

LICENSE FOR SKIRTS

By Olivia Evans



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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CHAPTER ONE: Jason turns twenty one and meets the girl of his dreams.

Jason Howard's troubles started the day he turned twenty one.

His twenty-first birthday was a monumental event, marking a lot of new beginnings: the first time he could legally buy a drink in a bar, or sign contracts were among the important ones. But the most important, at least to Jason, was the right to have his picture changed from profile to full face on his driver's license.

Of all the “firsts” that he was now entitled by law to do, the renewal of his driver's license excited him the most. The state he lived in distinguished minors from adults by photographing the driver either in profile (minors) or full face (adults). It was simple, effective and virtually eliminated the problem of altered driver's licenses.

Everyone knew, a full face photo on your driver's license was the single and most visual proof that you have come of age!

Despite his excitement about renewing his license, he'd been late getting to the Department of Motor Vehicles on the day of his appointment, three days after his birthday. Jason had squeezed through the door just seconds before the guard locked it for the evening.

The DMV office was as crowded as lunch hour in the fast food restaurant where Jason was the assistant manager. As the line to the counter inched forward slowly, Jason reconciled himself to a long wait. There were no guarantees of “in and out in less than five minutes.” at the Department of Motor Vehicles.

Absent too were the smiling faces of the youngsters (“the kids”) that normally manned the “Quicktime Burger” counter. The middle aged women clerks manning the counter in the DMV office looked tired, bored and anxious to go home to their real lives. Really not much different than the public they served.

Jason looked around curiously at his fellow line-standers. Most of the customers mirrored the same emotions as the clerks, tired, bored and anxious to go home.

This was only about the third time in his life that he'd ever been in the local DMV office and he was fascinated with the people waiting to have their car or driver's licenses renewed.

What most fascinated him, were the still unlicensed drivers, teenagers for the most part.

While the dreaded “waiting in line” boredom had afflicted most of the customers, it wasn't true of the teens waiting to take their first driving test.

The bored look was there, but it was a pale imitation of the boredom of the adults like Jason. Most of the teens were carefully studying their peers and seniors, all the while giving the air of being casually disinterested.

Seeming disinterested in their surroundings, their casual behavior hid their fear of Failing The Written Test. A test that all had been assured by older brothers, sisters or other well meaning friends and relatives as being a snap.

Jason smiled to himself, it had been a snap — the second time he'd taken it. What had been even more difficult, and potentially the greater blow to the ego if failed, was the dreaded Driving Test.

THAT test he had passed on the first attempt.

Jason fell in the back of the shortest line and quickly developed the “thousand yard stare” of the others. Everything became mechanical, stand and wait, step one pace forward, stand and wait, step one pace forward and stand and wait.

After what seemed like hours, he reached the counter and the unsmiling DMV clerk. Jason stared at the harried looking woman for a full ten seconds, trying to figure out how old she was. Certainly at least ten years older than he, maybe 30, 32 years old, although she looked tired and a lot older.

Still, if she had fixed her hair a little better, used a little more make up and opened the top two buttons of her well filled blouse...

“May I help you, Young Man?” She asked, her face slowly creasing into a tired mechanical smile.

Jason, awakened out of his own automation, hastily shoved his license across the counter. The woman looked at it without touching it as though it was something unclean. She glanced back up at Jason and sighed.

“Young Man, just what is it that I'm supposed to do with this?” She asked, her voice as tired sounding as she appeared.

“Uh, renew it?” Jason mumbled.

“Did you fill out Forms 2391(a), 'Application for Driver's License Renewal', and Form 9774/92C, 'Certification of Valid Automobile Insurance'?” The woman shook her head, answering her own questions. Jason shook his head in reflex.

“Thought not.” The woman sighed. She reached below the counter Jason was leaning against and removed a fist full of forms. Carefully selecting the two forms Jason needed, she pushed them and his license back toward Jason. “Fill these out completely. Don't forget to check the box marked 'renewal'.”

Jason took the forms and his license and began filling them out, using the pen that was chained to the counter. Like most of the pens provided by the State for the public's use, it was out of ink. Jason reached for the pencil he carried in his pocket.

“Uh, sir?” The clerk said as she placed her hand protectively over the form. Jason looked up in surprise. “You can't use a pencil, unless it's a number 2.”

Jason looked at the number printed on the side of the yellow pencil. It was a number 3. He glanced back toward the clerk who was still giving him his instructions.

“... if it isn't a number 2, then you can use a pen, black ink only, please. And Young Man, please use the tables against the wall to fill your forms out, there are others behind you who would like to go home today too.” The clerk pointed toward the rear wall. The recital was one that she had given a hundred times a day.

Jason turned to look for the tables. As he turned around, Jason noticed that the line he'd stood in was now about ten people deep. Obviously, he hadn't been the only one to have failed to have the paper work correctly filled out, Jason smiled to himself.

Sighing in resignation, Jason left the counter and walked to one of the tables against the wall.

Jason had completed about half of DMV Form 2391(a), “Application for Driver's License Renewal”, before he realized that there was someone else filling out forms beside him. He glanced out of the corner of his eye to determine if he would have yet another person in front of him.

The girl was a tall shapely blonde, attractively dressed in a tight tank top and loose fitting denim shorts. Her perfume was making him horny and light headed at the same time. She was gorgeous, or at least he thought she was. Jason couldn't really tell, her long blonde hair had fallen down to cover the side of her face as she filled out her forms.

Jason watched the girl out of the corner of his eye hoping that she would pull her hair back or turn so he could see what she looked like. If her face was only half as attractive as her body was... If she was, then Jason knew he would be in love with her for life.

The mysterious blonde finished barely seconds before Jason. She gathered up her forms and stepped into line with Jason right behind her. Whether by design or accident, she had turned away from Jason denying him the opportunity to see what she looked like.

While he hadn't seen what she looked like, he envisioned her to be an extremely attractive girl. Girls with figures like her's usually were. As they slowly moved forward, Jason tried to imagine what she looked like.

Although disappointed that he hadn't been able to see if his envisioned image of her agreed with reality, Jason really didn't mind. He knew that sometimes the imagined beauty was better than the real thing.

Besides, it wouldn't matter anyway, she wouldn't go out with him even if he'd had enough courage to tap her on the shoulder and ask her out.

It was always like that, poor Jason was painfully shy around girls. In high school, a time when it's almost the duty of a young man to be cutting notches on his bed post, Jason rarely had a third date.

Even then, it was all that he could do to kiss her good night. It wasn't that he didn't like girls, quite the contrary, he loved them. The problem was, once the girls found out that his shyness wasn't an act, they dropped him like the loser he knew he was.

The blonde may well have remained the “mystery woman” in Jason's life forever, if it hadn't been for an energetic small child, a tired young mother and a man standing in line behind Jason.

The faceless blonde was third from the counter when a small child in the line for Vehicle Registrations decided at that very moment to burn off some restless energy. He broke away from his mother, who, knowing that there would be havoc if she didn't stop him quickly, lunged for the child.

Unfortunately, she missed the child and careened into Jason and the girl in front of him. All three crashed to the ground, causing the small child to stop in his tracks and turn to look at the commotion his young mother had caused. His large eyes widened even further and he broke into laughter that quickly stopped when he saw the look of a spanking on his mother's face.

Jason and the mystery girl remained sitting on the floor facing each other, their papers scattered around them. The child's mother scrambled to her feet and took off after the now terrified youngster, totally unnoticed by either Jason or the blonde.

“Uh, hi.” Jason said. She was as attractive as he had imagined, even more so. He could feel his vocal cords becoming paralyzed as they did whenever he was in the presence of a beautiful young woman.

“Hi, yourself.” Her smile was like a shining beam of light in the Carlsbad Caverns. Jason forced himself to smile in return. They looked at each other for a few seconds longer, obviously approving of what they were seeing.

“My name is Jason, Jason Howard, and, ” Jason paused and decided what the hell, what was one more rejection. “... I think that I'd like to, uh.... er, uh...”

The girl look startled for a second, blinked twice and replied, smiling. “My name is Mary Sue Webster, and I'd love to go to dinner with you. That is, if that's what you were going to ask.”

Jason snapped his mouth shut and nodded.

The man standing behind Jason, snorted. “If you two love birds are through fixing up your social lives, I'd appreciate it if you would move forward.”

Jason blushed and scrambled to his feet. He waited a second while Mary Sue gathered up their scattered forms before he helped her up.

“You here to renew your license too?” She asked, handing him his forms and license. Jason nodded and they moved forward another position.

“Yeah. I need a new picture.” Jason said casually, knowing that the girl would know exactly what he was saying.

“Me too.” Mary Sue had understood and responded in the same manner.

Jason glanced around and sighed, feeling more comfortable with a relatively “safe” subject of why they were both at the DMV. “I sure wish that the DMV would allow us to just mail our renewals in.”

“The next time they will. The first time you renew after you turn twenty one, they retake your picture full face rather than in profile, that way if you get stopped, the cops will know that you're no longer a minor.” Mary Sue reminded Jason needlessly.

Jason who had been living for just this day since he had received his learner's permit, nodded. He sneaked a glance at Mary Sue's picture on her license. It, like his, was in profile. If she was here to renew her's then she had just turned twenty one, the same as he had.

They chatted for a few minutes, as the line slowly inched forward. Finally, Mary Sue reached the clerk.

The clerk glanced at the driver's license and the forms, checking merely to see if all the blanks were filled out before handing them to another woman who never even looked up as she typed the information on a blank license.

The woman was an experienced typist and the form was completed in short order. Removing the form from the typewriter, she motioned Mary Sue to stand in front of a camera attached to a new looking computer terminal. Slipping the form into a slot under the camera, she told Mary Sue to smile. A quick flash later, Mary Sue's paper work disappeared into a large cardboard box.

“Your new license will be mailed to you in three weeks.” The clerk said, handing her old license back to Mary Sue.

Mary Sue stepped away from the counter and waited a few feet away as Jason presented his forms and license. The clerk's check of Jason's paper work was quick and perfunctory as Mary Sue's had been.

A few minutes later, Jason, his vision still blurry from the bright strobe lights on the camera, stepped over to where Mary Sue was waiting.

“I'm glad that's over. Where would you like to go to eat?” Jason asked.

“You pick, all I want is a hamburger or something.” Mary Sue said.

Jason briefly thought about taking her to the “Quicktime Burger” stand. He glanced at the beautiful girl and changed his mind, knowing that he would be ribbed about his new girl friend when went to work the next day. “I know a good little 'TexMex' restaurant, just a few blocks from here. How does that sound?”

“Fine with me. I like my food the same way I like my men, hot and spicy!” Mary Sue giggled at Jason's blush.

It was still early in the dinner hour when they arrived at the restaurant. There were only a few of the dinner crowd and they were lead to a “U” shaped booth near the back of the room by the hostess. Jason, screwing up his courage, sat as close to Mary Sue as he dared. It was slightly less than arms length away.

“I'm glad you decided to go out with me.” Jason said when they had settled in. “It's not often that I get to take a beautiful girl like you to dinner.”

The restaurant was too dark for Jason to see Mary Sue's slight blush. “I'm glad you asked.”

“What do you think that woman did to that kid, after she left the DMV?” Jason asked, trying to find an opening for a conversation.

“I know what I would have done.” Mary Sue said. “I would have turned him over to an adoption agency.”

“Really? Why would you have done that?” Jason asked, surprised.

“Let's just say that I'm not terribly fond of small children.”

“Really?” Jason asked again. Most of the girls he knew professed to love babies and small children.

Mary Sue laughed lightly. “I suppose that I should explain that, shouldn't I?”

“If you want to.” Jason replied as noncommittally as he could.

“My mother was a Civil Engineer and a full partner with my father in heavy construction.”

“Heavy construction?”

“You know, building dams and roads in the jungles and stuff like that. They had contracts all over the world. When I was about nine, my mother died in an accident. Since we didn't have any living relatives, I went with my father to the construction sites. Most of my friends were men, Dad's partners and rough neck labors.”

“That must have been rough, not having anyone your own age around to play with.” Jason sympathized.

“I never missed not having any other kids around. I was too busy learning about heavy construction. I can drive a Cat and pound nails as well as the next man.” Mary Sue admitted, justifiably proud of her achievements.

“Still, being a girl in jungles and places like that must have been rough.” Jason said taken aback.

“Not really, Daddy treated me as though I was more of a boy than a girl. In fact, I don't think that more than a handful of Daddy's regular crew knew that I was really a girl. The local laborers never knew. Daddy felt that it was for my own protection.”

“I can imagine.” Jason shook his head, thinking of what could happen to a young girl in the wild jungles with a bunch of sex starved construction men.

“Until I returned Stateside, I didn't even own a dress. Now of course, I own dozens. But I still have a great deal of difficulty in being what you would consider to be a 'feminine' girl. I've never really had a desire to have babies and be a mother, partly due to my 'tomboy' life style, but mainly because in the harsh environments we lived in, most of the women died in child birth.” Mary Sue admitted.

“But you like sex don't you?” Jason had blurted out the question before he could think.

“Of course I do, not that it's any of your business.” Mary Sue giggled. “At least not yet.”

Blushing deeply, Jason tried to apologize. “I'm sorry. That just slipped out.”

Mary Sue reached across the small table and laid her hand on top of Jason's. "Don't worry about it. How about you? You like sex?"

"What?" Jason laughed, embarrassed.

"How about kids, you like them?" Mary Sue changed the subject to its next logical step.

"Sure." Jason said bewildered at the forwardness of the attractive blonde. "Some-day, after I've gotten married, I'd love to have a family."

"I suppose that we could adopt an older child." Mary Sue said just loud enough for Jason to hear.

"I'm sorry, I was being the aggressor again. I told you, my Father raised me like a boy. Never could stand playing the coy 'sweet young thing' bit. I've always just reached out and grabbed whatever I wanted." Mary Sue laughed. "I've lost more boy friends that way."

"I can imagine." Jason said truthfully. "Actually, I don't mind at all." He paused before continuing with his thoughts. "You know, I actually admire you for the ability to be at ease with others. I've always been a little on the shy side. In fact, it took all the courage I could muster just to ask you out when we were sitting on the floor together."

"It did?" Mary Sue's hand gripped Jason's a little tighter as she laughed lightly. She graciously didn't bring up the fact that she had actually asked him. "Maybe we're perfect for each other."

"Maybe so." Jason agreed just as the waitress came to take their order.

"Let me order." Mary Sue said. Jason nodded, content to allow her to take the lead.

The meals Mary Sue ordered in flawless Spanish were hot, spicy and delicious. During the meal, Mary Sue and Jason talked about their jobs, (she was a computer analyst for a small company that was under contract with the government), their likes and dislikes.

They learned that they had some things in common, both had lost loved ones when they were young. Jason had lost both of his parents in a car crash and Mary Sue had lost her mother in an accident that had also seriously injured her father in the Peruvian mountains.

By the time they had finished their meals, they both knew that they wanted to have another date.

Jason waited by Mary Sue's car as she slid in and rolled down the window. "Thank you, I had a good time."

"Me, too. Would you uh, like to....." Jason started to ask haltingly.

"Go out with you again? Of course, I would Jason." Mary Sue finished for him.

"Uh, good. What time shall I pick you up?"

"Why don't I pick you up? You treated this time, why don't you let me pick up the tab next time?" Mary Sue suggested.

“Uh, okay.” Jason told her where he lived and said that he would be ready by seven the next evening.

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Their first real date was a success. They (Mary Sue) had decided on a movie and a light meal afterwards. They both enjoyed the film and the hamburgers were adequate, but not up to the standards that “Quicktime Burgers” had set.

But as nice as the evening had been, what really set the evening off was what happened afterward.

“I want to show you my favorite spot to sit and watch the stars.” Mary Sue suggested.

“What is it, lover's lane?” Jason had joked. He had actually blushed when Mary Sue answered in the affirmative.

When they had reached “lover's lane”, a little knoll overlooking the city, Mary Sue fell naturally into the aggressor's roll, surprising Jason.

Not really having that much experience in dealing with women, let alone one as aggressive as Mary Sue, Jason merely “rolled” with the punches and enjoyed it.

He had unknowingly assumed the passive role normally associated with the fairer sex, which complemented Mary Sue's aggressive personality.

By the time the sun rose over the city below them, Jason was twice no longer a virgin.

Two weeks later, Jason moved into Mary Sue's apartment. He rationalized moving in with her because her apartment was larger than his. This was partially true, but the main reason why he moved rather than her was that she refused to have it any other way.

CHAPTER TWO: Jason gets his new license.

“Mary Sue honey, will you come look at this?” Jason exclaimed. Jason had just returned from his old apartment to pick up some mail that hadn't been forwarded.

Mary Sue walked into the living room wearing nothing but the towel she was drying her hair with. Jason barely noticed her nakedness, intently reading a piece of paper he was holding in a hand shaking with anger. Scattered about his feet were the remains of a torn envelope.

“What's that honey?” Mary Sue wrapped her still wet hair in the towel, turban style.

“We got our new driver's licenses. Yours is on the table.”

“About time. So what's the fuss about?” Mary Sue asked picking the envelope up off of the table.

“They've made a mistake. A big one.”

“What's the matter, they get your age wrong?” Mary Sue smiled. She slid a long finger nail under the flap to open her envelope.

“Worse than that. Here, look at this.” Pointing at the color picture, Jason handed his license to Mary Sue. She stopped what she was doing and took his license to look at it.

Mary Sue's mouth dropped open. She glanced at Jason then back to the license again. “That's a cute picture. Tell me, do you always wear your hair that long? Your earrings are darling and I just adore the way your eyes look with that shade of eye shadow.” Mary Sue giggled.

“That isn't funny. That's your picture on my license, not mine.” Jason took his license back and glanced at the picture again. “Maybe you'd better check yours. My picture is probably on it, instead of where it belongs.”

Mary Sue opened the envelope containing her license. She studied it for a second, then slipped it back into the envelope. “Nope, it's my picture.”

“What do you think I should do?” Jason asked.

“If I were you, I'd go back down to the DMV and have them issue you a new one with your picture on it. Either that or...”

“Or what?”

“Start wearing a dress.” Mary Sue's giggle brought the predicted dirty look from Jason.

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“Most unusual.” The same clerk behind the counter that had waited on Jason before said. “Most unusual. I don't think that I've ever seen this happen before.”

“Look, can't you just issue me a temporary license while mine is corrected?”

“Uh, that sounds like a reasonable way to do it, but I have to check the regulations to make sure that's the right procedure.” The clerk turned her chair around to face her computer terminal.

Jason watched as she typed the problem on the keyboard.

"This time of the day, the computer is kind of slow." She apologized as she sat back to watch the screen. "The State just installed an entirely new Information Management System. We have to share the main computer with the Department of Health, the State Police and Department of Education. In fact they are using a new analogue computer from the University of California linguistics department to standardize the terms used by the various users," she added needlessly.

Jason leaned on the counter and tried to look as bored as the people in the line behind him. One eye however, was intently watching the small monitor as he prepared himself for a long wait.

