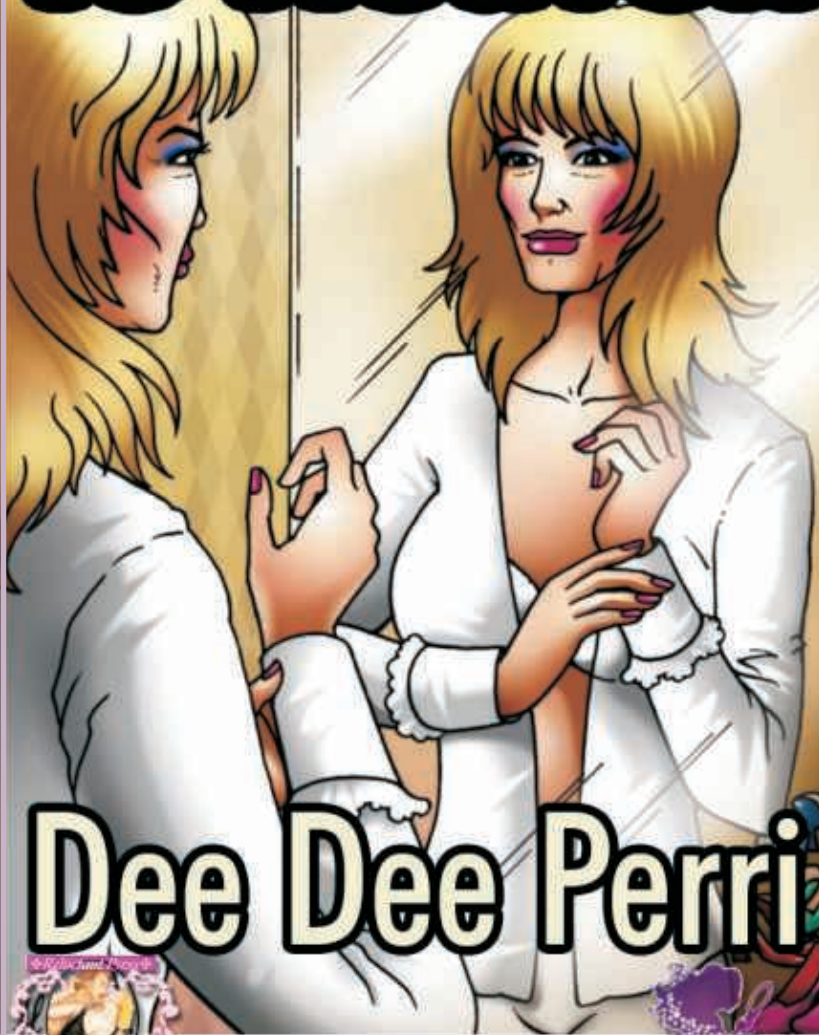


Only Saints Go To Heaven



Dee Dee Perri



An "Adult Tv" Novel



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Only Saints Go To Heaven

By Dee Dee Perri

Chapter 1

“Mr. Mugworthy?”

“Ma’am?” The man, short, slender, and pale as an undertaker’s charge, paused. Though his cup was still only half full, he straightened up, turned away from the coffee urn and gave the older woman his full attention. His thin, bloodless lips tightened into what might have passed for a smile or possibly incipient heartburn as his eyes met and held those of the matron in whose house he lived. His dark, deep set orbs, that would have sat comfortably in the face of a starving nineteenth century romantic poet, were now unreadable black pools.

Mrs. Bone, A.K.A. Widow Bone, was the very antithesis of her name. From her sagging jowls to her enormous hips and thick thighs, there was a grand surplus of flesh. Indeed it was one watermelon-sized breast that quivered but a centimeter from Mr. Mugworthy's right elbow that caused him to step back even as he raised the half-empty cup to his lips. "The new guest." The landlady whispered softly as if by that effort alone her communication would remain private.

She was referring to the latest member of the boarding house, realized Mr. Mugworthy. As long as the weekly rent was paid on time, they were all "guests" to Widow Bone. "Ah-Yes?"

"What are your impressions, Mr. Mugworthy? Of Mr. Peerless, that is."

James Mugworthy knew better than to answer a question such as that. In a small village such as Pine Creek, one's own words had a habit of returning but only after having passed from lip to ear of all too many (often to the very ears of the entity in question). The fact was he'd not had a sufficiency of opportunity to form a solid impression of the new roomer, even though they shared a common wall. Though, if the truth be known, what impressions he had formed, hastily of course, were decidedly dark. There was something "off," that is to say wrong, entirely wrong, with the gentleman. He was an outsider, naturally, and probably even a foreigner- there was something in his speech that suggested to Mugworthy that English wasn't Mr. Peerless' native tongue. But there was more to those negative impressions than that. A *slithering-ness*, a multi-limbed essence, like a cockroach perhaps. "Ma'am?" he responded. Answering a question with a question was always the safest response in a situation like this.

“He’s a professional man, a teacher like yourself,” she added, then tipped her head to the side expectantly.

James Mugworthy shrugged. “If he’s looking for employment...” He let the sentence hang unfinished. Pine Creek was dying. Indeed the village had been slowly expiring ever since the gold in the mines had been depleted and that was decades earlier. Both the elementary and middle school in Pine Creek had closed several years earlier. The local children were bussed down the mountain now. The senior high school, all thirty-seven students, continued to exist only because the state senator for the district had the seniority in Sacramento to defend and support the largest employer in town, the Pine Creek High School. Seven teachers and one principal; possibly the lowest student to faculty ratio in the state. The rest of California might have a teacher shortage, but not Pine Creek. “I think not, Mrs. Bone. Even if he is a *very* good teacher.”

She thrust out her lower lip, a habit she had when attempting to extract something from her flawed memory. Then she smiled when she discovered her search hadn’t been in vain after all, “Um, science and math. That should be worth something Mr. Mugworthy, shouldn’t it?”

“Mrs. Bone, that is what *I* teach.”

“Oh... yes, of course Mr. Mugworthy.”

“And I have no plans to leave Pine Creek in the near future.”

“Certainly not, Mr. Mugworthy.” She blushed, being somewhat flustered. “What I meant was...” And then a deeper realization dawned in her eyes. “Oh... dear,” she murmured under her breath.

James Mugworthy knew perfectly well what his landlady had been trying to learn. The new boarder would likely have a very brief tenure in this house, short of find-

ing some other vocation. He re-filled his cup as the landlady turned slowly away.



James Mugworthy had just settled into his easy chair. The late afternoon sun, now sliding below the horizon, had filled the sky with wispy clouds of pink and the light, now more orange than yellow, spilled through the side window and illuminated the far wall of his “apartment” as he fingered open the novel he had chosen for the evening. Mrs. Bone’s overly-dry brisket of beef sat comfortably in his stomach and he was at peace with the world. It would be another six weeks before school would re-open and there was more than ample time for leisure and self-reflection. A hint of a self-satisfied smile crossed his lips as he took in his simple accommodations. An antique four-poster bed stood at one end of the room with a matching chest and armoire. At the other end, where he currently lazed at his leisure, a high-backed leather reading chair, an old-fashioned reading lamp, and rag carpet completed his “setting room.” Two walls had built-in bookcases and these were adequately filled with both books unread or, as was the case of his current novel, books worthy of re-reading. He had all the creature comforts he desired.

He took pride in the fact that he was a man of modest requirements or, as he would have said if anyone had asked, he was a man of *moderation*. The comfortable position at the high school more than met his economic needs. And living in Mrs. Bone’s boarding house wasn’t just financially economical, it was effortless; no shopping or cooking or even cleaning. It hadn’t always been like that. Not when he lived in the ‘flatlands’ as he referred to the rest of Southern California. Then it had been scurry here,

run there. All a constant motion. And for what? A roof over one's head? A career? Love?

Ah, there was the rub. One could only achieve this level of moderation as a bachelor, hmmm? One relationship and the next thing one knew, the rat race was on. No. One very painful divorce and then four delightful years in Pine Creek had convinced him that he'd not trade this existence for any other. He opened the book and began to read.

The near perfection of his setting was abruptly and rudely interrupted about an hour after sunset by a knocking at his door. "Yes?" he said, his thumb now holding his place in the book. The interloper knocked yet again. Now irritation bled into his voice. "Yes, Mrs. Bone, what is it?"

A muffled reply. A man's voice.

A cold chill worked its way down Mr. Mugworthy's spine. It had to be the new roomer. Grudgingly, he got up, book still in his hand. "Whatever," he muttered.

"Yes?" He hissed like one of the diamondbacks that were ubiquitous to the mountains in which the village was situated. Hearing no reply he opened the door and glared.

It was the "new guest" as expected, for who else could it be, but what was not expected was the plate of brownies held out as an offering. "Oh," mumbled Mr. Mugworthy as his eyes were held enthralled by the treat. In spite of himself, spittle welled up in his mouth. At last he pulled his eyes away from the plate and in a softer, less threatening voice, said, "Yes, Mr. Peerless? What seems to be the..."

The man's thick eyebrows rose and fell independently before smiling. "It seems I made too much of this." When Mr. Mugworthy didn't immediately respond, he continued. "Cooking, its one of my hobbies and I can assure you

..." He stammered to a halt and extended an open hand. "My Christian name is Simon."

Mr. Mugworthy echoed back, "Simon," but ignored the hand thrust toward him, an obvious invitation to shake.

The stranger finally retrieved his hand and dropped it toward his side before continuing. He seemed insensitive to the obvious rebuff he'd just received. "Yes and Mrs. Bone said your Christian name is... ah- James? Correct?"

Mr. Mugworthy nodded.

The other man shrugged, "I mean... well considering that we're neighbors. Mr. Mugworthy and Mr. Peerless seems so... *formal* you know?"

Frankly, James Mugworthy saw no problem nor any cost to formality. "Mr. Peerless, would you like to, ah, come in?" His eyes were now fixed on the treats that were held just out of reach.



The first bite went down effortlessly; indeed it bloomed all sweet and chocolaty as a well-made and fresh brownie should and the brownie, still radiating heat acquired from its tenure in the oven, gave off a smell that was intoxicating to James. The thick layer of chocolate frosting which obviously had been applied after the treat had been removed from the oven only enhanced the experience. His lips smacked in pleasure and he would have emitted a small, delightful groan except that he caught himself in time and chose to offer a slight nod of his head to show his approval instead. It wouldn't be seemly to react with too much appreciation; it would only encourage his guest's obvious social agenda.

Simon Peerless sat on the small wooden side chair near the door, the only chair aside from the leather easy chair upon which now rested his host in this small bedroom. Simon's posture was that of an expectant father waiting for the announcement of the arrival of his first child or perhaps that of a condemned man hoping for a reprieve from the governor. Simon's obvious tension was far too excessive to be that driven by his concerns of success or failure in his cooking effort. As he watched his victim swallow that first bite, his posture adjusted ever so slightly, as if the most difficult or dangerous part were now complete. "Well?" he said with obvious tightness in his voice.

"Nice," said Mr. Mugworthy as he held up the remnant of the rectangular segment of brownie as if in salute to his unexpected benefactor. "Very nice and very kind of you, I might add, Mr. Peerless." He looked as if he was about to say something more but decided that the next sweet bite was more relevant. Relief bloomed on his guest's face as James shoved nearly the whole remaining piece of brownie into his mouth and began to chew in obvious pleasure.

"I'm delighted you find it adequate, James." Simon's eyes searched his victim's face looking for a sign. It was much, much too soon, of course. Days might pass before even the slightest hint of success bloomed; the man was, well, a man, a human being with a complex central nervous system unlike the parrotfish from which the key enzyme had initially been isolated. Thirty years he'd waited for this moment. He could certainly wait a few more days. It was, after all, an experiment, the outcome of which was not and could not be certain. He shook his head in an effort to snap back to the here-and-now. He was placing everything, his whole life, on the line, this was no time for

wool gathering. He snatched away the plate of brownies and stood up. "Thank you for your time, James."

As he turned away, he couldn't help noticing that look of loss in Mugworthy's eyes, "Please take another, no, all of them if you like," he smiled.

Relief was evident in Mr. Mugworthy's eyes, "Um, don't mind if I do, ah, Simon. And, ah, a pleasant evening to you sir, a very pleasant evening indeed."



Simon Peerless was far too excited to sit in his room and the summer evening was young. He soon found himself standing in the backyard looking up at Mr. Mugworthy's window. The yellowish light from the man's reading lamp spilled out upon the lawn though the man himself was not visible from this angle. Simon lit a cigarette and then worked his way to the very rear of the yard where he found a comfortable outcrop of rocks upon which to sit and keep vigil. Thirty years almost exactly, he mused. He had been twenty-five at the time and one of the Soviet Union's scientific wunderkin: Ph.D. from the University of Moscow at the age of sixteen, five years of post-docs in Western European Universities and finally, as expected, a position at the Pavlov Institute.

After only three years at the Institute he had established himself as a scientific force to be reckoned with; he had his own laboratory by then and an extensive staff. Perhaps he had gone too far too fast. By and large the people who controlled the Institute were old and set in their ways. Concepts that were modern back in the nineteen-twenties and thirties and nearly abandoned by the West by the late Sixties, still reigned supreme at the Insti-

tute. That was one of the many problems created by having politics deeply embedded into the scientific structure.

Too much psychology and not enough neuroscience, he'd said. Physiology matters. It's the brain we must understand not mere conditioning. *Mere conditioning*? Gads, he had been so full of himself back then. Pavlov's theories formed the quintessential model of communist thinking in the old U.S.S.R., the alpha and the omega of the science of behavior. The words *mere conditioning* had probably set him on the slippery slope of destruction even though the ax hadn't fallen for almost another year.

He was Doctor Petra Ivonovich, winner of numerous scientific awards, and he could do no wrong. No, after years of quiet self-reflection, Petra now realized that he had been merely a young man whose early and admittedly brilliant successes had gone to his head. During his last year at the Institute, he had been working with parrotfish, or rather the enzymes that they possessed. The parrotfish's ability to rapidly change sex was more than just a physical manifestation; that transformation extended to every aspect of the animal's *behavior*. They were changed to that appropriate to the opposite sex, utterly. His attempt to extend his work with mice proved to be a failure, or so it seemed at first blush. Male mice remained male and female mice remained female. There wasn't much sexual dimorphism in mice to begin with, at least to human eyes. No obvious secondary sexual features like the chronic oversized breasts observed in sexually mature human females that marked them as 'female' or the striking color variations between the genders in the parrotfish. Even size wasn't a reliable feature by which to determine the individual's sex. One had to hold up a mouse by the tail and examine the genitals to 'sex' the individual. The enzyme had had no apparent effect on that aspect of his test subjects. Had he simply shrugged his shoulders and

turned away from that initial failure, things might have worked out quite differently for him. Experiments create data and hypotheses often must be rejected and that's the very essence of science and an extension of a specialized mechanism found in fish, a specific species of fish to be more exact, to a mammalian species? Such a failure was not remarkable. But he hadn't, of course, turned his back on his initial hypothesis.

Most of the test animals were destroyed as was standard procedure at the Institute. The females could have been re-introduced into the main mouse colony but to what purpose? A new adult female would cause little disturbance in the highly structured male-dominated community. The Alpha male would check her out to determine whether or not she was in heat but beyond that he would show little interest in her arrival, unless she was in heat of course. Indeed, the lowest-ranking male in the colony was dominant over all of the females. Like the males, females also had a social pecking order but, unlike the males, physical confrontation was not typically observed, thus the new female would simply become just another member of the colony. To be in estrus was the one and only time a female had a significant impact on the male-dominated community and it was during that brief period that the male pecking order really mattered. The Alpha male got first dibs.

But insert a new male into that community? The Alpha male would come off his mound to inspect the intruder. At the first hint that the alien was male, all hell would break out after a brief sequence of threat behavior. The Alpha male would attack. Such attacks could be to the death. For the new male it was fight and win, fight and die, or *run*. And if he ran, he would then have to deal with each and every male in the hierarchy, from the second-ranked mouse on down to the least dominant male or

until he fought and won a place in the social order. It might take days for the new male to find his social position, assuming that he survived all those encounters. The introduction of an 'altered' male into the colony would offer an acid test as to the true sexuality of the test subject, that was clear. It was a test that took little effort and was there for the taking. The results were dramatic, enough said?

It was Petra's request to obtain some human subjects, prisoners, preferably with non-violent histories, to extend these unexpected results that had been the straw that had finally broken his personal camel's back. Dr. Korsakov, then the head of the Institute, had accused him, Ivonovich, of a rabid 'counter-revolutionary' agenda. Well, his research hypothesis was certainly anti-Pavlovian, but it was hardly counter-revolutionary. Besides, he had data, right? Science is based upon data. Wrong! Petra had spent most of the following six years in Siberia as a non-person doing hard labor and he had had plenty of time to consider and re-consider the fundamental issues involved in his research, though for the life of him he never did discover why this data was counter-revolutionary. How could data be anything but data?

Petra understood that had the Soviet Union not collapsed early in the nineteen-nineties, he would probably still be there in Siberia, assuming, of course, that he was alive and the latter was certainly not a given. He put out his cigarette and quickly lit another one.

In nineteen-eighty-five he had been within days of conducting his human experiment. So close and yet so far. Imagine the opportunities for discovery, for insight. That huge, complex, human cortex. Ironic when one considers the fundamental issues. Humans were the best, most logical choice to 'prove' or at least to test the adequacy of the core assumption of the Pavlovian-Soviet model, the su-

premaxy of nurture over nature. Not to mention the advantages provided by a human subject's ability to communicate their thoughts and feelings. Instead he'd faced a handpicked panel of his peers and later, almost as an afterthought, a people's court. He looked up at the window where his subject sat. Of course he wasn't here only to find closure, though that was the most significant part of his motive. Had he sacrificed his professional career for a flawed hypothesis? He had to know.

When he finally emigrated to the United States in the late Nineties, the West had not received him with open arms. Indeed he could still have been a non-person. His Ph.D. was recognized but his scientific work had never been published. The Soviet Union had not been an open community. Such work as he had been doing had been distributed only to a small inner circle of researchers and interested party officials. Probably, after his sentencing, his reports had been destroyed or at least buried in the vast Party archives. To the Western community he was but another 'unpublished' Russian researcher fleeing a failed empire.

He eventually found a teaching position at Pasadena City College in Pasadena California; six times the teaching load of a 'real' college, a small office on campus, extensive committee obligations and nothing more. No laboratory, no funds to even attempt to create a laboratory and decidedly no encouragement to do so by the so called 'college' administration; their faculty were *teachers*, first, last and always. Research? It was actively *discouraged*. And so, for another decade, he'd had to merely reflect on what might have been, what he might have accomplished. At fifty-five, he was no longer that wunderkin but a bitter, middle-aged man, a teacher lecturing to children and child-like adults who had little interest in learning and virtually no understanding of basic science. Petra was in

his own version of Hell. Professionally he could still be in Siberia.

Five years ago, using his own money, he'd begun assembling a laboratory in his small apartment; not a behavioral laboratory, of course, that would require too much space, but a basic biochemistry facility. He didn't need hundreds of parrotfish to obtain the enzyme, a synthesis of the basic factor was far more realistic. He knew exactly what he needed and how to accomplish the task, initially it was mostly money, or the lack of it, that slowed his progress to a snail's pace.

The synthesis of the enzyme proved elusive. He could produce it, to be sure, but in such miniscule quantities as to make the entire project prohibitively expensive. He had been at a dead end, or so he had thought. He began drinking and more or less lost focus for some time, months to be more accurate. His lab were neglected, his samples unattended in the refrigerator. That would have been the end of the enterprise had it not been for a power failure one very hot July weekend, a crust of long forgotten bread and a fallen test tube in his refrigerator.

A simple mold was growing inside the test tube, now trailing a long tenuous connection to the scrap of bread. There was evidence of the enzyme at the bottom of the test tube, more than had been there before.

The mold was producing the enzyme! Though poorly. Excited, Petra began searching for way to encourage the mold's continued growth and was soon rewarded. Milk, sugar water and then finally, raw liver. Soon he would have an ample supply of that exotic enzyme and once again he could dream his dream.

But long before he was ready, he knew the problem he would have finding subjects or even a subject. No, that wasn't the only problem. He would never be given the

authority to perform such an experiment on another human being even if he found a person or persons willing to have a *behavioral sex-change*. There were, of course, people desirous of a physical change of sex, but that he couldn't offer. One didn't have to study the literature very closely to determine the 'wrongness' of *that* concept. *A woman trapped in a man's body was one thing but a man who wanted a woman trapped inside his body?* Such a person was very, very unlikely to exist. So the subject would not, probably could not, be a volunteer. Thus Mr. Simon Peerless was invented. He would conduct Petra's experiment and then vanish, never to appear again. After the experiment was completed, Petra Ivonovich, an obscure 'teacher' of Psychology in an even more obscure community pseudo-college located in a large city which was itself part of a megacity would be as invisible as that proverbial needle in a haystack.

It would be dangerous to attempt to conduct such an experiment on campus or in any setting in which Dr. Ivonovich might be even remotely connected. Somewhere like Pine Creek, one of a number of mountain retreats popular with L.A. residents especially during the hottest periods of the summer came to mind. The town itself was tiny; fewer than a thousand souls maintained year-round residence and yet, for a few months every year, three to four times that number would appear to escape the summer heat in the flatlands; strangers, tourists vastly outnumbered locals. Not that Petra had actually chosen Pine Creek; it simply was the only mountain community in which he had found a room without the need to make a reservation. Mrs. Bone had been only too happy to accept cash. So it would seem that fate and nothing more had placed Mr. Mugworthy into Petra's eager hands.

And indeed Mr. Mugworthy was nearly perfect. A social recluse: stiff, formal and, well, decidedly unfriendly.

Had he been otherwise, Petra would have continued to look for another candidate. No indication of homosexual inclinations, nor feminine traits for either would have ruled out his serving as an unwitting subject. There was also the lack of social commitments; he was, as Mrs. Bone had offered, divorced and hadn't shown the slightest inclination to 'date' in the four years he had been living in her boarding house. That was icing on the cake, or rather, on the brownie. A non-active heterosexual, approximately middle thirties and in apparent good health... well the die had already been cast.

Petra looked up at the star-filled sky as a flurry of anxiety bloomed in his gut. It was a little late to worry but the town was also a *trap*. A single, long, narrow mountainous road connected Pine Creek to the world. Need he leave in a hurry, were things to go wrong, horribly wrong, escape would be difficult if not impossible. "Da," he said to the star-filled night sky. It wouldn't be the first time he'd risked literally everything merely to explore a hypothesis. One thing was certain, he would leave as soon as he had the data. Perhaps as early as tomorrow night. And then what? It rather depended upon the data, didn't it? At least he would finally have closure and that was worth a lot.



