" Sonja cried out from her cell. "I am be leaving tomorrow to entertain many men! I am horny for it, but hope you escape fate what I have! I must make many good babies! So many! Escape while you can!"

A guard chuckled. "No one's ever escaped from this place," he said.

I determined that I would be the first to escape, if what he said was true. Unfortunately, it was the last thought I had for some time, because I was quickly wheeled into what appeared to be a surgical suite, entirely sterile, with an entire team of surgeons and technicians ready to see to me. One turned with what I could only imagine was an eerily enthusiastic smile behind his mask.

"Mr Benjamin Hardey, so good to see the hormones have worked as intended! We'll be getting to work right away with you. Mister Dart has been *very* specific with his desires for your eventual form, and the changes to your mind. Rest assured you've come to us a sir, but you shall be leaving a madam! Or is it ma'am? Ah, I forget. The point is, you're in good hands!"

I wrestled against my restraints, but the mask was already on my face.

"Breathe deep, Ben! We'll make a Bethany of you yet. Or Belinda? Or perhaps Mr Dart intends a name that starts with an entirely different letter! The point is . . . and you won't have . . . appears to be going . . . ah, eyes closed so . . ."

Those fragmented words were the last thing I could remember before I woke.

When I did, my entire world had changed.

The visions came in and out, fuzzy and ill-defined. At times I could have sworn I was dreaming, or perhaps experiencing some nightmare. In a way, I rather was. I had no way of knowing it at the time, but this was really the tipping point; the moment it all became

irreversible. No matter what, once I woke up, I would no longer be the man I had been. Not yet truly a woman, but not Benjamin James Hardey either. But I only discovered all of this from my research later; just how deep the surgery went, the experimental protein combinations they placed inside me, the implant that began to stimulate my brain patterns, shifting them to new, more servile arrangements.

My primary understanding at the time was my body. Occasionally I would wake, sighting a bright light fixture, or feeling a man press against my skin, as if attempting to bond some kind of skin graft. Thankfully, I did not reach consciousness or any kind of state of awareness while I was directly under the knife, though there was a kind of dream-like understanding that my chest was being attended to, along with my hips and limbs. Time passed strangely, as if I were only seeing snippets of my life, experiencing fragments of a most momentous occasion. I do remember glimmers of conversation, however, words spoken to or near me that I managed to hold onto in my memory. These are just some of them:

“Just lovely. We’ll have her shoulders decompressed and her waist tucked in no time.”

“You’re doing so well, Benjamin. Just keep sleeping. Don’t worry, these aren’t implants. Your breasts will be all too real; this implant will disintegrate by then, but it will help stimulate tissue production in the meantime.”

“No, rein the earlobe in a little. Mr Dart wants them detached. And make sure to flatten out that Adam’s apple; it’s not enough that our subject sounds like a woman, he must look like one too. Hell, he must become one!”

“I hate that cracking sound. Just the worst. But else to widen the pelvis unless we break and reconstruct it, right?”

“The hormones will take care of the face. It’ll be puffy for a while, Ben - can you hear me, Ben? But trust me, in the end you shall be beautiful!”

And so on.

Only once did I manage to gain enough consciousness and strength to do something. It must have been days after a series of surgeries, or perhaps even weeks - time ceased to have any meaning by that point - but I distinctly recall being wheeled away from the surgical suite yet again, an orderly conversing with a coworkers.

“Hey Deborah, how goes that Sonja hottie?”

“All class as usual, Greg. Yeah, she’s heading out. Programming just finished for her; just as the doctor ordered. She’ll be making up litters somewhere in South Texas real soon.”

“Jesus, you program artists do some sick shit.”

“Says the surgical guy! Say, you off-shift tonight? We could get some wings.”

“I reckon I can swing that. Just us?”

"Why, you want someone else on a date?"

There was a greater spring in my attendant's step as he brought me to a bay to recover. I could hear a woman whining in the background, her words completely unintelligible to me due to their being in Spanish, but it seemed *she* was just as shocked to be speaking in Spanish. I could barely see out of the bandages, but a rather gorgeous woman in her mid-forties - a real MILF type, as I would have called her - was being calmed by several doctors. She was a latina with lovely mid-tone olive skin, and was as feisty as any stereotype. She was half naked and pointing angrily at her genitalia between her legs. It made me realise I couldn't even feel my own member. But then again, I could barely feel anything.

Just as the orderly was leaving, I managed to grip his hand with my own - even that had bandages on it, as well as a cannula that was feeding me an IV drip of water and probably a hell of a lot of estrogen.

"Please," I said in a muffled, squeaky voice that barely sounded like my own. "You have to h-help me."

He went to pull his arm away, but I was possessed of a need that seemed to outweigh my weakened state.

"Please! You can't let them do this to us!"

"Hey lady, I'm just doing a job here," he said, trying to pull away again.

I looked up at him through my bandages. He had dark hair and a slightly pudgy face.

"You can get me out of here! I'll pay you! I'll pay you riches!"

That was enough to make him hesitate.

"What's your name?"

"Benjamin James Hardey. Look me up. I'll pay you more than they do."

He seemed to consider this, and my heart leapt.

"No way. If I turn on the bosses, they'll make me like you."

"I'm not a lady yet. I can protect you. I know people."

It was a lie, but he didn't know that. The man furrowed his brow.

"I'll think about it," he said. "Now let me go, before someone sees us. There better be a lot of money and protection, *if* I do anything."

"Wheel me out now and I'll-"

He held up a hand. "I can't. Not here, not now. There's too much security and too much heat, and I still haven't decided. Besides, you haven't got the strength."

"If you don't move me now, soon I won't even be a man any longer."

He looked at me, and even before he spoke, I realised the worst of it.

"Don't you get it? There's a reason I'm calling you 'lady.' You stopped being a man three surgeries ago." His face contorted into something like sympathy. "Sorry to be the one

to tell you. Might want to think about what new name you want to take. Sometimes they let you choose . . . if you cooperate. I'll think on what you offered. No promises."

He left, leaving me utterly in shock. He had no reason to lie that I could determine, and I had always been a good judge of character, Mallory excluded thanks to her unnatural wiles. I was a woman now, or at least no longer a man. The absence I felt between my thighs was real, but with my various bandages and braces I could not even feel myself to check.

Not that I would even attempt such, at least at that time.

I was grateful when exhaustion and sleep returned to me. I finally dreamed something that had nothing to do with hospitals and surgery and whispered eavesdroppings of my tormentors. Instead my unconscious state brought me images of beautiful women dancing beneath a moonlit sky on some kind of paradise island, each of them naked as they entertained a motley crew of rowdy men. And then one of them, a gorgeous black-haired beauty with a ripe bosom and fertile-looking hips, gestured for me to join and dance among them. I hesitated - there was something wrong about this - but in the end her seductive movements were simply too delightful, and I took her hands and danced around the fire with her, laughing as the men's eyes turned from her to me, their gazes hungry.

I know now why I dreamed that, and why the men looked so desirous when they looked upon me.

The black-haired beauty was me.

She was my future.