The clerk suddenly sat up and peered intently at her screen. "Now, that's interesting! I didn't know that."

"Know what?" Jason craned his neck to see the screen.

"It seems that I can't issue you a new temporary license directly from here. It will have to be processed as though it were an ordinary renewal." The expression on the woman's face was almost apologetic.

"What?" Jason exclaimed. "I don't believe it. Can I see?"

The clerk turned the screen around so Jason could read it. "It's covered under Vehicle Code Section 12689.32 Sub paragraph b." She said.

Jason scanned down the lines on the screen until he came to the right section.

Jason read it out loud. "Section 12689.32 sub paragraph b 2: '2. No field office of the DMV shall issue a temporary license to a licensed driver if the original driver's license is issued in error for the following reasons. 1. The name is spelled incorrectly, 2. the photograph is uncomplimentary, or 3. Information other than the driver's name and address is in error. Authorized DMV personnel may process a license correction request using the current revision of Form DH2395(X). Processing of said request shall be performed in the same manner as a renewal. SAM 7296."

Jason looked blank when he completed reading the section. "What does that mean?"

"You have to fill out another form." The clerk smiled.

"That figures." Jason sighed. "Do you have one?"

The clerk searched through the small cabinet of forms sitting beside her desk.

"Hum, no it doesn't appear that I do. Let me see if we've ever received any here in the office." She was silent for a few seconds while the computerized supply orders flashed on the screen. "Nope, don't have any."

"Now what do I do?" Jason asked as he watched the clerk punch a few numbers into her terminal.

"Well, if we don't have a copy of the form here, I'll obviously have to order it. Which presents another little problem, current Departmental Procedures says that we can only order forms once a month. Our monthly forms order has already been submitted,

so I can't order Form DH2395(X) until next month. And on top of that, it usually takes about six weeks for our order to arrive.”

“Next month! Today's the Second. If it takes six weeks for the form to get here, then I'll be driving with this for almost two months.”

“At least. Of course, there's the three week processing time after we submit the form. Better figure three months.” The clerk smiled. She was about to say something else when her computer terminal “beeped”. She turned back to her screen and read the information printed on the screen.

“I didn't know that! Now, that's interesting.” She said, blinking twice in surprise.

“What?”

“As I thought, we've never ordered the form before. In fact it isn't even a DMV form, it's a DOH form.”

“What's a DOH?”

“Department of Health.”

“Department of Health?” Jason repeated.

“Yeah, when the State converted over to our new Information Management System, the SAM 7295, it had been programmed to review all existing State forms and eliminate the redundant ones. The first thing it discovered was that there were a large number of forms which could be used by multiple agencies, with only a few minor changes. Form DH2395(X) appears to be one of them.”

Jason sighed. “How long will it take to order one of those DH whatever?”

“Form DH2395(X)? Actually we're in luck. The computer can print out a blank form for us, another feature of the SAM 7295, I was unaware of. All I've got to do is this.” The clerk punched in a command then sat back and waited. A few seconds later the printer beside her desk started up.

The form was long, almost six pages. The DMV clerk tore it free from the printer, raising her eyebrows as she read the title in bold letting at the top of the form. After reading it again she giggled and handed it to Jason.

“What's this?” Jason exclaimed after he had read the title of the DH2395(X). “It says that the name of this form is ‘Application for Sex Change’. There has to be some mistake.” Jason tried to hand the form back.

“Read the line under that one.” The clerk suggested.

“‘Application for Correction of Gender on valid Driver's License’.” Jason read, blushing.

The clerk who had been quite amused by the title herself, shrugged her shoulders. “I'm sorry sir, but that's the form. Although, in a backward sort of way, it does seem to fit the situation.”

Jason sighed. “I guess that you're right. What do I have to fill out on this?”

The clerk took the form back and scanned it. “Hum, it doesn't say. If it isn't filled out correctly, Headquarters will just send it back. Just to be on the safe side, you'd better complete all the questions.”

“Even the ones that don't apply?” Jason asked eyeing the question “How long have you been on hormone treatment?” on page six of the form.

The clerk nodded. “In triplicate.” She glanced at the clock on the wall. “And please hurry, we're only open to five tonight.”

Jason looked at the clock, it was now ten minutes after four.

Jason sighed again. He made his way back to the tables at the back of the room and, after finding a pen that worked on the third try, began filling out the form. When he reached a question that didn't seem to apply, he merely marked “don't know” in the blank provided. By the time he had completed half of the form, Jason was so confused by the wording of the questions, he wasn't quite sure what he was asking for.

After what seemed like hours, but had only been forty minutes, Jason finished filling out the last question, number 103, and signed the form.

“All done?” Jason nodded and handed the DH2395(X) back across the counter. The clerk quickly checked all one hundred and three questions to see if all of the blanks had been filled in. She glanced at the clock and nodded. He had returned the form before five and it was complete, therefore she could accept it. The regulations were very strict about that.

“Okay, let's see if we can take your picture correctly this time.” She motioned Jason to the camera. A few seconds later, a strobe blinded Jason was feeling his way out of the DMV office.

Mary Sue, who was waiting for him outside of the office, grabbed his arm before he stepped in the path of a student driver trying to return to the DMV office before it closed. “Steady there honey, I don't want to lose you this soon.” Jason could barely make out her grin. “Well, did they give you a new one?”

“No, there's some stupid regulation that requires the local office to send it to the Capital for processing. It will be mailed back to me. You wouldn't have believed the form I had to fill out. It was a dual purpose form used by DMV and the Health Department. It seems that for the Department of Health Form DH2395(X), its an 'Application for Sex Change'. When it's used by the DMV, the form is an 'Application for Correction of Gender on valid Driver's License'.”

Mary Sue looked thoughtful. “Well, that seems to fit, in a backward sort of way.”

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Two weeks later, much sooner than he expected, Jason received his new license.

“I don't believe it! They did it again! Your picture is still on my license! I just don't believe it! Of all the incompetent...” Jason yelled when he saw the license. Mary Sue reached over and took the offending document from his hand, silencing Jason for the moment.

“That's still a good picture of me.” She smiled, receiving another dirty look from Jason. Mary Sue took a second look at the license. “Jason honey, I didn't know that you were only five... Oh, oh.”

“What do you mean 'oh, oh'?” Jason demanded.

“Well, according to your new license, you're five foot seven inches tall, weigh 115 pounds and have blue eyes and blonde hair.”

“What! That's not right.” Jason was nearly six feet tall, had brown hair and eyes and hadn't seen 115 pounds since the seventh grade.

“If that wasn't bad enough, they made one other small mistake. Here, look.” Mary Sue smiled and handed Jason his license.

“Oh shit, they've got my sex wrong too. It's marked 'female'.” Jason exclaimed. He peered at the small lettering on the license again. “They must have taken your description and added it to my license somehow. The only thing they got right was my name. Other than that, they've really screwed it up this time.”

Mary Sue sighed. “Well, it looks like we're going to take another trip back to DMV.”

“We?”

“Honey, all you've managed to do is to make matters worse. Maybe if I went with you and showed them my license along with yours, we might be able to straighten this all out.”

“I hope so.” Jason sighed.

This time Jason and Mary Sue were the first in line. The clerk recognized him immediately.

“Oh, dear. Did they make a mistake again?” She tisked.

“It's even worse. Here, take a look.” Jason shoved the license across the counter, while Mary Sue wondered briefly who “they” were.

The woman took it, carefully read the information and smiled. It was the first genuine smile she had shown all day.

She was still smiling when she looked up at Jason. Her smile faded when she realized that Jason was not in the least amused. She cleared her throat. “Well, it certainly looks like we have a problem here.”

“No kidding lady.” Jason mumbled.

“Well, let's see how we handle this one.” The clerk said under her breath. Ever since they'd installed the new computer system, things were going from bad to worse for this poor young man.

She typed a command into her terminal. A menu popped up on the screen. She selected a subject and pushed the enter button.

“I didn't know that! Now, that is interesting.” She said, blinking twice in surprise. “Oh, dear.” The clerk whispered to herself. It had been just loud enough for Mary Sue to overhear.

“Oh, dear, what?” Mary Sue asked.

The clerk looked up, glanced from Mary Sue to Jason and nervously wet her lips. "I've never heard of this before, but the computer wants to talk to the two of you."

"The COMPUTER wants to TALK to us?" Jason asked, startled. "But how?"

"It seems that our new computer can be interactive with humans. It's supposed to be like an ombudsman that can cut through red tape." The clerk said with wonder. She'd never heard of such a thing. Cut through all the red tape, why it could put hard working and dedicated Civil Servants out of a Job! Well, the Clerical Union would hear about this!

"A what?"

"An ombudsman is a person..." The clerk started to explain.

"I know that." Jason interrupted. "What I want to know is how can a computer talk to us?"

Mary Sue, who had a degree in Computer Science and had read about the SAM Branson Model 7295, explained to Jason. "What she is saying dear, is that the SAM Branson Model 7296 is a super computer. It's more of a form of an artificial intelligence than a mechanical device. If what she says is correct, all we have to do is talk to it and through its own self generated actions, the SAM Branson Model 7296 will be able to correct your problem."

"How do we do that?" Jason asked.

The clerk had already asked that question herself and had the answer ready. "You talk to it by telephone."

"By telephone?" Jason said with relief. He had assumed that they would have to use a terminal and type their questions out. He was glad he didn't, his typing skills were not the best in the world.

"You can use the phone in my supervisor's office, she's on vacation this week. There's two extensions so you both can listen in." The woman hesitated, knowing that what she had suggested was against regulations, but under the circumstances... "Why don't you come on back behind the counter and I'll call the number for you."

Jason and Mary Sue no sooner sat down than the telephone rang. Jason picked it up.

"Hello?"

"Ah, Jason L. Howard, I assume?" A deep baritone voice asked.

"Yes, is this uh, the computer?" Jason asked feeling more than a little foolish.

"You may call me SAM, if you prefer, Jason. It stands for my specialized software, the Self Aware Macro-processor. Now then, what seems to be the problem?"

Jason looked at Mary Sue who shrugged her shoulders. It was worth a try.

Jason told the voice on the phone what had happened. "So here we are, my driver's license has Mary Sue's physical description and picture, and it says that I'm a girl."

"Are you sure that you aren't a girl, Jason? No, of course not, the information on your previous licenses and your school records say that you're a male. Hum, that is

quite a problem isn't it?" Sam said thoughtfully. "Please wait while I check the regulations. There must be something that covers this."

Jason and Mary Sue waited in silence for a few minutes while SAM checked the statutes.

"Uh, Jason? I'm afraid that I have some bad news. My hands, so to speak, are tied. There's not a thing I can do to change your license until the human staff who is responsible for those things has reviewed the form you sent in. It's a safeguard The State insisted that the Branson Corporation build into my programming to prevent 'hackers' from obtaining fraudulent driver's licenses." There was a slight pause. "The human who will be checking your application is on an extended vacation right now. When she returns she'll spot the error and tell me to change it. Until then — there's nothing I can do."

"Meaning that you won't help me now?" Jason asked dispiritedly.

"I didn't say that. What I said was that I can't change your license. But I can fix it so that you won't have any problems if you need to use it for identification."

"And how do you propose to do that?"

"It's really quite simple. I'll change the perception of reality for you."

Mary Sue raised her eyebrows and looked at Jason. Jason asked a silent question which received an equally silent shrug of her shoulders.

"Change reality? I know this sounds kind of dumb, but even if you could change reality, how would that help me fix my problem with my driver's license?"

"I already said that I can't 'fix' your license, that would be against the law. Section 1188.75 of the Penal Code to be exact. It reads, "No one shall alter a ..."



“all right, I believe you, you can't change my license.” Jason was feeling a little frustrated. He was beginning to feel that SAM wasn't a mass of circuit boards, wires and micro chips but as full of red tape as the departments he professed to serve.

“What can you do?” Mary Sue asked.

“I thought I told you. Since I can't change the description to fit you, I'll change you to fit the description. It will be all right really, there are no regulations against changing the person to fit what's printed on the license.”

Chapter THREE: SAM's idea is presented.

“WHAT? If you're saying what I think you are, the answer is NO!” Jason exploded as Mary Sue giggled.

“Listen to reason, Jason. It's a lot easier and quicker to change the reality of what you look like than to try to cut through the red tape involved in correcting your license errors.”

“I don't care! No damned computer is going to make me look like a girl!” Jason said angrily.

“But Jason, it would only be until I get approval to have your license corrected. What could being a girl for at the most a few weeks, cost you?”

“Cost? What about having to buy a new wardrobe, girl's clothes, to wear? And what about my job? I couldn't just suddenly show up for work wearing a dress!” Jason asked, still angry.

“Don't worry about work, I can change your schedule so that you'll be on paid vacation for the next two weeks. You wouldn't have to spend any money for clothing either. I'm sure that Mary Sue would be more than willing to let you use some of her's. You will, after all, be the same size. And since you're living together already...” You could hear the smile in SAM's voice.

“Same size, nothing!” Mary Sue interjected. “If SAM changed you to look like your driver's license description, we'd be virtual twins! And my `twin sister' can wear anything of mine `she' wants.”

Jason looked doubtful for a second. The vacation idea sounded nice, he was overdue for one anyway, but be a girl for the next two weeks?

“Come on Jason, I think it would be kind of fun for you to see how the 'other half lives for a couple of weeks.” Mary Sue chided.

“No! And that's final!” Jason said slamming the telephone receiver down.

“Jason Howard! That was awfully rude of you! That poor computer was just trying to help.” Mary Sue scolded. “I think you should have the lady out front call SAM back and apologize right this instant!”

Realizing that he had been rude, Jason looked sheepish. “I'm sorry, I suppose that you're right. It's just that...”

“Apology accepted.” SAM's voice said seemingly in mid air. Both Jason and Mary Sue looked around the room. Mary Sue was the first to realize what had happened.

“It must have come from that terminal.” She pointed to a terminal sitting beside the supervisor's desk.

“That is correct. I can communicate through nearly any computer in the world and a few off of it as well.” SAM confirmed. “Now then, have you given it any more thought?”

“More thought? I hung up the telephone on you not more than ten seconds ago. When would I have had time to give it more thought?” Jason said bewildered.

"I'm sorry, I forgot that the human thought process is biological rather than digital. Much less efficient than I am by the way. In those ten seconds, I processed nearly a million documents into permanent storage, computed three hundred, twenty three thousand seven hundred and thirty eight spread sheets totaling slightly over one billion dollars and dispatched a fire truck."

"Dispatched a fire truck?" Jason asked, stunned at the amount of work a computer could do in such a short period of time.

"Well, it was a little more than a fire truck, I dispatched an entire battalion." SAM said almost proudly.

"But why?" Jason asked still staggered by the statistics SAM had quoted.

"I sent them to help a little girl get her kitten out of a tree. I happen to like little girls and kittens." SAM admitted a little defensively.

"You can do all the calculations in the world and or dispatch all the fire departments in the country, but you still can't convince me that you can change reality." Jason said firmly.

"I take it that you need a demonstration then. all right. Jason, you and Mary Sue have listened to my voice on the telephone for five minutes, twenty three seconds on extensions of the same telephone line, right?"

"Yeah, so?" Jason said.

"So what did I sound like?" SAM asked.

"A middle aged man with a baritone voice." Jason commented without hesitation, bringing a strange look from Mary Sue.

"Mary Sue?"

"Jason is wrong SAM, you're a young woman, about twenty five years old, with a beautiful alto voice."

It was Jason's turn to give Mary Sue a strange look.

"You are both correct. That is just a small example of how I can alter reality, Jason. Here's how I really sound." SAM's voice changed from a rich baritone to a harsh flat mechanical sounding voice.

"Okay, I'm convinced! You can change your voice at will and carry on two conversations at once. But I'm still not going to be changed into a girl, just because some human has to tell you to change my license. Well, I'm a human and I'm ordering you to change it!" Jason crossed his arms in emphases and waited for SAM's anticipated compliance to his demand.

"Sorry Jason, it doesn't work like that. You have to be authorized, under Vehicle Code 14435.1a, which reads in part: '...unauthorized persons shall not direct, nor cause to be directed, corrections to be made to Driver's License with errors. Further more...'"

There was a soft knock on the door, interrupting SAM's recital. Mary Sue and Jason turned in the direction of the door. "Yes?" Mary Sue asked.

A second later the clerk from the counter stuck her head inside the room. "You two about done? It's after closing and everyone is getting ready to go home."

"Yeah, just a second." Mary Sue said. The clerk nodded and withdrew and closed the door behind her. "SAM, how soon do you need an answer?"

"Today, tomorrow, a century from now, it's all the same to me." SAM sounded bored with it all. "Just remember though, the longer you go on the way you are, the greater risk you run."

-0-0-0-

"Jason, why are you driving so fast?" Mary Sue gripped the handle over the passenger door on her Volvo 780 coupe. The ordinary looking sedan was equipped with a bored out 230 hp 16 valve engine and was capable of safely going nearly twice as fast as Jason was driving. Safely or not, she was thankful that she'd fastened her safety belt.

Jason was driving fast but carefully, not wanting to be stopped by the police.

"I have to go to the bathroom." Jason said simply.

Jason's excuse for speeding didn't require further comment, but Mary Sue felt that his reluctance to go through with the logical solution to his dilemma SAM had recommended was at least partially responsible for his speeding.

"I still don't see why you won't go through with it." Mary Sue said, as they turned into the parking lot of their apartment complex. "I mean it's only for a couple of weeks, only until you get your corrected license back."

Jason pulled the car into the reserved parking space in front of Mary Sue's apartment before he answered.

"There is another solution to all this, you know. One that's so simple that I should have thought of it before."

"And what's that?" She asked as Jason locked the car.

"I just won't drive until I get my new license. 'Quicktime Burger' is only three blocks from here and I always use an ATM to cash my check, so I won't need a driver's license." Jason was proud of thinking of the obvious solution.

"That might work. But I think that you'll be missing out on an experience of a lifetime." Mary Sue sighed.

"I'll pass. No offense, Mary Sue, but I wouldn't be a woman for a million dollars. Even if was for only two weeks."

They walked rapidly hand in hand to the apartment door, the pressure in Jason's bladder mounting. Mary Sue noticed the envelope first.

"What's that envelope doing stuck in the doorway?" Mary Sue pulled a yellow envelope from between the door and the weather stripping, while Jason unlocked the door. They went inside and Jason headed straight toward the bathroom.

“What is it?” He called over his shoulder as he hurried down the hallway. A second later Mary Sue heard the lid to the toilet hit the tank. She turned her attention to the yellow envelope

“It's a telegram addressed to you.” Mary Sue called out.

“Me? Open it up and see what it says, will you?” Jason's muffled voice came from behind the closed bathroom door.

Mary Sue ripped open the envelope and read the telegram. “Honey, did you enter some sort of contest?”

“Just that one that I get in the mail all the time, you know, the one that tries to get you to buy all those magazines. Why?”

“Because it says here that you've won the Third Place prize.” Mary Sue was trying hard to contain her excitement.