Petra got little sleep that night. With every random sound coming from the next room, he would jerk awake, sometimes placing his feet on the cool hardwood floor, ready to spring into action, then sit there motionless as he listened and tried to decode what the sound or sounds meant. This was no way to conduct behavioral research. By rights he should have Mr. Mugworthy under constant surveillance; at a minimum a continuous audio-video record would be made that could be studied later. Given the

new technologies, an fMRI would be a lovely tool to have, an open window into an active brain. "Da," he muttered softly to himself. Like that was going to happen. To do this properly would take more money than he would ever have and at least a modest staff of co-workers, a lab, a real facility and yes, support from the local authorities. To do it right he would have had perhaps several dozen subjects each with carefully annotated histories both behavioral and medical. And control groups in a double blind situation. He was no objective, independent observer, he knew that all too well. He might see what he wanted to see, especially if the effects of the enzyme were subtle or worse, non-existent.

He was up and dressed at first light but he remained in his room, waiting for his subject to awake. Finally, after more than an hour and a half dozen cigarettes, relief bloomed; he heard movement in the next bedroom. He was there casually standing in his open doorway when his subject finally opened his door. "Good morning, James."

James, still in his bathrobe with a towel slung over his shoulder and a shaving kit in his hand, wrinkled his nose. "You've been smoking in your room," he said, a statement, not a question. "Mrs. Bone does not tolerate smoking in her house." He flung this last comment out in a huff, not once giving Petra eye contact nor even acknowledging the greeting. He continued down the hall toward the bathroom at the other end of the structure looking neither to the right nor left, then entered the bathroom, closing the bathroom door firmly behind him. The sound of metal on metal followed as James locked the bathroom door.

Petra stood there, open-mouthed, for a second. One thing was certain, Mr. Mugworthy's behavior was, as yet, unaltered. He opened the door to Mr. Mugworthy's room

and gave it a quick inspection. Nothing seemed out of order; indeed the bed was already made. Even the book the man had been reading last night had been returned to its shelf. He stared at the bookcase for a few seconds not fully aware of why it caught his interest. Then he realized, each and every book was ordered alphabetically, first by author, then by title. What kind of person does that? He let out a long sigh and headed down to the dayroom where Mrs. Bone would have her coffee service set out.



James Mugworthy was very unsettled by the time he completed his morning toilet. His initial impressions of the new boarder hadn't improved at all, in fact, they had declined precipitously. That negative feeling he'd first felt about the man had sharpened into sincere distaste. The man's attempts to establish a social relationship with him last night had felt like, well, a feeling not unlike one might experience with a used car salesman. Too warm, too friendly and too... insincere: a lie, a horrid deception with probable criminal intent. That man was in the very next room, but inches away from James' room was too close for comfort; it was almost an intolerable situation. And then there was the smoking. He would make it a priority to inform Mrs. Bone about Mr. Peerless' filthy behavior. That thought had, for a moment, brought a grim smile to his face. Indeed he would call that fact to Mrs. Bone's attention, immediately.

But that was but the start of Mr. Mugworthy growing discomfort. He was not a particularly hairy man, in fact, he had but a small rift of hair near the center of his chest. He was quite familiar with that small island of foliage. His ex-wife had frequently played with it just before they made love. It was not something to be ashamed of and yet

for some reason, today, at this very moment, it seemed wrong, out of place. More like a blemish than not. James was not one to be overly concerned about his body; that is to say, he had little concern about his appearance other than to be, well, presentable. He had no social ambitions regarding the fairer sex, not to say that he was utterly sexless. He did, after all, regularly visit Miss Jill Colbert's establishment at the other end of High Street. Female companionship was readily available there, especially this time of year when Miss Jill supplemented her 'staff' for the heavy summer tourist trade. Such 'social contacts' only required money to be completed and Jill ran a very respectable and clean whore house. The more he fingered his tuft of coarse hair, the more uncomfortable he became with it until, finally, he picked up his razor and put in a new blade. He knew what he was going to do next but not why. That hair had never bothered him before, so why today?

Twenty minutes later, he finally climbed out of the bathtub. Hair, lots of hair, floated on the surface and clung to the side of the tub. Far too much hair, to be entirely honest. Having shaved his chest, he'd found yet more unwanted, undesired coarse body hair. There had been something almost insane that had taken a hold of him, quite out of character. He ran his hands across his body and then, finally down his legs. He'd removed it all. Why?

A frightening, mindless compulsion, that's what it had been. He now felt, well, clean-er whereas before he had been dirty? This disturbed him greatly and why shouldn't it, he was a man of moderation, correct? A compulsive disorder was the very antithesis of his need for order and moderation, or perhaps not. He threw down that razor in self-disgust before turning back to clean up the mess he had made. He was very, very unsettled indeed by the

time he headed back to his room to dress. The day was not starting out very well at all and the lingering smell of Mr. Peerless' tobacco smoke didn't improve his attitude.

His stepmother had commented on more than one occasion that he should have been born a girl. What a waste for a man to have legs as pretty as his, she'd say. That long-forgotten adolescent memory came back to James as he pulled on his walking shorts. Perhaps it was the fact that his legs were freshly-shaved but he had to admit as he stood before the mirror on his bedroom door that they were quite attractive. Much prettier than his ex-wife's legs had been. Like so many women, Karen had had thick thighs and those thighs wobbled when she walked. He would never have such a problem. Nor were his legs corded with muscle as was so common in men. Smooth, rounded and now soft to the touch, utterly hairless. He bent over, slightly sliding his hands over and around his thighs. An uncharacteristic but yet pleasant tingle bloomed. He continued and the pleasure became more certain and that certainty began to evoke a very old and very familiar feeling. His penis began to engorge and was already demanding similar attention. Alarm followed and James jerked his hands away and stood up. What was happening to him, more weirdness? Touching his own legs, a turn-on? Or rather his freshly-shaved legs. There was no doubt that the very feminine aspect they had acquired had made a connection to his own erotic tendencies. He stood there debating whether or not to complete what he had started: to masturbate or not to masturbate? Ah, that was the question.

Minutes later, he climbed off his bed and remade it. He looked in the mirror, his face was flushed, needless to say. It had been a long time since he'd given in to that urge to 'spill his seed' as his step-mom would have said. Perhaps it had been too long since he had visited Miss

Jill's establishment, apparently much too long. But the manner by which he had inadvertently excited himself was too strange to think about. And therein lay a problem. It was going to be hot today and wearing shorts had made sense but that was before what he had just experienced. The feminine impression his shaved legs created in him was simply intolerable. James rolled his eyes. He removed the shorts and pulled on a pair of jeans, comfort wasn't everything after all.

More time passed as he stood there before the mirror. He'd left the short-sleeved heavily-starched white shirt hanging out over his pants and fiddled with the buttons. There was something terribly wrong happening inside him, starting with the compulsion to shave his entire body and going downhill from there. He leaned forward to more closely inspect his face. It wasn't a bad face, though not exactly handsome by male standards. He had rather small features to be sure. His dark eyes were certainly his best trait, so what was wrong? He half-expected a crazed mad man to be returning his gaze from the mirror, but it was his face and his eyes showed concern rather than madness. This morning had been a clusterfuck ever since he had awakened. His last thoughts as he finally left the room revolved back to the beginning of his morning. "Mr. Peerless," he growled softly. With any luck the man would have had his coffee and, perhaps, be gone? It was almost too much to hope for.

And it was too much to hope for. At the top of the stairs he stopped at the sound of that man's voice. It was obvious he was talking to Mrs. Bone. Worse, he was apologizing for smoking in the house. Damn, thought Mr. Mugworthy, that was one arrow he wouldn't be able to fire. He remained standing there until the conversation ended, then proceeded slowly down the stairs.

“Good morning, Mrs. Bone.” She said something in reply but James wasn’t listening, she seldom had anything worth hearing so he just nodded as if in agreement. He took a Styrofoam cup rather than the fine China mug he usually used, the better to make a hasty retreat if that man were to suddenly re-appear. As James filled the cup, a whiff of cigarette smoke leaked through the open window behind him. Well at least he knew where Mr. Peerless was, outside on the back porch. He moved in the opposite direction, toward the porch at the front of the house but he wasn’t quite quick enough.

“James?”

James’ stomach twisted into a knot but he didn’t look back, nor pause, as he headed toward the front door. He pretended to not have heard the man but that strategy apparently had failed. He heard quick but heavy footsteps on the hardwood floor just behind him. He stopped and let the other man catch up. As he turned and opened his mouth to say that he had things to do, his gaze found and met that of Mr. Peerless. The man had blue eyes, amazingly beautiful blue eyes. That he hadn’t noticed those eyes before seemed, well, to be utterly impossible. Such eyes. Mr. Peerless’ mouth was moving and he was surely speaking to James but the sounds weren’t registering within James’ brain. Indeed nothing in the world was registering except those marvelous, hypnotic orbs. Those eyes seemed to lance directly into James’ very soul, evoking a painful yet delicious sensation. Now James’ mouth was moving as if to reply to Simon’s words but only incoherent tiny sounds issued forth, babble, gibberish. It was a primitive reaction to say the least but if he continued to gaze into those eyes, his very essence would be consumed, or so it seemed.

But a moment before his eminent dissolution, Mrs. Bone intervened; that is to say she called out to Mr. Peer-

less and the blue-eyed man turned his amazing gaze away. James was abruptly free and yet not free. For seemingly an age, an endless moment, James stood still, helpless, immobilized and utterly vulnerable to Mr. Peerless' will if he would but return his gaze back from whence it had moved. Muscles re-connected to nerves and nerves to brain. James turned and ran, sloshing coffee every which way across Mrs. Bones clean hardwood floors but it didn't matter.

He had to run, to escape. And run he did: out the door, across the front porch, down the street until finally, he took a well-worn foot path, up onto the rugged trail that ran above the village. He would not have willingly stopped until he had no breath left nor energy to run for his terror knew no bounds but his whole physical and mental existence seemed to come unglued. He staggered and fell, a loose heap of human flesh alongside the rude trail, now whimpering like a lost child.

Chapter 2

At first they were small, surprisingly heavy and loosely attached to his body, specifically his chest. Initially the size of plums, they grew to the size of baseballs, then oranges, only to overflow his cupped hands, James was holding grapefruits now whose tenuous connection to his chest strengthened even as neural paths stabilized. His brain acknowledged, finally, their existence: breasts. *His* breasts to be exact. They represented a significant mass, especially relative to a much attenuated musculature, shoulders, mere frail blades, arms like matchsticks. Though they had never carried much muscle in Mr. Mugworthy's thirty-six years of life, they had never been quite so feeble. His short-sleeved white shirt had been freshly starched and it was that very stiff harshness that had first compelled him to rip it open some few minutes after the mass on his chest had grown to the size of base-

balls. Highly sensitive nipples screamed in response to the sandpaper-like surface they encountered. Buttons had flown into the brush when he reached down and finally freed those trapped glands. He still stared at the wide, still growing, base of those round but slightly conical breasts. The grossly enlarged nipples wrinkled in the high mountain air as if offering suck to some unseen or unknown infant or lover. Perhaps it was merely the initial tactile stimulation of the starched shirt that had brought them to their current rigid attention.

Had James been on his feet at the moment when the change reached his hips, surely he would have been thrown to the ground. The bones in his pelvis had abruptly opened up like a flower to the light with a sickening sound that was clearly audible. Thigh bones which had once commanded a nearly vertical alignment now dove inward. His knees were now naturally together though since he was already spayed out on the ground, no serious disturbance to his equilibrium had resulted. Except for the hips all this happened, not in an instant, but over many minutes, perhaps as much as a half-hour.

This was no magical transformation; long hair did not sprout from his skull nor did his fingernails lengthen and become painted. All the changes centered around soft tissue, fat and muscle, or the spatial configuration of existing bones. Faster than a adolescent female would experience such 'growth,' perhaps a thousand or even ten thousand times faster, yes, but not instantaneous, not magical. A substantial mass was consumed by the action; his blood pressure and heart rate reflected the tremendous demands upon his biological system. His body temperature had spiked momentarily at a hundred and eight degrees though James had no way of knowing that fact.

He sat on a more fully padded bottom clutching breasts that might weigh seven pounds each, they cer-

tainly felt that heavy. A heavy sheen of sweat covered his body as his heart, still racing, hammered in his ears and his rapid deep breaths attempted to catch up with his need for oxygen. Through all of this, he was barely conscious of the enormous physical changes he'd undergone. It was those eyes, those blue, hypnotic eyes, Mr. Peerless' eyes, that he still saw. Like an old 1950's movie in which the villainous hypnotist strikes out at his victim with electric bolts of energy from his eyes, the effect had been similar on poor James. Something soft, vulnerable and very deep inside him had been touched, changed, as if Mr. Peerless' gaze had stolen his manhood.

But nothing was that simple. That gaze that had ripped into him, destroying what had been was also sweetly exciting. It was similar to the stirring he had felt when he first met his future wife; love or maybe infatuation? But lust too and something else, something entirely new. It had made him feel vulnerable, yes, but pleasantly so as if vulnerability itself were something good? Strange, for the first time he finally understood what motivated those who actually sought to be dominated, to be taken over, overwhelmed and thus no longer responsible, freedom gladly traded for the uncertainty of being possessed by a faithless but ever too precious lover. The desire to willingly give up one's freedom was as alien as willingly accepting death and mutilation, or so it had seemed at the moment to James and thus he had initially fled.

Both James' physical and mental transformations had taken place roughly concurrently. Not surprisingly, it was the mental changes that had taken precedence. James licked fat swollen lips as he adjusted his position on the ground. He let go of the heavy breast he still held in his hand. It dropped and then bobbed in a series of after-shocks, not that he gave it much attention now. It seemed entirely odd to the point of strange, to be sure, but hardly

as strange as the emotions he felt, the fundamental shift in viewpoint.

He was certainly still 'he,' a male. His penis was rock hard and it throbbed insistently inside his pants. His nuts seemed to be tightly drawn up against his body but that was actually normal when he was sexually aroused. In spite of the fact that his mind had just gone over Niagara Falls in a barrel and something had played with his body like it had been made of soft wax, he was as horny as a sixteen-year-old or worse, if there was a worse.

For James it was a homosexual moment which on any other day would have been a momentous event paled beside what he'd just gone through. He was alone and his sexual need was most insistent. In a few moments he had extracted his rigid penis. With one hand, he began to stroke it and with the other he worried and manipulated first one breast, then the other. He pictured a man, not a specific man, just a man, a blurred powerful shape almost in silhouette. He was strong, far stronger than James and his touch was demanding, insistent and not to be refused.

In spite of his pressing need, sexual relief for James was not easily achieved. It was not something he could accomplish on his own, he slowly discovered. The imagined male's presence, his demanding attentions to James' new body was everything. Phantom hands that now violently attacked his fully compliant body succeeded in elevating James arousal *almost* to the point of ejaculation but mere imagination was not... quite... enough.

James would have screamed in frustration had it not been the incipient exhaustion. The massive physical re-adjustment of his body had been expensive indeed. He passed out.



Petra Ivonovich breathed his first sigh of relief as his old Toyota made the last hairpin turn on the long, long twisted drive down the mountainside. There was no police barricade stationed there as the narrow mountain road connected up to the highway that ran along the base of the mountain. His worst fear had not been realized. Mr. Mugworthy had not gone to the authorities or at least the authorities had yet to respond. He was still not entirely free of that iron grip of fear but that grip had loosened considerably.

Fifteen minutes later as his car moved onto the Interstate that would eventually take him back to Pasadena, his concern lessened still more. Enough so that he could finally focus on what had happened. Thank God he had used a false identity. Simon Peerless was safely dead since he had never existed. Petra was certain that he could never survive being incarcerated again. In spite of his displeasure regarding the path his professional life had taken, even Pasadena City College was a thousand times better than prison.

What had gone wrong? Everything, it seemed. Mr. Mugworthy's remarkable and totally unexpected flight out of the boarding house had put a nix to his experiment. His fear was very much in response to my presence, Petra concluded. How or even why had he made such a connection was beyond Petra's current understanding. Had perhaps the enzyme he'd been fed last night made him feel sick?

His ability to conduct his observations on Mr. Mugworthy's behavior had been, needlessly to say, utterly compromised even without the threat of interference from the local authorities. Observing a man who knew he

was being observed, studied, made any data obtained suspect at the very least. But the worst part was there was, as yet, no sign, not even a hint of an effect on that man's behavior other than that insane explosion of mindless terror Petra had witnessed. No outward display of feminine mannerisms which would have been the logical first indication of a reaction to the enzyme. There had been no aggressive inverted sexual posturing as observed in the altered mice toward the dominate males. No, he had simply runaway, screaming as if the very devil were after him. Petra had been Mr. Mugworthy's personal devil. How very odd and unsettling.

Petra flashed back to his initial observations, when the first of many altered males had been introduced into the main colony. The Alpha male had charged down off his mound and then had drawn up short, assuming the threat posture as one would have expected him to do having encountered a male intruder. But the test subject neither responded with a threat posture of his own nor had he run. Instead, he had assumed the receptive posture common to an adult female in esterase: the deeply bowed back, the hindquarters elevated and the tail switched to the side. That the Alpha male had accepted this presentation was most remarkable considering the general evidence that pheromones were the pre-eminent, necessary and sufficient trigger for what the Alpha male did next. He mounted the test subject and, eventually, ejaculated.

That the Alpha male accepted the test subject as a female, no, not just as a female but as an adult female in 'heat' and therefore desirable was the astounding aspect of that test. The hours and days that followed were even more enlightening. All the males treated this altered male not only as female but as if 'he' were in heat. Needless to say, a real female, would be in heat but for a few hours each reproductive cycle. The altered male was not so con-

strained. If there could be a 'queen' in a mouse colony, the enzyme-enhanced male would have qualified. These initial results were replicated many times and without a single failure.

Lacking a vagina, most, if not all the olfactory cues, would have been absent. Was it simply the behavior of the receptive male sufficient in and of itself? Unlikely, but that was what the initial data suggested. Petra assumed that even though humans were unable to see the 'hidden' secondary sexual characteristics, mice were not. One might have to be a mouse to perceive what was 'female' and desirable in another mouse. If only mice could talk.

The country scrolled by as Petra traveled West toward Pasadena. His mind was deeply engaged on the problem. The experiment had staggered and fallen apart before the hypothesis could be tested. Simon Peerless or some other figment of Petra's creation might yet be needed. Nothing had been resolved. Pine Creek had not proven to be an ideal laboratory after all. There would be a next time. Petra gripped the steering wheel more tightly as he stared into the future. He would be better prepared and less vulnerable next time.



Mr. Mugworthy didn't believe in magic; not even as a child had he bought into that concept and yet what had happened to him this morning was so... preposterous as to rule out any logical explanation. No drug, no chemical known to man, could have so radically altered his body. When he regained consciousness a few minutes earlier, it was only by great effort that he was able to remove his jeans. Full hips and an even fuller bottom covered, of course, by his pale white and now soft flesh, could only belong to a female. Even Miss Jill wasn't so amply en-

dowed and she was the most full-figured woman James had ever met. And then there was his penis, where it had always been, looking out of place like a misplaced artifact from another reality, like Dorothy in the Wizard of Oz



meeting Schwarzenegger's Terminator skipping down the yellow brick road.

The breasts that thrust out from his chest seemed entirely more in character with the rest of this altered body than did his own groin. It was as if some magical ray had turned him into a woman but had failed in the last instant, leaving behind probably the most significant aspects of his manhood. He reached down and cupped his balls in his hand to confirm for himself that they were still there. There was no doubt as to the presence of his penis; it was still inflamed, swollen and, well, unsatisfied. He forced it back inside his Jockey shorts where it continued to stand uncomfortably erect like a fleshy five-inch signpost pointing forward and slightly toward the right.

He tugged at his white shirt. It was long enough to cover his butt and hide his erection, but not long enough to do both at the same time. As far as covering those ridiculous breasts, there was ample material there now that his chest and shoulders had regressed back to his childhood to do the job. The missing buttons made a mockery of any attempt of modesty on his part, short of holding the shirt closed with his hand, which he did while using his other hand to brush away some of the dirt and dried grass his body had acquired. He looked down at those jeans. Putting them on again was simply not going to happen. White shirt and Jockey shorts were going to have to suffice once he had put his shoes back on. He checked his watch, eight-forty. Which meant he hadn't been unconscious for more than a few minutes.

Less than an hour since Mr. Peerless had stolen his manhood or at least pretty much fucked his manly figure over, that aroused prick argued effectively that there was indeed some male virility remaining. He dropped back behind the bushes, then peered down the trail first to the left from which he'd first come, then to the right. He'd all

but forgotten about Mr. Peerless. That thought instantly triggered the vivid memory of those *enchanted, hypnotic* blue eyes and that weird but exciting, almost girlish helplessness which had gripped him while caught by that astounding gaze. Mr. Peerless had been the rock star, the unattainable sex symbol-object and James, the wildly frenzied worshiper, the teenage girl that would have gladly thrown herself at his feet if only Simon had deemed her worthy of notice. That pretty much summed up the experience well.

He gulped. He'd forgotten about the worst aspect of the whole experience. Mr. Peerless eyes had really, really, really fucked with his brain. He peered back down the trail again. If Mr. Peerless were to suddenly come walking down that trail right now, he, James Mugworthy, heterosexual male and man of moderation, might very likely become one Jimmy-all-purpose-sex-toy, slavishly willing to accept whatever attention that man might deem to offer. Oh, the horror of that and yet... he felt the lingering yearning, the delicious but alien urge to be utterly swept into such a void. He shuddered in spite of the growing warmth of the hot summer sun that would soon burn him to a crisp if he didn't seek shelter soon.

Where would he go? Back to Mrs. Bone's house and Mr. Peerless? That wasn't an option but to be entirely honest, such a destructive act had far more appeal than it should. He was probably unrecognizable to anyone who knew him well enough to take him in and too strangely costumed to amble down Pine Creek Avenue without causing a major public reaction. Between the hot sun which would grow ever hotter as the morning progressed toward noon and his thirst, already palpable, remaining indefinitely on or near the trail above the village was also out.

There was one possible refuge, one person who might have the flexibility of mind and the means to give him shelter. She was a businesswoman, after all. Refuge for money, yes, it was doable. He pawed through his jeans and removed his wallet. There was only a modest supply of cash inside but the credit cards would surely prove more than adequate. It was time to make a move to get out of the sun and, more importantly, hide from that devil in a man's body, Mr. Peerless. And then what? The answer to that question was as yet well beyond James' reach.



Miss Jill Colbert had probably thought that she had seen it all, at least when it came to variations in human sexuality. At forty-four she'd put in almost thirty years serving customers as a sex worker. She had been smart enough in her youth to realize that beauty was a transient commodity and had moved into 'management' when the opportunity appeared. Hard work, some luck and a good business sense had, eventually, allowed her to buy out her 'investors'. It was her house now and profitable, especially during the summer when the tourists took over the village.

