

Only Saints Go To Heaven:  
**End Of Days**



**Dee Dee Perri**



A "New Woman" Novel



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# End of Days

**By Dee Dee Perri**

## Chapter 1

It was Saturday and Dr. Robert Marlow was working, which was nothing unusual. He'd been conducting short videoconferences since before dawn with various 'experts' back East and in Europe. Most of these experts were not of the faith, so he had been less than fully candid about his 'very unusual' patient. Was it possible for a patient to undergo an abrupt change in gender and sexual preference in a matter of hours? He wasn't getting substantial support for the notion, though one expert agreed the literature had a distinct 'environment' bias. That expert, a neuroscientist, unlike the others, was convinced that there was actual hard wiring, i.e., neurological structures, for both processes and that implied that learning was not as critical as the literature suggested, thus such an abrupt reversal was possible. And no, he knew of no clini-

cal evidence to support that hypothesis. Considering the probable locus of such hypothetical mechanisms, a stroke massive enough to affect both systems at the same time would, in all likelihood, prove fatal.

Bob wasn't getting very far on his quest and he hadn't even mentioned the obvious physical changes in 'Eve's' body, completed without any history of hormonal manipulation. At about ten o'clock he abandoned his office and headed for the cafeteria for a light brunch.

"Good morning, Phil, mind if I join you?"

The younger man smiled and waved him over. Dr. Philip Morgan was a visiting post-doc working in one of the research laboratories the Loma Linda campus supported. He was a Ph.D. in Comparative Neuroscience and a Mormon.

They chatted for some minutes and Dr. Marlow mentioned his former patient, Paul Wright, though not by name. Soon he was describing what had happened to the young Saint in far more detail than he'd provided the experts he'd been in conference with. Phil was guiding Bob Marlow's presentation with precisely the right questions. Finally, Bob stopped and looked at the younger man, "You know something, don't you?"

"Sheepshead, a large deep-water marine organism."

Dr. Marlow shrugged, "I know something of that, true. A fish able to change sex, right?"

Phil smiled. "And rather rapidly, I might add. A morphological transformation that can be completed in just minutes. And there is no question as to changes in its sexual object choice." He laughed, "How one would determine 'gender' in a fish is up for grabs; that's more of a human psychological concept, I should think."

"But my patient was human."

“Actually Bob, I can think of several dozen species that can rapidly change sex under the right circumstance, and they’re not all bony fish.”

“What are you saying, exactly?”

“Well for starters, the phenomenon is clearly not impossible which is a pretty important conceptual point to be made. Second, the human genome carries an awfully large amount of so-called ‘junk’ code that isn’t typically utilized. What I’m suggesting is that the DNA mechanism for a sex-change could reside, more or less intact, in the mammalian genome... in humans.”

“That seems like a pretty farfetched idea.”

“Speculative, yes, but the ability to switch sexes when the conditions are appropriate, is not just a model but a well-established fact.”

“I’ve never heard of such a case, have you? In humans, I mean.”

“Doesn’t mean that it hasn’t happened before in human history. One can think of lots of reasons why such an event might not be reported and there are numerous stories in mythology involving an involuntary change of sex. Perhaps these *are* the missing cases. My guess is that for most individuals, there is some key component missing in their DNA. Anyhow, it is certain that a lot of the ‘junk’ DNA we carry around inside us extends back to our bony fish-like ancestors. I read an article in Science suggesting that mammals have the potential, in terms of DNA, for growing functional gills. Changing the heart-lung system into a heart-gill system would be truly complex indeed, so changing the sexual morphology of an individual would be, in comparison, relatively simple.”

“Seriously?”

The younger man nodded, "The right combination of RNA..."

"And the trigger? Hormonal?" asked Dr. Marlow.

"Unlikely, hormones are too large and require receptors on the cell membrane to function and, most significantly, would also require a pre-existing cellular response system, so no. I think an enzyme that actually enters the cell and can communicate directly with the existing DNA would be more likely. We'd be looking for an enzyme not normally generated by a mammal."

Dr. Marlow was excited, "An alien, non-mammalian enzyme? And you could identify such an agent?"

The younger man laughed, "Whoa. Not me. Perhaps a molecular biochemist but they would have to be at the top of their game, OK? It would be like looking for a needle in a very large haystack. The agent would have to be small enough to readily pass through the cell membrane and complex enough to interact with potentially hundreds or even thousands of DNA sites. It wouldn't be carrying a 'kick-me' sign, either. You have any idea how many potential enzymes there are in the human body? And how few have been identified, let alone properly analyzed?"

"You're saying it would be difficult."

"Yeah, not impossible but really, really difficult."

Dr. Marlow jumped up out of his chair, "You have been a great help, Phil. I can't tell you how much. Who would you recommend?"

"Sorry, I haven't the faintest idea, Bob. I'd start with the comparative literature. Someone working with, say, parrotfish?"

"Come again?"

"Parrotfish. They are small and rather easy to maintain in the laboratory. The Sheepshead, well, they are large

and very expensive to maintain. They need an unimaginable amount of space to function properly, so if there is any experimental laboratory literature, it would most likely be with one of the smaller species."

As Dr. Marlow was walking back to his office in deep thought, he received a call on his cell phone. The caller was obviously agitated, stressed out, as was all too evident by the sound of his voice. Finally Bob interrupted the man, "And who exactly am I talking to?"

Bob stopped and all but came to attention; the speaker was the private secretary to the President of the Mormon Church. In a less demanding voice, he replied, "How can I be of service to his Holiness?"

He mostly listened, then, finally, replied. "I most surely will contact your office if Mr. Wright's presence is discovered." He ended the connection and stood there perplexed. Mr. Paul Wright, otherwise known as 'Eve' the sodomite, had disappeared. She had been removed from the custody of the Gentile authorities in Palm Springs by someone unknown. The Church leadership was going bonkers. He wondered why Eve had been in Palm Springs in the first place. Two nights earlier she'd been flown directly to Utah in the First Presidency's jet; at least that was what he had been told. Obviously matters were far more complex than he'd realized.

Then he remembered the untimely death of the Second Counselor, Mr. Thorn... in Palm Springs, wasn't it? Had Mr. Thorn been on the plane with Eve? That was not a connection he wanted to make.



Jim, thirty-five years of age, was in charge of the volunteer detail that formed the day security for the appar-

ently abandoned Latter Day Saints Community Center. Things had gone from bad to worse. The day promised to be very hot, hotter than usual for Pasadena, even by August standards. The temperature had already reached one hundred degrees and it wasn't even noon yet. The weather report he heard on the radio said it could break a hundred and fifteen, which would be a record for Pasadena. Just after ten o'clock he'd received a call that the night detail had been ordered to the desert, Palm Springs no less. In this heat, he was sure glad he wasn't on *that* assignment. His crew didn't take it very well, especially Franklin, when Jim told them that they wouldn't be relieved at three o'clock as planned.

Finally, about eleven o'clock and after a second phone call, Jim announced that they were working a double shift and might not be relieved until after midnight, making this an eighteen-hour shift. The five young Saints howled, especially Franklin who seemed oddly fixated on the need to get back to his wife. Finally, Jim shouted down their complaints: "Guys, none of us like this, OK? But we are here for the Church." He didn't need to add any more; this wasn't a job, it was a duty.

It was Josh, the smallest and youngest of his detail, who voiced the complaint they were all feeling. "It doesn't seem right that we're stuck out here. In this heat a guy could die." He looked around to make sure the others agreed, "Gosh Jim, its air-conditioned inside. Why are we outside?"

Jim didn't know except he'd been instructed to maintain the watch on the grounds and to not linger inside the facility. "You already know the answer to that," he said but it was no answer at all.

Franklin pushed past Josh and came all but nose-to-nose with Jim. The accountant had never been an impressive example of manhood, leastwise as far back as

Jim remembered. But he seemed different today, more self-assured to be say the least. When he spoke, there was a commanding tone just under the surface and he seemed to be competing for command of this group. While Jim was nearly a head taller, he stepped back as Franklin pushed into Jim's personal space.

"It's a bunch of hooley, we all know that. Look, we all go in to use the restroom, even you, Jim. And we get water and spend a few minutes out of the sun in the kitchen. I mean it's not like we don't go inside already." Some voices growled their approval.

Jim's instructions had been firm and clear: keep the crew out of the building. Why? Unexplained. On the other hand, he had been allowing them to visit the head inside, that was unavoidable, right? He tried to match Franklin's glare with one of his own, but he couldn't. Finally he conceded, "OK, the kitchen and the restroom but nothing more. Stay out of the rest of the..." He was talking to himself; the others were already at the rear door and soon disappeared inside. "Whatever," he mumbled as he hurried after the others. His authority had been bent but not broken, or so he believed.

Within minutes, the TV in the library was on. It would be like herding cats to keep them all in the kitchen. He walked over to the water dispenser in the kitchen. It was empty. He stood there holding a plastic cup in his hand.

"The Arrowhead dispenser in the hallway is nearly full."

He turned, "Thanks Josh."



James was all dressed up with no place to go. The bright yellow sundress of pure silk, with the short but full

skirt and the deep vee top that fully displayed her gorgeous cleavage, was a bit over the top for hanging out in Pine Creek. She was wearing matching yellow pantaloons, also silk, and matching shoes which had tiny spiked heels.



The heels at a mere inch, were still a challenge to walk in and yet, if Kathy were to become complete, even such minor tasks needed to be learned. So perhaps it was best that there was nowhere to go in Pine Creek on a hot August day.

When Sally sat out a small lunch, which she almost never did on a Saturday, James, who was still striving to become Kathy, knew that it was for her, that is for Mrs. Bone's pretend daughter. She gushed when the old woman returned from the kitchen, "Mother, you shouldn't have."

Mrs. Bone looked perplexed, then horrified as she looked down at her pretend daughter and that deep vee of her dress. She assembled herself as best as she could, but she was clearly unhappy.

"What?" squeaked Kathy. Much of the pleasure was gone from her voice. Mrs. Bone seemed angry at her for no apparent reason at all.

Mrs. Bone looked away, then up at the ceiling before turning and finally confronting exactly what was bothering her. "That is... a bit too much of yourself, um... exposed, my dear."

"Mother," snapped Kathy but then she grinned wickedly, "you said yourself that I have attractive breasts."

The older woman sighed, "Yes, but they are meant for less um, public display, child."

"Um," began Kathy, "like for my future husband, perhaps?"

"Indeed."

What did this old woman really understand? Not enough to be sure. "Mother, I will likely never have a husband, at least not someone like your Mr. Bone."

Mrs. Bone raised an eyebrow, "And why is that?"

“Because... I have a penis.”

The old woman looked sickened, “That’s not a proper topic to be had at the dinner table, young lady.”

James had actually been playing with the old woman but he had suddenly found that it was no longer fun or, to be honest, play. A great sadness had swept over him, an unexpected despair. “That’s the heart of the problem, isn’t it, Mrs. Bone? For all of this, I have a dick between my legs.” He was on the verge of tears now, they threatened to cascade down his cheeks for his vision was already blurry. “What man would want me?” He groaned, then got up and ran to his room, sobbing. The truth was, this was a terrible joke on him. Too female to be male and too male to be female. In between; half-man and half-woman. Before all this had happened, James had been satisfied living alone and being self-sufficient. Kathy on the other hand... Oh this wasn’t really a very good situation at all, there was simply too much James in Kathy and too much Kathy in James, she realized.

~oOo~

“Mark.”

“Yes, Eve?”

“I want to go out.”

“It’s awfully hot out there, almost a hundred and twenty. I don’t think so.”

Eve was wearing shorts, a T-shirt and nothing else. Her fine, slightly excessive, breasts wobbled uncontrollably as she crossed her arms. Her full lips compressed into a pout. “So? The car is air-conditioned; we could just drive around for a while. I’ve never been to Palm Springs, what’s it like?”

"I don't think that is a wise plan."

Now her anger flared, her eyes were literally glowing: "You said I wasn't a prisoner here. That... that you were here to serve me." She threw out her hands in disgust.

"Your Godliness..." he stammered but held his ground, "there are those that would do you harm. My Father's instructions..."

"So you *are* my jailer!" She stamped her foot in frustration, swept past Mark and headed for the front of the condo.

Mark grabbed her just before she got to the front door. His hand on her shoulder became a vice-like grip until she stopped. He felt her begin to shake. Then she turned and tucked her face against his chest. He held her protectively in his arms. "I'm sorry, your Godliness."

Her voice muffled, but audible: "You-hurt-me, my shoulder. That was mean."

He cooed, "I'm truly sorry, Eve, my bad."

She jerked her head up, her gaze holding his: "I do God's will, not that of your Father, Mark." She pulled free of his embrace. "I want proper clothes: shoes and something to cover my shaved head, a wig perhaps. Yes, a red one, I want long, beautiful, red tresses. And the dress and shoes, red as well. No, a red gown, fit for a princess. And then... I want to be seen, Mark. I want... the whole world to know God's love."

He was horrified, "That's... simply impossible. There are people out there, right now looking for you, dear, dear Eve."

Her eyes were flashing, "Then they shall find me, if God wills it. I walk in the very embrace of God, don't you understand? His breath flows across my cheeks and fills my lungs. It is His will and not my own that demands

this." She looked at Mark, "What are you waiting for? Go! Do God's bidding or remove yourself from *our* sight."

"Your Godliness," he said, backing away before turning and going out the door into the overwhelming heat. He stopped in the doorway. "Red, you said? It could take me a few hours..." He didn't bother finishing his statement; looking at her one last time, he closed the door behind himself.

Eve felt mollified and waited until she saw Mark's car back out of the drive way. A few moments later, now satisfied that she wasn't just a prisoner, she headed back toward the bedroom. A shower, perhaps, then she'd apply makeup if she could figure out how exactly that was done. She wanted to look as special as she felt.

Mark was on his cell phone as soon as he was out of her sight. "Father?" he said. "I can't control Eve. I need new instructions." Was she really a messenger sent from God or just a confused person with a grand notion of her significance in the wheel of life? In a tumble of words he related exactly what Eve had said regarding her 'purpose', adding details as was necessary. It became increasingly clear the more he explained her beliefs, like Sodomites in Heaven, that Eve wasn't God's messenger, or at least that was Hiram's—Mark's father's—take.

There was an obvious alternative explanation: Satan. As per his father's instructions, Mark never obtained the red wig or anything else Eve had demanded. Mark's father would contact those in authority charged with finding Eve. From there, well, it would be politics as usual. The elder Brown would land on his feet. As to his son, that was less certain. Had not Mark freely consorted with what must be the Devil's own creation? Well, perhaps not freely but surely he would be tainted.

The elder Brown had many sons, twenty-three at the last count, so even though Mark was his eldest, he could be readily replaced if that sad need became certain. There were advantages of multiple wives beyond the obvious. Sodomites in Heaven? Mark should have contacted him earlier, much earlier. No, surely he was tainted. Hiram ordered his son to return to Salt Lake City immediately. Others would take care of that monster.



Josh was due to get married, come next June. At twenty and not a college student, he wasn't too young for such responsibilities. As his mother frequently said, it wasn't like he was studying to be a doctor and he already had a good paying job with excellent prospects. There were good reasons against the outcome of marriage and children, for Josh was gay. He'd known that fact since the first stirrings of his sexuality. As a Mormon, such feelings were totally unacceptable. Coming out meant he would have been expelled not only from his church but from his extended family, from every social support that he had ever known or was likely to know. It was worse than that, to be sure. Were he merely attracted to males, he could have lived with that. Indeed he had, thus far, lived with that compulsion. Such desires were best savored only in his mind.

Josh prayed a lot but if his parents had ever heard his silent prayers, they, or at least his father, would have been horrified. Of course he knew that God knew; He certainly had to know, right? God knows everything. Almost every night Josh prayed that he'd wake up *female*. It was that hope that had kept her alive. Her. Even before her first sexual feeling, there had always been that certainty of his inner female nature. Her feminine inclinations, fully ex-

pressed as a toddler, had been squashed. Dolls and pretty clothes were never to be a part of his life, though she still had wanted it to be otherwise. She grew up as a pretend Saint, a secret known only to God and, perhaps, to Josh's mother.

It was ironic but within Church doctrine, there was an excellent reason for the terrible state she had found herself in; reincarnation is one of the touchstones of the faith. It was obvious that Josh had been female in the previous life and had been rewarded with a chance of Sainthood in the current life. Josh and her mother had actually discussed that possibility. She, Josh, must strive to succeed in her chance as a Saint, her only chance for heavenly grace. Josh understood the concept but that didn't mean that he agreed, his reincarnation as a male had obviously been premature.

Thus it came to pass as the sun set in the West, throwing golden flames through the LDS Community Center windows, that Josh's prayers were finally being answered. She, like the rest of the security crew, was afloat with Dr. Petra Ivonovich's enzyme-tainted water. It was only seven thirty-five, still too early for the full transition to take place but something was happening to her. Possibly it was Franklin who was accelerating the transition. He was in full bloom as a man. His unnatural smells had been dreadful earlier in the day, a coy, heavy unwashed stench. It had transmuted, or so it seemed to Josh, into an erotic signal that could not be ignored.

She was wearing a woody now; her willy, an unavoidable stigma of her Sainthood, would prove to be a serious embarrassment, assuming that she didn't leap into Franklin's arms first. Wouldn't that just be the end of everything? She was mesmerized by his broad shoulders and trim waist but that was nothing new. It was that urge that threatened to spring out of her control that was new.

When nobody was looking, she hurried out of the library, down the hall and headed upstairs for privacy. Someone called after her, but her need was urgent and unstoppable.

Breathless, she stopped in the restroom on the third floor in the dormitory section of the facility. In a moment she was inside a stall, the door closed and locked, her overalls down at her feet, as was her magic underwear. She began to stroke that woody feverishly even before she sat down, as she imagined being with Franklin. In spite of its extreme state, her penis would not, or could not, do what it had always done before, provided immediate release. The more she pounded it, the greater her need and the more vivid the mental images of her, now female, and Franklin.

In mid-stroke, a voice boomed and echoed in the restroom: "Darn it, Josh? What the heck are you doing up here anyway?"

"Franklin?" she yelped, her voice was all too shrill.

"Yeah, Jim sent me to bring you back. Finish whatever your doing and let's... um, go. Boss man's having kittens again. The pizza's arrived and it will not last long, if you know what I mean."

"Ah, Franklin?"

"Yes?"

"Um... er... something's happening to me." There was no fear in Josh's voice, awe perhaps, but not fear. There, sitting on the can with his prick in his hand, his prayers were finally being answered. How ignoble a setting but how perfectly sweet the context with Franklin but inches away, hovering like an expectant lover, or so she imagined. Josh stood up but did not pull up her underwear nor the overalls. Her willy was still at attention, as if refusing to go along with what was happening. Hardly surprising

considering her man-thingy had always been an unwelcome intruder in her life, so why should things be different now? She stepped out of her clothing, kicking it toward the back of the stall. She was radiant with expectations, as alive as she had ever been. It wasn't a closet she was coming out of but the symbolism was adequate.

"What?" Franklin walked over and pushed against the stall door but it was locked. "You need help?" It was at that moment that Josh's bloom of pheromones reached Franklin. His penis began to stiffen almost instantly, though he was as yet unaware of the fact.

Need help? That comment brought a lewd smile to Josh's lips. What flashed through her mind wasn't the kind of help Franklin was offering. "Um... no. No. Tell Jim I'll be right down, OK. I... I just need to be alone."

