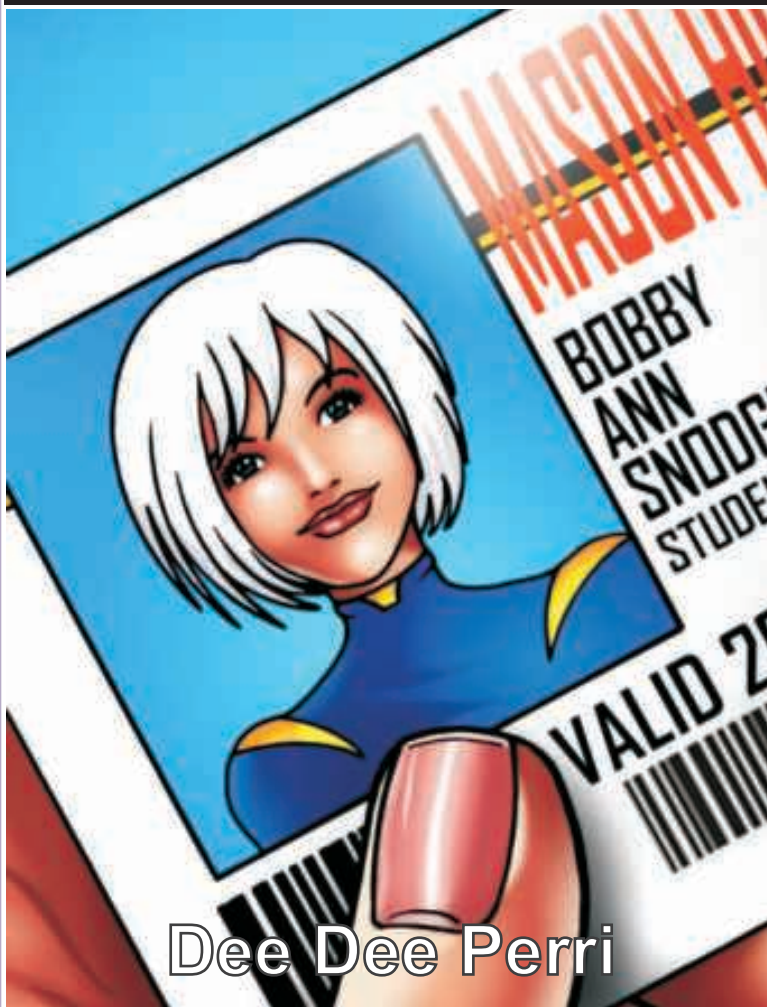




Reluctant Press presents:

SEX CHANGE VIRUS



Dee Dee Perri

A 'NEW WOMAN' E-BOOK

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The Sex Change Virus

By Dee Dee Perri

Chapter 1

I'll never forget the day I was told that I was NR-positive. I'd turned eighteen in January and I'd already made up my mind to join the Marines as soon as I graduated: the end of school and the beginning of 'real' life. Dad was dead set against me doing so but I was of legal age and that meant he couldn't stop me. I never liked school, period. I lied to my dad telling him about the program the Marines offered, a promise to help pay for my college education once I completed at least three years of service time.

That wasn't the lie, there was such a program but, to be entirely honest, I had no desire to go down that particular path. Dad was a college grad and what had that gotten him? A dead end job in a big corporation, tons of work that he brought home almost every night, nope, not for me. I'd probably seen too many John Wayne movies, like "Back to Bataan" or "In Harm's Way" to settle for the mundane life my old man had chosen. NR-positive! The future I had envisioned for myself had abruptly terminated like a knife had just cut off my balls, actually the analogy was all too appropriate.

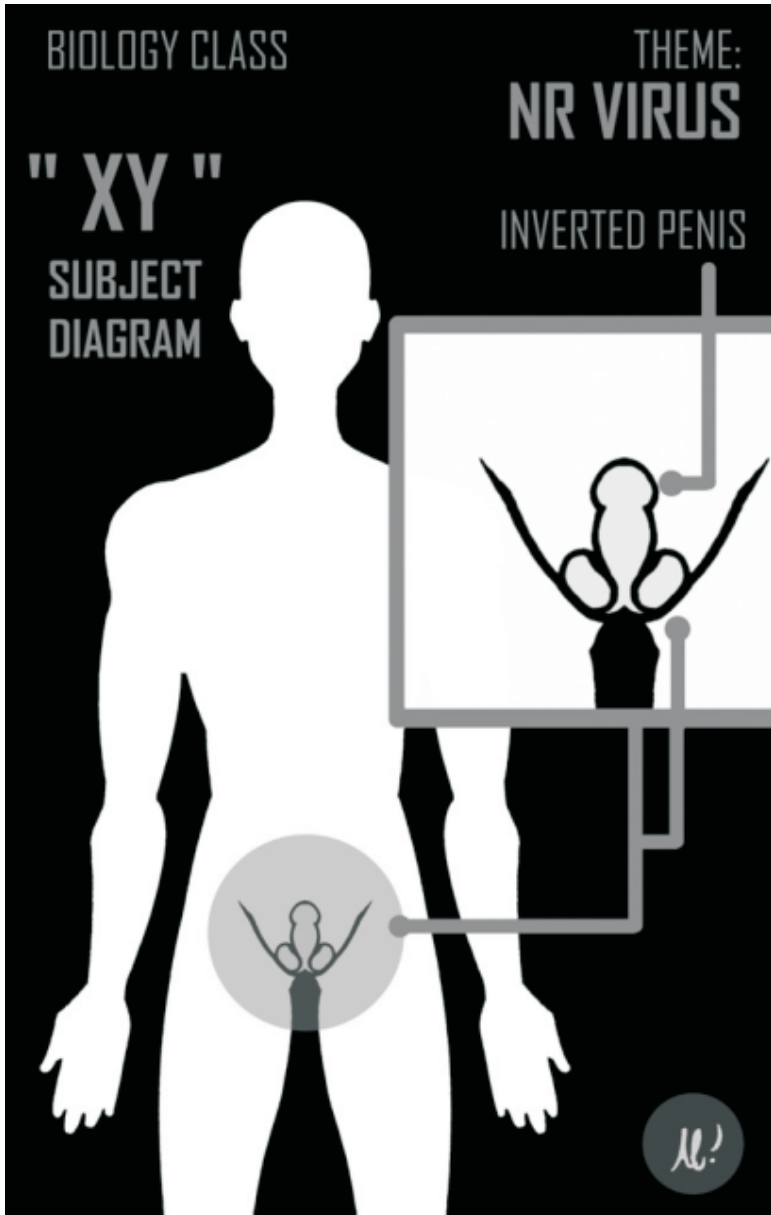
Ironic you know, it was during my physical in May for the Marine Corp that a blood test threw up the first red flag. Anyhow, a few days later I got a letter from the Corp that said thank you for your interest- but no thanks. The local health department was also informed as to the results of that blood test and they were all over me that same day like ants at a picnic. Christ, I didn't even get to graduate from high school that Spring, bummer. I was in Federal quarantine and on anti-virus drugs before I could say "fuck-me".

What, you don't know what the NR virus is? Probably better known as the 'sex-change virus', ok? The first case, the famous one, was back in 2015 and you couldn't have missed that, it was all over the media. Yeah, now you know why I suddenly felt like my life had ended. Maybe if I was a jerk like Willy Brothers, that limp-wristed, four eyed fag that lived across the street from me, the idea of spending the rest of my life as a pseudo-dame would have been ok, right? John Wayne with tits, I don't think so. My life had gone to hell in a handcart for sure.

My biology teacher had explained to us during the sex education section of his course that I took as a sophomore how the term "sex-change virus" was completely incorrect. Nothing that really mattered, like chromosomes, were affected. Guys were still XY and girls XX. All the "brain-stuff" that made us think we were male or female, what he called "gender identity" was also unaffected, kind'a. Probably worst of all was the fact that a guy with the NR virus would, eventually, be entirely unable to function as a male, I mean the freaking dick becomes inverted like a pseudo vagina! I remember looking at the pictures Mr. Randolph showed us of a guy's crotch. The poor bastard looked like he had a pussy, ok? The head of his penis was, according to Mr. Randolph, buried so deep inside that the only way he could stimulate himself was by using a cucumber or something shaped like a dick. Trust me, even girls had it better, least wise their clit was right outside and above their vagina. I knew then and there this was some very serious bad news. The message back then was clear, the only safe sex was no sex. Try telling that to a teenager.

Girls could get the NR virus and in fact that is how most guys, like me, eventually contracted the disease. Only for a girl, one would be hard pressed to know that she was infected. The virus shuts down the androgen receptors across most of her body which isn't that big of a deal. Hairy girls became less hairy, no problem-oh, right? Girls make testosterone just like guys or else they wouldn't have a sex drive according to Mr. Randolph my biology teacher and the cells that make the big "T", well they become hyper active because of a negative feedback loop that gets busted, whatever that means. Anyhow an RN positive female will eventually become loaded with big "T" but instead of developing

a low voice or growing lots of muscles, which they can't because they lack the necessary androgen receptors because of the virus, they get super horny.



Worse, eventually all that excessive testosterone breaks down into estrogen and the gal probably has lots of estrogen receptors just waiting for the good stuff. Everything that defines a female body, like breasts and fat distribution grow increasingly stereotypical, that is to say, they 'babe-up'. And Sandy Yates, who had worked in the cafeteria for years as a skinny no-body, like put a bag over her head, you know, had suddenly 'babe-up' big time. That is a pretty powerful combination, super-high sex drive and a body that attracts the male prick. Sandy probably thought she had been touched by a good fairy, you know, she was a regular Cinderella. Spotting an infected female requires a blood test and in the mean time, well, as Mr. Randolph said, it's a pretty damn smart virus that can get the host to help spread the disease. It sure had worked for old Sandy. At forty-something, she would have done half the guys in my school, had she had the chance. As far as I was concerned, one was one too many.

Anyhow the NR-virus acts exactly the same way on males except the loss of androgen receptors results, eventually, in the destruction of the secondary sexual characteristics of the male. Loss of body and facial hair is, for most guys, well, a big deal. The muscle to fat ratio really gets fucked which means a lot more fat and a lot less muscle and the fat goes, well, mostly toward the hips and ass. The penis and testicles can't survive long term without those same receptors. During the initial stage of transition, the penis without the necessary hydraulic system for erection devolves into a tight mass of erotically sensitive receptors that starts to migrate inside the body cavity until it looks like a vagina, get the picture? The testicles, lacking androgen receptors actually accelerate the production of testosterone

(the busted negative feedback loop again) for a while until, finally, they also start coming apart. But by this time, there is a "super" excess of big "T" and excessive sex drive, naturally, but alas, a "button dick" four-five inches inside the groin. Like the female victim, the male's excessive testosterone, unable to be used by the body, cycles endlessly until, eventually, it breaks down into estrogen. Trust me, the effects on the male are quite noticeable. Thus is born the incorrect belief that this is a sex-change virus. The male is simply 'feminized' with a pseudo-vagina. The cure, none. Even without balls, a guy still makes big "T", though not nearly as much, so any "T" will eventually become estrogen so forget about hormone replacement therapy.

I talked to my best pal Davy the night before Dad took me to the pickup site, on the phone, of course. I think he was crapping in his pants that he might have the virus. It was pretty common knowledge you couldn't get infected by just casual contact, but that was 'in theory', right? In reality, all the guys I had hung out with were just a tad worried, why shouldn't they be. Mom kept my two brothers away from me those last few hours at home and, yeah, she sure didn't kiss me goodbye. Anyhow, at least she didn't say that I should have kept my pecker in my pants, that comment had come from my dad.

Sandy Yates had been RN-positive, I should have known. Damn, but she had been hot. Most likely she would be the only gal I would ever screw if my old biology teacher was right. If you only had one, well, she was a keeper. She was now in Sacramento, in a State run RN facility for women. I was pretty sure she wouldn't be looking me up when I finally got out. Sandy-fucking-Yates had destroyed my life. I should

have used a rubber, ok, so it wasn't entirely her fault. Nicest tits I ever saw though, damned if they weren't.

I yelled "Wilson, here," when my name was called and then climbed into the bus. It was the same kind of bus the police used to move convicts, you know, bars on the windows and a heavy steel mesh screen between the driver and the 'prisoners'. Well I was a prisoner in every sense of the word, me and the thirty-some other guys who were now wards of the U.S. government, and we were heading to what had been a marine base a few years earlier. Ironic, huh, me heading to Twenty-Nine Palms, only it wouldn't be for basic training: quarantine and anti-viral drugs. And for how long? At least four months or that was what I'd heard via the grape vine.

Now four months of anti-viral drugs doesn't 'cure' the victim, oh no. The damn virus is a keeper. Most viruses are that way, even chicken pocks. My Gram had shingles when she was like seventy and that was caused by the same virus that she'd had when she was just a little kid. I mean, that's just not fair. Anyhow, the treatment was to knock down and then keep down the critters so as to make us 'safe'. That's a pretty heavy concept when you sit down and *really* think about it. I mean they actually expected that we'd be sexually active, eventually. Hell's bells, without a prick? It didn't take an Einstein to figure out what that meant. Trust me, I wasn't bent *that way*.

I wasn't the only 'kid' on the bus that morning but most of the guys, all wearing their bright orange 'jump suits', were a lot older, some even had grey hair you know. They all had that blank, scared stare. I probably did too. I couldn't speak for them but I kept asking myself how this could be happening to me. Well it was

and that was that. It took almost a half an hour before the bus was ready to leave and nobody was talking. Each of us were, well, turned inward. Me, I kept thinking of the pseudo-pussy and what it would be like to be dick-less.

~oOo~

Pissed all over myself yesterday morning, damned if I didn't. I was standing there at the urinal and let go but instead of my piss shooting out of my dick, it squirted from a 'new' opening just above the base of my dick. You'd think I did it on purpose the way the guys in my barrack laughed at me. Anyhow, later that morning the nurse told me it was pretty normal, what, me being in transition and all, normal? I would have to piss sitting down but what was worse, I had to hold my dick out of the way while I did so, try that sometimes, hand between your legs while setting on a toilet seat: messy. Anyhow, I was only the first one in my group to discover I had a new pee hole, this morning two other guys pissed themselves and yeah, they weren't laughing when it happened to them. A doctor said that it might be a couple of weeks before the really 'old' guys had developed the same problem and by this time nobody would be laughing, trust me, he said.

I jacked off last night and I wasn't the only one doing 'it'. You could smell the sexual heat in the barrack's air. When I first got here, about six weeks ago, we were told doing orientation that stuff like that would happen. I mean, think about it, with a guy not three feet away to my right and another to my left and I was jerking off? We were all super horny with all that excessive big 'T' running around inside us but still, it didn't seem

right doing it with no privacy. Anyhow, I came, which helped some but it was a dry run, you know? For me no cum just, well... it felt good. It was odd though, my dick didn't get beyond half hard, go figure, and the hole, my old pee hole, was all closed up so I guess no cum made sense from that point of view.

I must have made some noise for in the next moment, the guy next to me, Talbot something, said in a loud whisper, "Knock it off asshole, I'm trying to sleep."

Sleep? Shit, I thought. I could hear him wringing his monkey for all that it was worth or was it the guy just beyond him in the next bunk? I didn't answer. I just laid there listening to men masturbating. We were all in a special kind of hell. It was bad enough going through all of this but shoved together like sardines in a can, well it made things worse. "Hey?"

"Yeah?"

"Are you taking the yellow pills?" I was referring to the anti-testosterone pills that were available at the clinic."

"Yeah?"

I didn't answer him at first. Not many guys were taking those pills for obvious reasons. While they did lower the sex drive, which wasn't a bad idea under the condition we now lived, they also accelerated the breakdown of big "T" into female hormones. "You in a hurry to grow tits or what?"

He didn't say anything for several seconds. Around us the guys had grown quiet so I suspect more than a few were listening in on our conversation now. "You don't get it, do you, kid."

"What do you mean?"

I saw him roll over on his side so as to face me. He was not much more than a dark grey blob but I could all but see his features. “Kid, none of us are leaving this hell hole until we fully transition, ok? If those yellows can speed up the process, well I say, all the better. I want to get it over with and be done with this shit.”

A second voice answered from behind me, “You got that right buddy. Like they said during first day orientation, it’s not like you can stop what’s happening. Go with the flow.”

“Fuck you both,” I growled. I was going to hang on to my masculinity as long as I could. I was sure most of the guys would have agreed with me. The staff here at Twenty-Nine Palms had made it pretty clear from the beginning that accepting the transition was the first step in making a good adjustment. I didn’t want to be a pseudo-dame and that was that. I close my eyes and pretended to fall asleep and eventually I succeeded.



Doc Pillsbury was the resident ‘shrink’ here at Twenty-Nine Palms. I guess the powers that be didn’t think much of psycho-babble because he was the only one of his kind at the facility that I ever saw. Nobody in my group knew how many ‘guys’ were here exactly but it had to be hundreds, perhaps more like a thousand and Doc Pillsbury was on his lonesome so psychological ‘treatment’ wasn’t on the table so to speak. What we got from the Doc was some lectures about what to expect when we were released. The first point he made was that the government didn’t give a rat’s ass when or even *if* we transitioned so that put a lie to one rumor. “This isn’t a case of the government acting

like *big brother*, in fact, the whole thing is being run on a shoe string," he said. "This is a quarantine and nothing more, run by the Center for Disease Control and Prevention and unless Congress frees up more money soon..." He left the implication hang.

Damn, I wished Doc Pillsbury had talked to us when we first arrived, it would have put a lot of our immediate concerns to rest, like tits you know? Anyhow it might be years before we began to develop those. Some might never develop them. Yeah, it wasn't like the movies where the guy catches NR and in the next scene he's an over-stacked fem-male. It can happen like in the movies, he said, but not usually. The full transition would likely, for most of us, take years to be completed. Years? I thought. That was a relief, for me at least.

It was during the question and answer period during his first lecture that he put to rest our biggest concern. We didn't have to 'pretend' to be what we weren't: females. I was sitting there thinking, yeah, keep your pants on and nobody has to know you are a dick-less wonder. I raised my hand and when he nodded toward me I asked, "So what kind of sex life can I have, huh Doc? I mean, dick-less."

He touched the side of his nose with one finger and shrugged. "It's really up to you." He paused and looked at the crowd in the auditorium which had to be at least two hundred men like myself before looking back toward me. "The human race has never been in this situation before, ok? There is no history to draw upon, no experts. Some pretend to be experts to be sure but frankly they are, well, pardon my French, talking out of their ass. Who knows what's right or best hmm?"

I sure don't know. Do what feels right, do what makes sense.

Gosh, I thought. We really are on our own. "So after we are free to leave, what? Just go home like nothing has changed?"

He paused and looked thoughtful for a long moment, "Right, if it seems right to you. If you can."

"Sir? I'm a married man," said one of the older dudes. "Are you saying I can just return home and pickup where I left off? I don't think so."

"I understand," Said Dr. Pillsbury. "And you are right, of course. It isn't just your decision after all, its conditional on how others respond, especially a wife, hmm? I'm sorry gentlemen but you have been dealt a tough assignment to be sure. We don't have a program to help you after you leave here and even if the money existed, which it doesn't..." He shrugged, "What exactly should we do? No one knows, I sure don't. Sorry."

"It seems to me," said a younger man, "that 'passing' as a real female would, well, make life easier."

"Indeed, that maybe the case for some of you, perhaps most of you. Perhaps not? Can sexual object choice change over time? We don't know? Is gender identity malleable? We don't know. What can I say but what I already have said, experiment and trust your instincts. Do what feels right and stop whatever you are doing if it doesn't feel right."

There were more questions that followed but by this time my mind was focused inward. I was only eighteen and I sure didn't know who I was- yet or rather who I would become: a dick-less wonder or a pseudo-dame. Neither choice was on my list. Damn!



I had been at camp-lose-your-dick exactly eight, long and boring weeks when the clinical types said I was good to go. I exchanged my orange overalls for tan shorts and a sleeveless tank top of the same color before being moved to another section of the camp. Apparently my immune system was working better than the 'old' guys that I had come in with, most of them would remain in 'orange' for another month at least. By the end of the week all the 'kids' from my group, guys generally under twenty that is, had passed over into tan. Now it was only a matter of time until we were free to leave. We were clean or at least 'safe'. The clinical types would keep us for a few weeks more, just to be certain that the virus was fully under control and then what? Home? A new life?