It was a little unusual to have a guest at this hour, but not terribly unusual, more like inconvenient. Most of the girls woke up some time in the afternoon and seldom before noon. Nine-something was decidedly too early to receive 'guests' but that's why she received the big bucks, she mused ironically. Mary was up already, so Jill wasn't entirely without a staff at this hour but if this early bird guest expected more, well it would cost him dearly. This wasn't a fast food restaurant, a Jill-In-The-Box. She stopped at the mirror to check her makeup and to make

whatever adjustments in her clothes that might be necessary. She had never been beautiful in the traditional sense of the term; her features were much too heavy, her jaw, in particular. But breast implants had made her already adequate breasts stupendous. As for the rest of her figure, well she'd never received any complaints from her clients about her top heavy, hourglass figure. She forced her smile into the widest, most customer friendly grimace she could manage, considering the early hour of the day and the lack of brandy in her system. Another day, another dollar, she mused as she pushed aside the curtain and entered the greeting area.

Her smile remained frozen and forgotten on her face. Standing there was either a man in Jockey shorts with a raging hard-on or a woman with something in those same shorts. Female customers were common enough, especially during the summer, and men who arrived in drag were not unknown but this particular combination... *Was it dangerous?* She started to back away when it spoke.

"It's me, Miss Colbert, Mr. Mugworthy?"

The name did not register on Jill's consciousness. That *it* claimed to be male resolved the issue of the penis stretching out the front of those shorts and helped explain the short, mannish hairstyle. "And I know you?" Even without makeup, it was a pretty face she saw staring back at her. Dark eyes that just begged to have mascara applied and full, youthful lips that Jill would have died for. Jill wasn't all that good at names, but faces, especially faces of customers, that was different. "I'm sure that we have never met, um, Mr. Mug... umm."

James was crestfallen and his face showed it. "We have met, um... several times..." He stammered to a halt. "Professionally, that is. You really don't recognize me?"

She nodded her head, then crossed her arms, leaned back on her heels and finally said, "I'm sure I would remember *you*, my dear, trust me on that." She frowned and then shrugged, "Now what can I do for you, ah- Mr. Muggly, was it?"

"Here," he said, thrusting a California driver's license into her hand, "that's what I looked like earlier this morning."

Her eyes narrowed critically. She looked up at the face before her, then back at the color photo ID and then back to his face again. There was a definite... resemblance to be sure. The lips had certainly been enhanced by a plastic surgeon; it was a common procedure, one she had considered at one time, back when she was still trying to hang on to her fleeting youth. She flicked her eyes back at the man standing there. Those breasts represented multiple implant surgeries to achieve that size, another fact that she was all too aware of. As to him having all that work completed today? Utterly impossible of course. So what was he really here for? He? This was clearly a trans-woman or an over-the-top transvestite. She decided to play along and discover why he/she was *really* here.

"Umm, yes, now that you mention it, that face on the driver's license is, um... familiar." She turned to Mary who had come over from the kitchen and was now standing behind her in a protective position. "Mary," she said handing the license to the young girl, "you recognize our guest, don't you?"

The girl's face remained blank but at the last instant she caught on to what Miss Colbert wanted her to say. "Oh my yes, Mr. Mugworthy," she said, having read the name from the license. She smiled brightly before handing the license back to the very strange man. She had to wonder what Miss Colbert was up to and why this farce was necessary. As a general rule, Mary made a point of

not remembering her customers except for the occasional man to whom she actually took a fancy and that was rare.

The man didn't respond so Jill ventured another question, "And this transformation happened this morning?" The man nodded. That brought a smile to Jill's lips which she quickly suppressed. At least she was getting somewhere and she had a good notion where that somewhere would be. Concern filled her face, "Oh my, this must be quite the shock to you, Mr. Mugworthy."

That very feminine face bloomed into naked relief, "Oh, you can't imagine just how disturbing this is, Miss Colbert." He roughly touched a breast that had worked itself free and returned it back inside the shirt.

The nipple that had been briefly exposed made a total lie of what the man had said, not that another lie was necessary. Even implants don't turn male nipples into fully mature female organs. It took months and months of hormone treatment to generate an effect like that, if then, but then truth was not the issue here. She decided to explore her hypothesis that had been forming, "So this, umm... transformation was against your will, is that correct?"

The man leaked relief at that statement. "Oh heavens, yes! He just looked at me and zap."

"He just looked at you and..?"

"That's why I'm here. Mr. Simon Peerless did this to me. I'm sure you never met the man, he's new in town..." He didn't bother to finish his thought, it sounded so foolish that the word 'crazy' might better apply.

"A man did this to you, this morning, by just *looking* at you? I find that rather hard to believe, Mr. Mugworthy."

"Indeed Madam, impossible to believe, I should think, but it happened nonetheless and I need your protection. I think, no, I'm sure, he's an alien. He would have to be

from another world. Or a wizard or... something equally improbable to do this to me."

"Oh my," gasped Mary.

Jill gave her employee a quick look and found, to her surprise that the girl seemed to actually believe this impossible story. Either it was a good acting job or the child was even more naive than she seemed, Jill concluded. "Have you contacted the Sheriff yet, filed a complaint?"

The man blanched, "I...I haven't had time and frankly..."

"You don't think he would believe you." He nodded somberly. "This is no hotel, Mr. Mugworthy, I can't very well rent you a room. But yes, I think we can hide you from this... alien, but only for a while." The man nodded enthusiastically. "You understand, Mr. Mugworthy, this is a business proposition and not a charity? My time and that of my employees will be charged at the usual rate. Cash or credit?"

He handed her a credit card. She looked at her startled employee and winked. "Run Mr. Mugworthy's card and start a tab. And Mr. Mugworthy, would you like refreshments?"

"Please," he responded. And something to wear," he said tugging at his shirt to both hold it closed and to cover his erection.

She forced herself to look very concerned, "And please stay away from the window, Mr. Mugworthy." He nodded. "We don't want to attract this space monster here, hmm? I really must think about the safety of my employees don't you agree, sir?" He nodded yet again and she turned to Mary, "Well, now that that is all settled, Mary, see if Suzy is up yet. I think she could be quite useful, hmm? And one more thing?" She looked back at the man

again, "What exactly does this alien look like, just so my girls can keep a look out for him, you understand?"

"Umm, mid-fifties, pretty ordinary but solidly built, um, five-ten, maybe six feet. But it was his eyes that made him unique. Most remarkable blue eyes, Miss Colbert. Hypnotic. Unearthly. One couldn't miss noticing them."

"Ah, I think that is enough. Mary, warn the other girls to be weary of guests with hypnotic blue eyes." She made a shooing motion with her hand before turning back to the guest. "I'll take you upstairs to one of the rooms now. You'll be safe there until we find a way to hide you, yes?" He nodded. "And let's start with a new name, shall we?"

"A new name?"

"I don't think James will work once we get you into an appropriate disguise?"

"You mean..."

"Exactly. I think a wig and the right clothing and even your mother will not recognize you."

"But..."

"As I said, Mr. Mugworthy, this isn't a hotel. Where you eventually spend the night is up to you but when you leave, well, like I said, even your mother will not recognize you."

"Leave?" And then he added, "How much?"

She shrugged ignoring the first question since the second issue was far more important. "Let's put a bottom on this sir, three thousand dollars." He gulped. "Five tops." He was obviously disturbed by the amount. She shrugged again. "My way or the highway, Mr. Mugworthy, I run a business, not a charity."

His eyes grew big, "You don't really believe me do you." It was a simple statement, a fact.

She frowned and wavered for a second as if in conflict with an inner voice before answering, "Seriously, Mr. Mugworthy? Aliens with sex-change rays for eyeballs? Sheriff Black would laugh his head off." She spayed out her hands, "It's your fantasy and we can make it *almost* real. Trust me, James, my people are very good, but," she rolled her eyes and looked at the ceiling, "it is just make believe after all." Her face showed a patient concern when she returned her gaze back to the man.

He shuffled his feet, tugged at that white shirt and stuck out his chin, "It really happened." Then the air seemed to go out of him, "This will never do, I'm sorry Miss Colbert. I need a place to hide indefinitely, not play dress-up." He looked around. "I'll see myself out."

Jill looked aghast. The poor man, she thought, actually believes his own story. Like most people in her line of work, living well outside the fringe of normal society, one learns to endure the naked hostility projected by the 'better' elements of the community. One quickly becomes hardened to social rejection that borders on hate or one finds another lifestyle. That required a hard heartlessness that could, and usually did, extend to others also out of the mainstream. Jill was not one of those. Had she not taken in Annie? The older woman who did laundry for Jill's establishment for the past five years would have been but one more homeless bag lady who talked to beings unseen sometimes.

Probably the deciding fact was that the poor creature looked so pathetic in that shirt and Jockey shorts, neither man nor woman, running from an alien that resided only in his mind. At best he would be picked up for indecent exposure and spend two days in a mental facility in San Bernardino before being thrown back on to the streets.

That image tugged at her heart strings. Damn it, she thought, he-she-it was just another stray alley cat. "Fuck! Mugs? You win."

The pathetic man jerked to a stop; his hand was already reaching for the door knob. He turned. His eyes were wide and utterly pathetic, or so they seemed to Jill. Where would she put him, a cot near the furnace? Doing what? Oh, whatever, she mused. "Let's find something for you to wear, OK, honey?"



Petra had to assume the worst, that Mugworthy had gone to the police. It would be stupid to do otherwise. That blood tests had been run and evidence of the enzyme had been collected. A description of him and his car could already be circulating, possibly even an artist's sketch as part of an all-points bulletin. He had gone into this knowing full well the risks that he might run, risks he was ready to take in order to evaluate his research, but for what? Nothing.

As he stood there in his laboratory, he realized that it was now a mill stone around his neck. Even if he moved or destroyed the equipment, there was an extensive electronic paper trail that would lead a good investigator back to this apartment and to him. What had he been thinking? It was a little late to wish that he hadn't gone to Pine Creek, a little late to regret feeding Mugworthy the enzyme. All Petra could do now was pull into his shell like a turtle, cross his fingers, and hope for the best. Flight was no option, he lacked the resources to just disappear.

Ironically his best hope was that the enzyme had done nothing or that the changes in Mugworthy's behavior were not connected to any biological manipulation. What

was clear was the fact that the more he considered the situation he now found himself in, the worse he felt. By his own actions he had lost a career and ended up in Siberia. Had he just repeated the same mistake? Whatever optimism he'd recaptured on the drive back had evaporated. He should have left his past in the past.

He began the long laborious process of dismantling his precious lab. The activity would keep his mind off the things he could no longer control. Part-way through the process, he stopped. It just didn't matter. It wasn't like he could just dump all this equipment alongside the road, that alone could generate the official interest that he wanted to avoid at all cost.

If he was a drinking man, Petra would have gone out and gotten drunk. He was and he did.

Chapter 3

James had never worn a bra before; he'd never had a reason to do so. It was one of Miss Jill's, she was the only one at the whorehouse whose breasts were big enough to require such a device. Heavily reinforced underneath to hold the weight and to lift and push together Miss Jill's substantial bosom, James' fuller breasts threatened to spill out at any moment which said a lot regarding his new bosom. Even Miss Jill had been impressed. "You need at least a size larger," she said and shrugged. But it would have to do, she seemed to communicate.

"It's not... comfortable," he murmured almost as if talking to himself.

"They seldom are," Jill replied as she left the room leaving him to the tender mercies of Suzy, an older woman.

Suzy wasn't a working girl, or at least she wasn't any longer. She was Jill's gofer and all-around handywoman.

There were almost as many girls doing domestic work around the house as there were working girls. There were bedclothes to change and, sometimes on a Summer weekend, that occurred more than twenty times a night and there were five 'bedrooms' upstairs that required such attention. Add to that a kitchen and a fully-equipped bar and there was a lot of lifting and carrying to be performed, so an additional worker wasn't a hardship considering that 'she' was working for room and board and nothing more. Tonight was Thursday which meant the work load would not be too bad; a good time to break in a new girl.

Suzy was still muttering under her breath; Jill's latest stray, this 'creature' was something entirely abnormal, like that rigid dick. "Is it always like that?" she said with a trace of disgust in her voice. The panty he had pulled on looked like a red nylon circus tent. And the point of that particular spear would be entirely evident in the plain gray utility dress she assumed her latest charge would wear. The domestic help was supposed to blend in, to be all but invisible, as they went about their many duties.

"It's been that way all morning, Suzy. Nothing I do seems to help."

"Seriously?" She laughed. "There are some gals that would find your 'problem' not a problem, if you get my drift. You tried everything?"

He blushed, "If by everything..." His voice trailed off. She made an obscene mime as if jerking off and he nodded 'yes'.

She dug through her carryall and finally removed what looked like a slingshot without the handle part. She waved it in front of him, "This will make that bra seem like heaven, Mugs." His eyes went wide. "Hold still," she said, "I need to strap it on." With that, she pulled down

his panties then roughly grabbed his rigid penis and forced it back between his legs. When she was finally done and had the device strapped in place, there were tears in his eyes.

“Sorry, Mugs. You’ll either get used to it or the damn thing will wilt. Anyhow,” she held up the plain grey dress, “this should work now. Give me a yelp if you need help with the makeup.” She turned to leave, then looked back, “You do know how to put on your face, don’t you?” He shook his head no and she rolled her eyes. “Ok, let’s get this over with. It’s almost two and I don’t plan to miss chow. Trust me, by midnight tonight, dinner will seem like a distant wonderful memory.” She looked at him more closely, especially those mournful eyes, “Buck up, Mugs, things will work out, OK? The sky is always darkest before the dawn.”

“It... hurts.”

She shrugged, “Life has thorns as well as roses, sweetie. Hey, I got a blond wig that I think you will love.”



James Mugworthy sat before the mirror in the makeup alcove just after Suzy finished with him. The older woman had already hurried off for the two o’clock main meal and had warned him not to be slow or it could be a long, hungry, night ahead. Hunger was so far down the list of James’ concerns at the moment as to be merely a vague theoretical concept. He was alone with a complete stranger that superficially was of the opposite sex; evidence to the contrary existed in an angry penis trapped between his legs.

Only seven hours, give or take some odd minutes, had elapsed since that monster had done this to him and yet it

felt like a lifetime ago. Oddly, this was a female version of himself, at least visually. The features and especially those eyes he'd met every morning of his adult existence; only those full lips were alien. Even before Suzy had put on that wig, James realized for the first time in his life that he actually made a passable woman. *Made?* That was the wrong concept. That woman had always been there or at least she had been lurking there. Perhaps James' step-mother had seen her, unconsciously. Mascara and face powder, lipstick and, of course, the wig, had simply unmasked her presence. Or was that merely his altered brain speaking?

The latter notion sent a walking chill slowly down his spine. One was one's brain, was that not true? That is, the very essence of a person resided inside that bony container. Put on face paint, change the clothes and appearances were modified but not the real person, correct? But he was no longer as he had been, mentally that is. His crazy, swollen dick was a profound lie. He was horny, yes, to the point of chewing nails but Miss Jill, a woman of extreme womanly proportions, had stirred no appropriate lust to match his physical state. It was a foreign hunger that did not involve himself as the penetrator but as the penetrated. That was the essence of that wildly erotic desire to be possessed or at least that was James' considered opinion. Thank God Jill's establishment was exclusively female. And then it struck him, *for now!*

James jerked up from that chair and hurried toward the kitchen. In spite of his heavily wired bra, his breasts still managed to bounce and wobble under that plain gray utility dress. He simply had to warn Suzy. There was no way he could know, in advance, how he would react to the presence of a male, any male. He stopped in his hurried flight and caught his breath. It didn't have to be that way. He was, after all, a man of moderation, a heterosex-

ual male, right? Willpower trumps emotions, right? But if he was wrong? Nelly bolt the door.

The image of Mr. Peerless loomed unbidden before James, merely an image, but it was enough to shatter James' certainty about the superiority of willpower over other forces. Why had he done this to James? now had risen above the question of how. Those awkward efforts to form a social relationship, had that been seduction instead? An advanced race of homosexual beings... oh, that was just too weird.

He giggled and swayed provocatively down the hall toward the sound of feminine voices and the clatter of silverware upon fired clay. Elbows carefully tucked in, knees together, his mannerisms had, since that first contact with Mr. Peerless' eyes, become fully feminine. That he was completely unaware of that aspect of his existence was hardly noteworthy considering everything else that had been modified. Like Dr. Ivonovich's experimental mice, he was the very archetype of a female in esterase and like the altered mice, the secondary sexual characteristics he possessed exactly replicated those of a female in 'heat', down to and including glands now near the base of his spine. Those glands were secreting a very potent sex pheromone, copulin. It was copulin that had, for the experimental mice, been the primary key to 'passing' as a female in heat. But then, olfaction is far more significant to a rodent's sex life than humans, isn't it?



Jill's house had two sets of stairs leading up to the 'rooms' on the second floor. The front stairs were wide, heavily carpeted, and well-lit, leading from the greeting area to the bedrooms. These were used by the guests and the working girls. The second set of stairs led from the

back of the kitchen, adjacent to the linen closet, to the upper floor as well but to a narrow hallway behind the bedrooms. This arrangement allowed the domestic help access to the rooms through a second door in the rear of each bedroom without intruding upon the guests or the girls any more than was absolutely necessary. The latter hallway and stairs were dimly lit with a low wattage red bulb that gave sufficient light for safe progress but little else. Nor was it wide or carpeted or even particularly clean, merely functional.

It was on those narrow, dimly lit stairs that James, with his arms full of fresh sheets, encountered what had to be a guest who had taken the wrong door from one of the bedrooms. There simply wasn't enough room for both of them to pass without physical contact. That James had flattened his back against the wall, sheets clutched against his bosom, was a natural enough response. That the man also turned sideways so as to slip by was also a natural and reasonable response or it should have been.

James had been dreading what might happen were he to encounter a male, any male. Thus far that hadn't happened nor, according to Suzy, should it. The guests didn't use the back stairway nor were they allowed into the kitchen or the girls' living quarters that was just beyond the kitchen. Well, it had happened.

James first became aware of the man's presence when he appeared, in silhouette, at the top of the stairs. At that moment, James could have retreated back down the stairs and into the kitchen until the guest passed or he could have simply given him directions on the right way out. But James was incapable of either action when it might have been relevant. It was exactly identical to the moment when Mr. Peerless had fixed him with his gaze except James couldn't actually see the guest's eyes. The man was but a dark shape backlit by a dim red bulb attached

to the ceiling in that narrow hallway. He was only a form, a male form to be sure, broad of shoulder and looming like a giant, his height exaggerated by the fact that he stood looking down at James who was midway up the stairs.

It would be correct to say that James felt a flood of what had to be raw lust, desire that was every bit as intense as he'd ever felt in his life, no, stronger than he had ever felt before this morning. The trigger of that surging need was a man, a stranger, a dark form in silhouette and nothing more. James couldn't say whether the man was handsome or ugly, young or old, nor did it matter. James was very much like the alley cat in heat; she might choose one tom over another but given opportunity she would eventually take on any and all males available. The very antithesis of a normal human female, or so it would seem, but then ordinary human females do not behave as most mammals, usually.

States of sexual heat, if they existed in human females, seem attenuated or perhaps 'hidden', not that any of this applied to poor James. The man stopped, still at the top of the stairs, and asked for directions. James didn't respond, couldn't respond as his back flexed, thrusting his pelvis forward which was the human equivalent of the elevated hips and swayed back of a female mouse in heat.

She mewed, in response. *She!* Whatever traces of James' male identity, already shredded, came apart like wet tissue. James Mugworthy, a male, was a distinct, vivid memory, an abstraction. At the moment, the male James was as irrelevant as a second shoe to a one-legged man, a gender remembered but non-functional. That still tumescent penis, merely a useless symptom of *her* need. Where she a man, she would have physically attacked, sexually assaulted the object of her utterly focused attentions, but she was not a man. That overwhelming desire

to be had, to be taken, to be dominated was fundamentally passive: head back with her white throat exposed, pupils wide and her full lips parted as small animal sounds issued from deep down in her throat. Still at the top of the stairs he called out, "Are you all right?"

She wanted to scream, "Do I look all right? Asshole! What part of this don't you understand?" She was answering as loudly as she could, but in behavior, not words. It was so freaking crazy. Finally, words snapped out, the only words that needed to be spoken as he came down the stairs in a hurry: "Fuck me."

For an instant, that face became a real face as he turned toward her, his back to the other wall. He was Mr. Sherman who owned the hardware store; that fact registered dully in the back of James' mind. James let go of the sheets she had been carrying and would have opened her arms wide and embraced him but Mr. Sherman had already slipped past her. She watched his back as he hurried the last few feet down the stairs and disappeared into the kitchen.

James' legs, grown all wobbly, forced her to sit down on the step. In the next instant, she began to sob. Partly out of anxiety but mostly out of frustration. That alien prick between her legs, continued to throb and it was only a few minutes after seven in the P.M. the night was young.

~oOo~

"You want to *what?*" asked Suzy. She had stopped Mugs after he had returned from upstairs, his mascara a wreck, and inquired as to what was wrong.

"Honest Suzy, I feel absolutely sluttish, OK? I want to try it."

Suzy stared back in confusion, was this the same man? “You want to take care of customers, Mugs? Be a working girl?” She shook her head.

“No? It’s ‘cause I have a penis, right? Jesus, Suzy...”

“No, it’s not that. Fact is, Jill might go for it, but that is her call. Trust me, we have clients that might really go for a girly-boy. Mined you, assuming that Jill gives the OK, the guests have to know exactly what they are getting, understand.”

“Does that mean I get this damn strap off?”

“Is it still hard?”

“Yeah.”

“Yes, if Jill approves.” She looked James all over. “So what really happened on the back stairs, honey.”

“Nothing Suzy, nothing at all but I really wanted something to happen.”

“OK. I have some ideas for an outfit. I think we’ll stay with the blond hair but something a lot longer, a regular Godiva look. Come on, let’s first find the boss lady, it’s her call.”



Sissy had never had a man suck on her breast before. Of course Sissy hadn’t existed before nine-twenty-five tonight, nor had even *known* that she existed until a little after seven this same night. And her breasts, as they were now, hadn’t arrived until this morning at about eight-something in the A.M. As Miss Jill had warned her, she was pretty much neglected by the guests at first. The sight of a rigid cock jutting out from under her baby doll see-through was, to many of the guests, like a fly floating on the surface of their bowl of soup. Certainly none of the

locals who were the primary customers that evening, even threatened to give her a tumble. Nor were the other whores friendly, at least not at first. Indeed they were, at best, dismissive of her. She had the wrong working parts after all.

She had the moves though, that fact was readily apparent if there was a man present in the greeting area. Unlike the other girls, Sissy's randy manner was no put-on. She was as hot to trot as she acted which means she wasn't acting at all. That too was a no-no, at least to true professional working girls, as most of these were, Mary being the exception. Fucking was motive enough for Mary and if she got paid, well, that was icing on the cake. Sissy could only imagine what that would be like, the fucking that is. Sissy was a bitch in heat but without claws.