"You sure?"

There was a lot of things Josh was sure of and chasing Franklin away from her presence wasn't one of them. She was gripping plum-sized breasts now; her hips were sleeker, more rounded than they had ever been and a phantom vagina quivered in ready expectation. Those new breasts were elastic, yet firm, smooth and amazingly responsive, or was that but another illusion? Was this all in her head? Some kind of mental collapse in which her darkest desire were simply flooding to the surface? Her mind was in a whirlwind. While the possibilities were utterly infinite, cold reality offered other, less pleasant consequences. Shut up, send him away, she thought but her mouth rebelled.

"Uh, maybe not. Please stay? Um...Franklin, I don't know how to say this but I think I'm turning into a girl."

"No way."

"Way!" responded Josh as she unlatched the stall door and pulled it open. Already her breasts had grown to the

size of small oranges with randy, girl-like nipples that were hardening under Franklin's gaze. The look on Franklin's face said that he saw them as well. That fact alone left Josh breathless; it wasn't just in her mind after all.

Franklin was mesmerized and aflame with unholy desire, that erect penis between Josh's legs confirmed that such lust was perverse. Then their eyes met. She was lovely, realized Franklin, an Angel. It was like Cupid's arrow had hit his heart; of course it was nothing less than the impact of Josh's pheromones slamming into Franklin's olfactory bulb. Neural signals in turn flowed to his limbic system and organized into a response that his whole mid-brain could understand. Long before his cortex was alerted, he was already a bull in heat once again.

In an instant, her naked body was against his, their lips crushed together as they fought with their tongues for dominance only to have Josh readily yield. Josh's eyes opened wide as Franklin took complete possession of her body. She became but a willing willow in his powerful arms. "YES!" she yelled, "YES! YES!" It wasn't a nightmare but a dream come true.



"What the homo-FUCK is going on?" yelled Jim. Of course Jim, a good Mormon, almost never used the word fuck but under the conditions that existed at this moment, the word was the only one that made sense to use. He was standing there in the open doorway of one of the dorm rooms on the third floor as he watched Franklin having anal sex with a strange man. He didn't recognize Josh, not in that position and not with those impressive boobs wildly dancing with each thrust from his partner but the second penis was rather hard to ignore considering it was

at full mast. Franklin had taken him from behind in doggy style, his loins slapping against the other man's pert, round bottom.

Jim was horrified and, to be entirely honest, titillated. How could he not be? The pheromones that filled the air and entered his nose and the accompanying visual imagery had generated an instant erection. Like everyone else at the Center, he was also loaded with the enzyme. He staggered back, his masculinity already under attack, but he was unaware of that fact. His resolve to take charge, to do something, was already fleeing from his mind. That he thought of himself as the Alpha male had been under attack all day. Jim wasn't the man that he had been this morning nor could that illusion be maintained much longer. He turned and fled downstairs, though to be entirely honest, staying and joining the ongoing unnatural coupling had been a real possibility.

When Jim finally reached the hallway on the first floor, he heard a moan, then a shriek from the library. Already his legs weren't working just right, his hips had flared and reset the angle of his lower limbs. Tiny boobies jiggled under his overalls, the nipples of which were slashing across the rough cotton and protesting such treatment. He shoved the door open and there was Josh humping another unfamiliar large breasted fem-male while Al stood there watching the two of them going at it.

Jim and Al's eyes met. Neither were fully transformed. Both had breasts and more feminine features. Ironic, but Jim was further along in the transition. Within moments, Al and Jim intertwined as the other couple continued to fornicate in blind oblivion. And it was Al who reversed back into the rutting male as Jim continued his slide into femininity. But stranger things were still to come even as Jim became Al's willing Eve.



"Say Captain, what do you got for me tonight?"

Mick laughed, "It's still Lieutenant, but you know that you muck-raking-slimeball. News a little slow, huh? How about that heat today?"

"Old news. So anything interesting tonight? I hardly hear a peep on the police scanner."

"Not really. Unless you think a bunch of homos hanging out at the LDS building across from the PCC campus is news?"

The man winced, "Naw, not really."

"Didn't think so." Mick muttered as he watched the blogger slump away and head for the precinct door. It was a good thing that the night had been quiet. He needed all the cell space he could get. Five queers. It wasn't like they were breaking the law when the patrol arrived in response to a disturbance call. People like that were mostly pretty compliant to lawful requests. But that hadn't been the case. All five of them were of the 'fem' variety, with implants and all. But they'd attacked the officers who had arrived.

Mick was still working though the paperwork. It's not often that police officers are sexually assaulted by limp-wristed queers. It had required backup to be called in. Worse, one of his officers had certainly not behaved in an appropriate manner. Must have been drugs, Mick concluded. Anyhow, the queens were all safely locked in individual cells else they'd be fucking each other all night. Go figure. Some kind of sex drug probably. At his age, he could use a little of that. He grimaced and went back to the paperwork.



Dr. Ivonovich became aware that something of significance was happening down at the LDS Community Center when the first patrol car showed up. A few minutes later, still more cop cars flooded on to the site, lights flashing. He watched but could see nothing. Later, after the police left, he saw a naked figure emerge from the foliage from the rear of the property, back by the trash cans and such. At first he thought it was a girl, but when the creature turned and gave him a profile shot under the bright security lamp above the parking lot, his heart nearly stopped. That was a rigid penis between her legs, though that was all that was obviously male in structure, Well, that and the short nineteen-fifties hair cut. A Mormon Saint, a feminized youth.

It took little encouragement for him to guide his charge to his apartment. Far from bewildered, the creature seemed to be in a sexual frenzy, in heat. Petra's excitement was nearly as great as that of this boy-woman. His experiment had worked, or at least it seemed that it had. But Dr. Ivonovich was far from immune from the pheromones being emitted. He soon found himself a bit closer to his experiment than he had intended.

It was only late while his hand glided over and around those sweet contours that his suspicions were confirmed. "Josh."

The attractive she-male nodded even as she began to play with Dr. Ivonovich's penis.

"Were there others?"

"There were six of us. At first, only three became like this," she said, gripping a boob, then letting go. "Eventually there was only one that was still all male. It was Jim..." She stopped. "You don't know him so the name

doesn't matter, I guess. He changed when the cop tried to arrest him. Anyhow, they struggled on the floor and then... he was gone, you know, like the rest of us. Mr., can I stay here tonight? I got nowhere else to go." She deep throated the doctor before he could reply.

## Chapter 2

Eve was no longer in estrus, not that she had known that she ever was in estrus. Her special hold on the attentions of men was gone but that fact was lost on the team that came to collect her in Palm Springs. They were all female, the leadership of the Church having learned the hard way about the fallibility of its male members. By midnight and after a brief flight, she was housed in a secluded building near but not too near the BYU campus. Starting in the morning, extensive testing would be initiated: MRI's, detailed blood tests and the like, though she would interact only with females, given her well-deserved reputation. It was like closing the barn door after the horses had already fled, an unnecessary cause of her imprisonment. None of this was legal, of course, especially her imprisonment.

But the scientists and medical doctors would have to wait. More pressing Church matters were at hand. Using modern technology, the computer, the internet, and tactics perfected by the Gestapo, Eve was awakened at three in the morning after but a few hours of sleep. It was a time when people were particularly vulnerable aided by the sleep deprivation. It was with her before a large flat screen monitor that the inquisition began. She sat wide-eyed as the President introduced the members of the Quorum, one after the other. Each of the old men gave her a brittle, cold, stare before the camera moved to the next member. Then the questioning began.

At first, the questions were simple and direct. Ordinary things like her full name and such. Endless, meaningless questions, fired in rapid sequence. Some were obviously meant to trip her up, others were not questions at all but bold faced accusations. It was the Apostle Brown, Mark's father, who finally framed the question that would become the centerpiece for the rest of the morning: "When did you first accept Satan as your Lord and Master?"

Eve sat there, gaping in horror and misery. How could one answer such a question when any answer implied that she had done so? She could not answer that question, which only made the Quorum that much more aggressive. She finally cracked and began to blubber, saying over and over again, "Never." But they would not relent. Questions became statements, speculation became facts, or so it seemed to a very frightened and disoriented Eve. They were building a case as if their own words had come from her lips. It was insane.

It was about mid-morning when she screamed and tried to attack the flat screen monitor. It was only by extreme efforts that her guards had brought her under control, though she was emotionally wrecked and seemed quite unable or unwilling to cooperate further. The session ended.

Eve was in Hell. Her accusers were not looking for answers now but merely to confirm what they already believed. There was no room in their reality for a creature like Eve and no room in their theology for a Heaven filled with homosexuals.



That same Sunday morning, Petra and his new charge awoke and had a quiet breakfast together. Dr. Ivonovich was simply mystified at how well this young man had adjusted to his transformation. Had it been him, he would have been screaming out to the world that something terrible was wrong. So why was the boy taking all this so well? Petra had a hypothesis or rather several connected empirical concepts that could be invoked. One, the girl, it was impossible to think of her otherwise, was in *estrus*. That fact alone tended to focus her in a way that she might not be capable of otherwise. Several times in the middle of the night she had made a feeble attempt to leave, always after intercourse, always after she had climaxed. Those periods must have given her a brief reprieve from her sexual compulsion. There was nothing here that was unexpected based on his earlier research with mice.

As was the case with his mice, Josh's genitalia had not been altered and it was obvious from Petra's own reactions that the pheromones Josh put out were highly effective. That her secondary sexual characteristics were so dramatically female resolved an issue that he had long expected to be true; mice too had secondary sexual characteristics, they just were not readily apparent to the human observer.

For the first time in years, Petra felt at peace. Were he a younger man, this discovery would have compelled him to continue his work. But he was not a young man. To continue this line of investigation would require resources he would never command. And to be found out, especially now, that he had conducted this unlawful experiment, well, the consequences could be bleak indeed. No, he had resolution. That would have to be enough. He had

not destroyed his promising career for a failed hypothesis. And most of the men responsible for the untimely destruction of his career were either dead or rendered meaningless by time and the collapse of the USSR. There was no relevant peer group to whom he might appeal. It was done. He had closure.

So Petra turned his attentions back to his young charge, feeling, perhaps, a twinge of guilt, mixed with ample pheromones to be sure. He could certainly not admit that he had any understanding or prior knowledge of what actually happened to her, so there was no clear cut path to take. "Have you any plans of what you will do now?" Wide eyes became wider and anxiety seemed resident now in that gaze. He reached over and patted her on the arm, "No, I'm not asking you to leave, dear one. You may stay as long as you want, but... eventually..."

"I'm crazy, how could there be any other explanation, Petra? I keep waiting to wake up and all this will be but a nightmare."

"A nightmare?"

"Oh, gosh. I didn't mean it in that way, exactly. I mean since I've been here..." She reached over and took the doctor's hand, "you've been more than swell. I... I *do* care for you, very, very much."

"As I for you. You mind if I call you something other than Josh? I can't help but think of you as a real woman and Josh seems so out of place, wrong."

"You do?"

"So what will it be?"

"It doesn't matter. I'm yours to mold."

Perhaps she was right, realized Petra, she was potentially his to mold. Would that be so bad? All those years

he'd spent alone, without meaningful companionship. Was not last night charming? "Natasha."

"Cool, I guess."

"And we need to buy you some more appropriate clothes."

"Are you offering to take care of me? Oh, Petra, that's so... sweet."

"Natasha."

"Petra?"

"Oh, nothing, I was just testing out a theory."

"A theory?"

"Yes. But don't worry your pretty head about such matters." Yes, she could be highly malleable now. Her old memories, no longer consistent with her present, were now maladaptive at best; she needed a new identity much as a man in the desert dying of thirst needed water. There was no way of going back to the life she had had. The Mormons would never accept her as she was now. He realized that he needed to move, no, *they* needed to move. An apartment well away from the LDS Community Center was necessary. He jerked up to his feet, "Natasha, there is much to do and so little time. How about a trip to the beach, it will be much cooler there, huh?"

Moments later as he sat there, sipping from his coffee cup and listening to the sound of running water—Natasha was taking a shower—another problem came to mind. The enzyme was transient by nature. In a matter of a few days, it would be gone. He knew from the mouse research that the estrus condition was but a phase, it would end. And then what? Natasha, freed from her sexual compulsion, would she not become more restless, less pliant, certainly less willing as a lover? The physical modifications that had been imposed upon her body,

lacking hormonal support, would regress. The latter would be a slow process but almost a certainty. Natasha wasn't real, Josh would return eventually.

"Da," he concluded. That bright moment he'd felt had been but a false dawn. All thoughts about what promised to be a delightful afternoon and the beginning of a long, cherished relationship wilted under close inspection. Unless, of course, he continued to supply Natasha with the enzyme. But it would no longer be an experiment he could justify. It would be a selfish act and nothing more. He had the desire but not the right. He was not a monster.

He looked up as Natasha re-entered the kitchen wearing his bathrobe, her short hair still wet. "I'm sorry. There has been a change of plans. I think you should go home."

Natasha screamed. It cut to Petra's very soul but there was no other way. The guilt he'd felt before returned as a flood tide and he too started to cry. And then he admitted the truth. "Natasha, I am in love with you."

That caught her attention, like a club hitting her head. In the next instant, she was in his arms, tears streaming down her fair cheeks and warm, willing flesh pressed against his.

Maybe it wouldn't be so easy to terminate this relationship after all, he realized as he gave into his rising desire. Knowing the right thing to do wasn't precisely the same as doing the right thing.



James was wearing that same yellow dress he'd put on yesterday, the one that had given Mrs. Bone such grief because it exposed so much cleavage. He was also wearing those delightful yellow French spiked high heels and was just a bit wobbly as a consequence, as he crossed the

porch and thumbed the door bell. But it wasn't just the shoes that were responsible for his unsettled condition.

The door opened immediately, as if the person inside had been standing there all along and had merely waited for him to announce himself. It was Estella of course, the last of his father's wives. The third Mrs. Mugworthy, if one were keeping count. James' mother had died giving birth to him and the second Mrs. Mugworthy, the only person that James had ever known as 'mother', had died in a traffic accident a little more than two years earlier. He hardly knew the woman standing before him. She was probably not much more than ten years older than James and there wasn't the slightest flicker of motherhood inside her breast, for him or anyone, he suspected.

She just stood there with a mocking smile on her lips. She was a beauty, in part due to plastic surgery. Tall, nearly six feet in her four-inch heels, she towered over James. A widow but a few months after she'd married James' father, she'd claimed all but a minor part of the estate, and exercised some modest control over the small trust fund meant exclusively for James. He needed her signature. It was access to those funds that had prompted James to visit his 'step mother'. He was in debt of the worst kind, charge card debt, with interest rates at fourteen percent. His wild shopping spree buying women's clothing had been more than his academic income could readily resolve. Thank God he'd called last night. In spite of that mocking smile, she wasn't shocked. "Estella," he finally said as the silence had lengthened to the point of being uncomfortable.

"Oh, if your father were only alive to see this," she said as her mocking smile formed a more natural grin.

"Frankly, that's not an image I'd care to contemplate. Um, can I come in?"

"How thoughtless of me. Of course." She started to stand aside, then stopped. "I hope you don't mind, we're not alone."

James' eyes widened. He'd expected at least a private hearing. His shoulders slumped, "Whatever."

As he stepped inside, his step-mom called out, "K.G., my stepson is here."

Where Estella was a tall, elegant brunette, the woman that appeared before James, while nearly as tall, was anything but elegant. Casually attired, jeans and an old stained sweatshirt, hair cut almost as short as James' had been but with no attempt at a feminine presentation. The grey streaks that lined her dishwater blonde hair said that she was older than Estella. She reached out and pumped James' hand in a most manly manner before slipping an arm around Estella's waist as if to say 'mine'. "Pleased, I'm sure," she said with a hint of a New York accent.

"Um, yes," James murmured as his stepmother put her arm around her girlfriend's shoulder as if to confirm what was already obvious; they were a couple.

They unclenched and Estella waved toward the family room as she started heading toward the kitchen to make refreshments, leaving James and 'K.G.' standing there alone, together.

"Um, ah, what's K.G. stand for?"

"None of your business." The words were harsh but muted by the smile in the mannish woman's eyes. "A little easier coming out when you know you are not alone, huh?"

"So, you're gay."

"Does the Pope wear a beanie?" Then she laughed and slapped James on the shoulders like a traveling salesman or a man running for office might. It was obviously her

style. Everything about her screamed 'male', from the way she squared her shoulders to the swagger in her walk as she guided James to the family room. As they got there, K.G. patted James on the butt before leaving him to his own devices.

A few minutes later, James sat in an armchair while Estella and her lover cuddled together on the couch, James explained what he needed.

"Ten thousand?" Estella looked at James' chest, assuming that those breasts were at least partly responsible for his sudden need for cash. It wasn't her money and in another year or so, he wouldn't even need to come to her for what remained. On the other hand, his immediate need was a significant handle for her to grab. For what purpose, she hadn't decided. It would be foolish to sign the release without taking the time to consider what minor advantage she might gain. She neither said yes or no, letting the question hang unattended. "You haven't touched your martini," she said, attempting to change the subject.

It was a little early as far as James was concerned for any alcohol and, well, he wasn't partial to strong drinks in general. "About the money?"

"I need to give it some thought. You staying over tonight?"

"I hadn't planned on it, no."

"Well you should, if you can. Besides, I need my lawyer for the form and it is Sunday." It was a lie, but a small one. "K.G.?"

"I'd be delighted to get to know you better, James. We must have a lot in common, coming from opposite directions, hmm?" said K.G.

Before James could respond, Estella asked, "How long have you known that you had a woman inside or are you just gay and um... dressing like that gives you an edge?"

"You wouldn't believe me if I told you."

"Oh how mysterious, right, K.G.? You must tell Mummy everything."

He did as he had with Mrs. Bone but this time he held back the sordid details such as Moe and the UC Riverside professor. Estella seemed interested but K.G. was fascinated, to say the least.

It was later after another martini which had left James' lips numb, that he undressed in front of the two of them.

"Incredible," said Estella, "these aren't implants, I know implants." She looked at K.G. "It would take years and years of hormones and I saw James, what, less than three-four months earlier?"

He shrugged. "Something like that."

"And those hips," Estella added, "a fucking miracle."

"I want to know more about this Peerless guy." Added K.G.

"That makes two of us. You mind? I'd like to get dressed again."

"Sure, whatever. Hey, why don't we go out later? I know some people you might really like, kiddo."

"Sure, I guess. And the name is Kathy, OK? Just Kathy. As you can see, James is pretty much gone and 'kiddo' just doesn't wear right."

K.G. responded, "K.G. stands for Kathleen Glory," she laughed. "You asked earlier. Anyhow, you're welcome to it, Kathy, or both names if you want. Lord knows I don't want them."

It was late Sunday afternoon by the time Dr. Marlow returned to his office at the Loma Linda Medical Center. He was a bit out of breath, having run up four flights of stairs. Normally he would have taken the elevator but things were anything but *normal*. Dave met him just outside his office with a thick stack of folders under his arm and a worried expression on his brow. "You say three more? Three more Eves?"

"Looks that way and it may be the tip of the iceberg."

"Meaning?"

"Five were incarcerated by the local authorities, Pasadena again, Bob."

"You said five."

"Right, two disappeared before our people could get there, vanished."

"Don't tell me that they were all Saints."

"Sorry, all Saints. And all from the same parish, the same parish Eve came from."

"And two just took off?"