And this writer's present.

When next I woke, I was back in my cell, albeit I almost didn't recognise it because of all the new hospital equipment and various health monitors in it. I was still lying back in a hospital bed, my body sore, but I could feel that much of my bandages had been removed. My body felt . . . different. Lighter, but with weight in some places where there shouldn't be any, and padding on others. My spine hurt, as did my limbs. It was as if they'd been compressed. And, of course, there were bandages still around my face, which ached from where I'd gone under the knife far more than once.

"Wakey wakey, Benny-boy," Jonathan Dart said, looking over me with preening delight.

I wanted to snap his neck, but I didn't have the strength, or the remaining muscle mass. Instead, I groaned, the sound alien to me in its softness.

"You b-bastard," I managed. "What did you do to me?"

"I didn't do anything, I just paid the bill, Benny-boy. Though I suppose 'boy' isn't the right descriptor now, is it? But the real question is, what *didn't* they do to you? Would you like to see?"

I didn't, but my curiosity got the better of me. So instead, I slowly nodded.

"Just hurry up already," I said in my raspy voice, one that was most certainly pitched too high in tone.

Dart grinned and stepped back. Mallory sauntered forward, taunting me with her red dress that showed off her magnificent bust and perfect hourglass. Her lipstick was red, her earrings dangling and gleaming with diamonds, her red hair spilling over one shoulder perfectly. It should have been an arousing sight, but instead I felt nothing but trepidation. Looking back, I don't hate Mallory anymore. She was simply following her programming, resigned to her status as Amadeus' loyal servant and trophy wife, his number two. But at the time I wanted her to die in a very painful fire.

Especially for what she showed me next.

"Don't scream," she said. "And try not to act violently, or you'll tear some of the stitches. Rest assured, if you behave properly, you'll be unblemished with any mark, and your skin will be flawless!"

She helped up the mirror.

I screamed anyway.

Several orderlies had to grab me and stop me from tearing open *every* stitch as I writhed against my restraints upon the hospital bed. I was clamped down, but something gave, and the fussy orderlies saw to bandaging where I had spilled some blood.

"Tsk, tsks," Jonathan said from further back. "Try to calm down. Don't be . . . *hysterical*, darling."

"F-fuck you!" I cried, but this time when Mallory held up the mirror again, I didn't writhe, and instead took in my body's image in catatonic silence. My face was still bandaged, and perhaps that was a good thing, because the rest of my body had changed far, far too much already. Seeing my face with it might have sent me over the edge into pure insanity.

My waist had been narrowed; there was even a compression bandage keeping me 'tucked in.' My hips, on the other hand, bore a number of bruise marks and surgical lines where they had been 'enhanced.' They were wider, and my bone structure had clearly changed, because I ached to my very pelvis there. A number of metal pins were also inserted; I could guess they were to do with stretching and repairing the bone. No wonder it had hurt like a bitch when I moved. But the biggest hurt of all had to be the space between my thighs.

Emptiness.

Flatness.

Nothing more than a mound.

It was covered with bandages, thank God for small mercies, but I could see straight away that I was missing my penis. I had to look over my chest to note this agonising absence, because I now also had two mounds that had sprouted, small but obvious, upon my chest. Bigger than they had been, with surgical scars there as well.

I will not lie, dear reader, I began to cry. No, that is not powerful enough; I *sobbed*. I wailed. I *keened*. There is nothing more humiliating and soul-crushing for a man than to lose his manhood. It's in the name, after all. I tried to place my hand upon that mound to feel if I had *anything* remaining, but my hands were shaking and I could barely control them. They were bandaged, but I knew they were thinner, daintier. The same was true of my legs; I could see that they were now hairless, their contours more feminine. My buttocks seemed to have more padding, and my face . . . I had no idea about my face yet, but I knew I would look more feminine, and I hated the knowledge of that. It made me sob all the more, trying to tear at my bandages until the orderlies prevented me. Even Jonathan seemed to pause his smug celebrations long enough to settle his face into a neutral expression.

"We'll leave you to come to terms with the new you, my darling," he said. "The healing process will be rough, but I promise you will be very beautiful."

"I don't want to be beautiful you FUCKING BASTARD!" I cried, my voice still scratchy and feminine. "I want my GODDAMN LIFE BACK!"

"You'll have a better life with me. Just ask Mallory. I know you don't want to be beautiful now, but you will."

Mallory nodded sweetly, posing in such a way to show off her voluptuous curves - curves I would soon possess if the experiment continued. I was already very aware of the breasts I now possessed on my chest. They were small, perhaps barely B-cups, but there was a wobble to them as I writhed that was positively unnatural to me. I'm far more used to that wobble now - and there is a lot of wobble these days - but it took me a good long while to get used to it, and longer to accept it. Back then, it was anathema to my very male soul.

"Mr Dart is right, Benjamin. You will come to want to look beautiful, as will Artie who has also been surgically altered alongside you."

"Never," I said. "I'll never fucking become what you want me to be!"

"We'll see," Jonathan said, "after you go through your Mental Assistance Training."

They left, and I laid back on my bed, in pain despite the medication, delirious from the surgery and horrified by its results. I continued to sob.

Artie also sobbed from the chamber next to me. There was something almost brotherly in that shared commiseration.

Or perhaps *sisterly*.

Part 4: Face Time

The pain began to fade in the following days. Slowly, my captors removed my bandages, though the skin beneath remained bruised and marked from the surgery. My bones were sore as well; the surgery must have been *radical*, given how they had shortened a number of my bones. My spine ached, and I got the distinct sense that it too had been shortened, as if vertebrae had been removed entirely. Was that even possible? Just how radical was Amadeus Markha's treatment? It terrified me to think that I was effectively a guinea pig of a cruel experiment designed to test cutting edge medical technology.

"How have you changed?" Artie asked me from his cell across the white hallway beyond my own.

"I'm shorter," I said, my voice raspy. They had done something to my voice box, and clearly the same was true of Artie. We both sounded like female smokers in our fifties. I suspected that would change as our throats healed.

"Me too. Only by a little bit."

"Much more for me. I was over six feet before."

Artie whistled. "I imagine your Jonathan Dart doesn't want a wife who is taller than him?"

I scoffed. "He's a short man himself. Fuck, I might be *much* shorter. I can't reach the top bar here, and that was easy before."

"Any other changes?"

I choked back a sob. He was probing to find out if he had changed more than me. I could tell that his tone was wary, nervous, as if fearful of revealing just how much he had been altered. Well, he needn't worry. The orderlies had removed my bandages around my crotch that very morning to allow me to urinate.

Dear reader, you cannot imagine the emasculation of having to *sit down* to urinate, after having been standing your whole life. My entire plumbing was changed. I had a vagina. It was sore, swollen, and still healing, but it was *real*. It looked *real*, and it was on me, now, resting atop a venus mound.

The tears flowed freely, and I don't think I can be blamed for this. Sometimes I still cry for what I lost, even as I have accepted this new life.

"I - I don't have a dick anymore," I said weakly. "They've given me a - a -"

"A vagina," Artie croaked. "Me as well. And other parts of me have changed. I have wider hips now."