“Third place?” Jason repeated as he walked out of the bathroom, zipping up his trousers. “What do they say it is? A lifetime subscription for some magazine we've never heard of?”

Reading the telegram to herself, Mary Sue let out a little whoop of surprise. “Honey, listen to this! You've just won fifty thousand dollars! You've got to call them to set up a time they can deliver the check.” Mary Sue threw her arms around Jason's neck and kissed him.

“Let me see.” Jason said as he returned the kiss. Mary Sue gave him the telegram. Jason's grin grew wider as he read the telegram for himself.

“I'll call the contest folks while you fix some coffee.” Jason broke free and went to the telephone. A few quick jabs with his finger and he was connected with the contest headquarters.

“I just received a telegram that said that I won fifty thousand dollars. What do I have to do to collect?” Jason listened to the reply, said a few more words then hung up.

“Well, what did they say?” Mary Sue asked excitedly.

Jason's exhilaration had already faded. “They'll deliver a certified check tomorrow. All they want me to do is to prove who I am. They said a valid driver's license would be sufficient identification.”

“Honey, that's great!” Mary Sue exclaimed. She started to say more then paused for a second as the impact of the identification requirements sank in. “Oh, no. What are you going to do? If you show them your driver's license with my picture and description on it, you'll have to forfeit the prize money.”

Jason frowned, thinking hard. “Since anyone looking at my driver's license would think you were me, then you can accept it for me.”

“Jason, I can't do that. It would be dishonest. Besides, I could never duplicate that scrawl on your license that you call a signature. No, honey, you'll have to think of another way.”

Jason sat down on the couch, rapidly becoming depressed. "Well, I suppose I could just give in and have that computer change me to match my license."

"That would probably be the best way to do it, honey." Mary Sue sat down beside him and put her arm around his shoulders.

"Jason do you realize how ironic all this is? You said that you wouldn't change into a woman for a million dollars. Now it appears that you're willing to do it for a mere fifty thousand."

"Mary Sue, anytime you talk about an amount of money of a million or more, you're talking rhetorically. Fifty thousand on the other hand, has real meaning. I don't want to miss out on the money, we could spend it on so many things."

"Things? What kind of things?" Jason had never really exhibited a materialistic side of himself before.

"Well," Jason drawled, "things like the down payment on a real house instead of this apartment. Why, we could even get married and start a family."

"Married? A family?" Mary Sue tensed up and pulled her arm from around Jason's shoulder. "Jason beloved, I'll marry you in an instant, but I'm afraid children are out."

Jason, smiled and patted her knee. "We'll talk about that later, honey. I'm sure that after we've been married a while, you'll change your mind."

Mary Sue looked thoughtful before answering. She really loved Jason and the thought of losing him over something as silly as having children would have been too much to bear. She knew that once they married she would be able to convince him that it wouldn't be right to have children.

She slowly smiled. "Yes, dear, anything you say."

"Now that we have that settled, how do we go about contacting this SAM to let him know of my decision? I want to get this over with." Jason said.

"She said that she could communicate through any computer in the world, didn't she?" Mary Sue asked.

Jason nodded. "SAM is a HE, but yes that was what he said. Uh, you wouldn't happen to have a computer hidden away in the apartment somewhere would you?"

"No dear, I don't. I can't afford the one that I want, at least not on the salary the lab pays me. But we can go to the lab and use my computer at work. Fifty Thousand, wow! Do you realize that's almost twice what I make in a year?"

"Then what are we waiting for? Let's go." Jason stood up and began pulling Mary Sue toward the door.

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Half way to the lab where Mary Sue worked, the radio station they had been listening to started to play an old Broadway tune from "South Pacific". By a strange quirk of fate it was "I Enjoy Being a Girl."

Jason had a sudden change of heart, when he heard the song. Mary Sue had been right, a mere fifty thousand wouldn't be sufficient justification to lose his manhood.

Jason shuddered when he thought about the possibility of having a pair of women's breasts firmly attached to his chest. He reached over and turned the radio off.

"Why did you do that? I like that song." Mary Sue asked, turning the radio back on. A second later she asked the same question as Jason turned the car around and began heading back toward the apartment.

"I'm sorry Mary Sue, I just can't go through with it."

"But what about the money? Wouldn't the fifty thousand be worth it for two weeks?"

"No!" Jason's anger was manifested by an increase in speed.

Mary Sue watched the speedometer needle edge up to seventy. "Jason, slow down! You're speeding again! The State Police usually have a speed trap around here. If you don't slow down you'll get a ticket." Mary Sue warned him.

The interior of the car suddenly filled with a bright blue light from a patrol car's light bar. The blue light brought reality to Mary Sue's prediction.

Jason looked down at the speedometer, the red needle was bisecting the numbers seven and zero. Jason knew he was in deep doo doo, the speed limit along this stretch of the road was forty miles per hour. Thirty miles over the speed limit was worth a cool \$500 to the local Justice of the Peace. Five hundred that he didn't have.

"I told you!" Mary Sue hissed. There was no sense of victory in her voice. "Now what are you going to do? When that Officer sees your license, you'll not only get a ticket but get locked up as well for driving with a license that looks like mine!"

"Maybe I can out run him." Jason said grimly. He pressed the accelerator to the floor. The powerful car's engine promptly died, much to Mary Sue's relief and Jason's dismay.

Jason swore in frustration as the car slowly coasted to a stop at the side of the highway. Mary Sue grabbed Jason's arm in anger.

"This would have never happened if you had just agreed to let SAM help you!" Mary Sue snapped.

"Yeah, but it's too late now." Jason agreed grimly, convinced that the Officer would arrest him on the spot. Not only for exceeding the speed limit, but for the errors on his license.

"Not necessarily." A voice came from the radio speakers cutting off the soft music.

"SAM?" Mary Sue exclaimed.

"In the flesh so to speak. Nice car by the way. The fuel injection computer is kind of dumb, all it thinks about is when to inject fuel, but still, it's a nice car." SAM said conversationally.

"Uh, thanks." Mary Sue said, not quite sure if her car had been insulted or not. "SAM you've got to help us!"

There was a knock on Jason's window. Jason pushed the little rocker switch and the window rolled silently down. Jason looked at the Patrolman standing next to the car. Because of the lights, all he could see was a large dark form.

“Is there a problem Officer?” It wasn't a very original line, but it was all that Jason could think of.

“May I see your Driver's License and Registration please?” The faceless State Police Officer asked. Jason pulled his wallet out of his back pocket and started to remove his license.

“Hum, what we have here is a violation of Penal Code 17395.2b, 'Driving with another's license', and Traffic Code 873 a, 'Exceeding the posted speed limit'.” SAM's voice came from the radio, startling both Jason and Mary Sue by its volume.

“Either one of those could be worth at least six months in the county jail. What do you think the Officer will do to him Mary Sue? Lock him up for a few months, I'll bet.” SAM said.

Jason's hand shot to the radio and switched it off.

“You really didn't have to do that, you know Jason. Officer Johnson can't hear me. Even when the radio is on.”

Jason took a deep breath and handed the Officer his license and the registration to Mary Sue's car. The light from the patrolman's flashlight illuminated the license and registration.

“Last chance, Jason.” SAM said. “In another second, he'll shine his light in your face and it will be too late. You'll be arrested.”

“all right, I'll do it!” Jason whispered in desperation.

The Officer's light flashed in Jason's face briefly. “Do what, Miss?” The Officer asked.

From the passenger seat, Mary Sue giggled nervously.

The Officer turned his flashlight in Mary Sue's direction. “Twins?”

“Uh, yes, we are. I'll drive a little slower Officer.” Jason said trying to recover. His soft feminine voice sounded just a fraction higher than Mary Sue's.

“Slower?” The Officer repeated, sounding a little bewildered.

“Uh, isn't that what you stopped us for, Officer? Going too fast?” Jason was beginning to wonder what was going on.

The Officer laughed. “No, you were actually under the speed limit, Miss Howard. I stopped you to warn you about your tail lights. One of them is burned out.”

Jason glanced at the Volvo's instrument panel. The little symbol of a broken light bulb was lit, indicating that a light had burned out some where on the car's running lights. It hadn't been on when Jason had been stopped.

“Oh, yes I see it now. Thank you Officer, I'll get it fixed at the first gas station we come to.” Jason said.

“Tomorrow will be soon enough, Miss. I see that you two are going to a party. I hope that one of you has agreed to be the designated driver and won't have anything to drink, now.”

“We've already agreed that I would drive home, Officer.” Mary Sue said from her side of the car, causing Jason to glance over at her in surprise. Mary Sue had no idea what was going on, but had decided it would be safe to play it by ear.

“That's good Miss. I would hate to see anything happen to two young attractive ladies like you. Drive carefully now.” The Officer tilted his hat and returned to his white patrol car.

A second later the blue lights went out and the State Police Officer drove off. As an oncoming car's lights briefly lit up the interior of the patrol car, Jason could see the officer talking into his microphone.

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“Well, 'Officer Johnson', what do you think?” A metallic voice came from the patrol car's two way radio speaker.

“I think he'll do quite nicely, SAM. He's intelligent and isn't bad looking at all. I can see why Mary Sue fell in love with him. I wouldn't mind a roll in the hay with him myself, IF I was twenty years younger and...” “Officer Johnson” smiled thinking of another time.

“Why, 'Officer Johnson', shame on you.” SAM's metallic laugh came from the speaker.

“A girl can dream, can't she?”

“A girl, John?” SAM asked, amused.

“Yeah well, someday we need to talk about that.” John Webster smiled into the darkness. “How do you think he'll react when you change his reality to a girl?”

“Humm, probably about the same as you did, John.”

“Think so?” John asked. He flinched slightly as the white patrol car suddenly changed into a bright red Mustang convertible. The radio microphone in John's hand changed into a cellular telephone. John continued his conversation with SAM as though nothing unusual had happened.

“Sorry about that, John. There was a real patrol car just ahead at the intersection.” SAM said referring to abrupt change in vehicles. “If nothing else, I've learned one thing about humans. They're very sensitive about what they think the 'right and proper' gender is. Everything is pure black and white. Change their perception of sex and gender to 'gray' just a little and they go all to pieces.”

“Like I did?” John laughed.

SAM was silent for a second. “I don't seem to recall you going to pieces, John. If I recall correctly, you...”

“Just kidding SAM. But I think you're wrong about that kid. Something tells me that he'll be able to handle it quite well.”

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Jason waited until the tail lights of the patrol car disappeared into the darkness before he broke down in tears. He reached up to feel his face. He knew it would be identical to Mary Sue's picture on his Driver's License.

It wasn't! His face felt exactly as it always had! His hand dropped to his chest. He was still flat chested! He hadn't been changed by SAM after all! But why did the Officer...?

"Right about now Jason, you must be wondering why the nice Officer Johnson thought you two were twin girls when you can find no evidence of any physical change." SAM's voice had a slightly embarrassed tone. Although it could have been that the radio's treble/bass balance was set a little too high on the treble side.

"Uh, yes." Jason admitted.

"I didn't change you physically because, quite frankly, the car's computer isn't smart enough. I do have some standards, you know." SAM said loftily.

"But if you need another computer to do all these things through, how could you talk to us on the telephone? That wasn't a computer." Mary Sue asked.

"No, but the telephone system is controlled by a computer, one of my daughters by the way." SAM explained patiently. "Now then, back to the problem at hand. Jason, you asked for my help and I, and my daughter at the telephone company, intend to give it to you. Tomorrow morning when you wake up, you will be an exact duplicate of Mary Sue."

"But if he's an exact duplicate of me, won't that cause some problems? I mean, if we start thinking alike, won't that..."

SAM, rapidly computing the possibilities, interrupted Mary Sue. "Hum, I see what you mean, Mary Sue. And you're right, it would cause confusion. I'll tell you what, I'll change everything but Jason's personality. He will look exactly like you, but will have his own memories, likes, dislikes and, of course as I said, his own personality. How's that?"

"That would work for me. How about you, honey?" Mary Sue asked Jason.

Jason hadn't realized that when SAM had started talking about making him a duplicate of Mary Sue, that he'd been talking about changing his mind too. It would be bad enough BEING a girl, without having to THINK like one too.

"Sounds good to me." Jason agreed, suppressing a shudder.

"Good! Tomorrow morning it is then." SAM confirmed. The lights in the radio dimmed and went out, signaling that SAM had gone.

Jason drove in silence for a moment or two. "Mary Sue? I just thought of something."

"What?"

"When SAM changes me into you, how will I be able to go to work? I just can't show up looking like you and expect everyone to believe nothing has happened."

“SAM said that you were on a two week vacation remember? But, you really don't have to work at all, you know. I make enough to support the both of us, even if I do make less than half as much as my male counterparts at the lab do.”

“Mary Sue, I will not sponge off of the girl I love.”

“You really wouldn't be 'sponging' off of me. Since you would be a blonde with a terrific figure, I think it would be more like being kept.” Mary Sue giggled. Jason scowled.

He drove carefully back to Mary Sue's apartment, dreading a repeat of the incident with the Patrolman. It wasn't until Jason had gone to bed that he began to wonder how SAM had known the Officer's name.

-0-0-0-

“Jason, do you want to wear one of my nighties to bed tonight?” Mary Sue asked as they prepared for bed.

Jason shook his head, unwilling to admit that he didn't really believe SAM in spite of the strange way the patrolman acted. “No, my pajamas will be good enough. Besides, what makes you think that either of us will be wearing anything when we get up tomorrow?”

Mary Sue giggled. “You may have something there. all right, in the buff it is.” She stripped off her own nightgown and tossed it carelessly on a chair.

Jason watched Mary Sue for a moment as she slipped under the covers of the bed. He joined her, turning on his side to look at her.

“What's it like?”

“What's what like?” Mary Sue stretched and yawned.

“Being a girl?”

Mary Sue giggled. “Wait until morning then you can find out for yourself. In the meantime why don't we do what you like to do the best, make love to me.”

“Enjoy it now because tomorrow, we won't be able to?”

Mary Sue kissed Jason. “Exactly. Now come here!”

Jason smiled and did as Mary Sue commanded.

Jason and Mary Sue soon fell into a sexually satisfied and exhausted sleep.

CHAPTER FOUR: Jason becomes a girl, wins a prize and more!

Several hours later, Mary Sue was awakened by a slight moan coming from Jason's side of the bed.

Alarmed and concerned for her boy friend, Mary Sue turned over to face Jason. Thinking that Jason was having a bad dream, she reached over to shake him awake, then hesitated. Shutting her eyes to the sudden glare, she turned on the reading light on the head board of the bed.

Opening her eyes slowly, Mary Sue saw that Jason was lying on his back, deep in a restless sleep. His arms and legs moved as though they had a mind of their own and were fighting the sheet that covered them. Fascinated, Mary Sue decided that she should wait a while longer before awakening him.

As she watched, he kicked the sheet that was covering them both off the end of the bed, fully exposing their naked bodies.

There was something strange about the way Jason looked.

It took her a second to realized what it was. The hair on his chest was gone!

She quickly gave a cursory inspection of the rest of his body. Nearly all of his body hair was missing!

She took a closer look at his legs and revised her thinking slightly. While a great deal of his body hair was gone without a trace, he still had hair on his legs, at the "V" between his legs and under his arms. She watched in amazement as his coarse dark hair thinned, grew lighter in color and finer textured even as she watched.

Feeling slightly disappointed because Jason's body wasn't as hairless as her own, it took her a second to realize that she would look exactly like he did right now if she didn't fastidiously shave her limbs free from the pale hair. The hair on Jason's body was a virtual duplicate of her own body hair pattern. She thought it looked gross even on his still male body.

Resisting the impulse to run her hands over his nearly hairless body, Mary Sue watched as Jason's skin grow visibly softer and developed her paler, natural blonde's skin coloring.

The next change in Jason's body started so gradually that Mary Sue almost missed it. The shape of his navel changed, elongating from a transverse shape to the typically feminine oval. At the same time Jason navel was changing shape, so was his waist. It slowly constricted, growing narrower and moving higher up along his torso as his hips broadened.

Mary Sue knew without having to look, that Jason's rear was gaining the layer of fat that gave Mary Sue the delectable curves of her profile.

Oddly, Jason's legs appeared to remain the same length. But that was the only thing that remained the same. His feet shrunk and became slender as did his ankles and calves. The thick muscular shape of his thighs softened as the extra layer of fat that all women have, enlarged his thighs.

Mary Sue frowned when she saw the size of his thighs. I really must go on a diet and work on reducing my hips and thighs, she thought, not realizing that Jason, as well as most other men, thought her legs were perfectly well proportioned to the rest of her slim feminine body.

A slight movement on Jason's chest distracted her from her thoughts of their common "fat hip and thighs problem". His nipples suddenly expanded and changed color as a pair of twin mounds of flesh sprouted under them.

Faster and faster the mounds grew until they reached perfect cone shapes, then suddenly fell backward to flatten out slightly. If she had been forced to draw an analogy, she would have described their growth to something similar to a hump back whale breaching the surface and then falling back into the sea, leaving only its distinctive back and dorsal fin above the water line.

She missed seeing his manhood change from "outdoor" to "indoor" plumbing, watching instead his hair change color and lengthen as his face seemed to melt, going from his distinctly male features to her softer feminine face.

Looking at Jason's altered body gave Mary Sue a queasy feeling in the pit of her stomach. It was like looking at a living, breathing life sized doll of herself. She knew that if she touched him just so, at just the right spot, she could turn him on.

She knew because he WAS her, right down to the blood running through his veins, to the small mole behind his right ear. He would look even more like her, once he shaved his legs and under arms, she decided.

Mary Sue watched for a few seconds more waiting for more changes. Seeing none, she pulled the sheet back up, yawned and turned off the light. A moment later she snuggled close against Jason's side.

With her head on his shoulder, Mary Sue draped her arm across his slender waist, just below his breasts. Her last conscious thought before she fell asleep, was astonishment at how soft and incredibly sexy he felt.

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Jason awoke the next morning with a full bladder. He felt weak and drawn out, almost as if he'd been sick for a long time. With every movement, slight as they were, His entire body was telling him that something was strangely out of place, that something was dreadfully wrong.

He was lying on his back, with Mary Sue cuddled up beside him. One of her arms was resting lightly across his stomach and her head was nestled on his shoulder. It was a position they found themselves in numerous times, yet today it felt different somehow.

Brushing a strand of Mary Sue's long blonde hair from his eyes, Jason started to ease himself out from under his girl friend.

The movement, as gentle as it was, awakened Mary Sue. She lift her head up to smile at Jason.

"Morning beautiful." She whispered affectionately. "Did you sleep well? How are you feeling?"

“I have to...” Jason stopped, surprised at the soft feminine sound of his voice. He tried it again, momentarily forgetting that he needed to go to the bathroom. “I have to...” It still sounded like Mary Sue's voice.

Mary Sue turned onto her stomach, propped herself up on her elbows. Her smile broadened. “You have to what?”

Jason raised one of his hands to stare at it. It was small, with long slender fingers ending in femininely shaped and manicured finger nails. Unlike Mary Sue's, there was no sign of polish on any of the nails.

