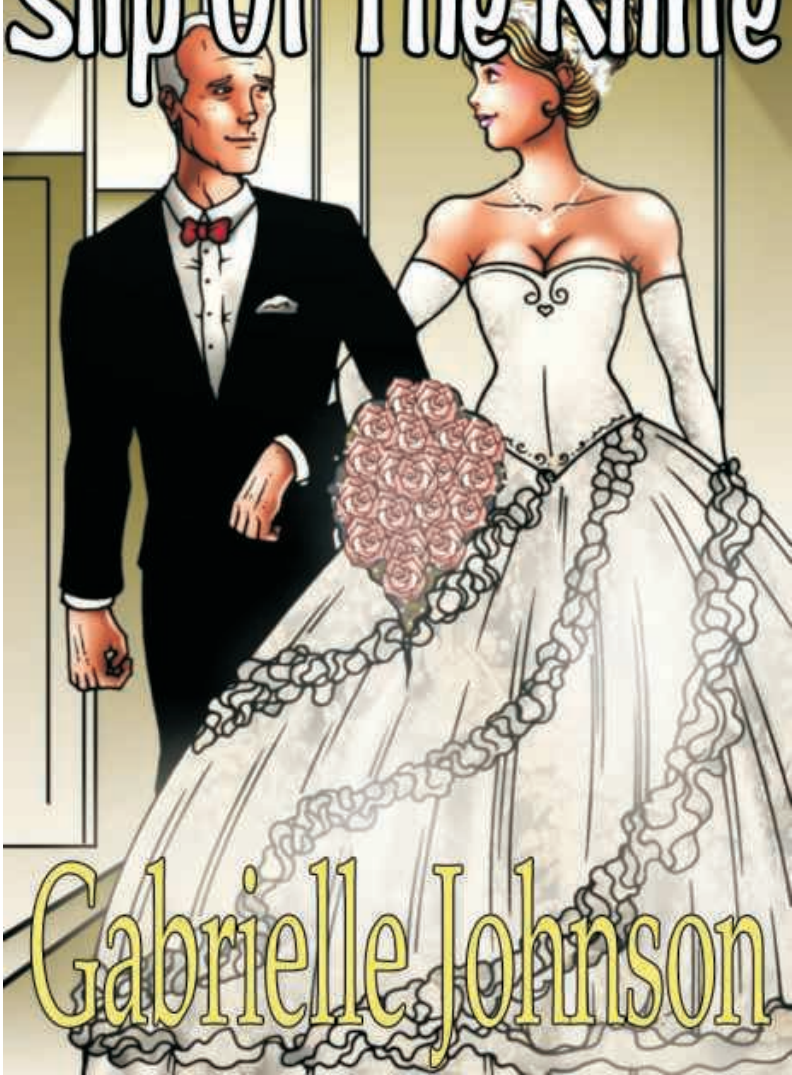


# The Slip Of The Knife



Gabrielle Johnson

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# THE SLIP OF THE KNIFE

**by Gabrielle Johnson**

“Oh yes!” said my chief bridesmaid as she pulled the gauzy veil down from my tiara over my face. “I have never seen you look so beautiful, Angie.”

I trembled as I looked into the long mirror on the door of the closet of our bedroom and swished in my long, white bridal dress to the door.

“Your flowers, darling,” said my bridesmaid, looking really nice in her pink dress and the garland of flowers about her head as I also had about mine. My long, thick, blonde hair, however, was piled up high on my head and so the white flowers peeping out only served to make me look more enchanting than I ever had. Well, they do say

that all brides are beautiful, don't they, and I was, I think, proving that to be true.

I paused at the top of the stairs so that I could get my white, open-toed, high heels into place on the first stair. I had to lift my lovely dress and silky underskirts then as I glided down the stairs, light bulbs flashing from the professionals my future husband had employed to make a permanent record of my day as his bride.

I smiled but I don't think that anyone could really see my wonderfully madeup face as I finally clicked onto the foyer floor. Dr George Anderson staggered forward then at my bridesmaid's urging, his face as white as my dress, I think.

"Oh goodness," he said as I slipped my gloved hand under his arm as a bride does and leaned against him, letting him have a good look at the tight bodice and the cleavage I had on display. It wasn't for him, of course, but for my future husband. He would be enthralled to see me in this dress, I was certain. I hoped that we could get through the reception with our friends before he whispered that he wanted me, and wanted me right at that second. Well, he was my man and I had never said 'No' to him at any time. My wedding day wasn't going to be the day when I would start that.

"Oh goodness, oh goodness," George Anderson went on as we swished out of the front door of the house where my chief bridesmaid and I had been living and where I would soon be the only woman in the house with my husband, the only man. "Why am I doing this?" George went on, clutching at my arm and hand as I made sure that I was leaning into him as a little wind got up. I didn't want my veil to blow away.

The chauffeur of the decorated, wedding limousine, smiled at me as I delicately minced in my impossible

heels to the car. What had I been thinking to wear such high heels on such a day? Well, they made my legs look prettier, my bridesmaid said to me as she stood by the chauffeur, her bouquet in hand, waiting to help me get into the car in all my voluminous skirts and silk and satin designer dress.

Our neighbors were out in force snapping pictures as well, not just of me but of my chief bridesmaids and her cute nieces who were the flower girls and bridesmaids and were being assisted into the limo in front of ours by their smiling mother, the sister of my bridesmaid.

"I should change shoes," I murmured to my bridesmaid as she assisted me to back into the car and to sit daintily with my veil and dress all about me.

"Too late," came the words with an impish smile in my direction. "Besides, it's the height of the heels that makes that garter look so attractive on your leg. The boys are going to blow a gasket when they see that!"

Well, she had dressed me on my big day, being as supportive to me as she had been when she was my girl friend, the only true friend that I had. I had cried when she had hugged me and told me what a wonderful bride I was and that my groom was so lucky to be marrying a woman like me. Yes, she had bought me a complete set of French silk and lace lingerie for my wedding, from panties and bra to camisole and frilly garter belt and the lovely garter that I could still feel on my smooth, feminine thigh.

I wished that my groom could have kept it but he had to throw it away, to the other men who lusted after me, unfortunately. Well, he would think that. He wouldn't know that I had its twin in my going away case and, when I switched clothes, I would have a garter again on my leg to surprise him.



“What am I doing here?” muttered the greying Dr George Anderson again as I waved to the cheering neighbors and we made the short trip across the highway to the lovely, old church where my groom had once been an altar boy, he said. He claimed that he had attended hun-

dreds of wedding ceremonies then and he knew that I would be a bride even more beautiful than any he remembered.

“Why am I here?” George muttered in his usual gruff manner as he did a t last lift up from my wonderful dress and lever himself out of the limousine that had drawn up behind the one with the bridesmaids.

“Why am I the one to be giving you away?” Dr Anderson said to me as he held my bouquet of roses. I came out into the sun and my chief bridesmaid was there to smooth down all my skirts, arrange my flowers and give me a quick, womanly hug before I took George’s arm and we began to descend slowly towards the church.

“You know why I asked you to give me away today, George,” I whispered sweetly to my doctor then as I leaned in to him and let the fragrance of my very expensive French perfume sweep all over him. “You know very well that you are the man who has made me into the woman that I am today.”

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I had pulled the muscle in my right thigh quite badly. I had to lean on Julie’s shoulder, much to her disgust, to hobble up to the admittance section of Emergency at Whiteplamt Hospital.

The young doctor, tall, dark and tired-looking, who finally attended me, three hours later, was not sympathetic at all when I explained that I had injured my leg playing basketball.

“Stupid sport,” he grouched, though he was tall and sinewy and would have made a great forward in our Saturday league. It said ‘RV Rowley’ on the black name plate pinned to his rumpled, white coat. “Everyone out there

trying to be the next Kobe or LeBron. We get so many injuries this time of year from all you weekend warriors.”

“I guess I shouldn’t have bothered coming in then,” I snapped at him. I wanted to tell him that the Golden State Warriors were a lousy team. We were the Lakers. Couldn’t he see that on my t-shirt? Well, I guess he had. He had referred to Kobe Bryant, hadn’t he? “It was my girl friend’s crazy idea anyway. She thought I might have broken something and a hospital was the place to find out.”

But even the ‘blame it on the girl friend’ excuse didn’t appease the weary, dark-haired Dr Rowley. It didn’t please Julie much, either. Rowley ordered me to take off my pants, muttering about family doctors and that it wasn’t the hospital’s job to do everything in medicine, and then all his complaints were lost to me. I roared with real pain as the resident’s very strong fingers twisted my thigh muscles outward.

My scream was loud enough to bring a nurse running in from outside the curtained cubicle where Rowley was torturing me. He waved her off in exasperation and she doubtfully withdrew while Julie winced and just sat there with her arms folded.

“You’ve a bad muscle pull,” said Rowley, the slightest of downward turns to his mouth letting me know that he was ‘pulling my leg’, as he described it much later.

I swore viciously at him which only seemed to brighten the man’s mood. He actually smiled at me. He looked like a nice guy when he smiled not like a hangman any more.

“We’ll get you x-rays, painkillers and proper bandages,” said Rowley brusquely, “though I couldn’t find a break in there anywhere.” He wrote furiously on a pad and gave a prescription to Julie so that she could go to the pharmacy while I was being x-rayed. I moved then to sit

up on the examining table, trying to keep the pressure off my injured leg when Rowley said, "Since you're going to be on your back for a while with that, why don't you have that fixed as well while you've got the time?"

The bandaids had come off the boil on my left thigh. Perhaps it was the constriction from that which had made me favor my right leg and overcompensate on the crazy move I tried to put on big Barry Molloy. He'd laughed as he grabbed me and that was when I heard as well as felt the snap.

"It'll be all right," I said, coloring slightly in embarrassment as Rowley leaned over me, lowered his head to within inches of my crotch as if he was sniffing at the stupid sore on my thigh. "I've had a boil before. They go away if ..."

"That one won't," said Rowley, standing up straight and writing on his pad again. "That thing has abscessed and it's gonna need cutting, drawing and stitching as well as antibiotics to clean it up. It's going to scar badly as well if you don't get that attended to right away."

So what did I care about a scar on my leg, I asked myself. But to Julie, three hours cross and bored, it was just awful to find out that I had a thing like that on me.

"Ugh, it makes me feel unclean," Julie snapped at me, making an exaggerated shudder from where she sat clutching her note to the hospital dispensary.

"It's just a boil," I said, a little miffed at her fake horror to impress the doctor, I thought.

"Dr Rowley called it an abscess," Julie stated firmly. "Now, you can get that fixed, Web, right now or don't bother calling me again."

Well, I thought silently, is that how it's going to be when we are married, Julie? Yes, I had bought her the

ring but she wasn't wearing it yet as she wanted to let her parents be the first to know.

"I should talk to my family doctor," I said mulishly.

"Right," said Dr Rowley with another sudden grin that actually made him look like a member of the human race.

Five days later, my thigh was red, inflamed and hurting worse than my muscle pull. I had to get into a wheelchair in Admitting before they took me in.

"I told you so," said a familiar voice as I was pushed by an orderly along a long hallway to wherever Surgical Prep was.

I might have known that a grinning RV Rowley would be on duty and would see me being wheeled into his hospital to have the procedure done that he had told me that I should. He was as unshaven as before and he was gloating at me.

"Leave it alone," I said as the rumpled imitation of a doctor picked up the charts and admission forms and began looking them over.

"So, who's doing the work on the abscess for you?" Rowley asked, returning the forms then.

"Dr Lazarowich, my family doctor," I sneered at him, reminding him of what he had said about family doctors before.

For a moment, Rowley disappeared as he stopped walking with me. Then he came running after me and spoke to the orderly. "I'll take him in from here, Ed." The orderly protested but Rowley told him that we were old friends and he wanted to talk to me, privately.

"Right," said Ed the orderly and suddenly I was in a curtained cubicle again and Dr Rowley couldn't talk to

me as two bustling, very efficient nurses came and prepped me for going into the Operating Room.

"It's only day surgery," said one of the nurses as she popped an IV into a vein in my wrist. "I thought that this was going to be a local." She was talking to Rowley and looked up at him, frowning, whether because he was there with me or because she didn't understand what or why she was doing something, I couldn't tell.

"It's Dr Lazarowich," said Rowley then.

"Oh," said the nurse and suddenly she, the IV, me in the bed in the silly hospital nightgown that we all have to wear, and Dr Rowley, assisting her, were heading into Operating Room Four.

"Look, Web," said Dr Rowley as we stopped outside the door and the nurse pressed on a buzzer that seemed to announce our entry. "Dr Lazarowich ..."

"Has been my family doctor for forty years," I told him proudly.

"Well, that's the problem," said Rowley then and the nurse stared at him as he leaned over and tried to explain to me. "He's old, he's, he's, impatient if things don't go so well. He really shouldn't be doing surgery of any kind any more."

The nurse was looking at Rowley then in dismay. I could see her point. There was Dr Lazarowich talking to two nurses in the room as the door opened and we were drawn in. He looked so cool in his operating greens, his dark glasses and his wavy, grey mustache. The nurse beside him was smiling as he leaned, all slender and sinewy, waving one of his large hands to me as he was washing and prepping them to operate on me.

"It's only a boil gone a little bad," I said to Rowley as one of the nurses came over with a bag that she hooked up to the IV.

"Anderson," I clearly heard Rowley say then to one of the nurses. "He's in Two on a plastic repair."

I had visions of Dr Anderson, whoever he was, putting clear tape around one of the hoses that carried drugs from the bag of the IV into the patient.

"Thanks for everything, doc," I said to Rowley as I felt the room starting to swirl.

"Well, I told you so," I think that Rowley said and I was out of it, blackness descending on me.

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My boy friend, who would turn out to be my future husband, caught me unawares at a party I went to 'to keep my girl friend company'. Of course, she was off dancing and having a gay, old time while I just stayed on the fringes of a group that all seemed to know each other well and were all talking shop to one another, more interested in that than the stray girl nursing a drink on the edge of the group.

"Gosh, it is you," my future husband said to me and I had to blush and admit that it was me. "What the heck are you doing here at a party like this one?"

I knew what he meant. The people at this party were all in the same business as my girl friend and all talked the same language. I was a real outsider.

"Oh, you know how it is," I told him. "Girl friends. You have to do things together or soon you lose one another."

“Tell me about it,” my future husband said to me. And then he told me fifty stories, well I suppose it wasn’t that many, about his escapades with women which all ended with him being put down, embarrassed, mortified, and all made me laugh.

“Would you like to dance?” he asked me and it made me tingle to think of dancing with him but it would have been churlish to refuse as all the other couples about us were pairing off and dancing. Besides, I knew he was just being nice.

He was even nice enough to assure my girl friend that he would see me home when she came to me and begged me to understand that she was going off with Greg that night.

“I won’t wait up,” I told her with a smile and a laugh and she squeezed my arm and told me what a brick I was.

“Does she do that often?” asked my future husband as we motored along to the new house that we had just moved into.

Now, how could I tell him that we both did it on occasions? Yes, we had our own rooms even though we usually slept together at night but there were times, like now, when my girl friend just had to have a man, just had to have a real penis inside her and I understood.

I had to as I double-dated with her a lot now and brought home a man to make love to me almost as frequently as she did. She loved it when I was attended to as well as she was and I knew that she heard my squeals and the creaking of my bed as I took a man into me with pleasure. Well, she must have heard me as I could hear her as well.

My future husband walked me up to my door and hesitated.

“Would you like to come in and look around the place?” I said.

“I would,” he said then very quickly. “I’ve never been in a millionaire’s place before.”

“You’ll have your own million some day in the future,” I told him and his hand about my waist tightened a little. We hadn’t even opened the door and he pressed me to him and I knew what he was going to do.

I let him kiss me, feeling so weird all the way through me as this was a man who knew a lot about me, including that I wasn’t a woman and that some day very soon, I was going to be a man again, despite the way I looked then to please my girl friend.

I was only going to show him my wonderful new home but the funny thing was that I liked kissing him. I liked the chills and tingles that went through me and he seemed to like it as well. It didn’t take us long and we were on the couch, he on top of me, like so many men before him and he began to caress my legs.

I shouldn’t have worn a garter belt and stockings that night but it had been my girl friend who insisted. Whatever she dressed in, I had to do the same. And she had been feeling particularly girlie that night and so, I was dressed just like her.

It was just like Trent or Jack or Martin caressing me. My future husband aroused me with his hands under my skirt and I knew that I should stop and let him go but I didn’t. I liked kissing him. I liked his hands all over me, exploring. I liked his hands finding my breasts and the exclamation of surprise that came from him when he realized that they were real. Not big, no, but real.

I didn’t mean to lead him into the bedroom but he was the one. He picked me up and carried me there. “Man,

you must have lost a terrible amount of weight," he said. "You're light as a feather."

"It's just re-distributed," I murmured to him as I undid his shirt as he was undoing my dress.

"And in such a lovely way," said my husband-to-be and then we made love. It was the craziest, most wonderful lovemaking I had ever done. No, there was nothing special about it. It was just man on woman in the missionary position with lots of caressing and kissing of body parts and he penetrated me. Then, I had the most incredible orgasm that I had ever had in the time that I had decided that yes, I could experiment with men for a little while as sexual partners. It made my girl friend happy but it was only with the man who knew that I was going to be a man again that I was lifted into a state of passionate ecstasy.

It surprised him as well, I think. He stayed for more. Now I'm getting far ahead of myself but we both liked what he was doing to me. Yes, I liked pretending that I was a woman for him. I shouldn't have started a 'relationship' with him, but I did like him a lot, and taking him to bed with me made me so excited, even my girl friend noticed and approved.

So, I began to date regularly and pretty soon he was calling me his girl friend. He could have called me his girl friend with benefits, of course. He knew that someone like me in the state that I was in wasn't going to get pregnant. He soon realized that I would do just about anything that he wanted a woman to do and he was a guy who liked to experiment. I suppose that was why he came home with me in the first place. Well, that and the fact that he was my doctor.

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“No, he didn’t have a local,” said a light, female voice somewhere way over my head.

“Ah,” sighed another gruffer, masculine voice. “There shouldn’t have been a need for a full anaesthetic, not for a simple abscess.”

“Well, there was the muscle pull,” the light, pleasant voice said gently while blue and grey bands of swirling fog swept about me. My mouth was so dry. I tried to speak, to beg for water but nothing came out. “I think that Dr Lazarowich thought that he might damage the muscle inadvertently under a local. He didn’t want the patient to jerk at the wrong moment.”