"Same."

"And . . . breasts."

My own chest was very sore and *very* swollen. I was concerned that perhaps the swelling was less from the bruised tissue and more because I was going to be a very amply blessed woman. If you know me in person, reader of this tale, you will know that the second possibility was indeed the correct one. Jonathan Dart wanted his trophy wife to be impressively busty, and my large, perfectly shaped breasts were indeed upon my chest at that very moment, weighty and full. I could feel their weight, but the tight compression of the bandages concealed their size quite a bit, as well as their endless . . . pneumatic qualities.

“Are you big there?” Artie asked. “I can’t tell. I won’t be surprised if I’m big, though. The bitcoin fraudster I exposed likes busty blondes. Shit.”

“I don’t know. Maybe it’s just swelling?”

I was being hopeful. Hell, I was being *weak*. I had normally been the take charge guy, but I could already feel the loss of testosterone.

Artie sighed from the cell over. “I don’t see a way out of this. I think we’re going to become just like them. Like Sonja or that white man who became an Indian woman and was given to the businessman. Oh God. Oh God, I’m going to become some stupid blonde bimbo when they get to my brain, aren’t I? I’m going to do exactly what that asshole wants me to do and fuck him every day and wear skanky outfits! I’m going to be a goddamn woman and nothing will change that and knowing will ever know. No one will ever know, Ben! I’ve already got a little waist! They said they gave me a fucking *womb*. A *functional one*. What if he wants *kids*? I think I’m gonna throw up. I can’t breathe . . .”

He began to hyperventilate, falling into a full on panic attack. It may sound callous, but his reaction filled me with rage. It was *pathetic* how he whined and felt sorry for himself. I wanted to exit my cell just so I could slap him across the face and tell him to get some goddamn sense. Perhaps my reaction was so strong in part due to the estrogen flooding through my system, but I doubt it. I think his own weakened ramblings reminded me of how far I had fallen and how sorry I had become of myself. It was good, in the end. It awakened something in me, a fire that had almost been extinguished.

“Shut the hell up!” I cried.

“I - what?”

“I said shut the HELL UP! You’re being pathetic! You would be eaten alive with an attitude like that in my world!”

“Hey, screw you, Ben! You’re undergoing the same thing as I am.”

“Well, at least I haven’t given up yet! And I won’t! Do you hear me!? We’re going to escape this shithole! We’re going to get out of here! At least I am! Maybe I’ll leave you behind if you can’t be a MAN and STAND UP FOR YOURSELF, do you hear ME!? Stand up for yourself and stop being so pathetic! I aim to be a man again. I’m getting my dick back,

and failing that, I'm blowing the whistle on this whole damn monstrosity! And you're fucking right I'll need a journalist who can help me, got it?"

Artie didn't respond for some time. For a minute or so, I wondered if I'd been too harsh. Then, he sighed.

"You're right. But how do we get out of here?"

The answer was as simple as it was terrifying. "The Mental Assistance Training. We're slated to undergo it, right? It'll require a transfer, and we're slated to go together. We learn what we can and look for weak points. We won't be under like with the surgery."

"Okay," Artie said. "Yes. Okay, that sounds like something. Look for weak points. Escape routes. Some way to contact the outside world. Look for the hidden stories; it's like journalism, in a way."

"Or taking down a weaker business rival by exposing their weaknesses in the system," I responded. "Hold on to yourself. Mental Assistance will clearly do some bad shit to our minds."

At this, Artie put forward the one thing that saved my life, dear reader. The one thing that allowed me to remain, if only in part, still *me*. To this day, I can never thank him enough. Sorry, I should say, I can never thank *her* enough.

"You know, when I was in Russia, I was investigating an FSB program that illegally detained and interrogated political dissidents and used advanced techniques to mentally break them. It was a horrifying process, but there were also some who resisted. They had a number of techniques that helped them avoid being broken. I think I still remember some."

I seized the bars of the cell with my weak little hands, trying to ignore how shorter I was, how strangely curvy my soft body had become.

"Tell me," I said through the bars.

More bandages were removed, and more pills were prescribed. Hormone supplements, this time. Dart appeared again to check on me, his smug grin plastered to his cruel face as he told me what they were for.

"Well, this one is to make sure your skin heals right, apparently," he told me. "And this yellow one is to ensure that your body 'locks in' your current female hormone mix, ensuring no regrowth of nasty male body hair and the like. Oh, and this one will help flower your various curves. Very important; make sure you take that one. I've ordered the staff here to make sure you get a double dose. Very expensive, as I'm sure you would imagine, but I really do want my perfect wife to be so very womanly, Ben. I want you to have the kind of

ass I can bounce a quarter off of, and your breasts - well, let's just say that 'pillowy' would be a lovely description for how I imagine them to be."

"Fuck you!" I yelled back.

"Oh, you will. You'll fuck me in time. You've been given a perfectly functional womb too, Benny boy, not just a vagina which looks to be healing up nicely from what I've been told. You do know what that means, right?"

I did, but didn't want to air the dread possibility. Instead, Jonathan grinned.

"It means I'll be looking forward to the day when not only are you my loyal wife, on your knees and sucking me off, but also when I can knock you up with as many babies as I desire. Can you imagine it, Benny boy? You, with a big swollen belly and huge, swollen breasts ready to feed *my* child? You, pregnant with my babies? Ha! I bet that moment will be worth every penny to see your look of abject humiliation and submission."

"I'm going to rip your fucking throat out," I told him. "As soon as these bandages are off, I'll do it. I will."

The man just shrugged. "Well, I'm sure we can take off some more. I'm told your face should be almost healed up completely. Can we do that?"

The heavy set orderlies went to work. I was pinned down, strapped to a vertical table to present 'resistance' until the Mental Assistance Treatment began. Still, I rattled against their restraints, grunting and fighting even if it was for no reason. They held down my weaker, feminine body with ease as more bandages were removed from me. This time it was around the one I was most nervous about: my face. Before that it had been my crotch, but in some horrifying way I at least knew what to expect there. I had no true idea what I would look like with my face so altered. My jawline still hurt, as did the space around my nose and my ears, but it was better than before. Clearly, this was radical surgery given my recovery time. And *still* I feared what I would look like.

Jonathan's smile when he saw me only made me all the more anxious.

"Ahhh," he said. I will never forget that look of satisfaction upon his face, no matter how long I live. "Wonderful. Simply wonderful." He clasped his hands together and smiled, stepping forward to examine me up close. I said nothing, but gave him a defiant expression, which he seemed to find amusing. "Oh, yes! What a beautiful pout you have, my dear! Ah, even angry you are a picture of beauty. Of course, there's still a little swelling and some bruising, but I can see the raven-haired beauty you'll become. I can't wait to kiss those lips, *Beatrice*."

He stepped so close that I took my shot. I lashed out, pushing my head forward and sinking my teeth into his nose before he could act. Jonathan *howled*, but I didn't let go, not even when the orderlies seized me. Blood ran into my mouth and I savoured it, drinking it in as part of my revenge, small as it was.

