

EDITORS NOTE

The following pages substantially contain the fifty eight chapters an anonymous author originally released on a serial basis on Usenet in the 1990s. This text has been edited to improve readability by correcting a few (but not all) sentence fragments, capitalization, punctuation, spelling, missing words, duplicated words, extraneous spaces, and missing spaces.

Two editorial liberties were taken to correct flaws in these collected chapters. A glaring discrepancy occurred where a character introduced in Chapter 29 re-appeared in Chapter 38 with a different name. The obvious error was corrected by replacing the character name in Chapters 38 to 56 with the name for the character used in Chapter 29. Secondly, some of the early chapters used titles in addition to chapter numbers. The editorial staff created chapter titles for those later chapters that originally did not have titles, and snarkily highlighted in the chapter titles where the original anonymous author had defied nature by creating six sequential weekdays between Sunday evening and the following Saturday morning.

Other continuity and logic errors that existed in the anonymous author's original chapters intentionally remain uncorrected.

In all other cases the original story text and characters are preserved.

The Joe Bates Saga

Chapter 1 THE AWAKENING

As sunlight moved through the trees to the back of the apartment building, it fell first on the roof and then slowly moved its way down the wall until it found the window on the corner of the third floor. Seeping through the open blinds, it traveled across the floor, then up the bed, until it finally reached his eyes. Probing, flashing, searing into his eyes and then his mind, he faced the realization that a new day had dawned, and it was time to get up.

Hiding from the sunlight, Joe Bates placed his arm over his face, and turned his head away, seeking the darkness. As he did, he became alert to the fact that something was different. His arm seemed smaller, it did not support his head as easily as usual, and his body did not press into the mattress as it had before. His buttocks felt huge, as though they were covered with padding. He rubbed his hand across his chest, and was surprised to feel bare, soft, bulging roundness, where there should have been thick chest hair. When he turned his head into the pillow, it seemed that the skin on his face was more sensitive to touch than usual. He felt his cheek, and was amazed to feel a smoothness and softness he knew was not his normal, early morning, scratchy beard growth.

Was this a dream? Did someone shave his face while he was asleep? Surely, it was not his longtime girlfriend Linda, whom he had been with last night. They had been discussing marriage, and argued late into the night about his thoughts about discrimination and sexism. Had she stayed over, or gone home? He could not remember. The discussion had been pretty intense, but Linda really loved him, and was always quick to make up. He groggily tried to jump start his brain. There was no one there when he reached to the other side of the bed. He was alone.

Rolling over on to his back, he was trying to rub the sleep from his eyes, when he saw his hand. It looked tiny, with slender fingers which had an enhanced sense of touch. He pulled himself up slightly on one elbow to see the mirror on the dresser. He looked in disbelief at what he saw looking back. Instead of his usual face and usual

stubble, he saw another face. It was his face, to be sure, but different, with no morning stubble. His eyes and eyebrows were different too. His hair looked the same length, but it seemed softer, or finer. Looking more closely he noticed his face, too, was softer, more defined, smaller, maybe even feminine.

He thought of his knee. Two days before, he had sprained it slightly while playing racquetball with his friend Jay. He moved his right leg, and yes, it still ached a little. It was still he, no matter what the mirror said.

Startled, he shot straight up in bed, and as he did so, the sheet fell from his chest, exposing something which really threw him for a loop. Breasts. They looked like female breasts. His female breasts. Staring at disbelief at the image in the mirror, he raised his hand to his face to touch and feel, as if to prove that the person in the glass was him.

Again, he ran his hand across his cheeks, feeling the softness, the lack of stubble, and then to his cheekbones, which seemed higher and more pronounced. As he looked, he realized that he felt different all over. The most noticeable difference was that he felt much smaller, or maybe every thing else seemed bigger. To be sure, there were other differences too. It felt like his butt was huge, compared to his upper torso. The center of gravity of his body had, somehow, shifted lower.

In curiosity, his hand ran down his neck to his chest, to those breasts, which he cupped and felt with his small hands. His fingers moved to the large nipples. His fingers could feel, and he could sense them hardening as he touched them. With that pleasant sensation, he also felt a reaction in his groin, a sensation he did not recognize, a warmth and tightening that was not at all normal. "What next?" he thought.

He quickly placed his hand beneath the sheets to check. It moved down a smooth, flat stomach to feel for his cock. His pubic hair seemed finer than usual, but he was not exactly prepared for what he found next. His penis was not there. His scrotum and testicles were gone too. Instead, his probing fingers felt a warm, soft slit, with moist fleshy folds, which reacted to his gentle stroking by opening slightly. He was not unfamiliar with what he was touching, but found it difficult to accept that he now possessed what seemed to be labia, a clitoris, and a vagina; a pussy.

Totally confused, he explored his body, feeling new sensations. The unfamiliar softness and shape of his chest, a strange tightening of his pelvic muscles, and the uncomfortable sensation of wetness in his crotch. He ran his sensitive fingers over the unfamiliar contours, and then swept them over all the curves, bumps, and creases that his hands and slim fingers could reach.

As he did so he began to slip back to sleep, and into a languorous state of semi-dreaming. Soon, the clock radio jolted him back into the present. "Work," he thought. "Time for work. A weird dream was all it was. Just a dream, but at least it was an interesting dream."

Convinced that was what it was, he cast the sheets aside and swung his legs over the edge the bed. Stepping out, his legs, which now barely touched the floor as he sat on the edge of bed, tangled up in his pajama bottoms, which somehow had slid down from his waist to his thighs. Catching himself against the dresser, he looked down and saw that his dream had not ended, and his body was still different. He knew it was impossible, but to his quickly clearing vision, it almost appeared that he had uh... a... woman's body.

He reached down to pull up his pajamas, whose legs now were long enough to almost cover his feet, as he stumbled out of the bedroom for some coffee to get his overloaded brain engaged. Looking down, he realized that although a guy could walk around in his apartment without a shirt, a guy with a chest like he had now, could not. He grabbed a tee-shirt and pulled it over his head, and covered his protruding breasts.

As he walked across the living room toward the kitchen, his brain registered the differences it was experiencing, and started to make the necessary adjustments for the shorter stride and wider hips. Everything seemed so much larger. The kitchen counter was higher than his waist. To get a cup from the upper shelf, he had to stand on a chair. His conscious mind continued to race ahead, thinking less about what had happened to him and more about what he was going to do about it.

The first issue to be addressed, he thought, was work. He figured he could not go to work looking like this, but he could call in. Had his voice changed too? He spoke aloud; it seemed the same. He could not tell for sure. Pouring a cup of coffee, he began to review the problems he faced.

If he had indeed changed, then his job was a problem. He could not report to his job looking like this, like a woman. There were women at work, but none were engineers, and besides, his peers knew him as a man anyway. He could hardly walk in with this new size and shape, and just say, "Hi, guys! Look what I sprouted last night!" He did not think his present body shape would let him pass as a man, but he figured his mind would not let him pass as a woman either. He would probably have to try that, though, since he was quickly running out of options.

He had just read in Playboy about some woman who had passed as a man for years. Maybe he could do that, but for now he realized that he was going to have to deal with the immediate problem of looking like a woman.

Then he sensed another immediate concern. He had to urinate. "Strange," he thought to himself, "it looks so different, but it feels almost the same."

He hopped quickly into the adjoining bathroom, and as he did, he felt his breasts bounce uncomfortably. He cupped them with his hands, and stopped when he reached the toilet. The seat was still up from the last time he used it. As he reached into his pajamas, to stand, aim his penis at the bowl, and pee, he realized that he could not do that, at least he could not figure out a practical way. Irritated, he lowered the seat, pulled down the pajama bottoms and sat.

As he relaxed, the urine started to flow, and he felt yet another difference. The pee did not come out in a tight stream like normal, but seemed to come out as a heavier flow, and it seemed to him it emerged from near his anal opening. He finished quickly, and started to get up, but realized that his crotch was still rather wet. He took some tissue and carefully wiped his unfamiliar genitalia. "This will take some getting used to," he thought. He flushed, pulled his pajama bottoms back up, and went back to the bedroom.

His pajama bottoms did not fit, and, judging by the looks of the tee-shirt and how it clung to his breasts, he was going to have get something he could wear in public. That meant he had to go shopping. If he was going to go shopping, he would need money, and since all of his credit cards were in his name, he was concerned as to whether he would be able to use them. With a name like Joe, it might be possible to use that name in public, while pretending to be a

woman, but it said Joel on his card, and that did not look like a woman's name.

Identification was the next issue: his driver's license, insurance, the basic IDs used during a normal course of a day. This predicament could not be permanent, and he was sure it could not be, but if he had to act like a woman, then he was going to have to think about his job. Well, he may have somehow misplaced his balls, but he still had his engineering skills. At least he thought he did. His brain seemed the same as always. If he could work out a way to get back to his job, he figured, he could still do it. He would work out that problem after getting some ID. Besides, he still had some money in the bank which would last a little while, at least till he could get this identity thing worked out. Writing checks might be a problem if his handwriting had changed. He tested it with a pencil and his notebook. His small hand caused it to be a little different, but he figured it would get by, and besides, an automatic teller did not look at that anyway. What was he forgetting?

Suddenly, he realized. Linda! Linda would be expecting him to call tonight. If he did not, she would probably call him, since they usually went out to eat on Friday evenings. What would she think... What would she do if... No, WHEN she saw him looking like this?

He put his concern about his relationship with Linda aside, knowing that it presented an insurmountable problem for now, and then he remembered Jay. Jay was a lawyer, very bright and skillful. Jay was his best friend. Jay would know how to handle ID and the bank. He might even know of a doctor who could help him with his physical problems, but could not think of anything like this, happening to anybody else. "At least nobody who admitted it," he thought. He reached over for the phone to talk to, and arrange an appointment with, Jay.

He called his office, and Jay's secretary answered. As soon as he heard her voice, he knew he had a problem if he did not sound like himself, so he simply said hello and asked if Mr. Logan was in. Denise, Jay's secretary, said no, that he would be in court this morning. Joe asked if he could set up a meeting with him today. Denise asked if he was a client, and Joe got the bright idea of pretending to be his own secretary. He said he was calling for Joe Bates, and that Mr. Bates would like to have lunch with Mr. Logan, to discuss some business. Denise said Mr. Logan would be free for

lunch, and suggested the health club where they both worked out regularly. Joe said no, the Beacher Restaurant would be better for Mr. Bates. (No kidding!) He sighed with relief as he hung up the phone. He had made the appointment.

"This can be worked out," he thought. Jay could help him solve the identity and the money issues. Now for work. He called in, and identified himself as a nurse, and told the receptionist that Joel Bates had been admitted for a gastrointestinal problem and would be staying in the hospital for a few days for tests and possible surgery. He would not be in to work until next week at the earliest. "Who knows?" he thought. "It might be true." Remarkably, she did not ask which hospital so he did not have to lie about that.

Feeling better for the first time since he awoke, Joe leaned back in the chair and reached for his coffee. As he did so, he realized that he was crossing his legs like a man, and placed his feet flat on the floor. Seeing him through the open window, anybody would have thought he was just another woman, maybe somebody's wife, sitting at a breakfast table drinking a cup of coffee, free of the everyday need to go off to work.

In reality, his engineer's mind was again going through the schematic process of sorting and collecting data in order to establish a plan. He reached out and started to make a list of things he would need. By now, the realization had dawned that he had nothing to wear that would fit, and that he had to go shopping for clothes. He also concluded that he was going to look like an idiot while shopping. It also occurred to him that he was going to look even more ridiculous, since he had no idea how to dress like a woman, what sizes they wore in clothing, or what size he wore, for that matter. Worse yet, he was probably going to have to buy things like panties and brassieres. Now, he surely knew how to take stuff like that off a woman, but he had no idea how to buy, or even put those things on like a woman.

Finishing the coffee, he walked back to the bedroom, and decided that he had better take a quick shower. While he stood under the hot water, quickly soaping and rinsing his unfamiliar body, he was almost afraid to look at it, thinking that if he would ignore it, the problems he was facing might simply go away as quickly as they came. He grinned a sarcastic grin, as it occurred to him that he did not have to shave this morning. After the brief shower, he went to the closet, and started looking for something to wear.

His jockey shorts just did not seem to make it. He tried them on and found that even with the elastic in the waist they would not stay on his hips. "Damn!" he thought. "I need to wear underwear at least."

Then he remembered a Christmas present from two years back. Carol was his girl then, and she had given him three pairs of men's bikini briefs which he had never worn because they were too snug fitting and uncomfortable. He found them in the back of one of his drawers. He slipped on the black ones. Although they had been tight before, they now fit pretty well. Of course, the "contoured pouch" crotch was now strangely baggy on him. Then he tried on a pair of jeans to see if a pair fit, and, needless to say, they did not. One pair, however, had just come back from the laundry and was tighter than the ones he had worn a few times before washing.

Slipping them on, he hoped they had a chance of staying above his hips when he remembered his suspenders, the ones with clips. Putting them on, he was able to hold his jeans up with some feeling of confidence. He then reached down for his loafers. Sliding his small feet in, they felt like boats. This would not do, he knew, so he then pulled out some white socks and a pair of sneakers. They seemed too big, hell, they were too big, but at least they sort of fit with the extra absorbent socks on.

Finally, he came to the shirt. He tried on a couple and found them too large, but at least they were not too tight. He did not have a bra, of course, but the embarrassing jiggles of his breasts when he moved made him decide to put a cotton sweatshirt over his shirt. He reached down to the night stand, took his large aviator's watch and put it on his thin wrist. It dangled loosely, almost large enough to go around his wrist twice. He eyed the time, as he put the watch in his pants pocket. He knew the mall would soon be open. He had to get over there and buy some clothes so that he could meet Jay for lunch, and start figuring things out.

Chapter 2

THE MALL

Joe went out to the parking area and opened the door of his RX-7. He sat in the semi-reclining seats, and found that not only could he barely see over the steering wheel, he was unable to depress the clutch pedal to shift gears. He adjusted the seat, until he found a position which suited his new, smaller, proportions. The seat belt pinched his breasts until he adjusted the shoulder trap so that it passed between those unfamiliar mounds.

Driving over to the mall, he remembered to be very careful, since a traffic ticket, or an accident, would probably cause extraordinary problems. His mind was racing to consider the possibilities: where he would go, how much money he had, what he had to buy, when he was startled again by the recognition that he had no purse. He tried to remember if he had ever seen a woman without a purse on a shopping trip, or if he had ever seen a woman take a wallet out of her hip pocket to pay for something. Deciding the answer was no, he made a note to remove his cash, ATM card, and some credit cards from his wallet. He decided that his first purchase would be a purse and a woman's wallet. "Damn," he thought, "this isn't going to be easy."

Pulling off the highway into the parking lot, he parked near the entrance to Sears. He always parked by Sears, and walked through the store on his way into the mall. As he walked in, he found himself in the lingerie department. It seemed whenever you walked into Sears, you walked into women's panties. Normally, he might sneak furtive glances at the sexy undies and the women trying to decide from the huge selection of sizes, styles, and colors. Today, it was his time to decide.

He could not believe the variety. Although he liked the way women looked in sleek, sexy, string bikinis, when he took one from the rack and held it up, he could not imagine wearing something like that. He looked at high-leg, strings, and hip-huggers, in nylon and cotton, lace and sheer, and all in every color of the rainbow. He liked the soft, smooth textures.

He finally settled on some hip-huggers which came in a little tube of three colors, and were labeled "Jockey for Her." He was not sure if it was brand loyalty, or just that, by selecting those, he did not have to

decide on color. He looked at some traditional briefs, high leg type, without any decoration, which came in a variety pack of pastel colors, and decided that he would take one of those too. He hoped he could figure out a way out of his predicament before he needed any more.

Bras were even harder to select. He did not really know what size he was, and he was not sure how find out. He was about ready to hold a bra he thought might fit up to his chest, when a cute salesgirl came up and asked if she could help.

"Can I be of assistance?" she asked.

Embarrassed, he mumbled nervously that he was looking for a bra.

"And what is your size?" she asked, smiling.

"I don't remember," he lied, and then realized how ridiculous that probably sounded. "I mean, I lost some weight lately, and I might need a new size," he tried, hoping that made more sense.

"Sure," she said. "Come on back, and let's measure you."

She started to walk to the dressing rooms. He followed her into one of small cubicles and stood next to her. She looked at him. He did not want to show his chest to this girl.

Finally she said, "You will have to remove, or at least, pull up that top, please," she said, looking at him strangely.

He pulled the sweatshirt over his head, and removed his oversize men's shirt. She seemed surprised, when she saw he was not wearing a bra. His heart pounded, as this girl, who yesterday he might have asked out, took a cold measuring tape and encircled first his chest below his breasts, and then, pulled it snugly across his erect nipples. "I think we had better try a 34B," she said.

She went out, and a moment later returned with a glossy pink underwire, with the clasp in front, between the cups. He looked at the dainty thing, and fumbled as he attempted to put his arms into the proper places between the tangle of straps. The girl watched in amusement. "I wonder what she's thinking?" he thought as he pulled the straps around his back and roughly pulled the cups over his curves.

When he felt he had it positioned correctly, he stopped, and the girl began tugging and poking at the cups and straps, checking for

tightness and gaps. Her soft touch made him feel strange, and he just knew his face was red as a beet.

"Looks right. How does it feel?" she asked.

"If you only knew," he thought, but said, "Feels fine to me."

"Well, I'll let you browse," she said, "Just ask if I can be of further assistance."

"Thank you," he said, removing the sexy thing as she left the small room.

He was putting his shirt back on when his breasts reminded him that he should get a bra to wear while trying on clothes. Besides, he probably should have more than one of these things anyway. He left the pink bra, and his sweatshirt, in the dressing room, and went back out to select another. "Well, now I know what size I am at least," he thought, grinning.

As he looked, he decided that he did not want any type but front close, since he figured that those were difficult enough. He picked a flesh tone, seamless cup number, he knew Linda wore that kind, and she sure looked good in it. Reconsidering, he grabbed two of them, wondering if Linda's breasts were larger, or smaller, than his.

He concluded they were probably about the same, and realized he was grinning like some kind of idiot. As he made his way back to the dressing room, he decided to get one more. It was plain, and white, like he imagined a nurse might wear, and of course, it was front close. "A proper bra for a guy like me," he thought, sarcastically.

Entering the cubicle, he removed his shirt again. More experienced this time, he carefully put the white bra on, and adjusted the straps for fit. "How does it feel?" he mimicked to himself. "Damn weird," he answered silently.

After he had paid for the underwear, giving the girl the empty box and telling her he was wearing the white one, he walked out into the mall and thought how funny it was that he had bought panties and bras at Sears, the place he usually thought of only for tools to work on his sports car.

Walking down the corridor he entered a shoe store and started to look at the women's shoes. A man came over and asked if he could help. "Yes," he said, and selected a few pairs to try on. One of them

had a low heel. He sat, and removed his oversize shoes and his socks. The salesman came over and measured his foot. "Got to remember this size," he thought.

The man returned with some boxes, and handed him some cut off nylons. Looking at them he wondered why, then he remembered that women wore nylons. While trying on shoes the foot had to be covered for some health department reason. He slipped the nylon booty on, and tried on his first pair of "girl shoes."

They were simple navy blue, with a two-inch heel, and they fit, though it seemed as though they stopped too early on his foot. He awkwardly walked a few steps, all the while thinking he did not know how he could possibly fake anyone into thinking he was a woman, wearing these things. He decided to get a pair of women's exercise shoes too. They would be easier to walk in, he knew. He then paid for the shoes, and after receiving the change, decided it was time to get a purse.

Next, he entered Dillard's. As he walked into the store, his nose was assaulted by the smell of cosmetics. Normally he could get a headache just walking through this section of a department store. A woman walked up, and asked him to try a perfume. He started to say he did not wear perfume, when it occurred on him that he had no makeup on, and he figured women usually wore makeup, at least in public. "Oh, hell," he thought. "What am I going to do about this?" He nodded, "No thanks," and moved over to a cosmetic case and began to look.

A woman in a white smock saw him, and offered to help. He nodded yes, and she led him over to a mirror and a chair. Looking at his face, the woman said, "If you have some time, I have some things that would look very nice on you. Did you have anything special in mind?" Joe replied that he did not, but that he would like to see what she could do for him.

Sensing a good sale, the woman walked behind the counter and came out with a whole series of things. In the next fifteen minutes, the saleswoman did complete make-over of his face.

Starting with a base, she applied a very light layer to his entire face. Then she moved to his eyes, and applied first eyeliner, then some mascara, and finally some shadow. She then applied some blush to his cheeks, and finally offered a lipstick. All the while, she kept

chattering about how to apply the makeup, the pros and cons, and telling him with both words and looks that he was starting to look pretty good. She commented on his rather exotic hair style. "Yea," he thought, "exotic."

Finally she held a mirror to his eyes so that he could look, and look he did. He appeared completely different, completely female in the face, and, he thought, attractive. Not drop dead beautiful, but attractive.

Standing back with her arms folded, the saleswomen asked what he thought. "I like it," Joe replied. "It's very nice."

With that, he began buying all the makeup the women suggested, until finally, he began to worry about the cost. As he reached into his jeans, he noticed that he was down to a few hundred dollars and that amount was about to be severely damaged by this purchase. Nevertheless there was nothing he could do about it. The salesperson noticed his American Express card, and said that they accepted American Express. He offered her the card, and she rang up the sale and dialed in the number on the verification modem. As she did that he remembered the card was in his name, and that it was his signature on the back. The salesperson did not even look at the back, but gave him back the card and asked him to sign his name. When he thought about it, he decided that she probably thought he was his own wife. It would be a perfectly natural assumption.

Next stop, some clothes to wear outside the underwear. He took the escalator up to women's dresses, and began to go through the racks looking for something. He was not sure of what he wanted, what size, or color, or style, and was actually relieved when a saleswoman asked to help him.

"May I help you, miss?" she said.

Together, they picked out a navy blue skirt that he said he liked, two blouses, which the saleswoman recommended, and a couple of dresses. One had small flowers on a light background, the other was a simple knit dress. Then they moved back to skirts, and selected a couple which Joe thought looked as though a school teacher might wear. He picked a couple of silky blouses worn by a mannequin which caught his masculine eye. "What the heck?" he thought. "If I have to wear them, I might as well like what they look like."

The saleswoman took the clothes, and led him to the dressing room. He hoped she would not expect to go in with him while he undressed. He was wearing his men's black bikini briefs, and they looked a little strange, with their "contoured pouch" bunched up between his legs, but she only showed him to an empty cubicle, and helped him carry his many selections.

Here, in the ladies fitting area, he could see women through the wide slats, which served for doors to the small dressing areas. They were trying on dresses too, and were in various stages of undress. His male eyes, and brain, could not keep from looking.

A young woman, probably about his age, was in the compartment directly across from his. She was a goddess, with long blond hair, almost to her waist. She was standing in her underwear, an almost transparent flesh-toned bra, with matching panties, which hid nothing, from the tip of her toes to the tips of her firm breasts. He stared as she pulled a sweater over her head, unconsciously wriggling erotically as she did so. His heart pounded, and he thought he would die right there. He felt familiar stirrings of arousal coming from his groin, and he reached down to rub his cock. The damp softness he encountered, brought him back to reality. "She ain't for you right now, tiger," he sighed. Frustrated, he looked away, and back at the rack of clothes.

He tried the little floral print dress on first. Not knowing if it fit well, he walked out barefoot, into the mirror area where the woman waited for him.

"That looks very nice on you, sweetie," she said.

He turned around in the dress and found himself looking over his small shoulder, into the mirror. He looked so much like a woman, it almost made him cringe. He went back, tried on the rest of the clothes, and, to the saleswoman's delight, purchased all of them.

Again, he offered the American Express card, and again, no one questioned his signature. Laden with packages, he started to the escalator when he came to Parklane Hosiery. "Pantyhose," he thought. "I'll probably need some to wear with these dresses."

He started reading the back of the packages, and figured out his size. He now knew he had size thirty-four hips. He purchased three pairs, in as many colors. He looked around the store, at the plastic legs covered with all types of sexy stockings and pantyhose. He saw

some ladies' athletic type cotton socks, and decided he should get some like that to go with his exercise shoes.

Going down the escalator, he ran over his mental list of things to get, and felt satisfied that he had gotten everything. He left the store and started back to his car when he remembered the purse. He ducked into a store, and quickly selected both a purse and ladies' wallet. He had to return home, and get in costume. He had a meeting with Jay for lunch.

Chapter 3

GETTING READY

Joe parked his car in the parking area. The back of his sports car was filled with packages from his morning shopping spree.

Returning to the apartment, Joe felt exhausted, but relieved. The shopping trip had been only moderately difficult since he still felt like a man, and was still dressed like one, but soon he would be meeting with Jay for lunch, while pretending to be, and dressing like, a woman. The very thought of going out in public still embarrassed him, and left him with a queasy feeling in the pit of his new, flatter, stomach.

A part of his brain kept waiting to wake up, saying this had to be one wild dream, but another part seemed resigned to the changes, which were beyond his ability to accept. So far, his disciplined mind was experiencing them with curiosity and humor. He considered everything to be temporary, to last only until he could figure out what had happened to him, and correct it.

He went to the bedroom to change clothes, and started removing the underwear from the packages. One by one, he examined each item, and tried to imagine wearing it. As he started to unbutton his shirt, his eyes were fixed on the things he was about wear. As he undressed, he again became aware of the sensations caused by his new shape.

Having breasts was different. He could feel his nipples rubbing on his clothing. Having smaller biceps and triceps was different too. His arms actually seemed longer because they were thinner.

Sliding the shirt off his narrow shoulders, he looked down at his chest, which was partially covered by a white bra. The bra was without lace, or decoration, just functional underwear whose primary purpose was the support he now needed. He carefully opened the front clasp and opened the bra, exposing his breasts. His chest, which only hours ago was flat, broad, and covered with dark hair, was now smooth, soft, and rounded, with large pink nipples. Free from the covering of the bra, his breasts felt cold and he could feel their slight added weight on his chest.

He touched his left breast, and could feel his nipple harden between his slim fingers. The feeling made him quiver, and his breasts shook as if they had minds of their own.

He sat on the edge of the bed. Removing his socks and jeans, he stood before the bed in his men's black low-rise briefs. He hooked his fingers into the waistband, and pulled them down his hips.

The sights and sensations he was experiencing should have given him a raging erection. In fact, it felt like he had one, but when he looked down there, he felt and saw the crotch of his underwear was damp with secretions. The moisture made him feel uncomfortable. A musky scent was noticeable. Time for another quick shower, he mused, and walked into the adjoining bathroom.

Turning on the shower, he felt the water temperature. As it warmed, he again noticed that his skin felt thinner, more sensitive to touch and heat. He entered the shower and soaped down. The soapy water on his body felt great. "At least this situation isn't all bad," he thought. He lingered in the shower, enjoying the sensations, but when he turned toward the spray, the streaming water hit his soft breasts, he was jolted awake by a sharp stinging sensation. "Enough of this," he thought, and attempted to wash his unfamiliar genitals.

He was not exactly sure how to begin. He soaped his hands and rubbed the soap bar on his pubic hair. Then, using his fingers, he carefully cleansed the creases and folds which replaced his penis. It felt good. Innocently, he gently began exploring a sensitive little bundle of tissue near the top of his genital opening. Could this be what a clitoris felt like? With the added lubrication of the soapy water on his fingers, the feeling was familiar, yet different.

When he finished his cleansing exploration, he rinsed off the remaining soap, and noticed that although his body was now almost completely hairless compared with before, he did have considerable hair under his arms. He thought about it for a moment, and decided that he had better remove it. He had never shaved that area before, but there were all kinds of new things today. He went to the cabinet and got his razor and a can of shaving cream. He squirted some cream into his small hand, and rubbed it on the soft hair under his arms. He then took the razor, and began shaving the light hair. "I never imagined I would be doing this today," he thought to himself.

As he was shaving, he noticed his legs, and thought about the pantyhose he bought. "I suppose I'd better do those too," he decided. Feeling and seeing the jiggle of his breasts as he was applying the

shaving cream to the light hair on his legs, he chuckled to himself about the irony of his situation. "If Linda could see me now," he said to himself, out loud.

When he completed shaving his legs and underarms, he rinsed the remaining cream off his body and stepped from the shower. He grabbed a bath towel and dried himself. He felt better now, and actually smelled good. He felt his smooth legs and was actually impressed with his looks. "I'd better be careful," he thought to himself. "I might actually start to like this female stuff."

He found some underarm deodorant, the most "feminine" he had. "It smells okay to me," he thought to himself. Naked, he then went back to the bedroom to attempt to dress.

Fresh from the shower, he went to the dresser mirror. He looked into the glass. What he saw looking back was a young woman. He did not have a sister, but if he had, she might have looked like he did now. He had not washed off the makeup the lady at the mall had applied, and it had held up well in the shower. He actually looked quite attractive, with only the short hair on his head to raise any question of his sex. He had seen women with hair as short as his, but he did not like the way it looked on them.

Even though he certainly looked like a woman, he still felt he was a man, and his brain still thought like a male. He could feel a trace of lust surfacing, as he gazed at this naked person in the mirror. "Well, this is one babe you won't be screwing, you horny stud," he thought to himself.

As he could feel himself getting aroused, he looked at himself in the mirror. His new clitoris felt just like his penis. It did not feel nearly as small as it looked. In fact he could not even see it, but he could certainly tell it was there when he became aroused. He figured he better get dressed if he was going to make his appointment with Jay. He would have to go with wet underpants again, if he continued to gaze at his new shape.

Trying to put his mind on something else, he moved away from the mirror. He looked at the array of new clothes on the bed. He picked up a pair of panties, and held them up. "Well, they sure don't look like they'll fit," he thought.

He looked at the narrow, cotton lined, crotch strip, and sighed. He felt perverted, like he was considering putting on Linda's underwear. Bending down, he placed one smooth leg into the small

pink panty, and followed with the other. He pulled them up, over what seemed to him to be his huge, soft, butt, and found that they came up only to his slightly protruding hip bones. He looked down at himself, and what he saw was both familiar, and unusual. He had seen quite a few girls, women, in their underwear before.

Now, as he looked at himself, he could see he looked just like they did. He felt the same as always too, but when he looked in the mirror, the familiar bulge of his penis and testicles was gone. The snug fitting panty emphasized a small mound which was a little higher up than where his penis had been. Below that, the crotch gusset outlined, with sexy sleekness, a flat area which replaced his absent male parts.

He reached down to feel the smoothness of his mound, and could feel his pubic hair through the thin fabric. He went down further, and felt the warm softness of his crotch. The touch made unfamiliar muscles in his groin contract, and he moved his hand away. He grinned, and put it back, pressing on the slick softness. It seemed the changes he had undergone were never more evident than right now.

As he gently rubbed the silky area, he began to feel moisture. "I suppose I'd better stop this," he said to himself. He had to keep his mind on getting dressed. He had to meet Jay for lunch.

He looked over at the bed and picked up the white bra he had worn home from Sears. He was about to put it back on when he decided to wear the pink one, which was also lying on the bed. While the white one was plain and simple, this one was different. It was sheer, with small lace edges around the cups. It was an underwire, and even felt different from the white one. He was talked into this one by the salesgirl, who said it would be just right for his figure type.

He had no experience in that area, but it was a front close, the one thing he insisted on, and the girl was cute, so he bought it. Now, as he carefully untangled the thing, put his arms through the straps, and was clasping the plastic latch between his breasts, he realized that he could see his nipples right through the sheer seamless cups. He squeezed the softness with his hand, and just stared at his new shape, and his erect nipples pressing against the thin fabric.

He reached down and grabbed one of the packages of pantyhose. The wrapper said, Hanes Silk Reflections, Barely There. He ripped open the package and looked at the wrinkled mass of nylon. "Okay," he said, "let's get on with it."

He decided that the best way to approach it was to sit on the edge of the bed, and slide the hose up one leg at a time. He eventually had both legs in and the waist about mid-thigh. Awkwardly, he struggled to stand up, and finished pulling the tight-fitting monstrosity up above his natural waist. He looked down at his legs. "Pretty good," he thought, but the crotch was still about three inches from his butt. He grabbed and pulled some more until he had them fitting the way he thought they should. They made his legs feel slick, and very warm.

Looking at the mirror again, he saw himself in panties, pink bra, and the shiny pantyhose. Seeing himself, all he could do was sigh in a defeated manner. "Am I going to be stuck like this forever?" he thought. He could not even imagine such a thing. "No time to worry about it now," he decided.

Glancing at the clock told him the time for daydreaming was running short, and that he had to get moving. He reached for the new white blouse and slipped his arms through the sleeves. Then he buttoned the blouse starting at the bottom until he had buttoned all the way to the neck. Then, realizing that he was not going to wear a tie, he unbuttoned the top button. He looked down to see that his nipples could still be seen through the bra and sheer white fabric of the blouse. He looked carefully, and imagined that he was staring at a woman's breasts. "These little babies are yours, big fella," he said, out loud.

He decided that the outfit was not too risqué, and went back to the pile of clothes on the bed. He decided that the navy skirt would look the best. He always did like solids anyway. He took the skirt and slipped it up his smooth legs, and fastened it around his thin waist. "The darn zipper is in the back," he thought to himself.

He looked at himself in the full length mirror on the closet door. "Looking good," he said, turning around, but something did not seem right when he walked. The skirt clung to his legs and bunched around his crotch when he bent over. He thought about the problem, and concluded that he probably needed a slip. He forgot about that. "Heck, I couldn't think of everything," he thought.

He was trying to decide what to do and, when he went to the closet, he spotted some of Linda's clothes hanging on hangers. "Too bad she's smaller than I am," he thought, and then reconsidered.

Although he used to push six feet, now he was closer to five feet five, or six, about the same as his girl friend. As he poked through her things, he decided that she would not mind, and would probably get a

chuckle out of it, if the shock did not kill her first. There were slacks, a shirt, and her red one piece swimsuit. He began to think of Linda. She looked great in that red suit. How would she feel about him, now that he could probably wear it too? The last hanger held a short black skirt, and under it, he found a silver colored half slip. "Just what I need," he thought.

He took it off the hanger and stepped into it. It was a struggle to get it up under his dress, but when he finally did, it felt all right. Now, when he walked, the skirt moved smoothly and did not stick to his legs.

Looking at the clock, he saw he had just enough time to look in the mirror and he brushed his short hair into the most feminine look he could muster. He then looked into his plastic bag of cosmetics, and decided that maybe just a little lipstick touch up would be good. He wanted to be careful; he did not want to get carried away, and end up looking like a clown.

He took a last look into the mirror and decided he was ready. He felt a strange feeling around his upper legs and pulled up his skirt and slip. His pantyhose was hanging down again, and he contorted about in a struggle to get them where they belonged. That's better, he said to himself, and stepped back from the mirror for a last look. "My god, now I've got to take a leak!" he said out loud.

He walked back to the bathroom and stood in front of the toilet. Suddenly, he realized that he could not just stand there, unzip his pants, and relieve himself. He had to turn around, pull up the skirt and slip, hold it, and slide both his pantyhose and panties down, only then could he sit and pee. "Unbelievable," he thought.

As the flow started, he felt familiar relief. He carefully wiped, got up, pulled up his underpants, which were around his ankles, then the pantyhose, went through the whole tugging and stretching thing again, and then smoothed his skirt down. "All this just to pee," he thought. "I'll sure be glad when I get back to normal." When he finished, he went back to the bedroom.

He looked at the stuff he bought, and found the shoe boxes. "Well," he thought, "we have a choice of white and pink Reeboks, or blue pump girl shoes with a medium heel." The Reeboks were definitely out with this outfit, but the "high-heels" were downright scary. "Take it like a man," he joked to himself, and slipped the blue heels on. He stood up and felt like he was on stilts. The heels seemed

much higher than the two or three inches they appeared to be. Also, his jerky movements made his breasts bounce when he walked.

From habit, he felt for his wallet, feeling only his very soft, slick, and rounded butt. Realizing his mistake he grabbed his new purse, and checked that his wallet was in it. After locking the door to the apartment, he rushed down the stairs. Actually, he didn't exactly rush, but hobbled, down the stairs in the shoes.

As he reached the end of the staircase, he stepped out into a beautiful spring day, with fragrant flowers blooming, and tree buds bursting into leaves.

Chapter 4

THE MEETING

The traffic was heavy. Joe drove as quickly as he could to his lunch appointment with his attorney and best friend, Jay Logan.

It was about ten minutes after the agreed upon time when he finally pulled into the parking lot of the Beacher Restaurant. He parked, awkwardly got out of his sports car wearing the skirt and heels, and tried to walk into the establishment with as much dignity as he could muster. He stepped up to the head waiter's podium, and told the young lady that he was to meet with a friend, who might already be here. She asked his name, and he said Joe Bates. She looked at her notes, and said, "Please follow me, Ms. Bates." Joe walked behind her and almost fell against her as they went down a few heavily carpeted steps. She led him to a softly lighted table where he saw his pal Jay seated, sipping on a Corona.

Jay looked up at him, confused, and said, "May I help you, ma'am?"

Joe did not know exactly what to say, or how to start. He did not want to go into an explanation with the waiter standing there, so he just said, "May I sit, Mr. Logan?"

Jay stood and pulled out a chair for Joe as he took his seat. At the waiter's inquiry, he ordered some white wine. The waiter said, "Of course," and went away. Jay looked at him, puzzled. Joe just stared at Jay. Before, he was larger, and heavier than Jay, who now seemed huge. Joe got up his courage, and blurted out, "Jay, it's me, Joe!"

Jay grinned, "Right, and I'm Margaret Thatcher!"

Joe had not realized that he might have trouble convincing his best buddy who he was, but the problem was quickly becoming evident.

"Jay, I don't know what has happened to me," he pleaded, "but I need your help."

Jay looked at his watch, and said, "It's a little late for an April fools' joke, don't you think?" Then he said, "I'm pleased to meet you. I didn't even know Joe had a sister, much less one as good looking as you."

"Oh, no!" thought Joe. "Now he thinks I'm my sister!" He pushed on, though, saying, "Jay, I don't have a sister, and you know it, and don't give me any come-on crap."

Jay looked at him closely. "What's going on here?" he asked.

"I really wish I knew," Joe said. "I woke up this morning looking like this, and I don't have clue as to what is going on."

"You're serious, aren't you?" Jay said.

"Never been more serious in my life, Jay," Joe answered. "I really don't know what I should do. If you saw what I did this morning, you wouldn't believe it."

"I'm not sure I do," said Jay.

"Okay," Joe said. "Remember Wednesday evening, at the health club, you snapped the ball at me, and I almost broke my neck trying to get to it? My knee still hurts." He watched for signs of acknowledgment on Jay's face.

"Okay," Jay replied. "Let's say you are my friend Joe, and I must admit your face does look a lot like him. What can I possibly do for you?"

"I have to prove to everybody that I am still Joe Bates no matter how I look on the outside," Joe returned. "I know you can help me do it. Then I need to get medical help to get my normal features back, or, God help me, if I'm stuck like this, I've got to get my records changed so that I can function without the legal problems I know that I will have. My personal problems, I'm not sure about. I don't even know what they all are yet."

"Well, don't worry, Joe, I'll help," said Jay, seeing his friend looking so grim. "I'm not sure what will have to be done, but we will do whatever is necessary to help you. Can I ask a rather personal question, though, Joe?"

"Sure, Jay," Joe answered. "I trust you, and besides, you're my only hope right now."

"I'm embarrassed to ask, but I'm about to die of curiosity," Jay said. "Joe, you sure look like a woman. Are you female?"

Joe looked at his buddy, and saw his longtime pal was eyeing his curves. "I don't know, Jay," he said. "I don't really know what I am, but I can tell you that what you see is all me. You should see me in Jockey shorts." He grinned at his buddy, saying, "I don't believe I'll

be chasing babes with you, for a while at least, much as I would like to. I don't feel like a woman. In fact, I feel like a rooster in the hen house. You can't imagine what it's like just to take a shower looking like this. I don't know if my heart can take it." He figured Jay would understand his predicament if anybody would, or could.

The waiter returned with Joe's wine, and brought the menu. Jay said, "Give us a few moments, please." The waiter nodded, and left. "I think I'll have just the salad bar," he said, turning back to Joe.

Joe agreed. He was not even hungry. His stomach had never quit feeling like a can of worms. He felt the warmth of the wine as it went down. "Everything is more pronounced now," he thought. "I could probably get tipsy on this little glass of wine, especially since I have yet to eat anything today."

When the waiter returned, they ordered. They both went to the salad bar together. Jay followed, watching his friend walk awkwardly in the heeled shoes. When they returned to their tables, he said. "Joe, if I had any doubts about you telling the truth, watching you walk to the salad bar removed them. No real woman would walk like that if she tried."

"You should try it sometime, pal," Joe said, smiling demurely, "and walking in these shoes isn't the half of it."

As they ate, Jay discussed some of the things they would need to do. He said he had a friend on the police force, who was a specialist in proving identification, usually on murder-related cases where the victim is unknown.

"You were in the Air Force, so there's a record of your fingerprints," Jay said. "Do you think your prints have changed?"

Joe said, "I don't know, Jay. I do know that my knee is still sprained from the other night with you, and even though my arms are smaller, my right one still has scars I received from an auto accident twelve years ago. Damn it, I don't know what's happened to me! I feel the same, at least as much as is possible, but I do seem to look female. If you're having a problem with this, think about it from my side. I have to live with it continuously." Joe looked like he was ready to burst into tears.

"I'll call you as soon as I make some contacts, probably tomorrow morning," Jay said, as they finished lunch. "We'll get this worked out as quickly as we can. What are you going to do now?"

"I can't go to work like this, so I guess I'll go home," said Joe. "I have to call Linda, but I don't know what I'm going to tell her. Hell, I've got her slip on!" He blushed, continuing, "This is so embarrassing. I'm so worked up and tense, I don't know what to do."

Jay looked at his confused and dejected friend, not knowing what to say. "Hey, it's Friday," he said. "Let's meet at the health club at five-thirty, for our usual game."

"Aw... uh... Jay I don't know," Joe protested. "I don't know if I'm ready for that."

"Hell, Joe," Jay countered, "exercise is just what you need to relieve tension, and it might take your mind off your problems for a little while."

"Well, okay. I'll be there, but I don't know how well I can play. I haven't been myself lately," Joe said, realizing how funny it sounded only after he said it.

"I'll get this one," said Jay, as the waiter came up with the check when they were finished with lunch, "but I expect to see you this evening."

"I'll meet you there," Joe promised. He was concerned about how he would react in a meat market like the health club, but he decided he could not hide under a rock either.

As he walked out to his car, he thought of what he would need to play racquetball, and where he would go to get those things. He decided that he must go back to his apartment to take stock, and plan another shopping sortie.

Joe drove back to his apartment, thinking, and decided that he should call Linda. She would be expecting a call, and he decided he had better make one. As he sat by the phone, he considered what he should say. What he would do. He dialed Linda's number. After a few rings he heard Linda answer, "Hello."

"Linda?" Joe asked, trying to think of something to say. "What's up?"

"Who is this?" Linda asked, confused.

"Linda, it's me, Joe," he answered.

"Joe?" Linda replied. "Joe, what's the matter? You sound strange. Is something wrong?"

"Linda, I have to talk to you," Joe said nervously. "I have a little problem. Can I pick you up about seven-thirty, so we can talk?"

"Sure, Joe, but what's the matter?" Linda said, sounding confused but concerned. "Do you have a cold? What do you want me to wear?"

"Let's go to Bennigan's," Joe said. "You'll find out when I pick you up. See you about seven-thirty."

Joe quickly hung up the phone, not knowing how to deal with Linda. Their relationship was very close, but he did not know how she would take him in his present condition. "Hell, I don't even know what sex I am," he thought.

He decided his next task was deciding what to wear to play racquetball with Jay. In a way, he was glad to have something to take his mind off his relationship with Linda. "One problem at a time," he thought.

He went to the foyer closet and retrieved his athletic bag. He carried it to his bedroom, and emptied it on the bed. The bag contained one smelly towel, his running shorts, an Adidas tee-shirt, his safety goggles, racquetball glove, three racquetball balls, and an athletic supporter. His racket was attached to a holster on the side of the bag.

"Well, it doesn't look like much of this is salvageable," he thought, picking up the jockstrap, and stretching the waistband. Another trip to the mall would be required. He looked at what he had on, the white blouse, blue skirt, and heels, and decided that would be appropriate to wear to the mall.

He arrived at the mall, and entered Sears for the second time that day. He was thinking about what he would have to get. He remembered a small shop called She Sports, and decided to look there.

Walking into the little shop, he was surrounded by ladies' athletic and dance wear. As he looked at the colorful leotards, bike shorts, and form fitting bra tops, he thought about how he might look, wearing things like this, playing racquetball with his buddy, Jay. "Hell, I'd still beat him," he thought, grinning. "He couldn't keep his eyes off my butt."

He was stretching the spandex of a jogging bra, when the young saleswoman walked over, and asked, "What can I do for you, miss?"

"I'm looking for something to wear to play racquetball," he said. He felt much more confident than this morning, but he did not know if it was because he was more familiar with his anatomy or his clothes.

"What did you have in mind?" the woman asked.

"I don't know," Joe replied. "What do you recommend?"

"What is your size?" the woman countered, eyeing his body through the skirt and blouse.

"Thirty-four, twenty-two, thirty-four," Joe replied, grinning smugly. He knew what he was doing now, or so he thought.

"Well, you're in shape, aren't you, but what are your clothing sizes?" she said with a laugh.

"I think I wear a size seven or eight," he said, embarrassed.

"How much coverage are you looking for?" she asked.

"Coverage?" he replied, looking confused.

"Do you wear tights?" the woman asked, holding some of the items up as she talked. "Do you want shorts or pants? What kind of top are you thinking of?"

Joe decided to use his standard, "What do you recommend?"

The young woman looked at Joe. "I think a leotard under some nylon shorts with a crop-top would look great on you," she said. "Do you have underwear?"

"Sure," Joe said. "I've got panties, and a bra."

"How about an exercise bra?" the woman suggested. "You'll feel more confident with the support of Jog-Bra like this. I also suggest a cotton sport panty with an absorbent terry liner."

"Okay," said Joe. "Sounds like what I need all right."

"Let's see which colors look best on you," said the woman, walking to the colorful leotards.

Joe followed, thinking, "Colors again. I didn't realize women's clothes revolved around color until now."

"I think royal blue sets off your figure," said the woman, "and some white tights will make a nice contrast. Maybe with these little shorts to set it off." She held up matching blue light nylon shorts which seemed to have a panty built in. She also had in her hand a

little blue thing which looked like a short tank-top. Joe figured that it must be a crop-top.

"Come with me," said the woman, taking the selections, and leading Joe to a small fitting area at the back of the store. He followed and she hung the items on a hook in the little cubicle, and left Joe to try them on.

He closed the curtain, and removed his blue pumps. He was not sure if needed to remove the pantyhose, with all the trouble that entailed, but decided he better if he wanted to see if the snug-fitting clothing fit properly. He removed his skirt, and carefully hung it and his blouse on the hanger provided. He stood there in his pink panty and bra. He looked at the capri-type tights, and figured that they would be a lot like pantyhose, so he pulled them on. They made his legs look great. He was not sure if he should remove his bra, and decided it was best to leave it on. He squirmed into the leotard, and arranged his breasts and buttocks. It felt snug and sleek. Finally, he pulled on the little shorts, and felt his slick butt. He was glad that the crop top concealed his nipples, which, when erect as they often were, poked through even with the bra and snug fitting leotard.

He walked out of the cubicle, and looked in the full length mirror. He was impressed with his appearance. "Jay won't be able to take his eyes off me," he thought, and then realized the impact of what he was thinking. "Am I turning gay?" he worried. "What is considered homosexual for me?"

The sales lady returned, interrupting his thoughts. "How do you like it?" she asked.

"I think it's perfect," Joe said truthfully.

"Well, you certainly have the shape for it," said the woman, walking to the counter.

"Yea, that's the problem," thought Joe.

"Did you want the underwear?" she asked, holding up a sport bra.

"Yea, I guess I'd better," Joe said, considering. He figured he better get everything she recommended, since this was his only chance, before the "dress rehearsal."

"White?" the woman asked.

"Colors again," thought Joe, saying, "Yes, I think white would be fine, don't you?"

"What's your size?" she returned.

"I need a 34B, and my hips about 34 also," Joe replied.

"Yes, that's right," said the woman, with a slight trace of envy in her voice.

Joe continued to look around the shop as he was talking. He decided he better get one of these more feminine looking gym bags to carry this stuff in. He decided on a white and blue bag, which matched what he had on. He also took a little white terry cloth headband, and at the suggestion of the sales woman, some blue leg warmers.

"Do you have shoes and socks?" the woman asked.

"I have a new pair of Reeboks," he replied.

He was about to say he had everything when he saw a little terry cloth romper thing, which looked like something women might wear in the locker room. He added it to his stack of clothes. "I believe this will be all," he said.

After he put the pantyhose, skirt and blouse back on, he went back to the counter. He took his American Express card from his purse and gave it to the woman. She rang up the sale and he signed the bill.

He was walking down the hallway in the mall, when in a shop window, he saw a blue jumpsuit. "That's just what I need," he thought. "It looks like something a woman could wear most places, with low shoes, even Reeboks." The loose fitting top would not emphasize his shape, and he would not have to be so careful about how he walked and sat. It would also make getting into his RX-7 a piece of cake.

He entered the store. A young girl of about nineteen came up to him. "Can I help you?" she asked.

"Yes, I'd like to buy a jumpsuit like the one in your window," he replied.

"What size and color would you like?" she asked.

"I guess I'd be a seven or eight, make it eight," Joe answered, "and do you have it in royal blue?" He thought he looked good in blue.

The girl went to the racks, and selected the size and color he needed. She asked, "Would you like to try it on?"

He held it up to himself. It looked the right length, and it was loose fitting enough to probably fit with no problem. He said, "If it doesn't fit, can I bring it back?"

"Of course," the girl said. "If you don't like it for any reason, just bring it in. I can give you an exchange or a full refund."

He did not want to undress again, and was happy to take the jumpsuit without that hassle. "I'll take it," he said.

He took his packages out to his car. As he was driving through the parking lot near the mall entrance, he saw a drug store. He figured he probably should get some girl things like deodorant, and maybe body powder. He was not sure why he needed the powder, but he knew that Linda always had it when she showered. He stopped and went in.

He walked down the aisles, looking for items a person who had a body like a woman's, might need. He got some Secret deodorant, and looked with a new interest at things like Massengill douche, feminine hygiene sprays and powders. He thought he had read somewhere that a healthy woman did not need things like that. Anyway, he thought he smelled pretty good in that area. He looked at feminine napkins and tampons. Again he thought about his genitalia, and realized that he might actually start to have menstrual periods. He could not accept that. "What choice do I have?" he considered.

He looked at the little thin pads called pantliners, and thought maybe he should take a box of those. "Just in case," he thought. He did not trust his new parts, but he was learning to be ready for anything. "Who knows?" he thought. "This morning I find my cock is missing. Tomorrow morning I might be on the rag. What's a guy to do?"

He took a box of Lightdays pantliners, deodorant, and Shower to Shower body powder, to the counter. He paid for the items, and drove home. He had a racquetball game to get ready for.

Chapter 5

THE GAME

Joe drove home from the mall with his latest purchases. He took the clothes and placed them into the new blue bag. He went to the bathroom, and selected a large bath towel to take along. He dumped the sack of drug store items onto the bed. He placed the bath powder, and the deodorant into a little compartment on the side of the bag. He looked at the box of pantliners, wondering what he should do with them. Should he put some of them into the bag? Should he put some into the purse he started carrying? He did not know if he would need them, and carrying them around seemed to put more of a permanence to his situation. He just could not accept that. Everything was just temporary. It had to be.

Leaving the box lying on the bed, he removed his blouse, and blue skirt. After struggling out of the pantyhose, he flopped down on the bed. Sometimes, the situation just overwhelmed him, and he found he was having one of those times. He looked at the clock radio beside the bed. It said four thirty. Just one hour till he had to meet Jay again, this time under much more difficult circumstances.

Again, he doubted if it was a good idea. The health club was, among other things, somewhat of a "Meat Market." Muscular studs went there to show off their bodies, and stare at the attractive women working out. Although Joe appreciated good looking women, he did not go to the club to ogle women. He did not go to strut his stuff either. Now, he did not know. He never did consider himself a muscular stud, but this was completely different. He could not even use the men's locker room. Under different conditions, the idea of invading the private domain of the ladies' locker room might pique his interest. Not now. He would not just be a fly on the wall. He would be going in there to change his clothes, women's clothes, with other women around, and he would look like a woman too. Hell, he might actually BE a woman for the rest of his life. He could not accept that.

Lying there, he felt tired, but decided he better get dressed. He got up off the bed, and picked up the royal blue jumpsuit he just bought. He stepped into it, and zipped up the front. He looked at himself in the dresser mirror. It fit well. It was attractive, and yet did not place a strong emphasis on his new shape. He liked it immediately.

He went to his old gym bag, and removed his racket from the side. It seemed too large now. It would have to do, he thought. He

looked through the bag, and found his safety goggles. He put them on, and they were too large for his smaller features. He threw them back into the bag in disgust. He could feel tears welling up in his eyes. He noticed that happening quite often today. It seemed that he was more emotional now, or at least, it was much harder to contain his emotions. Was that part of the change? It was difficult to tell. He knew that women cried much more easily than men, but he always thought that was because of differences in the way they were brought up.

Maybe there was a more physical difference, hormones maybe, and now maybe those things were affecting him. What else would they do to him? He decided that no matter what he looked like, he was still a man, but would he still feel the same way next week, or next year? The problem would be solved before it lasted that long, he decided. He did not think he could stand to grow old looking like this. There had to be a way back.

Joe went into the bathroom mirror, and made one last check of his hair, and general appearance. "Ready to go," he decided.

He took his bag, and racket, and went to his car. It was getting easier. He had no trouble walking in the new Reeboks, and the jumpsuit seemed more familiar than the dress he wore last time out. "I can almost forget about the changes," he thought. Putting the seat belt on again made him aware of his new body. There was no forgetting it. "Just as well," he considered. It might really be embarrassing to forget at the wrong time.

He pulled into the club parking lot. His heart was pounding with fear. He noticed Jay's car in the lot, and pulled next to it. Jay was waiting for him. As he got out of his car with his gear, Jay walked over.

"Hi, Joe. I'm glad to see you made it," Jay said.

"I'm still not sure if this is a good idea, Jay," Joe returned.

"It will be okay, Joe. Where do you get all those sharp clothes?" Jay asked, honestly.

"Come on, Jay," Joe replied. "You know everything I do now seems to involve getting different stuff. Nothing fits, and I have more differences than just being a few inches shorter. If I don't figure a way out of this, I'll go broke buying all the stuff I need, if I don't go nuts, first."

"Well, you look really good, if that helps any," Jay said as they walked up the steps to the entrance to the club.

"I guess that's the problem, isn't it," Joe said, as Jay held the door for him.

Although both Joe and Jay were regulars at the club, and were known on sight by the attendant at the counter, Jay sidestepped Joe's possible identity problem by telling the girl at the counter that Joe was his guest.

As they arrived at the men's locker room, Joe said, "This is where we part company, Jay. I'll see you on the court."

Joe walked over to the door to the ladies' locker room. He took a deep breath, and walked in. As entered, he noticed other women, some of whom he recognized as regulars to the club.

"Well, it does smell better in here," he thought. His nose, which seemed more sensitive now, picked up the scent of perfume, and cosmetics, not the old sweat sock smell of the men's locker room.

Although the layout of the rooms were similar, this one was arranged to provide more privacy. There were still rows of lockers, with benches down the center, but the showers were partitioned, and there were some couches, and vinyl upholstered seats available. "I've moved up-scale," Joe thought to himself.

He chose a row with only one young woman seated on the bench, tying her shoes. Selecting an empty locker, Joe opened his bag. He removed the capri tights and leotard, and quickly hung them on a hook in the locker. He slowly unzipped his jumpsuit. Nervously, he looked around. The girl at the bench paid him no attention. He pulled the suit off his shoulders, and stepped out. Standing there in his underwear, he rummaged in the blue bag for the running bra, and exercise brief. Finding them, he laid them on the bench.