“And who did jerk at the wrong moment,” said the gruff voice bitterly. “What a mess! Oh, careful, Kaster. I think he’s coming around. Moisten his lips.”

Cool water, but so salty, brushed over my lips. I tried to lift my head, to open and focus my eyes but I couldn’t. My head felt as it was being crushed in some huge vise. I gargled something but they didn’t understand me. I seemed to drift then on darker waves of deep blue. Later, I realized that I had gone to sleep again.

I didn’t fully wake up until they wanted me to, days later. The sudden smell of something well-cooked brought me out of fitful dreams of fogs, clouds, sand dunes and tenuous shapes that I couldn’t grasp at all.

“Where?” I asked and someone got up and closed the door and the smells receded. I forced myself to sit bolt upright, my head still pounding, my eyes totally blinded by the light flaring all around me.



"Oh good," said a bright, cheerful voice. A young, red-haired girl in a nurse's uniform began to set up my bed, pressing on a call button that lay on my pillow.

"But where ..." I began. The spacious room was empty but for the bed and me in it. I was in a private room? It couldn't be. I didn't have the medical insurance for that. The girl had lifted the bed to a sitting position for me. She smiled as she came up and fluffed up the pillows behind me. Her name tag said that she was Elaine Kaster.

"You'll find this much more comfortable," said Nurse Kaster as she put a carton of orange juice with a glass straw in my hand.

"But I don't ..." I began.

"Don't worry, Mr Webster," said the nurse cheerfully. "Dr Anderson will be here in a moment to explain."

"My first name is Webster," I told her. "Webster Adams Arnold is my name." I was used to being called 'Arnold Webster' though it still grated that people must think that I was an idiot who couldn't fill in an application form accurately. "And my doctor is Dr Lazarowich, not Anderson, whoever he is."

"Yes," said the nurse. She was pretty even when she frowned. "Dr Anderson will explain that as soon as he gets here."

George Anderson had the gruff voice that I had heard before. What had he said? "What a mess!" I stiffened and felt so tense as he began to talk to me.

"Dr Lazarowich doesn't want to face you right now," said Dr Anderson, his own face set in a serious frown. He sat, long and lean, slightly greying, in the only armchair in the room which he had drawn up beside my bed.

I lay back rigidly. It had taken him a day to come in and see me. Not that I could complain. I was in and out of drowsiness but I received excellent attention from Nurse Kaster. Every need had been taken care of. I was catheterized and so I didn't need to worry about that and

Dr Anderson would explain as soon as he got there. Nurse Kaster had assured me of it each time I had asked about the operation on my leg.

“Why doesn’t he want to face me?” I asked Dr Anderson, my throat dry.

“Lester nicked another part of your body while he was opening up the abscess, which was very deep, by the way,” boomed Dr Anderson at me.

“What!” I gasped, frightened by the man’s seriousness. I looked down the bed in a panic. But I did have two legs, I did. That was such a relief.

“Lester had to cut very deeply, but he’s an old man,” said Dr Anderson, lowering his tone then. “He cut back very sharply and somehow nicked your penis with his scalpel.”

To say that I was shocked is to understate the way I felt. I have never felt such an explosion of feeling in me before, not even when I learned that my father had been killed in a fall from a mountain.

I grasped quickly at my male member, where it should be, and it seemed to be there, properly catheterized and swathed in bandages.

“I repaired the damage. It was just a cut,” said George Anderson. I had begun to shiver so and then again a moment of intense relief. “But you can guess why Dr Lazarowich, Lester, is too embarrassed to see you now. He has promised me that he will never, ever do surgery again and I agree with that. But Lester is probably more upset at this moment than you are, Mr Webster.”

“He can’t be!” I snapped at him, my voice quivering through my trembling lips. “Just tell me, Dr Anderson, am I, that is, am I ...?”

“Oh, yes, Mr Webster,” said Anderson quite seriously. “You’re still whole and should be fine in every way, sexually and physically, with the plastic repairs that I have done to your leg and to your penis. Two weeks or so, mostly as a precaution and you will be getting out of convalescence and going home.”

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Greg, my girl friend’s boy friend for a time, was rich. He had a wonderful condo overlooking the beach at Malibu and so, six month’s after I had started dating my doctor boy friend exclusively, we all went together for a week in the California sun, lieing on the beach in our bikinis, my girl friend and me, being pampered all the time by our loving boy friends.

Of course, there was a price to pay but it was such a lovely price, making love to my boy friend whenever he wanted me to. We did it in the mornings, in the afternoons, before tea, after tea, and of course, all night long whenever the urge came on one of us. Yes, I just had to poke him and he was instantly awake and his manhood came to attention as mine didn’t but would soon, I hoped.

Actually, I had stopped thinking that for a while. It’s a little embarrassing to admit but I had started to look after myself as a woman much better since I had a permanent lover, a man who wanted to be in my bed whenever he could get away from his work. I willingly went to the beauty salon. My girl friend no longer had to force me, blackmail me to get my hair done. Yes, I let the streaks that she had once had put in my hair extend into full blondness. I was a blonde and I was having so much fun with my boy friend on the beach. I was so glad to have gone through all the invasions of privacy that I had done

to have facials, the whole spa treatment of my body and the bikini waxing that had made me glow all over.

I never forgot my new perfume now and always used my feminine lotions before, during and after my baths. Well, I was rich enough to spend my whole days just getting myself ready to make love to my man, or to my girl friend, if he couldn't make it, and she loved the way I was heading as well, though I didn't quite know what she meant by that.

So, when we dressed for our last night in Malibu and went to the night club near the beach for a night cap, though I would have preferred being in bed with my boy friend, I didn't think anything of it other than smiling and being pleasant to Greg and my girl friend.

I hardly noticed the mariachi band that surrounded us, but I did think that the music was very soft and romantic. Well, we were the last ones in the place and then the music died and there was a fanfare from the trumpets. A spotlight fell on me and I reacted immediately by trying to move away. I had done enough of that before I had met my husband to be and when I had had to go to work to earn money for all the legal and medical bills I was responsible for.

"My darling Angela," said a voice from off to one side and below me and there was my boy friend, down on one knee, my hand in his, as he was squeezing it. Across the table, my girl friend's mouth was wide open as she stared at the two of us and Greg was grinning as he motioned to the band to stop playing.

"My darling Angela," said my boy friend again. "You can guess why I am down here and why I am on one knee to you, the most beautiful woman in the world."

Just saying 'woman' and meaning me made chills and frighteningly strange emotions run through me and heighten every part of my body.

"Now, will you make me the happiest man in the whole world, Angela," my boy friend asked me, "and marry me, become my wife and wear my ring," he opened a little box and the diamond in it looked like it was a huge rock set in gold.

I could only look at him, stunned. Marriage, me? Marry a man, another man? I was a man and this man, my boy friend, was asking me to marry him and become his wife? My heart did a terrible flutter.

"Answer the poor boy, Angela," said my laughing girl friend, stressing every syllable of my name. "My wine is getting warm waiting for you."

"I, I," I stammered and then my boy friend settled it all for me. He took my limp, unprotesting hand and he put the ring on my finger and then he stood up, lifting me to my high heels, my short dress swirling about me and he kissed me.

The band started a joyous piece of music then and a huge set of balloons and confetti suddenly descended on us and all the staff who had been so nice to us for the whole week came flooding out of the kitchens with huge magnums of champagne. Greg and my girl friend were laughing and toasting us.

"To the bride and groom," they were saying. "To the happy couple."

I wasn't saying anything. How could I when my husband-to-be was holding onto me so hard, squeezing me so tightly to him, my little chest mounds bouncing off him. "There's something you have to say," he whispered in my ear then.

“What is it?” I asked him, my lips on fire with the way that he was kissing me, swirling me around with all the people about us then, yelling out, “Congratulations!” to us as I wanted so much to kiss him again.

“Do you want to go to bed now?” he whispered in my ear.

“Oh, yes,” I said and he asked me again as if he hadn’t heard it. “Yes,” I said, and the whole place erupted again.

“She said yes!” screamed my girl friend, raising her glass to me. “She said yes! Oh, Angela, I never thought that you would be a bride before me. I never did. When you will be getting married, I have to be your bridesmaid. I do, I do, I do!”

That made the band break into an instrumental version of the Abba hit and the crowd seemed to grow. I think that they must have been bringing people in from the streets and the champagne was flowing everywhere.

My boy friend kissed me long and lovingly and I felt the butterflies in my stomach return to me with a vengeance. “In July,” my boy friend was saying to Greg and my girl friend who was looking at me so lovingly as well. She said later that she didn’t know that he was going to do it, not like he did, but she knew something wonderful was going to happen. Greg had told her that much at least.

“On the fourteenth, the only date in history I can remember,” the man who had just asked another man to be his wife was saying, “the start of the French Revolution, the storming of the Bastille. Then, it will be a honeymoon in Paris and, yes, you are both invited to our wedding, Angela’s and mine. I know it’s in six months time. But that means there’s going to be just enough time for my mother to find a dress, I think. It took her a whole year to find the right one for my sister’s wedding. And I intend

this to be a monster affair. I want to show off my beautiful wife to the whole world on her day!"

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I wasn't all right in a week or two. I wasn't all right in two months. My abscessed thigh got better and all I had there was a thin, red line which Dr Anderson said would fade in time, because of his plastic repair. Finally, I understood that that was his main work at the hospital. He was a cosmetic, or plastic, surgeon. And no, his work wasn't mainly on rich women. It was on kids, and mostly on burn victims. He was very good at his job and so many of the nurses who looked after me told me how grateful I should be to have him looking after me as my doctor.

I was even limping better on my right leg where I had pulled the muscle. But when the dressings came off my penis, there was an ugly scab the length of it and it was often, as they put it, suppurating. I was often dizzy with the drugs they gave me to clean it up but it didn't seem to get better. I had the oddest feelings that the infection was penetrating right through me right up to my stomach.

Dr Anderson examined me almost every day. "Pull your pants back up," he told me after the second week after having changed all my medicines for a third time. "I'll have these," he motioned with his head to the samples that he had taken with surprising delicacy from my swollen, bruised member, "processed right away. You'll have to sign a release, of course, permitting me to do what I must if surgery is indicated again. I think it will be and I've reserved an operating room and a complete staff for tomorrow."

Then for the first time, Anderson asked me something personal. "Are you married, Web? Living with someone?"

I swallowed hard, not knowing quite what to answer. Julie still hadn't told her parents that I had proposed and she had accepted. "I'm not married," I told him. "Julie, my girl friend who's been in to see me, well, we're kind of engaged."

Anderson nodded. "You do sleep with her?" he pressed me, squinting his clear blue eyes as he looked down at his writing pad.

I hesitated, annoyed rather than alarmed at his questions. "Off and on," I said distantly as if it was nothing. I took the forms that George Anderson gave me then, a waiver of liability and permission for Anderson to do whatever he must do to me in order to save my life.

"My life really isn't in any danger, is it?" I asked him tight-voiced and squeaky even to my own ears. I really was scared for a little while after signing all the papers that I had only really half-read and understood with him standing there, waiting for me to finish.

"No," said Dr Anderson, pulling a face. He took the forms, counter-signed where he had to and so wasn't even looking at me as he spoke. "You're in no danger of your life, Mr Arnold," he said, giving a little smile as he got my name right the first time, for once. He turned and frowned then. "Tell me, though, Mr Arnold, all about your girl friend, Julie, and your relationship with her. Tell me about your family as well."

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"I just hate leaving you in the house all alone," said my girl friend as she hung up the phone after talking to someone who was going to take her out on a date. It would be a man, of course. She had made that very clear when I had moved in with her that she had her needs and

that included real men and a 'real' sexual relationship with a 'real' man. She didn't really understand how much that hurt me.

But still, I felt so wonderful myself when we were in bed together and she let me touch her. At times, I felt as if I really did have my penis still. I felt it was me still, Web Arnold, making love to a woman and not using my fingers on her to arouse her.

My girl friend had introduced me to her 'best friend' one night. I didn't understand when she showed me the vibrator exactly what she meant. But in bed, she showed me what she meant and then she did something I never expected her to do in a million years. She used it on me.

I was clutching and holding on to her in no time. "Stop! Stop!" I was screaming hoarsely as the feelings and emotions that went through me were so intense, nothing at all like when she casually brushed her soft fingers over where I had been operated on.

"You don't like that?" my girl friend had asked me, cuddling up to my nude body.

What was I to say? Liking and not liking weren't the words to use about what I had just experienced. I hadn't realized what it would be like for a woman to have one of those things inside her going off. No wonder that some husbands could not compete with action like that.

I was a man and I still felt the buzz of that thing right through me up to my gritted teeth. "Let's try something else then," said my girl friend then and she opened the lower drawer, the one she had told me never to open, and she took out this long, bendy, plastic thing. Only when the head of it came up in front of my eyes could I see that it was shaped just like a man's phallus.

"Oh, goodness!" I gasped. "What in heaven's name is that?"

“This, my darling,” said my girl friend, kissing me and stroking my skin which was nearly as hairless as hers, “is my artificial man. It’s a dildo, silly, and this one I just had to buy the other day since it’s double-ended, see? The moment I saw it in the marital aids shop, I thought of the two of us.”

“I’m not putting that thing inside me!” I told my girl friend as she began to put Vaseline jelly on both ends. But my girl friend is very persuasive, very loving, and she wants me to enjoy everything in the world just as I did before. ‘Before’ meaning, of course, before I lost my penis. She wants me to still enjoy sex and, after a fashion, I do, sleeping with her, caressing and cuddling with her, arousing her when she takes my hand and puts it on her clit and using my fingers on her to make her reach an orgasm which she loves to do.

I said that my girl friend was persuasive, didn’t I? So, I did let her put the dildo against me as she worked her way excitedly onto it. Then she began tugging at me and, because the end she had given me was so greasy, it really went into me as well. It was so ridiculous but she was bouncing around on it and I found that when I sort of pushed on the thing, she could feel it inside her and so pressing in again and again and for the first time since I had left the hospital, I actually felt like I had made love to a woman when my girl friend started writhing about all over the place.

Of course, it was kind of scary when she wouldn’t stop and rose up over me, her lovely breasts so hard and her nipples so aroused and she pushed the thing hard, in and out of me, and I became so aroused as well. My nipples were hard, it was one of the side effects of the surgery that they had grown and become kind of flabby, like my chest. With the love we were making, they became so

hard and my chest thrust up a little as well, bouncing a bit as she kissed my chest as I had kissed hers.

I had this condition said Dr Niemens, who was as much my doctor as Dr Anderson as he was always there in my room at the hospital, experimenting on me all the time. If anyone knew my insides well, it was Dr David Niemens. He was a gynecologist and obstetrician by trade but Dr Anderson gave him *carte blanche* to treat me. He was nice, with sandy hair and very soft hands.

“Oh, this is not like anything I’m reading about in the literature,” David said enthusiastically to me. “I’m sure that George and I can do this and get you back to being a fully functioning male very soon. I hope you don’t mind but you are definitely going to be in the textbooks for years to come.”

Of course I minded but he and Anderson, who I gathered was writing a paper about me, were always careful never to use pictures of me that showed my face or ‘any distinguishing marks’ George Anderson promised. If he thought for one moment that that was going to save his precious Whiteplant Hospital from being sued by me and my very avaricious girl friend, so cheerful and honest about it, he was very much mistaken.

So, when my nipples rose and hardened, like hers if not quite as big, she kissed and caressed them as I had kissed and caressed hers. Then, as they say, I felt the earth move and I came to a climax like I hadn’t come in a year. Oh, how I threshed about and how my girl friend giggled and poured it on and it was so marvellous to finally feel as if I was frigging a woman again, even though I was threshing beneath her. She kept pressing in on me, doing more than a little threshing herself, long after all my nerve endings had frayed and returned to normal.



So, we made love like that many times and made promises to each other never to mention what we did, and how comforting it was to both of us, to the lawyers and counsellors who were all circling my lawsuit like buzzards.

Still, it wasn't enough for my girl friend. She wanted a real man, she confessed, blushing after I found the note on the floor that had dropped from her pocket, the one that set up a weekend out for her with a man named Ken.

"It's all right," I told her manfully. "Go on out, please. Have a wonderful time and I'll see you when you get in tomorrow."

Well, that one didn't go well with Ken and I was treated to the sweetest of lovemaking sessions that afternoon when she got back. We both climaxed a few times riding the dildo and my girl friend told me again how much she loved me and that I really was the only man for her. I was so unlike other men. (Really, I thought. Now how did you ever figure that out?) I was so kind, so caring, so understanding and she was never going to leave me and we should think about getting engaged and married, shouldn't we?

Well, I would have loved to but then she met Jack and stayed out one night with him. I was far too reticent, with my condition, to mention it again and she didn't and so that disappeared from my thoughts.

Jack had to go to Arabia or somewhere and my girl friend started dating other men, lots of other men. And she felt so guilty when she came home and I was in our bed, all alone while she had been out with such a wonderful guy and he had done this and that to her. Sometimes she demonstrated most kindly on me, not noticing most of the time the effect of her lovemaking on me as I tried to conceal that I was really being sexually aroused as she had been.

Sometimes I just had to take a cold shower and make like nothing amiss had happened but sometimes I couldn't hold back and then she realized that she didn't need the dildo to make me come. The little witch made me pay

then for holding out on her and so my nights with my lovely girl friend became nights of passion and ecstasy and when we were entwined together, it was very hard to tell us apart, I'm sure. When we were in bed, that is.

"I will be fine," I said again to my girl friend. "If I get really bored, I'll just head out to the cheap theater and see a movie."

"Oh, don't do that," said my girl friend then.

I was really surprised. "Why not?" I asked her.

"You don't recall the last time we went?" she asked me. "That guy in the ticket booth. He called you 'Miss', if you remember, and you got pretty angry. And those boys behind us who were following us and calling after us." I remembered all the times I heard, "Miss! Miss!" which the young idiots had called after me. Well, I had decided to have my head shaved and go back to a crew cut. That would put an end to that nonsense. And I was going to work out more. And, and, and ...

"Have you looked at yourself in the mirror lately?" my girl friend asked me then and I had to frown at that. "Really looked at yourself?" she went on.

"I look at myself every day," I told her crossly.

My girl friend took me over to the mirrored door then and let me stand looking at myself. Well, my dark hair was longer than it should be but then, the mall was a nasty place for me of late. Wait till the operation that George Anderson had promised me was done. I would be able to work out properly. I would be able to grow hair on my face again and I would be able, I knew it, to kick some serious butt.