“Get him the f-fuck off of me!”

Only when they touched my chest did I relent; it was truly sore, and I gasped as they applied pressure. Jonathan stumbled back, falling humiliatingly to the floor as he clutched his bloody nose. He looked up at me with the hatred he had from the early days, no longer smug but infuriated.

“You bitch!”

I just spat out some of his skin and flesh. I’d taken a chunk out, and it was bleeding him profusely, much to my delight. I gave him my best grin. “Too late, Johnny Boy!” I teased in my husky but female voice. “You already called me a ‘him’ before. Even when you make me a woman you’re still a little bitch, not me.”

He stood to his feet and moved to strike me, but I just grinned again. Instead, he grit his teeth. “I’m getting you pregnant day one. There’ll be no damn pain relief when you give birth, either. I’m going to tell the boys at the Mental Assistance Training to leave a part of you there, hiding away, unable to fight the compulsions they give you. You’ll always be aware, even more than the other girls who can’t help go along. I want you to always resist, and always fail. How about that!?”

He stormed out, clutching his nose and demanding medical treatment. The orderlies worked to clean my face quickly but left not long after. I could still taste blood upon my lips. Only one remained to help me a little further, passing me a cup to wash my mouth out as he undid my restraints. I was about to try and scratch his goddamn eyes out when I realised who it was: the orderly I’d tried to bribe to help me from a week or more earlier.

“You,” I said.

“Yeah, me,” he replied.

“What’s your name?”

“Jack,” he said. “Just Jack, for now.”

Jack. That was something.

“You saw what they’re doing to me, Jack.”

“Yeah, they do it to a lot of people. I’ve seen a lot of it. Good job biting his nose, though. That guy is an asshole.”

“Now you see how willing I am to escape. Have you thought about my offer? It’d be *millions*, Jack. And protection. Artie in the cell over is a journalist. He could break this thing wide open. You’d be a hero - an anonymous one, if you were worried about the publicity - but you’d be heavily protected *and* rich.”

Jack paused, releasing the last of the restraints around my feet.

“I’m still mulling it over.”

“I don’t have much time.”

“Yeah, you’ve got Mental Assistance coming up.”

"We can escape from it? Artie and I were thinking-

"There is . . . a window. I'd have to help arrange it. I can rearrange some shifts, get myself to oversee you. We couldn't do it right away. Security only relaxes once the subject gets more . . . compliant."

"I can act compliant."

"Can you? You just bit an asshole's nose off."

I grinned, teeth still bloody. "And he responded by wanting to give me more fucking autonomy when I undergo Mental Assistance."

Jack hesitated. "You . . . couldn't have planned that. Still, it's something. I'll see what I can do."

"Please. Anything."

He left, and my hopes briefly soared.

"Ben?" Artie called out. "What happened? What was that? Did something go down? Are you alright?"

"I'm fine," I said, though I knew I wasn't. "I'll tell you later. There's an opportunity. Just . . . give me an hour."

I stepped forward on quivering, nervous legs. I spat out more of Jonathan's blood, then made my way to the mirror they'd put up for me. I needed to see myself. I already had a womanly figure, even if so much of it was still wrapped up, but I needed to see what my face looked like. I closed my eyes, stood before the mirror, and then opened them, thinking I was ready.

I was not.

I am far more used to my face now, reader. But to give you a sense of the impact of having your appearance changed, I still sometimes catch myself in the mirror and gasp, just for a moment, perhaps almost imperceptibly. Because in those moments, even if they were weeks in-between at times, I still find myself expecting to see my male self looking back: handsome, masculine, with a square jaw and five o'clock shadow. I hope you can imagine, then, how utterly ego-collapsing it was to see my new face for the first time, even bruised, swollen, and scarred as it was in places. It was like seeing an alien. It was like a misshapen doppelganger was targeting me through the mirror. It was like stepping through the Twilight Zone, or the Narnia cupboard, or through the Looking Glass, and realising that reality was very much not the same as it had been, and never would be the same again.

Because I was now beautiful.

There was no other word for it. Even with the red and purple splotches around my temples and upon my jaw, even with the slight swelling in my nose and puffiness around my eyes, it was obvious. I was beautiful. Or, more accurately, the *promise* of beauty was there. I

could easily see past the fading scar lines and bruises and swelling to the woman I would become beneath it all.

There was something *classical* about me, like I was a beauty from another age. One of the old Hollywood dames like Kathryn Hepburn or Grace Kelly. I had a sharpness, an angularity that made my eyes piercing, and my longer black hair already had a gentle wave to it that could easily be styled like them. My cheekbones were prominent, but not too sharp either. There was still a softness to me, and this was enhanced by my fuller lips, which were almost tantalising to behold.

I could wait no longer. I ripped at the bandages around my chest and hips, uncaring if it was too soon. There was pain, but less than I expected. When I tore the wrappings from my chest my breasts suddenly surged forward, large and impressive. They too were slightly red and sore, but they were very ample and full, perfect teardrops that hung heavily from my chest and already wobbled from my trembling movements. They hung from me as I removed the bandages around my hips, showing their impressive childbearing qualities.

“Oh my God,” I said, staring at myself. I could see the woman I was becoming, that I would be once the surgery’s effects faded. I had a gorgeous hourglass figure, and a pair of breasts that rivalled Mallory’s, full and pert and globe-like, and yet feeling entirely real, hanging so perfectly so that they didn’t look fake at all. Because they *were not* fake, and still are not to this day. I would know.

This was the woman Dart wanted me to become. A classical beauty with amazing curves and a large and beautiful bust. The kind of dame who could star in an old Hollywood picture and be remembered forever. The kind of woman who could dress up in a fifties housewife dress and look utterly appropriate. A woman to cling to his arm, be submissive to him in all things, who could be classy when he needed her to be in public, and then utterly desirous in bed when he wanted sex . . . and children.

I vowed to never become that woman. I never would. I snarled at the mirror, refusing to give in. I practised that thought process Artie had taught me.

I am Benjamin. I am a man. They can bend me, but I will not break.

I repeated it over and over until I had calmed down and could remember the old me. Then, when I was ready, I moved to the cell door and told Artie everything. We had someone we could flip. Jack would help us, and it would be in our Mental Assistance Training. I was confident. I truly was.

Little did I know how deep that training would go, dear reader.

Part 5: Mental Assistance Training

The hormone supplements were something I could not avoid if I were going to escape. You might ask, dear reader, why I continued to take them, instead of pretending to swallow them and then discarding them later, or simply by being as obstinate as possible. The answer is because my only avenue of escape was by relying on Jack the orderly, and he could only promise an opportunity once Mental Assistance Training started. But in order to start said training, Mallory needed to be sure that my hormone levels were at 'acceptable levels.'

In my opinion, and in the opinion of the doctors and analysts who have looked at me since, 'acceptable levels' could far more accurately be translated as 'ludicrously high levels of estrogen and female growth hormones.' And by 'growth,' that meant in very particular places.