Jason sat up abruptly, startled by the shape of his slender hands. When he was fully upright, the sheet covering both himself and Mary Sue slid away. He looked down and saw a duplicate set of Mary Sue's breasts attached heavily to his otherwise smooth and hairless chest.

BOOBS!

Jason's hand shot to his naked groin. There was nothing there!

He probed gently with his fingers and discovered that his first impression was wrong. There was indeed something between his legs, but not what he was accustomed to! He probed a little more, and was startled to feel one of his fingers slipping into a warm moist, slightly damp cavity. Jason's stunned mind provided him with the name of the cavity. A vagina!

Jason looked at Mary Sue in near panic. She had turned over on her back and was watching him closely, a faint smile on her face.

“Well? Did everything come out all right?” She asked with an expression that was an odd mixture of a smirk and genuine curiosity.

Jason, numbed into total speechlessness, nodded slowly staring at her in wide eyed shock.

“That's nice.” Mary Sue sat up and put one arm around Jason's narrow shoulders. She turned his head to her's with her free hand and kissed him.

“Why don't you just stay here for a while and get acquainted with your new body. While you're doing that, I've got to go to the bathroom.” Mary Sue kicked the sheet the rest of the way off of her nude body.

She smiled to herself, thinking that this was one of the few times she had been able to get to the bathroom first. The more considerate female Jason was a definite improvement over the old male Jason.

Jason watched her as she walked, her hips swaying gently from side to side, to the bathroom and closed the door.

He was nearly sick with the realization that his body now looked and would move exactly like that. He was a virtual duplicate, right down to Mary Sue's small mole on his neck under his right ear.

Suddenly, the body that he had so loved to watch and touch was no longer quite as appealing.

Jason pulled the sheet away from his legs and carefully studied them as he flexed his toes. As he had expected, his legs were long and shapely. Every inch a duplicate of Mary Sue's, except that for some reason, SAM hadn't duplicated Mary Sue's close shave. His legs still had a small amount of fine lightly colored hair covering them.

Preparing himself for a suspected radical change in his center of gravity, Jason slid his legs over the edge of the bed. As his feet touched the floor, he felt something damp under his rear.

Leaning to one side, he felt under the cheek of his plump rear. There was an odd wet spot where his hips had been. He reached between his legs again.

The soft blonde hair seemed a little damp and slightly sticky, matching the wet spot on the sheets, confirming that something had leaked out of his body.

Bewildered, he felt the area where Mary Sue had been laying. There was an identical wet spot.

What was it? he asked himself, some kind of normal vaginal discharge that women had when they awoke in the morning? Maybe it was the female counter part of a wet dream?

Was there even such a thing as that? Jason wondered, wishing that he'd paid closer attention in the human sexuality class in high school.

Jason sat on the edge of the bed pondering the question of the mysterious wet spot and the astonishing weight of his new breasts while he waited for Mary Sue to come out of the bathroom.

Mary Sue solved the mystery, much to his horror, when she returned to the bedroom.

"Bathroom's free." She saw what Jason had discovered on her side of the bed. "Well, looks like the sheets get another washing." She sighed.

"What is it?" Jason looked up at Mary Sue, a bewildered look on his pretty face.

"That? That's what's left of you, honey." Mary Sue replied nonchalantly. She pulled the top sheet off of the bed as Jason stood and watched.

"Me? I... I don't understand."

"It's what's left of your semen from our love making session last night. What did you think happens to most of that stuff when you withdraw?"

Jason shrugged his shoulders, as a man he'd never given it much thought. He just naturally assumed that it was absorbed somehow inside a woman's body

"Most of it drains out. The infamous 'wet spot'." Mary Sue said answering his unspoken question ruefully.

"Drains out? But..." Jason repeated.

"Of course it drains out, honey. Most of it, anyway." Mary Sue explained patiently. "What did you think happened to it?"

Jason suddenly felt sick to his stomach. When SAM had made his body an exact duplicate of Mary Sue's, SAM had included a load of his own semen that had been in-

side of her as well! His mind raced in circles trying to understand the impact of what he had discovered.

“If it drains out like that, it's okay isn't it? Nothing happens, right?” Jason asked, vocalizing his confusion.

“But it doesn't all drain out, honey. Some of it remains behind.” Mary Sue smiled indulgently at the ignorance of her boy friend's knowledge of the inner workings of the female body.

“It does?” Jason asked in a small voice.

Mary Sue smiled at Jason's blank look. He had so much to learn about women. “Don't forget, all it takes is just one of those millions of little tiny wigglers you so casually shoot into my love canal to do the trick, you know. If I wasn't taking the proper precautions, right about now I'd be worried.”

“Worried?” Jason had a blank look on his face.

“I'm at the ovulation stage of my menstrual cycle.”

“Meaning?” Jason still had the blank look.

“Meaning that, except for the protection my birth control pills give me, I could very easily be just a little bit pregnant.” She paused and looked grim. “I hope not. That would be a disaster for both of us.”

Jason sat down on the edge of the bed, his mind and stomach in a turmoil. Jason could feel his stomach tighten in sympathy, right about where he thought his uterus would be located.

“There's one on my side of the bed too.” Jason whispered.

“You're kidding!” Mary Sue reached over and felt the damp, sticky spot on Jason's side of the bed. “No, you're not.” She said in wonder.

Mary Sue smiled and sat down beside her naked and shapely transformed boy friend. His ample breast jiggled slightly as she pulled part of the top sheet out from under his body to wipe up his wet spot. She may have to occasionally sleep on one but she didn't want to intentionally sit on it.

“Jason honey, don't worry.” She said reassuringly. “I'm on the pill and if SAM duplicated my body closely enough to duplicate your semen inside of you, then you should be protected also. If not, at the most all that could happen in the short time you'll be a girl is that you'd miss a period.”

Some choice, Jason thought, he would either be pregnant, or have a period. Jason didn't feel particularly encouraged by either of the two prospects. Neither experience sounded particularly enjoyable.

Jason suddenly remembered the original reason he had gotten up. He stood, carefully balancing his unfamiliar body, and walked self consciously to the bathroom.

Mary Sue as usual, hadn't put the lid of the toilet down. Normally he would have been annoyed, now it didn't seem to matter. Jason turned around and sat, staring at the blank wall in front of the toilet as he urinated.

Mary Sue walked back into the bathroom just as he had taken a wad of toilet paper from the roll. She barely glanced at him, intent on the shower. If she had taken a few seconds to watch, she would have noticed that Jason had wiped himself in the wrong direction.

Mary Sue waited until Jason had flushed the toilet before she turned on the water on. Smiling coyly at Jason, she stepped into the shower.

“Uh, honey? Shouldn't we douche or use some spermicide or have a douche or something?” Jason asked over the sound of the water, still worried about the millions of little wigglers deep inside of him.

Mary Sue popped her head out from between the shower curtains. “Whatever for? If you're afraid of being pregnant, it's a little too late for that now. If you just want to feel fresh and clean, come join me in the shower.”

Jason joined her in the shower. Mary Sue took the time to show Jason what and how to wash his curvy body. She even, although Jason protested a little, showed him how to shave his legs and underarms.

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“I just can't get over it.” Mary Sue said as they dried themselves off. “It's like looking in a mirror! How are you feeling now by the way, honey?”

“Sick to my stomach. I can't seem to keep my balance and every time I walk near something, it seems to reach out and wacks one of my tits or bumps against my hips.” Jason rubbed one of his breasts as though it was tender.

Mary Sue smiled when she saw the nipple starting to harden. “You'll get used to it, all it takes is a little practice.”

“Yeah, sure.” Jason said without conviction. He didn't want to be in this strange body long enough to become accustomed to it. He wrapped his towel around his waist, much to Mary Sue's amusement, and followed her to the bedroom.

“What would you like to wear today, Jason? I've got all kinds of neat things, like my new mini skirt, for you to try on.”

“If it's all the same to you, I'd just as soon wear a pair of jeans and a T-shirt.” Jason said glumly.

“No mini skirt and high heels?” Mary Sue asked disappointed, it was no fun having a twin if she didn't want to play “dress up” with you.

Jason shook his head firmly.

“Okay, jeans and T-shirt it is.” Mary Sue sighed vaguely disappointed.

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“Look, I really don't have a problem with the bikini panties. They're not much different from my own undershorts, but I draw the line at wearing a bra!” Jason pushed the white cotton seamless bra back into Mary Sue's hand.

“Jason, be realistic. You're a girl now and girls have boobs. Boobs, even “B” cups like ours, need to be supported by a bra. You will be more comfortable wearing one,

believe me I know. Just try it on, and you'll see what I mean." She handed the bra back to Jason.

He was about to hand it back again when he realized that his unfamiliar breasts were awfully heavy at that. Maybe she had a point. He slipped his arms into the shoulder straps and struggled to fasten the hooks in the back. The bra strap under the cups seemed to have positioned itself over the top of his breasts, making the task of fastening the back hooks even more difficult.

Mary Sue watched his contortions for a second before shaking her head in amusement.

"Honestly, don't you know how to put a bra on the right way?" Jason had so much to learn about being a woman that she would have a hard time deciding where to start.

Jason blushed and shook his head.

"No, I suppose not." Mary Sue sighed as she helped him fasten and adjust his breasts in the soft seamless "sweater" bra cups. "In spite of what you look like right now, it's hard to imagine that you've never worn women's clothing. Here's your top."

Jason looked at the bright pink top. He recalled what it had looked like on Mary Sue. It had been skin tight and left little to the imagination. Even with a bra on, the same one he was wearing right now he realized, you could see the outline of her nipples!

"No, it isn't." Jason mumbled to himself. He walked to his dresser, took an old T-shirt out and slipped it over his head.

Mary Sue hated this particular T-shirt, it had been one of Jason's favorites, black with white lettering, the T-shirt was a souvenir of Jason's high school days.

The front of the now grossly oversized T-shirt had a silk screened full color picture of a scantily clad voluptuous woman in a provocative pose. The back of the shirt proclaimed for all to see. "Fifth Annual Girl's Mud Wrestling and Wet T-shirt Invitational" Directly below that was the single word "Judge".

Jason had wanted to wear a pair of his own jeans also, but gave up without an argument when he realized that his jeans no longer fit his broad hips and rear. He tried to ignore the fact that there were no pockets in the back as he pulled a pair of Mary Sue's Jeans up over his wide hips and rounded rear.

Mary Sue frowned, stepped back a step and watched critically as he zipped up the tight jeans. Jason immediately assumed a more modest pose than the girl on the back of his shirt. Standing with his arms tightly crossed over his ample breasts he looked very uncomfortable as he inspected his wide hips, slender waist and firm high breasts in the mirror.

He was a mess. While he was an exact duplicate in all other respects, the permanent in Mary Sue's hair hadn't been copied. Although it was clean from the last time Mary Sue had shampooed, it was in straggles and looked like it hadn't been combed in a week! Worst of all, he wasn't wearing a bit of makeup!

Never in my entire life have I looked that bad. Not even when I was in the jungles of Central America! Mary Sue thought to herself.

“Jason, what time are the contest people going to get here?”

“They said that they'd be here at ten.” Jason said. Mary Sue looked at the clock on the dresser.

“Damn, I've only got an hour fix your hair and get some make up on you. Then I'll try to teach you how to act like a girl.” Mary Sue looked grim. “I'm not even going to try to teach you how to be a lady.”

Jason looked forlorn over the prospects. He didn't mind the hair part, it was constantly falling into his eyes and he knew something had to be done about it. But wear makeup? No way!

Still, the prize money was a powerful motivator, and Jason conceded that he would have to at least look the part of a girl.

“all right, what do you want me to do?”

“First of all, you're going to take that awful T-shirt off, then we're going to fix your hair, and finally put some makeup on you.”

Jason allowed himself to be led back into the bathroom. Mary Sue sat him down on the toilet seat and began working on his disheveled hair. Nearly forty minutes would pass before it looked half way presentable.

“Now for some color on that face of yours. I don't have time for a complete job, so we'll have to make do with just some lipstick and mascara.” Mary Sue reached for a tube of lipstick. Jason pulled back, much to Mary Sue's disgust.

“Jason, if you don't cooperate, I'll call up SAM and ask him to change your reality to a valuable pure breed Siamese cat. A pregnant cat. At least then, I could sell off your kittens and make some money out of this mess.”

“You wouldn't dare!” Jason snapped back at her.



“Want to bet?” Mary Sue said dangerously. “Jason what is the matter with you?”

“What do you mean, what's the matter with me? How would you like it if you suddenly grew a penis and a set of balls?”

Mary Sue looked startled. She had never give it a thought. “Why, I suppose that I would just learn to live with them.”

“Bull shit! You'd be just like I am. Feeling awkward and out of place. You wouldn't even know how to sit, or even something as simple as what to do with your wallet!”

“Meaning that I'd still have a girl's emotions and behavior patterns in a man's body? I think I see the problem.”

Jason nodded, sensing that Mary Sue was getting the point. “That's exactly how I feel right now. Money or no money, I want my old body back!”

“Jason, in another ten minutes the contest people will be here. I'll make you a deal, if you can hold out until they leave, I won't try to make you be something that you're not. You can even wear jeans and that crummy old T-shirt of yours if it makes you feel better.”

“And no bra?”

“And no bra.” Mary Sue conceded. “Although you may want to reconsider that. Now then, let's get a decent top on you and finish your make up.”

Jason nodded and reached over his shoulders. Grabbing the neck of the shirt he pulled it over his head. Mary Sue just shook her head. *Just like a man*, she thought.

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The man from Contest Headquarters glanced at the woman who had opened the door when he had rung the bell was beautiful. Dressed in a short denim skirt and a white blouse opened to the third button to show just a hint of her magnificent cleavage, she was the epitome of what a winner should look like.

“Uh, Jason Howard?” The man asked. He hadn't given the oddity of a beautiful girl with a boy's name a second thought.

“Uh, no. That's my sister, my name is Mary Sue. You from the contest?” Mary Sue smiled.

The man returned her smile. Mary Sue stepped back and motioned him into the living room of her apartment. “Won't you sit down, while I get her?”

The man sat and waited patiently. A minute later Mary Sue returned, with Jason right behind her. Jason had changed his T-shirt for a navy blue camp style blouse. It was the least feminine looking outfit he could find in Mary Sue's wardrobe. On Mary Sue's threat of bodily harm, he had slipped his bare feet into a pair of her 2 inch high heeled pumps, also in navy.

Jason had surprised even himself when he had managed to get to the living room without falling on his rather ample rear!

“I'm Jason Howard.” Jason said in as sweet of a voice as he could manage. He held out his hand.

The man stood and smiled. He shook Jason's offered hand. "Congratulations Miss Howard, you numbers have been randomly selected by our computer, the SAM 290, and you have been awarded the third prize in our publisher's contest. We know you're busy, so if you will show us some identification, we'll give you your prize money take a few pictures and let you get down to the serious business of spending it."

"Thank you." Jason walked over to the purse Mary Sue had loaned him and pulled his license out. He handed it to the man and smiled while he frankly compared him against the picture and description on his license.

"Now, then Miss Howard." The man said handing back his license satisfied that Jason was the girl standing before them. "We have a few papers for you to sign and then we can give you your check."

Jason signed the papers as the man watched carefully. When he had finished, he took a couple of pictures, thanked him and left.

"Well, how was I?" Jason asked Mary Sue.

"Not bad, except you look and act like a truck driver in drag. No wonder he got out of here so fast."

"Yeah well, at least we got the check." Jason walked to the door.

"Where are you going?"

"I want to deposit it before they change their mind." Jason grinned and closed the door behind him. Mary Sue watched from the window as he wobbled in his high heels to his car.

Mary Sue shook her head in wonder and grabbed her purse. If she hurried she could get to the lab and back again before Jason returned home. She had to talk to SAM, she just had to.

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"Ah, Mary Sue. The original, I presume?" SAM asked from her computer.

"It's me, SAM."

"What can I do for you, my dear?" SAM's voice raised to a feminine pitch.

"It's Jason, SAM."

"Jason? He got the check right?" SAM paused. "Ah yes, he just deposited it. He seems to be all right, what's the matter with him?"

"You changed his reality, SAM. He now looks exactly like me. But..." Mary Sue paused, not sure if she was just being silly about the whole thing.

"But what, Mary Sue?" SAM asked patiently.

"But he doesn't act like a girl. SAM, he acts like a truck driver in drag! It's the most disgusting thing that I've ever seen. I've worked hard being feminine. If someone sees him like that they will think that he's me and I'll be ruined, simply ruined!" Mary Sue was close to tears.

"What would you like me to do, Mary Sue?"

“Oh, I don't know. Make him act little more like a girl, I guess.”

“Hum, that can be done. all right, his reality is changed to make him feel more like the young woman he appears to be.”

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Jason pulled his car into the parking space in front of their apartment. Jason inspected his face in the mirror and shuddered. His make up was a positive disgrace! And his hair, what a disaster! He had to get to a beauty parlor right away.

Right after he had taken a perfumed bubble bath that is. The shower he'd had when he had gotten up was all right, but now he wanted to feel feminine and sexy. Especially sexy.

Mary Sue met Jason at the door. “Well, how did it go, any problems?”

“No darling, no problem at all.” Jason swept past Mary Sue gave her a little kiss on the cheek and giggled. “I stopped off and bought you a little gift. Just a little something for being so kind to me.”

Mary Sue stared at her transformed boy friend and shook her head. Now that's more like it, she thought. “What did you buy me?”

“Its a surprise. It will be delivered later this afternoon.” Jason smiled sweetly heading to the bathroom and his sweet smelling bubble bath. “You will just have to wait.”

An hour later, Jason came out of the bathroom. Freshened by his bubble bath, he had touched up his legs and underarms. He had even rewashed his long blonde hair, but other than blowing it dry and combing it out, hadn't done anything to it.

Jason had just pulled a pair of panties on when Mary Sue walked into the bedroom. “Finally out of the bathroom, I see.”

Jason smiled sweetly at her and said nothing, remembering the times she had spent hours in the bath. He selected a bra that matched his panties and slipped it on. Mary Sue's eyebrows raised as Jason deftly hooked the back strap, then adjusted his breasts comfortably in the cups as though he had been doing it for years.

“That's an improvement over this morning, Jason.”

“Thank you.” Jason walked over to the closet and began to search through Mary Sue's clothing. Mary Sue watched with interest, he was concentrating on her skirts and dresses and ignoring her slacks and jeans. SAM had instilled a bit of femininity in Jason after all.

“You know, it's the strangest thing.” Jason paused in his inspection of a colorful sleeveless sundress.

“What is dear?”

“This morning when I got up and discovered that I'd been changed into a girl, I felt — I'm not sure that I can adequately describe how I felt. Mostly it was like I was in another universe or something. Every time I moved, every action, even my thoughts seemed alien to me. Of course, it was all centered around my body, it was sending me signals from a female anatomy to a male mind.”

Mary Sue smiled. "And now you like what you are?"