"That seems to be the case. It gets worse, one of the sodomites claims that there had been six of them at one point."

"Lord, this isn't a miracle but an epidemic, Dave. How is the First Presidency responding?"

"They haven't yet. I suspect that they are in shock. They now have the original Eve, if that is any consolation to them. But it's more likely that she is under the Quorum's care. The relationship between the First Presidency and the Quorum has never been worse, but you know that."

“There is something in that building or the surrounding grounds that is causing all of this. Lightning doesn’t strike twice at the same site, or at least not seven times. We need to get people over there and...”

“Well, I’m afraid that isn’t possible. Um, they have already issued instruction to have the building demolished as soon as the local contractor can put a crew together.”

“That’s... dumb, Dave.”

“I don’t think the Quorum would agree with you. They’ve already condemned the site. ‘Hell Mouth’ was the exact term they used. They set secular policy, not the Presidency.”

“We got to stop them.”

“What we have to do right now, Bob, is deal with three new ‘Eves’. As you remember, one Eve was no small assignment. And if the rest of the new sodomites are found, heck we’ll be looking off campus for secure facilities. And I don’t think the Motel 6 off the freeway will work.”

Bob hissed through his teeth in frustration. “Anything else?”

“One of the sodomites is quite the hairy brute, more like a female Neanderthal.”

Dr. Marlow rolled his eyes, “Great,” he sighed, “I’ll call my wife and tell her that I might not be coming home tonight.”



James was looking around wide-eyed; there had to be several hundred people inside this revamped warehouse. Small tables were scattered around almost at random, though at the opposite end of the facility there was a large

area set aside for dancing. There was music but no band and on the dance floor there was just about every combination of couples one could imagine. "Gosh, I never imagined there were so many gays in Claremont."

Estella tipped her head and spoke directly into her stepson's ear just loud enough to overcome the rather loud music. "Most of them don't think of themselves as gay, kiddo."

"Huh? Why not?"

"Gay used to be a derogatory term used by straights for people they found to be 'unpleasantly different'."

"Like queer?"

"Our community adopted the term as much for political purposes as not. We are all just different. Take K.G., for example. He is a male trapped in a female body so for practical purposes, K.G. is about as 'straight' as they come, a heterosexual's heterosexual, right, sweetheart?"

"If you say so", growled K.G.

"Me, I can swing both ways. Which gives me a lot of choices and..."

"You're Bi."

She rolled her eyes. "What? You want labels on everybody's chest? Bi, indeed! I'm actually very selective. Very few men or women appeal to me." She nodded her head toward K.G. "It isn't defined by physical traits. At least they are not as important as they are for K.G. here. Anyhow, you see that couple setting over there? Ordinary husband and wife, except they are into three-some sex, gender optional. And that hunk by the door? Married with a wife and a bunch of kids, has a thing for girls with dicks." She nudged James. "Maybe you should go over and..."

“Get real, Estella. It was hard enough when I was a guy to do something like that. I think it would be impossible for me now.”

“But you are interested?”

“Naw. He sounds creepy.”

“Seriously?”

James blushed, proving that he wasn't entirely serious or totally turned off. “I think I'm beginning to get your point. Human sexuality is way more complex than just making babies.”

“There you go, kiddo.”

“I'm not sure exactly what I am any more. Like, right after I changed, I was some kind of raving homo-slut. And my dick didn't really work, I mean it got hard but was kind of useless nonetheless. In a few days, I felt almost sexless but I still found men mildly attractive. Now my dick is working again, almost as good as new.”

“And do you find women attractive again?”

“I haven't had much of a chance to find out.”

“Most of the people here are female, well, more than half at least. I'm speaking biological plumbing and nothing more.”

“That is an interesting idea.”

“Yeah, kiddo. But don't get your panties in a knot just yet. A lot of the 'straight' lesbians here would throw a gear if they found that junk between your legs. Like K.G.” She laughed but K.G. didn't. “Kiddo, she suffers from penis envy in the worst way.”

K.G. stood up and glared down at Estella. “What, you don't believe me, K.G.?”

K.G.'s face had darkened as her features set into an aggressive mode. "I don't have to take shit like that." She stomped away.

"The truth always hurts, kiddo. Um... I think I need to go over and make nice-nice, nothing more fragile than a male ego, especially if the individual has female plumbing."

~oOo~

Franklin Carter was in hiding, in plain sight, but hiding nonetheless. He was home with his now pregnant wife, not that she or he knew she was pregnant. Ruth was a much stronger person than either Franklin or she had suspected. Shocked and terrified at what had happened to her husband, she hadn't run from the challenge but adapted to it. Her firm but steady resolve had been all that Franklin needed since the worst of his experience was over. It would be another day or so before sanity would fully return, the end of estrus. In the meantime he wasn't likely to have physical contact with a male and Ruth wasn't excessively affected by Franklin's pheromones. Ruth was the wrong sex for that to be a problem.

Sex had never been the primary basis of their marriage, at least not before the previous night, nor was it likely a factor when her husband came home that Sunday morning. She recognized him in spite of the massive feminization he had undergone. Like all of Dr. Ivonovich's subjects, Franklin's secondary sexual characteristics had been drawn with an extreme hand. But he was still Franklin and even after a decade of marriage she remember her marriage vows: in sickness and health, for better or worse...

The actual decision about what needed to be done was not made until shortly after noon when she received the first call from a church elder asking about Franklin. She lied and thus began the deception. Later that afternoon, three women from the Church 'dropped by'. Again, she lied. That evening, Ruth and Franklin discussed the situation. It was God's will that he be made thus. Perhaps it was a test, perhaps not. But he was a good man, of that she was certain.

Short of forcing their way into her house, they would never know that Franklin was in the bedroom. It was late evening when she went down to the Temple and met with the elders. Franklin was simply gone, she reported. At least the phone calls ended, though not the surveillance. Outside, poorly hidden, was a pair of Saints, there to intercept the missing sodomite if it should return home.

Neither Ruth not Franklin had a long-term plan, but something would eventually work out as it always had. Before going to sleep, they kneeled beside the bed and prayed together. The prayers were not selfish demands of 'I want' or 'I need' but simply requests for divine guidance through troubled times. Then they went to bed as they had done so many times before.



Estella and James went home without K.G.. Apparently such 'snits' were common enough. K.G. was entirely too possessive, according to Estella, and he was far, far too thin skinned.

The room she gave James was his old bedroom. There was nothing remaining of his in the room, now a guest bedroom, nor had there been for years. The connecting bathroom was, however, entirely as he remembered it.

He spent some time removing his makeup and preparing for bed. As a female persona, he spent far more time grooming than he ever did as a male. Once his hair grew out, that time might increase exponentially.

It had been an interesting night. It appeared to James that gays had no advantage over straights when it came to relationships. He certainly felt less isolated, less weird, so the trip down to visit his stepmother had been surprisingly profitable, though he rather more needed his money. Tomorrow morning he'd have it, at least he assumed that would be true.

When he finally stepped into the bedroom, he found a sheer nylon nightgown draped across the pillows. Obviously, Estella had been here while he was at his toilet. That made him feel a little weird, bordering on creepy. He picked up that gown and held it against his naked body. He didn't own one. When he went on his spending spree, picking out nightwear hadn't been on his radar. Still holding it against his body, he turned and looked at himself in the mirror and liked what he saw. Perhaps it had been a mistake not to buy at least one nightgown, he concluded.

He slipped into it and instantly felt far sexier than the moment before. The image reflected back from the mirror reaffirmed his own impressions. Semi-transparent, the material added just a bit of mystery, a hint of indecency, or was it lewd promise? Not clothing, for it met not the least requirement of clothing. It neither 'covered his nakedness nor provided shelter, warmth or protection. If anything, he felt less covered and more vulnerable in a very sensual manner. Like high heels or lip gloss, this nightgown existed to enhance the sexual presentation and nothing more. He felt mildly titillated.

"Kiddo?"

He jerked and spun around. He wanted to say "What are you doing here?" but all that came out was, "Um... you scared me."

She was wearing an identical gown, her dark nipples poking tent poles against the material. There was no doubt that she knew something about implants; there was not the slightest hint of sag in those too perfectly round mounds nor was there any question as to her natural sex since the gown did not hide that dark triangle of pubic hair between her legs. She had not removed her makeup but rather had refreshed her handiwork, adding more to her eyes than she had worn this evening.

Her lip gloss was no longer that pale pink but a shocking, wet-looking bright red. Her hair had been combed out and now fell in waves past her shoulders. If she had intended to look sultry, she had succeeded. She looked at James' groin for some sign that she had succeeded in arousing this youth. "I see you like the gown," she said after drawing her eyes back to his face.

"Um... yeah, it's OK." He felt violated even though nothing of a physical nature had happened. Violated, a little sick as well. This was the same woman who had married his own father for Pete's sake. She'd probably stood before his dad, much like she was now before his son. Thank God his prick was still dead. She had to see that, right?

"Sorry, I'm making you uncomfortable, am I not?"

"Yeah, maybe just a tad. You being my mother and all."

She laughed, "We are not blood kin. Besides, I can't rape you, you're the one with the equipment for that." She looked at his crotch, "And, well, I sure don't feel threatened."

He nodded, he got that clear as a bell. So why was she coming on to him?

She pulled the covers back and climbed into his bed, fluffing the pillow up, then leaned back against the head board before patting the bed beside her. "A little mother-son talk?"

He climbed in on the opposite side and eased under the covers. He was safe, right? More than half the bed separated the two of them. "OK, Mommy dearest, what?"

"You asked for ten thousand dollars."

"Of my own money, if that's relevant."

"How about eleven thousand and the additional money will come from my account, in cash."

"And you would do that, why?"

"Because I want to fuck you, kiddo."

"Whoa. That's getting right down to it," he said. He was relieved that she hadn't moved toward him; she was wearing that stupid smirk she'd worn this morning when he first arrived, a kind of superior look that didn't mix well with seduction. "Like I'm some kind of thousand dollar whore?"

The smirk remained, "Yes, I'm sure the price is right. A thousand dollars."

"I.. I don't believe this. Why?"

"I find the concept, the image, quite, erotic and I'm willing to pay. Indeed paying for your sexual favors is half the pleasure."

"You're... fucking sick."

"Oh kiddo, I like it when you talk dirty to me."

“You do? I mean I did?” He was properly confused. “I don’t think I can, OK? Look, my dick is limp. It would be wrong anyway.”

“What part of this don’t you understand, kiddo? If you wanted me, I wouldn’t have needed to buy your affections.”

“Oh.”

She reached across and pulled James closer as she moved to meet him halfway. “You might as well take the deal, because I will have you... all of you, in any case.” She silenced his reply with a surprisingly soft, unhurried kiss.



When Estella had asked him earlier in the evening whether or not he was still into women, his was precisely the situation she had been thinking about. James understood sexual foreplay, or at least he thought he did. After that first kiss, light, long and gentle, more followed and she eventually moved from his lips to his earlobes, then trailed down his neck. No clear pattern emerged; though she did give suck to each of his nipples, she spent no more time at his breasts than any other part of his body. It wasn’t like sex at all, more like being physically loved, if such a term could be applied.

He was not entirely immune to her attentions, for his penis had begun to thicken, though it was far from fully erect. Another lover might have discovered this response and reinforced the effect, but she did no such thing. The only part of his body she ignored was that tumescent lump of manflesh. In spite of himself, James found that he needed to reply in kind. He was soon kissing whatever aspects of Estella’s flesh became available. It was almost

magical when he found himself in the sixty-nine position for he had no memory of guiding himself on top and between her legs. There was her vagina, moist and wet. She began to respond to his lips and tongue with animal-like groans and quivers that seemed to be born deep inside her.

He tried to switch positions to use what was the natural tool for the task but Estella resisted. Then her hot mouth slipped around his penis, just the sensitive head, and began to worry that underside of knotted receptors with her tongue as her hands roughly worked the shaft. He came without warning, without the ability to anticipate what was about to happen, a powerful but all-too-brief climax.



James left the next afternoon with a cashier's check for ten thousand dollars, a fist full of hundreds and a butt that was still throbbing. Estella had used him much as a man might have used a woman. In spite of the fact that the dildo strapped to her groin had been lubricated, it was also rather outsized. One had to conclude that Estella had some penis envy issues of her own.

After he'd cum in her mouth, that was the last time she gave his dick any attention. All that slow, gentle foreplay was gone. She'd become all but brutal after that event as if they'd passed a gate into another world. There was more than a little sadistic 'something' in her and her need to dominate was all too evident. The more he cried and whimpered, the more aroused she had become. James had earned the money. Of that, there was no doubt.

It had brought back memories of what it had been like when he was Sissy; Estella had found and awakened

Sissy, it seemed. Had she known all along that Sissy was still there? The impossible had happened; he'd climaxed with Estella inside him, but it wasn't his dick that had responded. It was that phantom vagina, walls of muscle that spasmed. That none of that physically existed apparently meant little to his nervous system. The climax ran on and on, exploding, only to rebuild and repeat itself until he had been reduced to a quivery, willing recipient instrument, Estella's sex toy.

In spite of the hours that had passed, he could still feel the occasional phantom spasm from a nonexistent womb. Estella had changed him almost as much as Mr. Peerless had, though the effects were less visible. Would he come back? Not likely, Estella terrified him. His more immediate concern was Sissy. Evoked, she would destroy his existence.

## Chapter 3

Dr. Ivonovich stood looking out of his patio door; by his side was Natasha. Her hip was resting against his and her right arm circled his waist. She was a couple inches taller than him, which allowed her to easily rest the side of her head on his shoulder. Outside and below his apartment, there were a large number of workers hauling waste away from the site. The growl of dump trucks and front loaders was almost a thing of the past now. Five days ago, the early morning quiet had been shattered by the sounds of a wrecking ball slamming against the nearly new LDS building. At first it seemed as if the building would refuse the assault; the steel framework bent but did not shatter. Bricks had sprayed off the structure, but little else.

Natasha mumbled something like: "It was because of us, wasn't it."

"Excuse me?"

“About what happened to me and the other guys. The Church. Oh Petra, you have no idea how heinous we would appear to the faithful.”

He reached across and patted her on the head to give comfort. Like most superstitious people, events in the world were all presumed to swirl around them personally. Each thought of themselves as the center of the universe, chosen of God, how could it be otherwise? But perhaps, in this case, she was right. “A Hell’s Mouth, you said?”

“Uh-huh. Anyway, that’s why it had to be destroyed.”

“And you believe that?”

She lifted her head and let out a long sigh, “Honestly Petra, I don’t know what to think. Everything I’ve ever been taught says I’m a monster, Satan’s spawn, a sodomite.” She gripped his arm and turned, pressing her body fully against his, “I do not feel evil. Petra, am I evil?”

That brought tears to Petra’s eyes as he pulled her into a tight embrace. “Sweet Natasha, sweet, sweet Natasha, nothing, absolutely nothing, could be further from the truth.” A relationship was developing that was far deeper than he had ever expected. Something inside him had been touched and forever changed. Tuesday night, Natasha had ended estrus. No longer driven by sex urgency, she had given into introspection which in turn spiraled down into near clinical depression.

There was nothing in her previous life to prepare her for what she had become. In her own words: “Had God but made me female, I could have learned to live with that. But he hadn’t.”

Petra’s best efforts to comfort her that night had failed. He’d once more declared his love for her and she had snapped back, “Then you are a queer.”

“A queer?” he’d laughed, “Then I’m still one damned lucky man.”

That stopped her, at least for the moment. She had just stared at him. “You actually mean that, don’t you?”

“It takes more than the right plumbing to make a woman. Indeed, that is the least of womanhood.”

“I.. I can’t have babies.”

He laughed, “Then we will adopt them.”

She had grinned a lopsided grin at that comment. It would take more than a few words to undo a lifetime of indoctrination. But she wanted to believe that she was a person of worth, of value.

They made love together that night. It was not the frantic affair that it had been before. It might never be as it had been, but it was more loving than lustful so in its own way it had been better.

By the following morning, she completed her transformation from the sodomite bitch in heat into the only female role she understood: that of a Mormon wife-mother-daughter. Not that she had any of the required skills; the breakfast she cooked the next morning was proof of that. Mormon women existed as an adjunct to the males in their life, selfless. It was all too apparent to Petra what was happening, nor was he completely comfortable with being Lord and Master, but it sure beat having to live with her depression which had mercifully vanished like the morning dew.

But all that was in the past. Today was Friday and he had something special in mind. “Make us some coffee and bring it out on to the patio, we need to talk.” He turned as she headed back to the kitchen, “And pour yourself some as well.”

She stopped and slowly turned, “Coffee?”

"I think it's time, Natasha, to quit pretending to be a Mormon. They will never accept you as you are now and, sweetheart, that is their misfortune."

She looked aghast. "Petra?" she said, shaking her head in the negative.

"Well I damn well don't plan to marry a practicing Mormon!"

"Marry?"

"Damn it, Natasha, I didn't mean it to come out quite like that."

She poked a finger at her chest. "Me?"

He was grinning now as he swept across the room and pulled her into his arms, "Will you have me?"

She was stunned. "Whoa!" She giggled, then became very somber, "That... that blows my mind. That's seriously wrong, you know, Petra. We... I... can't..."

"We can and we will."

"No way, not in the Church."

"Fuck the Church."

She gasped, covering her face in embarrassment but only for a moment. "You can be so...crude, Petra."

"Is that a yes or a no? I have two weeks before classes begin. We could fly up to Seattle and tie the knot in a few days and then come back or go... on a honeymoon."

"I've got to think about it."

"I kind of thought you would say yes."

She wiped away tears, "Well, you sure know how to turn a girl's head, Dr. Ivonovich." She stumbled back toward the bedroom, "Give me some time, OK? It's all been too much-too fast."

“Natasha, don’t let your Church stand between us and happiness, please...” He watched the door close behind her. How could she not say yes?

~oOo~

“Bob? Are you busy?”

Dr. Marlow looked at the computer screen in front of him, then back up, “Not really. Find a seat, Dave.”

After he sat down, Dave asked, “The Eve Project is still bothering you, right?”

Bob grimaced. “Can I be completely honest with you? I mean what is said here, stays here?”

“My lips are sealed.”

“The Church leadership has turned this whole thing into a... cluster-fuck. Um, pardon my French, Dave.”

“Well, the Board of Directors here were certainly delighted to be rid of the whole thing.”

“They would be, for them it’s all about the Medical Center’s bottom line. You remember the oath we both took when we were spanking new physicians, to do no harm? Dr. Jackson at BYU is in charge of the sodomites. Dave, that man is seriously dangerous and shouldn’t be allowed anywhere near those poor boys.”

“Strong words. Surely the leadership...”

“The leadership chose him because he would do whatever they wanted him to do. He has no shame.”

“Um...”

“The truth is, I just don’t trust his understanding of science. One can’t just ignore scientific facts if they are incompatible with Church doctrine.”

“Whoa.” Dave stood up. “That’s heresy.”

“Damn it, Dave, sit down. Church doctrine has always evolved as our scientific understanding of the world improves. It’s those reactionaries on the Quorum that are the core of the problem and Jackson has his nose buried up their collective ass. Dave? Where are you going?”

Dave stopped at the door, “I’ll come back when you are in a better frame of mind.”