He quickly unhooked the pink bra, and took it off. Feeling vulnerable, he looked at the running bra. It did not have any hooks, or adjustments. He had to pull it over his head. It fit snugly, and sort of pressed his breasts against his chest. He shook his chest, and for the first time since the change, he did not experience the jiggling he felt even while wearing the other brassiere. He liked the feeling. It was almost like before... almost.

He removed his panties, and could feel the cool wetness as the air circulated around his crotch. He looked down, and saw that the pubic hair on his mound was matted flat. He reached down and roughed up

the hair, the way he might have scratched his balls yesterday. Again, he looked over at the woman, but she did not even notice he was there. He took the stretchy white brief, and pulled it on. It was a good fit, not tight, but the cotton lycra fabric followed his contours like second skin.

Looking down at himself, again he felt the first sensations of arousal. "Lucky me," he thought. "Now I can get a boner, even without clothes on, in public, and nobody can tell."

He picked up the tights, and put them on. The glistening slickness felt great. He rubbed his hips and upper legs. He stepped into the light blue leotard, and pulled it over his shoulders. The light blue color emphasized his shape and buttocks. His breasts, flattened to his chest by the sport bra, looked smaller. He took the crop top and pulled it over his head, thinking that if he got too warm, it could be removed. He decided to leave the little nylon shorts in his gym bag. He liked the way he looked and felt in the leotard and tights.

He thought of Jay. "What will he think when he sees me?" he thought. He was not sure how his friendship might be affected by the change. "He seems to treat me the same to this point," he thought, "and I certainly need his help."

He put on the white and pink Reebok socks and shoes, and tied them. He got up from the bench, and hopped up and down. Since the change, he of course, felt smaller, but also more flexible. It seemed he could bend his body easier now than he could ever remember before, even when he was a small boy. Actually, he considered, he felt great. He took a towel and his racket, and closed his locker. Walking toward the door, he passed the sinks, and mirrors. Looking at himself, he brushed his short hair with his fingers. He thought he looked pretty good, too.

From the locker room, Joe walked to court three, the one they had reserved. He entered the small door. Jay was already on the court swatting the ball against the wall. When he saw Joe, his eyes widened. Joe suddenly felt self-conscious with Jay looking at his body, and crossed his legs, and held his racket in front of his body. He could feel the blood rush to his face.

"Wow, you are gorgeous, Joe!" Jay exclaimed. "I didn't know you looked like that."

"Just keep your mind on the game, you horny toad," Joe said. "Don't forget, it's me in here, and I'm not about to put up with any shit from you."

"I'm sorry," said Jay, continuing to stare at Joe as he walked to the corner and bent over to put his towel on the floor. "It's just that... I knew you looked feminine, but I wasn't ready for this. You... You're beautiful!"

"Now you have some idea what I'm going through," said Joe. He could feel that the bottom of the leotards had ridden up on his buttocks. He grinned at Jay as he pulled them down. "I feel just like you do. I just look like Debbie Winger."

Jay had the ball. "Ladies first," he said, and tossed the ball to Joe, grinning.

Unsure of his abilities, but wanting to do well, Joe served with what he felt was more power than usual. The ball went where he aimed, but did not have the speed he wanted. "My arms just don't have any strength," he thought sadly, and felt his small biceps. "I not only look like a girl, I guess I play like a girl."

Jay easily returned the ball, but, not taking advantage, he hit the ball back to the wall with an easy lob, which Joe had no trouble hitting. Joe ran and back handed the ball with all the force he had. He felt awkward when he ran, since he still was not used to his wider hips and lower center of gravity. The ball went right to Jay, who snapped it back with his old familiar speed. The ball ricocheted to the opposite corner. Joe dove for all he was worth, but he could not get to the ball. Jay's point. The game progressed in this manner with Joe getting a point for every two or three scored by Jay.

The game progressed, with Joe getting trounced. As Joe stood at the back of the court, and prepared to serve. Jay, standing in front, was bent over, ready to receive the serve. Joe hesitated, looking at Jay, at his buns and broad shoulders. He studied Jay, checking himself for signs of arousal, but he found he was not nearly as interested in Jay as Jay obviously was in him. He saw the bulge in Jay's shorts. He knew an embarrassing erection when he saw one, but doubted that he had ever caused one before. Jay saw him staring.

"Sorry Joe," Jay said. "I don't know what's come over me."

"No sweat, buddy," Joe replied, grinning. "I just wish that woody would slow you down a little, so I could catch you. Looks like I'm going to need all the advantage I can get." Seeing male arousal from the other side for the first time, he realized that no matter how Jay felt about their friendship, as long as he looked like he did, it would never be the same as before.

The game continued quickly, with Jay scoring at will, and Joe getting run all over the court. His light blue leotard was getting dark spots where the sweat was beginning to soak through.

At the end of the third game, and near the end of their hour court time, Jay came up and held his hand out. Joe took it, and shook the big hand of his buddy.

"Good game, Jay," Joe said. "You beat the pants off me."

"Considering the pants, you did pretty good," Jay joked.

They picked up their stuff and walked out of the court, toward the locker rooms. As they passed the exercise machines, Joe could see that the guys working out were eyeing him as he walked by. He knew that he probably looked appealing to them, but he just felt tired.

"I'll see you in a few minutes," Jay said, as he walked on toward his locker room.

Joe entered his locker room. He wiped the sweat from his forehead as he walked to his locker. There were three women on the benches near him.

"Looks like you had a tough workout," one of the young women said.

"Yeah, I got beat three times," he said, wishing they would leave.

He opened the locker and removed his gym bag. He pulled the crop top over his head. He was soaked except for the outline of his bra. He pulled his arms out of the armholes of the wet leotard. He then realized he still had his shoes and socks on and sat on the bench. He removed his shoes and socks, stood up, and pulled the leotard down and stepped out.

He looked over at the women getting dressed to exercise. He was too embarrassed to get completely undressed with them there. He fumbled around, hoping that they would finish and leave.

After a bit the women gathered their things and walked out. Joe removed his underwear and, taking a bar of soap and a towel which he held in front of himself, he walked quickly to the showers.

Joe hung up the towel and turned on the shower head. As it warmed, he adjusted it to a comfortable temperature and stood under the streaming water. It felt great as it pelted his tired sweaty body. He let the water stream on his face, holding his hands over his sensitive breasts. Suddenly, he felt the sting as the water washed some of the

mascara into his eyes. He realized then that he was washing off all the cosmetics that the lady in the department store applied. Though it had held up well during his earlier shower, now he had washed it away, or at least he had messed it up so bad that he would have to wash it all off. He did not think he could put it back on with the skill of the saleslady, but it was too late now.

After soaping and rinsing, he took the towel and dried himself quickly. He wrapped the towel around his body, and walked back to the bench. He took the towel and quickly dried his hair, and then poked through his bag looking for his underwear. He found the panties he was wearing when he arrived, and put them on. The silky nylon again felt unfamiliar, and he thought to himself that maybe he should get some underwear more like the cotton lycra sport panty, which was not so feminine, and also seemed to firm up his soft butt. He slipped into the pink bra, and quickly put on the jump suit.

Suitably clothed, he took his hair brush and went around the corner to the sinks and mirrors. He studied his face. Without the makeup and mascara, he looked much different, a little more familiar, but not really like he used to. He decided not to try anything here, and besides, he had not brought anything along anyway. He just brushed his hair over to one side, making it look as feminine as it could. He went back and collected his things and placed them into his bag. He noticed the bath powder, and wondered when he should have used it. He then took the bag and walked out. It was not nearly as difficult as he had feared.

Jay was not standing near the men's locker room door, so he walked to the front alone. He saw him standing at the counter talking to the girl who staffed the desk. Jay grinned when he saw him, and walked over to him.

"I asked about your membership," Jay said. "They have no problem with it, as long as you have identification."

Joe's face turned beet red. "You told her about my problem?" he said quietly turning away from the young lady, who knew him as a man, and was looking at him with curiosity.

"Well, Joe," Jay answered, "I don't know how to help you without talking to people about your situation, and besides, there will be no way to hide from it. You might as well get used to it."

"No!" Joe insisted. "I won't get used to it. This is only temporary until I can figure a way out of this situation. I'm sure that doctors will be able to help. For God's sake, they can do sex change operations on

men to make them women, they ought to be able to make me look like a male again." Joe was visibly shaken, and almost to tears.

The girl called to him, "Joe, come over here, please. Let me talk with you." She had a friendly smile.

Joe walked over to the counter. "I don't know what's happened to me, but I'm sure it's only temporary," he said quickly.

"Whatever has happened, I'm sure we can help you," she said, reaching across the counter, and taking Joe's hand. "If there is any way I can help, or if you have any questions which I might be able to help you with, don't be afraid to ask. My name is Judy."

"She's treating me like I'm really a girl," Joe thought, pulling his hand away in embarrassment.

"I really appreciate your concern, but I don't think you can help me much, Judy," Joe said. "I think it will take a doctor to get me back to normal."

"Well, don't be afraid to come in here, or call me at home if you want. I work from five to ten every evening except Sunday. I'll let you in here ... with or without Jay," Judy said smiling knowingly.

"Thanks, Judy," Joe said, and walked toward the door.

Jay followed him out, and when they were outside, walking toward their cars, Jay looked at Joe.

"Joe, I'll help you in every way I can, but you will have to trust me," Jay said. "I won't do anything to embarrass you if it is possible, but I think your problem is going to be difficult, and you're going to have to get over your embarrassment. Damn it, Joe, it just might be possible that you will have to remain as you are. Would that be so bad? You are a GOOD looking woman."

"I'm NOT a woman!" Joe almost shouted. He looked around the parking lot, and hoped no one heard his outburst. "I'm a man, and I will always be a man."

"Well, mister, you have the nicest ass I've ever seen," Jay said sarcastically, but grinning, "on a MAN that is. Just in case you were wondering how you looked."

"I'll call my friend at the forensic lab tomorrow morning," Jay said, suddenly getting serious again. "Maybe he'll see you tomorrow even if it is Saturday."

"Thanks, Jay," Joe said quietly. "I'm sorry I snapped at you. I just don't know how to handle this sometimes."

"That's okay buddy," Jay said, patting Joe on the back, and squeezing his soft shoulder. "You're doing such a good job that sometimes I just forget that you're really a guy. You look so much like a woman, and are doing a pretty good job of acting like one. I just forget that you aren't one."

"I have to meet Linda tonight," Joe said as he remembered. "I have to tell her about this myself."

"Well, I don't envy your relationship with Linda," Jay said. "I'll call you tomorrow morning."

"Thanks for everything, Jay," Joe said. He took Jay's hand and squeezed it in his small one.

Joe opened his car, threw his bag in the back, and slid into the seat. He decided to go get Linda wearing the jumpsuit. He had an hour to go until the time he told her, and he felt most comfortable dressed like he was.

Chapter 6

LINDA

Joe arrived at Linda's home more than thirty minutes before the time they had agreed upon. He sat in the driveway, wondering if he should go to her door, or wait a while. He decided to go up and ring the bell.

Linda called out, "Just a moment," and then, "Who's there?"

"It's me, Joe," Joe returned. "I'm sorry, I'm a little early."

"Hi, Joe," Linda said, opening the door.

Linda was not ready yet, and was wearing a satin robe. She looked at Joe. "Joe? Are you Joe?" she questioned. "You told me something was wrong, but I don't understand. You look different; smaller."

"Unfortunately, size isn't the only difference," Joe said, entering her apartment. "I'll tell you about it, as much as I know, anyway."

"Why are you wearing that jumpsuit?" Linda asked. "It makes you look sort of feminine."

"Linda, I... I... When I woke up this morning, I found that I've gone through some kind of change," Joe stammered. "I... I don't know what caused it, but there are some significant differences in my appearance. In fact, I look VERY feminine." He pulled the zipper of the jumpsuit down a few inches, revealing his hairless chest, the cleavage of breasts, and the lacy top of a bra.

Linda's eyes widened when she saw his chest. She reached out and touched the edge of the bra, and quickly drew her hand back.

"You're not Joe," she said. "I don't know what you're trying to do, but this is not funny."

"Linda, I AM Joe!" he protested. "I know I don't look the same, but I am still Joe. I don't know what has happened to me, but I'm still the same person, and I still love you." Joe sprawled in a chair, looking like he was ready to cry.

"Joe? It is you, isn't it," Linda said, going over to him.

"Linda, I'll understand if you don't want anything to do with me," Joe said, reaching out for her.

She sat down and he pulled her to his lap. It was awkward since she was now about the same size as he was, and he was not as strong as he thought he was. They wrapped their arms around each other, and hugged each other tightly. Linda looked into his face, and could see that it was really Joe, the guy with whom last night she had talked marriage plans. The man she loved. The man who loved her. As their breasts touched, Linda pulled back. She grabbed the tab of his zipper, and pulled it down further, below the front clasp of the bra. With her finger, she pulled on the lacy edge of one of the silky cups exposing a nipple. He looked into her eyes.

"They're real, aren't they," she said, seeing the nipple become erect to her touch.

"Well, they sure feel real to me," he said, taking her hand, and squeezing it. "I don't know what's going on, but I'm going to correct it."

"Where did you get those clothes?" she asked.

"I've made two trips to the mall today already," Joe said. "None of my old clothes fit, and I'm really at a loss as what I should do. Jay knows, and he's helping to find a way to solve my identity problems, and I've got to find a doctor to get me back to normal."

"What can I do to help, Joe?" Linda said. "I'll gladly help you in any way I can. I still love you, too, no matter how you look."

"I'm waiting for a call from Jay," Joe told her. "He knows people who can help, at least I think he does. Until then, I just have to make the best of it."

"What do you want me to do?" Linda repeated.

"I don't know, Linda," Joe said. "Just let me be with you. I need a somebody to talk to right now. I don't even know what kind of problems I'll have next."

"Do you want me to stay with you?" Linda asked. "I might be able to help with some of your problems. I am a woman."

"I don't know," Joe said again. "I guess I could use your advice though."

"Okay then, I'll do whatever you want," Linda told him.

"Are you hungry?" Joe asked. "I did say we would go to Bennigan's."

"I haven't eaten since lunch," Linda replied.

"Well, then let's go get something to eat," Joe said. "I'm famished."

Linda got up from the chair, and Joe stood and zipped his jumpsuit. Linda watched him as he straightened his clothes.

"Are there any other changes?" she asked, her eyes on his crotch.

"I'm afraid so," Joe said. "I'm not completely certain, but it's likely we could be mistaken for sisters."

Linda went to her bedroom to finish dressing. Joe sat, and waited.

When Linda came back, she was wearing jeans, and a white cotton top. Usually when they went out on Fridays, she dressed up more. "She's probably just trying to match my jumpsuit," Joe thought.

They went out to Joe's car. Joe opened the door for Linda, and she smiled at him, and got in. He went to his door and buckled in.

As they drove toward the restaurant, they did not talk much. Linda put her hand on Joe's arm, as he kept his hand on the shift lever. Joe looked at Linda, and smiled.

"Whatever has happened, I'm sure there is a biological reason, and if there is, there must also be a way for me to get back to normal," Joe said, not sure if he was trying to convince Linda, or just thinking out loud.

"Don't worry, Joe," Linda returned. "We'll work it out, whatever happens."

When they arrived at Bennigan's, they were quite busy, as they usually were on Friday evenings. They had to wait for a table. Joe told the girl at the door they would sit at the bar until they were called. He and Linda went to the bar and found two stools. There were other couples at the bar, and five men. Joe and Linda took their places. The bartender asked Joe what he would like to drink. Joe looked at Linda, letting her order first, as he usually did.

"I'll take a Michelob Dry," Linda said.

The bartender looked at Joe. "How about you, miss?" he asked.

Joe could feel his face get red from embarrassment from the bartender's words. He looked at Linda, but she did not notice, or pretended not to. "I guess I'll have the same," he said.

As they sat at the bar, waiting for their table, Joe noticed that the men at the bar were watching Linda and him. Suddenly he realized why. "They figure we're two single women, out on the town, and they're sizing us up," he thought.

Before they were done with their beer, the waitress came to them and directed them to a table. Joe started to help Linda with her seat, and then reconsidered. He would have to stop that kind of stuff in public, he thought.

They ordered. Joe passed up his usual big order, and tried to copy Linda in the amount and type of things he ordered. With his smaller size, he probably could not eat as much anyway, he figured.

Every time he looked at Linda, their eyes met. He realized she was watching him very closely. He looked at her and smiled shyly.

"Don't worry, I'm the same guy," he offered. "I feel the same. I think the same. I just look different."

"You certainly do look different," Linda said. "What does it feel like?"

"What do you mean, what does it feel like?" he asked. "I feel just the same as always, and sometimes, that's a problem. I guess I do look like a woman, but I don't know what it feels like to be one. I still feel like a man, and men don't usually go to the places I've been today."

"How do you feel about me... now?" Linda asked.

"Damn it Linda, I feel the same as I ever did," he replied, touching her hand discreetly. "I love you as much as ever, but I guess I just can't do much about it."

"Don't worry Joe, I'll help you get through this, no matter what happens," Linda said, looking at him, and smiling. "I love you, no matter what you look like."

"It really helps to hear you say that," Joe said honestly. "You don't know how alone I've felt sometimes today."

The waitress brought the food, and they started to eat. Linda started talking about what happened with her that day, and Joe almost forgot his predicament for a few minutes. Linda worked as a realtor, and spent her days showing houses. She always had a story to tell about the people she met while showing houses. She was good at her job, and made good money.

When they were finished eating, Joe picked up the bill. Linda got out her purse, and pulled out a twenty. She dropped it on the table, and looked at Joe.

"Let's split the bill, okay?" she said, looking at Joe for understanding.

Joe saw what she was doing. She was not with him. They were together, as equals. Joe pulled some crumpled bills out of one of the pockets of his jumpsuit. He was not used to taking a purse, and just had his credit cards, drivers license, which he hoped he would not need to show, and some folding money stuffed in the pockets of the somewhat loose fitting jumpsuit.

Joe and Linda walked out of the restaurant to Joe's car. This time, Joe did not open the door for her first, but got in on his side, and then unlocked the door for Linda.

"Where to now?" he asked.

"Do you have anything you need to do?" Linda asked, looking at him.

"I don't think I should push my luck in public any more than I have already today," Joe said, "and that beer really made me tired."

"Yeah, me too," Linda said. "I worked my butt off today. I'd be happy to just go home, and watch a movie till I fall asleep which won't take long."

"Your place, or mine?" he asked, grinning. Then he again realized what he was thinking. He was no longer capable of doing what he was thinking.

"You pick," Linda said.

Joe looked at her. She looked at him, and grinned a devious grin. "Don't worry Joe, we can have a slumber party," she teased.

"That's about all I'm capable of," Joe replied sadly, not feeling any reaction to her attempts at humor.

They arrived at Joe's apartment. Linda got out, and Joe reached in the back of his car and retrieved his new gym bag.

"What's in there?" Linda asked.

"Believe it or not, I played racquetball with Jay today," Joe said. "These are the clothes I wore, and I'd better let them dry out."

"You went to the health club?" Linda seemed surprised. "You ARE a brave soul."

They walked up the steps to his door, and Joe opened it with his key. Linda entered first. Joe followed, and went straight to the bedroom. Linda followed him. He opened the gym bag, and removed the damp towel, and the sweaty clothes. Linda looked at the leotard, bra, and panty.

"I'm sorry," Linda said, holding the leotard up. "I just can't believe you're wearing things like this."

"It's much harder for me, I assure you," Joe said. It was easy to talk with Linda. She seemed to understand him better than anyone.

"I'll throw these things in the washer," Joe said, taking the clothes and walking to the laundry area in the hallway.

"Better take these too," Linda said, holding up the men's black bikini briefs she found lying at the side of the bed.

Joe grabbed the underwear, and added it to his pile of clothes.

"Those things will last longer if you hand wash them," Linda said.

"Hand wash?" Joe asked. "I hope I don't need them long enough to wear them out. They'll stand up to at least one machine washing, I think."

"Then use the delicate cycle," Linda called from the bedroom.

"Yes, mother," Joe whined. He put the things in the washer, added some other items waiting to be laundered that were lying on the dryer, put some detergent in the machine, and, setting the controls to delicate, started the washer.

When he was finished, he returned to the bedroom. Linda was holding the box of panty liners he bought at the drugstore that afternoon.

"What are these for?" she questioned.

"I was at the drug store this afternoon, getting some things I would need, and I saw those," Joe said. "I don't know if I need them, but then, I don't know what I'll need next, and I thought I better be prepared for anything." He took the box from her and put it in the cabinet under the sink in the bathroom.

"You seem to be adjusting pretty well," Linda said.

"No, I'm not, really," Joe replied. "I'm able to handle it because I'm sure it is only temporary. I know I won't be like this very long." He came back into the bedroom, and from the gym bag, took some deodorant and bath powder and carried it into the bathroom. "I bought this powder this afternoon, but I don't really know when to use it," he told her.

"What do you mean, don't know when to use it?" Linda said. "After your bath, or shower, you just dust it on. It makes you feel soft, and smooth."

"Well, I feel too soft and smooth right now," Joe said. "I hardly need something else to help with that."

"Joe, I know you aren't a woman, and don't want to be a woman, but as long as you look like one anyway, even temporarily, there is no reason you shouldn't enjoy the things which can make a woman feel good," Linda told him.

"I'm doing my best to make this a learning experience," Joe said.

"I don't think I could do as well as you, if I were put in the same situation," Linda said. "It's almost possible to forget that you are not a real woman."

"I don't forget," Joe said. "I'm getting stiff from the workout I got playing Jay this afternoon. I got beat three out of three. That never happens."

"What you need is a hot bath," Linda said. "I know you never take a tub bath, but you might like the feeling of a warm soak in the bubbles."

"I don't have any bubbles," Joe said, "but a warm soak might feel good. It's amazing how much more sensitive my body feels now."

Linda went into the bathroom. She looked through the cabinets. Finally, she said, "You're right, you don't have any bath beads."

"Why would I?" Joe said. "I've never had the desire for a bubble bath before, and my girlfriends never found time to soak in my tub until now." He winked at Linda.

"No matter, the warm water will feel good anyway," she said, and started to fill the tub.

Joe watched her as she filled the tub. He still felt the same about her, but wondered how she really felt about him, now that he looked

like this. He decided that he would not worry about it until it became a problem.

"Come on, Joe," Linda said. "Get out of that jumpsuit. I'll have the tub ready in just a minute."

"You're gonna get in with me, aren't you?" Joe asked, grinning.

"I don't know," Linda answered. "Do you think I should?" She looked concerned.

"We're consenting adults, aren't we, and besides, what would it hurt?" Joe asked. "What indeed," he thought.

Joe went back to the bedroom. He unzipped the jumpsuit, and pulled it off his shoulders. He sat on the bed, and was removing his Reeboks and socks, when Linda came into the room. She saw him sitting on the bed, removing his socks, and stepping out of the jumpsuit. She stopped, and stared at him, her eyes wide with curiosity.

"You really do look like a woman, don't you?" she said. "I'm sorry, but I just keep getting confused by the contrast of who I think you are, in my head, and what I see with my eyes."

"I know, I have the same problem, but you can bet it's even worse for me," Joe said.

"Forgive me for staring, Joe, but I just can't help myself," Linda said. "I still think of you as a male, but as I see you standing there, you look so different."

"I think of myself as male too, and I hope you continue to feel that way about me," Joe said, removing his bra. The bra had made lines in his breasts where it rubbed the soft skin. He scratched at the area with his hand. He walked into the bathroom, still wearing his panties. Linda followed, just watching him walk.

"Amazing," she said. "Except for your hair, you look like an exact copy of yourself, except female. What could have caused this to happen?"

"I wish I knew, and I WILL find out," Joe said firmly, removing his panties. Again Linda could not take her eyes from him. He felt self-conscious. "Except for this damn wetness, I feel almost exactly the same. Sometimes, I even feel like I'm having an erection. I just can't see it, that's all. Don't you ever feel like you're having an erection?"

"Gosh, Joe, I don't know," Linda answered. "I've never had an erection. Unlike you, I've never been a man, you know. How would I know what one feels like?"

"Yeah, I guess you're right," he said sticking his foot into the tub, to test the temperature.

He got in the tub, and sat slowly. The temperature was just right. He leaned back. The porcelain was cool on his back, but warmed quickly. He closed his eyes. He heard Linda wet her hands, rub them with soap, and then felt her soft hands massaging his tired and sore neck muscles. It felt good. He kept his eyes closed, and enjoyed the relaxing feeling.

"I must be doing something right," Linda said, breaking the silence. "You're grinning like a cat."

"It's unbelievable how different everything feels now," Joe said, looking at Linda. "It seems like all my senses are much sharper. I feel hot, cold, pain, and pleasure in such a different way. I kind of like it."

"So being a woman isn't so bad, huh?" Linda said, grinning. She reached down and gave his right nipple a little tweak.

"Ow!" Joe exclaimed.

"You've done that to me so many times, I just couldn't resist," Linda said, laughing.

"Are you going to take off those clothes, or will I have to pull you in here with them on?" Joe asked, pulling on her arm.

"Okay, okay, I'll get in, but you'll have to promise you'll be nice," Linda teased.

"What could I possibly do?" Joe said, trying to look as innocent as he possibly could.

Linda removed her jeans and blouse. Joe watched her, as she removed her underwear. In his mind, he was comparing her body with the one he now had. They were about the same size, Joe maybe an inch taller, and probably about the same weight. Linda's hips were larger, even though his seemed larger than before. They had about the same size breasts, but his were a maybe little firmer. "Of course, mine are only a day old," he thought, and he touched them, just slightly.

As Linda got in the tub, at the other end, he grinned at her, and poked her butt with his foot. They interlocked their legs to find room

in the tub. Linda rubbed Joe's leg, which was practically tucked behind her back.

"Your legs are so smooth," she said. "Where did the hair go?"

"Well, I don't have as much hair as I did before," Joe said, "but I did shave my legs and underarms this morning. I didn't want to look like a French farm woman."

"Certainly not, my dear," Linda teased. "We must look ladylike."

"I've never seen a naked woman with hairy legs and armpit hair, so I thought I better clean it up before I went to buy some clothes," Joe explained. "I wasn't sure if I should, but I didn't like the way I looked the other way. When I get normal again, I guess it will have to grow back."

"I see you still have the scar on your arm from the auto accident," Linda noticed. "It seems that you are feminized, but still have the same body."

"Yeah, I guess so," Joe said. "I know I sure feel mostly the same, except for the different equipment, of course." He grinned at her, and stuck his chest out.

"Do you like it?" Linda asked. "You look so good, so natural, wouldn't you like to stay this way?"

"I'm a man," Joe insisted. "I'm still a man, and I want to remain a man. This whole thing is an interesting experience, but I couldn't imagine staying this way. I don't want to grow old looking like a woman."

"Would it be so bad?" Linda countered. "I'll be old someday, and although I can wait, I don't dread it."

"You were once a little girl, though," Joe said. "You probably dreamed of becoming a woman, maybe a mother, and all that. Someday I'd like to be the FATHER of your kids. Not the mother of some guy's."

"Yeah, you're right," Linda said. "I guess if I were suddenly changed to a male, I would react pretty much the same as you. I probably wouldn't handle it as well as you though."

"It sure ain't easy," Joe said. "Sometimes, I want to cry, and sometimes I just want to punch something."

Joe started rubbing his leg against Linda's smooth upper leg. She looked at him and smiled.

"You feel so nice now that you're soft too," she said, "but of course, I like you the old way better."

They lingered in the water for a while longer, enjoying each other's company, until the cramped quarters became uncomfortable. Joe felt his legs going to sleep.

"I'm going to have to get out of this tub, or you will have to help me out," Joe said. "My butt is completely numb."

Joe got up and stepped over the side of the tub. He went to the towel closet, and removed two bath towels. He gave one to Linda, as she got out of the tub. They dried off, watching each other, and smiling.

"Show me how to use this bath powder," Joe said, getting it out of a drawer.

"There's no secret," Linda said. "Even a GUY could use it if he wanted to."

"Okay then, I want to try it," Joe said, and opened the cap. He gave it to Linda. "Show me."

She finished drying and took the powder, sprinkled a little in her hand, and rubbed it on her breasts, buttocks, and legs. Joe watched intently. When she finished, she gave the powder to him.

Joe awkwardly sprinkled some powder on his hand. He rubbed it on his breasts very self-consciously. He took some more, and applied it to his legs and soft butt.

"There, doesn't that just feel great?" Linda asked. "It makes you feel so soft and smooth." She touched Joe lightly on his arm.

Joe went to her, and put his arms around her. Both naked, they just hugged, standing right there in the bathroom. Joe thought that Linda seemed so big, but realized it was his smaller size which made the difference. He was just a little taller than Linda now, and did not have to look down at her as he held her close. "Hell with it!" he thought, and kissed her. Linda tensed up at first, but then she reacted like always, willingly kissing him back, and rubbing his soft back. "It feels the same," he thought. "She just seems bigger; that's all." He wondered what Linda was thinking. He decided to ask her.

"Does this bother you?" he asked. "I'll stop if this seems perverted, or anything, to you. I'll understand, but I just need to hold you if I can."

"Joe, I told you I still love you, and it doesn't seem at all perverted to me. You are a man after all, no matter what you look like, and besides, you're so soft, and smell so nice," she said, winking at him.

Joe picked up his underwear, and took it into the bedroom. He was going to put it in the laundry room, when Linda called from the bedroom.

"Do you have any Ivory Snow?" she asked. "Those things should be hand washed here in the sink."

"I have Ivory Liquid dish washing liquid in the kitchen," Joe replied. "I'll get some."

Joe quickly went to the kitchen, and got the squeeze bottle of detergent. He gave it to Linda.

"Now, where is your lingerie?" Linda asked.

Joe looked at her. "Lingerie?" he questioned.

"Your underwear, Joe. I'll show you how to wash it out," Linda said, shaking her head. "Men."

"Oh, I see, I didn't think about doing that," he said, and went to retrieve them from the top of the washer.

"And bring your exercise clothes from the washer while you're there," she called. "They are surely done by now, and we can hang them in the shower with our other things."

Joe brought the blue leotard, the little top, and the underwear. Linda had the sink full of soapy water, and was already washing out her panties, and bra. She took Joe's things, and put them in the sink. As she finished each item, she carefully wrung the soapy water out, and placed each garment on the counter in a little ball. When she finished washing Joe's things, she drained the sink, and rinsed each one under the tap.

"Dainty things last longer, and look better, if you hand wash them," she said. "You may be a temporary woman, but I'm not, and I hate to see you wash them in the machine. Besides, they can dry hanging in the shower, and they'll be ready in the morning."

Linda took each item and hung it over the glass doors of the shower. Joe got a strange feeling, seeing his underwear, panties and bra, hanging side by side with his girlfriend's.

"I hope you're happy now," Joe said. "You have my bathroom looking like two women live here."

Linda pinched his breast again. "They do, Joe," she said. "They do."

Joe went into the bedroom. He and Linda usually slept in the raw, but now he did not know. He went to his drawer, and got two old football jerseys. He would at least offer one to Linda. Linda came out of the bathroom, and Joe held up a jersey.

"Do you think we should wear these?" he said.

"Why? Do you wanna play football?" Linda teased. "Will it make you feel better? If it bothers you, I'll wear one."

"It doesn't really bother me, but I am a little self-conscious letting these knockers hang out," he grinned, shaking his breasts provocatively.

"Wear one if you want to," Linda said. "I don't think I love you for your bustline." She went over to the television, and turned it on.

She turned on the VCR, found a cassette, and popped it in, without looking at what it was. When it came on, she saw it was an X-Rated movie they had watched together some weeks ago. She left it playing.

Joe was busy cleaning off the bed, and turned around when he heard moans of ecstasy coming from the television. Linda pulled back the spread and sheet, and spread out on the bed. Joe put the football jersey on the dresser and lay down on the bed next to Linda.

"What are you trying to do to me?" Joe said laughing. "Here we are, in an almost perfect situation, and I'm stuck looking like this."

"Are you having an erection?" Linda teased.

"I've had one ever since you hopped in the tub with me," Joe said. "Can't you tell?"

Linda reached down, and with her soft hand, touched him lightly. She cupped his new parts with her hand. Joe closed his eyes, and became very tense.

"Do you like this?" she asked.

"It feels pretty good," he said, not wanting to open his eyes.

"I know," Linda said. "I know what it feels like. Light touches are the best. Always remember that."

As Joe lay there, enjoying what Linda was doing, he thought of the things he and Linda had done in bed, other times. He realized he had been much too rough with her. Now she was showing him the error of his ways.

With the fingers of her other hand, Linda gently circled the nipple of his left breast. It felt like there was a warm wire stretching from his nipple to his crotch. He began to feel a now-familiar warmth. He reached over to Linda, but she pushed his hand back.

"No, you just lie there," she said firmly. "I am doing this for you."

He lay back and enjoyed the feeling. He relaxed his muscles, but constantly had the urge to push against Linda's hand. Linda barely moved, but kept slight pressure on the sensitive area at the top of his opening. It felt so good that he was gasping.

"Oh, God ... Oh, God!" was all he could say.

Linda continued in with her manipulations, until the sensation became so intense that Joe thought he would die, and held his breath as waves of pleasure flooded his mind. He fell back to the bed, and Linda took him in her arms and hugged him tightly.

When he recovered, Joe looked directly into Linda's eyes. She was smiling sweetly at him.

"You devil," he said. "How did you know about that?"

"Joe, I'm a woman, remember," she said. "I would know about things like that."

"Why didn't you tell me to do that to you a long time ago?" Joe asked. "I would love to make you feel this good."

"It's hard to tell a man how to do it," she explained. "You have to be a woman to understand. You're fortunate to have had the experience."

He thought about what she was saying, and he understood.

"You can pay me back for the lesson any time you'd like," Linda said, winking at Joe.

He moved toward her, and gently touched her, the way she had just done to him. They continued throughout the night, waking in the morning in each other's arms, to the light of the television which had glowed unnoticed all night long.

Chapter 7

THE SECOND DAY

The sun was just making itself known as Joe woke up. The first thing he noticed was the snowy glow coming from the television on the other side of the room. He also realized that Linda was with him. She was still asleep, her arm lying across his chest. He looked at her. He thought she was lovely. The dim light made her look almost angelic as she lay there, breathing softly. He thought of last night, and the things they did.

He felt his body. He somehow hoped that he would find he had changed back to normal, but the now familiar softness told him that he was entering the second day of his new body, and he was doing it in bed with his girlfriend.

Joe reached for the remote control laying on the stand at the other side of the bed. Moving as gently as he could, he reached over Linda to get the device, and switched off the television. His movements woke her. She mumbled something, and reached for him. He took her hand, and started stroking her arm. She closed her eyes as he rubbed her back. He thought she was so soft, and so beautiful. The way she made him feel last night, and the way she taught him to please her, still seemed like a dream. He did not feel self-conscious around her at all. He began to wonder about himself. Was he destined to be a lesbian? No, he figured, he did not think, or act, like a woman, but last night, he did experience better sex than he could ever remember. He really had not missed his penis.

Joe rubbed his crotch. The excitement last night left his pubic hair matted and stiff with dried juices. He roughed it up with his hand, until it became soft again. He was getting accustomed to his new shape, but it still felt strange when he touched himself there. He wondered what the doctors could do to give him a working male organ. He had to be able to be changed back. This body was an interesting experience, but nothing more.

He looked at Linda. She had not fully awakened, but had rolled over to face him. She was naked also, and breathing moved her breasts very provocatively. Joe could feel himself becoming aroused again. You horny dude, he told himself. You can't let up one minute. He thought about it. It was true, it seemed he was much more easily aroused now, and had far quicker recovery, than even when he was a teenager. He wondered, do women all feel like this? If they do, how

do they keep their composure the way they seem to. Linda was always great in bed, but never before had she taken the initiative like she did last night. Did his new body turn her on? Was he less intimidating now? Or was she just more uninhibited, now that the risk of pregnancy was nil.

The thought of Linda getting pregnant made him consider something else. He loved Linda, and he was sure she loved him too, but he realized that no matter what happened, if he stayed as he was, or submitted to doctors and surgery, or whatever, he would probably never be able to give her a child. He stared at the ceiling. "Hell, I just realized!" he said to himself. "I'm sterile."

Then, he reconsidered. "Maybe I'm NOT sterile!" he thought. That was even a bigger problem. Until this minute, he had never really even considered that HE might become pregnant. Was it possible? He certainly looked female, and everything SEEMED to work. Then he realized that he could not get knocked up without having sex with a guy, and he could never do that. He mulled it over. No matter who he considered, he could not picture himself having sex with them. No, pregnancy would not be a problem. "Oh, God," he prayed, "please, just give me my normal body."

Joe lay there thinking, and looking at Linda, when he had the urge to pee. "It seems I have to go more often now," he thought. "I must have a smaller bladder too, I guess."

He pressed on his abdomen, trying to feel for differences between his male organs and whatever he had now. His stomach was a little flatter than before, and a little softer, but he could not tell any difference, otherwise. "I wonder if I've got female internal organs?" he considered. His testicles were gone. Maybe he had ovaries. He remembered from biology that ovaries were connected to a pear shaped organ, the uterus. "Do I have a uterus?" he wondered. It was at the top of the vagina, he remembered. He had personally explored a few vaginas, and some, he knew, had something inside, which felt sort of like the head of a penis. That, he knew, was the opening to the uterus. He considered probing his vagina to check for a uterus.

Although he had already examined his new parts somewhat with his fingers, it was a little uncomfortable to do, and he had not gone in very deeply. He now realized how difficult it was for women just to see their genitalia, much less examine them. Till now, he had not actually seen his own vagina except while standing at a mirror. He could not see much that way, and what was visible, was partially

hidden by his pubic hair. He needed a hand mirror, but he did not have one.

He got out of bed as quietly as he could. He tiptoed to the bathroom, and closed the door without latching it. He went to the toilet, raised the lid and sat. Soon, he felt relief. He was getting familiar with this difference too. "No real problem as long as you're not dressed," he thought. He finished, and returned to the bedroom.

Linda was awake, and watched him walk back to the bed. She smiled at him. He laid down next to her. She moved over to him, and kissed him on the lips.

"I heard you in the bathroom," she said. "It must be difficult for you to be like this."

"I guess I'm getting used to it a little," Joe replied, "but being a guy definitely has some advantages, especially in the bathroom." He grinned.

"You don't miss what you never have," Linda said. She hopped out of bed and scurried to the bathroom. Without shutting the door, she sat and relieved herself too. It was the first time Joe had seen her do that. She quickly finished, and returned to the bedroom. She did not get back in bed, but stood at the end, looking at Joe.

"What are your plans today?" she asked.

"I'm expecting Jay to call, or I'll call him soon," he said. "He said he has a friend at the police who can help me prove my identity."

"What will he do?" Linda asked.

"I'm not sure, but I think he'll want to take my finger-prints," Joe said. "I think I'd have a problem if I had an auto accident, or something like that right now."

"Do we have to stay here at your apartment?" Linda asked.

"I don't see any reason to," Joe said. "Why? What do you want to do?"

"I'd like to go over to my house," Linda said. "I have a few things to do there, and if you like, we can swim, or lie at the pool a bit."

"Okay," Joe said. "I'll get my swim trunks"

"Trunks? You're gonna wear your trunks?" Linda laughed. "Well, no one but me will see you, so you can, if you want." She winked.

Joe grinned, and said, "Okay, okay, so I forgot. I'll get a girl's swimsuit."

"You don't really need to, Joe," Linda said, seriously. "That blue leotard would be ok, and I probably have a suit that would fit you. I'm sure a two-piece would."

"I don't know, Linda," Joe said, "Wearing one of your suits might make me feel strange."

"Whatever you want," Linda said.

"We can try it," Joe said. "I'll call Jay in a little while, and then we can do whatever we want."

Joe got out of bed, and walked into the bathroom. "I'm gonna take a shower," he called, noticing all the underwear hanging from the shower door. A little embarrassed, he removed the dainty things, and took them into the bedroom, and put them on the bed. He walked back to the bathroom, and started the water flowing.

He adjusted the water temperature, and got in the shower. He stood under the streaming water, holding his hands over his sensitive breasts. He soaped quickly, and rinsed. The warm water felt good, but he did not want to linger. He finished quickly, turned off the water, and got out of the shower. Taking a towel from the cabinet, he dried off, and walked into the bedroom, where Linda was sitting on the bed, looking at his clothes.

"You played racquetball with Jay yesterday," Linda questioned. "Why did you wear clothes like this?" She held up his blue leotard.

"What do you mean?" Joe asked. "What should I wear? My regular gym shorts and tee-shirt wouldn't fit me, and I don't think I need my jock strap in my present condition."

"What did Jay think of you, in this sexy outfit?" Linda asked jealously.

"I guess he was surprised that I looked like this," Joe replied. "He saw me earlier, at the restaurant wearing a skirt, but I don't think he got the full effect of what has happened to me, until he saw me wearing this."

"Why did you wear it?" Linda asked. "Were you trying to excite him?"

"Excite him? Excite him?" Joe asked, getting confused and irritated. "Hell, I was trying to be as inconspicuous as I could be,

considering I woke up that morning with a body of another sex. I wasn't trying to excite him, it never really occurred to me that I might be able to. I went to the store to get some gym clothes, and this is what the lady recommended. I guess I should have worn coveralls or something. Damn it, Linda, give me a break, will you?"

"I'm sorry Joe," Linda said. "I guess I'm just a little jealous, and of Jay, no less. Considering how you look now, I'm trying to sort out how I should feel about that."

"How you should feel?" Joe asked. "How should I feel, for that matter? I know I look different, like a woman, but I don't want to be treated like one, not by people who know me, at least not yet."

Joe went on. "I know our relationship might have to change," he said, "but I don't want it to, unless it has to. I still think of you as my girl, but I realize it may be difficult for you to think of me as your guy, especially when you can share swimsuits with me, and all, but I won't look like this forever. I won't, so don't worry. I'll be your man again. It will just take me sometime to sort this out."

"Joe, I'm sorry I jumped on you," Linda said. "I know you're doing your best. We'll both have to be understanding, if we're going to get through this."

"Let's get dressed, and I'll call Jay," Joe said. He looked at the underwear on the bed. He sorted his from Linda's, then put it in his underwear drawer with the other things he bought yesterday, as well as his men's underwear. He selected pastel blue panties, and a beige bra like the kind he knew Linda wore. He tossed them on the bed beside Linda. She was dressing too, and the bra she was wearing was like his.

"Is this stuff okay with you?" Joe said, joking.

"Yeah, Joe, it's fine," Linda said, smiling. "I'm sorry."

Joe took his panties and slipped them on easily. He was now familiar with the way they fit his hips, and the new sleekness of his crotch. He picked up the bra, and sorted the tangle of straps. When it was arranged, he stuck his arms in the appropriate places and fitted the cups around his breasts. As he was hooking the plastic clasp, he noticed Linda was watching. He looked at her, grinned, and shrugged his shoulders.

"Hey, I'm doing my best," he said. "This is only the fourth time I've ever put one of these things on."

"It's not that, Joe," Linda said, smiling. "I guess I was comparing your boobs with mine. Yours are so firm, and you don't even want them."

"If I could give them to you, I would," Joe replied. "I know they look okay. I still have a male brain, you know, but it just ain't the same when they're mine." He grinned, stuck his chest out, and shook it suggestively.

Linda wore the clothes she came with, but Joe did not know what he should wear. He did not want to wear a dress, and the only thing that he could think of was the jumpsuit, or maybe try some of his men's clothes that might be made to work.

"What do you think I should wear?" he asked Linda. "I don't have anything but this jumpsuit, and some dresses, or, maybe I can try some of my blue jeans, but they're way too big for me now."

"Wear the jumpsuit," Linda said. "I'll help you find something later."

Joe got the jumpsuit, and stepped into it. It was his favorite thing to wear now, it did not emphasize his new shape, but it did look attractive. He zipped up the front, and smoothed out the sides. Covering up his new body helped him forget his problems, just a little bit.

As Linda finished dressing, Joe lay on the unmade bed, and picked up the phone. He punched the auto-dialer for Jay's house. He waited while it rang, for about a minute. He then hung up, and selected the number for Jay's office. Jay himself answered, almost immediately.

"Good morning Jay, Joe here," Joe said. "Have you found anything?"

"Hi Joe. Yeah, I've got some news," Joe responded. "I just got off the phone with a friend of mine, his name's Dan McGuire. He works in the coroner's office, at the hospital. He is familiar with proving identification, usually on unknown murder victims, but he said he could work on living persons too as a favor to me."

"The coroner's office?" Joe said. "I hope he don't want to hang a tag on my toe." Joe laughed.

"No problem there, Joe," Jay said, "but you can go over there any time you want, even today, between nine and five."

"Okay," Joe said, "I'll run over right now." He glanced at the bedside clock. It said ten minutes after ten.

"Let me know what happens," Jay responded, "and what did Linda say when you told her?"

"Linda is understanding," Joe said, watching Linda as she buttoned her blouse. "She's gonna help me with the things you can't. She's with me now."

"Well, that's great Joe," Jay said. "I'm glad you're getting by. Be sure you call me with whatever Dan finds."

"Thanks, Jay," Joe said. "I'll let you know as soon as I find anything out. See you later."

"Later, Joe," Jay said, and hung up.

Joe looked at Linda. "I need to go to the coroner's office for a little while," he said.

"The coroner? What can he do?" Linda asked.

"It's not the coroner," Joe answered. "It's one of Jay's friends who can help me prove my identity. I don't actually know what I'll have to do, but I can't prove that I'm me with this body." He grinned, and then frowned.

"I'll be a witness for you, if that will help," Linda volunteered.

"I'll see what problems I'll have soon," Joe replied. "Let's get going."

"I'm ready," Linda said, picking up her purse.

Joe felt his pockets. He had money, identification, charge cards, and his keys, in the pockets of his jumpsuit. He took the small handbag anyway, but felt silly carrying it. He took it because he thought it would look more appropriate if he did. Linda watched him, and almost started belly laughing.

"Joe, no matter what sex your body is, you look like a guy trying to look like a woman," she said. "Try to be more calm, and slow down a little."

"Right," Joe said. "If you think this is easy, try dressing like a guy today. I'll be YOUR girlfriend."

"No deal," Linda said. "I couldn't act, or look like a man, even if I had something happen to me like whatever happened to you."

"You might be amazed what you do when you don't have a choice," Joe replied.

They left Joe's apartment, and walked to his RX-7. Joe unlocked the door on his side, got in, and unlocked the door for Linda. She got in, and they belted in, and Joe started the engine.

"I never realized how these seat belts could pinch a boob until now," Joe said as he arranged his shoulder belt.

They drove directly to the hospital. Joe was impatient to find out what Jay's friend would want him to do. After they drove into the lot and parked, Linda walked behind him as he walked onto the main entrance. They looked at the board in the entrance to find the coroner's office. It said Room 23, the basement. They went to the elevator, and selected the down button. When they reached Room 23, Joe walked in. Nobody was in the office, but here was a door in the back. Joe walked through the office, and stuck his head through the open door. He saw a guy sitting at a desk, filling out forms.

"Hi, I'm Joe Bates," he said. "Would you be Mr. McGuire?"

"Good morning, Joe," the man said. "Jay told me you would probably be stopping by today. Please call me Dan."

Linda peeked through the door. Joe and Dan both looked at her.

"This is my girl... uh... my friend Linda Mitchell," Joe said. "Linda, this is Dan McGuire, Jay's friend."

"Glad to meet you too, Linda," Dan said. "Jay told me a little about you, Joe, but I must have misunderstood. I thought he said you were a man."

"Dan, until yesterday morning, I WAS a man," Joe said, a little irritation showing. "Linda is my fiancée. I don't yet understand what's happened, but when I woke up yesterday morning, I seem to have undergone some kind of change. I... uh... I seem to have become female. Near as I can tell, I've turned into a woman."

"You were a man?" Dan asked incredulously. "Have you been taking hormones? How extensive are the changes? Do you... uh... err... Do you have male genitalia?"

"No, I wasn't, and no, I don't, not anymore," Joe answered. "I was about five-eleven, but I must be about five-seven or eight now." He zipped the jumpsuit down a little so that Dan could see his bra-covered breasts. "It seems I've got these now too. I think I've got a real problem."

"Amazing," said Dan. "I've never seen anything like this."

"Can you help me?" Joe asked. "Can you prove that I'm still the same person?" Joe was almost pleading with him.

"Joe, if your body is the same, I can prove it," Dan said in a matter of fact way. "Jay said you were in the Air Force?"

"Yeah, I was in for more than eight years," Joe said. "I had a Secret security clearance too."

"Well then, we'll just take your prints, and a blood sample, and that should be enough to do it, as long as you still have the same body. I never heard of anybody changing bodies, but then I've never heard of your situation either," Dan said, shaking his head.

Dan got out a small ink roller and a card with little squares on it. He rolled some ink on a little pad. "Please come over here, Joe," he said.

Joe went to him, and he held out his small hand. Dan took it, and in turn rolled each finger on the ink, and then on the card, in the appropriate square. When he was done, he gave Joe a tube of hand cleaner, and a roll of paper towels.

"Next, we go up to the examining room," Dan said. "I can't draw blood here."

Joe cleaned off his fingers, and they all went up the elevator. They followed Dan into a regular examining room. Dan asked Joe to take a seat. He walked out of the room, and returned in a minute with a nurse. He quickly introduced her, and from a cabinet she took a syringe and a small test tube.

"Please roll up that sleeve, Miss," the nurse said.

Joe pulled the sleeve up. He was amazed at how easy it was, now that he had such small muscles in his upper arm. The nurse wrapped a length of surgical tubing around his arm, above his elbow, and started feeling for a vein. She quickly found one, and deftly stuck the needle in. The syringe filled with his blood quickly. She pulled the needle out, and gave Joe a small cotton ball to hold over the wound. Dan gave her a form, already filled out, and the nurse left the room with the tube of Joe's blood.

"There, that's done," Dan said. "I should have the results by Monday at noon. I'll send for your military records, and I should have them about the same time. Call me Monday afternoon. Better yet, give me your number, and I'll call you as soon as I have some news."

Joe was holding his arm crooked, with the cotton ball soaking up the small amount of blood which oozed out. He shook Dan's hand. "Thanks a lot, Dan," he said. "I don't know what I would do with out help from people like you."

"Well, don't worry, Joe," Dan replied. "Whatever your problem is, I'm sure we can help you out."

"I hope you're right," Joe said, less sure about it.

"Nice meeting you too, Linda," Dan went on. "Help this guy through this, will you?"

"I will," Linda said. "He's doing pretty good, so far."

"He certainly is," Dan said, lightly hitting Joe on his shoulder.

Joe and Linda walked out of the office, and went back up the elevator. As they went through the hospital lobby, they saw a woman who was checking in. She was obviously very pregnant. Joe looked at the woman, and then looked at Linda. She saw him staring at her.

"What will happen to us?" Joe asked. "You know, whatever they do for me, I doubt I will ever be able to father children. Hell, I don't know what they can do for me, assuming they can do anything."

"Joe, whatever happens or whatever doesn't happen, I'll be with you," Linda reassured him. "Maybe we won't have kids together, but let's cross those bridges when we get there."

They went out to the parking lot, and get in Joe's car. Joe looked at Linda.

"Where to now?" he asked. "Are you getting hungry?"

"Yeah, I sure am," Linda replied. "Let's go to the mall, and look for some more casual clothes for you. Maybe some shorts and tops. We can get a quick bite there."

"Okay," Joe said. "It seems everywhere I go, I have to get clothes first."

"Well, I wish I could get new clothes every time I went out, you're kinda lucky actually," Linda teased.

"Right. I'm with my girlfriend going to the mall, to buy myself women's clothes, because it seems I woke up one morning with a new body. Yeah, I guess I'm real lucky all right," Joe lamented.

"It could certainly be worse, Joe," Linda scolded. "You're healthy, and you don't know, there might be a simple answer to your problem."

"Well, if there is, I sure will have a bunch of useless clothes, won't I?" Joe returned.

"Don't ruin them, I think they'll fit me," Linda teased, laughing.

"I hope I can turn them over to you, real soon," Joe said.

They pulled into the mall. Joe parked by Sears, as usual. They went inside. It was hot outside and very cool in the mall. They walked through the women's lingerie section. By instinct, or whatever, Linda stopped by one of the tables, which was now covered with colorful panties, all on sale, thirty percent off. She rummaged through the things, sometimes pulling a pair out of the pile, seemingly at random.

"Now is the time to buy these things," she told Joe. "You can save a bundle when they're on sale like this."

"Great," Joe said, grinning a sarcastic grin. "I foolishly went out and bought mine yesterday, and NOW they're on sale!"

Linda looked at Joe, and realized that he was a little uncomfortable in the lingerie section with her. Maybe he looked like a woman, but he was standing there with the somewhat interested, but embarrassed look most men have when they are in the women's section with their wives, or girlfriends.

"Lighten up, Joe," Linda tried to reassure him. "You don't look at all out of place here, you know."

"Well, that makes me feel a LOT better," Joe said somewhat sarcastically. "Now I look right at home, digging through the panty pile at Sears."

"Quit your complaining, Joe," Linda admonished. "If your problem can be corrected, I will help you with it. If it can't, and you have to stay like you are now, I'll help you with that too. Just don't bite the hand that's feeding you." Linda was smiling, but serious.

"I'm sorry," Joe said. "I just get so frustrated with this whole thing sometimes."

"I think you are doing great, Joe," Linda said. "Now, how many pairs of underwear do you have?"

"I don't know," Joe replied. "I guess I bought... let's see... one... two... three... Yeah, I think I have five. Three sort of like this, and two like these." Joe pointed at styles in the pile as he talked.

"Well, you might have enough then," said Linda, "but it wouldn't hurt to get a few more. If you suddenly don't need them anymore, I think they might fit me. You do seem to have smaller hips, though."

"Do you know what size you wear?" she asked.

"I think the ones I have on are size five," Joe replied.

"Five, huh. You're smaller than me," Linda said. "I wear a six."

"Well, they're not tight on me," Joe said, holding his arms away from his hips as if to show Linda.

"Okay, Okay, you don't have to rub it in, Joe. You have smaller hips than I do," Linda said.

"Yeah, and firmer breasts, too," he said, grinning and sticking his chest out as far as he could.

"See how they look like when you've had them almost twenty years, you teeny bopper," Linda reminded him.

"Touche," Joe said.

Linda selected a few panties for herself, and helped Joe to decide on which he would take. She suggested he get some stretch cotton type which had a narrow "V" front, with leg openings that went high up on his hip. He was curious how they would look on him, so he took them. Linda selected black, and light blue; he did not have a preference, so he agreed. They took their selections to the cashier, and paid for them with Linda's charge card. Linda then took Joe to Dillard's, to look for shorts and tops.

"I think you would look good in a tank top," Linda said. "What do you think, Joe?"

"I don't know," Joe replied. "Isn't a tank top a little breezy? Kind of open on the sides?"

"No, you'd look great in one," Linda went on. "I'll show you."

She went through the racks with the speed and confidence that showed that she liked shopping for clothes, and did it, a lot. Joe, who was out of his league shopping with her, decided to watch, in amazement. Linda quickly selected a light cotton top, with little hot air balloons across the front. "It was kind of cute," Joe thought.

"Here, this is just the thing for a pilot, Joe," Linda said. "I'll bet you would look good in this." She was serious.

"Gee, Linda, I don't know if I'm ready for something this cute," Joe said, but he took the top from Linda, and held it in front of himself.

"Joe, you have to wear something other than that jumpsuit all the time," Linda said. "Something like this is just right for you... the way you look now."

"You don't have to remind me," Joe said. "Okay, I'll take it."

"No, Joe. You have to try it on first," Linda said. "Never buy clothes like this without trying them on first. It's part of the fun."

"Fun?" Joe asked. "I NEVER thought trying on clothes was fun."

"Well, it is, and it's time you found out," Linda insisted. "Darn it, Joe, you look like an attractive woman, if you like it or not. You might as well try to enjoy it while it lasts."

Linda took the top and walked to the dressing rooms. Joe followed, still feeling like an outsider in this area. They entered the small closet sized booth, and Linda turned to Joe.

"Take that off, and try this," she said. "I know you'll like it."