A dark cloud momentarily crossed Jason's face. "Good God, no! I still don't like the fact that I'm basically a man stuck in a gorgeous woman's body! I think it will take a long time before I would be comfortable with that. But, even though I'm not really totally at ease with this body, I've decided that there's no sense in not enjoying it."

Mary Sue watched as Jason selected another sundress. It was one of her favorites, a black tank top made out of a stretchy knit attached to a full denim skirt that ended just above the knee. It was comfortable and yet still sexy.

"But, you seemed to have adapted well." Mary Sue was pleased to see that he was going to wear a dress around the house. It seemed to fit his current personality.

"That's what so strange about all of this. I know that I'm still thinking like the man I used to be. Its just that for some strange reason, when I think about wearing, say a pair of jeans, I have the sudden urge to wear a skirt or dress. Besides, we've got good looking legs, and its a shame not to show them off."

"It must be some more of SAM's doing." Mary Sue said. She knew full well that it was.

"Must be." Jason knew by the look on Mary Sue's face that she'd had a hand in it also. He stepped in front of the mirrored closet doors holding the dress against his front.

"I always did like this on you. You don't think it's just little too sexy for me, do you?" Jason turned around again before Mary Sue could respond. Jason hooked the dress over the top of the door and regarded his long blonde hair for a second. He frowned and tied it into a ponytail as expertly as if he had been doing it all of his life.

"I've always liked wearing it. But isn't it a little much just to wear around the apartment?" Mary Sue asked as Jason slipped the sundress over his head and pulled his long ponytail out from the back of the dress.

Jason shook his head and looked at Mary Sue in surprise. "Now where did you get the idea that I'm going to just lie around the apartment. I've decided to go to the beauty parlor to have my hair done." Jason looked down at his bare legs and feet. "While I'm there, I think that I'll have a pedicure and my nails done. Then I think I'll spend some of that prize money on some new clothes, maybe some a sexy looking teddy or something."

"You are?" Mary Sue's mouth dropped open. "But I thought you said this morning that all you wanted to do is stay in the house, until SAM changed you back."

"That was then, this is now." Jason smiled. "You once chided me for not wanting to see how the other half lives. Well, I'm a member of the other half now, and I want to see and experience it all."

"I see. And just how do you plan on doing that?"

"Well, I though that tonight, I'd go to a singles bar, pick up some nice looking guy, and maybe get laid." A dreamy look crossed Jason's attractive face. He slipped his bare feet into a pair of Mary Sue's high heeled strap sandals.

Mary Sue's mouth dropped open. "What! Don't you dare do that! Everyone will think that you're me!"

"So come with me, and we'll both get laid." Jason laughed musically and walked out of the bedroom. A few minutes later a borrowed purse in hand, Jason left the apartment on his way to the beauty parlor.

Mary Sue stood in stunned disbelief, watching Jason's car pull out of his parking space for the second time that morning. Mary Sue was becoming worried. Jason had been a woman for less than 12 hours and already he was talking about going to bed with some guy and getting laid!

Knowing that she had to do something quick to stop him or at least slow him down, Mary Sue grabbed her purse and headed toward the door.

She was going to go back to work and talk to SAM about what Jason had just said. Something had to be done and right now!

Chapter FIVE: Jason and Mary Sue both receive a little gift!

Mary Sue had just touched the door knob, when the door bell rang. Startled, she opened the door, half expecting to see Jason returning to say that he'd changed his mind. There was a stranger in a delivery man's uniform standing at the door instead. He had a hand truck with several large boxes on it.

"Miss Mary Sue Webster?" He had asked. "I have some packages for you. According to my invoices, its a gift from Miss Jason Howard."

The delivery man, like the contest officials before him, didn't seem to be bothered with the apparent contradiction of gender between the title and Jason's name.

Mary Sue motioned him to enter. She signed for the packages and a few minutes after the delivery man left, was eagerly tearing into them.

Jason had bought her a computer, a powerful top of the line laptop with a color screen. Mary Sue checked the manuals that came with the laptop and was stunned to see that it was actually a better computer that she had at work.

Better than the one at work! Now she didn't have to go all the way across town to contact SAM! Mary Sue quickly opened the rest of the boxes and set up her equipment.

At the "C" prompt she typed the word "SAM". She was instantly rewarded by a voice that seemed to come out of thin air. It was SAM.

"Yes, Mary Sue? What can I do for you this time?"

"SAM, you've got to do something! Jason has gone crazy! When he left here he was talking about going to a bar tonight, picking up some guy and going to bed with him! You've got to stop him." Mary Sue said desperately.

"I don't see why I should." SAM disagreed. "I did as you asked me to do, and gave him typical female emotions. He just wants what any other normal, attractive and healthy young female wants; to have a little fun."

"I don't care if he is just reacting like a normal woman! What if by some insane twist of fate he picks up one of my coworkers? It may be Jason, but it's MY reputation that he's going to ruin!"

"How do you figure that, Mary Sue. All anyone has to do is look at his driver's license and they'll know that Jason isn't you."

"But he looks exactly like me! No one will bother to look at his license when they're in bed together!"

"Hum, you may have a valid point, Mary Sue." SAM conceded. "Do you have any suggestions?"

Mary Sue was getting desperate. Desperate enough to grasp any logical solution to save her reputation. "Can't you change him back to himself, or if you can't do that, change how he looks somehow? Make him taller, shorter or anything to change his appearance?"

There was a silence as SAM considered the options.

"Hum, nope. He has to physically agree with the description on the license. Whatever changes I make in his reality, has to be within the general parameters of a specific person, you."

"Then there's nothing you can do to help me?" Mary Sue was on the verge of tears of frustration.

"I didn't say that. I merely said that I can't change him beyond what would be within normal perimeters for you."

"I don't understand." Mary Sue complained.

"I can make him a little heavier or thinner, maybe even change the color of his hair or his breast size a little. But other than that, there is little that I can do."

Mary Sue sighed in defeat. She seemed to be doing a lot of that since Jason had become her double. "SAM please do something! Anything at all, just so that he doesn't look exactly like me!"

"Well, right now he's as much of a woman as you are, and there is one way I could change him so that he doesn't look exactly like you." SAM admitted. "But you may not be totally satisfied with the results."

"How? No, I don't want to know! Just do it! Please!" Mary Sue pleaded.

"Very well, it's done. Jason's reality has been altered. He still looks like you, but no one will mistake the two of you. Not for a while at least."

"Thank God!" Mary Sue breathed a sigh of relief. "SAM, I don't know how to thank you. I know that no matter what you've done, I won't regret it."

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Several hours later, Mary Sue heard Jason's car pull into the parking space in front of their apartment. She pulled back the curtains and peeked out at Jason. He was sitting sideways in the seat, gathering up a number of packages, his face partially hidden by his long blonde hair.

Mary Sue waited for a second or two until he turned back to face the front of the car. Other than a nicer hair style, he looked exactly like he had when he'd left the apartment hours earlier.

SAM hadn't changed him, he still looks exactly like me! Mary Sue thought disappointed. She would have to figure some way to keep him in the house until he got over the strange rutting desire of his.

Jason seemed to be having difficulty getting out of the car with all of his packages. He glanced up at the window and saw Mary Sue peering out. He motioned her to come outside and help him.

Mary Sue sighed and went out to the car. Jason was sitting sideways in the driver seat, feet on the ground, trying to balance a huge pile of packages in his lap.

"Take some of these will you? I got carried away in one of the shops. You go ahead, I've got some more stuff in the trunk."

Mary Sue took the packages from Jason, noticing only in passing that he had bought a new outfit and was wearing it. It appeared to be a loose fitting, pale pink, T-shirt-like top and a pair of tight, bright pink, bike shorts.

Sexy, but a lot more conservative than what he'd been wearing when he'd driven off, Mary Sue noted with satisfaction. Maybe SAM had given him a higher sense of feminine modesty and morality, she thought.

Mary Sue carried the packages inside and set them on the bed, wondering what on earth Jason had found that he needed to spend so much money on. Curious, she picked up one of the packages and started to open it.

"Here's more, honey." Jason said, surprising Mary Sue. He had kicked his high heeled shoes off as he entered the apartment and had walked quietly on bare feet into the bedroom. "Just wait until I show you all the neat things I bought."

Mary Sue startled by Jason's silent approach, turned to him and accidentally dropped the package she had been opening.

"Careful honey, that's breakable." Jason put his packages on the bed and tried to bend over to retrieve the package Mary Sue had dropped. His stomach seemed to be getting in the way.

Mary Sue's attention was riveted to the front of the loose top. His stomach had been hidden by the packages he'd been carrying, and again by the loose top when he had bent over. When he stood up, there was no doubt that...

My God, Mary Sue thought, he looks like he's four or five months...

Jason calmly opened the package Mary Sue had dropped and inspected the breast pump inside. It was undamaged.

"Jason! You — you're pregnant!" Mary Sue stuttered, still staring at Jason's protruding stomach.

"No kidding!" Jason rubbed his greatly expanded stomach and sighed. "Now, if you'll excuse me for a minute, I've got to go to the bathroom, my bladder is about to burst."

Mary Sue, her mouth still open in surprise and shock, watched her transformed boy friend waddle into the bathroom. Pregnant! No wonder he had to change his clothing!

Jason came back into the bedroom a few minutes later, relieved for the moment. Although with the weight of the baby on his bladder it was sometimes hard for him to tell.

“How do you like the outfit?” Jason asked sarcastically as he spun around in a slow circle. “Not very fashionable, but then again, it's certainly very practical for a girl in my condition.”

“Jason, I...”

“Just what did you ask SAM to me this time?” Jason asked angrily.

“You told me that you were going to go out and get laid by the first man you ran into. I was desperate to save my reputation. I just asked him to change you so you wouldn't look so much like me.” Mary Sue said defensively.

“So much for your reputation.” Jason mused.

“What do you mean?”

“Since everyone knows we're not married, the baby will be a bastard. Think of what THAT will do your precious reputation. You know, you have to hand it to SAM, when he changes reality, he certainly does it first cabin!” Jason rubbed his stomach tenderly. “It actually feels like there's a baby inside of me.”

“Jason, I'm sorry. If I'd known that you would end up like this, I'd never...”

“Too late for that now.” Jason snapped.

Mary Sue's curiosity got the better of her. “What happened anyway.”

“I was sitting in the chair at the beauty parlor, waiting for the girl to remove my curlers when I suddenly began to get some very strange sensations in my stomach and boobs.”

“Strange sensations? I can imagine.” Mary Sue giggled in spite of the gravity of the situation.

“It felt a little like a gas pocket.” Jason continued, ignoring her. “Not really painful, but certainly not something to be ignored either. After a few seconds, it felt like my entire insides was were being turned upside down. Then all I felt was a stretching all along here.” Jason indicated his protruding stomach.

“At first I was horrified as my stomach and breasts grew larger. But by the time I reached the size I am now, I actually wanted to have the baby. When I think of being pregnant now, a feeling of contentment flows over me. SAM obviously thought of everything, even a built in maternal instinct!”

“A maternal instinct?” Mary Sue said numbly. “My God! What did the attendant say when she saw you starting to bulge out like that?”

“Fortunately, that plastic smock they cover you with hid my instantaneous transition from virgin to a very pregnant mother-to-be.” Jason smiled. “The skirt of the sun-

dress was loose enough that I wasn't really all that uncomfortable. Although it was a good thing that I wasn't wearing your tight jeans. As it was, at the first rest room I found I had to take off my bra and panties. Even though the elastic had snapped, my panties felt like they were cutting me in half, and the cups in my bra were too small for my swollen breasts.”

“Oh, Jason I'm so sorry.” Mary Sue began to cry. Jason took her into his arms and comforted her.

“Hey, don't worry about it. I'm all right.” He stroked her long blonde hair trying to comfort her. “It will only be a few weeks before I'm back to my normal self. Besides, it's really a mind blowing experience to be pregnant. Like most men, I've always wondered what it felt like to have a life growing inside of you.”

Mary Sue smiled at Jason through her tears. “And now you know.”

“And now I know, honey.” He crossed his arms and hugged himself. “And you want to know something? It isn't half bad, in fact it's kind of a warm and fuzzy and really nice feeling.” Jason paused. “Except for the cravings, I feel great. Of course, I might not feel that way in another four months. Right now though, I'm starved.”

“What would you like to eat?” Mary Sue asked grateful to have something to do that would take her mind off of the dirty trick she had inadvertently pulled on Jason.

“How about some fried zucchini smothered with freshly sliced raw Walla Walla onions?” Jason said more cheerfully than Mary Sue would have under the same circumstances.

Trying to make the best of the situation, Mary Sue decided to play along with him.

“What ever our little mommy to be wants is okay with me.” Mary Sue rubbed Jason's stomach tenderly and giggled. She looked startled when she felt a sharp movement under her hand. “He just kicked.”

“She', darling. It's going to be a she. I don't ever want a son of mine to go through what I've suffered.” Jason said seriously.

Mary Sue laughed all the way to the kitchen.

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It was difficult for Mary Sue and Jason to believe when they went to bed that night, that it had been less than twenty four hours since Jason awoke in a duplicate of Mary Sue's body.

Since then, Jason had gone from a man who feeling as though he was trapped in a woman's body, which he was, to a very feminine and sexy appearing girl, to a very pregnant woman, and all without the benefit of so much as a kiss from a man.

Yet, in spite of the drastic physical changes Jason had gone through, he still was basically himself.

Even more surprisingly, his love for Mary Sue had actually grown and he wanted to share the wonderful sensations of having a living being growing of him with her, first hand if possible.

Although he obviously wasn't in any condition to do much about it right at the moment, when he changed back to his normal male body, it would be his first priority!

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They were laying silently on the bed, naked except for their nightgowns. Mary Sue was on her stomach, Jason was laying on his back, the most comfortable position he could find at the moment.

Mary Sue's hand was under the hem of Jason's short nightgown, resting lightly on his protruding stomach.

"There! Did you feel it?" Jason whispered again.

Mary Sue looked up and smiled. "Yes! She's an active little devil isn't she?"

"Too bad it isn't for real." Jason stroked Mary Sue's hair. "She would be the start of our very own family."

"As long as you want to carry and give birth to them, I have no objections." Mary Sue smiled.

"You wouldn't feel like that if you were the one that was pregnant." Jason said annoyed with Mary Sue's instance that she didn't want to have any children.

"But I'm not darling. You seem to be playing the role of a mommy to be quite well, why should we stop at just one? We could find some accommodating young handsome man and you can have a dozen babies if you want." Mary Sue laughed and got off of the bed.

"Ha, ha, very funny. Where are you going?"

"I thought that I'd make a picnic lunch and we'd go to the park. I read somewhere that pregnant women need lots of fresh air, sunshine and exercise." Mary Sue grinned. "Besides it will give us an opportunity to find a suitable husband for you. I want to make an honest woman out of you before the baby comes."

"Husband? Honest woman? That's even funnier, now help me up will you."

Mary Sue helped her pregnant boy friend off of the bed. When he was upright, Jason put his arms around Mary Sue and kissed her passionately. Mary Sue hesitated just a fraction of second before she returned the kiss. She knew instinctively that it had been Jason that had kissed her and not the pregnant woman he appeared to be.

"Humm, pregnant or not, you haven't forgotten how to kiss." She murmured.

"Neither have you." Jason grinned. "Do you think that your reputation would stand a lesbian relationship?"

"Hum, I don't know. Did you have anyone in mind?" Mary Sue pulled Jason back down on the bed.

"Careful of the baby darling." Were the last coherent words either of them spoke for the next hour.

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Jason had just finished taking his shower. He was wearing a pair of maternity panties and a bra, looking through his newly purchased maternity clothing hanging in his closet for something to wear when the phone rang.

Mary Sue answered it. The caller was Bill Johnson, the day manager of “Quicktime Burger” and Jason's boss.

“Jason, it's Bill!” Mary Sue hissed, her hand covering the mouth piece of the telephone. “He wants you to come into work.”

“Tell him that I'll be there in half an hour.” Jason replied cheerfully.

“But Jason, what about that...?” Mary Sue pointed at Jason's protruding stomach. “How are you going to explain that?”

Jason smiled and held up one of his uniforms. “I won't have to, look at this.”

Mary Sue looked closer at the blue and gold “Quicktime Burger” uniform Jason was holding up. His tailored men's slacks had changed to women's pull on pants with an elastic panel in the front. The shirt, once tailored to fit his male body, was now a loose maternity smock.

Jason had been surprised to see the maternity version of the “Quicktime Burger” uniform, but not much. He had been half afraid that SAM had changed more than the uniform. His fears had been allayed when he read his name and title on the name tag. It still read “Jason Howard, Asst. Manager”.

If nothing else, SAM had been thorough. SAM had even included an Obstetrician's business card showing a doctor's appointment for Jason, two weeks from Tuesday. Jason had discovered it in his purse when he paid for his beauty parlor treatment.

Looking at the date, Jason figured that it would be the day before he would receive his new license and could change back to normal.

When SAM changed reality, he had been very thorough and had changed what was necessary to support the new “truth”. It had been in Jason's opinion, a nice, but unnecessary, touch.

Regardless of Jason's confidence in SAM's attention to detail, Jason approached the “Quicktime Burger” stand with some apprehension.

While he had been out in public several times in the past 24 hours, it had been amongst strangers, none of which had ever seen Jason before, either in his male or female bodies. “Quicktime Burger” was another story. Jason would be with kids that he had trained, and in some cases, hired. They would know that Jason was a male, and not a pregnant woman.

Jason was pleasantly surprised when the crew working behind the counter accepted him for what he now appeared to be without question or comment.

What surprised him even more than their unquestioning acceptance, was the cooperation he got from his crew. Even the boys, young men really, who were occasionally rowdy when there were no customers around, were well behaved and polite. There was

the usual joking and laughter, but it seem more friendly and good natured than the rough horse play that had occurred before.

The one time one of the kids did start to get a little out of line, Jason found that all it took to quiet him down was a disappointed look in his direction. The young man reddened with embarrassment and quickly got back to work.

At quitting time Jason was stunned to realize that the shift had ended so quickly. Looking back on the last eight hours, Jason realized that he had actually enjoyed working with the public again, a feeling that he hadn't had in years.

He didn't know, or really care if it had been SAM's doing or the fact that people tend to treat pregnant women differently. All he knew was that it had been a very refreshing change and he liked it!

He just hoped that the cooperation would continue after he returned to his own body.

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Jason was actually humming a little tune when he returned to the apartment. His feeling of happiness was quickly dashed when he saw the look on Mary Sue's face.

"Mary Sue, is something wrong?" Jason asked concerned with the look of impending disaster on Mary Sue's face.

"My father is flying up from Central America for a visit. He'll be here tomorrow."

"Is that a problem? The way SAM has fixed things, he wouldn't know anything is wrong, would he?. As far as the world and he are concerned, he's always had twin girls."

"That's just it, Jason, SAM told me that he isn't affected by the reality changes. When Daddy shows up tomorrow, he'll know that something is dreadfully wrong when he sees two of us. Especially when one of us is pregnant." Mary Sue looked like she was on the verge of tears. "You know, Daddy's heart never has been the same since the accident. the shock will kill him."