Bob leaned back in his chair. Heresy? When did common sense become heresy? He turned and looked back at the computer screen. There was evidence that all three patients had an infection of some sort. Considering the antibodies found, it was probably fungal in nature. The fact that all three showed the same symptoms was highly suggestive. It should be followed up, not that Jackson was likely to do so even if he had the training. Dr. Jackson had his Ph.D. in psychology, for Pete’s sake, from one of those ‘I-never-heard-of-it’ schools. What kind of treatment would he provide, talk therapy?



Human nature can be surprisingly resilient under the right conditions, especially if strong bonds of love and trust exist between two people. It was almost a week since Ruth’s husband had returned to her with only a scrap of his original manhood remaining. That thing between his legs, though functional, was not really the focus of his sexuality, not that either attempted to test that issue early on. That he appeared to be, superficially, a beautiful woman, far more attractive than Ruth had ever been, was equally irrelevant. What was relevant was that Franklin was still Franklin if one chose to look deeply enough,

though his exaggerated effeminate mannerisms were, initially, almost too much for Ruth to bear.

She knew in her heart that if he were discovered with her, that they would be forced apart. And it wouldn't require Church officials to make that happen. Their own families would reject Franklin and their marriage would be annulled, if not by the state, surely by the Church. She also knew that she loved him and was most certain that he loved her as well. More important perhaps, she had made a promise to God to remain firm in that union. What had her father often said: God moves in mysterious ways? And was this not God's will? It certainly was mysterious.

The first few days had been almost unbearably awkward. Getting used to his altered condition and waiting for them to be discovered together was taxing on the nerves. It was particularly awkward at bed time. It was impossible for either of them to pretend otherwise. In the course of sleeping together, they would, from time to time, make bodily contact even if it was of the most limited sort. But even more relevant, both needed the reassurance that bodily contact promised to provide. And thus it was, on the second night together, that they found their way into each other's arms.

Nothing happened that night of a sexual nature, but she became all too aware of how unnatural his body felt against hers. There were breasts where no breasts had a right to be and, of course, that unexplainable rigid penis that seemed to be forever ready. That nothing of a sexual nature had happened that night gave her confidence that he was whom she believed him to be, her husband and not some kind of sexual monster.

Wednesday night she discovered that her 'guardian Saints' were gone, at least for now. She and Franklin talked and talked, for there was nothing else to do. They

could ill afford his unemployment. So he would have to return to work, and soon. It would require a new employer, of course: Smitty, Franklin's boss, was no fool. He was also Franklin's uncle and a Mormon, of course. That meant Franklin 'passing' as someone other than Franklin, as a woman.

Moving out of their home and slipping away into the night seemed to be the only option. They would resettle in a new community, perhaps as girlfriends or sisters or... whatever. But it was simply too soon to act. Were the guards really gone or had they merely found new, better, hiding places? And then there was her mother and her three sisters. All felt, from time to time, the need to drop by and to comfort her in her time of stress, forcing poor Franklin to spend endless hours under the bed. Living this way could not be continued for much longer.

Perhaps it was the accumulated stress or perhaps it was Franklin's way of testing his limited manhood, but that Wednesday night while lying together in their bed, he touched her shoulder, "Wife?"

What followed was familiar and yet entirely alien. The feeling of him between her legs, him inside her, the rhythmic movement by which he continued coitus, were all comforting. The pitch and sway of his breasts trapped inside his pajama top, the feel of his womanly hips and thighs, the softness of his skin and most of all, that woman's face she saw poised above her, completely lacking in facial hair, added rather much to the thrill she was experiencing. It was like committing a sin, though lying with one's husband could not be a sin.

After more than a decade of marriage, sex had become rather 'ho-hum', a pleasure to be sure but hardly a wrenching emotional experience. Last Friday they had had sex like they had never had before. Lust, pure lust, had no place in a Christian marriage, though she had to

admit that she had rather enjoyed it, a bit too much perhaps. Sex with Franklin tonight was not at all like it had been on Friday nor like it had been any any time in her life. There was a soft gentleness about him now that was more than merely his changed body.

He hurt and she hurt. They were both confused and needing solace but he more than she. Ruth had been trained to be the follower, but Franklin was no longer leading. She began to respond more vigorously, rolling her hips and meeting his weakening thrusts with thrusts of her own. This was a partnership of equals now, it could not be otherwise. And her retreat from passivity was amply rewarded.

When they were done, neither spoke. As Ruth fell asleep and Franklin drew close enough for a post-colitis cuddle, she knew that everything between them had changed in a fundamental way.

They had sex the following night and the night after that, something they had not done for years. And that Friday night, after their sexual union, she wasn't about to just fall asleep. She had to be honest. "Franklin?"

"Yes."

"I love you."

"I love you too, wife."

"I... I mean more than that. Franklin, this feels right to me."

"Right?"

"God made this happen for a reason. He made you as you were and you as you are now. And he made me to love you then and now." She reached over and put her hand inside his pajama top and found a breast."

"Ruth, what are you doing?"

“Appreciating God’s bounty. Take off that top.”

“Huh?”

“You heard me. I think I am becoming a very wicked girl, my love. I wish to give you the same pleasures you have given me all these years.”

“That’s unseemly.”

“Says who, the Church Elders? In their eyes we are both tainted now and forever.” She slipped her leg over his body taking the superior position, something that she had never dared to do before. It was a liberating moment. Having settled across his groin, she began to slowly unbutton his top. He neither resisted her nor did he help, but when she leaned over and firmly gripped a full nipple between her lips, he groaned.

She didn’t mention that Willard had been discovered hiding in his grandmother’s garage. Will was one of the six, the *changed ones*. Now only two remained in hiding: her Franklin and a boy named Josh. It was her older sister Kay who had shared the ‘good’ news just this afternoon. They had taken him back to Utah to be cured much as if Will had had an infection or cancer. Was she doing the right thing, hiding Franklin? Her sister would have condemned her had she known what she was doing but it wasn’t Kay’s husband that was at risk.

She gripped Franklin’s surprisingly heavy breast with both hands now as she sucked the hard, wrinkled nipple into her mouth. If Franklin was infected, than surely she was as well. She knew that she was crossing a bridge she had never intended to cross, a fact made all the more evident as she adjusted her position astride her husband and eased down on his throbbing member. There was no pretense of wifely duty in her mind, only of love and lust sweetly mixed together.



If you had asked Dr. Jackson's opinion, he would have gladly given it. Indeed few people that met him ever needed to ask, for he was very free with his world view. For starters, man was created in God's image, a fact few would disagree with; certainly none in the Mormon Church would have found fault with that position. Second, woman was clearly *not* made in God's image. To agree with the second fact would, of course, be far less universally accepted. Womankind was not initially even in God's plan but appeared as, well, an adjustment to the original divine act of creation, an afterthought. Not that God had made a mistake, though some confused persons might argue otherwise. That only Saints could ascend to Heaven logically followed this proposition. Women were imperfect, twisted images of God and clearly not literally in His image.

It was Dr. Jackson's opinions regarding homosexuality however that were currently most relevant. The coming of the *sodomites*, having peaked the Quorum's interest, also laid the groundwork for his potential professional advancement. It was he and he alone that could control the scourge that was threatening the whole community. Yes, Satan had targeted God's chosen and these creatures were the very tip of the Devil's spear: *sodomites*.

Homosexuals were individuals that had taken God's most precious gift, free will, and corrupted themselves by its misapplication. Homosexuality was a choice they had made, a choice that could be reversed. The re-education of such misguided souls was right in his wheelhouse as the Quorum had to know considering they had backed his 're-education camps' with Church resources for years. But as he stood there before the Quorum, a week earlier, having finally met Eve, he'd realized that Eve was no ordi-

nary homosexual but the perfect perversion of the male ideal.

He was privy to the extensive medical records that had accumulated regarding the sodomites. Seven such creatures were known to exist and four were safely in the custody of the Great American Church at the time. The blood tests alone decreed that supernatural, certainly not divine, influence had transformed Eve and apparently the others. Ordinary measures would not suffice. "I will use light to drive the darkness from their souls."

It was one of the aides to the Apostles who responded. "Is it true that you plan to use electro-convulsive shock therapy? At least that is what I understand. But light?"

Electricity is light and light is electricity, electromagnetic energy. God's first commandment: Let there be light."

The young man looked uncomfortable but stood his ground. "Such treatment has become rather um... er... scientifically in dispute. Some say..."

Dr. Jackson interrupted him with a laugh, "Modern medicine can only treat the physical body. What we have here is spiritual corruption." He didn't look at the young man again but trained his gaze on the twelve old men who actually mattered. "I must be allowed to act freely, without intrusion from others, especially scientists untrained in the study of supernatural powers." He shrugged, "The alternative is what? Destroy the creatures?"

"That notion has been discussed."

"Satan will simply unleash more."

"And you know that how?"

"Logic, Apostle Brown, logic. Would you have us admit that we cannot meet and defeat the Lord of Darkness?"

That is the task God has set before us to prove that we are indeed the few chosen from the many. Would not the destruction of his creatures be such an admission? These are our Saints, flesh of our Church, corrupted. We must free them from the dark influence, drive the Devil back into Hell to end this contest."

The Quorum did not decide that day or even the next. Indeed it was the better part of a week before he received their blessing. In the meantime, the four sodomites had become five. Only two remained free but the Church was powerful, a separate state within the national union, and would use whatever resources necessary to seal off that wound.



"Petra?"

Dr. Ivonovich looked up from the book he had been reading and hope bloomed inside his chest. Natasha was wearing a dress and had done something to her hair. She was enchanting but she had been even without these obvious attempts to present herself as a young woman. "My dear," he said, putting aside his book.

"You have to understand, Petra, how absolutely insane your proposal is."

"But?" he said hopefully.

"I was never a girl child. I never dreamed as a little girl might, of her marriage. My God, Petra, my dolls were military action figures. It was me in a suit, standing there before a girl at the altar if I gave that image any attention at all, which I don't think I ever did." That was a lie, of course. Even now, Josh could not freely admit the yearning she'd felt as a female trapped in a male body all those years. The truth was, though twisted, this was *nearly* the

answer to her prayers, except that her manly bits were still all too evident. She waved at him to allow her to continue. "Please don't interrupt, Petra. To not be married in the eyes of the Church, is to be not married at all..."

"So... the answer is no."

"Oh Petra, you are such a twit, the answer is yes, of course. You are my pillar of strength, my salivation, my..."

She never had a chance to finish her statement for Petra's mouth covered her full lips and his tongue demanded her complete attention. She wasn't in 'heat' but her arousal was sufficient to trigger a modest release of copulin. God had not made her into a woman but he had done the next best thing: given her a loving man who accepted her as a woman. *Thank you, God!*

They were on the last flight from Burbank to Seattle before ten o'clock that night. There was a three-day waiting requirement after the marriage bonds were posted but no residency requirement in the state of Washington. More importantly, in Washington same-sex marriage was now legal. The marriage itself would not be recognized in California where they lived, so why bother? Because it was the right thing to do.

At ten-fifteen the following morning, bonds were posted between Petra W. Ivonovich and Joshua Allen Miller, setting the three-day clock in motion. It was a small thing of no serious consequence to most of the world except that those same names were copied onto an anti-gay web site seconds after they were entered into the State Of Washington electronic database.

Shortly before they were married three days later, the name Joshua Allen Miller was caught in a internet search and the information forwarded to Salt Lake City. There was sufficient data in that listing, including the date of

birth and current residence, to determine that Joshua Allen Miller and the missing Saint were one and the same person. From there it was only a matter of time before another loose end would be collected by the great American Church and set to right.



Hours after Petra and Josh, now Natasha, departed for Seattle, Mrs. Simmers, Ruth's mother, was pounding at Ruth and Franklin's back door. Ruth answered. Something horrible must have happened to bring her mother out at this late hour.

An Elder and three tough-looking women pushed past the startled Ruth. They didn't stop to say anything but ran down the hall and grabbed the sodomite before 'it' could escape out the bedroom window.

Ruth screamed in horror as her husband was dragged away into a waiting SUV. Ruth's mother was also horror-stricken but for different reasons. Whatever maternal connection that normally exists between a woman and her daughter was absent. This wasn't just the end of a marriage, it was the end of all that Ruth had ever known or loved. "Mother!"

The woman turned and stalked from her former daughter's house. Ruth was an outcast, unwanted and unclean. None of this needed to be said, it was simply understood by both parties.

## Chapter 4

Jack North was startled by the Skype image that appeared on his desk computer screen that evening. He had expected to see Nancy Sacks, otherwise known as Eddy. Jack had no idea why everyone called Mrs. Sacks, Eddy. It

was a handle she'd picked up at the Globe before coming over to the New York Times. Eddy was a very good reporter, else he would not have agreed to allow her to go on a chase based upon some fragments of information she'd picked up from a blogger in Palm Springs, California. Mrs. Sacks was well beyond the wrong side of forty and had never made any effort to hide that fact. Short brown hair, nondescript clothing and not a hint of makeup was her norm. She was one of those people who could disappear in a crowd of three. Her ability to fade into the background, to be nearly invisible, was an asset for an investigative reporter, a fact she relied upon.

The babe with long, burnished copper hair that fell in a wave across her bare shoulders, could not possibly be Eddy. Awesome cleavage was exposed by the deep neckline of the tight-fitting cocktail dress, the whole costume held up by mechanisms unknown to man but familiar to woman. Emphatic full red lips pouted below excessively thick lashes. The latter fluttered against a background of heavily made-up eyes. "Um..."

Then that sultry vamp, that over-the-top sex kitten threw her head back and bayed. It was a deep-throated, snorting, all-too-familiar horsy laugh. "GOT You!"

"Eddy?"

She was still snickering as she pulled off the wig and tossed it aside. "You ought to have seen your face, Boss." She started to laugh again as she peeled off the false eye lashes and patted her chest, "Amazing what a box of Kleenex can do, huh?" She disappeared from sight for a moment and when she returned, most of the cleavage was gone. "Better?" she said as she used some of the tissue to remove the worst of the makeup. Only an echo of what had existed was still evident.

"And the reason for this?"

She laughed. "A young man, a very young man. Could have been my son, if I had one."

"I don't think I want to know the details, do I, Eddy?"

The woman smiled, there was absolutely nothing of the vamp that remained. Her true age was now clearly evident, closer to fifty than forty. She raised an eyebrow, "The name Herman Hess mean anything to you?"

"No, should it?"

"Well, there goes one myth."

"Huh?"

"Jack North, the incredible walking encyclopedia? Anyhow, try son of Herr Doctor Professor Otto Hess, the butcher."

"Oh, yes. East German native, said to have worked for the East German State Police before German reunification. There is a suspected connection between him and the old Soviet KGB."

"That's better, Boss."

"And he is relevant, how?"

"Both are here, working for one Doctor Gary Jackson, a shrink who is the fair-haired child of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles and..."

"I got the picture."

"I was talking to his son, that was my connection. Nice boy. Not at all like his father, I assume. His mother was Bolivian and it's pretty clear what happened to Dr. Hess when he left Europe. Anyhow, the kid is working as a medical assistant for his dad and," she laughed, "any old port in a storm. The kid is not too happy living in Saintland. But there are a few Gentile bars in Salt Lake City and, well, I got his attention."

“Fine, spare me the details. I assume I’ll receive your full report. Still think you are onto something big?”

“Why do they call his old man the butcher?”

“I will get Research on that first thing in the morning.”

“So you don’t know?”

“Um... something about a mind-wipe procedure.”

“His kid mentioned electro-convulsive shock treatment. Would that work?”

“Yeah, in spades. It’s been outlawed for decades in most civilized countries. I’ll have Research look into that as well. Keep digging, kid.”

“Thanks Boss, I’m sure there is a big one here.”

By ‘big one’, Jack North knew she was talking about a Pulitzer Prize, every serious reporter’s special dream. “And remember, three independent legitimate sources on everything, Eddy. We get it right or the story doesn’t happen.”

“Roger that, Boss.”



A person is a sum of his or her memories. To destroy memory is to destroy the person. To clean out the mind using ECS is a bit like picking one’s teeth with a crowbar; effective but hardly precise. Huge chunks of long-term memory could and would be disrupted by a single session of ECS but seldom was the removal ‘clean’. Pieces or chunks of information could be left behind, though often what remained was too fragmented to be utilized. More recent memories are more likely disrupted or destroyed than are earlier memories, so there was some modicum of order to the process. More important, basic functions like

tying one's shoes or basic social skills are not affected. That one was male or female or that one liked ice cream was also considered 'safe'. Repeated treatments could readily strip away years of memories, which was the original rationale for ECS in the old days. What it did to Paul, then later to the other sodomites followed the expected norms but also had an odd but predictable consequence. They had no memory of the transition, of when they had become sodomites.

Paul had no memories that were useful regarding the past five or six years. When he woke up a few hours after his third session, other than feeling very, very ill, he was simply confused. He had no idea of where he was, though he assumed he was still in Los Angeles, possibly Eagle Rock and certainly not Salt Lake City. Had one asked him his age, he would have groped for an answer but would have settled on something like twelve or thirteen but would have accepted a wide range of ages. He wasn't alone, Dr. Jackson was there but like everything else, Paul didn't know who this man was either. As his eyes blinked open, he looked up at the looming face above him, "Hi?"

"How are you feeling, Paul?"

"All right, I guess." He paused, "Um... no, no, I guess I don't feel so good after all." He started to lift himself up but the man's hand pressed him back down.

"Relax. You have been through a lot, just rest for now."

"Am I sick or something?"

"Yes, but you are getting better."

"Thank you, doctor." Paul closed his eyes as if to fall back to sleep. His hand glided across the sheet, then came to rest against one of his breasts. He jerked up, eyes wide now as he pulled the sheet away. "GIRL BOOBIES!"

He started to become frantic. Dr. Jackson held him against his chest as he attempted to calm the boy down. "Now... now."

"What happened to me?"

"Nothing that can't be fixed, Paul. Do you find having breasts disturbing?"

Paul looked at him as if he were nuts. "Holy Heck, yeah!"

Dr. Jackson smiled; that was excellent progress. "It's just a gland problem, son. They can be removed, if you want. Do you?"

The boy was gripping them with both hands, then let go and covered them with the bed sheet. He seemed embarrassed that they existed. "Gosh, yes. Any of the kids see me like this, I'd never hear the end of it. You can cut these things off, right?"

"Of course, in due time. You rest now and we will talk later."

"Oh my. Does my Daddy know?"

"Later, OK Paul? All your questions will be answered but not now."



Petra Ivonovich met his classes the first week of the Fall semester, but he was like a man in a daze. At night he would drink himself into oblivion; each morning the resulting hangover made the tasks of the next day all the more difficult. Just a week before he had been so happy, his life had acquired new meaning: Natasha.

It was just days before classes were to begin at PCC, the last hours of the summer break, the last moments of

their honeymoon, his and Natasha's. His wife, or rather husband, for both were declared 'husbands' in the brief ceremony presided over by a duly appointed clerk in Seattle, was gone now. Taken from him, ripped away, though no force was used.

They came about nine o'clock in the morning to his apartment, three men. Natasha recognized them instantly once Petra had opened the door. The initial look on her face was almost pure horror. "Dad?"



Petra all but closed the door on their faces but it was Natasha who spoke out. "Perhaps it's better this way. Come in. Petra, this is my father. Father, this is my husband, Petra. He's a professor at PCC. Petra, these are Elders Cannon and Smith, of my church."