Joe unzipped his jumpsuit, and pulled it off his shoulders. He left it around his waist. Linda gave him the top, and he pulled it over his head. The cloth was so light. He still was not used to the lighter construction of women's clothes. The fabric seemed to float on his shoulders. He looked down at his chest. He now had three hot air balloons aloft over the hills of his breasts. He stood up straight and put his arms up. He let go of the jumpsuit, and it fell to his knees.

"Take the jumpsuit off," Linda insisted. "I'll find some shorts that will go great with that top."

She went back out into the store, and Joe sat and tried to pull the jumpsuit from over his Reeboks. He decided to take his shoes off, since he figured he could not get the shorts Linda would soon be bringing back over them, anyway. He stood there, in the top with the balloons, his light blue panties showing out the bottom, and his white sweat socks with little blue Reebok logos on them. He raised his arms again, looking down at the large armhole openings on the little top. He just knew people could see the sides of his bra through the large openings. That did not seem to bother REAL women, and before, he had always thought the little peek at their undies was kinda sexy. Now that it was his undies hanging out, he felt like he was half naked. He adjusted the top, pulling the little thing up, down, back, and forth. It

did not make any difference. It always seemed like he was hanging out.

He was still worrying about it when Linda returned with two pairs of shorts, one white, the other blue. They went to just above his knee.

"Try these on, Joe," Linda ordered, handing him the white pair.

He opened the zipper, and stepped into them. They were a little baggy. He buttoned the button at the waist, and pulled the zipper up. They were loose at the waist too. Just a little.

"I guess they're okay," Joe said, smoothing them down, and arranging the top, trying to keep his boobs from popping out the armholes, or so it seemed to him.

"No, they're too big," Linda insisted. "I bought the size that should fit me, but you're a size smaller, darn it, and yet you're still a little taller than me too."

"Isn't this top a little loose too?" Joe asked, hoping that she would agree. "I seem to be hanging out at the sides."

Linda stood back a little, and looked at him real close. "No, the top is just right," she decided. "What do you mean, you're hanging out?"

"Just look at this," Joe explained. "You can see my underwear through the armholes, can't you?"

"No, it fits just right," Linda said again. "Maybe it just seems like you're hanging out because you've never worn anything like this before. Actually, you look great in it, Joe."

Before he could protest any more, Linda took the blue shorts back out, looking for a size smaller. Joe decided to remove the white shorts. As he bent over to pull them off his feet, he caught himself looking down the neck of the little top, sneaking a peek at his own breasts. It was weird. They just did not seem like they attached to him, and he felt wicked staring at them. He took a long look, and then stood up, grinning. He rubbed his chest through the light top, and could feel the slick nylon of the seamless cups. "I guess I'm still not used to having these things after all," he thought.

Just then Linda returned. The big grin on his face made her curious.

"Just what is so funny?" she asked.

"Oh, nothing," Joe answered. What could he say? He was just copping a feel of his own boobs. "Nothing at all."

"Well then, try these on," Linda said, handing him some more white shorts, and holding another blue pair.

Joe put them on. They were much more snug fitting. Not tight, but they fit his hips and buttocks in a fitted way that looked just right. Joe buttoned up, and pulled the zipper. He felt his buttocks. "These are sure snug," he declared.

Linda stood back again, and gave him the critical eye. "They're perfect!" she declared. "Here, try these on." She gave him the light blue shorts and went back out.

Joe was removing the shorts when Linda came back.

"Leave those on and come along with me," she ordered.

In his socks, Joe followed politely along behind. They went to the racks of tops again. Linda started looking for another.

"If you see something you like, let me know," she said. "I want you to get what you like."

"Oh, really?" Joe asked, grinning. "Are you starting a new policy, all of a sudden?"

Linda looked at him, and saw he was grinning, almost laughing out loud. "What's going on with you anyway?" she asked. "Is something funny going on that I don't get?"

"No, I'm just in awe of the seriousness with which shopping seems to envelop you," Joe replied. "I guess I've never shopped with a woman, for women's things before. It's an art form for you, isn't it?" he laughed.

"Okay, okay, I'll try to lighten up a little," Linda said. "I guess women do take clothes more seriously than most men. I never thought about it much before."

Together they selected another top for Joe. A light blouse, tailored more like a man's shirt in off-white, with little trees printed all over it. Joe liked it when he tried it on, but had a little trouble with the buttons, which were the opposite of a man's shirt. They paid for the things, left the mall, and went outside, to Joe's car. "Where to now?" Joe asked. "We've got the whole day."

"Let's go to my place," Linda said. "I think a few hours at the pool would feel pretty good right now."

"Rats!" Joe said. "I forgot the swimsuit. We have to go back in."

"No, Joe. I think I have a couple that will fit you," Linda declared. "I know they're a little tight for me, at least on the bottom."

Joe looked at her. She looked at him. They both grinned.

Chapter 8

HOME

Joe and Linda drove from the mall to Linda's house, in Joe's RX-7. They had the rest of Saturday afternoon with nothing special to do, and decided to spend some time at Linda's pool.

Linda was in the real estate business, and she did well as a salesperson for commercial and residential property. She worked on commission, and during the last two years had done very well. She had spent some of her earnings investing in her house, which was surprisingly large, and impressive. She did not really need all the room, but she had liked the place as soon as she'd seen it.

The owner, who wanted to sell quickly, accepted her offer immediately, and so she bought the place. It had a large drive in front, with the detached garages in the back. There was a large pool, and a gazebo which housed a Jacuzzi. It was quite a place. Inside, there were five bedrooms, a large family room, a big dining room, and even a hand made room, which now only contained a Schwinn "Air-Dyne." The well-equipped kitchen had its own eating area, and there was even an outdoor breakfast area. At least, that's what she called it. The house was really much too large a place for one person, but she considered it an investment, and she loved it. She was still in the process of buying furniture for three of the bedrooms.

Joe drove up the drive, and pulled around back, parking in front of the garage. They got out, and Joe took the packages containing clothes they bought. There were a couple of tops and shorts for him, and some underwear that they had bought on sale at Linda's insistence.

Linda took her key and opened the door. They entered her kitchen.

"Let's take those things to the bedroom," Linda said.

"Okay," Joe said. "Do you have anything cold to drink?"

"Sure, what would you like?" Linda replied. "I've got iced tea, three kinds of beer, and milk for you health nuts."

"Better make it iced tea for me," Joe said. He remembered how the beer he drank last night made him feel. He could hardly keep his eyes open after drinking just one. "I think my metabolism is screwed up, so I better lay off the beer."

"Your metabolism isn't screwed up," Linda kidded him. "You're just not used to being a woman."

"Well, whatever it is, I can't hold it anymore," Joe lamented.

"You shouldn't drink beer anyway if you want to keep that figure," Linda teased. Joe had been teasing her at the mall, about how he had a better figure than she did. It was true, and it bothered her a little.

Joe took the packages into Linda's bedroom. He laid them on the bed. The clothes Linda had on when he first saw her last night were lying on the bed too. She had changed clothes when he picked her up, so that she would not be overdressed compared with his blue jumpsuit. He decided to try on the new clothes they bought at the mall.

He removed the jumpsuit. He liked wearing it because it concealed his body better than the other things he had. It was just too warm, however. He slipped it off his shoulders, and sat on the bed. He could feel the cool breeze of the air conditioning on his shoulders and back as he removed his Reeboks. He stood and pulled his legs out of the jumpsuit. The cool air on his sweaty body felt great. He looked up, and saw someone in the full length mirror on the closet door. He did not recognize her. In his mind's eye, he was still Joe Bates, one-hundred ninety-five pounds, five-eleven, and MALE. The person he saw looking at him in the mirror was about five feet seven, maybe one-hundred-twenty pounds, and FEMALE. "She was kind of cute," Joe thought, "standing there in those little blue panties."

Her small but nicely formed breasts were concealed by a bra with shiny seamless cups. She was wearing white sweat socks, which reminded Joe of a cheerleader he knew from his college days. Her hair was too short for his taste, though. He stared at the mirror. When he raised his hand to scratch his nose, he broke the spell. He was the cute person in the mirror. He raised his hand and touched his left breast. He rubbed a finger over the slick fabric, feeling the softness it contained. He could feel a nipple hardening to his touch, both with his fingers, and as a warm twinge which went from his nipple to his crotch, which reacted by contracting in a way that was becoming familiar to him. It was an unusual but pleasant sensation, and he liked it. It was a feeling the one-hundred ninety-five pound, five-eleven Joe Bates never knew, and could never know. He wondered about the old Joe.

He WAS the old Joe, but he was beginning to have trouble remembering what the old Joe felt like. The old Joe was strong. He

worked out, and he had well developed biceps. Joe touched his arm. It was not flabby, but it was small, and face it, it was weak. It did not even look like a man's arm, but then, maybe he was not a man anymore. Was he?

He looked in the mirror again. His narrow shoulders did not look like a man's. He looked lower. Those little blue panties covered hips which, though not really wide, sure did not look like they belonged to a man, and his crotch. The gap between his legs, with its tiny bulge, and a little damp spot, right in the center. No, this was not what a man looked like. What was he then? Was he a real woman now? Did he feel like a woman? What did a woman feel like, anyway? No, He was still a man. He knew what a man should feel like. He liked the way a man felt. Of course, he enjoyed the way his body felt now, too, but this was not real. These were not feelings a man should have, but then, it did feel good.

"Good idea, Joe," Linda said, breaking Joe loose from his thoughts. "Get out of that darn hot jumpsuit."

Joe went back over to the bed he opened a bag, and took out two pairs of shorts. One was white, and the other blue. "Which should I wear?" he asked Linda, his fashion advisor.

"Wear the balloon tank top, with the blue shorts," Linda recommended. "It'll look so cute."

"Yeah, cute," Joe said.

Joe pulled on the blue shorts, and fastened the button at the waist. He zipped the zipper up and opened the boxes, looking for the balloon top. He found it in the second box. He took it, and easily pulled it over his head. He looked down. Across his breasts, three hot air balloons now flew in formation among some clouds. It was cute all right. He raised his hand and checked the area under his arm. He found he could touch the side of his bra. He could even feel the cup. No matter what Linda said, he still felt like his breasts were showing through the armholes of the little top, but Linda thought it was okay, so maybe he should forget about it. He looked at himself in the mirror. The cute young woman was looking back again, but she was even cuter now. He decided that if the top was all right for a real woman, he would try it.

"Joe, you look great," Linda said. "If you have to be a woman, even against your will, at least be glad that you're so pretty."

"Guess it would be worse if I woke up yesterday, and looked like an ugly woman," Joe said, grinning. "I just can't get used to what I see when I look in the mirror."

"I'll bet there are people who would give an arm to see what you do when THEY look in the mirror," Linda said.

"Is the tea ready yet?" Joe asked. "I'm going to die of thirst if I don't drink something soon."

"Yeah, it's probably about brewed by now," Linda replied. "Go get it, and put some ice in it, will you, please? I'm going to change into something cooler, too."

Joe went into the kitchen. He walked to the counter, and took the tea from the electric brewer. When he stood at a counter now, his waist did not quite reach the top. He did not actually feel shorter, everything else seemed bigger. He searched the cabinets for a pitcher. He found one, and poured the tea in. He then went to the refrigerator. Linda's refrigerator had an ice dispenser in the door. He took a glass, and filled it with cubed ice. Joe poured that into the pitcher, and repeated it until the pitcher looked like it had enough in it. He then filled the glass with the cold tea, and drank it down quickly. He got another tall glass from the cabinet and put a little ice in it, and then filled it with tea. This he carried back to the bedroom.

"Here's some tea, if you want," he told Linda.

"Thanks, Joe," Linda replied. "I was hoping you'd bring me one."

Linda was putting on her swimsuit. It was a sleek-fitting black tank suit. She was just stepping into it when Joe came into the room. She pulled the straps over her shoulders and took the glass from Joe.

"I have a couple of suits that you can try," Linda said after taking a sip of tea. "You're a little taller than I am, but I think my two-piece suits would fit you."

"Okay, Linda. I'll give it a try," Joe said. He pulled his top over his head, and removed his shorts.

Linda was searching through the drawers of her dresser. She pulled out a flowered bikini and a sort of fluorescent lime green suit. She arranged them on the bed for Joe to inspect. Joe had never seen Linda in the flowered bikini, but he had seen her in the green suit. The green suit was made by Body Glove, and had a zipper in the top, between the breasts. The top looked like it had more coverage than the flowered suit, which just had little strings which the cups attached

to. You had to tie the strings. He picked up the bottom of the lime green suit.

"I was hoping you'd try the little bikini," Linda chided him. "You sure would look good in it."

"Maybe next time, Linda," Joe said with a grin. "It looks a little skimpy to me, and I'm pushing my limits already."

Joe unhooked his bra, and slid his panties down his hips. He took the green bikini bottom, and stepped into it. It felt very snug, as he pulled it up his legs and over his hips. When he felt it was on correctly, he stepped over to the mirror. It fit his bottom like a second skin. He thought he could even see the cleft of his vulva, outlined in green lycra-spandex. He could definitely see his pubic hair hanging out the sides of the very narrow, "V" cut crotch of the bikini. Linda was inspecting him too.

"You're going to have to trim that bikini line, Joe," Linda decided.

"Bikini line?" Joe asked.

"Pull that bottom off, and come into the bathroom," Linda ordered.

Linda went into the bathroom, and Joe removed the tight suit bottom. Naked, he went into the bathroom. Linda had a ladies' electric razor in her hand, and turned it on when Joe entered. It was buzzing away softly.

"Put your leg up on the stool here," She ordered. "I'll show you how to do this."

She pushed his legs apart, exposing the bush of his pubic area. She trimmed the soft hair away from his inner leg, almost to the lips of his genitals. She worked quickly, and Joe was concerned at the speed she moved around this new, sensitive area of his body.

"Be careful, Linda," Joe said. "I don't want to have any less down there than I already have."

"I won't hurt you, Joe," Linda assured him. "Okay, put your other leg up." She repeated the process on his other side. Joe could not really see what she was doing, and craned his neck to look. "If you're that curious, try this," Linda said, and gave him a hand mirror from the sink.

Joe took the mirror, and positioned it so that he could watch what Linda was doing. He was also getting his first real look at his new

genitalia. As Linda trimmed his pubic hair, Joe examined himself intently. Where his scrotum used to bulge, he now had soft pink skin, divided down the center by two little darker pink folds of tissue that joined at the top approximately where his penis had been. A bit of tissue, smaller than a pea, protruded slightly from between the folds, near the top. Linda finished, but Joe continued looking at himself.

Using a finger on each side, he carefully spread the folds, exposing a moist pink slit with two openings. The small one, he decided, was probably his urethra. Below that was a much larger orifice, which he recognized as a vaginal opening. The image in the glass was hard evidence for what he had suspected, but hoped was not true, but it was a fact. He was now a woman, inside and out.

"Really looks different, huh?" Linda asked.

"Yeah, really different," Joe repeated. "I can't believe it's me."

"Gee, I didn't take that much off, Joe," Linda said. "Just enough so that you won't have to worry about showing when you wear that suit."

"No, that part's fine," Joe said, repositioning the mirror to another angle. "It's just that I've never really seen myself since the change."

"Oh, I didn't think about that," Linda said. "This IS all new to you, isn't it."

"It's strange," Joe went on. "I feel almost like I always have, but when I see myself, it's just difficult to accept that I look like this."

"Remember that about half the people in the world look like you do, so don't think you're so unique," Linda replied.

"Maybe they do," Joe conceded, "but most of you were like this from the day you were born."

Linda put the shaver into the drawer. Joe looked up from the mirror. He saw Linda watching. She was smiling at him, sort of the way a big sister might look at her little one. He smiled back at her, and handed her the mirror.

"Okay, I've seen enough for now, I guess," Joe said, rubbing the new slickness of his pubic area. His bush was now a very narrow triangle, just like Linda's. He had not realized she shaved herself that much.

"If you don't keep it shaved close now, you'll regret it," Linda warned. "It'll itch like crazy. I suggest you get a hot wax like mine. It's a little expensive, but it lasts a long time."

"You keep talking like this is permanent," Joe said. "Let's operate on the idea that I look like this temporarily."

Joe went back into the bedroom. He could feel the difference around his crotch area as he walked. It made him start to analyze again. When he had a male body, his primary sensation of sexual arousal emanated from and around his penis. Now, it seemed, his whole body was a sex organ. It was simply a completely different feeling than his experience as a man. Sometimes, just the act of walking felt mildly erotic.

He went to the bed, and picked up the swimsuit bottom. He was pulling it up his hips when Linda stopped him.

"Maybe you better put some powder on that shaved area," she said, pointing to a little cut glass container on her dresser.

With the suit bottom around his knees, he removed the ornate top and found a little puff inside. He pushed the puff to the side and taking a little body powder on his fingers, spread some on the shaved areas, and for good measure, dusted some on his pubic hair. He then pulled the suit up, and tugged it till it felt right. It fit very snugly, but was comfortable. He felt between his legs, but could feel no trace of hair sticking out. He rubbed his buttocks and stuck his fingers under the leg openings, pulling the bottom down properly. He reached down, and took the suit top and looked at it. He was not sure how to put it on. It had a zipper, but it did not open all the way.

"Just pull it on, over your head," Linda instructed.

Joe put his arms in the arm holes, and stuck his head into the top. As the suit went passed his face, he could smell it. It smelled good. The scent reminded him of Linda. "It must have some of her perfume on it," he thought. That made him consider what he was doing. No matter what he looked like, he still the Old Joe, and he was standing there putting on his girl's, no, his fiance's, clothes, and she was watching. It was exciting, but at the same time embarrassing. He quickly pulled the top over his breasts. He looked down at his chest, and was trying to decide how far up to pull the zipper between his breasts when Linda pulled him over to the mirror.

"Just look at yourself Joe," Linda exclaimed. "You're beautiful."

Joe looked in the mirror. Linda was right. The lime green suit set off the light tan of his skin. He had not been in the sun since the change, so he must have the same skin as before. He always did tan quickly, and did not easily burn. He stood straight, and then turned to get a side view. The green suit looked like it was made for his shape. He was impressed. He could not resist clowning around, striking poses like those he saw in magazines.

"You can have that suit, Joe," Linda lamented. "Now that I've seen you wear it, I never want you to see me in it again."

"I do look pretty good, don't I," Joe said proudly. "Of course, I don't think you'll be breaking any mirrors either."

Linda went to the closet, and brought out two beach towels. Then she went to the bathroom and brought out a tube of sunscreen. She gave them to Joe and, taking her tea glass, she walked to the kitchen. Joe followed her with his hands full. He could not keep his eyes off her butt as she walked in front of him. "She did look good," he thought.

"Do you want some tea to take to the pool?" Linda asked.

"Yeah, sure, that's a good idea," Joe replied.

Linda, with the tea, led Joe, with the towels and sunscreen, to the sliding doors, and out to the pool deck. She stopped at the table, and got her sunglasses from her purse.

"I wish I had mine," Joe said. "Of course, they wouldn't fit anyway."

"I'm sorry, Joe, I had another pair, but I broke them the other day," Linda said.

"No sweat," Joe said.

They went to the lounge chairs, and Joe lay the towels in the cement deck. They moved the chairs to face the sun. Joe gave Linda a towel, and she spread it on her lounge, as he did the same on his. When she lay back on the lounge, Linda pulled the straps of her suit down from her shoulders. Joe saw her do it, and tried to do the same with his. His straps were too wide, and it was not easily possible. He lay back, and felt the sun warm his body. He continued to watch Linda. Due to their positions, she could not see him as well. She was carefully rubbing herself with tanning oil.

"I'll do you, if you'll do me," Joe said suggestively.

"Sounds good to me," Linda replied, handing Joe the tanning oil.

Joe took the oil, and squirted a small amount on his hand. He started smoothing it on Linda's leg. She put her head back and closed her eyes. Joe coated her upper thigh, and went all the way to her feet and toes. He carefully massaged each toe. When he finished, he moved to her arms, softly smoothing them with the oil. He then oiled her shoulders, and then moved to her chest. He carefully avoided getting oil on her suit. She rolled over on the towel and Joe then coated her back. Linda was glistening with the protective oil. When he finished, he took her head in his hand, and kissed her softly on the lips. She answered his kiss by flicking her tongue into his mouth. Joe took a deep breath, relishing even the smell of her hair.

After a short while, as they just sat close and looked at each other, Linda sat up in the lounge chair.

"Okay, Joe, lie down," Linda ordered. "It's your turn."

Joe went to his lounge and lay on his back. Linda took the suntan oil and started rubbing it on his legs as he had done for her. She worked carefully around his suit, so that no oil touched it. He spread his legs slightly, and she rubbed some oil on his inner thighs.

"You dog!" Linda exclaimed. "Do you realize your body has absolutely NO cellulite?"

"What are you talking about?" Joe questioned.

"Look at this," she replied, pinching about an inch of Joe's outer thigh. It was perfectly slick and smooth. She then pinched the same amount of flesh on the same area of her leg. The pinched tissue was slightly dimpled between her fingers. Not a lot, but not smooth either.

"This is what I'm talking about," Linda continued. "You have almost no fat on your thighs. It just isn't fair."

She then continued her application of sunscreen. She moved down, and caressed his feet, as he had done for her. Joe had not realized how good it felt, to get his feet massaged like this. It was almost erotic.

When Linda finished with his feet, she asked Joe to lie on his belly so she could oil his back. He complied, and put his face in his arms. In this position, it seemed he could detect Linda's scent again. He wasn't sure if it came from the suit he was wearing, from the suntan oil, or if he was smelling her directly. He seemed to have a

much more sensitive sense of smell since the change, and he was aware of odors more now.

Linda was softly rubbing Joe's back, and Joe closed his eyes, and enjoyed the sensations. He suddenly felt his right breast get pinched between him and the lounge chair. The slight, but unexpected pain made him jerk up quickly.

"What's the problem?" Linda asked.

"Oh, nothing," Joe replied, rubbing his soft boob through the suit, and feeling embarrassed. "I just got pinched, that's all."

"Welcome to the club," Linda said, patting him on the back as he carefully lay back down. "I could think of a few guys whom I wish could get the opportunity to experience what you are."

"Well, I wouldn't wish it on any guy," Joe replied, trying to find a position that kept his breasts out of the way.

Linda finished, and Joe rolled over. They both just sprawled on the lounges soaking up the warmth of the sun. A while went by, and suddenly they were jolted awake by the ringing of the telephone.

"It never stops, does it," Linda lamented. She grabbed the cordless phone that lay near her lounge chair.

"Hello," she answered. "Oh, hi, Jay. Yeah, he's here. Just a minute."

"It's Jay," she said, handing the phone to Joe.

Joe took the phone.

"Hi, Jay. What's up?" Joe spoke into the phone.

"How you doing, Joe?" Jay said. "I just called to find out what you thought about Dan."

"I don't know, Jay," Joe said. "I think he is understanding, and he acted like he really wanted to help."

"He does, Joe," Jay said. "He's good, too. I've known him for some time, and I can assure you, he knows his job. If there's any way to prove who you are, he will know what it is, and find it. I think he's the best."

"That's great, Jay," Joe said. "I have good feelings about him too."

"What are you doing this afternoon?" Jay asked.

"Well, right now, I'm lying at the pool at Linda's house," Joe answered.

"Gee, I thought I called your house," Jay said, a little confused.

"Maybe you did," Joe replied. "I used call forwarding to transfer my calls over here in case you or Dan wanted to find me."

"You damn engineers and your toys," Jay chided him, "but seriously, I was wondering if you had some time, later on."

"What you got going, Jay?" Joe wondered.

"I finally got that ROM chip for the Bosch injection on my car," Jay answered.

Like Joe, Jay was into sports cars, and owned a red Porche 944. He found it a source of irritation that Joe's RX-7, which cost less, but was equipped with a high performance Wankel rotary engine, could run away from his pride and joy. In their informal road races, Joe's "Rotary Rocket" could always take the four cylinder engine that powered Jay's Porche. Jay was always looking for ways to reverse the situation.

A friendly rivalry was the result, but Jay was actually at the mercy of Joe, and his engineering background, to help improve the performance of his complex engine. In both cars, all fuel metering functions were performed by electronic fuel injection, which in turn was controlled by a digital computer. An electronics engineer was actually more at home with a machine like this than a mechanic would be as long as the basic engine was healthy. Joe, who had experience with avionics, including electronic fuel controls on jet engines, was not above using those skills to improve the performance of his sophisticated auto engine. Jay was in the process of improving his engine, too, but he went the costly route of buying a performance chip from the after-market sellers. It was expensive, but then, everything was expensive on a Porche. He wanted Joe to help him install the chip in the computer.

"Okay, Jay, when do you want to put it in, as if it will do any good anyway," Joe said.

"When can you do it?" Jay asked, sounding like a kid at Christmas.

"What do you have planned for this afternoon?" Joe responded.

"I don't have anything going till later, when I was planning to get Barb, and we would go out," Jay said.

"How about coming over here later?" Joe suggested.

"What time?" Jay asked.

"Just a minute," Joe said, and called to Linda. "What did you want to do later?" he asked Linda. "Jay's going to take Barb out, but wants me to work on his car a few minutes first, if I have the time."

"Tell Jay to bring Barbara over," Linda suggested. "We can put some steaks on, and have a little patio party. I haven't seen Barb in a few weeks."

"Jay, Linda says you should bring Barb over, now if possible," Joe relayed. "We can put some steaks on and after that, I'll work on your car."

"Okay, that sounds good," Jay replied. "I'll call Barb, I know she can be ready."

"Tell her to bring a swimsuit," Joe said. "Bring yours too. The pool looks pretty inviting."

"Ok, Joe, I'll see you in about an hour or so," Jay said.

Joe handed the phone back to Linda. She put it beside her seat and lay back into the sun again. Joe took a long draw of his tea glass. He thought of the irony of the situation. He would be working on his buddy's car, maybe wearing this suit. "I might be one of the best looking fuel injection specialists around," he thought to himself, grinning like an idiot.

He lay back on the lounge and closed his eyes. In a little while, he turned, presenting his other side to the rays. In what seemed like no time at all, he heard the powerful rumble of Jay's 944 come up the drive. Linda got up when she heard the car. She walked to the driveway gate.

"Hi, Jay," she called. "Barb, I'm glad you came."

"When you said food, Jay couldn't resist," Barb teased.

Barb was in her mid-twenties, and very attractive. A little shorter than Linda, with red hair, and a great figure. She was wearing a cover-up, and obviously had her swimsuit on under it. Jay was wearing a loud Hawaiian type shirt and shorts. They both carried bags which had a change of clothes inside. They walked through the patio gate, where Joe stood, feeling self-conscious again. Jay saw him first, and his eyes widened when he recognized him.

"Joe!" Jay exclaimed. "How you doing? God, you're looking good. Real good." Jay could not take his eyes from his friend.

"Hi, Joe," Barb said, looking him over, obviously curious.

"Hi, Barb, good to see you," Joe said, smiling. He was embarrassed standing there in the close fitting swimsuit.

"Jay told me about your... err... situation," Barb said, trying to help Joe feel more at ease. "I must admit, I've never heard of anything like it before. You certainly look, err... a... Well, healthy."

"Yeah, I guess healthy is a good word for it," Joe said, amused at Barb's description of him. "If I get any healthier I can run for Miss America."

Joe saw that Jay hardly took his eyes off him. He went over to his pal. "So you think that chip will give that four-banger of yours enough guts to take the rotary, huh?" he joked.

"I hope so," Jay replied, "At least until you pull another rabbit out of your hat with that damn Japanese clone car."

"You can call it a clone when you get an engine as good as the Wankel," Joe returned. He felt better talking with Jay. It seemed more like normal.

"Right now I'm going to cool down," Jay said, sticking his foot in the pool. When he decided it was all right, he dived in and swam to the other side.

"It's great!" he said. "Come on in."

Linda and Barb were already sitting in the lounge chairs, talking about who knows what. Joe did not know about getting in the water with Jay. "What the hell," he thought. "I don't really want to sit through girl talk." He walked to the edge, and, without stopping, dived in as gracefully as he could. He surfaced in the middle, and noticed that he could stay afloat much easier than he ever did before.

"This is weird, Jay," Joe said as Jay swam over to him. "I'm floating so easy, much easier than before."

"You got those natural life preservers now," Jay teased him.

"Maybe that's it," Joe considered, grinning. He was smaller and lighter. He probably did have a higher fat to bone and muscle ratio.

"Come on ladies, get your butts in here," Jay yelled. "You can talk later."

Linda and Barb looked at Jay. He waved them over to the pool. Joe hoped they would come in too. He wanted company. The girls came over and sat at the edge of the pool. Joe swam over to Linda. He went the last few feet under water, and grabbed her foot. He tried to pull her in, but he just did not have the strength to overpower her when she resisted. She realized that he could not force her in, so she let herself be pulled in. Joe could tell that she did it. When they bobbed to the surface together, he looked at her.

"I couldn't pull you in," he said, knowing she already knew it. "I didn't have the strength to pull you in," he repeated.

"Don't worry about it, Joe," Linda tried to reassure him. "That's not important at all."

"It is to me," Joe said.

Barb had a beach ball, and threw it at both of them.

"Let's toss the ball around," she called. "Pick your sides. How about boys against girls?"

"Come on Barb, that's low," Joe said grinning. It hurt, but he knew she was trying to keep his spirits up, but did not know what to do. It was an awkward situation for everyone.

"Aww, Joe, she was only teasing," Linda came to her defense. "You're going to have to get used to it, and you're among friends here."

"I'm sorry, Joe," Barb said. "I guess it seemed like a dig, but I really meant I wanted you on my side."

"Okay, then," Joe said. "Let's all take him on." He swam to the end of the pool. Linda and Barb followed him.

Jay went to the other end. He had the ball, and when they were ready, he tossed it to the other end, aiming at Barb. She hit the ball, but it went straight up. Linda was under it and slapped it back to Jay when it came to her. Jay swatted it back, and Joe got it that time, easily returning it to Jay. They played fast and hard for about ten minutes. They were all getting exhausted, Jay the most, since it was three to one, and they kept him moving in the deep water.

"I'm getting hungry," Jay lied. "Let's stop and get those steaks on the grill."

"Yeah, good idea," Linda said. "I've been out here a few hours already, and I'm going to be burned alive if I don't get out of this suit."

"I'm ready to quit too," Barb said. "Let's get out."

They all went to the side and struggled out. They went to the chairs and took towels and dried off.

"I'm going to get out of this suit and get the steaks ready," Linda said.

"I'll help," Barb said. "You two start the grill," she said to Joe and Jay.

"It's a gas grill, so all we need to do is turn it on and put the steaks on. I'll start it anyway, and let it heat up," Joe said.

They went indoors. Jay and Barb retrieved their bags.

"Jay, you can use the hall bath to shower and change," Linda said. "Barb, you can use my bathroom if you like."

Jay walked to the bathroom with his bag, and shut the door. Barb followed Linda into her room. Joe did not know what to do, and stood in the hall. Linda noticed him standing there when she turned to close the bedroom door.

"Get in here. Joe," Linda ordered. "You don't mind if Joe changes with us, do you Barb?"

"Joe? No, of course not," Barb said. "Not unless it bothers him."

"No, you guys don't bother me," Joe said, blushing, "and I suppose I'm on your team now."

Joe entered the room, and Linda closed the door. Linda went to the bed, and pulled the straps of her suit down. She pulled the suit down, and removed it. She took the suit, and her towel with her into the bathroom. Joe heard her start the shower running.

Barb looked at Joe, and smiled. She was embarrassed, and tried to break the ice with conversation.

"Gosh, Joe, what's it like to have a different body?" she said. "I can't imagine what it would feel like."

"It's hard to describe," Joe said honestly. "It's different, and yet it's the same in a lot of ways. I really don't have a different body. It seems that I just changed... a lot."

"I'm curious, are you a real woman now?" she asked innocently.

"I don't know, Barb. What's a REAL woman?" Joe returned.

"Well, you know... boobs, and... well... you know," Barb stammered.

"See for yourself," Joe answered, unzipping the top of his suit, and pulling it over his head.

Joe then pulled his suit bottom off, and wrapped the damp items in his beach towel. Then he stood up, and put his arms out and turned around slowly, allowing Barb to inspect him.

"My god, Joe, You ARE a woman, aren't you," Barb exclaimed. "You really did change into a woman."

"I may LOOK like a woman," Joe corrected, "but I don't want to concede that I am one, until I have medical proof. I still feel like I'm a man."

"Really?" Barb asked. "You feel like a man? How can you? It's obvious that you don't have the necessary parts." She was genuinely interested.

"Whatever parts I have now, they feel pretty much the same," Joe said, "but every nerve in my body seems more sensitive now, and of course, there are the obvious physical differences."

"There sure are, Joe," Barb said. "You really look good."

Barb removed her swimsuit top. She eyed Joe, who tried to look away. She then took her bottom off, and Joe was surprised to see that her pubic area was completely shaved. It made her look very erotic, and Joe could not pull his eyes away. Barb saw him staring, and she smiled. "It itches like crazy sometimes, but Jay likes it," she explained, smiling. "I think you know what I mean," she said pointing at his closely trimmed bush.

"Yeah, I guess I do," Joe said, scratching his pubic area. "Linda showed me how to do this, so I wouldn't stick out of that suit."

The shower stopped, and they heard the shower door slide open. Linda came back into the room, wrapped in a towel. She saw Joe and Barb standing on each side of the bed, naked. She stopped, but just looked at Joe, then she smiled at him. "I see you two have got to know each other better," she teased. "What do you think of Barb's trim job?"

"Well, as a guy, I think it's sexy as hell," he answered carefully, "but as a woman, I... uh... I still think it's sexy as hell."

"Maybe we should take Joe in the shower, and shave him bare," Linda told Barb.

"No, absolutely not," Joe insisted. "I already have more taken off that area than I should. I suspect I'll already be getting some looks when I see the doctor."

"You look fine, Joe," Barb assured him.

"Don't forget, I'm really a man," Joe said.

"Well, mister, get your butt in there and take a shower," Linda teased.

Joe took his suit and towel, and went into the bathroom. He turned on the shower and stepped inside. The cool water felt good, and he rinsed the chlorine off his body and out of his hair. He finished, turned off the water, slid open the door, and stepped out of the shower. He was drying off, when Barb came in the bathroom. She walked past Joe, her full breasts swaying seductively, and went into the shower. It was like a dream come true. Beautiful women, naked, all over the place. He looked into the mirror behind the sink. It was not a perfect dream. There was one too many naked women here.

Joe went into the bedroom. Linda was dressed, and was drying her hair. Joe found his underwear, pulled on his panties, and took his bra. As he was putting his arms through the straps, he felt a slight sting. He looked at his shoulders, and saw the outline of the swimsuit on his chest. He had a slight tan from before, but he still received a very slight burn. His breasts were outlined in lighter skin. It sure looked sexy, but it did not feel very good.

Linda saw his problem, and went to her dressing table, and grabbed a little bottle with a pump. She spread some white lotion from her hand, to the pink areas around Joe's shoulders and breasts. It felt cool and soothing.

Joe carefully put on his bra. Once it was on, it felt okay. He actually liked the secure feeling it gave his breasts. He got the tank top from a hanger on the closet door knob, and pulled it over his head. The three balloons resumed formation on his chest. He found the blue shorts lying on the bed, and when he attempted to put them on, he could feel that his legs had received a little too much sun also. He got the pump of lotion, sat on the bed, and rubbed some on his legs. He smelled strongly of Linda's lotion. He put his shorts on, and checked himself in the mirror. His short hair was mussed up, so he went into the bathroom to use a brush to smooth his hair.

Barb was out of the shower, and was drying her hair at the mirror. She was naked, and her breasts, which were larger than Joe's, or Linda's, jiggled and shook as she brushed her hair. Joe needed to get into a drawer, but she was in the way. He stood there, watching her as she moved. She saw him watching, and stopped.

"Uh, sorry, I need to get a brush out of that drawer," Joe stammered.

"Oh, okay. I thought you maybe just wanted to watch me," Barb said, smiling at him.

"Oh, no," Joe stammered. "I wasn't... I didn't... I mean... You do look good, but I... uh..." Joe did not know what to say. It was obvious he was watching her.

"Don't worry about it Joe," Barb laughed. "If I suddenly had to be a man, I would be much worse than you."

Joe got the brush, quickly brushed his short hair into position, and left the bathroom. Linda was finished drying her hair, and they both left the bedroom. Joe went into the living area, where Jay was sitting looking at his auto parts. He grinned when he saw Joe, wearing the cute tank top.

"Hey, nice balloons," Jay teased.

"Linda made me buy it," Joe protested. "I told her it was too cute."

"You really do look good in it Joe," Jay said.

"I think it's a little too feminine," Joe complained.

"Well, if you've got it, flaunt it," Jay said. He said that a lot.

"I've got it, I guess, but I'm not ready to flaunt it," Joe said, grinning at his buddy. "Let's see that stuff."

Jay gave him the box of parts. Actually, it was one small part, and a little manual describing what the chip did, and how to install it. "This will only take a few minutes to put in," Joe said.

Linda came into the room, and when she saw them looking at the parts, she shook her head. "Barb and I will do the steaks, if you two want to work on that darn car," she said.

"Joe says it will only take a few minutes," Jay said. "We'll be finished before you have the steaks on the grill."

"Get going, then," Linda said.

"I hope you brought some tools," Joe said. "I don't have any here."

"I have the small tool kit that I always carry in the car," Jay said.

"As long as it has a phillips screwdriver, I think it will work," Joe returned.

They walked out to Jay's car. Jay opened the hood, and gave Joe a little canvas bag, his tool kit. Joe opened the bag, and searched until he found a screwdriver. He bent over the fender, and unscrewed the lid of the small black box which contained the fuel injection computer. The position was awkward, and Joe, who was smaller now, found it difficult to reach the box without difficulty. He had to stretch to reach the assembly. He got the lid off, and started removing the old ROM.

"Get me a flat blade screwdriver, would you please?" Joe asked.

Jay was standing there, bending over, and watching, but he did not move. Joe looked up from the fuel controller, at Jay. He saw that Jay was watching him. He looked down, and saw what was holding Jay's interest so completely. From Jay's position, he had a perfect view down the neck opening of Joe's tank top. The large and loose opening allowed Jay an unobstructed view of Joe's breasts. Jay's face turned red when he saw Joe caught him. Joe just grinned at him, and stood up beside the car.

"They're pretty nice, aren't they?" Joe teased.

"Well, yeah... I mean... I... Damn it, Joe. I'm sorry, but I just couldn't resist looking," Jay stammered an apology.

"I understand, Jay," Joe said "I feel the same way sometimes, and it's my own body."

"What's it like?" Jay asked. "What does it feel like... to have a woman's body? You know... breasts and everything?"

Joe went to Jay's side of the car. He looked around. There was nobody else around. Linda and Barb were inside the patio wall. He and Jay were alone. Joe pulled his top up, exposing his bra covered breasts. Jay's eyes became as big as saucers, as he watched his buddy. Joe reached down and unhooked the catch between his breasts, and pulled the shiny bra cups apart, baring his chest. His full nipples quickly became erect and hardened to little points as they were exposed to the slight breeze. Joe was as amazed as Jay at how they reacted.

"What do you think?" Joe asked his confused buddy, as he held the bra open so that Jay could get a good look.

"Ah... err... I don't know," Jay stammered.

Joe interrupted him. "That's what I thought," he said, "and I feel the same way when I look in the mirror. Remember, in my mind at least, I'm still a guy, and I think the same thoughts you do."

"But... what's it like? Does it feel good?" Jay continued. "Is it better than before?"

"It's hard to describe exactly," Joe said, fighting to find the right words. "Yeah, I guess it does feel pretty good, maybe even better than before." Joe considered carefully what he was saying. "I'm still getting used to it, but generally, I have more sensation all over now, not just in my cock, which is gone, of course, but sometimes even it feels like it's still there. Especially when I'm turned on."

"What turns you on... now?" Jay asked, genuinely curious.

"Same thing that turns you on old buddy," Joe said, as he fastened his bra, and pulled his top down. "I'm just now getting over a boner nobody can see, but that I sure can feel, that I got when I saw Barb's bare beaver." He winked at Jay.

"Barb showed you that?" Jay said, amazed.

"She didn't SHOW it to me. I saw it when we changed clothes," Joe told his buddy, who was beginning to show signs of envy, as well as an erection powerful enough to rip his pants!

"I'm amazed she undressed in front of you," Jay went on.

"She was nervous around me at first, but when she saw how I looked in MY birthday suit, I guess she accepted me as a girl," Joe said, grinning at Jay's embarrassment.

"You lucky dog," Jay said. "You're living a voyeur's dream."

"It may sound neat, but I can assure you, it's not that great," Joe explained. "I look like this all the time, and I have to learn to relate to everybody in a different way. Even you." Joe pointed at the bulge at Jay's crotch. "I'm just beginning to realize I may never get back to normal."

"Does that scare you?" Jay asked, as he arranged his pants.

"How would you feel, if you woke up one morning, and found your cock missing, replaced with a beaver and boobs, and it seemed

unlikely you would ever be a complete man again?" Joe answered with the question that was now haunting him almost constantly.

"I think I understand Joe, and I promise to help as much as I can," Jay assured him.

"Well, okay then, let's work on your car," Joe said. "Look if you want, but try to keep your mind on the task at hand." He hit Jay on the shoulder with his fist.

Joe put the ROM chip into its socket. He put the cover back on the computer, and screwed the lid back on. It was time to test the installation. "Okay, get in and start it up" he said. "If it runs, we'll give it a drive."

Jay got in, and cranked the engine. It fired immediately. He blipped the throttle, and motioned for Joe to get in. "Let's try it on the road," he said, eager to drive it.

"Okay, but be careful," Joe warned. "I don't want to get stopped, or brought in for questioning just because I'm with you while you terrorize the neighborhood."

"Don't worry about that," Jay said, as Joe got in, and clicked his seat belt about him.

Jay quickly turned around and went down Linda's driveway. When he reached the road, he turned right, and his tires chirped, as he went through the lower gears.

"Can you tell any difference?" Joe asked.

"I think it has a little more low end, but I'm not sure," Jay replied. "We'll have to run each other on canyon road"

"Like hell we will!" Joe exclaimed. "Maybe when I match my drivers license again, but not before."

"Let's go back," Joe said. He did not like the attention they were receiving, driving crisply around the neighborhood in a red Porche.

Jay drove back to Linda's. Joe was glad to be back. The bumpy ride in the Porche, which was fitted with competition suspension, alerted Joe that he had to pee again. No matter what he was doing, things were different now.

Joe and Jay went back to the patio, where Linda and Barb were putting the steaks on the grill. Linda looked at Joe, who had some dirt on his hands. Jay kept his car immaculate, but it was not possible to work on it without getting a little dirty. Joe grinned sheepishly.

"No matter what happens, it seems you can't keep a guy from getting his hands dirty," Linda said.

Joe went inside and washed his hands in the bathroom. He pulled his shorts down, sat, and urinated. The sensation again made him aware of his new genitalia, and when he finished, he stood up, and rather than pull up his underwear and shorts, he went to the mirror, and looked at himself. His pubic area again looked completely different. Linda had trimmed the soft hair so close that now he could easily see his genital cleft. The sight of it in the mirror again made him interested in his new body.

As he looked, he could feel the first signs of arousal. He began to sense what felt like an erection, but he knew that was impossible. He touched his pubic hair, and then spread apart the sensitive folds. He could see what was probably his clitoris. He touched the small bit of tissue, and was amazed to find that it felt exactly as if he had touched his penis.

"No wonder I can feel an erection," he thought. "I still have the same nerves. I still have my penis. It's just that now it's just a quarter inch long."

Again, he considered his situation. Looking at himself, he wondered what it would be like if the doctors were to make him look like a man again. Would it feel like before? That seemed unlikely, since he figured that there would have to be some big changes, and nerves, which he was still using now, were what made him feel the necessary sensations. They would probably have to be cut or modified. He knew enough about biology to realize that it was difficult to perform surgery without destroying sensation. Did he want to lose the feelings he now experienced, to get back only a mock up of what he once was? He pulled up his panties and shorts, and after touching a breast lightly with his hand, he checked his short hair in the mirror, and decided he was ready to go back out.

Joe walked back out to the patio. Linda and Barb had put the steaks on the grill, and Jay was standing by it watching them cook. He motioned for Joe to come over.

"How do you want your steak?" Jay asked.

"Medium rare," Joe replied.

"Okay, I didn't know your taste buds changed too," Jay said, and winked at his pal.

"You'll be one of the first to know if they have," Joe said.

Linda was bringing out some vegetables and a bowl of macaroni salad. Barb had a table cloth for the table by the pool. Joe went over, and helped her put it on the table. Linda put the things she carried on the table.

"Joe, would you help bring out some forks, and steak knives?" Linda asked. "Barb and I will set the table."

Joe went inside and found the forks, and brought out four steak knives. He took them out and arranged them with the plates that Linda put on the table.

Soon the steaks were done, and they all sat at the table eating, and joking with each other about the pool, and the quality of the Jay's cooking.

Before long, it was evening. They all moved inside, to sit and talk and listen to music. At about ten, Jay and Barb said they had to go, and they said their goodbyes. Joe and Linda were alone again.

"I don't know about you, but I'm beat," Linda said.

"Yeah. I'm tired too," Joe said, "and I can still feel that sunburn, too."

They went into Linda's bedroom, and undressed. Linda pulled the sheet back, and lay down. Joe lay next to her, and looked into her eyes. "What will become of us?" he asked her.

"I wish I knew, Joe," Linda said. "It will all work out though."

He held out his arms, and she wrapped hers around his shoulders. They went to sleep in each other's arms.

Chapter 9

DOCTORS

Joe woke Sunday morning in Linda's arms. He carefully untangled himself, taking care not to wake her. He pulled the sheet away, but was no longer surprised by his appearance. He was getting used to the way he felt, too. He gazed at his body, and contemplated the way it looked. He was always amazed at how some women's breasts seemed to flatten, almost disappear, when they lay on their backs. Now, as he looked at himself, he observed that his own chest seemed flatter too. It was still hairless, and the larger areolas affirmed that he still looked feminine. He touched them, feeling the now familiar softness. No, they were not getting smaller, and he was entering his third day as a woman. The third day. How many more would he have to endure? Would he ever be back to normal? The question began to haunt him again. He could hardly wait for Dan to call. Dan McGuire was Jay's friend, and Dan was going to help him with the reason why his body had somehow become female, apparently overnight.

Changed to female... He was starting to accept it. At first, he reacted by denial, he was not really a woman, no matter what his body looked like. Yesterday, when he had seen what he looked like, all over, he began to realize the situation he was actually in. His engineer's mind, trained to trust the facts and to keep an open mind, was now fighting with the obvious fact that his body was no longer masculine, and no matter what he thought, or what he said, people now reacted differently to him. He would have to relate differently to them, too. That included his friends. Friends both male and female. That included Linda, too.

Linda. He thought about her. She was unusually understanding and tolerant of his strange problem. Sometimes, she almost seemed amused to watch his reactions, and the way he handled the differences. He could not complain about her help or understanding. He really could not understand why she was so understanding. In fact, it almost seemed like she enjoyed his predicament. He knew he loved her, and that she loved him, but now. What about now? How should he feel about her? He felt the same as before, as when he was male, and she was his fiancée. That would probably have to change.

Even if something could be done for him, and he could become male again, even if not a completely functioning male, it was unlikely they could, or would, continue as before. Hell, they had even made

lesbian love together. At least it was like lesbian love. He did not consider himself homosexual, but if he was now female, then he must be, since he still loved women, loved to be around them, and loved to look at them, and touch them. Just like before. Just like a man. Even his own body now turned him on sometimes, but then, why not? The change had transformed his body into a quite attractive, female form.

Joe got up, and went to the bathroom. As he sat there, he noticed the hand mirror lying on the sink. He took it, and after he finished relieving himself, he stood, and raised his leg on the closed lid of the toilet. He positioned the mirror to get another look at that new genitalia. He could hardly resist looking at himself.

It was so different. It was like looking at someone else, but there was no doubt that the image in the mirror was the reflection of his own body. Truth be known, he even sort of liked the way he now looked, but he knew he would have problems if he tried to forget his past and resume his life with this new body. He could not expect everybody to suddenly accept him as a girl. He did not think he could accept it himself. He had thirty years of experience being a boy and a man. He did not even know how to act like a woman. He did not want to be treated like a woman either. He was a man. He knew how to be a man. He liked to be treated like a man. He wished, with all his heart, he could look like a man again. It would make everything so much easier.

Disgusted, Joe put the hand mirror down, and looked into the mirror over the sink. He saw himself, his almost familiar face, and his new body. He turned to the side, looking at his profile in the mirror. His new shape would be a problem if he was to become a man again. He looked at his shoulders. They were not as wide as before, but might possibly pass for a man. He looked at his waist and hips. His waist was much smaller, and his tummy flatter. That could easily change. His hips. He put his hands on his hips, and ran them up and down, following the shape. Maybe they were not much different from before. Maybe he was just smaller everywhere else.

He turned and examined his butt. Now that sure did not look like it did before. It was softer and rounder, and completely hairless. He rubbed it with both hands, feeling the softness. It was nice. Maybe his best female attribute. He turned back, and faced the mirror. Yea, his butt was his best feature. He examined his breasts. They were pretty good too. They were firm, and nicely shaped, but were, just maybe, a bit small for his body, since he was somewhat tall for a woman. He had been almost six feet tall, but now he measured about five eight or so, and he was thin, noticeably thinner than Linda, which made him

look even taller. It might be difficult to pass as a man, but not impossible, if that's what he decided to do.

Joe went back to the bedroom, and sat on the bed next to Linda. She was awake and turned to face him.

"What's up for today?" she asked.

"I don't know," Joe said. "I hope I get a call from Dan, but I doubt he works on Sunday."

"Yeah, I'm sure you want to know what's going on, as soon as you can," Linda said, smiling sweetly at Joe, "but I doubt that anybody is working around the clock on your problem."

"Mind if I take a shower?" Joe asked.

"No, please do," Linda quipped.

Joe looked at her, and stuck his underarm up to his nose. He smelled different, even to his own nose. Like a woman.

"I'm only teasing, Joe," Linda said.

Joe did not say anything, but went into the bathroom and turned on the shower. He looked through Linda's drawers until he found a razor and some shave cream, and took them into the shower with him. He carefully adjusted the water temperature, and then wet his body down. He took the shaving cream and applied some under his arms. He then took the razor and shaved himself smooth. His underarms felt real good without the soft stubble, which did not feel at all like the stubble he used to get on his face. He touched his face, and felt a softness unlike any time as a male, even immediately after shaving.

He put some shave cream on his legs, one at a time, and carefully shaved them, feeling them for stubble, and removing it with the razor. His legs felt great after shaving, too. He felt his bikini line, as Linda called it. He carefully applied shaving cream there. He carefully used the blade to keep the outline of his pubic patch a narrow triangle as Linda had done for him on Saturday.

When Joe finished shaving, he rinsed off, and soaped himself all over with the bath soap Linda used. He loved the way his body now felt, and enjoyed the sensations when he caressed his body. He never felt like this when he had a male body. He wondered if the feeling would go away when the doctors changed him back, if they could. "Probably would," he decided.

Joe rinsed, dried off, and went back into the bedroom. He found the underwear they bought yesterday. He looked, and realized that he only had fresh panties, no clean bra. His other clothes were still over at his apartment. Linda saw his problem, and went to her lingerie drawer, and tossed him one of her bras, just like the one he wore yesterday. He took it, and then decided not to wear it, but put his old one back on. He was getting accustomed to wearing a bra, and even liked the more secure feeling he had when he did. Besides, his breasts seemed to bounce around embarrassingly when he did not.

Joe found the white shorts and the other new top, and put them on. He was hunting around the side of the bed for his socks when Linda went into the bathroom. She closed the door, but Joe could hear her pee, and then turn on the shower. He finished dressing, and went out into the hallway. As he passed the open door to the hall bath, he noticed that Jay's swim trunks were still hanging in the shower. He walked into the bathroom, and picked them up. They seemed very large. Before, he was slightly bigger than Jay, but now, holding his trunks, Jay seemed huge. They were dry, and Joe held them up to his waist. No, they would not fit.

He held open the waistband and looked inside. His groin muscles tensed slightly when he saw the mesh pouch designed for male organs. It seemed strange now. It had only been a few days but he was already used to the contours, the sleek fit of feminine attire. This men's stuff, huge and baggy, already seemed alien to him. It was weird. He put the trunks back, and wondered about it.

Joe went to the kitchen, opened the fridge, found some orange juice, and took it out. He went to the cabinet, and found a large glass and filled it with juice. He took the glass and went to the breakfast area. He was looking through yesterday's paper when Linda came into the room.

"Would you like some breakfast?" she asked.

"No, thanks, I usually don't eat breakfast," Joe said.

"Well, I'm going to have a bowl of corn flakes if you don't mind," Linda said.

"Not at all," Joe replied.

"I think I'll go over to my place for a while," Joe said. "I'll wash some things, and straighten the place up."

"Joe, can we talk?" Linda asked.

"Sure, absolutely," Joe returned. "What about?"

"Joe, You have some real problems... changes facing you in the next few days or weeks, or maybe even months," Linda went on. "Whatever happens to you, you're going to need some help. Even if you can change back, I doubt that it can happen overnight, and you'll need someone to take care of you. If you can't be changed back, you'll need even more help adapting to the changes in your life. You're doing quite well, but I can see you'd need a woman to guide you along. I love you. I love you as a woman loves a man, and even if you must remain a woman, I'll still love you. Don't ask me what that means... What that makes me, because I don't know, and I don't care. Whatever you are, or whatever you become, I want to help you. I'll be your girlfriend, lover, fiancée, or just your best friend. Whatever you want. Just don't drive me away, whatever you decide to do." She had tears in her eyes.

"While you live as a woman, why don't you move here... with me?" Linda asked. "I have plenty of room, I can teach you the things you need to know, and you won't get stares from your neighbors if you stay here."

"I don't have any problem with staying here" Joe said. "I still think of you as my fiancée, but I don't know what we can ever do about that."

"You deserve more of a man than what I can ever be again," Joe continued.

"Don't worry about your damned manhood," Linda said, showing an uncharacteristic irritation. "That's not as important to me as you seem to think."

"Okay, I'll move over here, but I'll keep my apartment, at least for a while," Joe said. "I like it over there, and you may change your mind when we find what's in store for me."

"I'm going to drive over there, and clean up," Joe said. "Do you want to come along?"

"Maybe later," Linda said. "I better work on some papers today."

"See you in a little while," Joe said, and went into the bedroom.

Joe found his wallet in the jumpsuit. He took some money, credit cards, and his drivers license. His shorts had only very small pockets, too small for credit cards. His top had no pockets at all. He did not know what to do, but then he had an idea. He pulled the loose top up,

above his bra. He slid the license and credit cards into his bra, between his breasts. He pulled his top down, and looked in the mirror. He felt his breasts, and could feel the cards, but he could not see them. They fit okay there, but would be difficult to retrieve if he needed them. "Tough," he thought. "A guy's gotta do what a guy's gotta do."

With his key ring in his hand, Joe went out the patio door, to get to his car. He opened it, buckled up, and started the engine. He went down the drive, and carefully drove over to his apartment. It would really be hard to explain to an officer, after getting his license from his bra, why although he was obviously a woman, he had male on his license. No, he must be careful.

Joe entered his apartment, and looked around the familiar surroundings. He had lived here since he came to town, and liked it here. He did not know his neighbors, and there was a good turnover in neighbors anyway, but every one was friendly, and there was no crime in the area.

He went to his bedroom. He was surprised at the smell. It was obviously a guys room. He had not even noticed it before. Maybe his nose was more sensitive now, or maybe he was just used to the scents of Linda's room. He took a whiff of his clothes. He did not smell like that now, at least. Did he even smell like a girl now? Probably did, he considered. He probably did not smell like a man, at least.

Joe went around retrieving his dirty clothes, some under the bed, others in the hamper, and even a dirty shirt in the kitchen. He sorted the clothes and threw a load in the washer. As he was tossing one of his shirts, he took it, and held it to his nose. He could smell his old familiar sweaty smell. It made him feel strange now. It was the scent of a male, and he was beginning to become accustomed to the sensations, and maybe, the urges, of being a woman. Even his own man smell was now slightly arousing to him. What was happening to him? He did not even like to think about it.

