

# From Adam to Eve



# Alex Miller



A "Her Tv" Novel



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# FROM ADAM TO EVE

**By Alex Miller**

I got an unexpected call from my ex. She didn't tell me much, only that she wanted to see me and, fool that I was, I said yes. I always found it hard to say no, to her or anybody else. I was always scared to disappoint people, but that was me, too kind of heart for this world. That was what my ex thought anyway. It was one of the reasons she divorced me. When I married her I was a young man of twenty-five, short to everyone bigger than five foot seven. Not a big problem but I was slender too, so I was literally a pushover. And that's just what people did with me for a big part of my life. It stopped when I found a job where competition wasn't an issue, but only because it was a small business. There was the boss, his secretary, and me.

The boss was a claims adjuster with a respectable reputation; I was the apprentice just graduated. These days I wasn't an apprentice anymore. He was still my boss. He didn't mind my hair even when some clients did. It was long, flat and black, the re-

sult of trying to be part of a rock band, one other thing I failed in even though it was the only reason why Linda chose me. I even had a mustache to give me a more male look. That way one wouldn't make the mistake they made when they only saw my back. The mustache disappeared after Linda did, but the hair stayed.

She said almost a year ago that she was going to look for a real man, one that wasn't a sissy when he faced a real woman. The way she wanted it, I couldn't give her. I wasn't equipped for it. I don't think any normal man was. So she took off, looking for the macho man of her dreams. Why she needed to take all my money to do so, I never knew. It was something I could ask when I saw her again which, as it turned out, was sooner than expected.

It was almost my birthday when she called. Thirty was nearing. I foolishly thought that she wanted to give me a present because I had given her one a half-year earlier. It was stupid to do, but I still had some feelings for her and couldn't let her go. She knew I couldn't. Like I said, I was too nice, which she intensely hated. The things she hated outnumbered the things she liked. So while sitting in a cab, I wondered why on earth I was doing that. It was out of curiosity of course and that is always dangerous for the cat. Unfortunately I the only one who couldn't see that the cat was me.

It was that urge for knowledge that made me ring the doorbell. A minute later I stood inside, holding a glass. It was filled with my favorite wine. That should have warned me. She never bought it before, but I was distracted. This wasn't the old Linda that I looked at. Linda looked tired and worried. This wasn't the woman I had fallen in love with. These were the wrinkles and grins of a very unattractive woman. Luckily for me then, I wouldn't be such an easy target

like before. The darkness that befell me said otherwise. She only said a word in welcome, while pushing the glass in my hands. It all went so quick that I had no time to react.

She immediately made a toast and I did the normal thing to do, I drank. I had just arrived and I there was no reason to refuse. My body hit the ground before the last word was said. The last thing I saw was her smile.

It was still dark when I regained my consciousness. I soon knew why. My eyes were still closed and they seemed to want to stay that way. I tried to open them, but I failed. My eyelids were too heavy. I couldn't move my body either, but my ears were fine. A woman's voice made that clear.

“Doctor, she is waking up. Please hurry.”

Whose voice was that and who was the ‘she’ they were talking about? Was ‘she’ Linda? It didn't sound that way.

“Eve, Eve, wake up Eve!”

It was getting worse. Now they were talking about someone named Eve. Where was I and what was going on? Did something happen to me at Linda's place? My mind slipped back into darkness. It swallowed every thought. I opened my eyes again after what seemed only seconds. It had to be more because the voices were gone. My eyes were still heavy but I finally managed to open them a bit, enough to let some light in, which encouraged me to keep on fighting until I won.

I finally managed to open my eyes completely and what I saw was no surprise. I found myself in what appeared to be a hospital. Well, that was the informa-

tion I gathered from the corners from my eyes. They were the only part of my body I could move. I started to panic. Why wasn't I able to move my body? Was I paralyzed?

A nurse appeared in my field of view. She smiled. Unfortunately, one never knows if that's a bad or a good sign.

"You're awake. That's very good news. Your wife will be very happy. I'll go get the doctor. He will be glad. He feared for brain damage."

Wife? Brain damage? What was she talking about? Was I going mad? She must have made an error, mistaken me for someone else. Such things happened, even in hospitals. I would set things straight, as fast as possible.

When the doctor entered, I was able to move my head a little bit. He did what doctors do, play with their patients by shining a light in my eyes, first the left, then the right.

"Everything seems ok. You're a lucky woman. There appears to be no brain damage. After seeing the photos of your car, I can't believe there isn't any. You must have one hell of a guardian angel. Pardon the contradiction."

"What is this nonsense about a woman? I am a man. Adam Jones, a thirty-year-old man. Why do you keep treating me as a woman? God made me a man. That is one thing I am very sure of."

"Oops, I said too much. There appears to be some brain damage. You're Eve, a woman. Well, on the outside anyway. Your name used to be Adam, but that was more than a year ago. That's what your wife told me."

“What wife? I’m not married, damn it. Well, not anymore anyway. That’s a mistake I won’t make twice.”

As if to contradict my words, a woman entered my room. For a moment I thought it was my guardian angel in the flesh. She was a blond beauty and a very tall one. Well, tall compared to me. Her eyes were grey. One couldn’t see past them. To me she looked like an angel, a fierce angel. Maybe she was a valkyrie? She had the body of one. Her hair was long and curled itself around her head. The illusion stopped when she spoke. To be exact, it wasn’t her voice so much as the words. They were words of the same madness I heard before.

“Eve! Thank God. You are awake and conscious. I’m so happy.”

“I’m sorry lady, but who are you and why are you calling me Eve? Like I said to the doctor, I’m Adam Jones and I am a man, not a woman named Eve. What is going on here? Is the whole world gone crazy? How can someone mistake me for a woman?”

The woman looked with a surprised face to the doctor.

“It seemed that she has taken on an imaginary identity based on her old one. Very unusual and very strange, but not unprecedented. I will tell the psychiatrist. She has to take over. I did what I could.”

The doctor disappeared and the nurse followed him. My blond visitor sat down on my bed and looked at me. Her face showed mixed emotions of love and fear. A strange combination, but one I had seen before in the mirror when Linda left me. Her hand caressed my cheek.

“Eve, Eve. Why did this happen? First the accident and now this?”

“Lady, who is this Eve you keep talking about? Eve is a woman’s name and I am obviously a man. Even a blind woman could see that. How many times do I have to repeat myself?”

As an answer she took a little mirror out of her purse and held it to my face. What I saw was not the face of a man, but of a woman, a more than good looking woman. She looked like me, the male me, but different. Her face was smaller and so was her nose. It was me, but a female version.

I looked for any male features but could not find any. Not that I had such a male face before; with some makeup I could have looked like a woman, but not this one. This was not me and it still was me, a confusing view. I looked away from this enigma or I would have screamed. I already thought that I was losing my mind and this wasn’t helping. I needed some time to think things over. I closed my eyes and tried to think of nothing, ignoring the world around me. But the world didn’t return me the favor.

The woman never left my side. She held my hand constantly. I couldn’t feel it first, but after a half-hour I did. I slowly regained control over my body. I turned myself to her. Mad or not, I had to find some answers. So I started with the obvious ones.

“Why was I unable to move my body? Who are you and who is Eve, the person, not the body? I will try to listen and say nothing until you have told me everything. But I can’t guarantee it.”

“I’m Madeline, your wife. We were married before your sex change a few months ago. Our first anniversary is coming near, which we hopefully can cele-



brate. With you in this condition, I'm not so sure we can. But that's not a problem today. Who you are is. Your name was indeed Adam before you changed it to Eve, but your last name is Green, not Jones. I know, Eve Green sounds like the name of a character out of a Raymond Chandler novel but it is the only name you've got since you married me and it's the one I am used to hearing, not Adam. And I will never call you anything else."

I had regained enough control to be able to sit up against a cushion.

Now I could see almost straight into the eyes and they were of a beautiful blue. If she was my wife, then I was a lucky man. The problem was that I apparently wasn't a man. That was a piece of information my mind still could not accept, not until I had a lot more answers.

"You had an accident almost three weeks ago. It was a hit and run. Nobody saw it, but the wreckage was discovered seconds later. The police are still looking for the driver, but I don't care if they catch him or not. You survived and that's all that matters to me, even considering you hit your head extremely hard. The damage outside didn't look very severe, but that was not the case with the inside. The airbag worked fine but couldn't prevent your brain from crashing into your skull. So the doctors put you in a coma to heal. Today is the day they let you out of your mental prison. That's why it took you some time to move your body."

The fact that I felt a tingling in my toes was a first sign that I regained full control over all of my body's parts. The fact that I was able to move my toes was the second and conclusive sign.

“I’ll tell you the rest some other time. You’ve got to rest some more so you can come home with me. Not right now because you have these illusions.”

Illusions are not, I didn’t believe her. Why would I make up this new identity? To me it was the only one I ever had, so ‘new’ wasn’t the right word for it. But why didn’t my face fit with my memories? What had happened? I wasn’t rich, so a con was out of the question. It would be a crazy and pointless con. Maybe her goal was to get me locked up in a mental institution. That I could believe.

She left the room with the words, “Goodnight my love,” but only after she kissed me on the lips. Something I didn’t mind. Who would mind being kissed by this woman? The nurse came in after her and gave me an injection. A few seconds later I was asleep, too deep to be able to dream. The sun already was high when I woke up, but it seemed only an instant to me.

“Morning, my love. How are you feeling?”

I looked at the direction the voice came from. It could only be Madeline. The voice was undoubtedly hers. I was right. When I turned, I looked straight into her eyes. Her face was only an inch away. She used the opportunity to give me another kiss. I still didn’t mind. Even when she kissed a woman named Eve, not me.

“I talked with the doctor. He has done everything he could. What you need now is a psychiatrist. She is coming over in half an hour. She will find out what is wrong with you. Doctor Morgan is considered one of the best. So I better be able to count on you doing what she says. She can get this mess straighten out, I hope.”

I said nothing. I was trying to get out of bed, which wasn't as easy as I thought. Madeline's attempt to help me was refused with a quick gesture. I had to do this alone, certainly when you considered where I was heading. After more than a few minutes, I finally stood on my own two legs. Moving them seemed harder than expected. The first step made me lose my balance. I would have hit the ground if Madeline hadn't been there to save me. This time I didn't refuse her help. I reached the bathroom without much trouble. It just took a lot of time.

I leant on the washbowl and looked in the mirror. Even when I knew what to expect, it still was a shock to see the image looking back at me. I saw the woman I had seen in the hand mirror, only better. It was a version of me that definitely looked more female than male. It was me and it wasn't me. What had happened? Why did I do this to myself...or did I?

After I had examined every corner of my face, my attention was moved to my body. There was nothing much to see. It was me in a hospital gown, the male me. Well, that was what I thought. I couldn't see any obvious changes, at least not until I tried to push back the part of the hospital gown that stuck out on my chest. It seemed to be the natural fold of the gown. I knew it wasn't when I hit some resistance. I pulled on the gown and saw two little breasts popping up. I would have screamed if the image of Madeline in the mirror hadn't stopped me. I couldn't scream in the presence of a woman.

"They were the first changes you made on your body. They are only A's but according the doctor they will grow into firm B's so long as you take your medicines on time. They already have grown a little since the operation. The result will be beautiful."

Medicines? What were they giving me? Maybe it was these drugs that made me lose my mind?

“What medicines? And for what?”

“Estrogen and some testosterone to keep you libido going and make you perfect as you should be.”

“Testosterone? Why would I need testosterone?”

At that moment came the awareness. I grabbed at my crotch in full panic mode. To my relief, I found what I was looking for. What made me a man was still there, but I apparently jumped the gun. Not everything seemed to be there. After a second I realized that some additional parts were gone, my testicles. I screamed like a girl. Which shouldn't have been a surprise, but it was. At that moment I realized that my voice was also female. Every word I had said till now was said with a female voice, something I hadn't noticed in the confusion of the previous few days.

My scream ended abruptly. There wasn't much left of me, the Adam version of me. Who, what was this person in the mirror? Was this really my own doing? Was it Eve's? Madeline's arms around me kept me from screaming. She turned me round while holding me.

“My poor dear. I should have known that it was too much for you to handle. Not for Eve, but for Adam, the man you think you are. Or is ‘man’ the wrong word for what you are now?”

Those last words couldn't have been more devastating than the discovery I had just made. It was like being hit in the face by a truck. The ice-cold truth was that I physically wasn't a man anymore, but mentally I was. It was a contradiction I couldn't han-

dle only dismiss, even when Madeline confirmed it for me.

“I am that man, whatever there is left of him. Eve is not real, she can’t be. I always have been Adam and no one else. This is all an illusion. You are an illusion. You have to be. The alternative is too unreal to be true.”

“You silly girl. I feel real, don’t I? Let’s get you back to bed so you can rest. The psychiatrist will be here soon. She will help you to get your memories back and then this madness will come to an end.”

Madeline had no problem with leading me to my bed. She tucked me under while I stared into a void. My mind was blank. I didn’t dare to think about anything, afraid of where it would lead me. It was a truth I didn’t want to hear, not the Adam me anyway. There was no other me, but that was a reality that I already started to doubt.

A nurse came in. She had heard my scream. Well, so did half the hospital.

“Is everything alright or does someone need a tranquilizer?”

The question was directed to Madeline. She was definitely the woman in charge. She shook her head. My world was limited to thoughts that kept on repeating themselves. But not for long for salvation was at hand. The psychiatrist entered the room.

“I heard that someone has an identity crisis. Color me surprised when I learned that it was you, Eve, the woman I had such nice conversations with.”

“I’m sorry Doctor, but I can’t say that I know you. Besides I have no memories of an Eve and surely not of an Eve talking to you.”

“Oh, but you were still Adam then. Those conversations were necessary to convince me that you really were ready to be Eve. Sex changes are not something you can do on a whim. One of the last times I saw you was just before the operation and you already were Eve in mind, if not yet in body. The next day that problem was solved and I left a very happy woman behind. But look at you now! You’re a complete mess. I’m here to clean it up. Which means everybody who doesn’t need a psychiatrist and doesn’t answer to the name Eve must leave.”

I wanted to step outside also to let everyone know that I still wasn’t ready to believe, that I wasn’t prepared to submit to this madness, let alone to cooperate with such an insane scheme. It seemed I had no choice in it, however. The psychiatrist was expecting my refusal.

“Hold it, you. There is no escape anymore. You’ve got to face it but not alone. I’m here to show you the way. I’ve been down this road before, the one that leads to Eve. I’m convinced we can make it a second time.”

“Second time? I don’t even remember the first time. How is that even possible? They castrated me damn it. I have breasts and I sound like my sister. If I even have one. Apparently I can’t believe my memories. How do I know what is real? What can I believe? What I feel is not happiness, not the joy in being a woman, only the disappointment of not being a man. I just want an answer to what is happening.”

I was back on the bed. She joined me. There wasn't a couch available. But I was the only one that wasn't sitting.