"Your skin is as soft as mine," said my girl friend, "and you've not a suggestion of a five o'clock shadow, have you? Your waist, have you seen how thin that

you've become. I know that you're thinner than me because I put on your jeans and I couldn't close the buckle anywhere near where you do. And you probably haven't noticed it but the fatty tissue on your chest is being matched by the roundness and fatty tissue at your hips. That's why all the kids at the supermarket call you 'Miss', Web. They're not trying to be funny. They think you are a girl. When we hold hands, that's why those kids were calling us 'dikes' and 'lesbos'."

"Dr Anderson said that nothing was going to change about me!" I wailed.

"He's not the expert on this," said my girl friend then. "David Niemens knows more than George has ever done. I had a good, long talk to him while you were in there getting all those reassurances from George. David said that this would likely happen. He doesn't buy the idea that your remaining testicle is functioning properly. He says, yes, you are partially castrated by what's happened to you and he would put you on a course of male hormones if you really wanted to be a man again."

"More drugs!" I said bitterly. "Oh, I suppose I'll see him again."

"In the meantime," said my girl friend, "why don't we go out my way tonight, together?"

"You just said," I began impatiently.

"Not as a butch girl in jeans and a shirt and her girl friend," said my girl friend then with a smile. "I do so want to see that new Angelina Jolie movie and I can't get anyone to go with me. Let me dress you properly so that no-one will question you and let's go and snuggle up in the back row and enjoy a good cry."

So, my girl friend washed my hair and set it. I didn't realize that she'd set it in a girl's hair style until she took the towel off my head and it fell about the narrow eye-

brows I had just been telling her off about doing to me. A few brushes of lipstick and I couldn't believe what my face looked like.

"Let me do your eyes," my girl friend pleaded with me. "You have such lovely eyes. Watch what will happen when I put a little eye shadow and eye liner on them."

And blusher and face powder and a redder lipstick and earrings and my hair brushed and styled. I said that my girl friend was a great coaxer. But she was right. With a few hair clips in my hair, I did look like a girl, even in my shirt and jeans.

Well, I didn't stay in shirt and jeans for long. My girl friend told me that I should wear a skirt. It was just like wearing shorts but I wouldn't embarrass her if I tried to be a boy in shorts on a hot day as I had before. Well, she got me into a top as she called it and one of her thin sweaters and a dark skirt just to prove to me that I would never be challenged. Well, she was right. I did look so much like a girl in a skirt that it was scary.

"You have to take your underpants off though," my girl friend told me. "You don't sit properly all the time, even in here, on the bed. You'll be noticed by other girls, at least, believe me, if your skirt moves the way it does when you take too big a stride. You have to wear a couple of pairs of panties and then I'll feel safe going out with you."

I didn't feel safe but my girl friend was excited and giggly like a little schoolgirl, her date blown off for that weekend, as she and I went out and saw Angelina in *Changeling*. It wasn't quite the chick flick that I thought it would be. Well, my girl friend got even with me the next night as we went back and saw *Rachel Gets Married* and *Mamma Mia!* one after the other and I was in drag with panty-hose and little shoes with two inch heels on them.

The kids working the theaters called me 'Miss' quite naturally and I thanked them in the whisper that my girl friend said I had to talk in. She ostentatiously gave me a *Hall's* then as we went up arm-in-arm to the theater. A really nice guy made me shiver all over by smiling at us and asking us which movie we were going to. He wanted us then to go into *Saw*, four, I think, the horror flick, and cuddle up with him, one on each arm.

I had loved horror films once for the way girls cuddled up on me. I thought for a minute that my girl friend was going to accept the guy's offer but she didn't.

"See," she said as we sat together and I had to re-sit and smooth the skirt I was wearing beneath me. "Girls together. That guy had a friend as well. Did you see that? We could have double-dated, you know. We should do that and soon. I hate going out and leaving you, my best friend alone." Well, I guess I had overtaken the vibrator, I thought. "I am going to arrange it, seriously, my girl." That sent all kinds of shivers through me. "Next weekend. What name would you like me to call you when we go out with Jack and his friend?"

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I was telling Dr Anderson again and again all about Julie and about her tigerish manner in bed. Then, somehow or other, my mother and father were there, contradicting everything I said, criticizing, disapproving, my father gleeful as they watched Julie and me. We did it over and over again, Julie oblivious to my parents but stark naked, urging me on.

But that wasn't right as Julie always like the lights off and I tried to turn them off but my father kept pulling the lamp away from my hand. I could never reach it as Julie

grunted and rode me, rocking back and forth, perspiration running down her body between her breasts. I had never seen her like that before, her necklace swinging in my face, her smile tense, her body all pink and white.

And what were Hope, my older, married sister, and Tara, only just sixteen, my younger sister doing there. Why wasn't Tara in grade school as she was supposed to be? I hadn't seen her since when? Since she'd first gone off to school, that's when. What were they doing in my parents' bedroom in Holden, watching Julie attack me? And there was Dr Anderson with his notebook, hardly looking at us writhing together, it seemed. But still he was doing something. Ye gods, were those pictures of us he was drawing?

"Come on, Web. Snap out of it," said Dr Anderson's gruff voice. "It may be a lovely dream that you are having, but you've got to wake up some time."

Just like that, then, I was awake, fully, and aware that I had been dreaming. I remembered being awake before and Elaine Kaster being there, Nurse Elaine Kaster, and she was saying that the operation was successful. I felt so happy, even though the troubling dream was over. I yawned.

"Please snap out of it," said Dr Anderson once more.

"I'm all right," I murmured. The dull pain I'd endured before had given way to numbness and non-feeling. It was fantastic and must be the drugs I was on. It was so pleasant after the last day or so as I had waited for the processing of the samples George had taken to take place and then things had moved so quickly. Or so I thought.

"Sit up, Mr Arnold," said Dr Anderson formally from the familiar armchair.

I yawned again, stretched and opened my eyes as the rode up mechanically into sitting position. "What's up,

doc?" I said, smiling, as Anderson snorted and stared at me as if I was stupid. "It's okay. Kaster told me it was all a success, whatever it was that you did."

"Listen carefully, Mr Arnold," said Dr Anderson emphatically, his deep voice having quite a hollow ring in the large, empty room. "The operation I performed was indeed a success. I amputated your penis."

The bald statement of fact did not penetrate my foolish brain for several moments. George Anderson stared hard at me and waited until finally the awful truth sank into my befuddled mind.

"You did what!" I screamed, jerking up off the pillow, trying to look down past all the tubes and machines attached to the bed to what should be between my legs.

"It was necessary to save your life," said Dr Anderson firmly. "The infection from the abscess got into the cut you sustained from Dr Lazarowich. It was too far gone, too much flesh was infected, rotten. I did what I had to do."

I screamed. I ran my hands down my body and over my thighs, throwing the covers out of the way. There were far too many bandages there, however, for me to feel anything at all. My whole body shook, my heart seemed to be coming out of my chest as I frantically tore at the tightly taped bindings over my lower abdomen.

"Please don't do that," said George Anderson, finally seizing my hand. "There's nothing you can do, Mr Arnold. It's not there any more. I should know."

I couldn't help it. "You bastard!" I screamed at him. "You castrated me!" Tears were streaming out of my eyes as I thought about what I was now. In my worst nightmare, I had never imagined that I would be a eunuch. "You should have let me die!"

"I did not castrate you," George Adamson said angrily. He was saying more about how one testicle had been too far gone and had had to go, how he had worked and worked and saved one testicle. It was inside me like a young boy's undescended testicle that could be brought down when it was needed.

"And I saved much of your outer skin, the sensitive parts after I sliced it open to get at the infected parts of the muscle," Adamson went on as I sobbed and put my hands over my ears and so I don't know if what I remember was all that he said, whether it was true or not, or if I missed something important I should have heard.

"The lining around the duct is your previous foreskin, the most sensitive part of your body," Dr Anderson plowed on at whatever point he was making. I had no penis, that was all that I could think of. I was a figure of pity and a figure of fun for everyone to point at. I couldn't concentrate on anything but the ruins of my life and how everyone, even Anderson, would be talking about me behind my back.

"... I lined the duct that I had to make with your skin and healthy tissue," Anderson was droning on. "Now if you douche it properly, the duct, it will all be there when we construct your new penis from muscle and cartilage, probably, skin for the scrotum from your thigh. It grows back there and you will be a man again as good as new. We may not use cartilage as that might make you be in a permanent state of being aroused but ... better than you have now."

I tried to hit him. I yanked on all the things fastened to me and the orderlies came pouring into the room and got to me. I felt the pinpricks in my arms as I screamed at them and at that pervert torturer, Dr Anderson, and what he had done to me, ruining my life. I welcomed the oblivion that came to me at last. I wished with every rigidly

held part of my body, what parts I had left, anyway, that the blackness and forgetfulness would never end.

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"I can't do this," I told my girl friend and she laughed at me and told me that I could.

"I can't go on a date with a man," I protested and she nodded her head and told me that I could so.

"You've been out enough times in public with me now, haven't you, Angela?" she said to me, sending little twinges of excitement through me when she used the girl's name for me that she had decided to call me.

"But going out with a man is too different," I told her as I sat in my jeans and sweater, my page boy hair flopping about my eyes. "I'd really have to dress up like a pretty girl and ..."

"And that's why I've booked us for the day into *Gina's Spa and Beauty Salon*," said my girl friend with a twinkle in her eye. "It really is a spa with the most wonderful of swimming pools which we'll start the day off in. You watch, by the end of the day, you'll be so delighted to have a man waiting to take you out on the date of your dreams."

"The date of your dreams," I retorted. "I should be the one waiting for you in a tux with my limo standing by."

"Oh, come on, Angie," said my girl friend then. "We've been over that before. I am not going out again and leaving you at home. I'm not. I'm going to enjoy myself with Jack and you are going to enjoy yourself with his friend, Trent. They've both agreed and they'll be there at *Gina's* to pick us up when we walk out in our new dresses and new high heels, ever inch of us a lady of class."

“A lady of class,” I said derisively. But my girl friend’s excitement and enthusiasm were infectious. She swore she couldn’t enjoy herself without me, her ‘bestest’ of friends with her, enjoying myself as well. I did love her and I did want her to be happy and so, knowing I wouldn’t enjoy it, in a weak moment, I agreed to go with her, to double-date with a man so that she and Jack could really get it on, a treat she had been denying herself for weeks to go out with me.

From the moment the taxi dropped us off in the morning at *Gina’s*, I knew that I had made a big mistake. We walked into a tiled foyer that spoke of money and class. I had no idea how much we were paying for our day-long visit for ‘the works’ at this establishment and I didn’t want to know.

The woman with waved blonde hair who showed us into the change rooms looked like a movie star and made me feel like a child from the gutter. She took our purses and held them as if they were something odious.

“You will have new purses awaiting you at the end of the day,” she said to us, “with, of course, your personal effects.” It sounded as if, before the day was over, we would be dead and someone else would be collecting what we had left behind.

Another assistant was there to help us out of our clothing, out of our dresses and slips, our panty hose, and our bras. Yes, the gynaecomastia that affected me unabated had made my male breasts, as David Niemens called them, grow larger and larger. We were about to go out of the door together, me surreptitiously folding my arms across my breasts while my girl friend stood there in all her splendor. The assistant, though wanted our earrings, our necklaces, bracelets, rings and our panties.

It was the most embarrassing thing that I had ever done in my life. My girl friend took my hand and dragged me out, the assistant looking at me and smiling as I went with my friend out through the change door and into the warm steam of the pool.

It was one of those pools that are like a real beach that you walk into. My girl friend let my hand go and went running and squealing into the pool then where there were over thirty women all stark naked and paying no attention to me.

My girl friend splashed me and the water was warm. She laughed at me and turned to dive into the water that was a little deeper. I couldn't go back. I had heard the lock click behind us when we had come into the spa's swimming pool. The only thing was to go deeper in and hide in deeper water.

So I ran in as my girl friend had and dove in where she had gone. It was like that old joke then about the man who woke up and he was in the swimming pool with thirty absolutely beautiful, gorgeous, shapely, naked women. That was the good news. The bad news was that he was one of the naked women.

Everywhere I looked as I swam underwater there were women's vaginas at my eye level. There were all kinds and all colors. Some were shaved, some completely depilated. Others were hairy. Some had visible clits and some didn't. I saw one woman's hand idly caressing herself, her clit seeming to grow even as I watched.

My girl friend must have known what I was doing for a hand grabbed my head then and pulled me to the surface and there I was, standing with a group of laughing, bare-breasted women, and I was a bare-breasted woman as well.

“Isn’t it wonderful to be a woman?” my girl friend sparkled at me. As we had been told, neither of us wore makeup but still there was something so girlish and seductive about my girl friend. I admired her so as she was the real McCoy while I was just ersatz, like coffee made from chicory weed.

“It’s so embarrassing,” I whispered to her. The high, lilting voices all around me were like little birds chirping. I couldn’t sound like that. One of these women only had to hear me speak once and they’d be throwing me out, as naked as I was in the pool, I was sure.

It was so much more than embarrassing. It was shameful for me to be there in a private spa for women. I shouldn’t be there, not being a woman. But my girl friend grabbed me by the hand and pulled me down into the water again and there she was, her eyes open underwater, grinning at me as she drew me into deeper water and beautiful female bodies swam by us, water surging over them as they swam.

We surfaced and swam to the side and I felt so cleaned by the water, even though I had bathed and showered that morning, at home and at the pool.

“Miss Arnold, Angela Arnold,” said a voice over the PA and my girl friend took my hand and led me, still naked to the exit where an assistant crossed off our names on a list and led us into the massage rooms.

That was the start of an absolutely incredible day. I was pampered and massaged and shown the secrets of how to be a beautiful woman. Well, the main secret was to have enough money to visit *Gina’s* often, I thought. During the day, I was depilated completely. As the girl said to me, I was naked as I had been when I was a little girl. Little did she know and I shivered as she looked at my thing, the thing that wasn’t there and told me what a

lovely shaped 'flower' that I had. She knew an artist, she said, who would love to immortalize my vagina after taking a mold of me. Was I interested?

"No," I said fearfully.

"Yes, she is," said my naked girl friend. "She would love it. She's just too shy and repressed to admit it to a stranger."

The girl laughed and made a note on her clipboard then as I was protesting.

"Please," I said to my girl friend as we sat, naked of course, her breasts so much larger and heavier than mine but my legs seemed longer and slimmer. Each of us was so sleek however with not a hair in sight to mar the perfection of our bodies. We glistened with all the lotions applied to us after our tanning sessions. We had no bikini lines, nor any sign of unsightly hair. We strolled through the day like goddesses, perfumed afresh on the hour, our faces in mud packs, our eyelids treated with avocado.

We had our hair cut and styled by a man who didn't seem to notice that we were naked women. Well, we were all wall to wall in our nakedness and then I had my makeup applied as I received my manicure and my pedicure.

I hadn't known what outfit my girl friend had brought for me to wear. I should have expected that she would have ordered me a completely new outfit from head to toe. Even the assistants oohed and aahed as they helped me into my tiny silver lamé panties. I had a silvery, frilly garter belt to put on and silver-flecked white stockings to wear.

Yes, my girl friend had decided that I was to be a girl from the inside out. I had a bra to match my panties, a lovely camisole and then the loveliest of silver lamé dresses, the tiny straps concealing the even tinier straps of

my camisole and bra. All of that forced up my bra and, with the slightest of soft padding, I had phenomenal cleavage and breasts that strained against the deep, square neckline of my dress.

The dress swirled widely out about my knees and I knew then that I was a girl. I felt so girlish as I stepped into my strappy heels that the assistants fastened for me and there were my toes, beneath my heaving breasts, such a deep, blushing pink like my fingernails and my new lipstick.

My hair was swept back on the sides and mostly blonde. The sweep of the waved, thick hair revealed my earrings and the golden stud and the wide danglers that shone from my ears. My face hardly looked like my face, my eyebrows so thin and so high, my eyelashes so thick, blackly outlined and appearing so natural as did my beautiful lips. I glowed with the lotions and tanning and primping that I had been so pampered with. I was fragrant from head to toe with womanly scents and fragrances.

A tiny gold chain held a heart-shaped locket between my breasts. "A picture of one who loves you should always be in your heart," said my girl friend now not so naked but like me with lots of feminine flesh showing. When I did open it much later, there was, of course, a picture of her in it and me, smiling and looking so girlish. I had no idea when it had ever been taken and when I could ever have been looking like that.

My girl friend made me practice walking in my heels a few times before Gina herself brought us the white, fake fur, silk-lined coats that my girl friend had bought for me.

"At this rate," I murmured to her, "we'll be through our fist million by the end of the month!"

"Then we'll start on the second one," said my girl friend cheerfully, leading me to the way out.

Gina stood in the doorway beaming at us. "Oh, what beautiful girls," she said to us and I had that tingle through me again as I recognized then what I was and what my girl friend wanted to be. Yes, I was a girl. I felt like a girl. It was at that time exactly what I wanted to be.

"The limousine is here with Mr Colby and Mr Dollard," said a gorgeous assistant coming from the main doorway.

"Trent Dollard?" asked Gina as she hugged me and let me sense her wonderful perfume, so rich and seductive and making me think of harems and dancing for the sheikh and owner of his women. "He is here for you?" she asked me in surprise.

"Yes," my girl friend answered for me. "Jack Colby for me and his friend, Trent, for Angela."

"Oh such eligible bachelors," murmured Gina, adjusting my dress and skirt so that it was just perfectly peeping out of the front of the coat. "Only the best is good enough for such young men. No wonder that you come to Gina's to be prepared for the ball."

A ball? I looked daggers at my girl friend and she smiled beautifully at me. But, in the glass wall behind her, I could see that I smiled, looking just like her, save that my beautiful hair was mostly blonde while hers was brilliantly red as it always had been.

"Let's go, Cinderella," my girl friend said to me and the assistants swept the door open and we minced daintily out into the evening. Two tall, handsome men looked overawed, as they should, by the smiling, attractive women coming out to meet them.

Trent's mouth had dropped as he looked at me. He had the shoulders of a football player but I knew nothing else about him. I didn't know that he was one of the richest men in the city and that he could have had any of a thousand girls in his bed with a snap of his finger. He could have had half a million of any age and beauty on a date but he was looking at me in awe.