It was humiliating, to find the marks of my surgery slowly fading, various ointments making the scars so subtle as to be practically invisible and then some. It left my skin blemish free and elegant. But the hormones were truly the most shameful thing. Artie was taking them too, and we both spent long hours talking across the hallway between our cells, complaining of the rather *prodigious* blessings it was providing our new bodies. My new breasts, already big, were swelling yet larger. Not to a ridiculous size, thank goodness, but certainly far above average. I still looked like a classic Hollywood dame, particularly in my increasingly soft and beautiful face with its thick eyebrows and intelligent, coy eyes, but my tits were full and round, perfect teardrops that filled out my prison uniform and, to my embarrassment, now required a bra to hold them up and support their weight. They were like ripe sandbags on my chest, and the cup size was now knowable.

F-cups.

Put together, I was pretty certain my chest was equal in size to my own head, perhaps even just a little large. They were, and remain, so very pneumatic, constantly jiggling and jostling even in my bra, reminding me constantly of their existence and roundness.

Of course, the hormones were also making my hips more appropriate for a classic hourglass figure, and my rear just a little more desirable. They ensured that I would have no body hair other than the obvious pubic triangle I now possessed, and they also . . . left me rather feminine.

Emotional, is what I mean.

Artie was the same. We had both started crying more often, sharing our feelings more openly. I dare say, it was the beginning of our sisterhood. It was not a mental change - not fully, at least, in the way they intended - but the growth of my womb and all that estrogen was allowing me feel so much more strongly; compassion for my new friend, despair at my

present, and a woman's rage at being treated like a piece of meat. I refused to be Dart's trophy wife, destined to look pretty and perfect and bear his babies. Of course, as the reader will no doubt know of my current self, I have fulfilled *some* of those qualities. I simply can't help but do so.

But I'm getting ahead of myself.

We were finally cleared, both of us, for Mental Assistance Training. It had been, if I recall correctly, something like a month after the surgery. A lifetime, it felt like, especially for a man who was trying desperately still to think of himself as one.

"I wish I could be there," Dart taunted me, standing alongside beautiful Mallory, who had seduced me into this trap in the first place. "I'd love to see you programmed to be my dutiful wife. I've asked them to leave a part of you resistant, so you'll always be fighting, but unable to break free. I love the idea of taming you, *Beatrice*."

A similar speech was given by the techbro to Artie, though it was much more vulgar. I tuned my ears to listen to it.

"Fucking hell, she's looking like a total babe! Love the natural plat blond hair. Big tits, too! Shame they're not as big as the girl next door, but whatever, they're perfect for her size. She's gonna be a dumb bimbo who salivates for my cock, alright. Make sure she's programmed to be my personal alarm clock; I want her waking me up everyday with blowjobs when I ask her too. And make her dumb. Real dumb and vapid. Obsessed with fashion so she can't help it. And giggly and bubbly. That'll get me hard when I'm fucking her; so make her hella horny too. Make her insatiable."

He hadn't even given Artie the dignity of *talking to him*, just *about* him.

"At least you get to keep most of your mind," he said miserably afterwards. "I'm a journalist, but if I can't get out of here, I'm gonna be some dumb blonde entering wet t-shirt contests and posting sexy content on Instagram all for his amusement. And that's not getting into the worst parts of it."

"At least he's not talking about getting you *pregnant*," I retorted.

"Touche."

Still, a sense of dread was in the air. For all the power and charisma I once commanded, now all I had were promises and bribes and an orderly I still wasn't entirely sure I could trust. If anything went wrong, any hope of being Benjamin James Hardey again would be lost. Instead, I would be the devoted trophy wife Beatrice.

Mrs Beatrice *Dart*.

It wasn't Jonathan who greeted me when the first day of Mental Assistance Training began. The very next morning after that little taunt from my tormentor, I was woken by the sound of my jailors opening the cell door and entering. Mallory was with them, as entrancing as ever.

"This next part shall free you, just as Amadeus freed me," she said, though her voice was tinged with a distinct resignation. "You'll see what I mean. You'll become just as feminine as I, and in time, you will learn to love it."

"As you have?" I asked.

She nodded slowly. "As I *must*," she replied, her answer revealing. She gestured for the orderlies. I put up a small fight, but my spirit was fairly broken, and I had only a woman's strength now. When one of them accidentally touched my chest as they strapped me to the wheeled bed I actually snapped at him.

"Hey! Watch where you put those hands!"

It was humiliating to realise I was chastising a man for accidentally groping my boob. I blushed, and simply laid back, fuming as I was wheeled.

"Artie!" I called out. "Are you there?"

"Right behind you, I think," came the returning voice. It was indeed a voice suited to become a blonde bimbo's: light and sweet and bubbly, almost whiny as he complained.

"Ben! Don't forget who you are! We have to fight this!"

I knew I did, but I was also trembling in fear. We were brought through a set of sweeping double doors that were pushed open by my bed. The sign above me was clear as we passed out the other side: *You Are Exiting the Mental Assistance Ward*. Which meant, of course, that we were heading *in*.

Its walls were brighter, more colourful, and portrayed numerous murals and paintings and hanging portraits of beautiful, submissive women. All were smiling and joyful to be in their position: busty MILF mothers, bright-eyed blonde bimbos in lingerie, dark-skinned beauties in native costumes, dark-haired Hollywood beauties with coy smiles, and even pregnant mothers pressing their bellies against their male masters, their expressions dutiful and demure. From sex kittens to virginal maidens, all the desirable archetypes of women were present, and each were smiling happily at their fate, like members of a creepy Stepford community. With the walls painted pink and the constant presence of flowers on decorative shelves, there was a sinister element to the place, like the brainwashing had already started.

"That one'll be you, ha!" my burly orderly joked, pointing at a woman who looked like a bustier Katherine Hepburn, her photo black and white, her body contained within a classy sequin dress . . . if only barely.

"I'll fight it."

"That's what they all say. Had a guy come in and get turned into a sexy black dancer. He said he'd fight it, but when the Mental Assistance Training was done, he couldn't even

bring himself to wear anything above the waist, *ever*. A bare breasted African beauty, heh. Very tribal, very nice.”

I wrinkled my nose in disgust, but said nothing more. To my despair, I was separated from Artie, who called out as he was taken to a side room listed as 2B. I was taken to 2C. I had to remember those rooms. The room was circular, with pink walls and flowers, and numerous ornamentations just for me: display cabinets, shelves of nice china, a dishwasher and washing machine in the corner, and several classy and sexy dresses hanging on a rack. These surrounded me, and in the centre was a chair of sorts for reclining in, one that was plush and pink yet had tight-looking white straps on it. A TV was mounted on the roof, and there were strange metal pillars on either side, with what looked like satellite dishes pointed at where my head would be.

I fought again, but all it did was make my boobs nearly spill out of my bra and I ended up exposing my lower region as they pulled me up. They’d changed my prison shirt and pants for a prison *dress* several days ago. Quickly, I was clasped in.

Then the doctor entered. He was a tall, gaunt looking man with a balding head and long, prominent Roman nose. His skin was Mediterranean, so he may well have been Roman.