After he got the washer going, he went back into the kitchen. He opened the refrigerator, and took out a can of beer. He was thirsty, and it was all he had in the house. He took the beer and went to the couch. He looked through his magazines on the coffee table. Flying, Car and Driver, PC Magazine, and Playboy. The latest issues. He had only quickly glanced at the Playboy since it arrived, so he selected it. He thumbed through it, and as usual, stopped at the centerfold. He looked at the pictures of the young woman in the magazine. She was maybe mid-twenties, and beautiful. Joe looked at her, and felt the same excitement as always. As he looked, and imagined being in bed with

her, he remembered the irony of his situation. The girl in the pictures could now be him. He put the magazine down. It would take time to get used to the different point of view.

Joe finished his wash, and cleaned the place up a little. After all his male clothes were washed and dried, he hung them in the closet. He wondered what he would do with all this stuff. Most of it would not fit him anymore, no matter what sex he was, or would become. Maybe Jay could use some of them. It was a problem for another day.

He gathered up his female clothes, and then went into his bathroom. He took his shaving kit, his deodorant, and his new bath powder. He selected his biggest and best bath towels, and took them also.

It took a few trips to his car to get all the stuff loaded. When he had it all, he locked up his apartment, and drove back to Linda's.

Linda was still working on her papers when he returned. Joe made some iced tea for both of them. When Linda finished her paperwork, They went out and sat by the pool the rest of the afternoon. That evening they went to a restaurant and then came back to Linda's. When they entered the house, Joe went in straight to the bedroom. He had decided to keep his things in the second bedroom, which also had a bath of its own, and was quite nice, much nicer than the bedroom of his apartment. Joe removed his shorts, and top, and, in his underwear, went back to Linda's bedroom.

Linda's clothes were laying on her bed, and she was in her bathroom. Joe heard the toilet flush, and the shower start. Linda would have to go to her office in the morning.

Joe lay down on the bed. Soon the shower stopped, and Linda finished in the bath. She came out, wearing her short robe, and sat on the bed with Joe.

"Would you sleep with me?" Linda asked.

"Try and stop me," Joe responded, taking her in his arms.

They went to sleep, caressing each other, and enjoying each other's company.

Morning came quickly, and the clock radio on Linda's night stand began to blast out in song. Joe woke, and looked at the digital readout. Seven A.M. Already, it was time for Linda to get up. She had an appointment at nine.

Linda moaned and stretched. She got out of bed, and went into the bath room. She brushed her teeth, and went to work on her makeup and hair. Joe lay in bed, and watched her as she went through her normal routines. He watched as she applied the creams, powders, eye shadows, and other stuff that women did to make themselves presentable. Would this be his fate too? He remembered the other day, when the woman at the cosmetic counter gave him a makeover. He looked so much different afterwards, much more attractive, though he looked pretty good with the well-scrubbed look too. He touched his face with his hand. It was so smooth, and soft. He closed his eyes, and tried to sleep a little while. He would have nothing to do until he received a call, either from Dan, or Jay. He did not think he would be get a call from work, since he said he would be going to the hospital for maybe a few days.

Linda finished in the bathroom, and came back in the bedroom. She was wearing black panties, and camisole. "She looks so sexy," Joe thought. She went into her closet, and brought out a gray wool suit. Joe watched as she selected black hose, not pantyhose, but the kind that stay up by themselves, without garters. She put them on and when she stood, she saw Joe was observing her. She smiled, a little embarrassed to be watched so intently while she dressed.

"Is something wrong?" she asked.

"Absolutely not," Joe replied. "I was just watching you, thinking about how sexy you look, and about the things women wear under their clothes, even to work. It seems it would make you excited, just thinking about what you have on beneath that business-like, gray exterior."

Linda looked at Joe with a devilish grin, and winked. "Maybe it does," she said. "I guess it's one of the advantages of being a woman. Why don't you try it, while you can?"

"Nope, I wore a skirt the first day, and I don't know what was more difficult, that or the heels," Joe countered. "It may look great, but I know now it don't feel like it looks."

"Well, it gets easier when you get used to it, but you're right, it doesn't feel as good as it looks," Linda agreed.

Linda finished dressing, and went out into the kitchen to make some breakfast. Joe got out of bed, and went across the hall to his bedroom. He opened the top drawer of his dresser, and looked inside. Yesterday he had put his underwear there, and now he looked at the selection of panties, bras, and pantyhose. His things looked strange to

him, there in the drawer by itself, without any of his familiar men's underwear for company. It sort of made his situation seem more permanent, but for now, it was probably for the best. He selected the white cotton bra he bought the first day. It was the first one he had worn. He picked some beige nylon undies, and went into his bathroom. This bath had a shower, and a sink with a large mirror. He decided he did not need a shower, and just brushed his teeth. He had not put his underwear on, and the jiggle of his braless chest as he brushed his teeth caught his eye. "Never a dull moment," he thought.

When he finished, he pulled the panties on, and found his deodorant. He rubbed some Secret on his smooth underarms. He took his bra, and put it on. It was getting easy to do, now that he was familiar with the procedure, and he even liked the way it felt. He shook himself, and was pleased by the limited jiggle. "I see why girls wear these things," he thought.

He looked at his face. His hair was still too short. He took his hair brush, and began brushing it back, and to one side. It was just too short to do much with it. He tried brushing it forward, and decided that was the best it could be. He looked at his face again. He pursed his lips. It made him think of the cosmetics that he had bought. He opened the drawer, and looked at the things he had placed there. He just did not know how to use this stuff.

He took the lipstick, and removed the cap. He carefully rubbed some on his lips, as he pursed them tight. He did a fair job of applying the color, which looked good as he examined himself. Only a little got on the area above his top lip. He took some toilet tissue, and was daubing the offending bit of color away. Suddenly, he realized what he was doing. He was standing in front of a bathroom mirror, putting lipstick on his face. What was happening to him? He tried to get control of himself. "What the hell is going on?" he thought. "Am I losing control of my mind?"

Joe looked at himself in the bathroom mirror again. The lipstick had added some color to his tanned face, and made him look more feminine. He was trying to decide if he would try some of the other cosmetics when Linda entered the open bathroom door. She looked at Joe, and smiled when she saw what he was doing. She looked at the things he had in the drawer.

"Well, it certainly looks good on you," she said. "Why don't you try some liner and blush?"

"I would, but I don't really know what I'm doing," Joe replied.

"Here, I'll help you," Linda said.

She opened the lid of the powder and brushed some on his face, and continued until the colors were as she liked them. She then used the eyeliner pencil very sparingly, to put some emphasis on his eyes. The effect was amazing. Joe looked even better than after the makeover at the department store. The tasteful use of makeup made his face look much more feminine, and attractive. It hardly looked like he had any makeup on at all, and yet he was completely transformed. He had to touch his face to believe it was him looking back from the mirror. Linda smiled at his reaction. He looked at her, and back at the mirror.

"Very impressive," was all she said.

She walked out of the bathroom. Joe followed her out, into his bedroom. She did not stop, but went out into the hallway, and toward the back door. Joe followed, but realized he was still in his underwear.

"I've got to get going," Linda said. "I'll see you this afternoon."

"Bye," Joe called, as she went out the door.

Joe went back to his room. He went to the closet, and looked at the few things hanging there, trying to decide what to wear. He grabbed the jumpsuit and took it out into the bedroom. He still favored it most of all, but he was getting more comfortable wearing more revealing, and cooler, clothes. He stepped into the light blue outfit, and zipped it up. He then went to the dresser mirror, and looked at himself. The lipstick and makeup that Linda applied made him look attractive but less familiar than his plain face. The loose fitting suit concealed his figure.

Joe walked into the kitchen, trying to decide how to spend the day. He was snooping through Linda's refrigerator when the phone rang. He wondered if it was for him. He had call forwarding at his house, and had transferred his calls to Linda's. He went to the phone, and picked it up.

"Hello, Joe Bates here," he answered.

"Joe? Joe Bates?" the voice on the other end said. "This is Angela Beaman, from Honeybone Avionics Personnel. Sorry to bother you. I have a message for you."

"What can I do for you, Angie?" Joe replied.

"I had a call from Mr. Matheney, from Flight Test. I believe he's your boss," she said.

"That's right," Joe answered.

Joe was an electrical engineer, and often worked in the Flight Test Department, testing new avionics hardware. Thursday he had worked on a new Nav receiver system which was designed to fix its position from signals from satellites positioned around the earth by the Department of Defense. He and an associate had been using the company Learjet 35, conducting ground and flight tests on it. Jim Matheney was the department head of the group which conducted these type of tests. The company Joe worked for had a number of aircraft, a Gulfstream I turboprop and a twin Cessna 421, as well as the Lear. Joe was a pilot, and was checked out in all but the big G-I, which was almost never used for test work anymore. It was simply too expensive to operate, and they did not need the room.

"Mr. Matheney would like you to call him as soon as possible," the woman said.

"Do you know what it's about?" Joe asked.

"No, I don't, really, but I think it's regarding your illness," she answered.

"Okay, I'll give him a call," Joe said, not really hiding his irritation.

"Thank you, sorry to bother you, and I hope you get well soon," Angie said, and hung up.

Joe hung up the phone, concerned about what he would say to Jim. He did not want to go back to work like this, but what kind of excuse could he use? He decided to tell him that the doctor recommended a week of bed rest, and would figure out what to do later. Everyone would know eventually, since not only was he a girl now, but he was much shorter, and smaller in general. No matter what he did, he could not hide that from his associates.

Joe dialed Jim's work number. The phone was answered on one ring.

"Flight Test, Matheney," Jim answered.

"Jim, this is Joe," Joe responded. "I had a message you wanted me to call."

"Hi, Joe," Jim said curiously. "You sound funny. I hope you are all right."

"I have some medical problems, Jim," Joe responded, lying slightly. "I think I'll be out for at least a week or so."

"That's what I called about, Joe," Jim said. "I was wondering what your problem is. Dave Skinner called in and said he had some kind of problem, and Mike Osborn called in Friday, but I haven't been able to call him at home. I was wondering if you all came down with the same thing, or what."

"Well, I've got some problems, but I don't know exactly what they are yet," Joe offered. "When I find out, you'll be one of the first to know, but I suspect I'll be out for at least a week."

"I was concerned when all three of you called in sick at the same time," Jim said. "I had to stop testing the GPS receiver, since my engineer-pilots and technician all got sick at the same time."

Jim's words made Joe start to think. Could the other guys be having problems too? Could they all have been exposed to the same thing; a virus or whatever? There could be some connection. He would have to call the other guys.

"I'll call in a few days, and let you know how I'm doing," Joe said.

"Well, don't worry, just get well as soon as you can. We need you around here," Jim said.

"See you later, Jim," Joe finished.

"Later," Jim said, hanging up.

A new turn of events. Was there some significance in the fact that all the men who flew Thursday called in sick? He would have to find out. He got his company phone list out and looked up the number of his friend, Dave Skinner. Dave was married, and had two boys. He lived about a mile from Joe's apartment. He found the number, and dialed it.

"Hello," a woman answered.

"Cindy, this is Joe Bates. Is Dave around?" Joe asked.

"Hi, Joe," Dave's wife answered. "Joe, Dave can't come to the phone right now," she said nervously.

"What's the matter, Cindy? Is Dave all right? What's wrong with him?" Joe asked hurriedly.

"Joe, I can't talk about it, but he's okay," Cindy said.

"Come on Cindy, tell me what's wrong with Dave," Joe asked, trying to get her to tell him what was going on. "Has he changed in any way?"

"Nothing's wrong with Dave," Cindy almost shouted. "He'll be okay."

"Cindy, has Dave changed. Is he feminine... female?" Joe asked, taking a chance.

"Uh, how... Joe... He's... Yeah... Yeah, he's a woman! His body has changed. I don't know," Cindy stuttered.

"Okay, okay, I understand," Joe said; his heart pounding. "Get him to come to the phone. I have to talk to him."

"He won't come, Joe," Cindy replied in tears. "He won't talk to anybody but me. He's so depressed, I don't know what to do."

"Cindy, listen to me. The same thing has happened to me. I know what he's going through," Joe said. "You tell him that, and get him to get on this phone, or I'm coming over there."

"I'll try," Cindy replied.

Joe heard the phone drop, and he waited. So Dave has the same problem. Interesting. What could be causing this? He thought of Mike. Mike Osborn was the technician on the test crew. He was a big guy, probably over two hundred fifty pounds. He was strong too. He lifted weights, and was into body building. He could not even imagine Mike as a female.

"Joe, Dave here," Joe heard a dusky female sounding voice said the words with the curt manner of Dave Skinner.

"Dave, this is Joe. I heard what happened, and I want you to know you are not the only one. I have a problem too," Joe said quickly.

"Yeah, well, I bet you don't have tits and a pussy," Dave said. His feminine voice, with male inflection, sounding strange.

"Yes, Dave, I actually do, and I know what you're feeling," Joe said truthfully.

"What? You turned female too? What the hell is going on anyway," Dave almost yelled, in his new, slightly higher, voice.

"I don't know, Dave, but you can bet I'm going to find out," Joe said, hoping to calm his buddy, who was usually unflappable. "Somebody has to have some idea what's happened to us."

"I'll tell you what has happened to me!" Dave yelled. "I can't pee right anymore. I can't make love to my wife! That's what happened to me! I don't want to have breasts big as Cindy's, but I do! That's what happened to me!" Dave's voice broke as he yelled at Joe.

Joe wondered what he could do for his friend, but could not think of anything. Hell, he had the same problem. Of course, he did not have a wife and family. "Dave, we both have this problem, and Mike has called in sick, too. It must be something in the Lear, or someplace we went that caused it," he said, thinking out loud.

"Mike turned into a girl?" Dave said quizzically. "Big Mike Osborn?"

"I don't know, but I suspect he has," Joe said. "He called in sick, too, and Jim doesn't know what is wrong with him."

"I can't imagine him like this. It would kill him," Dave said, suddenly more interested in Mike than in his own problems.

"Well I'm going to give him a ring, and find out. I hope he'll answer his phone," Joe said.

"What are you doing today, Joe?" Dave asked. "How about coming over here. I've got to talk to somebody about this"

"Maybe I will," Joe answered. "I'll give you a call, later. I have to wait around here for a medical examiner to call. I'm getting myself checked out."

"You had a physical, looking like a woman?" Dave asked. "How could you get the nerve?"

"No, not a physical," Joe said. "Just a blood test, and fingerprints. I'm trying to prove I'm still the same person. If I get stopped while driving, I don't want to get stuck in jail because my license doesn't match what I look like."

"I haven't even gone outside, much less drive a car," Dave said. "I'm too embarrassed to be seen. Besides, my clothes don't even fit. Right now, I'm wearing some of Cindy's clothes, and they fit better than mine do. It's really embarrassing."

"Tell me about it," Joe agreed, "but just think what Mike might be going through."

"Give me a call, Joe," Dave said. "We have to get out of this one."

"I will," Joe said. "Dave, let me ask a question."

"Go ahead," Dave answered.

"Do I sound like a girl ... a woman to you?" Joe asked.

"Yeah, I guess so... You sound a little husky maybe, but in a sexy kind of way," Dave replied.

"Funny, that's the same as I was thinking about your voice," Joe said.

"Call me later, Joe," Dave said, and hung up.

Joe sat there at the phone, digesting the new information. All the guys who worked on the Lear crew Thursday seemed to have a problem. At least two were feminized, or something. He decided to call Mike Osborn. He looked up his number and dialed. He let it ring for a long time, and was about to give up, when he heard the phone click as it was picked up. No one answered.

"Hello? Hello? Is anybody there? Mike? Mike, this is Joe, Joe Bates. Please answer," Joe said into the phone.

Finally, someone answered. The voice of Mike Osborn, maybe a little higher pitch, but not much, said haltingly into the phone, "Hello, Joe?"

"Mike, it's Joe. Are you okay? Has anything usual happened to you?" Joe asked.

"Unusual? No, I don't think so. Everything is okay... fine," Mike said quickly.

"Really," Joe said. "Are you sure? I heard you were out Friday too, same as me and Dave. I thought you might have the same problems we're having."

"What kind of problem is that?" Mike asked.

"Well Mike, I seem to have undergone some kind of change," Joe said as delicately as he could. "I've developed breasts, and... well... generally seem to have turned female. I just got off the phone with Dave, and he seems to be experiencing the same thing. We were wondering if you had the same problem."

"Joe, I... I don't know how to say this... I do have a problem," Mike Osborn carefully admitted to his friend. "I don't know what it is... I... my... I... my balls are completely gone, my cock seems to have

shrunk a lot, and I can't even pee without sitting down. I don't know what the hell is happening to me."

"Have... are you... changing into a girl?" Joe asked.

"Hell, I don't know, Joe," Mike replied.

"Well, have you developed women's breasts, and lost a lot of body hair? Are you smaller?" Joe asked his flustered buddy.

"Smaller?" Mike said, recovering his composure a little. "I don't know, maybe a little, but not much. Breasts, no, I don't have breasts, but my chest... my nipples hurt some. I haven't lost any body hair, at least it doesn't seem like I have."

"Mike, could you meet me and Dave, at his house, in about an hour?" Joe asked.

"Joe, I don't want to go outside," Mike said.

"Come on, Mike. Do your clothes still fit?" Joe asked.

"Yeah, they fit pretty good," a confused and embarrassed Mike Osborn said, trying to explain his situation to Joe. "I don't want anybody to see me, Joe. I have to pee a lot, and I... my cock seems to leak or something. Something's sure not right down there."

"Well, Mike, if it makes you feel any better, I don't have a penis at all, and I don't think Dave does either," Joe said.

"What's happening to us anyway?" Mike asked.

"I don't know, Mike, but I want to find out," Joe answered. "That's why I'd like to meet with you and Dave, at his house."

"Okay, Joe, I'll be there," Mike agreed. "Just don't laugh when you see what I look like."

"I think you'll be surprised when you see me, too, so don't worry," Joe tried to reassure his big friend.

"I'll see you in about an hour, Joe," Mike said, and hung up the phone.

Joe went back into his bedroom. He went to the mirror on the dresser, and looked at himself. He would soon be presenting himself to his friends, people who knew him as a man, and he was nervous about it. Even though Dave and Mike also had problems too, he was not looking forward to exposing his problems to them and soon everybody else, it seemed. He was brushing his short hair, when the

phone rang. Was it Dan, with some news? He went to the phone by the night stand.

"Hello," He said carefully.

"Joe? Joe Bates?" A voice on the other end asked.

"This is Joe. What can I do for you?" Joe answered.

"Joe, this is Dan McGuire, from Forensic. I have a little information for you already. Do you have a minute?" Dan asked.

"You bet I do!" Joe responded. "I hope it's good news."

"Well, I got your military records from the DOD, it was quick, and much easier than it is sometimes," Dan said, obviously proud of the job he had done so quickly. "They had a lot on you too. Your Top Secret Clearance is still current and included some interesting data. You want to hear some of it?"

"Sure, fire away," Joe was impatient to hear what he had found.

"Well, the blood types match, that's for sure," Dan said. "Your prints do, too. I feel it's fairly certain that we can prove that you are who you say you are. I talked to some of the doctors, and they want to do some genetic tests on you. I might have some results from that at any time. A lot of people around here have taken interest in your case, and you're getting top priority."

"What will genetic tests prove?" Joe asked.

"Well, they'll tell us if you are a man or a woman, at least genetically," Dan explained. "It's easy to see if your chromosomes are XX, or XY. That's the basic test. Any and all of your cells will carry those chromosomes."

"If it shows that I'm a woman, what then," Joe asked, "or a man for that matter? I'll admit I'd like to know, but what will it help?"

"Well, If it shows you are XX, or genetically female, some real questions will be raised," Dan said. "As far as I know, no genetic female has ever fathered a child. Your records show that you did, thirteen years ago."

Joe was amazed. How did they know that?

"Where did you get that information? I was only seventeen then, and Jane was sixteen. She didn't even keep the baby," Joe admitted. He had almost forgotten that low time in his life.

"When you're subjected to a National Security Agency investigation, usually no stones are left unturned. If you have any skeletons in your closet they'll find them," Dan explained.

"I didn't think anybody knew about it," Joe said, still amazed.

"Can you get in here this afternoon for an examination from some of our doctors? They sure would like to see you," Dan asked.

"I have some news for you too" Joe said. "I got a call from my employer. It seems that two of my friends, who had been in the plane with me Thursday, the day before this happened, have been inflicted with the same, or a similar problem. What do you think of that?"

"Can you get them over here this afternoon?" Dan asked.

"I don't know, I'm supposed to meet them in about an hour. I'll try," Joe answered.

"Well, get them over here. We'll do what we can," Dan said. "What have you guys got yourselves into anyway?"

"I wish I knew... I sure wish I knew," Joe said quietly, and hung up. He had to get ready to see his buddies.

Chapter 10

ANSWERS

Joe Bates drove into the drive at the home of his flying buddy and fellow engineer, Dave Skinner. When he got out of his sports car, he smoothed his clothes, the loose fitting jumpsuit that hid his new curves. He slowly walked up to the front door and rang the bell. Cindy Skinner, Dave's wife, opened the door and peered out. She smiled when she recognized Joe, and opened the door. Joe went inside, feeling a bit self-conscious as Dave's wife watched him walk in. He couldn't conceal the look of surprise when he saw Dave.

The last time Joe saw Dave, he was about six feet tall and weighed two hundred pounds. Dave was thirty-two years old, and was not in as good shape as Joe. A decade of married life had endowed him a small pot-gut which he couldn't get rid of, no matter how hard he tried.

The Dave Skinner who came out of the family room didn't look anything like that. This one nervously entered the room was wearing a woman's white blouse, with loose baggy shorts, also obviously a woman's. Since he wore nothing under the blouse, the dark outline of his now large areolas could be seen through the thin fabric. He walked uncomfortably, not yet familiar with much wider hips, and a shorter gait. Were it not for his short haircut, he could easily be mistaken for a typical, almost middle aged, somewhat plain, sloppily dressed, housewife. Dave always had the beginnings of a six o'clock shadow even in the morning, but now his face was as smooth as a young boy's. Joe saw that Dave's legs were hairy, maybe not as heavy or thick as before, but still covered with soft black down. It looked unusual to see someone who looked so female have such hairy legs. Joe couldn't help but look at Dave's chest. Through the thin fabric of the blouse, he could see that the heavy chest hair Dave had was gone, replaced by a voluptuousness that was a source of embarrassment for its owner.

"Hi, Joe, what's new with you?" Dave asked, somewhat sarcastically.

"Not much, Dave. Just thought I'd stop by, and see if you want to go bar hopping this evening," Joe teased.

"Nope, I don't think I'm up to it, old buddy," Dave answered. He had trouble returning the humor that his pal was using to break the tension.

"I talked to Mike while ago, and he's got trouble too, but it sounds like he's a little different from me, or you," Joe said.

"What do you mean? Is he still a guy, or what?" Dave asked, the sarcasm creeping back into his voice.

"I can't really tell from how he described his symptoms, but if he has changed, he isn't as far along as we are," Joe said, not taking his eyes from his buddy's chest.

It was strange seeing a matronly body below the almost familiar face. Dave's face was little changed, but maybe ten years younger looking. He wondered what Dave was thinking about him.

"Good for him. He would REALLY make an ugly woman," Dave said, smiling for the first time.

"I think I talked him into coming over here. He should be here soon," Joe said.

"Well, you sure look good, Joe," Dave returned, eyeing his buddy, trying to imagine what he looked like under the loose clothes.

"Linda has been helping me try to make the best of this," Joe said.

"It looks like you even have lipstick on. Do you?" Dave asked, moving closer.

Joe grinned, and said, "Well, yeah, I do. I even had a makeover at the mall the other day. With Linda's help, I've been able to make the best of it. Some of the things I've done have actually been kind of interesting."

"Well, I haven't done much that's interesting," Dave said, with not a little disgust showing through.

"We both might as well treat this as an experience, Dave," Joe recommended. "As I see it, we're stuck like this, at least until we can find out what's causing it. Hopefully, it's not permanent." He tried to sound more confident than he actually was.

"It's easy for you, old buddy. You're not married, with a family; a wife and kids. Hell, Joe, look at you. You're practically beautiful," Dave lamented.

Cindy went to him, but Dave pushed her away. She looked at Joe. Joe didn't know what to do, or say. Dave walked back into the family room. Joe followed him to the family room, and he saw Dave sit on the couch, with his four year old son, David.

"Joe, are you a mommy now, too?" David asked innocently.

"Hi, David," Joe replied. "No, I'm not a mommy. I just sort of look like one, I guess. Your dad and I have a problem with how we look. We don't know what's wrong with us yet."

"You're pretty," David said.

"Thanks, David. I guess," Joe replied, looking at Dave.

The door bell rang. Joe quickly got up and went to the front door. Cindy opened the door. The familiar hulk of Mike Osborn loomed in the doorway. Mike's eyes widened when he saw the new Joe.

"Holy cow, Joe! You ARE a woman, ain't you?" Mike almost shouted, his loud voice seeming to be almost unchanged.

"I suspect so, Mike," Joe replied. "Come on in."

Mike walked in and followed Joe back to the family room. He walked right over to the couch to look at Dave. "Damn, Dave, you seem to have the same problem as Joe," he said.

"Clever observation, Mike," Dave said. "It looks like you escaped whatever happened to us."

"Well, not exactly, Dave," Mike said, not wanting to talk with young David listening intently to the unusual conversation.

"It seems you haven't changed at all," Joe said.

"Can we go somewhere private," Mike asked.

"I suggest you all go to our bedroom," Cindy said.

Dave got up, and awkwardly went into the bedroom, his substantial butt jiggled and swayed as he walked. Mike and Joe followed. Dave closed the door after them, stopping David, who wanted in. Cindy led him away from the door.

"You think I haven't changed?" Mike asked, pulling his sweatpants down.

Mike pulled his royal blue men's undershorts down. He looked down at his pubic area, and pushed the hair away from around his penis, which was now very small. It could have been no more than an

inch or so long. There were no testicles evident, and his scrotum was split down the middle, looking somewhat like a vagina.

"See, I got problems too," Mike said, displaying his little penis. "When I pee, it comes out from under here," he said, as he lifted his penis up. He then spread his split scrotum, and pointed to an area close to the base of his tiny organ. Joe looked carefully, but could see no evidence of an opening at the tip of his penis.

"Looks like you've gone only part way to what's happened to me," Joe said, looking with interest at his friend.

"What do you look like, Joe?" Mike asked. "You sure look like a girl on the outside."

"Yeah, and I guess that's what I am, on the outside," Joe admitted.

"Could I see?" Mike asked. "If I'm gonna be... I might still be changing, and I'm wondering what I can expect."

"Well, I don't know," Joe replied, reluctant to show his buddies his new body and closely trimmed bush. Not that he was ashamed of his body and the way it looked, he just felt strange putting it on display. He knew that he was the most feminized of the three of them. Hell, Mike could hardly pass as a woman if he tried. Dave was probably as changed as he was, but his large hips and buttocks didn't look good on him at all. Dave didn't carry his new shape well, either.

"Aww, show us Joe," Dave said. "Mike showed us what he looked like, and he's embarrassed too. We're all in the same boat."

"Okay then. I'll show you," Joe said slowly.

Joe unzipped his jumpsuit, and pulled it from his shoulders. He pulled his arms from the sleeves, and let the suit drop down his hips, and settle around his knees. Joe looked at his friends while he stood there in his underwear, his face red with embarrassment. Mike didn't even pull his pants up, but stood staring, mesmerized by the shapely body of his friend. As Joe carefully lowered his panties, Dave and Mike's eyes widened when they saw his carefully trimmed hair.

"Damn, Joe. You really are a girl, ain't you," Mike exclaimed.

"I guess I am, Mike, and I'll bet that you are too," Joe said.

"Well, I sure don't look like that," Mike said, pointing to Joe's pubic area, "and I feel like a man, no matter how small my cock is. At least I still have one."

"Don't be so sure," Joe said.

Joe reached down and separated the folds of his genital opening. A glistening little nub peeked out as he did so. He put his finger next to it, and pointed it out to Mike.

"This is what my penis looks like now, Mike," Joe said, carefully saying what he thought to be fact. "It still feels like my cock to me, too, but it's not a penis, not anymore. I think my penis has become a clitoris, and I think yours has too. It's just a little bigger for some reason."

"I don't know," Mike said, as he watched Joe pull his panties back up. "I sure don't feel like a woman. I feel exactly like a man. In fact, look at this."

Mike pointed to his penis, which could now be seen protruding through his thick hair. It was erect, and it stood out, ready for action. It was about the diameter of a pencil, and maybe an inch and a half long.

"Pull your pants up, big guy," Joe said. "I can still get a hardon too. Tell me, do you get wet down there when you get a boner?"

"Yeah, I do," Mike said. "I don't know what causes it though."

"I think it's what happens when a woman gets excited," Joe answered, "and that's probably what you are now, just like Dave and me."

"Joe, I know something is wrong with me," Mike said, "but look at me. I just can't be female. Not with a body like this." Mike's words were more of a question than a statement of fact.

"I don't know, Mike," Joe said. "I just don't know, but I want both of you to come with me to the hospital. My attorney friend Jay Logan put me on to a guy named Dan McGuire. He is a lab technician or something, in Forensic Medicine. He does things like trace identification from hair, or blood samples, in homicide cases. He is working on proving my identity, but some doctors there want to see me, and run some other tests. Maybe they'll be able to help. I told them I had two friends who also had similar problems, and they'd like to examine you guys too. We should go over there this afternoon if you guys are free."

"If it'll help get me back to normal, I'll do almost anything," Mike said as he pulled his sweatpants back up.

Throughout the whole discussion, Dave said little, but watched his friends as they showed their changed bodies, and discussed what to do about them. He finally spoke.

"What can doctors do, Joe?" Dave said. "Look at me! I know what I am. I'm a fat, dumpy guy with a woman's body; a FAT WOMAN'S body, but I've got a wife and two kids. What can the doctors do about that?" Dave looked like he might start to cry.

"Dave, I don't know what they might be able to do," Joe said. "I do think we should give them a chance to look at our problem though. If we're stuck like this, the sooner we know it, the better. If there is a way out, then as far as I can see, they'll be the people who can help us find it. We can wallow in self pity, but that won't get us back for sure." Joe tried to sound confident for his depressed pal.

"When do you guys want to go over to see Dan?" Joe asked.

"Whenever you want, Joe. I'm ready," Mike said.

"Well, let's get ready then," Joe said. "Dave, can you find something a little better to wear? At least put a tee-shirt on under that blouse, or something. Maybe Cindy can help." Joe tried to get his pal to dress with a little more pride.

"What's the difference?" Dave said, "I'm just too fat. I'm a fat, ugly, woman."

"I don't care what sex your body is," Joe insisted. "It's still YOUR body. Show a little pride, Dave." He opened the bedroom door, and walked out. Cindy was in the kitchen, and young David was at the table.

"Cindy, would you help Dave find something to wear?" Joe asked. "I want him to come along with Mike and me to Hillcrest Hospital to see if they can do anything for us."

"Joe, I've been trying to get him to wear something more appropriate," Cindy replied, "but he'll only wear what he has on, or one of his old tee-shirts. His pants don't fit at all. I had those old shorts from when I had Suzie. He won't even try anything else."

"Come with me," Joe ordered, and walked back down the hallway, where Mike and Dave were coming back from the bedroom. Joe took Dave's arm, and led him back to the bedroom. When Cindy came in the room Joe closed the door. "Dave, take that shirt off, and pull those shorts down," he insisted.

Dave unbuttoned the blouse, and took it off. He pulled the shorts over his big hips and buttocks, and stood there, with nothing on but men's boxer shorts. He was quite a sight, and Joe fought to suppress a grin.

"Cindy, do you have any underwear that will fit this guy?" Joe asked.

Cindy, who was attractive looking but perhaps a little overweight herself, went to her dresser. She rummaged through her drawer until she took a pair of white cotton panties and put them on the bed. She opened another drawer, and from the back of the drawer selected a white cotton bra. It looked too big to fit her, but looked like it might fit her husband. She held the up the bra by the back strap.

"This is from before I went on the diet after Suzie," she explained while her husband just stared. "It might fit you, though."

"Go ahead Dave, try it on," Joe insisted. "You'll probably appreciate how it feels if you try it."

"Joe, I don't think I can wear something like that," Dave complained, his higher voice sounding slightly whiny.

"Why not?" Joe asked, trying to sound authoritative. "Are you afraid you'll look like a woman? No problem, old buddy, you already do, so you might as well get used to it."

Dave took the bra from his wife, and pulled it around his chest. Cindy helped her embarrassed husband put it on, and adjusted the straps to fit his slightly larger shoulders. The support made Dave's breasts look much less saggy. He shook his chest, feeling the support and comfort the bra provided. Dave went to the dresser mirror, and looked at himself.

"See, it's an improvement already," Joe said encouragingly. He went to the bed, and picked up the white underpants, holding them out to Dave. "Okay, pal, now take off those baggy shorts, and try these."

Dave took the underpants, and held them up by the waist band. To Joe, they looked twice as big as the ones he was wearing. Dave shrugged his shoulders in resignation, and put them back on the bed. He then pulled the boxers down and stepped out of them. Dave had never seen a large naked woman before, and was amazed at the size of Dave's large, soft buttocks. Dave took the panties from the bed and stepped into them. He pulled them up over his large butt. When he had them on, he went to the mirror and looked at himself. Dave watched as his friend saw himself in women's underwear for the first

time. He knew what Dave was going through. Dave just stood there and stared at himself. He reached down, and touched the flat area where his male organ used to be. Joe remembered how he felt, the first time he saw himself the same way. It seemed so much different with the snug fitting panties on, than when you were naked, when your pubic hair somewhat hid your new contours.

"Cindy, do you think you'd have something to fit this guy?" Joe asked, breaking the silence, as Dave looked at himself in the mirror.

"I'll see," Cindy answered. "I might have something from before the diet. What do you want, Dave, shorts or a dress?"

Dave stood there. Cindy repeated her question, and only then did Dave look at her. "Ah... I don't know," he said. "Do you have something like Joe's wearing?"

"I don't think so, but I'll see what I have," Cindy replied. She went to the closet, and soon returned with some pink pants, and a loose fitting pullover top.

"Pink? Does it have to be pink?" Dave asked.

"Sorry, it's what I have, and of what I have, I think it's the best thing for you," Cindy said. "Try it on."

Dave took the pink pants and pulled them on. They fit fairly well; they were only a little tight across the butt. He pulled the top over his head, and straightened it across his chest. It also fit better than expected. With Cindy's old clothes on, Dave looked like a young, plump, woman with a butch haircut.

"Not too bad, old pal," Joe said, putting his hand on his friend's back as he inspected himself in the mirror. "Maybe we need to go to spend some time at the health club, though,"

Dave went to the bedroom door, opened it, and went back out to Mike, who was sitting on the couch, playing with David. Mike looked up when Joe came in and saw Dave in his new clothes.

"Big improvement, Dave," Mike said. "You kinda looked like a slob before." Mike wasn't known for his tact.

"Well, I think we ought to go see Dan McGuire," Joe said. "Can I use your phone, Dave?"

"Sure," Dave answered.

Joe got Dan's phone number from the pocket of his jumpsuit, and punched it into the phone. Almost immediately, the phone was answered. It was Dan.

"Forensic," the voice on the other end said.

"Dan?" Joe said. "Joe here. Joe Bates."

"Hi, Joe. What can I do for you?" Dan asked.

"Dan, I'm at my friend's house," Joe replied. "I'm with the other two guys who are having the same problem I am. Can we come over and see you?"

"Absolutely!" Dan answered. "There are some people here who can't wait to examine you guys. I'll call the doctors now. When can you get here?"

"We're getting ready to go right now," Joe replied. "About thirty to forty minutes should do it."

"See you soon, then," Dan said, and hung up.

"How do we want to go?" Joe asked. "Do you guys want to each drive over separately, or does anybody want to ride with me?"

"I don't want to drive, looking like this," Dave insisted. "I'll ride with you."

They all went out to the driveway. Mike's big 4WD pickup was parked behind Joe's car. Mike got in and started his engine while Dave and Joe got belted in. They backed out, and Mike followed Joe to the hospital.

When they arrived, Joe led his strange crew directly to Dan's office. Dan was there waiting. He introduced himself and Joe presented his two shy buddies.

"Well, I guess we might as well go upstairs and meet Dr. Krell and Dr. Loe. They're anxious to meet the three of you," Dan said, after shaking hands with Dave and Mike.

They followed Dan to the elevator and rode it to the fourth floor. There, Dan took them down a long hall and into some offices. They sat down in some chairs, as Dan talked to the receptionist or secretary behind a desk. In minutes, they were all asked to come to the next room. There, they met a small man with thick glasses. Dan introduced him as Dr. Krell, and described him as a specialist in gender and genetic research.

"I'm pleased to meet you Dave, Joe, and ah... Mike, is it?" Dr. Krell said, smiling. "Don't worry about a thing, I'm not sure what is going on here, but we are learning new things concerning genetics every day, and I'm certain we can come up with some answers in your case."

Joe could see Dr. Krell looking each of them over very carefully. He sort of felt like a lab specimen, as the little man inspected him and his friends.

"I have been looking at the records of Joe Bates," Dr. Krell went on. "I don't have anything on you two," he said, looking at Mike and Dave.

"I just found out about them this morning," Dan said. "I'll take them and get their records, as soon as you're done with them."

"I would like to work with err... Mr. Bates here," Dr. Krell said. "You may take the others, and get them to fill out the paperwork to get their records. I'll see each of you in a little while."

Dan got up. Mike and a nervous Dave Skinner followed him back to his office.

Dr. Krell looked carefully at Joe. He made Joe a little nervous. Dr. Krell saw Joe's concern, and attempted to reassure him. "Relax, Joe," the little man said. "I won't harm you, and we just might be able to help."

"I'm okay," Joe said. "I just wish I knew what was going on here."

"You are an engineer, is that right?" Dr. Krell asked him.

"Yes, I'm an electrical design engineer, and I work for Honeybone Avionics," Joe volunteered.

"Well, then, you might understand that there are methods that we must use, or follow, which are necessary to eliminate as many variables as possible," Dr. Krell went on. "I think you realize that we don't really know what has caused your condition, but if we can figure that out, it might be possible to reverse it. The state of the art in genetic engineering is probably the fastest advancing area of biological science these days. I hope we can help you, but I'm sure YOU can help us."

"Will I ever get back to normal, Doc?" Joe asked. "What are the odds?"

"It is far too early to tell, Joe," Dr. Krell explained. "We want to give you a complete examination, to find out the extent of the changes."

"I'm ready for whatever you need to do," Joe said.

"Good. That's good," the doctor went on. "Did Mr. McGuire tell you the results of your blood group?"

"No, I don't think so, he said the results would be in soon," Joe replied.

"Well, they're in, and they are VERY interesting," Dr. Krell said. "Mr. Bates, the DNA tests show your chromosomes to be female. You have the normal XX cell structure of a normal genetic female. However, your blood shows extremely high levels of testosterone for a female. If it has always been at these levels, I would expect you to exhibit masculine secondary characteristics."

Joe looked at Dr. Krell in confusion. "Exhibit masculine secondary characteristics?" he said. "Doctor Krell, five days ago, I was a MAN. That's about as PRIMARY as it gets. I think you'll find, if you'll read my records, that I fathered a child when I was seventeen. I'm not a girl who's changing into a man. I'm a guy, who woke up Friday morning with female body." Joe was irritated, and it was starting to show.

"Joe, calm down, calm down," Dr. Krell said. "I have read your records, and I know your history. I'm just stating the facts as they appear. No matter what you have been, if your body and blood chemistry stay as it is, you will surely begin to develop, or redevelop the secondary sexual characteristics of a male. That is, increased facial and body hair, upper body muscular development, and other changes. Perhaps you have already experienced one or more of them. That's why we need to conduct a complete physical examination. To find out what's going on."

Joe sat back in his chair, and tried to relax. He was worried that the specialists wouldn't understand his problem, and was probably a little "spring-loaded" for confrontation.

"I'm sorry, Dr. Krell," Joe said, with resignation. "I'm ready for whatever you've got."

"I'll call Dr. Hopkins," Dr. Krell said. "He's expecting you, so I don't think you will have to wait long. He will be conducting the physical examination. Are you ready for it?" Dr. Krell looked at Joe, as if to see his reaction.

"I guess so" Joe said. "I just had a class two flight exam last month."

"I doubt you've ever had one like this, Joe," Dr. Krell said, smiling. "Dr. Hopkins is a gynecologist. He's anxious to do a full pelvic examination on you."

The muscles in Joe's crotch tensed as he heard the little doctor say those words. He had almost forgotten that he was different now, much different in some places, and a physical for a woman included an internal examination. He hadn't thought about that, until now. He wondered what it would feel like, and if it would hurt.

"Don't worry, Joe," Dr. Krell said. "Dr. Hopkins is very skillful, and he won't harm you in any way, and we might even find out what is causing your symptoms," Dr. Krell saw Joe's apprehension, and was trying to arrest his fears. He picked up a phone on the desk, and punched a three digit number. He spoke into the phone. "Our patient is ready, Karen," he said. "Okay, we'll be down in ten minutes." He put the phone back on the desk. "They'll be ready for you in ten minutes," Dr. Krell repeated.

"Okay, then," Joe said.

"Tell me, Joe, did you put the makeup on, or did someone help you" Dr. Krell asked, as if to make small talk.

"Linda, my err... fiance... was my fiance, is helping me to cope with the situation," Joe explained.

"Well, you are certainly attractive," Dr. Krell said. "If you don't mind me voicing a personal opinion. You seem to handle the change extremely well."

"I'm getting used to it, a little, I guess," Joe said. "It's almost possible to forget it happened, sometimes, but only for a few minutes. Even looking at myself in the mirror is a strange sensation. I don't know If I could ever get used to looking like this." Joe cupped one of his breasts with his hand.

"It must be quite a change," the doctor agreed. "I don't know how I would handle something like that if it happened to me. Are you experiencing any health problems?"

"No, I don't think so," Joe said. "I haven't gotten used to being wet practically all the time, and I guess... Well, horny... err... I just get turned on from almost anything anymore. I don't have much to see,

but I've had more erections, that's what they feel like, than I ever had before, even when I was seventeen."

"Interesting," Dr. Krell said. "It's possible the high levels of testosterone in your system have played havoc with your metabolism. That could account for the increased libido. Of course, the wetness is the result of sexual excitement. It would follow that if you had an erection, as you call it, you might now also experience vaginal lubrication. It's a natural female reaction to sexual stimulation."

"I know what you mean," Joe agreed. "I guess I didn't realize women went around with wet underpants, or worse, when they get excited." Joe grinned at the little doctor.

"With the levels of male hormone in your system, it's understandable that you might excite easily," Dr. Krell said. "Tell me, what causes the excitement? Is it women? Men? How do you feel about your fiancée, since the change? Forgive the personal questions, Joe, but I have never experienced a subject who made the transition from male to female, completely, and apparently fully functioning, in one day. I've worked with a few male to female transsexual patients, but for them, the transition literally takes years, and the result, while sometimes amazing, is nothing like your situation. Even your DNA shows that you are female." Dr. Krell could scarcely contain his interest in Joe's malady.

"Well, doctor, the first thing you have to remember is that this is Monday," Joe said. "Last Thursday, I was a thirty year old MAN. I went to work, flew an airplane for about two hours, went to the health club, played racquetball with a buddy of mine, and then picked up my girlfriend, and spent the evening discussing getting married. That was four days ago, and I still completely remember what it was like. I still appreciate a good looking woman, and now it's awful easy to see more of them than ever before. You wouldn't believe it. Well, maybe you would. You're a doctor." Joe grinned at Dr. Krell as he spoke.

"How about men? Have your feelings toward men changed in any way?" the doctor asked.

"I'd like to say no, absolutely not, but actually, I'm not really sure," Joe admitted to the doctor things he didn't want to admit to himself. "My senses seem sharper now. I feel things differently. I smell things I never did before. My own sweaty tee-shirt, from before the change, gave me the strangest feeling. I don't know if it was sexual, but it could have been,"

"Interesting," was all Dr. Krell said to that revelation.

"When you look like this, it's impossible to relate to men the same way as before," Joe said, thinking of his experience with his best friend, Jay. "I've tried, but it just doesn't work."

"I think we can go down now," Dr. Krell said, and got up from behind his desk. "If you don't mind, I'd like to observe the examination."

"No, I guess not. Sure. Come on," Joe said nervously. He was actually somewhat glad Dr. Krell would be there. He liked the little man, and felt he could trust him. He didn't know what was going to happen next, and felt he knew him, even though they had just met. He followed Dr. Krell out the door. Even with his smaller body, he was maybe six inches taller than the doctor. They got on the elevator and rode down one floor.

The door opened, and Dr. Krell went out and Joe almost had to run to keep up with him. They entered some doors, which were painted with the words OBSTETRICS AND GYNECOLOGY. As a single male, Joe had never been in a place like this before. He could feel his heart pound as he stood at the desk behind Dr. Krell. The doctor said something to an attractive nurse behind the desk, and she immediately got up and motioned for them both to follow. She led them to an examining room. It had a chair, a stool, a table, the type with stirrups, and a cabinet full of paraphernalia. There was a paper cover on the table, and on the end, the paper was stained with a few drops of what looked like blood. The nurse spotted the soiled paper, pulled it down, and ripped it off, creating a clean cover. The nurse then went to a drawer, and removed a hospital type smock, the kind that is open in the back. She gave it to Joe, and told him to undress, pointing to a small clothes tree in the corner which had three hangers on it. Then she and Dr. Krell left the room.

Joe unzipped his jumpsuit, and sat on the stool at the end of the table. He removed his shoes and socks. He quickly slipped out of the jumpsuit, and felt very cold standing in his underwear. He looked at the little smock, and had to suppress a laugh. Even with his smaller size, it was far too small to cover much of his bottom half, and his rear end would be completely uncovered. "Right," he thought.

He removed his bra and slipped out of his panties. He put the little smock on, and wondered what to do next. He decided to sit on the edge of the table. He hoisted his butt up, and was looking at the stirrups when he heard a quick knock on the door. Before he could even acknowledge, a handsome man of about forty years entered the

little room, followed by the tall, dark-blond-haired nurse, and Dr. Krell.

Joe sat there, extremely self-conscious. Dr. Krell spoke.

"Joe Bates, this is Doctor Joe Hopkins. Joe, meet Joe," Dr. Krell said, smiling broadly at his little attempt at humor.

"Hi, Doctor Hopkins," Joe said. Try as he might, he couldn't forget he was sitting in a room, with two men and a woman, almost naked, his butt hanging out from the little smock.

"Hello, Joe," Dr. Hopkins said in a rather deep voice. "I hear you've had a very interesting weekend."

"Yeah, it's been a grin a minute," Joe snapped back.

"How about standing right here, Joe," Dr. Hopkins said. "Maybe we can figure out what's going on with you."

Joe stood before the big man. Dr. Hopkins took each of Joe's arms and looked at them, one at a time. He looked at his hands, his elbows, and took a small light, and looked into his eyes, and ears. He turned him facing away from him, and thumped, and pressed on his back in various places. So far, it was familiar to Joe.

"Please remove the smock," Dr. Hopkins said.

Joe untied the little tie behind his neck, and pulled the cloth off of him. He stood there, naked, and could feel the warmth as he blushed from showing his body to these strangers. He moved his leg to cover his genitalia, embarrassed by Linda's trim job on his pubic hair. No one in the room seemed to notice, however.

Dr. Hopkins firmly pressed Joe's breasts between his fingers. He used enough force that the slight pain it caused made Joe wince.

"Does that hurt?" Dr. Hopkins asked.

"A little," Joe replied. "They seem a little sensitive to me."

"More than normal?" the doctor asked, and then grinned when he realized what he said.

"They've felt the same ever since I've been like this," Joe said.

Dr. Hopkins looked carefully at Joe's nipples, and felt each of his breasts, apparently feeling for lumps. It felt strange to Joe, to have such big, strong, hands feeling the soft, sensitive areas of his body.

"Please sit on the end of the table," Dr. Hopkins said.

The nurse went to a small cabinet, and took out some metal tools. She lay them on a towel placed on a small rolling table. Joe looked at the things on the table, but didn't recognize the stainless steel, and white plastic tools on the table. Dr. Hopkins went to the table and took some surgical latex gloves from a box on the table. He carefully put them on. When he had them on the way he wanted, he picked up a shiny metal tool which looked sort of like a huge cork remover with elongated spoons on the end. He held it up for Joe to examine. Joe noticed that there were two of them, and he picked up the larger of the two.

"Joe, this is called a speculum," Dr. Hopkins said. "I use this to do the internal examination." He moved the control on the end, and the "spoons" on the end, spread apart. Joe cringed as he thought about where that thing was going. It seemed far too big to fit inside him.

The nurse adjusted the table so that there was a slight tilt upward to the head end. Then she pulled Joe back, so that he was lying back on the table, tilted. She covered his body with a small green sheet. The warmth felt comforting to Joe, but he just knew everyone in the room must be able to hear his heart pounding. The nurse pulled out and adjusted the metal stirrups and then placed Joe's feet in them. It was not uncomfortable, but it did seem strange. Suddenly, Joe felt the end of the table, the part under his upper legs, go down, as Dr. Hopkins folded it down. Joe's butt was now at the very edge of the table, but the weight of his legs was taken up by the stirrups. Next, Joe felt cool air on his bottom as Dr. Hopkins and the nurse adjusted the sheet so that his bottom half was exposed. Joe couldn't see much, since the sheet concealed what was happening from his view.

Joe felt a hand touch his crotch. He felt smooth fingers touching his genital area, as Dr. Hopkins examined it with firm but gentle touches. He could feel his labia being spread wider than he had ever done, and he felt his penis, or clitoris now, being examined. Suddenly the touching stopped, and Joe thought, and hoped, it was over. Then, from over the sheet, Joe could see Dr. Hopkins take a speculum, the smaller one this time, and put some K-Y jelly from a large tube, on the spoons. He held the spoons in his hand momentarily, perhaps to warm them. Then, Joe could feel the speculum as Dr. Hopkins placed it at the entrance to his vaginal opening. Dr. Hopkins swiftly, but gently, maneuvered the metal device, until Joe could more sense, rather than feel, that it was deep inside him. Suddenly there was a very noticeable pain, as the speculum was spread. Joe never felt more vulnerable in his life.

As he lay there, covered with a sheet, Joe was unable to see what was being done to him, but was feeling a slight pain, as the metal object in his crotch was moved around. Joe began to think about something he had read somewhere, that some women tended to develop special feelings for their doctors. Now, Joe could understand why. These guys saw, and knew, things about your body, that you couldn't even see yourself. It was almost like you were dependent on them to tell you that you were normal. He never felt that way about his male body. This one was far more complicated, it seemed. You even needed a specialist, just to check it out.

Suddenly, Joe felt the speculum collapse and withdraw from his bottom. The stretching it had done made him feel strange in that area, even with the tool removed. Before Joe had recovered from the quick removal of the speculum, he felt a finger in his genital opening. "What the heck is going on now?" he thought.

Dr. Hopkins felt around inside Joe, pressing on his abdomen with his other hand as he did so. Joe could feel him pressing on his bladder, and for a moment had a strong urge to urinate. Then the hand on his abdomen went to his bottom, and he felt Dr. Hopkins insert a finger in his other opening. He probed and felt around, and Joe found it very uncomfortable. Then the hands and fingers were gone, and Joe could see Dr. Hopkins remove the surgical gloves and toss them into a covered waste can.

"You can dress now, Joe," Dr. Hopkins said as he took a clipboard, and started writing on it.

The tall nurse helped Joe up, and held the sheet as he turned and stepped off the table. She gave Joe a box of large, soft tissues.

"You can use these if you need them," she said, and she followed Doctors Hopkins and Krell out of the examining room.

Joe sat there, wrapped in the small green sheet, his crotch feeling like it had been ripped apart. He pulled the sheet away, and looked at the tender area. His genitalia and pubic hair were smeared with the lubricating jelly that Dr. Hopkins used. Joe looked at the table where he had been sitting and saw a spot of blood on the paper. "No wonder," Joe thought. He took a tissue and began cleaning himself up, wiping the jelly from his pubic area, and found a slight trace of blood around his sore, and abused, genital opening.

Joe went to the clothes tree, and took his underwear from the hook. He pulled his panties on, and felt a slight twinge of pain as he moved his legs with the snug fitting panty on, but he felt better, more

secure, or less exposed. He put the bra on and slipped into his jumpsuit. He wondered if he should leave the room, and decided to wait where he was for further instructions.

Joe sat in the chair, and squirmed around to find a position that didn't hurt his ailing bottom. He had just found a comfortable position, when the nurse knocked and immediately entered.

"If you're dressed, Dr. Hopkins would like you to come to his office," she said, smiling. "Did you have everything you need to clean up? There's a bathroom right inside that door." She pointed at a door as Joe followed her down the short hall.

"I think I'm okay," Joe said. "Kinda sore though."

"Yeah, it's a little painful the first time," the nurse said.

Joe followed her back to her desk, and then into an office on the side of what must have been a reception and waiting area for a number of doctors. Now, five or six women sat in the couches that lined the walls, apparently waiting their turn for what Joe just received.

Dr. Hopkins was at his desk when Joe entered. Dr. Krell was sitting in one of the chairs in front of the desk, and they were engaged in discussion. Dr. Hopkins motioned for Joe to sit in the other empty seat. He did, but wiggled around, trying to get comfortable. His underwear seemed to ride up, or something, and amplified his minor discomfort.

"Is there a problem, Joe?" Dr. Hopkins asked.

"Well, doc, I guess I'm a little sore from your inspection," Joe said, with a slight grin.

"I'm sorry, but I was as careful as I could be," Dr. Hopkins said.

"Any news?" Joe asked. He wondered what the results might be.

"Well, Joe," Dr. Hopkins said, "I don't know how you feel about this, but my examination reveals that you seem to be a normal, healthy, mature female. I see from your records that you are thirty years old. I must say, you certainly don't look that old, externally, or internally. Your pelvic examination is somewhat unusual. Internally, your condition is more like fifteen to eighteen years old, rather than thirty. Your uterus is perfect, and pink, like a young girl just out of adolescence. Your breast development is normal female, with some slight stretching of the epidermis. I suppose that is because of the extremely rapid growth. Overnight, I understand?"

"I didn't notice anything when I went to bed, and I looked like this when I woke up," Joe said. "Can you do anything for me?"

"What do you like us to do?" Dr. Hopkins asked, watching Joe's reaction.

"I don't know. I feel like I'm still a man, but I sure can't resume my normal activities, looking like this. Do I have to remain female?" Joe asked the ultimate question.

"Well, Joe," Dr. Krell began, "you have probably heard of surgical procedures to change the body's physical appearance to that of the other sex. After hormone therapy, usually lasting a year or more, it is possible to alter the appearance of the genitalia, so that it has the appearance of the desired sex. For a biological male who has the need and desire to have a female appearing body, the results are often amazing. It can sometimes even fool a doctor. However, for a biological female who wishes to be male, the surgical procedure is far from perfect. Any penis created is basically nonfunctional, with little or no sensation. There is no natural erectile functioning, and it's difficult to make it function even for urination, since it is often prone to infection. Many patients don't even elect genital surgery, but settle for hysterectomy, and mastectomy. Hormone therapy will often give a satisfactory outward male appearance, however. For you, who actually have experienced a complete, functioning male body, I think you would be very disappointed with any result, no matter how it would turn out."

"So I'm stuck being female, unless I want to become a hermaphrodite?" Joe asked, wondering if he really understood what Dr. Krell had just said.

"Well, Joe, I wouldn't word it like that," Dr. Krell went on, "but I guess that's one way of describing it. I don't think you would be happy with the result. I know it isn't easy, but you seem to be adapting to what has happened to you very well. I don't think it would be any easier for you, if you elect gender reassignment."

"So you guys think I should stay like this, huh?" Joe asked, a strange feeling coming over him. His face tingled as he considered his options.