"I hope I don't disappoint for a blind date," I said to him in the cultured, womanly voice my girl friend had made me practice, and smiled at him. Wow, I saw myself then in the car window and, darling, I looked fabulous. I opened my coat as it was a warm night and his eyes almost popped out of his head. No, I thought triumphantly and I had no idea why I should feel like that, as if I was triumphant.

I smiled at my date, thinking, you have never been out with a woman like me before, Trent. But if you play your cards right, Trent, my darling man, and romance me and make me feel just womanly enough, well, who knows, you might just find out what kind of panties I was wearing and you might even get to take them home as a memento of our evening. Well, why not?

I knew just from looking at him that he was going to be not only the first man I had ever dated but the first man who was going to make love to me. I knew that my girl friend had chosen him perfectly for me and wanted him to be my first. I didn't put it past her to have talked to him already and to have prepared him on how to make love to me, a virgin as far as men were concerned, so that I would be treated just as tenderly and romantically as she did me in bed so often.

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Oblivion had to end. I awoke and my hands and my feet were restrained. I could raise my head only with difficulty. I began to cry at the injustice of it all. I cried in despair as I thought of all the girls I had never made love to and should have. I cried for all the girls I could never make love to in the future. I cried as I despaired about my life in the future ever being worth living. There was no point to it at all. I should just crawl off in a corner somewhere and die.

“What a man,” said a soft voice then. Nurse Elaine Kaster came out of a dark corner of the dimly lit room, her blue nursing outfit having fitted in well with the grey walls.

I felt my temperature rise as I sweated and tugged at the restraints but they held easily.

“Is that all there is to being a man?” taunted the nurse I knew now as Elaine. She came to the top of my bed and leant over the movable side. Her hair glinted as it fell in red waves about her soft-featured face. “Oh, it’s tough, I’ll grant you,” she said softly. “But a man’s more than a sex drive, isn’t he? And besides, with what cosmetic surgeons have learned in transsexual operations, they can construct you a new penis, you know, if that’s so all-fired important to you, Web.”

Elaine clicked a switch and lowered the side of the bed. I tried to twist away from her but she laid a hand on my chest. I quivered. “There,” she said. “Just the same as it’s always felt, right? No change there.” She lowered her head then, her large blue eyes staring into mine and she kept them open as she kissed my cheek gently, working over on to my mouth.

“See,” she finished, pulling away with a little smile as she stood. “Everything the same as it was before. *A kiss is still a kiss ...*”

Elaine then stood up and walked over to the door with the most graceful walk I had ever seen. It was the most exquisite of tortures anyone could have played on me, I thought angrily for a moment, as I felt my throbbing, erect penis lusting after her, right there between my legs. It felt like it was a foot high but when I looked down the bed, sure I was tenting the bed clothes, there was nothing but the flat sheet across my hospital gowned body.

Julie, delectable, embarrassed, incredibly sexy in her short red dress, cried all the time when she came to see me. She promised that nothing had changed between us. Nothing. It was all going to be well. The doctors, someone named David Niemens had told her – he said that he was a doctor on my case but if he was I had never met him or heard of him then – the doctors were sure that I was going to be so wonderfully well in a short time after they had given me a third operation. I would be able to make love to her and to have children with her. Nothing between us was ever going to change.

Julie kissed me passionately after her fifteen-minute visit and said goodbye with a sweet smile. Her ring, the engagement ring she had told no-one about, was there under the pillow after she had gone.

I couldn't control myself for a while then. I crushed the ring in my hand and began to cry. I pulled myself up in the bed, David Niemans, the gynaecologist having come in to introduce himself and to release me from the restraints. He started telling me that to try to understand what Julie was feeling and asking me to be good to her.

“What about my feelings?” I screamed at him and he left quietly, saying that Julie was taking it better than I was. I didn’t know what ‘it’ was.

As soon as I was up, I reached down my legs and felt the flat space between my legs. Everything was still bandaged and catheter tubing protruded from the tightly taped operation site. But it was so flat.

I gave way to despair. I wanted no-one at all and certainly not the outspoken, little nurse who had kissed me so lovingly. Her kiss I could still feel though I couldn’t remember Julie’s at all. Then I rolled up in a little ball and I cried for hours, feeling so sorry for myself. I cried as I thought of all the botched relationships I would have with women in the future and how the word would soon get around that I was a man without a penis.

I could imagine how my mother and my sisters would look at me if I tried to explain and my father. Well, he had fallen off a mountain and so my shame wouldn’t tell on him any more. I sobbed and sobbed as I thought of the miserable existence I had to look forward to.

“You’re going to have to snap out of this,” said the familiar, gruff voice.

I had just about cried it all out of myself and I felt so drained. Anderson, though, brought back all the anger and despair that I had briefly overcome.

“I should call your mother for you,” Dr Anderson began, sitting down in the chair that Julie had pulled over so close to me.

“No,” I said hoarsely, burying my head under a pillow. “I can’t see them now. Not now. Not them, too.”

Anderson was quiet for a while. “She couldn’t face it, huh?” he asked quietly. “Well, that’s life. There are always people like that. Those who can’t face up to less

than perfection. They can't stand those with a handicap ..."

"Some handicap!" I screamed, lifting my head, my fair hair falling across my forehead and I had to flick it back.

Anderson sighed. "You don't know what I've done for you, do you?" he asked, his face intense. "I saved your life, man. Saved your life! Now I know many men who'd be grateful for that, no matter the cost. You've got a long life ahead of you. I want to tell you that you'll be coming back here many times more and you'll get the best of medical attention absolutely free ..."

"I'm still going to sue you bastards," I snarled at him.

George Anderson smiled. "You can only do that if you live," he told me quietly. "Now, let's take a look at what I did for you."

I couldn't look as Anderson used very sharp scissors to cut away the tight bandaging. "As I said before, you must douche this," he said to me then, straightening up and pressing the button to call someone from the nursing station. "I think I did a marvellous job here in lining the duct as I did. You wouldn't have wanted all that skin and the little stub of muscle hanging out there in front of you, would you? This is neat and tidy and very accessible for usage when we reconstruct your penis and scrotum for you."

It was Elaine Kaster who answered Anderson's call. She actually smiled at me in a most friendly way as she extinguished the call sign. "Yes, doctor," she said.

"I left an examination tray and instructions at your station," the doctor said then, "but you can watch me and see how we do this."

I was shaking as he took out a shiny metal tube, a wide one. He lubricated it and inserted it most easily into me and what was so awful was that he left it in there.

"You change this one, for the one on your tray, and you sterilize this one and keep the cycle going," Anderson said to her. "You've given a douche before. Well, Dr Niemens will show you again how to do it."

"Niemens?" asked Nurse Kaster, her pretty brows creased as she frowned. "He is waiting to see you but he's a gynecologist, isn't he? What would you want an O-B-G-Y for in a men's ... Oh, yes, yes, I see."

Her face was the color of her hair as she looked at me. I couldn't help the embarrassment I felt then. Only a few days later did I ask another nurse what the letters had stood for and she said brusquely. "Everyone knows that. It's a quicker way of saying obstetrician-gynecologist. They deal with problems dealing with mothers and women. You got someone you know being treated by OBGY and they'll be on the women's ward."

That was frightening. I had someone who dealt with women assisting Dr Anderson with the 'duct' that he had made into me.

"You've given me a vagina," I accused Anderson when he and Niemens were there together and they both looked at me as if I had gone mad.

"It's not a vagina," said Anderson, looking hard at Niemens who had begun to blush. "Look, Web, I had to do something with all the stuff you had hanging down after the removal of all the diseased tissue. I was trying to save all I could and not leave you with no basic plumbing in your lower body."

"If it's not a vagina, why him?" I asked Anderson.

"It's not a vagina," cut in Niemens then quickly. He smiled. He had a much nicer bedside manner than Anderson. "A duct or a vent would be a good word for it. No, I work with hormone systems all the time and something like this," he pointed to my vagina as I insisted on calling it, "and what's inside you, what George has preserved for his planned penile construction which I think will be fascinating ... um, the hormones, yes, your hormones are bound to be knocked out of whack.

"I try to get women pregnant you know and so I have to know a lot about male endocrine systems as well as the female. That's why I'm here. You may need drugs to stabilize you as a male. It isn't unknown for some female characteristics, voice raised in pitch, male breasts, loss of hair on the face and body, to occur. But if you can put up with it, it's best to wait until surgery to reconstruct the penis before we flood you with male hormones and kick start all your male drives again as you'll have something then to, to, well, to relieve your male drives with.

"If we gave them to you now, how would you satisfy your male urges? I hope you see the problem and agree with our solution. Construct first and then the male hormones."

Niemens talked so eagerly that he had me convinced. I wish he hadn't told me later that almost everything he had said to me was bushwah. He really didn't have a clue what he was doing in treating a patient who was becoming more and more feminine by the day. He was just so glad when he met me again that everything had worked out well for me and he thought that I had become a 'smashing' young woman and could he have the next dance, please.

Anderson went on about folding the skin and saving it.

"But, but," I said again very loudly. "You've given me a vagina instead of my penis."

"No," thundered George Anderson. "The duct is inside the body, I grant you, and so you will have to douche as women who have just had sex have done for a very long time. But it isn't real, Mr Arnold. A man would not want to make love to you in that, oh dear goodness, no." Niemens had the sense then to look appalled at me. It made me believe him even more.

"Believe me, Mr Arnold," said Dr George Anderson with conviction. "You are as much a man today as you were the day that you first set foot in Whiteplant Hospital!"

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"We do need the money," Elaine said to me doubtfully. "But even I would find it rather demeaning."

I shivered and hung up the silvery dress that I had worn to *Pocorita's* that night with the brothers, Drew and Fraser. Elaine had wanted to go out and we had seen the brothers at a few clubs about town. Drew had danced with me somewhere else and I had been a little drunk. I had let him write his phone number on my thigh while my date for that night was off in the bathroom and Drew had wanted me to dance with him again.

*Pocorita's* was crowded, as usual, but one reason I liked it was that on the dance floor, you didn't really dance with anyone. There was a lot of solo or group dancing. So, with Elaine and me out there, even though we had the men trying to hold on to us, we could dance together and no-one was really any the wiser.

It hadn't been easy for me to dance in public but after Trent and then Peter, it was getting a lot easier. Elaine just

took it for granted now that we were going out as girl friends on the weekend. I was going weekly to *Gina's* to get my hair done, my nails done and have a spa treatment on occasion.

Only when I had seen the bills that Elaine was paying had I realized how generous she was being to me. Apart from her clothes as well, I had oodles of female clothing of my own, particularly my underwear. I still found it a challenge to go into *La Senza* or *La Vie en Rose* and buy bras for my men's breasts which were getting worse and not better as David had told me that they would.

"All the exercising I do," I had grouched to Elaine. "And look at me. I'm bouncing more than you are."

It wasn't a fair thing to say as Elaine was a little sensitive about being small-breasted. If my lawyer ever got off her sweet tush and got me a settlement at last from the Whiteplank Hospital, I had promised Elaine that I would pay for her to have breast implants.

Elaine had laughed at that and told me, "I will if you will." We had laughed at that, mine a very nervous laughter, but the way that I was changing in that department, it wasn't going to be very long and I wouldn't need any augmentation at all.

"You shouldn't complain," said Elaine then of my bouncing chest. "Peter really appreciates all that you've got, doesn't he?"

I just wish that Elaine had stayed in bed with Garry, Peter's friend, then. Later, she told me that Garry was 'boring' in bed and that was why she had come looking for me. I was so much more exciting. Well, she had walked in on me with my boobs all bare and out of my bra and Peter making a meal of me. I had my legs up around him and I could feel his manhood against my panties as I was so aroused. I was just on the point of sur-

rendering to ecstasy and passion completely, kissing Peter's neck and chest as rapturously as he was kissing mine, when my girl friend had walked in on me.

Poor Peter, he had been so annoyed. I think that he was in agony after he had had to stop doing what he was doing to me. It wasn't so bad for me. I covered up and agreed with Elaine's, "Time to go," command. I let my date kiss me all the way to the front door and his waiting partner. I did let Peter feel me, though, and arouse my passions almost to overflowing. I had Elaine after all to return to. As soon as the men were at the bottom of the stairs and leaving the apartment building, we would be in bed and taking up where Peter had left off with me.

"You and a man," teased Elaine then. "Whatever is your girl friend going to say about that, Angela?"

Since I was in bed with her and she was trying out a new dildo with me, pressing me down into the pillows and making me take on the femmy role as we called it, I knew that my girl friend wasn't going to object to anything at all that pleased me. She kept telling me that I had the best of both worlds. She meant that I was sleeping with her and since Trent, I was sleeping with men as well, just like her.

In fact, the next day, Elaine wanted all the details of what I had done with my boy friends and how I had felt. She had a hundred useful suggestions as well. I had quite given up on trying to be more manly. In fact, I was going in entirely the opposite direction. I spent my time when Elaine was working at the hospital on making myself pretty for her. Well, she laid out a routine for me each day. I had voice lessons to work at and makeup lessons to learn and she was always supplying me with the latest and propping open magazines on our dressing table mirror for me to practise with.

I loved to surprise her when she came home and she loved to see me all new and different. She'd still be in her nurse's blues, pants and a top and I'd always be in a skirt and stockings, my makeup often overdone, my hair in a new style, huge danglers at my ears and her favorite perfume all over me, especially on my thighs, which she loved to explore.

But it all cost money and I hadn't known how much. I hadn't realized how far into debt Elaine was sliding, supporting two elegant women in the lifestyle of the party girl to which I was becoming as addicted as she.

"Don't worry about it," laughed Elaine, as we tried on the newest, mini-dresses that she had insisted that we buy when we were out shopping on the weekend. "It's as easy to marry a rich man as a poor man. And who knows, Trent might stop being so frigging silly and come back to you and all our troubles will be over."

Trent had been the first man who had made love to me. He didn't arouse me as Elaine did and so, thankfully, I knew that going back to being a man was exactly the right thing for me. I didn't know, of course, with Trent being my first how uncreative he was. I was basically getting him off with my womanly body, which I enjoyed so much at the time, don't get me wrong.

I had shuddered for the longest time when he started to strip me and when he kissed my aroused breasts, small though they were. Every time, he would then take down my panties and caress me. I hadn't, until Peter, realized how that process could be extended so in foreplay until I was writhing and panting in his arms, pleading with him to ram his thing into me and bring me to a climax that I could rarely delay as long as Peter could his.

Did I feel like a woman making love to her man? With Peter, definitely. With Trent, I was conscious all the time

that I was a man and what I was doing with another man was kind of icky. But I liked kissing him and I had tingling inside me all the time as he held me and treated me like a girl.

Elaine was always there as well, laughing at me, encouraging Trent, and I might still be going out with him but for what Elaine said to Jack about her and me, and how we made it together and it was as good with me as it was with him. I don't think that it bothered Jack that his girl friend slept with me when he was off on business but it sure bothered Trent.

"You're a frigging dike," he had told me in the *Barbary Coast* night club. He had said it loudly and in front of people who knew Elaine and me.

"You're drunk and you're out of your mind," I had told him and he had flung a margarita into my face. Well, he got bounced out of the club and I had a bevy of beautiful girls to accompany me to the Ladies' Room and get cleaned up.

"Are you a lesbian?" a really beautiful redhead asked me as we strolled out of the Ladies', her arm under mine.

"No," I said with a shiver as Elaine and Jack descended on me, my makeup, my hair and my perfume all refreshed.

"Pity," said the redhead then with a lovely smile at me. She patted my tush as I stared in shock at her and then she was gone.

"See," said Elaine. "There are a lot of compensations that you can take advantage of, Angela, if you just let yourself go and stop being so uptight about being a man again some day. I love you just the way you are now," she went on, running her hands over my breasts as she pushed me down again in the pillows, her leg squeezing mine apart. "Sort of in between."

"I'm not in between a boy and a girl," I murmured to her, opening my legs and letting her caress me around the sensitive duct into my body.

"Oh, I'd agree with that," Elaine said. Only much, much later, did I realize that she was saying that I was much more of a girl than I thought that I was.

Well, at *Pocarita's*, with Drew and Fraser, I had far too many Bellinis, and so did Elaine. I don't know which of us suggested getting up in the cages and dancing around the poles they have there, but all the girls in the set we were with were doing it and flashing their breasts to the men.

I was laughing, tossing my hair and tasselled earrings around, when I do recall a blonde woman saying to me, "Your turn, gorgeous!"

Elaine grabbed me and tugged on me. "The ultimate thrill as a woman!" she yelled to me over the noise. "Turning on a whole room of men. Bump and grind, girl! Bump and grind!"

I think it was Bon Jovi blasting across the club and I laughed as I went up a couple of steps in my new open-toed high heels. I looked back over the crowd and they were all looking at me and pointing. That was the most terrifying moment in my whole existence, much worse than knowing that Trent was going to penetrate me as if I was a woman and I was going to let him do it. I was going to find out what it was really like to be a woman.

I stood there in shame for a moment but the crowd was screaming with the music about living on a prayer and I was saying my prayers then as well. I prayed to the Goddess, as Elaine called the deity, not to let me make a complete fool of myself. Elaine was gyrating like a teen-aged slut from *Girls Gone Wild* a few yards from me and so I looked at her and tried to do what she was doing.

I never expected Elaine to grab the pole and swing upside down, showing off her panties as her hair fell over her face and then beneath her as she was laughing. She pointed at me as she regained her balance and I realized that she was challenging me to do the same move as her.

Well, I gingerly took hold of the bar and it was just like the gymnastics classes we did together in the basement of the apartment building with the thundering music. It was usually just the two of us at 'woman's hour' as we did live in a building of older people. So we danced freely and it was always kind of inhibiting and silly to think that I was doing things as gracefully and womanly as my dancing partner but I did try.

I did a kick as I took hold of the pole and shivered as I realized that I had just showed off my black, lace panties to the crowd. I've had too much to drink, I thought, as I did the upside down twirl just as Elaine had, my lovely hair all over the place. I held it and danced upside down, my skirt falling over my waist, before I twirled around and landed without a wobble on my high heels and then did the sashay moves that I saw Elaine doing.

She was laughing at me, taking the pole and doing what I did then, and so we went on, synchronizing to the music. We were applauded as we tried to get out of the cages but the girls wouldn't let us out. We had to do more and then I realized what they wanted us to do. We couldn't leave until we had flashed our breasts to the crowd.