Nods were exchanged but no palms were extended. It was a brutally ugly moment for all concerned. Natasha's father seemed to be on the verge of throwing a fit, so he was completely focused at simply controlling his rage. And it was obvious that Natasha was terrified that her father was about to lose it. Finally, Elder Cannon spoke; he clearly was the perceived leader of the small committee: "I think it would help if you stepped outside, David," he said, laying a hand on Natasha's father's arm. "And why don't you go with him, Robert."

He didn't ask Petra to leave, which wasn't about to happen anyway. He ignored the other man for the moment as he turned his full attention to Natasha. "Joshua Allen Miller."

Natasha came to attention, her eyes wide. "Yes, sir."

"Have I ever lied to you or lead you astray?"

"No sir," she said in a tiny almost mouse-like voice.

"Nor have you to me, son." He sighed and looked at Petra, "Sir, Joshua is like a grandson to me." He tapped his chest, "he knows that I have only the best intentions for him."

Petra grunted and just glared back.

The old man looked again at Josh. "The Church has found a cure for your condition. All can be reversed, I have that on certain authority. If you will but go with us..."

Petra lost it and snarled, "That's a lie. Natasha, don't listen to him. Natasha?"

“Elder? Must I go?”

“You will not be forced against your will.”

“I..I need to talk with my...” She swallowed but was unable to say ‘husband’.

“I understand. Perhaps I might drop by say, tomorrow at this time?”

Natasha looked profoundly relieved, “Yes, that would do nicely, yes, Petra?”

In a moment they were once again alone but the silence was icy cold. “I.. I can’t believe you would even think about it, Natasha. Are we not happy?”



They made love that night, she and Petra. The issue had swung like a wood gate in a hurricane, first one way, then the other, until both were too frustrated to continue so they went to bed to find mutual comfort in each other’s arms. It was later, while they lay together in bed, that the decision was finally resolved. Ironically, it was Petra’s arguments that finally drew Natasha to the only conclusion that was possible.

“I know something of their so called re-education centers, Natasha. A lot of prayer, discussions and talk. It doesn’t work, never has, never will.”

“If that’s true Petra,” she said curling more tightly against him, “a few weeks of that should do me no harm. Let me go and I will return once more to you.”

“Why bother?”

“Why bother!” She jerked up in bed clearly angry at him. “What if there is a real cure.”

“So... this isn’t enough, Natasha?”

“Oh Petra,” She shook her head slowly. “So much more than I could have hoped for but... Petra, I’m not a *real* girl, OK? I’m not supposed to be like this: half man-half girl, an abomination in the sight of God. Petra, are you crying?”

She left with that old man the next morning. They had held each other and kissed in front of Elder Cannon. The latter made no sign that he cared either way. Finally, as they were leaving, he turned and said to Petra, “You will not be able to communicate with Joshua. You understand why?”

Petra nodded. “And when she is ready to return?”

“That will never happen, I assure you.”

It was like a spike had been driven into Petra’s very heart. The door closed on his face. Perhaps the son of a bitch knew something Petra didn’t know. What was clear was the look on the old man’s face after Natasha had stepped outside. It was like the Elder had just stepped on very fresh dog shit, and Petra was that smelly stuff. The old man had masked his hatred very well but the deed was done and the truth was now known. They had stolen his Natasha right from under his nose. That was the first time he suspected that he would never see her again. By the end of that morning, he was already drinking.

By the end of the week, Natasha would be no more; along with her removal so too would end Josh’s memories, not only of his marriage to Dr. Ivonovich but to Petra’s very existence.



“Dr. Marlow, how nice of you to see me.” She extended her hand and as the older man gripped it, she added, “Sacks, Nancy Sacks of the New York Times.”

"A reporter?" he said as a look of disbelief grew over his face. "I'm sorry but I can't talk to you." He reached for her arm as if to guide her immediately back through the door she had just entered from.

"Loose lips sink ships?"

"What?"

"An old World War II expression. It's pretty obvious that the word is out; almost nobody at Loma Linda was willing to talk to me." She pulled out her note pad, "So what gives?"

"I have no idea what you are talking about."

"I kinda thought you might talk. After what, twenty-two years at the Medical Center, they gave you the heave-ho. You, the top physician, just out on your ear?"

He laughed, "I didn't run the facility, Miss."

She laughed, "Miss? How charming. Its Mrs. Sacks. And you're right, you didn't head up the hospital administration but you were the nominal top gun. Trust me, those facts I already have."

"I decided to retire."

"Right. A little young. Look, let's quit beating around the bush. I know about Eve and I know about the connection between her and Mr. Thorn."

"Than you know more than I know."

She relaxed and smiled. "Whatever. How about I tell you what I know about Eve and the other six sodomites and you tell me when I'm wrong?"

"Woman, where did you get that... information."

She studied his face, "I've got a hunch you are as pissed off as I am regarding what is happening to those poor kids."

"I honestly don't know."

"Electro-convulsive shock treatment, that's what." She noticed that the man's face paled.

"Never do harm," he said. He shook his head. "It's part of the Hippocratic oath."

"Oh yeah."

He let out a long sigh. "Perhaps we might be more comfortable in my study."

"Roger that and by the way, my friends call me Eddy."

"Well Eddy, where do you want me to start?"

"At the beginning, Doc."

"Bob. I prefer just Bob. The first patient was a young man whom we called 'Eve', but you already know that."

~oOo~

It had been those feminine behavioral patterns that had driven Dr. Jackson to distraction. All seven of his charges were cured if one ignore the obvious secondary sexual characteristics. Between surgery and hormone replacement therapy, much of that would be sufficiently resolved, of that he was sure. The most recent blood test showed an elevated estrogen level and virtually no testosterone. A biopsy performed on Paul's testes indicated a complete shutdown had finally occurred which in the bigger picture might be significant, but was not entirely relevant at the moment. The Quorum was getting restless and Dr. Jackson dearly wanted to parade his charges before them before the end of October. All of that effort would be wasted if the young Saints came in walking like limp-wristed faggots.

He'd done his research on the problem but had drawn his own conclusions. Differences in behavior between men and women were simply learned. The conclusion was obvious, there were resident memories still at work. And that was when he hit the first serious roadblock; Dr. Hess was against further therapy. That is to say, he was unwilling to take responsibility for what might happen.

"How bad could it be?"

"A significant loss of skills. Perhaps a total breakdown of the established personalities."

"Have you experienced this."

"Ja," said the old German, slipping into a heavier accent than usual. The truth was, he'd seen subjects stripped down to only the rudiments of humanity or worse, turned into functional zombies.

"And that bothers you?"

He shook his head no. It didn't bother him, but he was aware of the parameters of what they were supposed to accomplish and that goal would be jeopardized. "If you were to take responsibility, that would be good, ja?"

"Just one more session."

"Yes, if you order it, Dr. Jackson."

"Then, make it so."

~oOo~

"Eddy it's not my call. I'm an employee here just like you, just like the high and mighty Editor-In-Chief."

"Just like that!" swore Mrs. Sacks. "Management is afraid of law suits. Wimps!"

The Skype image broke up, then reformed. "Actually, the FBI and the Department of Justice have their noses under the table would be my educated guess, Eddy. Marglory told me..."

"You actually met her?" Marglory Smith was the majority stockholder of the corporation that owned the paper. She was famously reclusive to the point of being semi-mythical.

"Hardly, Eddy, it was a call in the middle of the night. Anyway, Mrs. Smith said we are in the business of reporting the news, not making it."

"Un-huh," Eddy grunted but she wasn't impressed. "And what about those poor kids?"

"The sodomites?"

"I hate that term, it sounds positively medieval."

"My guess is that the U.S. Marshal's Office or some other Federal agency will hit the compound where the men are being kept some time in the next few days."

"She told you that?"

"No. I have sources which I am now working having been given a clue as to what is actually going on. Anyway, the Justice Department is, and my information comes from a reasonably high source, preparing a brief under the Civil Rights Act. Without a doubt, the ACLU and other interested parties will be invited to join in once the sodomites are in protective custody. When you think about it, how many laws has the LDS broken anyway: kidnapping, unlawful detention, illegal medical practices, ECS is outlawed in Utah. It's not just federal laws that have been stepped on. Anyway, consider what would happen if these men were to simply disappear? Marglory's right, those people need to be in protective

custody before we can run the story. So it is on hold, indefinitely. I want you back here now, Mrs. Sacks."

"So it's still alive."

"The story? On hold."

"It's already damn ripe, Boss." She shrugged, but what could she do? She cut the connection.



Things had gone badly, *very* badly. Dr. Jackson had no idea that the stereotypic movement patterns so evident in the sodomites were actually organized at the level of the cerebellum, not the cortex. The last 'treatment' had disrupted the moderating effects of the cortical somato-sensory and motor areas and the resulting effect was totally counterproductive. The sodomites had gone from flashes of effeminate mannerisms that could be voluntarily regulated to more like what one would expect to see from a flaming drag queen. Worse, the exaggerated reactions seemed to be stimulated further by the presence of males, a fact that hadn't been seen since the first few days after transition. Dr. Jackson hadn't seen the sodomites at that point in time. Now that he had, he was, needless to say, horrified.

All seven men were virgin, if by that one meant that they had no memories of a sexual nature. Of the seven, it was the older two that had suffered the greater loss. Jim had a wife and three kids and Franklin had a wife who was now pregnant. Those memories were gone. One can't feel loss for what 'never' existed, so they were in no pain. Were they to meet their wives, there would be no sense of recognition, no memory of love, nor of lust. And for both men, professional skills, such as Franklin's training in accounting and the knowledge acquired from years on the

job, were gone. None of this was missed by the victims for none of it had ever existed for all practical purposes. From the youngest to the oldest, the ECS treatment had made them more equal; erasing their unique life experiences made each less unique.

Imagine what was functionally a pre-teen male awakening into a new world with essentially the body of an adult woman. Imagine also that this pre-teen had access to peers who were exactly like them. They all looked like adult women and, more importantly, acted and reacted to stimuli like young women, teenagers to be exact. One's own femininity, though initially frightening or at least unexplainable, would rapidly become acceptable and not loathsome. For the younger Saints such as Joshua, it would be like a child waking up in a grown-up body of the opposite sex.

Dr. Jackson knew that he had failed. With each passing day, the socialization process was more powerful than any intervention he could sustain. When in the middle of the night near the end of September he was told that the Federals were planning a raid, that he had to drop the whole project and get his charges to a new, more secure location, he made only a minor protest. Indeed, he was relieved. This disruption would mask his failure at least for the time being.

"How much time?"

"Twenty-four hours. And Dr. Jackson, the Quorum does not want those creatures found, *ever*. Do you understand?"

"Money, resources?"

"Not your concern, all will be provided as needed. You will be receiving additional instructions once you and your charges are ready to leave the facility."

“Yes sir.” He hung up the phone. That could be the sodomites’ death warrant: they are not to be found *ever*. It wasn’t his call, of course, but he knew that eventually had been actively considered by the Quorum. How did he feel about that? He wasn’t sure. Could he murder someone in cold blood? Seven lives were at stake. That would make him a mass murderer. It would not come to that, he wouldn’t allow it he concluded or at least he would not do the deed himself.

Less than an hour later, the ‘girls’ were loaded into a small bus. They were all wearing black pants and white men’s shirts, clunky black shoes and white socks. The over-sized clothing helped obscure the feminine forms inside but nothing could hide their behavior which was nothing if not girlish. The giggles and laughter would seem to suggest that they were in good spirits unless one listened closely. They were scared having been infected by the somber attitude of the adult men, particularly Dr. Franklin, perhaps sensing the man’s anxiety. He was a father figure to them, more real and more immediate than their real fathers were by this time.

Dr. Hess’s son pushed past him and entered the bus. Dr. Franklin started to protest but Dr. Hess appeared at his side and took his arm. “Sedatives, Dr. Franklin. They should ride more comfortably, ja?”

“But I didn’t order...” He looked down as a needle entered his bicep, right through his suit jacket and long-sleeved shirt. The syringe in Dr. Hess’ hand was his last image as his legs threatened to immediately collapse. “What have you done?” he cried out but the words came through lips made slack, formed by an unresponsive tongue.

Minutes later, Dr. Hess and his son had carried Dr. Franklin back inside, to the treatment room itself. The machine was poised and ready to be used, this time on Dr.

Franklin. Herr Professor Doctor Hess was just following orders. Once done with Dr. Franklin, he and his son would be taken back to Bolivia via private jet. The lack of an extradition treaty between the U.S.A. and Bolivia meant that they were not potential problems for the church.

Dr. Franklin, on the other hand, would take the fall and protect the senior hierarchy. He was more useful alive than dead, especially if his memories for the past few months had been removed. Dr. Franklin would appear to be a gun pointed at the collective heads of the Quorum, but it would be an empty gun.

“Are we ready?”

“Ready, Papa.”

~oOo~

“Three men can keep a secret, if two of them are dead. I think that is what Ben Franklin said.”

“Close enough, Eddy. Someone, in the FBI perhaps, leaked the information about the upcoming raid. Most likely it wasn’t deliberate. Both the state and local governments in Utah are Mormonized, so it might just have been a legitimate heads up to local authorities that triggered the leak.”

“So the FBI found no one at the facility.”

“The Federal Marshal’s Service. The FBI was simply coordinating the operation and no, the Marshals never went in. Leaks work both ways, Eddy. No egg on their face, for whatever that is worth.”

“So, that’s it?”

“Perhaps not. Marglory called me in the middle of the night again.”

“Seriously?”

“She’s rethinking the whole thing. Like maybe...”

“No shit. The lady has balls if she does. It could leave the paper’s ass hanging out for a whippin’ if those guys aren’t found.”

“Yeah, they may already be dead and buried.”

“It’s a fucking church for Christ’s sake, Jack.”

“And that means exactly what, Eddy? We should have been allowed to go with the story like we planned. Hell, hindsight is always better, right?”



It was the first of October and James, a.k.a. Kathy, had called in ‘sick’. It was the first day of instruction she had missed in years. In spite of her worst fears, the first month of the Fall Semester had gone exceptionally well. Oh, it wasn’t exactly like all was peaches and cream in Pine Creek. The females still treated her like dog droppings, especially Harry’s wife, but the threat of legal action had been all smoke and no flame.

She was ‘registered’, that is to say she was legally in her right to dress as a female. The District School Board down in San Bernardino as well as the Teacher’s Union were on board. Of course, were she to be stopped by a traffic cop and asked to show her driver’s license, you could take it to the bank that she’d get hassled. And this morning was proving to be but another example of why men in dresses didn’t like authority.

It was a clerk at the Urgent Care facility in San Bernardino who was looking at his driver’s license in one hand and his HMO identity card in the other. She looked from the plastic card to the California license and back

again, then finally back to his face. "It says you are male." A sneer caused her lips to droop.

"Yes, I mean I'm in transition from male to female, ma'am."

"If you say so. I'm going to have to take this to my supervisor." She jabbed a finger toward the rear of the room, "Wait over there."

A few minutes later, the whole process started over. It was enough to make James scream. But he didn't, he was here for a reason that couldn't wait. Finally a call went out to his shrink and his reply, over the phone, seemed to be enough for the supervisor. She handed James back his card and license but her eyes suggested that she suspected that he'd pull off a scam.

James sat in the waiting room for the better part of the hour, wondering what was urgent about Urgent Care. It gave him time to think. A lot was not right to be sure. His shrink, for example, was totally useless and needlessly expensive and yet James had no choice in the matter, it was part of the 'tax' imposed for being in this situation. Nor did he expect that his visit with the doctor today would be any better. Every time he came in, it was a different person and the medical histories were all screwed up. It would have been easier to have gone back to see old Moe who actually knew him as a patient, but that wasn't about to happen in this lifetime. Finally, his name was called. "James. Mr. James Mugworthy, Station 2."

He got up in the crowded waiting room. As always, heads turned. He wanted to scream at them but it was too much bother so he just exaggerated the way he swung his hips and put on a show. The nurse holding his folder at station 2 looked blank-faced as he approached. "I'm Mr. Mugworthy," he said loud enough for all in the room to hear.

She stiffened as if to rebuff him but simply spun on her heels, "This way, please."



The woman in the white lab coat was holding the brown paper bag using only the tips of her thumb and index finger as if not to leave finger prints on it. She looked far too young to be a medical doctor but James could not assume that she was an M.D. Not here, not at Urgent Care. "And this is?"

"My balls, my bits, testicles, gonads, *whatever*," he sighed in frustration. They'd pulled his old records, again. What else was new? The girl, for one wouldn't call her an adult woman, looked like she was just about to lose it. "They just fell off last night while I was sleeping. There was some blood, but nothing really messy."

She peeked inside and drew back in a gasp. Blinking her eyes rapidly, she muttered something about getting Dr. Holst, then was gone in a flash. She even let the bag containing James' balls lying on the table.

One thing James was learning was patience. He started to strip off his clothes and looked around for an examination gown, the kind that covered nothing in the rear. There would be a physical exam now, he was sure of that, performed by a real doctor. He reached down between his legs and confirmed what he knew to be true. It felt odd without them there but just that, odd. The skin there was tender, hardly surprising, but wrinkly, not smooth. More was happening to be sure. His dick seemed entirely normal though it hadn't been erect for some time now. Not dead but hardly a rampant bull either.

That night with Estella, four or five weeks earlier, was the last time his dick had found employment. Of course, it

wasn't like he was having a swell sex life lately, Estella, his stepmother being his last conquest if the term 'conquest' could be employed. He wondered if he should ask the doctor what he could do about his loss of sex drive. The loss of male sex hormones might be good for Kathy's looks but it was a poor trade-off if she were left to gather dust like an unused Barbie Doll. Yeah, maybe he would ask, it couldn't hurt.

## Chapter 5

Dr. Ivonovich tuned into CNN that early November morning while making coffee before going to his nine o'clock lecture. It was background noise to him. He didn't receive any newspaper; he liked to get just a hint of what was going on in the world but not much more. Had it not been for CNN, he might have missed the whole thing. Every news channel was carrying the story and so were all the local channels as a continuous breaking news event. There was nothing like the mixture of sex and religion for the media, plus all of the victims were from greater Los Angeles.

He was only half-listening and made no connection between these events and his own life. Josh's face, a pre-change image, briefly flashed on the screen, Petra didn't notice. He'd never seen Natasha as a male and certainly did not recognize that face as belonging to his beloved. But when the names of the missing victims was given, he heard: Joshua Allan Miller. He screamed in horror.

In the next instant he became one of the most committed viewers that morning. He called in sick without the slightest hesitation. The problem with electronic media coverage was that it didn't give the details that could be found in the old fashioned paper media; it was too repetitive and filled with talking heads. Around noon he went

to the campus library and was able to read the full story that had initiated this thunderstorm. He noted the byline: Eddy Sacks and the fact that more coverage could be obtained at their web site, the address for which he wrote down before returning home.

The full story was far more painful than what he had heard on the TV. The horror of having his lover's brain possibly wiped, memories erased! Their time together would no longer exist for her. It was an act of murder, a small murder, but murder nonetheless.

Back home, he could think of nothing but Natasha. He was glued to the TV as more of the story unfolded. Too much was about Mormons and not enough was about the one and only Mormon he cared about. Then, flashed on the screen, was a local number for friends and families of the victims. A hot line for information and support. In a moment he was on the phone. His first attempt was successful. "Yes ma'am, Joshua Miller was my husband."

A few minutes later, she asked the obvious question. "In Seattle. Yes ma'am, it is a same-sex marriage. My name, Petra, Dr. Petra Ivonovich, professor at PCC. Yes ma'am, I can be reached at this number."