“An answer? The only answer that I can give you is that you are Eve. That I am sure of. So is the rest. The mind is a powerful instrument and it has its own will sometimes. I can speak out of experience. What I can give you is a plausible explanation for what is happening.”

I braced myself against the head of the bed for what was coming.

“Your accident has destroyed parts of your memory, mostly that of the last year, as far back as from before you met Madeline and before you became Eve in mind and body. Those memories were a very important part of you. They defined the person you were, Eve, memories you could not exist without. So to replace them, your mind has made new ones based on old ones. It's not the normal way, but not terribly unusual. The human brain is a wonderful instrument with a great imagination. It can create the weirdest and most fascinating structures. Like an alternative identity that's more than real for the person it belongs to.”

“That's all interesting, but how do we go on from here? Can't I stay who I think I am, Adam? It would be the best for me to be the person I think I am, whatever the consequences are.”

The psychiatrist shook her head vigorously. She turned her head to look me in the eyes. Mine were slowly filling themselves with despair, hers were overflowing with secrets. Some of them apparently tasted sweet enough to make her lick her lips and create a determined grin.

“No you can’t. Not without trying to be Eve again. You would be killing the woman Adam wanted to be. And when your memories of her would come back, which I believe they would, it would cause a lot of trouble. Staying Adam won’t please Madeline. Eve could lose her if Adam doesn’t accept what he really wants to be, a woman.”

I jumped out of bed. This was too much. What I wanted was not a reason to reinvigorate Eve, but a reason to stay Adam even when my body clearly said something different, something I still couldn’t accept. But the things I lost and the ones I gained would remain a reality even as Adam. That was a problem I was determent to ignore as long as possible. A mirror showed me Eve, not Adam. The outside was not according to the inside. I gave up and started to cry, the only way to cope with all this.

A moment later my head rested on two firm breasts and Madeline’s arms held me in a sturdy embrace. She had been listening from outside the room, next to the open door. It was only a few steps for her to take so she could save me from falling apart.

“My lovely Eve, don’t cry. We’ll get your memories back and then everything will be as it should be. You may be sure of that.”

The tears made my words almost drown in chaos, “Not Eve please, call me Adam. I can’t get used to hearing that other name.” She managed to understand.

“Sorry, can’t do that. You may think that you’re Adam but I know that you’re Eve. Doctor Morgan here has said that we have to keep on reminding you of Eve. It’s so your memories get stimulated and can come back quicker. We will treat you as if you were Eve whether you like it or not. But I will not forget

that you think as Adam. We will find a way to make it work and you will comply with me if you still love me.”

I almost laughed. How could I love her? I didn't even know who she was. Her face was that of a stranger. But it has to be said that I wouldn't mind to get to know her. Her beauty would tempt any man. The problem was that she didn't love men, she loved Eve. I shook my head. What the heck was I thinking about? As if I hadn't troubles enough? I took the easiest way out, I stopped arguing. My choices were limited anyway.

“I'll take you home now. Well, if Doctor Morgan says that I can. Once we are there, we will see what will happen. But don't you doubt it, you will become Eve. I won't give up until you do.”

I didn't even notice that she never said “again.” It would have fed my suspicion. I still didn't believe them, but I admitted the possibility that they were telling the truth. Every cell in my body told me that I was Adam and that they were the ones that were crazy. But the logic of their words was undeniable and they were repeated by so many voices.

“You can take her home so long as you create an environment that stimulates Eve to awaken. Adam, do what Madeline asks from you. It's for your own good. Becoming Eve is your destiny. That is, after all, what you always wanted.”

If that was all I wanted, why was I one step away from losing my mind? If I went with this Madeline, what would await me? Only Eve would follow her to an unknown place and future. ‘Adam’ was for her just a temporary problem, one that would go away if she waited long enough. But what choice did I have? I was too scared to be alone. What if she was right?

Then I had no place to go to but hers. For now I had to follow her. She had the answers I needed, or at least a piece of the puzzle.

She was outside the room before I had pulled myself together, just enough to ask more questions anyway. The nurse that came in wasn't someone who could give me those answers. She had another goal. Before I realized what was happening, the needle of a syringe was buried deep in the left cheek of my bottom. My scream of surprise and pain was smothered by Madeline's breasts. She was still holding me. She obviously had no intention of letting me go or of leaving my side. I heard amusement in the nurse's voice, even when her words were not funny.

"These are some necessary supplements for Eve as well as these. Take one of each every evening and don't miss a day. Got that?"

Madeline took the pills out of the nurse's hand and put them in her purse. I hadn't the chance to see what they were or what they were for. It was clear to see that I had nothing to say about it.

"Don't worry nurse. I will look to it. I can't afford to have my girl here miss a day. Neither can she, or should I say he."

They both laughed. It wasn't funny, but for some reason they thought it was. Maybe this Eve would have laughed?

I didn't notice it but there were moments when I was beginning to accept Eve as a reality. I just wasn't ready to accept her as my reality. The nurse left with a smile on her face. I missed that, but that was because of Madeline. She opened a bag she had been carrying all along. That was another of the things I failed to notice that day. But one can say that I had a

very good excuse. Waking up as half a woman can do that to a man.

She laid the contents of the bag on the bed. I started to protest before she was finished because of the nature of the contents.

“They better not be for me. I won’t wear women’s clothing, not in a million years. No, no, no, forget it. I can’t do that.” That was a funny thing to say for a man whose body now fit that kind of clothing perfectly.

I stepped back and sought a safe haven on the bed. Madeline didn’t persist in her intentions. It was as if she had expected me to protest.

“I won’t push you to do it. Well, not today anyway. I will let you get used to the idea first. But you can count on one thing. One day I will. I can’t let my Eve wear men’s clothes. That wouldn’t be right.”

The men’s clothes she then took out of the bag I didn’t mind putting on. The robe hit the ground after I put the boxer shorts on. I was ready to put my arm through the sleeve of a white shirt when Madeline stopped me.

“Hold it, darling. First this little piece of lace. Those sweethearts of you need some support. Not that they need it now, but they can use it. They will grow on you, in every sense of the word. So you better get used to this accessory. The next one will have to cover more territory and you won’t be able to live without it. Eve will thank you for it.”

My only response was silence. Not because I had nothing to say, but because I felt uncomfortable talking about breasts, especially when they were mine. A moment later I was dressed as a man. The problem

was that it just didn't match the rest of me, which disturbed me deeply. To be going through life as a male again would not be as easy as I hoped. Not even when you didn't consider the changes I already had been undergoing. But that had to wait. First I needed answers and that meant I had to go along with everything. That was the only way to find out the truth about who and what I was. So I followed Madeline outside.

The woman at the check-in desk surprised me. "Bye Eve," she said, confirming Eve's existence. Those two words had a lot of impact, enough to keep me busy during our taxi ride. We reached Madeline's house before I realized it.

It was a row house that was luxurious when it was built in the Nineteenth Century. But now it was renovated to modern standards. It still had that Victorian feeling, but with a touch of Twenty-first Century. I liked it. I immediately felt at home which only contributed to my confusion. Had I lived here before? The help that had opened the door did her part to make it worse.

"Morning Mrs, E, lunch will be ready in an hour. After all that hospital food, you definitely can use a good meal. Mrs. Madeline, do you need my assistance or can I continue with the lunch?"

"Lunch, Millie, just lunch. Eve is my responsibility. If she wants something, I'm the one that needs to know. If she goes somewhere, I must be the first to hear, even before she decides it. She still is not her old self again. So for now she needs as much help as she can get. But that has to be from the one that can give her the love and care she deserves."

Millie knew who I was before I knew who she was. But that was easy to explain. It was nothing to worry about, but I did anyway.

“Millie, how long have you known me? I want to know because I have no memories of you. Madeline must have explained that to you already. Well, I hope she did.”

“Don’t worry Mrs. E, she did. And to answer your question, this is the first time I’ve seen you. I started a week ago, to make life easier for you and Mrs. Madeline. I recognized you from the picture.”

Millie pointed at a big picture of a wedding, my wedding. I saw myself standing in white being kissed by Madeline, also in white. The only one in a dress was me. That should have surprised me, but it didn’t. Nothing could beat my first day in the hospital. The picture could be a fake but I had to admit, it was a very good one. I just added it to my list of questions that needed an answer.

Lunch was delicious and so was dinner. The time between meals I spent exploring the house. Now and then Madeline popped up to see what I was doing. She never said a word, she only smiled.

“Madeline, where am I supposed to sleep? I saw a few bedrooms and yours immediately stood out. The two closets in there are almost as big as one of the guest rooms Not only the room is enormous, the bed is also and there are two dressing tables. Why?”

Madeline laughed loudly.

“That a question only Adam would ask. The one about two dressing tables, that is. You’ll find out why. And where to sleep? Where you have been sleeping all this months, in our bed. Why do you

think it is so enormous? Not because I need a lot of space, not to sleep anyway.”

That was something I still hadn't considered as a possibility, me sleeping next to this woman. It took some time, but what was left between my legs stirred itself. The thought of lying next to this goddess was too arousing. It made me happy. Things seemed to still work (sort of anyway) in a manly way.

The evening passed in silence. There was no TV, but there was a big library and we both seemed to love reading. Well, the three of us, Madeline, Eve and me. The moment of truth came when I followed Madeline into the bedroom. I stalled my undressing. She noticed and opened a closet to take out some nightwear. She held it out for me.

“What is that?”

“A night dress, your nightwear. If you want to sleep next to me, that is. I only let Eve in my bed. So you should at least be dressed as her. The decision is yours.”

“Forget it. I am not going to put that on. No way.”

I couldn't see myself wearing it. It was a beautiful and sexy piece for a woman to wear, but not me. It would mean that I saw myself as a woman and that was asking too much. That night I wasn't sleeping next to my goddess and I had no regrets about it.

“No problem, I'm not going to make you, not today anyway. There is room enough in one of the guest rooms. Millie has made one of the beds. Just look for the right room.”

I did. A shower later, I lay naked in the bed. The bra turned out to be a challenge. Putting it on felt un-

real, getting it off felt all too real. That was a feeling too new for me.

Hours later I was still awake. My mind was too occupied to be able to fall asleep. How could I, knowing that one day I may be Eve. Today, however, I was Adam and would like him. So I would go look for any little bit of evidence that this Adam was not just a figment of my imagination. The first answer would be given by my ex. The last memory I had was a glimpse of her face. My intention was to find her and to see what she had to say to me. Her answer could make all the other ones obsolete. I only had to find a way to do it without Madeline knowing it.

The last thing that haunted my thoughts before I fell asleep was the fear of waking up as Eve. The first thing I did when opening my eyes was wonder where I was, just for a moment, until all my memories were back. Well, the ones belonging to Adam, not Eve.

A shower did wonders, but not for long. That ended when I found out what Madeline wanted me to wear. I came out the shower when she entered the bathroom. I tried to cover everything, but I had not enough hands. So I covered the most embarrassing part.

“Stop doing that. I’ve seen it already, more than once.”

The problem was that I couldn’t take her word for it. Nevertheless I let my hands take a more natural position. Another problem arose slowly, one that made Madeline laughed and which helped make the problem go away. The challenge was to get Madeline out before I lost control again. I took the two packages out of her hand and pushed her out of the bathroom. She hadn’t stopped laughing. Her voice

reached me through the open door. She Adam didn't need to raise her voice.

“Those are for you, and before you start yelling, that's all you will get today for underwear. Your boxer shorts are already part of the garbage filling the bin. It's the same bra as yesterday, only in another color and with a matching bikini brief. You will find out that it is better fitting than stupid boxer shorts and an asset for your figure. Well, as far as me enjoying it, it definitely is. I will enter again in five minutes and you better be dressed.”

Should I do this or should I just run? I was at an unknown place, with an unknown woman, doing strange things. But where could I go looking like this. Even if I made my escape now it would be without underwear. The only safe choice to make was to stay and obey. The brief went on quickly. I wanted everything out of the way before she came back. Which didn't work. It was sticking out too much. That was the result of feeling the lace rushing passed my hairless legs. My whole body was hairless. That was another thing I missed when I first awoke in the hospital. Now it was too noticeable to miss. The bra only made it worse. Now my mind had nothing else to do than notice what those things did to me. Maybe Eve was real? How could a man have feelings like this from putting on women's underwear? Madeline never seemed to miss anything, but that was because she was admiring the view.

“Oh my dear. I think we have to reduce the testosterone in your pills until we have a use for that thing again, or until you get rid of it. For now you better tuck it back between you legs. You just have to wait until things, sorry, one thing has settled down.”

“Get rid of it? Never. Are you crazy? That is the most precious piece left for me. You already have taken the rest away.”

“No, I didn’t. You did that yourself. Well, Eve did and she is you. So technically you are the one responsible.” Her mouth formed a smile.

“You are enjoying this, aren’t you? Why can’t I keep on being dressed as a man when I think and feel like one? If you are right and I am Eve, she can wear her clothes when she is back. And for the record, you and Eve may forget about that ‘thing’. It belongs to me and I’m not her.”

“Don’t be a fool. You are Eve. You may not behave and think like her—yet—but you will at least be dressed like her. It’s her body and you will treat it with respect. Which means woman underwear. Be glad I give you time to adjust to it. I could have put you in a dress from the first minute on. And yes, I am enjoying this and in more than one way. ”

Her smile lasted for minutes. Enough time for me to remember what she had said about pills and more. I decided to let it be. Those things were important for Adam, but I had to be sure I was him. Even after my little male outburst before Madeline, a little doubt had settled itself in my brain after what just had happened with the underwear. Those feelings fit more with an Eve than with an Adam. My ex who maybe wasn’t real had it right. I was too kind-hearted for this world, thinking about the future of a woman that meant the end of me.

“Here are your shirt and pants. But before you celebrate, I’ll only allow it for a few weeks. Then you have to take another step to being Eve and awaken her memories because the underwear doesn’t seem to have much effect.”

I could have told her how wrong she was, but I wouldn't and couldn't trust her, not without a fight. The problem would be to get out of the house unnoticed. I had to wait for the right opportunity. That came a week later.

Until then my days would be the same. In the morning I always needed a moment to realize where I was. I still couldn't grasp such a big change in a man's life as being a woman. So for the first seconds of the day I was a man until my mind remembered or my hands revealed the truth by touching what was there and searching for what wasn't there anymore.

The shower that followed every time lasted long. Long enough for me to get ready to face the world out there. Every day of that first week was a struggle, one that started when I needed to put on the underwear. Luckily I still wore pants and a shirt. The struggle continued when I walked downstairs. With every step I felt like running, but where to? Maybe I should phone home. But what if the people that answered the phone treated me like an alien, what then?

I tried to be as manly as possible every day of that week. No makeup, hair in a tail, low. Madeline corrected it every day to a high ponytail. Each time I wanted to fight that gesture but her smile granted her a certain victory. So I looked like a woman in men's clothes from the front and the back. People would make that old mistake again and they would be right.