Female... He had lived four days like this so far. Sometimes, it wasn't so bad, but to stay like this? Could he handle it? On the other hand, to look like a guy, but not have a penis, or at least a functioning penis. Hell, he might still have to sit to pee. He thought of the feelings, the sensations of being with Linda, but then, he still had that.

It was different, for sure, but in many ways, even better. He didn't know.

"Can I get pregnant?" Joe asked.

"I haven't done any testing for fertility, but I suspect you very likely could," Dr. Hopkins said. "I believe you are now a mature and functioning female, and as such, you'd better use adequate contraception if you should choose to become sexually active. By the way, your hymen is intact. I had to stretch it a bit during the examination, but I believe it remained intact."

"You mean I'm a virgin?" Joe asked. He had never thought about that.

"Well, I don't know about that," Dr. Hopkins answered, chuckling, "but your pelvic exam showed an intact hymen. That's not too common for a woman of your age. I have a question for you, too."

"Sure, what?" Joe asked.

"Was your penis circumcised?" Dr. Hopkins asked.

"Well... Yeah, why do you ask?" Joe was curious about why he wanted to know.

"Well, I observed some unusual scar tissue around your clitoral area," Dr. Hopkins said. "I had never seen that before, but we decided that it might be carry-over from penile circumcision. I don't think anyone on record has ever experienced what you have."

"Will it cause problems for me?" Joe asked.

"If it doesn't hurt, or cause irritation, I doubt it," Dr. Hopkins answered. "Physically, your clitoris is missing the little hood, called the prepuce, that it normally would retract into, or under. The extra exposure may cause discomfort during intercourse, or when wearing tight clothes. I don't know. Since you've always been like this, since the change, you may not notice anything at all. Cosmetically, I doubt anyone but a gynecologist or maybe a sharp general practitioner would even notice. I wouldn't worry about it."

Joe thought about what he looked like in the hand mirror; the little sensitive bundle of flesh at the top of his opening. Linda didn't look like that, but he decided it was probably the least of his problems.

"What about my life, my job?" Joe asked. "Hell, I'm a thirty year old man, an engineer, and a pilot. All my records, my identification, show me to be male. What can I do about that?" He didn't know what he wanted to do, but he knew he needed more information.

"Don't worry about that, Joe," Dr. Krell assured him. "Whatever you choose to do, it will be possible to change your records, even your birth certificate, if you need it. I'm not sure about your military records, however."

"So what do I do next?" Joe asked. He hadn't known what to expect, but he had more questions now, than answers.

"Well, I think we need to find out what has caused these symptoms in you, and your two friends," Dr. Krell said. "We'd like to run more tests on you. Could get you to come to San Diego where there are more facilities to do research into your condition?"

"What can you do there that you can't do here?" Joe asked.

"I don't really know if there is anything anyone can do for you, Joe," Dr. Krell said, "but we need to find out just what has happened, and just what caused it. Then we might, and it would be a big might, we might be able to somehow reverse your condition. If we were to alter your appearance with surgery, I don't think you would be pleased with the result, and it would surely leave you disfigured. If you possibly can, I advise that you try to live with what you now have, at least for a while. I realize it isn't easy, but none of your other options are, either. I would recommend that you consult a therapist, if you're having any difficulty coping with the changes. I might add, you seem to be doing quite well, so far."

"If I decide to stay this way, at least for now, what will I have to do to get my records changed?" Joe asked.

"If you will come to my office in San Diego, I have all the information you need, and there is a group of people to help, who are familiar with the legal requirements for Arizona," Dr. Krell replied.

"How did they get familiar with my requirements already?" Joe asked, since as far as he knew, he was the first person he had ever heard of with his problem.

"You might be surprised at the number of gender dysphoric persons who elect gender reassignment," Dr. Krell answered. "Only they take years to get where you are now, but then they face the same obstacles, after the reassignment surgery. We see well over a hundred every year."

It had never really occurred to Joe there were people on the street, maybe people he knew, who had once been a different sex. He didn't think he had ever seen anyone like that. He felt sorry for anyone who felt they had such a problem, since he now knew what it was like to have the wrong body.

"I didn't realize there were that many people who changed their sex," Joe said. "I wonder why I've never seen any of them."

"How do you know you haven't?" Dr. Krell said. "I know of at least one that you've seen."

"Really, I sure don't remember seeing anyone like that," Joe said, slightly amazed.

"I wouldn't normally say anything, but I know she won't mind. I know you've met Dr. Hopkins' nurse, Karen Simpson," Dr. Krell said with a grin. "When I first met her, her name was Keith. That was just four years ago."

Joe was shocked, and impressed. He had never even considered that the tall, friendly, and very attractive nurse could have been anything but a natural woman. She looked, walked, and even sounded like any other good looking female. So she was once a guy too.

"YOU made him... err... her look like THAT?" Joe asked incestuously.

"Well, I helped HER get her body in line with what she considers to be HER normal gender," Dr. Krell said proudly. "Hormones did most of the work, and a morning on the operating table did the rest. I didn't make her a woman, I just helped her to get a woman's body." He was obviously proud of his work.

"But you can't do anything like that for me, huh?" Joe asked.

"Joe, I think I could make you pass as a man in public," Dr. Krell answered, "but I am sure that you would not be pleased with the cosmetic, and function, of the phalloplasty. It is just a lot harder to create working male parts, and you had a real penis, so you would be expecting something like that, and that I absolutely cannot give you. Again, I recommend that you try to live with what you've got. If it becomes intolerable, then let's talk about alternatives," Dr. Krell smiled as he spoke.

"Well, maybe that's what I have to do," Joe said. "I'll give it a shot."

"Good choice," Dr. Krell said. "Now, I think we need to call your employer, what is it... Honeybone Electronics?"

"That's Honeybone Avionics," Joe said, correcting him. "We design, and manufacture aviation electronics of all types; navigation radios, computers, flight management systems, and a lot of other stuff for Civil and Military aviation." He was trying to figure out who to call.

"If you will give me the number, I'll call them, and explain what we need from them," Dr. Krell said.

Joe gave him the switchboard number, and told Dr. Krell to ask for Jim Matheney, his supervisor. Dr. Krell dialed the number, and in a few moments, he was talking to Jim Matheney.

"Good morning, Mr. Matheney, my name is Dr. Benjamin Krell," he said. "I have three of your employees here at the hospital, and we have uncovered some unusual symptoms in them. I feel that the problems may be job related. I hope you can help us figure out what is wrong with them."

"That really is understating the problem," Joe thought, "but maybe that's the best way to start."

"Yes, sir, that's who it is," Dr. Krell said into the phone, "and I would prefer not to discuss their symptoms over the phone. Yes, sir, it would be good if you could come here, to Hillcrest. Yes, Dr. Krell, fourth floor. Two o'clock this afternoon would be fine. See you after lunch, then. Bye." Dr. Krell had quickly started the ball rolling.

Just as Dr. Krell hung up the phone, there was a knock on his office door. "Come in," Dr. Krell said. The door opened, and nurse Karen Simpson looked in.

"Dr. Krell, the other two patients are here from downstairs," she said, smiling. Joe looked carefully at her, and was trying to imagine her as a man. He couldn't. Dr. Krell saw him staring at the nurse.

"Please have them wait outside for a moment," Dr. Krell told her. Joe continued to watch her, and it was slightly obvious he was curious. "Karen, do you have plans for lunch?" Dr. Krell asked the nurse.

"Not really, I thought I'd just go out, maybe over to Wendy's for a salad. It seems I really have to watch my calories," she said with a quick grin.

"Well, Joe here is free for a couple of hours," Dr. Krell said, "and I think he wouldn't mind buying you lunch. I've told him a little about you, and I think you two might have something in common." It was plain that he and Karen had a mutual admiration for each other.

"Sure, Joe, let's go, if you're ready," she said, holding out her hand in greeting. "My name is Karen Simpson. I've read your records, so I know you're Joe Bates."

Karen and Joe shook hands like two guys meeting for the first time. Joe liked the pretty nurse the first time he saw her, and now that he knew her unusual past, he wanted to get to know her. As he stood next to her, he saw that she was even a little taller than he was.

"Nice to meet you, Karen, let's get something to eat," Joe said, as they walked out the door.

"Be sure to be back by one thirty, Joe," Dr. Krell ordered as they went out the door.

Chapter 11

A CLUE

When Joe followed Karen out of Dr. Krell's office, he saw Mike and Dave waiting outside for their turn to talk to the doctor. Mike Osborn looked very uncomfortable next to his rotund partner. Joe greeted them, and asked what they had been up to.

"Well, I've had blood drawn, they even took hair samples, and they gave me a CAT scan," Mike replied. Dave was cordial, but did not add to the conversation. Joe told them Jim Matheney would be there at two o'clock, and that he would see them in a little while. Then he followed Karen down the hall to leave the building. They went out to the employee parking garage, where Karen's car was parked. She walked up to a glistening white Toyota Supra, with expensive alloy wheels and very wide tires.

"I'm crazy about cars," Karen said, grinning as she buckled in. "Maybe I'm a woman, but I still love a good handling sports car."

"Me, too," Joe said. "I have an RX-7 GXL, and I love it."

Karen's Supra ran great, and she knew how to drive, making the short trip to Wendy's a brisk experience. "She drives like I do," Joe thought, grinning as he watched her go through the gears, her white uniform skirt hiked well above her knees, exposing more of her long, white, hose covered legs than most women would allow. Karen saw Joe looking at her legs, and pulled the skirt down to a more demure position.

"I know I should be more careful about that," she said, looking at Joe with a devilish grin. "It's been about two years now, and I just love it, but I don't always remember to sit like a lady."

They pulled into the Wendy's lot, and parked the car in the back, so that the car would be less likely to be subjected to door dings. They walked inside, and looked at the menu board.

"I come here a lot, cause it's close, it's cheap, and I like the salad bar," Karen said. "In the last year, I have really had to watch what I eat, since it all seems to go to my butt, and I absolutely don't want to be a fat broad." She was grinning widely. Karen sure seemed happy to be a female.

They ordered. Karen ordered the salad bar. Joe, deciding that he might as well try to get used to the bird-like portions that women

seemed to eat, did the same. They took their plates, filled them, and sat across from each other at a little table. Joe was dying to ask Karen some questions about herself.

"Dr. Krell told me a little about you," he said, not really knowing how to start the conversation, and not really sure if Karen would even want to talk about her transfiguration.

"I figured he might," she said, with a smile. "He's a great doctor, and I know he's as proud of how I've turned out as I am."

"So you really were a guy then?" Dave asked with a trace of skepticism.

"Well, I was married to a very nice woman for about a year, and we even had a child together," Karen said. "I tried to be a guy, and I suppose I was one physically, but I've always felt I was really a female as long as I can remember. I never felt right acting like a man, but since I looked like one, I did all the guy things, and I even enjoyed a lot of them. I still like to do some of them. Cars and computers don't seem to care if you're an innie or an outie." The grin never left her face as she spoke.

"Well, you sure fooled me," Joe said. "I never would have guessed that you were an outie." Dr. Krell was right, he and Karen were a lot alike.

"Joe, hormones and Dr. Krell's magic worked so well that even I sometimes forget that I used to look a lot different than I do now," she said proudly. "For a while, after my surgery, just looking in the mirror was one of my favorite pastimes. I couldn't imagine I would ever look like this. It's like a dream come true."

"I'm still in the looking in the mirror phase," Joe said. "Of course, it's hardly a dream come true for me, but it is interesting, and I guess I'd better try to get used to it."

"You're certainly attractive, Joe," Karen said, "and you have a big advantage over me, since you've even changed biologically. You probably won't have to worry about hormones, or anything like that. Dr. Hopkins thinks you can even menstruate. I wish I could. A lot of women think of it as an inconvenience, but it's a significant part of being female. You can probably have children someday. That's impossible for me now, of course." Her grin subsided for the first time, but only for a moment.

"I don't think that I'll ever have children," Joe said. "Not if it meant having sex with a man."

"It's not that bad," Karen said, grinning at Joe. "You quickly get used to the differences."

"Have you slept with a guy?" Joe asked. Joe didn't feel strange, asking Karen such personal questions, since they thought so much alike.

"Yeah, I have. A few times now," Karen answered simply.

"Did you like it?" Joe asked. He was curious about what it felt like, and wondered if he could ever get up the nerve to try it.

"Well, I was sort of like you," Karen explained. "I never thought I'd ever want to get intimate with a male. I knew them too well. I liked being around women. They were so soft, smelled so nice, and wore such sexy clothes. I didn't want anything to do with my old world, but after about a year, it sort of just happened. I didn't plan it, or anything. I met this guy at an auto-cross, a student pilot from Williams Air Force Base. He was racing his car, an '86 Corvette. We started talking about cars, and he asked me to dinner. I had never gone on a date with a guy before, or anything like that, but almost before I realized it, we were in bed together. You know how pilots are." Karen grinned, and winked at Joe.

"What was it like? Was it better than when you were married?" Joe asked. He felt like an anxious teenager, questioning a more experienced peer.

"Gee, it's hard to compare," Karen answered. "I never felt comfortable having sex as a male. It did feel good when I'd ejaculate though. I guess I do miss that, in a way." Karen seemed to stare into space as she spoke.

"Don't you climax?" Joe asked. He was thinking about his recent experiences with Linda. He never missed the ability to ejaculate. He really wasn't even sure he had lost it, he got so wet, and his climax was so powerful.

"Well, to be honest, Joe," Karen said, "as far as I can tell, I look exactly like a normal woman. My breasts developed, my body has changed so much that even my weight distribution has shifted to be more like a female. I think you know what I mean. My body... My genitalia are completely functional. I can have intercourse, but the sensation is not all that great. It feels sort of numb. Oh, I guess it's getting better, I could hardly feel anything at all, for almost the first year, but it's got better. It's still getting better, I guess, but I've never been able to come since my surgery. I don't regret the change, and I

would never want to go back, even if I could. Intercourse isn't that big a deal for me. I can live with it, or without it. I like the closeness. I love to cuddle." Karen tried to explain her feelings to Joe, who listened intently to every word.

"Gee, I don't think I have any problem with feelings, or sensation," Joe said. "Actually I think I have even more feeling than before. My whole body seems much more sensitive. It even feels like I still have a penis. It's just kind of recessed now, and I think I can get off, just by having my boobs touched in the right way."

"Yeah, mine are sensitive too," Karen said. "At first, after I started on hormones, when they were just starting to develop, they were way too sensitive and they hurt all the time, but after the surgery, they really grew, and yeah, I guess they're my most sensitive area. Sounds like you've been trying out the new equipment." She chuckled.

"Well... I have this girlfriend, my fiance actually," Joe said, "or at least she was.... If I'm gonna stay like this, I guess I have to stop thinking of her like that. Anyway, Linda and I have continued sleeping together since this has happened to me. It's been an experience."

"When I first started down this path, I only wanted to be around girls, women, too," Karen admitted, "but as time went on, and I got used to the new ME, I've been more willing to experiment, to see what it's all about. Joe, I'm... We're women now, and there's nothing wrong with us experiencing ALL the pleasures of being female. God knows, there's enough pain."

"Speaking of pain, I have to go to the bathroom," Joe said, grinning at Karen. "I just know that my sore bottom isn't going to like it."

Joe got up, and excused himself. He walked down the short hall, and almost entered the men's restroom, catching himself as he put his hand on the doorknob. He walked on to the ladies, feeling like an invader as he did so. In all his experiences so far, he had not been into a public women's restroom. This would be the first time.

Joe opened the door. As he went in, he noticed that the room had a small, padded couch to sit on. There were no urinals along the wall. He very self-consciously went to one of the stalls, and closed the door. Joe unzipped the blue jump suit, and pulled it off his shoulders. "Before the change," he thought to himself, "I could just stand here, whip it out, and be done with it. Now I have to practically undress."

He took the outfit down to around his knees. He tucked his thumbs into the narrow waistband of the nylon panties, and pulled them down. As he did, he could see that the white cotton lined crotch of his beige nylon panties were stained with a little streak of blood. It was not much, it did not penetrate to the outside, but it was another reminder that he was a lot different than he used to be. "You really are an innie now, Joe Bates," he thought. He was relieved to find it did not hurt when the urine flowed.

He finished quickly, and found no more blood on the tissue when he wiped. He hurriedly pulled his clothes back on, and left the stall. Joe went to the sink and was washing his hands when someone else, a teenage girl of maybe seventeen, came in and went into a stall. She did not even seem to notice the nervous woman at the sink. Joe dried his hands, and went out.

Karen watched Joe walk back to the table. As he sat, she looked at him with that perpetual grin she had.

"Joe, it must be ninety degrees outside. Why in the world are you wearing that long sleeve jumpsuit? Aren't you hot?" Karen questioned.

"Yeah I guess I am a little," he said. "I just feel better, more secure with this on."

"Well, girl," Karen replied, "if you're going to be one of us, you're going to have to get used to dressing lighter. If I wasn't working, I'd be wearing cutoffs and a tank top. We're going to have to get you some proper clothes, if you're going to make a go of it."

"I have other clothes," Joe said, grinning. "Linda helped me pick some out. I'm just not used to wearing that skimpy stuff yet."

"I saw what you look like under that coverall, and you haven't got anything to be ashamed of," Karen went on. "If you got it, flaunt it a little."

"I'm still getting used just to having it. I don't think I'm quite ready to flaunt it yet," Joe countered, smiling.

"It's about twelve forty-five," Karen said. "You don't need to be back for about thirty to forty-five minutes. Anything you want to do?"

"I don't have anything in mind. Do you?" Joe asked, wondering what the tall blond was thinking.

"I thought we might go over to Dillard's, and find you some summer clothes," Karen said.

"I have stuff at home," Joe said. "It's only about ten minutes away, if you want to take me. It's Linda's house, but she won't home till about three or four."

"I've got some time to kill, and I'd just as well not rush back to work," Karen said, getting up. She walked out, and Joe followed her out, telling her the way to Linda's. She listened, and repeated his instructions back after he gave them, almost like a pilot's read back of his clearance.

"You read that back like an IFR clearance," Joe said, figuring that the term would not be understood by the tall nurse.

"I used to be in the Air Force," Karen replied. "I guess I still have some old habits left."

"You were a pilot in the Air Force?" Joe was impressed.

"No, not a rated pilot," Karen answered. "I was a flight simulation specialist. I did learn to fly instruments, and get my private while I was in, though."

"Where were you stationed?" Joe asked. "I was in the Air Force too."

"I'm originally from Tulsa," Karen said. "I went to school at Chanute Air Force Base, in Illinois. From there, I was assigned to Davis-Monthan, in Tucson. That's how I ended up here in the Phoenix area. I went to school at University of Arizona while I was in, and for a year after I got out. While I was at D-M, my mother died. My dad died when I was a little kid. I was kind broken up about it, and went into a kind of depression. I guess I always had a problem with my gender, but it really came to the surface after my mom died. I decided I would look into what I could do about it. That was not too long after this male ophthalmologist, Richard Raskin, decided to have gender reassignment surgery, and became Rene' Richards. You may have heard of him, or her, she also was in the news as a tennis player for a while. Anyway, I took pre-med courses at UA, and spent most of my spare time studying about transsexualism. I met Dr. Krell some time later, and this is how I've turned out. I'm a licensed RN, but now I've got about six years of schooling behind me. I guess, if I got my act together, I should become a doctor. My family was well off, and I don't need to work. I've just been working for Dr. Hopkins because I find it interesting."

They pulled up Linda's drive, and parked on the side, near the entrance to the pool. Joe got out, and Karen followed. "Nice place," Karen said. "This is your girlfriend's house?"

"Yeah, she's in real estate, and she got a good deal on this place," Joe explained.

Joe went to the door, and opened it. They went inside, and Joe went straight to his room. Karen followed closely behind him. He went in and went to his closet, and turned on the light. His few items of women's clothing hung on hangers in the large closet.

"This is what I've got, so far," Joe said. "It isn't a lot, and if I'm gonna stay this way I guess I'll have to get some more. I had been hoping that they'd have something that could change me back."

"Nope, there's no magic pill. I'll attest to that," Karen said. "Let's see... How about this? It would look great on you." She picked out the little top with the balloons, the one that Linda had picked out for him.

"Yeah, I've worn that once already. I guess it's okay, but I always feel like I'm hanging out of the big armholes," Joe complained.

"Ridiculous. I'm sure you look great in it. Get that hot coverall off, and put this on. What do you have to wear with it?" Karen asked.

"I've got some shorts. I don't have any longer pants, yet," Joe said.

"Get the shorts," Karen ordered.

Joe went out into the bedroom, went to his dresser, and found the white and the blue shorts. He had just put them there that morning. He placed them both on the bed and sat on the side, taking his Reeboks off. He pulled the jumpsuit off and lay it on the bed. He stood there, in his underwear, waiting for Karen to bring him the little tank top. She came out of the closet, and looked at Joe.

"My God, you're beautiful," she said as she looked at him, "and you just woke up the other day, looking like that?"

"Yeah, I guess that's about it," Joe said. "I haven't any idea what has caused it. That's what I'm trying to find out. Something apparently happened to me, Dave, and Mike, while we were flying. We all have similar symptoms."

"Gee, I wish I could have made the change that easy," Karen said with a grin. "Maybe we should go flying together." She gave Joe the

top, and he slipped it over his head. He looked at her and showed her the way his bra peeked out the large arm openings.

"Aww, Don't be so paranoid," Karen said. "It's not that noticeable. You can't really see anything. Guys will think it's sexy, and women either won't notice, or won't care."

Joe decided Karen must be right. Linda had basically said the same thing, so it must be true. He grabbed the blue shorts that Karen handed him, and slipped them on. It was more comfortable out of the warm, but wonderfully concealing, jumpsuit.

"I guess we had better be getting back," Joe said, looking at his alarm clock by the bed.

"Give me a minute, I need to use your bathroom before we go back," Karen said.

Joe pointed to the door to the attached bath. He sat on the bed and waited for Karen. As he did, he thought about his tall new friend.

They were so alike, and yet, so different. They had both started out in life as males, and even had relationships with women. Now they were both learning to live as women. Karen was much further along, having been living like this for almost three years. Joe had only four days behind him, and Karen WANTED to be this way. He was not a volunteer, but now they were both in similar situations. They had almost identical interests, and seemed to get along very well. He was glad to have found her when he did. Karen might be a good person to have around when learning to cope with the things he would probably need to learn in the next few months, but what would Linda think of Karen, or how would she feel about him having another female friend? Joe was pulled away from his thoughts by the sound of the toilet flushing.

"Okay, now I'm ready," Karen said, as she reentered the bedroom.

Joe got up, and arranged his credit cards and ID in the tiny pockets of the blue shorts. He would have to do something about where to put this stuff, if he was not going to carry a purse. Karen saw what he was doing, and laughed.

"I still have the same problem," she admitted. "I just can't get used to the idea of carrying a purse around all the time, but there just aren't enough pockets in women's clothes. Luckily, these uniforms have pretty large pockets," She pulled a few dollars, and her hospital ID, out of a pocket of her white uniform dress to demonstrate.

Joe went out, and locked the door. Karen looked at the pool area. "Linda sure has a nice place here," she said. "How does she take it, with you looking like a woman now?"

"I don't know," Joe answered. "She says she doesn't care what happens. That she wants to be with me, no matter what, but I have always insisted to her that this was a temporary thing for me, and that I would do all I could to get back to normal. If I come to her now, and say that this is how it will be... I don't know. I don't know how she'll take it, and I don't know what I'll want to do... as I get used to the idea myself, if that's possible. It still seems like a strange dream to me. so far."

The drive back to the hospital was quick, and they did not talk much. As they neared the parking lot, Joe started to get apprehensive. Although the little top and the shorts he was wearing were much more comfortable in the heat, they were also much more revealing. Except for his experience in the health club, he had never been in a public place with so much of his new shape exposed. It seemed different when he was around strangers, or, close friends, but Jim Matheney, and who knows who else, would be there this afternoon. They'd be in for a surprise when they saw him like this.

"Oh, well," Joe thought. "I might as well get used to it if I'm going to be like this for the rest of my life. The rest of my life..."

It was about one-forty-five when they got back up to Dr. Krell's reception area. There was nobody sitting in the waiting area, and Joe wondered where his two friends were. He sat on one of the couches. Karen sat behind the reception desk and started to read something, probably the appointment schedule.

"Your friend Dave is at lunch, and Mike is upstairs at OB-GYN," Karen said. "Dr. Krell is at lunch. He might have Dave with him. They should be back by two." She got up, and started down the hall.

"Will I be seeing you again today?" Joe asked, calling out to her. He did not want her to leave. He felt better having Karen around because she gave him hope that he could still have a normal life, even if he stayed the way he was.

"Sure Joe, I'll be back down later," she said. "You'll be here all afternoon. I'll see you before you leave today."

As Joe sat there, waiting for everyone to return, he used the time to think. If he was going to be this way permanently, he had to make some plans. He did not have enough clothes, of course. His

identification problems would be taken care of, he hoped. He wondered about his job. Surely, if he, Dave, and Mike all had problems, it must be job related, so he doubted that they would fire him, or anything like that, but would he even want to go back there? What would his friends say? The guys who knew him as Joe, the airplane and sports car nut. Joe, the bachelor. Joe, the guy.

He looked down at his smooth tanned legs. If they were somebody else's he would be one of the guys critically checking them out, but these were his. They really did not look all that much different than they used to except that they were now smooth and hairless. He rubbed his upper leg with his hand. It felt different than before, though. Much softer. He was in good shape before this happened, and he still had good muscle tone, but now he also had that thin layer of fat, just under the skin, that makes females feel so soft. He thought it might be even softer than yesterday. Maybe he was still changing. The skin felt more sensitive, too. His light touch felt good; sensuous. He could feel his breasts, his nipples actually, stiffening. Whenever they did that, he could feel them when they rubbed the soft material inside his bra. He liked that sensation, too. It was a sort of tickling feeling, different than anything he knew as a guy. When you really thought about it, having breasts was not bad at all, he considered. It was going to be a little more difficult getting used to not having a penis anymore, though. Even though it usually felt like it was still there, it was not. While its substitute might be interesting, it was certainly a lot less functional at least for what it was used the most. Like urinating. It sure seemed like he had to do that a lot more often now, and of course the darn thing even might have some other surprises. Dr. Hopkins said he could probably get pregnant. No immediate problem there, but it meant that he would also probably have menstrual periods. What would that be like? Would it hurt? Would he have cramps, and get bitchy, like Linda did, sometimes? He did not want to think about that, but having blood, and other yuck, coming out of your body, as a 'normal' occurrence? His examination today, and the probing, made him painfully aware of this new orifice. No, he decided. Having a vagina was not all that great. It might feel good, great even, sometimes, but it was probably more of a liability than an asset.

"Then again," he thought, "if I gotta be a girl, it's best to have ALL the parts." He was glad he was not stuck halfway, like Mike seemed to be. That seemed like a real problem. Maybe he was lucky to have the body he did. "It could sure be worse," he thought, lightly stroking a breast with the tips of his fingers.

"Got a little itch there, Joe?" the tall nurse asked, grinning widely as she walked up to him.

Joe could feel his face turning red. He had been so deep in thought that he did not notice Karen and Mike come up the tiled hallway. Mike was walking stiffly, and looked uncomfortable. Karen motioned for him to sit, and when he tried, Joe understood what his problem was.

"I've got to go back upstairs," said Karen, excusing herself.

"Dr. Krell should be here any minute. It's almost two."

"Well, how's it going, Mike?" Joe asked. He was trying to picture him on the examining table with the stirrups.

"Don't ask. You wouldn't believe what they did to me upstairs," Mike said. He seemed to be in very low spirits. Joe could imagine why.

"If it's the pelvic exam, I had one this morning, and I know what you mean. The pain has just recently worn off for me," Joe said, trying to make Mike feel like he was not alone in this.

"Joe, Dr. Hopkins said it looked like I was a completely functional female," Mike went on. "He said it's possible I might even have periods. He stuck a thing, sort of a stretching tool, into my vagina. My VAGINA! I've got a vagina. Can you believe it? He even said I had an intact hymen. On top of all this, I'm a virgin!" Mike was so shaken, it looked like he might cry.

Joe did not know what to do to help his friend. He thought about what Dr. Krell told him about gender reassignment. Maybe, for Mike, it would be the thing to do. He knew Dr. Krell would know what would be the best for Mike. He touched Mike's shoulder, and Mike looked at him. Tears were welling in his eyes.

"Joe, I just can't be a woman. I just CAN'T! Look at you. You LOOK like a woman! A good looking one, too. I don't even look like an ugly woman," he moaned.

"Did Dr. Hopkins have any thoughts as to why your body has stayed masculine looking?" Joe asked.

"Yeah, he did," Mike said. "He looked at me... at my cock... my vagina... I guess... and he asked me if I have been taking anabolic steroids."

"Did you?" Joe asked, knowing the answer before he heard it.

"Joe, I was careful," Mike said. "I didn't take too many. Just enough shots to get my pecs in shape. I never thought... Hell, who would? I never thought that it would make me look like a man when I changed into a GIRL! Joe, I didn't know. I just didn't know." Mike was almost pleading with him.

"Mike, don't worry," Joe said. "I think you'll find Dr. Krell can help. I don't know how just yet, but I'm sure he can help."

"Can he change you back into a guy?" Mike asked.

"Well, for me, he recommended that I stay this way, at least until we can figure out what caused it. For you, maybe he'll recommend something else. You look a lot more like a guy than I do, now," Joe said honestly.

"Yeah, a guy who has periods. A guy with a cunt. Joe, he's just GOTTA help me!" Mike pleaded.

Joe looked down the hall, and saw Jim Matheney walking their way. "Well, here it goes," he thought. He felt the blood rush to his cheeks, and tried in vain to arrange the tank top so that his boobs would not be so obvious.

Suddenly, Jim Matheney realized who it was, sitting there on the couch. He recognized Mike first, but his eyes did a double take when he saw the other person. This was one of his engineers, maybe his best pilot, sitting there, wearing women's clothes, and if he saw it right, he even looked like a woman.

No doubt about it, Joe Bates looked like a woman. He seemed much smaller, especially sitting next to the big technician, Mike. "Holy cow!" Jim thought. "He's got knockers, and everything. What's going on here, anyway?"

"Hi Jim," Joe said, breaking the awkward silence, as Jim stared at him, his eyes wide, and his mouth speechless.

"Joe, what the hell is going on here?" Jim asked. "Mike what's the matter with you? Where's Dave?" He was overwhelmed with what he saw.

Joe tried to give a quick explanation, saying, "Well, Jim, we don't know what's happened, exactly. Me, Dave, and Mike here, seem to have received some kind of chromosomal damage, or something. Our genes have been changed somehow, so that we're all females now, at least genetically." He was careful about what he said in front of Mike. He did not want him to break down again.

"Females? What do you mean females?" Jim asked.

"Women... Girls... You know," Joe explained. "Damn it, Jim! Look at me! This is not some kind of costume. We've undergone some kind of transformation. When I woke up Friday, I looked like this, and I guarantee it was much more of a surprise for me than it is for you now."

"All three of you? What caused it anyway?" Jim asked.

"Well, that's what we're trying to find out," Joe replied. "Since it happened to us three on the GPS test program, it must have something to do with the Learjet, or somewhere we went in it. Damned if I can figure it out."

"So you're telling me you've all become females? Then what about you, Mike?" Jim asked.

Before Mike could say anything, Joe broke in. "Mike has changed too," Joe explained, "but mostly internally. His secondary characteristics just haven't developed." He voiced what was his best guess, not wanting to bring up the steroids.

"Jim, there's something wrong with that damn Lear," Mike said loudly. "Look what it's done to us. You gotta find out what's causing it. The company's gotta help us get back to normal."

"Mike, if Honeybone is at fault, they'll do everything possible to help you. How do you know it's the Lear, anyway?" Jim asked.

"Jim, we three were the only ones working the ground tests with the portable transmitter," Joe reasoned. "We were all on the airplane for the touch and go's too. It has to have something to do with the Lear, or where the Lear went, on Thursday."

"Where did you take the damn thing?" Jim asked.

"We hardly got out of the pattern," Joe answered. "I know for sure we never got more than eight DME from Deer Valley." Deer Valley airport was north of Phoenix and was where the Learjet was based.

"What can we do?" Jim said. "How do you think we can test it? I wouldn't want to be the pilot on this one."

"I don't know how we can do it," Joe replied. "Maybe somebody here has some ideas. I don't know what we gotta do, but I don't think anyone should fly the Lear till we figure out what's going on."

"Yeah, but don't worry, when the guys find about this, I don't think I could drag anybody into that airplane," Jim agreed.

"Jim, I don't know what's going to happen, but it's just possible that we're stuck like this. What's your opinion on what Honeybone will do about it?" Joe asked.

"Damn, Joe, I don't know," Jim answered. "I never heard of anything like this. I do think that they should do everything possible. They will, if I have anything to do about it. What do you want Honeybone to do, Joe?"

"I don't know," Joe said. "I know I look different, but I just hope that the company doesn't decide that I would be better off unemployed."

"If Honeybone is at fault here, I'll raise all kinds of hell if they try to get rid of any of you," Jim said. He meant it, too.

Doctor Krell, followed closely by Dave Skinner, came through the door at the end of the hall. Jim turned around and watched as his other pilot/engineer came down the hall. Dr. Krell held out his hand to Jim.

"Mr. Matheney, I'm Benjamin Krell. I guess you see what kind of situation your guys are in," the little doctor said.

"What's causing this, doc?" Jim asked. "What can be done about it?" Jim Matheney was a problem solver, and he was used to getting things done, not just talking about it.

"It is a difficult problem," Dr. Krell said. "I know of nothing, no phenomenon, which can cause this. It seems as though their bodies' chromosomes have been altered. We have just started the analysis, and that's all we have so far. I will have to look at the results of the other physical examinations, but I know that Joe here, has the total outward appearance of a normal female."

"Can you correct or reverse this thing?" Jim asked.

"I don't know," Dr. Krell answered. "I don't see how, but I really need to study the problem some more. I'd like to see what you have at work; what they were operating in the Learjet airplane. I'd also like to get them to my clinic in San Diego where I can run more tests, and where we have more people skilled in this area."

"If you need to go to San Diego, then get over there," Jim said. "Joe, you can take the 421 if you want. Nobody's using it, and there is nothing scheduled on it for the rest of the month. Can you still fly?"

"I don't know why not, Jim," Joe answered. "Maybe I look like a woman now, but I haven't had the urge to sit home and bake cookies, or anything like that. Of course I can still fly." Just the question rankled Joe a bit.

"Sorry Joe, I didn't mean to offend you," Jim apologized. "It's a little difficult to comprehend that you're the same person. You sure look a lot different."

"It's okay, Jim," Joe said. "I know I look different. I feel different too, but inside, it's still me. I'd sure appreciate it if you'd try to treat us the same as before, much as possible anyway. It's hard enough to get used to this, without everybody treating us like we were entirely different people. Our bodies have changed, but our brains are the same." He hoped that was true. He was starting to have doubts.

"Joe, can we get you over to San Diego tomorrow?" Dr. Krell asked. "I'd like all three of you there, if possible. I have called, and we can begin running tests in the afternoon, if possible."

"What about the Lear?" Joe asked. He wanted to know what caused this to happen to him.

"I'd like to go over to where the airplane is later this afternoon," Dr. Krell answered. "Maybe we can figure out a way to run some experiments on it. I'll need to see what you are talking about. You won't have to be involved in that, however. Some of my people, and maybe Mr. Matheney here, can do that. I want to find out the extent of your symptoms, as soon as possible."

"If Dave and I fly the 421 to San Diego, we might get checked by the Feds," Joe said. "What do you think they'd say about us? Our tickets still have an M in the sex column."

"I'll call Fred, and get an opinion from him," Jim answered. "Maybe he can make a decision himself, or can call Oklahoma City." They both had a low opinion of their FAA representative's ability to deal with new situations.

"Well, I've got to get back to my office," Dr. Krell said. "Dave, I think they're about ready for you upstairs."

Joe looked at Dave. He saw that Mike looked at him too. They both knew what was in store for their friend. Dave just looked at both of them, with a confused look on his face. Mike and Joe just grinned smugly. Dave followed Dr. Krell into his office. Mike sat on the couch, and began squirming around trying to get comfortable. Jim saw him wincing, and asked what his problem was.

"Well, ah... I ah... Jim... Well, you see," Mike stammered, "they have this stainless steel tool. It looks kind of like a safety wire pliers with spoons on the end. Well, they take this thing, and they put it inside you, and they open it up. I'll tell you, you wouldn't want to try it." Mike, with his face red with embarrassment, tried to describe his pelvic exam.

"You had one of those, Mike?" Jim said, eyeing the big guy carefully. "You've changed that much too? I didn't know ... I didn't realize you had changed that much. You look pretty much the same."

"I'm not the same, Jim," Mike said, a bit of sarcasm creeping into his voice. "I'm not the same. You should see what I look like without this stuff on. I may still look like a guy, but right now I don't feel like one. Right now, it feels like my balls were cut off with a dull knife. Hell, it kinda looks like it too."

"Well, if there is anything that can be done, it will be done," Jim promised.

Joe, Mike and Jim sat outside Dr. Krell's office for about forty-five minutes. Dr. Krell had taken Dave upstairs after interviewing him. He came down alone about thirty minutes later, and went into his office. About ten minutes after that, Karen brought a stiff walking Dave Skinner back down, and took him into Dr. Krell's office. She came back out alone, and sat down on the couch with the three of them. Joe introduced Karen to the others. He did not mention her past.

"This is Dr. Krell's nurse and assistant, Karen Simpson. Among her other talents, she's an instrument pilot," Joe added.

Karen said hello to each of them, and asked Joe what he was doing later. Joe looked at Jim.

"I guess we're going to look at the Lear, to see what, or how we can try to find out what happened," Jim said. "We'll have to wait for Dr. Krell's word."

"Would you like to come along?" Joe asked. He liked to be around Karen.

"Yeah, I would," Karen answered. "This whole thing is so bizarre. I'd like to know what caused it, myself."

She remained sitting on the couch. It was obvious that she was also waiting for Dave to finish with Dr. Krell. Finally, the door

opened, and a long faced Dave skinner came out. Dr. Krell was right behind him.

"Would it be possible to see this airplane, and the equipment they were using?" Dr. Krell asked.

"I'm ready to go whenever you want," Jim answered.

"Dr. Krell, if you have no objections, Joe's invited me to come along, and I'd sure like to," Karen asked.

"Sure, Karen. It might be helpful to have you along anyway," Dr. Krell said.

They all followed Jim out, but when they got to the parking lot, they stopped to decide how to split up.

"Dr. Krell, I have a company Ford sedan, and it will hold four, or five, easily," Jim said.

"I'll take Joe, and follow you," Karen said quickly.

"Mike, you and Dave want to ride with us?" Jim asked.

"Sure, why not?" Mike answered. He and Dave followed them to the Ford in the public lot. Joe followed Karen to her car, in the employee lot.

Karen and Joe were out first, and they headed straight for Deer Valley airport. When they came down the road near the field, Joe pointed out the hangar, and Karen drove right up to it. Joe was getting nervous again, as he knew there was a guard on duty who knew him as a male. He did not have his company ID, and he did not want to have to explain his problem to the guard anyway. He suggested that they wait for Jim to arrive with the others, in the Ford.

Before long, Jim drove up, and parked next to the white Toyota. Joe and Karen got out and went over to the others. They went to the gate, and Jim showed his badge to the person in the guard shack. The guard handed them a clipboard, and asked them to sign in. Joe quickly signed his name, and hoped that the guard would not look at their names. He was wrong.

"Joe? Joe Bates? We have somebody here by that name," he said. When Dave, and Mike signed on, he looked at them carefully. Joe did not say anything, and neither did the others. They quickly walked through the gate, and into the hangar.

"There's the Lear," Jim said, mainly for Dr. Krell's information. They walked over to the sleek aircraft, and Joe spun the handle, and

opened the two piece door. He peered inside. "What's in here that could have caused this to happen?" he thought. He looked around at the test gear that was attached to the seat tracks.

"I believe there is a portable transmitter, or something?" Dr. Krell asked.

"Yeah, that's over in the lab," Joe answered. "We can go look at that if you like."

"I believe it may be something worth looking into," Dr. Krell said. "I have heard that high power radio energy can cause cell damage, and there is very little information compiled about how it affects the chromosomes."

"Well, it would be easy to set up, and operate, but how would we test it?" Jim said. "We have a cage back at the plant which we could use to isolate the RF from everybody. Maybe we should try that."

They walked passed the Cessna 421. Karen walked over to one of the engines, and ran her hand down the leading edge of a prop blade.

"How long since you've flown?" Joe asked.

"Almost four years," Karen said. "I've never renewed my medical since I started on hormones. I guess I do miss it a little."

"Maybe you could come along to San Diego," Jim said. "I'll get you time in this thing if you want."

"Wouldn't miss it if I can get away," Karen said. "I'll have to ask Dr. Hopkins."

"Well, if you can get away, I'd like it if you could come along," Joe said. He liked having Karen around.

Jim and Dr. Krell discussed the possible ways they could run tests on the equipment. The possibility of using animals was considered. Dr. Krell said he'd have to study the idea, since he was not familiar with that type of testing. He said he would consult some of his colleagues.

Finally, they were finished looking at the aircraft and equipment.

"Let's go talk to the guys in the lab," Jim said. "I'll show you the transmitters."

Joe, Karen, Mike, and Dave all followed Jim and Dr. Krell into one of the labs located in the rooms on the sides of the big hangar.

They went in, and saw the yellow painted chassis which contained the relatively low power test transmitters used for functional tests of the new GPS navigation receivers.

"How close to the antenna are you, during ground tests?" Dr. Krell asked.

"Well, as close as a few feet to as far as a mile," Mike said. The operation of the transmitters was his area of expertise.

"How can we test this in a controlled environment?" Dr. Krell asked.

"Back at the plant we have a radiation containment room, a type of wire cage," Jim answered. "Little or no radio energy escapes from the cage."

"I think that's what we should use to test the transmitter," Dr. Krell said. "Since we are unsure of the area of danger, it would be best to contain it completely."

"We'll bring a transmitter to the plant tomorrow," Jim said. "How can we test this? Don't we need a test case, a volunteer?"

"I'm not sure yet," Dr. Krell said. "I can get access to some animal subjects, and I think we should start there. If it happens that it seems to be the transmitters which cause the cell changes, and I would suspect that it is. I think we could easily get human volunteers if it was likely that they might result in changes like those on Joe here."

Joe blushed as everyone looked at him. It was probably true, if there were others like Karen, this machine could be the answer to their prayers. An operational "Instant Sex Change" machine would surely be a revolutionary piece of hardware. A far greater technological advance than the GPS Navigation Program. Unfortunately, he was perhaps a victim of this new discovery, and might have to live the rest of his life with the result.

"I think we should call the Feds," Joe said. "I want to know if I'm legal when I fly. I'm worried when I drive, and if I and Dave have to go to San Diego tomorrow, I want to know what my status is."

"Well, let's call Fred," Jim said. Fred was the FAA GADO Rep. who dealt closely with Honeybone.

They went into the empty flight planning office and picked up the phone. Fred Holmes' office number was on the quick dialer. He answered almost immediately.

"Fred, we seem to have a little problem that we need an opinion on," Jim said. "Three of my guys seem to have received some kind of cell change or something, and we think it might be something we're doing here on the GPS project. We don't yet have any proof of that yet, but we'd like to run some tests on it. We have a Dr. Krell who specializes in chromosomal problems, and he'd like our people to come to his office in San Diego. I'd like to let them go in the 421, but they aren't sure what the FAA's feelings are on things like this."

Jim stopped talking for an instant, as he listened to what the FAA man was saying.

"Yeah, it's my two pilot/engineers, Joe Bates, and Dave Skinner," He said. "Well, it's weird. They seem to have changed sex, or at least they look like it."

Jim waited, as the man on the other end did something that took a few minutes.

"No, they haven't been taking any drugs, or hormones, or anything like that," Jim said. "I don't think so anyway." Jim looked at Joe, and Dave, who shook their heads to the negative.

"No, they haven't had surgery, or anything like that either," Jim said into the phone. "They have just come from Hillcrest where they were given a clean bill of health. There don't seem to be any health problems at all. It's just that they have undergone some unusual changes. They both look sort of like they've changed into females. That's all we know, so far."

"Yeah, that's all. We've just turned into women. That's all," Joe thought. "It's a lot different to say it than to have it happen to you."

"Sure their medicals are current," Jim said. "Yeah, I can give them a quick check ride. I know that they don't have any physical problems." Jim was a flight instructor, as was Joe, but he was also a designated flight examiner.

"Okay, sounds reasonable to me," Jim said. He hung up the phone.

"Fred says that if you two haven't been taking any drugs or other prescription chemicals, and haven't been subjected to any major surgery, he can't find anything in the books to keep you from being legal," Jim said. "He suggested I give each of you a check ride. He said that a note from your doctor would be necessary to get your ticket changed, and to present it at your next physical."

"Well, that sounds unbelievably easy," Joe said.

"I'll give you the papers you need tomorrow, at my office," Dr. Krell said.

"If you have an hour, right now, I'll take both of you up in the 421, and make a logbook entry," Jim said.

"Can you wait?" Joe looked at Karen.

"Sure, no problem," said the tall nurse.

Joe and Dave took the little tug and pulled the 421 out of the hangar. Joe went to the phone and called the fuel truck to top off the tanks, as Dave started the pre-flight inspection.

When they were ready, the three of them boarded the little twin. Jim sat in one of the passenger seats, as Joe and Dave adjusted the crew seats to their new proportions. Soon the engines were started, and they taxied out to the run-up area. They checked the piston engines, and called the tower for takeoff clearance. Jim told them to remain in the traffic pattern.

Jim sat on the left, and made the first takeoff and landing. Then Dave got the chance to show his capability. Then Jim asked that they set the left engine to minimum thrust, and Joe made a simulated single engine landing. Dave also demonstrated he could still fly the 421 on one engine, and then they returned to the Honeybone hangar.

"Nothing wrong with your ability to fly," was all Jim said. They both had their flight bags in their lockers, and they presented their logbooks to Jim, who made an entry as suggested by the FAA rep.

When they had the 421 chocked in the hangar, they were ready to return to the hospital. Jim took Dr. Krell, Dave and Mike along in the Ford sedan, while Joe again rode back with Karen. When they arrived back at the hospital, Karen parked the car and they walked in.

"Let me find Dr. Hopkins, and see if I can take a few days off," she said. "I don't think there will be any problem. He has three assistants, and I usually just answer the phones."

It was about four thirty by the time they had talked to Dr. Hopkins, and made an appointment to meet with Dr. Krell and his staff, in San Diego, tomorrow at noon. Dr. Krell suggested that they plan on remaining in California for at least two days. Jim said it would be no problem for them to take the plane, and keep it as long as they needed it.

"Well, I guess I'll see you tomorrow morning, about eleven," Dr. Krell said. "I'll probably leave here tonight."

Karen, Joe, Dave, Mike, and Jim walked to the parking lot. They discussed the plans for the trip in the morning. Dave and Joe decided to meet at the hangar about six o'clock. The rest could arrive about seven, or seven thirty. Jim said he could not go tomorrow morning, but if they wanted him there, he'd come up in the afternoon. They said they could not think of any reason why he'd have to be there, but they'd call if they needed him. That seemed to satisfy him. To Joe, Jim seemed to be worried about the liability that Honeybone might incur with all this, and especially what Mr. Mayer might think about it. Mayer was Jim's supervisor, the VP of operations. Joe asked him about it.

"I talked to Mayer on the phone," Jim said. "He said that I should do everything I could to help figure out what was going on. He was worried about you guys too. Don't worry, Joe, the company is going to help you with this." Jim put his hand on Joe's shoulder, but quickly pulled it away when he felt its feminine softness.

"Thanks, Jim," Joe said. "I appreciate your concern. I don't know what's going to become of this, but I appreciate your concern, and I appreciate what the company is doing to help."

"What you got planned for the evening, Joe?" Karen asked.

"I don't know," Joe answered. "I guess Linda is home by now, I'll have to tell her I'll be out of town for a couple of days. I guess I'll have to get some things to take along. It looks like I'm gonna be this way for a while, so I guess I better invest in some more girl stuff." A funny grin formed on his face as he talked.

Joe looked over at Dave, and said, "What about you, pal? Are you going to need some things if you're going to be away for a couple of days?"

"Yeah, I guess I do," Dave answered. "I'll get Cindy to help me find something. I'd like her to come along to San Diego, but I guess she'll have to stay home with the kids."

"If you want to go with me, give me a call," Joe said. "I'm staying at Linda's house, at least for now." If he was to stay a woman, it might be best if he moved away from Linda.

"I wouldn't mind if you came over, maybe about six, or six thirty," Joe said. "We can go to the mall and get something to eat. Linda might want to come along. I'd like you to meet her."

Joe went to his car, and Dave go in with him. They drove to Dave's house. Dave did not say much until they were almost to his house.

"Joe, Dr. Krell said that I was a genetic woman now, and that he knew of nothing that could make me a functioning, normal, male again," Dave said.

"Yeah, I figured he did," Joe said. "That's the same thing he told me. He said that any operation to make me a male wouldn't be acceptable to me, and that he thought it would be best for me to remain the way I am until they can find a way to reverse the process, or just get used to being a woman."

"Basically the same thing he told me," Dave said. "I told him I was a married man, and I just couldn't buy some dresses and get on with a new life. Dr. Krell said he wasn't sure how to handle my problem, but he would look into it, and he would get therapy for me. I told him therapy wouldn't help me to sleep with my wife. It wouldn't explain to my son why his daddy was now a woman. He didn't have any answers to help me at all."

"I guess they haven't had a situation like yours before," Joe said, "but Dr. Krell is pretty wise, he might be able to come up with something that will help you."

They pulled into Dave's driveway, and Dave got out. "I'll see you in the morning," Dave said, the frown momentarily turning to a tiny smile as he said bye to his pal.

Joe drove to Linda's house. When he pulled in back, he saw Linda's car in the drive. Joe got out of his car, and walked into the house. Linda was sitting at the table in the dining area, going over some paperwork. She still wearing the clothes she put on that morning. Joe walked up to the chair she was sitting on, and put his hands on her shoulders. He started to massage her neck. She leaned back, and putting her head back, looked up at Joe.

"Hi there," she said, almost purring as Joe rubbed her neck and soft shoulders.

"Hi," Joe said. She looked so sexy, and he could see her black teddy through the neck of her suit.

"Did you find anything out today?" Linda asked.

"Well, I guess I did," Joe said. "I found out that I'm genetically a woman, which is what I already suspected."

"Can they help you get back?" she asked.

"They recommend that I stay like this, at least until they can figure out what has caused it and try to reverse the process. That's all the hope they can provide," Joe said. "So I guess I'll be a girl, for a while anyway. I gotta try to get used to it."

"We can make the best of it," Linda said. "I think it will be okay, even if they don't ever find a way to make you a male again."

"Dave Skinner and Mike Osborn have the same problem," Joe said. "They were with me in the Lear Thursday, and they found the same symptoms when they woke up Friday."

"You mean that you're not the only one changed like this?" Linda asked, amazed.

"That's right, and Dave is married, with two kids. He's really got a problem," Joe replied. "Mike Osborn, you've never met him, Mike has changed too, but he's a muscle builder, and was taking steroids. Now, he's female internally, but he still looks like a guy. Compared to my problem, it's really a bad situation."

"I've got to go to San Diego in the morning. Dave, Mike and I will fly over in the 421. A specialist named Dr. Benjamin Krell has a clinic there, and he wants us to come over so he can examine us," Joe said.

"When do you have to leave?" Linda asked.

"I've got a six o'clock show," Joe said.

"Will you need anything? How long will you be staying?" Linda asked.

"Well, I guess I should look through my things, and see if I have everything I'll need," Joe said. "If I'm going to stay this way, for a while at least, I guess I can invest in some more clothes." He knew Linda liked to shop more than any thing else.

"You'll have to go to the mall then," Linda said. "I have to finish this paperwork. It looks like I've got a buyer on that big place over on Canyon Road."

"I've met a nurse," Joe said. "She works for Dr. Hopkins, the gynecologist who examined me this morning. She's coming over in a little while. I'd like you to meet her." He hoped Linda would like Karen but he was not sure how she would feel about him having a woman as a friend.

"Oh, really? I'd like to meet her," Linda said. "If you don't mind, I'd like to get out of these clothes and into something more comfortable."

"Sure, good idea. Karen should be here in about a half hour," Joe said.

Joe went to his room. He looked through the few items of clothing he had. He wondered what he should take to San Diego. He wondered what he should wear when he flew the 421. He had a Nomex flight suit in his locker at the Honeybone hangar, but that would not fit now. Besides, this was more of a personal trip than a work trip. He seldom flew now, except as part of his job. He was instructing Jay so that he could get his instrument rating. He used Jay's plane for that. Jay had a Mooney 201. He used it to fly from Phoenix to Tucson, Casa Grande, and other points around Arizona. For that an instrument rating was not really necessary, the weather was almost always VFR, but since he bought the speedy little Mooney, Jay's insurance took a big hike, and he was advised to get his instrument rating. Joe brushed off his instructor ticket, and was getting Jay ready for his check ride. Jay let him use the speedy single whenever he wanted, but he seldom felt the need to fly, except for work. He decided he better call Jay, and tell him what was happening. He went to the phone by the bed, and lay down as he punched in Jay's number.

Jay answered, "Hello."

"Jay, this is Joe. What's up?" Joe asked.

"I was hoping you could tell me," Jay answered.

"Well, I do have a bit of news," Joe said. "I saw a doctor today. He confirmed what I already suspected. I'm genetically a woman as well as physically. I also found out that two of my crew on the Lear have also have the same symptoms."

"They've turned into women too?" Jay asked, as if he could not believe it.

"Yeah," Joe answered. "Dave Skinner and Mike Osborn have turned genetically female too. We think maybe it's the GPS test transmitter which has caused it. Jim Matheney and Dr. Krell are trying to set up some tests to find out what and how it could cause such a thing. It looks like Honeybone is worried about a lawsuit, and is doing everything to help, and keep us satisfied."

"Well, they better," Jay said. "If they are responsible they better be willing to help all they can." Jay was an attorney.

"They're going to do all they can, I think," Joe said. "We have to go to San Diego in the morning, to see specialists. They will help us get our records in order there too. Dr. Krell say's he's familiar with this type of problem since he deals with transsexual patients."

"Do you want me to go with you?" Jay asked.

"I don't think it will be necessary," Joe said, "unless you want to go along."

"If you don't need me, I'd better stay here," Jay said. "I've got plenty to do, and I'll get behind if I go off to California with you. If you feel you need my assistance just call. I can be there in a couple of hours."

"Since I don't know what they'll be doing with me, I don't think you need to come along, at least this time," Joe said.

"Be sure to take all your license, birth certificate, and military records," Jay reminded him.

"Yeah, I'll have to go to my place to get them," Joe said. "I don't know if I should move back there, or what. It's beginning to look like I'm going to be like this for a while, maybe forever. I don't know how to deal with Linda, if that's the way it's going to be." He did not know how his buddy would take the news either.

"They can't change you back?" Jay asked.

"Hell, they don't know how I got this way, much less know how to get me back," Joe answered. "They recommended that I don't resort to surgery, or anything like that. They said that would surely leave me disfigured if they did find a way to change me back to a male, and recommended that I stay this way until they examine all options. I guess I'd better get used to being like this."

"Well, try to make the best of it," Jay said. "We'll have to get together again, when you get back in a couple of days."

"Yeah, we will," Joe said. The relationship was changing between him and Jay, and they both knew it.

"See you in a couple of days," Joe said, hanging up the phone.

He went back to his drawers to decide what he needed when he heard the door bell. "That must be Karen," he thought and went to the door. He opened it, and the tall attractive blonde came in. She was

wearing bright pink, sort of fluorescent, shorts with a white top. Out of her nurse's uniform, she looked even more attractive.

Chapter 12

SHOPPING AGAIN

"Come on in," Joe called out. "I've been waiting for you."

Karen Simpson entered the house. She was taller than Joe by about two inches. Joe was shorter since the change, but still felt a little strange having to look up to a woman. At about five foot eight or nine, he was still taller than most of them.