The new facility was more like a college dorm with two, maybe three guys to a room which was a big improvement, or so it seemed. It was mid-morning after chow that I met my 'mate' and boy was that a shock. "Clarence," she said thrusting out her hand and taking mine in her grip.

I was speechless for a moment. She was wearing the same tan shorts and tank top I was, but what was underneath screamed 'babe'. She had a pair of knockers, sans bra, what rolled around under the thin cotton material like each boob had a mind of its own and both were surely begging to be sucked and squeezed by yours truly. And as to the shorts, they were stretched every which way that a guy would like. And tight? I could see her 'mound of Venus' if, of course, she had a mound of Venus which she didn't, but she was certainly 'dick-less'. It had never occurred to me that a

fem-male could be so totally hot. She had big brown eyes with long lashes that went extra-well with her heart-shaped face and pale complexion. Only her hair, which was buzz-cut, said male. "Umm... Theodore but please call me Ted."

I think 'she' was enjoying my reaction because she got a dopy smile on her full lips that must have surely matched mine. "Pleased to met you Teddy and why don't you call me Clare."

"Clare," I responded. Boy was she hot! My mind went totally blank at that moment.

She laughed, "You can let go, now."

"Huh?" And then I laughed. I had been clutching her hand in a vice like grip. I pulled my hand back, "Sorry."

Her eyes were dancing now as her hands went to her hips and settled there. She cocked her head and pursed her lips as she openly studied me. It seemed clear that she was going to say something and then changed her mind as she finally broke her stance and turned away. Moments later she fluffed up her pillow and threw herself down on the bed, rolled on her side and gave me that thoughtful stare again.

I just stood there looking like a puppy in lust, which I was. Was she inviting me to do something or what? It was all pretty strange. Of course I was horny, who wasn't in this camp, not that I could do anything about it. My dick was about as hard as it could get, which wasn't very hard at all. I was still an 'outy' but having said that I'd grown a fat button between my legs. I wasn't likely to stick *it* into anything. She had to know that, right? "Anything to do around here? I mean, like fun stuff?"

She sat up and pulled her top off and then dropped it to the floor. Was that her answer to my question? Sweet lord, her breasts were every bit as nice as I'd thought they would be. The size of peaches with tan mushroom caps but with a slight droop to them that formed delightful tear drops. At the center of those caps were upturned nipples that were hardening even as I looked at them. She was still looking at me with that curious look that seemed to grow bolder. "Haven't done it yet, have you Ted."

"It?" I said as I felt a blush spreading across my face and down to my neck.

She patted the bed as if calling me over to her.



We were lying like a pair of spoons, squished together on that narrow bed. My button was pressed up against her ass, which was a pleasant arrangement, as my free hand roamed down across her well padded hips cupping a feel of her sweet rear before heading north. She squirmed, wiggling her butt even tighter against my sensitive dick, when I began to work her left breast. It was heavy and meaty and all so soft. I lifted it and began to worry her nipple. She whimpered and then grabbed my hand.

"Don't," she said, there was frustration in her voice.

I hadn't asked if it had been as good for her as it was for me. The truth was, I had been totally unable to satisfy her. She needed a real dick and I didn't have one. Even 'finger-fucking' hadn't succeeded in touching her where it really mattered. All that foreplay had gotten her engine in gear but that was all I had man-

aged to do for her. She loved me sucking on her breasts but there had been no encore. It hadn't taken me too long to realize that this was for her, much as it had been for me, a 'first time' experience. It was tough being lesbian lovers and 'her' without a clit. She had brought me to climax but of course my dick was still an outy and easily accessible to her tongue. "Sorry," I said and then I kissed her neck and she shuddered and pressed even tighter against me.

"This is totally ridiculous," she said after a few minutes.

I fully expected her to pull away from me but she didn't. "Why?"

"I don't 'do' men."

I laughed, "You just *did* me."

She rolled over and faced me, our lips were but inches apart. "You haven't looked in a mirror lately have you, Teddy?"

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"You looked so much like my wife, it was enough to break my heart."

"Wife? You're married?"

"Don't change the subject. You got the most kissable lips Teddy." She laid on a long, long kiss which I responded to immediately and before you know it we were back at it, fully engaged. My mind however was spinning half out of control. I guess the fact that I hadn't developed breasts yet had convinced me that I hadn't changed all that much. Apparently she or rather he had thought otherwise. How utterly strange.

Later, much later, we came apart. I think Clare had finally cum or at least something meaningful had hap-

pened because she wasn't kinky tight any more. Maybe it wasn't completely impossible for me to get her off after all but at what cost? Hours had passed and we finally fell asleep in each other's arms missing both lunch and dinner.



I pretty much assumed that when she had asked to be called Clare that my roommate had decided to adopt the female role, entirely. To be sure she wouldn't have much difficulty 'passing' as a 'real' female once she got out into the real world but the truth to be said, Clarence was still Clarence, in his heart of hearts. I know it's a bit confusing but Clarence could only get turned on to me because I reminded 'him' of his wife. To be honest, that was my situation in spades as well. Thinking of Clare as Clarence was a complete turn off to me and I think she understood that. We had a frank discussion on that 'problem' the next morning over breakfast.

So I agreed to pretend to be Kathy, her Kathy, and she was my Clare, two pseudo-lesbians. It wasn't hard to get makeup and later we picked up some feminine underclothes. They had a PX there, a left over from the Marine era I guess, and we weren't the only ones exploring our femininity. I even started wearing a beginner's bra, you know, all padding, and lacy panties which Clare appreciated. Maybe it was because we had to work so hard to please each other that our love life grew so intense. The more effective I became at 'playing' Kathy, the more sexually responsive Clare became and vice versa. A week later my little, tiny boobies finally appeared. They were hardly more than spiky

points but Clare loved them totally. How odd, had it not been for the relationship I had formed with Clare, the appearance of breasts on my chest would have been a nightmare but as it was, they were *our* delight.

Three weeks later after my transition into 'tans', Clare left. It was a pretty 'soppy' parting for both of us. Clare was returning home to the 'real' Kathy. I wished her luck, but my heart wasn't really in it. Clarence was from Oregon, Placer Creek to be exact. We promised to keep in touch but I suspected that that wouldn't happen. I got a new roommate and life went on, more or less. And yes, I was finally really beginning to fill out. My trainer bra was replaced by a full A-cup. I had all the curves that Clare had had and then some, I was turning into a complete babe, on the outside. And my button penis was now safely hidden deep inside my body, out of sight and almost totally out of reach. And no, I did not seduce my new roommate, he still looked like a fucking guy.



I watched a lot of TV my last week in camp and spent more than a little time on the internet as well. There were over two million 'known' cases of NR-positive victims in the good old U.S. of A. and the World Health Organization estimated the number might reach two hundred million worldwide before the end of the year. Even if only half of them were fem-males, that was potentially a lot of guys in the same boat I was in. And yeah, they finally passed a law against 'knowingly' spreading the NR virus, it came, for me, an hour late and a buck short.

It was pretty much like the old AIDs epidemic in every aspect except it had hit the heterosexual population in this country right in the nose. The pulpits were a blaze with moral instruction as you can imagine and the call to 'just say no' before marriage and sexual license *only* with one's mate had never been screamed any louder from the pulpits. We were entering a new Puritan age or at least that seemed to be the case: blood test were in and free love, casual sex was definitely out. Like most movements, and that was what this latest epidemic was shaping up into, a movement, the victims were the ones being tarred and feathered. One could hardly look at the news without getting reports of fem-males being beaten or even killed. The 'untreated' NR-positive females were nearly impossible to spot and were indeed the real danger to the population but it was the harmless 'treated' fem-males that were paying the price, go figure.

Oh there was another problem, to be sure. The fem-males were not, to be entirely fair, very good at self control, in a sexual way that is. The virus which destroyed the androgen receptors in the body pretty much left the androgen receptors in the brain intact which is to say, there was only one place in the body where the excess hormones could go, they were and I was, forever horny, ok? Place that in the context that 'just say no to casual sex' and it's the damn NR-positive victims that spread the virus and one has the making of a real dangerous situation: thus the misplaced attacks against the generally harmless fem-males.

There were at least two facts that seemed clear to me having studied the situation on the outside. First and foremost, passing as a 'real' female was about the only safe thing I could do, not that I had a chance to 'pass' as a male now. Second, cities, especially cosmo-

politan cities, were the only relatively safe places to be. Which probably accounted for the rapid migration of 'fem-males' into communities like Hollywood and the Castro section of San Francisco on the West Coast, places with a large gay population. Having survived the AIDs epidemic and the moral outrage of the heterosexual population, it was a good bet that gays would be more fem-male friendly or that was my thinking anyway.

And then that brought me to my family. Lord knows how they would respond when they saw me now. It wasn't going to be easy for them or for me. The clock was ticking and I was due to be sent out, soon. I wouldn't miss this place, trust me on that, but I might look back on the time spent here as 'the good times'. I was only eighteen and this was just too much on my plate for me to handle.

I sat down to write my weekly letter home. It was time that I prepare them and myself for the coming shock. "Dear Mom, I'm wearing a size thirty, 'A' cup bra now. I just thought that you should know when you come to pick me up." I sat there for the longest time looking at what I had written. I would add measurements so that Mom could buy me some clothes before she came to pick me up and, yes, set her mind to what I had become. I couldn't tell her that I was still the same inside, that would only confuse her. Possibly it would be better that she come alone. I wasn't sure I was ready to handle Dad and my brothers just yet. I added, "I think it would be better if you and I have some quality time together, ok Mom? Just you and me for a day. I need your guidance, a lot. I don't know the first thing about passing as a girl."

Chapter 2

I spent half the morning putting on makeup, which is to say, I spent the time putting it on and taking it off until I got it right, kind'a. Last night I did my nails which started things and that led to my plucking my eyebrows until they formed thin high arches above my eyes. After my eyebrows were done, well I realized that there would be no going back so doing an adequate job with my makeup this morning had become kind'a important. I sure hoped that Mom was coming alone. Yeah, sure, eventually I would have to face Dad and my two brothers. It wouldn't be too hard with Kevin, he was only eight but Jack, who was only a year younger than me, was a different matter entirely. He and I were peers, almost. Him seeing me like this would be like some of my old pals seeing me and that was decidedly something I really wasn't ready for.

The truth was, I was still all guy inside, ok? I mean I was still concerned about my masculinity, I didn't want them to think of me as some kind of queer and on the other hand, well, I was all too girly on the outside. I know this must seem very confusing and it certainly was a very confusing time for me. I figured if they didn't know who I was and they thought I was a 'real' girl well that was kind'a ok? But if they knew it was really me swinging my tush... but there simply was no getting around the fact that Dad, Kevin and Jack would have to know this fem-male was really me, I mean that goes without saying but I still didn't like it.

I suppose it would have been all right had I woke up one morning all girl to my core. I mean if I was as much girl inside as I was outside, I could do this with my eyes closed. OK, so why had I plucked my eyebrows if I felt that way? Because I had to pass as a girl.

It would be stupid not to try to pass, an obvious fem-male was a dangerous thing to be. I had the dress Mom had sent me along with a lot of other girly stuff, panty hose which I'd never worn before and a pair of open toed girl shoes, also a first. In less than an hour I would be out the main gate and back into the real world. I was as hyped and nervous as a kitten and worse, my cock, now deep inside my body, was twitching and begging for attention, I was horny, go figure.

I knew what I wanted, I wanted to get laid by a hot chick and that wasn't going to happen anytime soon. No, *I was the hot chick*. Truth, just looking at myself in the mirror was a super turn on and all I had to do if I wanted a good feel was to grab those tits and squeeze, which I did. I sat there looking at those shaped and painted nails digging into that pseudo-girl flesh, I was my own lover. I finally let go and added some more lip gloss before leaving the bathroom mirror and my phantom lover. Now to put on that pantyhose thingy.



I could have walked right past her, my Mom didn't recognize me, but I didn't, of course. "Mom?"

Her eyes got wider and wider and she started to blink very rapidly as if holding back tears or something. "Theodore?"

"Yes, Mom, it's me."

"What... what happened to your voice?"

"Mom?" What was wrong with this picture, here I was in a skirt, nylons and couple pounds of wiggly tits lightly trapped inside my new bra and she was asking about my voice? "It's the hormones, Mom. The doctor

said because I was so young, my larynx was still able to adjust.”

“Oh,” she said and then seemed to gather herself together, “Give me a hug, sweetheart.” We embraced and she hugged all the tighter with each passing second, my breasts squished against hers. I was still taller than her but our body masses were much more equal than they had been since even before I started middle school. When she let go, she gripped my ‘girl’ biceps and held me in place as she looked me all over. I had no idea what was going through her mind at the moment but she no longer seemed to be on the edge of tears. “You remind me so much of my sister Grace when she was about your age.”

I wrinkled my face, which didn’t evoke a response in my Mom. Aunt Grace was rather the black sheep in her family. Grace liked her men old and rich, very old and very rich, a fact that had made her a widow two times already and had left her wealthy if not particularly respected. As to that comment being a compliment, well in a back hand way it was, I guess. Grace was pretty enough even if she was a black widow. “Mom? It’s kind of hot out here,” which was an understatement. Twenty-nine Palms in early August, even before noon, was like standing inside a blazing furnace and I had just discovered just how hot panty hose could get.

~oOo~

“Palm Springs?”

“Yes dear, my sister has a house there.” She smiled as if I would be delighted.

She only had the one sister, Grace, the black widow. I looked outside at the desert that was flowing past the car. This wasn't the time of year anyone lived in Palms Springs unless they had no choice and Aunt Grace had quite a few residences and lots of choices. "She's not going to be there, right?"

My Mom laughed, "I should think not, Theodore. You wanted to spend some time alone and trust me, we'll be quite alone there. It's a very nice house..."

"I know Mom, I've been there, remember." Nice house indeed, it was a mansion with adobe walls three feet thick and an Olympic sized pool, all of this the product of her second husband I think.

"Besides, we're not made of money. It was your father's idea, and a darn good idea it was."

I just nodded. "How is Dad?"

She sighed, "He's taking it reasonably well dear, all things considered."

"And my brothers?"

"They wanted to come along."

I just nodded and thought, thank God they hadn't. "Thanks Mom, I really am not ready for prime time." I grinned. I heard a little voice inside me add: I may never be ready.

She just gripped the wheel tightly and stared ahead for a couple of minutes. There was something on her mind, I could see that, but she wasn't ready to deal with whatever 'it' was. Finally I got tired waiting for the other shoe to drop, "You have a question, don't you, Mom."

She let out another long sigh, "Is it true, what they say about your kind?"

I gave her my full attention now, “*Your kind?* Mom, it’s me? Your son? I didn’t turn into a little green alien.” I rolled my eyes, your kind indeed.

“What... I mean is, is it true what they say about fem-males.”

I knew where this was going, like a car going over a cliff, “They say a lot about fem-males Mom, what exactly is it that bothers you.”

She blushed brightly and seemed to be getting her nerve up, “They’re... all... *sluts.*”

I eased back in my seat with relief, “You got no worry on that matter Mom, I’m not gay and I’m certainly not interested in men in a sexual way.” And then, in spite of myself, my voice abruptly choked up, “And... I can’t, you know, have... a *real* relationship with a... real girl.” Now a flood of self-pity tears flowed from my eyes, “Mom,” I whined, “for Pete’s sake, I don’t have a dick anymore. Mom? What am I going to do?” Once I started to cry, there seemed to be no relief in sight and, within seconds, we were both sobbing which wasn’t a very safe thing to do. Thank God she pulled over on the shoulder and there we were like two lovers in each other’s arms, exchanging tears and sobs not kisses. It was a heavy moment for both of us.

My own words kept ringing through my empty skull, *I don’t have a dick anymore.*



“It’s just swell,” I said with a sarcastic tone of voice.

“You don’t like the bedroom?”

I looked at it, what's not to like. Half the wall opened up to the patio and the pool just beyond. It was a huge, grand and totally lovely bedroom. "We're not alone," I said. There was a gardener just outside the patio door and that gave me the creeps because he kept 'not' looking inside which was obvious as hell he'd seen me and liked what he had seen. I couldn't mention that, Mom would have thought I was going paranoid. But the house keeper was, for me, the real problem. A young Hispanic girl, early twenties and built like a brick shit house. Under different circumstances I'd love to get to know 'her' better and she seemed malleable and charming and had this cute way she threw her hips and...

"Maria seems like a real nice girl," Mom said, looking surprised.

"I'm sure she is Mom..." All I wanted to do was jump on her bones but given my current situation, it probably wasn't about to happen. I laughed, "Sorry. You're right. It's a big house, room for all of us."

She looked relieved. Perhaps she was worried that I didn't like girls anymore, that I was, well, secretly gay? Or perhaps her relief was only that she wanted me to be comfortable. Anyhow she went quickly to the point, "You asked me to help you to learn to pass as a girl." I nodded. "Well, for starters, I asked Maria to help you re-do your makeup."

"Maria? Makeup? What are you talking about?"

She sat her hands on her hips, "You have a lot to learn, Theodore and frankly what you need to learn isn't for an old woman like me to show you; someone into the current fashions and trends would be better."

“Maria?” I answered. Already I was thinking this might be a pretty good deal after all.

“Yes, and Theodore, I’ve already talked to her about your, um... condition? She’s only too eager to help you find your female face.”

“Talked to her? What did you say?”

“The truth, of course.”

“She knows I’m a fem-male?”

“Oh, she’s sensitive my dear. She has a brother in the same situation as you are in. I think she knows better than I do what you are going through. And yes, she knew what you were even before I told her.”

Oh, that’s not good, not good at all, I realized. If I could be ‘read’ that easily, trouble was just around the corner. “Thanks Mom,” and I meant it. This passing as a ‘real’ girl was trickier than I had initially thought.



I was sure that Maria was putting the make on me. While she was giving me a haircut and a perm she was all over me, I mean like squishing her breasts against me every which way. She was laughing and giggling and seemed really into what she was doing to me. Later, while showing me what was wrong with what I had done to my face, earlier in the day, we were all but doing the lip suck number. Anyhow, one thing followed another and there we were almost sharing the same body, and I kissed her. It was almost a complete miss since I only managed to plant my lips on the edge of her mouth before she jerked her head away.

She didn't react, I mean, it was like she pretended that my failed attempt to kiss her hadn't happened. From that moment on, she managed to remain constantly just out of reach. The message was clear, even for a dope like me, that invasion of my personal space wasn't an invitation for significant social contact. I guess girls can and do get physically closer to each other than guys do as a general rule. Maybe she had forgotten I was really a guy. Anyhow, she deliberately open up the space between us after that failed kiss, I sure missed the feel of those breasts against my body though.

Later my mom joined us, so any attempt I might have envisioned regarding my seduction of lovely Maria had gone out of the window. Anyhow, with my new do and my new makeup job, it was a love-hate thing for my mom. I mean she tried to be encouraging, after all the object of this little operation was to make me a passable 'girl'. Having said that, mom was more horrified than pleased. Maria had succeeded all too well, or at least I think that was my mom's 'real' reaction. It was apparent in her eyes even before she spoke, "My gosh, Maria, you have worked a miracle. I wouldn't know that this girl was *ever* my son." She was smiling and bright, but it was a false smile that masked alarm or at least that was my impression.

Maria basked in my mom's approval and fluttered about me like I was her very own creation, which, in a way, I was. When Maria finally held the mirror up so I could see myself, well, I couldn't exactly see myself *at all* to be entirely honest. The carefully applied foundation and the subtle use of color seemed to actually change the shape of my face, not that it had done so, of course. My cheekbones appeared higher and, well, it made my face look exotic and what she had managed

to do to my very ordinary eyes was completely magical. Those thick, long lashes were indeed mine, though I'd never appreciated their existence. I fell in love with that face in the mirror as surely as if I had just met the woman of my dreams. Indeed there was an image in my mind of such a woman, that I was her, well, that concept hadn't been in my fantasies- ever.

I think the final straw, for my mom, was the look of delight that must have been apparent on my face as I looked at and loved the reflection. It was bad enough that her son looked like a girl but that I seemed to be enjoying the moment was just too much for her. She huffed as if to say something but strangled on the forming words, tears brightened her eyes and then she turned and fled from the room. Maria looked mystified but I knew exactly what was happening.

I got out of the chair and tossed the sheet she had covered me in. I patted Maria on the arm as if to say, not your fault and then I hurried after my mother. "Mom?" I cried out. "MOM!"