James was oblivious to what was happening in Salt Lake City. He seldom watched television and the local newspaper wasn't much more than a penny saver with local gossip and weather thrown in. That wasn't to say he knew nothing of what was happening; in the facility room at school, that news was all the rage that morning. In a thumbnail summary, it was the Mormons once again repressing gays. They had a long history of that, which wasn't news. That they would resort to

electro-convulsive-shock, however, was. He was no neurobiologist but his scientific training was sufficient to know that passing large amounts of current through the human brain was totally unhealthy.

Killing brain cells was no therapy. What next? Would they would cut off the poor bastards' dicks? The last few months had made James a lot more sensitive regarding gays, or as his stepmother would have said, people who were 'different'. That these guys had been transformed into what they had become was not highly spotlighted in the media. Not that the media was showing restraint but rather that aspect was simply missing from the story. Eddy Sacks, like every other responsible reporter, had not given that aspect of the story much column space or serious credit. Leave it up to the real rags, like the National Enquirer and the Star to do that. And none of those yellow journals were distributed in Pine Creek.

Besides, he had a lot on his mind. His last visit down the mountain after the Urgent Care adventure had involved an MRI and, possibly, an answer to what had really happened late last July. He was intersexed or, to be more precise, a hermaphrodite. That sounded all too much like Greek mythology 101 to be sure, but the image scan had shown a rudimentary womb that was crowding out his prostate. That phantom 'climax' and quivery womb he'd experienced several times was, apparently, not entirely a neural illusion. Probably of more immediate relevance was a nearly formed vagina, which helped explained the odd, lip-like structure where his balls had been.

But the doctor was very clear that there was no other evidence of female plumbing. This had all been there since birth, a "congenital condition" was the term his doctor used. Hermaphrodites were usually incomplete as males or females or both. James had been assigned as a

male at birth because of his external genitalia. "One would hardly go looking for a womb under such conditions, now would one?" the doctor had said with a laugh. "An honest mistake. Perhaps your recent transition to a more feminine form was but more genetic mischief."

Truth was James wasn't exactly looking forward to making babies anytime soon, though he hadn't said as much to the doctor, so the absence of more female plumbing wasn't a great hardship. But a minor operation that would enable him to use that incipient vagina was another thing entirely. He had yet to 'enjoy' anal sex; he'd rather not have to deal with the pain. And the only meaningful climax he'd experience was centered elsewhere; where it should be, he concluded. Perhaps once he'd experienced sex that way, he might finally think of himself as female.

What the MRI results had done was, most significantly, lay to rest the notion that Mr. Peerless was some kind of alien who had magically done this to him. The transformation was magical indeed, except in James' world, magic did not exist. Mr. Peerless' presence had either accelerated a process that had been going on all along or was merely correlated with the event; that is, Mr. Peerless was a non-causal agent. They, meaning the HMO's laboratory dwarfs, had also identified some kind of fungal infection.

Little did he or they know that it was that 'infection' that was producing the enzyme that kept James female reality a constant, else it would have expired mere weeks after the ingestion of Mr. Peerless' brownies. It was now responsible for the very slow but certain creation of a complete female reproductive system. The latter was not seen in Petra's mice but they had received but a single injection, not months and months of exposure to the en-

zyme. Mammals were simply less fluid, more fixed, in their physiology than, say, fish.

“Would the surgery be difficult?”

“Hardly a challenge, all the real work has been done by nature. Your penis, on the other hand...”

“I wasn’t thinking of going um... that far.”

“No?” The doctor looked surprised.

“I’ve become a bit attached to the old fellow. Doc, I was thinking of taking testosterone.”

Now his doctor looked really startled. “Heavens, Kathy, why would you want to do that?”

“Honestly Doc, I have no sex drive, none. I’m willing to risk some hair if it comes to that but life is empty without lust.”

“Sometimes you worry me, Kathy. Have you been seeing your psychologist?”

“Like clockwork.”

“Have that discussion with him first, OK?” He reached out and patted her on the knee. “I’m sure there are lots of guys that would just die to be your boyfriend.”

“That’s the problem, Doc. No one turns me on. I want someone to feel special to me.”

“Love is more than lust, Kathy.”

“From where I sit, love without lust seems pretty boring.”



The support site was set up by the FBI but that organization then offered to turn it over to the State of California which in turn tossed it into the lap of the City of Pasadena

which was almost totally unable to fund such a project, especially as it was an open-ended obligation. They turned their attention to the local Mormon community for support. All of the victims were Mormon and the community was well-known to care for its own. All of this took less than a day to evolve; by the time Petra Ivonovich arrived at the small store front that served to house the support center later that afternoon, it wasn't a friendly clerk from the government but an older woman from the Mormon community who met him.

Initially, she was warm and supportive, as one would expect. "And your loved one?"

"Joshua, Joshua Miller."

"And your relationship?"

"You should already have that information. Um... he's my husband." The background murmurs ceased, the empty room of hard walls and floor became harder still.

The woman flushed and her face hardened. "I see..." she said as she looked down the typed list and found the name. "I'm sorry, nothing. Next."

He backed away, knowing that he wasn't welcome here. Had this been a less civilized setting, he might have been attacked by the several men who formed a cluster near the flat screen monitor showing a direct feed from Utah. In a few strides he was out the door and on the sidewalk. A young woman, her face drawn and her eyes red, followed him out of the door.

"My name is Ruth," she said taking his arm, "I mean, I am Mrs. Franklin Carter."

"Your husband is one of the missing?"

She nodded, "I'm sorry they are so rude. I couldn't help overhearing that you and Josh were married?" He

nodded. "My husband worked with Josh or rather had been working..." she broke down and started crying.

Petra held her in his arms. That was how they first met and when their friendship began. She was as much of an outsider as he was and both were afraid for the men in their lives.



The FBI were all over the case and had crowded out the local authorities, one of them being senior Detective Colbert of Salt Lake City's finest. It was like the Feds either didn't trust them or thought they were incompetent clods. Either case would have made him mad as Hell but when it was his people and not the Feds that found the bodies, that did a lot to heal his wounded pride. Then things started going south, again.

The seven young men were found buried in a park not more than a mile from BYU; they had never made it out of the city. It was no body dump in shallow graves. Heavy equipment had been used to dig the graves, and to the correct depth. And each of the young men were in a proper coffin as well.

Special Agent Mossman asked the senior detective to repeat himself.

"Yes. We've identified the source of the coffins and even the crew who dug the graves."

"And they admitted it?"

"As I said, yes."

"They'll go to jail as accomplices."

"I think they are aware of that, yes."

“And they saw no wrong...” the Agent sputtered in frustration.

“Nor will they roll over and point the finger at who killed those young men, I’m afraid. It is possible that they can’t give up the information because they simply don’t know who actually did the task.”

“I’m confused Detective, very confused.”

“These young men were Saints and they deserved no less. We take care of our own.”

“We?”

“Figuratively speaking, Special Agent Mossman, I’m not a Latter Day Saint myself, but I was born and grew up here. It’s their community and their culture, so if an Elder says this or that needs to be done, well, it gets done.”

“Christ Almighty!” swore the agent. “The whole community would aid such a heinous crime? Whole scale interference with a police investigation is going to get a lot of Saints in jail.”

“Probably not.” The detective looked around before looking back at the FBI agent. “You can’t put the whole community in jail.”

The agent looked stunned. “This is out of my pay grade.”

~oOo~

“They are fucking going to get away with this!” swore Eddy to no one in particular as she watched the coverage unfold. Oh, they had Dr. Franklin dead to rights but he wasn’t giving up anything, nor could he. His brain had been wiped, there was adequate clinical evidence of that fact. He probably knew that the Quorum had been up to their necks in the whole affair but he wouldn’t be lying if

he said he didn't know. Courts of law weren't set up for such a defense, a brain wipe.

All of Dr. Franklin's funds had been moved through BYU but tracing the money further back led them to individual donors, a very large number of small donors, as if the Church had never touched the money. Dr. Hess had been sighted in Bolivia and was not in hiding. Two of his medical assistants, however, had been found locally and arrested but they were just more small fry.

As to the sodomites, they had been dead for almost a full week before their graves were discovered. Death by affixation. Probably a hose run from the muffler of a vehicle into the interior of the same vehicle or perhaps a small closed room. Additional laboratory tests were being conducted but this wasn't a TV story where a fingerprint suddenly fingers the bad guys. No, the bad guys, mused Eddy, were probably in bed by eight the night the murder took place, sleeping the sleep of the righteous. Eddy had to wonder if she had killed them? Had she done nothing, would they still be alive today? On the other hand, what kind of life would it be?



A lot of people, like Eddy, thought that the Mormon Church had gotten away with something horrid. It's rabid anti-homosexual position was clearly moving counter to the direction of the rest of American culture. But few people had the visceral hatred that Petra had. Though he had grown close to Ruth over the past week and they shared a common bond in that hatred, he had not told her what he was about. He was growing mold, but this time in almost commercial quantities. To tell her about the enzyme would be to tell her that he and he alone was responsible for what had happened to her husband and the other six

Saints. So their relationship had certain, definite limits that could not be crossed.

Unknowingly, she had helped him in a significant fashion. Without her he might have given himself up to utter despair and merely wallowed in a black depression. More likely, he would have drowned in a bottle. Perhaps sensing his weakness or simply needing companionship and comfort herself, she and he became nearly inseparable as the search for their loved ones continued. It wasn't a sexual union at first but her refusal to be present if he were drinking or after he had been drinking had to be balanced by something on her part.

She was no raving beauty but her soul was lovely. The night they found out their loved ones were dead, a mere six days after meeting for the first time, Ruth invited Petra to her bed. She had moved beyond restrictive conventions. The following evening he brought what personal things he needed, such as clothing, over to her house. They would live together, openly.

Rather than dropping his lease on the apartment, Petra made it into his laboratory, after removing all the furniture from the bedroom and study and replacing that with steel shelves, tubing and other things purchased from Home Depot. Paper and tape over the windows allowed him to more adequately control the lighting and humidifiers let him control the air itself. By the end of the following week, he had collected the first small amount of enzyme. But he would need much, much more than a few milliliters, more like liters. He had a plan to attack the central authority of that agency which had destroyed Natasha, the hierarchy of the Mormon Church.

Ruth was pregnant, she told him that first day that they had met. The idea of remaining by her side to become a father, had some strong appeal to Petra. Odd how the world turns. But it wasn't likely to terminate his ven-

detta against the LDS. No. And vengeance is a dish best served cold.



Eddy had read and re-read a copy of the autopsy report; it was the official report itself and not the summary put out for media consumption. How Jack had managed to come by it she had no idea but she was thankful nonetheless. Not surprising, the report was already more than two weeks old and the bodies had already been interred again so there would be no possibility of a follow-up without extensive legal action.

She hadn't said anything to her boss yet but her mind spun with the possibilities. The Mormon Church employing electro-convulsive-shock therapy on some homosexuals was indeed a gruesome story but was it the *lesser* story? That there was something far bigger going on and she had missed it?

She had used her interview with Dr. Marlow mostly to confirm that the Church had collected those trans-women and shipped them to Salt Lake City. The idea that these men had been radically transformed into 'sodomites' by an evil force, the Devil to be specific, provided 'motive' for the Church's resulting behavior which had been spelled out in her published story. But to actually believe that a super-natural force was in play? Ridiculous. Even Dr. Marlow wasn't convinced that a miracle had transformed the young men into pseudo-women. He'd mentioned some theory about an enzyme that could change a person's sex. That was simply too weird to put in the story, especially the part about fish.

The autopsy report indicated that all seven young Saints were intersexed, hermaphrodites. What were the

odds? A few zillion to one. The intersexed condition was greatest in the youngest members of the group, showing almost complete but immature female reproductive systems. The older two Saints, Franklin, thirty-one and Jim, thirty-five, had womb-like organs and evidence of an incomplete vagina but nothing more. There probably weren't seven hermaphrodites in all of Los Angeles County, yet the Church had swept up seven in a matter of days, all from the same location, Pasadena.

She was throwing things into her suitcase. She was heading West, to the very beginning of the story.

"Going somewhere?"

She looked up at her girlfriend, lover, significant other. A shit-eating grin slipped over her face. "Yeah. It seems like I might have really fucked up my story."

"Seriously, that Mormon thingy?"

"It could be." She stood up and accepted the hug offered by Megan. "Um... I needed that."

"Oh, by the way your husband wants a meeting sometime this weekend to discuss... stuff?"

Eddy laughed, "You mean my soon-to-be ex-husband." She closed the suit case. "Tell him I'm on assignment and I have no idea when I'll be back."

"Where?"

"Southern California."

Megan's face clouded up instantly.

"Why the sour puss?"

Instead of answering, Megan spun on her heels and stomped out of their bedroom.

Eddy rolled her eyes. There was a lot of positives in her relationship with Megan, but her lover was a little too possessive, far worse than her husband had been. To be

honest, she hadn't been thinking about Linda. Linda?  
Hmmm.



Petra had designed a biohazard suit of sorts, starting with a surplus military gas mask, adding heavy rubber items that he had taped together, including thigh-high wading boots. It was cumbersome but necessary. His project was, to say the least, running amuck. There was mold growing where he had never intended it to grow. Spores hung in the air like a fine cloud. He'd enclosed the entryway using heavy sheets of plastic so that he had a safe place to change into and out of the suit. But he knew his attempts to contain his project had been inadequate. Eventually, when he was done, clean up might well prove impossible.

By the third week he knew he was in way over his head. Burning down the apartment, which meant the whole building, might be the only solution and a fire might actually spread the mold. In some ways he now felt all too much like the little Dutch boy with his finger in the dike, holding back the sea. It was too late to turn back and he certainly could not turn off the project without significant help. He was not a monster. He would do the right thing and contact the proper authorities but first, he would take what enzyme he had collected, nearly a full liter, and drive to Salt Lake City.

After he loaded the container into the trunk of his car, he finished cleaning up. His makeshift hazard suit, draped across the patio deck, was carefully hosed down before he applied Clorox to the contaminated puddle of water. Finally, he disposed of the surgical-style cloth face mask and rubber gloves he wore during the clean up and tossed them into the trash can beside the patio door. Once

the deed was done in Utah, he'd call the Pasadena Police Department and make a full accounting of what was there. And then what? Give himself up? That would be the right thing to do but could he? Had it not been for Ruth, he would have taken his own life rather than accept imprisonment again.

Ruth had given him a reason to live. This vendetta would destroy all of that and more. She would learn that it had been by his hand that she had lost her Franklin. She would never forgive him. A cold chill worked its way down his back. He was damned if he did and damned if he didn't. He climbed into the car and drove off, still in deep thought but resolved to complete his mission.

Off to the northwest, clouds were building. A large weather system was working its way down the coast. Here in LA, it would be the first significant storm of the rainy season. In the mountains it would be the beginning of winter. At the higher elevations the snow fall could be significant which would please the Southern California skiers and resort owners. For Petra it would make the long drive to Utah just that much longer.



Tomorrow would be Thanksgiving, the start of a much needed long weekend away from the daily grind at school. Already Mrs. Bone was laboring in her kitchen. She put on an excellent spread for Turkey Day but that wasn't what had painted a grin on James' face. Tonight, Harry would hold an open house, a cocktail party for the faculty and other members of the school community. He did the same thing every year. It was a rare opportunity to get dressed up and James planned on doing just that. He had laid out his tiny black cocktail dress and associated finery hours earlier, none of which he'd had the op-

portunity to wear as yet. But even that wasn't what had put James in such a good mood.



The last two weeks his doctor and his shrink had played games with him, like he was a ping pong ball. Back and forth they'd sent him, each deferring to the other as to whether or not James could have a prescription for male sex hormones. He'd finally taken matters into his own hand and bought some on the internet from a Canadian company. The small bottle and three disposable syringes had arrived earlier in the day via U.P.S. It was the anticipation of recovering his missing sex drive that was lighting up his face. Oh, to feel the rush of desire once more. He'd told himself not to expect too much. It might take days for anything to really happen. Still he was eager to discover if there was a little zip that could be put back into his life.

He'd spent hours at his toilet, starting with a long, long soak in the tub and almost as long putting on his makeup, having learned the virtues of a good foundation. His hair was no longer blond for the simple fact that he was tired of dealing with the dark roots. It was more of his natural brown but lighter. Dark hair just didn't work with his complexion. Powdered and perfumed and yet still naked, he turned his attention to the last thing he had to do before getting dressed.

He'd never stuck a needle in himself, not deliberately at least, and as he twisted his body so that he could better examine his bun, he was having second thoughts about the whole matter. The first two tentative tries were but useless and painful pricks that brought only blood. Finally, he literally stabbed himself. The syringe needle, now buried nearly to the hilt, brought tears to James' eyes. Then he began the actual injection which seemed to take a long time. The syringe was still about half-full when he felt an unexpected bloom of warmth. Something was happening. It was only by his greatest efforts that he

finished the injection as he felt more than a little disoriented.

~oOo~

“Linda, do you have the time?”

“Um... a little after six.”

“AM or PM?”

Linda giggled. “PM.”

Eddy sat up in the bed, looked out the bedroom window and saw nothing. It was dark outside and a light rain was falling making a faint sound against the glass. “I thought it never rains in Southern California?”

Linda giggled again, then added in a thoughtful voice, “It’s so nice seeing you again.”

“Yeah.” Eddy looked at the woman beside her. They were both naked and the covers had vanished sometime earlier in the afternoon; the sheets were a twisted wreck. She and Linda went all the way back to their days in the college dorm so many years ago. It had been a short, passionate affair of no consequence; neither was gay. Both later married. For Eddy it had been the first of three marriages. Linda married only once.

Linda was the first to accept that she was more comfortable in a lesbian relationship and never remarried. Eddy, on the other hand, hadn’t come to such an easy decision, not until a few months ago when she got involved with Megan. Neither woman was exactly young and Linda had put on entirely too much weight to be called sexy; it wasn’t so much a physical attraction for either of them. For Linda, it was undying love; for Eddy it was more like security. Linda had always been there for her,

always. "I was wondering if I could use your car tomorrow?"

"Sure no problem. You know its Thanksgiving."

"Um, to be honest, that fact had slipped my mind."

Linda laughed. "What you need is a life, my dear."

"Tell you what, I got a couple of things that just have to get done tomorrow but I'll be back by five or so. Why don't we go out to dinner?"

"Dinner? On Thanksgiving day? That is a sure train wreck. How about I do dinner here? Turkey, the works."

"Duh? Like I can say no to that?"

"Fine, then that's settled. So what are you here for, or is that a state secret?"

"You're going to laugh."

"Try me."

"Something that turns good little boys into very sexy bad girls."

"You're kidding, right? No? How about little girls into very sexy bad boys?"

"Apparently that is a real possibility but without a penis, I suspect. Hey, what's so funny?"

"A man without a penis might be a real improvement, don't you think, Eddy?"

"I don't think too many people would agree."

"But you have to admit, the idea has some possibilities."

"Whatever," groaned Eddy.

"I like men's bodies. It's just that all their brains are in their dick. So, wouldn't it be an improvement?"

It was Eddy's turn to laugh. "Point taken."



The snow was falling in huge heavy flakes as James walked to Harry's house. He looked drop dead fantastic in his little black dress but over that was a heavy cotton overcoat which was merely functional. The nylons did a fantastic job of holding back the chill but the naked flesh of his upper thighs caught a nasty draft of frigid air with each stride. Skirts and dresses were not optimal clothing in really cold weather. On the other hand, that warmth he'd felt following the injection still lingered and did much to counter the cold, wet air. Something was happening, surely something good.