After a week of Madeline's getting to me, I gave in. Living with this woman felt too exciting and comfortable to let go. The fact that I was falling for her probably had something to do with it. But that didn't mean that I gave up looking for what was real.

I still had to get used to my new body and at night there were no distractions. I was alone and had time to think about things. Like why it seemed that I was getting used to the women's underwear. Not to wearing it, that still made me a little uncomfortable, but not as much as the first day. The problem was thinking about Madeline, the woman that loved me but who Adam couldn't love back. Only Eve had the right to do that and she was me and also wasn't me, at least this me. But this me still wished that he had that right too. Madeline was too intoxicating to not get infected by her charm and beauty.

After a week I didn't even tried to shake off the effect she had on me anymore and it only got worse with every passing day. Millie was a presence that made it easier to fake a status quo. I focused my attention to her so I didn't have to face Madeline. I couldn't let Madeline know that she had the advantage over me. She only would use it for her own interests. So after a week things had changed significantly and they were going to change even more.

I knocked before I entered Madeline's bedroom or as she called it, our bedroom. She was sitting upright in bed, reading a magazine. She looked stunning in her short satin nightdress. Eve was a lucky woman. Damn, I did it again and probably would keep on doing it until I had the right answers. Till that moment, Eve would haunt me.

"Madeline, Millie hasn't made the bed in the guest room and I can't find any sheets. She has taken everything away to wash already. Where is she? I can't find her anywhere."

"Millie? She is gone home. She stayed these days longer than normal because it was your first week here. Her days are long enough as it is. You won't find her here after seven and Sunday is her day off. On

Saturday, she works till noon. I'm glad to have found her. I'm already taking too much advantage of her. She has a life of her own. So if you need something, ask me."

"I just did. Sheets for my bed. I need a place to sleep."

"The sheets are probably in the wash. Millie is obsessive about clean linen and clothes. A place to sleep? You have one, here next to me. You just have to wear the right nightwear and you know what that means. You can keep on that brief, even the bra if it makes you feel less nervous. I don't mind. The lace nightdress is part of the set anyway."

I could have refused, but I was too tired and the mattress of the guest bed was too hard for my liking. I looked forward to a good night sleep even when it would be hard to ignore the presence of Madeline. The nightdress by itself couldn't be that much of a problem. I just had to close my eyes when I put it on. After that the sheets would cover everything.

I was wrong. Putting on the night dress itself drove me crazy. Closing my eyes wasn't such a good idea. In combination with the rest, I almost lost it. Without realizing it, being Eve became a step closer. I hadn't caught on, but Madeline had. She was smiling. I lay myself next to her. There was more than room enough. I dared only to show my back. Not nice but it was safer that way. It gave me the time to let my excitement cool down.

Madeline, however, had something else in her mind. She crawled closer and grabbed me. Her hands ended up on my upper body where they would do the most damage. I turned around to avoid complications, a futile gesture. Now I was looking right at her face, a face so enchanting that I had been falling for it

from the first moment I laid eyes on Madeline. I knew that I would continue that way, every day a little more. Bit by bit until there would be no way back.

Just for a moment I was ignoring that I didn't looked like a man. So it would never be me she would love. Assuming, that is, that Adam was the answer I was destined to find. Try as I might, though, I could not find any reason why she would create such an illusion. The more I thought about things, the weirder it all became. Nothing made sense anymore. Maybe I better should talk again with Dr. Morgan to prevent my mind from lapsing into total insanity.

“You were far away for a moment. Where were you?”

“Just thinking about how lucky I am to be lying next to you.”

Before I knew it, Madeline kissed me deep. It was a kiss I surrendered to and thus to her. She pulled me closer. Close enough for her to feel the impatience between my legs.

“Oh no, my dear. That thing down there may only be used by Eve, not by Adam. He needs to start from zero, learn the basics. Most men have a one-track mind and that is not the right way. That is only one way, my way. Now, let your tongue tell me your knowledge of the basics, enough to please me. No moment to waste. Down you go.”

I spoke volumes, but no word left my mouth. Not until she was somewhat satisfied. That took a lot of time, commitment and convincing. She didn't look happy. Was it my performance or was it something else? We were both staring at the ceiling. I didn't know what she was thinking about but I was think-

ing about what just had happened. She was the first one to speak.

“Have you taken your pills, dear?”

“Yes I have. Millie laid them ready for me. You don’t look happy. Was it so bad? Eve would be better at this.”

She laughed while speaking, “No, it was not. It wasn’t bad at all. Not that it was great, but it was promising for the future. I was just thinking about the consequences of this step for me and Eve.”

“I’m not Eve.”

“No, but things like this may bring her back.”

“What if Eve doesn’t come back?”

“Then I make a new Eve from you which is good enough for me. The question is, will it be good enough for you?”

Yesterday I would have said no without any hesitation. I said it, but not immediately. Eve wasn’t as scary anymore to accept. Not after what I had done. Not at that moment, the moment when a man thinks with his testicles, and I had lost mine. So one can imagine how lucent my thoughts were. It didn’t matter. The future would tell me if they were wrong or not. It already provided me an opportunity to find out.

“Next Friday I am going to my parents. Normally I wouldn’t on a Friday but I had no excuse to refuse and they had a good reason to ask. I’ll tell Millie to stay until I am back to make sure you won’t be alone. It can be early or it can be late. So maybe it isn’t even

necessary?” I wisely made no protest. It would have made her suspicious.

That Friday morning, I woke up late. If it hadn't been for Millie making too much noise, I would have slept the whole day. The spot on the bed next to me was empty, Madeline was gone. I looked at Millie with a face that needed no explanation.

“Mrs. Madeline has already left. She thought that it was better for you to sleep as long as you needed. You could use it, she said. But now that you are up, I can make breakfast. A few hours later and I would have been making lunch. You breakfast is already waiting, Mrs. E.”

“Not yoghurt, fruit and cereals again is it, Millie? Can't I have an egg? And I won't need you this afternoon. You can go home and have some extra free time. I'm sure Madeline won't mind.”

“Oh no. I can't do that Mrs. E. Mrs. Madeline would be furious at me about the breakfast and more importantly about leaving you alone in the house. It would cost me my job.”

“Don't worry. I'll eat the so-called healthy breakfast. It's so healthy that it is killing my appetite. And about the rest of my intentions, I'm going to visit Dr. Morgan at the hospital. A taxi will take me there. She will take care of me until Madeline is back. You can be sure of that. Madeline trusts her and so can you.”

“I don't know, Mrs. E. I have my orders and can't ignore them without permission from Mrs. Madeline. You'll have to stay here.”

“Do you know what? You phone Madeline and ask if I may visit the hospital. She probably will be at her parents now.”

“I can’t disturb Mrs. Madeline at her parents. She won’t like that”

“It’s that or going along with me. It’s not as if I am going to the other side of the city. Besides I don’t have any money. You’ll have to pay for the taxi. Madeline will pay it back.”

A taxi would bring me there and bring me back. It was not as if I needed long to talk with Linda. Ten minutes would be enough for her to tell me the truth. I had forgotten about money. I was lucky that Millie was here. Money hadn’t been a subject until then, but it would be when Madeline returned. That made me wonder, what work did she do? Where did she get her money from? How could she stay at home without any problem? And what had happened with my job? I had a lot more puzzles to solve, but only if I didn’t get the answer I expected.

Millie stood there motionless, clearly not knowing what to do. That was the right moment for me to take the lead.

“Well, it appears that you will do it my way. Good, then I only need my shirt and pants to dress myself after a quick shower. You’ll better leave the bedroom. I don’t think you want to see me naked.”

“I’ll continue with breakfast while you take a shower, Mrs. E. The shirt and pants will be a problem. I just put them in the wash. There was time enough to do that according Mrs. Madeline. She expected you to be sleeping a little longer. You woke up too early.”

“When will they be ready?”

“After Mrs. Madeline is back.”

“So long? Why did you do it then? Why this morning and not at night as you usual do?”

“I wasn’t planning on washing them, but Mrs. Madeline requested it. She had seen a spot on them.”

Well, that made an end to my plans. I couldn’t go out in my underwear. I had to look for an alternative. There was one but not one that I liked. It wasn’t even one that I was prepared to do, but this was the only way. It took me some time to convince myself. That or give up before I even started. It couldn’t be so terrible, could it? I had done it before for a Halloween party.

Checking Madeline’s closet was unnecessary. None of her clothes would ever fit me, not even her pants. So I looked in what should be my closet and found to my surprise there was nothing in it. That I couldn’t find the set from the bag was not the surprise. The surprise was an empty closet. The drawers were filled with lingerie. So that would never be a problem or shoes either. That part of the closet was Ali Baba’s cave for every shoe fetishist out there. They were all my size and not what I expected; the lowest heels were three inches high. I didn’t expect to find men’s shoes, but three-inch heels!?

Maybe it was to keep up with Madeline. She wore three-inch heels too, a detail no man would fail to notice. But such high heels? She had to be kidding. How would I be able to walk in them?

No matter how hard I looked, I couldn’t find the clothes Madeline had with her in the hospital. Maybe Millie could tell me? I entered the kitchen wrapped in a bathrobe. Millie had her back turned to me.

“Millie, have you seen my clothes?”

“What clothes, Mrs. E? Shouldn’t they be in the closet?”

“That’s what I thought but it is empty, underwear and shoes aside.”

“Ooh, that’s right! Mrs. Madeline mentioned that she has thrown away all your old clothes. Apparently they don’t fit you anymore. You appear to be a little chubbier before the operation, enough to need a whole new wardrobe. She hasn’t gotten around to replacing it yet.”

“But all that lingerie then? Why is that here and what about the shoes? They seem new also.”

“All questions for the Mrs. I’m afraid. You can always call her.”

“And disturb her for such silly questions, ones I can ask at any occasion? No, that would be foolish. She won’t like that.”

“Knowing Mrs. Madeline, I don’t think she will mind if it’s you, Mrs. E. She loves to hear from you, whatever it is about. Just to hear your voice will make her happy. I know it will. ”

It would be typical for the Madeline I have gotten to know these past days, but it made no difference. Those questions would be asked, after my adventure. Calling Madeline would get me in trouble. It wouldn’t be me who would be asking the questions, it would be Madeline. She would definitely ask what I was going to do for the rest of the day. That was something I better avoid as long as possible, long enough to think of a good excuse.

Millie didn’t wait for an answer to search through Madeline’s closet. That suggested that she had done

it before. Millie wouldn't dare to do it without permission. That made it easier. I wouldn't have been comfortable with looking through another woman's closet.

“Here's the bag. Mrs. Madeline had it put away in a drawer and probably has forgotten about it. I heard that you didn't want to wear it anyway. Have you changed your mind?”

That reminded me of the fact that Millie had never made any remark about me dressing as a man. She had to know what I was, that the content didn't fit the packaging. Unfortunate she couldn't tell me if it once did.

“Millie, why didn't you ever say anything about me wearing men's clothes? You must have found it strange.”

“Why this question so suddenly? You have been walking around dressed as a male, well partly, for more than a week now. It's a little late to ask that question, but I will answer it.”

She even knew what underwear I wore. My cheeks went red for the first time since I woke up. After all those embarrassing situations, now was the moment that I felt ashamed. It seemed that Madeline had told her everything, up to the last piece of lace. I found that embarrassing, until Millie told me that she had a brother who cross-dressed. That was one of the reasons Madeline had chosen her as a maid. She was used to those kinds of surprises. And she never judged him for it. I was reassured, not about wearing women's clothing, but that I had been seen in it by Millie. That was something that had been bothering me since I accepted the necessity of me wearing them to get out of the house. Meanwhile Millie had emptied the bag.

“Off with the robe then.”

Millie took me by surprise. I just got used to the thought of Millie seeing me in women’s clothes and she cranked it up a notch. Before I knew what was going on, the robe was gone. I didn’t make the mistake again of covering everything with my hands. I went for the only male part that was left. Millie acted as if nothing was going on.

“I see that a little professional help to cover that thing will be useful. You will need your hands for something else. First things first.”

What she had in mind was not the same as I did. I thought she was giving me my underwear. Instead she went to the bathroom to come back with a piece of adhesive flesh-colored bandage. She went on her knees and pushed my hands away. The position she had taken set my imagination going. I was way off.

“I’ve learned this from my brother. It’s extremely sticky so to remove it, don’t pull it off. Take a bath first and let it soak a while before you do. It will save you a lot of pain. After this, when nature calls, I wouldn’t try to do it like a man, standing up. You’ll have to do it sitting down, like every woman. The big advantage of this bandage is that it will be as good as invisible. Especially with what’s left over down here.”

Millie sure wasn’t the nice polite, well-mannered girl that I thought she was. She could act as one but she wasn’t as innocent as one. Her words cut through my male ego like a knife through butter. My testosterone level, thanks to the pills, was so low now that her actions hadn’t any effect anymore. That meant that the last thing that identified me as a man was immobile. I was sad and happy at the same time. Sad for obvious reasons and happy because Millie didn’t see me in full glory.

“Well, this will keep you covered as long as necessary. Now the rest. Let’s see what we have here. No, that’s not good. We can do better.”

Millie laid the underwear from the bag aside. Instead she pulled some of the drawers open. She appeared to know where everything lay.

“This will be perfect. Mrs. Madeline will love it and so will you. It will make you forget the existence of that thing between your legs.”

I knew that Millie only wanted to help me, but to me it sounded the opposite. What the heck was she planning to do? I found out quickly.

“Here, put this on.”

My eyes almost popped out of my head. It was a thong. I didn’t dare to move. So I was standing there with the thong in my hands, staring at it. Until Millie slapped me on my behind.

“Wake up Mrs. E. I know that it is a thrill for you, but you have an appointment and breakfast is still waiting. Maybe it is better to let you eat first after you have your underwear on.”

No, I couldn’t say that Millie was the sweet innocent girl I first saw in her. She clearly had a certain naughtiness, one that was exciting. But I couldn’t imagine that she would dare to be so cheeky with Madeline.

She did it again. The sound of another slap vibrated through the room and through my body. What was left down there was small enough to be covered by the thong but it seemed not to be as lifeless as I

had feared. I felt it trying to escape its straightjacket, a futile attempt. It gave up before it showed any determination.

“Millie, what is it with this slapping? I never knew you were this kind of a girl. You don’t look like one.”

“What does one looks like? But to answer your question, it’s Mrs. Madeline’s fault. She told me that you liked it. Well, that Eve did. So I had to do it to provoke Eve. I can’t say that it bothers me to slap you. So unless you can convince Mrs. Madeline to change her mind, I will now and then let my presence be known to your behind.”

She emphasized her words by a last slap. I wasn’t aware of the pain it caused. I saw what Millie had in her other hand. It made me forget every last bit of pain. A corsolette. Did women wear that?

“You’re kidding. I can’t wear that.”

“Why not? It’s perfect for you and mandatory.”