Elaine stared at me in shock as I did that as I danced and swirled, slipping the little straps over my arms and she got the message when the girls cheered me and let me out. Elaine did flash then and so we got back together and there were Drew and Fraser, hugging and kissing us and so we danced around them.

We only met at *Surrey's*, the restaurant next door, for lunch a day or so later, when this Latino guy moved his chair to the table we were at and smiled at us. "Ladies," he said, dropping his business card in front of me. "Interesting act you put on at *Pocarita's*, the other night. That upside down move on the pole," he said to me as I stared at him in agitation, wishing he would move off. I didn't like strange guys coming on to me anywhere, especially not in a regular restaurant. "I really liked that. I don't think that you girls are professionals but you sure could be."

Elaine grabbed the card. "Carlos Manuel?" she asked him. "*Nothing but Girls?*"

"Name of the shows I run in six, seven entertainment clubs in the city. I'm on the lookout for girls who can really dance. I don't care if you're pros or ..."

"Elaine is a nurse," I told him frostily. "She doesn't need another job."

"How about you, Angela?" Carlos asked then with a smile. "Yes, I do a little homework and what was it you were saying to Elaine in the Ladies' Room in the early part of the evening? You were saying that you really felt guilty about putting her into so much debt? You were promising her that you were going to look for a job, the best being a job on the Internet."

"Who told you all that?" Elaine asked angrily. "Look, Carlos Manuel. Get lost. Angela doesn't need a sleazy, dancing job. Anyway, she's going to be coming into money very soon and she doesn't need a job that bad."

Carlos spread his hands out and shrugged. "Couple of thousand a week to start," he mentioned, smiling at me. "Then there are the tips. Look, Angela. I'd start you off that big because I think you can really move and you've sexiness that you don't even know you've got. The guys

at *Pocarita's* even stopped watching the game at the bar when you were dancing. I've never seen that before.

"You got a future as an exotic dancer girl if you want it. Now, you got my card and you do need some rehearsing before you go on. Topless and bottomless earns the biggest money but we can start you off slow and work you into that. Call me, please. I do have a need for six or seven new girls on the weekend. I'll take you as well," Carlos said then with a smile to a shocked Elaine, "part-time, if I can get you to persuade your blonde friend to perform."

"It's demeaning," said Elaine then. "You can't be thinking of doing it. Look," she sounded really worried. "I did get you into all this going out and enjoying life with me. But that doesn't mean that I want my boy friend to be some blonde bimbo dancer in a sleazy club."

"It may not be so sleazy," I said. "You were the one who got me up into the cage at *Pocarita's* as well."

"But the *Eastside Men's Club*?" asked Elaine sarcastically. "Fifteen beautiful, naked girls and Webster Arnold as one of them? We don't need money that badly. No, I won't allow it."

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I douched my aching, swollen 'duct' as David, the discomfited, nice-speaking gynecologist had shown me how to do, every day for the weeks that they kept me on the ward.

I'd finally broken down and called my mother in the nursing home and she wanted to know why I hadn't been in to see her. "I'm in hospital, Mum," I said to her and it went right on by. She told me all about the troubles Hope was having with her husband, Carl, who was fooling

around on her, and she told me about Tara being upset about failing a course she should have passed.

That news was a year old. "Come and see me soon," Mum said. "I have to go as they want the phone for someone else."

I had bought her a cellphone and patiently showed her how to use it the last time I had seen her. I had called her on it and now she was saying that to me as if she was on the party line. She just didn't want to talk to me. I should go and see her soon as her senility was coming on. And no, I wouldn't be telling anyone in my family, I decided, what had happened to me.

I called the university and felt like a hypocrite at the genuine concern for my welfare that I felt from the prof whose list I was on. She would have been my mentor if I had been able to stagger into class and had any problems. I got a call from the registrar then telling me to take all the time I needed to get better from the 'blood poisoning' that I had suffered. I should not worry about classes as all moneys I had paid would be credited to me when I could start again.

My feelings of guilt disappeared when Elaine Kaster, she was almost my personal nurse now, came and took my landline phone and stored it for me. No cellphones on the wards was the rule at Whiteplant. Almost inevitably, she brought the pink, douche bag, it was from a gynecology ward, and got the bathroom ready for me to use it. I expected it from her but the sympathy she had treated me with for so long was gone. She expected me now to douche myself just as women did on the ward the bag had come from.

"I'm going to sue every son-of-a-bitch connected with this hospital," I said harshly to her as she tidied up my room.

"So you've said," murmured Nurse Kaster, getting ready to leave.

"I really mean it," I snarled at her.

Elaine Kaster stopped at the door and smiled wearily at me. "No, you don't," she said. "You can't put up with the publicity, not now anyway. If you had any balls at all, you'd have called a lawyer already, not kept on talking about it. You don't know how boring it is to listen to you go on like this, day in and day out."

I was stung by her words. My eyes stung and I was so choked up that I couldn't speak. She was so unfair! It wasn't Elaine Kaster who had lost her whole future. She hadn't seen love and sex and children just disappear!

So, I decided. I would call a lawyer right away and show Elaine Kaster, that smug, callous, cold-hearted ... whatever. I was too disturbed to try and think of the exact word to describe my personal nurse.

"By the way," said Elaine Kaster seriously. "Are you ready to leave tomorrow? I see on the board that you are checking out. Is there anything that I can do for you tonight? Anyone I can call to get your place ready for you when you arrive home?"

I was speechless. Leaving? Me! I had worked myself up into quite a bitter anger by the time that George Anderson came to see me again in response to my call.

"Well, nothing lasts forever," Dr Anderson said agreeably. "And we do have a place at Winfield convalescence for you ..."

"That's an old people's home!" I shouted at him.

"... Now that you're relatively well again," Anderson finished.

"I'm not well!" I screamed. "I'll never be well again!"

“Don’t be afraid of leaving,” said Dr Anderson soothingly. “We are still researching your case. Dr Niemens is doing yeoman work on your problem. I know there is a great deal of fear ...”

“I’m not afraid of leaving!” I yelled but in fact I felt terrified of going somewhere else and having to have my condition examined and facing new doctors and nurses, no more sassy Elaine Kaster, new people who would be aghast at what had happened to me, and condescending and at worse, making jokes about me.

“Mr Arnold,” said Dr George Anderson severely. “You must remember that Whiteplant is a surgical hospital for the most part. You will not be receiving a further surgery for a few months at least. We really do not have the room for a long-term patient like you. The beds are for patients, unlike you, who are really sick. I know this has been a traumatic time for you, but ...”

“I’m not leaving!” I pouted. “After what you’ve done to me ...” Emotion choked off my words and thoughts. “... lawyer ...” I mumbled at last, causing the doctor to grimace as he left me.

It was almost a relief, however, when they forcibly removed me the next day to Winfield. Dr Anderson checked me out again as I left.

“I suppose I have to leave some time,” I said as he brought me up to date on the experiment being conducted elsewhere on a patient like me, he said. A penile transplant was being tried. If it succeeded, I could be the next in line. Niemens would keep me posted.

“Glad you’re finally taking it well,” said Anderson then as he did the familiar examination of me, probing the surgery he had done on me.

"Oh, Ouch!" I gasped as he removed the plug from me. Then it was, "Oh, ow, wow, ah, oh," as he probed inside me, his probe almost disappearing into me.

"You felt all that?" asked Anderson in surprise, glancing at my perspiring, tense face.

"Of course," I said through gritted teeth. I felt his fingers as Anderson probed the soft and tender parts of my body. He grunted when I jerked and grabbed at his hands as I felt him searching and wiggling inside me.

"Well," Dr Anderson said at last as he prepared a new, metallic looking plug that I had to keep in me, "the nerve endings seemed to have survived the surgery and the after care, which is most surprising."

"That makes a difference?" I asked, shivering with strange feelings. Really, it felt as if, well, yes, it felt as if I had just had sex with someone. Oh no, sex with George Anderson? I tried to banish the thought!

"Definitely," said Anderson, actually smiling at me. I didn't like that smile.

"What about," I asked, hating to say it in words, "how about constructing an, an artificial penis? You said ..."

"An artificial penis?" mused Anderson, looking at me steadily. "You didn't want that, as I recall. Nevertheless, it might have to come to that," he murmured then, "if you continue to insist ... we may have to try ..."

"You said," I began again, thinking of how long I had been there in Whiteplant. Surely, he hadn't forgotten what he had assured me would be done for me.

George Anderson frowned. "We'll pay for your hospitalization and any work we need to do here. But constructing a penis isn't something that's done every day. We are consulting with experts in the transgendered field

and we will have a list of options for you to choose from very soon, I think."

"Options!" I exclaimed. "And I am not transgendered, whatever that is! I just want my penis back! What other option is there besides that?"

Anderson shrugged. "A penis isn't everything," he said. "A man is more than his penis, surely."

I had a blinding flash of thought then. "It was you who set up Elaine Kaster," I snapped at him. "She doesn't stop harping on that with me. But, George," I had not called him by his first name like that before. "You must understand how I feel, mustn't you? You're a man, too!"

"Yes," said Anderson slowly. "I'll be up to Winfield to see you soon. Relax, there, Webster. Have a nice vacation until you have to return to school and resume your studies. One way or another, you'll have a new penis before the year is out."

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I was wrong. The Eastside Men's Club was sleazy. If it hadn't been for the five hundred dollars that were pushed into my g-string as I was the 'new girl', I would have never told Elaine what I was doing.

"You're wiggling your ass for a bunch of perverted businessmen," she said in disgust to me.

"I, I have to earn some money," I told her with a shiver as I took all of our fresh, washed and dried underclothes out of the drier. It was all women's stuff, not a mannish item, not even a tee shirt, in sight as I carefully folded all the colored panties into two stacks, hers and mine. "The bills," I went on.

“Screw the bills,” snapped Elaine. “You know what’s going to happen next. It’s going to be some guy offering you money to go out with him. And you know what that’s going to make you.”

“Rich?” I asked her and she stomped off from the basement room and back to our apartment.

I followed her with the baskets of our lingerie and the few tops and skirts that I had washed. One of the cheeky guys on the fifth floor wanted to come and help me sort, or so he said as his buddy laughed. When I walked away from them in my tight skirt, carrying the baskets, they began to hoot like frat boys, like I had once upon a time.

“Wow, what a nice tush,” one of them said.

“And look at that wiggle,” said another.

I couldn’t help it, not with the way that Elaine had insisted that I walk since I had first gone out with her and, of course, with Trent.

“What’s this?” Elaine had wanted to know then, finding the five hundred that I had put under the clock on the mantelpiece shelf above the fake fireplace.

“Tips,” I told her, shuddering.

“You get that much in just one night?” she asked me dubiously. “What else did you have to do?”

“Nothing!” I told her with a shiver and I could see what she was thinking. “It’s, it’s just that I, I was the new girl and so, and so, all the guys ...”

“Wanted to cop a feel?” asked Elaine in disgust. “Those clubs give all women a bad name, you know. How far down did you have to strip?”

“P-Pasties and a g-string,” I told her. “The, the other girls say that a hundred in tips is a good night during the week, really. That was just because I was new. A hundred

was from Carlos. He, he asked me if I'd like to work in another club as well."

"What name are you using?" asked Elaine then.

"Candi," I told her in a whisper, shivering as I thought about the way that I had been introduced as 'eye candy' and how I had tried to do what Carlos and the other girls had told me and look a little over the men's heads who were gathered so closely around the stage to look at me as I cavorted around the pole as I had done in *Pocarita's* with Elaine.

"Candi what? Candi Cane?" Elaine sneered at me.

"There, there are already girls with that name all over," I told her with a shiver. "Candi Stripper." I finally had to admit to her.

How she laughed at that. She knew right away that I had to go on stage in a parody of a nurse's uniform, in white stockings, panties, and garter belt and dance, first about the pole, my blonde hair flying out everywhere as it was so enhanced by the hair extensions I had added to my natural hair. It was sprayed with enough hold as well that it held its shape even as I was writhing around the pole and pretending that I loved it.

"You are not to do this any more," Elaine said at last. "I'll talk to Sarah again." She was the lawyer whom Elaine had asked to take my case. As Elaine had said, we didn't want the most horrible of publicity, did we? We wanted a just settlement for what had been done to me. We wanted me to be made back into the man that I had been. And we didn't want the whole world making me into another John Bobbitt.

"She did say that there was an offer that she rejected out of hand," Elaine went on. "I should talk to her again and it will make our claim go a lot better, I think, if we don't have some hospital worker pointing out that you

are cavorting around a stage in the nude as a naughty nurse."

"I'm not a naughty nurse," I told her, trying to make a joke of it. "You are the naughty nurse in this relationship."

"And don't you forget it," said Elaine then. She put her arms out to me and we kissed. My lipstick got on her then as she wasn't wearing any and I couldn't go out without my makeup and hair done.

"I absolutely forbid you to do this exotic dancing any more," Elaine said as she wrestled and giggled with me in bed. Our friend, our little man, had come out of his drawer and she was on top of me and I was being bopped just as if I was a woman. I tried to hold back then but I couldn't. I had a climax just as if I was a man. I was Webster in full flight or so it seemed to me and yet she was on top, sliding over me, caressing me and getting so worked up herself. I don't think that she noticed my climax then as she began writhing as she came herself in the convulsive way that she does.

When she came down, Elaine said it again as I cuddled and kissed her. "I forbid it," she said with a smile, caressing my new earrings that I hadn't had time to take off. "I'm the only person in the world who is going to see you naked, Angela. I don't want men leering over my future husband."

Elaine was good about saying that to me all the time. Then it was, "No, don't start on the male hormones yet, please. Aren't we having enough fun as it is together? You tell George and David, and I will as well, that as soon as they have the surgical plan ready, then you'll start hormones full tilt. They're not ready yet, you know. Sarah said that they weren't planning on spending the money on your medical unit until late next year. Anderson must

have told them it was going to be a while to get everything ready.”

I didn't know if Elaine had it right. But I wasn't on male hormones and I was short of money. And I did love being Elaine's girl friend. I wanted to please her and I didn't mind doing things in bed with her that a very close girl friend would. She was so pleased as well that the men she arranged for me pleased me as well.

“I love sharing all this with you,” she would say after our girlie sessions in bed when I would have to tell her exactly what Eric, or Trent, or whoever had done with me. Elaine would tell me what she did with other men as well and recommended to me what I should do. And then she'd say, “And don't you forget that when you're a man again.”

But I could feel that receding more and more away from me. I knew that I wasn't much of a man, no, I wasn't anything of a man now, not with my breasts, my bloated tush and, yes, my vagina. Still, Elaine, as she had to go on shift, forbade me again to go to the Eastside and perform but, my whole body in a quiver, dressed in my high heels and a sexy dress and very clean panties, I did go back. I knew that we needed the money, I told myself, every dainty step of the way into the stage door entrance to the club.

The worst part of the dancing, well, the stripping, was when I had to get the tips from the men who had ogled me and had panted, as I had, when I had opened my legs and dropped onto the stage with nothing but the pasties on my nipples and the thinnest of strings between my legs. Well, I had dropped my dress off by then, my bra, keeping my hands in to make my cleavage appear more than it was. I'd danced my way out of my stockings, my garter belt and my panties as I got down to the g string as all the other girls showed me how to do.

That was when I had to get down on my hands and knees, the girls told me, with shakes of their long hair, and let the guys who were holding money out put it in my g-string. Oh, the men's hands touching me, some so callused and others soft and almost gentle, made me horrified at what I was doing. I was such a slut, I knew as I smiled and pouted at the men doing that for me. Carlos reminded me all the time that I had to smile and do little arches of my back as if I liked having men doing that and touching me as they did.

It's only for the money, I thought wildly, and then one guy kissed my buttock and his pals laughed but he gave me another tip while I squirmed and waved my finger at him. That made all the men laugh and another guy gave me a hundred but he wanted to kiss my soft buttocks as well. Feeling like a whore, I let him. Well, it had been a slow night and we had to work extra hard for our tips, Dolly had said to me.

One guy had his money in his mouth, a fifty dollar bill and he insisted that I take it mouth to mouth. Dolly had warned me and so I knew that I had to kiss him and that was why I was wearing so much sticky lipstick. He would be wearing me for the rest of the night. It was amazing the crude things that were said to me as I rolled about the stage in the latter part of the act that Carlos and his 'trainer', a peroxide blonde who worked in other clubs for him and was his 'lady', taught me.

I had almost quit then as Jenna was crude in telling me to spread my legs and let the guys get a look up my legs. She wanted me then to start off in a bottomless club as she said that I had a nice vagina. And that scared me. When she, a woman, looked at me naked as a jaybird, every hair on my body gone, she, a woman, could only think to say that I should go bottomless in dancing because I had such a nice vagina.

"Eastside is going that way in a month," Carlos said then. "The new regulations allow it and that will make them in line with everyone else. That's why I wanted to break you in first," Carlos smiled at me and Jenna suddenly gave me the evil eye. "It will be much easier to switch over to total nudity after a little while in g-strings."

"She needs a boob job," sneered Jenna at me then.

"I don't think so," said Carlos giving me what was meant to be an encouraging smile, I'm sure. "It's nice to see a natural girl from time to time. When your nipples perk up," he directed the words to me, "you look really schoolgirlish." He snapped his fingers then. "That's how we should send you out there, Candi." He didn't use my real name, Angela, then. "We should send you out in a sexy, schoolgirl costume."

"Fanny already does that," objected Jenna.

"She's done it for a year," said Carlos smoothly. "It's stale for her. Time to move on."

"To a new girl," said Jenna then spitefully. "She doesn't know anything about this business at all."

"We'll teach her," said Carlos, reaching out and stroking my hand, making me feel so nauseated. I was after all, sitting there in a bra that tightly compressed my breasts and a g-string and my high heels. I suppose my hair and the extra makeup could count as covering as well but I had just gone through a couple of hours of 'training' and Carlos was telling me that I was ready to perform on stage that night. Gosh, but I was so nauseated when I realized that when they looked at me, they really did think that I was a girl. I was beginning to think that I was as well with all the compliments that the men in the club paid me. Well, they were compliments in a way, what they said about my tush and my breasts.

"Butterflies in the tummy," Carlos said to me as I told him, in a panic, that I didn't think that I could go bottomless. I couldn't appear in front of men, doing the stripped down dance on the floor that Jenna had been teaching me. "We'll put you on tonight as a schoolgirl. Jenna, darling, help the girl with her costume and get her ready. Nothing like putting the willies to rest by doing it once. Then, you'll find out that it really isn't so bad."