The other girls took advantage of her relative passivity and soon she was running drinks and providing favors, but all the while she kept thinking there had to be a pay off. If she couldn't get laid in a whorehouse, would she ever get laid? And then, shortly after the bars closed and the drunks arrived, a young man, not a local, arrived. His interest in the lady-boy was apparent from the very moment he entered, though, unfortunately for Sissy, he was also shy or too embarrassed to admit that he found a girly-boy hot. Mary whispered in her ear, "He's yours for the taking." Then she gave Sissy a nudge with her elbow just to get her moving.

This was the part of Sissy's game that needed serious attention. The pros would just lay it on and could be as aggressive as any male but that was the very opposite of Sissy's essential nature. If that man had grabbed her by her ass and dragged her up the stairs or, better yet, flung her over his shoulder, well, that would have worked in spades. But no, he talked to her, perhaps to gather courage. Questions were asked as if on a first date and Sissy

found that totally weird. It looked as if she would finish the night without once going upstairs. That would have made the other girls delighted, for sure. The young man eventually went upstairs with a skinny blond after Sissy had invested an additional twenty minutes. Jill had warned her it might be like this.

And then it happened. The male in question came in at about two in the A.M. like thunder, his eyes bloodshot, his face flushed. It didn't look promising at all. He had all the makings of a mean drunk. The two girls that were still downstairs took one look at him and headed for the kitchen. Of course he flew into a rage, which only sent them moving faster. His impact on Sissy couldn't have been more different. This was one scary dude to be sure but for Sissy, that terror fed rather directly her personal sexual engine, which is to say, *wow!*

"Fuck me, a queer," he spat when he saw Sissy swaying toward him: her hips rolling, naked breasts under the see-through teddy wobbling in circular orbits around their central mass and her dark eyes, vapid pools of willing self-destruction. Her pupils were so wide that she had no discernible iris and her lush lower lip trembled under a glossy blood red coat of lip gloss.

"Yes," she said. Her hands were still at her side but her back was arched and her penis thrust forward and up.

"Yes, what?" He growled and looked around in some confusion now that the other girls had fled.

"Fuck me?"

"What?"

"You said fuck me, honey and..."

"Fuck me is just an expression, cocksucker." He stepped back but she continued to advance.

"So what are you waiting for, handsome?"

His hand came up as if to hit her, not an open hand either, a hard, knotted fist. She didn't flinch and that stopped him. "Bitch!"

"Thank you," she simpered in a breathy voice laced with erotic undertones, "I'll take that as a compliment."

He laughed but didn't back away any further, "You're nuts."

"Nuts about you... honey." She lowered her eyes, lashes fluttering and her slender shoulders were drawn in submissively.

"Shit." He said softly. Confusion and now a little alarm were evident in his eyes. He didn't do boys, even ones that looked so... hot. Not now, not ever he thought but his cock threatened to rip through his pants and something inside him whispered, "Who are you kidding, you want to do her." Her? It was kind of hard not to notice that prick pointing at him. He settled on the more neutral pronoun, 'it'. Nobody would know or care, this was a fucking whorehouse after all. *It* stood there vulnerable, receptive and *compliant*. He could break *it* in two and *it* knew he could. She knew it! There it was again, that *female* pronoun. His eyes told him *he* but his loins said *she*. He had never felt so masculine, so empowered, so... commanding. There was a sexual magic about her that was drawing him into doing what he couldn't imagine he could do. That was as good a cop-out as he could find; she had cast a spell upon him and that removed his responsibility, right? "Those tits for real?"

She squealed and pressed her body ever so tightly against his chest until he pulled at her teddy. She leaned back and allowed him to lift it up and offered herself, there, in the greeting area if he so chose. So Sissy's full, sexy breast was first sucked by a man and that was only the beginning. She was as much woman as he could han-

dle and later, a lot later, he admitted that fact, though indirectly. He promised to see her again, no, he *wanted* to see her again. She had tamed the beast and, in her own way, become her own master as well.



His landlady was clearing away the coffee service when James entered the house; it was already mid-morning. "Good morning, Mr. Mugworthy," she said before looking up. But when she finally did look up, her eyebrows attempted to elevate all the way to her hair line. "You're wearing a woman's dressing gown?"

"So it would seem Mrs. Bone." He looked around, then back at his landlady, "I didn't see Mr. Peerless' car outside." She didn't respond, her mouth was hanging open and her eyes zeroed in on her boarder's chest. What else could she have done? "Mrs. Bone?"

"Um, umm. I shouldn't think you would, see his car that is," she finally replied, looking like she had been hit on the head. She removed her glasses and began to polish them on her apron and added, "He left early yesterday morning, Mr. Mugworthy."

"Left? Yesterday?"

"Indeed. Moved on, departed, whatever..." She put on her glasses once more but the cleaning had obviously failed to correct the problem. Her mouth formed unspoken questions now, too many to be asked but all demanding to be said.

Both relief and despair was evident in James' voice, "Gone." And without another word, he turned to go upstairs to his room.

“Mr. Mugworthy?” Her voice was now stretched tight and obviously filled with tension.

“Yes, Mrs. Bone?” He didn’t stop or turn back to face her. His hips smoothly rolled with each stride but his hands, dangling from his wrists, fluttered like wounded birds.

“Oh my! It is none of my business, Mr. Mugworthy, but something is terribly wrong.”

“Yes, Mrs. Bone, I think we can agree on that.” He hurried up the stairs with something like relief. He did not reply when she called out to him with what would be but the first of many questions. Thank God his landlady hadn’t become hysterical though she was surely unsettled to say the least. He had enough on his hands already and desperately needed time to try to come to grips with... *everything*. He finally called back to Mrs. Bone, “Later Mrs. Bone, later.”

He had awakened in Miss Jill’s basement on a cot, still wearing the see-through nylon teddy he had worn last night. Of his clothes that he had on yesterday morning, he could find only his shoes. Mary had offered him her house coat, sweet child. Actually, she had offered him more, much more but after the strangeness of last night, James was only too eager to go home. He’d taken the foot trail above the town as he had yesterday morning, so only Mrs. Bone had seen him in his altered condition. He must find and confront Mr. Peerless. Hiding had proven to be no solution and his condition was so horrid that Mr. Peerless was... Well, James wasn’t sure what would happen when he confronted that man but how could things be made any worse?

When he closed his bedroom door and faced the mirror mounted on that door, he was greeted by what would have been a shocking image only yesterday. The yellow

housecoat must surely been the least of Mrs. Bone's concerns. While most of 'Sissy's' makeup was gone, that applied around her eyes by Suzy remained largely intact, giving him a very feminine appearance, to say the least. Lashes artificially highlighted appeared unnaturally thick and long and the eyeshadow... One need not considered the more obvious facts, those fat, pouting lips with traces of red lip gloss and all the rest that was still more or less hidden by the housecoat. Oh Lord, it felt like the world was all closing in on him. He collapsed on the bed and drew that yellow housecoat tightly about his all too lush, all too feminine figure.

He had been destroyed as effectively as if a bullet had been fired into his brain. Mrs. Bone would talk, that was as certain as the sun rising in the East. From lip to ear to lip until everyone in the village who cared to know, would know. The local school board, Mr. Horner, the principal, oh, everyone to be sure but Mr. Horner mattered most. Could he simply fire James? Perhaps not. He laughed, it came out as a nervous girlish giggle instead.

Did that matter, losing his job, in the bigger picture? His social position within the community mattered but his teaching career mattered more. Before yesterday, he could not have imagined anything worse than to lose either. He ran his hands over the breasts under that yellow satin material, Mrs. Bone had noticed them but how could she not? He would leave Pine Creek, that seemed like the only logical option. A new teaching position might be hard to come by. Hard? What part of his effeminate condition would be acceptable to a potential academic employer? He could start over even if he ended up selling used cars or... or what? Somehow even a career in retail seemed unlikely. Thank God *Sissy was gone*.

He wouldn't be here in his room this morning had that creature continued to control his mind. She surely would

have become a permanent addition to Miss Jill's stable of working girls. But she was gone, leaving behind his altered body for sure, but he was no longer a half-crazed bitch in heat.



Sissy was everything he wasn't, everything that made James uncomfortable. Aside from her femininity, which wasn't a minor issue to be sure, she was nearly his complete opposite in every other aspect. Moderation was replaced by excessive sensuality, intellect corrupted by emotion, common sense by a wild dizzy hopefulness. Walking around, half-naked, with an erect penis on display. What part of that resonated with James? None of it to be sure, yet she had done so last night without a trace of modesty. She was weak where he was strong and strong where he was weak, like a negative photographic plate. She was a queer, a gay male and yet, deep inside, James knew that was an illusion as well. She was female with an anomalous tumor, disfigured, left incomplete. Last night, it had served no sexual purpose...

Last night. James felt his breath leave his body in an involuntary rush. Last night, she-he had finally climaxed and that penis had, for an instant, not been a penis at all. Certainly it was entirely in his-her head but a womb had contracted, spasmed. There was no other explanation. She had literally hung at the very lip of completing her final transformation; she knew it then and James remembered it perfectly at this moment. Had that happened, she and not he would be here, now and forever. James was certain as to how he felt about that 'failure'. Horrified at losing his own existence, he was truly disgusted by every aspect of being 'Sissy'. It wasn't just her gender, female, nor her choice of sexual objects, though both aspects flavored his memory of last night. No, it was that need to be dominated, that willingness to expose herself to needless danger. Freud would have called it a 'death wish' but James saw her more as an adrenalin junky. Fear spiked her sexuality.

Which brought James back to who, how and why. Who or what was Mr. Peerless? Unknown. 'Peerless', was

that some hint of his purpose or character? Having no peer, incomparable, un-measureable or without measure. Unique. Well the experience had been... unique. And now it was done. A chill ran up his spine. It was done, right? This morning he had awakened from that nightmare, again heterosexual, again a man of moderation. The physical changes could be corrected via surgery. He was still intact as a male and that mattered. A lot.

James got off the bed and stood up, deep in thought. No man could have caused this, that went without saying. If there was purpose, either for good or evil, James would have to find his way on his own it would appear. He headed for the bathroom to clean up, to remove the last traces of that man with whom he had had sex with last night. Now he really wished that Mr. Peerless had not left. He had so many questions that needed asking starting with: can you fix this, make me the way I was? And 'why'? The 'how' might be impossible for a mere mortal to comprehend. A cosmic lesson? Punishment? Perhaps Mr. Peerless was merely a god come down to earth who had jerked James' chain on a whim. If the latter was true, he or it had certainly gotten James' attention and then some.

James stripped and stood in front of the bathroom mirror as the hot water flowed, noisily, into the tub. He twisted and turned to examine his naked body. Considering the massive changes that had happened to his body, breasts and a decidedly heavier bottom for starters, it was reasonable that he failed to note a pair of small additions to his figure. They were located, near the base of his spine. A pair of bumps, each the size of his thumb, rode just above the half moons created by his swollen butt cheeks. They were glands and they were obviously functional since his initial transformation. It was these glands that

had, most likely, been responsible for Sissy's one and only conquest the evening before.

Copulin, a powerful sex pheromone, had first been isolated in the rhesus monkey almost twenty years earlier. As the term suggests, it was sufficient, if not a necessary trigger, for copulatory activity in the male monkey even if the female was not receptive. Numerous species including chimps also had glands that produced a weaker form of the same agent found in the rhesus. None were found in humans though a weak synthetic 'copulin' has been employed in some more expensive perfumes.

Copulin-like pheromones probably were the basic component that had allowed Dr. Ivonovich's alter mice to 'pass' as females in heat. Dr. Ivonovich would have been pleased at this development. Unfortunately for Mr. Mugworthy, his new glands produced a thick oily substance that was every bit as powerful as the original Copulin found in rhesus monkeys. It could be worth a lot of money or it could be a real pain in the ass. Literally. As to the latter, James' anus could attest to the potential of copulin.



Dr. Ivonovich was very much the mortal being as he awoke, at about noon, with a hangover that threatened to split his skull until the aspirin finally took effect. He carried his morning coffee out onto the tiny patio on the back of his apartment and took a chair shaded by the hanging deck on the apartment above. He looked out, not at the campus just across the street, but to the new brick and glass building that now sat there, blocking his view. The sight of it didn't improve his disposition one whit. It was the new Latter Day Saints building that had just been completed a few months earlier.

Mormons, he thought, his irritation almost palpable. Other religious groups sent out missions to reasonable places like Africa. Mormons, on the other hand, sent them everywhere, which included Pasadena, California. The sight of young men in black pants and shoes, white shirts and 1950's haircuts had exploded since that facility had been completed. They were relentless in their missions. Hardly a week passed without a pair of pink-cheeked, freshly-bathed youths appearing at his door to bring their vision of Holy Scripture, truth with a capital 'T'.

Dr. Ivonovich had actually read the Book of Mormon a few years back so he was more than a little prepared to do intellectual battle with these children. For the life of him, he couldn't understand why women would chose that faith, though there was no shortage of female Mormons, to be sure. It was an issue he'd raised many times. Females were clearly second-class members of that religion, possibly the most second-class members of any religion. If a female was sufficiently good in this life, she *might* come back as a male in the next life. They were big on reincarnation. Mormons had heaven or, to be more accurate, they had a whole host of heavens, plural, like layers on a wedding cake. Males went to the first heaven and females waited for a chance to get there. One had to be a 'saint' to go to heaven, you see, and each and every male was a 'saint', deemed so in their callow youth. Young girls were just young girls, not saints.

Even 'good works' didn't solve the problem for the female since their deeds were credited to their mate or closest male relative, talk about a bent-to-hell system. Petra's eyes opened wide and then wider still. What a perfect choice, a Mormon male... why hadn't he thought of that before? He stood up and began to pace, his brain soaring. The Mormon church was anti-homosexual, as was the case with most organized religions in the States. No Mor-

mon male would willingly adopt the role of femininity to be sure. To be female was to be less than a complete person, not even able to stand in line for salvation/heaven. Would such a person or persons not make the perfect candidate for his enzyme? And they were here in great number for months on end. He had no idea of how long a young man might remain 'on mission' but it was at least a year. He had to gather data without making himself visible, a challenge but not an impossible one.

He looked around; cameras from his living room and upstairs loft would give him a commanding view of the facility. He ran back into his apartment almost giddy with excitement. Done correctly it could be the behavioral experiment that would once and for all test his hypothesis. And the subject or subjects? The Mormon Church was an Alpha male system and hardly fair to the females. One could even think that some justice might be served.



James felt vulnerable sitting in the examination room wearing only a paper dressing gown. The latter was tied in the back and his ass was more exposed than not. He wasn't Sissy. That creature had no modesty. He twisted in the chair, trying to get comfortable. Seeing Dr. Grover was literally like killing two birds with one stone. The old man wasn't only his personal physician, he was also on the local School Board.

The sense of doom hanging over his head had only deepened when he arrived at Dr. Grover's office. Dr. Grover's nurse had hardly batted an eye when he appeared tits and all. She had been forewarned of his condition. Her studied indifference hadn't extended to pushing him forward in the cue, so he'd sat there for almost two hours waiting his turn, surrounded by snotty-nosed kids

and their mothers. He knew each and every one of the women in that room but that fact was never evident. He was sure that they were watching him, probably inspecting him, but their gaze always retreated before his. He hadn't been so lucky with the kids. "Mommy, is that a man or a woman?" Oh yeah, sitting there had just peachy. And Mrs. Bone had probably burned up the phone lines making sure that nobody in the village missed out.

Was this a mistake or what? Like most people, James believed in doctors and their medical science. If there was a rational reason for his condition, he had to know. So he suffered the slings and arrows that came his way. Finally the door into the examination room opened and there stood Dr. Grover, or Moe as he was called by most, including James. He was tall, thin and bird-like, a stork to be exact, an old stork, with a forehead that extended to the very back of his head. Wide, brown eyes, that normally communicated a thoughtful, perhaps concerned look, seared into James' very soul.

All worries and thoughts turned into useless mush as Sissy woke up. Her breath hissed out between half-open full lips as she found herself utterly charmed by the almost magical transformation she had witnessed; the old man was Adonis reincarnated. "So good to see you, Moe," she said. She fluttered her lashes like a coquette as the by-now familiar feelings of lust and passivity co-mingled. The anxiety component had died with her first sexual conquest in the wee hours of the morning but not the need to be dominated. She drew her shoulders back, drawing up and out her magnificent breasts. Both nipples were growing fully erect as was her penis.

"So Bill was right," Dr. Grover said as he closed the door behind him.

"Bill?"

“Bill Sherman. Had coffee with him this morning. Apparently you two met at Miss Colbert’s place, last night?”

“He recognized me?”

Dr. Grover shrugged, “He wasn’t sure... hmmm,” he added as he switched gears. “I’m neither a plastic surgeon nor a psychiatrist, James. So what brings you here?”

Sissy wasn’t sure either, professionally speaking, of course. But looking at the man now she was sure that she had done the right thing. If only this Adonis would respond appropriately. She reached around and untied the gown. “Umm,” she said as she pulled it off her shoulder, exposing both breasts. “Oh,” she said in feigned surprise as those heavy globes caught Dr. Grover’s eye. That was sufficient reason enough, though she didn’t have a ready encore.

“Impressive,” he said, then shrugged as if to say, so what? He was, after all, an old man and a doctor. Breasts, even as lush as these, were hardly novel. Sara Bentham had better, he noted before pushing the whole issue aside in his mind. Amazing what implants could accomplish but, on a male, rather sickening, all things considered.

And then she solved her next move as she pulled the gown off exposing her ‘tumor’. It was rigid and pointing almost straight up. “Could you do something about this?”

He laughed but it was a nervous, tight laugh, “Sex re-assignment surgery is pretty specialized, James, and certainly not a procedure that I’m trained for. It’s major surgery, not something one can get walking in off the street.” He looked saddened, “I never suspected James, not once in a million years. I can give you some names of people you’ll need to see, starting with a psychologist... whoa!” he said as James stood up. “That is pretty unlikely,” he said, pointing at her hips. “Let me see.” He came forward looking for scars; there would have to be

some serious scars for surgery like that. No ethical professional would have done this or at least he didn't think so. "Um, James, turn around."

Moments later, Dr. Grover discovered those remarkable glands. That he touched them with his latex gloved hand had no significant impact until he raised one to his nose and sniffed. That was a mistake, an enormous mistake for the good doctor and a pleasant surprise for Sissy. Minutes later, Moe was playing Hide The Sausage to Sissy's great delight. There is cortex and then there is brain stem; it was to the brain stem that the message went first. Eventually the cortex would make up some kind of story by which the improbable events appeared 'reasonable'.

Chapter 4

Sissy was a slut, S-L-U-T, all in caps, noted James. Her behavior had already undermined James' belief that Mr. Peerless was the responsible agent. Those feelings he'd felt while under Mr. Peerless gaze were hardly unique, it would seem. The sight of Mr. Sherman in silhouette on the stairs the night before had had much the same impact as Mr. Peerless' eyes, so even the eyes weren't essential. One couldn't count Sissy's first and only john that she had serviced at Jill's establishment since she'd already been inflamed by the sight of Mr. Sherman. The real proof, the critical piece of the puzzle, had been when Moe entered the examination room this afternoon. It was Mr. Peerless all over again which is to say that it wasn't Mr. Peerless at all. James simply reacted to adult males by becoming Sissy, that is, he became a *slut*.

And apparently Sissy had a very low threshold, noted James sourly. That stork-like, balding old man would never have been on a Playgirl fold out even when he was young. Unless he was missing something, the only way

James could avoid becoming Miss Sissy was to avoid all men, period. Oh, there were two additional features that were becoming apparent. It took sex, quite a bit of sex actually, before Sissy packed her bags and hit the trail. Specifically, she left following the climax. It took Moe almost two hours to get her off which brought up the second feature he'd discovered.

There was something about Sissy that really got into a guy's head in a sexual way. It couldn't be looks considering her cock broke up the overall presentation rather rudely. Putting it kindly, neither her john last night nor Moe today acted as if they had the slightest interest in her male equipment. Possibly she had the ass that could launch a thousand ships. James smiled at that, then frowned. Moe was an old guy, almost sixty and no sixty-year-old could perform the way he did. The disbelief in the old man's eyes when his prick elevated time after time until, finally, Sissy had been satisfied, didn't need a verbal confirmation.

It goes without saying that a woman or even a semi-woman that could raise the old man's cock that way had to be totally awesome. By the time they'd finished, Moe appeared to have been plunked in the heart by Cupid. Like that john last night, there was a glassy-eyed hunger in the old man's eyes. He'd wanted more, though it would have probably killed him. But by that time Sissy had packed her bags, leaving James the awkward task of exiting that examination room, slobbery kisses and all. It had been so... gross.

On his walk back to the boarding house, James had encountered no less than three adult males. The first male he met triggered that now familiar, erotic surge and, with a sticky sweet sigh, Sissy had returned. Her legs had gotten all wobbly, of course. Had any of these total strangers taken note of her and responded, even with a glance...

Sissy had slipped away even before James returned to his room. Perhaps she, the slut, was avoiding the pain that her behavior had brought on, James concluded. The simple truth was that he was not really built for anal sex, certainly not two hours of Hide Doctor Groves' Sausage. What was missing was a vagina and a clitoris. It was as if James-Sissy's brain was cortically mapped out or had functional representations of external body parts that didn't exist (i.e., a vagina and clitoris). Not surprising, even though his penis responded appropriately, there really wasn't a complete representation in his brain of the very organ that *did* exist, leastwise it no longer served as the primary erotic conduit. James could, of course, still pee standing up, a small compensation to say the least.

For the second time now, Sissy had felt a climax in a vagina that didn't exist. No wonder it was so difficult for Sissy to get off; all the stimuli only indirectly fed her arousal. It was as if God had turned James into a woman but forgot to modify the key working parts. Sex right now after the attention Moe had given her would have generated more pain than pleasure, so it wasn't *exactly* like Sissy had overcome those insistent urges but had rather avoided the negative? On the other hand, who knows what might have happened had one of those men shown even the slightest interest, Sissy's needs were stronger than mere pleasure and she seemed to thrive on fear and pain. She was one sick bitch, noted James.

James headed for the bathtub, there was enough time for a long soak before dinner. Dinner? He would have to face at least Mrs. Bone and probably her two other boarders across the dinner table. Could he really do that? This was getting old. He turned his mind back to Mr. Peerless. If he wasn't responsible, who or what was?



James had forgotten that this was a Friday night and, for Pine Creek, late July was the peak tourist season. The dining room was filled with weekend guests. A family with four young children, a couple and a single male of indeterminate age, were all here for the weekend, along with the regulars, Miss Price and Mrs. Gomez, the latter a widow like Mrs. Bone, though considerably younger. Too many to fit around the dining room table, James eagerly offered and Mrs. Bone readily accepted, with apparent relief, to serve him and Miss Price outside on the back porch. There would be at least three adult males in and about the house for the weekend, a fact that James knew held almost certain disaster for him and an equally certain opportunity for Sissy.