“Let me guess, Madeline? Why does she wants me to wear one?”

“That’s simple. You have lost your figure due to the operation and this is a fast way to get it back. It’s a lovely one also. So you can expect to wear one from now on. Not all the time, but most of the time. You better get used to it or address your complaint to Mrs. Madeline. She knows how to handle that...and you.”

Millie said it with a smile. She knew all too well that I wouldn’t say a word to Madeline. The few times I had tried one couldn’t even consider an attempt. She just had to look at me to stop me from breathing and all the rest went even easier. If Adam was to sur-

vive, I had to man up. Which was easier said than done, when the ‘man’ in question is wearing a corset. A lot of puffing and sweating later, my body was squeezed and lifted to perfection. Luckily I still had room to breathe. It was just a minor adjustment. It hadn’t the compression a corset had, but how could I know that?

“I didn’t know women still wore these. People have died from them.”

“Women do and from now on you are one of us. And for the dying part, that’s something you don’t have to be afraid of. This isn’t a corset. And to be honest, this is more for Mrs. M’s pleasure than for your figure, even when it makes your breasts pop up so nicely. Besides you don’t have time to worry about life or death. Your breakfast is waiting and you still aren’t dressed. If you don’t hurry, you’ll miss your appointment.”

The torture continued with a girdle and stockings. The more they slithered up my legs, the more I wasn’t sure any more of my doubts. The feelings that raged through my mind and body were more appropriate for a woman than a man. Next were the shoes.

“Here, Eve shouldn’t have much trouble wearing these.”

She gave me black pumps. I was still in my underwear. Well, I shouldn’t call it my underwear, but I was wearing it nevertheless and I didn’t want to tear it off. So some part of me could live with it and I didn’t have to guess what part that was.

I managed to keep standing for a few seconds. Then I looked like a fresh born giraffe trying to stand on his feet. Millie frowned.

“I at least expected you to be able to walk in women’s shoes. Your mind may have forgotten how to walk in them, but your feet can’t have.”

“Can’t I just wear a pair of boots? They should be easier to walk with. Even if it’s a pair with the same height heels.”

“The boots you see aren’t meant to be worn outside the house. Madeline chose them for a reason, a selfish one. People would get the wrong impression. So they are not a possibility, not to go out in anyway. You’ll just have to practice and take small steps.”

“How can I practice? I’m a guy. They never take small steps.”

“Looking at you, I can say that you are not a guy anymore. So you may not walk as one. It will look strange. You’ll have to practice by doing it. It will come back to you, it will just take a little longer. And for taking small steps, this will help. You won’t be able to take large ones. Stop trying to be Adam. You’re Eve.”

It sounded like Millie knew almost everything about me, well Madeline’s version of me anyway. But she never gave the impression that it changed anything, a rare find in this judging world. Millie gave me a skirt, a black pencil skirt with small white stripes. It ended just above my knees. But Millie was right. I wasn’t able to take large steps. For some reason, the skirt missed a slip and was very narrow. The giraffe was slowly standing on its own feet without staggering. Before I would leave the house, I would be able to make small steps for womankind.

Then came the black blouse to finish it off, with ruffles and a cleavage that showed way too much for my taste. What was strange, because Adam had no

taste when it concerned cleavage other than for more. The person he, I, was now didn't wanted to show as much, rather less. I was overreacting because I was the object of desire now and it felt different on the other end.

A look in the mirror confirmed my fear. Men's heads would turn. They would, and did, for less. I knew that all too well. But I wasn't happy. This outfit wasn't me. It was more something Madeline would wear. So I had mixed feelings about it, which created new feelings. Why would I care about how I look as a woman? Doctor Morgan had a lot of explaining to do the next time I saw her. The problem was that she stood on Eve's side. I definitely cared that I had to look like a woman. But that was a condition I had to accept to be able to go out and find some answers. It was that or stay inside. Meanwhile Millie had been fiddling with her phone. She saw the question marks in my eyes or maybe she just wanted to share.

"I have sent a text to Mrs. M., the most discreet way to disturb her. She already has send me a message back."

I panicked. Even now that I had found something to wear, my plans still were ruined. All this confusion had been for nothing.

"Why did you do that? I thought you agreed with me not to disturb her. Now she must be angry at the both of us."

"No she isn't. She said that you could go to the hospital to see Dr. Morgan. She even made an appointment for you at one o'clock. And for the record, I just followed orders. She is, after all, the boss and I can't go against her. Only you can. If you wanted to?"

That was true. Madeline would always be the boss. I just wasn't capable of opposing her demands and wishes, no matter how much I wanted it. Me against a Valkyrie, that would kill me for sure. Only Eve would survive that. Damn, now I had to go to the hospital. But wait! I could use the trip to do both things. The hospital wasn't so far from my place. I could go there instead of going to Linda. That would give me enough answers to begin with. After Doctor Morgan, I could take a detour. The longer I thought about it, the better it sounded. Madeline wouldn't know how long I needed for the hospital. So I could cover up my visit to Adam's place easily. And to be honest, I could use a visit to Doctor Morgan, certainly after all that happened this morning.

"Was that it, Millie?"

"No, she also said that your credit card lays in the top drawer of your nightstand. You have more than enough on it, she says."

I had a credit card? Well, Eve seemed to have one. It was her name that was on the shiny new card I found. The card didn't look used. Maybe Madeline paid for everything? It wouldn't surprise me. There was also the possibility that it was new and just fabricated to fool me.

"Well, I guess that means that I can finally have breakfast."

"No you can't. You have wasted too much time getting dressed and you have not yet done your makeup. So you have to go through the day without breakfast. And as it turns out, without lunch too."

"Makeup? I can't do makeup. I don't need makeup."

“Mrs. Madeline anticipated that. She asked me to do it for you. And you are right, you don’t need makeup, but you could use a bit. It brings out the woman in you some more.”

Wonderful. I had to find a way out, but I didn’t even try. Instead I chose the least resistance with the most satisfaction.

“Alright, you can do my makeup, but only basic stuff. I will wipe everything redundant off without any hesitation. I need to eat something.”

“OK, I guess Mrs. Madeline can live with that so long as you are decent enough when you go out the door. Besides, I can’t let you leave with an empty stomach. Mrs. Madeline wouldn’t like that either.”

Millie succeeded in both before I left the house. My stomach was filled and I looked as if I didn’t have any makeup on. But every woman knows that you have to wear some to look that natural. So, mission accomplished, I soon was waiting for a taxi. Millie laughed.

“Mrs. E, you are forgetting a few things.”

My eyes returned to question mode. What was she talking about? I was dressed and had my credit card. That was all I needed.

Millie shook her head over so much ignorance. Even her brother knew better than me. That wasn’t a surprise. I didn’t want to know this stuff. But I couldn’t tell her that. That would complicate things a lot. Millie was convinced that I wanted to be Eve and just needed some help finding her.

“A woman wouldn’t go out without a jacket, and most important, a purse. Where would you put all your possessions?”

The jacket matched the skirt. The purse didn’t. It screamed loudly red. It was too visible and I wasn’t planning on walking around that way. But I hadn’t noticed that I had no pockets. Millie saw my futile attempts to put away my credit card.

“Mrs, E, what are you doing? Mrs. Madeline told me a lot, but not that you have forgotten so much about what it means to be female. It has its inconveniences, like skirts and jackets without pockets. A woman like you can’t look good with bulges in places where they don’t belong. Mrs. Madeline said that I had to help you where and whenever you needed it. I couldn’t imagine that you were this needy. You’re more trouble than my brother ever was. ”

I couldn’t tell if she was joking or if she was serious. It didn’t matter anyway. What she said was true. I didn’t know how to be a woman and most importantly, I didn’t want to. If only I could tell her the truth. Then she would really be able to help me. A moment later the jacket closed itself comfortably around me. The red purse was firmly in my hand after Millie had taken my card to put it in there. Funny enough, the purse made me feel more awkward than all the rest. Millie opened the door for me. I was holding onto every support I could find. The taxi was waiting.

“Hello beautiful, to what high spot can I bring you?”

Just my luck. There were a few native born taxi drivers left in this town and I had to get one with an attitude. It would be a bumpy ride.

“The hospital at Park Street, please.”

“Park Street? Do you mean that gender bender place?”

“Gender bender place? What do you mean? It’s a hospital.”

“Yes it is, but it is famous for its plastic surgery and infamous for the sex change operations. And the latter is the first thing that comes to people’s minds when they mention it. Visiting a friend, are you?”

I was glad that he already made an excuse for me. So I didn’t have to doubt that he would believe it.

“Yes I am. Why do you ask?”

“Well, you obviously don’t need any plastic surgery and you can say a lot of things, but not in a million years are you a man.”

I bit my tongue, which was less painful than the truth that I was totally convincing as a woman, even at close range even by a taxi driver who must have seen it all in his long life, surely enough women to make a valid comparison.

I knew I should be glad that I was perfect, but only Eve could feel that, not Adam. We arrived without any problems, if you didn’t count the rattling.

“Can you wait for me? It may take a while, but I have other places to go and I don’t want to take a new cab. I’ll pay you extra.”

“Only if you pay me in advance. I’m a sucker when things involve a beautiful lady, but not when it’s about money.”



So I had no other choice than to pay. Out of the corner of my eye I could see how the taxi driver took a peek at me tripping to the entrance. I owed it all to the skirt. The taxi driver's glare was just a necessary evil.

My stocking-covered legs, constantly rubbing against each other and against the skirt, made things worse, much worse and I had a whole hospital to walk through. I still didn't know how to cope with such feelings. They belonged to a woman and as a man, I didn't dare to accept them.

"Hello Eve. Did you miss us so much that you are back already?"

It was the same woman that said goodbye when I left the hospital. She was right person to ask some questions.

"Hello. I'm sorry, but I don't know your name."

"Oh my! Have you already forgotten it? And you liked it so much. It's Alice and shame on you for forgetting it and the face that goes with it. We became such good friends the first time you were here."

"First time? When was that? Again I'm sorry, but I don't remember anything of these events."

"Don't worry, dear. I'm just teasing you a bit. I know that you have forgotten everything. Doctor Morgan and I are tight. That's why I know that she is expecting you. You better hurry or you'll be late."

"I'll just want to know why I was brought to this hospital after my accident. Wouldn't it have been better to been brought to a real hospital."

“Eve, you horrible girl,” she said smiling. “We are a real hospital. I know what people think of our establishment, but you can be sure of one thing. We are all professionals and that means real nurses and real doctors. Real enough to take care of you as a patient, a victim of an accident. And as for why you were brought here, ask Madeline.”

Ask Madeline, ask Madeline. Was there really no other answer to my questions? Well, I would ask Doctor Morgan. She should know. It just required a lot of tripping before I had found her office.

“Wow babe! You’re looking much better than when you left us. Just like Eve should, as a woman should. What can I do for you? Except the obvious of course. But those things come next.”

“First of all, can you tell me why I was sent to this hospital after my accident instead of one of the usual ones? This hospital isn’t the first choice when somebody gets in an accident. Yet I still ended up here.”

“That’s simple. Madeline.”

My head would have exploded if Doctor Morgan hadn’t continued. She had no problem detecting that it was not the answer that I wanted to hear. I was facing her, legs crossed in unconscious feminine fashion, sitting on a couch a few feet away.

“Madeline was called moments after your accident. She rushed to you and reached the spot before you were moved to the ambulance. It took them very long to get you out of the wreckage. Madeline. demanded that you were brought here. She was worried about how much damage there was inflicted to your body, especially externally. She was of course worried about the rest, but she thought about your future after recovering too. She knew that we have an excel-

lent medical staff capable of both getting you back to one piece and making sure that you were still gorgeous. That's all there is to it."

It sounded very logical and it explained everything, so I believed Doctor Morgan. What meant that I also believed Madeline.

"So tell me what is troubling you otherwise. That can't be the only reason why you wanted to see me. Is it?"

I shook my head, enough to pass the message.

"Let me guess. You still aren't convinced that you are Eve. Are you? And you don't have to answer that. Madeline has kept me informed."

I told her about my doubts, without telling anything that gave me and my search for the truth away. She kept asking questions. Some were trivial, some were sneaky. So I told her more than I intended to do. Luckily it was all about how I felt, my doubts and my thoughts, not about my intentions. I told her things I wasn't planning to share, but my biggest secret was safe. My search for the past could continue.

"So you have feelings that you don't know how to deal with. Feelings that are undoubtedly female. That means that Eve isn't totally gone. That you can't deny. So I can assume that you are ready to admit the existence of Eve. Even more that Eve is a part of you."

"No, I can't. Those feelings can't be anything else than a fluke. I'm Adam and not Eve. You can say what you want. I'm Adam."

"OK, you are still convinced that you are Adam and we tell you that you are Eve. You obviously think that

you are right, but do you still think, after all that you have experienced, that we are wrong?"

I didn't dare to look at her, scared that she would see the fragments of doubt that had planted themselves in my brain. As long as I didn't say it out loud, I could deny it to her, Madeline, and to myself. She didn't need to look to know. She came closer and grabbed my chin and lifted it to stare into my eyes.

"You know that you make a beautiful Eve, don't you. And one day you definitely will acknowledge that, whatever you think now. Until then, try not to make Madeline cry, will you please, Adam? She is more fragile than you would think. She'll break easily when it's you that is holding her. For now you'll just have to swallow what comes your way. So out you go."

Before I knew what was happening, Doctor Morgan had pushed me out the door. The rest I'd have to do myself.

"Bye Eve. Keep on being beautiful...and female."

I let it pass by me. Getting upset would get me nowhere and I still had somewhere to go. The taxi driver was waiting patiently for my arrival. He was looking forward to it, as much as he had been for my departure.

I let that pass be me too. I was glad that I made it to the taxi without too many troubles. My shoes were killing me and the day was not at an end. Why did women torture themselves this way. Why did I?

The answer was simple. It was the answer to everything. Madeline. I was under her spell and couldn't escape from her grip. It was firm enough to keep Eve alive. I needed a place where I could be myself, a

place where I could be Adam. And what could be better than my place? This would be better than going to Linda, and safer. So I gave the taxi driver my old address. It was the apartment where I had lived, according to my memories, a place where I could find more than one answer. If I believed the world around me it should be impossible, but to me it was very real.

So I wasn't prepared to see an open space where I expected to find an apartment building. As soon as the taxi stopped, I rushed out. Not to the open space, just outside. I needed some fresh air or I would have fainted. Not very manly, I know, but I didn't need to be. This couldn't be true. For more than fifty yards there was only an empty lot, as if there never had been something there. The only thing I saw was a big sign saying, 'McCloud Construction'. I kept staring for minutes hoping that this also was an illusion but just like the rest, it wasn't. I just got back in the taxi.

I could have asked questions of people in the neighboring buildings, but I didn't. That didn't mean that I was ready to give up, not yet, not that easy. I gave the taxi driver Linda's address. He just nodded and a half-hour later I stood before her door, gasping for breath and with aching feet. This building had no lift, only stairs. It was Linda that opened the door.

