The Surgeon

A Short Story

By Maryanne Peters

I know that I have an affliction. I am, after all, a man of science. A physician. A surgeon, and a good one. I know that my urges are abnormal, even aberrant. But urges, by their very nature, do not allow for control by logic.

That is not to say that one cannot seek to analyze the causes of such powerful impulses. Of course, it may be some deep seated distrust of other men, combined with a desire to dominate and humiliate them. But I do not see it that way. For me it is not about putting men down but bringing forth the hidden woman. I do not see her in every man, but when I do, I feel the compulsion to free her.

I became a surgeon to help the afflicted. What doctor with a conscience cannot want to help a woman cloaked in the unnatural body of a man? It is just that not everybody can see the woman inside, and hear the unspoken calls from within – the cry to be rid of the obnoxious male skin. I have that skill, that ability. I consider myself a special kind of diagnostician – a finder of feminine consciousness.

The difficulty is that not all of these private patients of mine are fully understanding of their condition. Even post-correction they may not be fully understanding. Such people require ongoing patient care in my private facility. I have the resources to have been able to establish my own discrete clinic for these special patients.

I have, until recently, been reluctantly assisted by my wife, Kathryn. I met her at the hospital shortly after I advanced to senior surgeon. She was not a very good nurse, but she was very pretty. I have always valued prettiness in a woman, or anyone for that matter.

The world should be a more pretty place. As a physician I get to see life in all its ugliness. Tumors, lesions, boils – gross disfigurements of all kinds. I can only bear it if I think of the pretty things – the sweep of a brow over a bright blue eye, a shiny curl above a smooth neck, the perfect orb of a young female breast, the vulva … tidy, pink, inviting.

I am partial to plunging my member into a vagina from time to time, but I do not worship my own genitals as some men do. Frankly, I find them unattractive. I find all male genitals unattractive, but I find male genitals on a pretty woman, disgusting. I consider it my mission and duty to remove them. Remove them and make her whole.

Anyway, my wife Kathryn was in many ways the model of what I was trying to achieve. Her stupidity was part of her charm. I have to say that I always thought that her naïve silliness and a lack of courage would ensure that she would never take her own life. I was wrong.

She had rambled on about the guilt of allowing me my small foibles. She said that she was living with a monster. That is very unfair. I am no monster. That woman had everything that she ever wanted. All I asked of her was occasional help with hair and makeup for the newly corrected women in my care.

When she killed herself, I would sigh and tell those who sympathized: “Depression is an awful disease and can often go undetected.” Especially when you are a busy surgeon, with a full practice during the day, and my own night practice.

My first liberated woman was Kylie, who had been cruelly called Keith at birth. I saw the woman in her, even though she did not. She may well have been the most beautiful – at least until now.

As with all of them, you cannot release women too close to home. I had to fetch Kylie from a distance to bring her here. Once my work had been done, I had every intention of returning her ‘to the wild’ as it were, but not in her hometown. Somewhere nearby where she could start afresh, with the body that fate had denied her.

Sadly, Kylie did not survive the procedures. I could put it down to medical misadventure, because she was my first and I was “feeling my way” a little, but I have reviewed my conduct and considered all aspects of the surgery. Sometimes adverse effects just happen. No matter how good the work.

Next there was Odette. I forget the name that she came with. She was a chef at a restaurant I visited in Atlanta. She came out to the table as I had posed a question about the *duxelles* on my *boeuf en croute*. I recognized immediately that this was a woman. I knew what I had to do.

I have to say that stalking this lady late at night was not really my style, but with proper planning it was easily effected. I had to drive her unconscious body all the way back to my clinic. She spent 19 weeks here.

She told me that I had done her a great injury, and that I was mistaken in my diagnosis, but I was completely confident. And I was right. After a while she realized who she was. Kathryn did a great job on preparing her for her life after my work was done.

The good news is that Odette is now free. Yes, I let her go. Do not think that does not happen to those successfully corrected. Of course I had to drug her again and drive her South for release. I gave her a new ID and bankcard with a little money, and I left her in a motel room in Florida.

Even better news is that I was able to complete a follow-up assessment at a distance. I googled her new identity less than a year later and I discovered that she was a partner in a successful restaurant in St. Petersburg FLA. There was a picture of her and the owner, a tall good-looking man, arm in arm, with the restaurant behind them.

If only I could visit that restaurant. But of course, she would recognize me. In my work it is essential that I remain incognito, even if that means missing out on the gratitude of my patients. It is not that which drives me. I am a physician driven by the need to cure the sick, mend the deformed.

But now I was encouraged. And my next case was another success.

Nora called herself Nathan when she came to fix my cable connections. But I knew. I could almost hear her screaming to get out of this body. Silent screams. Even though she was close to home I called her back after dark and put her to sleep, returning the vehicle to her home so that it could not be traced to me. It was weeks before the Police came to see me as her last appointment.