He had debated going without dinner and hiding in his room for the entire weekend but dinner on the porch followed by a rapid retreat up the stairs afterwards seemed a better alternative. Surely the room next to his was already occupied and that itself suggested horrid risks if he went up at that moment. No, he would eat quickly and retreat while the other guests were still at their table. There really wasn't another alternative short of taking a sleeping bag up into the mountains for the whole weekend.

Miss Price, a spinster of some fifty odd years, was notoriously near-sighted and refused to wear glasses, at least in public. Anything beyond her reach was but a fuzzy smear which, that evening, included James. He was wearing a sports coat which helped to hide the presence of those heavy breasts that rolled relentlessly under the unstarched cotton shirt. His pants, pulled up over his hips, were belted a good two inches above his pre-change waist, leaving his cuffs hanging at mid-ankle. Of course

Miss Price observed none of this nor the obvious changes in James' mannerisms.

The food was good and Miss Price was an amiable companion especially if one simply tuned her out. She talked non-stop and was readily satisfied with an occasional 'umm' or 'hmm' from James. It was near the end of the meal, after coffee had been served, that this quiet interlude came apart. The unattached male came out on to the porch and lit a cigarette. Miss Price sniffed and coughed and otherwise made her displeasure known. The stranger ignored her. After a few seconds, the spinster abruptly took her leave. James and that man were alone.

Everything that could become erect was already erect on James' person. The bitch had returned... or had she? James refused to leave which is to say, she-he co-existed at least for now. The stranger hadn't been much to look at, at least initially. Skinny with a small pot belly and advanced male pattern baldness, but he looked academic and, well, curiosity was evident in his eyes. "May I?" he said before sitting down in the seat that Miss Price had just vacated. He puffed on his cigarette but was careful to blow the smoke the other way. "Dr. Clop," he added, offering a hand shake.

Poor Sissy was mesmerized and James, well, James felt sick despair. The skinny man was no longer skinny, the pot belly had disappeared from view the minute he sat down. Needless to say, his eyes were his best feature: intelligent, kind and thoughtful. Another Adonis he wasn't but charming with boyish traits and, of course, splendid eyes, enchanting eyes. They touched fingers but little more for that was all James-Sissy offered. "*James* Mugworthy," James said with an emphasis on the name James. Sissy butted in, "But my *real* friends call me Sissy." She waited breathlessly for his response but James, growing more impatient with each second added, "Slut."

The man's eyes widened, "Excuse me?"

"Oh, nothing. I'm fighting my internal demon," James muttered but Sissy refused to retreat. "Um, what kind of doctor are you, anyway?"

"I teach at U.C. Riverside; I'm a professor of Psychology."

Sissy glowed, "That's sooo... interesting."

The man grunted, looked away. then back again. He seemed to hover in internal conflict and then, finally, he said, "I'm sorry, call me rude but..." He stalled out in confusion.

"Yes?" Both James and Sissy were now all ears. A psychologist? Conflicting hopes bloomed in that one shared chest.

"Then, you are a man?"

"Man, woman... neither, we're not sure. OK, we are sure, but we don't agree," Sissy said and added a silly, girlish giggle for emphasis.

"We?" His eyebrows elevated instantly. "Please tell me more."

Confession was good for the soul. How much did Dr. Frank Clop believe? Probably only that two personalities of opposite sex co-existed in that one body. The professional literature was filled with cases like that, a kind of functional schizophrenia. As to the almost instantaneous transformation of Mr. Mugworthy's body, it was unlikely that he gave the concept any weight at all. Nor was he immune to the copulin that Sissy was pumping into the air, however, unlike Dr. Groves, he was made of sterner stuff at least for the next twenty-three minutes, just long enough for James to cover the main events of the last thirty-six and a half hours.

That James awoke in Dr. Clop's bed the following morning was all too predictable. He, or rather he and Sissy, left without waking the good doctor and fled back to their own bed. He might never sit down again, mused James. Sissy added, "But it was worth it, don't you think?" Sissy seemed to be present all the time now though she no longer totally dominated their shared body. Now they were like Siamese twins, two heads and one body, inseparable; OK, only one head but the concept was about right. This was a frightening development, thought James and Sissy agreed. There was absolutely no privacy for either of them.

~oOo~

"Freud is dead, dead, dead," said Dr. Clop. "Penis envy, why not vagina envy, huh?"

"Excuse me? What do psychologist really believe in, um, now?"

"A modern clinical psychologist is eclectic."

"Eclectic? What does that mean?"

"A little this, a little that: Maslow, Fitz-Hubert, even B.F. Skinner. There simply is no shortage of theories, my dear. A piece of this one, a dab of that and voila!"

It was late Sunday morning, the weekend had flown by all too fast. The presence of Dr. Clop had given Sissy a decided advantage, a fact that had weighted heavily on James. Frank had noticed that, which was kind of hard not to notice, since Sissy was a veritable sex machine, whereas James was a prissy, effeminate jerk. "Dr. Clop, how do I get rid of my stuffy male alter ego?"

"My dear, you don't get rid of anything, you integrate."

“Integrate?”

“You and James must become one, neither James nor Sissy.”

Sissy wrinkled James’ face, “Euuu.”

Frank Clop reached over and patted her on the wrist. Sissy responded by climbing into his lap; one arm went around his neck and the other against his chest. “Seriously Sissy, stop that.” The fact was, Dr. Clop felt all used up, beyond max, even oral sex no longer appealed to him. He jerked his head away as Sissy tried to do her magic on his ear. He lost of course, copulin is powerful stuff.

After a long drawn-out adventure back in James’ room, the bed to be exact, Sissy was more or less satisfied. Even copulin has its limits after all. Frank resumed where he left off. He picked Sissy up and put her on the chair next to the bed, then stood there, fondly looking down at her. “A house divided cannot stand.”

“Say what?”

“A famous expression that just happens to apply. Look Sissy, you have to accept James and he has to accept you.”

“Like?”

“Well, look at the way you’re dressed. And your hair...”

“What are you saying?”

“Your lovely bosom, my dear. Let the world see the desirable woman that you are...”

Sissy liked what she heard. “And James?”

“He’ll come around, trust me on that. He and you are... one, are you not? Once he fully accepts his feminine aspects...”

“You’re a twit, Doctor.”

"Oh James, you're back?"

"Never left. What is in it for me?"

"Wholeness."

"Bull. Sissy's a fucking slut! I can't stand her."

"Let's not be too judgmental, James." He laughed, "Look, just say no, OK, Mr. Mugworthy? Work it out. You can control what she does as much as she can control what you do. She is, after all, just you and you are just her."

"Not lately."

"Illusion, Mr. Mugworthy, pure illusion. Accept the feminine side of your nature and surely you and her, as one, can eventually behave in a manner that both of you can accept." He raised his eyebrows as if what he had just said was especially significant.

"That seems rather one-sided."

"Does it, James? Look at the way you are sitting, hmm. As a male, there is little of the masculine in evidence or do my eyes deceive me? I suspect that you are afraid to simply let go, make the complete transition, consciously. Unconsciously, on the other hand, the decision has already been made, that seems perfectly clear. Sissy was your creation James, at least in the beginning."

"What do you mean, doctor?"

"James, surely as a male you thought of females as sex objects. When you created her, you made her as you *thought* women were. Now you are uncomfortable being that sex object. I understand. Women are far more than mere sex objects. Give your inner woman her freedom and you will be amply rewarded." He looked at his watch. "Oh my, I have to leave."

"Leave?" both Sissy and James responded.

“Life goes on, hum? Drop by U.C.R. from time to time, Sissy and let me know how you are doing? Seriously my dear, I would love to see you completely en femme, if you know what I mean?” He winked.

James growled, “You’ve been a big help doctor, sort of.”

“And nice meeting you too, James. And Sissy? I feel our relationship has some serious promise, hmm?”

“Oh, that’s so sweet,” gushed Sissy. Mentally, James rolled his eyes, Sissy had made yet another conquest. Dr. Clop’s eyes could have belonged to a puppy dog.



Just shortly after one P.M. on that Sunday, James went out of *estrus*. It had been just a few hours more than three days since his feminine transition. The production of copulin had all but ceased hours earlier and that unusual hypothalamic activity, also known as estrus or ‘*being in heat*’, unusual for humans, though common enough for mammals in general, was winding down. The engine that drove the SLUT was no more. Were James a typical mammal and female, well, estrus would happen again in less than a month. However James was not female; absent the necessary hormonal mechanisms, a second estrus was decidedly unlikely. He had no way of knowing this, of course. Not yet at least.

It was, of course, the *enzyme* that had triggered his estrus by altering his neural functioning and was not actually hormonally-based. Very small amounts of estrogen, levels that were in fact ‘normal’ in a male, had been sufficient.

Like most enzymes, it was transient in nature, consumed in the process of performing its function. As it

dropped below threshold, Sissy had simply ceased to exist. Like the Parrotfish, James' brain was reverting to an androgynous state, neither male nor female. Not sexless but rather bisexual which was the normal state for a Parrotfish.



James stayed in his room all of Monday and Tuesday, coming out only for the food and drink provided by Mrs. Bone. With just the three old women in the house, James felt safe enough. Sissy had proven to be rather passive by nature and without an adult male present had pretty much let James in charge, or so he assumed. Had it been otherwise, well, James shuddered at the thought. He had no reason to suspect that Sissy, the slut, was no more and that he, James Mugworthy was once again in charge. His body remained highly feminized; his brain was neither male nor female but rather far more open to any sexual opportunities that might arise: bisexual. All that James really understood was that by avoiding males he'd salvaged some much-needed peace of mind. Of course there was a real cost to that solution, Mrs. Bone in particular.

Widow Bone hadn't been all that aggressive in questioning James, though she was obviously dying to examine the dirt, or rather, roll in it. The problem for Mrs. Bone was the 'it' in question was of a sexual nature. She was caught between two opposing lifelong values, being too much of a Lady to discuss such things with a man and too much of a gossip to just let it alone. So she and Mr. Mugworthy had played verbal games each and every time he left his room. It made going down for meals, for James, a task to endure.

Mrs. Gomez, on the other hand, wasn't nearly so circumspect. Though she never called James queer to his

face, she managed to be downright rude whenever the opportunity arose. And Miss Price? She was, and remained, clueless. Not that James focused much on the unavoidable social interplay at the boarding house table. Mentally he was fully occupied, distracted would be the better term.

James, now sitting quietly in his room after dinner that Tuesday evening, was all but consumed by an internal debate, a monologue to be correct for Sissy was absent - thank God! James hadn't been terribly impressed with Dr. Clop but the man *was* a psychologist which gave his advice more weight than it might otherwise have carried. But accepting Sissy as a legitimate personality, born and matured inside his own unconscious, was simply unacceptable to James. It was more of an emotional reaction than not. He would rather die than be her. Well that was pushing it slightly. Eating a bullet wasn't yet on James' to-do list.

Was he 'queer' now? That was a complex question and proved impossible for James to resolve as he sat there in his reading chair, staring sightlessly at the opposite wall. Sissy was clearly into men, no doubt about that. The presence of a male, *any* male, brought her out. But was he, James, queer? If Dr. Clop was right, then Sissy was him, a female alter-ego. And she was certainly heterosexual if she were, well, female. But was *he* into men? The answer to that was unknown thus far because Sissy always emerged when a male was present, making a test of that hypothesis impossible to conduct.

Of course Dr. Clop had probably discounted James story of a rapid, almost magical transformation into a near-woman, thus the need to create Sissy via a psychological mechanism. No, Dr. Clop's hypothesis was totally irrelevant for something had actually happened last week. James touched one of his full breasts as if to simply con-

firm his understanding of reality. These jugs were not a product of his mind. Sissy was as much a creation of that fatal exchange between him and Mr. Peerless as his rounded contours, James concluded. If only Sissy weren't such a SLUT!

A turning point, of sorts, came a few minutes later when Dr. Grove 'dropped by' for a visit. Mrs. Bone had blocked Moe's entry at the foot of the stairs. She had rules and a pair of homosexuals having sex in her house wasn't on the 'allowed' list, not that she said that exactly. What she said was, "And you, a married man? You should be ashamed, Dr. Grove." Of course this was said at the top of her lungs, her voice shrill and insistent. In fact it was her voice that had aroused James from his troubled meditation in his room on the second floor.

James' heart was abruptly hammering in anticipation of what must follow: the uncontrollable sexual need. "Moe?" he called out, or rather moaned like a female moose in heat, in that husky, yet vulnerable 'Sissy' voice. He yanked the door to his room open and hurried down the hallway toward the stairwell, knees together, hips rolling. He was excited, yes, in anticipation of what would follow, wild, out-of-control sex. But something was wrong, decidedly wrong. He stopped in mid-stride and clutched his groin. His dick was limp, his sexual high was but an anticipation of what was to follow. Clearly a controllable urge and not an unmanageable compulsion. He stopped and leaned against the hallway wall, breathless yes but *still-in-control!* Where was Sissy? Asleep?

"Love? Dearest?" called out the love sick old man.

It was now or never, Mr. Mugworthy realized. He would not look at Moe for fear that his new found self-control would be overcome. From the shadows of the hallway, he yelled down at the old man, and it certainly wasn't Sissy's voice: "Mrs. Bone is right, Moe."

“Huh?”

“You *are* a married man, Moe. Don’t break your poor wife’s heart.” James was panting now, nearly overcome by his success. Where was Sissy?

“But she already knows and...”

Still no Sissy. Hope and relief surged inside James’ chest. Could he actually defeat Sissy? Perhaps refusing to look at Moe was the secret. He plastered his back flat against the hallway wall and took a big breath before calling out in a firm, almost masculine voice that boomed, “No is NO, Moe. Not now and... never again.” Afraid that his resolve might collapse, he jerked, twisted and then, finally, fled back to his room, slamming the door behind him before throwing himself, face down, onto the bed. He was crying, sobbing actually, but those sounds were born of relief that bordered upon victory and not the sounds of pain or misery. He had said NO. HE HAD SAID NO!

Minutes after Dr. Groves left, James came to the top of the stairs, tears still running down his cheeks and called down to Mrs. Bone, “Thank you Mrs. Bone, from the very bottom of my heart, thank you.” He was a person of moderation and responsibilities once again or at least that was his goal. Tomorrow began right now: “Mrs. Bone? We’ll talk, later, OK?” He sniffed and wiped at his eyes but he was smiling. Perhaps the worst was over.

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It was Wednesday morning, almost a week since Dr. Ivonovich had fed James Mugworthy the enzyme. Petra was sitting on his patio enjoying his morning cup of coffee as he watched the LDS building just across the way. The Arrowhead man had just delivered three of those large water bottles at the rear entrance. Two had gone in-

side but one remained, just sitting there even after the delivery man carried out the empty bottles and left. The presence of that unattended and unguarded bottle of water screamed with possibilities. How long would it remain there? It would be so easy to inject the enzyme through the plastic cap on top. The bottle itself was tinted and that was good since the enzyme might reduce the clarity of the water itself. He checked his watch to note the time the water was delivered and waited to see exactly how long that third bottle sat there. He was thus fully occupied when he heard his doorbell ring.

Instead of going inside, he walked from his patio to the front of the building, less than ten feet from where he sat. Oh my, he thought. It was like fate was begging for his attention. Two young men in black pants and white shirts stood before his door. "Can I help you boys?"

They turned, freshly scrubbed pink cheeks and Fifties-style haircuts met his eyes. "Please come and sit with me on my patio, hmm? I'm only too eager to hear what you have to say." Both young men looked surprised. The one on the right immediately lit up like a Christmas tree and his partner, the redhead, well, a trace of suspicion lurked in those otherwise trusting brown eyes.

"I have, you know, read the Book of Mormon." He flung out his hands as if in some distress, "But there is much I don't understand." That look of suspicion disappeared from the second young man's eyes now. He motioned them to follow him, then stopped and turned, "Coffee?" He shook his head, "No, of course not, what was I thinking? Water will do, I'm sure. Which reminds me, why don't Mormons drink coffee, eh?"

Their names were Peter and Paul; how Biblical, Dr. Ivonovich thought. Apparently Peter stayed in the LDS facility and his partner commuted from Eagle Rock. Petra decided that it would be better to only give one young

man the enzyme, the better to avoid suspicion. Paul was the obvious choice. Getting them to come back tomorrow and, hopefully, the next day was like falling off a log, as the Americans would say. Convince them that they were making progress but only that, progress. Thank God, if there was a God, that he had read the Book of Mormon. Tonight he would work his way through it again and again if necessary. He would have to ask questions, good questions, to keep them involved with his 'conversion'. Conversion of course was what he hoped for Paul. What would happen to the young man? Oh, this was *so* much better than Pine Creek; he even had a control subject. Two young men of about the same age and only one receiving the enzyme. The day couldn't have been any better.



Wednesday morning found James at the Mall. It was a good two-hour drive from Pine Creek and almost half of that travel time was coming down off the mountain. He was here to buy clothes, not women's clothes but clothes that would fit. The slacks that he was currently wearing were tied up around his higher waist, exposing his shins. Not that the pants actually fit his waist; they were far too wide and were held up with a belt in which he'd cut a new hole. Actually buying clothes was a secondary goal; his primary one had already been met. He'd interacted first with a gas station attendant before driving down the mountain and later with numerous males before entering the Mall with no ill effects. Sissy had not emerged in any of those transient encounters. He was now confident that the slut was gone along with her insatiable sexual appetite.

It was a victory celebration of sorts, an Independence Day. True, people reacted to him strangely as one might

imagine but Sissy hadn't come out to play. He wasn't throwing himself at every male he met, nor were these men transforming into octopi. Indeed, males seemed disconcerted by his appearance: male haircut and high wader pants scrunched around his small waist. Yes, large, unfettered breasts swaying under his shirt did draw some glances but nothing more.

Eventually he bought a couple pair of oversized 'loose fit' jeans in the women's department of Penney's simply because they fit his body better than anything in the men's department. Some soft flannel shirts, from the men's department followed, then he picked up a sports bra that promised to control those ever bobbing and swaying breasts. Nothing feminine, nothing girly for James was still working through who exactly he was now since Mr. Peerless and his magical eyes had transformed him.

Chapter 5

Paul's dad dropped him off in front of the LDS building at six, a good hour and forty-five minutes earlier than usual. His dad had a business appointment in South Orange County at eight; with traffic, he needed the extra time. Paul's mom, of course, didn't drive and a bus trip would have taken way too long. He'd never had breakfast at the center and the elder in charge had encouraged him to do just that the week before. He was feeling a little strange this morning. Perhaps it was the early hour but he didn't feel exactly right, not bad, just not *exactly* right.

It had been almost twenty hours since he had been given the enzyme by Dr. Ivonovich, eight hours longer than when James had initially transitioned into what would become Sissy. Possibly it was the difference in the quantity of the enzyme consumed or individual differences in biology. Paul was much younger than James had

been but that should have speeded up the process, all things being equal. Dr. Ivonovich would have been intrigued by the different reactions these two subjects had to the enzyme, but of course he knew nothing about James and had yet to examine his latest experimental subject.

The fact was there was a complex interaction between the mechanism initiated by the enzyme and the overall perceived threat level. James had reacted to Mr. Peerless as an intruder, a threat, and that initial impression had escalated into a full-blown defensive response, much as the experimental mice had responded to the approach of the Alpha male. Being 'female' or pseudo-female in heat was an adaptive response. No such event had occurred for Paul, as yet.

He didn't bother to knock. Peter slept in a dorm. There were at least five other young Saints sleeping there, their cots lined up like on parade. He pushed the door open. The light was dim; as expected, human lumps were clearly visible under the blankets. He moved down the line of cots looking for Pete's fire engine red hair. Next to the last cot he saw that remarkable knot of hair. He paused, looking at Pete's upturned face. Paul was, of course, entirely unaware of how much his brain had been re-wired over the last twenty hours or how extensive he'd changed physically. The latter effects were nearly invisible; the gradual re-distribution of fat and the attenuation of muscle mass had gone unnoticed during the night and his hurried toilet this morning, though those changes accounted for some of his strange feeling. Even his hips had adjusted, flaring out just before dawn, but being so young, the effect was modest in proportion to what James had experienced. What Paul noticed was perhaps more shocking as he looked down at his friend's face this morning. There was something about that face that tugged at

his heart strings as if Cupid's arrow had struck him in the breast: Peter was *lovely*.

He stood there breathless, quite unable to move. He was smitten by what he saw. That Peter could have become so beautiful overnight was magical. Paul continued to stand there, drinking in the moment. It didn't take him long to understand that something was very wrong. He forced himself to step back and leave Sleeping Beauty lying there in all his glory. A man just shouldn't be that pretty.

A few minutes later, Paul sat outside on the front steps of the building eating a sweet roll and drinking orange juice, his mind was elsewhere, needless to say. It was only now that he was beginning to be troubled by his own reactions. He had certainly felt something that he shouldn't feel toward Pete. The evidence was between his legs, an erection that was a direct response to Peter, sweet Peter. Recognition of the sexual nature of his own feelings gave rise to anxiety. That first bloom of fear, now adrenalin, initiated the change that had waited for so long. Unlike James at Pine Creek, the intensity of the stimulus was relatively weak and the incipient change, relatively slow.

Paul's lips began to grow but they did not abruptly balloon nor would breasts instantly appear, though they were growing, slowly increasing in mass. Paul finished his breakfast and went inside, not to Peter's room, but to the study center. He had much to think about. His glands were fully functional now and, with the current state of his arousal, copulin was working its way to the surface of his skin. Soon natural body heat would turn the substance into its aerosolized form. His aureolas were already expanding, nipples maturing and the mass under them was articulating into functioning organs and he was, as yet, unaware of any of this. It was Peter that he was concerned about far more than himself.

Paul didn't leave the study until the last moment. As he exited the building, there was Peter, even more beautiful than before. "Hey," he called out and waved.

Peter gave him a fish-eye stare. "What's wrong?"

There was decidedly something wrong, from Pete's perspective, as he watched his partner come down the front steps and head across the lawn. Maybe it was some kind of gag; Paul certainly wasn't acting right. That limp-wristed wave, the way his hands windmilled while he walked, attached to broken wrists, knees together, elbows tucked in. Peter laughed, "That's pretty funny, Paul."

"What?" said Paul as he finally pulled up beside Pete. His girlish mannerism became less obvious when he stopped walking.

"Oh, nothing. You ready to visit Dr. Ivonovich?" His friend nodded and with that motion all that girlish movements resumed. His hands, restless birds, flittered about his person in a most disturbing manner.

"Paul, Are you all right?"

Paul's eyes widened, "I was going to ask you the same thing."

"Huh?"