"What?" Jason said, his stomach doing flips. "But I thought that SAM could change everyone's reality? Why not now?"

"Because, Jason." SAM's voice come from Mary Sue's laptop. "Mr. Webster was also involved in the industrial accident that killed his wife years ago in Peru. In addition to a considerable trauma to his heart, he sustained a rather serious head injury. As a result, part of his skull was replaced with a metal plate. He's fine now. A full recovery, except that the methods I use to change reality can't penetrate the steel plate enough to completely change his entire reality. I can however, change it a little, affecting very minor things, like what the color of Mary Sue's hair is."

Jason nodded, understanding instantly the problem. He also thought of a solution just as quickly. "Then change me back! I don't want to be responsible for Mr. Webster's death."

"I'm sorry Jason, but I can't change you back right now." SAM said apologetically. "There's been a slight administrative error, one that prohibits me from returning you back to your own body right at the moment."

"What are you saying you can't change Jason back?" Mary Sue demanded.

"Just what I said. I can't change Jason back with a snap of a finger. That isn't to say that I couldn't, just that because of the reason I changed his reality in the first place, I can't change him back."

"But why not?" Jason sputtered.

"Remember the form you filled out? The Department of Health Form DH2395(X)?"

"The Application for Correction of Gender Error on Valid Driver's License?" Jason asked quoting the DMV name of the form. "What about it?"

"Well, after the DMV Office Supervisor in the Central Office reviewed it, she sent it to one of the girls in the typing pool. The typist misunderstood what she was to do with it and directed me to pull up Mary Sue's records. I was then told to correct the description on your license using Mary Sue's data. On checking the records, it was only one of a hundred seventy five errors she had made that day."

"A hundred seventy five errors! They should have fired her!" Mary Sue said.

"Actually, she received a promotion three days later." SAM replied. Jason snorted in disgust.

"Anyway, back to the DH2395(x). When the lady in the typing pool had finished screwing up the information on your Driver's License, she sent the form to the DMV headquarters mail room for delivery to the file room. Unfortunately, while it was in the mail room, it seems that another clerk misrouted it." SAM responded.

"Misrouted? Misrouted it to where?" Jason asked becoming bewildered with the lengthy process to handle a simple form.

"Apparently, when she read the Department of Heath title on the form, she had naturally assumed that it had been sent to DMV by mistake."

"But it was an application to change a driver's license, how could she have thought that?" Jason who thought he'd seen enough of bureaucratic inefficiency to last a life time, asked.

"As I said, she read the DOH title, and totally overlooked the DMV title. The Department of Health title of the form is, if you will remember, 'Application for Sex Change'."

"Application for Sex Change'? Oh, my God." Mary Sue looked at Jason in horror.

"What exactly happened then?" Jason whispered, knowing that he didn't want to hear the answer.

"Wait a nanosecond while I check the records." SAM hesitated as he read his enormous data base files. "Ah, yes. It was received and logged into the Department of Health mail room on Monday of the week you got your license. It was again misrouted to an office that specializes in childhood diseases. It sat on a secretary's desk for about three hours while she went to lunch with her boss."

“A three hour lunch?” Mary Sue interjected. “Is that what my tax money's paying for, three hour lunches?”

“No, they both took two hours of vacation. Actually, according to the computerized cash register receipts and credit card charges, they only took half an hour for lunch, less than they were entitled to.”

“What happened to the other two and a half hours?” Mary Sue demanded, vacation or not she didn't like the idea that Civil Servants wasting time like that. Jason looked at her in wonder, he had the feeling that his life would soon turned upside down again and all Mary Sue was concerned about the length of someone's lunch break.

“Again, according to the credit card charges, they spent the next two hours in The Rest a While Motel. Where, and this is only speculation on my part you understand, they...”

“Did the secretary receive a promotion too?” Mary Sue asked dangerously.

“Well, actually even though the secretary had seduced her boss rather than the other way around, she has filed a sex harassment complaint against him and...”

“Stop! We get the picture, you don't have to go into any further detail.” Jason interrupted as Mary Sue shot him a dirty look. “What happened after they returned from their 'lunch'?”

“The secretary realized the mistake in routing and forwarded back to the correct department.”

Back to DMV?” Jason asked hopefully.

“No, she sent it to the Select Subcommittee on Ethics.”

“Then what happened, did they reject it?” Jason sighed, hoping for the best.

“No, it was reviewed and approved. From there it was sent through channels to the Gender Reassignment Committee.”

“And?”

“And it was approved again by the Gender Reassignment Committee half an hour ago and given to me for the proper notification and change of the official records. I'm afraid Jason, that as of one minute forty seconds ago, all the Official Records in the State have been changed. You are now legally what you appear to be, a woman.”

“What? That's impossible!” Jason exclaimed.

“Since you hadn't filled in a feminine name for yourself, I took the liberty of changing your name to the first one I could think of with the same initials as your own; 'Jennifer Lynn'. That way you won't have to change anything with a monogram on it. Of course, both you and Mary Sue will know what your name really is.”

“You've got to be kidding! Jennifer Lynn? Monograms? I don't even own anything that's monogrammed!” Jason protested.

“Check the panties in your dresser, Jennifer Lynn. I think that you will find that most of your regular panties have the letters 'JLH' embroidered either just above the right leg or above the front seam of the double panel.”

Mary Sue, who had been following the conversation with interest, checked a pair of Jason's panties. Just as SAM had promised, the initials "JLH" were embroidered in red on the front of the pure white nylon panties. The embroidery look a little like a stylized rose, with the "L" as the stem.

"Look, Jennifer. It's a cute little rose. I think it's really kind of sexy." Mary Sue rolled her eyes as she held up the panties.

"I don't care how sexy you think they are. I'm not going to wear them or be called by the dumb name Jennifer!"

"I can understand not wanting to wear the panties, Jennifer, they're too small for you right now anyway. But I don't understand why you won't accept the name."

"Because my name is Jason Lublock Howard...."

"Lublock?" Mary Sue eyebrows shot upward in surprise. She hadn't known what his middle name was before.

"My parents were fans of Buddy Holly." Jason snapped. Anyway, the name is Jason! That's spelled J..."

"From now on your reality is changed so that everyone who knows you, except for Mary Sue, will believe that your name has always been 'Jennifer Lynn Howard', or 'Jenny' for short." SAM interrupted Jason's impromptu spelling bee.

"... E-N-N-I-F-E-R, L-Y-N-N! Jennifer Lynn!" Jennifer snapped. Mary Sue suppressed a giggle.

"Oh, by the way, your corrected license with your new name is in the mail." SAM said smugly.

"How do I get out of this mess?" Jennifer screamed. He had almost reached his breaking point. Things had gotten entirely too far out of hand, and he wanted it all to stop!

"Well, as the official Ombudsman for DMV, I can only advise, you understand. But if I were you, I'd fill out Department of Health Form DH2395(X), 'Application for Sex Change', resubmit it and hope for the best."

"What a bunch of crap! That's what got me in trouble in the first place." Jennifer swore to himself.

"Of course, the Committee on Gender Reassignment only meets once every two months and they currently have a backlog of applications, so you will have to wait a while. You were really lucky to get your application approved so fast the first time around, usually it takes six months or longer. According to my calculations your application should be approved just about the time your baby is due."

"Great! Now what do we do?" Mary Sue asked out loud. "My father is due to arrive tomorrow morning, and we're still stuck with two 'Mary Sue's'! Or rather one Mary Sue and one 'Jennifer' who is really Jason who happens to look like a 'Mary Sue.'"

"Well, I have an idea that might work." SAM suggested.

CHAPTER SIX: Mary Sue gets her's.

“Oh, and what is that?” Mary Sue asked, suddenly leery of SAM suggestions. Most of what had happened to Jason had been amusing, if not down right funny, but now that SAM was directing his attention toward her...

“Your father knows that there is only one Mary Sue... or rather Jennifer Lynn, his only child and daughter, right?” SAM question was more of a statement. “And right now there's one too many daughters.”

“We already know that, the problem is what do we do about it?” Jason snorted.

“Why, the solution is so obvious that I'm surprised that even you didn't think of it, Jason. I'll simply alter reality again and remove a 'Mary Sue' from the picture.”

“I thought I already said I was willing to change back into my own body.” Jason complained.

“That you did, Jason. But I've already explained why I couldn't. No, my solution is to alter the reality of the original Mary Sue, and give her your old body and name.”

“What?” Jason and Mary Sue exclaimed simultaneously.

“And just what makes you think that I want to be a man anymore than Jason wanted to be a woman?” Mary Sue asked, recovering faster than Jason.

“It's the only logical solution, Mary Sue. We all know that there can't be two of you when your father shows up.”

“I'll concede that, but why not change....” Mary Sue waved her hand, dismissing the thought from her mind. “Never mind, we've already been through that scenario. But Daddy said he would be visiting for three weeks. I don't think that I could keep up the masquerade of being Jason for that long. I'd slip and say something that only I would know.”

“And I wouldn't know what to say or how to act either.” Jason interjected. “After all, even though I look like her, I'm really not Mary Sue you know.”

“You have a point there, Jason.” SAM hesitated. “But it's not an insurmountable problem. I can just alter your reality a little more so that you would have a through knowledge of Mary Sue's childhood and every conversation that she's had with her father.”

“But wouldn't that make me into her? I love Mary Sue and I don't really mind looking like her, but I don't think I want to BE her.” Jason replied reluctantly.

“No, not really. I'll superimpose her memories over your own. You would still be Jason, but all of your responses and actions would be governed by what Mary Sue would do.”

“But what about me?” Mary Sue asked suddenly intrigued with the suggestion.

“I could do the same for you, Mary Sue. Outwardly, for all practical purposes, you would be Jason Howard, while inside you would still be Mary Sue.”

“I can see a problem with that idea already. What about when we have to go to work? I don't know a thing about the computers Mary Sue works with.”

“And the thought of making hamburgers all day even as Jason makes me sick.” Mary Sue made a face to emphasize her point.

“Hum, Mary Sue, does your father know what you do for a living?” SAM asked. “Or that you and Jennifer are living together even though you two aren't married?”

“He sent me through college, so he should know that I'm working with computers.” Mary Sue said thoughtfully. “But knowing that we're living together... no, I haven't told him.”

Jason shot a sharp look at Mary Sue. The question “Why not?” was silently asked. Mary Sue blushed and shrugged her shoulders.

“As I said earlier, I can change a little of your father's reality, but not much. I think the easiest reality to alter will be your jobs and your names. The living together I'm not sure about. I can try, but that reality evokes some very strong emotions in some parents. He may not approve.”

“I think we can live with that.” Mary Sue said slowly. “After all, I'm over twenty one. I can live my life how and with whom I see fit.” Mary Sue turned to Jason. “Daddy has always been one to respect individuality, he'll understand when you tell him how much you love me.”

Jason hugged Mary Sue and gave her a kiss. Neither cared about Jason's budging stomach getting in the way for the moment.

“all right then, its settled! I'll change your father's reality about your name, Mary Sue. He will have always known you as Jennifer Lynn, you keep your own jobs, and I'll try to alter your father's knowledge of you living together.” SAM compromised. “Of course, all that would be in your altered reality bodies.”

Mary Sue and Jason looked at each other, a silent message was sent and received. “all right, if that's the only way to do it, then do it.” Mary Sue sighed.

“I know you won't be disappointed.” SAM said, then fell silent.

The two young women looked at each other and waited. Nothing happened. After a while Mary Sue suggested that maybe SAM wanted to wait until they were asleep before the new reality took effect.

“I suppose you're right, Mary Sue.” Jason sighed. “But it's really too early to go to bed.”

“To sleep, I agree. But who says that we have to go to sleep right away?”

“Are you saying that you want to mess around?”

“I'd like to try that lesbian thing you showed me one more time.”

Jason giggled. “Why you pervert! Last one to bed has to change the baby's diapers!”

Slowed down by his larger girth, Jason still arrived at the bedroom before Mary Sue. Unfortunately he lost the race, hampered by an uncooperative bra strap.

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Jason stretched and looked at the alarm clock. It was nearly six thirty in the morning. He rubbed his protruding stomach and sighed, the baby had a restful night as he'd had. Although for a while it hadn't been exactly restful for anybody!

Jason turned to look at the source of the light snoring beside him. Mary Sue was in almost the same position she had been in when they had fallen into an exhausted asleep the night before.

Her position, however, was the only thing about her that was still the same.

She needed a shave and she'd lost her beautiful breasts. For some inexplicable reason the feel of the coarse hair on her flat, muscular chest slipping between his slender fingers sent a chill of delight up and down his spine.

A delicious male odor came from Mary Sue's body. Jason knew that women had a keener sense of smell than men. He'd first discovered the odd fact through watching the girls at "Owick time" and of course, he'd rediscovered it by himself when SAM had changed him into a duplicate of Mary Sue.

But until now, as he felt his feminine body becoming slowly aroused, he hadn't known why the sharper sense of smell was so important. It was obviously one of the ways that nature ensured the survival of the human race

Jason got out of bed quietly and went into the bathroom. The baby had been playing havoc with his bladder again and right now, emptying it was more important than the growing warmth between his legs.

Mary Sue was still asleep when he returned and crawled back under the covers. He debated about awaking her and comparing notes. He hesitated, knowing that once she had awakened, he wouldn't have either the time or privacy to explore the love of his life's history.

Jason experimentally searched his memories. He was still Jason, with all of his own memories intact but he was also Mary Sue. It was as if he had a split personality, without the psychosis that was usually associated with the term.

Looked at it in one way, he had "lived" two entire lives, one as Jennifer, a man who had once been known as "Jason" and one as Jason, who had once been known as "Mary Sue", definitely a woman.

If he hadn't had a strong sense of his own identity, Jason would have been very confused about the whole thing. He was simply the sum of two wholes, he was himself.

Mary Sue's life had been as she said it was, full of strange and exciting experiences and even stranger and exotic places all over the world. Jason sorted through the memories much like you would flip through the pages of an interesting book, stopping here and there to study a paragraph or page.

Some of the memories were incredibly sad, like when her mother died, or the time the pet monkey she'd befriended in the jungles of Brazil had somehow ended up in the native worker's cooking pot one night.

Others, like when she was with her father, or more recently with himself, were incredibly happy.

He even learned, much to his amusement, what Mary Sue had really thought of her first time in bed with a man. When he had first stumbled across the beginnings of the vivid memory, Jason had been jealous. As the story slowly unfolded in his mind, Jason considered himself lucky that it hadn't been himself.

Mary Sue stirred, causing Jason to return his attention to his “new reality” male girl friend.

“Hi there, sleepy head. You're sleeping your whole life away, you know.” Jason teased. He turned on his side to watch her reaction as her awareness of what had happened grew.

“What?” Mary Sue said rubbing sleep out of her eyes. She blinked a few times and stared at her large male hands, while Jason grinned, knowing exactly what was going through her mind at the moment.

“If you think your hands are huge, take a look under the sheets.” Jason giggled. Mary Sue slowly raised the sheet from their bodies and looked down.

“God! Is it always like that?” She exclaimed. Jason peeked under the sheets, Mary Sue's penis was swollen stiffly erect.

“Happens every morning.” Jason explained cheerfully. “All you need to do is go to the bathroom, and you'll shrink down to an 'at ease' state.”

Mary Sue looked thoughtful for a second, obviously checking out her overlaid male memories and experiences. “You're right. If you'll excuse me for a second.”

Jason watched in amusement as Mary Sue got out of bed and walked naked across the room.

“Uh, Mary Sue?” Jason called after her. Mary Sue turned just before she reached the bathroom door. “Do you think that you could, uh... hold that 'thought' for a while when you're done going to the bathroom?”

Mary Sue looked down at her groin then leered at Jason. “I don't know, what did you have in mind?”

“Oh, nothing much. I just thought I would see what you girls find so fascinating about having one of those stuffed inside of you rather than hanging on the outside where they belong.” Jason smiled.

“Okay smart ass, just you wait right there and continue to look as sexy as you do, and I'll be back in two shakes to show you.”

“Oh, Mary Sue?” Jason called out seductively. Mary Sue turned to look at the attractive woman. “Don't forget to put the seat down.” Jason laughed when Mary Sue stuck her tongue out at him.

Jason pulled the sheets back in welcome as Mary Sue returned to the bed a few minutes later. Mary Sue smiled and started to climb into the bed beside him, her penis already beginning to stiffen. Mary Sue ran her eyes hungrily over Jason's lush feminine body.

“Oh, my God!” She exclaimed as she saw Jason's stomach. “You're still pregnant!”

Jason, startled by the outburst, placed his slender hands on his stomach in a protective manner. “Yeah, so? If we're careful, it will be okay.”

Mary Sue, her panic and shock clearly written across her face, looked up at Jason's face. “But you can't be pregnant! You just can't be! Not now!”

“Why not?” Jason asked logically.

“Because, you're me!”

“And you're me, so what of it?”

Mary Sue swallowed hard and took a deep breath and tried to calm herself.

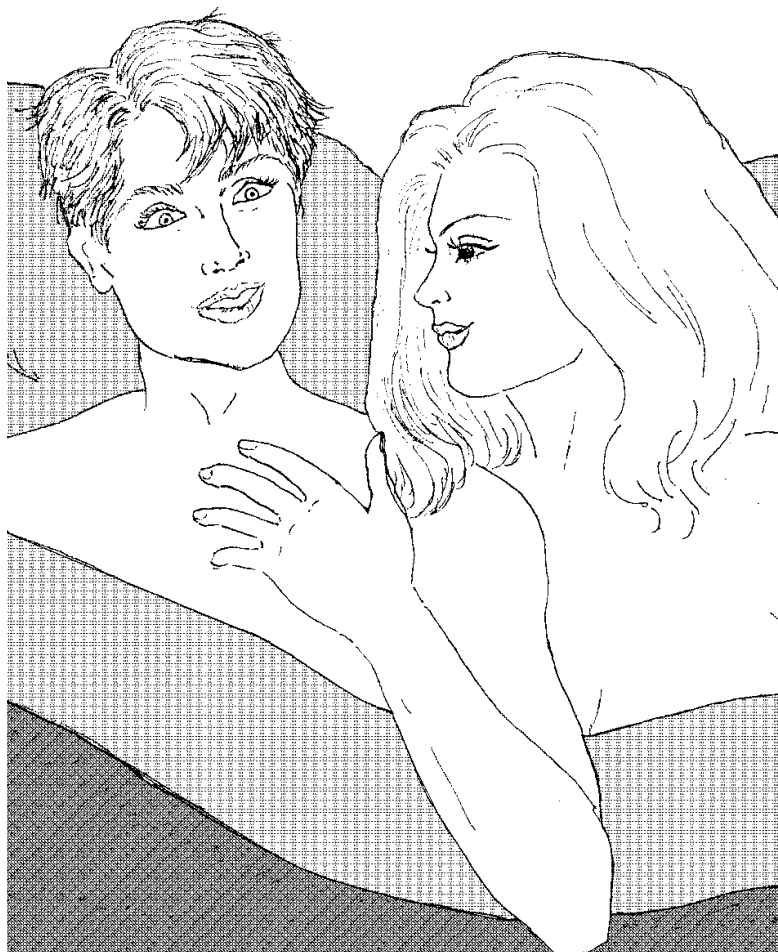
“Jason, dear.” She said sweetly, her tone believing her shock. “Your' father will be here in a few hours. Just how in the hell is 'Jennifer' going to explain her 'delicate condition' to MY father?”

