



*Reluctant Press*

# Stacy's Dreams

Stacy Nolan



*ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHAS*

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**A 'NEW WOMAN' COLLECTION**

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## *Reluctant Press TG Publishers*

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# A New Tomorrow

**By Stacy Nolan**

Winter was not a good time to be homeless, especially alone on the mean streets of London. Was it only three weeks ago that I left my home in Rhyl, North Wales for the bright lights of the big city?

Within an hour of arriving at Euston Station, I had been robbed at knife point ... they took everything and I mean *everything*, all gone, my watch, my gold signet ring, cash and my hold-all which not only contained all my clothes but also my prized CD collection and player. Ain't life a bitch!

My options were limited, to say the least. Stay or swallow my pride and go home? Boy, how they would laugh. Failed again. My eyes filled with tears as I admitted to myself that, once again, all of my hopes and dreams had come to nothing.

SOHO

I pulled my coat collar up against the biting cold November wind. I had been watching the hookers working the balding bespectacled middle-aged men who loitered outside the gaudy strip clubs. I had stepped in one night after a punker had turned violent with a girl named Helen. He had been slapping her around badly, refusing to part with his money for the services he'd received. I broke his nose before helping myself to the contents of his wallet, all of which, about £75 in cash, I gave to Helen. She was grateful, offering to give me half of the money. I refused, settling instead for a greasy burger and a cup of tea in a nearby all-night café.

Word soon spread amongst the working girls and I became like an unofficial bodyguard to them. I no longer needed to sleep in shop doorways. Now that I had friends, I was never short of offers for a place to say, even if it was on the sofa or the floor. Hey, don't get me wrong, I really was grateful, especially when you consider the alternatives. I want to make it clear that there was never anything, you

know, *sexual* between me and the girls. No funny business, it just wouldn't be right. They were like my sisters.

As the weeks turned into months, we became close, really right. There was nothing we couldn't talk about, nothing that we wouldn't confide and trust each other with. The girls became my family. Then Nicole came along.

When Stacy introduced me to "new girl" Nicole, I was stunned, totally speechless, acting like a blushing schoolboy. Nicole was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. Her raven hair hung long and straight almost to her narrow waist; it framed the face of an angel. Her almond-shaped eyes were in contrast to her red painted wide sensual mouth, her breasts were full and ripe, straining against the silken material of her mandarin collar dress. It was love at first sight.

Nicole was of mixed race, her father Chinese, and her mum a cockney from London's East End. She never told me how she ended up on the game and I never asked. It wasn't long before we became "more than friends". At Nicole's insistence, I moved in with her. She had a third floor apartment in up market Hampstead, overlooking the heath. We were inseparable.

## TWO MONTHS LATER

Too soon I began to resent how Nicole earned a living. I suppose it was inevitable, really. I tried my best not to let it show, but it wasn't easy. Her pimp was a big black motherfucker named Delroy. He loved playing the part, from his shaven head and wraparound sunglasses, to his roll neck sweater, leather trousers and long black leather coat. He may as well have worn a flashing neon sign around his neck with the word "pimp" on it! He sat at his usual table talking with two "suits", both young, both Chinese, when we entered Gino's on Wardour Street.

Nicole hesitated in the doorway, her expression one of sheer terror; the moment passed quickly. She called a greeting and quickly made her way over to his table.

Delroy looked me up and down as if I was something nasty he'd just stepped in, his mouth twisted in distaste. "Well, well, if it isn't my old friend Jimmy Sheridan. So whatcha doing here, my man? All the soup kitchens closed for the night?" He had hit a nerve and he knew it. "Why don't you climb up on that chair and kiss my ass!" I retorted angrily. Nicole grabbed my arm. "Please Jim, don't, it's not worth it. Look, I've got some business to discuss. I won't be long, will you wait for me in the car, please Jim?" I nodded, not trusting myself to speak. She smiled gratefully as she reached into her bag for the keys to her Mazda sports coupe.