So why aren't you doing this? I wanted to ask him. I could have and Carlos would only have laughed and told me what a beautiful woman I was. I shouldn't have listened to him as he sweet-talked me into dancing for him again. He approved of everything that I did and I actually felt rather good, until I met Jenna with him and she showed me what I really had to do as a 'dancer'.

I was in a dressing room then with naked women all around me and Carlos. They were teasing him but, when they found out I was new, they couldn't have been nicer. Jenna had gone storming off by then.

"Uh oh," said Dolly, a very busty blonde in a sequinned g-string and not much else, save for tasselled pasties. "Jenna's seen the writing on the wall, has she?"

I was shuddering enough at the g-string that Dolly was putting in my hands and telling me to take off my panties and put on.

"You're Carlos's new girl," said Dolly then with a smile.

"Yes, I suppose so," I shivered. "I think I'm the only one he's added to the show now. So, I must be the newest."

"I didn't mean that," said Dolly with a knowing smile. "I meant that's why Jenna's in such a snit. She recognizes you as Carlos's new girl friend."

If I had said to her, 'But I'm not a girl', it probably wouldn't have fazed her. A week later, it didn't faze Carlos at all as he tried to come on to me when we were alone in the dressing room.

"So you're a woman and not a girl," he'd said. "Man, you are scorching up the stage in that pretty red school-girl skirt. And those ribbons in your hair. Boy, you've got this crowd panting after you, just like me."

Well, Jenna came in and caught us in a kissing clinch with his arm about me and she let loose at Carlos. "But Jenna baby," he said at one point as I cowered back into a corner, trying to hide my almost naked body with a robe of Lucy Hilton's. "You know that I sleep with all the girls. I have to. I can't take her to Benny's parties without letting his patrons know what they can do with her and what they can't, and what she does really well."

"She does really well at stealing another woman's guy!" screamed Jenna and she picked up a lamp stand and hit Carlos over the head with it.

She stood there then, looking tragic as Carlos fell. He lay there, moaning, in the middle of a mass of girl's clothing as Dolly, April and Lucy came dancing in, laughing until they saw the mess that had been made.

Jenna was crying by then and she helped Carlos out of the room, begging his forgiveness and he went docilely but he did turn at the door and say to me, "I'll catch up with you later, girl."

"She's Carlos's new lady," said April with a wicked smile at me.

"I'm not," I said, flushing.

"Got to be," said Dolly. "What you taking in as tips, Candi? I don't think she's been under five hundred a

night since she got here. Carlos is getting her ready for the *Starlight!*"

That was the club that all the girls aspired to. It was the biggest, the best and the men who took you home, all the strippers there were in swanky hotel rooms, according to Dolly, always left you with thousands of dollars for making love to them all night. The girls were really crude about the way they said that and what they did, even at the Eastside, for money 'off the books'.

"She didn't do a lap-dance yet," said Lucy Hilton, 'Paris's looser sister'.

"Oh, Carlos will have her doing that on Saturday," said Dolly with a smile at me. "We've a few high rollers coming in on Saturday, Wiggins and that crowd, and they like their lap dances and they'll be asking for you, sugar, for sure. Watch the movie, *Showgirls*, newbie. That's all you have to know about giving a lap dance. That's what all the guys want. We're be going topless and bottomless then as well."

So, I watched *Showgirls* and shivered through it all as I realized what it was that I was going to have to do on Saturday.

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I wasn't quite prepared for Elaine Kaster, in street clothes, to come to my room as I tried to get my hair to stay down. I hadn't cut it since I had been in hospital and it was level with the bottom of my ears and flyaway on top. I'd lost a lot of weight as well and my clothes must have looked loose and baggy on me. With her red, shiny hair, not much longer than mine, if it was, and green pant suit, she looked very pretty.

“What is it?” I asked. “Come to say goodbye?” It wasn’t just weight that I had lost. My chin and cheeks were quite smooth. I’d tried to shave but all I’d ended up doing was cutting myself. “Come to laugh at my face?” I still had bits of paper on the cut on my upper lip.

“You’re handsome enough,” said Elaine, smiling and flicking her hair back. “And no, I didn’t come in just to say goodbye. I came in to drive you over to Winfield. Dr Anderson suggested that it would be better if I took you over, did your paperwork, and you might feel better if we stopped for a burger on the way. The world hasn’t changed into a hospital ward, you know, and the sooner you get out there the better.”

I had been dreading just that. I had been anxiously hoping that Admittance at Winfield wouldn’t entail an examination of me. If I could put that off for a few hours, I wouldn’t mind. I hated the thought of having to explain to a new nurse why, I, a man was carrying a douche bag and that I had to use it.

“So, we can go?” I asked and Elaine Kaster nodded and smiled brightly again.

The hospital seemed so noisy. It was too crowded and almost threatening to me. I was perspiring and trembling, clutching the overnight bag with the douche inside it while Elaine carried out my suitcases through the main door.

“Hey, Arnold!” said a familiar, masculine voice as I numbly followed Elaine on the walkway towards the main parking lot.

A tousle-haired man in a white coat was coming towards us, a wry smile on his face, still dominated by dark shadows under his eyes. I had a moment or two of blankness and then I remembered his name, Rowley.

“What the heck happened to you?” Rowley asked, looking at me in surprise. Then he stopped me and looked at me from head to toe. “God, you’ve lost weight, man!”

“Laz-Lazarowich,” I gasped, all the walking and trying to keep up with Elaine Kaster showing me how out of shape I had become. I couldn’t have got a ball to the hoop in basketball, I think.

Rowley’s dark eyebrows went up in surprise. “Well, you did warn me,” I told him. “I should have listened to you.”

RV Rowley still stared at me. “Something wrong with your throat?” he asked. “You don’t sound like you did. I thought it was your leg.”

I was out of breath. I had been a patient for so long and had two major operations, I wanted to tell him. “Nothing’s wrong,” I began. “Here’s my nurse ...”

Elaine had come back from her car to help me. She took the overnight bag from me and stared at Rowley, shaking her head. “Come on, Mr Arnold,” she said while Rowley looked very concerned. I think he said to her that he would see her later. “We have people waiting for us.”

“What, what’s wrong with my voice?” I asked Elaine as she guided her blue sedan out of the parking lot, past Rowley who was standing with his hands on his hips, staring after us.

“Wrong?” Elaine asked me.

“Rowley said ...” I began.

Elaine Kaster snorted. “Rob Rowley,” she said vehemently, “is a horse’s ass. He thinks he knows everything. He’ll be quizzing me all night about you when I get back. I bet he’s looking up your records right now but he won’t find anything.”

“Why not?” I gasped again.

"Cases involving litigation are never posted," said Elaine with a grin. "And my friend, Sarah McLean, served notice of your intent to sue this morning unless your claim is met to your satisfaction. Anderson is having a conniption. I think he thought that you would just take what they offered and not go the lawyer route. So, to save my hide, you had better call Sarah and retain her and, please, for now, keep my name out of it."

I used her phone and a pleasant girl told me that Ms McLean would get back to me in due course. She believed that she was in fact talking to someone at Whiteplant Hospital right then about my case.

"You'll be glad to get back to university, won't you?" asked Elaine as we sped along.

I pulled a face as I thought about one more year at university and what I faced on graduating. "Who needs another Arts graduate?" I asked her bitterly. "And one with my medical history?"

"Well, you'll have millions to spend," Elaine Kaster said. "Sarah is certain of it. I think," she said seriously then, "that you do need someone to help you spend it all."

I stared at her in shock and flushed when she burst out laughing and took one of her hands off the steering wheel to pat mine resting on my thigh.

"I, I suppose so," I said nervously. "Would, would you like to be the one to help me spend it?"

"I thought that you'd never ask," said a smiling Elaine Kaster. "You've seemed so impervious to all my other come-ons to you. I should have known that the direct approach would work best."

"You, you ..." I began in shock.

"Absolutely," Elaine Kaster said and then she hesitated. "I have to put something out front to you from the start, however, and you may want to tell me to get lost. I do like men. And sometimes, I just have to have a man in my bed who can frig me the way I expect to be frigged."

I stared at her, at the way that she was flushing as well. "Of course, you and I are going to sleep together as well," Elaine went on. "I do really like you and want to let you know that I'll be there for you right through whatever Anderson proposes for you. No, I won't run off with another guy who's, who's frigging me. As I told you before, it isn't just a penis that makes a man, is it?"

"But here I go, denying what I'm saying when I say that I have to have a sex life, Webster, and, if you want to try something different with me, I'm game, but I think that I'm always going to need the occasional man. I have to be straight with you and put it out in front of us. But I really do want to be your girl friend."

"After what you just said!" I exclaimed bitterly. "You have got to be kidding me! I don't need a girl that badly."

"What?" asked Elaine, actually amazed, I think, that I could reject any woman who said such hurtful words to me.

"Watch the road!" I screamed as the car veered across the outer lane of the two-lane highway towards the on ramp joining us.

But my warning was too late. The edge of the pickup pulling out into our lane caught the front of our car. Elaine's instinctive reaction to hit the brake only made matters worse. I screamed as the car whirled around and then began to roll. I vaguely recalled being flung against the shoulder harness. I heard a woman's voice, Elaine's it must have been, as she was the only woman in the car, and then there was nothing but blackness.

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I finished my schoolgirl dance and Carlos was waiting for me as I hurried off, my clothes in my arms, heading towards the dressing room. "Just put them all on again," he told me. "Right here. I'll hold your money for you."

There was nearly five hundred dollars again in my g-string. I was seething with humiliation and shame at what I had done to earn the money, so many men wanting to kiss my buttocks or my legs or get me to take money from their mouths with mine so that they could kiss me.

It wasn't as if they were real kisses. I just let them plunk their lips on mine and they did all the work and covered themselves in my lipstick. But once one did it, they all seemed to like it and wanted to do it. At the same time, other men would grope my body and my legs, and try for my breasts but I slapped them when they touched me there. I had to as it really aroused me now when anyone, Elaine or anyone, touched my so tender, male breasts.

"Mr Koupas," said Carlos as I pulled on my stockings while the back stage staff, the men and women eyed me and grinned when they saw me putting on my garter belt and panties, "is the owner of this club," Carlos went on, "and he wants a lap dance." Carlos reached over than and pulled off my pasties, my nipples flexing and stretching out so long as he did that.

"This will be topless and bottomless," Carlos said meaningfully to me. "Now, Dolly is going to give one to me first and then you are going to do exactly what she does to the boss, understand? You just sit in his lap and watch, got it, Candi? He's not supposed to touch you but he is the boss and so the rules aren't really for him. If he

gets carried away, just let him go and I'll get extra fees for you afterward."

I fluffed my skirt about me, my heart beating so fast. I couldn't believe the situation I had put myself in. I was so stupid. I should have stayed home, the two thousand plus dollars that I still had I should have been satisfied with.

Carlos held my hand and led me down then from the side door into the club and I saw Lucy on the stage, her breasts flopping like mine didn't, ever. She was completely nude and she went onto her knees laughing and some guy put his head right in her crotch and she was laughing at him as he held up a hundred dollar bill.

I stared at Lucy as Carlos tugged a little at me, laughing at what I was watching. "I, I can't do that!" I told Carlos, nausea threatening to overcome me, and he shook his head.

"No, darling," he told me. "Being cute and demure is your talent, Candi, my love. The guys adore the way you smile so shyly, you know. They appreciate that you're just starting in the business and they love your cute breasts and figure. You get twice the applause Lucy will get. And tomorrow, you'll have bills like you won't believe when you go bottomless."

I backed into the booth area where there was a table and Dolly was rotating her hips as she watched and smiled at Lucy, who had her legs wide and open in front of her and her vagina was totally open for everyone to see into. Some guy was getting laughs from his table by offering to put money in it.

A little curtain was then drawn and we were cut off from the club though we could still hear the music and the men's voices, a low hum against whatever was going on, on the pink-lit stage, that had made Lucy's body look so gorgeous. Dolly turned then and sashayed over to

Carlos and pushed him down onto a chair. She was gyrating to the music as she backed into Carlos and her tush was swaying slowly across his lap as she leaned back into my 'manager'.

"Theo," said Carlos, his voice strained as Dolly was brushing his face with her scented hair and undoing the top of her tiny, meter maid dress. I suddenly realized that there was a man sitting at the back of the private booth created by the curtain. "This is Candi, the girl we have been talking about."

The man was much older, grey-haired, slim, in a grey, silky suit. He was watching me through large glasses that seemed to be tinted.

"Candi," said Carlos, his voice changing in pitch as he kept his hands clearly off Dolly while she turned to face him and slip off her dress. She wasn't wearing a bra and so she slid her breasts across Carlos's face as he groaned and then indicated to me to approach Mr Theo Koupas.

I'm not here. I'm not doing this, I said to myself, as I sashayed like Dolly, exaggerating the swing of my hips as I minced as rhythmically as I could up to Mr Koupas. He just looked at me and sat there, saying and doing absolutely nothing. What had Carlos said to me? I was to sit in this man's lap and watch what Dolly was doing and I was to do the same.

I could never do what Dolly was doing. Carlos was gritting his teeth as he tried to keep his hands off her as she did the striptease to end all stripteases as she did things I could never have thought of. She had her leg over Carlos's shoulder as she undid her stockings and slid them off. Her leg slid along Carlos's face.

"Are you watching, Candi?" gasped Carlos to me and I was. I couldn't take my eyes off Dolly. Both her legs were about his neck as she edged her panties off her tush

and down her legs. Her head was somewhere near the floor and her tush in Carlos's face as her panties were taken off with one acrobatic foot.

"Well, you've seen it! Do it!" Carlos said hoarsely to me as Dolly rotated so that her pussy was right in Carlos's face.

I gulped, my heart racing. I think the blood was pounding so hard through me that the veins on my head must be standing out and pulsing. Tentatively, I backed onto Theo Koupas' lap. I tried to gyrate and sway my hips on top of the manhood in his pants but Mr Koupas was not like Carlos. His hands were on me, guiding me, assisting me to move much more slowly on him. Then I felt him and I would have jumped up but one hand around my waist held me while the other tipped me back into him. My longish, blonde hair fell against his face and then I felt him kissing my cheek and flicking at my earrings.

His hands were on my breasts as he undid the little blouse that was part of my schoolgirl costume. Mr Koupas took it from me and then I was exposed to his hands and his mouth on my breasts. He began kissing them as if they were female breasts as he turned me to face him.

I sat astride a man, in a girlish little costume and all pretence at a dance had disappeared. He was kissing my chest and my 'invisible' penis was standing up as if it really was there. It was a terrible sensation.

When it happened with Elaine, it wasn't terrible at all. But to be caressed as if I was a girl, to have my breasts caressed and kissed and then to feel his manhood pressing against me, it was all too terrible for me. I put my hands on the boss's chest and began to push myself away from him and that was when he slapped my buttocks.

I was stung and mortified. Mr Koupas just smiled at me. "Take off your stockings as the other woman did," he said, grabbing me and arching my back over his knees and my head went over towards the floor. I was upside-down as a man held me, sort of, in his lap and he began to caress my legs and take off my stockings for me. I was in torment each time he touched my legs and I think all the blood in my body was rushing to my head. My little red skirt fell over my face as Mr Koupas undid me and then he was taking off my panties.

I started to struggle, my hair all pointing at the floor, as Koupas's mouth and tongue made me feel so weird, aroused and ashamed at the same time as he kissed my tush. Then he lowered me a little and turned me over. My earrings and locked fell backwards over my head and I looked up, past my breasts and my mutilated genitals into the face of Theo Koupas.

I could not prevent him from kissing what he thought was a woman's vagina. I didn't have to make myself wriggle and sway then. I was trembling and writhing enough all by myself as the shameful feelings poured over me. They were so shameful because I could feel myself becoming so aroused at what Theo was doing to me. And he was doing it so wonderfully slowly. I had never felt so alive, so hot and so delirious as I trembled and thrashed with my legs so high in the air as Theo kissed and licked my most secret parts and I was so excited as I gyrated and helped him to pleasure me.

I sank down then and my tush came into his lap, my legs about his head, my red-polished toes glinting at me as he encouraged me to 'dance' on his lap. Koupas opened his zip then and I felt him in my crotch, spewing all over me. I had to squeeze my legs together then and he grunted as he went on and on, his penis against my tush.

I felt his fingers then, caressing me and opening not my vagina but my tush. I couldn't help the noises that I made as he entered me there. I squealed as I was penetrated, but not as a woman, in her vagina, as I was ashamed to admit that I thought that I was going to be.



I was sort of prepared for it and was so shamefully aroused but it was my tush that Theo Koupas wanted to use. I was penetrated and I could feel him in me and gyrating and trembling more than I was.

Theo let me up eventually and, sitting in his lap, I rode his penis with my tush. A man friggged me, as Elaine would say. He didn't say a word. He came again inside me as I was bouncing up and down on his manhood, groaning and moaning as his hands stroked my breasts and every so often he kissed one or other nipple.

"Well, what did you expect?" Dolly asked me afterwards when I could let tears flow. "You've been here long enough now to know the score. Didn't we all keep telling you that you were being prepared for something special? Two thousand bucks is pretty generous? The boss's going to have you again, you know, so may I introduce you to a girl's best friend? Lubrication!"

But it wasn't Mr Koupas who had me again. Carlos had me in his car, with a driver in the front, supposedly teaching me the ins and outs of lap-dancing. Only Carlos didn't stick his manhood in my rear but in my front. It was if I really was a woman and he was making love to me as if I was.

I didn't even get to keep the money I made from my first homosexual experience, being raped as a man, nor from being raped as a woman, as Carlos did to me. No amount of girlish crying could stop him. His and his boss's attacks on me left me feeling so dirty and violated and totally unclear what I should do with myself sexually.

How could I tell Elaine what I had done? All I could say to her when she got home and I gave her such a warm welcome was that I loved her and never wanted to let her go. Oh, and I had quit the clubs and nude dancing. Elaine

had heard of the change in rules and she thought that that was what had stopped me, going topless and bottomless.

“Elaine,” I began, quivering in shame at what I had allowed to happen to me. I was so afraid, as well, to admit that I had received definite feelings of femininity and womanhood in some moments of making love to the two men.

“I told you that I didn’t want you in such clubs,” said Elaine, with a smug smile. “Besides, you can’t be working in them all the time, as you do when I’m gone for shift work. I don’t want my boy friend to become at best, a slutty woman, and at worst, a hooker.”