“I am Dr Silas,” he said simply. “I will be your physician. It says here that you have adapted well to your treatment; would you agree with this?”

“Fuck you!” I shouted at him, even as my head was strapped in such a way that I couldn’t move it.

“Well, we’ll have to correct *that* misbehaviour,” he said dryly. “My chart informs me that our client is indeed to be known to you: one Jonathan Dart.”

“Yeah, the bastard I’m going to kill.”

“And it says here you are to be his trophy wife, interesting. Full-breasts, wide-hipped, beautiful in an older kind of way, check, check, and check. Personality alteration must match this, blah blah blah, submissive and sensual, yada yada yada, capable of being a devoted housewife, high sex drive, singular devotion to her husband, hmm, hmm, hmm, and an instinct to become pregnant several times over and raise children lovingly. Yes, this is all quite standard. Ah, here’s the rub! Quasi-awareness. This will be a fun challenge.”

“What the hell is that!?” I demanded.

He smirked. “It means that your mind is not erased. You will feel mental compulsions, but not full hypnotism. Basically, this man clearly wants you to never quite feel like the woman you’ll act as. Did you hit him with a car and this is his revenge, perhaps?”

“I stole his girl and humiliated him, among other things.”

“Ah, that’ll do it. Well, let’s get started then. This process is simple; the video will play above, and various stimuli will occur. Your mind will absorb them, and over several sessions

you will find yourself mentally changed. The markers around the room will help you achieve this, but we'll get to that later. For now, let's begin."

He hit a button on a remote, and the lights dimmed while the TV turned on. Speakers played an old-timer tune, but the satellite dishes either side of my head emitted a strange warbling sound, barely detectable, that made me so very sluggish and docile. I can't quite explain it to you, reader, even with the benefit of hindsight. All I can say was that it made me extremely suggestible while it played - not brainwashed, per se - but comfortable enough that my initial plan to simply close my eyes was a lot more difficult than I had thought it would be. It was just . . . too easy to leave my eyes open and take in the sensory information around me. I suppose it was like smoking weed, as I had back in the day, and simply revelling in the sensations of the universe around me.

That was when the screen began to play. On it, a beautiful dark-haired woman in a 1950's style housewife dress was just putting a turkey into the oven. She turned, giggling a little, as she 'noticed' me.

"Oh, hello! I didn't see you come in there. I'm Cassandra, and I'll be your guide in this meditative state towards true submissive womanhood. Beatrice, that's your name, isn't it? How wonderful. Such a beautiful, classic name. An older name, for a more simple time, when men worked and women worshipped them. When wives kept the house clean and the bed ready for her husband's entrance, and always submitted to his desires - and made sure his belly was fed!"

She let loose a high giggle, and for reasons unknown to me, I did too until I caught myself.

"In a moment, you're going to be bombarded with images, some of which may seem overwhelming. Well, a lot is overwhelming for a woman - that's why we have such powerful husbands to guide us! Just relax, and allow your mind to be shaped. You're going to be so beautiful, Beatrice. Any man would want you, but it is Jonathan Dart who shall call you his bride, as you shall call him your husband. Take heed of what you experience over the next four hours, and let it soak deep into your brain. This is only the first session, but trust me, you'll start to see results straight away!"

She grinned, posing in a womanly fashion with one hand on her hip and the other on the side of her cheek, shifting slightly sideways so that she could show off her delectable profile. I felt nothing for her; I didn't have the genitals to be aroused by her anymore, damn it.

But then the screen flashed, and I wasn't just bombarded, I was *assaulted*. The images and sounds and stimuli can't fast and hard, so quickly I could barely process them. My mind felt like it was melting as the satellite dishes hummed ever louder, eerie tunes playing in a half-broken manner like an old radio.

A woman laughing at her husband's jokes at the table.

A man thrusting into his wife on the bed, she moaning in arousal.
Beautiful racks of dresses, classy and elegant and *sexy*.
Garters, lingerie, conical bra cups.
Pastel yellows, blues, pinks, and reds. A nursery being painted.
Jonathan Dart. He was so handsome. Jonathan Dart. His face held power.
Pregnancy. Swollen breasts and feeding children. Women pumping.
Heels. Beautiful heels. They looked inviting to wear.
A family having a picnic, the woman holding her children, husband taking the photo.
Beatrice Dart. The name scrawled on ID cards and letters and signed on legal statements and on her marriage certificate.

My marriage certificate.

It was all too much. I tried to centre my thoughts, and I spoke out loud, though they quickly gagged me.

"I am Benjamin Hardey. I am Benjmanin Hardey. I am Benjamin Hardey!"

The mad mantra continued in my thoughts. I writhed against my restraints, trying to ignore my visible cleavage and my womanly form. It wasn't mine! No matter how pretty and perfect and *bosomy* it was! No matter how much the images told me that it was *good*! I needed to escape and get out of here and find Jack and-

"There, how was that?"

I blinked. Dr Silas was overseeing some orderlies removing my restraints. I could barely believe it.

"Did something go wrong?" I asked.

"Not at all!" he replied easily. "You were in there for four hours."

"Four hours!? That was only sixty seconds at best!"

"They all say that, but trust me, you were soaking it all in deep by the midway point. Time to head back to your cell. The results will start to come. We'll do your next session tomorrow."

I was wheeled back, defeated. I didn't feel different, not really. I called out for Artie, but apparently she was still in the last few minutes of her session. When I was returned, I was locked back in my cell, only with a few small changes.

The walls were now pink.

There were *dresses* hanging from a new rack on the wall.

And there was a smaller dresser with various makeup items, as well as a book titled *How to be the Woman your Husband Deserves*.

"Fuck this place!" I cried, scattering the makeup items with a sweep of my hand. I cursed several more times, and only stopped to prevent myself from sobbing again. I sat down on my bed, noting the plushier covers that had been added, and stared into my

reflection in the mirror across the room. I was so very beautiful. God, I was so beautiful, even looking as tired and angry and confused as I was. I truly was the kind of dame I would have loved to have fucked, once.

That was when it hit me. Without even meaning to, I had just thought of myself as a woman. Hell, I'd thought of *Artie* as a woman, too.

"My name is Beat - Benjamin!" I called out to myself.

God, I'd almost called myself Beatrice. My mind raced, but those images returned to me . . . those *compulsions*. Dr Silas had not been joking, they really were hitting me almost straight away. I had to fight all the harder, especially since that fucking *Jack* had not made a single appearance to help us get away.

I waited in my cell, hoping to talk to Artie once he returned. As I did, I fought the temptation to fix up the makeup dresser.

It wouldn't do to allow a messy room, after all.

Part 6: The New You

Jack still hadn't shown up. The orderly I was trusting with my life to rescue me from my trophy wife fate had been a no-show at the Mental Assistance Training . . . *twice*. Three days after my first brainwashing I was hauled back there again, and to my horror I found that the straps were deliberately looser, and yet my mind railed against disobeying authority. The mental images and the strange hypnotism of what I had seen and experienced had left me more submissive, and according to Mallory this was going to be *permanent*.