Back outside, I climbed behind the wheel, adjusting the seat to accommodate my long legs. As I did so, I caught movement behind me in the rear view mirror. A black Ford Escort Ghia had pulled to the curb. Light spilling out of Gino's clearly illuminated the car's interior. Three Chinese males, each in the process of pulling

handguns from beneath their jackets. Things seemed to happen in slow motion. I sounded the Mazda's horn in warning ... too late, already too late.

The two Chinese in Gino's had also drawn guns. I saw Delroy backing away, his hands held before him as if to stop the high caliber bullets that were punching through his body. The second guy opened fire ... once, twice, three times; Nicole, my beautiful Nicole, was dead before she hit the ground. I began to get out of the car when a volley of bullets quickly changed my mind. I twisted the key and the Mazda's engine roared to life. I sped away with the Escort in pursuit. More shots were fired, none of which hit the Mazda. I pushed its speed up to 60, then 80, using my knowledge of the streets to gain a little distance. I had to slow as we reached Oxford Street, with its slow moving traffic almost bumper-to-bumper. I was thrown back onto my seat as I dropped the Mazda into third gear and floored the accelerator. I weaved in and out of traffic causing other drivers to brake suddenly and sound their horns.

The Escort was relentless, still behind me and coming up fast. In the distance I could hear the wail of police car sirens. I reacted just in time as, from my left, two police cars, their lights flashing, hurtled through the busy junction. I hit the brakes, my wheels locked, my tires screaming, smoke pouring from them. I stopped with inches to spare. The occupants of the Escort were not so lucky. With no chance of stopping behind me, it shot past on my right and was hit broadside by the heavy police Rover. The Escort was airborne, turning several times before it landed on its roof. I used the confusion that followed to leave the Mazda unseen. I realized that my fingerprints would be everywhere, but I wasn't too concerned as I didn't have a criminal record.

I entered a large department store, quickly mingling with the shoppers. Finding the nearest gents toilet, I entered an empty stall and locked the door behind me. Sitting down, I tried to gather my thoughts. It was obvious that Nicole had been into some heavy shit. It had to be Triads that carried out the hit on her and Delroy. Jeez! What had she been into? Drugs? Something even worse? The more I thought about it, the more it made sense. The expensive apartment in Hampstead, the new sports car, and other things like her taste in art, jewelry, even fine wines and food. You don't earn enough working the streets to support that sort of lifestyle. Boy, what a fool I've been. Was I blind, for crying out loud? And now, like it or not, I was involved. The police would be looking for me and the Triads, assuming it was the Triads, would want me dead, even if all I was was a witness. Well, they wouldn't want loose ends.

It was almost 2 AM when I rang Stacy. "Oh Jimmy, is that you? I've been so worried about your. I thought (crying) ... have you heard? Nicole's dead. She ... she was shot and Delroy, you know him? The police are looking for you, Jimmy. They don't know your name, but they've got a description."

"Look Stacy, I can't talk now, but I really need your help and about £300 in cash if you can spare it. Can you meet me? Yeah, I mean tonight, say in an hour? How about at Ben's Burgers, the all night café on Holloway Road in Islington? Okay hon, I'll be waiting for you and Stacy. Thanks."

I was on my second cup of coffee when Stacy arrived. At a little after 3 AM, the place was less than half-full. Stacy stopped in the doorway and looked around. I waved from my corner table. As she crossed the room, Stacy's smile was one of relief. "It's all over the news, you know, Jimmy. I was watching B.B.C. News 24 before I came to meet you. It said that three Chinese died during a high speed chase tonight on Oxford Street. The driver of a Mazda, as yet unnamed, who was involved in the chase, is being sought by the police. Jimmy, they are saying that the incident appears to be drug-related."

I told Stacy everything. If she was going to help me, she had a right to know.

When I finished, Stacy did not speak. She just sat there, her coffee cold, untouched. "You do believe me, don't you?" I asked. "Of course I do, silly. You are in grave danger from the Triads, that is if the police don't find you first. You need to get away, Jimmy, as far away as possible."