My mom was at the wet bar and hefting a sizable drink, that wasn't exactly her M.O. It was obvious that she was disturbed and had sought solace in booze. And the look she gave me would have stopped a run-away train dead in its tracks. "I-don't-know-you-anymore," she said carefully enunciating each and every word. "They took away my son and returned...THIS!" She threw out her left hand, palm open, as if flinging away the image which she did with a broad sweep of her arm before dropping her arm limply down to her side. She gulped down the rest of the drink before slamming the heavy glass onto the counter top. That it didn't shatter was remarkable.

I stood there frozen in place, my heart beating as if I had been running for my life. "Mom? It me, your son." My voice quivered into a high falsetto which did nothing to repair my image, not that a repair seemed likely at this point.

"OH! BUGGER YOU!" It was about as close to swearing as she was likely to do. Her left hand and arm had resumed slashing the air like she was driving away some flies. "Look at that face, it belongs in Sodom and Gomorra, my son? A heathen slut."

"Mom?" I was hurt and surely didn't deserve this. I had done nothing.

"I saw that look on that face, don't lie to me, you loved what you saw. You... enjoy being this way."

I shook my head no. True, I had loved that face, that reflection in the mirror, but not in the way she thought.

She rolled her eyes and turned her back to pour herself another drink.

I didn't know what to do or what to say. And when she didn't turn back but stood there drink in her hand showing me her back, I finally took the hint and went back to where Maria waited. She'd get over it, whatever it was. Her love for me would be stronger than her current reaction or so I hoped. She was no more comfortable with what I had become than I was. She had lost a son but not yet claimed a new daughter. Was I that, a daughter? No, a daughter might present her, eventually, with grandchildren, not I. I was neither fish nor fowl, neither male nor female, I was a monster. "Maria?"

"Sit down," she ordered as she smeared cleansing cream on my freshly made up face. "This time, you will apply the makeup, si?"

I nodded.

“Your mother was not happy?”

“You might say that.”

“Si.” She said. “My brother had the same problem, at first. It was Papa that drove him from our house.” She shrugged, “But blood is thicker than water, si?”

I rolled my eyes, as long as the blood wasn't my blood. If my mom reacted this way, my dad would be worse, a lot worse. I'd never exactly lived up to his expectations and my current status was unlikely to be an improvement. I fumbled around with the makeup assembled before me and held up a small container, “I start with this, right?”



Maria and I went swimming in the pool that evening. It was the first time I'd worn a girl's bathing suit, a two piece job, something my dear old Aunt had discarded years earlier. If there had ever been a question regarding my missing 'junk' the evidence was available for all to see, there wasn't enough material for a proper napkin. The water was delightfully refreshing but not nearly so delightful as Maria. She wore a much more modest one piece suit but I no longer had to imagine what her baby bumpers looked like, she was superior prime.

I guess she had forgiven me for my attempted kiss this afternoon. There was a lot of girl-girl flesh contact and I had learned my lesson. I didn't take advantage of the opportunity even when she climbed up on my back and then straddled my neck with her legs, pressing her hot little pussy against the back of my head and neck.

A lot of casual contact of the most intimate sort followed as well as squealing and giggling and yes, mass wise, she had the advantage.

It was a lot more pleasant this evening than I thought it would be. Earlier mom and I ate dinner together, pizza that was delivered. Neither of us ate much and we spoke even less. I was sans makeup which seemed to help my mom's overall attitude, slightly. Later, when Maria and I were playing in the pool, she came outside and sat, watching us at play. I guess it was a good thing, for later, after I changed into a pair of Aunt Grace's jeans and a flimsy tank top, no shoes and no bra, it was clear that she wanted to talk to me.

Maybe it was that tiny two-piece swim suit I had worn or the way Maria and I had played together in the pool but I think she was finally letting go of notion that she would ever see her son again, which in itself was a rather negative idea for her. That she might have a 'pretend' daughter had a certain appeal for she had always wanted a girl child, though not this way to be sure. The more I think about it the more certain it was Maria and I playing together like children that may have tipped the scale finally in my direction if ever so slightly. A son without a penis that sought out men in a slutty campaign was a pure horror but a girl child, a *real* girl would be a delight. It was upon this path that she now trod. "Theodore?"

"Yes?"

"You said you wanted to be able to pass as a girl." I nodded. "Why not... just be that girl?"

I looked at her in some confusion, "I don't follow."

"To pass as a girl is to simply hide who you are."

“Ah- Mom, fem-males are um... not treated very nice, ok? I need to hide just to avoid getting hurt.”

She shrugged and spayed out her hands, “But if you are a *real* girl, don’t you see, you could have a *real* life.”

“Cool, Mom but it just doesn’t work like that, ok? My driver’s license says big ‘M’ right in the corner and...”

“Your Uncle Bob is a lawyer, he could change all of that,” she added after a short delay, “eventually”.

“And then what, Mom? Eventually? I met a nice guy and we get married, huh? Is that what you want?”

She looked flustered now as if she hadn’t thought through the whole thing and then finally responded, “Perhaps? Maybe? Sweetheart...”

“What Mom?”

“I just don’t want you to be a slut.”

“That’s great Mom but I’m not into men, not now, not ever.”

She looked surprised, “I watched you playing with Maria.”

“And?”

“Are you telling me that you want her in a sexual way?”

I leaned back and a sigh slipped from my mouth, “No, not really.” That was a lie, of course, but not a big lie. I couldn’t be the man that Maria wanted and simply wanting her would have led only to frustration and, in the end, disaster for me at least.

My mom blinked her eyes as if tasting victory,
“Well then, let’s not pretend you are a girl but *believe*
that you are a *real* girl, sweetheart.”

“Easier said than done, Mom.”

“Well let’s start with a name, honey.”

“Like?”

“I always like Ruth, you know, from the Bible?”

I laughed. At least my Mom wasn’t hating me any longer and that was a good thing. “How about Eve, you can’t get much more Biblical and she was just a piece taken from Adam’s body.”

“Seriously, Eve?”

“I was just joking, Mom.”

“Eve, woman made from man, that works... Eve.” She smiled and then looked blank faced for a moment, “I almost forgot, my sister called.” I groaned and my mom glared. “She heard about your condition and seemed really interested in helping.”

I need my Aunt right now like I needed another pussy and one pseudo-pussy was one too many. “She’s coming here?” My mom nodded, “We need to get back to LA,” I added quickly.

“So, you are ready?”

I lied, “Yeah.” Truth was I would never be exactly ready.

“Grace will be let down.”

Tough I thought, real tough.

Chapter 3

“Hello? Dear, dear mother of my children, what could you possibly be thinking? Calling Ted- *Eve* doesn’t make our boy a girl.”

“She is not one of *them!*” My mother growled. Her back was arched and that was never a good sign. The other bad sign was that thick red color forming around my dad’s neck.

I wanted to run away but to where? I was wearing the same jeans I’d worn last night and the same tank top but this time with my tiny bra under it and open toed girly shoes on my feet. Just a trace of makeup, my mom’s idea, and, of course, my perm. I certainly wasn’t the young man that dad had last seen. To be honest, this argument that was threatening to explode in our collective faces was, for my dad, a possible way of avoiding confronting his oldest son. I could be wrong, but I thought not. Both Kevin and Jack were currently at the movies, which certainly wasn’t an accident. It was just the three of us and I, the very center of this storm, was all but irrelevant, at least for the moment.

Dad had stood there in the doorway when we arrived totally unprepared for how to respond to his new fem-male son. He didn’t offer to shake my hand nor, until the last moment, had he given me a hug. The hurried hug that he finally delivered was completely non-damaging you might say. That he succeeded in not squishing my new boobies was a certainty. Had I been suffering from leprosy, I’m sure that I would have received the same treatment. As soon as he could, all his attention went to his wife, my mother. And of course she had her own agenda. It was that agenda that initiated the impending storm. I felt like a dollop of cat shit

that dad had found clinging to his dress shoes and not the returning son. It really wasn't turning into a very good day and I had yet to see my brothers.

This wasn't the first time I had been in a situation like this. They were talking about me, well, talking was an understatement, more like yelling and it was like I wasn't even there, you know? I started to say something and they both told me to shut up. It was like a re-run of when I volunteered for the Marine Corp and an all too familiar repeat of those times my grades came in well below my folk's expectations. I'd never been the student my dad wanted and, most of the time, my mom had stood up for me, kind'a. I didn't leave the kitchen, which is where we had ended up, I think my dad would have exploded had I attempted to do so. I hit the refrigerator and poured myself a tall glass of milk and then stood there, back against the wall while they attempted to decide the rest of my life. Like I said, been there and done that before.

My dad's arms were crossed and his head lowered, kind'a like a bull ready to charge but he was letting my mom talk, which was a good sign. Mom laid out her plan, it seemed absolutely simple even to me. Uncle Bob could manage a legal change of sex for me and in the mean time we, that is the whole family, would help me develop a new identity. Maybe I could go stay with Aunt Grace until the whole legal thing was done and then return home as a full time pseudo-real girl.

And then my dad interrupted her, "And then what?"

Mom got this sheepish look on her face, I guess she had been ready for this question but she wasn't entirely in tune with her own plan as yet. "Harold," she said, she always called my old man Harold, everybody else

called him Hal, "Theodore was never college material and you know it." My old man didn't respond but there was a grudging look of acceptance on his face. He shrugged. "She'll do what every *pretty* girl does, eventually, especially if she has no career ambitions." She stopped and gather her breath, "She'll find a nice man and... and..."

"MOM!" I yelled.

"Stay out of it Ted!" The bull was now all but ready to charge as dad lowered his head even further and took a step toward my mom. Naturally she stepped back but then held her ground and crossed her arms. She wasn't moving any further. "First of all, a fem-male can't get married, to a guy that is. Ok? Same sex marriage is still same sex marriage."

"But..."

"And second, currently a legal chance of sex is almost impossible! Even sex change surgery might not qualify our son to be a female, and we don't have anywhere enough money to go that route anyway, Ted is and will remain a male in the eyes of the law. I know, I talked to my brother. There is almost a total moratorium on such 'legal high-jinks' Mary so... forget it." He was on a roll now as he stepped even closer and dropped his voice which was a very dangerous sign, "And lastly, dear, dear mother of my children, it would be *morally* as well as legally wrong to foster this *creature* onto some poor unknowing sap."

Creature? It felt like a cattle prod had been rammed up my butt hole. Creature? Someone had turned on my personal sprinkler system, I had been, after all, a bit on the leaky side lately anyway and to be entirely honest, I damn well knew I wasn't a girl no matter what my mom thought. And as to finding a real 'swell' guy and

making a home, gage me with a toilet bowl brush. I think I shrieked when I ran out of the kitchen toward my bedroom. Anyhow my exit was dramatic, enough so that they quit yelling at each other for the moment.

In seconds I was back in my old room only to discover it wasn't my old room any longer. All my stuff was gone. I threw myself onto what was obviously Jack's unmade bed. Kevin's bed was where mine had been. Funny but something about my room being gone was worse than when my old man had called me a *creature*.

Later, of course, mom was setting on the bed stroking my back like I was an injured pet or something and, no surprise, my old man hadn't followed. After a few seconds I turned and buried my face between her neck and shoulder as she murmured silly nothings to me. Eventually I quit crying and, between sobs, I said, "Where-is-my-stuff?"

She led me back to where Kevin's room had been. I guess it had made sense to her and my dad that Jack and I sharing a room was out. Even so, most of my old stuff was gone, I guess it was thrown away. There were girl clothes in the closet and in the drawers and girly bullshit stuff here and there. A small makeup table complete with a big lighted mirror that had once been in my folks bedroom sat against the far wall. Mom's handy work was all too apparent down to and including a doll setting in the corner. The latter would get tossed into the dumpster, the first chance I had. Oh it was clear that even before she had driven to Twenty-nine Palms, that my dear mother had already decided that I was to be her daughter. "Well?" She said.

“Great Mom,” I said as I wiped the tears from my eyes. That was not really what I wanted to say but she would freak out if I’d said: this is a bunch of fucking shit!

She murmured something about dad. And I nodded as if in agreement. The truth was, dad was right, more or less, and frankly there were clear limits as to how far I would go to ‘pretend’ to be a real girl. And finding Mr. Right wasn’t exactly my idea of happily-ever-after.



There really wasn’t a game plan since my parents were at logger heads. Dad continued to call me Ted and mom stuck with Eve. Dad went to pick up my brothers and God only knows what instructions he had given them before they got back. I was in the kitchen helping mom make meat loaf for diner and you are right, I’d never done that before. In fact I was mashing the potatoes when the car pulled around to the back of the house and then I heard the car doors slam, one after the other. I was wearing an apron and fresh makeup, both were mom’s ideas, of course. The truth was I wanted to sink right into the floor and disappear. Dad was the first one to come in through the kitchen door and he said nothing. After putting down a few things he’d picked up at the store on the way home, he disappeared into the family room. Seconds later I could hear a football game on the TV, the sound was turned up extra high. More time passed and then more.

Jack and my little brother Kevin came in together. It was more like they were attending a funeral than not, all quiet and respectable. Had they been wearing hats, I think they would have taken them off. Instead they just

stood there as if waiting to be introduced. Mom, carefully wiping her hands on her apron as if to buy time, finally said, "Boys, say hi to your sister."

Kevin's eyes looked like right off of a starving child poster, you know what I mean, they were as big as hub caps. "Hi," he said, hands clasped together and held in front of him. That he hadn't moved let alone hadn't run through the kitchen said it all. Jack, on the other hand, looked like he'd put on twenty pounds since I saw him last. He'd always been a skinny kid and not much to look at but now he had a full thirty pounds on yours truly. I mean seriously, he was now my big brother and no longer the runt and I could see that in his eyes as he measured himself with what I had become. "Shit," he said.

Well of course mom came down on Jack like a hammer, she didn't allow swearing. And when she finished carving Jack a new asshole she grabbed him by the arm and said, "Give your sister a hug."

Now I really wanted to find that crack in the floor and disappear. That son-of-a-bitch put his arms around me and all but crushed me, flattening my little boobs into pancakes, as he whispered into my ear, "Cocksucker." Either mom didn't hear that or she chose to not hear that.

"You too Kevin, give your sister a hug."

She was too late, Kevin had already pushed past me and through the kitchen escaping into the family room. Heck, it was understandable, there was a Raider's game on.

"That went well, didn't it honey?"

I didn't say anything as I went back to mashing those potatoes. Yeah, that went real well, didn't it?

Why had Jack called me a 'cocksucker'? One thing was certain, our relationship had changed, that is mine and Jack's. How many times had I punched him around and lorded over him, all too many times. And now, the shoe was decidedly on the other foot. I had next to no upper body strength. There had been a lot on my plate before and that plate had just tipped over.

Trust me, before I caught the virus, I probably thought that all the fem-males deserved 'it' somehow. I hadn't seen them as victims but as, well, cocksuckers as Jack had said, men with pussies. The latter was pretty much the common opinion around high school, we'd dumped those poor souls into the same basket that we dumped all the ordinary queers. What if those ordinary queers were as much a victim of chance as were the fem-males, now that was a sobering thought. Like Willy Brothers, the fag that lived across the street? How many times had we beaten him up or sent him running to his mommy? To many times to count. What if he really couldn't help himself?

I finished mashing the potatoes and just stared at the bowl. Willy was more of a man than I was now. Jesus, I thought, what comes around, goes around. All my old pals were most certainly not my pals anymore, to them I was probably just another fag like Willy. I looked at my mom and thought, if it were only as easy as she thought, if only I could be the old me or a real girl, but I wasn't either and I wouldn't be, not until hell freezes over.



I had just taken a shower and finished cleaning off all my makeup. Getting ready for bed was a lot more

complex than it had been before. I was wearing nothing but my old terry cloth bathrobe when I came out of the bathroom and that's when Jack blocked my way. "Hey Sis," he said standing with his legs spread apart so I couldn't pass.

"Get out of my way, Jack."

"Sure Sis." But he didn't get out of my way, he just stood there with a smug look on his face and then, in an instant, he jerked open my bathrobe exposing my naked body.

Of course I covered up immediately. What I said next I had never said before in my whole life: "I'm going to tell Dad on you."

He snickered, "Nice tits, Sis."

Well I lost it, then and there, I threw a punch that should have knocked him to the floor or at least it would have done so six months ago. He caught my fist in his hand and just held it for a second. "Don't ever try that again, cocksucker, if you know what's good for you."

I was horrified and almost speechless. He turned and started to saunter away, his hips swaying like a hot dame, arms out and hands dangling. I guess he was taunting me and I guess he was being successful. "I'll tell Dad!"

He responded in a heavy lisp, "Tey, I'm so weally wo-wied, Sis."

Well I didn't tell Dad, of course. What would be the point? Looking back, I think Jack's behavior was understandable if not acceptable. He'd lost a big brother and worse, he'd lost significantly in the world of his peers. Having a fem-male for an older brother was a negative game changer, leastwise, I suspect it was. He

had to be all the more the heavy-handed macho male just to prove that he wasn't at all like me. Yeah, I know, that sounds dumb but then a lot we do in the teenage social world is dumb. All of my best friends were classmates and had graduated and were either going into the service or college or some such new world. But Jack's pals would be seniors like himself and, now that I was back, well, he had his own devils to fight and it would get worse when school started.

And, oh yeah, I had a semester to finish up, if dad had his way. Trust me, that wasn't about to happen. I was back in my room when my cell phone chimed. I looked at it like I might have looked at a dangerous snake. I let it chime three-four times and then I did what I swore I would not do, I answered: "Hello?"

"Can I talk to Ted?"

My heart sank into my toes, it was Brian and, needless to say he hadn't recognized my voice. I did the only logical thing I could think of, "Sorry, you must have the wrong number," and then I clicked off. Well of course the phone rang again and again until I turned it off. Brian Westkoff! Did he not know or was he just jerking my chain? I didn't think he was being mean, that wasn't like him which means he just doesn't know. On the other hand, how could he not know?

I crawled into bed after putting on a flannel nightgown, pink with flowers, mom's idea. I just wanted to curl into a tiny ball and go back into the womb for a 'do-over'. That wasn't happening. It had been my first day back home and it had seemed to last forever.



I wasn't about to wear those 'girl' clothes mom had bought me unless I really had to and since I planned to hide out in my room until the cows came home, whenever that was, I hunted around for my old clothes early the next morning. I figured that mom would not have just thrown them out and I was right. There was a couple-three bags of old clothes out in the shed behind the house. Whether I could wear any of that stuff that was originally mine was an unanswered question. Actually it was an old pair of cut-offs that had belonged to Jack that I found that I could wear. My ass was a lot bigger than it had been and just about everything else about my body was a lot smaller. Anyhow those raggedy remnants of what had been jeans worked if I let them ride down on my wider hips, hip hugger style. They were skin tight with no room in the crotch, but that last aspect wasn't a problem for me any longer. I also found some tee shirts that Jack had out grown a couple of years earlier. Mom was probably saving them for Kevin. Poor Kevin he eventually got all the hand-me-downs. Anyhow, I grabbed a hand full of those tees and went back to my room to change.

I left my one and only bra laying there on the bed when I put on the tee. My breasts weren't very big and they still looked like, well, ice cream cones. The tee shirt I put on was at least a size too large which meant it didn't squish my boobies leaving them, more or less, in their natural form. And that was a problem, of course. Wearing my bra made them look larger, the bra was heavily padded, but without the bra, well, my little spears danced and jiggled in a most alarming way. It

was kind'a damned if I do or damned if I didn't. I let comfort rule and that bra went into a drawer.

I stayed in my room until I was sure dad and my brothers had left. Mom had called me for breakfast but I ignored her. I was still emotionally raw from yesterday and I had a lot to think about. Like staying here, in the long run, just wouldn't work. To get out on my own would require getting a job and, frankly, I wasn't there yet even assuming that a fem-male like me could get a meaningful position- heck, even the old me would have found the task of getting a 'real' job a challenge. I guess maybe that was why the Marines had been such a cool option.

My old man wouldn't allow me to just hang out here indefinitely. I'd either go to school or get a job and, to be honest, finishing high school was probably the easier path for me right now. Easier? If the rest of the seniors were anything like Jack, and they probably would be, there would be nothing at all easy about finishing my last term in school. I found myself having gone a full circle as I sat there thinking about my future.

"Hey?" I said as my mom opened my door. She hadn't bothered to knock which was extra creepy.

"Someone to see you, dear."

