

The Anniversary – Part 13

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Chapter 15.

Changes happened thick and thin after Roger dropped my cramped and near crippled body off at Anna's house (how sad was it that I had stopped even thinking of it as my house anymore?) the next morning. I had not slept a wink as every time I came even close to finding comfort in the terribly confined dog cage, the damned apparatus in my ass would start vibrating and slowly expanding as the small pump on the floor beside me forced compressed air in to it. Just when it felt like my ass would surely be torn asunder this time, the thing would quit, and with a breathy sigh, return to its smaller dimensions and so afford me some small degree of relief.

Anna even took pity on me when I near crawled over her threshold, and shot Roger some evil looks as she hustled me upstairs for a hot bath followed by an unheard of nap in my, previously the spare, bedroom.

Of course business was soon back to normal with endless abuse and humiliations heaped upon yours truly.

My attire remained pretty constant, what with the strange vacuum bra, 'complimented' with what seemed like hundreds of painful injections through the little pads, along with as many as twenty to my hips, clit (even I had stopped thinking of it as a penis) and testes, were wreaking their intended havoc on my once masculine frame. The fatty foods Ana so delighted in feeding me were somehow attracted directly to the areas where the injections were administered with the results that I was sporting an unmistakably feminine figure. My breasts were now a definite B cup, a fact made worse by the push up bras Anna insisted I wear, and were further accentuated by the wretched corsets I was compressed into every day that had served to reduce my waistline by six inches to a frightening twenty three inches. Worse still was Anna's stated goal of getting it down to twenty one inches, which with my widening hips would be a killer figure on anyone seeking such wanton femininity.

But this was all to fade to nigh on insignificance with the entrance of Doctor Shankar into my life. To see Doctor Shankar was to loath him, for he was everything any woman would hate in a man; a wonton sexist pig with little care for personal hygiene, and hands that knew no bounds when it came to blatantly groping and feeling up an unresponsive female subject. Where Anna found Doctor Shankar I will never know, but find the loathsome pig she did.

What made matters even worse was that Doctor Shankar was an unlicensed practitioner of cosmetic surgery, and so was charged with the latest stages of my transformation from happy male to miserable female sex slave. The fact that I was still blatantly of the 'male persuasion' mattered not one bit to the Doctor, and he treated me with the same disregard as any other poor woman unfortunate enough to cross his loathsome pass.

Anna avoided the worst of his attentions by giving me very explicit instructions, both verbal and written for the doc's attention, and dropping me off at the door, usually with a parting comment such as 'If I ever hear Doctor Shankar so not convinced you love every second spent in his company, then I'll ask Roger to take care of your punishment!' knowing how outright sadistic Roger could be made me damned sure to keep the 'good' doctor thoroughly inside.

And so, while sitting in his smelly lap as he manhandled by budding breasts, I cooed how "I would love to become his perfect woman" how I "wanted to give him free reign in how I turned out" from his surgery because "I loved a big hunking professional man like Doctor Shankar."

After what seemed like endless visits to his dingy offices, the day of my dreaded surgery arrived. Dressed in a manner I had learned most aroused the stinking sexist pig – i.e., that of a stereotypical little school girl, complete with my blonde hair in two beribboned pigtails, tight white blouse, short tartan pleated skirt, white frilly panties and matching ankle socks atop four inch black patent leather Mary Janes.

Having been instructed to hand over control of the forthcoming surgery to Doctor Shankar, I had no idea what was in store for me as I drifted out of consciousness with the doctor sucking hard upon my right nipple.

Several hours later I awoke to find Anna, Doctor Shankar and Roger (with Roger strategically positioned between the first two) grinning inanely down on me as I stumbled back in to consciousness. Pretty quickly I became aware of quite some pain emanating from my face, throat, chest and hips and investigation only revealed many tightly wrapped bandages.

For thirteen days I lay in that tiny room secured to the bed by four leather straps affixed to my ankles and wrists. It became so unbelievably boring that I almost welcomed Doctor Shankar's twice daily visits... almost.

On the fourteenth day I was permitted to rise from my bed and, once more suitably blindfolded (as I had been for all the infrequent dressing changes and too intimate inspections by Doctor Shankar) I was led on unsteady feet to the doctors waiting room where Anna, Roger, Koby and a few other 'acquaintances' awaited my unveiling.

As I stood before the seated assembly, affront a full length mirror and the bandages slowly came off, it is hard to say who was the most surprised... but then again, it had to be me, for it was my body these terrible liberties had been inflicted upon.

For grave liberties they were indeed. The doctor may have been one of the most repugnant individuals I had ever had the misfortune to encounter, but there could be no doubting his skill with the scalpel. For gone was Alan Jones, gone was the once proud and content male, gone too was the obviously artificial she-male I had been forced become. In his/her/it's stead stood an unmistakably woman, complete in each and every details save that of the pathetic female hormone ravaged penis that hung uselessly between my legs; more reminiscent of an overtly feminine oversized clitoris than once average sized male appendage.

Other than that, dare even I say small detail, before me stood an as thoroughly, nay brazenly, example of female power as I have ever cast my eyes upon. From the still tightly permed platinum tresses, past the electrolysis shaped and tattoo highlighted eyes, to the now collagen filled lips resplendent with their dark red tattoo lining.

But the single most impressive, totally unavoidable, most prominent modification had to be the two massive globes of flesh that stood unnaturally jutting forth from my once flat and even slightly hairy masculine chest. They had to be at least DD in magnitude, and were topped by two equally jutting nipples surrounded by three inch diameter areolas. With my much reduced waist and now augmented hips jutting wide from my golden tanned hips I had a figure one could only describe as pure, wanton, sex machine woman.

I involuntarily let out a small cry, and so discovered the changes the evil doctor had made to my throat. Gone, I soon noticed, was any evidence of the quintessential male Adam's apple, and worse still was the throaty croak my now unquestionably feminine timbre voice.

"Do you like the new you Candy?" asked Anna with her usual evil glint of eye, "Have we made you the woman you always wanted to be?"

I could only sob anew as the realization that she had indeed made me the thoroughly whorish partner she's always somehow imagined, in her sick mind, that I'd somehow wanted to be.

Summoning, even by her own sick standards, a smile of pure malice, Anna headed towards the door with a flip “Well my dear Candy, I guess it’s time for you work out how you’re to repay the good Doctor here, so we’ll leave you here for now, and collect you a week today. Have fun, and remember to tip him heavily!”

‘What?’ I looked at the departing party in sheer horror as I realized they were going to leave me, penniless and defenseless, with the foul Doctor Shankar, a man so obviously sexually depraved as any inhabitant of any jail in any land. Finally seeing his chance, the foul smelling doctor was upon me in a flash, his talented hands exploring and enjoying every inch of his latest creation.

Over the next seven days I was to discover Doctor Shankar was man of many talents, none of which I could ever enjoy, but that’s a story for another time dear reader!

End of part thirteen, to be continued...

Please send your comments to candy.runt@yahoo.com I will try to answer them all.

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