She pushed a brown manila envelope across the tabletop toward me. "There's a little over £ 500 there. I'm sorry that it couldn't be more." With tears in my eyes, I reached across the table and took Stacy's hand. "Thanks, sweetheart. I promise I'll repay you. What I really need from you now is some advice. Like you said, I need to get away, but where?" Stacy opened her purse and took out a magazine clipping. "Here, I found this in Time Out. It sounded interesting." I sat back and unfolded the piece of paper that she had given to me; it read:

"Jordan, Europe's largest pharmaceutical company is looking for volunteers, male, aged 18-22 years to take part in extensive tests on a new and unique form of female hormone, which is hoped will revolutionize sex change surgery. Excellent rewards for those available now for a period of not less than 18-24 months. For further details and to arrange a local interview telephone ..."

Frowning, I said, "I don't know Stacy, it all sounds very strange to me. What if they did things to me, you know, tried to turn me into a woman?" Stacy laughed. "Don't be silly, its only tests. It says so in their advertisement. Why on earth would they want to do anything else to you? No, it's ideal; disappear for 18 to 24 months until things blow over here. Then you could come back and make a fresh start. The girls will miss you Jimmy, me especially."

I didn't want to risk Stacy's safety by making her put me up for the night; it wouldn't be fair. A local movie theater showing an all-night bill of Rocky films was the ideal place to drop out of sight for a few hours. I took a seat just as Clubber Lang was giving Rocky a beating.

The morning newspapers carried a picture of me. I was surprised at just how accurate it was, but then again, it looked like half the male population of London.

At 10:30 AM with no other options left to me, I found a phone and called "Jordan Pharmaceuticals". The woman who answered introduced herself as Marla Turner. In a business-like manner, she began by running through a checklist:

"Height, weight and build?"

"Sexual preference?"

“Ever had an AIDS test?”

“Have you every cross-dressed?”

“Do you live alone?”

“Do you have close family? Friends?”

“Any other commitments?”

“Are you willing to give up two years of your life?”

I take it that my answers must have been satisfactory, as she moved onto my availability. “How about right now?” I replied. I was instructed to catch the midday train from London’s Waterloo Station, to Havant, in Hampshire. “A member of our staff will meet you there,” I was informed. “You will be given a tour of our research center and an explanation of what we would expect of you. Should you not like what you hear and wish to withdraw, we will gladly refund your rail fares and other expenses and, of course, transport you back to Havant Station. Is this agreeable to you?”

I got off the train and left the station to find myself in rural Hampshire. Of the three cars parked outside, only one, a cobalt blue Vauxhall Vectra, carried a “Jordan Research” logo discreetly on its front doors. The driver, a pretty blonde sat behind the wheel, smoking a cigarette and reading a woman’s magazine. She jumped, startled when I gently tapped on her window. She pressed a button and the window smoothly glided down.

“Mr. Sheridan?” she asked, her expression serious. I nodded smiling. “I’m a little early. Listen, I’m sorry if I made you jump.” I held out my hand and she shook it. “Please call me Jimmy”, I said. The blonde returned my smile. “My name is Sarah”, she said. As she drove, Sarah seemed to relax a little. “You are not at all what I expected,” she said. “Well, most of the others volunteering to take part in the research have been effeminate, to say the least. That’s been the problem, you see. Jordan is looking for normal heterosexual males, not gays, transvestites and transsexuals.” We spent the rest of the journey in silence as if Sarah realized that she had already said too much.

The “country house” exterior of Jordan Research was just a façade behind which lay seven operating theaters and four treatment clinics that would put most modern hospitals to shame. My guide Terri’s commentary was polished and slick.

“And along here we have research labs seven and eight. Number eight houses our latest and most potent form of female hormone.” We stood and watched through a large glass display window as staff in white coats put culture dishes containing the latest strain carefully into a deep freeze.

Terri pointed out that the deep freeze also contained DNA samples from donor females. “All volunteers have their own private room; all en-suite, all with color television and a compact hi-fi system. If you’ve seen enough, Mr. Sheridan, I’ll take you along to meet Mrs. Williams, our manager. She has the final decision on which volunteers we accept and what level of treatment they receive whilst in our care.”