"Huh?" the first thought I had was Brian, after all he had called over and over again last night. I shook my head no. I sure wasn't ready to see him.

She gave me a cross look, "It's Babs Carter? Anyhow, I think it was sweet of her to come over and see how you are doing." And then she saw my breasts poking unfettered inside my tee shirt. "Put on your bra

before you come out, Eve." She disappeared before I could respond.

Babs? What the heck was she doing here? Babs was by no means the prettiest girl in school, nor the sexiest, but she wasn't chopped liver either. The fact was, she had maybe the nicest knockers this side of Alhambra. And, more to the point, she'd turned me down every time I had asked her out, even last year when I asked her to go with me to the Junior-Senior Prom. I guess every guy gets shot down and sooner or later hears that most infamous line of all: I wish we could be just friends. Well Babs had told me that, ok? She wouldn't go out with me but she wanted us to be friends? Well, of course, I hadn't taken her up on that offer. For Pete's sake, what I really wanted to do was play with those puppies that rode on her chest. Friends? Get real.

Christ, I thought, had she been serious about this 'let's be friends' crap? Babs Carter, I could still see those awesome boobs, she was always wearing a tight sweater or something cut low enough to show her cleavage to advantage. I still felt about her boobs as I had before the virus, ok? I mean my dick inside me was fully engorged and would, if it could, have made a fine woody. Like I said, I was only girly on the outside. I had a flash back to when Clare and I were lovers except it was Babs and I and, of course, I was sucking on her stupendous hooters and she was begging for my... shit! My cock, right?

This could be a real pile of crap but what the hey. I got up and headed for the door and no, I didn't put that damn bra on. To be honest, I was so focused on what might happen I plum forgot. So there I was in my bare feet, ultra tight hip hugger cutoffs and my bounc-

ing, wiggly titties under my tee when I went into the living room.



Babs and I were sitting outside in the backyard, on the patio. Mom had made us lemonade and, for a while, I thought that mom would never leave us alone. She was in and out from the kitchen at least a dozen times and hovering like a mother hen. Her facial expressions flashed from delight to concern and back again. It was pretty clear she was of two minds on this visit with a girl she knew I had been interested in before the virus. I guess she finally 'read' Babs correctly and finally ambled off with what looked like confidence.

If anything, Babs looked better than I remembered, that is to say, sexier. Maybe it was a maturity thing, but there was more than just boobs to appreciate now. She'd finally lost some of her baby fat and her figure was now nearly a perfect hour glass. And she had been letting her hair grow and what guy doesn't like long hair. She didn't seem to mind that I was talking to her cleavage but actually that was a serious problem it turned out. She wasn't just treating me like a friend, but as a girl friend and that was very, very unsettling. I had to call her on that but I wasn't sure how to do so. Finally I asked her a question that I had long considered: "How come you never went out with me Babs?"

She stood up and moved her chair until it faced directly in front of me before setting down in it again. Our knees were almost touching and I appreciated probably for the first time that coy, feminine perfume she was wearing. She looked me in the eye, which

made my heart flutter in a pleasant way, and then reached over and took my hand in hers, and that was even more cool. "I always like you Ted, always."

"And?"

"I always wanted to get to know you better but..." I waited on pins and needles. "Seriously Ted, I felt that you were *forever* undressing me in your mind, ok? I really cared for you but I was certain that you were only interested in me in a sexual way." She pulled back her hand but kept staring at me.

"And that's a bad thing?"

She laughed, "No. But each thing in its own time, I guess. I was afraid that there would be no more than that between us, I mean that sexual stuff. I wanted you to get to know the real me and..."

Great, I was thinking. She was right on target and, to be honest, nothing had really changed or at least it hadn't if I had any say in the matter. "I think you were wrong about me, Babs." That was a bold faced lie.

She leaned back and smiled but I didn't think I had changed her mind. "I guess it doesn't matter at all now, does it, Eve? I mean, considering..."

Eve? Considering? I could play this. She thought I was totally sexless now or at least completely un-manned. Not that she was completely wrong. I had resources now that I hadn't had as Ted and, frankly, those resources were readily summoned. Her image became all blurry as I let the tears flow, it was so easy and to be honest, not entirely phony tears at all. A guy would likely have responded to my crying with some alarm, but not so with Babs. She did take my hands in hers again but said and did nothing more. She just let me cry until I was done.

A little while later she left and I was in great spirits. She and I were going to 'hang out' together now. Ok, not just her and I but also with some of her other girl friends. One of 'them' was Patty Martin and she was a real heavenly item. Jesus, Patty wore jeans so tight... Anyhow, I could live with doing stupid stuff like shopping at the mall, especially I had a chance to 'hang out' in dressing rooms trying on clothes with the likes of Patty and Francine. It was like being asked to join a sorority with all the membership privileges. The old me would never had had this chance. Visions of slumber parties floated in my mind much like sugar plums on Christmas eve. Of course it wasn't all cool, Babs may have sensed my 'maleness' but she knew I was dick-less and therefore 'harmless'? Maybe I could surprise her in a sexy way.

Mom seemed quite pleased as I told her about what Babs and I had talked about. She looked at me and said, "Friends are very important, Eve."

"Yeah, I know, Mom."

"What I mean is, be a good, thoughtful friend." And then she hugged me and then order me back to my room to put on my bra.

I was cutting through the living room when the door bell rang. I don't know, but I was feeling pretty good for the first time in ages, anyhow, without thinking I opened the door. It was like I had been punched in the face. Brian Westkoff was standing there and he was looking at my wobbling titties and not my face. I almost slammed the door but I didn't. The next instant his eyes found mine.

"Hi," he said.

“Can I help you?” I said in my best girl voice which wasn’t any different than my regular voice except it was a tad softer. For a second I thought I could get away this, like I had last night on the phone.

He cocked his head while he stared at my face, san makeup, and then back to my tits, which seemed to me to be really in bad taste. His eyes were still there when he replied, “Holy Shit, Ted.”

My mother suddenly loomed behind me and then pulled me back and took station at the door. It wasn’t surprising that she did so, “Excuse me?” There was hostility in her voice for she had heard what Brian had said. The world may be going to Hell in a hand cart but she still didn’t approve of bad language.

Brian stepped back, “Ah- sorry Mrs. Wilson. I was just shocked, that’s all. I apologize if I offended you, ma’am.” He tried to look over her shoulder to get another look at me. “I just wanted to see how, um Ted was doing.”

That seemed to please my mom, she relaxed noticeably. “Well thank you um...”

“Brian, ma’am. Me and Ted were pals and...”

“That was sweet of you Brian. Perhaps you might come back later when my *daughter* is more properly at-tired.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“Eve?” she called out over her shoulder in a voice much louder than necessary since I was only a few inches away and just behind the half open door. “Will you take a male caller this afternoon?”

I was properly horrified and not about to answer. A male caller? Had mom slipped back into the nineteenth century?

"I'll take that as a yes," My mom added. "Later then Mr."

"Westkoff, ma'am."

This was getting completely out of hand and I had to do something about it. I stepped forward, "Heck Mom, its only Brian." I then added, "Hey, my mom's ticked off because I'm not wearing a bra, ok? Give me a second and I'll be back."

I guess mom relented because I heard her invite Brian inside as I hurried down the hallway to my room. Things had happened so fast that I hadn't really hadn't had a chance to think it through which was probably a good thing. Had I known that I was going to meet Brian later in the day I would most likely have worried away the time. As it was, I felt like a lobster having been dropped in boiling water, it would all be over in a few moments.

It turned out it wasn't simply a matter of putting on my bra. Mom followed me into my bedroom and opened the closet. She drew out a bright yellow dress and tossed it on the bed before going through my drawers collecting suitable under garments. I started to protest but she would have none of that, she wanted me properly dressed and a gentleman would wait for a lady for however long that took.

I was no lady and, to be honest, I wasn't eager to get all pretty for Brian. Worse yet, even after I was dressed, mom insisted that I put on some basic makeup. All and all, Brian must have waited a full twenty minutes in the living room. I could only imag-

ine what was going through his mind and none of it was any good. The last straw was a pair of yellow high heels. Now I say 'high' but they were of the minimum variety maybe two inches high.

I'd never worn heels and this was certainly not the moment to learn. I wobbled down the hall leaving my mother standing in my bedroom doorway. But as soon as I got to the end of the hallway, off came those ridiculous shoes. "Sorry Brian." I rolled my eyes. "My Mom's kind'a on overdrive." And then I saw his face. The son-of-a-bitch *liked* what he saw.

It was like with Babs and me, everything was twisted. I wanted every which way to 'do' Babs in a sexual way and she had treated me like I was a real girl. And here I was, with Brian and I hadn't the slightest sexual interest in him, and he was looking at me like a lamb chop, which is to say, he was treating me exactly like Babs had done except, well the obvious, me being a girl was just extra fine with him.

Truth was, beauty was pretty much of a 'face' thing, which is why nobody thought of Babs as a real beauty. Like my mom had said, I looked like a younger version of her sister Grace, that is I had a classic pretty face, and the makeup made it all the more evident. I certainly didn't have Babs tits but the way Brian had looked at my titties when I had gone to the door, well, he seemed to think that they were sufficiently adequate. Perhaps had my voice not changed, Brian would have been more aware of my former maleness and then perhaps not. Men were mere creatures looking for instant gratification and I was sure that whatever had prompted him to come over in the first place had been supplanted by that ageless need.

Unlike with Babs, there was no promise of future activities that I might look forward to. Time in a dressing room with, say, Babs was decidedly not on the table. Indeed had Brian had his way, it would be me on that table, legs spread. The longer Brian and I talked the more certain I was that this was a very, very bad idea. I became more evasive, less friendly and that only seemed to invigorate him further. It was like I was playing hard to get but the truth was I was playing impossible to get except that wasn't a book that Brian had ever read.

Mom stayed within ear shot the whole time and, for once, I appreciated her presence. Time slipped by and I was ever so eager for it to end. He finally proposed a 'date' and I said, no. It was my chance to play the big number: "I'd rather we just remain friends."

I saw that cloud behind his eyes. I had to explain, "Frankly Brian, I'm just not into men."

I shouldn't have said that for in the next moment, there was my mom giving me the evil eye and filling the air with words as if to mask what I had just said. But Brian had heard me all right. He made it clear that he had never, ever had the slightest sexual interest in yours truly. The latter was said with growing hostility that even my mother could not cover up. He left quickly after that and, unlike Babs, I didn't expect to see him or my other pals again. I had destroyed a bridge to my past to be sure.

It was later, after Brian had left, that my mom took me to task. I don't think that she had fully realized how difficult her plan for my future would be to accomplish. Like Babs and Brian, all she saw was my outer self.

She continued to fill the air with useless words as I helped her to make supper for the 'men-folk'. All in all, it had been a better day than yesterday.

The day threatened to go South when Jack got home. He bent over backwards telling me how absolutely lovely I was in that yellow dress. I was, of course, back in those heels and wobbling around like a drunk at two A.M. and I knew what Jack was really saying even if mom didn't. Like most guys he assumed that I'd want to lie there on my back with someone like Brian between my legs. He was wrong but there was little I could have said to change his mind.

I spent quite a bit of time with my little brother Kevin that evening. I didn't know it then but my brain was slowly and surely becoming as feminized as my body. That I had discovered a more nurturing aspect of myself would be a flat out lie, I was as oblivious to this final transition as a blind man looking at a sunset. We read together and talk about, well, just stuff and I experienced an odd, diffuse comfort. Maybe it was because of all the people in my life, Kevin wasn't judgmental and had pretty much accepted the new me without an ulterior motive. But more likely, my mind and body was beginning to heal the unacceptable division that had been created. but real resolution was probably many months away.

Chapter 4

Babs and I became the best of friends over the next two weeks but that was an understatement, for me at least, Babs was my *only* friend. Her pals, Francine and Patty, were both out of town and wouldn't be back until just before school began in September, so maybe I was a stand in 'friend', a temp. The truth was I would have loved Babs to pieces, had I been given the chance.

Babs, on the other hand, was a bit more stand-offish. For one thing, the 'sexual' urges I felt for Babs were non-existent in the object of my affection. It was a lot like the situation that had existed between me and my Aunt Grace's housekeeper, Maria in Palm Springs. There was more than enough hugs and kisses to keep my internal sexual engine engaged but I had learned to not push it. Had I attempted to kiss or touch Babs in the way I wanted to, that would most likely have terminated the otherwise close contact I was enjoying. It was, I suspect, a lot like being gay and in love with a straight friend. Babs knew damn well how I felt but sexual object choice is powerful stuff and I wasn't, to her, a cute guy, to say the least. It was certainly a bitter-sweet affair for me and a bit awkward even for Babs.

I was spending almost as much time at Babs' house as I was at my own home which was decidedly a good thing. Unlike my old man, Mr. Carter was very accepting of me and my condition. He was older than my dad, early sixties I'd guess, and was proud of the fact that he had fought the good fight which meant he'd been active in the civil rights movement as a well educated, young white man and then, later, in the anti-war stuff of the seventies. On the Carter's front door was a 'Rainbow' symbol which everyone knows about, so the Carters were politically well to the left on social issues. I suspect had they not been, my relationship with Babs wouldn't have been supported.

Mrs. Carter's attitude, while it reflect that of her husband, was, shall I say, superficial, only skin deep. Her eyes had never actually reflected back warmth when she looked at me and, I suspect, she was keeping a careful eye on me with regards to her daughter. I'm certain that she detected that sexual interest I had for

her daughter and thus she became an ever constant chaperone, out of sight but always near. Thus I never did a 'sleep-over' but then Babs wasn't an idiot either. Sleeping together wasn't about to happen, trust me on that.

I think the fear that I was but a 'temp' had some basis in fact. I don't know if it was true for all teenage girls but I am certain Babs didn't do anything alone. She was purely a social creature, far more than any guy I had known and thus she would drop by my place in the morning and pick me up, she had a VW bug, and we would do 'whatever', mostly shopping but very, very little buying. And yes, I did spend considerable time in dressing rooms with Babs. I certainly saw her in her underwear almost every day and that didn't grow old.

It was, for me, a powerful learning experience. One couldn't spend that much time with a teenage girl and not pick up the lingo or learn the basics of teenage fashion. I was surprised at how much time she committed to 'scoping' out boys and how dramatic the change was in her behavior when a guy caught her attention. And if a guy was, to her, really cute, she would play with her hair, flipping and tossing it quite dramatically. And her hand gestures took on a whole new aspect. She'd do that flippy-limp wristed thing and, if she was walking, well her hips would create deeper and wider arcs in space. It was pretty easy to copy her and, to be entirely honest, I often found myself doing so unconsciously. And, oh yeah, I was pretty good in heels now.

I was at the Carter's house having dinner when Mr. Carter said, "I heard you girls went over to Hollywood today. So what did you think, Eve?"

I almost gagged. I finished chewing and then carefully swallowed, I was buying time. What did I think? I had been horrified to be entirely honest. There had been literally hundreds of fem-males out and about. A lot of them were hookers though from what I hear many of them didn't demand payment of any kind. In a society in which casual sexuality was in full retreat, the fem-males acted like it was the beginning of a new sexual liberation movement. I looked at Mr. Carter and told him the truth, "It was gross," I said.

"Oh, come dear, you of all people..."

"FATHER!" Yelped Babs.

He glared at his daughter, "I taught you better Babs." He returned his gaze back to me but a smile replaced the frown. "What part was gross?"

I rolled my eyes, where to begin? It was pretty clear that they were men, altered men to be sure, but men. Way too tall with big feet and hands. A lot of them had obvious facial hair, stubble or five o'clock shadows poorly covered with makeup, usually too much make up. And the clothes, nightmare creations from Fredric's of Hollywood. They were a parody of the female condition. A few, a very small number to be sure, were pretty in the ordinary sense and maybe half were sexy if by that one were considering only the intensity of their obvious hunger. It was pretty clear to me exactly why society had responded so negatively to the fem-males. "Everything, I guess."

"Everything?" He shook his head sadly. "It's not really their fault."

"Yeah, I know. The virus."

He cleared his throat, "It's really about the brainstem, Eve. The changes people see are but the

outer manifestations, it's the long term change in the cortex that frees up the more basic, primitive, brain stem." He opened his hands, palms up as if to say that's all. "They can't really control their basic urges any longer. The primitive sexual instinct has no sexual object choice, no socially correct governor."

"That's horrible," said Babs. And she looked at me, "Is that going to happen to Eve?"

"Well that's why I brought it up, dear." He looked at me, "You are on anti-testosterone, are you not?"

I blinked, thinking back to the 'yellow' pills they had given us a Twenty-nine Palms. "Um... no? Was I supposed to be?" And then I added, "Yeah, they handed them out when I was at camp but..."

"You didn't take them, why am I not surprised, hmm? Look the treatment has, well, a serious side effect..."

Babs blurted in, "Gosh, you really should start taking them right away."

I nodded in full agreement. I didn't want to become one of them. No way. "What kind of side effect?"

"It kills the sexual urge, I'm afraid."

"Oh," I said. Yeah, that's what they said at camp, the yellow pills made one's sexuality 'go-away'. What did that mean for me? Not much, really. Being horny made me want to screw Babs and that wasn't going to happen, not now, not ever.

"So I should take them?"

Mr. Carter looked at me thoughtfully, "I didn't say that. I can't imagine what it would be like to be utterly sexless, without any carnal desire. On the other hand if you found the behavior of the fem-males you saw to-

day, gross, as you said, you can avoid that." He shrugged, "It's not my call."

"That's kind'a funny, Mr. Carter, that's exactly what a shrink at camp said. He said that I had to make up my own mind about what was right or wrong." I looked around the table, there was no doubt in my mind how Babs and her mother would vote, if they had a vote. Of course mine was the only vote that counted. "So the pills just kill my sex drive?"

"And add, I suspect, noticeably to your estrogen level."

"Gosh." I would 'babe-up'. Bigger tits, but I wouldn't care. I'd be a plastic pseudo-girl, a pretty castrato, an emasculated man wearing a sexy girl body, a sex object without purpose.



Francine was the first of Babs' pals to return, it was the last week in August and school was about ten days off. I guess it should be no surprise that Francine reacted to my presence more like most people would. It was clear that she was uncomfortable when I was around and that made Babs uncomfortable, oh hell, it made me uncomfortable too. And when Patty returned, well, I was the snotty little kid sister that they didn't want following them around. I'll give credit to Babs though, she didn't just flick me off but on the other hand, she wasn't about to sacrifice her peer group for me either. She did call me almost every night, for awhile, but the 'hanging-out' stuff was gone. I was pretty much on my own, again.

It wasn't as bad as it sounds. For one thing, that sexual attraction I'd had to Babs was but a distant memory now. It was amazing how rapidly the pills had worked. I took my first pill in the A.M. and by noon my little engine was all but turned off and by that night, non-existent. I still looked at girls, especially ones with nice knockers, but it was more of an intellectual exercise, there was no 'humph'. That applied to my image in the mirror as well. I was filling out rather nicely within a week of starting those pills going from a small A to a 'full' A which only means my tits finally filled the cups and, yes, I had some cleavage now. Did I care? Not really, not in the way I had earlier when my own body would excite me in a sexual way.

There was one odd development however, I could look at a guy, a cute guy, and not get my macho-male ego all bent out of shape. It wasn't like a guy could turn me on, I don't think anything could do that, I was pretty sexless. But being sexless also offered me some new freedom. Since sexual-object choice was a non-issue, I could 'respond' to any guy, you know? Heck it wasn't really any different than if I responded to girl, for me that is. It was like having a loaded gun in my hand. I kind'a wanted to shoot it, you know, hear it go bang? I mean I knew I was pretty and I knew, thanks to Babs, how to come on to a guy. I was pretty sure that a lot of guys would respond, having been a guy all my life and these were teenagers after all, hormone driven freaks. Ok, so I thought about that didn't mean I was ready to do 'it' if you know what I mean, but 'it' wasn't half so scary now. It was an ego thingy, ok? I'd finally started to think about confirming my pseudo-womanhood.

Oh, there was a problem with that notion, of course, and that problem reared its ugly head my first day

back to school. You see, everyone one knew I was a fem-male. It wasn't that I couldn't pass. I sure wasn't like those poor guys in Hollywood. I wasn't too tall and my feet and hands were totally ok. I didn't sound like a guy or have to shave, I mean I was totally 'babe' except, I was Ted Wilson. The school didn't buy the Eve name change, indeed, in homeroom, Mr. Patterson, when he took attendance called out my name, "Mr. Theodore Wilson?"