Paul open his mouth to say something but decided not to, at least not now. "Nothing," he shrugged, "let's go." What he wanted to say was something like what in the heck have you done to yourself? Peter was absolutely 'hot', like movie star hot. The way he stood, the way he moved was, well, *suggestive*? Was Peter queer? Not femme queer to be sure but he certainly seemed to be making sexy moves... Pete's hard-on tenting his slacks was obvious as all get-out. And those beautiful eyes... There was corrupt, degenerate lust in those sweet ador-

able eyes. Should he go back inside and demand an audience with the Elder? It was Satan's work, to be sure.

Peter was thinking much the same thing except Paul seemed very much the *femme* queer. He should be disgusted, realized Pete, but tell that to his body. He was going to have to tell the Elder about Paul. Like Paul, he thought that changes in his friend had to be the Devil's work. "We need to talk, Paul."

Paul fluttered his lashes like a charmed schoolgirl; one hand rode up the front of his chest, the other reached around and gripped his own waist, head cocked and lips pursed, "That is exactly what I was thinking. There's a bench over there, in the shade." Paul didn't add the obvious, that it was only a few feet from the entrance. If the Devil inside Peter got too strong, he could find safety with the Elder just inside. A few seconds later they were seated on the bench, each had taken a seat at the very limits of that bench, as far apart as was physically possible. "You first," said Paul.

"No, you."

Silence followed, then Paul let out a long sigh, "Ok." His voice was breathy. "Why are you coming on to me, in a... sexual way? Are you gay?"

"Huh?" Peter gasped, "that's crazy." He rolled his eyes. "Me? You're the one fluttering and swishing like some Hollywood drag queen!"

"NOT!"

"Oh yeah, look at the way you're sitting, huh, knees together and your lips..."

"What about my lips?" Paul had twisted around to face Pete after jerking his legs apart.

"They-are-so-kissable." And in the next instant, they were kissing. Tongue met tongue and whatever resistance

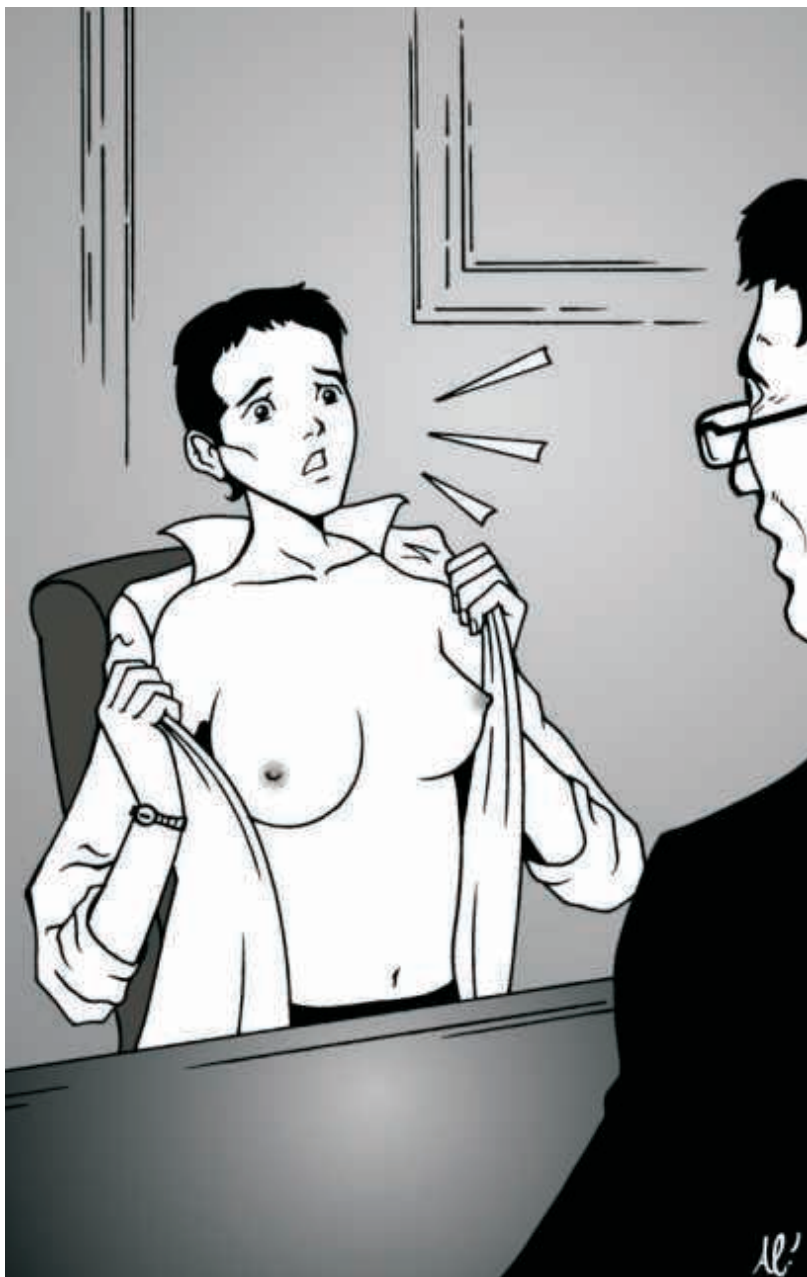
that remained collapsed as two bodies attempted to become one. There wasn't any doubt as to which one adopted the feminine and which the masculine role. But they were not animals, neither forgot where they were or, more importantly who they were. There was lust, yes, but also confusion and lots and lots of guilt. When finally they broke apart, they looked at each other in stunned horror. Not a word was said.



Jonathan Brackwell was one of three Elders assigned to the facility and the Bishop of the local ward. It was his misfortune to be there that Thursday morning when Paul and Peter came into his chamber seeking spiritual guidance. They were not holding hands when they entered but they could have been. Hip was against hip and, as was common among young people in lust, they were needlessly touching each other and forever looking into each other's eyes. He knew both young men well but obviously not well enough. He had been completely blindsided. He didn't need to ask but he did. "Is there a problem?"

The one, the 'sissy one', Jonathan noted, seemed most disturbed or was that- disturbing? He radiated an unwholesome sexuality that was even now disrupting Mr. Brackwell's equilibrium, something that a woman hadn't done to him in at least two decades. It was most certainly not something a young man could ever have achieved. Neither responded. The un-sissy-one seemed merely moonstruck, his jaw hanging slack, the tent formed in his pants demonstrated his virility. Of course they weren't in love, lust, yes, but not love. that was impossible and surely unholy. This was evil. "Ah-" he looked for the name which didn't come easy for a man his age, nearly eighty, then found it. "Peter, Peter Moss, is that right?"

The boy nodded. "Go to the lounge and wait until I have had a chance to talk to... to..."



"Paul Wright," the sissy said in a breathy voice.

"Yes, of course, umm, Mr. Wright." He flipped his hand toward Peter and waited for the un-sissy boy to leave before continuing. "And son, close the door." Silence followed, a long silence until finally he motioned the sissy to take a seat, which he did. The Elder was all too aware of the fact that he had achieved an erection; too bad his wife wasn't here. She would have surely appreciated how unlikely *that* event was. He looked at the young man and saw his fear, then something else. "Are those breasts?"

Paul's eyes widened, he looked down, then groped frantically at what were most definitely breasts, "A.. a, no way", he moaned, "Sir?" he simpered, then looked up, back down, then up and down again. Finally he began to unbutton his shirt; young, well-formed cones with pink mushroom caps appeared. "Elder, they weren't there a moment ago." And then he screeched, "I'M TURNING INTO A GIRL!"

The Bishop was already up out of his chair, his eyes wide and his prick, now rock hard. He had witnessed a miracle, two miracles if one counted his rampant erection, the likes of which he hadn't experienced in decades. Those breasts, the size of small pinecones, might have been hidden but they were no longer 'small' pine cones and worse, the old man knew exactly what he wanted to do with them. He had been infected much as that other boy had been. He didn't remember walking around the desk, nor grabbing that sissy's sweet breasts before giving suck, but he did remember mounting that creature much as a bull would mount a cow in heat. It was wrong and yet, ever so right.

There was an imperative for intercourse but no vagina. The solution to that conundrum was before him framed by a pair of fleshy white spheres. Over and over again, his

mind fought for a handle on what was happening. The sissy was screaming even before he entered him but was it from pain, fright or un-holy joy? In mid-colitis, a sharp, massive pain hit the old man in his chest; his heart had exploded.

He was dead before he rolled off of Paul.

And Paul was growing even more unrecognizable. His youthful features and body had had far more flexibility than that enjoyed by James. His testicles had retracted tightly against his body. Only his penis, still hard, was recognizable as having belonged to the young man that he had been. The latter formed a rigid spear that projected nearly straight up. Pity, Dr. Ivonovich was only a couple of hundred feet away and yet, once again, he had missed completing his observations. Nor was it likely that Paul and Peter would be at his door at nine this morning as they had promised.

Paul stood, twisting, as muscles continued to adjust and his hips and backside filled out. There was the sound of bone-on-bone as that pelvis opened further and then... There were voices yelling either in rage or fear, perhaps both. Paul attempted to stand but collapsed in a faint.



Loma Linda Medical Center was a world-class research and applied medical treatment facility; it was also owned lock, stock and barrel by The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. Dr. Marlow, the head of the Clinical Division, was also a brethren, a Saint. His assistant had hurried in to his office without knocking with a fistful of papers which he shoved on to Dr. Marlow's desk, then stood back, waiting.

“What’s this?” he said without reaching for the materials that had been dumped so rudely on his otherwise pristine desk.

“It’s an update on the rape victim.”

Dr. Marlow blinked like a owl in daylight, confusion evident in his expression. He still didn’t understand why the victim, a young novice on his first mission, was being sent here to Loma Linda in the first place; there were adequate facilities a lot closer. Of course the alleged assault had been conducted in a LDS compound and, worse, by an Elder, a Bishop of the church. Unfortunately such things had happened before; even Saints sometimes proved to be grievously flawed. The assault had taken place about four hours earlier and yet the victim was only now on his way to Loma Linda. Obviously the responsible people in Pasadena had run around like chickens with their heads cut off. “And this?” he said again, tapping the papers his assistant had delivered. It was obvious that the young man had already examined the documents.

“If you’d just look over the information, sir?” Nothing happened, his boss just continued to stare at him. “There were two witnesses and... they claim it was a miracle.”

Dr. Marlow blinked again, “A miracle? An act of sodomy has been described as miraculous?”

“Yes sir, no sir, um, what I mean...” He was clearly flustered. “Bishop Brackwell was struck dead in the act...”

Dr. Marlow rolled his eyes quite deliberately before interrupting his assistant, “Bishop Brackwell was at least eighty years old, Rob. The miracle was that he could sustain an erection at all.”

“Sir, that is not what I was referring to. The victim, twenty-year-old Paul Wright, was transformed into a sodomite.”

"Excuse me? A sodomite is a person who show a particular sexual preference..."

"Sorry, what I mean is, that young man looks like a young, full-figured woman, Sir."

"Excuse me?" Dr. Marlow stood up and reached across his desk and picked up the papers.

"His genitals appear normal but remain in an excited state but sir, other than that, there is nothing masculine in his appearance. If you will only look at the materials..."

Dr. Marlow started whipping through the papers. A picture of a young Saint obviously from the archives, one Paul Wright. Following that, a digital image of a crotch taken up very close up. "And this?" He held up four images, three torso shots from the front, side and back. The fourth picture was a close-up of the face.

"The victim, Sir. I know it hardly looks like the same young man. The exaggerated secondary sexual characteristics are clearly female down to and including facial structure and... well, considering his earlier behavior, I think the term Sodomite is appropriate. And this physical transformation, this change into a pseudo-female, God's punishment for accepting the female sexual role."

Dr. Marlow wasn't one to jump to such wild conclusions. If God were to punish every male that had been sodomized by transforming them into effeminate characters, history would be utterly different. And even if that were true, why now, why this particular act? Unless, of course, God held higher standards for Saints. "E.T.A.?"

"Less than a half-hour, I should think. Sir, the creature needs to be kept in isolation for the staff's protection and I requested..."

"Isolation? Staff protection? You need to explain yourself, Rob."

“Sir, you really need to read those eyewitness reports.”



It was almost noon when James walked up the steps and stood before Mr. Horner's house. He hadn't called for an appointment, nor was one necessary. Harry Horner was his boss, the principal at the high school, and Harry was likely to be the key to James' continued employment. He already knew that Dr. Grover, a member of the School Board, would not nor could not be a problem. As distasteful as it was, James could have his way with the old man if it came to that or at least that was his assumption. In the absence of a free supply of copulin, it would be highly unlikely that old Moe would be able to rise to the occasion assuming he were so inclined, however James had no way of knowing that as yet. The end of estrus hadn't just eliminated Sissy, it had terminated James unnatural sexual advantage.

He was wearing an old sports coat that rode loosely on his now slender shoulders. His breasts, firmly squished inside the new sports bra, were relatively hidden inside a heavily starched white shirt. Loose-fit women's jeans did an adequate job of obscuring the rest of James' feminine figure though nothing could be done about his altered face. He had done all that he could. He sucked thoughtfully on his fat lower lip for a moment, then pressed the doorbell. Moments later, the door opened.

“Hello... Cynthia?” He shouldn't have been surprised that Harry's wife had answered.

The woman stood there her mouth hanging open but for only a moment. She had obviously heard about James Mugworthy. Who hadn't? The homosexual monster who

had seduced lovable old Moe. Pine Creek was no place for torrid freaks. She wanted to scream at the pervert to go somewhere where he fit in, like San Francisco or perhaps much, much further away, like the moon. Hitler had been right to throw queers into the ovens. All these thoughts and more stumbled through her mind. Unconsciously she moved to the center of the doorway, blocking any entry. She didn't know what to call 'it'. Mr. Mugworthy? That seemed unlikely. Cynthia Horner was a bitch guarding her nest as her shoulders rolled back and her facial muscles tightened. "Yes?"

Her yes sounded like no, her glare provided all the words necessary and James wasn't a complete fool. Still: "I've come to see Mr. Horner."

"He's not here, umm... Mugworthy." She turned and slammed the door on James' face.

"Oh, that went totally swell," sighed James. He couldn't be surprised, after all Pine Creek was a small, conservative community with an emphasis on both *small* and *conservative*.

"James? James Mugworthy?"

James nearly jumped out of his skin as he jerked around at the sound of Harry's voice. "Mr. Horner?" The man, his boss, was standing there in a jogging suit, sweat dripping front his forehead. Concern was evident on his face, concern, not contempt. James heart skipped a beat as he opened his mouth to speak. But Harry interrupted him.

"Sorry, James," he shrugged and glanced toward the closed door that only moments before had framed Harry's wife. He paused before continuing, "I couldn't help seeing that exchange. My wife, as you can tell, is a bit, um, disturbed by the gossip that's been going around. I apologize, OK?"

James stammered both in shock and in relief, "I... I appreciate that Mr. Horner... I..."

Harry interrupted him again, "It's pretty easy to guess why you're here, James." He nodded toward the swing on the porch, "Why don't we sit awhile, OK?" He walked past James but paused to lay a reassuring hand on James' shoulder before taking a seat on the swing.

James just stood there for a moment, mouth hanging open before he collected himself and followed.

"If it is any comfort to you, James, your position is not at risk, leastwise not yet. State law prohibits any kind of action that might be seen as discriminatory, understand?"

James just nodded and took a seat beside his boss. He could feel that tight knot of anxiety begin to unwind slightly. Losing his teaching position would have been a real horror. Teaching was an avocation, not just a job for James. "But..."

"No buts, James." Harry smiled. "You'll have to keep on your toes, watch your 'p's' and 'q's' as the expression goes. There are those on the school board who will bend over backwards looking for an excuse to have you terminated, have no doubt about that but..." He shrugged and threw out his hands, "I'm pretty sure that the Teachers Union will back you and so will I." James started to respond but again Harry pushed on, "No James, I'm not doing you a favor, it's just the right thing to do, OK? Just do your job."

Again, James just nodded but he could feel the muscles in his neck and back definitely relaxing now. They just sat there quietly for a long moment. In the silence, James could feel the tension beginning to return, at least inside himself. Finally he could bear it no longer. "You're probably wondering..."

"It's none of my business, James. You need not explain..."

It was James' turn to interrupt his boss. "I... I really can't explain, Mr. Horner..."

Harry growled, "Damn it, James, we've known each other for years, OK? The name's Harry, or if you like, Harold." His face winced as he said Harold and then smiled, "And what name do you want to go by now?"

"Huh? Mr. Horner, I mean Harry?"

His boss cocked his head thoughtfully, "Is it true?"

"What?"

The man looked embarrassed. "Oh... nothing. "Um..." he said, looking down at James' chest, then quickly away.

James started to respond and then caught himself. Harry had said it was none of his business, and it wasn't. He shifted back to the earlier question, "I see no reason to change my name, James will do nicely, um, Harry."

The man grunted in reply. "So, you have no plan on er- wearing clothing of the um... feminine..."

James gasped, "Heavens no. Sir?"

Harry raised an eyebrow, then smiled, "Well, that should go over well with the School Board anyway." He stood up and extended his hand. "Jimmy," he said taking James' hand in his and forcing a firm handshake, "I wish you luck, OK?"

They were both standing there now, face-to-face, hands still griped in a handshake as Harry added, "Any problem, even a whiff of a problem, you come to me, you hear?"

James was deeply moved, his eyes threatening to leak. He couldn't speak and before he could stop what was happening, tears gushed out and he began to shake and

sob. In the next instant, his face was buried against Harry's chest as the man drew James into his arms and gave physical comfort. The act seem entirely natural, being held and protected by Harry, and the tears were sweet pleasure. Pleasure? The musky smell of the man, the tight embrace was doing something to James' body. It wasn't that Sissy was waking up, no. James wasn't suddenly feeling sluttish, sexy, yes, but not out-and-out sluttish. For the first time in days. he was growing a boner. Oh that answered one question, didn't it, thought James.

He twisted out of Harry's arms, scampered down the steps and across the lawn. If there was any lingering doubt in Harry's mind about the extent of James' femininity, that flight would have put that doubt to rest forever. Elbows held in and hands held high, knees together, flapping hands from broken wrists, the manly illusion created by the sports coat and oversized jeans was utterly destroyed. In motion, James was utterly female, of that there was no question for either Harry who still stood on the porch or Cynthia who was peeking thought the living room window.

Moments later, Cynthia was on the phone. "Carol, you will not believe what I just saw. It was that freak, Mugworthy? And Carol, that little shit is every bit as bad as they say." She paused, listening to her friend before adding, "No, men's clothing but that hardly could hide *its* unnatural figure," she gagged and then continued. "There should be a law against perverts like that." She nodded and listened, "I hear you. We've got to do something about 'it'. No way should our children be exposed to unnatural, twisted, creatures like that. And Carol, trust me, my husband will make sure *that* doesn't happen here at Pine Creek, no sir, not here, not ever. You can take that promise to the bank."



Dr. Robert Marlow was back at his desk for the first time since before noon. They had taken samples of the boy's DNA and that of his father. The test results wouldn't be back until later tomorrow but the results should be conclusive in establishing whether or not he was actually related to Mr. Wright. At one level, those tests were now largely irrelevant since the boy's father had confirmed, that the boy was who he said he was. All of that was beside the point however; in the absence of extensive plastic surgery and years of female hormone treatments, what had happened to this boy's body could not have taken place in the short span of a few hours, let alone mere minutes. And his father was emphatic that his son, earlier in the day, was a completely normal young man. People had a tendency to throw the term 'miracle' around all too readily but, short of an elaborate scam in which the boy's father was heavily involved, this was surely impossible to explain by known medical facts.

The boy identified himself as Paul Wright and had never wavered from that claim but his feminine mannerisms were exaggerated and predatory, like a cat in heat. And he even referred to himself as female, as a girl 'inside', whatever that meant.

All that paled when Bob remembered the effect that Paul had had on *him*. Some of it was visual, to be sure. The way he turned and moved, the way he seemed to drink in his gaze, his obvious sexual hunger, that quivering full lower lip and those darting moves his tongue made; he was quite the hot filly, aside from that aroused penis. One didn't have to be in his presence long to recognize how shockingly sexy he was. Rob's recommendation to put this changeling in isolation which seemed at first rather excessive was right on target. Bob realized that had

he been there alone with that creature, well, it wasn't a given that he would have been able act professionally. It was his private opinion now that Bishop Brackwell had been the unwitting victim rather than the perpetrator of that rape. His door opened.

"Bob?"

"Come in, Dave."

"I came to give you spiritual support. You OK?"

Dr. Marlow nodded and waited for his friend and co-worker to take a chair before speaking. "You see 'it' yet?"

"Extraordinary experience, Bob. I haven't been that aroused since my wedding night."

"I can't say my wedding night was that good. Anything from the DMV?"

"Yes, the thumb print that the Department of Motor Vehicles has for Paul Wright is a match to the subject. Still I'd like to see the DNA results." He shrugged. "Salt Lake wants him."

"Excuse me?"

"The Quorum of the Twelve Apostles. If this was an actual miracle..."

Dr. Marlow rolled his eyes. He was a Mormon but he was also a man of science. "Give us time and we'll figure this out, trust me. Besides, such a creature could not be God's work, are you with me on that, Dave?"

"Agreed. However, the request has been made and, short of a medical reason, we can't keep 'it'. The family has already agreed and so has the subject."

Dr. Marlow looked surprised, "Seriously?"

Dave spayed out his hands, palms up, then shrugged. "The boys at BYU Medical will be all over him. It's not like he is being shipped off for an inquisition."

"Why?"

"End of Times."

"Seriously? You're telling me they think he is what, an angel sent down to cull the ranks of the chosen?"

"Something like that. I always imagined a woman with a sword of fire but to be honest, but a Sodomite?"

"I don't even like the term, Dave." His friend shrugged. "A creature that can inflame a man's passion but has no 'proper' sexual role..." He let out a long sigh. Church doctrine said sex was strictly for reproduction; if pleasure was experienced, well that was just a gift, an extra bonus tossed in by the Lord. He knew that. And a creature that *could not reproduce*... there was a squirrely logic to that. "When?"

"As soon as you give the OK, Bob."

"Then OK. And only females are to be used to transport him, that goes without saying. By auto."

"By auto? A long drive."

"Come on, Dave, put him on a commercial plane and gosh, it would be all over the news. I don't think Salt Lake will mind the delay once they think about it carefully. End of Days, huh? God moves in mysterious ways, does he not? Oh, and before I forget, alert them about those glands we found at the base of his spine, I think they may be relevant."

"Sex pheromones?"

"Sure makes sense to me, Dave."

Chapter 6

Dr. Ivonovich's apartment was located on the wrong side of the LDS building which is to say he neither saw nor recorded any of the amazing events that took place that morning. By mid-morning it was clear that his subjects, Peter and Paul, had failed to meet with him. That fact might be significant but it was hardly useful data. As with his test at Pine Creek, his latest efforts had been too clever and too cautious. Their failure to appear at Petra's door this morning could have a hundred explanations and most of those explanations would be totally ordinary. On the other hand, it cost nothing to wait. Perhaps tomorrow or the next day, Peter and Paul would return.