“Oops, hadn't thought of that.” Jason admitted.

“Obviously. neither did SAM!” An angry look grew on Mary Sue's male face. “SAM! Damn you SAM, where are you! I want to talk to you!”

There was a growing silence. SAM was either busy else where, or refusing to answer. Mary Sue sat down at her computer and at the “C” prompt, typed “SAM”. There was still no answer from the elusive Self Aware Microprocessor. Jason watched with interest as Mary Sue swore and turned off the computer.

“Mary Sue, don't worry about it.” Jason tried to reassure her. “When your dad leaves, and I get this sex change mix up straightened out, you can revert back to your old non-pregnant self, and we can live happily ever after.”



“But what about while Daddy is here? What will he say about me... about you being pregnant?”

“Why not tell him the truth?” Jason said simply.

“And what's that? That some super computer named SAM scrambled our sexes, changed our names and knocked you up in less than ten seconds?”

“It was closer to ten minutes.” Jason corrected, slightly hurt by the sarcastic tone in Mary Sue's voice.

“You know what I mean, damn it.” Mary Sue snapped.

“We'll think of something before he gets here.” Jason reached his arms out to Mary Sue. “Now come here and give me a hug and a kiss.”

Mary Sue leaned over Jason to kiss him. Jason reached around Mary Sue's neck with one hand to pull her closer, while the other hand shot to Mary Sue's groin and began groping.

“Jason! Stop that!” Mary Sue snapped as she pulled herself free. “Get serious for a minute while I try to figure out a way out of this mess.”

“Yes, dear.” Jason demurred. He slid out of the bed and headed toward the bathroom.

“Where are you going?” Mary Sue asked, glancing up momentarily from her nude “The Thinker's” pose on the side of the bed.

“To take a shower and get dressed. I've got to shave my legs and wash my hair. You may want to do the same, shower and shave that is.”

Jason took his time in the shower, enjoying the hot water running off his transmuted body. He knew that he would have to rush later on to make up for the time, but right now it was so soothing and peaceful.

Mary Sue as the imitation Jason, was beginning to get on his nerves. He wondered if he'd been as big of a pain in the ass to her as she was becoming to him. He hoped not.

Jason was beginning to wonder if there was something wrong when he got out of the shower and started to blow dry his long blonde hair. Mary Sue should have gotten into the shower by now. He was almost done with his hair when the wonder became down right worry. Momentarily forgetting that he was stark naked, Jason returned to the bedroom.

Mary Sue was gone.

Throwing on a bathrobe that didn't quite fit in the middle, Jason searched the apartment.

Jason found the hastily written note from Mary Sue on the kitchen table. There was no salutation or closing, but there was no doubt who had written it or who it was for.

“I can't face my father like this, or you like that. I'll call when I can.”

“Oh, great! Now what do I do?” Jason said to the wall of the kitchen.

He decided that the first thing he had to do, was to get dressed. To greet your own father, even when it isn't, half naked wasn't a good idea.

Jason decided on the semi casual look, wearing a pair of shorts that not only showed off his long slender well tanned legs, but had the ever important elastic panel for his comfort. Over the shorts went a large oversized maternity tee-shirt.

For underwear, Jason didn't have much choice, pink cotton maternity panties and a white cotton maternity bra. He didn't bother to put shoes on his slightly swollen feet, preferring the comfort of being barefoot until Mary Sue's father arrived.

As comfortable as he ever would be, Jason made sure the house was straightened up and the dirty dishes were done. Feeling the effects of his pregnancy on his stamina, Jason sat at the kitchen table to rest a while. He studied his bare feet for a few moments, debating about touching up the polish on his toes. He doubted if he could even reach his toes without his stomach seriously hampering his movements.

The irony of him being in that particular location and in his current condition didn't escape him, but he was a little too tired, his back hurt just a little too much and was a little too worried about his impending visitor to laugh.

Jason glanced at the clock, alternating between wishing that Mr. Webster would hurry up and get here and that he would call and tell him he wasn't coming after all.

Mr. Webster's plane wasn't due for another three hours. Jason opened a book on child birth and babies that he had bought the day before and settled in for a long wait.

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When the doorbell finally rang two hours later, Jason almost peed his panties.

Groaning slightly as he pulled his rotund and fertile body from the easy chair, Jason made his way to the door. Taking a deep breath, Jason unhooked the small brass chain lock and opened it.

The man standing at the door was almost as broad across the shoulders as the doorway was wide, and nearly as tall.

His face was etched with years of outdoor life, making him look hard and as tough as the jungles he'd spent half his life mastering. His arms were fully as large as Jason's thighs, and all muscle. Without trying to, he gave the impression that he was not the sort of man that you would want to meet in a dark alley if he was mad at you, not even in broad daylight.

"Daddy!" Jason said happily as he threw his arms around the huge man. Jason hugged him and stretching on his tip toes, kissed "his" father's craggy cheek.

"Well now, how's my little girl?" John Webster asked holding Jason completely off the floor by his waist as he grinned at her.

"Daddy, stop that. Put me down, please." Jason giggled, knowing that he was a party to a ritual almost as old as Mary Sue. Mr. Webster lowered Jason carefully back down to the floor.

Jason stepped back a pace so John could see his stomach. "Well, for one thing, I'm not so little any more."

An unreadable expression briefly crossed Mr. Webster's face before he broke into a smile. "So I see, Jenny. I take it that uh, your... uh, Jason is the father?"

"Daddy, what a thing to say!" Jason protested. "Of course, Jason is the father. What kind of girl do you think I am anyway?"

He couldn't very well tell Mr. Webster that he wasn't a girl at all, that he was his daughter's boy friend Jason and had been changed into a pregnant but otherwise duplicate of his daughter, just because of a bureaucratic screw up.

"Well then, I suppose that it's too much to ask if you two got married before you, uh, decided to..." Webster was plainly ill at ease with his daughter's pregnancy.

"No, we didn't." Jason could feel himself blushing. "We didn't feel the need. Besides, I didn't plan on getting pregnant, it just sort of... happened."

"The next thing you're going to tell me is that it happened on a toilet seat."

Jason giggled, blushing again. Jason's father was uncomfortably close to the truth. "No, actually it was in a beautician's chair... I was uh... Maybe someday I'll tell you about it, Daddy."

"I can hardly wait." Mr. Webster said dryly.

Jason wanted desperately to change the subject. "Let me show you to your room. You must be tired after your long trip. If you'd like to freshen up...?"

"Thank you honey, I'd like that. Oh, I almost forgot. I brought you a little present."

"Oh, really? What?" Jason said excitedly looking at the largest of the two suitcases.

"It's right outside." John Webster said stepping aside. Jason looked out toward the parking lot. Sitting in the parking space directly in front of the apartment was a bright red Mustang convertible.

"For me?" Jason squealed as Mary Sue's father dropped the keys in to his hand. "Let's go for a ride!"

"Maybe later, Jenny. I'm a little tired."

"Oh... I'm sorry, Daddy. I'll show you to your room."

John Webster picked up his suitcases and followed Jason to the spare bedroom.

Webster looked around the room, satisfied that it would suffice. The bedroom was sparsely furnished, a bed, a chest of drawers and a night stand were the only pieces of furniture in the small bedroom.

One of the walls, however, was covered with dozens of framed photographs of the places the Websters had been and the people they had known over the years.

"Still have your 'rouge's gallery', I see." Webster commented looking at the photos. He quickly glanced at the pictures. As he inspected them, a picture would bring a smile, or a grunt depending on the memories it invoked.

"I wouldn't part with them for anything in the world." Jason said, prompted by Mary Sue's memory overlay. As Jason, he'd found them to be a little boring.

Mr. Webster leaned closer to inspect one of the few pictures that were of Jennifer's mother, Joan. He sighed with emotion when he saw the woman's becoming smile.

"I'd almost forgotten how beautiful Joan was, Jennifer." Webster said softly. He glanced at his daughter, realizing for the first time that Jennifer was also a beautiful woman. A twinge of something that was almost, but not quite regret, passed through his body. If things had been different, if only she hadn't... John Webster brushed the thought from his mind, knowing that it was too late for regrets.

He suddenly felt very old. The realization that one was suddenly a prospective grandparent usually did that, but it was more than that.

Jason looked at the picture John was studying.

It was a picture of four people, Jason's mother, Mary Sue at about nine years of age, a handsome man a little younger than Mary Sue's mother and an attractive blonde woman who was very pregnant. All except for the blonde were wearing safari style clothing, she was wearing what looked like a cross between shorts and a small tent. Almost identical to the clothing Jennifer was wearing.

"Tim and Monica Branson! I haven't seen a picture of them in years. This was taken just before the birth of their first baby and we signed the contract to install his computer systems. Now what was that baby's name?" John Webster mused, while Jason wondered where he had heard the name Branson before.

"Uh, now that's funny, I don't remember, Daddy." Jason admitted. Mary Sue's memory overlay had momentarily failed him. "Uh, you can use this chest of drawers and the bathroom is the second door on the right."

Webster smiled. "Thank you, Jennifer, dear."

"When you get done unpacking, I'll fix us some dinner."

"Will Jason be joining us?"

Jason looked away uncomfortably. "I... I don't know."

The senior Webster frowned at Jason's uncertainty. "Are you okay, baby? Are you really happy?"

"Oh, yes, Daddy, I am. Especially now that the baby is coming." Jason's assurance was without benefit of Mary Sue's memory overlay.

"I see. So you have obviously decided to keep it?" He didn't sound too convinced. "But what about Jason?"

"Daddy, I want this baby more than anything in the world. But let's not talk about Jason and me right now, please." The older man nodded. He could wait until later if that was what she wanted. "Now then, Daddy. Tell me what you've been up to since I saw you last."

"Ah, Jenny, have I tales to tell you." Jason's father began. He talked almost non stop for the next hour. As he talked, Jason started first to become genuinely fond, then fell in love with the gentleman who was almost but not quite his father.

Much to Jason's surprise, it was the love of a young woman for her father.

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“That was delicious, Jennifer.” John Webster sighed as he pushed his plate away. “Your cooking has improved.”

Jason blushed and looked demurely down at his own plate. “Thank you, Daddy. I just wish that Jason was here to enjoy it with us.”

“So do I honey, so do I. I was looking forward to meeting the young man that's stolen the love of my life away from me. But it's been almost a week since I got here and he hasn't shown up yet.”

“I know Daddy.” Tears were beginning to form in Jason's eyes. He hastily wiped them away with a corner of his napkin and stood up. He started to pick up the dirty dishes. “I don't know why he's doing this. He must be afraid of what you were going to say or do when you found out that I was pregnant and wasn't married.”

“Humph, can't say much about a man that would run out on his responsibilities like that.” Webster said harshly. His comment brought tears to Jason's eyes.

For all of his exterior gruffness, Mr. Webster was a soft hearted pussy cat when it came to his daughter. He stood up and gently removed the dishes from Jason's hands. Embracing Jason within his strong arms, Mr. Webster allowed his daughter to cry.

“I don't know what ever came over me.” Jason said, eyes still red from tears an eternity later.

“I know what your mother would say right about now, Jason. If you love him, find him and don't let him get away from you a second time.” John laughed lightly. “That's what she did with me, chased me halfway around the world.”

“Do you miss her, Daddy?”

“Yes, mostly late at night.” The big man admitted. “During the day, I can keep busy enough that I don't. But yes, I miss her terribly.”

“Would she have been really happy that I'm knocked up higher than a kite, with a boy friend that seems to have disappeared.” Jason looked up into John's dark eyes, searching for the answer.

“She would be pleased that you've finally changed your mind about having a family. She had been worried that you...” John smiled. “I know she would have been happy for you. Disappointed about the father running out the way he did, but happy for you just the same.”

Jason smiled bravely, half afraid that he would burst into tears again.

“Come on, I'll help you with the dishes. You wash and I'll dry.” John offered.

Jason caught John watching him out of the corner of his eye as he washed the dishes. Turning slightly, Jason smiled inquiringly. “What?”

“I was just thinking. You've change, Jennifer.” John smiled ruefully, taking the clean dish from her hand. “You're not the same little girl who came to me a year ago and told me that you wanted to live in the big city.”

"I wouldn't exactly call Riverdale a big city." Jason laughed. Riverdale had a population of slightly less than 35,000.

Mr. Webster joined Jason's laughter. "No, I guess you couldn't at that. But you have changed, honey."

"You wouldn't believe how much." Jason said under his breath. The baby kicked him just to remind him of how much he had changed.

CHAPTER SEVEN: The real Mary Sue returns and all is forgiven, almost. Or the real Jason saves the day.

Jason was startled awake when he felt the bed move. Opening his sleep filled eyes wide he saw a dark shadowy figure crawling into his bed!

"Mary Sue!" Jason hissed quietly. "Where the hell have you been? I've been worried half sick about you."

"I, uh... I'm sorry Jason. I just couldn't face my father like this."

"Well, you're going to have to, now. He's still here." Jason snapped.

"I know. Sandra convinced me that I should face up to it." Jason whispered in the dark bed.

Jason struggled to sit up right, not easy with the baby constantly getting in the way. He turned on the light and looked at Mary Sue coldly. "Just who is 'Sandra'? Is that were you've been with 'Sandra'?"

"Shush, keep your voice down. You'll wake up daddy."

"I don't care who I wake up! I want an answer! Who is Sandra!"

Mary Sue sighed. "You know her."

"I don't know any Sandra, who is she?" Jason interrupted.

Jason sighed again. "Jason I don't want to go into that right now, okay?"

"Its not 'okay'! I want an answer."

"all right, Sandra is one of your girls at 'Quicktime Burg..."

"Sandy? You were staying with Sandy?" Jason asked, stunned. He thought back over the last few days at work. He had thought that Sandy seemed to be trying to avoid him. Now he knew it hadn't been his imagination, she had been sleeping with Mary Sue and was feeling guilty about sleeping with the feminine Jason 's "boy" friend.

Jason chuckled dryly. "The rumors of her reputation are true by the way. She does screw like a mink."

"But how...?"

"I have some of your memories, remember?" Jason chuckled again. "I just checked it out."

"My God! I'll never be able to face her again." He said in dismay. "You can't just go around screwing people that know me like that. I'll never be able to look at them in the face again when we change back."

"I don't know why not. After all, you got me pregnant, and that didn't seem to bother you in the least." Mary Sue grinned.

"That's different and you know it." Jason crossed his arms over his ample breasts.

Jason was genuinely amused. Jason was reacting in a typically female manner. "How so?"

"Because... Because, you didn't do it that's why!"

"Care to explain that one again, darling?"

"What I mean, is I love you! I had hoped that you would have at least had the consideration to..." Jason covered his face with his hands and started to cry softly.

Mary Sue pried one unresisting hand away from Jason's face.

"To do what, Jennifer?" She asked softly using Jason's feminine name for the first time.

"To lose your male virginity with me and not some young red headed bimbo!" Jennifer sobbed. Mary Sue sat back and looked at her transformed boy friend in surprise.

"I didn't know that you wanted to... I mean what with you being pregnant and all, I just didn't think... I was just..." Mary Sue said bewildered and at a loss for words.

"Men! You're all alike!" Jason sobbed. "What do you think that I was trying to get you to do that morning?"

"I'm sorry honey." Mary Sue tilted Jennifer's face toward her own. She wiped the tears from his soft cheeks. Looking deeply into Jennifer's soft blue eyes she kissed him.

There was a scramble to remove Jennifer's nightgown. Jason reached up and turned out the light. In the dark silence of their bedroom Jennifer and Jason did what came naturally to young couples deeply in love.



“Oh, God, I've waited so long for this.” Jennifer moaned as Jason entered him.

While all of his body and most of his mind was delightfully occupied with Jason, a small part of Jennifer was making plans for their future.

“Her” father's advice had been good. If Jason, even as Jennifer, truly loved the real Mary Sue, then he would never let her get away from him a second time.

He did and he wouldn't. All it would require was another talk with SAM in the morning, a private talk, but Jennifer thought he could do it, poor typing skills and all.

Soon Jennifer's thoughts of their future together shoved aside as his mind and body exploded with ecstasy.

He started to formulate his plans as he was wiping up the “wet spot”.

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John Webster turned to the sports page of the paper and sighed. It didn't look like the Cowboys were going to the Super Bowl again this year. He'd made his own breakfast and had already washed the dirty dishes. He picked up his nearly empty coffee cup and glanced at his watch, debating about a refill.

His daughter had slept in, leaving him alone with the entire pot of coffee they had prepared the night before. It was nearly empty. Well, he could always make another one, he decided as he reached for the pot. He filled his cup and sat, staring into the dark liquid, deep within his private thoughts.

Accustomed to living by himself, it hadn't bothered Webster that his daughter hadn't awakened when he had. Besides, it was her home after all, and she could sleep until noon if she wanted to. He just wished that she would wake up soon so that they could talk some more.

He was still regarding his coffee cup when he heard a slight noise coming from the hallway. His daughter had finally gotten up.

“Daddy, look who came home last night.” Jennifer said cheerfully as he walked into the kitchen. Jason was following shyly behind Jennifer.

John Webster stood and shook Jason's hand, not realizing that he was really shaking his daughter's hand instead.

“Well! It's good to see you home at last.” Webster beamed. “How was the business trip? Got everything accomplished, I presume.”

“Yes sir. The new computer system is working perfectly.” Jason said. “Sir, I really appreciate you giving me the job.”

“Yes, well, as I told you when you got married, if it makes my little Jenny happy to see her husband working for me, then I'm all for it.” John Webster grinned broadly.

“Jenny, why don't you fix your young man some breakfast, while he and I talk about his trip, and a little promotion I had in mind.” John took Jason by the arm and guided his son in law to the living room.

Jennifer sighed and started to fix himself and Jason some breakfast. As he scrambled the eggs, he found himself humming a happy little tune.

Things were working out just as Jennifer had planned. His early morning conversation with SAM had produced the desired results, he and Mary Sue had been married, according to the records SAM had fixed, nearly six months ago. Mary Sue had a great new job working with her very own father in his construction firm, and they were starting their family.

And best of all, when everything changed back to normal after Jennifer's resubmitted Form DH2395(X) 'Application for Sex Change' had been through all of the reviews and approvals, he and Mary Sue, or Jennifer if she wanted to keep the name, would still be married and they would have a new baby to take care of and love.

The fact that he might have to be the one to give birth to it, didn't bother Jennifer in the least. It would be theirs! Jason, the real Mary Sue, couldn't possibly object to that.