"Here, sir." I responded. I was wearing my bright yellow dress and heels, I was made up, perfectly and my voice was naturally uni-sexed. None of it mattered, of course. Nobody laughed. Fem-male had become all too common and I was hardly the only one at the school this term. No, I wasn't special, only odd and, well, I could have been a solitary black kid in a previously all white school back in the fifties, ok? Most everybody wanted me and my kind to just die, you know? I could have been covered in snot and vomit for all the good my personal hygiene meant. And yeah, I was excused from gym class, that was a no-brainer.

And even Babs, when I saw her at school, treated me like I was invisible. That was most hurtful. But invisible I wasn't, nor were any of the other fem-males. By the time lunch period rolled around, we had pretty much found each other and had, naturally, banded together. There were eight of us out of a school of over four thousand and we had our own table. To be entirely honest, I don't think I would have 'read' half of them as fem-males. And Jerry Sanders, a year younger than me, was one totally knock-out babe, size 'C' cup at least but she talked with a sexy lisp, which, I think, was put on and I strongly suspected she wasn't taking any damn yellow pills either.

I saw my brother across the cafeteria but I didn't bother to wave, he would have killed me for sure if I had and left my body laying there for all to see. I wasn't just invisible to him, I was a hateful blemish and he quickly turned his back to me. I was looking at him when Jerry spoke: "Your brother, right?" I nodded and returned to picking at my food. "He's kind'a cute."

I looked at Jerry, "I wouldn't even think about him, ok? He'd rip your bra off and strangle you with it."

Jerry pursed her lips and gave me a knowing look. "You think so?"

"I know so."

"You don't know nothing, honey. You see that gorgeous hunk standing at the table?"

"Paul Nelson, yeah. B.M.O.C., this year's quarter-back, so?"

"I do know him, if you know what I mean?"

"Nelson? No shit." I looked at Jerry with new respect. "Does anybody else know?"

"He'd kill me if he knew I told you." She shrugged and tugged at her bra, adjusting her blouse to expose more cleavage.

"You could be full of shit, you know."

"Honey, lots and lots of guys are doing it with us, ok? The twats aren't putting out so much anymore, we are almost the only game in town." She reached into her purse, looked around as if checking that no one was watching and then placed a capsule that was filled with reddish-brown liquid, on the table. She held her hand over it so that I could see but that nobody else could. "You know what this is?" I shook my head. "Testosterone."

“Shit,” I said. She didn’t have to tell me more. Big ‘T’ could give a fem-male a really big sexual jolt. It was called ‘spiking’ which meant even an unsexed fem like me could rediscover their sexuality, big time. It had become a ‘party’ drug for our ‘type’ although from what I heard, a fem-male on big ‘T’ was as likely as not to go overboard and turn into a full bore ‘slut’. “Where did you get it?”

Jerry shrugged but didn’t say anything about her source. “It just isn’t for getting high, Ted. You want to grow some serious boobs, take two of these and your ordinary yellows? It worked for me.”

I could see that it had. I watched that capsule disappear back into her purse. That was dangerous stuff there. Take one of those and a fem had a good chance of finding herself in the middle of a gang bang, the very center of every ones attention and probably the cheerleader as well as the target of all that sexual interest. “Is it really true what they say, after one of those...”

Jerry rolled her eyes, “Took me three days to come down and man was I used up. Interested?”

I shook my head, “No thank you, not yet anyway. I’m still cherry.”

Jerry elevated her eyes in mock surprise before jerking her thumb in the direction of the other fems, “The rest of them are too, most likely. Losers.” I started to say something but she went on, “Look, you got one life, live it. You’re no Barbie doll, none of you guys are. But you will be if you don’t take charge of your life.”

“And that’s taking charge?” I was thinking about the capsule and what it could do. Turning into a raving sex manic didn’t seem to me to be taking charge. It would be just a long step closer to becoming one of

those unfortunates I saw in Hollywood. Thank you, but no thanks.



Grades came at mid-term and for the first time in my life I was only too pleased to carry my report card home. All A's and, like a lot of high school students, I'd put off some of the harder subjects to the very end, like intro to college algebra. I didn't have to wait around until my old man got home, mom called him at work and I received my praise over the phone. Of course he immediately started talking about college again only now I was listening, at least a little. Maybe it was being a sex-less wonder but my focus at school was like a million times better and I was actually enjoying learning. Perhaps a little too late and too little but it was like a door opening, an alternative to my mom's Mrs. degree.

I had gotten to know Jerry a lot better over the last few months. Jerry wasn't nearly as secure as she pretended to be but she wasn't a complete bull shitter either. That thing with Paul Nelson, the football player, Mr. Big Man On Campus, was for real or had been, anyway. After Thanksgiving break, Paul had ended his affair with Jerry and for a pretty good reason, he and Sally Fricks were going steady now. It wasn't love but it surly sewed up the choice for who would be the next Winter Enchantment King and Queen. Maybe more important, Paul and Sally could walk about on campus hand in hand, and stuff. That could never have happened with him and Jerry.

The truth be told, I think Paul settled for second best, at least in the beauty department. The first time I

saw Jerry in her underclothes I was truly impressed, she was a perfect thirty-four-twenty-two-thirty-four. And she also showed me her secret. It was estrogen which was a lot safer than big 'T' for us fems. That's when she showed me how to buy the stuff over the internet without a credit card. By the end of October, I was no longer an 'A' cup and trust me, that was almost the least of what big 'E' did for me. Those hips that were still trying to figure out what was what had finally heard the call. And my lips, Jesus-in-heaven, they ballooned up especially swell, even my angry brother had noticed. I wouldn't say I was better looking than Jerry but after I had my hair bleached until it looked like fresh fallen snow, I was hot stuff, trust me on that.

Being 'hot' stuff was a two edged sword. Needless to say the guys noticed and even if they said it in a nasty way, I knew they really liked what they saw. The other side of the coin was that the 'real' girls, that hadn't been all that nice initially, became nastier still, and yeah, Babs wasn't immune to the social pressure. We had a war on our hands, it was us against the real girls with the guys playing judges, kind'a. Of course the girls wouldn't admit that they saw us as competition and the guys could hardly admit that they 'noticed' our existence. They might screw us but they sure as hell wouldn't be caught dead with us in a social situation. Well, it was better than having stones thrown at us like happened last week in Long Beach State where a couple of fem-males were seriously injured.

Anyhow, it was late November and the Winter Enchantment Dance was only two weeks away. It wasn't like any guys at school would ask Jerry and I to the dance but we both were determined that we would go. I had my heart set on Brian Westkoff, who would be back from college, a full week before the dance. I know,

that sounds crazy. I wasn't into Brian, I wasn't into anyone in as sexual way. I was still a cherry, but the way Jerry talked, that was no big deal, the big 'it' that is. It wasn't like I could get pregnant and, frankly, what fem-male could afford to think about the opinion of 'others'. We were, after all, convicted 'sluts' without need for any documentation to that effect. I don't think seducing Brian would be a challenge but getting him to take me out, in public, to a school dance where he still knew a lot of the students that would be there, well, if I failed, I wouldn't die of a broken heart.



Mom said that all the girls of our generation dressed like 'sluts'. I don't know but I remembered my mom, when she was younger, in some pretty shocking outfits. Ok, that was in pictures, photos of the old fashion kind, but I think that oldsters tend to have selective memory. I bought three outfits, two to seduce Brian and one, to wear to the big dance. After my good grades, dad's wallet had opened up quite a bit.

I was in outfit number one. The top was little more than a black silk scarf that went around my neck, crossing so as to capture the breast opposite where it had started and ended there with an elastic band to keep it 'cupping' that breast. More like a bra than not and speaking of a bra, I wasn't wearing one. My nipples and alveoli were etched into the thin material. It didn't have a tight hold on my softball sized breasts so that they were free to do what free breasts do which was move in a very hypnotic manner. I'd field tested my new top using my brother so I was pretty sure it worked.

Of course my top left my back completely exposed, well actually everything was exposed except my breasts, so it was definitely day time wear only. My pants were black velvet and could have been used in a two piece bathing suit except who wears velvet at the beach. They were skin tight and very, very brief. Black nylons, which were really pantyhose, and a pair of French high heels completed the main parts of my costume. The heels forced me to take feminine 'dainty' steps which help both with my image and to insure that I remembered to behave girly, I still didn't do this feminine stuff instinctively.

The best part was a three foot long hair piece, also snow white. I still had a ways to go in the natural hair department. And then perfume and assorted noisy jewelry, the latter all plastic and all black. I did my lips in pale gloss and my nails were painted white to match my hair and lips. I was an image in black and white, and trust me, I was well packaged girl flesh... and, oh yes, still a cherry.

Brian was helping his old man out in the hardware store when I found him. Somewhere surrounded by the pipes and fittings, which, it turned out, was all too appropriate. He didn't recognize me, how could he? I was all grown up now with serious equipment and I knew it the moment I turned down that isle and swayed in his direction, that he was mine for the taking. He didn't even pretend not to notice me. He became slack jawed and stood there in total confusion. "Can I help you?"

I purred, "What's a pretty man like you doing in a place like this?"

Well he had been hit across the noggin. He kept looking down at my long, long legs and then up at my

swaying hips and then, finally, at my frisky puppies. I was pretty sure I'd made a sale. "Umm," he said filled with stupid juice which is what happens to a man when all his blood leaves his head and goes to his crotch.

I walked right into his face, that is to say, I didn't stop until my breasts were making an impression on his chest. I reached up with my right hand, taking his head and neck, and started to pull his face into mine. I never had a chance to finish what I had started. His lips met mine and we began a rather long and torrid kiss.

I thought I was completely dead below the waist but I wasn't, not entirely. And, having never kissed a guy, any guy, I was pleasantly surprised that I found it pleasurable and it even made my head spin, just a tad. I guided his hands to my breasts, which wasn't very difficult, and found that his touch was remarkably 'nice'. Nipples hardened under his fingers and I could feel his manhood thrusting boldly against my belly. Having gotten this far, this fast, I was abruptly unsure of what to do next. The truth was, if we just continued to do what we were doing, that would be just ok by me. I think had I known it would feel this good, I would have done something like this much, much earlier. It wasn't Brian I was responding to but to Brian responding to me. I finally said, "Umm, perhaps we should stop."

"Not before you tell me who you are."

I laughed, "Ok then, let's continue." He was taking more and more of my weight into his hands until he was half bent over, it was an old Hollywood movie moment. Anyhow, I didn't really want this to stop. How long had it been since I'd felt even a hint of real passion, not since the end of July with Clare, four and a

half months ago. True, there was no boner in my panties, nor was I going crazy for sexual congress, but it sure felt good to be wanted and I was sure Brian wanted what I had to offer.

It was a strange take on love making. For me, it had always been about 'getting off'. And here I was, enjoying the journey. I strongly suspected that I couldn't get 'off', not with the state of my hormones, but it felt good, no, more than good, it was enchanting, magical. You know, if he came right now with his prick against my belly, that would be ok by me, as long as he wanted a do-over. I left his tongue dominate mine as the rest of his body did the same. I wasn't entirely passive but I was eager to let him to do whatever he might. To be utterly goalless, to not be in the driver's seat meant I had more time to enjoy the scenery and between my legs, it felt like Grand Canyon. Was I actually getting aroused?



I wanted to scream, I really did. Mom was in Nevada with Kevin visiting Grams and dad was on a business trip back in the Midwest and both would be gone until Wednesday which was like six days from now, it didn't get any better than this, did it? Christmas break and all? No classes? I mean my asshole brother was all that I had to deal with and my first costume, my seduction-wow shorts had nailed it, totally. I mean, Brian was so hot, he let me drive while he ate my box. Of course I didn't have a clit, which kind'a slowed me down but I don't think Brian had figured that out yet and I moaned at the right times and did a number with my butt. I was, after all, still cherry, but when we drove

up into my drive way, Brian liked freaked out, like totally?

We were both only half dressed as we made our way through the kitchen door, but I might as well been wearing an iron suit, you know. Brian kept saying: Ted is that you, huh, Ted?" I guess he hadn't figure out exactly who I was until we arrived at my folks place and then he had serious second thoughts, though he had waited until he and I were like totally naked in my bedroom before doing so.

And there it was between his legs, like a tired worm. It wasn't a problem with his cock, it was his unconscious that was stopping him or that was what he said. "Christ," I swore. "You took Psychology this semester, right? Holy Freud!" Yeah, I was fit to scream. Like the best laid plans of mice and men... only the word 'laid' couldn't be used in this context. It wasn't like I just had to have his cock, ok? I wasn't some sex crazed cunt or whatever. True I wanted, really wanted to lose my cherry and, after all, the dance was just a week away. But honestly, if he but opened his eyes and just looked at me, I knew he would rise to the occasion. But he didn't, of course, he mumbled something about him and me as good buddies and other bull shit as he assumed a fetal position. My nipples were so hard, they'd turned up and pointed toward the ceiling. All right maybe I was just a tiny bit turned on and, well, it would be easy to take this personal, right?

I had to fight him for his cock, literally, and then when I had it in hand I had to ask myself, really? It was sticky from half dried cum, so he had definitely fired at least one shot into his shorts, but that was before he had put this babe and 'me' together in his mind. And there I was holding that one-eyed monk in my hands. I

don't know, but I never really had thought about sucking a cock before.



Sucking, not blowing, that old joke flashed through my idiot mind. A blow job is just an expression, right? I could just call it a first attempt and let Brian drive himself home. I had a feeling that if I did, I wouldn't see him again, leastwise not before the Dance. I let out a long sigh and sniffed the object of my attention. Cock, I thought, what else could it smell like?

I wrapped my lips around the head of his penis. It wasn't all so much, limp and worm like, so I sucked the whole thing in my mouth, like weird, I thought to myself. This was Brian. How many times had we shot hoops in the back yard or hung out at school watching babes? Or stood there, side by side and naked in the shower after gym class; had I ever once imagined sucking his cock? Never. Did I want to, right now? Not really, ok? I mean, what was in it for me?

I ran my tongue around and over that worm, that 'hot' worm to be more accurate and suddenly it started to grow and grow. It wasn't hard yet but it definitely threatened to be more than I could easily hold in my mouth without gagging and Brian was squirming now and unwinding from his fetal position and, yes, starting to make little noises. It wasn't really any different than when I had approached him in the hardware store in my babe outfit. I'd felt that rush of empowerment then and that was pretty much the same rush I was feeling at this instant. I was making him want me or rather I was leading him by his erotic nose. Suddenly the idea of getting him really, really hard was now a meaningful goal. I wanted him to become crazy with the need that I created in him.

And then, there it was, in all its glory: thick, hot and pulsing with power. I held the rigid shaft with my hand now as I seriously licked and sucked on that

throbbing head, hitting with extra focus on the nerve bundle just below that engorged head. Logically now was the time to straddle him, to guide that hot shaft between my legs. That had been the initial purpose, had it not? And yet I realized now that would have to wait; I wanted to bring him to climax, to watch and feel him cum. It would be like totally *owning* him those last few moments. His body was already quivering and his breath was coming in gasps, the intervals were becoming shorter and shorter with each shudder. He was mine, totally and absolutely, *mine*, a soulless captive of my will.

I heard a sound and looked up, turning my head toward the door, even as Brian was reaching his threshold in a series of rapid jerks. There was my damn brother standing there and I read his lips: cocksucker, he said. And as he turned away, Brian came; hot cum now clung to my chest and shoulders, some even slid slowly down my neck and off my chin. Talk about timing.



I went into the bathroom to wash up. I was naked, of course, since I was planning to get back to Brian as fast as possible. But instead of heading right back to my room, I walked down the hall and rapped on Jack's door.

"What?" He said in a growl.

I opened the door, in all my natural naked beauty with my nipples frozen into rigid spear points, and stood there until he had fully examined what I had brought, which took about a second. "I apologize Jack, ok?"

“For what?”

“You were right, I *am* a cocksucker.” And then, I left the door open and I headed back down the hall with a deliberate rolling sway in my stride. Jesus, I thought, I really am, aren’t I, totally. Funny when you think about it, that was about the worst thing a guy can say to another guy and yet, I suspect, most women suck cocks from time to time as part of foreplay. My mom was probably a cocksucker and I was sure Aunt Grace was one considering how old both her husbands had been. There was absolutely nothing abnormal about sucking cocks if one was female and, let’s face it, a fem-male was far better suited to play the female role. After all, wasn’t my goal to have Brian insert his cock ‘inside’ my body? That was way, way beyond being a cocksucker, right?

“Brian? You’re dressed.”

“Umm, er... Ted...”

“This is pretty hopeless, huh?” He nodded. I rolled my eyes, “Maybe we can do a do-over?”

“Meaning?”

“Pretend this never happened? I need to talk to you, ok, about stuff, different stuff.”

“Like?”

“I was hoping you could take me to the big Christmas dance.”

He sat back down on the bed and I joined him. He made sure there was plenty of space between us before he responded. “You don’t want to do that.” He shook his head as if to emphasize what he just said. “At best you would have a rotten time, ok? They would ignore you or more likely make rude comments.”

"I can live with that."

"Maybe not. Jesus Ted, some of them probably hate your guts enough to hurt you, I mean really hurt you or worse."

"What could be worse?"

"You could get spiked, ok? Someone could put testosterone in your drink or food, its happened other places. And then you know what happens next, you'd get gang raped and maybe murdered." I shook my head in disbelief. "Something like that happened in Pasadena just last week, I read about it, ok? It's the latest 'rage'. Besides, what would you accomplish anyway? Social recognition, acceptance, justice? Forget it."

"Are you saying that you will not take me? Just say so, ok? You don't have to get so melodramatic."

"You want to get dressed up, go out dancing, ok, I'll be there for you, Ted. But I'll be damned if I'll take you to the school dance, ok? Asshole, I still care about you."

"Oh," I said and then, in a smaller voice, "you would really take me out, in public?"

"Shit, Ted, you look like one swell gal. I wouldn't be ashamed to be seen with a babe like you almost anywhere but I don't want to visit you in the morgue or a hospital. Is it a deal?"

"What deal?"

"Forget about the school dance, I'll take you out somewhere a lot safer, the same night."

"I got to think about that Brian, ok? You're right, going to that dance means something important to me. But, the idea of getting ganged raped is pretty gross, so yeah, I'll think about it and ah- thanks for caring."

And then he did the unexpected, he put his arms around me gave me a brief but sweet kiss. I blinked in surprise, "You got to learn to call me Eve, ok? No more this Ted shit and Brian, if you haven't noticed," and how could he not considering I was still naked, "I'm all girl now, totally?"

He shrugged, "Totally."

"Anyhow, tomorrow is Saturday and I was going to invite some people over to watch college football on TV. Beer, pizza, kind'a like old times? I mean, it's not like I can rape you or anything Brian and my brother and some of his pals will be here for sure and, ah... a friend of mine, Jerry. I guess what I'm saying is that I'd like a do-over for today."

He raised one eyebrow, "What are you planning to wear?"

"How's that important?"

"Nothing like what you had on earlier, I hope."

"Oh, yeah. How about sweats and jeans, that make you feel safer?"

"When?"

"Say one?"

"I'll think about it."

Chapter 5

It was only a little after eleven the next morning when Jerry arrived, way too early for the football games. She brought some chips and a bottle of whiskey that she had obviously lifted from home. She also arrived with a gleam in her eye. "Where's your brother?"

“Jack? Probably still in bed, why?”

“Which way?”

“Which way, what?” I said following her down the hall way toward the rear of the house.

“To his bedroom.”

I jerked to a halt. “That’s not a good idea, Jerry.”

She looked back over her shoulder at me, “We were making out yesterday while you were with Brian.”

I swore, “That jerk! What’s good for the gander isn’t good for the goose?”

“Huh?”

“Last room at the end of the hall.” That two-faced, holier than thou, bastard, I thought to myself. I watched as Jerry pulled her top over her head even before reaching for the door knob. She wasn’t wearing a bra and her pink nipples looked like horns, one on top of each conical breast. Apparently Jack was already up in more ways than one, I saw him open the bedroom door himself and he was sporting a boner. I rolled my eyes and headed back to the kitchen.