The truth was, Petra realized, the enzyme might have had little obvious effect on Paul. Perhaps Paul was now merely more submissive, less aggressive. Alpha human males don't, as a rule, randomly attack lesser males, at least not physically. Without actual aggression, might the behavioral changes go completely unnoticed? Even if sexual inversion had taken place, might Paul simply suppress or mask that new trait, go into the closet so to speak? The paradigm had assumed that Paul would remain on schedule, which might be a very bad assumption, concluded Petra.

At least ten Mormon boys had exited the LDS building this morning using the rear entrance. Neither Paul nor Peter had been in that group and thus, for trivial reasons, there had been no opportunity to observe his experimental subject's behavior.

He eyed that abandoned bottle of water. He could inject the enzyme through the plastic top without leaving an obvious hole. It was a question of whether he had enough enzyme and enough time; that bottle would not remain there indefinitely. The whole idea bordered on the insane,

he knew that. How many people might be affected? And dosage levels would be totally uncontrolled. If he did it, it would not be a snap decision. He turned and went back inside his apartment to assess how much enzyme he had. If only he had been allowed to complete his project at the Pavlov Institute, if only...

At sunset, that water bottle still sat there unattended. It was, for Petra, a sign. As soon as it was dark...



Paul Wright was still at the Loma Linda Medical Center at sunset but had been moved to a small cottage on the edge of the campus-like facility. His guards, and there was no mistake that they were guards, were female. One was with him like a shadow, even when he needed to use the head. A second woman acted as a reserve and the third was outside, walking the perimeter. Paul was naive and certainly unworldly but he wasn't stupid. There was not the slightest doubt in his mind that God had seen fit to transform him into... whatever. There could be no other explanation, it had to be God's will. The idea of sexual transformation was actually not a novel idea to Paul. His mother had, from time to time, talked about coming back in the next life as a male, if God were to find her in such favor. He always knew that it was a two-way street, that men could come back as women in the next life if they failed as Saints in this life. But that God hadn't waited for Paul's death, well, that was exceptional. OK, he was not exactly female now, nor male either to be completely frank. He was obviously no longer a Saint.

As to why he had been so punished, that seemed all too clear at first. Those heinous feelings 'Paul' had felt for Peter and then the Bishop, that sick twisted lust that a man should never feel for another man had struck down

the Bishop and should have struck down Paul. Well, Paul had been re-made female with the exception of his penis. Even the existence of that penis was but a rude acknowledgment of his sin, a man who would have sex with another man, to play the receptive, passive role of a woman was re-made female but utterly flawed, incomplete. That rigid penis was a stigma, a reminder of what he was, a sodomite.

The unnatural horror he had become seemed to drive men, ordinary men, good men, into that same twisted lust as it had done to the Bishop. He could never escape the memory of seeing his father after the change. Those most unnatural urges he had felt for his very own father, the way his penis reared its head in his presence, still wiggled wormlike inside his gut. Worse was the change that had taken place in his dad's eyes: lust for his transformed son. He wasn't a woman formed to make babies but some kind of monster; anal intercourse was the only form of intercourse he could perform in spite of that penis between his legs. It didn't belong there, there was no sexual purpose in its existence, it was but an unmistakable admission that once he had been a Saint, but now was a sodomite.

It was enough to make him want to commit yet another sin, to take his own life. Then he had been informed about a call from the Quorum, those twelve wise and Godly men; they had taken an interest in his condition. He might not be a monster at all but an Angel; not just any Angel, but the last messenger before the End of Times, a judge of men's souls. Needless to say, were a Saint to accept him sexually, his very soul would be found to be corrupt. So rather than being a horror, he *might be* a powerful tool employed by God for His perfect plan. Whether this was true or not, the very idea, the promise of such an idea, gave him ample reason to want to continue. An Angel, *oh that it could be so totally awesome*. His

thoughts were interrupted when the second woman approached him coming in from the kitchen.

“Eve?” she said. The name Eve had not been arrived at lightly. Had Eve not been made from the flesh of a man? Had Eve not then led Adam into corruption? Had she not been responsible for all the horrors that fell upon the human race once expelled from Eden? And yet, was she not also God’s tool? Was not temptation the only way to verify a Saint’s Godhood?

Eve stood up, drawing that thick robe more tightly around himself. He had chosen the garment himself, a gown suitable to his tumbled existence, ugly and uncomfortable. It was made of undyed, course wool, a blanket transformed into clothing at his request. It chafed his skin from his neck all the way to his feet. The excessively full sleeves all but hid his hands from view and when the hood was in place, his newly shaved head and sensuously feminine face would also all but disappear. It was far too warm to wear in the late summer climate of Southern California but he was beyond common comforts now; he was an Angel, a messenger from God and no longer mortal.

“Time?”

“The van will take us to the airport. The First Presidency’s Jet has landed.”

“Thank you, sister.”

“Thank you, Eve, and may God’s love and blessings go with you.”



It was early evening in Pine Creek. James was helping Mrs. Bone with the dishes. In all the years that James had lived in the boarding house, he’d never entered the

kitchen and certainly never offered to help the older woman with her chores. That he was doing so tonight said much about what he had to deal with. Harry had put aside James' concern regarding his employment in Pine Creek but that would do him little good if Mrs. Bone were to drive him from her boarding house. It was unlikely that finding new living accommodations, under the current social climate in Pine Creek, would be easy. No, he had to make nice-nice with this old biddy, if only to extend his tenure in her home.

Apparently the novelty of his exaggerated feminine behavior was wearing off, or at least Mrs. Bone hadn't made a critical comment on that aspect of his person today. More likely it was the long hours this afternoon that he, James, had spent chatting up the old woman. He'd done everything to assure her that his queer behavior was but a passing glitch. It wasn't clear that she readily bought his pledges but she did grant him a reprieve, for the time being at least.

They were side-by-side at the kitchen sink, James was washing the dishes while Mrs. Bone was drying them and putting them away. They were working on the pots and pans now. Finally she could contain herself no longer. "James?"

"What?"

"Sorry. Nothing. Just a stray thought." She said no more for a while as they continued to work together. Every so often their bodies would touch, hip against hip, hands and arms making light momentary contact. "I'm enjoying this," she sighed. "You know, Mr. Bone and I were never blessed with children." She looked at James, "I always wanted a daughter, you know." She laughed. "We would have spent time like this, together in domestic bliss."

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Bone. I'm sure you would have been a marvelous mother."

She grabbed James wrist lightly. "I still could be."

"Excuse me?" James pulled back abruptly, his eyes widening.

The old woman blushed and laughed, "No, not like that. What I mean is..." She stopped and turned away with a pot in her hand. She paused and put it down on the kitchen table so she could finish her thought, then abruptly changed her mind. What she wanted to say was pure madness after all. So she asked what had to be obvious. "You must be going through absolute heck having..." she looked for the right expression, "um... come out of the closet. Is that the right term?"

"Closet?" He laughed hysterically, then began, abruptly, to sob. He'd lost control. It had been a long, long week as it was but now having had to endured the mindless chatter of this ding-bat all afternoon and into the evening was too much. Coming out? If only it were that simple. How about being destroyed, that was closer to the truth.

"There there," cooed Widow Bone as she wrapped her arms around James. His tears wet the top of her dress as she pulled his head down and held his shaking body. It was not the time for words. She had no idea why James was crying. What she did understand was that he was in extreme pain, that was obvious. He had already triggered her maternal instincts before breaking down.

She felt, well, protective of him. No, there was more to it than that. That sense of domestic bliss she'd felt only moments before was real. Suddenly James' obvious effeminate condition connected with the illusion of a daughter by her side. Not many ideas made their way readily to her thoughts, but this one had and rather dra-

matically. Holding the sobbing young man made her insides all squishy as she considered the possibilities.

If she thought of him, not as some kind of pervert, but as a lonely, lost girl that happened to be trapped inside that not a very male body, might she and James form such a bond as between a mother and daughter? "There there," she whispered into the ear of her imaginary daughter as she stroked the child's back. It wasn't real, she knew that, but it wasn't entirely impossible either. She tightened her hold on the slender creature and tears now came to her eyes as well.



Someone had kicked that beehive, noted Dr. Ivonovich. Just minutes after he returned from the LDS building and shortly after he poured his first shot of vodka and sat down to watch the rear of the facility, a pair of Lincoln Town Cars, with heavily tinted windows, pulled around to the rear of the building. Eight men, mostly older, in black suits, emerged, milled around for a few minutes. A van arrived and disgorged another half-dozen men, all young men in the familiar white shirts and black pants. As they entered the building, one of the young men picked up the enzyme-laced water bottle, hefted it on to his shoulder and disappeared inside. Only moments later, as the last man entered, yet another van arrived.

More youthful men got out of the second van. They were wearing overalls and carrying flashlights. Instead of going inside, they spread out as if covering the ground around the building. Were they looking for something or providing security? Inside the building, lights were being turned on at all levels. Petra could see men, lots of men, moving about inside. Something had happened to get

their shorts in a knot. Petra picked up his glass and bottle of vodka and went back inside his apartment, turning out the lights as he went through his unit. "So," he smiled, "is this about Paul, hmm?"

From the safety of his patio, in the dark, he watched and wondered.



The First Presidency was composed of the President of the Church and two counselors. The Church President had Papal-like powers, that is he had total power over the organization. Like the Pope his power was based upon divine authority; he was, after all, a Prophet chosen by God. But, unlike the Papacy, his counselors were not mere advisors but also wielded considerable spiritual and political power. The President, Donald Malcolm, would not lightly ignore their advice. Historically, the President and the counselors worked to achieve mutual agreement prior to any decision. The issue of a young Saint named Paul Wright had split the Consulship along the classic historical factions in the organization. The Quorum of the Twelve was even more divided. In view of the conflict, the call to bring the 'creature' to the Temple had been put on hold. The risk of attracting too much attention was also a political and potentially an image problem, especially if the Gentile Press should become involved, which it would unless due caution were exercised.

Yet the determination of whether or not a miracle had occurred could not, would not, be put off. Nor could the issue of whether this was an Angel, a Demon or merely some random biological mischief be allowed to remain unresolved. Paul Wright, now self-named Eve, was to be taken to a secure mountain retreat well out of public view for evaluation. The outcome of that study could very well

include long-term incarceration or even, Heaven forbid, termination of that being. Public awareness had to be totally suppressed in light of those potential eventualities. This was a very serious matter indeed for the Church.

The site of that miracle, if it was indeed a miracle, would receive the closest inspection possible as would all the members of that ward. Two members of the Quorum were already on their way to Pasadena to provide oversight, along with several select members of the BYU faculty and numerous Temple theologians. All the Saints in that ward would, of course, be expected to cooperate. No stone would be left unturned.

But already things had become unexpectedly complicated. The jet, which was supposed to carry 'Eve' to that secure mountain retreat in Eastern Utah, had made an emergency landing shortly after takeoff. Garrett Thorn, Second Counselor of the Presidency, had had a heart attack. That he had been selected to secure and deliver 'Eve' said it all. The Church leadership was going crazy. That Eve and the pilot were now missing and the plane abandoned, sent an additional shockwave through the brethren. The situation was getting entirely out of hand. Saints from the wards in and around Palm Springs had been called in on the search for the missing 'Eve'. Now it was only a matter of time before the Gentile Press would be attracted like sharks to blood in the water. It was certainly not the best of times for the great American Church and things were getting worse.

Then the Second Counselor, a close friend of and spiritual guide to the Church President, died at the Palms Springs I.C.U. a few hours later. His death, at seventy-five, while sad was not unreasonable but how he died, the incident that precipitated his death was utterly shocking and profoundly disturbing. He had succumbed to the temptation offered by that 'creature'. If the press

were to discover that, the church might be severely damaged, no, *would be* severely damaged. Eve had to be found and once found...



Over tea the two of them sat there, a break after that emotional outpouring. Mrs. Bone was now fascinated by her much younger charge, in a way that was almost the extreme opposite of her earlier reaction. James' every mannerism, feminine, too natural to have been manufactured or recently acquired, seemed to confirm her earlier assessment, James was a woman even if *she* didn't fully comprehend that fact yet. Where was the old James Mugworthy she had known for the past four years? Gone, totally erased. And good riddance. James had always held a much-too-high opinion of himself. He had looked down at her as if she were somehow intellectually inferior and not worthy of his time. But this sweet, young thing, vulnerable and almost helpless— she had plucked the very strings of Mrs. Bone's heart. "And you have no explanation of why?"

James shook his head in the negative. He had told her his story or at least all that he was comfortable with. He had to describe Sissy and how she, his alter-ego, was now gone forever, hopefully. "I'm a man of science and..." He shrugged before continuing, "there is no reasonable scientific hypothesis..."

"A man of science," she said, "I assume you are also a man of faith."

"Faith?" James half-turned away, "I'm not religious if that is what you are asking, Mrs. Bone."

She laughed. "Call me Sally, please?" She smiled, then reached out, touched James' arm, then left her hand there.

“Such a momentous transformation, does it not speak of divine intervention?”

James shrugged. It was obvious from his face that he was unsettled by the very notion and wanted no part of the ongoing conversation. “It’s getting late…Sally.” James stood up and began to collect the tea service.

“James,” she said, jumping to her feet and once again gripping his arm. “I know this sounds crazy but, well, you are a woman now, OK?”

James pulled away and retrieved his arm. “If you say so.”

“Look honey, the sooner you accept who you really are, the sooner you will find peace.”

“An effeminate queer?” he snapped.

She rolled her eyes. “No dear, a woman, a real woman.”

“Says you, but to the rest of the world…”

“Oh FUCK the rest of the world!” she snapped, then blushed brightly before covering her mouth. Embarrassed, she ran out of the kitchen and back to her own bedroom before slamming the door behind herself.

James just stood there open-mouthed at her abrupt exit. The F word she’d said was so unlike the woman he knew. He felt relief that this unnatural chore was done, it had been a hard effort on his part, to say the least.

He turned to leave but paused to consider what had to be an underlying theme that had grown over the course of the evening. The old woman was half-mad, to be sure, but unless he had missed the actual implications, she’d now accepted him, or rather, she could accept him as a female. He’d be a fool not to take advantage of that fact for the time being. He laughed, not that the woman was all that

far off base. Aside from his cock and balls, he was no man at all.



Eve couldn't get the old man's face out of his mind. It had been all too much like his experience with the Bishop; the old man was of the First Presidency, that was heavy. And then there had been the pilot, well, there was *still* the pilot. The pilot was between his legs at that very moment thrusting like a bull gone mad. Was he mad also? Eve had climbed to the very edge of oblivion and yet had not gone over. There was no resolution for him, only greater and greater sexual need as if each thrust of the pilot's rock-hard weapon only fed Eve's appetite. If he, Paul, was that Angel, then the church leadership had been found strangely wanting. He felt the hot spurt of the pilot's seed inside him. Then the pilot rolled over Eve's leg and sprawled out, face first, on the motel floor.

Eve stood and pulled on the cheap terry cloth robe he had found in the motel room while looking down at the man at his feet. The pilot was still alive, though exhausted. Apparently, death wasn't automatic. She pawed through the man's belongings and located the keys from the rental car and his wallet. He was 'Eve' but he was also Paul Wright and Paul wanted to go home. Perhaps there, with his family, *his* family, sanity might return.

He'd had prayed almost every hour since this nightmare had begun. If God had answered, well, Paul wasn't pleased by his response. This was not the work of a loving God, therefore the spirit that now filled him must surely be from that other, dark force. Eve must be a monster. All notions of returning home vanished as he considered what he had become: a Demon, one of the Devil's own creatures. The keys fell from his fingers as did the wallet.

He turned, picked up the motel room phone, and dialed 9-1-1.

“Hello? I think I may have been responsible for the death of at least two men. Oh, they had heart attacks. My name? It doesn’t matter, umm, just call me Eve. Yes, I’m at that address and... thank you, I will be here in room 16 waiting. Umm, meds? I have no idea what you are talking about. No, I definitely do not feel like taking my own life. Ah, twenty-years-old and male. Yes ma’am, kind of. What? Oh my *real* name. Paul, Paul Wright. It’s a long story, ma’am. I turned into a sodomite this morning. Excuse me? It’s the Devil’s work, ma’am, trust me on that.”



Judy Persons was a reporter, a blogger to be exact. The day of the hard copy media was dead or would be as soon as the old farts woke up to the reality of the twenty-first century. She had a hot story, hotter than it initially looked, when her police scanner grabbed her attention. Some jerk-off police officer, answering a 9-1-1 call, had gotten involved in an orgy. That was good material. But when she got there and started talking to a pilot who worked for the Mormons, Nelly-bolt-the-door. A couple shots of cherry soda and the man started talking about an avenging Angel, a sodomite, he said. Too bad that fairy had already fled the scene. Now an interview with a queer avenging Mormon Angel would really be something.

This was a story that she would gladly work 24/7. When she was done, she’d be established in the field. Mormons; you either love ‘em or hate ‘em and that’s not bad for readership. The trouble was she would have to do a lot of research, especially on the Mormon angle. Whatever it took. And what exactly was a *sodomite*, aside from the obvious?



Eve hadn't gotten that far from the motel. His escape was unlikely, running down the main boulevard in Palms Springs, buck naked. It took the authorities some time to connect him with the 9-1-1 call but he was already heading for a forty-eight hour lockup in the local mental health facility anyway. That was where the Church leadership found him the next morning. But try as they could, his internment at the hospital wasn't open to argument even from the Church. Forty-eight hours lock-up and extensive psychological assessment would happen, period. However, Eve's parents had been contacted based on the information the Church Elder had provided the Palm Springs authorities so Eve would not face this alone.

Eve was not aware of any of this; they had juiced him up and put him to bed after a preliminary medical checkup about midnight. He certainly hadn't helped his case very much with the Gentiles. He told them God did this to him this very morning. They had no idea of what he was talking about nor did they seem very interested.

Across town, the story of Garrett Thorn's death had already gone out but not the specifics of the events leading up to his death, yet. That would soon change. Will Franks, a Saint and the former personal pilot to The First Presidency of the LDS, was already telling his story. It was time for the Church to play duck-and-cover or play the Avenging Angel card. Neither was a good option.



Friday morning found a bleary-eyed Petra watching his computer screen. Stored images from the four video cameras he had aimed at the LDS building were scrolling

at five times normal rate, each camera occupied a quarter of the flat screen monitor. The doctor would have been better off watching the morning news. The breaking story was of the number-three man in the LDS church, one Dr. Thorn, and an evolving sex scandal. That the subject of the Saint's attention was a young male of twenty years (his picture was not shown, of course) made the story all the juicier. The very conservative Church hierarchy had yet to respond. None of this would have been enough to alert Dr. Ivonovich except that the young Saint was from Eagle Rock. Surely Petra would have put two and two together then, had he known.

As it was, he would not see the results of his manipulation on the current population at the LDS building for the simple reason that the water jug hadn't been used yet. It wasn't until after breakfast had been completed that the jug was uncapped and put into a dispenser located in the rear hallway, not in the kitchen. By that time all of the overnight visitors, those of special influence, were already preparing to leave. The media were beginning to have what promised to be a field day. The LDS center was closed for the first time since it initially opened a few months earlier. Locked up but hardly ignored. The young men who had provided security the previous night had been relieved by a new shift of young Saints in overalls, all volunteers of course.

It was shortly after six A.M. when one of the new security personal entered the building to use the head. On the way out, he stopped and took a drink. It was from the Arrowhead dispenser in the hallway, not the one in the kitchen. Over the course of the day, other young men used the facility but none took water from that particular dispenser. Before the evening was done, another unsuspecting experimental subject would be claimed.

Meanwhile, in Palm Springs, the authorities that managed the Sheriff's Department Correction facility for greater Palms Springs which the mental facility served as an annex had discovered that their guest, Paul Wright, had a rather disruptive effect on the other clients in the facility and on more than one employee. Indeed, he was so disruptive that the initial psychological examination was delayed indefinitely. Apparently however, this problem didn't extend to the females on the staff. Someone had the brilliant idea of placing that individual of indeterminate sex in the female section of the facility. The idea worked and later in the morning 'Eve' would begin to undergo psychological evaluation.



It was a birthday of sorts for James or it would be in but a few hours. A full week had passed since his transformation from male to... *whatever*. It didn't seem like a mere week, more like a lifetime. While fully awake now, he didn't feel inclined to get out of his bed. He was certainly not in a hurry to begin this day. If not for his full bladder he might never get up. He stretched out and stared at the ceiling, allowing random thoughts to stumble through his head.

Last night had been totally weird. OK, not as weird as last Thursday at Jill's or when he'd gone to Moe's medical office the next day. Lord knows those had been truly outrageous, life altering, experiences. But weird nonetheless. Widow Bone was the last person in the world he would have wanted to spend time with and yet he had: most of the afternoon and the entire evening. Both his job and his lodging seemed secure or at least as secure as he could make either.

He curled into a fetal position, tucking his breasts inside the nest thus created. He wasn't ready to deal with this, any of this. A faint buzz began to work its way down his spine. That alien feeling was mildly sexual in nature. Harry, he thought. Damned if he hadn't responded sexually to his own boss yesterday. That mild, teasing pleasure he'd felt hadn't dissipated the way it should have. Out of sight, out of mind? It worked for Sissy but it wasn't working for James at this moment.

He groaned and sat up in bed. There was no escape. That tumor between his legs, semi-erect now, made a mockery of his attempt to deny the essentially sexual nature of his feelings toward Harry. And the worst part of it was, that tumor was surely all but irrelevant. Good for peeing, yes but somehow disconnected from his new sexual mechanism. At best it was a mere flag signaling arousal, not the apparatus for closing the deal. God knows he'd been unable to beat the thing into responding as it was meant to respond. "Worthless piece of shit!"

He grabbed it and roughly gave it a jerk. He felt goose bumps forming on his skin. It was like old times. He felt the familiar erotic tensions building. His cock was responding like it hadn't had since this whole mess started. His movements quickly became more vigorous as he felt the familiar tensions begin to build. Oh, he needed this, he surely did. That he was jerking off to the image of one Harry Horner was hardly noteworthy any more than the way his fat nipples wrinkled up and demanded attention as well. James had come a long way in a week, a very long way.

~oOo~

James poured himself a cup of coffee in the dayroom but rather than sitting down and actually enjoying it and

a pastry, he girded his resolve, pushed on and entered the kitchen. There he found Mrs. Bone. "Mrs. Bone?"

She looked up from the cookbook she was reading and a wide smile followed. "Oh James, how delightful, please sit and remember? Sally?"

He nodded and sat down. Carefully arranging himself much as a woman might—and that was no act—he picked up his coffee cup before looking across at the older woman. James smiled. It was a full toothy smile, quite unlike his old smile. "Lovely morning, Sally," he said before sipping at his drink. It was a necessary continuation of the seduction he'd performed on the old woman last night. "You've been a great help to me."