"Yes, can I help you?"

She seemed to look better than the last time I saw her. Her improved appearance was just superficial. She still looked very tired and her eyes were that of a vampire, scared of sunlight.

"Do you know an Adam Jones?"

"Never heard of him."

She tried to close the door but I was able to stop her. I didn't have the same strength as when I was a man, but I had no problem doing that. She had no choice other than to hear me out. Nevertheless, no matter how many questions I threw at her, none got answered. She even refused to look at me, as if my image was unbearable to look at.

“Do you know me?”

“No, no and no. I don't know you or your brother. You got that? I don't want to hear any more of your stupid questions. What do I have to do with this Adam guy? I never knew a man named Adam, not even a man named Jones. I have nothing further to say to you. Now move or I'll call a friend that won't be as nice as I am.”

From then on everything she said was incoherent blabber. She just kept on mumbling to herself. Her mentioning a brother should have raised a red flag, but it didn't. I was tired myself and everything she said sounded like the nonsense of a disturbed woman, one that I couldn't take seriously. I left her standing in the doorway. She seemed to be in no rush anymore to close the door. I heard her mumbling until I reached the next floor. There I met one of the other tenants. Not expecting much of anything, I spoke to her.

“May I ask you if you know Linda Weiss from the next floor?”

“Umm, Linda Weiss, no, don't think so. Wait, do you mean the drug addict? Don't tell me that a nice lady like you knows such trash.”

This was obviously not the moment to act according my memories.

“Not really, but I hoped that she could help me find someone. A man names Adam Jones. Ever heard of him?”

“Doesn’t ring a bell. But if I may give you a good advice, don’t trust that bitch. She would sell her own mother for money, anything for drugs. Stay away from her. She’ll bring only trouble.”

I politely said goodbye and what waited for me was a long drive home. Well, that was it. What ever I thought about who or what I was was irrelevant. I had no other place to go. During the ride I had time enough to think things over. So now I was ready to accept, not that I was Eve, but that I wasn’t Adam, the Adam of my memories. He apparently was only a figment of my imagination.

“Eve, you’re finally home. Where have you been? Your appointment with Doctor Morgan ended more than an hour ago.”

I had no intention of lying anymore. I sighed, “Looking for answers.”

Madeline acted as if it was the most natural thing to do. I expected at least a “why”. But it didn’t seem to matter to her, just if I got any.

“And have you found some? Do you have what you wanted?”

“Yes and no. All I got was other questions. What can you tell me about the Adam I’m supposed to have been?”

“Not much. You were very scarce with information about your past. The only thing you said was that you had nothing to say. So I never insisted on more. I didn’t care about your past, only about our future.

That means I can't tell you about your family or what you did before I met you. I can only tell you what happened from that moment on."

"Then what did I do when you met me? And also, what do you do for a living? You must be rich. That I know, but why is Millie the only one in this house who is working? Not that I don't enjoy this life of luxury."

"Later, not now. It will only ruin the mood and I have been waiting for you for hours. That's the last thing I want to talk about. I'm only in the mood for your company, nothing more. Come here so I can give you a welcome kiss. And you better not pout. That will make things worse. Worse in a cute way. So what are you waiting for."

I hesitated because I was a little annoyed that she evaded my question, but the bait was too delicious to ignore. A moment later I was thinking about other things. Madeline knew how to manipulate me, in more than one way. At that moment, I wasn't Eve or Adam, just Madeline's toy and she played me well, to my and hers satisfaction.

She had me quickly unwrapped. I even forgot how tired I was and how sore my feet were. My shoes were still part of me. The jacket, blouse, and skirt were spread around on the ground and so was I. Madeline played the dominant on top of me. Millie was in the kitchen. The vent was making too much noise to hear anything. But that wasn't a relief. She could walk in on us. I was scared frozen. Madeline enjoyed things all too much, me included. She kept on teasing me.

"I see that you have been enjoying your new clothes. Well, you did before you lost your new appearance. But I must say that I like you more in this form. It's smoother to the eyes and my hands agree."

“They’re nice but not really my taste. Did I choose them to wear?”

“No you didn’t, I did. All your old clothes didn’t fit anymore and I had to throw them away. You need to build yourself a new wardrobe and I know just where to begin.”

“Are you saying that we are going shopping tomorrow?”

“Yes we are and more. You’ll see. Tomorrow we are going to make you beautiful, even more than you are now. Until then we are going to have fun. I will definitely and I am sure you will too.”

“And dinner, I haven’t eaten much today. Aren’t we going to eat? Millie is cooking. She will be busy for some time, but it can’t take more than an hour. So there won’t be time for fun.”

“We will heat things up when the food is cold. But first we heat things up in the bedroom. I have some toys I want to try out. There is always time for fun, my kind of fun.”

Millie left without me even noticing that she had. My ears were been nibbled on so they were not functioning at full capacity. Dinner was late and my feet weren’t the only things that were left sore that day. Her toys were too much to handle, for me anyway, if not for her. She knew all too well how to handle them. I learned a lot about Madeline and even more about me. Saturday started normally. I didn’t. My mind was still staggered about what had happened yesterday. Was that really me who lay in the arms of Madeline while she caressed parts of me that Adam never had before? But I already had accepted that I wasn’t that guy. That left one problem; who the hell was I then? The Adam that became Eve or Eve that used to be

someone named Adam? I just had to go on as if nothing was wrong until I solved the last pieces of the puzzle. Until then I had to pretend to be Eve, every day a little more.

Madeline waking up next to me stopped me from overthinking it again. This day was about shopping, something I seemed to mind less than ever. Even though it was only women's garments that would get my attention. But women did wear pants and I intended to also.

"This isn't just a store, it is way more. It's a wet dream for a woman. Even I can see that. They seem to have everything. And it doesn't seem cheap. How can you afford this? The prices are extremely high."

"I am rich or better said, my parents are. My dad is new money and my mother is from old money. They partnered up to make more money. My brother is their great achievement. I am their great disappointment. They hadn't counted on a lesbian daughter. So my brother is my dad's successor., granted a place in the corporate spotlight. Me, I'm as loved as he is by my parents, so long as I keep a low profile. They gave me a huge trust fund to soften the blow. I learned to live with it."

She smiled saying those last words. Money doesn't makes happy, but in her case it helped a lot. I was the best example of that. It explained everything. Well, at least who paid the bills and for my clothes.

"So you have no problem with paying these prices just so I can have a new wardrobe. Is that worth it?"

"Yes it is, when it is you. I promised you to love you for better and for worse. This is the better part and not just for you. I will enjoy watching you getting dressed and more."

What that ‘more’ was I just had to wait a little longer to find out. We were greeted at the entrance. Our arrival obviously was not unnoticed.

“Welcome, Mrs. Arlington. Why didn’t you tell us that you were coming? We would have prepared everything. Now you have to wait until we have an opening. In the meanwhile, may I offer you something to drink?”

“We have time, Jessica. This visit is not for me but for this lovely young lady here. While we are waiting for makeup and hair, I was thinking about a dress or two and what else we can use. Which in her case is a lot.”

“Of course, Mrs. Arlington. What do you have in mind?”

“Simple, I choose and she puts it on. If she likes it and I don’t hate it, we will buy it. So show me what you’ve got.”

Wait a minute, why was she talking about makeup, hair, and a dress? We were only here to buy clothes, nothing more. I should have known that Madeline never limited things to the bare necessities. Or maybe I was wrong. I was, after all, looking at things from a male point of view.

Madeline pushed me into a fitting room. A moment later I was undressed, with which she helped eagerly. The skirt and blouse were yesterday’s, my underwear was new. Madeline had seen it this morning, when she gave it to me. A bra, a high cut brief, a garter belt and matching stockings, all desirable and an elegant combination of silk and lace, were produced. It had been tempting me all morning, which was Madeline’s intent. She had noticed some small changes in me.



Like that I wasn't complaining as much anymore about the life I was forced to live.

"Madeline, could you do me a favor please?"

"Perhaps, but if I will depends on your question."

"Pants, just bring me pants. I know that pants can make you look very feminine. Surely when they are combined with the right top."

"Umm, that is a possibility. I'll see what I can do and so will you. You wait here. The merchandise will find its way to you. I don't have to tell you what to do with it. Just don't forget to show it to me."

I shivered while waiting, from the cold and because I was nervous.

A moment later Madeline gave me a dress. She then went out or it would spoil the surprise. I looked at what I was holding. A dark blue classic circle dress, with a tight waist and what for a moment looked as a strapless bust, but it actually had triangle shoulder straps. I couldn't move, I ended up staring at my nemesis. A dress? How could I, a man, wear a dress? The skirt and blouse had been a challenge, but a dress? It was the embodiment of femininity, not something that you would throw on yourself as one would a bean bag. I had the body for it, that wasn't the problem. My ego was the problem; it had to accept me in a dress.

It took me more than a minute to convince myself to put it on. Putting it on took less than a minute to convince myself that I looked good in a dress. That wasn't easy to accept for my ego. It was an important step to accepting my female shape.

"I knew that I picked a winner. It fits you perfectly."

“You talk as if I never wore a dress before. What did I wear before the accident? I couldn’t have run around naked.”

“Mostly pants. I am trying to change your taste for clothing. It seems to be working. You haven’t killed me.”

Madeline was right. Even though I asked for pants, I took the dress without making any complaint. Even worse, I had to admit that I was enjoying myself. A moment ago I was nervous, but seeing Madeline’s smile made me glad. What was happening with me? I didn’t recognize the person in the mirror anymore and not only because of the way she was dressed. How could I change so fast from someone determined to return to his male origin to a man accepting himself looking as a woman, a beautiful woman in a beautiful dress.

They didn’t gave me much time to ponder about it. The next dress was already waiting for me. This time it was a black sleeveless sheath dress. Then a red dress, in all shapes and forms, mini, midi, long. Madeline liked her Lady in Red. But Madeline had no intention to stop there. When it was time to move to the next stage of our adventure, my new wardrobe was too much for me to handle and I don’t mean the carrying part. Seeing those dresses on a woman’s body would have gotten my appreciation as a male and admirer. Seeing them on my own body made me almost cry. But I couldn’t whether it was from joy or fear.

Was this my future? Was this the new me? I still wasn’t comfortable with this body, this life, this vision. I wasn’t the man that left the hospital, but I still wasn’t the woman that should have left. Maybe this would change tomorrow, but for now I needed more time to cope with it all. Even Madeline seemed to

have noticed it, because my torture ended, only to take on a different form. Before I knew it, I was sitting in a chair ready to get my hair done. There was nothing wrong with my hair. It was long, black and flat, good enough for me, but not for the rest of the persons present.

The feeling from hands running through my hair made me forget what I was wearing, a black dress. It was a combination of lace and more and fit me as a glove. It was a mini-dress and it wasn't. It just felt like one for me. I gulped more than once. Should I put such beautiful and sexy things on my body? Well, Madeline left me no choice; she wanted me to look this way for the rest of the evening. I did protest, but it was just a futile attempt. I didn't have the strength to go against her, not anymore, not while looking like this.

"This one has to embellish you perfectly. I have a feeling this one has to go a long way today. I want to enjoy it. That means no words out of you. I will now see what is next."

"Next" turned out to be my hair. Madeline left my side and went on a shopping spree, one I didn't know about. Her presence wasn't necessary anyway, she already knew what to expect. She was the one that had chosen the style, not me. That was the reason why I was startled when they started to cut my hair. Not by much, but enough to worry me. Short hair is normal for a man. Was this another sign of me accepting who I had become? There was no mirror for me to look in. Madeline wanted to keep my new hairdo a surprise and I didn't doubt that it would. Hours later it was done.

My hair was hanging just on my shoulders and was a bundle of curls. So it was definitely a surprise. This was the first time in my life that I had curls. It

made me even look more female than I already looked. I didn't know that there were this many stages of appearing female. Not that it made any difference. One was enough for someone like me, more than enough.

Madeline was back before I was done. I jumped out of the chair, expecting to be able to leave this place. But I forgot the basic component of looking good, my foundation. That meant that I was pushed in yet another chair, the makeup chair. That explained why Madeline hadn't said a word this morning about my appearance. There were other things bothering me for the moment. They were poking in my eyes. Well, it seemed like that to me. Adam wasn't used to this treatment.

"What are you doing? My eyes don't need makeup."

"No, your eyes don't but your eyelids do and what you definitely need are longer eyelashes. So sit still and let them do their job. Oh, and don't cry when they pluck your eyebrows. Your makeup will run and the staff will have a lot of repair work to do."

So I endured the continuation of my torture, which came to a climax when my ears got pierced, luckily only once. I had seen woman covered in earrings.

"Ouch, why did you do that? Don't I have piercings already?"

Like many other things, I hadn't thought about this until today, but shouldn't I already have my ears pierced? I couldn't imagine that Eve walked around without any piercings or that Madeline allowed her to do so. Madeline was fast to react. If my ears didn't feel so weird, I may have heard a slight tremble in her voice.

“Yes you should, but until now you always were afraid to have them done. One time you almost went hysterical when I brought you to a jeweler. Now that you have forgotten your fear, it is the perfect moment.”

It sounded logical, like always. The next question that lay on the tip of my tongue, never left there. Madeline took some boxes out of her purse. My ears became the proud owners of some art deco diamond and sapphire drop earrings. I only knew those details because Madeline told them to me. Jessica liked them. Well, she acted like she did.

“If you want, we can pierce some other parts of you. They say that they can give a woman much pleasure, after the piercing of course.”

I didn't find it funny. Madeline did and that troubled me. One could never know what she would do. She was predictable in her unpredictability and I didn't want her to get any ideas. But it was too late, she already had one. The bracelet she produced turned out to be custom made handcuffs; silver, diamond inlaid, hinged. One half of the unusual bracelet said “Madeline” and the other half said “Eve”. I first thought that she wanted to cuff herself to me. When she locked them both to my wrist, I knew that she made a statement. Jessica liked this even more.

“Ooh, how lovely, Mrs. Arlington. Does that mean that you never want to let her go? I assume that only you have the keys.”

“Yes I do and yes, I never want to let her go. Every time she looks at them, she will know that she is mine.”

I smiled unconvincingly. Not that I minded being Madeline's. I just wasn't keen on the fact that I had to show it or that it said 'Eve'.

"Do I have to wear them always? They are not easy to hide."

"If you love me you have to."

Was it love that I felt for Madeline or was it lust? Maybe a bit of both, but it didn't matter. What ever I felt, the love part would be immense when things kept going on like this and I had no doubt the other part would be too.

"Before we leave, we still have one thing to buy, a coat!"