Ten minutes later and I was being shown into a bright modern and comfortable-looking office. A pretty young woman wearing a far-too-short skirt that was almost indecent, and a pair of what we used to call “fuck me shoes” with spiky 4” heels was sitting behind a desk, typing furiously into a word processor. She looked up and smiled. “Please take a seat, Mr. Sheridan, I won’t keep you too long.” I assumed that she was Mrs. Williams’ private secretary and that the woman herself must be busy elsewhere. I couldn’t have been more wrong.

Five minutes later she stood up and said, “Sorry to keep you waiting Mr. Sheridan. My secretary is on vacation at the moment and it just seems easier to do things myself than to go to the hassle of training a temp. Let’s go along to the library; we won’t be disturbed there and I can give you my undivided attention.”

Mrs. Williams put down her coffee cup and carelessly crossed her long shapely legs. Her short skirt rode up just enough to reveal a glimpse of her red satin French knickers. Her fluffy V-neck sweater also gave a hint of hidden treasures. Trying to make eye contact with her while we spoke was far from easy — too many distractions. From her amused expression, I could see that she understood my predicament.

“Mr. Sheridan, our mission here at Jordan Research is to turn average looking males into beautiful feminine women. Transsexuality is far more common than you may think due to public awareness and acceptance of this condition. More transsexuals are ‘coming out’ seeking help from the medical profession in the hope of putting right the grave error that nature made at birth. By this I mean that transsexuals genuinely believe that they have been born the wrong sex. Imagine the pain, despair and anguish of having to live every day of your life in the body of the opposite sex ... the wrong sex, trying to conform, not to show your true feelings, your life a living nightmare. Up to now, those brave enough to seek help faced spending the rest of their lives on female hormones, hormones that although feminizing, could not achieve total feminization, leaving the user in a kind of limbo where they are not longer male, but still not female.”

“We here at Jordan can now offer an alternative to this. Our new technique, which combines potent female hormones with female donor DNA, is revolutionary, to say the least. In a way I suppose it is like a living parasite, attaching itself to and destroying the body’s male hormones, spreading through the system growing stronger and stronger, permanently altering, changing. Earlier types of hormones needed to be taken daily for life. Our new strain can achieve total and permanent feminization in 18 to 24 months.”

I sat back and shook my head, confused. “So, why would I or any other normal guy volunteer to let you turn me into a woman? That is what you are asking, right?”

“Yes, exactly Mr. Sheridan. We appreciate that we are asking a lot, that is why the rewards that we offer are so great. We would ensure that your stay here at Jordan is an enjoyable one. You will have your own private room with everything that you could wish for; use of the center’s gym and sports facilities, our own restaurant with a choice of dishes each day, or room service if you prefer to eat



alone, new clothes supplied both before and after your feminization begins; all totally free of charge. We will pay you a small weekly salary of £100 per week. Not that there is much here for you to spend money on, I'm afraid. We will also pay you a generous cash lump sum at the end of your stay with us. We are not without contacts, Mr. Sheridan. We can offer help and advice in finding accommodation and employment in the area of your choice. Who knows, perhaps you may decide to stay on here at Jordan. After all, who better to have working for us than people who have first hand experience of the feminization process?"

"Do you have any of them working for your now?" I asked. "Yes, several. 75% of our 'female staff' are ex-volunteers. In fact, Sarah, our driver who collected you from the railway station, decided to stay on, preferring the peace and tranquillity of life at Jordan to the battlefield of life at home with her family." "No way!" I shouted, rising from my chair. "No way is Sarah male!"

"Not anymore, Mr. Sheridan, you are right, but I can assure you that she *used* to be male. In fact, I have some before, during and after photographs of Sarah, if you would care to see them ... they are quite remarkable."

I shook my head, slumping back down in my chair in defeat. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Williams, but I just couldn't do it, not for a million dollars! I'd freak out at having to spend 24 hours as a woman, let alone 24 months!"