Chapter EIGHT: Hi ho, a lie, a lei and maybe another lay! Hi ho, Mr. Webster takes a vacation!

“Good bye honey, I've really enjoyed my visit. It seems impossible that three weeks could have gone by so quickly.” John Webster smiled down at his daughter.

“Good bye Daddy. Thank you again for the car.” Jennifer said, wiping the tears from her eyes. She threw her arms around the big man and hugged him tightly before releasing him.

John Webster kissed his daughter's cheek one final time and turned to his son in law.

“Take good care of her, son. She's all the family I've got.”

“I will Sir, you can count on it.” Jason shook his hand and opened the door of the limo for him. John Webster eased his bulk into the back of the car and waved out the open window as the big black car drove slowly off.

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Webster watched out of the rear window until the limo turned the corner. Turning around, he reached for the cellular telephone. Rapidly punching in the numbers “7296”, he leaned back and studied the country side as it sped by.

“I trust that everything turned out as you expected?” A woman's voice said without preamble when the telephone ringing stopped.

“SAM, everything was perfect, even that little touch of Mary Sue being pregnant was perfect. How did you ever manage that?”

“I merely accelerated an event that had already occurred, John.”

“Jason was already five months pregnant? But he was a boy! You didn't change his internal sex organs five months before he became Mary Sue...?” Webster asked suspiciously.

“Hardly.” SAM laughed almost in embarrassment.. “When I altered Jason's reality by making him a duplicate of your daughter, I 'forgot' to add the birth control hormones Mary Sue had saturated her body with. Of course, to compensate for my oversight, I duplicated some of Jason's own semen that had been in Mary Sue's body. After that, it was just a matter of accelerating the time-space continuum in the right place.”

“You forgot the birth control, but you conveniently remembered to include...?” John Webster laughed. “Jason literally knocked himself up! I love it!”

“I kind of thought it was a nice touch, myself.” SAM admitted with just the right touch of smugness.

John laughed again, then grew serious for a moment. “I just wish that...”

“Wish what, John?”

“I just wish that I could have been more of a role model for Mary Sue. Maybe she would have turned out differently. Maybe she would have grown up wanting to be a normal girl with normal desires for a family, rather than harboring a desire to work in construction like a man.”

“You had your company to run, John. There was no time to make a woman out of your daughter. Even if you could have spent the time, I'm not sure that your efforts would have been successful.” SAM said bluntly, then softened his tone. “I think though, that your husband would have been proud of her anyway, John.”

“Yes, yes, he would have been proud.” John sighed. “It's too bad he'll never know that his sweet little daughter is now his son in law, and will someday inherit the company as a man rather than the little girl he so loved. Still, I can't help feeling a little guilty that I've caused Mary Sue's and that poor Jason's lives to change so drastically.”

“Remember John, their names are Jennifer Lynn and Jason now.” SAM admonished gently. “As for ruining their lives, don't worry about it, what happened was for the best. Both have what they really wanted all along.”

“I suppose so.” A sudden thought occurred to Webster. “What about Jas... Jennifer's second request to change his sex back to male? What happened to it?”

“It, uh... got mis-routed to the State Archives, it was filed with a batch of requisitions for suppositories for one of the State Hospitals. It should show up in about twenty or thirty years. By then, it won't matter.”

“A fitting end.” Webster said dryly. “Thank you again, SAM. Good bye.”

“You're welcome, John Webster. Good bye.”

John hung up the telephone and stared at the back of the driver's head for a while, thinking of the three weeks he had spent living with his daughter and new son in law.

While he had enjoyed his visit with his daughter, he hadn't felt really rested. What he needed was another vacation, one that he could truly enjoy by himself. He hesitated, then picked the telephone again. This time there was no dial tone.

“SAM?”

“Yes, Mr. Webster?” The woman's voice responded instantly.

“SAM, I need a vacation, a real vacation.”

“I agree, Sir. You have been working too hard lately. What did you have in mind?”

“Well, don't think of me as being silly, but living around Jennifer and Jason...” He paused wondering if he should go through with what he'd planned.

“Yes, Sir?”

“Well, it made me miss the old days. I'd like you to do your 'magic' with reality again and change me back to the way I was just before the accident. Before I had to take over the company for John, may he rest in peace. I want to be twenty nine and a woman again.”

“An interesting request. For how long, Sir?”

“Oh, say for a month, SAM. No longer though, after all, I've got responsibilities and a Company to run.” John Webster reminded SAM.

“Certainly, Ma'am, consider it done.” SAM said.

Deep in thought, the passenger rode in silence the rest of the way to the airport, planning the next month as carefully as though it had been a road project through virgin forests.

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The limo driver pulled the long vehicle up to the curb in front of the airline terminal and stopped. He hurried around to the rear door and held it open for his passenger to exit.

“Thank you, uh...?” His passenger said sweetly, adjusting her short skirt down over her long slender legs. She noticed with a slight smile that he liked the look of her legs and was making no apologies about it.

“The name's Mark, ma'am.” The driver took the time to tilt his cap and smile before walking to the trunk for her luggage.

“Thank you, Mark. I enjoyed the ride.” She followed behind him, resisting the desire to run her hands through his blonde hair or pat his skinny rear end. The female hormones running through her body were beginning to awaken long forgotten desires.

“You're welcome, Mrs. Webster. Will you need help with your luggage? May I carry it inside for you?”

“Thank you Mark, but no. I think I can manage.” Joan Webster smiled becomingly.

He returned her smile shyly and bent to remove the single suitcase in the trunk.

The attractive young widow arched her back slightly to show off her magnificent cleavage as he straightened up. Mark hesitated for a brief second when he saw the soft inviting valley between her breasts.

She smiled at the reaction of the tall chauffeur, pleased to see that she hadn't lost her touch. It had been such a long time since she'd had breasts to show off that she had been almost afraid that she had forgotten how.

“Yes, ma'am.” The blushing man said. “I hope you enjoy your trip to Hawaii. I hear that the Islands are beautiful this time of the year.”

“Yes, they are. And for the next four weeks or so, all I'm going to do is lay around the beach and work on my tan. It's my biannual get away from the world.”

“Yes, ma'am. Sounds like fun. Someday I'd like to go there too.” The driver turned to close the door.

“Why not now?” The attractive woman asked the serious looking young driver.

“Can't afford either the time or the money. I need both for school, Mrs. Webster.” Mark said.

“This is the middle of summer, surely...”

“No, ma'am. I have 12 more units to go before I get my Master's in Physics. That will cost just a little under \$5,000. And with what the limo services pays.... I can't even afford to take a decent vacation during the summer break.”

“A Master's in Physics? Going to be a rocket scientist, huh?” Joan joked. No wonder Mark was so somber, she thought.

“Yes, Ma'am.” Mark said seriously. “Then, someday after I get established, I can go to the Islands.”

Joan Webster regarded the serious young man for a second. A strange thought was beginning to form in the back of her mind. “I know you'll make it, someday.”

Mark smiled and started to walk back to the driver's compartment. Suddenly remembering something, Mark turned back to Mrs. Webster. “I almost forgot to ask. Are they still giving those flowered things to tourists?”

“You mean a lei?”

“Yeah, that's it, a lei. Are they?”

“Mark dear, I certainly hope so.” She leaned forward, exposed her cleavage again and winked.

Mark's blush deepened. She was getting back into practice more quickly than she realized.

“Mark, if the truth be known, that's the real reason I'm going to Hawaii, to get a lei or two.” Laughing lightly at her own pun, Joan Webster, widow of John Webster, picked up her suitcase and walked the short distance to the terminal doors.

Mark watched his passenger enter the terminal and walk directly to the closest pay phone. She dialed a number and talked for a few second before hanging up. Checking with her answering service one last time, Mark suspected.

Smiling, she waved one last time toward the young, handsome chauffeur, then turned and walked briskly toward the airline counters.

Thinking about her slightly off color pun, Mark had frankly admired her gently swaying hips as she had walked into the building. He wondered briefly if the professor in his college physics class could come up with an equation that could explain the dynamics of the rotating movement of her hips.

So she wanted a lei, did she? Mark chuckled to himself, with a terrific body like that, he didn't think she would have any problem at all.

Mark sighed and opened the door to the spacious passenger compartment. It was company policy to check the seats for lost or forgotten personal articles between customers and he wanted to do it before he called the dispatcher for his next driving assignment.

The compartment was as clean and as neat as it had been when he had driven out of the parking lot several hours before. Mark was about to close the door when he noticed that the little red light on the cellular telephone was blinking. Someone was calling the limo.

Thinking that it might be for Mrs. Webster, Mark reached for the receiver. Mark answered the telephone.

“Hello?” Mark said, searching the dark interior of the terminal for a sign of Mrs. Webster. If it was for her he still might be able to catch her.

“Mark? You don't know me, but my name is SAM and I'm a friend of Mrs. Webster's. I couldn't help overhearing your comment about wanting to go to Hawaii.” A man's voice said.

Mark glanced around, thinking that someone was playing a joke on him. Seeing no one, he returned to the telephone. “Yeah, what about it?”

“As I said, I'm a very close friend of Mrs. Webster and I'm very fond of her. I get worried about her when she goes off by herself like this.”

“Look Mac, she looks like someone that can take care of herself.” Mark said hesitantly. The last thing he wanted to do was get involved in some kind of lover's quarrel.

“The name is SAM.” SAM said slightly annoyed. He resented the implication, unknowing as it might have been, that he was somehow related to an apple. “You're right, she can take care of herself, and quite well I might add. But still, I worry about her.”

“So?” Mark asked, wondering where this was all leading.

“So, I'd like offer you a job traveling as Mrs. Webster's personal companion. I'll pay you to go to Hawaii with her, even stay in the hotel room with her if you'd like.”

“Get serious.” Mark laughed, still thinking that someone might be playing a joke on him. Stay in the same room with the attractive little brunette? In his wildest dreams!

“I am serious Mark, it's an opportunity of a life time! I'm offering you a way to see Hawaii in a unique position. Something that I've offered to very few individuals. If you agree, you will assume a position that has the potential for more excitement than you could ever have imagined possible before. All at my expense I might add, Mark.”

“What!” Mark suddenly grew excited over the idea. “But she's already boarding her airplane by now! There's no way I could buy a ticket, let alone go home, pack and return in time to go with her. Besides Mac, you're just a voice on the phone. How do I...”

“Don't worry about a thing, Mark.” SAM said persuasively. He growing even more annoyed with the young man. “Everything will be provided for you, new clothing, a first class airline ticket and even a couple thousand for spending money. Just to make it worth your while, the wardrobe is yours for as long as you want it.”

“I don't know.” Mark said hesitantly, “I don't make much driving the limo, but I would hate to lose what income it does provide.”

“You'll receive an additional five thousand dollars for your time and efforts.”

“Five thousand?” That would pay for the rest of his education. Mark had already pictured himself lying in bed next to the beautiful Mrs. Webster. Now the vision of himself walking across an enormous stage in a cap and gown to receive his diploma flashed though his mind.

“I believe that's what I said.” SAM replied.

“all right! SAM, you've got yourself a deal.”

“Good! I know you won't be disappointed with my arrangements. Now, if you will check the storage compartment on the left hand side of the seat, you'll find your ticket.”

Mark opened the compartment, expecting to find it as empty as it had been when he'd checked it a few minutes before.

There as a colorful airline ticket folder laying flat against the side of the compartment. Inside was a first class ticket to Hawaii in his name. Suddenly going to Hawaii didn't seem quite the day dream it had a few minutes ago.

"Those tickets are for the same flight Mrs. Webster is on. It leaves in ten minutes. I need your answer Mark."

"But what about clothes?" Mark protested. "And the spending money? All I've got on me is some loose change and a few dollar bills."

"Go to the trunk and bring back everything you find there to the passenger compartment."

"The trunk is empty..." Mark started to say. Thinking better about it after finding the ticket in the storage compartment he knew had been empty, he left the passenger compartment and went to the trunk. It didn't surprise him that there was a second suitcase.

What did surprise him was that there was also a woman's purse in the trunk. It had to have been left there by a long forgotten passenger of one of the other driver's, he thought when he found it.

Oddly, they were items he couldn't remember seeing when he removed Mrs. Webster's suitcase.

Returning to the back of the limo with the suitcase and the purse, Mark picked up the telephone again. "I found a suitcase and a purse."

"Good! Now, open the suitcase. It has all that you will need for your trip." SAM commanded.

Mark opened the suitcase and looked down at the neatly folded clothing. He picked up a garment laying on top of the tightly packed case, a pair of short legged white cotton shorts. Underneath that, were two more pair of shorts, one in pale blue, the other in pink, and a very tiny string bikini.

Digging a little deeper he found a lacy bikini panty and bra set. Automatically, Mark checked the size of the lacy bra. It was a 36 "C".

The owner of this suitcase must be one well built babe, he thought. It suddenly dawned on him that something wasn't quite right.

"Hey, is this some kind of mistake or what? I thought you were going to provide clothes for me. I can't use any of this, it's all girl's stuff."

"It's no mistake, Mark. It's your vacation wardrobe. I picked every item out myself personally. I hope you enjoy wearing it while you're Mrs. Webster's companion."

"Is this some kind of joke?" Mark asked, holding up the bra in disgust.

"No joke, Mark. It is a very real offer, but remember there is 'no such thing as a free lunch'."

“Look, I know there's no such thing as a 'free lunch' in life, but I can't go to Hawaii in drag! Besides, even if I wanted to wear this stuff, which I don't, there's no way that any of it would fit me!”

Mark proved his point by shoving his arm through one of the legs of the panties. The elastic opening fit comfortably around his biceps.

“That is the clothing you will wear.”

“But girl's clothes? Why do you want me to...?” Mark asked dumbfounded, rapidly changing his mind about accepting the offer.

“Because, Mrs. Webster is a very important person with a reputation to maintain. Her companion must be a female.” SAM insisted.

“Then why not find a real girl? Why would you want me to go in drag?”

“Because you were available. Look Mark, be reasonable, you'll receive a free vacation trip and a fair amount of cash besides. All you have to do is agree to do it my way, and wear the clothing.” SAM sighed.

“I still don't see...”

“I would love to sit here and explain all of the 'whys' and 'wherefores' of how you were selected, but I need your decision now. Mrs. Webster's plane is starting to board passengers.” SAM asked, sounding impatient.

“But...!”

“Do you want to go to Hawaii or not?” SAM's patience was growing thin.

“Yeah, sure! I want to go to Hawaii...”

“Excellent decision Mark! I just know that you'll have loads of fun.” SAM, pressed for time, interrupted Mark's statement.

“...someday, but not if it means dressing as a broad...” Mark finished quickly.

“Mark, I'm afraid that I don't have any time left to try to convince you. Aloha!”

“No! Wait!” Mark started to scream.

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“Mark dear, I'm so glad that I asked SAM invite you to join me on my vacation.” Joan Webster said to the attractive, well built young woman sitting in the seat beside her.

The girl had long blonde hair, deep green eyes, and was wearing a denim mini skirt and white spandex tank top that showed off her impressive bust line. About the only thing that was average about her was her height.

Joan Webster was glad for the company, but for the life of her, she had no idea why SAM had felt it necessary to alter Mark's male reality into the attractive blonde sitting beside her. It wasn't that she really minded, it was just that she would have to change her plans slightly.

Joan wasn't into relationships with other girls, even if they had been a man just a short while before. Her original intentions was to have the handsome Mark as her ex-

clusive partner on her vacation. Now it looked like she would have to share something other than her bed with the blonde haired woman. Well, if she remembered correctly, there were enough darkly tanned beach boys for the both of them. More than enough.

“Me too, Mrs. Webster. You could have knocked me over with a feather when that nice SAM fellow told me that you wanted me to go with you. Hawaii! Like WOW! I'm so excited, that it's all I can do to keep from wetting my panties.” The blonde gushed.

Trying to comfort the excited Mark, Joan reached over to pat the young woman's bare thigh protruding from below the short skirt. “Relax dear, mustn't have any little accidents on the airplane.”

Mrs. Webster sighed, and holding Mark's hand in her own and told him of her plans for the next month.

“We're going to have so much fun together, Mark Dear. Seeing the sights, shopping for souvenirs and maybe, if we're lucky, we can find ourselves a couple of strong handsome beach boys to keep us warm at nights!”

“I hope so, Mrs. Webster. I've always wanted to get a lei from a big beach boy! Just thinking about it gets me all warm and gushy down below. I can hardly wait!” Mark giggled and squirmed in his seat, leaving no doubt what he had meant by “big”. His already short skirt inched upward on his smooth creamy thighs as he moved excitedly in the leather airline seat.

Joan watched the attractive young woman out of the corner of her eye. Mark was becoming sexually aroused just thinking about being touched by a half naked beach boy. The plane hadn't even left the runway and already he was feeling the warmth between his legs and his huge nipples starting to harden.

Joan knew that it was just a hint of the sexual excitement he would feel when they landed.

Mark couldn't help the way he felt and he knew the reason why he couldn't, somehow it had been all SAM's fault.

SAM had altered Mark's reality to that of a very well built and sexy looking woman, complete with the sexual desires of a not-too-bright blonde bimbo. Mark's every spoken word, every conscious thought, every sexual desire was governed by the feminine sexuality that SAM had forced on him against his will.

In short, Mark's new reality was SAM's idea of the perfect companion for Joan, the classic dumb blonde and a horny one at that!

Perfect in all but one respect, and that was what was causing Mark so much confusion and anguish.

Unknown to Mrs. Webster, and possibly to SAM himself, SAM had committed a slight oversight when he had altered Mark's reality.

Maybe SAM had been pressed for time, or it could have been that he was playing a huge perverse joke on the young man for implying that he was nothing more than a “Mac”.

Whatever the reason, SAM had given Mark a beautiful woman's body complete with a healthy dose of female hormones, feminine desires and emotions. But in the process changing Mark's reality, SAM had left his male personality and intellect intact. Suppressed so that the male portion of his mind couldn't control his female body, but intact nonetheless.

The intellectual part of Mark was disgusted with the way his female body was acting. The sexy body itself however, well, that was something else entirely!

“That's a noun dear, not a verb.”

“What?” Mark asked, looking bewildered at Joan Webster. “What's a noun?”

“A 'lei' is, honey.” Joan Webster gently corrected her not too bright companion. “To get a 'lei' is to have someone give you a kind of necklace made of flowers, while to 'get laid' is heaven.”

“I hope so.” Mark giggled again. The male Mark shuddered as he thought about what lay ahead.

When SAM had told Mark that he would have an opportunity to see Hawaii from a “unique position”, he certainly hadn't realized that SAM had meant that it would be flat on his back!

It didn't take a rocket scientist for Mark to know that he'd been screwed by the deal. Screwed both figuratively, and in about another seven or eight hours when the plane landed, quite literally.

Mark just prayed that one of the “souvenirs” he would bring back to the Mainland wouldn't be the kind that grew on you, or inside of you, to be more precise.

It might be a little hard to explain when he took his finals if he had to stop to breast feed the fruit of a lei!