"I want you to meet Linda," Joe said, and walked down the hall toward Linda's bedroom. Linda heard someone at the door too, and met Joe as she left the bedroom. She now wore shorts, and a light cotton top somewhat like Joe's.

"Linda," Joe said, "I'd like you to meet Karen Simpson. Karen is a nurse, and she works for Dr. Hopkins, at Hillcrest. Karen, this is my girl... my friend, Linda Mitchell."

Karen held her hand out, Linda took it, and shook hands with Karen. "Pleased to meet you, Karen," Linda said, smiling.

"Joe has told me about you," Karen said. "We hope to help him with this problem if we can."

"I've never heard of anything like this, have you?" Linda asked.

"Well, no, I haven't," Karen said. "I don't think Dr. Hopkins or Dr. Krell have either, but if anything can be done to make him normal again, they'll find it."

"Linda, Karen and I are going over to the mall to get some stuff I'll be needing if I've got to spend a couple of days away from home," Joe said. "Are you sure you can't come along?" He really did not mind that he and Karen would go alone. He felt that Karen understood his feelings better than Linda ever could.

"No, you two just go ahead," Linda said. "I'm sure Karen can help you find the things you need. I have to get this proposal ready for the morning."

Joe checked his pockets. He had his driver's license, Master Card, and American Express. That, with about twenty-five dollars cash, would be enough. He was feeling better about shopping, knowing that he could spend some money and not have to worry if he was still employed or not.

"You better drive, if you will," he told Karen. "I'm worried about getting stopped, with my license out of sync, such as it is."

"No problem," Karen said. "It'll take a few days, maybe, but I think Dr. Krell can get the paper work you need to change your license, and other records, even your birth certificate."

Joe did not know about that. Did he want his birth certificate to show him as female? The thought of it, the first record of his very existence, saying that he was a girl. Did he really want that? Did he need that? He was not sure. He would have to talk to Dr. Krell about it. If they did find a way to get him back, to make him a man again, then he'd have to change all that stuff back again. Of course, if that happened, it would be worth it. As they drove out of Linda's drive, and down the street, Joe tried to imagine the scenario:

He wakes up one morning, just like last Friday, but this time, he looks down at his chest, his hairy chest, his broad, muscular, flat chest. He reaches between his legs, and touches his penis and scrotum. He's a man again. Instinctively, Joe reached up to touch his chest, but instead of hard muscles, and hair, he still felt the soft roundness of his breasts under the lightweight top.

Joe realized he actually felt relieved. Relieved? What did that mean? What sort of game was his mind playing on him? He was really a man, at least mentally, was not he? And yet, he could hardly deny the feelings of satisfaction he experienced as he touched his feminine softness. Was his head beginning to accept the fact that his body was now female? Or had his brain also become feminized, and he was to be left with only memories of his former masculinity? Whatever was happening, Joe realized that the change was starting to affect how he thought about himself. He was beginning to feel more at ease with his changed body, but it seemed he might be losing control of what HE wanted. It almost seemed that he was developing another, a second almost FEMININE personality. Was it inevitable?

"Where do you want to stop first?" Karen asked. The sound of her voice returned Joe from his thoughts.

"Gee, I don't know, exactly," Joe said. "I guess I need a bit of almost everything. I probably have enough underwear, but that's about it. What should I wear to Dr. Krell's office?"

"If you have the time, I have something at my apartment that I'd like to show you," Karen suggested.

"Sure I think we have three hours till the stores close. Unless you shop like Linda, that should be enough time," Joe said, grinning at Karen.

"The stop at my place should only take a minute or two," Karen said.

They drove quickly down the street toward the mall, but turned down a side street a few miles before it. Karen then turned into the parking area of a very nice complex. The apartments were more like condos, with large attached garages. The area reeked of money.

"This is where you live?" Joe asked.

"Yeah," Karen said. "I bought one of these, since I like to keep my car in a garage I can lock. Enclosed garages are uncommon around here, and I don't want to buy a house here in the Phoenix area."

The garage door opened as Karen pressed a button on the automatic transmitter. She drove in, and Joe followed Karen inside.

Karen's apartment was a combination of fine, heavy furniture, and filled bookshelves. Joe looked at the titles and saw that they were mostly medical books, with a few biographies, and technical paperbacks on computer related subjects.

"Nice place," Joe said.

"Thanks. I like it," Karen replied. "It reminds me of home. Come into my bedroom. I have something I'd like to show you."

She went into her bedroom. Joe followed, and Karen went into her large walk-in closet. She came out almost immediately with a wig on a Styrofoam stand. It was the same color as her own hair, blonde with a slightly brown cast. It was medium length and a slightly different style than Karen now wore.

"I want you to try this on," Karen said. "I know it's not your color, but I'd like to see how you look without that GI haircut."

Karen walked over to the dresser, and Joe obediently followed. She stood behind Joe, and placed the hairpiece on his head. She made sure that none of his own short hair was hanging out. As she smoothed the hair in place, Joe watched his reflection in the mirror. With longer hair, he could hardly recognize himself. The new, smooth contours of his face, and the emphasis of his cheekbones by the hardly noticeable makeup, gave him a totally different look.

As he stared at himself, trying to be detached, he could not believe the change in his appearance. Without the short, male hair style, practically nothing remained to remind him of his former appearance. He raised a hand and touched his face, and then ran a finger along his cheek. He could feel it all right, it WAS him in the mirror. Karen's hairpiece had transformed his face, almost like the other changes had transformed his body. "Unbelievable," was all he could say.

"I thought you might feel that way," Karen said. "You can wear it if you like. I don't use it anymore."

"I would like to try it, if you don't mind," Joe said, as he felt the hairpiece, and arranged the hair which completely covered his ears.

"It isn't the right color, but it still looks good on you," Karen said. "I think that style would even look good with your own hair, when it grows out."

Joe continued to gaze transfixed in the mirror, as Karen poked through a little chest on her dresser.

"Try these," she said, and clipped some small gold disks on Joe's ear lobes.

Joe felt Karen snap something on his ears. He looked in the mirror, and saw small earrings protruding from under his new longer locks. He did not like the way they felt, but had to admit they did look appropriate.

"Unbelievable," he said again.

The image in the mirror was completely that of an attractive young woman. Joe felt as if he was looking at somebody else. His body image, already stretched to the limit, was now completely overcome.

"I think you'll pass," Karen teased. "I've got something else I think you might want to see." She walked out of the bedroom.

Joe followed Karen into the large living area. One wall was completely covered with bookshelves. Karen went to the shelf, and took a book down. She handed it to Joe. He looked at the cover. "GENETICS AND SEX DETERMINATION" it said.

"You might scan this," Karen said. "It may give you some insight on what might have happened to you, and maybe, what you can expect. With the unique experiences you're having, you could even be able to add to it."

She was right. It was possible that no one else on record made such a complete transition. Whether he liked it or not, Joe and his friends' situation would probably be one for the medical books.

"Okay, I'll read up on it," Joe promised. He did want to learn more about genetics and chromosomes. Biology was always mildly interesting for him, but now the interest was much more personal.

"I guess we better get going," Karen said. She took a small purse, and began walking toward the door to the garage.

Joe went out with Karen, and they get into her car. The garage door opened, and Karen backed her white sports car out. They quickly drove the short distance to the mall, and parked. They walked into the mall, and Karen went to a back-lighted diagram showing the various stores.

"Where to?" she asked.

"I wish I knew," Joe said. He was not used to shopping for women's clothes, and really did not like to do it.

"How about a skirt?" Karen suggested. "I saw that you hardly have anything but dresses that look like they belong to an old lady."

"What do you mean?" Joe objected. "My new stuff doesn't look THAT bad."

"We can do better," Karen insisted. "Let's find something to show your legs a little. You have a really nice figure too."

"I don't know. I really don't think I should get anything too wild. Give me some time to get used to this," Joe begged.

"You're doing fine, and you look great. I think we'll find some things that look good, and maybe you'll even like to wear them," Karen repeated.

Together, they walked into Goldwater's. Joe could smell the cosmetics that were displayed on the counters near the entrance. They walked passed the glass and shining plastic, and then through the hosiery section. Joe looked at the bottom half of mannequins showing the different styles and colors of pantyhose. He thought about his own limited experience wearing them, and realized that from now until a way was found to return his masculinity, they would probably be part of his wardrobe whenever he needed to dress more than casually.

He considered how Linda had dressed that morning. That suit was probably the feminine equivalent of what he normally wore to work, except when flying, or working in the lab. He wondered what the other engineers would think when, or if, he came to work wearing stuff like that. They had a few secretaries, and administrative women in his section. Since he had worked there, there had been no female engineers.

Joe and Karen walked into the clothing section. Down the aisle, Joe spotted a light gray suit, with a gray silk blouse. His first thought was how Linda would look in it, and then realized that he should be thinking about what HE would look like wearing it.

"I want to look at this," Joe told Karen, as they walked past the outfit. They went into the racks of skirts, and jackets. Immediately, a saleslady came to their assistance.

"Can I be of help?" she asked.

"Yes, I'd like to try on an outfit just like that one," Joe said, pointing to the mannequin.

"What are your sizes?" the woman asked.

Joe told her, and she went to the racks, quickly selecting the style and size Joe suggested.

"What type of blouse did you have in mind?" the lady questioned.

"Just like the dummy," Joe answered. He thought he told her he wanted an outfit JUST like the one on display. He felt no desire to experiment.

The woman looked at Joe. It appeared that she was not used to a woman who knew exactly what she wanted, without wanting to search the racks herself. Most unusual.

The woman retrieved a gray silk blouse, and took the hangers of clothing back into the fitting area. She hung the items on a hook in a small closet-sized room with a small couch. There really was not enough room in the cubicle for Karen to stay with Joe, so she stayed out, and sat on one of the chairs outside.

Joe looked at the clothes hanging on the wall. The silk blouse was at the front, and he touched it, enjoying the soft, smooth feel of the fabric. Of course, he had never worn anything like this before.

Joe pulled the top he was wearing over his head. It was made more difficult by the extra hair he now had when wearing Karen's

wig. He felt it snag on the earrings he wore. He laid the little top on the couch, and took the blouse from the hanger. He carefully placed his arms into the sleeves of the blouse, and buttoned it. He only fumbled a little with the backward placement of the buttons, and then did his best to tie the bow that was at the neck. He had not expected the bow. The blouse fit well, and the soft fabric followed his shape perfectly. He looked down, and saw how the fabric almost flowed over the mounds of his new breasts, and the way the glistening silk attractively emphasized his form. Joe could not resist touching his chest, feeling his own softness through the silk. He loved the sensation of feeling the fluid silk from both sides.

Joe quickly removed his shorts, and tossed them next to the top. He took the skirt, looked at it, and tried to decide how to put it on. He decided to unzip the back, and step into it. That seemed to work okay, and he tried to zip it up by reaching behind his back. That was difficult, but the skirt was a little loose around his waist, so Joe spun the skirt around so that the zipper was almost at the front. He finished zipping it up, and then buttoned the little tab. When it looked right, he spun the skirt back around so that the zipper was aligned with his backbone.

The skirt felt a bit loose, but looked good. Joe removed the jacket from the hanger, and easily slipped it over his silk-covered arms. He wanted to look in the mirror. He pulled the hair out from under the collar of the jacket, opened the door, and stepped out. Karen was waiting for him and smiled widely when she saw him.

"You look great," she said.

Joe stepped to the three sided mirror, and looked at himself. Again, he was amazed how different he looked with the hairpiece. The suit looked good on his new shape, too. He was impressed with his appearance. "I didn't ask to be like this," he thought, "but I might as well look the best I can."

Joe looked at his legs in the mirror. He had left his shoes in the cubicle, and his white Reebok athletic socks really did not go with his outfit. He looked like one of those secretaries in the city, who wore jogging shoes for the walk from the car or train station, to their office. He walked over to the mannequin, to see what else it was wearing. He saw that it wore sheer white hose. He did not like that color much when Linda wore it.

"I don't like those white stockings," Joe said to Karen.

"That color is very popular," the saleswoman said, "but a darker color would also look good."

"Get some sheer blue, or I've found dark sand to match my hair color," Karen said.

"I'll take this stuff," Joe decided, "and I'm going to look around some more." He was starting to get into this shopping thing.

Joe looked at the other mannequins for ideas. The others were either not suitable to his taste, or were too 'evening dress' styled. He could not think of any place he would be going where he would wear things like that. His taste leaned toward the tasteful, conservative, business suit styles. Most of the dresses were far too feminine for him. It was early spring, and most of the things were summer styles.

"How about something like this?" Karen asked. "You can't wear suits when you aren't at work. What if you want to dress up to go out in your off time."

Karen pulled a sundress from the rack. It was sort of faded red-orange, and had straps over the shoulders which crossed in back. It had a slightly low top. It was tasteful, and sophisticated. Joe liked it, but was not sure about the low cut top.

"Gee, Karen, I don't know. Isn't that a little breezy?" he asked.

"No, it isn't. It's summer. You can't wear long sleeves all summer," Karen insisted. "If you don't buy this, I might."

"Okay, okay, I'll try it on," Joe said.

He tried to sound like he did not like this task, but deep inside, he was beginning to enjoy trying on these new things. As a man, he usually shopped just to replace worn clothes, with little thought to fashion, or style. Now, trying on new clothes was an experience in textures, and feel. Women had such variety to select from in color, style, and fabric. He was beginning to understand why Linda loved to shop for clothes. Compared to buying men's clothes, it was a most sensual occasion.

Joe took the red sundress from Karen, and walked back to the fitting area. He entered the cubicle, and hung it in the hook. He removed his top again, and slipped out of his shorts. He took the dress from the hanger, and pulled it over his head. Closing the buttons at the back of the dress was a difficult process, but he did it. He looked down at himself. The straps of the little dress did not cover the

shoulder straps of his bra. He tried to tuck them under the dress straps the best he could, and went out to look in the mirror.

He was inspecting himself in the mirror, as Karen came up behind him. She touched his back, and snapped the strap of his bra.

"You're going to have to do something about this," she said. "You can either forget the bra entirely, or look for one of those strapless, or crossover types."

Joe thought about it. Without a bra, he felt insecure, and even more self-conscious. When he thought about it, maybe he was foolish to feel that way, but he realized, the new shape of his body was more noticeable, to him, and probably everybody else too, when he did not have one on.

"I'll look for one that works with this," Joe insisted.

He looked at himself in the three-sided mirror. He could not deny that he really was attractive. He guessed that maybe, because the change was so new, it did not seem that he was looking at himself, but that he was seeing somebody else in the mirror. Almost like he was INSIDE another person. The illusion was made even more interesting by the fact that this other person was a very attractive member of the opposite sex. The fact that he could feel everything the other person felt made the experience almost overwhelming. Maybe that was how he was able to cope, he considered. The only problem with the whole thing was, there was no way to stop the illusion. He had to live it full time. That made it difficult. If only he had the ability to change from his normal, old appearance to the illusion at will. Then, this might be the ultimate experience.

"I think you better get it," he heard Karen say. "You sure seem to like it."

"Yeah, I guess I better," he answered, jolted back to reality by her words.

Joe went back to the fitting room, and removed the sundress. He slowly put his shorts and top back on. He took the clothes out and gave them to the saleswoman.

"Will there be anything else?" she asked.

"Yeah, I'll need some kind of slip or something, for the suit, and I guess I should get another bra. One that doesn't stick out of the sundress," he said, speaking more to himself than to her. "I better get a purse, or handbag, or whatever you call it, too, and I just have to buy a

watch. My old one just falls off my wrist now, and I can't get used to not wearing one."

The woman looked at him strangely. She began ringing up the things, but kept her eye on Joe. She sensed that there was something very unusual about this woman, but she could not place it.

"The lingerie section is down this aisle, and to the left," she said carefully. "The better handbags are upstairs. Ladies' watches can be found in the jewelry section, over there." She pointed at another counter, two aisles away.

Joe noticed his words were unnerving the saleswoman. He was becoming more confident now, and decided to play with her head a little. He looked around. There was no one in the area but him, Karen, and the saleslady. When she presented him with the bill, he gave her his American Express card, and when he was finished paying, he thanked the woman, then went over to the nearby mirror, looked at himself critically, and took off the wig. The saleswoman, who never took her eyes off him, let out a noticeable gasp. Joe smoothed his short hair, pretended to adjust his bra, and then, carefully replaced the wig. He walked out of the saleswoman's section without looking at the woman. Karen, who had been silently watching what was happening, followed, trying her best not to laugh. When they turned the corner, walking toward lingerie, she spoke.

"Joe, I can't believe you did that," she said, laughing. "You are simply unbelievable."

"You said it, didn't you?" Joe said. "If you got it, flaunt it."

They went into the lingerie section, and Joe again began to feel like out of place among the silky, feminine things hanging on the racks, and hooks. But, he had always liked the look and feel of these things on a woman, and now, it seemed, he was starting to enjoy the feel of wearing them, too.

Joe tried to remember what he needed to buy, as he looked at all the sexy things. He remembered that he needed something to wear under the suit, as well as the skirts he already had. The only other time he had worn a dress, he had borrowed a slip from Linda. She called it a half-slip. Whatever it was, he needed one. He went over to the rack where they were hanging, and took one. He held it up to his waist, to see how long it was. He looked up, to get Karen's opinion, when he saw a guy, who was probably self-consciously waiting for his wife to try something on, watching him. He began to blush.

Since he had begun to wear Karen's hairpiece, he had become much more confident, probably because he looked so female, but his confidence went out the window when he saw this stranger, who surely suspected nothing, innocently watching him pick out a slip. His heart began to pound, and he could feel sweat beginning to form on his forehead. He took the slip, and went over to Karen, who was looking at teddies.

"Did you find something already?" she asked.

"Yeah, I... I think I need this," Joe stuttered.

Karen could tell that something was wrong. She looked at him.

"What's the matter, Joe?" she asked. "Do you feel sick?"

"No... No, nothing like that," Joe whispered nervously. "I just suddenly realized, again, that I'm really still a guy inside. I don't know what I'm doing here. A guy over there is watching me. I can't buy stuff like this with a guy watching."

"Joe, think about it," Karen said. "Look at yourself. Put yourself in his place. He's just watching a good looking woman. It's probably a little turn on for him, or something, just to watch you, but there's no crime with that. You probably did it too. There, look." Karen motioned at the man.

The man's wife came out of the fitting room, with a couple of slips she had been trying on. The man began talking to her. He was not even looking at Joe, or Karen.

"There, see? He didn't think you were a guy in drag, or anything," Karen teased. "My God, Joe, you look more like a woman than I do."

"Okay, I guess you're right. I'll try to hang in there," Joe said.

A saleswoman, maybe twenty years old, came over to them. "Can I be of assistance?" she asked. She saw the half slip Joe was holding. "Did you want to buy that?"

"Well, I need a slip to wear under a suit," Joe said, hoping he used the right terminology.

"Did you want a half, or a full slip?" the girl asked.

"I don't know," Joe answered honestly.

"Well, if you want a half-slip, you might also consider a matching teddy," the young woman said. She was trained to suggest items.

"I'd like to see the choices," Joe said. His confidence was returning.

They walked back to the area where Joe had found the slip, and the salesgirl pulled a white teddy, which matched the slip he still held. The white nylon fabric had no lace, or decoration, but looked silky, and sexy, just like Joe liked it. The crotch, which closed with three little snaps, hung open. Joe just had to try it on.

"Could I try it?" Joe asked.

"Certainly," the young woman answered. She handed Joe the hanger containing the silky wisp of cloth.

Joe gave Karen the bags he was carrying, and took the slip and teddy into the fitting room. This one was like the first women's fitting room he had ever been in. The doors were really like shutters. They did not go all the way to the floor or top of the door opening. The middle part was just wooden slats, mounted like louvers. The person inside could see over the door if they were tall, and could even see through the slats of the door across the aisle.

Joe hung the hangers on the hook provided, and began removing his outer clothing. He started to remove his shorts, but had to sit to pull his Reeboks off first. He did that, and when he stood to pull his shorts off, he noticed a woman enter the cubicle across from him. It made him think of the first morning, only four days ago, when he came to the mall to buy some clothes, confused, and almost scared to death. That's when he got his first view of a woman, in an adjoining cubicle, also trying on undergarments. That time, the strong male urge he still possessed, almost made his heart explode. He was not yet used to seeing so much of his new peer group.

As he continued to undress, Joe watched as the young woman in the other cubicle removed her blouse. She carefully hung it on the wall hook, and then unfastened the strap of her pink bra. She removed it and tossed it on the padded seat. Through the wide gaps in the door slats, Joe could see the woman's breasts.

He waited for the familiar feeling of his penis, that was what it still felt like to him, swelling as it became aroused. That would shortly be followed, since the change, by a somewhat uncomfortable feeling of wetness, as his new vagina started to lubricate and made the crotch of his underwear wet. He watched and waited. There was nothing.

The woman scratched an itch on her left breast with her right hand. The innocent action caused the breast to jiggle like Jello. Joe tensed the muscles in his groin. Before, this scene would have caused a pants ripping erection. Now, although the sight was still interesting, he felt about the same excitement as if he was watching his friend Jay change clothes next to him at the health club. What was happening to him?

Concerned, Joe touched the crotch of his panties. They were warm, maybe a little damp, they were always a little damp, but they were not soaking wet, as they would have been on previous days. Was he losing his old desire? Maybe, as Dr. Krell suspected, his libido was enhanced by the extra testosterone, left over from when his gonads were testicles. The ovaries he had now would, of course, eventually cause his sex drive to change, and probably become somewhat cyclic. If he was really female, it was probably inevitable.

Joe gently stroked the smooth nylon that covered his soft crotch. It felt good, not in an erotic way, but rather he liked the slick feel of the fabric, which felt so different from the cotton jockey shorts he had always wore before. He looked over at the woman. As she placed her arms into the straps of the new bra, Joe could see the outline of her bosom. "Her boobs are no bigger than mine," he thought. "In fact, mine are better. No wonder she doesn't turn me on. I'm getting used to seeing female anatomy every time I look in the mirror." He went back to his task of trying on his new underwear.

Joe pulled the teddy over his head and down his body. It was silky and a bit loose around his chest, but below the light elastic waistband, it was made of a stretchy, lycra fabric. He reached between his legs, grabbed the little crotch strap, and snapped it closed. There was no mirror in the cubicle, so he could not see himself. He looked down, and was satisfied that it fit okay. He grabbed the slip, and stepped into it. He really wanted to see himself in a mirror, but that would have to wait. Satisfied, he took the silky things off again.

That was when he remembered. He still needed to get a bra without straps. He quickly put his shorts back on, and slipped the top over his head. Joe decided that he would not need to take his shoes off anymore, so he put them back on, and tied them. He grabbed the silky items, and left the cubicle. He put them on the counter by the cash register and went over to where Karen was standing, casually looking at slips.

"What kind of bra do you think I should get?" he asked.

"What kind do you like?" she asked.

"I don't like a lot of lace, and stuff like that," he said. He had always liked the simple, silky, sheer underthings better than the lacy stuff, even when he did not have to wear them himself.

They went over to the wall where all types, and colors of bras were displayed, arranged by brand name. Karen went to the Maidenform section, and selected a sheer cupped bra, with straps which were convertible from crossover in back, to looping around the neck like a swimsuit. It met Joe's requirement in that it had no lace at all. The nude colored bra had cups so sheer they were almost transparent.

"How about this?" she asked. "You wear a B cup, don't you?"

"Yeah, I guess so," Joe said. "I think I'm 34B." He took the bra from Karen. He held the flimsy thing up. He saw the sheerness of the cups, and grinned sheepishly as he looked at Karen. "Well, this is about as see-through as it gets, isn't it," he said, grinning.

"It's underwear, Joe, you won't see it under your clothes," Karen said.

"Yeah, but I'll know it's there," Joe objected.

"That's the whole idea, isn't it?" Karen returned, and winked at him.

He thought about it. She was right. The only reason for the design of this little item was because it made a woman look good. Maybe feel good too. He might as well get it. "Okay, I'll buy it," he said simply.

"You better try it on," Karen suggested. "I don't know about you, but I hate a bra that doesn't fit right."

"Okay, I'll try it, then," Joe said. He did not mind. He was really wondering what he'd look like in it, anyway.

Again, Joe went back into the cubicle. He removed his top again, and took off the white bra. The coolness of the air conditioning quickly made his full nipples stiffen to little points that reminded him of pencil erasers. He was always amused by the way his new, larger, nipples reacted to sudden changes in temperature. Maybe they did the same thing when he was male, but they were so small that he had never noticed, if they had. He was much more aware of things like that since he became female.

He picked up the new bra. He looked at the straps, tangled as they were. The convertible bra was configured to crossover in back.

That's probably what he wanted, he decided, so he left it that way. It was a back close type, the first of that kind he had ever tried on. He stuck his arms in the proper places in the tangle of straps, and pulled the sheer cups to his breasts. He reached behind his back and hooked the back strap without as much difficulty as he thought he would have. The shoulder straps had little adjustment clasps, and he adjusted them slightly. He felt the cups, and decided that they fit him perfectly.

He looked down at his chest. His nipples and areolas were plainly visible through the almost transparent fabric. It looked awfully sexy, even to him. "Wearing tee-shirts was never like this," he thought. It might be fun wearing this thing. Reluctantly, he removed it, and put his other clothes back on.

Joe took the bra and put it with his other purchases on the counter. He went over to Karen.

"It fits great," he said, grinning widely. "The darn thing's almost see-through too. I kinda like it."

"I just thought you might," Karen said knowingly.

"Can you think of anything else I need from this department?" Joe asked Karen.

"Gee, I don't know what you might need, Joe. I think you have all you were really short of, but is one slip enough?" she asked.

"Probably not. If I start back to work again, I guess I'll be wearing stuff like this almost every day," Joe said. He was beginning to look forward to wearing the things women seemed to take for granted.

"Yeah, it's hell, isn't it," Karen teased. It was almost like she understood what was going on in his head.

They went back to where the slips were displayed. Joe found a full slip with a stretchy, fitted top bodice. He liked it immediately. He located one in a silver/gray color, like the one he borrowed from Linda. The brand name was Olga.

"I think I want this," he said.

"Well, I think you should get it, then," Karen said, in a similar tone.

Joe took the slip to the counter, and took out his credit card. As the girl was ringing up his latest purchases, he asked Karen, "I still

need a purse or something to carry stuff in. What do you think I should get?"

"Let's go look at what they have," Karen answered. "You'll need at least two types. One for outfits like that suit, and at least one, something simpler, to use for every day. I have a little clutch purse. It's big enough for money, and ID. It's better than lugging a purse around all the time, too."

The salesgirl, who could hear their conversation, looked at both of them curiously, but said nothing.

"I think I should get some shoes to go with the suit," Joe went on. "I'm getting to like shopping for clothes, but I think I still don't like trying on shoes. I can barely walk in even the lowest heels."

"I think a simple black pump would be right for the suit," Karen said. "Maybe you should practice wearing them around home. That's how I learned to walk in them."

The salesgirl, completely confused by the unusual conversation of these two older women, was getting her register entries messed up as she listened.

"Remind me to get a wristwatch, too," Joe continued. He was lost in his own thoughts, and did not notice the girl's increasingly obvious interest in their conversation. Karen did, though, and she decided to spice up the conversation a bit.

"Yeah, your wrist is probably a lot smaller now," she said, watching the girl's reaction.

Joe looked at Karen. He was surprised at her last statement, but understood when he saw the way the girl was looking at Karen. He might as well play along.

"The old one almost falls off my arm," he added, holding his wrist. Of course, it was true. His large aviator's Seiko looked strange, and far too large for his now feminine sized wrists and hands.

He signed the ticket, and thanked the confused girl, who looked like she would have loved to ask what they were talking about. They left the lingerie section, and went to the jewelry counter. Joe wanted a new watch. He needed one that would fit his smaller wrist. He looked at the ladies' styles, not really finding one that he liked, until he found a ladies' diver's watch, made by Citizen. It was sort of like a miniature version of his aviator's watch, with a sweep second hand, but small enough for his wrist.

He bought the watch, and then they walked to the department that had purses, wallets, and all types of handbags. Karen helped him pick out a couple of lower priced handbags, and also a better one which matched his new suit. He also selected, at her suggestion, a little clutch that he could use when he did not want to take a purse. He knew he needed these things, but to him, they were no substitute for a man's wallet, and pockets to carry it in.

They then went to the shoe department, and Joe found a type which Karen said was perfect for his new suit. Joe tried them on, and found the heels, which were lower than the other pairs he bought the first day, were much easier to walk in. He bought them from a salesman who hardly took his eyes from him, the whole time. Joe felt the blood rush to his face whenever the guy was around. He was a good looking man, but to Joe, who to this time had never had so much obvious male attention, there was not any mutual attraction. Joe tried to ignore the guy as he made small talk. He hoped the guy would not push the issue since he had no idea how he should react. They walked out of the store, and Karen could not resist rubbing it in.

"That guy wanted your bod," she teased. "How do you like being a sex object?"

"I don't know," Joe answered. "I guess I... I'm glad I don't look like Dave, or Mike, but I sure am not ready to flirt with men."

"You're doing fine, Joe," Karen advised. "You're doing just fine."

They started to leave the department store, when the upside-down mannequin legs reminded Joe that he should get some pantyhose to match the clothes he just bought. He went over to that section, and Karen followed.

"I hate wearing these things," he said to her. "It makes taking a whiz an even bigger ordeal."

"It is more difficult while wearing them," Karen agreed. "Of course, you could wear individual hose, if you like that better. I have both, and they each have their own advantages. With short skirts, pantyhose is the only way to go. You don't have any really short skirts."

"Let's see what they have," Joe decided.

They looked at the various types, and colors, and Joe picked out two pairs of stockings, the type that stay up by themselves, with a light elastic around the top. He certainly did not want to wear a garter belt.

They were leaving the store when Joe saw a rack containing sunglasses. He always wore sunglasses when he flew in the daylight, but his smaller features made his old ones hang at the end of his nose. He went over to the rack, and started looking at the smaller and women's types. He found finally found some reasonably good ones that fit his size, and still did not look too feminine for his personal taste. He bought them, and they left the store.

As they were driving back to Joe's, or Linda's house, Joe decided to tell Karen about the way he felt as he watched the woman changing, back in the store.

"I don't understand it," he said. "Ever since the change, I obviously look different, but my feelings about women, about sex, have been the same as always. Sometimes, it's been uncomfortable, almost embarrassing, for me. I was just starting to get used to the way it feels like I'm peeing my pants when I get excited, and that's been pretty often, too. It seemed like my underwear was always wet. Linda could cause it to happen. Barb, my best friend Jay's girl friend, she could cause it. It was just like I was still a guy, but worse, since I now I'm allowed in women's dressing rooms, and all that. Any guy would get worked up in that position, and I did. But a while ago, while I was trying on that slip, I could see a woman changing clothes in the compartment across the aisle. I watched her try on underwear. Nothing. It didn't do a thing for me. No hardon, no wetness. Nothing. It was like I was watching Jay change clothes. What's happening to me? Did you notice the same thing after you had your operation?"

"Gee Joe, I don't think you can compare my transition to yours at all," Karen answered. "For me, it took years. I was on hormones for almost two years before I had my reassignment surgery. By then, I already had quite a bit of breast development, and I was living as a woman full time. I wasn't sexually active, and I guess I wasn't ready to accept men yet. I did like to be around women, but I didn't really want sex with them. I think the hormones caused that. After the surgery, I did wonder what sex with a guy would be like, since now I had the right plumbing, but I didn't really have a strong urge to try it. Even now, after I've done it a few times, I can take it or leave it. I don't know if that's a normal female reaction, or not, though. I do feel different, at different times during the month. I have to take hormones every month, for the rest of my life. I don't have a period, like a genetic female, like you probably will, but I do experience hormone induced mood swings, and changes in desire, very much like I would

if I had all the female internal organs. I just don't think my experience is comparable to yours, though."

"I guess I don't have a lot of choice, if I'm really female now," Joe concluded, "but it sure feels strange when the old turn on's suddenly don't work anymore."

"Maybe you'll get new ones to compensate," Karen said, grinning, and winking at him.

"That's a scary thought, too," he returned.

"If you're going to live as a woman, it would probably be for the best, wouldn't it?" Karen asked logically.

"Yeah, I guess that's true, but I'm not sure what would be worse, not ever making love to a woman again, or having sex with a guy," Joe answered.

"Well, that depends on your point of view, doesn't it, and it looks to me like yours has changed," Karen added.

"Yeah, it has. It sure has, at that," Joe said.

"You're doing great, Joe Bates," Karen said. "Just keep it up. You might find you actually like your new point of view."

"Oh, I know," Joe said. "I already like some of the things about being a woman. I actually enjoyed trying on clothes today. I never thought I'd say that. I guess that's part of the change too. I don't know. Everything feels and looks so good. I can't describe it. If I could change back and forth at will, this whole experience would be fantastic."

"Well, I think most women, and probably, most men, too, if they could try it, would say that. Anyone who's been on both sides would say that neither side is definitely better. They both have some advantages," Karen agreed.

"You seem to have thought that the female side was better," Joe said.

"I always felt that I WAS female," Karen replied. "Changing my body to match my head, even if it couldn't be a perfect changeover, was worth the misery, I guess. Once you've done it, you can't get back anyway. Not that I would want to even if I could."

"I guess if I'm stuck like this, I'll manage, but if they find a way to get me back, I'd take it in a minute," Joe said.

They drove back to Linda's house. Karen parked in the drive, and helped Joe carry his bags and packages into the house. Linda was sitting at the table in the breakfast area. "Well, you two seem to have bought out the store," she said, as she saw them enter. "Joe, the hair looks great," she added when she saw the hairpiece Karen loaned him.

"I guess I have enough for the trip," he told Linda. "Karen loaned me this." He touched the long hair with his hand.

She looked at him, and grinned.

"I bought a suit sort of like the one you wore this morning," Joe said.

"You liked it so much, you went out and bought one, huh?" she said. "Starting to like this girl stuff, are you?"

"Well, I decided if I have to be one, I might as well be one I'd like to look at," Joe teased back.

"You have to try it on and show us," Linda insisted.

"The suit is very nice, but you should see what Joe looks like in this," Karen said, pulling the red sundress out of its bag.

"Oooh, I like that," Linda said. "I wonder if it will fit me."

"Oh, sure. I get some new clothes, and already, my girlfriend wants to borrow them," Joe kidded.

"You've got to try them both on," Linda insisted again. "Get in there, and change."

"Okay, okay, I will, if you insist," Joe said, trying to sound like he did not want to, but he was anxious to try it all on again. "What's happening to me?" he wondered again.

He took the bag containing the suit and the silk top while Linda and Karen took the rest of the packages into his room. They laid it all on his bed. He stood there a little embarrassed while they waited for him to try it all on. "What the hell," he thought. "They both know what I look like all over." He pulled his top over his head, and tossed it on the bed. He sat on the edge of the bed, and pulled off the Reeboks and the sweat socks. He unfastened his shorts, stood and stepped out of them.

"Try the sundress first," Linda asked. "I just love it."

Joe looked at the little red dress. He remembered that the straps did not hide the straps of his bra, so he unsnapped the hook between

the cups, and took it off. He dug into one of the bags until he found the one with the crisscross straps. He quickly put it on, realizing that both of the women were watching him intently. He looked at Karen, but she just looked back with her usual big grin. Linda's eyes were fixed on the almost transparent cups of the new bra. Self-conscious, he pulled his panties up snug, and grabbed the little red dress from the bed. He put it over his head, and Linda helped him fasten the buttons at the back. He had done that for her a few times, but she had never done it for him, until now. Then, Karen and Linda both stood back, and critically eyed him.

"Joe, you're gorgeous," Linda said. "For somebody who still feels like a guy, you sure look fantastic as a woman."

"I'm doing my best with what I've got," Joe said. Awkwardly, he turned about, trying to act, the best he could, like a clothes model, as he remembered them. He was experiencing an unusual combination of embarrassment and pride.

"You look so different, with the different hair" Linda said. "It really looks good."

"Okay, try the suit on," Karen said. "If I'm going to San Diego with you tomorrow I've got to go home and get ready too."

Joe reluctantly unbuttoned the red dress, and pulled it over his head. He really liked the way he looked in it. He put it on a hanger and hung it on the door hook. He went to the bed and took the silk top, and pulled it over his head. As he awkwardly tied the bow, he spoke.

"It's almost worth it to go through all this just to be able to wear this," he said, and rubbed his breasts with both hands, through the silky fabric.

"Control yourself, you dirty old man," Linda teased. "We're not here to watch you feel yourself up."

Joe winked at her, and took the skirt from the bed, and stepped into it. As he did before, he spun it around, zipped it, and buttoned the tab. Then he spun it so that the zipper was in the back. Unlike the fullness of the bottom of the sundress, the suit had a straight skirt that felt much different. Although the waist band was loose, the hips were more form fitting. He turned around once, so they could see what he looked like, and then put the jacket on. He pulled his hair out of the neck of the jacket, and again turned around slowly.

"Well, what do you think?" he asked to no one in particular.

"You look great," Karen said.

"Yeah, fantastic," Linda agreed. "What else did you get?"

"Oh, just some more underwear, slips and stuff like that," Joe said.

Linda went over to the bed and started looking into the rest of the bags. She pulled out the slip and the teddy, and held them up.

"You really took me up on my suggestion, didn't you?" Linda asked.

"I had to get something, and I know what I like when I see you wear it, so why not? Yeah, I guess I did," Joe answered.

"You look just great," Linda said again. "It would almost be a shame if they can change you back." Joe wondered if she was really teasing, or if she meant it.

"Well, I've got to get going," Karen said. "I have some laundry to do before I go to bed. I'll see you at the hangar at six in the morning?"

"Yeah, that's about it," Joe answered. "I think we can make Lindbergh Field in about two, two plus thirty, depending on the winds."

"Ok, see you in the morning," Karen said.

"Bye, and thanks a lot," Joe said. He hated to see her leave.

"Pleased to meet you, Karen. Come by anytime," Linda called.

"You'll be seeing more of me, I'm sure," she called back.

When Karen left, Joe went back into his room. He took off the suit, and was standing in his underwear, trying to figure out what things he should take along, when Linda came through the half open door to his room.

"Can I come in?" she asked.

"Sure, you know you're always welcome," Joe replied.

Linda came up behind him, and put her arms around him. He took one of her hands and kissed it. She put her other hand on one of his breasts, and pinched the nipple lightly, through the thin fabric of the bra. Feeling the slight pain, Joe spun around quickly. He took her in his arms, and kissed her on the lips. It was pleasant, she was so soft, and she smelled great, but it was not the old zing that he always felt before, when he had Linda in his arms. He tried to show the same

enthusiasm as always but it was difficult. He was beginning to think of Linda as a friend, as a buddy, not as a lover. No matter how sexy he thought she was, she was not making his juices flow anymore. What was happening?

Chapter 13

SAN DIEGO

Linda could sense that something was wrong. She backed away from Joe, and just stood there, confused.

"What's the matter, Joe?" she asked. "Did I do something wrong?"

"No, you haven't done anything wrong," Joe answered. "I don't know what's wrong. I'm having such strange feelings. I don't know what's going on. I can't explain it. I first noticed it today, at the mall. I watched a woman undressing, and I didn't even feel anything. Nothing. It was weird, and I can't explain it. I was hoping I wouldn't feel the same about you, but right now, I just don't get the old urge. Since the change, I have been feeling hornier than ever, but now, suddenly, it's gone. Don't get me wrong, I still love you, but I'm just not sexually aroused." He sat on the bed.

"Maybe it's just temporary," Linda said, as she stroked his back.

"Yeah, maybe it is," Joe said, "or maybe my head's changing. Maybe I'm destined to be female in body and in mind, too. I don't know. I don't know." He began to sob.

Suddenly, he realized what he was doing. He was sitting there feeling sorry for himself, and he was crying like a girl... like a woman. What was happening? Linda saw it too, and was surprised at this reaction. She could see that Joe was changing. He was becoming more emotional. She put her arm around him.

"Is there anything I can do?" she asked. "I want to help in any way I can."

"I'm sorry," Joe said. "You've been so good to me so far. Just help me to deal with this. I just don't know what's happening."

"We'll both get through this, don't worry," Linda said.

"I've got to finish getting ready for tomorrow," Joe said. "Help me to get enough stuff to hold me for about two days."

"Sure, we'll get you packed in no time," Linda said. "What do you plan to wear in the morning?"

"That's a problem," Joe replied. "I like the sundress, but I don't know if it would be a problem flying with that full skirt."

"How about the new suit then?" Linda continued. "That would probably be the equivalent of what you'd wear as a guy."

"You think so?" Joe asked, wiping his eyes. He liked the suit.

"Sure, and you look good in it, too," Linda said. "We'll pack the red dress, and your shorts, too. I think you should also take another skirt and blouse along. If you can't find anything in your closet, you're welcome to look in mine."

Joe went into his closet, and took a white blouse, and the blue a-line skirt he wore on the first day. Linda folded and packed them in his B-4 bag. She went to his drawers, and took out some underwear, as well as pantyhose and athletic socks.

"I bought some nylon stockings today," Joe said. "I hate to wear pantyhose, 'cause I have to go to the bathroom so often." He got the nylons from the bag, and showed them to Linda.

"You'll probably want to wear these in the morning then," she said, holding up the blue ones.

"Yeah, If you say so," Joe replied. He was happy to have her pick out his clothes. He liked her tastes, and her eye for color.

"Well, I guess you're about ready. There are just your bath items yet," Linda said.

"I'll get them in the morning, after my shower. I hope I can get you to help with those cosmetics again in the morning," he asked.

"Sure, but I guess that means I have to get up at four o'clock," Linda said.

"I do have a show time of six," Joe admitted. "I don't know how long it'll take for me to get ready."

"Set the alarm for four, at least," Linda groaned.

"I guess we better hit the sack early then," Joe decided.

"I'm going to wash my face, and take a bath," Linda said. "If you're planning to shower in the morning, I suggest you wash that makeup off, anyway. I have cleansing cream in my bath, if you don't have any yet."

"Okay, I'll take it off," Joe said.

Linda went back to her bedroom, and Joe removed his underwear. He decided that he should wear something, and remembered the little terry romper he bought at She-Sports. He got it from a drawer,

stepped into it, and pulled it over his boobs. He walked to Linda's room, and went into her bathroom, where she was standing at the sink, in her panties, while the tub was filling. He watched her. She looked so sexy standing there, in black panties, getting ready for her bath. The bra she had just removed had marked her skin with the same little pink lines that Joe noticed around the edges of his breasts. Joe watched her with interest, but felt little excitement, as he watched her remove her makeup, her breasts bouncing as she rubbed her face.

Soon she finished, and she looked up at him.

"Show's over, Joe," she teased. "Time for your lesson in makeup removal."

She showed him what to do, and he did as he was told. When his hair got in the way, he removed the wig. He looked at his now more familiar face. As the light makeup came off, he saw his former features seem to return, but not completely. Usually, by this time of the day, his beard was beginning to show as a noticeable stubble. Now, it was still smooth as a baby's behind, and felt almost as soft, too. He found the makeup was far easier to take off than it was to put on, and he finished quickly. The tub was ready, too. Linda removed her undies, and stepped into the bubbles.

"I think there's room for you, if you want," she said enticingly.

It was tempting, but Joe just did not feel like messing around. "Maybe another time," he said. "I better get to bed."

Taking his hairpiece, Joe left her room, and went back to his own. He took the remainder of the things laying on the bed, and either put them away, or laid them aside, to wear in the morning. He saw the underwear he wore that day, and considered whether he should wash it out in the sink. No, he decided, I'll do it later. He just did not feel like hand washing panties right then.

He opened the bed, and sprawled out on it. He had left the overhead light on, and had to get up again. He reluctantly got back up, and was going to switch off the light, when he noticed the book that Karen had given him to read, laying on the dresser. He took it, and switched on the light next to the bed, then went over and turned off the over head light. He lay back down on the bed, and covered himself with the sheet.

He picked up the book, and looked at the cover. "GENETICS, AND SEX DETERMINATION," it read. He opened it, and started to read. The book's subject had always held a mild interest to him, but

now, of course, it had a special significance. He started to read, and quickly became engrossed in the subject matter. He had been reading for some time when Linda quietly came in his room and sat on the edge of his bed.

"What are you reading?" she asked.

"Oh, this is a book Karen suggested I read," he answered, and continued reading, trying to finish the chapter.

Linda sat there, watching him, and looking around the room. She looked down at the pile of his clothes lying at the side of the bed, and saw Joe's underpants. They had sort of rolled up when he had pulled them off, and the narrow crotch section was face up, and visible. She saw the little stain of blood and picked them up.

"Joe, have you noticed your discharge?" she asked him.

Joe was still trying to finish the chapter before he put the book down. "What discharge is that?" he returned. He was not really listening.

"Look at your underwear. Are you starting your period?" she asked.

"Period? I'm not having a period," he said, as he finally put the book down and looked up at her. He saw that she had the underwear he wore that day.

"Are you sure?" she asked. "It looks like you're starting to spot." She showed him the bloody stain. Mixed with the normal vaginal secretions, it appeared to her like the light menstrual flow at the start of a period.

"Oh, that," he said, grinning. "Hey, I'm a virgin. What do you think about that."

"What do you mean, you're a virgin?" Linda scoffed. "What are you talking about?"

"It's true," he said, still grinning at her. "Dr. Krell examined me today. He said I had an intact hymen. That makes me a virgin, technically at least."

"So where did the blood come from? Did he break your intact hymen?" Linda asked. She thought he was teasing her.

"Well, Dr. Krell put a speculum inside of me when he gave me a pelvic examination," Joe said. "I think maybe he stretched it a little. I know it sure hurt like hell, but he said that he was able to keep it

intact. It bled a little bit, though. Do they do that to you every time they examine you?"

"So you had a pelvic exam today, huh?" Linda asked. "What did you think about it? What did they find?"

"Well, it's a lot different than any physical I ever had before," he answered honestly. "Dr. Krell said that I looked like I had normal female internal organs, and yeah, he said he thought I probably would have normal menses. That's what he called it."

"So you really are a woman," Linda said, as if she did not really expect it to be true. "Did he tell you anything else?"

"He said he could tell that I was circumcised when I still had my penis, because he found unexplained scar tissue around the clitoris. He said he figured that was it was probably the result of penile circumcision," Joe explained.

"I didn't see any scar tissue on your genitals," Linda said.

"Did you really look?" Joe asked. "I know that females all look slightly different in that area. I know I don't look exactly like you. I think you have more tissue over your clitoris compared to me."

"Does it feel different?" she asked.

"How would I know?" Joe replied. "I can tell you this, it feels way more sensitive than my penis did, but only if something touches it. When it's left alone, it feels just like it did before. Since it has the same nerves, and I guess, the same number of nerves. To me, it feels like it's much bigger than it appears. I think it's like a cold sore in your mouth. It seems bigger than it looks, I guess, because the nerves are so closely spaced, compared to before."

"Can I look?" Linda asked. "I want to see the scar tissue he told you about."

"Sure, I guess so," Joe answered. He sat up, and pulled the sheet away, parting his legs, and gently spreading the moist folds of tissue. The little glistening bud of flesh protruded near where the folds sort of joined.

"So this is really your penis now?" Linda asked. She was inspecting him with intense interest.

"Well, It feels like my penis. It's not a penis anymore, obviously, but it still feels like it, to me anyway," Joe repeated. "My guess is, it's the same parts, nerves and such, just arranged, or repackaged, and a

lot different looking, obviously. You probably have the same parts, too."

"You think so?" Linda asked. "You really think a clitoris feels like a penis?"

"From my experience, and that's all I go to go on, it sure does," Joe answered. "Almost exactly the same, as long as nothing touches it. Then it's much more sensitive than my penis was."

"Overall, then, is it better, or worse?" Linda asked, curious to know.

"Just what are you trying to find out?" Joe asked her. It was becoming obvious that there was a reason for her questioning.

"I'd just like to know what it feels like. I've always wondered what it would be like to be a guy... to have a penis, and everything," she answered, slightly embarrassed. "I've always been curious what it felt like for you, when we made love."

"It felt great. Absolutely great," Joe said, and put his arm around her.

"Do you miss it, then? Do you miss your penis?" she asked.

"Do I miss it?" Joe replied. "Sure I do. Every minute, but not because I constantly have the urge to have sex. Hell, until today, I've been hornier than ever, and I've hardly had a chance to know it was gone when we've been together. Of course, I'm having new feelings now, some of them seem even better than before." As Joe spoke, he thought of their times together, before, and after the change. He thought of the new sensations, and his apparently heightened senses. He missed it, but there were compensations.

"So, if you had a choice then, would you want to be a man, or a woman," Linda asked.

"For Pete's sake, Linda, that's a hard question to answer," Joe said. "Of course I would rather be a man. It would simplify everything, but if I had been born a woman, and suddenly turned into a man, I'd probably want be a woman again. It's not what FEELS better that causes it, it's how you're raised. There's nothing wrong with being a woman, of course I'm still having problems with having to sit to pee, but damn it, otherwise it feels pretty good. I'm starting to like wearing the clothes, too. I never thought I'd say that, and I sort of like the sensation of having these boobs too, even if I'm still usually embarrassed by them."

"Do you like Karen?" Linda asked.

The question surprised Joe. What was she thinking about now? Maybe he was starting to think like a woman, but he still had a long way to go.

"What do you mean by that?" he asked.

"You've just met her today, you said, but you two seem to get along so well together. It's like you were old pals," Linda answered.

"It's different with Karen. She understands my problem," Joe said carefully.

"What does that mean?" Linda asked. "I'm trying to understand it, too. What does she do that I don't."

Joe decided to tell her about Karen.

"Does Karen look different... unusual to you, in any way?" he asked.

"Unusual? No, I don't think so. She's a bit tall, that's all," Linda answered, wondering what he was getting at.

"Four years ago, Karen was a medical student at UA. Her name was Keith then, and she was a guy. She underwent hormone therapy, had an operation, and now she's a woman," Joe revealed.

"The woman who was here, tonight, in this house, she was a MAN?!" Linda asked, completely amazed.

"Yeah, that's right," Joe answered. "About two years ago, she had surgery in San Diego, and now she's physically, and legally, a woman. She can do about everything except get pregnant."

"I've heard about that operation, but I never knew anyone who underwent it," Linda said.

"Now you do," Joe said. "Dr. Krell says he has performed many operations like Karen's."

"Can he do something like that for you?" Linda asked.

"I asked him about that, and he said it was possible, but that he didn't advise it. At least not yet," Joe answered. "He suggested that I try to live like this for a while at least, so his team can try to find a way to change us back by reversing whatever process caused it in the first place. If he were to change me using surgical procedures, and then they did find a way to get us back, it would leave us mutilated."

Anyway, he said that the female to male operation isn't as satisfactory. I wouldn't be pleased with the results, that's how he put it."

"Well, if it was half as good as Karen's, it would be acceptable, wouldn't it?" Linda asked him.

"Maybe so," Joe explained, "but he told me it's not nearly as easy to transform female genitalia into functioning male equipment. He said it often didn't even work for urination. It might look passable, but it was easily infected, and it had usually no feeling at all. I can't get very excited about the idea of having a numb, useless piece of flesh hanging between my legs, just so that I could say I was a man. Besides, I'd still be smaller, and look different than I used to."

"So you're going to stay female?" Linda asked.

"I don't know," Joe said. "Well, yeah, for a while anyway. At least until Dr. Krell attempts to find a way to get us back. I don't think I have any other choice, really."

"What about Dave, and what's his name... Mike? What will they do?" Linda continued. "Will they stay as they are, too?"

"I think so, but I don't know for sure. Dave is married, and his little boy doesn't understand. Mike still looks more like a man, even if his internal parts are feminized," Joe answered, matter-of-factly.

"Why is Mike so different?" Linda asked.

"Well, of course it's only a possibility," Joe said, "but it's probably because he was taking anabolic steroids when he went through the change. I've seen him, and he sort of looks like a hermaphrodite. He still has his male body shape, but he's got a beaver, and he said Dr. Krell told him he thinks he has normal, female internals."

"Heavens, that must be horrible," she said. "How is he taking it?"

"I don't know," Joe said. "He seems to be doing okay, I guess. I don't know if he's really thought much about it. He's still in the denial stage. He sort of refuses to admit that it's happened. I think it's just starting to sink in for all of us. Dave is the one I'm most worried about. He hardly talks. I don't know what to think about him."

"I'll give Cindy a call, while you're gone," Linda said. "Maybe I can help her."

"That's a good idea," Joe said. "I have another idea. Let's get to sleep. It'll be four AM soon enough."

"Can I sleep with you?" Linda asked.

"I'd love it," Joe said honestly. He set the alarm, and switched off the light.

Linda snuggled up close to Joe. Joe held her close, and could feel his breasts touch hers. They stroked each other's backs, and cuddled until they fell asleep.

It seemed like only moments later that Joe heard the noisy buzzing of the cheap alarm clock. He turned it off, and lay there, trying to find the strength to get up. He finally did, and struggled in the dark to find the bathroom door. He went in, shutting the door before turning on the light. He had to pee, and sat and relieved himself.

Joe quickly showered. He rubbed his legs, checking them for stubble. They were not bad, but his underarms had stubble, and needed a quick cleanup. With the shower running, he used his shave cream, lathered, and quickly did the job. "Much easier than doing my face," he thought.

After Joe finished in the shower, he got out, and dried off. He watched himself in the mirror over the sink as he did so. He was now familiar with his new body, and looked at it critically as he rubbed his soft skin with the towel. A strange feeling of contentment came over him as he examined himself. His breasts no longer seemed alien to him, and as he softly touched them, he could hardly remember looking any other way. His body image was becoming female. He could feel it happening. Is this what HE wanted? Was there anything he could do about it even if he wanted to?

As he was drying, and examining himself in the mirror, He could hear Linda get up, and leave his bedroom. The sound of his girl friend caused him to finish drying off, and continue to get ready. He took out his toothpaste, and brushed his teeth. Even they seemed different, probably because of the somewhat smaller size of his face. He looked at them in the mirror, and saw that he still had the same fillings in his back teeth, as far as he could tell.

Joe finished brushing, and as he was putting the dental things in his shaving kit, he saw the after bath powder. He decided to apply some of that, since the scent reminded him of Linda.

"I guess it's my smell now," he thought to himself. He took out his deodorant, and applied it to his smooth underarms. It stung slightly, since he just shaved. He was trying to decide what to do next when a sleepy looking Linda tapped on the door.

"Can I come in?" she asked.

"Sure. I can use your help," Joe answered, and opened the door.

Linda was wearing a satin robe, and simply went over to him. She examined his naked body carefully. "You're simply beautiful," was all she said.

"I could use your advice," Joe said. "I still don't know exactly what to do with this makeup."

"You're going to have to learn," Linda admonished. "I won't be there tomorrow morning."

She took the shaving kit, where Joe had put his supplies, and arranged the things she needed on the counter. Working swiftly, she used each item, and then dropped it back into the leather case. As she worked, Joe was transformed back into the clean, understated look he had the day before. He looked at his image in the mirror, and smiled with satisfaction with his appearance.

When Linda finished, she left the bathroom, went to Joe's bed, and lay down. Joe gathered up the remaining supplies into his shaving kit, and followed her. He put the kit into the side compartment of his B-4 bag. "I guess I should get a more feminine looking bag," he thought to himself. He had used the handy B-4 since he was issued it in the Air Force, and had never used anything else.

He went to the dresser, and found that Linda had laid out his clothes the night before. She had selected black, high leg, bikini panties, and one of his seamless cup, nude color bras. He took the underpants, and easily slipped them on. He had never worn them since Linda had suggested he buy them the other day. He looked at his reflection in the mirror, the leg openings reached almost up the waist band, and made his legs look even longer. Since he was thin, and rather tall for a woman, it made him look rather leggy. He liked the look, and turned, so that he could see his backside in the mirror.

Linda saw what he was doing, and said, "Okay, okay, we both know you got a nice butt."

"Hey, can I help it?" he said grinning. For some reason, he was feeling very pleased with himself this morning.

He took the bra, and deftly put it on. He was now familiar with the procedure, and the feeling, of wearing women's clothing. Feeling strangely sexy, he took the silk blouse, and put it on, covering his already silky breasts. As he buttoned the blouse, he was again amazed

at how luxurious the silk felt on his body. Even if he never got back to normal, this sensation alone would almost make it all worth while. He resisted touching himself, knowing Linda would tease him if he did.