I could already tell some of the changes that were now programmed into my behaviour. Despite myself, I was compelled to clean up the area around my cell, making sure everything was spick and span. Jonathan, the bastard, had even requested that I get a proper bucket and mop, as well as a broom and dustpan. I was simply fortunate that he had held back on demanding me in a French maid outfit, I suppose, but more dresses made their way to my prison room, all at his apparent expense. Each was tailored to my busty, beautiful body, and the more my scars healed the more astonishing I looked in them. A true golden age beauty, albeit with a more generous bust than most.

That book was also there, the one I wanted to tear up and destroy, but I could just barely recall quite a few *particular* brainwashing segments about it. Every time I picked it up, instead of destroying it, I found myself addicted to reading it as lay back on my bed, one leg crossed over the other, my pose womanly. I didn't even had a penis or testes to make the position uncomfortable; I was all smooth and fully female down there, now.

How to be the Woman Your Husband Deserves.

That was the title. It showed me on the cover. The new me. *Beatrice Dart*. I was posing in a very feminine manner, giggling at something my offscreen husband was saying, a roast chicken on a tray in my hands, which wore old-fashioned cooking gloves. I even had one leg raised up, and my polk-a-dot dress was old-fashioned in the extreme, as were the curls in my hair. The chapter list only made me more depressed, and yet strangely hungry for more. The chapters were as follows:

1. *The Ideal Woman*
2. *Make up, dresses, and appearance*
3. *The perfect smile, the perfect poise*
4. *How to Cook*
5. *How to Clean*
6. *Submissive Wife, Happy Life*
7. *The Passion of the Bedroom*
8. *Barefoot and Pregnant*

I almost threw up just reading the titles, and yet I began to read anyway, compelled by the Mental Assistance Training. The Ideal Woman was described in Chapter One exactly as Jonathan Dart planned me to be: my husband would be my world, and I would serve him. I would exist to lift him up, to be the perfect gal on his arm, to be his lover and make myself available as he needed. I would laugh at his jokes and make his favourite foods, and show care for him through my cleaning and by caring for him. Naturally, as a homemaker, my job was also to give him as many children as he desired, but also to recover from each birth and keep my body in tip top shape.

"F-fuck," I remember groaning as I let the book down onto the bed, my full chest heaving up and down with a strange passion. "Why does that s-sound so good? Mhmm . . ."

I was less sore several days after that first brainwashing incident, and so I began to touch myself. It wasn't entirely my fault, because Artie had audibly gotten there before me: I could hear her moans and murmurings as she pleased her body, her words drifting into my cell and telling me of her mental state.

"S-so fucking horny. It's not f-fair. I'm, like, totes a journalist. I'm Artie! Ohhhh, but I n-need someone to f-fuck me! Mhmm! Just one try! It's like, unbearable!"

The joyful cries followed later, and she clearly orgasmed multiple times, the poor thing. But it set a fire in me, and I could not ignore it. The images flashed in my head, and I could see the future it entailed.

Me in my lovely dress, with pearls around my neck and my makeup just so, waltzing over to my man and letting him hold my soft body. He would be so strong. He would be so . . . aroused. And only I could help him. He would scoop me into his arms and take me to his bed. I would moan as he touched me, as he squeezed my full breasts and held my rump. And then, I would spread my legs and . . .

Suffice to say, the orgasms came. My first female orgasms. I won't embellish this tale. I promise you that I will hide no truth, leave no stone unturned. I would like very much to inform you that I did not squeal and thrash, moan and cry out, but alas, I was helpless to do anything but. Jonathan Dart wanted me *vocal* when he came inside of me, and so it was that I found myself crying out in pure ecstasy, my voice carrying almost as far as Artie's passionate, bimbo-like pleas for even further pleasure.

It was pure embarrassment, and yet it followed me into my next Mental Assistance Training. Once more I had Doctor Silas, and once more I looked around for Jack. This was my second brainwashing, and I was far less able to fight back. I wouldn't even tell Silas to fuck off, because doing so felt far too *rude*, especially to a powerful man like him. There was this compulsion to be a 'good girl,' and my cheeks burned as I was forced to once again experience the mental reprogramming.

Images of pregnancy.

Images of birth and breastfeeding.

The joy of being fucked by a powerful husband.

The pleasures of being submissive and demure and always clinging to the arm of one's husband, letting him speak for the both of us.

And the fashion! The cleaning! The cooking! My artificial guide Cassandra was there to lead me on a journey that instructed me on each of these 'arts,' as she called them. She moved through the kitchen, telling me how to chop my vegetables, how to best work the oven, what food worked best on the stove, and how to best prepare a lamb roast.

By the time I recovered, it felt like barely a minute had passed.

"Impressive!" Dr Silas said. "That was six hours. Go and get your sleep, my dear. A few more of these sessions and you'll be nice and ready for your buyer. I imagine he'll be most pleased with your progress, and how those scars are healing. Another satisfied customer!"

"Wh-where's Artie?" I asked, weary.

"Oh, the blonde bimbo? Her role is much simpler. She'll only need one more mental program at most. She was finished two hours ago. Do you share a space?"

"She's my . . . my neighbour," I said, mind bleary. "I guess you could say she's my best friend here."

“Well, I suppose friends don’t have to be *smart*. You might be surprised at how she sounds now. Let’s get you back to your cell, shall we? Do we need to strap you in?”

To my horror, I found myself shaking my head and speaking in something like a Transatlantic accent, similar to the old Noir films or one of the blondes from an Alfred Hitchcock film. “Oh, no. That won’t be necessary at all, doctor. I’ll be a *good girl*.”

“So you really, like, said that?” Artie asked me later. “You said you’d be, like, totes a ‘good girl’?”

“Yeah,” I sighed, checking my reflection in my mirror. I had a dresser now, courtesy of Jonathan’s funding and Mallory’s expertise. It was lined with lipstick and makeup products, and I was already reading through chapter two of my book obsessively, and bits of chapter three on how to pose my body as submissively and elegantly as possible.

“That’s, like, sooooo fucked up.”

“And what about you?” I called out from my cell. “How are you coping? Dr Silas said you only need one more treatment and . . . you’re done. Shit, I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have said that.”

“Ew, no. It’s not your fault. But, like, it’s sooooo fucked up. I swear I was talking, like, wayyyy more normal before. God, I feel so dumb right now.”

“Do you think you are? Dumber, I mean, if you don’t mind me asking?”

“Oh, I’m suuuuper dumber. Like, I can’t even remember how to work, like, a really good camera. And there’s totally no way I could write an article as a journalist or reporter or whatever now. Every time I think about that stuff I get, like, super bored. It fucking sucks, girl! I wanna be my smart man-self again, but when I get bored I just get super horny and then my pussy gets all wet and I imagine . . .”

I swallowed, almost a little aroused myself. “Go on . . .”

“I imagine . . . letting *him* fuck me. My future boyfriend. Mhmmm, I really wanna suck his cock. Would it be yummy? Fuck, I bet it would be soooo yummy, especially when he cums.”