"Nine months ago I would have said exactly the same thing myself, but you'd be surprised at just how quickly the human mind can adapt, even to changing gender. Don't look so surprised, Mr. Sheridan. You see, nine months ago, I was facing a dilemma. Do I test a potentially dangerous new form of female hormone on an unsuspecting guinea pig, or do I test it on myself? The answer was obvious. I've been trying to find a way back but so far without any real success. The new strain of hormones is just too strong, changing not just the body but the mind as well. You soon find yourself content, comfortable in your new role as a female. Pretty soon you loose the urge to fight."

"How on earth could you do something like this to yourself? It's disgusting. Please don't tell me that you did it in the name of science! You can forget about my help. I'm outta here!" As I reached the door, Mrs. Williams said, "Don't be too hasty, Mr. Sheridan. The only reason that you are here is because you are desperate with nowhere else to go."

I turned back from the door, puzzled. "There's no need to look so surprised. You are still front page news. Who knows when the police or the Triads will catch up with you? A few days, perhaps a couple of weeks?" She was right of course, but I couldn't stay here ... or could I? "Please rest assured, Mr. Sheridan, that your secret is safe with me. I would urge you though to give my offer some serious thought. You could disappear completely; it would be the ultimate disguise. What do you say?"

My room was on the second floor, with a view across the front grounds. In the distance, the A3 light trails marked the passage of fast-moving vehicles. Sighing, I drew the heavy drapes closed across the window. I surveyed the room, decorated in shades of pastel pink. It was obviously intended for a woman from its frilly bed-

spread to the dolls and cuddly toys that were scattered around the room. A large vanity table dominated one wall, its white surface littered with make-up, hair-brushes and a small jewelry box.

Opening the double doors to a large walk-in closet, I was greeted by a vast array of skirts, dresses, tops and sweaters. Two long shelves were lined with shoes in various styles and heel heights. A built-in chest of drawers was home to an assortment of feminine frillys, panties, bras, suspender belts, basques, stockings, tights and nightwear. There were even items that I couldn't name amongst them! Were all of these beautiful, feminine clothes really intended for me? I shuddered involuntarily at the thought.

Tomorrow was to be a big day for me. At 8 AM I was due to receive my first injections of female hormones. I was scared stiff, absolutely terrified. I had made it very clear to Mrs. Williams that I refused to wear women's clothes. Well, at least until I was able to wear them convincingly. The last thing I wanted was to look like some limp-wristed drag queen. To my surprise, she agreed.

"You'll be dressing as a woman before you know it. You won't have a choice in the matter, believe me. From tomorrow morning you will be in the capable hands of Jordan's leading gender technician, Elaine Richards, and yes, before you ask, she is a natural female!"

I selected a movie on DVD from a selection of twenty or so that had been left in my room. "The Crow" starring Brandon Lee, son of legendary martial artist Bruce Lee, father and son both now dead, both in mysterious circumstances. "The Crow" was a cult movie. I must have been to see it at least a half-dozen times, but tonight I just couldn't concentrate ... not surprising really. I sat in front of the television, not really taking in the moving images that flashed across the screen.

## CHANGING

After a restless night's sleep, morning arrived too soon. Reluctantly, I got up, took a shower, had a shave and slipped on the loose-fitting white gown with the "Jordan Research" logo on its upper pocket. At exactly 7:45 AM, I was startled by a knock at the door, even though I had been expecting it. I opened the door to find Terri, my guide from the previous day. She smiled and said, "Don't look so worried, Mr. Sheridan, everything will be fine." "Please call me Jimmy and forgive me if I'm not convinced, won't you?"

Several minutes later I was being shown into treatment room "A". Its décor was tasteful and the lights subdued. "Spring" from Vivaldi's The Four Seasons was coming from hidden speakers in the ceiling. Three women, none wearing the hospital whites I'd expected, were present. One was busy filling hypodermic needles from small glass bottles, which she then laid out on a stainless steel tray. Terri approached one of the women and spoke quietly to her, both then looked over in my direction.