I walked out the door with a coat, elegant, long, slim, black, with a notched collar and it came with a sash belt. I left as an elegant woman, lost in a dream of femininity. That's what the mirror had shown me. I only knew that it was me because her ruby red lips moved when I talked. As did the hands that stood out with their matching colored nails, another choice made by Madeline. Madeline smiled while she watched me dance a bit as I caught sight of my own reflection in a store window. For a brief moment I was Eve, until I realized that I was supposed to be Adam. It was then that I knew that I had a problem. I had started to enjoy being the woman she wanted me to be. If things kept on going like this, I would become that woman. That was a prospect that didn't bother me as much as it did a week ago, the day before yesterday, even yesterday. But it was still a prospect that I wasn't sure I wanted as a future. Even considering how easy Eve had taken a place in my life, I still wasn't ready to accept defeat. I wasn't quite ready to totally give in and be her in every sense of the word. But maybe I didn't need to, maybe Adam pretending

to be Eve was enough. No, Madeline would immediately see through that.

“What now?”

“Now I have to show you to the world.”

Those words scared me more than anything had before. I would be seen and judged by the most merciless beings in this world, women. Would they see me as the fraud I was? Would I be publicly humiliated? This wasn't the hospital or a half-blind taxi driver. I had to act like a woman for more than five minutes. How convincing could I look? If I acted too much like a man pretending to act like a woman, things would go wrong. I would make some eyebrows frown and then people would start asking the wrong questions. I was only ready to act like a woman for Madeline, not for the world.

“Can't we wait until another day? I'm not used to my new look yet. I would be feeling uncomfortable the whole time.”

“And you will until you get used to it. And the only way to do that is to go out. So stop complaining and smile. People are watching you.”

We were standing outside the store and what I saw confirmed her words. Men were gazing and women looked viciously at me. I grabbed Madeline's arm for shelter. She said nothing, she only smiled the whole way to the restaurant. The taxi driver was fast to open the door.

“A restaurant? We going to a restaurant? I'm not dressed for a restaurant. Can't we just go home? My feet are killing me.”

“Did I not say to stop complaining? If you keep on being a naughty girl I have to treat you as one. But not now, now we are going to have dinner. And you look perfect for a restaurant, even with this much leg showing. Black fits everywhere and it fits you. So in you go. We have a reservation and no time to waste.”

We went in. The looks were back and the got worse when I removed my coat. I tried not to notice them, but I could not escape them or the feelings they produced. My not-so-functional part was moving itself, which it hadn't been doing for days, except for the nights. Luckily we were brought quickly to our table. They treated Madeline as if she was a queen. I calmed down slightly after staring for minutes at Madeline. She just stared back.

“Is everything OK now? Minutes ago you looked like a scared deer just before the wolves get her. I hope you can repeat that look for me tonight when I will be playing the part of the wolf.”

She smiled more radiantly than ever and I melted. I would be like putty in her hands that evening and apparently that night too, so no surprise there. Dinner seemed to pass without any problem. Nobody even dared to think that the woman sitting next to Madeline wasn't born one. Even my short walks to the toilet didn't reveal the truth. They only cost me a lot of sweat. Not a woman's proudest moment. After an hour we were enjoying each company's without any thoughts about our environment. Then Madeline saw the two people nearing our table.

“Well, if that isn't Madeline. A women so hard to find that one would think she was avoiding us.”

Madeline's smile was rapidly fading and changing to a look of surprise. She didn't have to introduce them. They were obviously her parents. The woman

looked like Madeline, only older and way more reserved. It was her father that had spoken to her.

“Mom, Dad. How...why?”

“How, why! Well, that’s a first. My daughter not knowing what to say. We had planned months ago to visit the opera. But they cancelled the production. Money problems. So we changed it to a visit to our favorite restaurant. It’s not as if were strangers to this city. What’s strange is that you look shocked to see us. Does that mean we may not join you?”

The tone of the man’s voice was that of amusement. It was obvious that it wasn’t the first time he had teased his daughter when she found herself in an awkward situation. The question was, did he do it out of love or out of spite? What I saw made me think the first. What Madeline had told me, made me think the second. So it was me who ended up more confused than Madeline was. She already had things back into her own hands as if nothing had happened. She even sounded that way.

“Mom, Dad, this is Eve. And Dad, yes, you may sit down. You don’t have to ask. Well, Mother doesn’t.”

These skirmishes would keep on going for the rest of the evening. Most of them weren’t even noticed by me. I was too nervous. I was in a restaurant not only with Madeline, but also her parents. The situation couldn’t be worse. What if they found out about me? Would they make a scene or would Madeline have to pay for it in silence? Madeline didn’t seem to care. She even kissed me full on the lips to show me and her father who was boss. She shouldn’t have done that. It made her father itchy.

“You, you’re a beautiful young woman, but what are you planning to do with my daughter? Why do

you like her, for her money? Are you planning to marry her? Make her an honest woman, give her children?"

Madeline growled, "Dad, stop this nonsense. You always do that. I already told you. She is the one. It doesn't matter why she likes me."

"I can't tell you, sir, why I like Madeline. That's like asking why I like the sunlight on my skin. A bit too much and one gets burned. Maybe for her personality? Too much of that and she will dominate you. But maybe I like to get burned by her touch? Maybe I like to be dominated by her will and more? That would be a too-simple answer. I must admit, however, that the answer is indeed simple. I just love her, that's all. And for the record, we are already married. Our anniversary is in a few weeks."

For a moment I thought I had gone too far. Talking to her parents that way could have turned out bad and not only because of what I said. Even when I meant it. This time I didn't have to lie, not to Madeline and not to her parents. There was only one answer for how I felt that moment: I loved her. I couldn't deny that any more, not even to myself. That meant that I had to face that fact and treat it as a problem. I had to take more distance from her or I would have no will of my own anymore. And she would have no trouble turning me slowly into Eve. She smiled hearing my words. What I said and to whom I said it was a victory for her. Her father was not shocked. He wouldn't have been so successful in business if he would have been. Her mother did not even raise an eyebrow.

"I see now why you chose her. And call me Henry, Henry McLoud, a last name my daughter seems to hate. She answers to her mother's last name. But she's not the main problem here. It is the fact that

she's your wife or whatever you may call it. Madeline failed to tell us about that all this time.

Ellen, our daughter seems to have secrets for us. Did she not tell us six months ago that she still hadn't found the one? That we had to be patient, that it would happen one day. And now we found out that she was married when she said that. So I damn sure would like to know why my own daughter, a woman that was so depressed, so unhappy at the time that she needed a psychiatrist, would look me right in the face and lie about such a thing. I'm still paying that bloody Doctor Morgan a bundle of money. Was that all just an act to fool us?"

"Henry, that's enough. Besides, you are the last person to blame someone else. Or did you tell me the truth about all your secrets yet?"

I first thought that Madeline got her strong will from her father, but now I suspected it to be from her mother. Henry didn't say a word but I wanted to. What he said didn't concur with what Madeline had said and not just to him. I was curious what she had to say about that. It revived my suspicion which had faded away into oblivion. She saw it in my eyes and her face turned white.

"Not now, Dad. I will tell it soon, but now is not the moment."

She had only eyes for me. She hadn't even faced her father when she spoke to him. That was something her mother had also noticed. Her mother's instinct told her that leaving was indeed the best option if she did not want to lose her daughter to anger and family turmoil. I wasn't there to see them leave. I was on my way to the restroom.

Madeline yelled something after me, but my ears weren't connected anymore with my brain. It was too busy with what just was said.

I didn't make the mistake of going through to the wrong door but only because the restroom attendant captured this confused lady and guided me in. I sat down in a trance. The contradiction of those words was burning holes in my consciousness, the discrepancy with the truth. Why was what she told me so different with what her father had heard? I sat down for minutes. The banging on my door pulled me out of my trance. It was Madeline.

"Eve dear, will you open the door so I can explain?"

"Explain and I open the door."

"One moment. I've got to get rid of the extra ears present."

Everything went silent, silent enough to hear the crunching of banknotes. That was Madeline's way of removing obstacles. Her voice almost startled me when she spoke.

"You probably want to know what's going on. Why I told my Dad those lies. Why I told my parents those lies."

"Were they lies or was it the truth? Maybe all this is the lie?"

"No it isn't and the truth is simple. If you still had your memories, you would know. I told my parents nothing because they would have made a big deal out of our marriage. It was you who wanted to keep it cozy. So our marriage was a small one, just the two of us. It wasn't even attended by our friends. I just wish you could remember it."

I unlocked the door and she came in.

“If I had told my parents that we were married in secret, my father would have gone berserk. He had plans to use it for his own agenda, to let the media and the world know how tolerant he was. His daughter was a lesbian and he didn’t mind, all that just for publicity and the company’s image. He doesn’t mean it badly, but it always turns out that way. So forgive me for avoiding all that and protecting you from it.”

She had done it again. My doubts were gone. She had turned a loss into a victory. Next time I wouldn’t doubt her so fast. No matter how obvious the lie might be, I would accept her words as the truth.

“Are we good now? You do believe me, don’t you?”

I nodded my head. Mainly because I couldn’t say a word and not because she had her arms wrapped around me and held me in a firm grip. She obviously didn’t want to let me go. And when her lips touched mine, I didn’t want to let go either. Other parts of her followed their example. My parts liked that very much, even the one she didn’t touch. She only needed a minute and I was under her spell once more. Her eyes sparkled out of relief. I was too preoccupied to see it, like always, not that it made a difference. Those sparkling eyes would have enchanted me even more.

“The night awaits and I still have plans for you. We could start them here if you want. The attendant won’t come in before we come out. She knows the drill.”

So I forgot about what just happened. I wouldn’t think about it again until the next morning. First I had to survive the night. Madeline was determined to make it a memorable one.

“Shouldn’t we go back to your parents? They will be waiting.”

“No they aren’t. They’re gone.”

“Why were they so angry? What else did you say to them?”

“They are not angry. I know how to handle my Dad. He is easy. Mom though, that’s something completely different. She knows me too well. So I had to make some serious promises.”

“What kind of promises? Do they involve me?”

Knowing Madeline, I had to expect that whatever she had to do to convince her parents, she never doubted that I would cooperate.

“As much as they involve me.”

That didn’t say much. It could mean everything or nothing.

“I’ll tell you on our way home.”

We left, passing a waiting attendant and surprised looking clients.

Not much later I knew what she had promised and I couldn’t say that I was happy about it. Our so-called anniversary would be the marriage they never witnessed, but, of course, neither did I. Those memories belonged to Eve, together with the right to marry her. And she had, so I didn’t have to feel guilty about doing it over. The most surprising promise Madeline made shook me up immensely.

“You what?! You promised them a descendant? And how do you think we are going to keep that

promise. It's not like I still have all the equipment needed to achieve such a monumental task. Only the original Adam had it and he is gone. You made sure of that. Furthermore, shouldn't you have asked me if I wanted to be a father before you made that promise? Didn't you think it was necessary?"

"Eve always wanted to be a mother. So no, I didn't need to ask. And I don't even need you for it. The hospital has your genetic material on ice. They do that before performing an orchiectomy."

I had no reply for that nor for what she did to me that night, but I tried. I did things Adam never knew he was able to. One learns something new every day and apparently every night too. At least I did since living with Madeline. What I also had learned was that a point of no return was nearing. If I wanted to save Adam, what's left of him, me, I had to do something and fast.

The morning sun warmed my naked body. Looking at my breasts didn't scare me anymore. I loved them being part of me and what they made me feel now. They were things Adam never would have been able to experience. They were bigger than before. They had almost grown into some nice B's, something I never had imagined I could or would look forward to.

Madeline's sweaty body glistened in the same light. She had tired herself out last night. That was no surprise. She had done most of the work after all. I just had to endure it and I did, with pleasure. I lay on the bed for minutes enjoying the view, thinking about what to do. Should I give up that body together with mine? Or should I accept Eve as my future? I wasn't Adam anymore. Too much had happened, I was something in between now. I could always go back to who I was, more or less. I had to admit, the present me was enjoying himself. Or should I say herself?

That was one of the questions I had to ask myself. The problem was that I wasn't ready yet to answer it. Maybe that was because I was happy being like this. But then, I also had to admit that I wasn't capable anymore of making a clear and unprejudiced judgment. Not when I had such a lovely view before me. So I decided to try to be more independent.

Madeline woke up, turned to me, and smiled. I had to grab this opportunity before she could continue what she had started yesterday evening. If that happened I would be too occupied to even think about my intentions.

"Madeline, I'm going to look for a job this afternoon."

"What? Why? You have everything you need here, me included."

"I know, but I'm too dependent on you. I've got to have my own income. It isn't fair that you are paying for everything. I have nothing if we broke up."

"Of course you would. I would pay you alimony. Besides, I would never let you go. You're mine forever."

"You don't know that. I want to be prepared for the worst, which means that I need money of my own. I've got to find a job."

She hesitated for a moment. Her mind was searching for a way out of this dilemma. Letting me go was out of the question and me getting a job would be the first crack in the walls of this perfect world. The energy with she raised herself was a sign that she had found that way, one that would strengthened those walls even more.

“I know the perfect job for you. My family owns a place or two that can use a waitress, low pay, but big tips. They are mostly in correlation with the size of one’s boobs.”

She said it all with a naughty look and smile on her face. I thought that she only did it to underline the last part, but I would find out that it was more than that. It was, after all, Madeline I had to deal with.

“I’ll set it up for the weekend. In the meantime you better ask Millie to give you some lessons. You need them.”

I was so surprised that I had to close my mouth before I could speak. “What lessons? And a waitress? I’m capable of doing a lot more than that. You know that I’m an experienced claim adjuster.”

“Adam may be, but you aren’t. Imaginary job experience isn’t what they are looking for out there and you have zero references. The lessons are easy. You made too many mistakes this weekend. Normally they wouldn’t be a problem only they were in public and noticeable. Luckily no one noticed. So to avoid detection, you have to perfect your female behavior if you want to survive your new job.”

I had forgotten that everything I knew was just an illusion. The lessons were something completely different. They would force me more into the direction of Eve and that was just what I was trying to avoid.

Millie’s lessons started when I was getting dressed. They were lessons in how to be more feminine and how to survive being a waitress. Apparently she had been a waitress at the place where Madeline would dump me. But that was all that Millie was allowed to say. She would start that morning and the lessons would continue until Friday. That night would be the

introduction into a world unknown to me, an girls-only bar. Not a bar for lesbians, no, a bar where no men were allowed so women could feel themselves safe from unwanted attention. Millie enjoyed giving me the whip, figuratively.

“No, not that way...smaller steps...no pronounced male gestures...you’re not an elephant...are you a woman or a wrestler?”

“There are female wrestlers. You know that, don’t you?”

“Yes and they can do what they want, even fight as a guy. They are already a woman. They don’t have to convince me of being one. You do.”

“I can understand why I have to practice, but why only in my underwear and with these shoes? I’m barely able to stand and I’m lucky I don’t have vertigo. Let me guess, Madeline?”