Good to my promise, I was wearing an old and now much oversized sweatshirt and Aunt Grace’s old jeans but I stopped back at my bedroom and took off my bra and started working on my makeup. Getting Brian to have sex with me, intercourse to be more specific, was now growing into a priority. Ok, it was an ego thing to be sure, but I was still a cherry and I was beginning to feel that was no badge of honor. If Jerry could seduce Jack, why couldn’t I do the same with Brian? God knows Jack had plenty of hang ups especially regarding fem-males, unless, of course, just being around me was broadening his perspective. Naw, that didn’t seem

likely. I really need to talk to Jerry and find out her secret.

Later I found out her secret, I wish I hadn't known. It was about one o'clock and Jack and three of his friends had already taken the best seats in the family room and were watching the pre-game show. It was just me and Jerry in the kitchen when I asked her.

"It's a question of attitude, Eve."

"Attitude?"

"If you really, really want to do it, you know, a guy senses that."

"So? I really want to do Brian."

"Not enough, ok? Do you feel like your insides are dancing to 'hip-hop' music, are your loins quivering for that cock?"

"Euuu," I said. "Ah- no."

"Then you don't have the attitude, gal." She held up a capsule, "Recognize this?"

"You can't be serious, Jerry."

"Just a taste, not the whole thing, just a tiny, little drop and, well, wait about two hours."

"That's so... stupid Jerry."

She shrugged, "It works for me."

"Right."

"So, are you going to try it?"

"Um... I think I'll stay a cherry a little longer." Jerry was riding the very edge of the slippery slope, she must know that. It was only a short hop and jump to ending up on the Hollywood streets. I wanted Brian but not that bad. "You going to watch the game?"

She winked, "I got three more guys to 'do' assuming Brian isn't on the counting table."

I swore at her, "You fucking slut!"

"Honey, your time will come or was that c-u-m?" She giggled.

I was horrified and more than half sick. Yeah, I think Jerry was already sliding down that slippery slope. "I... I don't want you here, ok? Not here, not with my brother- EVER!" Her face got red and I felt my blood pressure rise as well. It might not be a cat fight but it certainly was turning into something entirely terrible. Jerry was about the only 'real' friend I had in the world. I wanted to take back what I said and yet I didn't.

"Cherry-twit!" She snapped. But she didn't leave, she headed back into the family room and the TV and the guys and the way she was moving her ass said trouble, big time.

I started crying and finally fell into a chair beside the table. I didn't know what to do but I was pretty sure what was right, for me, verses what was wrong. And Jerry's behavior, the choices she was making, were completely wrong for me at least.

Later I came out of the kitchen. The TV was still on but my brother and his friends were gone. And, of course, so was Jerry. It didn't take a detective to figure out that they had left, together. There but for a few drops of big 'T' go I. Tomorrow Jack and his Pals would have a good laugh and brag about this afternoon. And, frankly, it wouldn't hurt Jerry's reputation in the slightest. And me, I turned off the TV and began to clean up the family room. It was good that Brian hadn't come. But I didn't really want to be alone.



Brian called about four o'clock. I could tell from his voice that he had been drinking. That he felt the necessity to call and apologize for not showing up said something good, right? What followed was potentially the most stressful situation I had yet to face. He had been on his way over to my place when he ran into Yanzee and, as he said, one thing followed another. Anyhow him and the guys had gone out for a few beers, naturally, to talk about old times and stuff.

The guys? My old crowd? I wasn't as close to Yanzee as I was to Brian. Was Davy there? I couldn't ask and to be honest I almost didn't want to know. Davy and I had been the best of friends, like forever. The last time I actually saw him, he was still fighting me about going into the Marine Corp. He'd wanted me to go to the University of Arizona with him. Oh that brought back really bad memories. After I found out I was RN-positive, he'd really freaked out. Ok, we both freaked out. Anyhow he had written me a couple-three times when I went to Twenty-nine Palms and then we agreed to, well, end the relationship about the time my new pee-hole appeared. For him, it was like the RN virus was a fatal infection, ok? I mean we both understood that it would turn me into a... cocksucker. In affect he and I agreed the old me would be 'dead' and to be honest neither of us wanted to deal with me as a fem-male. There was more to it than that, of course. I mean we were scary close, you know, just not in a sexual way.

Brian said something but I wasn't listening as the realization struck me like a bomb: *I would certainly be attracted to Davy now, damned if I wouldn't.* Ok, not in a

school girl crush way nor in a sexual way like Jerry would be, my sexual engine was pretty much turned off, but in an emotional way to be sure. Davy would fill that empty space inside me like nobody else could because he always had. We had shared our deepest ambitions and fears and, frankly, that wasn't usual for guys, at least not from my experience. Only it would be different now, really, really different. That realization left me gasping for breath. "Sorry Brian, what did you say?"

He wanted to know if I wanted to get together with the guys, right now. I could have said, no, I would rather have a stick in the eye but I didn't. I didn't even know who all was there and frankly seeing a bunch of the guys, all at once, was a pretty scary idea. I guess when I didn't respond, he assumed my answer was no. He was about to hang up and I was struggling with my emotions. I wanted to see them and yet I didn't want to face them *as I was*. "Hey, a rain check, ok? It's been a hectic day already and..."

"Gotcha," he said.

I was still holding the phone, the connection was broken creating an empty void like my gut at that moment. Chicken shit! I swore at myself. I really thought I was getting a handle on my 'condition'. I guess I was still ashamed, if that was the right concept, about being a fem-male. I'd come a long way in the last few months but obviously not far enough. I was pretty, girl pretty, and, well, I liked that, ok? I mean, the way Brian had looked at me yesterday in the hardware store, was totally cool and yeah, I had got off on it. Brian being turned on to me had turned me on. And accepting that I was a cocksucker, I thought that was a really big step in the right direction, I mean, transition wise. All of

that was Eve. My pals, except for Brian, only knew Ted. Damn it, Ted was history whether I wanted him to be or not didn't really matter. Eve was real now and I wasn't play acting anymore. She-me, I wanted to be accepted and, was it possible? To be loved? Oh that was heavy, too damned heavy. That girl inside that I had wanted to find I think just woke up, damned if she hadn't. I grabbed the arm of the couch and sat down, my legs were all a quiver.

I was sure that I was the center of conversation the guys were having, I had to be, right? God, I wonder what Brian had said? He wasn't a jerk but he was a guy, ok? Would he tell them I tried to fuck him? Seriously? Shit, he was a guy and for all I know, he might be a cherry which means, yeah, he might actually be bragging about his conquest. Not if Davy were there, Davy would punch him in the eye, or at least I hoped so. Yeah, no wonder they wanted to see me, a fem-male would have fucked the lot of them, or so it was commonly believed. Jesus, it wasn't fair, fem-males were people too, right, not just sex machines like in the movies or on TV.

Brian might have been a potential conquest, a feather to add to the affirmation of my evolving girlhood but Davy, that was another concept entirely. I could fall in love with Davy. Could he fall in love with me? I might never know. I had his damn cell phone number. All I had to do was...

I found the bottle of whiskey that Jerry had brought. Other than a few beers, I hadn't much experience with booze but I was looking for courage. I poured a glass and took a sip, it was like the worst thing I had ever tasted, yuck. And then after the burn, I

felt a bloom and maybe some- courage? I picked up the phone. I could do this, I really could.



I was wearing a white cotton tee shirt with a deep vee cut in front. Nothing fancy or sparkly, ok? So it ended just below my rib cage, but a lot of girls wore tops like that so no big deal. I was also wearing my Aunt's old jeans, they fit me really well now, tight, you know, sexy but understated? A pair of black flats, no socks and no jewelry completed my outfit. Like I said, understated. The pants were so tight however, that there was absolutely no question of my totally babe form and I was wearing a push-up bra that was heavily padded which just about pushed all I had into one gorgeous offering, which was decidedly 'not' understated, cleavage you could die for. And I had put everything I had learned into doing my makeup, down to and including a pair of false eye lashes. In effect, I had done everything possible to be sure that not the slightest 'hint' of Ted remained visible. And, oh yeah, I wasn't drunk but I was high enough to go to the door when Davy arrived without feeling terrified. Ok, the last was not entirely accurate, I was ready for the worst and scared that the worst might happen. I pulled the door open, "Hey." He might be Davy but he was also a guy and, as such, he was staring into that basket of tits I was offering. I think had I just stood there, he would have remained staring for the rest of the night. I took a step close. "Hey?"

"Whoa!" He finally said.

I grabbed his chin and jerked his head up, "Eyes up."

He blushed and did just that. "Um..."

Now that I had eye contact, I fluttered my false lashes and then I grabbed his arm and pulled him inside, "Damn it Davy, I really missed you." I closed the door and he just stood there in a daze. I tugged at his arm and he followed me into the family room, I was throwing my hips like a hot dame and flipping my hands from broken wrists like Babs did when a cute guy was present. "I need a drink," I said, "and I don't want to drink alone. Whiskey ok?" I didn't wait for him to respond. I quickly filled two fruit juice glasses with straight booze. I figured we both needed something to break the ice. And then I put them down on the cocktail table, "Damn it Davy, do you think you could *just* give me a hug?" Well I didn't wait for him to respond, God only knows how long that might take or even what he might actually do. I put my arms around him and pressed my fine body against his, squishing my boobies flat against his chest, how could he not appreciate that? Maybe it was only a reflex, but he responded by squeezing me back with a full body embrace. I was going for broke now, it was no time for half measures, I found his mouth and kissed him. Ok, he didn't respond this time, at least not immediately, so I became even more aggressive and soon my tongue was in his mouth. Gads it felt good when at last he really responded. Tongue fought tongue, lips twisted and adjusted and I grabbed his hand and led them to one of my breasts. Oh sweet joy, he found a hard nipple and twisted and pulled at it and then...

He was holding me at arm's length, his face flushed and his pants bulging. "Whoa."

I giggled, "Can't you say anything but 'whoa' Davy?"

“Ok, yeah.” He let go of my arms and step back, “Slow down? I thought we were going to talk?”

“It’s non-verbal but it is communication, Davy.”

“I’m not there yet, ok, Ted?”

“Ted’s dead, Davy. The worms got him. I’m Eve and Eve includes the very best parts of Ted.”

“Jesus Ted, that’s bullshit.”

I looked around and then back at him, “There’s no Ted here, ok? Only me, Eve.”

“Maybe this was a mistake.”

“I sure hope not, Davy.”

“So it’s true, you gave Brian a blow job?”

“He said that? Fucking asshole!” I let out a long sigh, it had started so well. “Ok, no games, Davy. Damn it’s been a long, long seven-eight months and, well, I missed my very best friend and I really need your help.”

He nodded, “I can see that. Ok, where’s that drink you promised?”

~oOo~

I ran down what had been happening to me and he did likewise. When he told me he had a girl friend at UA, I replied, “Fast worker.” But what I really felt was a twinge of envy. She was a *real* girl, of course, not like I could compete with her. And Davy added, quite unnecessarily it seemed to me, that he was looking forward to starting a family but of course not until he was done with school. He told me he was thinking about majoring in History and of course I said why, which re-

ally was: what could you do with a major in history? That's when he said he thought teaching in high school might be cool, no money, but cool.

We were drinking beer now, the booze was just too strong, though, from time to time, I'd take a tiny sip of whiskey just to keep my buzz. I appeared all calm outside but that was a damn lie, him and me setting across from one another with the cocktail table between us, we could have been in different rooms for all the contact that I was receiving. I was pretty sure he was having trouble seeing the old me, which was good, but he sure worked at the idea that I was just Ted with knockers. I finally had to straighten him out, which wouldn't be easy because there were a lot of ideas I had that just weren't completely clear to me yet so how could I explain them to Davy?

"You know I think my brain is changing," I looked at him to see if he was following me. "I mean at first, it was just the physical changes that were happening and nothing more. And trust me, losing your dick is a pretty heavy trip. But, more to the point, I felt exactly like me inside, ok? Had I lost my dick in an accident, I would still be me, only dick-less. Well Babs and I were like Siamese twins for a few weeks..."

"Babs? The one with the rack?"

"Bingo. Anyhow, we'd go shopping together, like every day. But the point I'm making, we'd be there inside a dressing room, all but naked..."

"That must have been something."

I laughed, "Yeah, and then some. As you can imagine I would have been all over her like sun screen except..."

"You weren't?"

“That most definitely would have queered the deal between her and me. No lesbian shit, nothing. Anyhow, it frustrated me at first but I soon realized that I really needed her company. Everybody was treating me like shit and she was my one ray of humanity. Anyhow, once I started taking my medication, I completely lost all desire. She still had nice knockers, I could see that, but it just didn’t matter to me anymore. Shit, nobody turned me on, male or female. I was like castrated, man.”

“Ouch.”

“Yeah, maybe. But I’m beyond that now. I’ve found my sexuality again, kind’a.”

“Guys?”

“No, it’s not that simple. You know what chicks are always yammering about, relationships? It’s kind’a that. For the old me, the Ted me, sex was all about getting off. But now, I got to really like someone to get off, you following me?”

“Not exactly. Are you saying you got to love first and then screw?”

“Well, that a little over the top but, yeah, kind’a. Trust me, that’s a girl thing. Anyhow, everyday as sure as the sun rises in the East, I’m becoming more and more of a girl and Davy, I’m cool with it, ok?” I looked at him curiously, “Are you all right?”

He laughed, “My lips are numb.”

“Maybe I should make coffee?”

He laughed, “You think?”

I got up and staggered. I would have fallen on my face, but he was there to catch me. We fell down together, giggling, him and me, on the floor. The urge to

climb all over him came and went. That moment wouldn't have passed had I been the old me, on the other hand, the old me wouldn't have wanted to climb all over Davy either. I turned, my face almost in his ear, "Give me a second and I'll be all right." And then I started giggling again. The touch of his body was driving me crazy. "You good to drive?"

"I don't think so."

"Cool," I said. I twisted and turned until finally I was in a setting position. I reached down and pulled up and then off my tee shirt. "I hope you don't mind but this bra is killing me. Whom ever invented bras sure didn't have to wear them." I reached back and un-snapped it and with a flick of my hand, it sailed out over the couch and disappeared. I turned and leaned over, "Professional opinion? On a one to ten scale with ten being perfect?" My boobs were hanging just inches from Davy's face and just that fact was causing my nipples to respond.

"Eleven?"

Oh, I loved that. I fed him my right breast and he took it eagerly. Things were suddenly going right again.

~oOo~

We were in my parent's bed, it was a lot bigger than the one in my bedroom. And Davy had seemed to sober up once the foreplay was concluded on the family room floor. Had he been faking his degree of intoxication? I know for a fact, that the excitement I had felt had burnt through most of my buzz but I was certainly not sober. Men can't lie, not about sexual excitement,

his lovely cock was a hard, hot rod. I know, I had sucked it and that wasn't out of necessity. I tasted his cum, now leaking from his cock, which was a signal that it wouldn't take much to get him off.



But I wanted him inside me first and, worse, he was now showing some reservations. "Davy," I said, "promise you'll stay here at least for a few hours no matter what, promise?"

"Why?"

"I think I'd die if you just left, all of a sudden like."

"A few hours? Um, sure, I guess? But I can't stay the whole night, you understand, right? Trust me, I'd be grounded for the whole Christmas break. And... neither of us wants that."

And neither of us wants that? I had heard him loud and clear, I felt my heart swell as if it might explode. He wanted to be here, with me. I grinned and then I deep throated him. The head of his penis hit the very back of my throat and I almost gagged. I started to pull my head back while sucking as hard as I was able. It was like I had a race horse in my mouth, at the starting gate, all hyperactive and frantic to run. Now I only had his cock head in my mouth and I worried it without mercy, my tongue lashed it like the bad boy it was but only for a long second, because I felt his whole body stiffen under me and his cock seemed to swell. As I expected, he came explosively. I didn't waste a drop of his hot, salty cum, it was a new experience. And when I finished licking his cock clean, I took a sip of the whisky to clean my mouth, I was calm and clear on my purpose: now for the serious love making.

Fifteen minutes later, with his cock covered with Vaseline which I had applied, he was between my legs, the head of his penis, was already inside my pseudo-vagina, and yes, I was just a tad scared. Would it hurt? Would it feel good? The first thrust went only about two inches. He stopped. "A problem?"

"You're really tight," he said, looking down at me, concern had modified his beautiful features.

His eyes were so lovely now, brown like mine, but filled with concern. Concern? I hoped it was more than that. I wanted to see raw lust bordering on animal rage in those eyes. I wanted him to want me at least as much as I wanted him. "That's supposed to be a good thing and no, you are not hurting me." That was true as far as it went. He felt positively huge inside me, too big to actually go any deeper without splitting me in two and yet, or obviously, he hadn't reached my sweet spot which was still inches away. The sides of my pseudo-vagina were sensitive but clearly had no erotic potential, except for the fact that he, my Davy, was in there, *inside me*. That was heady stuff, a thing of dreams. Like with Brian, it was like he could be mine to own, not there yet but close. I realized that this was a precious if precarious moment.

"Ok," he said, and suddenly he went all the way in, so much for technique, huh? Our pelvic bones met and I felt like... well there was nothing I had to compare the experience to, it was a lot more pleasurable than I had actually anticipated. It was certainly a 'cock' experience, that is to say the area of my brain that represented my penis was stimulated as it hadn't been in months. And trust me, it wasn't a girl experience, one would have to be a fem-male to have an inverted penis. I don't think my whole brain understood the actual physical configuration that existed. I could have been inside Davy as far as my somatic-sensory cortex registered the event except for the obvious facts known to my pre-frontal cortex that it was I and not Davy who had been penetrated. Like I said, one had to be a fem-male to understand and I was and I still didn't un-

derstand, not really. Let's just call it a miracle and let it go at that.

And then I realized that I was lubricating and adjusting to that lumber inside me. Lubricating? There was more to my pseudo-vagina than a mere cavity providing access to my altered dick. It was more functional, more real than I had realized. I am certain that Davy felt like he was inside a real vagina, we talked about it later, much later thankfully. But I knew better, it was totally unique and utterly alien: an inverted penis, not a birth canal.

Anyhow, enough of the clinical assessment, I soon learned to anticipate his every thrust with one of my own, and my eager participation wasn't faked, nor would it be fully rewarded. Like with Clare and I back at Twenty-nine Palms, getting off was not likely to be easily accomplished. Odd, but when I fully realized that I was not likely to cum, to have a female like climax or the converse, I was finally able to put aside that 'getting off' agenda. Wave after wave of pure, sensual pleasure, did, ironically heighten my 'need' for yet more stimulation. It was a little like eating cotton candy, a sweet, delicious mouthful with each thrust of our bodies in union, but, like cotton candy, it was not filling. I could feed all day on this pleasure and yet remain hungry. That apparent mass of pure pleasure melted into nothing more than a sweet after taste. No, that wasn't actually true, I would be even more hungry, more needy than before we began.

My eyes were wide open now as I watched Davy, above me, climbing toward eventual sexual resolution. It was clear that he was looking more inward now, sensing and anticipating his goal. Again I was the passenger and not the driver, I could look and watch in

awe at the magic unfolding and not be concerned with controlling what was happening. He was deriving pleasure from me and I, like a parasite perhaps, was drawing my reward more vicariously. But that wouldn't be entirely true, there was a raw sensuality of being fucked even if I wouldn't achieve a climax. I didn't need it but I would, of course, when the moment was entirely perfect, fake one. As his tempo picked up, I began to moan and twist as if I was being driven insane. It was a little less than 'play acting' I soon discovered.

The more I responded to him, the more he responded to me. Pleasure returned pleasure. Now I, like Davy, was looking inward as if reaching that precious transition were actually possible. If felt him cum even before he did; the violence of it, as I had hoped, bordered on mad, unconscious animal need. I didn't cum but he would never know that. My scream and frantic movements, a perfect simulation of a woman's climax, were born exclusively out of frustration for a goal I might never achieve. Even as his erection began to decline, I tried, uselessly, to wring that last once of stimulation I needed to find closure. And then, I accepted it for what it was, the sweetest moment of my life as Davy pulled me into his embrace. He was back with me, no longer looking across a distant horizon that only he could see. He asked me if it was good for me. I murmured, "Twit" and then bit him lightly on the earlobe.

He enfolded me in his arms and began to lightly touch my body in a way he hadn't done while we were fucking. Those tender caresses of his hands and lips and tongue only fed my unresolved passion. A heat inside me grew much as that hot heat of his cum cooled inside my now empty pseudo-vagina. I ached for him to begin again but I knew it was much, much too soon.

So I began to answered his caresses with my whole body, turning and twisting into his embrace ever so much tighter. He whispered into my ear, "Eve."