The woman crossed the room towards me. I shook her offered hand; her grip was firm. She said, "Hello Jimmy. I'm Doctor Richards, but please call me Elaine. I shall be looking after you personally from this moment on so if you have any questions, any at all, please do not hesitate to ask. In a moment we will begin your course of treatment with three injections." "Is that all?" I asked, feeling relieved. "Yes dear, you'll be back in your room in under an hour. You may feel a little sore from the injections for a few hours. You may also feel some nausea but this will soon pass."

I climbed up on the table and lay down as instructed. Elaine explained, "Our female hormones are totally unique. Once administered, they attach themselves to specific organs where they grow stronger, spreading. The injections are given with pinpoint accuracy, achieving the required feminization very quickly.

"Injection One will feminize your face and hair, vitally important if others are to see and accept you as female. After weekly injections for a period of eight to fourteen months, your face will be unmistakably feminine, your hair long, full of body and shine. At this stage, it is doubtful that could ever pass as male again.

"Injection Two will quickly stimulate breast growth. You will also find your waist becoming narrow, your hips wider, your thighs and butt more rounded, your legs will grow shapely, while your arms will lose their muscle tone, becoming soft and thin like a woman's.

"Injection Three, to put it bluntly, will rob you of your manhood. You will no longer be able to get an erection and your body will cease to produce the male hormone, testosterone. You will look and feel less and less like a man as the weeks pass. Your sex drive will quickly decline, as will your sexual attraction to women. At this point, you will be questioning your own sexuality. After all, your system will be flooded with female hormones. You will be experiencing female moods and emotions. Your gestures and mannerisms will also be changing, becoming those of a woman. You will be finding it more and more difficult to resist the urge to wear your long hair in a woman's style or experiment with make-up and women's clothes. It won't be easy, the urges will be so strong."

Later, back in my room, I lay on the bed and tried my best to sleep. Why hadn't I changed my mind when there was still time, walked out, taken my chances back in London? Instead, I lay quiet and unmoving as the injections pumped their feminizing contents into me. Now I felt degraded, defiled, but above all else, I felt ashamed, almost as if I had betrayed my own sex.

In the morning, I awoke to the sound of birdsong. Opening my eyes, I squinted against the rays of Spring sunshine that fell across my bed, as I remembered yesterday's injections. I threw back the covers in panic, half-expecting my transformation from man to woman to have begun. Jumping out of bed, I crossed the room to the vanity table. Standing before its large triple mirrors, I carefully examined my reflection. After several long minutes, I stepped back, breathing a sigh of relief. Nothing had changed, at least nothing that I could see. Hey! Perhaps I was immune to the stuff they were pumping into me? I know it was a long shot but you never know.

It was just after 8 AM when I ventured downstairs to the dining room. It was all but deserted. Three women, all obviously members of staff from the way they were dressed, were sitting at one end of the room, talking quietly. At the other end of the room sat Sarah. I approached her table cautiously, carrying my breakfast tray with its bowl of corn flakes, "Excuse me, do you mind if I join you?" Sarah smiled and shook her head. "I hope you don't mind, its just, well, I don't really know anyone else here."