The sounds of a party in progress spilled out into the night and was evident long before James arrived. His spiked heels clicked on the wet cement as he walked up the steps and onto the porch. The front door was slightly ajar so James just pushed inside. He was greeted with, "Hey Kathy!" and the like by the men nearest the door. The one woman near the door found something else to do and quickly disappeared, martini glass in hand. It was pretty much the reception he'd expected. Then Harry appeared. His cheeks already a glow from the booze. "Hey."

"Good to see you, Harry," she said. For the first time in weeks, if not months, she felt utterly feminine. He took her breath away. He looked entirely too delicious. If she were a cat, she would be purring. "Um... could you give me a hand with this coat?"

As he did so, she emerged from that cloth cocoon as a rare and beautiful butterfly, the kind of image that took men's breath away. It wasn't just Harry but every male within view. Heads turned, eyes widened and yes, erections bloomed like so many flowers in the Springtime. Her movements were sweet exaggeration of the feminine;

she was coming into estrus. It was the excess of testosterone in her initial transition that had produced her first estrus and she was going into her second session. Not that she knew that yet, but Sissy was awakening from her long sleep.

## Chapter 6

Sex pheromones trigger the urge to mate. In primates, males are guided mostly by visual cues since odors are notoriously non-directional. When aroused sexually, the male will scan the environment for the most probable source. Were James, now Kathy and soon to be Sissy, the only other person in the room, that search would end immediately. The male would approach and thus would begin the mating dance that would eventually end in intercourse. Given multiple possible targets, however, the male examines each, looking for clues as to which individual is the more likely source. It is no accident that females employ many devices to simulate estrus. Fuller and more colored lips, an increase in blood tones in the cheeks and heavier lidded eyes, all reliable cues as to sexual receptivity are commonly employed in Western makeup.

Enhancement of the breasts with bras that are both padded and uplifting serve to signal both sexual availability and relative reproductive health, especially when partly exposed. Most important, the natural cocking of the hips and the increased elevation of the buttocks, the most ancient signs of sexual readiness, are mimicked by the wearing of high heels; the greater the elevation, the more pronounced the invitation.

Unfortunately for Kathy, she was not alone. While she walked in a trailing cloud of pheromones, the likes of which few human males have encountered in recorded history (Moe being one of the few living exceptions), the aroused males had too many visual targets of opportu-

nity. Wives were safe but less exciting than a novel receptive female which is an adaptive evolutionary response for a male. On the scale of adaptive appropriateness, a male-in-a-dress is not a good choice, not with so many adequate pseudo-fertile female targets in the immediate field.

Nor were the females in Harry's house passive players in the unfolding drama as that invisible chemical cloud spread and wafted throughout the house. It wasn't Kathy's pheromones that affected them but the far weaker pheromones of the increasingly aroused males and, more significantly, the ever increasingly 'randy' behavior of their own husbands. Not being in estrus themselves for the most part, their adaptive evolutionary response was to protect what was theirs. It wasn't Kathy per say they were responding to but rather the obvious reactions of their husbands and boyfriends upon her entry. Ironic that they would probably be rewarded sexually by their mates later that night for they correctly saw and understood indirectly that this 'she-male' was responsible for the rapidly escalating sexual tension in Harry's house.

In spite of Kathy's initial success, the males that were drawn to her were quickly distracted by irate mates. Most of the women were careful to mask their anger and adopted a more seductive approach to their arrant males. And they had another powerful weapon to put in play. Seemingly without deliberation, poor Kathy found herself under the constant supervision of at least one 'real' female at all times. It was an excellent tactic.

Kathy neither saw nor understood what was happening. It was about ten o'clock at night, almost two hours since she had arrived; she was in the kitchen with two other women, talking. That one of the women was Cynthia, Harry's wife, made the context all the more improbable.

Cynthia had been drinking rather more heavily than was her usual habit. That she found the queer in the dress repugnant would have been an understatement; that she had literally attached herself to this monster was but a necessary evil for she did not like the way Harry had looked at this creature earlier in the evening. Hell, she hadn't fully trusted Harry since this whole situation had developed back in the Summer. Harry's willingness to allow the queer to teach at their high school, to actually defend the pervert's right to teach, suggested something potentially off regarding her own husband. Perhaps Harry had a bit of pink hidden inside. But there was more to it than that.

The pervert in the dress was, to be entirely honest, very attractive. Sexy in a way that most women only dream about. It certainly wasn't just the way she dressed or her near-perfect makeup but the way she moved, like a lioness. Especially tonight. She had that 'it' factor. And when the second woman got up and left the kitchen, she and 'it' were alone for the first time.

It was the alcohol that helped unblock her inhibitions; sober she would never have revealed her envy. "You are so beautiful," she said and instantly wished that she hadn't. That a pervert could be prettier than her, a real woman, was seriously wrong.

Surprised and a bit taken back by the comment, Kathy responded, "I... I don't know what to say, Cynthia. Coming from a woman as lovely as you..."

"How is that possible, you have a prick, right?"

Kathy blushed and gulped down the rest of her martini, "I'm pre-op, if that's what you are asking."

"Have you ever in your life been with a woman?"

"Sure. I was married and there have been others since my divorce."



“Seriously?” Cynthia laughed, rolled her eyes, then sneered in disbelief. “I must say, I’m surprised.” She got up and moved across the kitchen with the excessive care of the drunk and returned with a bottle of gin. She refilled both glasses not bothering with making a proper martini.

She flopped back down almost bonelessly and stared at the pervert. "I assume you haven't been with a women since..." She pointed at Kathy with a wobbly finger. "Since... since you changed."

Kathy had been displaced by Sissy, gradually, as the alcohol numbed her cortical functions. She was in full heat now. Out of sight, hidden by the kitchen table, her willy formed a small but noticeable tent pole, marring the perfection of her femininity. Sissy was as horny as a priest on steroids. *Something* was in the offering, she abruptly realized. Cynthia. What sweet justice that would be. She covered her face and giggled, then looked back through her fingers at her companion. The wide pupils and not quite centered gaze, the slurred speech and loosely-set shoulders; Cynthia was clearly feeling little pain and was potentially far less inhibited than usual. Kathy sat up straighter in her chair and deliberately adjusted her dress and her bra, tucking and pulling, drawing Cynthia's eyes where she intended them to be. All the while she giggled, almost uncontrollably.

"What's so funny, Kathy?" Cynthia said with a hint of irritation in her voice. It was like there was a joke and she had missed the punch line. Had she?

"Actually, the last time I had sex, and that was quite recently, Cynthia, it was with a woman." She almost added, "my step mother" but didn't. "It was well after I started living as a woman full-time."

Cynthia looked stunned. She'd always assumed that James was a queer. Surely a man in a dress was into men, not women. It never occurred to her that it could be otherwise. Were she not drunk, she would have ended the discussion at that odd point. "Liar." she said but without real conviction.

Sissy smiled a loopy, silly, suggestive smile, "I have a woody right now."

"A woody?"

"An erection, a hard-on, a big 'hello and glad-to-see-you." She stood up. "See?"

Cynthia blinked as she slowly rose to her feet, thinking Harry should see Kathy now, like this. That would straighten his mind on what was what. "Is that for real?"

"Hello and glad to see you."

"Euuu." Then Cynthia's eyes widened, "Um... you can't be seriously interested in me?"

"Chicken."

"Oh-my-God!"

"It works, as you can clearly see."

"Like *that's* ever going to happen." Cynthia sat down heavily and drained her glass of gin. Her eyes crossed and seemed to lose complete focus for a few moments. Then a slurry voice added: "OK, sissy, I'm calling your fucking queer bluff."

~oOo~

Sissy and Cynthia were in the spare bedroom on the second floor. Cynthia was in the inferior position, on her back, and Sissy was astride and thrusting quite vigorously, much to Cynthia's delight. They hadn't started in that position nor had they remained in any position for long. Nor could Mrs. Horner retreat to the argument that she was drunk, not now that the excess booze had been burnt off. Tomorrow she would have to live with her shame, but right now she was having the best fuck of her life.

As lovers go, Harry was swell, not that she had known all that many men, but Kathy or James or whomever was inside her was totally different. He, she, it, never came. Not that that was a good thing for James but from a selfish perspective, Cynthia could come again and again without being interrupted. The pretty face hovering above her, the swaying, bobbing breasts with sharply turned-up nipples, seemed so odd, so queer, but the silky soft flesh against her flesh, the absence of stubble was something one could get used to rather quickly. And not having to worry about an unwanted pregnancy was an added plus.

They had been up here far, far, too long. It was nearly midnight and she was all but used up. She pushed Kathy away as she herself rolled over on her side and lightly kissed Kathy's shoulder, then her neck and finally her lips. That was when her partner came. There was no possible doubt that Kathy was climaxing, not with a jerk of her penis but climaxing as a woman might. Cynthia held on to Kathy's body.

Later they lay there wrapped together. Erotic need having driven Sissy away and sexually gratified, Kathy fused once again with James. "I'm intersexed. I mean I have organs of both sexes. I only recently discovered this." The quiet filled the air.

"Man and woman?"

"Something like that, Cynthia. So this is not exactly a homosexual encounter."

"Oh," Cynthia said in a small voice, then added, "I'm sorry for all the mean things I said about you, dear."

James laughed, "Maybe you shouldn't apologize too quickly, Cynthia. I did have my eye on Harry."

"Oh," Cynthia laughed, "this is pretty ironic then."

"My life is ironic, Cynthia."

"I can see how that might be, Kathy."

"James. With you, I'm James."

"So you think there will be another time?"

"You can count on it."

"And Harry?"

"Why not?"

Cynthia gasped, "That's not what I meant."

~oOo~

"Eddy!" Linda laughed, covering her mouth to suppress the incipient giggle.

"Don't ask." She looked like she had fallen down into a dust bin. Worst affected was her hair which looked like she was playing a part in a high school play, the old flour-in-the-hair bit to simulate aging, except it certainly wasn't white flour. "I need to take a shower before dinner, if that's OK?"

"Lord, what were you up to?"

"I said don't ask." Eddy disappeared down the hallway.

During dinner the subject never came up again. The truth was, while standing at the former site of the LDS Community Center, the one place that all the victims had been prior to their unnatural transformation, Eddy had seen what had to be an apartment building. It was the closest building to the former Center and one apartment unit had a commanding view of the now-empty lot. Pasadena City College was just across the street from the former center and less than a half mile away was California Institute of Technology. She doubted very much that the hypothetical mad scientist was a member of the PCC com-

munity but certainly there were faculty at Cal Tech with the skills and facilities to create a monster enzyme. Of course in Southern California, there was no shortage of research orientated Universities and therefore no shortage of possible suspects.

The apartment drew her eye merely by its location. As she walked toward it, she couldn't help notice the paper and tape covering the windows, as if to stop anyone from looking inside. She knocked at the front door. Nobody answered. She turned as if to leave, then headed back toward the patio that overlooked the empty lot below. As soon as she lifted the lid and looked inside the trash can she found there, she knew that she had struck gold: surgical masks and disposable surgical gloves. She placed her ear against the sliding glass door and heard the sound of what had to be equipment operating inside.

She had to take a peek inside. She looked at the sliding glass door; there was no bar across the channel. Lift up and bypass the catch and she would be in. It was technically breaking and entering but nothing would get broken and she could easily reset the lock. Moments later, she stood in what had been a breakfast nook with the kitchen directly ahead. The air was filled with dust or what she assumed to be dust. The smell, on the other hand, was something entirely different: mildew or mold and, very, very ripe.

The most she could assume thus far was that the owner was a very poor housekeeper. In for a penny, in for a pound, she thought as she stepped inside and moved toward the sound of a motor running. On the other side of what had to be a bedroom door, the hum was clearly audible. The knob turned but the door seemed stuck. She threw her shoulder against the door, not once but several times. It was on the third attempt that the door flew open and she fell sprawling onto the floor, covered in mold. It

was in her eyes and mouth. She gagged and pushed herself up; one hand was now resting in a trough filled with clear liquid. She'd had enough.

Later, having wiped herself as clean as she could and brushing the worst of the mold from her hair and clothes, she called her editor. "I think I found the smoking gun, boss. We find out who holds the lease on this hell hole and I'll bet you dollars to donuts the mystery is half-solved."

Later she called her boss back, "I have the name, Petra Ivonovich. Boss, the landlord thinks his tenant has a Ph.D. from Russia. Get research on him, pronto." Then she let out a long sigh. "One more thing. You know what that happened to the victims? I think it might happen to me." She listened and immediately discounted his suggestion that she head for the nearest emergency ward. "Sure, sure, Boss. In the meantime, send somebody good to take my place. I don't know how reliable I'll be in a few hours. And get Homeland Security involved. They must have people that can deal with a biohazard spill."

It was after dinner that Eddy finally told Linda what was about to happen. "So the question is will I turn from good girl to a bad, very sexy boy or not?"

"You should be in a hospital."

"Killjoy. Look Linda, if it does happen, I'd rather be with you than any other person in the world."

Linda looked concerned but said nothing for a few moments, "You know how much I love you."

"Yeah. I couldn't pick a better person to be at my side at a time like this."

"How long?"

"Absolutely no idea. It could be minutes or hours or even days."

"You seem to be taking this rather too well, Eddy."

She shrugged, "It's not like it's going to change my sex life."

"What if you become exactly like them?"

Eddy laughed "All seven enzyme victims were quite attractive pseudo-females. I'm not worried, are you? I mean, either way it seems like a win-win."

"Being a male wouldn't bother you?"

"Not unless my brains migrate to my dick." They both laughed at that.



Petra was going to die and it promised to be a particularly ugly death. He was in the water system under the Great Temple. This system had been built before modern plumbing and was composed of a huge underground cistern for holding runoff from the Winter and Spring rains and the many drainage tunnels that led the water there. Fresh water in old Salt Lake City had been a major concern until an adequate viaduct system had finally been built in the eighteen eighties. The water from the cistern was still used but not for drinking purposes any longer; it was mostly for watering the vegetation and the numerous fountains that were the hallmark of the gracefully appointed grounds surrounding the Temple. Petra wasn't interested in the cistern itself, but the brick drainage system would allow him access to the plumbing which carried the drinking water. Or at least that had been the plan until a small section of the ancient tunnel gave way.

He was stuck fast, able to move neither forward nor back and was rapidly reaching a state of full-blown panic. It was the fear of being trapped underground, buried

alive in the dark. Moments earlier, his flashlight had slipped from his grasp as if his fingers were covered in butter. He'd listened to it rattle as it fell down and down the sloping concourse and then the sound of it entering the water with a wet plop.

He'd twisted and turned but to no avail. The liter bottle was painfully pinned between his hip and what remained of the brick wall. If he could reach it, it would give him the means to break free. Without the light, any hope of continuing on was simply impossible. He would have to try again but first he had to get free. It never happened like this in the movies, did it? But the hero usually wasn't fifty-five years old, out of shape and half-mad with a phobic reaction to being buried alive. He slowed his breathing and tried to fight the one thing he could fight, his fear. He needed to rest and to do that, he needed to calm down. The gulag hadn't killed him, he was a survivor.

As he lay there he couldn't but help thinking about Ruth. A good woman, a better woman than he had any right to have. That helped some.

Time passed. He needed to pee, to drink, to stretch out from this cramped position. In time he would be too numb to extract himself. There was one possibility, one and only one. If he couldn't move that bottle of enzyme, perhaps he could crush it. Now instead of avoiding that pain on his hip, he welcomed it. He curled his body like a piston, enough to get some traction with his right arm and right leg and made the maximum effort possible. His scream echoed throughout the long chamber. The heavy plastic bottle ruptured and his skin became soaked with the enzyme. Enough enzyme for thousands, perhaps tens of thousands, of subjects. Though contact was a very inefficient way of delivering the enzyme, the molecules were

small enough to enter individual cells, skin being no exception.

He screamed again. He was still trapped. The bottle was merely ruptured, not shattered. He continued to scream as if by that act alone, he could be saved.



Mrs. Bones' Thanksgiving feast was everything James had anticipated. It was later while helping 'Mother' in the kitchen that James found himself drawn to an unexpected but unavoidable conclusion. Try as he might, something of James always seemed to lurk near the surface and ditto for Kathy. Sissy, on the other hand, well, Sissy was just Sissy. He'd assumed that she was female but the concept simply would not fit. She had been perfectly delighted to employ James' penis. Sissy the slut was just a personification of unfettered desire, a kind of Freudian 'Id' in which any means would be employed so long as gratification was achieved.

James had tried to remain just James, then later tried, equally ineffectively, to become just Kathy. What he said to Cynthia last night had hit the nail on the head; he wasn't male *or* female but male *and* female. The fusion of the two made both equal, or they would be once the budding vagina was completed. She/he was a third sex. "Mother?"

"Yes Kathy?"

"Kathy is a lovely name, Mother."

"I agree."

"But I was thinking..."

"Yes?"

"I want a name that fits me. One that doesn't immediately evoke, well, a male image such as James or a female

image such as Kathy. I was thinking Robin. A man or a woman could live with that, could they not?"

"If that pleases you, Robin."

Robin smiled. It did please her, far more than he/she expected. Robin Mugworthy.



It was near midnight in LA when Eddy took the call from her editor. It had to be something special for him to be calling at three A.M. East Coast time and it was. "No shit," she swore. About twenty minutes later, she rejoined Linda in bed.

"Well?"

"You know about nineteen-ninety-nine the Russians opened up the KGB files, KGB, the old Soviet secret police? The newer stuff that was electronically stored sometime after the late seventies is on line now. Anyhow, our research department found our perp. The arrest, trial and conviction report of one Dr. Petra Ivonovich. He was apparently using a fish enzyme to change the sex of mice."

"Why would anyone do such a thing?"

"I guess it doesn't matter, does it, Linda? Anyhow, he was ready to test that shit on human subjects when someone decided enough was enough. He's our man. all right. Can you believe it, a community college teacher starts transforming some Mormon kids because, well, they were available. Lord help us, right?"

"How are you feeling, Eddy?"

"Fine, why do you ask."

"You're beginning to look kind of hunky."

"Linda, we just have to video this or at least as much as we can get." Eddy looked at Linda with a strange look on her face. "On the other hand, I'm thinking just how yummy you look right now, honey, so maybe we'll skip the documentation?"



"It's been a long, long weekend, boss." Eddy sat in front of Linda's desk op computer, her image captured by the camera mounted on the monitor. She was wearing a low-cut dressing gown that exposed ample cleavage, something she'd never had before. And the lift of the unfettered breasts was not something one would expect for a woman of her age. The look on her editor's face affirmed what was amply evident; she was lush to the point of gorgeous. Neither term had ever been applied to Nancy 'Eddy' Sacks before.

"Eddy?"

"Not quite what you expected, right? The enzyme." The man didn't say anything, he just stared.

"Been doing a lot of chattin' up at Cal Tech with bio-science types. Apparently the Parrotfish is a solitary creature, lives alone and seldom encounters another member of its species. The better model for what's happening to me would have been the Sheepshead, another sex-change fish, Boss. The Sheepshead swim in schools, large schools. Anyhow, of fifty Sheepshead in a school, forty-nine are female."

"Meaning?"

"I did change into a pseudo-male, but you already knew that. And it was pretty cool, if I say so myself. Anyhow, Linda kept harping that I needed medical treatment. I think had I ignore her, I might have stabilized in my

new form." She shrugged, setting her breasts into motion that caught her boss's eye. "Anyhow, to make a long story short, half the people in LA are male."

