A Special Kind of Revenge

A Short Story

By Maryanne Peters

It never ceases to amaze me that there is such a demand for my services – my very specific services. This particular client may have you believe that I cater for those who seek revenge, but I would suggest that most of my clients have more admirable motives. They may wish to eliminate male-oriented bad behaviour, or simply prefer that a family member be female rather than male, or they may even see some subconscious or suppressed desire that needs something stronger than suggestion to be brought to a proper fruition.

Compulsion is not a word that I like, but it is stronger than suggestion, or even persuasion. But however we phrase it, modern medicine and pharmacology has given us so many operative tools that can effect a change of character, in particular in impressionable young men.

But the canvas is not blank, and it needs to be. There is work to be done to scrape off or even dig out, the deep-seated male traits before feminization can begin. Whitewashing will not do. That is just on the surface. There must be neutralization, or neutering would be a better term. The starting point must be castration. And while you are at it, penectomy and vaginoplasty mean you do not have to go back for a second surgery. All surgery is expensive and inherently dangerous. Go in once and do the lot.

I am sure there are those who think that the complete sex-change should be kept until last, but in my experience, it is better to dispose of the key obstructions as soon as possible. Breasts and hair need time to grow. Skin condition too, needs months to achieve the optimum state. But even substantial genital surgery can heal quickly if done properly, and the finality of it does wonders in eliminating the prospect of walking back the changes that must be made. And breasts, hair and skin improve so much more, and more quickly, in the absence of male chemistry.

I recall this particular client because they were two brothers quite close in age. In many ways I prefer handling enforced transitions in groups of two or three, so that candidates can be witness to the changes in others as well as themselves. It helps them to face the reality sooner. If there is to be any angst, it can be shared. A realization of inevitability by one, will assist in acceptance by the others. In short, paired or grouped subjects can work well.

It is not the first time I have had brothers too. Only a year or so ago a mother sent me her two very unpleasant sons and was happy to get two delightful daughters back six months later – or was it an aunt and her nephews? No matter.

These boys were certainly a nasty pair. Even after surgery I needed to resort to heavy doses of drugs to keep them calm and placid. That is not something I like to do. I prefer those who tend to come to the recognition of their new status as quickly as possible, and drugs do not assist with that. As I have said, they need to face the new reality. They are no longer men. They have the bodies and chemistry of the female sex, and they can live with it or choose another fate.

It may sound cruel, but for some death seems preferable. Still, all surgery has risks.

I consider such women – for that is what they are – to be very sad and foolish. But depression is hard to treat, and stupidity virtually incurable. All I can do is to point out to the newly converted, that life is a wonderful thing, but life as a woman is even better.

I should know, you see. I was a man once. A truly horrid experience.

But returning to this young pair of brothers: In that case my client was not relative but apparently a schoolmate of the subjects. He was a rather intense young man, of doubtless intellect but a clear inferiority complex. The victim of bullying by the brothers in question, is my guess.

But his psyche is of no concern to me so long as his funding is adequate. Apparently, he had success in some high-tech field, and although still very young, he had amassed a tidy fortune. He paid in advance. I was to deliver to him, the two sisters, anatomically correct, pretty if possible, weak as kittens, naked on a bed in a cottage he had hired to receive them. And that is exactly what I did.

I seldom stop to think about what might become of my patients (as I prefer to call them) once they have been delivered. But I must confess, I have wondered if my client might have bitten more than he can choose with those two. You see, they are a spirited pair, and while they might feign shock at his first contact, I can assure you that they understand their new bodies and exactly what they can do. I suspect that a slight young man might be quickly exhausted by these two young women.

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