Joe picked up the grey skirt, and stepped into it, turning it around, as he had done the last time, so that he could zip and button the smooth fitting garment. As he spun it back around, he saw himself in the mirror again. He looked good, but still needed the hairpiece, to make the transfiguration complete. He took it from the dresser, and carefully put it on his head, covering his male hairstyle, and the last remnant of his former appearance. No one could confuse him with a male, and he was beginning to realize, he was glad they could not.

"You forgot your nylons," Linda reminded him.

"Rats! I guess I have to take the skirt off," Joe said, and started to spin the skirt around again.

"No, I think you can just pull the skirt up, and pull the nylons on," she suggested. "Be careful, they're very sheer. Don't snag them on your nails."

Joe took the dark colored nylons from Linda, and sat on the bed. The slight roughness of the blended wool skirt reminded Joe that he was not wearing the slip he bought either. He wanted to try it, so he removed the skirt, and unbuttoned the blouse. He loved any excuse he could find to feel the silky fabric. He found the little slip with the fitted top and pulled it over his head. The stretchy fabric covered his curves with even more slickness. He carefully pulled the nylons up his legs, after Linda showed him how to roll them and then place his foot inside. When he had the nylons on, and pulled the slip down, his legs felt almost as sleek as the silky blouse. He put the blouse back on, and again pulled the skirt on. He sat on the bed, and marveled at the feeling. It felt like he could just slide off the bed.

Joe found his new watch, and fastened it to his wrist. He took the new gray shoes and slipped them on. With their low heels, he had little trouble walking in them, but he wondered how they would work on the rudder pedals.

He lifted the jacket and decided that, for now, he would not wear it. Linda found the handbag he had purchased the night before, and handed it to him. He looked at it in confusion.

"Put your wallet, and any other things you're always complaining about not having room for, in it," she suggested.

He took the bag, and put all his things in it. Joe stood up, and went to the mirror. He looked attractive, and sophisticated. He felt very sexy. The feeling of the new clothes made him feel different, more content with himself, than he had ever been before. "I guess it's the clothes," he thought. What else could cause it?

"Well, I guess I'm ready," Joe said. "It only took about an hour."

Linda stood next to him at the mirror. In the heels, he was almost as tall as before. He put his arm around Linda, and pulled her to him. They just stood there, and hugged for a minute.

"I'll be waiting for you," Linda said, looking in his eyes.

"I'll miss you too," Joe said, and gave her a peck on the lips. "It just doesn't feel the same anymore," he thought to himself.

Joe picked up the B-4 bag, and started to carry it to the door. It was not packed to bursting, like it often was when he went away for days, but he still had to struggle a bit to carry it. I just do not have any upper body strength, he realized.

Linda opened the door to the patio, and Joe went out to his car. He opened the back hatch, and put the bag in, and then went around and got in. He put his belt on, and started the engine. He let it warm slightly, and then turned around, and drove out the drive. It was about forty-five minutes till six.

After the short drive to the airport, Joe went to the guard shack, and showed his Honeybone ID. The guard looked at him, but must have been told of his unusual situation, because he let him in without a problem, almost staring a hole in him with curiosity.

Joe went directly to the flight planning room, and entered the proposed flight into the PC. The computer automatically compiled an IFR flight plan, checked it, and printed out a weather report. It would even automatically file, but Joe had not selected that option. If the weather was good, he was considering VFR and maybe letting Karen fly, if she wanted.

The weather looked good, as usual, and he was pouring a second cup of coffee, when Dave walked in the room.

Dave was wearing a jumpsuit, not all that different from the one Joe had. It was gray, with a wide belt which served to de-emphasize his somewhat large backside. It made him look a lot better than he had the day before. Dave took a cup, and went over to the planning table, next to Joe. Joe filled his cup with the hot brew.

"Hey, you're looking good!" Joe said. "I like the jumpsuit."

"Yeah, I saw yours, and decided that it was the best thing," Dave said. He still had a sarcastic twinge to his voice, and it was uncharacteristic of him.

Joe handed the weather printout to Dave. "It looks severe clear, until the LA basin, as usual," Joe summarized. "I think we could go VFR, and maybe let Karen get the feel of it, if it doesn't bother you."

"Sure, that's fine with me," Dave agreed. "I wouldn't mind getting an hour's snooze."

"How's it going?" Joe asked. "Is it getting any easier for you?"

"Easier? How could it?" Dave replied. "I guess I'm getting more accustomed to the changes, and all that, but I don't know how to deal with Cindy."

"Maybe Dr. Krell's people will be able to help us today," Joe said.

"If he can't make me a man again, I don't know what he could do that would help me," Dave lamented.

They both looked up when they heard the outside door close, and in a few moments, Karen Simpson entered the room.

Karen was wearing an attractive pants suit with a sharp tailored look. Joe smiled a greeting to her, and motioned to the stack of styrofoam cups at the coffee bar by the wall. Karen smiled back, and getting a cup, came over to them, and held out the cup as Joe filled it.

"Well, you sure look good," Karen said, complimenting Joe. "Gee, Dave, are you going through the jumpsuit phase now?"

"Yeah, maybe I am," Dave said, forcing a slight grin. "Good morning, Karen."

"Good morning to both of you," she said. "Is it safe to fly this morning?"

"Yeah, I think we can make it," Joe said. "You want to get a little stick time?"

"Could I?" she said. "I haven't flown in years."

"We'll see how rusty you are," Joe said. "Early as it is, we can probably go VFR into SAN without a problem."

"Procedures are where I know I'll have the most difficulty," Karen said. "I haven't spent much time in high density areas."

"I can handle the radios," Joe said.

They heard the door slam, and Mike came in the planning room. As before, he was wearing male clothing. He acknowledged their greeting, and went for his coffee cup, seemingly not interested in joining in the conversation.

They finished their coffee, and Dave phoned in the VFR flight plan, and they went into the hangar. Joe opened the hangar doors, as Dave started a garden tractor that served as a tug.

Karen helped Dave put the tow bar on the 421, and Dave pulled it out, into the early morning light. In the bright light of the hangar floods, they performed the walk-around preflight, as Mike placed their bags on board. When they were satisfied that the fuel, oil, and external hardware was visibly flight-worthy, they got in, and before long, Joe had the engines warming.

Joe sat on the left, and Karen took the right seat. They adjusted their headsets, and set the communication and navigation radios. The tower did not operate till 0800, so they called and looked for traffic, and then took off.

As the wheels were going into the wells, Joe called departure, and confirmed that they were picked up on radar. The lightly loaded twin quickly climbed to seven thousand five hundred, and from habit, Joe requested, and received, VFR flight following. Karen handled the plane well, holding headings and altitudes to IFR tolerances.

"It doesn't look like you're out of practice at all," Joe complimented.

"I love to fly," Karen said. "With all that has happened to me, in the last few years, I guess I forgot just how much."

The flight went along uneventfully, with Dave and Mike snoozing in the back, Karen doing the driving, and Joe observing, watching for traffic as the sun came up behind them.

Before long they entered the low visibility of Southern California. The radio chatter picked up, until it was one continuous stream of instructions, as controllers vectored IFR and VFR traffic in one of the busiest areas in the country. The sun was bright as they spotted San Diego's Lindbergh Field about eight miles ahead. They were cleared for a straight in landing, and Joe let Karen have the landing, giving her speeds and power settings, as she configured the aircraft for landing. Even though she had not flown for years, and then mostly

single engine aircraft, she handled the Cessna twin like she had flown it many times.

"You're doing great," Joe told her again. "How many hours do you have anyway?"

"Actual logged hours, about three-fifty," Karen answered, "but remember, I worked with simulators in the Air Force, and learned to fly instruments then, some time before I got a license. I was trained as a primary instrument instructor. I probably have thousands of hours in simulators of various kinds, single-seaters mostly, but some in trainers, like the T-37, and T-38. Compared to a lot of simulators, this thing flies like a dream."

She landed, and taxied to the FBO Joe suggested. They parked where a young girl in tight shorts directed, and shut the engines down. They got out and stretched as they exited the tight confines of the Cessna.

"You can smell the ocean," Joe said. It was so different here from the dry air of Phoenix.

"Yeah, I like San Diego," Karen said. "I kind of think of it as the place where I was reborn." She was referring to the surgical procedure which changed her gender.

"I hope I can get that kind of feeling about this place in a few days," Mike said, pulling the bags out of the plane.

Joe went to the counter, and asked the guy about the car he had made reservations for. The young man behind the counter gave him a set of keys with a Budget Rent a Car tag, and pointed out the window at a maroon Town Car. Joe hated big barges like the Lincoln, but they needed the room for the four of them and their bags.

"Okay if I drive out on the ramp for the bags?" Joe asked.

"Sure, ma'am. Just enter 338 and the gate will open," the line boy said. "Drive out, and I'll put the bags in the car for you."

Joe was not used to this kind of service. He wondered if the FBO was changing its image, but then he realized, he was not wearing a skirt the last time he was there. He had not thought about it, but women did get treated differently from men. Sometimes better. He kind of liked it.

When they got their bags loaded, they went to check into the hotel. The Honeybone scheduler had reserved rooms at the Hyatt Regency, a nice place, more upscale than they usually got at company

expense. Usually, Joe and Dave performed their own bag-drag, but this time, they let the bellhop take them to the room.

They followed him up and Joe found that his room was next to Karen on one side, and Dave on the other. Mike's room was directly across the hall.

They put their bags away, stopped to clean up a bit, and then went out to find Dr. Krell's clinic. Karen of course, was familiar with the area, and guided them right to it. They met Dr. Krell again, and he introduced them all to two other medical doctors, and a number of lab technicians and nursing personal.

In the small waiting room at the entrance, Joe recognized a few patients who were obviously making the transition from male to female. Two were easy to spot, since they were both very tall, and towered over all the other seated persons. Joe went over to an empty seat next to one of the two tall women. He smiled a greeting as he sat down. The woman spoke, with a deep voice, too deep to be coming from a female.

"Well, this place has suddenly become very popular," she said, referring to the fact that four of them came in at the same time.

"Yes, I suppose it has," Joe answered, uncomfortable with small talk.

"Do you know Dr. Krell?" the deep voiced woman went on.

"Yes, I met him yesterday in Phoenix," Joe answered.

"Is he working with your husband?" she asked.

"My husband?" Joe asked in amazement. "Why would you ask that?"

"I saw you walk in with that guy over there," she answered, discreetly pointing at Mike. "I figured that you were here for counseling, because of your husband's condition."

Joe smiled. "She thinks I'm here with Mike," he realized.

"No, I'm not married," he said.

"Don't tell me a woman as lovely looking as you is gender dysphoric?" The woman went on.

"Do you think everyone who sees Dr. Krell has that kind of problem?" Joe questioned. The talkative woman just would not let it go.

"Dr. Krell is one of the best gender doctors around," she said. "I don't think he takes any other patients anymore."

"So you're gender dysphoric?" Joe asked, turning the questioning away from him.

"Yes, I am," she said. "I've been on hormone therapy for eleven months."

"Oh, I didn't realize," Joe lied. "You're a transsexual?"

"Of course," she said, eyeing his body enviously. "Probably most of the patients here are. I hope to be ready for reassignment surgery by fall. I've almost completed my electrolysis. That's one of the time consuming parts. I've been in the real life test, that's where you have to live as the sex you feel you are. I've been in that for four months now. You don't know how difficult it is for a person raised as a male to learn to function as a female. You're so lucky to be born so beautiful."

"If you only knew," Joe thought. He did not know what to make of this unusual person. So he just smiled, and she continued speaking.

"My name is Laura. Laura Dix," she said, presenting her hand to Joe.

"Glad to meet you, Laura," Joe said, shaking her hand lightly. It was much bigger than his. "I'm Joe Bates."

"Joe, huh. Sounds like a guy's name," Laura said. "Women can have men's names, they can wear men's clothes, and so many other things. Nobody notices, or if they do, they think it's cute. It was cute if you were a tomboy when you were small, but I was a sissy for wanting to be with the girls."

"Yeah, it is unfair, isn't it," Joe agreed.

"So what is your real name? You don't look like a Josephine. Is it Jo Ann, Jo Ellen?" Laura asked.

"My name is Joel," Joe said, "but I've always been called Joe."

"Well, Joe, what brings you to Dr. Krell?" Laura continued.

"I'm hoping he can help me," Joe said reluctantly. "I'm really a man." He decided that shocker would stop the questions.

"A man? But you're so beautiful," Laura asked in amazement. "Why would you want to become a man?"

"Why do you want to become a woman?" Joe returned.

"Yeah, okay, you're right," Laura agreed. "I think I am a woman, and I just want to look like one. It has nothing to do with what we look like."

"You might be right," Joe said. He was beginning to have doubts about that, however.

The receptionist called Laura's name, and she got up and went in. Joe was sitting on the end of the row of seats, and he began to look around the waiting room. Besides Dave, Mike, Karen, and himself, there were two other persons in the room. One was a small young man, and the other was a man of medium build. Joe wondered if they were also transsexuals. Probably, he considered.

As they waited, the receptionist came into the room, and gave Mike, Dave, and Joe clipboards which held a number of forms, and questionnaires for them to complete. Joe filled out the form. It had everything from his name and address, to what kind of medication he was, or had been taking, his sexual preference, and even frequency of intercourse. Some of the questions were rather difficult to answer, considering the circumstances. He did his best to answer truthfully, but could not imagine what they really were trying to find out by some of the questions.

He looked over, and saw Dave struggling with his paperwork. Mike seemed to work with it without expression, writing quickly, without hesitation.

When Joe had his complete, he took it up to the little sliding glass window where the receptionist sat.

"Thank you. Dr. Krell should be with you before too long," The young lady wearing a white nurses uniform said, smiling at him.

They sat there another forty-five minutes, and then the door opened, and the assistant called Joe. He stiffly got up, and followed her into an examining room, not unlike the one where he was introduced to Dr. Hopkins. He wondered what was in store for him this time.

Chapter 14

THERAPY

Joe had only been sitting for a moment when the assistant came back into the room and asked Joe to follow her. She took him to the open door of an office, where Joe saw Dr. Krell, seated behind his desk. He motioned for Joe to come inside.

Joe entered the office, and sat. Dr. Benjamin Krell was a small, friendly looking man, perhaps sixty years of age. He smiled when he saw Joe, and motioned for him to take a seat.

"You're looking splendid, Joe. I hope you had a good flight," he said.

"Yes, we did. Karen flew the whole trip. She's a good pilot, and I think she has re-caught the flying bug," Joe said, grinning.

"Karen is a remarkable person," the little doctor said. "Do you know she probably has as much research experience in the area of Gender Dysphoria as anyone? She soaks it up like a sponge."

"We get along rather well," Joe said. "She seems almost to know what I'm thinking sometimes."

"I thought you both might hit it off, from the first moment I met you," Dr. Krell agreed.

"What's on the agenda today?" Joe asked, eager to find out what the day would bring.

"Well," Dr. Krell explained, "there is a lot of paper work for you to complete, and I believe we have more physical examinations, by my staff, in store for you. I hope we can get all three of you completed today, but it may run over to tomorrow. I also have a short class I want you all to attend, regarding the care of your changed body. It was created for my reassignment patients, but I really think you would benefit from it too. Susan, the nurse who conducts it, might not be available until tomorrow, though."

"We were all expecting two days here," Joe said. "Another physical, huh." He expected it, but did not look forward to it.

"I'm sorry, Joe," Dr. Krell said, "but it's really necessary for us to know, in complete detail, the extent of the changes you've gone through. At the same time, we're waiting for the lab reports to come back, with the results of hair samples we took on all of you."

"What do you expect that to show?" Joe asked.

"I'm not really sure," Dr. Krell answered. "I believe that all your living cells have been changed, but the others, your hair, and finger nails, might still have the old chromosome pattern. I'm curious to see the results of that. It may be like rings in a tree trunk, and we can use that to spot the exact time your change transpired."

"So you think it happened instantaneously?" Joe asked. "One moment I was a guy, the next I was like this?"

"I don't know, Joe. What do you think?" Dr. Krell asked.

"Well, I don't know about the initial physical change," Joe answered. "I guess I was sleeping when that occurred, but I think I'm still changing. I'm almost sure I am, mentally. I can't explain it. I... I... Sometimes I just start to cry, and feel sorry for myself. I never did that, but now.... I don't know. Mostly though, I feel great. Generally, I think I feel better than I can ever remember. It's a good feeling, actually." Joe tried to describe the strange emotions which were now affecting him.

"Are there... Do you think there are still physical changes taking place?" Dr. Krell questioned.

"I'm not sure. If they are, they're subtle," Joe said, rubbing the softness of his left breast. "Sometimes, I think that my skin is still getting softer. Maybe I'm just getting used to having breasts, but they don't feel quite as sensitive as they were at first. They're still pretty sensitive, though."

"Have you noticed any unusual discharge? Anything unusual about your genitalia?" Dr. Krell went on.

"Gee, doc. I've only been like this five days," Joe replied. "Everything seems unusual. I don't know. I did notice some blood on my underwear last night. I think that was from the examination yesterday, though. It felt like you stretched me, or cut something, down there." Joe had a sheepish smile on his face as he spoke.

"Well, I'm assuming you were active sexually as a male," Dr. Krell explained, "but it's obvious that, since you've become female you are not. You have a hymen, that's a bit of membrane, or skin, that partially closes the vaginal orifice. Yours is intact, and quite thick, and strong. It's the thickest I've seen. I suspect that's because of your age, and the circumstances under which you acquired it." He smiled.

"Would I have any trouble with intercourse?" Joe asked. He felt a slight flush of embarrassment come to his face as he asked.

"Are you considering becoming sexually active?" Dr. Krell asked, not particularly surprised.

"Oh, no. I don't think so, at least not now, anyway," Joe stammered.

"Well, when the time comes, and don't be surprised if it does, I don't think you'll have any trouble with your hymen," Dr. Krell advised, smiling. "You'll probably be undergoing a number of examinations in the near future, and that will probably stretch it, at least a little more. We'll try not to tear it. By the way, it's normal to experience a little pain the first time a female has sexual intercourse. I've been told it subsides quickly, so don't be concerned about it."

"I can't believe I'm even thinking about stuff like this," Joe said. "Yesterday, I wouldn't have considered even asking about it."

"If you're going to live as a woman, as healthy, and I might add, attractive as you are," Dr. Krell said, "it will probably only be a matter of time before such an opportunity presents itself. You would be doing yourself a disservice to ignore the possibility."

"I'm trying to keep an open mind," Joe said, "and it seems that even that keeps changing."

"It is a woman's prerogative, isn't it," Dr. Krell teased. "Don't forget though, if you do decide to become sexually active, be sure to use some form of contraception. Unfortunately, that isn't part of the normal hygiene class, since that isn't a concern with reassignment patients. I'll remind Susan to cover that for you, but be sure to ask, if she forgets."

"What would you recommend as a contraceptive, for someone who was sexually active, that is," Joe asked shyly.

Dr. Krell grinned, saying, "For someone who was thinking of becoming sexually active... For a mature, thirty year old female, I would recommend her partner use a good condom, backed up with a contraceptive jelly, or foam. She could be fitted with a diaphragm, but of course, that would be easier after her hymen was broken."

Joe looked the little man in the eye. "I'll keep that in mind," he said. He noticed Dr. Krell was beginning to refer to him as a "she."

"Tell it to me straight, doc. Am I ever going to be male again?" Joe asked.

"Unless we can somehow reverse whatever happened, and we don't even know what that is," the doctor said, "I think it's unlikely that you will ever have a normal male body again. That's the way it looks to me. I suggest you try to get accustomed to what you have now. If we can get you back, it won't make any difference, and if we can't, well, you seem to be doing pretty well." Dr. Krell smiled at Joe.

"I admit it is getting easier, as time passes," Joe agreed. "I guess I can do it, if I must."

"I think we should schedule you for some therapy," Dr. Krell suggested. "It could help you cope with the changes."

"Do you think the changes could be affecting my head... the way I think?" Joe questioned. "I'm not sure, but I seem to feel different now, about so many things. I think my brain is changing. I have trouble maintaining concentration. About women, my girlfriend, I don't seem to feel the same there anymore. Could the changes cause that?"

"Yes, it's possible, I suppose," the doctor answered. "There is still a lot to be learned about the differences between the sexes, besides just the anatomical differences. What has happened to you and your friends, may help to expand the present knowledge in this area."

"I have always enjoyed expanding the limits of technology," Joe lamented, "but don't think I really want to expand my interest to medicine, at least not like this."

"I realize that this is difficult for you," Dr. Krell said, "but you'll have to play the cards you're dealt. We'll do everything we can to make the problems you face as small as possible."

"I appreciate everything you're doing for me, and for the others. It's amazing how quickly everything fell into place," Joe said.

"When we got the call for assistance from Hillcrest," Dr. Krell explained, "everyone here jumped at the chance to work with your problem. It's like a wish come true for a genetics researcher. Someone who has actually changed their genetic sex. Amazing!" His voice rose as he spoke.

"Yeah, it's amazing all right," Joe said, "and it feels strange too." He smiled.

"Well, let's see what we can do for that," the doctor went on. "For you the first thing this morning will be another pelvic examination.

We'd like to take some photos, so we can study them without needing to have you around all the time. It shouldn't take too long."

"Pictures, huh," Joe said, sort of thinking out loud. He never thought he would be the subject of pictures, even if it was for medical purposes.

"Don't be concerned, Joe," the doctor advised. "The photography will only take a moment, and just be part of the examination. We sometimes video tape entire surgical procedures. They are excellent teaching aids, and are never used for anything else."

"I'm not worried about that," Joe said. Actually, he was, a little. He trusted Dr. Krell, but he could imagine how tapes, or pictures, might be used by medical students.

"If you're ready, I'll take you to the examination room," Dr. Krell said, getting up from behind his desk.

"I guess I am," Joe said, standing up and smoothing his skirt. It seemed his slip had suddenly been charged with static electricity, and he could feel it clinging around his nylon stockings.

Joe followed Dr. Krell out of his office, and down the hall. Dr. Krell's clinic was not huge, but from what Joe could determine, it had at least six examination rooms. The doctor entered one that had an open door, and pointed to a fresh gown, as before, made of a disposable paper material. He left the room.

Joe looked around the room. In the center was an examination table almost identical to the room yesterday. Joe saw the little stirrups on the side. In a cabinet with glass doors by the wall, Joe could see the gynecologist's tools of his trade. He saw the speculum, and all the other things used during examinations. His crotch muscles tightened, as he thought about the examination just yesterday.

Joe hung his suit jacket on a hanger provided, and sat in a chair to remove his shoes. He unbuttoned and unzipped his skirt, and stepped out of it. He lay the skirt over the back of the chair, and then unbuttoned his blouse. When he took that off, he carefully placed it on another hangar. He then reached down and pulled the full slip over his head, laying it on top of the skirt.

He suddenly felt remarkably sexy, standing there in a bra, black bikini panties, and silky nylon stockings. He unhooked the bra, and slipped it off, the cool air on his now bare breasts causing him cover them with his hands. He had to remove his stockings, and decided to sit on the edge of the paper covered table to do that. When he had

them off, and carefully placed on top of his slip, he then pulled the panties off. He took the paper gown and put it around him, thankful for even the minimal coverage it provided. He remembered the hairpiece. Did he need to remove it? He decided he had better, and placed on top of his slip. His short hair now felt strange. He was getting accustomed to the longer length of the wig touching his ears and neck.

Joe then sat on the table, waiting for whatever was to happen next. He must have been sitting in apprehension for only five minutes, when Dr. Krell and two other men with white lab coats entered the room, accompanied by the nurse who had initially brought Joe into the first room.

Dr. Krell introduced the men to a highly embarrassed Joe Bates.

"Joe, this is Dr. Tom Craig," Dr. Krell said. "He's our staff urologist."

Dr. Craig smiled, and extended his hand to Joe. "Glad to meet you, Joe," he said.

"And this is Dr. David Benedict. Dave's our gynecologist," Dr. Krell continued.

Dave also held out his hand. "I hope we can help you out, Joe," he said. "Your situation is most interesting."

"I hope you can, too," Joe said, with a smile. It was hard to feel like an equal, when you were wearing a paper shirt that did not even quite cover your butt, while everyone else in the room was completely dressed. The fact that they were doctors did not really help at all.

"Well, I guess we best get on with it," Dr. Krell said, to break the slight tension. "Joe, would you remove the gown please?"

Joe could feel the blood rush to his cheeks as he unfastened the little Velcro fasteners at his neck. He pulled his arms out of the short paper gown, and handed it to the attending nurse. He stood before the doctors, completely naked, his heart pounding.

"Amazing," Dr. Benedict said. "He appears completely feminized, and you say he woke up this way, transformed overnight?" The doctor seemed to be talking to the others, as if Joe was incapable of answering for himself.

"I examined him. If I had not been already been told otherwise, I never would have known he had been male," Dr. Krell said. "The only anomaly I can find is some scar tissue around the clitoris. My

theory is that it's residual trauma caused by circumcision of the penis. He confirmed that he had been circumcised as an infant."

"Interesting," Dr. Craig said. "We can confirm a number of theories while studying this patient. I believe this is the first recorded spontaneous, human gynecomorph. I hope we can learn what caused it."

"I sure hope you can, too," Joe volunteered. He did not like the way he was being treated like a lab animal, unable to understand what was going on.

"Oh, I'm sorry Joe. We're so excited by this opportunity to study your case that I'm afraid we get carried away," Dr. Benedict apologized.

"I understand," Joe said. "Just try to remember that I'm here, and I think I'm still capable of understanding the English language."

"Understood," Dr. Craig added. "Just remind us, if we seem to get off track."

"Joe, I have an illustration I'd like to show you," Dr. Craig said, handing him what looked like a page copied from an anatomy textbook. Joe immediately recognized the drawing. It was that of the male genitalia, and it had each individual part listed with its anatomical name, with a small arrow pointing to it. Joe wondered what it was for. "These are the male external reproductive organs," Dr. Craig went on. "I believe you recognize them."

"Sure, but what's it for?" Joe asked.

"I'm going to take this small tool, and touch you with it. When you can feel the touch, I'd like you to tell me where it feels like I'm touching you. Please use the illustration to name the locations," Dr. Craig explained, holding out a small, pointed, stainless steel probe. "We're trying to confirm the corresponding nerve endings, as they were, and as they are now."

"Okay, that seems easy enough," Joe said. He wondered how far inside him they were going to put the pointer.

"Please get up on the table, Joe," Dr. Craig asked. "You can put the gown back on."

The assistant handed Joe the paper gown. He slipped his arms in the holes and fastened the Velcro fastener at his back. He sat on the table, and then lay back as the assistant adjusted the table to support his upper back and head. She then covered Joe's lower body with a

green surgical drape, and positioned the stirrups so that he could put his feet in them, spreading his legs apart as he did.

He was now in position, and he felt the coolness as the doctors pulled the drape away from his bottom. As before, the drape kept him from seeing what the doctors were doing. The assistant handed Joe the illustration. He lay there, and looked at the drawing. He saw the penis. It was further defined as the glans, dorsum, and prepuce. The scrotum was also shown in detail, including even a little cutaway showing the layers of skin. He had never realized that the male anatomy was that complex, and now he did not even look like that anymore.

Suddenly, Joe felt a hand on his pubic area. Two cool fingers spread his soft inner lips. He could feel his crotch muscles contract, as if they were trying to keep that most sensitive area concealed. He felt a finger touch his clitoris, and heard Dr. Krell speak.

"As you can see, the prepuce is mostly absent, but this scarring is probably what remains of where it emanated," the friendly doctor was saying.

"Okay, Joe. As I touch you, please call out what area it seems like I'm touching. If you can't give me a corresponding location, try to tell me the closest equivalent," Dr. Craig said.

Joe could feel the pointed probe. It felt as if it was softly rubbing along the bottom of his penis. He called that out.

The probe moved down, now feeling as if near the base of his penis. He told Dr. Craig that, not finding a name on the illustration for it.

The tickling sensation went lower, toward his scrotum. He tensed his muscles there, as if to draw the sack tighter, and felt the somewhat different sensation of his vaginal sphincter closing tighter. The new parts were similar, but they did not feel EXACTLY the same. He told Dr. Craig he was now touching his scrotum.

He felt the probe move back up, it seemed along the top side of his penis. He wondered where Dr. Craig was touching. He could not remember feeling that area since the change. He told Dr. Craig.

"It feels like you're rubbing the top of my penis now," Joe said. "Just where are you actually touching?"

"I'm touching the area dissecting your labia minora, and labia majora," Dr. Craig explained, "between your inner and outer vulval lips."

"Amazing," Joe thought. It felt just like it was touching the top of his penis.

The moving touch kept going, seeming to go to the head of his penis, but now it was now on very sensitive area, far more sensitive than he could ever remember his penis to be. He called out.

"Your touching the glans, I think," Joe said. "I can't tell if you're on top or on the bottom. It's kind of sensitive there." It tickled, and he wanted to move his pelvis around.

"I'm near the clitoris," Dr. Craig explained. "I realize it must be a bit sensitive."

"You got that right," Joe said, closing his eyes and trying his best to resist the urge to move his hips. The tickling sensation was starting to feel rather pleasant.

Then the tickling stopped. Opening his eyes, Joe could see Dr. Benedict preparing a small camera. He disappeared behind the drape, and soon the room blinked with the flashing of the camera. Joe just lay there, eyes closed, embarrassed, as they photographed his private parts. It was not exactly like posing for Playboy, he thought.

Joe momentarily opened his eyes, he saw Dr. Benedict retrieve a small speculum from the glass cabinet. Here it comes, he thought.

Soon, he could feel touching around his genitals again. He felt his lips get pulled apart, and something hard touch him. It moved around a little, and then he felt it seem to slide along his opening. He could sense that it was inside of him. Strange, he thought, I can't really feel it in there, but I can sure tell it's there. He could feel it stretching his opening, and where it touched the outer parts. He was just beginning to try to imagine what it would feel like to have a guy's penis inside him, when he felt the somewhat painful sensation of the speculum spreading open. It hurt, but not as bad as the last time. He put his hand to his mouth, and bit down on his thumb.

Joe felt the speculum move around inside him, and saw the flash of the camera. Before long, the speculum was collapsed and withdrawn. When it was out, Joe had an intense urge to rub his crotch, but he did not want to put his hands under the drape, and did not want these guys to see him do it.

"I think that will be enough for now," Joe heard Dr. Benedict say. "You can get dressed."

"That wasn't so bad," Joe thought. He sat up, and pulled his legs out the stirrups with the help of the assistant.

"We'll see you in a few minutes, Joe," Dr. Krell said as the three doctors left the room.

Joe reached down and carefully massaged the tender tissues of his crotch.

The assistant saw what he was doing, and smiled. "Here are some towels. They'll help a little," she said, seeming to know what he was feeling.

"Thanks," Joe replied. "I'm still getting used to this."

"I don't think you ever get used to it," the woman said.

Joe cleaned the small amount of lubricating jelly from his vulva. He looked at the towel. There was no sign of blood. It did not hurt either. He carefully probed around with his index finger. He was wet and slippery, and the finger went in easily, much easier than ever before. He looked up to see if the nurse was watching, but she was paying no attention to him. She was gathering up the things used in the examination. Soon, she too left the room.

Joe was sitting on the edge of the examination table with his hand over his pubic area, and one finger just inside his genital vestibule. He had never been inside much farther than this, and was surprised at how different it felt. The water soluble lubricant used in the examination had made everything extremely slick. He felt around, feeling the bumps and ridges in this new, unfamiliar part of his body. He could feel a small lump, which he knew by the feel was his urethra. It was just after the ridge of his now somewhat prominent pubic bone.

He went further in his exploration, and entered his vaginal opening. He could feel a restriction, some tight tissue. This must be my hymen, he considered, and carefully examined it with the tip of his finger. The opening in his hymen seemed large enough to penetrate with his finger, so slowly, cautiously, he went further. After the initial restriction at the entrance, it was all clear, but it was difficult to go much further without stretching it even more. It did not hurt, but Joe did not want to tear it. How would he explain it to the doctors, if that happened?

He just sat there, examining himself. When he decided he could not get any farther inside with his finger, he stopped. He tensed his crotch muscles, and felt the tightening with his finger. The sensation when he bore down on his own finger felt strange, but sort of pleasurable.

He was getting more familiar with his body. At first, he was almost afraid to even look at the new parts, but now, after the doctors' examinations introduced him to new sensations, he decided that he needed to know what it was all about. These new areas might be different, but they were still part of him. He withdrew his finger, and, holding it to his nose, smelled it. Funny, he thought, it does not seem to have any particular odor. He thought of Linda. He loved her sweet, female scent. He wondered why he did not smell like that.

Finally, Joe decided he better get dressed. He stood up, and pulled off the gown. He was feeling particularly good about himself as he went over to the chair where his clothes were lying. He took his underpants, and stepped into them, loving the feel and the snug fit of the black panties. He easily slipped the bra on and clasped the plastic latch between his breasts. Yeah, he was beginning to accept... to appreciate his new body... how it looked, and how it felt. He might still be Joe Bates, Engineer, Pilot, and Sports Car Nut, but he was not really a male anymore. He was beginning to realize it, accept the differences, and maybe even enjoy them.

Joe quickly dressed and replaced his hairpiece. There was a small sink in the examination room, with a mirror above it. He looked at himself and adjusted his hair and clothing. When he felt he was ready, he went to the door and went out. He walked back up to Dr. Krell's office, but he saw, through the open door, that Dr. Krell was busy talking to Dave. He went out to where he saw the nurse who was present during his exam.

"Should I stay in the examination room?" Joe asked.

"Well, no, you don't have to," the woman said. "I think Dr. Krell will want to talk to you as soon as he's finished. You can go back to the waiting room, if you like."

"Okay, I'll wait there," Joe said. He hoped that "Miss Dix" was not out there.

Joe went out and took a seat. Mike was nowhere to be seen, and only one person, who had just entered before Joe was called, was in the room. He looked through the stack of magazines, mostly woman's, on the small rack next to his seat. He selected

Cosmopolitan, the cleavage of the woman on the cover catching his male trained eye.

He thumbed through the magazine, noticing with heightened interest the ads for feminine hygiene products, contraceptives, and underwear. He thought about it. It was almost like this was the female equivalent of an automotive magazine. All the products designed to make what you had look better or work better. For a guy, it was his car. For a woman, well, she had this exotic body to maintain. Yeah, he thought as he thumbed through the sexy ads for clothing, lingerie, tampons, and pregnancy detection kits, this is a woman's Car and Driver.

He started reading an article about pre-menstrual syndrome. He was wondering what having a period would feel like when the nurse called his name again. Darn, he thought, he wanted to finish the article. He looked at the magazine cover, and saw it was the current issue. I'll have to pick that one up, he thought as he put the magazine in the rack, and then followed the nurse back to Dr. Krell's office.

In the office, Dr. Krell sat behind his desk, with Dr. Benedict sitting in one of the seats on the other side. Dr. Krell motioned for Joe to have a seat next to the gynecologist.

"The hairpiece is very attractive on you," Dr. Benedict said. Joe realized that the man had only seen him undressed, and without the wig.

"Thanks," Joe said. "Karen loaned it to me." Joe figured the doctors there must all know Karen.

"Joe, we have the results of the lab tests of the hair samples," Dr. Krell said. "You might be interested to know that, from DNA tests we found that your hair at least, still shows a male chromosome pattern. Of course, as it grows out, that may change. I would think all the dead cells of your body have not changed, only the living cells. That is easily sufficient proof of your identity. It doesn't change anything, but it does confirm that a so far unknown phenomenon caused cell changes in you and your two coworkers' bodies. The change, or damage, we might call it, has caused the chromosomes to distort, to make your genetic structure to appear to change from XY, to XX, what normally would be the female form. I suspect that you are not truly female, that is, you are not a precise genetic representation of what you would have been, had you been conceived as a genetic female. However, the differences are so slight, so inconsequential, from a practical matter, that it would probably take an electron microscope to tell the difference. I suspect also, that the difference,

slight as it is, is far too small to prevent the normal gynecological functions from occurring. Joe, it appears that you, for all practical, and physiological purposes, are now a functional female."

"Well, I'm glad all the physical examinations and genetic tests agree with what I see when I look in the mirror," Joe said. He understood that Dr. Krell was just giving him the complete medical synopsis, but what he really wanted was the answer to what caused the whole thing to happen in the first place.

"Now that we know WHAT has happened, we must concentrate our efforts on why it occurred," Dr. Benedict said.

"And while that's happening, we will do everything we can, to help make your situation bearable," Dr. Krell added.

"Is there anything I can do to help discover the cause?" Joe asked. He wanted to get back to work to try to discover what, in or around the Learjet, or the GPS transmitters, could have caused his plight.

"We want you, Dave, and Mike to remain here until tomorrow, so that you can attend the class we will present tomorrow, probably about nine or ten o'clock," Dr. Krell advised. "After that, you, and Dave at least, can go back. Mike may be asked to stay another day. We'll know by tomorrow at noon."

Joe wondered what that might be about, but decided that it was none of his business. "What else is there today?" Joe asked. He was getting anxious to get on with it.

"Well, if you have decided change your legal status to female," Dr. Krell answered, "there is some more paperwork to fill out. We have obtained copies of all your records, so we probably have most of the information we need. We'll just need your signature after we prepare the forms."

"That's all it takes?" Joe asked incredulously. "A few signatures? I write my name on a piece of paper, and suddenly, I'm no longer a man? I'm a woman, just as if I had been born that way?" Joe was amazed at how simple it sounded.

"You must realize, that this place specializes in such transitions," Dr. Krell explained. "You must also understand that the position you find yourself in, is where a person desiring surgical reassignment arrives only after years of chemical and mental therapy, and extensive cosmetic surgery. What happened to you is unprecedented."

"Too bad I didn't want it to happen," Joe said. "For an accident, whatever caused it, it did one hell of a job."

"Don't think we haven't noticed," Dr. Krell said. "If we can find the cause of the phenomena, we might even be able to put it to good use."

"Who's paying for all this, anyway?" Joe asked the question that had been at the back of his mind for some time.

Dr. Krell handed Joe a paper. Joe looked at it, and saw it was a FAX, from Honeybone Flight Systems. It stated that Dr. Krell was to use whatever resources necessary to find the cause of the problem caused by the GPS equipment. It stated that more information would follow. That sheet, Joe realized, meant that Honeybone was concerned, not just for a few of their workers who got injured at work, but also about the legal, and maybe even medical ramifications of what happened last Thursday. It was as close to a blank check as ever existed at Honeybone.

Dr. Krell looked at his watch. It was almost one o'clock. The morning had gone past very quickly, and they were all hungry.

"I'm afraid I can't join you, Joe, but I think Mike or Karen are around, and they probably have missed lunch too," Dr. Krell said, smiling.

Joe got up, and walked to the door. He turned. "I'll see you this afternoon?" he asked.

"Oh, sure," Dr. Krell said. "I'll be here. I have to see how things are going with your friend Dave." He went down the hall, and entered one of the examination rooms.

Joe went out and asked the nurse where he could find Karen Simpson.

"I'm sure she's in the classroom," the nurse said. "Go down the hall, and I'm sure you'll find her."

Joe went walking down the hall in the direction the nurse pointed. When he came to an open door, he looked in, and found a small classroom. Karen was sitting in one of the chairs, in discussion with three other people. Joe recognized one as Laura, the tall transsexual he had talked to when he first entered the clinic. Karen saw him, and motioned for him to come in.

"Everyone, this is Joe Bates," Karen said. "He's here because of something that happened to him last week."

"Hi, Joe," Laura Dix said.

"Hello," Joe said. "Nice to meet you all."

"Karen, now you've got us interested," Laura said. "Joe, what happened to you that made it necessary to visit this place?"

"Well, I don't yet know what caused it," Joe explained simply, "but they tell me that I've changed genetically, and physically, into a female. That's it. I'm here to discover the extent of the changes, and maybe figure a way to become male again."

"What? You look like that, and you want to be a guy?" Laura asked. "I'd give almost anything to look half as good as you do."

"Yeah, but as we discussed earlier, I'm a guy, not a woman. I want a male body, just like you want to look female," Joe said, wondering if he really meant what he was saying.

"It's amazing, isn't it," Karen observed. "What we think we are, really has little to do with our appearance. The ultimate sex organ is the brain. What the BRAIN thinks we are, is what we consider ourselves to be, or should be."

"Enough of this deep thought," Joe interrupted. "Do you want to get a bite to eat?"

"Gosh, it is lunch time," Laura said. "Time passes so quickly here."

"Anyone else want to go?" Joe asked. "I think we can fit six in the Lincoln. I want to try to find Mike. Dave is with the doctors."

"I'll go with you," Laura said, getting up.

"Anybody else?" Dave asked.

The others declined, and Joe, Karen, and Laura left the room, to find Mike. Joe went to ask the nurse, when he saw him sitting in the waiting area. Joe walked over to him.

"Are you ready for something to eat, Mike?" Joe asked.

Mike looked up at Joe. He did not look very happy. Joe wondered what new information they had for his friend.

"Yeah, I guess I still have to eat," Mike said, not very enthusiastically. He got up, and followed them out the door.

It was an unusual crew who entered the little restaurant. Mike led them and the three "women" followed behind. They took a seat at a

small square table. The waitress came over almost as soon as they sat down. They ordered, Joe trying to remember to order less than he felt he wanted. Mike ordered a steak and baked potato. No female portions for him.

Mike seemed uncomfortable sitting with his obviously female looking friends, even though he was now, at least biologically, a woman too.

"Mike, did they give you any satisfaction this morning?" Joe asked.

"Hell, I don't know. They looked at my crotch, at my chest, they showed me a picture of male parts, but they didn't really give me any help as to how I should live with myself," Mike said, looking very sad.

"Can I ask you a question?" Joe asked. He wanted to find if Mike was experiencing the same mental changes he was.

"Sure, ask away," Mike said.

"The other day, when we first discovered we all had this problem," Joe questioned, "I still felt, inside at least, like I was still a male. It just seemed like somebody had messed with my body and changed its appearance. But now, since yesterday at least, I've been experiencing other changes, changes in my head, I guess, strange feelings. I guess I'm beginning to accept this body. Hell, I think I'm even starting to like looking like this. I was wondering, are you starting to feel like that, too?"

"Joe, look at yourself," Mike said. "You look like a woman. You're attractive, and even the other day it even seemed like you enjoyed what happened to you. I can't possibly feel the same way. What I want, or how I feel... It makes no difference. I can't please a woman anymore, and whether I want to or not makes little difference. Even if I accept that I'm female now, I couldn't expect a man to want me, not the way I look. I'm caught in the middle, and there's no way out." He sounded desperate.

"Maybe you need therapy to deal with your problem," Karen said. "After you find out how you want to go... what your options are... Then, maybe, Dr. Krell can help you. If you want to remain a male, I think they can help you with surgery. I've known a few patients who have come to him with female bodies, and with hormones, and surgery to create an artificial phallus, they are very convincing as men. With you, you hardly need the hormone therapy."

"Yeah, yeah, we went through that already," Mike said. "Dr. Krell said that since I had been a male, and have... err... had a functional penis, I wouldn't be happy with anything he could create. Right now though, I'd give anything to get my cock back. I can't spend the rest of my life with a cunt."

"If that's how you feel, I'm sure he can help," Laura chimed in. "Dr. Krell is the best. I've checked them all out, and he's the best."

"I hope you're right," Mike said. "I just want to get on with my life. I don't see how I can do that, looking like this."

The waitress came, bringing out their orders. Joe was getting hungry, and the small portion of grilled chicken breast looked good, but hardly enough to satisfy him. They all got down to the serious business of eating.

"Karen, what can we expect from this hygiene class Dr. Krell told me about for tomorrow?" Joe asked. "I think an assistant named Susan teaches it?"

"Oh, yeah. I almost forgot about that," Karen said. "He started that just after my surgery. In fact, I probably helped it to come about. Before, reassignment patients had a hodgepodge of information to get, and to remember. I guess it all got accomplished, but in my case, for example, I developed an infection just because I didn't know any better, and I was a registered nurse, even then."

"What's it all about?" Joe asked again.

"As I'm sure you realize, there are some physical differences between males and females," Karen said. "Women's bodies are more complicated, and in some ways, more delicate. Just wiping your butt the wrong way can cause a vaginal infection, as I found out soon after my surgery. You have breasts now, and she'll show you how to examine them correctly. She'll answer any other questions you have, or might have, after watching the films. I think you'll find the whole thing interesting."

"I see. It's sort of an owner's manual class," Joe said.

"I suppose that's a good description it," Karen said, grinning.

"How about Susan?" Mike asked. "Is she a real woman, or one of Dr. Krell's modifications?" There was a bit of sarcasm in his voice.

Karen looked straight at him, but kept smiling. "Susan Stevens is a real woman," she said. "She's married, has two kids, and is a caring wife and mother, as well as a dedicated therapist."

"I'm sorry, Karen," Mike said. "I didn't mean anything by it. I guess I just have a short fuse."

"Forget it," Karen said. "I understand that you're under a lot of stress. I would be too."

With that they finished eating, and when the waitress brought the check, Joe took it and paid it. Honeybone would pay this bill.

Joe drove them back to the clinic. When they went inside, Dave was sitting in the waiting room. Joe sat down next to his friend. Mike sat next to Joe, but Karen and Laura went on in, to resume their conversation in the little classroom.

Joe looked at Dave.

"How's it going, pal?" he asked. "Did you get anything to eat yet?"

"It's going okay, I guess," Dave said, smiling weakly. "No, I haven't had anything to eat, but I'm not hungry anyway."

"Did Dr. Krell say what else we had this afternoon?" Joe asked.

"Just some paperwork," Dave said. "Joe, I don't know what to do about that."

"What do you mean?" Joe asked.

"Joe, Dr. Krell said I could fill out paperwork to change my legal status to female," Dave said, "but I can't do that and remain married to Cindy. I realize I'm not a man anymore, but I don't want to leave Cindy and the kids."

"Did he say that you had to?" Joe asked.

"He said I couldn't stay married to a woman, if I changed my legal sex," Dave lamented. "State law won't allow same sex marriages in Arizona, and that's what we would have if I sign the papers."

"What about California?" Joe asked. He thought he had once read about homosexuals getting married in California.

"I don't know," Dave said. "I never thought about moving."

"If you got a divorce, based on your situation," Joe said, "and then you and Cindy remarried in California, why couldn't you continue to live where you do now? If there is a residence requirement, or something, I think Honeybone will help with that." Joe considered the possibilities.

"Maybe that's it," Dave said. He seemed relieved.

"How are you feeling?" Joe asked. "Was the physical easier today?"

"Yeah, it was, a little. Strange, isn't it, how the new parts feel so much like the old ones?" Dave said, looking at Joe as he said it.

"Same thing I noticed," Joe said. "Sometimes, it seems like I could just reach down and find that my penis is there again."

"It isn't though," Mike said. "We're stuck with these cunts, no matter what they feel like."

Dr. Krell's administrative assistant called out to them. "Can you come in now?" she asked. "We can have you completed in about an hour, if you have everything you need." They followed the woman into a small room, where there was a table and chairs. "Please wait here," the assistant said.

Joe, Dave and Mike sat at the little table, waiting to complete the paperwork that would make them females in the eyes of the law.

Chapter 15

DECISIONS

Before long, a middle-aged man entered the room. He was followed by Karen Simpson. The man was carrying three manila folders. He took them and placed them on the table in front of Joe, Dave, and Mike. "Hi, my name is Norman Peterson," the man said. "I'm an attorney, and I've been asked by Dr. Krell to help you with the legal ramifications of your problem."

"Joe Bates," said Joe, extending his hand. Mike and Dave did the same, introducing themselves. Norm Peterson seemed to know who they were already.

"Dr. Krell told me a little about your problem," he said. "While I guess I'm getting familiar with the many different situations that exist here at the clinic, I must admit, however, this is the most unusual one I've seen."

"Norm, here, is Dr. Krell's attorney. He's familiar with the requirements of most states' laws, including Arizona's," Karen added.

"I have some questions to ask you," Dave said immediately.

"No problem," Norm said, "but I think it would be best to work with each of you individually. It might be easier to talk in private."

"Okay," Dave agreed. "Good idea."

Norm explained California law on changing one's legal status. He explained what had to be done to get a revised birth record, and changing all other legal records. He explained that with proper endorsement by qualified medical representatives, just about all records could be changed, with the exception of records kept by the Department of Defense. Those were truly permanent, and he knew of no way to change them. He did not offer alternatives to changing status legally, figuring that everyone there had already decided on that course of action. After talking for about ten minutes, going through a seemingly well-rehearsed format, Norm said he was finished, and ready to talk to each of them individually.

Dave wanted to go first, and the others took their manila folders and left the room.

Joe went back to the waiting room and sat. Mike sat next to him, with Karen on the other side. No one else was in the waiting area.

"Sounds like he expects us to all want to become women," Joe said, breaking the silence.

"He sure does," Mike agreed. "I have no intention of doing that, at least not until all hope of getting back is used up. Even then, I don't know if I would want to be a woman."

"I wonder if we really have a choice?" Joe asked, to no one in particular.

"Well, I do," Mike declared. "My records say I'm a man, and nobody can change that unless I agree."

They sat there in silence. Joe went to the rack, retrieved the Cosmopolitan magazine, and found the story he had started previously. He started to read. Karen peered over his shoulder, and saw what he was reading.

"PMS, huh?" she asked. "Are you worried that you might get bitchy one of these days?" Karen seemed to know how to lighten up the moment.

"Well, I guess it has to be a concern now," Joe said seriously. "I really do wonder what it would feel like."

"I'd like to know, too," Karen said, "but you... both of you... will probably get to find out."

"Well, I'd gladly give you MY opportunity, if I could," Mike said. "I have no desire to go on the rag."

"I don't know how I feel about it," Joe said honestly. "If I'm stuck like this, I guess it has to be considered a natural function, something to get used to."

"There's nothing natural about any of this!" Mike objected.

"Yeah, yeah, I know, but until we can figure out what can be done, we might as well do the best we can." Joe tried to calm his friend down. It was strange how tolerant of their situation he was becoming.

Before long, Dave came out, carrying papers in his hand. He came over and sat with them. The nurse called Joe.

Joe got up, and followed the nurse back into the room with Dr. Krell and Norm. They were sitting on one side of the table, and motioned for him to sit on the other side.

"Well, Joe, and what is your choice? Do you wish to remain a male too?" Dr. Krell asked. It was obvious that the interview with Dave had not gone well.

"Sure, I'd like to remain male, but it doesn't look like I have that choice, do I?" Joe said, grinning slightly.

"You don't have to sign these papers," Norm said. "I'm not sure what we can do about your legal status if you don't, but nobody can force you to do anything you don't want to do. With the way you look, I suspect you might have difficulty trying to convince anyone that you're a male, but that is one of your options, if you want."

Joe crossed his leg under the table. The two men could not see his legs, and he slid one of his hands along his smooth, nylon covered leg. He rubbed the slickness as he thought, "If I sign this, I'll legally be a female, and most of my records will reflect the change in status. If I don't, I'll legally be a guy, but with this woman's body, not fitting in anywhere. What choice is that, really?" He took the pen in his hand.

"Will my school records, my driver's license, pilot's license, and all other records reflect the change?" he asked warily.

"That is correct," Norm said. "We will help you change all the records that it is possible to change. The DOD stuff will have the change noted in your record, but they will not change what is already there."

"My birth certificate? How will that be changed?" Joe questioned.

"An amended certificate will be issued, and that will be in your file. You may personally keep the original, if you desire," Dr. Krell answered.

"What if I can change back? What if you figure out how to make me a male again?" Joe wondered aloud.

"If we can discover a way to get you back, and we will keep trying, it will be simply a matter of repeating this same process," Dr. Krell advised. "Whatever status you prefer will make no difference on our course of action in that matter."

Joe ran his hand up his leg, beneath the soft silk of the slip. He got to the top of the hose, and felt the warm softness of the skin of his inner thigh. He really liked the way it felt.

A nervous Joe Bates took the pen, and signed the first paper, he folded it back, and started to read the next one. It was a form used to change his legal name. He had not considered that.

"What's this? I haven't even considered a name change," Joe said. "Do I have to do that?"

"No, of course not," Dr. Krell said. "I just thought you might want it, however. Of course, Joe is not that unusual as a feminine name, especially if you shorten it to Jo, jay-oh, when you sign your name. I don't see any problem with keeping the legal name Joel."

Joe skipped that paper, and went to the next one. It was a form for requesting a new operator's certificate, and he signed it immediately.

"Since that has your picture on it, you will have to go to the DMV and get issued a new license. With this paperwork, it will be like renewing your certificate. No tests, and no questions," Norm told him.

Joe looked at the next form. It was an FAA form for requesting a replacement pilot certificate. He signed it after he read through it.

"I don't have a lot of experience with that one," Dr. Krell said. "I have talked with the FAA Flight Surgeon at Oklahoma City, and he explained what was needed. You will get a new certificate in the mail. All your ratings remain the same."

The next group of papers was DOD related. Joe read through it carefully. It was some forms filled out by Dr. Krell, as well as about a six page summary of what had happened to Joe and his new status as female.

"I'm not sure what effect this will have on your security clearance status. I would think it would have none, but I have no precedent," Norm said.

The last paper was for changing his birth record. He really had concern about that. No matter what happened, or how he decided to deal with his body's physical changes, Joe still felt that deep down, somewhere inside, he was STILL a male. If his birth certificate said he was born a girl, could he still feel that way? He thought of the way he now looked, the way he now felt, and how even his personality

seemed to be changing. He did not even know how he would feel tomorrow. It was likely he would be even more feminine, since he was still feeling the changes happening. It was probably inevitable, and he might as well admit it. He took a deep breath, and signed the paper.

"You can take the rest of these things with you," Norm said. "I'll have these things copied, and give you the forms you will need. That's all for now."

Joe got up, and shook Norm's hand. It was difficult to get used to having such small hands. All the other men seemed to have a much stronger grip now. Joe went back out into the waiting room as the receptionist called Mike.

Joe sat down next to Dave. Dave was looking through his paperwork.

"What did Norm advise?" Joe asked his friend.

"Well, he figured I was just going to sign the papers and that would be it," Dave said. "When I explained my concern, he was sympathetic, and all, but he didn't really have any good advice. He thought it would be best if I changed my legal status to female, as far as my relationship with Honeybone. But when I asked about Cindy, then he thought I had better wait. I guess it's going to be up to Dr. Krell's guys to get us back."

"Yeah, I signed the papers," Joe said. "Dr. Krell said if they do find a way to get us back, I can go through it all again. It's amazing how simple it is."

They sat and waited for about twenty minutes as Mike had his interview with Norm. Finally, Mike returned to the waiting room. He had a smile on his face.

"Good news?" Joe asked, curious to know the cause of Mike's obvious joy.

"Dr. Krell said he would accept me for reconstructive surgery, if that's what I really want," Mike said. He was almost back to his normal friendly personality.

"When does he plan to do that?" Dave asked, showing interest.

"He said I had better wait until they have exhausted attempts to return us using the equipment back at Honeybone," Mike said. "That might take a month or so. I guess I can wait that long. As long as there is light at the end of the tunnel."

"I hope he can do something for me," Dave said. "Can he give you a working penis?"

"He said that they were making advances every day, and that I might at least have some feeling. Anything's better than this," Mike said, placing his hand on his crotch.

"Don't give up on getting back the way we came," Joe said. "There are still a lot of things we don't know about that." He did not want his buddies to blow the chance for a normal recovery. Changing themselves by surgery would eliminate any chance to reverse the process without causing deformities.

"Don't worry about it," Mike said. "Dr. Krell won't let us do anything until all possibilities of that are exhausted." Mike sounded like he did not expect much from that possibility.

Dr. Krell came out and walked over to his three patients. "Well, I think we're finished with you for today," he said. "Come back tomorrow morning, about nine-thirty, and Susan will be ready with her little seminar."

"Is Karen free?" Joe asked.

"I'm sure she is," Dr. Krell answered, "but you'll probably have to track her down."

Joe went back down the hall, and found Karen back in the classroom, still talking to three of Dr. Krell's patients.