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I was in hospital again. My head hurt. There were bandages on my face. I remembered the crash and reached out to check everything. I wriggled my toes but as I ran my hands down my body I realized that I wasn’t in a regulation, hospital gown.

The material about me in bed was silky to the touch and it reached to my toes. It was tight at my ribs but open at my neck and my arms were bare. My eyes spied the lace and the frills first and I sat bolt upright, the silk pulling about my chest.

I was wearing a nightdress in bed, a woman’s night-dress, styled like the robe that a Greek or Roman woman might have worn. I tried to get free but my legs were all tangled up in it. My fingernails caught on the sheets I was pushing at and as I sat up, I saw why. They were so long and they were painted a deep, blushing pink. I held them and stared at them in shock. I had women’s nails on the ends of my fingers. But these weren’t stuck on. They were mine! How long had I been in hospital?

I looked about wildly. The curtains showed me that I was in a two-bed room. I could see the other bed, the bedsheets left open by whoever had left it. I finally pushed back my bedsheets and then I could see my long, white, silk and lace nightie and, peeping out from the shimmering hem, my pink-painted toenails.

I tried to stand just as the door to the ward opened and a small, portly woman, with grey hair straggling out from under a nurse's cap, bustled into the room. I pulled the covers up about me, flushing at the thought of this woman seeing me in a nightie, woman's clothing.

"Ah, Miss Kaster," she said to me. "You've come around. Don't try to get up. I'll call a doctor for you right away."

"What did you call me?" I whispered, stunned, as the little woman put me back into bed. She was so much stronger than me.

"Angela Kaster," said the woman with a smile. "That is you, isn't it?"

I gaped at her.

"I've called for Dr Anderson," the woman said as if that should reassure me. She dropped her voice and went on as if she was telling me secrets. "You were in a car accident. You did have some damage to your nose and face but Dr Anderson is such a well-known, plastic surgeon. He was here right away from Whiteplant and he's set your nose back as it was for you, just like your sister's."

I stared at my hands and wondered where to begin with my questions.

"I hope you like your nails," the fussy, little woman said. Her name bar said 'Potter'. "I know they probably aren't the color that you would have chosen, Angela, if I

can call you that. We do that, and your hair, for all our female patients when you've been here a few days.

"Dr Anderson has been keeping you sedated while your facial injuries healed. They would have been so painful for you. Your hair is so lovely as well. I brushed it myself half an hour ago. I know how it is to face a man and not have your face on. That's why I borrowed a nightie from your sister as well. Dr Anderson said that you would wake up this afternoon and here you are!"

"But ..." I began. Then the woman was brushing my hair again and I could feel how long that it was. There were actually heavy bangs across my forehead and she seemed to be brushing down below my ears and my hair was so springy. It was jumping back into position, sort of.

I lay back in the nightie and tried to grasp the situation I was in. I took a drink of orange juice just as the door opened and in came Elaine Kaster, followed by Dr George Anderson and a thin, bespectacled, female doctor.

"Most irregular," she was saying.

"Ah!" cried Elaine in delight, cutting across what was being said. "Angela is conscious!"

The woman came forward then and picked up my arm and began to take my pulse, seeming to see nothing wrong in me lying there in a frilly nightdress. Behind her, Elaine sat on the opened bed and winked at me.

I was almost paralyzed as the woman doctor began to examine me. When she called me 'Angela', I shook with fear, particularly when she brushed against my tender chest. I was almost relieved when Dr Anderson said, "Well, Dr Taylor, she seems perfectly fit to me. Now if you and Nurse Potter could allow me a few minutes, I have an examination of my own to make of Miss Kaster."

"Most irregular," fumed the woman doctor again as she and the nurse left. It was only as George Anderson came and sat beside me then that I realized that the 'Miss Kaster' he had been referring to was me.

"You have Elaine to thank for this," said Dr Anderson gruffly as he touched my sore, swollen face gently.

"To thank?" I gasped, pulling up the bedsheet to conceal from him that I was in a nightie when he must already have seen that.

"Yes," said Elaine urgently, getting off the bed she had sat on and coming to the other side of me, sitting on the hospital bed with me. "To thank. Don't you realize what the staff here thought you were when you were brought in unconscious, your face all smashed? Well, in your suit, you seemed to be a man. You were covered with blood. So they undressed you and found out that you were a woman."

My skin broke out in goose bumps. I flushed with heat and quaked with chills at the same time. I tried to get up and the nightie I had on was revealed to them both as it billowed out lightly, giving me the weirdest of sensations as I tried to stand.

I stepped from the bed, away from Elaine and then I saw that a dark-haired woman had come into the alcove at the end of the room. Her long, dark hair bounced lightly on her pale skin which was almost as white as the pretty, long nightgown that she wore. The nightie was transparent enough that I could see that she had white panties as well about her lower body. Only as she staggered as I did, a flash of pink from her nails as she put out a hand to steady herself, did I realize that I was looking at me.

I screamed then, my feminized hand coming up to the ribbons and lace about my chin. "That ... That's me!" I

screamed hoarsely, pointing at the woman who was screaming and pointing right back. She had black eyes and what appeared to be a plaster over her nose.

It was me but it wasn't. I didn't have such long hair. I didn't have it curled about my face so femininely. My eyes were still mine but somebody had shaved off my eyebrows, or most of them. There were just thin arches left, much like Elaine's. I looked at the woman in shock as my mouth moved but the middle of my face was still concealed by bandages.

"I told them that you were my sister, Angela," said Elaine from the side of my bed. "I tidied up your eyebrows when I got you alone. And I got rid of the hair you had growing on you. Since then, no-one has questioned who Angela is."

I looked at Elaine in horror, the things we had been talking about in the car, flooding back into my mind.

"They do have this thing around here," Elaine went on as Anderson stood there and said nothing, "about making us women feel like real women. They really understand how you would feel after just getting out of Whiteplant after your hysterectomy which is why David Niemens has been here attending to you as well. I told them that we left in a hurry because you were so distraught and the girls here at Gray Nuns really understood.

"They suggested that they do your hair even though you were sedated and be dressed in a real nightdress. They want you to feel well after the operation and accident and then more surgery to fix your face. How could I refuse after I had vouched for you as my sister? Luckily, George backed me up and all your hospital bills have been sent to Whiteplant. You have a hospital record now as my sister, Angela Kaster."

I swallowed very hard and backed away to the bed which only made the nightie tantalize my bare legs even more than they already had. Embarrassing quivers ran through me. "Why ... why ...?" I blurted out.

"To save you the greater humiliation, Mr Arnold," said a sweating George Anderson as the slender brunette disappeared as I moved into the bed and Elaine arranged the bedsheets for me.

"Now that you are awake and apparently recovered," Dr Anderson went on. "We will, of course, have you transferred back to Whiteplant. Dr Taylor does have to examine you fully before you are released, I'm afraid, and it would be best for you to co-operate with her, Miss Kaster, um, Mr Arnold." I hadn't seen Anderson blush before but he did then. "You should be in Whiteplant this afternoon."

"Like this?" I gasped, my fingers lifting up the frilly strap of the nightie.

"You won't transfer in that, silly," said Elaine Kaster with a conspiratorial wink to me. "You'll have to wear some of my clothes!"

I felt distinctly sick at the thought of disguising myself as a woman.

"Please, Nurse Kaster," said Dr Anderson gruffly. "This business is traumatic enough. Luckily, this is still a private hospital that you were both brought to. It has a fine psychiatric wing and they would have understood you, Mr Arnold. They still will if you wish to leave as a man."

I flushed and shivered. I touched my face which was still very tender and I could feel that it was swollen. "Elaine didn't have to do this?" I asked, turning to her and feeling a cushion of hair moving about my neck.

"Of course I did," said Elaine flatly. "You were bloody and the EMTs had cut away your oily pants and found you in your Speedos, which isn't bloody normal. So they checked. The EMTs had you listed as a woman while the cops had reported you were a man.

"It was a good job that I was alert enough and there was an electric razor in the cubicles we were assigned. I got you tidied up just as the investigation team arrived. Imagine what a conversation piece you would have been around here, Web, if I hadn't been here for you! As it was, one look at you and the ambulance team admitted they had made a mistake."

I couldn't believe my ears. "But ..." I began.

"You're very slim," Elaine went on, taking my feminized hand and stroking my long, pink nails. "You have almost no beard. Was it like that before, before," she glanced down at me, "before that? You're Adam's apple isn't prominent, your hair was long enough, longer now, and so with your eyebrows like mine, it was easy to convince them you were my sister. You do look a lot like me."

I wanted to be angry. I wanted to scream and yell at her for what she had done but I could only think of Dr Taylor coming in and examining me and trying to determine what I was and what had been done to me.

"I need to examine you," said Dr Anderson awkwardly.

"I've douched her every day," said Elaine, her use of the feminine pronoun sending chills through me as she was describing me, her 'sister'. "She's healed fine."

I felt numb in my genital area. I clutched the sheet around me as Dr Anderson hesitated.

"Well, I can be here when Taylor signs you out, I suppose," the doctor rumbled and almost bolted out of the hospital ward.

"It really upsets the good doctor," said Elaine with a smile then. "Sarah has worked Whiteplant and their insurance over well and their first offer is two million and would you please go away. I told her you said 'No' when you woke up and so we're in a fight that they don't want to have made public. That's why they want you back in Whiteplant, out of sight.

"But what really upsets George is that you are just too much like a woman for him to cope with right now. He and Niemens have this wonderful surgical plan to make you a man again before the hospital has to pay you off. They think it will make the payout so much less then."

A surgical plan to make me a man? I wanted then to get back to Whiteplant. "This is all true, isn't it?" I asked her as she went over to her closet and took out two women's business suits, two blouses and two slips, two pairs of panties, two pairs of stockings, two garter belts and two bras. "You're not just manipulating me into solving the problem by becoming a woman."

"It would solve George's problem, wouldn't it?" said Elaine with a laugh. I felt a stab of pain then and she got serious. "But I think that it is up to you, Webster, I really do. It's your life and you know you're a man. I know that you're a man. This," she pointed at the women's clothes, "is just to get you out of here. Then, we really have to meet with Sarah and get after these bastards. If you want to be a man again, you start taking the male hormones and get the surgery done. That's what you want, isn't it, and I'll be there to help you spend the millions you get. Deal?"

“Deal,” I said, with a shiver, hoping that I wasn’t going to regret what I was committing myself to.

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I couldn’t tell Elaine what had happened in the Eastside Men’s Club. I think that she knew that something traumatic had happened to me. Carlos kept coming around and phoning for a while until she took the phone out of my hand one morning and said, “Listen, you pimp. If you bother my girl friend once more with your lies and promises, I personally will have you arrested for rape and attempted rape. Is that clear? Get lost, maggot!”

She turned off the phones then and unplugged the wall set, fuming.

“I, I’m sorry,” I said, going and putting my arms about her. “It, it was a bad idea.”

“You think?” asked Elaine sourly. “Well, you made a little money. We have to meet with Sarah next week and make some decisions about bigger money, publicity, filing a law suit, things like that. But tonight, it’s a girls’ night out with some of the hospital staff and we are going out and we are going to party!”

“But they’ll know me,” I said with a shiver. “Someone will recognize me.”

Elaine laughed. “The blonde bimbo, Candi Striper, is frightened of someone recognizing her. It will be men who recognize you, sweetie, not women. Besides, since your face and nose have healed and your hair is long and dyed, no-one will ever recognize you among the hospital staff.”

Famous last words. I was enjoying myself, being a normal girl, dancing and smiling and line-dancing with

my girl friend and sister, Elaine. She was invited off for a dance with some intern I had never seen before and I sat back in a booth, quite content to sit in my red dance dress, my shoulders and arms bare, my hair and earrings bobbing to the music as I swayed and smiled at Elaine, looking so pretty and vivacious on the dance floor.

A guy slid in beside me then and put his beer on the table in front of him. I looked over at him expectantly, thinking that he would be a man wanting to dance with me and I was quite ready to accommodate him.

"Arnold, it is you, isn't it?" asked Rob Rowley, staring at me. "You can put all that stuff on your eyelashes and about your eyes but it is you, isn't it? I never miss out on recognizing a pair of eyes. What the heck have you been doing to yourself?"

What could I say? Nothing, I was too flabbergasted. No-one had called me Webster or Arnold in months. Even Elaine called me Angela or Angie all the time and so I was Angela Kaster, my girl friend's sister, except, of course when I got the shivers and thought of myself as Candi Striper.

"You've done something to your nose, haven't you?" said Rob Rowley. "And your hair. I love what you've done to it. It is a dye job, isn't it? And your ..." he stopped then but he was looking at the cleavage I was showing in my tight-bodied dress. "Well, they look very pretty as well. How's the rest of you shaping up?"

"You ought to know the answer to that," I finally managed to snap at him. "Thanks to Lazarowich and Anderson, this is how I've ended up today."

"I love your voice," said Rowley then, unfazed by the bitterness I used against him. "You must have trained the huskiness out of it, right?" Well so what if I had, I wanted to say. But I wouldn't have this voice once Anderson and

Niemens got on the ball and started returning me to the man I was going to be again. "I didn't know that we were doing sex changes at Whiteplant. But I must compliment you on the results. They've done a fabulous job."

"Fabulous!" I railed at him. "That bunch of butchers you call surgeons! You don't know at all what they did to me, do you?" Then his smug, clever face changed to one of distress and anger as I recounted all the things that had happened to me at his frigging hospital.

"You were in a car accident as well?" Rowley asked in surprise.

"That's how I got this nose," I spat at him, wondering as I had a few times if it had been deliberately made so slender and bobbed, such a pretty girl's nose on purpose by Elaine and Dr George Anderson. I told him about that and how it had been impossible to live as a man without hormones. But they didn't want to do that until I was ready for surgery again.

"And I am going to have surgery again soon," I told him while the shrieks from the dance floor took all the couples about us rushing out there where the Village People music was being played.

"You're going to be a man again?" asked Rob Rowley, an incredulous look on his face.

"Just as soon as I get the money your hospital and its insurance company is going to pay me for what they did to me," I said to him. "Look how I have to dress now or everyone thinks that I am a freak!"

"I don't think that you're a freak," said Rob Rowley, taking my glass and waving to the waitress to bring me another white wine and him another beer. I wouldn't have minded a beer as well. It had been a long time since I had had one of those. "Oh crap!" he suddenly looked me

in the eyes again. "I just realized what's going on. It's you who's going to bankrupt the hospital, isn't it?"

"Bankrupt the hospital?" I asked him stupidly. Elaine hadn't said anything to me about her hospital going bankrupt.

"It's that or all the doctors are going to have to kick in some ridiculous surcharge for a malpractice suit that they won't even tell us what it is," Rob went on intently. "Some of the surgeons have refused to pay and the hospital execs are talking about declaring bankruptcy and shutting the whole place down."

"Serves them all right," I said viciously. "Lazarowich should never have operated on me. You should never have told me to get the boil on my leg fixed! You started all this in motion! You and your comments about weekend jocks!"

Rowley stared at me. He looked quite shaken and I let him pay for the drinks, not going to my purse and looking for money as I usually did.

"You're blaming me for ..." he said, indicating my hair, my female appearance from makeup to the dress I was wearing, and the bodily changes he could see.

"You started it," I snapped at him which was unfair as Rob had tried to warn me about Lazarowich. "When you get what my lawyers say you have to pay me, then I'll get some real doctors to put me back to normal."

"Normal?" asked Rob Rowley staring at me. "You want to be what you were when you look now the way that you do?"

That shook me a little. "Yes," I said with a shiver. "Niemens says ..."

“David Niemens?” asked Rob then with such alertness that I knew something was wrong. “But he’s a gynecologist! What does he know about male anatomy?”

“Don’t you have to know both if ...” I began and then by the look on his face I could see that I was wrong.

“I would suggest that if that’s the best that our hospital can do, having David Niemens work on your case,” Rob Rowley said to me, “well, I suggest that you take all the money you can get and run as fast as you can, as far as you can, away from this place.”

I stared at him. I reached over and had a pull of his bottle of beer. I had to have it. It was so wonderful and so fierce. Briefly, I felt like I was a man again.

“I should have ordered a beer for you,” said Rob with a sorry sort of grin.

“You did, didn’t you?” I asked him in mock surprise. “The wine was for you, wasn’t it?”

Rob Rowley grinned at me. “I guess so,” he said and manfully took a sip from the glass he had ordered for me. “Gosh, I don’t know how you girls can drink that stuff,” he said, putting it down on the table and giving a little shiver.

I had to smile at the look on his face. “Well, Arnold,” he said and then looked at me. “What do you call yourself now?”

“Webster,” I told him as the goose bumps grew in me as Rob looked at me as a lot of men lately looked at me. He raised an eyebrow in derision at what I had said. “Elaine calls me Angela when I’m dressed like this.”

There, I had put it on to Elaine that I was ‘Angela’, which is how I would have introduced myself to any other man who asked me my name.

“Angela,” said Rob Rowley, “I did come over here to ask the gorgeous blonde if she would like to dance with me and I haven’t changed my mind on that. But, gods and goddesses, Angela, please don’t make me call you ‘Webster’ as in ‘May I have this dance, Webster Arnold?’”

“Why not?” I said, automatically rising on my high heels and letting him take my hand. “I think it sounds kind of cute.”

Trust the deejay. By the time we got to the floor, he had switched tracks and a slow waltz was playing. I didn’t quite know what to do. The men I danced with didn’t know that I was a man and so they expected me to put my head against their cheek and my arms about their necks. They wanted to hug my breasts against them and hold me tight and I did that all the time and I really didn’t feel anything about it. Well, I loved the way my dress felt crushed against me and, yes, I did get a buzz from my boobs, and sometimes from the kisses on my soft cheeks or even on my lips.

But this was Rob Rowley and he knew that I wasn’t a girl. I could scarcely believe it when he held me like all the other guys were holding their girls. Well, I thought anxiously, it would look odd if we didn’t do the same, wouldn’t it, and so I let him hug me to him and I put my arms around his neck as other girls did and we swayed to *Endless Love* just like all the other couples on the floor.

“Hmm,” whispered Rob Rowley as the waltz ended. “That was nice. I love that perfume you’re wearing as well.”

“You mean my aftershave or the Coors?” I asked him as the rhythm picked up and he began to swirl me and then twirl me. He laughed as if I had said something really witty. I had to smile with pleasure as my dress and underskirts swished about me. I felt my chest bouncing a

little as well and that was what made me like being a girl. No, the guys couldn't usually get much past that, ogling me and my bouncing titties as we danced.