"Oh."

"Right. It turned into a regular orgy at hospital admissions and I have been this way ever since. Anything on Dr. Ivonovich?"

"His car was found near the Temple in Salt Lake City. There is a full-scale manhunt in progress."

"There is nothing here on the local news on that."

"Homeland Security has put a lid on everything, Eddy. And I mean everything."

"That's not fair. It's a huge story."

"You'll get no argument from me. I want you back here as soon as you're... um, well?"

"Roger that, Boss. I'm no longer in heat." She leaned forward as if confiding a secret, "But it was kinda fun while it lasted, if you know what I mean."

## Chapter 7

It was over Christmas break that the surgeon made Robin a complete woman, well, as complete as a gal can be while having a fully functional penis. He had another MRI prior to the small but significant surgery that completed his vagina. It was too early to be sure but ovaries and testicles were clearly forming, the latter inside Robin's body cavity. It might never happen but the possibility existed that he-she might eventually be able to make babies. The idea of an individual functioning reproductively as both a male and female was not unknown but the number of documented cases could be counted on one finger. Now you could make that two fingers.

Robin's doctors were a tad more excited than he was; for them it was an intellectual exercise. For Robin it was personal. The doctors very much wanted to make him-her their very own lab rat, but that wasn't going to happen. It might be years before Robin could get pregnant or make someone else pregnant, if ever, so there was ample time to examine the issue. Robin had more trivial issues to resolve, issues that would not require months or years for closure.

Ever since Robin had transitioned, she had set her cap for Harry. Her attraction to Harry could not be explained, but then attractions of this sort are often not easily explained. He wasn't rich or exceptionally handsome. Nor, as Mrs. Bone would quickly point out, was he available being not only married but apparently happily married. Harry had never given the slightest cue that he was unhappy with Cynthia. And, while he had been supportive of Kathy, now Robin, one of the few people in Pine Creek that was accepting of the new Mugworthy, Harry had never turned a lusty eye in Robin's direction.

OK, the latter was a tad incorrect. But Robin had been in estrus at the time which made Harry's sexual interest far less voluntary and merely proved that he was human after all. And then there was Cynthia herself. After the pre-Thanksgiving party, the woman had become a friend. Oh, not just a friend, a wannabe lover. That nothing had happened since was due the fact that Robin's interest in Cynthia was not of a sexual nature. Without testosterone, without being in estrus, Robin was clearly less bent toward female sexual companions. Perhaps once Robin's balls came on line, once testosterone more freely flowed in the veins, the balance might become more centered, less biased.

Robin knew that she could have Harry easily enough. Set up the right situation to send herself into estrus and

poor Harry would be hers much as old Moe had been. It would be like shooting fish in the barrel. But Robin wanted Harry to want her, to honestly want her *as she was* without the slut Sissy. She'd fallen in love with him and more than anything she wanted him to fall in love with her. Love, not a few hours of frantic, artificially-induced lust, but LOVE. Truth was, James had never been in love as a male, but as Robin she wanted no one else but Harry.

Her new vagina had never been used and she could think of no one more perfect than Harry to end her virginity. She did not have a plan but only a glimmer of one. She picked up the phone, "Cynthia? I was thinking we might get together." After a long delay, she said, "No. Not New Years Eve. I was thinking of something more... fun and spontaneous, just you and me. Shopping."

When the call was completed, she sat there pensive. It wasn't the right thing to do but perhaps it was the only thing that would work. Mrs. Bone would be horrified and Harry might never forgive her. Certainly the residents of Pine Creek would forever hold her name in disgust but then, didn't they already? She was going to use Cynthia's friendship to get close to Harry. Close enough to come between them, not as a love triangle but to steal Cynthia's mate.

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Dr. Marlow hadn't recognized Mrs. Nancy Sacks, a.k.a. 'Eddy' when she appeared at his front door. What he saw was a vivacious sex kitten, possibly a little long in the tooth but otherwise prime, certainly not the type of woman that *should* appear at his door at any time. He very much doubted that she was selling Girl Scout cookies or that he had any reason to make her acquaintance but he opened the door nonetheless. "Yes?"

"I'm sure you don't recognize me Dr. Marlow. We only met once." She flashed him a very sexy grin and cocked her hips suggestively.

He felt his face burn, being easily embarrassed. "I'm sure had we met, I would have remembered, Miss."

"I'm Mrs. Sacks? Eddy from the New York Times. Still nothing, right? I got hit with the enzyme? The ENZYME?"

The man was blinking rapidly, "Oh! Mrs. Sacks, please come in."

"Thank you, Doctor."

As they entered his study, she said, "You are one of the unsung heroes of the modern world, Bob."

He stopped and turned to look at her quizzically, "How so?"

"If it hadn't been for you and the people at Loma Linda, we never would have solved this mystery."

"You said enzyme, you have it?"

She laughed, "Not on me and I doubt that Homeland Security will make any available to an ordinary citizen such as yourself. But yes, thanks to your insight, it is no longer a mystery." She pulled a slip of paper out from her bosom and handed it over to him. You can find all the juicy details at this website and the code at the bottom will get you past the security. It's the Times' site, not the government's, so you are not breaking any laws."

"I don't know what to say."

"It's just a big thank you, OK? How's your relationship with Loma Linda, if I may ask?"

He sighed, "Not any better."

"Pity, you're a good man, Bob."

"How did it happen?"

“Mad scientist,” she said with a laugh, “it’s all on our website.”

“Can I ask a personal question?”

“Shoot.”

“It did that to you?”

“I know, that doesn’t sound right. I transitioned into a pseudo-male initially but I was still in estrus when I came in contact with a guy. Trust me, I was every bit as bad as the boy, Paul?”

“Eve.”

“It’s all over now?”

“The mad scientist is still at large, so, no, its potentially not yet done. Still, nothing weird has happened for over a month.”

“I saw nothing of this in the papers.”

“Tell me about it, Bob. Here I am sitting on a giant story.” She reached into her blouse and extracted a business card, “Call me if you have any more questions or... whatever.”



It was early in February when the runoff from a heavy rain storm unblocked one of the many feeder channels into the cistern under the Temple. Dr. Ivonovich’s body or what was left of it, along with a very substantial supply of the enzyme, his enzyme, entered the waters of the underground chamber. Along with those was the mold that was carried along with the remains of the ‘mad scientist’. The dark, moist walls above the cistern and the stable temperature the site provided were ideally suited for the prodigious growth that followed. The amount of the enzyme

initially introduced to the system was probably too little to be effective in such a volume of water. But a steady stream of enzyme was now flowing down the walls and into that finite well. Eventually it would cross threshold unless measures were taken.

Every day sprinklers operated unless it was raining and the fountains flowed. Sometimes, when the wind blew, a fine mist would momentarily fill the air. It was a time bomb waiting to go off.

Above ground, the church hierarchy was breathing easier though the legal processes were very much still in evidence. They had not only survived but were indeed made stronger by the events of the last few months. External attacks on the church were nothing new and such attacks by Gentiles actually drew the community closer together. Within the hierarchy, especially among the membership of the Quorum, things had never been worse. The two factions were further apart than before. And one member of the conservative faction was known to have had a role in the murder of seven young Saints. It was a poorly-kept secret; even the First Presidency was aware.

So far the only causality had been Apostle Brown's son. Openly acknowledged to have formed an intimate relationship with one of the sodomites, the one that used the name 'Eve' as if he were a born woman. It was no small thing to drive an eldest son from the family and church, especially the eldest son of an Apostle. The seven sodomites were reclaimed back into the church upon their death.

Dr. Gary Jackson was excommunicated, though that was by far the least of his worries. No, the church was secure and the missions would continue. Homosexuality was hateful in the eyes of God, man was made in God's image and only Saints went to heaven.



Robin and Cynthia became the best of friends, though initially Cynthia was far from satisfied with that arrangement. Having openly broached the subject of continuing their brief affair, she'd been turned away by Robin, but the deed was done gently. Robin left open the possibility of resuming things but never committed. From time to time, they groped and fondled as young teenagers might on the brink of adulthood but stolen kisses and suggestive glances were more common. Cynthia was a married woman living in a very small town, so keeping her sexual advances in check required little more than making sure that they were never, ever entirely alone.

Robin's real intent was to be able to spend as much time with Harry as possible. Having harnessed Cynthia's romantic interests, she was soon spending almost as much time at Harry's house as she did at Mrs. Bone's establishment. And then it happened, as it had to happen, in the dead of the night, Cynthia slipped into Robin's boarding house and, shortly after, into Robin's bed. This was not planned but it didn't take Robin completely by surprise either.

Without alcohol, without being in heat, the two of them made love. Perhaps not as they had done the first time with Sissy in command, but it was lovemaking to be sure. Robin's penis was neither the focal point nor even a significant player. Robin and Cynthia had found the female in each other and were pleased. Robin who had been looking for love had found it in the most unexpected place. And that affair that Cynthia had sought was fully realized.

It was only weeks later, near the end of January, that Harry caught the two of them in bed together. He had

known for some time; it was impossible not to know. Sickened over the preceding weeks by what was going on between his wife and Robin, he'd looked away, hoping against hope that somehow it would end as suddenly as it had begun. But it had not ended. Indeed the women had become almost brazen and were far less circumspect in pursuing their affair, almost as if daring Harry to call them out. As he stood in the doorway of his own bedroom, he was more sad than angry. To be honest, he was relieved.

Cynthia finally noticed her husband standing there; heart hammering in her throat, she said, "You don't understand."

"Perhaps I don't." Then he turned and walked out of the house.

Robin, who had remained motionless and silent, finally said, "I'm sorry, Cynthia."

"YOU!" screamed the distraught women, "IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT!"

By that night all in Pine Creek who cared to know knew about the affair between Harry's wife and that pervert. The word 'divorce' was bandied about but less than the nasty comments regarding that monster, James Mugworthy. All the good will Robin had accumulated, which wasn't all that much, vanished in an instant. They didn't do lynch mobs in Pine Creek, leastwise not any longer, but if they did, Robin would have been a dead bird.

Nor were things any better between Robin and Mrs. Bone. The old woman had been fully informed of the events of that day and had been tracking the rumors for the last several weeks. Robin's things were waiting on the porch when she returned to the boarding house that afternoon.

Robin took a room for the night at the motel at the edge of town. There was still nearly a full term to complete at the school, but that probably didn't matter any longer. That she had received all the blame did matter; it takes two to have an affair. And worst of all, she would never see Harry again. Her time at Pine Creek was done, there was no question of that. But Harry? They had never even gotten started.

It wasn't like she'd lost her affections for Harry, but rather had been distracted by the attentions of Cynthia. Perhaps it was more complex than that, to be entirely honest. Cynthia had scratched an itch that Robin had not been aware needed attention. The love she felt for Cynthia hadn't conflicted with her feeling for Harry. It wasn't like she had to choose one or the other; they were as different as male and female. Each satisfied different aspects of Robin's nature. Of course, at this point, this discovery on her part was academic at best.

As she turned to go inside her room, she stopped and froze, breathless. That was Harry's pickup truck sitting in front of the end unit, was it not? He was here. Now that was ironic. Cynthia, having driven Harry from their home, had potentially sent him into Robin's arms.

She spun on her heels and closed the door shut. She dug out her most sexy dress, that little black cocktail outfit. And then, hidden among her makeup, she found the bottle of testosterone and a syringe. This time the injection went smoothly and the resulting warmth was no surprise. She went into the bathroom to prepare for what *must* happen tonight. It wasn't what she'd wanted but it sure beat the alternative. She would have Harry for one night, using that unexpected breach in the fortified walls of Harry's marriage.

She delayed for almost an hour to be sure that she was once again in estrus. It was pretty obvious when that con-

dition was achieved. She felt like a race horse in the starting gate, eager to be released, to run her heart out. Almost jittery and certainly hypersensitive, her penis was locked into a full erection and her new vagina, was slick with bodily fluids. Her careful toilet was now corrupted by her aroused state and how could it be otherwise? That penis poking against the sheer material of the gown disrupted her otherwise feminine presentation and the dampness between her legs had turned her knickers soggy.

She removed her panties, tossing them to the floor, put on her overcoat, and went into the night. It was very cold outside but she was impervious to mere weather. The loud click of her heels on the concrete walkway signaled, like a metronome, the pending conquest of Harry. With hips following gliding arcs in the air, breasts swaying in counterpoint, she was an unstoppable force of nature.



Robin was on the road down the mountain well before sunrise. Her jaw was fixed in determination as she controlled her car around the endless switchbacks. It had all been a horrible mistake, the conquest of Harry. Oh, he'd responded as she knew he must, but the encounter was nothing but mean lust, without a shred of love.

A self-conscious smile worked its way across her face at the memory. It hadn't been that bad, after all. In the usual sense of the word, men can't be raped; that is, they cannot be forced to use their penis for penetration. To perform, they must be aroused. Normally one would think of arousal as representing a degree of cooperation on the part of the male, a voluntary acquiescence to the act of intercourse. Thus, rape was impossible. But she'd raped him as surely as if she had mounted him and used her penis against his will.

The look of profound consternation on his face when she positioned her new vagina above his rock hard penis had been priceless. He had no reason to be aware of just how fully functional she was as a woman; indeed her randy willy had blinded the poor man to her actual intentions until penetration was achieved.

Penetration. How unlike anal intercourse it had been. Muscles and bodily fluids met in a profound harmony as she slowly impaled herself on Harry. That look of surprise on his face followed, eventually, by the involuntary thrust of his loins, the latter act sealing the bargain. He was soon in the superior position, between Robin's legs, driving and retreating, only to drive again. When he came, which caught Robin by surprise for she was just getting into the rhythm, she felt the hot bloom of his seed inside and sour frustration when he pulled out.

As with Moe, Harry's refractory period was brief; soon Robin was able to pick up where Harry had left her. This time she claimed the superior position. This time she came. It was delicious.

She left a little after three in the morning, more like a thief in the night than as a spent lover. She didn't bother getting dressed but simply gathered up her clothes after putting on her overcoat and quietly left. Behind her, in the dark, she could hear Harry's soft snore. He was gone, exhausted. Not that she wasn't as well. Satiated but, unfortunately, no more than that.

She left her room as soon as she was cleaned up. Wearing blue jeans and a heavy sweater, she repacked her car and drove off. She was relieved that Harry hadn't left his room. Relieved that there was no opportunity to talk. That hadn't been lovemaking, just fucking.

She needed time to think things through. She would go to Claremont, to her step-mother's house if Estella

would have Robin. The fact was, neither Cynthia nor Harry fully met her needs, though both together might do rather nicely. Both together; now that would be an unconventional arrangement, to say the least. It seemed entirely unlikely that such a marriage would be acceptable in a place like Pine Creek. Nor, to be perfectly honest, did either Cynthia or Harry seem open to such an arrangement.

No, she needed to think and try to understand what exactly she-he had evolved into. Human, yes, but with a different agenda. She was more like Estella, Robin's step-mother, than not but surely not exactly like her either.



It was near the end of May now, almost six months since Eddy had been transformed by the enzyme. As far as she was aware, with the death of the seven 'sodomites', she was now unique, the sole victim of that madman Ivonovich. Things could have gotten much worse and yet the madness had stopped without explanation. Was Ivonovich dead or had he chose to stop performing his odd experiment? It was also possible that he too had been transformed, perhaps deliberately. Maybe that was his goal all along. Was he transgendered now? Eddy certainly was. It had become rather easy to accept that she was attracted to both sexes; more to one or the other, from time to time. The confusion and self-doubts were being resolved as her body continued its gradual transition.

She no longer faced impending menopause, she had been given a degree of rejuvenation or that was the conclusion of her gynecologist. But she was also developing a sperm delivery system which is what she called her evolving clit. It was a pseudo-penis which was already

about the size of her thumb. Not exactly huge but as Megan said: "Size is overrated."

Megan? Megan was about as dedicated a lesbian as one might encounter, having never experimented with males; it came as a complete surprise that she'd accepted that thing growing between Eddy's legs. Perhaps it was because it was so small initially or that, lacking a pee hole and the rest of the male apparatus, it wasn't likely to spurt out cum, but she hadn't been terribly put off by its presence. That they experimented with the little guy had followed as naturally as the sun coming up in the East.

Things weren't all rosy between her and Megan; to think otherwise would have been to ignore the obvious. Eddy had become rather sexually active with males. Nothing long-term, nothing meant to threaten her relationship with Megan. Casual sex with guys had never been Eddy's long suit, but then she'd never been a hottie before. It was easy to get laid when she was on the road. That Megan suspected was unavoidable, for the woman was compulsively possessive.

But life went on and Eddy and Megan would manage somehow as long as she kept her two lives carefully separated. All things considered, she was comfortable with the person she was becoming. For whatever it was worth, she did not curse that mad scientist.

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The sun above the great Temple cast down a blinding glare, not uncommon in July. The temperature in Salt Lake City hovered near one-hundred degrees well before noon on that Saturday. As the locals would say, it was a dry heat. But dry or not, hundreds had flocked to the sumptuous grounds of the Temple earlier in the day and

remained there. The heavy foliage gave much needed shade but that wasn't the main attraction that had drawn them there. The fountains had been turned on full force in anticipation of the need for relief. The light, uncertain wind caught and threw delightful clouds of mist as anticipated by the ground crew personnel who turned on the pumps to full force and by the locals who had correctly anticipated that that would be done.

It was late in the afternoon and many people were already leaving. A young mother with a four-year-old in tow was one of these. The boy shouted and pointed, "Mommy, why are they fighting?"

"Fighting?" she said turning to look. She blushed, then yanked on her son's hand. "Hurry now, we need to leave," she said, dragging the boy along.

"But Mommy, I want to watch."

She picked him up in her arms and held his face against her chest. It was not something she wanted her son to see. There were people in the commons and they were fornicating. Here in the very shadow of the Temple. She was running now even though her son was squirming in her arms and trying to look over her shoulder. She came to a complete halt. In front of her, in full view, were sodomites. She knew that from their clothing and hair. Men in sexual congress. She got off the walkway and ran across the grounds toward the safety of the hedgerow, though there were active sprinklers across her path. She and her son were soaking wet before they entered the hedgerow. The world had gone mad, of that she was sure. Surly they were Gentiles for no Mormon would be so sexually corrupt.

Before her son went to bed tonight, even before he said his prayers, he would no longer be a boy child. Unlike the adults, his transformation would be far more

complete. Not that 'her' mother would be inclined to notice that event. Long before the boy fully transitioned, his mother would be in full estrus and her husband would be very, very attentive.

Apostle Brown, standing on the main concourse, witnessed what was happening or at least a tiny part of what was happening. His mind lurched with the realization that perhaps Eve had indeed been a messenger sent from God. Not less than three naked Eves pranced about not thirty feet away, males with exaggerated secondary sexual characteristics of the female gender. They were clearly males in spite of that; the swollen, engorged penis left no doubt nor was there any doubt as to their sexual appetite. He half-turned to his assistant, a young Saint, and was about to suggest that they find another avenue of retreat when he noticed the fat, swollen lips on the young man face and the even more remarkable erection he himself had acquired. He twisted and turned as if to escape what now seemed certain, as young budding breasts were thrust against him. He looked up into that bright sky and screamed at the top of his lungs: "THE END OF TIMES! LORD, I AM READY!"

## **The End**