“No, but that’s not a bad guess. It’s because you have to feel as feminine as possible but mostly because it makes you vulnerable. It makes you aware of what you should be, feminine, every moment. All those extra mirrors aren’t for me. There is another way of course, if you don’t mind being naked. That works too, maybe even better.”

“No thank you. This isn’t so bad at all. Just tell me why you are doing this. Maybe it will motivate me.”

“Maybe this will motivate you?”

A slap on some familiar parts followed. The sound echoed through the room. The fact that I had only underwear on made it sound and feel harder. I would have jumped if I dared, but now with these shoes. She was right. No matter which way I ever turned, I

had a perfect look of my female appearance. I danced around to escape her fierce hands. The mirrors reflected my lingerie.

The bra was a push-up bra, made for enhancement. The brief was made of the least fabric possible, at the front and the back. The garter belt covered most of what the brief didn't. It was like a chastity belt, protecting my most precious secret. The black stockings were plain but with a thick seam on the back and a lace top. The shoes were the house shoes of the establishment I already learned to fear. They were black leather and high enough to let you walk on clouds.

“Could you please stop doing that? I don't believe for a second that Madeline wants you to do that.

“See, you're learning. One thing a waitress can't be is gullible. But she has to be able to endure a slap now and then.”

“Why can't I work in a high-end restaurant where the clients won't slap me and the tips will be greater?”

“Don't count on it. Having money doesn't mean that they have manners. It just means that they hold on to it better than the poor do. Not that the bar will be much better. Not late in the evening anyway. The more alcohol, the more their hands will be on your butt.

“I don't want men to slap me.”

“Don't worry it will only be women”

Her words gave me an idea of what awaited me. That evening I would find out if I was right. I was and I wasn't. It was far more than I imagined.

Before Millie left, she dressed me in my costume and did my hair and makeup. I would have screamed if Millie hadn't laid her hand on my lips. The costume was that of a waitress, black and white, covering just enough to reveal everything if you were a lucky client. It was nothing a woman or especially a man would want to wear at work. I also wore black nails, black lips and my long black hair in a bun. It left just enough room to put a cap on my head. It perfectly matched the rest of my outfit and put a shameful red on my cheeks. It did one thing more. It let me feel extremely feminine, a hoped-for effect, but not by me.

"I can't wear this thing. It's not a normal uniform. It's way too sexy. If I wear that in a bar, everyone will stare at me. I won't be able to do my work. I'll have too much unwanted attention."

"Good, that will make you even more aware of what you are, a woman. And more important, that you have to act like one to avoid detection. Just don't worry too much. You will be the only sexy waitress there. But you won't be in danger."

Millie smiled while I pulled and pushed on the push-up bra and its fillings. It was the first time I had the 'privilege' to wear one, something I could do without. I have to say that the result was undoubtedly noticeable for me and everybody else. My eyes were constantly drawn to them, and my hands too.

"This push-up bra, is it really necessary? Isn't the rest more than enough? Do I have to fake these even more?"

"They are not fake! They only need a little more encouragement. In a month they will be fine and so will you. And the bra is a part of the waitress's uniform, standard equipment. Orders from your new boss. She wouldn't want you looking less revealing."

That was something I hadn't thought about. I would be working for a new boss, apparently a woman. That would be a first for me. Not that it made a lot of difference, a bad boss is a bad boss. But an angry woman is not an angry man and my new boss would turn out to be very demanding. I better not make her angry or she would make me pay.

"What now? How am I going to get there? A taxi is impossible. Not like this. Is Madeline giving me a ride? Why did I ever agree to this?"

"Don't worry about that. You'll be there before you know it. Now go downstairs. Madeline is waiting for you."

My descent into womanhood was made step by step and when I had reached the first floor, I was a lot closer. All those feelings rushing through me were responsible. They were not new, but they were way more effective than before. Was it due to the lack of testosterone or the lack of cloth? This time they wouldn't go away that easily. Madeline watched me coming down. Her eyes never lost contact with my body.

"You're looking great, my love. How are you feeling? Looking like that you have to feel something. God knows I do."

I never felt more ashamed and confused of what I was and wanted to be. My shame would only grow once I start working, knowing that people would see me like this,

"I don't think I am ready for it. Can't we stop this madness? I don't need a job that bad. Not if I have to wear this."

“Are you saying that you are happy with the way things are?”

“Yes, I am. I don’t mind anymore that you pay for my expenses. You win. I give up. So can we forget about this job?”

“No we can’t. I made a promise and your new boss is expecting you. She will be glad to have such a stunning new addition on her staff.”

“No Madeline, please. Can’t you do something?”

“Not anymore. A deal is a deal.”

My face went white. Now the moment of truth came near; my determination for independence was withered away. I wasn’t prepared to pay the price. That was a step too far. A deep sigh was heard, a sign of my capitulation. I just would try to survive the night without any scars, mental one. They lasted the longest and were the deepest.

“OK, let’s go.”

“Good, you can start with pouring me a drink. You know what I like . Quickly or there won’t be any tip for you.”

“What do you mean? Aren’t we going to the bar?”

“You’re already there. So hop hop, my little one. I’m waiting for my drink and you should know already that I don’t like waiting.”

“Are you saying this is all just a joke?”

“Oh no. You are going to be a waitress tonight. You can count on that. But you will wait on me and only

me. You're mine, my Eve and I am not going to share you with anyone. And don't you forget that."

"I'm not Eve. And maybe I will never be."

I said it, but this time it lacked conviction. The layer of Adam was breaking apart, revealing Eve. Only a few pieces of him were left. If this kept on going, I would lose those too. Those last pieces struggled desperately to survive, urging me to make a decision. Who would live, Adam or Eve? It wasn't really a decision of who would, but rather taking the last hurdle for Eve. I couldn't deny that even when I thought like Adam, I felt like Eve, feminine.

"Are you sure? It doesn't look that way. Not dressed like that."

"No I'm not. Are you happy now? I don't know what to think. The only thing I am sure of is that I am not sure of anything anymore. And that includes being Eve or not."

"That's all I needed to know. For now, just bend over and pick up that scarf from the floor. I can't stand the mess it makes, nor the look of it. So show me something else to stare at."

So I bent over, something I would do a lot that evening. Bend over to serve a drink. Bend over to pick up whatever Madeline would drop on the ground. Whatever direction I bent, I assured Madeline of one of her favorite views, me in a revealing position. She didn't seem to get tired of it, but I did. The shoes were impossible to walk with, but somehow I did manage. Before this ordeal was over, I would be highly experienced.

"How long do I have to bend over and walk around like this?"

“You’ll bend until I’m satisfied you have no longer the desire to find a job. This is only a little punishment for defying me. As for walking around like that? You’ll do it until the night calls, when your punishment will become your pleasure. It already is mine. However it doesn’t mean that it will be the last time that you will wear that uniform. You may not love it much, but I do and that means you will too. Eventually.”

I didn’t doubt that for a bit. So I bent to her will. The night passed and she let me be me for another day and another one. And with every day that passed, I grew more accustomed, addicted to the touch of lace, of Madeline on my skin, of her lips embracing mine, of her tongue exploring all. With every look in the mirror I liked more and more what I saw; no longer a man, but a woman. I was hiding under her scent and thoughts and loving every minute of it, covered with a female vision of beauty; dresses, jewels and makeup.

I walked in a trance, completely captivated by a woman’s spell, listening to her voice while her hands, my hands, danced over her body. They glided over the dresses because they like the feeling of it. With each passing day, the last remaining parts of Adam fought persistently to survive, but in vain. The week before the anniversary, he was no more. He was now Eve the woman. That didn’t mean that I was the Eve that Madeline was looking for. I did not have her memories. I still had the knowledge that had belonged to Adam, the man that I used to be, the man I was no more.

So who and what was I then? I used to be Adam, but now I lived like an Eve, thought like an Eve, felt like an Eve. So I was Eve, only not yet the right one. Maybe I would never be her again. Maybe those memories would never come back. Even now I was con-

vinced that they were a part of me. Adam had slipped away, leaving his false memories behind, memories that I didn't need anymore. I had accepted acting like a woman, being like one, living like one. So my mind had made the switch to womanhood. But I still had a part too many, but because those memories weren't necessary for my future, I was better off without them. They only complicated things. I had to replace them with stories of Eve, the one I wanted to be. Because that was the Eve Madeline wanted me to be. So the Eve I was now still had a long way to go. And I would cover a lot of distance by making sure our anniversary would pass by perfectly.

Everything was ready for that Sunday. Madeline couldn't be happier. My little rebellion was suppressed and no seed of resistance was left. It would be a perfect day to repeat the bonds that tied me to her. Not that they were unbreakable, but after that Sunday they would be. Until then my life with Madeline was an adventure, a desire, wishful thinking, not a reality. But it would be after that Sunday. I wouldn't be able to escape so easily from Madeline anymore. Not that I wanted to do that, but the possibility was there. My mind had to accept those bonds after the ceremony, just as I had accepted being Eve.

The ceremony was a day too early but it was the best day for Henry's guests. Madeline's parents had arranged it all. We only had to be there and be dressed for the occasion. Madeline and Millie had that part covered. We three arrived late in the morning. The ceremony was late in the afternoon. I was immediately pushed to a door when I came in. It was Millie. I knew it because she slapped me and I had learned to recognise her touch.

I looked surprised to Madeline. She only smiled like she always did.

“Come on, Mrs. E, everybody is waiting. Well not really, but we only have half a day to get you ready.”

Madeline had said that it would just be a little ceremony and a little party afterward to celebrate, nothing more. This looked and felt like a lot more. Outside there were cars coming and going constantly. I heard the doors slam and the sound of people, and it didn't seem to stop. In the meanwhile Millie had stripped me of everything, even though I was perfectly dressed for the occasion.

“Ready for what? Millie, what is going on? You've left me almost completely naked. Have you gone mad? Help me put my clothes back on.”

“Sorry Mrs. E, orders from Mrs. Madeline. She isn't satisfied with your appearance. I know she chose your dress this morning, but she wanted it to be as close to the real thing as possible, as if it was a real wedding. So we have to make some adjustments to it.”

I wanted to react, but all I could do was sigh. Defying Madeline on a day like this would get me only into trouble. It was too important a day to screw up, for her and for her parents. She had repeated that more than once this week. I wished they hadn't made such a big deal out of it. It was just a wedding anniversary. It was important for her parents, ok, but Madeline acted as if we weren't married yet.

“Are you dreaming again, Mrs. E? I must say that you have been daydreaming a lot this week. Is there something bothering you? I hope that it's not all this anniversary stuff. You should be happy about it.”

“I am Millie, I am. But there is still something not quite right and I don't know what. It's like an itch you can't scratch. Maybe I'm just being nervous. That

would be normal. All these people are strangers to me. It's all new to me, even the wedding ceremony with Madeline. I don't remember anything from the first time. It's not the old Eve that's celebrating and that worries me also. I still have no memories of her and her life with Madeline. What if she never comes back? How will Madeline take it? She fell in love with the old Eve, not me."

"You are the old Eve. I never knew her, but you have to be. Mrs. Madeline couldn't be happier. I've seen it in her eyes and heard it in her voice. Every time you are with her, she sparkles. So when she has one of her moments when she bites my nose off, I know that you are out for one of your visits to the hospital."

I had been visiting Doctor Morgan every week without Madeline, my only condition to keep those visits going. Surprisingly she accepted. But that was only because of the long telephone calls she made afterwards with Doctor Morgan, calls I wasn't aware of at the time.

Maybe I was the old Eve, but I couldn't remember enough to compare myself with her. But that wasn't the problem and I hadn't the time to be worrying about what was. Madeline would not like it if I held up her plans for the day. And I really didn't want to annoy Madeline. Not because she would get mad at me, because she wouldn't. Not because she might punish me. She would and it would be a pleasure for the both of us. It was just to keep her happy, because that was all she wanted for me too. I was now as crazy about her as Eve used to be. Well, that was what I imagined based on what I knew of Old Eve and that wasn't much, only what Madeline and Doctor Morgan had told me.

“Here, put these on. You ought to know how to do that now.”

It was white stay-up stockings, edged with lace, a lot of it. It gave the impression it was held up by garters. At that moment it was all I was wearing if you didn't count the knee-high boots. Not what you would wear for a wedding. They were white but not fitting for an innocent bride, with those long laces. Luckily I wasn't at least one of the two anymore. Millie gave them to me without saying a word. Not that I needed one, but an explanation would have been nice. One that said more than “Madeline.”

“People will stare. This is nuts, even for Madeline.”

“Maybe, but at the end of the day you will be glad you are wearing them. They have high heels, but sturdy ones.”

“Umm, that I get, but being naked under the dress not. Is it to make me feel vulnerable again? Is it your idea or Madeline's shock therapy, a last attempt to make me feel like her Eve, become her Eve, so she can marry her Eve?”

“Not a bad idea, but no. I just want you to look perfect in your wedding dress. Nothing can stick out today.”

It was Madeline, she had silently entered the room and had been watching us for minutes.

“I want you to feel the ecstasy that every woman feels when she gets married and the dress will help. It will help make you realise that you are a woman, not just a man in a wedding dress. When you are Eve, then you are my Eve. You don't need her memories, only her feelings.”

I hadn't told her yet about my thoughts that I had accepted my new self. There was still something that held me back from telling her and I couldn't say what it was. It was that itch I couldn't scratch.

"I want you to be as close to Eve as possible. I want you to feel, and not just look, like her. I want to marry her, not Adam, not even parts of him. Besides, I want to show the world how beautiful your breasts have become. Make every woman jealous of you and me, you for that gorgeous body and me for sharing my bed with it. So no words out of you anymore, only a yes and you'll know when to say it."

"Mrs. Madeline, what are you doing here? Isn't it bad luck to see the bride before the wedding?"

For the first time I saw Millie with a surprised look on her face. Madeline hesitated for a moment but gave then one of her crazy answers.

"It would be if it was the first time. Don't forget we already are married, but it has to look and feel as if it is the first time. It doesn't only have to be that way for my parents, but for everybody, because for this Eve it does too. I don't believe in bad luck when my luck is standing her before my eyes. I am the bad one and together we may be bad luck, but only for others."

"That may be so, but for now you are a disturbance. Out you go. You can see Mrs. Eve at the ceremony."

"I can and I will, but first I have to give her something."

"And what may that be, Mrs. Madeline, a kiss? There isn't time for something more."

“Why not that and something more? But it’s not what you are thinking, you devil’s brood. It’s something old, something new, something borrowed, something blue.”

Madeline handed me two jewellery boxes. The biggest one contained a necklace. It was nicely arranged and in silver with a captivated collection of blue sapphires. It was definitely old, so that part was dealt with. The little box contained earrings fabricated to match the necklace but undoubtedly new. They looked very expensive.

“Yes, old, new and blue. If I loan them to Eve, tradition isn’t ignored. The first time it was.”

“I thought you didn’t need good luck.”

“I don’t but Eve can always use a little. I’ll leave you both alone. Make her beautiful and make me proud, Millie.”