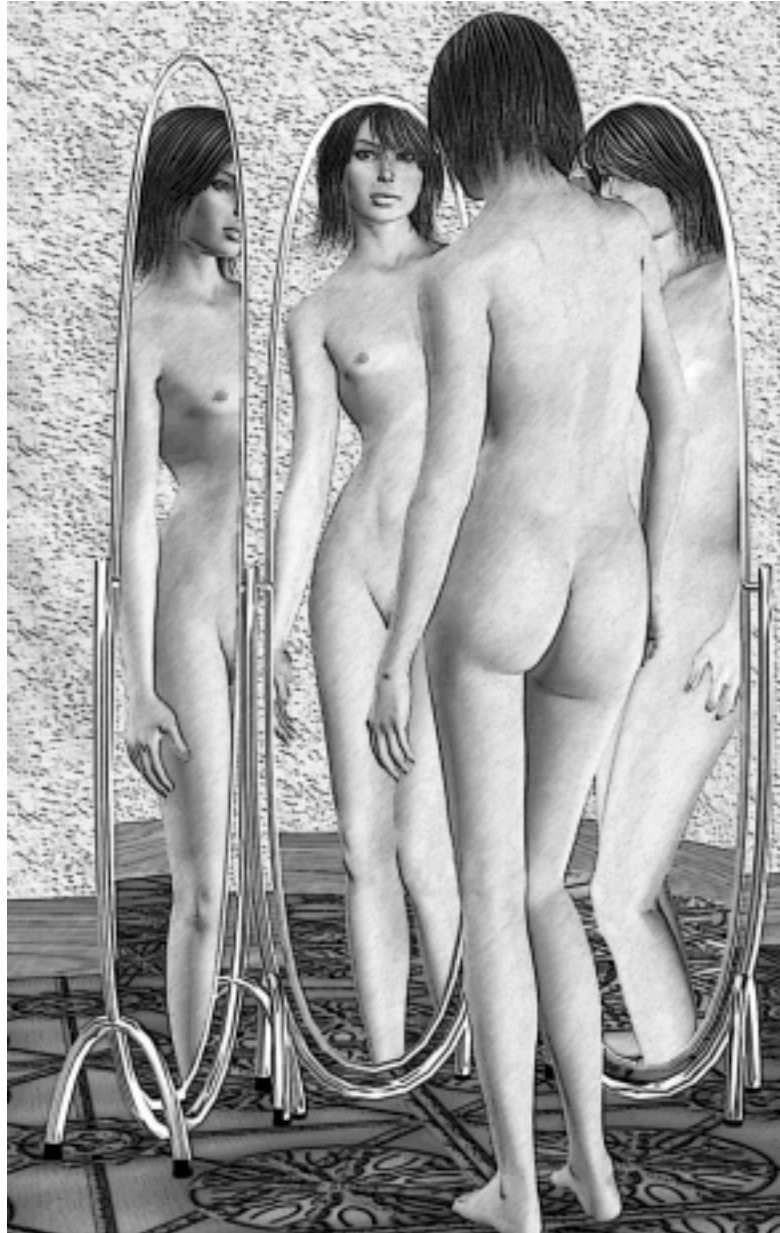
Sarah, indicating the navy blue Jordan jogging suit that I was wearing, said, "I take it that you decided to go ahead with the treatment then? It's just that when I first met you, I felt sure that you would turn them down, laugh in their faces. I guess I was wrong. Anyhow, its none of my business, is it?"

"Look, lets just say that I didn't have a lot of choice in the matter."

Unconvinced, Sarah replied, "There's always a choice. Sadly, most of the time people tend to make the wrong ones."

"And does that include you?" I asked.

"Oh yes, very much so. Almost three years ago, I was one of Jordan's earliest volunteers. I wanted desperately to get away from my family, especially my Dad. He was always on my case because I wasn't good at sports like my two brothers, or because I didn't want to hand around on street corners with a gang, always in trouble with the police. He called me a sissy, told me I should have been a girl. The Jordan research advert was just the lifeline I needed. I left home and became the ultimate sissy just to spite my Dad. Now I really miss my male life. I never got to take my final exams. The plans I had for my career are also ruined, but worst of all was the realization that I was still a virgin. I never had sex with a girl. Now I couldn't perform as a male sexually if my life depended on it."



Her blue eyes filled with tears that began to spill down her smooth cheeks. I reached across the table and gently took her hand in mine. "Come on Sarah, please, everything will be all right."

"But that's just it, it won't ... things will never seem the same again. How could they? I'm a woman now and there is not a thing that I can do about it! At least you still have a chance Jimmy, but you need to get away now, before they have a chance to give you more injections or do anything else to you. That is, of course, unless you want to end up like me."

## ESCAPE

Sarah's words had chilled me to the bone. The simple answer to her question was no. I had no wish to end up like her. She was right, I had to get away. It was 2 AM when I left the security of my room on the second floor. I had no idea if I would be allowed to leave, and I had no intention of finding out.

I had "borrowed" a lightweight jacket and a pair of loafers earlier in the day. I put them on, making sure that my wallet was in the jacket's inside pocket. Switching out the lights, I cautiously opened the door an inch or two and peered out. The corridor was empty. Taking a deep breath, I stepped out, quietly closing the door behind me. Just for a moment I considered using the elevator but decided that the stairs would be safer.