Rob didn't have his eyes on my boobs, well, not all the time. He looked at me and smiled and seemed, really, to like the way that we were dancing. He was even holding on to my hand, as Elaine always did when we danced together in our apartment. I think we had six or seven dances not counting two more slow ones and Rob was pooped.

"How can you dance in high heels like that?" Rob Rowley asked me as we strolled back to our table hand in hand. He had said that he needed another sip of his wine.

"Years of practice," I told him and he hugged me, my long, blonde hair sweeping against his shoulder and his face.

Elaine was aghast to see who I had been dancing with. "Rowley!" she said from the arms of whoever she was entertaining.

"Kaster!" said Rob. "It's all right, Elaine. Your sister, Angela, hasn't spilled any of your dirty, little secrets to me yet. But the night is young, isn't it?"

Well, I had to go to the Ladies' with Elaine right away and explain to her that, yes, Rob Rowley had recognized me. I told her all about what he had said about bankruptcy and David Niemens.

"I'm going to talk to our lawyers right away," said Elaine then. "We really don't want your case being made public, do we? Or have you changed your mind? Rob Rowley hasn't started coming on to you, has he? He's the biggest womanizer on staff, Angie, and that is saying a lot. Still, if this thing is going public, there's nothing I'd like better than for you to string him along and have everyone know he's your love interest. When we could go

public, you could really get him for all of us women who've been seduced by him. His name would be such a laughingstock in the hospital if we did that."

"No," I said shakily as I fixed my hair in the mirror and then my lipstick which had faded a little with the beer I had drunk, I supposed. "I'd still like to get all this settled privately. I'm not sure, though, that I want George Anderson doing surgery on me any more with David Niemens directing him." I mentioned what Rob Rowley had said.

"Rowley really knows the inside workings of the hospital," said Elaine slowly, watching me re-apply my cologne. "He's a great doctor as well, really on the ball. He was right about you, wasn't he? If you'd only listened to him about Lazarowich, you wouldn't be trying to earn a living as Candi."

I blushed. "Please don't remind me!" I begged her.

Elaine smiled at me. "Oh, I intend to remind you of your days as an exotic dancer at every moment of our life together that I can! Do you mind if I let Brian Scobey take me home tonight? He's a really nice kid and, when he's sleeping, I'll come to you for some real loving."

Why call it that, Elaine, I thought, when you were taking a man home for some 'real loving' before I got the sloppy seconds, I supposed. "Oh, I don't mind," I told her gaily. "I have Rob, don't I? I think he and I could really hit it off. And like you said, if it comes to a public action, it will be nice to have him listed as my boy friend, won't it?"

I wasn't serious about having Rob as my boy friend and I think that Elaine knew that. Another guy asked me to dance then and I went off with him, leaving Elaine to take my purse and to entertain her intern and Rob.

I thought that Rob would have moved on after I had danced with Frank and with a Neil and an Alberto, who

hadn't a touch of Italian anywhere about him. I finally went back to the table for my purse and there was Rob, guarding it.

"The guys really like you," Rob said as I hesitated about what I was going to do. "Is one of them going to see you home now?" I intended to call a cab and go back to Elaine's and my apartment.

"No," I began.

"Good," Rob Rowley said, standing and putting his arm on mine. "It will be my pleasure, Miss Kaster, to see you home tonight."

I felt a shiver go through me as I knew that he was teasing me. "All right, Mr RV Rowley," I said to him. "Lead the way to your Beamer."

"My pickup," Rob laughed at me.

"What," I said haughtily. "Don't all doctors drive BMWs at the very least? I thought that you all bought one with your first pay check."

"Not with the massive payout that we are all going to have to make to a pretty complainant," said Rob with a mock groan. "Just think how it's going to look in the papers when there are pictures of you, before and after. I think most people are going to be wondering what all the fuss is about!"

"You, you think that I should, should just stay like th-this!" I bumbled at him as he escorted me to his massive, this year Ford pickup.

"I think you should choose to be whatever you want to be," said Rob diplomatically as he helped me, my high heels and swishing dress a little problem for me, into his top-of-the-line pickup.

"Thanks for the ride home," I said, trying to get out of his truck, which it really was. Rob grinned, vaulted out,

came round and opened the door for me as I was panicking. He put his hands about my waist and lifted me down.

“Doesn’t look like a millionairess lives here,” Rob murmured as he had his arm about my waist all the way up to our third floor apartment.

It made me shudder that he used the female word when he was referring to me. “No, he lives upstairs,” I said and he grinned at me.

“You really are into this being a man again, aren’t you?” Rob asked as we went in and I unlocked the apartment door, he following me right upstairs and waiting beside me as I listened to hear if Elaine was up and about. Trust Rob then to press right in as I was about to send him packing. There was a male coat slung over the back of a kitchen chair. It wasn’t mine. I had no male clothing any more.

“Brian is here,” I whispered to Rob and he turned to me and grinned.

“Then we’ll have to be very quiet then, won’t we?” he murmured.

Rob put his arms about me and Elaine’s words flooded into my mind. This was the womanizer of womanizers on staff, she had said. Well, he was clearly in a mind for something a little different than he normally got. I had got over being afraid of a man kissing me; so, when Rob put his arms about me, pulling me with a swish of my dress against him, well, I didn’t mind. No, I was trembling like a leaf in a high wind, I must admit. I hadn’t kissed anyone who actually knew I was a man, after all, no-one but Elaine, that is.

I thought Rob would just kiss me and go. But, from the moment our lips touched and he held me against him, it was all too crazy. It was too different. I was on fire almost

immediately. I couldn't seem to help it as I moved in against him as he clutched at me and I felt my breasts straining in my bra against him. I felt my invisible penis rearing up in intense desire and then I felt a real penis against my legs, through the thin fabric of my dress and I leaned in even tighter than I was already doing.

Rob leaned back at one point and closed the outer door. I felt so sick, my pulse racing at a million beats per second, as I led him then into my bedroom, taking off my earrings and high heels as I turned to face him. Well, it wasn't as if I hadn't had a man before in bed but nothing I had done prepared me for the explosion of passion and desire I felt as I opened my mouth and Rob French-kissed me. I held onto him, trembling with feelings of desire and, yes, lust for a man to make love to me. I was the one who lay back on my bed and encouraged him undress me.

I thought he wouldn't want me for sure once Rob Rowley saw what had been done to me but nothing stopped him in his desire to make love to me. It seemed that he wanted me just as much as I wanted him. Oh, I knew that Elaine must hear us as Rob made love to me so gently at first, but then things got rapidly out of hand. Oh, it wasn't rough. No, he was a real gentleman but I was the one who was shivering and moaning and pleading for him to touch me more.

I couldn't help the silly squeals that I let go as I really became a woman for the first time. Nothing I had done with any man or any woman, not even Elaine, could equal the thrill that rose inside me as Rob caressed me and eased me out of my stockings and panties. I loved that but I wanted more. I wanted it all.

Rob kissed my breasts and that only made me jerk and urge him on to attempt the peak that I wanted from him. I took his penis in my hands. He didn't stop me. He didn't tell me that he wasn't gay or anything crude like that

which would have hurt me, as I thought he would do. Rob didn't lose his nerve. He had me naked in my bed and he let me guide him into penetrating me. He groaned quite audibly himself as he caressed my breasts even as he slid into me, his fluids lubricating me as he went back and forth while I clawed at him to take me.

I could feel him so clearly inside me, every nerve that Dr Anderson had once touched and exposed as still active coming alive as he touched me. I raised my legs about him and my long, painted nails dug into him.

Then he was kissing me again, his hands squeezing me and he was growing inside me. It was so marvellous, the sensations I felt. It was my penis that was so aroused and I was inside him and rapidly approaching a climax. I think he came first but I was only an instant after him. We soared to the heavens as the bed creaked urgently but I didn't care. I was making love to Rob Rowley and he was filling me up as I thought that I was filling him but I knew that it was just a phantom reaction.

It didn't matter then and mattered even less as I rolled with ecstasy beneath him. Rob couldn't stop, either. Even minutes after he first came, he was still trying to empty more of himself into me and I loved him for it. I was kissing him just as wildly and frantically as he was kissing and fondling me.

Elaine told me that she looked in on me when she heard the noise and couldn't believe who I was in bed with. She said that she stood in the doorway of my bedroom watching me for several minutes but I was so far gone into bliss, tugging my man down on me, making him caress me as I caressed his back and neck.

"If ever I saw a woman in ecstasy and having an orgasm," Elaine told me, "I saw it tonight in your bedroom."

Don't tell me any more that you want to be a man. Not after last night!"

Rob had told me much the same when we crawled out of bed the next day. It was noon and a note on the kitchen table said 'Gone to brunch, ten am. Luv 'n kisses, Elaine, to her sister.'

I was so nervous when I came out of the bathroom to face a dressed, waiting Dr Rob Rowley. I had slipped on panties and a bra under my robe. My hair hung in curly lines as it was still so damp.

"W-Well," I stammered. "You have to go." He had said earlier as he had awakened me that he had to be on the ward at two o'clock.

"Not without this," said Rob then and he took me in his arms and kissed me, his hand inside my robe and on my bra in just moments. "Oh, you put on a bra," he said with a grin. "Don't do that in the morning, please."

I quivered against him and pressed into him, trapping his hand. But he was too experienced for me. My bra opened almost as he touched my back and then he was caressing my hardening nipples while I shook against him.

"I'm supposed to be off at ten," Rob said as he caressed my breasts and my penis stood up in phantom desire. In reality, I was wiggling uncontrollably against him. "So, I'm often late getting off but I promise you, I will be here tonight, eleven at the latest. You can wear your prettiest nightie if you like so that you're all ready for me."

"Rob," I said shakily. "This was, this was ..." I wanted to say wonderful but I couldn't. I couldn't say that to another man, another man tantalizing my breasts, lowering his head and making such fantastic thrills go through me as he kissed my breasts.

"Fabulous," murmured Rob, "which is why we have to do it again and again tonight like we did this morning. Did I tell you how much I love a girl with long, blonde hair and a cute, bobbed nose? Or did you know that about me from the start when you started making yourself into a girl?"

"I'm not," I said, almost choking. "I'm going to have the operation ..."

"Oh, Angela, don't say that," Rob said then, kissing me so gently then, caressing my breasts and pulling my body so tightly against him. "We'll talk about it again, after we've made love as we did last night and today. And no, I don't want my girl friend even thinking that she is ever going to be a man again."

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"If we go public," said Sarah McLean, my lawyer and Elaine's friend, "and took this to trial, after all the legal bills and issues are settled, we will be able to get you a couple of million more in your bank account. I'll get considerably more, of course, and so will the trial team I'll have to assemble."

"There's no guarantee of that," I said to her and she shrugged and pulled a wry face.

"No, but I think I know what I am talking about," said the woman opposite me.

"The no-publicity clause," I said then, "doesn't bind Elaine, does it, or others who are in the know."

Sarah frowned. "It does," she said. "It covers all the hospital board, you, and Dr Anderson, Dr Niemens, Dr Lazarowich, the operating room nurses and Elaine Kaster. Who else is there?"

"Robert Rowley," I said, blushing then.

Sarah looked at me with a frown. "H-He was the doctor in Emergency who fixed my bad leg," I told her.

"H-He recognized me."

"Dressed like you are?" asked Sarah. I was in a flowered dress, my arms bare. I wore skin-toned stockings and open-toed, black, slingback high heels. My hair was newly styled for my date that night with Rob who was bringing a friend for Elaine, a role-reversal that sent delicious tingles up and down my spine.

I shouldn't have worn such feminine earrings or so much makeup, I thought, not when I was trying to convince my lawyer about the money I needed to make me a man again. No, I wasn't going to take the clause where they gave me all the medical help necessary for me to come back to being a man again. Male hormone therapy would start this summer and the operation would then be at Christmas or just after it. As Rob had said to me, these weren't the doctors for a female-to-male sex change. He was researching it for me and would find me the best and how much it would all cost. He had kissed me and said that it was the least he could do for his girl friend.

"We'll add him to the compensation and privacy list," said Sarah heavily, writing away. "I will have to talk to him."

"He's on duty," I told her and Sarah nodded.

"Here's Elaine," she said, looking out the window of her ground floor office. "Could you wait outside, er, Webster, while I talk to her?"

Sarah had a tough time knowing what to call me. Well, I had the same problem myself. I really didn't know whether I was Webster Arnold any more or Angela Kaster.

I sat primly with my legs crossed in Sarah's outer office while the men and women who worked there all came by and took surreptitious looks at me. At first, I had thought it was because Sarah had talked about me. Elaine laughed when I told her that.

"Have you seen yourself lately, my sister?" Elaine asked me, sending chills through me and making me want to swish my skirts when she said things like that. "You are quite a blonde dish, Angela. That's what all the guys are doing, scoping you out. If you smile at one of them, he'll be on you like a leech."

So, I didn't smile at any of them. "What did Sarah want?" I asked her after she came out and we linked arms and walked the two or three blocks to the hospital. The warm breeze blew my hair quickly into an unholy mess while my skirts were swaying all the time delightfully about my stockings.

"Sarah says that if she goes into court with you looking as you do now," Elaine said with a grin, "we would all lose a lot of money, particularly if anyone knew that you and Rob Rowley were having an affair."

"I'm not," I said hotly.

"You don't call bedding him for a week straight an affair?" asked Elaine with a laugh. "Anyway, Sarah says take your seven millions and run for the hills. It's a gift and I agree with her. I said we would be right back in and sign the deal and we would take care of Rob out of our share of the millions."

"I hope he doesn't want more than seven," I said with a shudder as I followed her back into Sarah's office and I signed 'Webster Arnold' on all the documents. Yes, it was nine plus millions on the face value but the lawyers had their share and there were other expenses that I didn't

know about. Why did 'research' cost another half million and 'preparation' also cost so much?

"We are ready to go into court on a moment's notice," said Sarah, going through the bills then. "That is why this is so high. I decided that we should retain the best at this that I could find. I will send you copies of all the legal papers we would have filed, the arguments we would have used, and the research to back up the distress a man in your position has."

"There's precedent for this?" asked Elaine in surprise.

"This isn't the first time such a case has been brought," said Sarah, surprising us, "but most have been settled just like this. I would have liked to have located Agnes and Jennifer, the two others we found who are living now as married women somewhere in our state."

I was shuddering as I clicked along the street with Elaine. We went into Emergency and she went off to check her schedules for the following month which had just been published. I looked for Rob but didn't see him. He saw me first and snuck up on me. He pulled me into a curtained cubicle and was busy kissing me as I tried to tell him what had gone on and that he didn't care about at all.

"Oh, Dr Rowley!" said a scandalized nurse as she came bustling in as I was being delightfully assaulted on the bed by the duty doctor on emergency.

"She's my girl friend, Boothie," said Rob Rowley, getting off me but keeping his arm about me. "It was an emergency, I promise you, but I think I've solved her hormonal problem now!"

"You idiot!" I hissed at him as I fixed my makeup in a hurry. Rob would have done me right there in the bed if I had let him.

"I'll sign any confidentiality form your lawyer wants," said Rob as he hugged me and kissed my cheek and neck. I didn't dare to let him take my lips. There was enough of my lipstick and perfume on him already. "And I will do it for free. I don't want any of your money, Angie. You should know that. All of us doctors are going to be millionaires one day, anyway."

"How are you going to do that?" I asked him as we strolled out onto the very quiet ward, no new cases for him up on the board.

"I intend to do it the old-fashioned way," Rob said to me with that lop-sided grin of his that I couldn't resist. I let him kiss me and cover himself in my lipstick. "I'm going to marry a millionairess."

I was still shuddering about that when I met Elaine in the cafeteria for coffee.

"Hey, Kaster," said a large nurse I had never seen before as we sat down in the space crowded with other nurses. "Have you heard the latest? Rowley's got a girl friend! Said it right out loud to Booth and Bennett in Emerge! He was kissing this blonde piece of fluff in Emerge and she was just eating ..."

The nurse looked at my crimson face then. Elaine didn't spare me at all. "Dockery," she said with a grin. "May I introduce my sister, Angela, Rob Rowley's bit of fluff?"

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As Angela Maria Kaster, I was married to Robert Vincent Rowley. I suppose I was considered to be transgendered or a transsexual male. My husband and I didn't care for those labels. He said that I was a woman and that was good enough for me. After all, I was his wife

and I loved, honored and obeyed him. Well, as long as Rob was doing what I wanted him to with me.

And what I wanted was to be kissed and loved and made love to as a woman. My 'phantom penis' dreams, fantasies and nightmares had disappeared long before my wedding. I know that George felt that I had conned David Niemens and him about my intentions of becoming a man again.

I hadn't conned them. I had been conning myself though and it was confirmed as soon as I entered the church and walked with trembling steps down the aisle on Greg Anderson's arm to be married to my wonderful lover and now my husband. Just my future husband's touch on my arm set me shivering and I was as nervous as any bride as I made my vows to my husband and we two were made one.

Well, we had been one, of course, for quite a while. I think the whole hospital was there to see the womanizer of all womanizers marry me. My mother only heard me say that I was a woman now and wouldn't talk to me again. Neither would my sisters. They wouldn't have known me anyway as 'Angela Kaster'. I was wickedly thinking of sending them pictures of me as a bride and some of the snaps we had taken of us, me in my bikini and Robert in his bathing trunks. Yes, that would wake them all up.

But, no publicity, I thought in regret in the end. Well, not greatly in regret. I split my fortune with my sister and she is more in love with me now than she ever was before. Elaine says that she regrets that she ever got me into dating as a woman. She has told me that, if Rob ever tires of me, she will be there, a 'friend with benefits' when she is needed.

Rob says that it will never happen. He takes up his practice as a specialist in internal medicine in the spring of next year. "That way," he said when I teased him about the family practice he said he was going to take over, "I can always be here every night to be loved by most obedient and lovely wife."

"Oh yes, oh master," I said as he pushed me down in my white, swishing dress that he loves me to wear.

"And when I tell you not to let a doctor anywhere near you, you will listen to me this time," says my husband, holding me down as he finds that I am not wearing a bra and that the female hormones I am taking are making my breasts so large and round and perfect for him.

"I do not want my wife ever to become my husband," Robert whispers to me and I giggle as I kiss him. There is no danger of that. My penis is gone and now lines my wonderful vagina that gives us both such intense pleasure. I never want my penis back again and thank my lucky stars each night that my husband makes love to me that that scalpel slipped so luckily when it did.

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