Their eyes met. The old woman was smiling even more broadly, if possible, and her eyes were dancing as she looked over the rim of her cup at him. "My pleasure," she replied. She put her cup down and reached across the table to rest her hand on James' forearm, then moved it down to take his hand in hers.

"You said I was all woman now. Well, heck, Sally how would I know, huh? How could I know what it feels like... how?"

She laughed and gave James' hand a squeeze. "I've never been a man, so I can hardly explain the difference, sweetheart." She continued to squeeze his hand. "I just know I'm right, OK?" She gave James a wink. "And I know that you know I'm right."

James blinked in reply. He knew no such thing. But what he did know was that old woman Bone seemed to need that illusion. The follow-on was pretty easy, "I... I don't know how to be a woman."

She shook her head. "Honey, you are already there and just don't know it. What's to know? Just be yourself. How hard could that be?"

“No, I’m talking about clothing, makeup... hair... I’d be a complete idiot...”

“Pfaa. Details.” Her eyes narrowed a bit. “There is something you have not told me, isn’t there? A secret that you were hiding yesterday, am I right?” She laughed. “Not much of a secret. Clothing, makeup, hair? You have set your sights on a man, haven’t you.” And then she looked, horrified. “Doctor Grover!”

James jerked back, “Sally, how could you think...” He laughed, it was a tight, nervous sound more like metal on metal, a squeaky hinge. “No!” he said in real horror. “As I told you last night, that was when I was Sissy and frankly...” He let out a long sigh. “It wouldn’t be like that at all. I’m no slut.”

“I’m relieved but not convinced.”

James blushed brightly, “You’re right, of course.” He looked around as if to be sure they were alone, as if he had a dark secret. It was playacting and nothing more. He allowed the silence to linger and the tension to build, then finally admitted a half-truth, “It is a man, a married man, I’m afraid. But there is a spark there, something... um, real?”

“Real? Oh no James, not with a married man, not in my house.”

“But...” He realized that he’d gone too far. He should have never mentioned any interest in any male. Truth be told though, he was having trouble getting Harry out of his thoughts, considering what he had been doing but a few minutes before. He recovered quickly enough. “Of course you’re right. Silly me.” Was that putting it on too thick?

“If I am to help you, James, it will be on my terms. I will not aid your seduction of a married man. Besides, it is highly unlikely that he is Mister Special. You’re like a

teen-aged girl right now and prone to be a bit stupid, that's all."

As to that last statement, James wasn't convinced but on the other hand the fact that he had responded to Harry didn't make Harry necessarily 'special'. Finally he nodded in agreement. "OK, no married men, for now at least." That was a no-brainer, the old biddy was steeped in an alien culture from the last century, so her dread of him having an affair with a married man was hardly a surprise.

"Fine. Let's start with a name."

"Excuse me?"

"I was always partial to Kathy. Not Kathleen, just Kathy. If I'd had a daughter, well... To be entirely honest, I would like you to think of me as your mother."

He laughed. "Mother?"

"Yes, Kathy?"

"Oh my gosh."

"What?"

James eyes were wide orbs; how far was he willing to go with this farce? On the other hand, did it matter? Not much. Then in a very girly voice, he softly answered, "I could do that you know, like totally. Kathy," he said as if tasting the name. He remembered Harry asking what name he would like. Kathy? He giggled and soon they were both giggling even though Mrs. Bone had no idea what he... no *she*, Kathy, found so amusing. There was surely a pony under this pile of shit if he dug deep enough. The old woman could get the 'pretend' daughter she never had and James, no, make that Kathy, gained some much-needed security and possibly more. He fluttered his eyes like the sweet young thing the old gal thought he was. Why the fuck not?

The old woman was delighted, clapped her hands together and said, "Follow me."



Winston Koss was a very smart man, M.D. and Ph.D. Or perhaps he wasn't so smart, after all he agreed to this assignment. He'd been called in as a temporary 'Senior Science Advisor' for the First Presidency, or rather what was left of the First Presidency with the untimely passing of the Second Counselor, Garrett Thorn. With the First Presidency in tatters and the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles having kittens, there were simply too many chiefs and not nearly enough Indians. Normally he'd have a substantial staff to work with and a well-defined chain of command. Neither was the case at this moment. Add to that the potential of scandal connected to the death of the second Counselor and, well, he should have refused the assignment. But now that he had been made privy to the unsightly details, refusal to serve wasn't a viable option.

The issue was simple enough; had a miracle occurred? Normally such a question could be studied at one's leisure but that was hardly the case right now. And worse, the prime individual, the very center of this maelstrom, was held by the Gentile authorities in Palms Springs and would remain out of reach until at least Saturday night. And everybody wanted answers, now.

It wasn't like he hadn't been given excellent baseline data. The people at the Loma Linda Medical Center had been quite meticulous in their physical examination of the subject: one young twenty-year-old male, a Saint from Eagle Rock, California. It was just that the data didn't make any sense, which was perhaps actually an indication that something miraculous had indeed transpired.

The numerous pictures and measurements showed a male with, well, exaggerated secondary sexual characteristics appropriate for a woman perhaps in her mid-twenties. Blood tests, however, failed to show any heightened levels of female hormones. In fact, the levels observed were entirely compatible with that of a healthy twenty-year-old man. Obviously a program of hormone treatment had not created this effeminized young man. Detailed MRI scans and extensive ordinary inspection showed no evidence of surgery such as implants, none whatsoever. So there was no realistic medical explanation for how his individual had suddenly transformed into this pseudo-woman.

Which proved nothing, of course. The logical hypothesis was that this was a congenital condition and the abnormal subject had been substituted for the original young man. That of course would require an elaborate conspiracy. It was too early to rule the latter out but, frankly, it seemed highly unlikely, even if one ignored the thumbprint identification. The DNA results should put paid to that issue in any case.

Short of far more research—and that could only begin once the subject had been retrieved from the authorities—Dr. Koss had to conclude the possibility that this was indeed a miraculous transformation. In his e-mail to the First Presidency with copies forwarded to the Quorum he made it clear: “One must conclude that a miracle *may* indeed have occurred. There is, at present, no scientific or medical explanation. This is, however, a preliminary recommendation, pending a far more exhaustive examination of all the facts, which could require many months, perhaps years, to be completed. As to the nature of the transformation, insufficient information is currently available to determine what, if any, purpose was intended.”

He sat back in his chair, looking at the flashing cursor on the screen and the word: *miracle*. That he could be a part, a small part, of something so momentous was breathtaking. What the First Presidency would do with this he had no idea but the Quorum was another matter entirely. There already existed a seven-to-five split among the Apostles favoring a more conservative view. Winston suspected both the circumstance leading to the tragic death of Mr. Thorn and the presence of a miracle were all the nails the larger group needed to bring the First Presidency into line. But that was well beyond his current pay grade, to say the least.



Franklin Carter was almost thirty-years-old, an accountant by trade and a Saint by birth and avocation. Married for the past eleven years, he and his wife had remained childless in spite of their best efforts. The latter fact had prompted a considerable numbers of prayers from them and their extended families. Franklin was of average height, but flabby, not exactly fat, simply out-f-shape. An Atlas he wasn't.

While he was no Hollywood leading man, he and his wife seemed ideally suited for each other; she, like he, wouldn't have turned many heads even when she was younger. Like many young Mormons, it hadn't been a chance encounter with Cupid that had resulted in their sacred union; their marriage had been arranged between their families before either had started high school. All things considered, their lives were full and meaningful. However, it was Franklin who had ingested Dr. Ivonovich's enzyme earlier in the morning while he had performed security duty at the LDS house. Things were about to get interesting, to say the least. Unlike James or

Paul, Franklin was in the company of a person of the opposite sex, his wife Ruthie. But for that small detail, the outcome would prove utterly different.

Like a lot of old married couples, their day-to-day life had settled into a comfortable rut and their sex was no exception. It was Friday evening, when they were most likely to have sex. It wasn't a standing agreement; like most things, the pattern had just evolved over time. That they had gone to bed so very early was exceptional. Not that Ruth would readily admit it, she was feeling a bit 'randy' tonight. And she was certain that Franklin was feeling the same way. The way he moved and the hot looks he'd given her, starting before dinner... she smiled as she remembered how it had been when they were first married. She finished changing into her night clothes in the bathroom, as per custom, while Franklin changed in the bedroom. Neither had ever seen the other completely naked, though tonight Ruth was likely to remove her top to give Franklin free access to her breasts. She was already moist where it mattered as she turned off the bathroom light, opened the door and moved quietly into the dark bedroom.

She slid into bed, put her head back on the pillow and waited for the ritual to begin. It always started with a touch on her arm or shoulder, then he would say the magical word: wife. Just wife, nothing more. Usually Franklin called her Ruthie or, on more formal occasions, Ruth, but never just wife. And then she would reply "husband"; he would roll on top of her and they would have intercourse, usually without foreplay. She lay there waiting and, on this night, more eagerly anticipating what was to follow than usual.

She felt him move toward her, pushing up on his elbow, his breath abruptly flowing hot across her neck and cheek. What followed was like nothing she'd ever experi-

enced before, starting with the torrid, reckless kiss. It was as if he were trying to enter her body through her mouth. And then, she too became a wanton, insatiable female, a woman she'd never met before. Oh it was shocking.



James never had any interest in women's clothing. That hadn't changed but Mrs. Bone had been most insistent. She had taken him up to the attic where she had stored her old clothing, intent upon finding something that her 'daughter' could wear. James' figure may have become that of a mature woman, but there was nothing there that 'Kathy' could wear. He was still a good four inches taller than the old woman and certainly several sizes larger than Mrs. Bone had been in her youth. It cost next to nothing to let the old gal play dress-up however.

That was the first time Mrs. Bone had actually seen James' naked body, though he'd refused to remove his boxer shorts. Finally, he'd had enough, "I don't understand, Sally."

"Mother," she corrected him.

He laughed, "OK, mother. You were horrified that morning when I came in wearing that housecoat."

"You were not my daughter then, Kathy."

"Whatever," groused James.

She was looking at him strangely.

"What?"

Bemused, she just continued staring at his chest. "You are lovely, my dear. I had no idea just how lovely."

He covered his breasts with an arm and stared back, waiting for this episode to end. Finally, he could take it no longer, "Are we done?"

Well, they weren't done, not by a long shot. The rest of the morning was consumed by shopping. He had kept saying "I can't afford this," "I don't like that" and, more often than not, "I feel silly wearing this." Mostly he was just bored and he refused to spend his money on such silliness. They may be 'shopping' but he wasn't buying.

All that changed when Sally dragged him into a beauty salon shortly before noon. "My treat," she said. And then she began to give specific instructions to the hairdresser, after first introducing James as "My daughter, Kathy."

Approximately three and a half hours later, James emerged a blonde. His hair was short but stylishly so and the pale blond color went extremely well with his pale skin; he no longer looked like a Hollywood version of an undertaker's client. With eyebrows plucked and professionally applied makeup, along with a manicure, pedicure, and freshly painted nails, one would never have suspected that this had ever been a male, except for his clothing. James was fascinated by his reflection. Fascinated and charmed, no, pleased and delighted. He was decidedly pretty, a head turner to be sure. "Sally?"

"Mother."

He grinned without responding. The idea that someone like Harry might actually be attracted to him had become a very real possibility. If one were to be a woman, why not a dish like this? Why not indeed? He was not one to exaggerate his own charms, he'd always thought of himself as a rather ordinary-looking man, not ugly but certainly not overly handsome either. He turned to once again examine that reflection, he, or rather she, was sim-

ply stunning. He turned and squared his shoulders, "Mother, I need new clothes!"

It was evening when they finally finished. His credit cards were all maxed out or nearly so. What wouldn't fit in his car would be delivered on Monday. He had spent an inordinate amount of time in front of mirrors today, naked, half-naked and fully clothed. It wouldn't be wrong to say that he'd fallen in love with 'her'. That was a very odd situation.

It was only later, while alone in his room, that he made the conscious decision that would affect the rest of his life. It was better to be Kathy than that oddly effeminized male, James. One does not generally get to choose one's gender but the events of the last week demanded such a decision. In front of his bedroom mirror, wearing a form-fitting pair of jeans and a loose-fit tank top, makeup and hair perfect, he nodded. "Good bye James." She pursued her full lips, cocked her hips and extended her hand, palm down. "My name is Kathy, Kathy Mugworthy."

It was a lie, of course, he was still he but was he a man, really? She was so much more 'real'. Thinking from a female perspective would take time, but it was doable. He went to sleep muttering, "I am a girl, I am Kathy, Kathy...."



As Kathy fell asleep, Franklin and Ruth were in a world of their own. Franklin had never looked so good; he had filled out rather well. There was no way that his shoulders could be so broad, nor his waist so slim. He had the perfect triangular figure of the classic athletic male and though his bone structure hadn't changed, his face was to die for, or so Ruth thought. That he had become so

impossibly handsome would have raised serious questions in her mind, were she prone to engage in introspection at this moment.

Nor was this a one-sided physical attraction, for Franklin saw his wife in equally glowing terms and was more than willing to share his observations with his beloved. His lust knew no boundaries. While her breasts were small, they were delightfully well-formed and very, very exciting to touch. In the wild gymnastics of their lovemaking, neither was now wearing their underwear. For the first time in their life together, they could appreciate each other in their physical totality.

For once, Dr. Ivonovich's experiment had promise of being more than a train wreck in progress. On the other hand, it could be days before Franklin's enzymes would be completely consumed. Much could yet happen.

Chapter 7

The two young Saints carried Eve out of the facility. She had been sedated; why, Mark hadn't a clue, nor did his co-conspirators as they eased their burden down onto the rear seat of the black SUV. She flopped in a boneless manner across the seat but they soon had her legs clear of the door. It was obvious they were in a hurry to get back inside the facility and return to their stations. They did not have the slightest idea why the Church had instructed them to steal one of their charges from the Gentile authorities. They looked at Mark expectantly but he ignored the obvious questions in their eyes. It was best that they didn't know. He turned away and hurried to the driver's side of the vehicle. Looking back, he called out in a whisper, "May God keep you safe."

The two young men stood there in baffled concern as the vehicle pulled away. The shorter one nodded toward the surveillance camera where a picture hung in front of

the lens, held by a piece of string and attached by an alligator clip. "Don't forget to get that." Then he turned and hurried inside. The picture was of the empty loading dock which was all the camera had recorded this morning.

Seconds later, the black SUV was waved though by the guard at the entrance. He was a Saint, another member of the local congregation but much older, a church Elder, in fact. Unlike the two young Saints, he knew Mark Brown personally. Mark was the eldest son of Hiram Brown and the elder Brown was one of the Apostles. Beyond that, he knew little more than the younger men had known. After the car was safely away, he turned the security cameras back on, then wrote a note on his log reporting the temporary malfunction. It was four-twenty-three in the morning, a good hour and a half before the next bed check. The younger Mr. Brown had plenty of time to disappear with his new charge. If anyone had asked him what was going on, he would most likely said something like "God moves in mysterious ways."

He leaned back on the chair in his kiosk and enjoyed the pre-dawn coolness. The temperature would hit triple digits well before noon and was expected to pass a hundred and ten degrees by mid-morning. Not everyone was suited for Palms Springs in August. He'd already put Mr. Brown and his guest out of his mind before the first rays of the sun appeared above the horizon.

Moments later, a text went out from Mark Brown's cell phone to his father: "The mare is back in the stable."



It was difficult leaving his wife that morning, but when the van appeared at five forty-five, Franklin was ready. Thank God it was Saturday, he could hardly afford

another day off from work. Arrangements had already been made to replace the volunteer work force with professionals, or at least that was what he had been told. "Hey!" he said as he pushed back the side door and climbed in.



He hadn't even been properly seated and the door closed before Josh complained. "Man, you stink something awful."

That complaint was picked up by two other passengers. One groaned, "When's the last time you took a shower, huh, Frank?" And then he rolled his eyes.

"Sorry," Franklin mumbled and grinned. Nothing they could say or do to him this morning could wipe that shit-eating-grin off his face. He was so pleased with himself. Last night had been, well, special. Those very private images of the night before spun through his mind and he was more than a little self satisfied.

The driver announced, "It's going to be a hot one today, triple digits in Pasadena. You boys keep yourselves well hydrated, you hear me?"

"The Center has air conditioning, right?" asked Josh.

"So?" said the driver.

"I mean, if it gets too hot..."

The driver laughed, "I didn't hear that, OK?"

"So why are we supposed to stay outside, anyway?"

"You got me, brother. I suspect when they get around to telling me what's going on, the whole world will know. What I do know is that those instructions come from the First Presidency itself. Enough said?"



James woke up earlier than was his norm, a little after six to be exact. It wasn't until he stumbled in front of the bathroom mirror and saw Kathy staring back, thin eyebrows and all, that he remembered that he and James had parted ways last night. Probably it was the morning boner

that had distracted *her*. As she stood there urinating, which had been made more difficult by the erection but not impossible, she had to admit that that hot, hard, slab of meat, though inappropriate for Kathy, was, well, interesting in a sensual way. Too bad it was attached to her and not someone else, though there were certain advantages to that arrangement as well.

It was only after Kathy had attended to that part which more properly belong to James, that she was able to continue her toilet. Later, much later, she was back in her room trying to decide what to wear. It was going to be hot today, probably in the high eighties here in the mountains. Nylons were definitely out. She finally selected a pair of white shorts and a brief halter top that exposed her midsection. The bra she put on, unlike the sports bra, didn't squish her breasts down but rather provided lift and produced ample cleavage. She changed her mind about the halter top and replaced it with a deep-V white cotton blouse. Now rather than being hidden, that cleavage, *her* cleavage, was fully on display. It was almost eight o'clock before she was satisfied that Kathy was ready to take on the world. Never in James' life had his morning toilet taken so long but then Kathy had so much more to do.

She turned to leave her bedroom and then realized: shoes. She wasn't done, not by half. She had never own more than three pair of shoes at the same time, or rather, James hadn't. An even two dozen brand new shoes waited her inspection. She finally picked out a pair of high heels, yellow with tiny little spikes. That they were exactly right was obvious, that they didn't go with what she had on was also obvious. She turned back to the closet and started over. Decisions, decisions, the likes of which James had never known. It wasn't easy to be pretty and female, but Kathy would not have had it any other way.



Eve awoke to a vision of loveliness. It was a man in his thirties, perfectly formed with eyes that would gladden any heart. He was sitting by her bed, on the very edge of his chair, leaning forward, his eyes wide. If she could she would have frozen time at that instant to prolong this special moment. So unlike the others, he was utterly adorable, though he was also frightened, she abruptly realized. That was fear in his eyes, to be sure. For the moment that their eyes had met, he hadn't moved, perhaps he hadn't even breathed. She sat up on one elbow and felt her breasts slide and roll against the cloth inside the jumpsuit. It was the same jumpsuit that they had made her wear at the mental facility, but the room she was in was certainly not the cell she had been in when she fell asleep. It was a richly appointed and very large bedroom.

She turned her gaze back to him. She. Whatever other magic that sweet man possessed, he'd finally driven the remnants of Paul out of her consciousness. She was Eve, utterly. Had the men before been like him, well, Paul would not have survived for an instant. But Paul was now gone finally. "Where am I?" she finally said, her voice already thick with her growing desire.

"Safe, your Godliness."

"Safe?" she responded ignoring the rest of what he had said. He wasn't the first to refer to her by that particular term. "Am I your prisoner?"

He jerked to his feet, his eyes wider still. She could not help noticing the thrust of his erection against the fabric of his pants. She was having the same effect upon him that she'd had on all the others. This time, though, she was more than just a little pleased at his reaction. He just stood there, transfixed.

Finally he spoke, "I am your servant, not your jailer, your loveliness..." He sputtered and turned crimson. "I mean your Godliness."

She sat up, swung her legs over the edge of the bed as if to stand up, then changed her mind. "And whom else do you serve? The Church?"

"My father is Hiram Brown."

She shrugged, the name meant nothing to her.

"He's of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles."

It was her tuned to stare with wide eyes, "And they support me?"

"Some of them, but not all of the Quorum, your Godliness."

"You understand that to be with me..." She left the implications hang in mid-air.

His face was flushed now, "I have no fear of death, sweet angel. Only of rejection."

Her own erection had reached its own painful state that demanded resolution. She reached up and gripped the zipper at the front of her orange jumpsuit. "Sweet soul, thee need not fear rejection." She pulled the zipper down and exposed her nakedness. "Come touch me that I might touch you."



They had spilled seed together, he inside her. Later, Eve made Mark suck her cock. It wasn't a sexual act for her, that activity hadn't resulted in any significant sexual arousal. No, it had been more a test of her dominance than anything else. That Mark had allowed her to use him thus had come as no great surprise; she'd owned him ut-

terly as she had owned all the others before, but it comforted her to know her control was real and not an illusion. It was more of an experiment than not for she had given her entire attention to solving one question: why was she thus and how did it serve God's purpose?

Later, while laying on the bed together, she said, "I've no great knowledge of things theological but I know that God has given me purpose and it is up to me to discover what that purpose is." She felt Mark move his head against her chest in agreement. She let the moments slide by as she chewed over what had been happening to her these several days. Finally she said, "If homosexuality is such a great sin, why did God create homosexuals?" It was a rhetorical question. But she would pin him to the mat with her next statement. "Was not our lovemaking homosexual? You, taking me as you did and then, later, did you not give me a... um, a blow job?"

Mark jerked up and untangled himself from her grasp. He stood there in his nakedness. His penis was again hard and throbbing, as was hers. He looked blank-faced, confused, but he could not deny his arousal anymore than he could deny the hour of sexual congress they had already enjoyed. He stumbled back, taking once more to that chair beside her bed. "Are you saying..."

She rolled her eyes. "It's not about you or me or even what we have been doing. It's just a thought that has been forming in my mind, surely placed there by God. The Book says only Saints may go to heaven, is that not true?" She didn't wait for him to respond but pushed on. "I always felt that it was unfair that my own mother could never go to heaven, no matter how well she lived her life. That she would have to live her life again, as a man, as a saint, before heaven was hers to enjoy. According to the Book, heaven is a wonderful world, beauty without ugliness, joy without pain, life without death." She looked at

Mark, "*Only Saints go to heaven.*" She gasped, "Don't you see? It's perfectly clear to me now, there are no women in heaven, only men."

He looked confused. "But sex is only for procreation."

"Of course, Mark, here on earth. But does not sex exist as a natural cornerstone of joy, physical pleasure. Procreation would surely be meaningless in heaven, but not the pure physical pleasure of sexual union."

He shook his head with despair on his face, "Are you saying what I think you are? I... I seriously doubt that my father would accept such a concept: homosexuality as the norm in... heaven."

"Maybe, just maybe, I am what we all become, in heaven. Neither male nor female, a perfect joining of the two faces of humankind." She stopped and grunted, "Make love to me, my Saint and while you do, try to tell me this is not heavenly."

The End