She let loose a high-pitched and bubbly giggle, one that took a while before it shifted back to a series of morose sobs.

“Oh Gawd, Bee! What’s happening to us? I’m already a frickin’ bimbo, but I can at least *try* not to think like one. I still wanna take photos and write about stuff, but one more stint in that Mental Assistance Training and, like, all I’ll care about is taking selfies of how totally hawt I am in tight club dresses! I’ll be nothing more than, you know, a total sex kitten and stuff!”

I realised that while she was talking I had even gotten to the point of applying some subtle eyeliner and then using some special pencils mascara to thicken my eyebrows. I was getting far too good at this, and soon the muscle memory of it would seep in, cementing my new skill set further.

“Fuck!” I shouted, dropping my utensils, though it felt far too . . . messy to leave them where they fell. I began cleaning them up and placing them back in their allocated spots. “I’m falling into my role as well. I can’t stop dolling myself up, Artie!”

“It’s going to be okay, Bee! We’re gonna, like, get rescued right? Before I let that bitcoin scammer do anything he wants to my totally hawt bimbo body?”

Bee. It was the name I’d asked to be called, rather than Beatrice. Ben or Benjamin just didn’t suit anymore. But at least if I was called Bee, then I had just a smidgen of control over myself. Of course, you, my dear reader, may well already know me if you are reading my innermost thoughts. In that case, I imagine you also know me as Bee. That small defence, that tiny bit of self-respect and choice, is one that I clung to dearly and still do. If we cannot find worth in our name, then we cannot find worth at all. If I was to be stuck as a woman, and I had not accepted such a fate yet, then I would be Bee, not Beatrice.

And I was *not* going to be Beatrice *Dart*.

The bastard visited me several days after my second brainwashing. I knew my third was coming up, and Artie would be there along with me. She didn’t yet have a new name, but her techbro douchebag of a future boyfriend had visited her and played with her tits a little, causing her to moan loudly down the hall. I’d overheard his words.

“I still haven’t chosen a name for you. Maybe something like Brandi? Or Candy? Or something slutty-sounding like Tinnifer? Or perhaps I should just keep calling you Artie, because that’s a fucking hilarious idea, isn’t it? You’ll be my hot girl with blonde hair and big tits and a body that just can’t quit, and only I will know why you’re called Artie.”

I raged *for* her, but I had other problems, because while he was still seeing Artie, my own tormentor arrived. This time he had no orderlies with him, only Mallory, who remained there as his official guide. She was in a resplendent red dress that showed off her perfect bosom, and I felt a small amount of jealousy; I wasn’t wearing a dress that could compete, though I had one spare. But as soon as I saw that he had no orderlies or guards, I stepped forwards on my heels, moving my body just as the book had taught me; hips swaying and breasts bobbing delectably. I couldn’t help but smile a little at his face - he wasn’t handsome, and yet I found him such, for some reason - but I was determined to kill him. I could do it. I

could find a way to claw his neck open. I approached, my hands shaking as I stretched them out, but he and Mallory did nothing to stop me.

“Go on,” Dart said, grinning smugly. “Do it. Hurt me. Kill me if you want, Benny-boy. My Beatrice.”

I swallowed. My hands trembled. Why couldn't I do anything? I was so close to him, yet I could only shake and breathe heavily, the very picture of womanly passion in his presence.

“Why can't I h-hurt you?” I said, my voice as sweet and smokey as could be.

His grin could eat all the shit in the world, past and present. “Because you're programmed to be as gentle as a flower, my Beatrice,” he said. He licked his lips as he looked me up and down. “And totally submissive. Show more of those delectable tits for me, will you?”

I couldn't stop myself. I adjusted my dress, feeling utterly subservient as I showed off more of my magnificent E-cups. I fought the urge to smile at the sheer delight that showed on his face. “Does this look good for you, honey?” I said.

He reached out with his hands and cupped my boobs before I could stop him. I couldn't stop him. I could only gasp weakly, totally demure and helpless, and he felt my breasts. They wobbled at his touch, showing them to be just like a natural pair of breasts. My nipples stiffened, my body aroused. I let out an embarrassed coo.

“You look and feel perfect. I can't wait to fuck you, Beatrice. I can't wait to fuck you and know it's still you in there, fighting and failing. I can't wait to see the panic in your eyes as you seduce me, and then do all sorts of things to me. I'm going to get you pregnant first thing with the first of our babies. That'll teach you for stealing women for me. For ruining me. For thinking you're *better than me*. From now on, you'll be nothing but my servile trophy wife. You'll be sucking my cock while barefoot and pregnant in the kitchen. And part of you will be forced to *enjoy* it.”

At that, he turned to Mallory. “Tell Amadeus that I'm *very* pleased with his efforts, and can't wait to have the finished product soon. I might even throw in a hefty tip if he can figure out that on-off switch that lets her regain full control for just a moment.”

My eyes widened. “What do you . . . ?”

“Oh, just a fun little party trick I'm thinking of. I like the idea of being able to temporarily dull your compulsions to bring the real Benjamin to the surface long enough to fully experience the humiliation of going through labor and *birth*. Won't that be a laugh, knowing you finally have control again and yet have to go through the most womanly act possible?”

I brimmed with fury, I can tell you that, dear reader. But my body betrayed me, because I made a sweet little sound of anticipation, and my new womanhood became moist, a still-alien sensation between my silken, soft thighs.

"That sounds perfect, Jonathan," I replied.

"Please, call me Jon. Though soon, you'll call me *husband*."

He cackled, then left at Mallory's direction. She stayed back a moment, and there was something like sympathy on her face.

"There are ways of coping," she told me. "Embracing it is easier, you know. Fighting it does not help. Food for thought."

It was the most sympathetic I had ever seen her, and still it made me rage. She left, all perfection, all seduction, and me her latest victim. I howled when they were gone, but that was a hard task; it felt too improper after two whole sessions of brainwashing. The third would consolidate it even further. Just what the hell could I even do to fight it? Artie would be no help in planning an alternative escape. She was far too much of a bimbo now, and judging from the sounds she made when she got too lonely, her preoccupation with sex would only make her difficult to keep on track. I needed to even just get word out, some kind of message to the world so they could rescue all of us.

And yet, there was nothing. All I could do was sit down in my cell and feel a burning itch to decorate the space with some pastel ornaments. I tried on new dresses out of frustration, even corrected my makeup further, then cleaned the space again just to make sure it was spick and span. With every step I was reminded of the smooth absence between my legs, and whenever I bent over I was reminded of my large breasts, which hung lower and round and beautiful. I could almost imagine Jonathan touching them again and-

And suddenly something flitted underneath the door, a small note which gained my attention and saved me from the terrible thoughts that had just entered my mind. I stepped over to it, my heels clacking against the ground, my hand pushing my gorgeous dark hair behind my ear. I lowered myself down and picked it up, the message that would change my entire life, and determine my one and only escape attempt.

Be ready tomorrow. From your friend.

I crumpled the note, tears in my eyes, all the hormones in my changing system making me shake with emotion.

It was Jack.

He was going to get us out.