Eve! I felt a thrill shoot through me, Eve. Was he beginning to accept me in my transformation? How could he not. "Davy?"

"I was wrong," he said. "You are a most remarkable *woman*."

Oh, if that were only true. It wasn't and we both knew it. But I would take his words at face value even if no one else could. I truly wanted to be his woman and that made me feel remarkably sad. I was a fem-male and decidedly not a real woman. It was stupid, to be sure and, perhaps not yet true, but I turned so as to face him and felt his hot breath on my face: "I love you Davy."

The silence that followed was enough to break my heart. I should have kept my big mouth shut. I wanted him to say something, anything. I was dying with each deadly moment. Finally I couldn't take it any longer, "Sorry, I shouldn't have said that, Davy. My bad."

He kissed me, which wasn't exactly a reply, but it sure beat a fist in the chops. There was urgency there now, in his kiss. He had no idea of just how hot I was inside and I needed no further incitement. I wouldn't be passive this time, I would hit him in full flood since my erotic engine had yet to cools down even slightly.

~oOo~

Davy left my folk's place at the same time my mean brother got back home, about two in the A.M. It would have been cool to be a fly on the wall when they met

outside, on the front porch, and to have over heard them. Knowing my brother, he probably said something entirely mean to Davy. He might even had called him a pervert but then Davy was bigger, older and could have knocked Jack's block off so maybe Jack didn't say much at all. And it was most certainly obvious to me that Jack would never have admitted spending the better part of the day and night screwing Jerry. They might have simply passed, like two ships in the night, without saying a word. And both of them had been fucked silly.

I knew when Davy left that he was in lust with me, that was as obvious as that hard cock that I had seen so often tonight. I had used him up, totally, which was hardly a surprise. I had no refractory period, I was forever ready. The term insatiable would have been appropriate. I once read that nymphomaniacs were the way they were because they were unable or at least unlikely to climax, sex only fed their arousal, the more sexual stimulation they had, the more sexual stimulation they needed. Call it what you want, but that might seem to explain why most fem-males 'seemed' to be sluts. They probably weren't bad people or particularly immoral, just frantic in their attempt to obtain what others had with so little effort, sexual resolution. I can certainly say that after Davy left, I was exhausted. I had finally climaxed sometime after midnight but the experience was more like letting air out of a tire than the bang of a balloon after being punctured. It probably had to do with screwed up internal neural wiring. Anyhow, trust me, I'll take even little favors, and that wimpy climax, had been a life saver.

What would happen between Davy and I? The relationship wouldn't suddenly end, I was sure of that. Funny but after I had cum, it was like blinders had

been taken off my eyes. Maybe it was all that excess of pent up sexual hunger, but a whole lot of my romantic imagery faded even before he left. I was now glad he didn't say that he loved me, in turn, earlier in the evening or rather, I was relieved. Crazy huh? Anyhow, I had lost more than I had gained from this night. That special relationship I had felt for Davy was gone. I had indeed 'killed' Ted in Davy's mind only to replace him, that is me, with a bitch'n babe. Yeah, he was in lust and I was a sex object now. Truth, it wasn't his fault.

His *real* girl friend or yet another real girl yet to appear in his life, would probably win out, that was obvious as the hand in front of my face. Did I care? Desperately. How does one go from close friend to sex object to *real* lover? Having thrown my raw sexuality in his face how could he and I recapture a 'real' relationship? Maybe it wasn't possible but having the blinders removed from my eyes, I realized that a relationship was indeed what I needed most from Davy. And if not him, someone. I was more than a fem-male or a sex object, I was a person. I wanted to have purpose, security, respect and, most of all, love. Was that too much to ask for? I sure hoped it wasn't. I would be nineteen in less than a month, but I had already 'lived' another decade in the last year.

You know, I think my old biology teacher had been wrong, the RN-virus was indeed a sex-change virus. Both my gender and my sex object choice were lining up with the 'apparent' sex of my outer body now. And if it was happening to me, why not all those other poor fem-males, more than a hundred million worldwide and counting? What about our civil and human rights? I guess I was coming late to the dance, hadn't the gays been saying that for decades if not longer?

Hell, I was just a kid, not a revolutionary, not political, just a girl as real as any other girl. A GIRL! WOMAN! Ok, kind'a, my name is Eve and I'm not about to leave toes up, just yet.

Chapter 6

I got up remarkably early this morning, considering the night I'd had with Davy. No surprise that he hadn't called yet, he was probably still asleep. I had to wonder whether or not he would tell his folks that we had spent time together. Probably not, I mean they were good people, his mom and dad, but pretty straight laced: Catholic. Well, with a name like Lopez, it figured, right? I didn't know squat about how Catholics felt about fem-males but I suspected their attitude on that subject wasn't very supportive. Did the right to life extend to Davy's sperm? That was a pretty funny concept, all things considered. Sex was 'only' for making babies so his sperm had committed suicide, so to speak. Or did our love making last night constitute masturbation for him? Or homosexual behavior? I'm sure there was a priest out there somewhere that could have answered that question for me easily enough and I don't think I would have liked his answer.

I hefted the basketball in my hands and positioned myself for a throw. I couldn't believe it had been something like nine months since I'd shot 'hoops'. I mean before the virus, hardly a day went by that I didn't hang out here shooting. Sometimes, like now, I'd come out here, alone, and shoot and think, especially if I had something special to ponder. Well I had something on my mind all right. Last night, after Davy left, I'd had, well, some second thoughts about me and Davy, as a couple that is. I remember thinking, great, now I'm a sex object, ok? Hells bells, how could it be otherwise,

I'd fucked Davy's ears off and then some. He left with a stupid smile on his face to be sure. And yeah, he'd be back again and again until, what, he got bored? Maybe. Was that why I was 'afraid' of being 'just' a sex object?

I took the ball and bounced it a few times, catching it more on the pads of my fingers than I would have before. It was an automatic reaction but not one the old me would have completed. I was protecting my nails, damned if I wasn't. Sure, I could break a nail and, in its own silly way, that would be a disaster for me, the girly me. I pounded the ball against the concrete some more but I still caught it with my finger pads, of course. This wasn't Ted shooting hoops, it was Eve. I caught the ball on the bounce and threw toward the basket: air ball, not high enough nor long enough. I watched it bounce and then slowly roll into the backyard. What was wrong with that picture? The loss of muscle in my neck, back and biceps hadn't gone in to the cortical calculation of the throw. My forearm and, in particular, my wrists, had also lost strength. Need I say my wider hips had altered my position, relative to my arms, and had those breasts not played a small part in at least the complex pattern of what had been 'once-upon-a-time' a very familiar movement? I walked over and picked up the ball and returned to the concrete pad. This time I threw harder and this time the ball sailed high over the backstop and, again, into the back yard. Like the rest of my life, if I wanted to shoot hoops I'd have to literally learn how my new body worked, how each aspect altered the overall pattern. It wasn't just muscles that had been altered but everything. Everything? I didn't bother to chase after the ball but turned and headed back inside the house.

After checking my nails and washing my hands, the ball had been dirty, I started repairing my hair which

had been mussed by that activity and before I knew it, I was redoing my makeup and thinking about what I was going to wear. In the middle of this I stopped and looked at that girl in the mirror. It was a pretty profound insight that I felt hovering just out of reach. The problem wasn't Davy or how he viewed me now, was it? The truth was, I didn't know who I really was anymore. Last night, I'd all but pulled a Babs, ok? Like I wanted Davy to 'know the real me'? Like I wanted to be more than an object of his sexual attentions? Whoa! It doesn't get any dumber, right? I mean, who is this Eve? I sure didn't know. What if Davy did get to know her, would he like her? Heck, did I like her?

The Eve-me was utterly shallow, vapid. How much time did I now spend on my appearances, duh? Only a thousand times more than Ted ever did. When was the last time I'd played computer games or even had a thought that wasn't focused on my social existence. Football stats? Cognitively I'd missed the whole football season. What about me, other than my emerging sexuality, would have been worthy of Davy's attentions, perhaps nothing. I went back to working on my makeup somewhat sobered by my conclusions. If Davy looked at me, really saw the *inner me*, I think he would have been bored out of his skull.

It took two to make a relationship and Davy wasn't the unknown, it was me, it was *her*, the woman I was becoming. I decided then and there that I didn't want to be here when Davy called this morning, which he would eventually do. I wasn't ready for a relationship until I figured out who I was. I turned off my cell phone and rushed to change clothes. Jack had used Dad's car yesterday, it was my turn. Where does an air-head teenage girl go to get away: the mall.

Teenage girls do not go to the mall alone, ok? Even if they were 'trolling' for guys they *always* went with a friend, it was a rule written in the teenage girl owner's manual. I stopped by Jerry's house on the outside chance we could patch things up and, of course, she would go with me to the mall, that was a mistake. She wasn't home and her mom was frantic because Jerry hadn't come home last night or even called. Why was I not surprised? It was more than a little unnerving to see that woman's face, her only child, a fem-male, now a budding 'slut' and 'out there' doing God knows what with God knows whom. I told her I would look for her missing daughter. The look she gave me wasn't very pleasant, it was like somehow I was part of the problem and certainly not part of the solution. I was only too happy to escape back to my car.

Well the trip to the mall was out and, as I assumed was the case, Jerry was on big 'T' which could only mean one thing. I turned on my cell phone and called my brother Jack. He didn't answer. I left a message for him to get back to me and then I pulled away from Mrs. Sanders' condo.

I probably spent almost two hours driving around checking out familiar haunts. It was a waste of time of course, it being relatively early on a Sunday morning. When my cell phone did finally go off it was my mother and, trust me, she was hysterical. "Mom? Slow down, you're not making any sense."

She jabbered some more, her sentences were broken, incomplete but finally she got through to me. "You're saying... Jack was arrested? Where? What?" And then my mom broke the connection, she was heading for the airport and I was to pick her and Kevin up at the Burbank Airport when she got there, and yes,

dad was on his way home as well, family trumped business.



I'd never been to a funeral before and certainly never expected to go to one for someone I knew and even cared for, let alone someone who was my age. I guess death wasn't a real part of a teenager's life, something for oldsters maybe. I'd never really faced my own mortality, never had to, and the truth be known, my grief was as much about me as it was about Jerry Sanders. Jack wasn't there, which was hardly a surprise, he had been part of the horror that had taken Jerry's life or rather led up to the events that took her life.

Had Jerry not been a fem-male, I suspect that Jack and six of his friends would still be in jail. As it was, the presence of big 'T' in Jerry's system, her fem-male status and, of course, her checkered sexual history ruled out rape or even sexual assault. There would eventually be a hearing and Jack and his pals would stand up before a judge and certainly there could be consequences. The older man who was directly responsible for Jerry's death had already pleaded guilty but probably only faced a charge of accidental homicide and, considering the context of the events of that night, would probably not do time. Jerry's death had not even made the newspaper, it was more like dog bites man kind of thing and decidedly not news.

Most of the fem-males from school were there at the funeral and they were a colorful flock of pretty birds. The image of these girls was all too right and all too wrong for this particular event. I only saw two 'ordi-

nary' students from school and a couple of teachers. Mostly it was immediate friends and family and, to put a really sharp edge to the whole experience, Jerry's mom had driven me and the other fem-males from the service just before it began. Chased out! We weren't welcome, she sure had made that clear, eyes wide with grief but nails extended like bear claws, her face was twisted into a horror mask. In that deadly, somber quiet, her shrill shriek of rage was so... inappropriate.

We didn't leave, that is the other 'girls' and I, but rather we fled to the outside of the church and, eventually, listened through the open doors to Jerry's memorial service. Jerry was one of us, not one of *them*, we owed that to our sister.

Really the saddest thing that happened, from my point of view, was that the coffin was closed and on that coffin sat a large framed picture of Jerry, as he had been- as a *male*. Those people inside were not mourning the Jerry we knew but the young man he had been. It made me mad, dangerously mad. Anyhow, when I got home, my parents said nothing and wanted to know nothing about my experience at the funeral and, frankly, I had no desire to share with them anyway.

My family was like a large pane of glass that had been shattered but not yet broken. You see, it wasn't Jerry's death that bothered them but the fact that their son, Jack, had been drawn into such a sordid affair. It wasn't something that one could readily live down, that association of their son with a fem-male slut would leak out eventually and even the gang-rape but, of course, boys will be boys, especially with a fem-male egging them on. No one would blame them, the boys that is, but still it wasn't anything to be proud of. Both my folks were, to put it bluntly, embarrassed and con-

cerned more about what the neighbors actually knew or thought.

It was my fault because it was I that had invited Jerry into their home in the first place. It was my fault because I was like Jerry and probably cut from the same cloth. Oh yes, Jack told them about me and Brian, me sucking Brian's cock in my bedroom. And about me and Davy using my parent's own bed to do our filthy stuff. I was no better than Jerry. And worse, there was my little brother, Kevin. He needed protection, did he not, from my immoral presence? The rest had followed like Adam being driven from Eden, It was Eve and not Jack that was held ultimately responsible for the current sorry state of affairs. The tension was unbearable.

"Eve," my mother said stiffly, "my sister Grace will be arriving later tonight. She has kindly consented to take you under her wing."

I just stood there stunned. What about Davy? True I had hardly seen him since last Sunday but... Davy might very well be relieved if I were to go, it was certain that his folks would be greatly comforted if I were to just *disappear*. Davy had been trashed, along with me to be sure, but he could be salvaged and I couldn't. Both his folks and mine were in agreement that he and I could not be allowed to do whatever nasty stuff fem-males did with ordinary guys like Davy. We were both 'of age', legally responsible adults, we could simply ignore our parents' wishes. That Davy had not done so spoke volumes to me. He didn't love me, he was only in lust with me and yes, my affection ran deeper but probably not deep enough to dig in my heels. Besides, it had become a real horror living here. "I'll start packing."

“Grace said not to bother. An overnight bag will do.” She stood looking me in the eye, “This may be your last chance for a useful life, don’t *fuck-it-up!*”

Did she just say the ‘f’ word? My mom? Yeah, it was time to leave.



My Aunt had been a stunning beauty in her youth. At the age of fifty-nine and under the right light, she still was. With Grace, her attention to her appearance was more of an obsession than mere narcissism. As a very young woman she had had exceptional breasts, I’d seen pictures that would attest to that essential fact, but over the years one breast reduction had followed on the heels of another, as she fought and won against advancing age. High, firm breasts were far more relevant to her than mere size and small breasts, which is what she now had- not more than an ‘A’ cup I estimated, obviously could be both high and firm given proper surgical attention- she wasn’t wearing a bra this evening and her breasts look young and ‘perky’ under that silk tank top.

One thing was sure about Grace, she had no fear of the surgeon’s knife. Everything that could be tucked and tightened had been and would be in an endless battle with time. As I said, if the light was right, she was still a babe. In ordinary daylight, her face, in particular, had that all-too-tight look as if there was just barely enough skin to stretch it across her skull. But, unlike my mom who was seven years younger than Grace, she didn’t use excessive makeup nor had she opted for an old woman’s hairdo. Indeed she used almost no makeup at all, or so it appeared, and her hair,

flowed like a river of false gold that spilled down her back and beyond her waist. In every aspect, except truth, she could have been in her twenties. Her tank top was not unlike the one I wore and her jeans were every bit as tight as the pair I had on that morning. The surest way to remain in her favor was to pretend that she was still that sexy, young lass. She was the female 'Peter Pan' and she didn't want to grow up, let alone get old. Of course her eyes said otherwise: she was every day of fifty-nine years.

It was Palm Springs and one could sit pool side in the early December twilight. Gas patio heaters had sprung to life only moments before and I appreciated the added warmth though it was perhaps unneeded by my Aunt at that exact moment. Her eyes were flashing and color had bloomed in her cheeks and down her neck. I'd just said something about her running a whore house, which, by implication made her a madam. But before she could respond I got out a relevant question. "But what I really don't understand, Aunt Grace, you're rich, right? So why?"

"It's not about money Theodore and... sexual favors are only incidental."

I rolled my eyes, she called her operation a 'companion service' but how did that differ from an 'escort service'? And men didn't spent that kind of money on escorts just to have a good looking woman hanging on their arm. "Sexual favors are only incidental? Did you tell my mom how you planned to employ me?" I was shocked. Shocked that Aunt Grace was planning to rent me out as a sexual trinket and I was absolutely certain that my mom would not have approved of my being so employed. As a whore!

“Yes, Mary and I had a long, long discussion on this, um... employment, over a period of months, really. And frankly, it took a lot to convince her that this was the right thing for her son, for you, Theodore.”

“I bet it took a lot to convince her. Jesus Christ!” Well mom had called me a slut more than once in the last few days. I laughed and took a gulp of the martini in front of me. I hated the taste of alcohol but the idea of getting drunk had a certain appeal to me at the moment.

“My clients are exclusively women, women of significant social responsibilities.”

I gasped, choked and finally spit out the booze that had gone down the wrong pipe. Eyes watering I stared at her in disbelief and then giggled, “This is a lesbian thingy?” In some ways that seemed even more unbelievable.

She let out a long sigh, “Hardly that, either. You are, of course, familiar with the so called middle aged crises that seems to strike all too many men, especially successful men?” I didn’t answer. I just sat there waiting for things to start making sense. “It really is an excuse I suspect. A man and a woman work hard, build a life together, and then, one day they discover that they both are middle-aged?”

“You’re talking about trophy wives, right?”

“Precisely. My clients are usually successful people in their own right, women who want to keep their marriage in spite of the fact that their husbands have developed a roving eye. And I provide the *temporary* companionship that the man is seeking...”

“Paid for by the wife?”

“Precisely. Needless to say, our clients generally do not want their mate to know that ‘his’ conquest was actually bought and paid for by their own legal mate.”

I shook my head, “The more you explain what you are doing, the less sense it makes Aunt Grace. Why would a woman ‘pay’ to have her husband cheat on her.”

“Because he will anyway. Because my ‘girls’ can never get pregnant. Because my ‘girls’ cannot marry that arrant, wayward male. Because...”

“Because they aren’t girls, right Aunt Grace?”

She looked at me. “Less than one in fifty fem-males are pretty enough to serve my purpose. When Maria called me and told me just how pretty you were becoming, I immediately contacted your mother.” She shrugged, “It took a lot to convince her that this might just be the life you needed. For a fem-male, this is an excellent opportunity.”

“Excellent?” What part of sexually servicing middle-aged men was excellent. “What’s in it for me?”

“Security, purpose and income.”

“You can’t make me do this.”

“Of course not, Theodore. You are free to go whenever you wish, now, tonight, if that is your desire. If you stay here, you will work for me as a ‘companion’.”

“A whore, ok Aunt Grace, a whore by any other name is still a whore.” I looked around, these were nice digs but would I sell my body so cheaply? I didn’t think so. “I’ll think about it, ok? But honestly Aunt Grace, I can do better, can’t I?”

My Aunt Grace turned and called out, “Carlos?”

She must have been standing just out of sight for Maria appeared immediately. Sweet, charming Maria. "Yes, Ma'am." Maria? Carlos?

"Please sit with me and my nephew for a moment."

I watched her glide across the patio, I already knew what was happening, maybe I had suspected the truth all along. "She's a fem-male, isn't she."

"But of course. Carlos?"

"My name is Carlos Gomez," she said extending her hand. We shook hands and then she sat down. "Sorry I couldn't be more honest, earlier." And then she turned her full attention toward my Aunt. "Ma'am?"

"Exactly how many men have you had sex with in last two years Carlos, as my employee that is."

"Only two, but you already know that, Ma'am."

"Yes, see Theodore, this isn't a whore house as you called it. Only two, tell my nephew why that is."

"Because establishing a meaningful relationship requires time and..."

"Meaningful?" I interrupted Maria, now Carlos. "Meaningful? You're hired to fuck some poor sucker so that he's too preoccupied to leave his wife..."

"Precisely," said my Aunt. "But fucking is the least of it, is it not Carlos? What do you girls really do for Mama."

"If everything is perfect they 'fall in love' with us."

"Yes, the deeper the better and then what Carlos?"

"Whatever the client wants."

I let out a long sigh. "So you put the sucker on a string, controlled by the wife?"

"It seems to work, most of the time. Ah- Carlos, you can go now."

"Carlos-Maria, what's with the name thing anyhow? You keep calling me Theodore but my name is Eve... or at least..."

"Because I want my guys to always remember that they are decidedly *not* girls, Theodore. They can never be legally married, they should never, ever fall into that illusion that they are anything but fem-males."

"That's cold."