“I will when you stop harassing us. We still have a lot to do and so have you. The hairdressers and beauticians will be here in half an hour. She’ll be ready in time. If you keep this up, though, you won’t.”

She was gone as quick as she came. Millie even didn’t look where she went, she was already busy with grooming me. This time she used a lot of the adhesive bandage, enough to worry me.

“This is going to kill me when I have to remove it. Do you really have to use this? Wouldn’t a gaff be better?”

“Ah, it seemed that you have educated yourself about cross-dressing. My brother would be proud of you. But no, it can’t. A brief is impossible. Your dress

will be so tight that it would show your tattoo if you had one. Be glad I don't use duct tape."

Minutes later when the dress stuck to my skin like a glove, I knew what she meant. It was a simple but elegant strapless mermaid dress and a tail that kept on going. The built-in bra kept things in place. But how would I be able to walk around with it, with such a tail? "Millie?"

"I guess you are wondering how you move around wrapped up like that. Don't worry. Madeline will take care of it, or I will. She made me your designated servant and only bridesmaid. Now for the rest."

The ceremony was what one expected, a lot of aahs and oohs and the obligatory yes. I was also what one expected, at least the one named Madeline. My hair was hidden by a white top hat. Makeup was simple. My lips and nails looked natural, but super glossy. Those were the things I noticed, the female things. What everybody could notice were the handcuffs. Madeline never took them off. I was hers then, now and always and everybody should know it, even her parents. They never mentioned the damned thing, but their eyes couldn't stop looking at it. But that wasn't enough for Madeline. She wanted to make it official for every one who would stumble into my life.

The new wedding ring sparkled bright, showing its presence to everyone. Mine was apparently lost in the accident. Something that important and it being missing never crossed my mind. The woman I saw everywhere as my reflection wasn't the woman that woke up that day in the hospital, not in mind and certainly not in appearance. I walked, talked, thought, and smiled now like a woman. That was something I never was able to do until just a few days ago. Until then I never was able to accept my new self and be happy about it. Adam showed himself now



and then, but at that moment I could say that he had faded away. I was Eve now. Not Madeline's version of her, but my own. When my hands glided over this body, they felt a woman and my mind loved to be that woman, so I was a woman, even when all parts weren't compatible with that idea. That last adjustment was not necessary. Madeline had said it a million times. She loved me the way I was, almost perfect. Only she was the kind of person who always strives for perfection in life and love, that was obvious to me.

After the ceremony there was only one thing left to do, chit chat. I tried to avoid it but failed, I couldn't move. Madeline had planted me next to her parents and lured Millie away. Millie followed her so fast that she even didn't blink an eye. So all I had to do for the rest of the day was stand still, talk, smile at Madeline's parents, her brother, her brother's wife and the guests. At that time and that time alone, I was glad that I was an orphan and only had an imaginary sister. Well, Adam had one.

Drinks weren't allowed, the dress made that impossible. By evening, I was exhausted and the night still had to start. Knowing Madeline, she would keep me up until morning. I was wrong. Contrary to me, she had no problem with drinking. That became a problem, so much of one that she had to sleep in another room. I saw her next morning together with Millie when we stepped into a taxi. Her parents weren't surprised and didn't mind having breakfast with only me.

Unfortunately for Madeline and her hangover, she was expected to leave the hotel that morning. She could stay, money fixes almost anything, but the hotel was only a taxi ride away from home. That was a much better place to spend the day, especially to recover from a hangover. Millie came in for a moment, even when the taxi could have dropped her off at her

place. She said that she could use the fresh air. Millie helped me with the little luggage we had. A bride shouldn't work.

"You're talking as if this was a wedding. It was just a do-over."

"That may be so, but still. Just let me do that, Mrs. E. You can help Mrs. Madeline. Her hangover isn't that bad, but she can use your company. She's in the bathroom, getting her head under the shower."

Not only her head was under the shower, the rest was too, seducing me to join her, but this wasn't the time.

"Madeline? What do I do with the jewellery? I can't keep on wearing it, even though I would like to."

"It looks good on you. But no, you can't keep on wearing it. It's way too valuable to fall prey to grabby hands. Put it in the safe."

I knew where the safe was, but Madeline had kept the combination a secret. I didn't mind, nothing in there belonged to me. This time she told me the number. It was supposedly the day she first laid eyes on me. That was strange because it was months before I thought we had met. Millie was sitting on the bed while I took the necklace and earrings off. She saw me open the safe and freeze as I stared at the contents of the safe. She saw my hands going in and my hands come out, holding a file. On it was written a name, one I knew all too well, "Adam Jones."

I dropped myself next to Millie and both of us looked with surprise at its contents. A picture, documents, reports of several detectives and all these things had one thing in common, they were about me or better said, the old me. The one that never was

Eve. The one that woke up in that hospital with a different body. The one that now was me although I was not him anymore. I wanted to scream at Madeline, but I didn't have to. She had realised her mistake and came running, naked.

“No, don't open...”

She saw that she was too late so she stopped and stood naked before me. But I didn't care, I didn't want to see her face or body.

Before she could say anything, I stood up and left, first with small female steps, then with wild manly ones, out of anger. Madeline followed, naked and so did Millie, dressed of course. She tried to say something but I stopped her. I raised my hand. Not to slap her, that was something even Adam wouldn't have done. Just to stop her. I wouldn't have heard anything anyway. My mind was too occupied to listen.

“Don't try to give me any excuses, you crazy bitch. You made a woman out of me. Worse, you let me think that I wanted to be one and I believed you. I am a man. Well, I was a man. How insane is the world you live in? Trying to make me like being a woman! What kind of person does that? You don't need to answer that. The answer is standing before me, naked. I don't even know what to say to you, except one thing, farewell.”

“You can't leave me.”

“Why not? I'm not Eve so what's stopping me?”

“You're my wife. We're married. You promised to love and obey.”

“Very funny and very crazy. I never said... You crazy bitch. Don't tell me that it all was real! Was

turning me into a woman and handcuffing me not enough? You had to make me legally yours?”

“Yes. I wanted everybody to know that you are mine, you included. And you are. You’re mine and you always will be.”

“Eve maybe, Adam never.”

I grabbed my coat and my purse. My purse? What was I thinking? Nevertheless, I walked out as Eve, knowing that I wasn’t her. Millie escaped some broken bones by jumping through the door before I slammed it after me. She followed me in my escape, which came quickly to an end. I didn’t know where to go. A hotel? That was when Millie interfered.

“Mrs. E, you are coming with me. I can’t leave you alone in this condition. My place is just a little walk from here.”

She grabbed my arm and dragged me. I went along with her. I didn’t have the force to resist, mentally or physically. I don’t remember much of that morning, only sleeping on Millie’s couch. The nap ended with ringing echoing through my head. The telephone never stopped. I didn’t have to guess who it was. Madeline, and she seemed very determined. But so was I, to ignore the telephone. I looked around the house and found Millie gone. She probably was at Madeline’s. For some reason, I was glad she was. I knew that Madeline shouldn’t be left alone at this moment. People do crazy things in such a situation.

I hated what she had done but strangely enough I didn’t hate her. I was angry, my blood was boiling, but I still loved her too much to see her harmed. So I was glad that Millie kept her company. Knowing Madeline, and I wasn’t sure that I did anymore, Millie would be there all day. She wouldn’t be home for the

rest of the day. That was the opportunity for me to do the same. My mind was screaming for reasons, explanations. Doctor Morgan would know them, of that I was sure.

I called a taxi and waited outside. I could use some fresh air, away from the nagging ringing to help me think about what had happened and what should happen next. Just change myself back? Could it be that easy to undo what Madeline had done to me? I knew some of the truth, but I needed to know every piece of it. Doctor Morgan had a lot to explain. I didn't see the taxi driver peep or the receptionist stare. What I did see was a psychiatrist who acted as if nothing was wrong.

“Morning, Eve, Madeline told me that we had a little setback.”

I got angry. Well Eve did, because Adam wouldn't have been so civilised and polite. Going back to Adam wasn't done by simply turning the switch to the right gender again.

“A little setback! It's a lot more than that, it's a big dammed lie, a scam. One you helped make up, why?”

I didn't want to give her a chance to open her mouth. It would only be filled with more deceit. I had no other choice, though. She was the only one with the answers.

“You knew that I was a man, not a woman and you helped Madeline turn me into one, body and soul. How crazy do you have to be to do something like that? Just tell me why?”

“Body and soul? That's interesting to hear. Why? I could say that it was for the money and it was. A hospital can always use more money and Madeline has a

lot of it. I did it for the patients, I did it for Madeline and I did it for you.”

“You did it for me? Look at me! Look at what you have done with me and you dare to say that you did this for me?”

“Of course I did. You don’t think that I would do this just without thinking. I have a whole dossier about you. About the person you are and about the person you want to be.”

“I never wanted to be Eve.”

“Not knowingly, but you do. Look at yourself. You can deny it, but I know you love being her. You still are dressed as her.”

“That’s because I didn’t had the chance to change.”

“I you hated it so much, you would have found the time, surely before you visited your psychiatrist. Besides, it’s not like she asked me to kill you, only to make you better.”

“Make me better? You made me into a woman!”

“Like I said, to make you better. Better for you...and Madeline. Again, look at yourself. You couldn’t be more perfect. Well, except a few details. You’re much better than before, you went from from a duckling to a swan. It’s not that I didn’t know you. I studied you for months, talked with people that know you, family, detectives that were watching you. Madeline chose you, but I had to approve you and that was a very easy decision. Think about your life as Adam and compare it with Eve’s. Do you really want to lose her and go back to being Adam? Do you want to lose Madeline?”

She wasn't wrong, which made things only worse. I just grabbed my breasts and let out all the anger and confusion I had gathered.

"I want these things gone and I want my testicles back."

"If that's really what you want, then answer me this. Do you want to think, feel and look like the old Adam? If you do, then we have a problem. Do you? Then we have to change you back, no matter what I think. But before you answer, look in the mirror and tell me that you want to give up that body, that life, Madeline."

I didn't answer. I just grabbed my purse and turned around to leave. Adam would have left it there.

"Where are you going?"

"To find a mirror."

If I had turned I would have seen her smile. She knew that I hadn't said no to Eve. That was a victory to her already.

The taxi made tracks through the city for more than an hour. It would cost me a lot of money, but I didn't care. It was Madeline's, after all. I needed time to think. Finally I had the cab stop before a store. Seconds later I stood in front of it, determined to buy myself some men's clothes. The determination didn't last long. I never went in. For minutes I stared at the store window and not only at my reflection, the reflection of a gorgeous woman with matching handcuffs, my everlasting reminder of my bond with Madeline.

I had to cut myself from her, but was that really what I wanted? My thoughts weren't those of Adam's, but Eve's. She was thinking of the beautiful and daring mini skirt in the window, knowing that Madeline would love it wrapped around my body. Every attempt I made to be and think more masculine failed. No matter how hard I tried to think as Adam, it was too late. He was gone. I could pretend being him, but I didn't want to him. That itch was gone too.

Now I knew the truth. I could accept this new version of me. I wasn't losing my mind. Eve's memories weren't gone. Adam's memories weren't wrong. They were the same. Adam was Eve, Eve was Adam. I just had to choose which one of those two I wanted to be, a choice that wasn't one. Because one thing was clear, I was trapped in this altered body. There was no way back for me to go back to being a man. My mind had settled itself into this new situation and into this new body. I wasn't a woman by birth, but I would be one in life.

Doctor Morgan was right. I couldn't afford to lose Madeline. Not for her money, but for how happy she made me, the new me. Adam was happier being Eve, so why fight it? Was it the lack of testosterone, the brainwashing? It didn't matter. The new me knew what she wanted and that was what I saw in the mirror and what was waiting for me at home.

Millie opened the door. She had left me at her place sleeping, not expecting me knocking at this front door.

"Mrs. E, what are you doing here? You can't be here. Mrs. Madeline is a wreck. She won't survive another quarrel. Please go back to my place. Please Adam, not here, not now."

“I’m not here to quarrel, only to ask her why. And as a former claim adjuster, I know a few things about wrecks, even how to fix one. And don’t call me Adam. My name is Eve, something that will never change and neither will I.”

It took Millie a few seconds before she realized what I meant. I took advantage of this opportunity to pass her on my way in. Madeline wasn’t to be found on the ground floor, so I went up. I found her in her bedroom, hidden under a sheet.

“Millie, is that you? Where have you been? Why so noisy? Have you found Eve yet? You get to get her back, Millie. I need her back, Millie. Go find her. You’ve got to find her, now.”

Millie was standing next to me. Millie responded before I could. She showed once more that she was the best choice for a help and a friend.

“Yes it’s me. I’ll go look for her, but only when you tell me why.”

“Why what?”

“Why him, why like this, why all this? One would call it madness.”

“It was madness. I was madly in love. She won’t remember, but I saw her, him at the Halloween party at the Anderson’s last year. She was the most beautiful woman there and I fell in love with her at first sight. I thought I finally met the one woman that could make me happy. I was completely lost, drowning in her eyes. I lusted for those lips. My heart broke when I heard her speak and I realized that she was a man. She only dressed and looked that way because it was Halloween. I just should have forgotten her at that moment, but I couldn’t. And I tried. How I tried! From

then on, she was always on my mind. I couldn't keep on going that way. Even Doctor Morgan said that. I had to do something. So I made a plan and started on the road that lead us here."

"Why didn't you tell him?"

"How could I? Ask him to have a sex change just for me, a woman he never had seen before, to be a woman just to fit my love? How could he love me then, how can she now?"

"That's what I wonder myself, but I do."

The sheet was gone before I ended my sentence.

"Adam?"

"Adam is no more, he is gone. All that's left is Eve. You have reached the end of the road."

Madeline's despair that had haunted her just a moment ago was gone. It was replaced with euphoria. What she hadn't dared to hope had happened. She got what she wanted, me.

"Before I kiss you to death, tell me one thing. Do you want this, a life as Eve, my Eve. Do you hate being her? It is not something you wanted. It is what I wanted."

"Well, as long as I can be your Eve, there won't be a problem. The rest depends on how far you want to go, with how female you want Eve to look. My new presence is all your fault and so will be my future presence. You're the boss."

"And I'll make sure that you'll never forget it. What you can forget is that piece of manhood you still have.

You will like its female version a lot more and so will I. But for now we'll make do with what you've got."

Madeline pulled me closer, which made Millie decide that she wasn't needed. So she left, but not without slapping me you-know-where.

"Go get her, girl. We all know that you've earned it."

Her job was done for the day. Mine had still to begin. Now that things were straightened out, old truths surfaced. Adam had a sister, I had a sister. How should I tell her about the new me? She never would believe this was me. Now she would get a sister, without any time to adjust to this new reality. That would give her quite a shock. Maybe I could soften it, but how? One thing was sure; Doctor Morgan was the last person to ask for help. Who knew what she might do to bring her around to our point of view?

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