Once freed Nora became the prettiest little blonde girl, although a little inclined towards modest obesity. I gave her breast implants of some size, and for the first time I redistributed some fat onto her buttocks. She turned out the perfect little bundle of buxom.

She had a tendency to sulk, which is unfortunate because she had a wonderful smile. I told her that all that she needed to get on in the world was to work that smile. I am sure she did.

I drove her to Minnesota (a long trip) and left her in a motel there, with the ID and bankcard. I tried to follow her up, but I found no trace of her. However, I am confident that she will be very happy now that she is the person she was meant to be. I can imagine that she would make some Minnesotan a very happy man. I think of her as a housewife, perhaps on a farm, with her pretty blonde curls bouncing in a breeze, and an adoring husband at her feet. Sometimes medicine can be the most rewarding calling.

Then came the one I renamed Dolores. Dolly is a happy name, but Dolores is Latin for sorrowful. That is what she was. Kathryn killed herself because of Dolores. That woman could depress anybody.

She undoubtedly had the best body I had ever worked on. The laser depilation resulted in the most flawless complexion, she had shapely limbs and dainty hands and feet. She had enough male tissue from which to fashion a vagina of proper size, and I took time to work on her external genitalia to achieve something very close to a masterpiece. Her hairline was close to perfect, so no need for the scalp surgery that Odette needed and which I added a bit for Kylie and Nora. The throat just needed the vocal chords to be tightened, and the face – just a little off the brow.

But with all that work done, and with the first look in the mirror that would have left any other woman full of gratitude, she used that reconditioned voice box to scream like a banshee. There was no stopping her. Screaming or crying, or banging the walls with her hands or her head. Dolores. Full of sorrow.

Her death was a mercy. It was not my intention, but we physicians have a first duty to our patients, to do good and do no harm, and to relieve the pain of those who suffer.

And now there is you.

I know that you must be in some pain. The surgery has been major. But I can assure you that I know what I am doing. To be able to do this work single handed is (if I say so myself) truly remarkable. But I have discovered that if I split the operation into two or three parts, I can do it easily.

Yes, you have been anaesthetized three times, but as you were so sedated in between it may seem like a single short time. First, I removed the skin from your penis and preserved it a low temperature. I cut to keep the nerves to the tip of the penis and fashioned a clitoris and a urethra low in your groin. You will now pee totally naturally as you should – sitting down. You were then sedated for a day before I went in again with the skin I had prepared from the amputated member, to open you vaginal passage and line it, adding a piece of gut to make the entrance tight for your sexual partner to better enjoy you.

When the packing comes out I will let you explore your new anatomy with the array of tools that I have here, from “Little Richard” down here to “the Bronco” over here. There might be initial discomfort, but I can tell you that perseverance will pay dividends. Even Dolores had pleasure from it, despite her protests. It was a total shock to her.

I have added breasts of a size that you should enjoy. They are large enough to make you very desirable, but not so large that you will not be able to run down a beach in your bikini. Forgive me for re-distributing a little abdominal fat to add some softness and body to your rear end. The corset bandage will help to hold shape until everything settles.

As for your face, well you need time to heal. But I will tell you that I did my best work on that third surgery. I ground away your brow, pulled your scalp forward so that you have a very feminine hairline, I reduced the size of your nose and your chin and I have plumped up the lips. I am confident that you will be gorgeous.

Now, don’t try to talk. I have operated on your voice box. Any attempt to make a noise may destroy the delicate work that I have done and leave you mute. I will tell you when you can start to test it. I think that it will be a perfect female timbre, but I tend to err on the side of a higher pitch. Hopefully not squeaky, but that would not be so bad. Would it?

I have preserved all your hair and It has responded well to the hormone shots, so you can start work on styling that soon. I have colored it blonde. Unfortunately, without Kathryn you will need to be guided by video tutorials and the like, on hair and beauty matters. You will have the advantage of very good skin once it has healed. I have stripped it with a laser you see. Within a week or so you will have virgin skin without blemish, and skin that will stay hairless forever. You are indeed a very lucky woman.

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| Now you may not be ready to thank me just yet, but you will. You are going to be very attractive, and I am sure that you will attract the right kind of man. You may not be thinking about that now, but I have been very careful to preserve significant sensitivity in your sex organs. I can tell you that when you have a man between those smooth thighs of yours there will be no looking back. Instead you will be looking at the ceiling and blessing me and the work that I have done.  That is the only reward that I ask for. This is my gift to you. If I am right, then it is the gift that you have always prayed would be yours. The gift of womanhood.  The End  © Maryanne Peters 2019 | A person sitting posing for the camera  Description automatically generated |