Downstairs, the reception desk was unmanned. Faintly, I could hear voices, with one male voice raised in anger. I turned this way and that, trying to pinpoint their source, then glancing up, I found them ... a wall mounted television showing a late night movie. I almost laughed out loud in relief! Suddenly, strong arms seized me. I felt the sharp prick of a needle at the base of my neck. Whatever was in it began to work almost immediately. My struggles grew weaker, the strong arms supported me as my knees buckled beneath me. Just before I passed out, I heard a female voice say, "Take him to treatment room C. Hurry, Elaine Richards is waiting."

I came to slowly from my drug-induced state. As I tried to sit up, I found that I was secured to the bed by broad leather straps at my wrists and ankles. A female voice to my left said, "Careful Mr. Sheridan, we wouldn't want you to dislodge your I.V. line, how would we?"

I looked from the smiling face of Elaine Richards to the I.V. needle in my arm which was connected by a long thin plastic tube to a bag of clear liquid suspended above me on its metal stand.

"What are you doing to me?" I asked, my voice close to panic. "I suppose you could call it reeducation. You seemed confused. I thought that some intensive treatment might benefit you; clear away any doubts. We do this by flooding the system with pure estrogen. I have also arranged just for you a little injection con-

taining female hormones and donor female DNA which was taken from this young lady.” She held up a 10x8 color photograph. “Her name is Juliet Parker, she is nineteen years old and as you can see, stunningly beautiful. Jimmy, you will inherit her genetic fingerprint. Not only will you grow to look very much like her, you will also pick up many of her personality characteristics; her emotions, maybe even some memories.”

I stared at the photograph in a mixture of fascination and horror. She was stunning, to say the very least. Would I really look like her? It was difficult to imagine, she was just so pretty. I had to stop this before it was too late ... but how? It seemed hopeless.

The next four days were a blur to me. I received countless injections, and I was drip-fed five bags of pure estrogen. On the fifth day, I was taken back to my room. I felt as weak as a kitten and in no condition to fight.

Sometime later, Elaine arrived. She was carrying a small cardboard box ... a shoe box. She placed it on my bed, and reaching in, she took out a pair of black leather ankle strap shoes with four-inch stiletto heels. On seeing the puzzled look on my face, she explained, “These are little presents for you dear, insurance, you might say. We don’t want you running off again. Well, do we?” Before I fully realized what she was doing, Elaine had slipped the shoes onto my bare feet, fastening the ankle straps and securing them with two tiny metal padlocks.

“A word of warning Jimmy, don’t go trying to cut the straps off the shoes when I leave. The shoes are reinforced with titanium bands. Any attempt to remove the shoes will be frowned upon and rewarded with another course of hormone injections. Have an early night, Jimmy; we start again bright and early in the morning!”

When she left, I stood up and cautiously made my way around the room. After a shaky start, I soon learned the right way to walk in heels: head up, shoulders back and taking shorter ladylike steps. I was rally pleased with myself!

As the days turned into weeks, I began to wonder if I really could be immune to the female hormones. Surely if they were going to work, there would have been some changes by now, however minor. In some ways I was almost disappointed. I began to wonder what I would look like as a woman, especially in some of the beautiful dresses and separates that were in my closet. I put this down to natural curiosity and a vivid imagination, never thinking that it was the work of the potent female hormones that were now flowing through my body.

The daily injections continued until I began to feel like a pincushion. Wow! Had I rally been here for ten weeks? Elaine Richards was again concentrating on my face and hair. I winced as a needle sank deep into the fleshy area by my jawbone. “I still think that you are wasting your time,” I said. “It’s obvious that the hormones are not working. Why don’t you just admit defeat and let me go?”

“If only it were that simple, Jimmy. There have been many subtle changes in your appearance. You have probably overlooked most because they have been so gradual. Other changes have been blotted out because they are unacceptable to you. Besides, we at Jordan Research do not claim to feminize someone overnight.