"No, that's business. To be perfectly honest, one of my clients lost her husband to one of my fem-males. They ran away together even though he had discovered that his lover wasn't who or what she seemed. I post a bond with my clients as part of the initial contract to cover that possibility. Sometimes, however, the wife actually wants that to happen. Trust me, in a divorce suit, proving that the husband's affair was with a fem-male usually works in the wife's favor." She stood up, "Come, let me show you to your room. And Theodore, you might really want to think about what very limited options you might have if you decide to leave."

"How long can I think about it?"

"A month, does that sound fair?"

I nodded yes. There was all too much about this situation that I didn't like but at least I was free to make my own decision and that was good.



“Actually, Theodore this isn’t an ordinary assignment, ok? You might say it’s a favor I’m doing for a very old friend. It should be over in a weekend, perhaps less, if you’re lucky.”

“Just a weekend? Ok, I guess, I mean, sure.” I’d been living at my Aunt’s for a couple of weeks now, it was but a few days before Christmas. It would be my first Christmas away from home and there would be many more to follow, of that I was sure. I’d had no contact with my folks nor did I expect to have any.

On the other hand, I talked to Davy almost every night on the phone since moving to Palms Springs. That was encouraging. Of course Davy didn’t have a pot to piss in and I wasn’t about to stop him from going to college. Running off together wasn’t about to happen but Davy gave me hope that such an idea wasn’t entirely impossible which was about as close to saying that he really loved me, after all. Of course I didn’t have two nickels to rub together, not that I needed money at my Aunt’s house but the absence of money sure put a kink in any plans I might have. Even a bus ticket back to LA cost money, right? Anyhow that’s pretty much why I told Grace that I’d do an assignment, assuming of course, that I wasn’t looking at something really long term. The truth was, I had made up my mind that I wasn’t going down the road that my aunt offered me, no way. But I needed money.

Most assignments were long term and very open ended. A fem-male didn’t get paid until the contract was completed, even if it took a couple of years. They could walk away anytime they wanted from an assignment but they would get paid only at completion.

Pretty tough except, as Carlos said, one got a per-diem to cover really basic stuff and, well, any pretty gifts a guy got from his assignment were his to keep and if a guy really did his job right, he'd get some of that treasure for sure. I remember Carlos showing me some expensive jewelry. I also remember his holding up a diamond ring but it wasn't the ring that I remembered, he'd grown all teary-eyed. I guess getting attached to a guy was a two way street. Anyhow, I didn't ask about that. That was a part of the assignment 'cost' that Aunt Grace hadn't talked about.

"How much?"

"A thousand, at completion."

I blinked, a thousand? And Aunt Grace said this was a short term thingy? Even at three days, that would be a ton of burgers flipped. I really had to wonder how much a long term gig would be worth. "I'm your gal." She gave me a stern look, "Guy, ok? I'm your guy."

She pointed at a chair and I took a seat. "As I said, this isn't an ordinary assignment and you might wish to decline it once you hear the whole story, ok? My client actually wants to be rid of her spouse, the quicker the better."

"Rid of, like in murder?"

She laughed, "She's thought of that possibility to be honest but I hope that I've convinced her that was definitely not the way to go."

"Excuse me?"

"She can't prove that he is currently molesting the maid but it seems part of his pattern."

"Pattern?"

“She’s been through three maids in the last two months. She’s not sure but she suspects that her husband has hit on all of them. To be perfectly honest, she finds it all, well, embarrassing? Anyhow, the plan is that you’ll replace the current employee and we’ll see what happens.”

“Cool,” I said. A thousand bucks to wash dishes and mop floors or do whatever maids do. “And if he comes on to me?”

“Well that’s when you’ll earn your pay.”

“So I ‘do’ him.”

“Of course. Go with the flow but the sooner the better.”

“How long? You said a weekend.”

“My client will be called away from the house early Friday evening and will then be gone for the whole weekend, if necessary. She’s an engineer and works for the Department of Power and Water, ok, so such emergency calls are fairly common in her line of work.”

“And if nothing happens?”

“Worst case, a week but if he is going to make his move, it will be when his wife is gone.”

“I can do a week, I guess but it makes the thousand look a lot smaller, you know.”

“We’re not in this to get rich.”

Says you, I thought. Still a thousand was a zillion times more than I had right now. “Carlos said that guys get a per-diem of a hundred a day while on assignment, Right?” She nodded. That would be like another seven hundred which was better than minimum wage. “All right, so give me my cover story.”



Aunt Grace hadn't given me the straight skinny or perhaps her old friend had lied through her teeth. The dame was a gold digger to be sure and her husband was richer than shit and, well, rather less than sexy. Anyhow, there was a prenuptial all right that pretty much excluded the dame from a serious chunk of the guy's fortune unless, of course, she caught him screwing around like 'red handed'? The difference between her just leaving her current spouse and having adequate legal grounds for a divorce was about a million dollars, ok? That made my thousand bucks look like chump change. As to the current maid, Aunt Grace's client had probably picked her up at a strip joint. Anyhow, as they say, the best laid plans of mice and men. The bimbo wasn't getting humped and that's all that she wrote. Of course I didn't know any of this going into the situation but I was getting suspicious, damn right I was.

"I thought you said I was a maid?"

"Your point?" Said the woman of the household, Mrs. Tucker, was a hard faced but attractive woman in her late forties.

Thank God I'd mastered high heels, these suckers had to be five inches if they were an inch. I was wearing a 'French Maid's' costume right out of Fetish Delight, the magazine: fish net stockings, boobs in free fall, the works. It was really a cool house and there were a half dozen other servants though nobody else was dressed this way and, more importantly, most would have the weekend off leaving me and Mr. Peepers all to our lonesome. Mr. Tucker looked all too much like the Mr. Peepers TV character, down to and includ-

ing those horn rimmed glasses. The fact that he was no 'player' seemed to me rather apparent. And as to his failure to respond to the stripper who's position I had taken, I think it was because he was almost as blind as a bat. No the whole situation was smelling like ripe 'road kill'.

I would spend the week there and that was all that would happen. Aunt Grace dropped by shortly after dinner that night, just before her old pal got the emergency call, and I had a chance to give her my impressions of the 'actual' situation. Mrs. Tucker was one conniving bitch and her husband probably only licked envelopes, ok? Jesus, there was no justice here.

Aunt Grace watched me with a vague degree of scorn as if to say I didn't know what I was talking about. Later, after she and Elizabeth had their little chat, we had a glass of wine together. I think that was when Grace spiked my drink: big 'T'. Like a dunce I had been trussed up in a sexy costume and primed to explode in a few hours. And poor Mr. Peepers? He was in his study working on his stamp collection. Yeah, stamps, so maybe he did more than lick envelopes. The cameras were running and the plot was about as thick as wet cement.

Elizabeth Tucker got the phone call about fifteen minutes before I was about to implode. As she was leaving, she gave me my final instructions. I was to make a pot of tea and carry it to her husband's study at precisely nine-thirty-five. And don't forget the sugar, she added, though it probably wasn't the crystal form of 'sugar' she was referring to. You have any idea how long big 'T' would continue to cycle through my system, how about seventy-two hours?

The first symptom of a big 'T' over dose was a hot flash like middle aged women get at the beginning of menopause. I was in the kitchen at the time getting the tea ready. I honestly thought that it was just the kitchen and not me. My cheeks were probably a bright red and a flush was surely developing on my chest. By the time I got to the Mr. Tucker's study and pushed through the door, service tray in hand, inside my pseudo-vagina someone was playing hip-hop music and my thighs were quivering in anticipation. Jerry had never told me what it would really be like to be high on big 'T', aside from the obvious sensory impressions. The fact was I was ready to take a bone right there between my legs and that had changed my whole outlook on the world.

Jerry never mentioned that a guy, almost any guy, would make me cream in my panties, such was the effect of testosterone on my cognitive functioning. And I was creaming or rather leaking bodily fluids from my pseudo-vagina but moments after my eyes sought and found Mr. Tucker. The little dweb, that elfin, near sighted, round shouldered shy, sweet middle aged man was just too-too, if you know what I mean. Between the hip hop music, leaky crotch and my fascinated but perhaps glazed eyes and, let us not forget those five inch heels: me and the tray and the whole tea service became a failed missile. I slammed onto the floor like a wounded ox, the tray going one way and the tea service going a lot of different directions. I looked up and Mr. Peepers was looking down at me. Oh what a lovely sight.

He leaned even further down, bending from his waist almost in a complete jack knife. "You're new here aren't you?"

Only if you consider that the last four hours hadn't happened. I was right after all, he hadn't really seen me which said a lot about the adequacy or rather the inadequacy of my current costume. "Sorry Mr. Tucker. I'll clean up the mess and get you more tea, as soon as..." I held out my hand hoping he would offer to help me out. He did take it and, as Jerry would have said, he was now corn for my grist mill. There was an honest, sexual pulse running through my whole being, there was nothing fake about it or fake about what I wanted from him. Even a nearly blind man could see the truth of what I was feeling. The poor man was like a little field mouse caught in a staring contest with a snake. He was still holding my hand but he wasn't pulling me up, instead he dropped to his knees.

"Has anyone ever said what a lovely child you are?"

"Um... Mr. Tucker," my speech apparatus had shifted to a lower pitch that sounded much as my groin felt, all racy and hot, "that is very sweet of you to say so."

"Not as sweet as you, my precious lovely." His hand stroked my cheek and I purred. "Perhaps I should help you up."

And I answered, "Or maybe, Mr. Tucker, you could come down here and join me?"

"What a charming idea, but I'm afraid..."

He was just going to leave me there, spayed out on the floor like so much chopped liver? I didn't think so. I grabbed his neck with one hand and pulled him toward me until our lips met. Later, much later, he even managed to apologize as he finished removing my cos-

tume from my body but at the sight of my complete nakedness, mere words seemed to fail him.

There was another very important detail that Jerry hadn't told me about the effects of big 'T', I began to climax almost before he had entered me. That I did climax, not once but too many times to count and continued to do so until later when he was utterly used up, was like the most fantastic Christmas present I could have found under the Christmas tree this year or any year.

That I soon found myself at a bar getting picked up was hardly a surprise. I literally had no idea of how many men I'd had sex with that weekend. It wasn't until late Monday, when Grace's lawyer came to bail me out, that I came back, kind'a, to normal. I'm afraid I was hooked on my first exposure to big 'T'. Lord help me, I was an honest, gosh-darn slut.

Chapter 7

"What's the longest you ever worked on an assignment, Carlos?"

"Seven months, why?"

"Just curious. How much did you get?"

"Nothing."

"Excuse me?"

"Seventy thousand, that's ten thousand a month not counting per-diem."

"But you said nothing."

"Grace isn't stupid Ted. If I had that much cash all at once, I'd be out of here in a flash, ok? Seventy thousand, I could start a life, maybe a real life. No she puts that kind of money into a trust fund for each guy. I can

collect my earnings when I reach forty and not before. I guess she figures by forty we will not be very useful, this operation is definitely for *young* fem-males. As far as the per-diem, a hundred per day only covers expenses and then only if you are careful."

"Shit!" I said and then added, "Double shit! How is this different than slavery, huh?"

"You get a big pay check at the end?"

"Right. Says who? What if something happens to her, huh? She's like ancient already, like sixty almost, ok? Man this sucks."

"You think?" Carlos looked concerned.

"Man, this is a fucking trap, she's using us." I scratched my head thoughtfully, "You know prostitution is legal in Nevada."

"Yeah, and the girls have regular medical exams, required by law, Ted, don't even think about trying that. You can always do free lance but trust me, some pimp would put you on testosterone and you'd burn out in a month."

I looked at Carlos as my eyes re-lived the image of those pathetic fem-males in Hollywood. Sure Carlos was pretty, we all were here at my Aunt's place, but some of those fem-males in Hollywood were attractive as well but for how long? "I hear testosterone gives fem-males really, really big hooters."

"And no brain, fried." She started sobbing and I joined her. *She...* fuck Grace, Maria was real, not Carlos. Like Ted, history.

Finally after the sprinklers shut off I said, "We got to get out of here. Start a life, a real life."

"We?"

“Damn right. We can help each other, pass, ok? Pool our resources and protect each others’ back. You have some jewels and, well, I have Aunt Grace’s trust, kind’a.” She was still blinking back tears, “Look I can borrow her car, ok, not steal it, just borrow it long enough to be somewhere... else. We’ll get jobs, real jobs.”

“How? We need documentation that doesn’t scream fem-male, ok, I’ve thought about that, long and hard.”

“Shit!” I swore.

“We’re safer here, Eve.”

I smiled at her use of my female name, she understood, as I did. She and I were real females, it was the world that was out of sync. “Ok, for now. But Maria, if I see an opening, I’m gone.”

“Me too, ok? If it makes sense, if it can be done, don’t leave me here.”

“I wouldn’t think of it.” I was going to walk to the Palms Springs public library and use their internet connection. What I needed was information. What did rich fem-males do? Probably whatever they wanted to do. There was nothing stopping me from going to college or, whatever, but everything cost money. It would be hard enough getting a job as a high school dropout but multiply that tenfold as a fem-male. Yeah, sure the Civil Rights Act protected us but only if the people really cared to enforce that law. Did they? Try asking Jerry Sanders.



The constitutional amendment defining marriage as a union between a man and a woman was 'finally' approved, early last year, 2018. Ironically it was the scary influx of fem-males, soon to be in excess of one point five million poor souls in these United States that helped push that 'social' agenda beyond the conservative right wing of the Republican Party. Perhaps an equally obvious consequence of the NR virus, had been the sever tightening of laws governing whether one could or could not receive a legal change of sex. Even those who received 'sex-re-assignment surgery', the old fashion 'fem-males', no longer needed to apply. The genetic definition of one's true sex ruled, at least legally, in all of the States, as of now.

So where, precisely, did that leave the fem-males? Protected by the Civil Rights Act but without vigorous enforcement that Federal mandate was no protection at all. But a million-five hundred thousand people could not be entirely ignored and indeed as I had expected, some of them had resources and even political connections. Organizations were springing up all over the place to fight the good fight. They even coined a new term: *fay* which, I guess was a takeoff on the term 'gay', right? I told Maria and some of the other girls when I got back from the library that they were 'fay'. It got a good laugh but that was about all 'fay' was worth to us.

One thing led to another and, more out of frustration than not, I suggested that we 'go on strike'. That too got a good laugh. My Aunt Grace would probably just tell me to screw myself, ok? Well I went ahead any-

how and told her we demanded a fair return for a fair effort, ok?

After she heard me out and after she said: "We're not in it for the money, dear."

I replied, "What part of 'we' are 'we' anyhow, you old crook. Exactly how much did that *bitch* Mrs. Tucker pay you, huh?"

"None of your business, dear."

"Up yours," I replied and that, the long and the short of it, was how I left my Aunt Grace's establishment. Without a plan. Or, without a prayer, as Maria told me just before I left and no she did not leave with me, none of the girls did.

Later that afternoon I met with Mr. Tucker and explained the whole thing to him. Who exactly I was and all about my Aunt Grace and her companions. He hadn't asked the best of questions but later his lawyers did a much better job. That night I slept in an expensive hotel room and all my expenses were covered. Two days later, I met with the local Prosecutor, who, by the way, had also been a victim of my Aunt's illegal activities (he didn't know it at the time). I had a half dozen names and a fist full of dates, more than enough to have a grand jury called. Oh, it was sweet and quickly became sweeter since my dear Aunt had kept careful records.

As is usually the case, the gears of justice move ever so slowly. And those gears became all but mired, as if sand had been thrown into the works, because a lot of Aunt Grace's 'activities' crossed state lines which is to say the Feds snapped up the case and months would pass just to get us back were we had been, legally. The Feds called Aunt Grace's operation, among other

things, 'racketeering', whatever that was, and the charges kept piling up.

While I was the little bird that had started this investigation, it was guys like Carlos that had the real skinny on my Aunt. I suspect that the Feds scooped up all the 'girls' and put them in protective custody. I say suspect because I didn't know shit. We were probably all treated like mushrooms, kept in the dark and isolated and yes, covered in shit. It might be two-three years before a trial date would be set, at least that was what I was told. They had my sworn statements but I would surely need to be available if called to testify. What I'm saying is, I found myself in protective custody, a ward of the State.

I don't think the Witness Protection Program was exactly geared to handle fem-males. In fact the common misconceptions and negative social attitudes held regarding fem-males was all too apparent in the U.S. Marshals staff that I met initially. I think they thought that I wanted to be a 'sex-worker' for example, not that my handler ever said as much, but the implications were there. And frankly the Feds were, if anything, more sexually conservative than even the general population, so *that* wasn't going to happen. Like I cared?

What I wanted was just a normal life, ok? A job, ok? I'd go stark crazy just setting in a motel room for two-three years. They make people just disappear: turn them into ordinary fucks in ordinary, boring lives. That was exactly what I needed, starting with documentation that I was a real gal. You think?

They couldn't do that, ok? The Witness Protection Program didn't extend to breaking the law or laws in this case. They were, after all, the government and sworn to uphold the legal order, so fuck me. What I

got was a new set of documentation, including a driver's license with a current photo, but the bastard left the big 'M' up in the corner. A new dumb shit name, Robert -Bobby Ann- Snodgrass, which is to say the 'Bobby Ann' was my legal, A.K.A., fem-male name. That was as close as I would get to official 'feminization' and, oh yeah, it was an Ohio driver's license. I was being re-located to a wide space in the road, a small town in a conservative semi-rural, community in Southern Ohio. Now wasn't that just peachy-keen?

Gary Napes, my current handler, took me out to my new home. It was a double-wide trailer in a seedy little trailer park filled with misfits and senior citizens. It was located a half-mile from Washington Park which had a population of something less than eight thousand. "Just great," I said to my new handler. He was a local and had that Southern Ohio twang. I didn't want to be on the wrong side of him, for obvious reasons. He was my first line of defense were I to get into trouble. The mobile home was new and well appointed and had scads more space than I really needed. Everything was paid for by the Feds including an adequate allowance for food and clothing. He handed me the keys to the unit and to my car, a brand new green but cheap Ford. I guess he thought I would be delighted. Sweet Jesus, I was in the middle of nowhere surrounded by bigots. "Mr. Napes?"

He smiled, "Heck, Bobby Ann why don't y'all forget that Mister stuff."

"Right, Napes. What do I do to keep from going crazy. I mean, like can I get a job?"

“Why in the heck would y’all want to do that honey? Y’all got a free ride, y’all don’t need nothing a-tall and why don’t y’all call me Gary, friendly like?”

I smiled, “Ok sport, Gary. I want to better myself, learn some skills, whatever.”

“Oh? There’s a college just down the road, at Mason. Just a skip and jump away.”

“Great,” I said with some real excitement now. “Can you get me in?” For a horrible moment I expected that he was going to say no. It would be a lot of work to ‘manufacture’ the needed documentation but that wasn’t my worry. And then it dawned on me, it didn’t fit Gary’s personal profile as to what fem-males did or wanted. “Com’on Gary, it’s really what I want.”

He raised an eyebrow, “No hanky-panky?”

“Trust me and cross my heart and hope to die.”



I had a school photo ID and it said Bobby Ann Snodgrass and there was no designation of sex on that wonderful piece of plastic nor room for such information. I guess Gary was cutting corners or perhaps there was no specific law being broken when it came to my application to Mason College founded in eighteen twenty-nine. It brought tears to my eyes. And the first day of classes the teachers took attendance and in each and every case they called out: Miss Snodgrass or Miss Bobby Ann Snodgrass or even just Snodgrass. I could have died and gone directly to heaven. I was just another co-ed. I certainly wasn’t going to change that fact come hell or high water.



How long had it been since I was a 'normal'? Jesus! And guys were responding to me like they would have responded to any other exceptionally pretty girl. And I didn't have to worry that they just wanted to screw a freak. And girls? I was sucked into the social network

instantly. There was so much that could go wrong but for now, I was a person, whole and complete and the world waited, full of promise. Sure there were bumps ahead but compared to what I had gone through, this was cake and ice cream.

I was going to major in pre-law for obvious reasons. There were horrible wrongs that needed correcting and I was no longer that rudderless young man I had been. Heck, I was a woman on a mission and that sure beat John Wayne in "Back to Bataan". And then there was Davy. Would *that* happen? It was far too early to know and I still had a lot to learn about myself so, perhaps not. If I married, the world would first have to discover justice, fairness and humanity and that was a long road yet untraveled.

The End