"Dr. Krell says we are through for the day," Joe said. "Do you want to come with us, back to the hotel?" he asked Karen.

"Sure, I'm ready any time you are," she said, gathering up her purse and a book.

They walked back out to the waiting area where the others were standing. They gathered their things and walked out to the car. As they were driving to the hotel, Karen looked at Joe. "When do you have to back tomorrow?" she asked.

"We don't have to be in until nine-thirty," Joe replied. "I guess we just have the classroom stuff to do, and then we can go back to Phoenix."

"You got everything done today?" Karen asked, seeming to be surprised.

"I suppose so," Joe said. "I don't know what you were expecting, but the interview, a physical exam, and changing my legal status to female seems like plenty for one day to me."

"Yeah, I guess looking at it that way, it was a big day for you," Karen considered.

"You don't know how big it was," Joe said. "Except for last Friday, I've never had another day to compare with this."

Karen turned into the drive at the hotel. "What do you guys want to do this evening?" she asked, looking at Dave and Mike sitting in the back seat of the big Lincoln.

"Get some food, and stay in my room," Mike said.

"Me too," agreed Dave. "I don't want to go out in public like this any more than necessary."

"How about you, Joe?" she asked looking at him. "You want to sit in your room and mope too?"

"Well, I am hungry, but I don't know about anything else. I don't think I'm ready for it," Joe said.

"Hey, you're officially a woman now, like it or not," Karen argued. "You look passable, that's for sure, and you're learning how to act like one very quickly. This is the place to learn, away from home where you won't find anyone who would recognize you."

Joe thought about it, and realized she was right. He did not want to go out, but if he was going to be this way for a while, or forever, he had to get used to it, and there was no better place than away from home to make the inevitable mistakes.

"Well, okay, I'll go with you, if you think I should," Joe conceded.

"How about you two? Mike, you don't look any different, come on along," Karen asked again.

"I'll think about it," Mike said. "I don't feel too good right now, though."

"What's wrong?" Karen asked.

"I don't know," Mike said. "I don't know. Hell, I've been feeling all kinds of strange sensations. I don't know which ones are normal, and which ones are a problem. My belly hurts, and my chest... my nipples, they hurt when anything touches them. My shirt feels like it's rubbing them raw."

Joe knew what his buddy was feeling. He had the same feeling when he wore his tee-shirt the first day. He had not seen Mike's chest, but Joe guessed his friend had some changes there too, even though the clothes he wore concealed it.

"Mike, are you developing breasts too?" Joe asked. "Are they real sore?"

"Well... no... I'm still... I'm not..." Mike stammered.

"Damn it, Mike!" Joe exclaimed "You don't have to act macho or anything like that. We're all in this together. It's nothing to be embarrassed about... at least around us." Joe was irritated at the way his friend was denying the problem.

"Okay... Okay... Yeah, I guess I'm getting tits too," Mike admitted. "I got a cunt, and now I'm getting breasts. I admit it. Are you happy now?" He almost shouted at Joe.

"Mike, don't feel so sorry for yourself," Joe said. "I know you don't like what has happened, none of us do, but denying it won't fix the problem any quicker. You know that."

"What the hell do you want me to do?" Mike asked. "I'm not beautiful, like you are. I can't put on women's clothes, and fit right in, like you have. What do you want me to do?"

"Mike, if you need help coping... if there is anything I can do... don't be too shy to ask," Karen said. "I think I can help you get through this. I have some experience with it, you know."

"I don't know what I need," Mike said. "I think my body is still changing. I don't know. I just don't know what's going on."

They all got out of the car, and went up to their rooms. As they walked down the hallway to their room, they agreed to call each other in about a half hour, to decide what they would do.

Joe entered his room, and sat on the bed. The early morning wake up, and the events of the day, had left him tired. His old strength was not the same anymore. He had not exercised for a few days, since his racquetball game with Jay, and he missed that. He would have to get back on some type of exercise program, no matter what he looked like.

It was awkward lying on the bed in the suit, and he did not want to wrinkle it, so Joe decided to change clothes. He knew he would not want to wear it anymore this late in the day anyway. He sat up and removed the gray heels. He was now used to walking in the low

heeled shoes, and knew he looked good wearing them, but they sure were not the most comfortable shoes he ever had on. He placed them by the bed, and stood to remove the skirt.

When he had the skirt on a hanger, he started to remove the silk blouse. He started to unbutton it, and as he did, his hands brushed against the softness of his breasts. It felt great, just to touch himself. It was not a sexual thing really, but it sure was sensual, and he found he could not resist fondling the softness. The silky blouse over the slip, and his bra, made his breasts feel wonderful. He had always loved the feel of women's breasts, but it was even better to feel them from both sides. The soft touch, and the thin, slippery fabric, made it easy to see, as well as feel, that his nipples had become hard and stiff.

The sensation was quite intense, and Joe was starting to feel the familiar dampness that now accompanied his "erection." It was the first time he had experienced the pleasurable sensation for a while, and he was relieved to find that it could still happen. He had been beginning to worry that he was going to lose these new feelings.

Joe quickly removed his blouse, and slip. He slipped out of the nylon hose, carefully placing everything either on hangers, or carefully piling them on the dresser. He looked over at the full length mirror, and saw himself standing in his underwear. He was becoming used to the feelings, the clothes and all the other things about being a female. He wondered when he'd ever get used to his reflection in the mirror. "It's a lot different than Jockeys and a tee-shirt," he thought to himself. He started to remove his bra, but decided against it. He liked the secure feeling it gave to his breasts. Joe went over to the TV, and turned it on, looking at the little placard to find the channel for CNN. When he found it, he went over to the bed, and lay down without pulling back the spread.

Joe lay there, watching the news, and idly rubbing his left nipple through the thin material of the bra. If he ever got back, if he ever became a man again, he would certainly miss this experience. Of course, right now it did not look like that was going to happen any time soon, and he realized that he was starting to hope he could stay this way, at least for a while. He had never been more aware of his body, and now it seemed like everything that touched it made him tingle.

As he watched the news, he found himself watching the news-readers, both men and women. He found that what he looked at was changing. While he used to ignore the men, he now looked at them critically, even their clothes. He had always eyed the women, but

now, he found himself looking at what they were wearing, rather than just trying to undress them in his mind, as before. He tried to determine why he was now feeling this way, but had no answer. "Maybe I'm starting to accept the fact that I don't have a penis anymore," he considered.

With that thought, he tightened the muscles in his crotch, and felt the now familiar sensation as his vagina tightened. It was a pleasant feeling, at least as good as if his cock was there, twitching. He reached down, and placed his hand on the slick fabric covering the soft, flat area between his legs. Touching there felt good, and with his hand, he could feel that the wetness was beginning to soak through the cotton lining. It was making even the outer surface of the black panties damp. He was enjoying the caress of his hand on this sensitive area, when he was interrupted by the ringing of the telephone on the night stand.

"It must be Karen wanting me to get going," he thought as he picked up the phone.

"Joe here," he answered.

"Joe? I'm glad I found you," the voice on the other end said.

"Who is this?" Joe asked. It obviously was not Karen.

"It's me, Jim Matheny," the voice said. "I just got some more news, and I think you should hear it."

"Go ahead, shoot," Joe said. He wondered what they had discovered.

"I was over at Firebird, and I was talking with the line chief. He asked when we would be running the GPS tests again," Jim said. Firebird was the FBO that supported Honeybone's flight department with fuel and any other services. They were based at Deer Valley Airport. "I told him that I didn't know for sure, since it looked like there was a possibility that the equipment we were using might be causing injury to our personnel," Jim went on. "He asked what kind of injury, and I explained that it might be causing cell damage, which had unusual symptoms on the persons affected. I didn't want to go into detail, you understand."

"Go on please," Joe interrupted. "What did you find out?"

Jim continued, "Well, he asked who got hurt, and I told him that you, Dave, and Mike did, but that you were not in any danger."

"Yeah, okay, okay, go on," Joe said, anxious to hear whatever news he had.

"Well, when he heard that," Jim explained, "he thought for a minute, and said that he thought that one of his line boys, a college student named Tim Werner, was hanging around you guys last Thursday, while you were calibrating the transmitters."

Joe thought about it. He did remember Tim being with them while they were working. Tim was going to college, and working at Firebird part time so that he could make a little extra money, as well as hang around airplanes. Tim was an intelligent, friendly kid, maybe twenty, or twenty-one, and was about the same size as Joe. He was always hanging around, watching what they were doing, hoping to bum a ride in the Learjet.

"Bob, the line chief, said he hadn't seen Tim since Thursday," Jim continued. "He was supposed to work Friday morning, and all day both Saturday, and Sunday. He didn't show up, and he didn't call. Bob called his apartment, but nobody answered. Bob said Tim was a very reliable guy, and he couldn't figure out what happened to him. I asked Bob if he knew Tim's address. He did, and I suggested that we go over there and check for ourselves. I figured that if something happened to Tim, like happened to you guys, he might hole up, and be too embarrassed to come out. Well, we went over to his apartment, and knocked on the door. Nobody came to the door right away, but Bob saw Tim's Camaro on the parking lot, so he figured he was in there. We kept ringing, and knocking, and finally somebody came to the door. It was a girl, wearing jeans and a tee-shirt. She had short hair, though, like you guys, and she looked a lot like Tim."

"Oh, shit, another victim!" Joe said aloud.

"Yeah, I believe so," Jim said. "I asked the girl... She looked like a girl... I asked Tim if it was him. He said yes. He was too embarrassed to come out of his apartment looking like he does, and of course, he thought he was the only one that had the problem."

"Where is Tim now?" Joe asked.

"He's still at his apartment," Jim answered. "He didn't want to come out, or go to the hospital. Bob and I brought him some burgers. She... err... He said he was hungry. He's scared to death, Joe."

"He needs to get over here," Joe said. "If he sees us, at least then he'll know he's not alone."

"That's what I was thinking," Jim said. "I can't get him to go on an airliner, and I don't have a plane available to get him there. Can you maybe fly back, and pick him up?"

"Yeah, I guess I can," Joe said. He thought about the flight back, and had another idea.

"My pal Jay Logan has a Mooney 252," Joe said. "I'll call him. He knows Tim, since he keeps his plane at Deer Valley. I think I can get Jay to fly over and bring Tim to us. We're getting a briefing tomorrow which might help him too."

"Yeah, that sounds like a good idea," Jim said. "Tell your friend to fuel up at Firebird, and Honeybone will pick up the expenses, and you do what you can to help that kid."

"I'll call Jay, and tell him to get in contact with you. Where will you be for the next few hours?" Joe asked.

"I'm at Firebird, and I'll stick around as long as I need to," Jim answered.

"Okay then," Joe said. "I'll call Jay. If I can't reach him, or he can't get away, I'll fly back with the 421. I think I can get hold of Jay, though."

"Thanks Joe. I knew I could count on you," Jim said.

"No sweat Jim. I appreciate the backing you've given us," Joe said honestly.

"Damn," Joe thought, "another victim." Were there others? How many people would have their lives screwed up like this? He hung up the phone momentarily, and then picked it back up. He dialed the number of his best friend Jay. The phone rang three times, and then the familiar sound of his buddy's voice on the other end.

"Hey, pal, what you got planned for this evening?" Joe asked.

"Not much, I guess," Jay said. "I just got home, and was getting ready to find something to eat."

"How would you like to drive your plane over here to Lindbergh Field?" Joe asked.

"Sure, I can do that. You have something you want me to look at?" Jay asked.

"No, nothing like that," Joe answered. "My boss, Jim Matheney just called. They've found another person with my problem. A line boy named Tim Werner."

"Oh, shit! Yeah, I know Tim," Jay interrupted.

"Well, he was watching us, Thursday, and I guess he was in the wrong place at the right time," Joe said. "Can you fly him over here? Honeybone will pick up expenses."

"Sure, I'll take him over there. I need the time anyway," Jay agreed.

"As soon as you can get ready, get over to Firebird. They should have Tim there by then. I'll meet you on the ramp at Jim's Air, on Lindbergh," Joe said.

"Okay, see you in a few hours," Jay said. The phone clicked off.

Joe thought about what he had just heard. If Tim had been affected, that meant that they were probably exposed to whatever changed them while they were on the ground. That information would probably be a significant breakthrough. It also meant that the GPS was almost certainly responsible for the problem, since there was unlikely to be any other common denominator. Maybe there was hope yet.

Joe lay back on the bed. The news from Jim had his adrenaline flowing again. Maybe he should call Karen. He thought about it, and realized that she was just on the other side of the wall. There was a locked connecting door, and he went to it and opened it. On the other side was another door. He knocked on it, and in a few seconds Karen opened it.

She stood in the open doorway, and asked what Joe wanted. She had taken off the clothes she had been wearing too, and had on only a bra and panties.

"What's up, Joe?" she asked.

"I just got a call from Jim Matheney, at Honeybone," he said. "Jim says that they've found another person who has been changed. It's a line boy who was watching us set up and calibrate the GPS equipment BEFORE we flew."

"That's interesting," Karen said. "That means you all were probably exposed on the ground, right?"

"Yeah, I think it does. That narrows down the cause, at least a little," Joe said. "I talked to Jim, and my pal Jay is going to fly the line boy, his name is Tim Werner, to us here in San Diego. If all goes well, he will be here in about three hours, maybe less."

"That's a good idea," Karen said. "That'll give Dr. Krell a chance to look him over and see if he's okay, as well as maybe help him with the adjustment."

"Right," Joe replied. "Jim said he's really scared, and embarrassed. I know how he feels. I know it'll help him just to find he's not the only one."

"How old is he?" Karen asked.

"I don't know for sure, but he's a college student. I'd say twenty... twenty-one or so," Joe guessed.

"It must be quite a shock," Karen mused, "waking up and finding you're changed that suddenly. That you aren't a man anymore."

"You bet it is!" Joe confirmed. "I'm just now starting to accept the idea of looking like this for a long time, maybe forever."

"What do we need to do for him here?" Karen asked.

"I don't know," Joe said. "Why don't you come on in, and let's talk about it."

Karen came into his room, and Joe closed the door. He followed her back into the room, looking at her figure which was easy to see since she wore only light blue nylon panties, and on top, only a matching bra. She turned and saw that Joe was staring at her butt.

"Like what you see?" she teased, grinning.

"Well, no... I mean... Yeah... I mean... Well, you know...It's hard to get used to seeing pretty women running around in their underwear, and keep from staring. I'm sorry," Joe apologized.

"No, don't be. I'm pleased to find I'm worth looking at," Karen said, laughing, "and I love that description."

"It's true," Joe said truthfully. "I'm really impressed at how you look. If I didn't know, I'd never guess your past."

Karen, although she was almost six feet tall, was very feminine looking. Only her wide shoulders looked out of place, giving her the look of a swimmer, or athlete. Her breasts were average, well developed, and about the same size as Joe's. Both she and Joe had

smaller than average hips, but Karen's were maybe narrower, though her upper thighs were, perhaps, a little heavier. Hormones were redistributing her body fat to follow the female form.

Joe, though he was now genetically female, still had very little extra body fat. His hips were a bit wider than before the change, but it was due mostly to changes in his skeletal structure, rather than changes in amount of body fat. In that respect, Joe was more like a young girl, just through puberty. He had the curves, but was only starting to acquire all the fat distribution of a female.

"I wasn't always this way," Karen said. "When I started on hormones, it seemed like nothing happened for months. Then my breasts started to grow, but just a little. It really wasn't until after my surgery that they really came on. In the last year, I've found that I have to watch what I eat. I think my butt will really spread, if I let it." She bent her fanny around so Joe could see it.

"Nothing to complain about as far as I can see," Joe said, grinning. "It looks like Dr. Krell does good work."

"Dr. Krell didn't cause this to happen," Karen said, smiling, and rubbing one of her buttocks. "Hormones did. Dr. Krell is responsible for this." She turned around, and patted her crotch.

"The other day you said you didn't have much feeling in it," Joe said. "Does it look real?"

"Well, I don't know," Karen answered. "You've got a real one now. Would you like to see it, and compare?"

Joe thought about it. The whole thing was intriguing. Surgically changing sex. She looked so female. He was curious about what she really looked like.

"Well... Are you sure you don't mind?" Joe said reluctantly. "I don't want to seem nosy, but I am curious."

"Heck, it's only fair," Karen said. "I saw what you looked like when I assisted the other day. I guess I can't complain if you see me. Besides, we're both women, aren't we?"

"Yeah, I guess we are," Joe agreed.

Karen pulled her underwear down, and stepped out of it. She put her arms out slightly, and turned around. Then she faced Joe, and put her feet slightly apart.

Joe looked at Karen in amazement. Even without her panties, she still looked completely female. Her pubic hair was trimmed into a triangle, probably so that it would not protrude from tight-fitting swim wear, but not nearly as close as Joe's. Joe wondered what Karen had in place of a clitoris. He knew that was the key to the pleasant sensations he experienced now.

"Did they give you a clitoris?" he asked.

"Sort of," Karen said. "They tried to take some of the skin from the underside of my penis and place it where your clitoris is. I guess Dr. Krell did the best he could. It looks real enough, I suppose. I can feel it too, but just barely. Can't say it does much for me sexually." She reached down and with two fingers, spread her pubic folds.

Joe looked at her carefully. Unlike his own, Karen's genitalia had smaller inner lips, and those were much smoother, without as many crinkles and folds as his had. It also seemed to be very dry. By comparison, it seemed to Joe, he was always wet. Sometimes uncomfortably so.

"Is it always dry like that?" he asked. "It seems like I'm always soaking my underwear."

"I'm sure I don't have the lubrication you have," Karen said, "but it's adequate. If I were going to have intercourse for a long time, I would probably need some K-Y jelly or something, or I'd get sore. The same would happen to you, I suspect, but it might take longer."

"How do you think it would work if Dr. Krell gave me a new penis?" Joe asked, looking at the doctor's work.

"Gee, I don't know," Karen answered, stepping into her underwear and pulling it back up. "I've talked to a few genetic females who had reassignment surgery to male. Some were pleased, and others... Well, they wished they had left what they had alone. I think it's a still few years behind the male to female operation. Since you had a real penis, you'd be even harder to please."

"Since I've had this body, and I've been getting used to the way it feels, I think it would be hard enough to go back to my old body, much less settle for one without any feeling at all," Joe said, thinking out loud.

"Yeah, I think you're right," Karen agreed. "Dr. Krell does too, and I don't think he's too keen on changing you guys back surgically."

"Mike seems to think he will," Joe said. "He says he won't change his records to female no matter what."

"I know, and if I were Mike, I'm not sure I wouldn't feel the same way," Karen observed. "It's impossible, I think, to make anybody become the other sex, or to keep them from changing, if that's what they really want. It's whatever is in your head that counts."

"I think even that's changing for me," Joe said. "The other day, all I wanted was to get my old body shape back, but now, I think I'm still changing. I think I could stay like this. If I had to, that is." Joe tried to explain to Karen the confusion that seemed to be inside his head.

"Interesting. I'm sure that the gender clinic will want to know about what's going on in your head. Don't be afraid to bring it up," Karen advised.

"Oh, yeah, sure," Joe argued. "That's easy to say. How do I tell somebody that, yeah, I'm really a guy, but no, I don't want to be changed back to a man? How do I do that? Besides, I don't know if that's really the way I feel, or if female hormones, or something, are just making me think that's what I want."

"I don't know Joe," Karen answered. "I can only guess. I know when I started on hormones, I became much more emotional, crying for no reason, stuff like that. No doubt, they do affect your head. After surgery, when my testosterone was much lower, I began to feel a new contentment. Maybe that's what you're feeling. I don't know. I doubt if anyone could do more than guess."

"Yeah, if I'm stuck like this, I suppose it's just as well that I'm starting to like it," Joe said, a smile forming on his face.

"It's not all bad, is it?" Karen agreed.

"No, it's not all bad, that's for sure," Joe agreed.

"I guess we better call Dave and Mike, and let them know what's going on," Karen said, going over to the phone.

Karen rang Dave's number, and when he answered, she told him to open his door, and come into Joe's room. Then she dialed Mike, and told him that Jim Matheney called, and that he should come to Joe's room too. She hung up the phone, went over, and unlocked the door on the other side of the room from her own. As she was doing that, they could hear the rattle of the lock, as Dave opened the second

door. In a few seconds, the door opened, and Dave looked into the room.

Dave looked surprised to see Karen and Joe standing in their underwear. Dave was still wearing his jumpsuit. Before they could say anything, they were interrupted by a knock on the door. Joe went to the door, and opened it slightly. It was Mike, and Joe opened the door to let him in.

Mike came into the room and stood there, staring at Karen and Joe. He suddenly realized he was staring, and started mumbling an apology.

"No reason to apologize," Karen said. "It's time you admit that you've changed too. We're not embarrassed for you to see us. Are we, Joe?"

"Uh... No... No we're not," Joe said. He was not embarrassed, but he was uncomfortable. Mike was still dressed like a man, and no matter what he looked like underneath, he seemed like he was one. He felt self-conscious standing in his sexy underwear around a "guy."

"Sit down, everybody," Karen said. "Joe has some news. Tell 'em Joe."

Joe sat on the edge of his bed, and cleared his throat. "I just got off the phone with Jim Matheney," Joe explained. "Thursday, when we were calibrating the transmitters, a line boy, Tim Werner, was watching us. Today, they found him hiding in his apartment. He has been changed, too. I don't know the extent of his changes, but we'll be seeing him in about two or three hours. My friend Jay Logan is bringing him over in his Mooney. Jim wants us to help him, and make sure that he gets whatever assistance we do from the clinic."

"So we were affected on the ground," Mike said, "and Tim got zapped too."

"Yeah," Joe replied. "Jim says that Tim is really scared. We all know what he's going through. Does everybody want to go along to the airport to pick him up?"

"Sure. Yeah. Of course," they all agreed.

"Okay then. Do we want to get something to eat before we pick him up, or wait until afterward?" Joe asked.

"What do you think?" Dave asked. Dave seldom spoke lately, and it sort of surprised Joe when he did.

"I think we should eat first, because Tim should probably meet with us before he spends much time in public. I think they almost have to drag him out of his room," Joe said.

"Hell, I don't blame him," Mike said. "I wonder if his tits hurt like mine do." He gently massaged his chest through his shirt.

"Some lotion will help the irritation," Karen said. "Take that shirt off, and let me see."

"No, no, it's all right," Mike insisted.

"Take the shirt off," Karen ordered.

Mike looked at the tall woman. He started to say something, but stopped, and began to unbutton his shirt. He removed it, and pulled his T-shirt over his head. On his hairless, muscular chest, the objects of his pain and embarrassment were very evident. Mike's well developed pectoral muscles now seemed even larger, due to the small, but definitely feminine, breast development. His nipples and areola were fairly large, easily as big as Joe's, and they were quite erect. The rough men's shirts Mike wore had rubbed the tender tissue raw, and they looked sore. Embarrassingly, Mike took a nipple between his fingers, showing Karen, and the others, the small amount of blood that oozed to the surface of the thin, irritated skin.

"These darn things really hurt," he said, rubbing it with the palm of his hand.

"Just a minute," Karen said, going into her room for something.

In seconds, she was back, with a small plastic bottle with a pump. She squirted some of the fragrant white liquid onto the tips of her fingers, and she rubbed it on Mike's tender areas. Mike's face became red as he allowed Karen to massage the soothing body lotion into his skin. The softness of his breast tissue looked out of place on his trim, muscled body. Mike had the slightly androgynous look of a female body builder.

"There. Now, if you'll just wear a bra, or at least, a silk undershirt, you'll find that you won't have any problems," Karen admonished. "Mike, you'll have to stop denying the changes that you've had. At least keep from hurting yourself."

"Yeah, yeah," Mike said. "That stuff feels pretty good. What is it?"

"It's Jergens lotion," Karen said. "Here, take the bottle." She handed Mike the bottle as he was putting his shirt back on.

"I guess we better get going if we are going to find something to eat, and still make the airport," Joe said.

Joe looked at Mike. Now that he knew how Mike looked, he realized that he could see the slight bulge of Mike's breasts, as well as the definite points of his nipples poking at his shirt. He had not noticed it before. It gave him a new understanding about the problems Mike was facing.

"Where do we want to go?" Karen asked.

"I'd like a steak," said Mike. "Lets go to Mongo's."

"That sounds good to me," Dave chimed in.

"Suits me, too," Karen agreed. "I think I'll pass on the steak, but they have a great soup and salad bar."

"Mongo's it is," Joe said. "Now, let me get dressed."

Everyone went back to their rooms. Karen left the door open between her and Joe's room. Joe noticed it, but did not say anything. He looked at the clothes he brought, and decided on shorts, and a new top. The casual look was all right in a place like Mongo's.

The group went to Mongo's, and when they finished, they were ready to go to the airport and pick up their new friend.

Chapter 16

CHANGES

It was about two hours and forty-five minutes from Jim's call to Joe, when Joe and the gang pulled into the FBO parking area at San Diego International Airport. Karen, who was driving, parked the car and Joe, Dave, and Mike followed her into the attractive waiting room of the upscale fixed base operator. Since it catered mostly to business travelers, it had nice couches, a TV viewing area for waiting crew, and even places for waiting pilots to catch a snooze.

Joe went to the counter. In a moment, he got the attention of a cute young woman, who was working on a detailed bill for food, fuel, and other services for the Falcon 50 visible in the big picture window behind her.

"Can I help you, ma'am?" she asked Joe, who rankled at the way she said it. He felt weird being referred to that way, especially by a pretty girl.

"Yes," Joe said. "Has a Mooney 252 arrived yet? I'm waiting for a friend."

"No, it hasn't," she said, "but you're welcome to have a seat, and help yourself to some coffee." She pointed to a little alcove, where there were coffee, tea, and a large ice machine.

"Thanks," Joe said. "I'd appreciate it if you'd let me know as soon as you hear it coming in."

"I sure will," the girl said, smiling.

Joe went back to his friends. "We might as well have a seat," he said. "They're not here yet, but I think they should get here soon."

They all found comfortable seats, and Joe picked up a magazine and started reading about a new commuter airliner.

Joe was sitting there reading for a while, when his bladder reminded him he had not emptied it lately. He got up, and went to the ladies room. Inside the attractive restroom, he entered a stall, and was relieving himself, when he heard the ladies room door open. He finished, and as left the stall, he saw it was the girl behind the counter. She had apparently finished her shift, and was changing from the little hot pants outfit to something less revealing. Joe smiled at her as he went to the mirrored sink. The girl had removed her shorts, and

blouse, and was standing there with nothing covering her fantastic tan but a tiny string bikini and a little wisp of a bra which her firm breasts hardly needed. She was truly beautiful, and Joe had difficulty avoiding staring at her in the mirror, as he pretended to fix his hair. Joe could feel the old excitement building again.

What is going on? Joe wondered as he watched the girl change clothes. Yesterday he thought he no longer felt any attraction for women, but he could not deny the feelings that were making his heart beat faster, and his underwear uncomfortably wet. Joe did not know if he was glad he still had his attraction for women, or if it would simply be an inconvenience, now that he was legally a woman himself. Maybe it was strangely exciting, but it meant going into a restroom and then getting turned on by seeing your new peer group partially clothed, doing all the things women do. Was it a good thing? He was not sure.

The girl was buttoning her blouse as she joined Joe at the mirror.

"Are you going on a flight?" she asked, in an attempt at small talk.

"No," Joe answered awkwardly, "my friend is just stopping by. He's bringing another friend from Phoenix."

"Oh, yeah," the girl said. "I was in Phoenix last month. I like the beach better. It's too dry there."

"It is dry," Joe said.

Joe gave himself one last look, and quickly left the restroom. Being a woman was going to be difficult. He hoped that the wetness of his underwear would not show through to his shorts. His panties felt like they were riding up uncomfortably, too. He tried to discreetly pull them out as he walked back to the waiting area.

Joe joined the others waiting for the plane. Almost as soon as he was seated, the girl from the ladies room came up to Joe.

"We just heard a Mooney call ground for taxi to our ramp," she said.

"Thanks," Joe said. He got up and looked at the others. "Jay's here, I think," he said.

They all went over to the window, and watched for the little plane. Before long, it rolled into sight. Another girl, wearing the same little outfit as the girl that parked them, stood on the ramp waving two yellow flags to tell the pilot where to park. The Mooney

pulled up to the girl, and its propeller snapped to a stop. In a few moments, Joe could see two people walk to the front of the plane. Joe went to the door, and went out to the plane, closely followed by the others. He was amazed by what he saw when he reached the plane.

Tim Werner had been a handsome guy, about six feet tall, and maybe one ninety pounds. When Joe reached the Mooney, he saw his pal Jay, and somebody else. The other person was smaller than Jay, so he was shorter than five ten, and although it was over eighty degrees, the other person was wearing a gray sweatshirt. Joe went up to the person wearing the sweatshirt, and immediately recognized him/her as Tim Werner. He did not really look exactly like Tim, but the resemblance was there. If it was not that he had the same relatively short hair as Tim had, Joe would have thought the attractive young girl was Tim's sister.

Tim recognized Joe too, at least he thought he did, looking carefully at the pretty woman who walked up to him.

"Joe? Joe Bates? Is that you?" Tim asked.

"Tim?" Joe responded, holding out his hand.

"Joe what's happened... What happened to us?" Tim asked.

"That's what we're trying to find out here," Joe said, smiling. "There are some doctors here who specialize in gender related problems, but they've never had any like us, unfortunately."

"Are we going to be like this forever then?" Tim asked. "Am I always going to look like this?"

"Tim, I wish I knew. We can talk about it back at the hotel," Joe said. Joe went over to Jay, who was critically looking at his airplane. "Anything wrong?" he asked.

Jay looked at the pretty woman who came up to him, not immediately recognizing her as his best friend, Joe Bates. "Yes, I seem to have an electric fuel pump that keeps popping its circuit breaker," he said, only realizing who he was talking to as he spoke the words. "Joe? Is that you, Joe? You look so different. I don't think I'll ever get used to you having a body like that... and now the hair... Holy cow!" Jay exclaimed.

"No matter what I look like, it's still me here, Jay," Joe said. "It's still me. Just a wig, that's all." He pulled at a lock of his hair.

"Think you can do something with this pump?" Jay asked.

"I doubt it," Joe answered. "I don't have any tools, and you'll probably need a replacement pump. Do they have support for Mooneys here?"

"I don't know, but I'll ask," Jay said. "I doubt I'll get anything this evening."

"Let's find out," Joe said. "If you can't, we'll get you a room at the hotel for the night."

A line boy came up, and asked what he could do. Jay asked if they had an A&P, and if they could get parts to fix his plane.

The mechanics won't be in until 0800," the young man said. "We might get somebody to come out, but it'll cost you."

"No need to call out a mechanic," Joe said. "Stay the night, and I'm sure they can fix it quick, tomorrow morning."

"Okay, I'll let the plane sit tonight," Jay decided. "I'll be out in the morning."

"Okay, sir," the line boy said. "We'll put it on the maintenance ramp, so they'll get right to it in the morning."

"Let's go back to the hotel," Joe said. He looked for Tim, and found him talking with Karen, Dave, and Mike. "Can we all fit into the Lincoln?" Joe asked. "There are six of us now."

"I think we can manage," Karen said.

They all went back to the parking area, and Joe got in the back seat, with Jay between him and Tim. There was enough room, but they were seated closely together, Joe's hips touching Jay's. Joe felt strange having this new, wider part of him actually touching his friend. He was acutely aware of the changes in his body, as they touched a male for the first time since he acquired them.

They drove back to the hotel quickly. Joe wondered if Tim was hungry.

"Do you want to get something to eat?" Joe asked his new friend.

"No, I had something before we took off," Tim said. "I don't seem to get hungry very often now... among other things." He seemed a bit relieved to see others sharing his strange affliction.

"You'll probably find that your metabolism has changed, or will change," Karen said. "That may change your eating habits."

"It certainly has changed about all my other habits," Tim said. "I hope I can get changed back, 'cause I don't think I could ever get used to being like this."

"When did you first notice the change?" Joe asked Tim.

"Well, Thursday night I started feeling real funny," Tim answered, "and my chest started to hurt. I didn't think much of it and I went to bed. I woke up at about four in the morning. I had to piss real bad. When I touched my cock, it seemed it was really short, or something. I went into the bathroom, and then I realized something had happened to it. It felt all right, but it didn't look normal. I didn't know what to do, so I watched and I saw and felt myself slowly changing... Turning into a girl, I guess... I don't know... Joe what could cause this to happen to us?" Tim's now feminine sounding voice was breaking as he spoke, but he still had a male inflection.

"As far as we know, something in the GPS system causes chromosome damage, somehow causing the cells to sort of revert to a default, female XX form," Karen said. "I don't know if it is possible to cause further changes, or to find a way to reverse change that has occurred. It would take some form of selective cell modification capability. Up until now, consistent cell modification has been beyond our capability, except at the most simple level."

"So we're stuck like this?" Tim asked.

"We don't have any way back, so far," Joe said.

"Dr. Krell would like you to stay as you are, without reverting to surgical intervention, until his staff can determine that cell modification is not possible," Karen went on.

"Surgical intervention? What's that?" Tim asked.

"They can give you an artificial cock," Mike said. "That's what I'm going to do, as soon as they run out of ideas, trying to change us back."

"They can do that?" Tim said, suddenly becoming very interested.

"Yes, it is possible," Karen said, "but the results are not very consistent, and even at best. It wouldn't be anything like what you had. You might look like a male, but your new penis wouldn't function for intercourse. Maybe not even to urinate."

"It couldn't be any worse than this," Tim said. "Hell, I'm wet all the time, and it itches like crazy."

"It shouldn't itch," Karen said. "Are you keeping yourself clean?"

"I don't know. I guess so," Tim answered. "I'm pretty sensitive in that area. Just touching it, or having my clothes rub it gives me a boner. At least that's what it feels like. Like a boner... and wet balls."

"I think that describes it," Joe agreed. "According to Dr. Krell's people, our bodies are now those of completely normal females. I guess this is what it feels like to be a woman."

"I don't want to be a woman!" Tim said. "I'm a guy, and I want to stay a guy. They've got to get my cock and my balls back."

"Don't get your hopes up, Tim," Dave chimed in. "What everybody is trying to tell you is that you're a girl now, and you're probably going to stay that way, so you better get used to it."

"Is that really the way it is, Joe?" Tim asked incredulously. "Is that the way it will be?"

"I don't know, Tim. Dave might be right," Joe agreed. "You had better try to make the best of the situation."

"The best of the situation? How do I make the best of looking like this?" Tim asked. "How do I get used to these tits?" He pulled up his sweat shirt, exposing his fully developed bosom.

Jay looked down at them, and then tried to look away. Tim's body had obviously developed into the female form, and Jay was very conscious he was now the only male in the car.

"Keep your shirt on, Tim," Karen admonished. "I know you don't like what happened to you, but try to maintain decency. You're embarrassing Jay."

"I'm sorry, Jay," Tim said. "I just don't think of this body as real. It doesn't seem like it's even my body anymore."

"No problem," Jay said. "You are impressive looking, I must say."

"Yeah, I suppose I they look pretty good," Tim mused, "but it doesn't seem like it's me. I'm a guy. I don't have tits. I can't go around looking like this."

"Dr. Krell will help," Karen insisted. "He'll help you cope with the problems you're facing." They were just arriving at the hotel as Karen spoke. She pulled the car into the parking area, and they all got out.

"We'll have to get two more rooms," Joe said. "I hope we can get them on the same floor."

"It looks pretty full," Karen observed. "They might not be able to be on the same floor as we are."

They went to the desk, where Jay, and Tim attempted to check in for the night. The receptionist at the desk looked at his computer, and said he was sorry, but they were booked solid for the rest of the week. Jay looked at Tim, and they turned and looked at Joe.

"What do we do?" Jay said. "They don't have any rooms left."

"What? They're booked up?" Karen asked. "Well, I have an extra bed in my room someone can use."

"I do, too," Joe said. "One of you can stay with me."

"Gee, I don't know. Do you think it would be a good idea?" Jay asked.

"What do you mean?" Joe asked. "We're adults, aren't we? You can stay in my room. We've stayed in the same room before. We were roommates in school."

"Yeah, but you didn't look like that, old buddy," Jay said, grinning.

Joe felt the blood come to his cheeks, as he realized what Jay meant. They may still be best friends, but for them to share a room together would not be the same now. The realization irritated Joe. "I don't care. I can handle it, if you can," he said.

"Tim, you're welcome in my room," Karen said.

"Well... uh... I... ah... Ok, ok, I'll do it," Tim stammered. He had a little trouble accepting the idea of sleeping in a hotel room with a woman he had just met.

They went up to the rooms. Everyone stopped in the hall, and there they decided to meet at seven-thirty for breakfast. Then they went into their rooms.

When Joe went into his room, Jay following closely behind, he noticed that the interconnecting doors were still open. He could see Karen and Tim go into their room, and asked Karen to come over. She did, and Tim followed.

"Tim, did you bring some other clothes?" Joe asked.

"I just brought some jeans, and some tee-shirts," Tim said. "I want to wear this sweatshirt outside. I don't want anybody to see me like this."

"Like they told me, you better get used to it," Joe said. "If you try, you might find that it isn't so bad." He went to his bag, and dug around, looking for something.

"Here, try this on tomorrow," Joe said, handing Tim a white cotton bra and some underwear. "I brought some extra, and I think they'll fit you, too. Try 'em, they won't make you look stupid. You might even find you like the way they feel." He grinned at the confused young man.

"Gee, I don't know. I can't wear stuff like that," Tim objected.

"Don't worry about it, Tim," Karen said. "I'll help you with it." Karen took the clothes from Joe, and left the room, standing in the doorway until Tim followed her through, and then she closed the door.

Joe and Jay stood looking at each other nervously. Joe closed up his B-4 bag, and spoke.

"I guess you didn't bring any other clothes either," Joe said, smiling in embarrassment at his pal.

"No, I didn't," Jay said, a big grin forming on his face. "I didn't think I would be staying over, and I don't think I want to borrow any of your underwear either."

"Don't worry, you don't have to," Joe said. "I just want to help Tim get used to the change. Having Linda around sure helped me with it."

"Joe, it's amazing how you've adapted," Jay said. "You look great, and you seem to be doing fantastic."

"Do you really think so?" Joe asked. "I'm trying the best I can. I have to admit, it does seem to get easier the longer I stay this way."

"Have you found out any news? Is there really any hope of getting back?" Jay asked.

"I don't know, Jay," Joe said. "They haven't found anything yet. It looks like it'll be difficult, if it's not impossible. I changed my records today, so I'm legally a female now, I guess."

"Really? You're legally a woman now?" Jay said. "If that ain't a kick in the head. My old roommate, Joe Bates... A woman!"

"Yeah, that's the way I see it too," Joe replied. "A kick in the head. I can't believe it happened to me... That I look like this... That I might someday become an old lady... Jay, I don't know if I want to be an old woman!" Joe started to become emotional, and looked like he was going to cry. Jay came up and put his arm around him. Joe started to put his arms around Jay, and was starting to cry on his shoulder, when he realized what he was doing, and froze. He pulled back, and looked at his pal.

"I'm sorry, Jay," Joe said. "I didn't mean to do that. I don't know what came over me. I feel so strange sometimes."

"Hey, no problem. I'm here for you. You do whatever you feel like. I understand. You're different now. You can't help it," Jay said, trying to make Joe feel comfortable around him.

"It's true," Joe said. "I do feel different. I don't know if I can help it or not, but sometimes, I just get overcome with emotion. I was never like that before."

"You were never a woman before, Joe," Jay reasoned. "Maybe that's what the problem is."

"Yeah, I'm sure that's the problem, but what's the answer?" Joe asked his friend.

"If you're a woman, and you might have to stay a woman, maybe you should just let your feelings go, sometimes," Jay suggested. "I'd understand. I think everyone else would too."

"I know they would," Joe said. "Everyone has been so good about understanding our problem. I thought we'd be considered freaks, or something, but so far, everyone has been fantastic. It's made the situation almost bearable."

"Well, I'm here for you," Jay said, taking Joe's hand. "We were buddies before, and we can stay buddies."

Joe felt strange taking Jay's hand, but the warm, strong hand made him feel better. He squeezed it, and Jay returned the squeeze. "Could I ask a favor, and would you promise not to be offended?" Joe asked, slightly embarrassed.

"Sure. Anything," Jay responded.

"Would you... Would you hug me?" Joe asked.

"I'd be honored," Jay said, pulling Joe to him.

They stood there, arms wrapped around each other. They were both feeling a mixture of embarrassment and pleasure as they held each other tightly. Joe was surprised at how strong and muscular Jay felt, and how good it felt to be held in the strong arms of a man. Jay was surprised at how soft and fragile Joe felt in his arms. He certainly looked like a girl, but now holding him in his arms, he could feel Joe's breast's pressing against his chest, and could smell his feminine scent. It seemed his pal really was a woman now.

"Gosh Joe, you even smell like a woman, did you know that?" Jay asked, breaking the spell.

"What do you mean by that?" Joe asked. "Do I smell strange, or something?" He wondered what kind of an odor Jay was smelling.

"No, you sure don't smell strange, that's for sure. You smell great," Jay laughed.

"Maybe it's the bath powder. I noticed that it has a scent. I thought it reminded me of her," Joe thought out loud.

"Well, I like the smell, whatever it is," Jay repeated.

"I guess we better get to bed," Joe said, trying to change the subject. He did not know how to handle this male-female thing yet.

"Yeah, which bed do you want?" Jay asked.

"Either one is fine with me," Joe answered. "Do you want to shower?"

"Yeah, I guess I better," Jay said, "but you can use the bathroom first, if you want."

"Well... Okay, I will," Joe said. "I have to get this makeup off. Linda told me I shouldn't sleep with it on." The words sounded silly as soon as he spoke them.

"Well, you had better wash it off then," Jay said.

Joe started to go into the bathroom, and then he realized that he did not have his shaving case. He rummaged through his B-4 bag until he found the things he needed. He went into the bathroom, and shut the door. It was now felt strange being around a man, even if the man was your best friend.

In the bathroom Joe took off his blouse, and shorts, and then removed his underwear. He washed his face, and washed away his makeup. He brushed his teeth, and then sat on the stool to pee. As he sat there, he looked at his underwear, and decided to wash them out in

the sink. It only took a second, and his bra and panties were hanging on the towel rack to dry. Then he realized that Jay would be in there next, and would see his feminine things hanging there. He wanted to take them with him, but they were now dripping wet. When he started to leave the bathroom, he realized that he was naked, and Jay was out there. What was he going to do?

Joe looked around, and found a large bath towel. He pulled it off the shelf, and wrapped it around his curves, tucking it in on the side. Now he was ready to face Jay again. He screwed up his courage, took his clothes in his hand, and opened the door. He went out into the main room, where Jay had turned back his bed and was lying there, watching the news.

Jay looked up when he saw Joe. "You're done already?" he asked. "I thought women took forever in the bathroom."

"Maybe they do," Joe said, grinning. "I guess I just haven't figured out what all I'm supposed to do in there yet."

"It appears that you're doing all the right things," Jay complimented.

"Your turn," Joe said. He wanted to get his terry romper from the B-4 bag, and put it on.

"Okay," Jay said, and went into the bathroom.

Joe went to his bag, and found the terry romper. He took it and put it on the bed while he removed the towel. He was just reaching for the romper, when the bathroom door opened and Jay came out.

"I wonder if you might have an extra tooth brush..." Jay looked at his naked friend.

Joe froze in position, wanting to reach for the towel, but not wanting to move, and take his hands away from his breasts.

"Err... Excuse me... I didn't realize... I... ah..." Jay was uncustomarily speechless.

Finally, Joe found he could move again. "I... err... I was just putting this on," he said, picking up the little romper.

"God, Joe, you're beautiful, you know that?" Jay said, walking over to his friend. "Can I look at you?"

"Well... I... err... I guess so. Sure, why not?" Joe stood up, and let his friend look at his changed body.

"I could tell that you were softer the other day at the health club, when you wore the leotard. I thought then you looked pretty good, but I didn't realize how good. How can you stand having a body like that?" Jay asked his pal.

"Gee, Jay, what do you think I do? Fondle myself all day? A lot of people look like this," Joe said.

"Well, if I looked like that, I probably would," Jay said, a wide grin forming on his face as he watched Joe put the romper on, his boobs bouncing sexily as he pulled it over them.

"Get in there, and take a cold shower," Joe said, a grin coming to his face too. "Look in my shaving kit, I might have a new toothbrush."

Jay returned to the bathroom. Joe heard the water start to run, and before long Jay was finished. He came out of the bathroom wearing only his jockey shorts. Joe looked at his friend, the bulge of Jay's maleness now seemed strangely interesting to him. He found he could not take his eyes from Jay's crotch. Jay saw he was looking, and faced him.

"You really are a woman now, aren't you, Joe," Jay said. "Are you finding me as interesting as I find you?"

"I don't know, Jay," Joe said. "I guess I am changing. I'm trying to decide how I feel about men... about sex. I thought I wasn't interested, but... I don't know... I just wish I could control what's going on in my head." He put his head in his hands.

Jay came over to where Joe was sitting on the side of the bed. He reached down, and took Joe's hand. He pulled him up, and took him in his arms.

"Would you be terribly offended if I kissed you?" Jay asked, looking down into Joe's eyes.

"Holy cow, Jay," Joe said. "I don't think we..."

He was interrupted by Jay placing his lips on his. It did not feel strange at all. Joe let himself melt in the strong arms of his friend, and felt Jay's tongue try to enter his mouth. He parted his lips and teeth, and let Jay do whatever he wished.

As they kissed, Joe could feel his body responding to the caress that Jay was giving his back. He felt the wetness of excitement, and felt his breasts becoming sensitive to the touch of Jay's bare chest. Jay must have felt Joe's hardening nipples too, because he suddenly

put his hand down into the top of the little romper, and took one of Joe's breasts in his hand, fondling and caressing it, causing a sensation Joe had never experienced before.

Joe had made love since becoming a woman, but only with Linda. Since she was a woman, Linda knew how to touch all the right buttons to make Joe's body feel good, but Linda could not match the strong, forceful feeling of Jay. It was a mixture of pleasure and roughness, and it made Joe's knees weak. He put his head back enjoying the sensation as Jay kissed his neck. Joe felt his crotch tighten as Jay's tongue tasted his neck.

Joe had been wondering what it would be like to be with a man, but he could not have imagined what he was experiencing. He found he loved it when Jay touched him. He wanted to be touched all over. He seemed to be losing control of his own body, like it had a mind of its own. Joe found that he wanted Jay. This new body of his wanted Jay inside him. It was like he now had this hollow spot, and it just had to be filled. He could tell that Jay wanted him, too.

"Jay... ah... Do I... Can I ask another favor?" Joe asked.

"God, Joe, anything. Just name it," Jay said, as he caressed Joe's breasts, which were now completely exposed, the little romper was down to Joe's waist.

"Jay... would you... could we... I... ah... I just want to feel you inside me," Joe said, finally getting it out. It seemed he was having trouble breathing, his breath coming in little gasps, as he felt himself being overrun by passion.

"Would I?" Jay said. "I don't think you could stop me!" He stopped the caressing, and stood back, looking at Joe.

"Are you sure you want to do this?" Jay asked his friend, who seemed more excited than any woman Jay had ever been with.

"God, yes... I want you... I want to feel you... Please!" Joe begged hearing his body pleading for release. He was no longer in control.

Jay started to remove his undershorts, and when Joe saw his penis, his eyes got huge. Joe knew that Jay was not a big stud, or anything, and probably could not even be considered well hung, but when he saw Jay's manhood, the thought of it going inside him changed his urge from raw desire to fear. It did not look like anything that big could fit inside him. At least not without hurting him seriously. He remembered the pain he experienced in the doctor's office.

"Ah... err... I don't know, maybe we shouldn't," Joe stammered.

"What's wrong?" Jay asked. He was standing there, his erection was ready to explode.

"Should we really be doing this?" Joe asked.

"Why not?" Jay questioned. "I'm a man, and you're... You're a woman now, aren't you?"

"Yeah, I guess so," Joe answered. "It's just that... I don't know... I mean... What if I get pregnant?" He remembered what the Dr. Krell told him.

"Can you do that?" Jay asked, showing surprise.

"I think so," Joe answered. "They told me I probably could, and that I should take precautions if I decided to do something like this. God, I never thought I would be wanting to do this." He was torn between this new, powerful desire, and basic concern for his well being.

"Just stand by a minute," Jay said, and went into the bathroom. He returned with a couple of condoms in their foil packs.

"Where did you get those?" Joe questioned.

"They were in your shaving kit," Jay answered, grinning.

Joe remembered. Sure, he always kept a few in there, in case he needed them, just for times like this. Of course, he never considered he would use them this way.

"Okay, okay, we'll do it. I just have to know what it feels like, but please, you've got to be gentle. It looks like that thing can hurt me," Joe said, looking at Jay's stiff appendage.

"I'll be gentle," Jay promised. "You can be on top, if you want."

Jay lay back on the bed and opened one of the foil packets. He took the rubber out and unrolled it on his erect penis, as Joe watched in interest. He had never seen another man putting on a condom before, and he was surprised at how strange it looked. He must have had a funny look on his face, because Jay commented, "Haven't you ever seen somebody putting one of these on before?"

"Hell, no. Have you?" Joe returned.

"Of course... Well... err... No, I guess I haven't," Jay considered.

"Let me tell you then, it's not the sexiest thing I've seen tonight," Joe said, unable to suppress a big grin.

"Let's get on with it," Jay said. "Unlike you, I'm under pressure to perform." He grinned.

Joe slid the romper down, stepping out of it, and ran his hand along his own crotch, in an attempt to tease Jay.

"Don't worry, I think I can remember what makes your willy feel good. We can keep the pressure up," Joe said, trying his best to sound seductive. Joe was aware of the effect a female body had on a male's, and noticed that his actions were having the desired effect on Jay's libido.

Not really sure how to go about it, but anxious to know what it would feel like, Joe got on the bed with Jay; then crawled over and straddled his hips. As he stood there on his knees, Jay's erect penis was almost touching his belly. He reached down, and timidly took it in his hand. It was warm. He did not remember his own penis feeling that warm when he touched it. He was impressed by the silky texture, and the almost instant hardness of the thing. With his fingers wrapped around it, he squeezed it and instinctively moved his hand up and down. He had never touched another man's penis before, and he found it was very different from touching his own. The lubricant on the condom made everything very slippery. Jay let out a little gasp.

"Now don't get carried away," Jay warned. "I think I'm almost ready to shoot off as it is. If you want to try it on for size, you had better lay off the preliminaries."

Joe looked down at the hard flesh. He lifted one of his knees and began rubbing the tip of Jay's penis along the moist folds between his legs. It felt fantastic, but he was still apprehensive. The big thing would probably split him in two. Jay pushed his hips up, trying to push against Joe with his penis. When Jay did that, Joe would raise his crotch up, and his movements were keeping Jay from entering him.

"Come on Joe, put it in, won't you? You're driving me nuts," Jay pleaded.

"I'm working on it. You'll get your chance," Joe said. "I've got to do this at my own pace, and I don't want to rush it."

Finally, Joe took Jay's penis, and placed it at what he figured was the opening to his vagina. He took a deep breath, and let his body

slowly descend on Jay's hardness. Jay thrust upwards, and Joe felt it starting to go inside him.

Joe tensed for the pain he knew would come. Suddenly, he felt Jay's hands on his hips, pulling him down, impaling him. Joe could sense that Jay was inside, but was surprised to find that it did not hurt for him to be there. It did not hurt at all. It felt sort of strange actually, not particularly good, but not bad either. "Was this it?" he thought.

Then Jay started pumping, moving around, and sliding in and out. Now that felt great, he could not resist matching Jay's movements stroke for stroke. Looking down, Joe noticed his breasts were bobbing along with the movement, and it embarrassed him. He dropped forward, and lay down on top of Jay, closing his eyes. He let himself be carried away by the new sensation. At the top of Jay's movement, Joe was enjoying a pleasurable friction on his clitoris, and that was followed by a strangely wonderful feeling of fullness he could not describe. It was fantastic, and he wanted it to continue forever.

After only a minute or so of this new sensation, Joe could feel Jay tensing up beneath him. He knew from experience what was happening, and tightened his own muscles, remembering how good it felt to have a snug vagina gripping your penis. He was surprised to find how pleasurable it was for him too. Why didn't women do it more often, if it felt this great? He wondered.

"I'm sorry Joe, but I'm going to cum," Jay said. "You're just so tight, and feel too good."

Joe hugged him, pressing Jay's crotch into his own, and tried to crimp down on Jay's penis as tight as he could. Jay's legs became stiff, and he squeezed Joe so tight he could hardly breathe.

"Back off a little, man," Joe gasped. "You're crushing me."

"You're fantastic, Joe," Jay said.

Now Joe could feel the twitching of Jay's penis, as it squirted his load. Joe tried to feel it inside him, but then remembered the condom. Strangely, he found himself wishing that Jay was not wearing one. "What's wrong with me?" he wondered. "I don't have some secret desire to get pregnant, do I?"

Jay's muscles released, and he let himself go limp. Joe could feel his penis, which was still inside him, getting smaller and softer. He did not want the moment to end, but realized that it was not Jay's

fault. He raised his pelvis, and felt a little pop as Jay's penis came out of his still wanting vagina. He rolled off of Jay, and lay on his back beside him.

"That was good, Joe," Jay said. "I think maybe the best I ever had."

"Oh, yeah?" Joe looked at him and grinned widely. "I'm glad you liked it, but I'm beginning to realize what sex is all about for a woman."

"Is it better than for a guy?" Jay asked, becoming curious.

"Maybe it's just because it's my first time... from this side, of course... but yeah, I think it feels better, but it doesn't last long enough," Joe said.

"I'm sorry," Jay apologized. "I was just too excited... You felt so good... I couldn't hold back any longer. You remember how it is, don't you?"

"Sure, I remember," Joe replied. "I remember all too well. I remember all the times I did the same thing, and didn't realize how it left the woman... The way she felt... The way I feel right now. Can we do it some more?"

"Well, I'm not seventeen," Jay said, smiling. "Give me a little while and we can go again."

Joe looked down at his pal's organ. It was no longer erect, but it was still wrapped loosely in the condom. The condom was slightly tinged with pink, which Joe realized was a mixture of the lubricant, his secretions, and blood. Then he suddenly realized he was not a virgin anymore. His hymen was torn completely now, as evidenced by the pink condom. He tensed the muscles in his crotch, and felt a small irritation. He touched himself with his hand, placing a finger inside his opening. The narrowing he felt that morning was gone. Feeling himself, he also realized that he was still excited, and his clitoris was begging to be touched.

Jay watched Joe inspecting himself, and found the sight highly erotic.

"You're beautiful, do you realize that?" Jay said. "Would you mind if I touched you?"

"I think I'd love it," Joe said. "I still want you inside. I can't explain the way it feels. It's really good."

Jay touched one of Joe's breasts, and softly caressed it. "I think I can be ready to go again soon," he said, and looked down at his own softness. He saw the used condom still on it, and started to carefully pull it off.

"Look at this pink stuff," Jay said. "I don't remember it looking pink when I put it on."

"I was a virgin, then," Joe grinned. "Now, I'm not."

"You were a virgin? I took your... Really?" Jay stammered in awe.

"I guess I got to lose my cherry two times," Joe teased. "The second was much easier, for me than the first." He remembered his first awkward time with a girl.

"I didn't realize you were a virgin," Jay said, sounding sorry.

"What did you think?" Joe replied. "When I changed, everything seemed to reform to what it would be if I were born a female. There aren't any physical changes when a guy loses his cherry, but there can be for a girl." Joe put his hand over his crotch.

"What should I do with this?" Jay asked, holding the gooey, cum filled rubber.

"Flush it. I don't want it," Joe said, smiling.

Jay got up, and took the condom to the bathroom. Joe heard a flush, and Jay came back to the bed. His penis was still limp, and Joe realized then that he had probably never seen another man's erection, up close and personal, until today. The difference in size between the aroused and limp state was amazing. Joe wondered if he'd ever have a penis again. He was not sure if he cared.

Jay stood by the side of the bed, just looking at Joe's body. As he did, Joe saw Jay's penis began to stiffen. He reached over, and put his hand around it, pulling Jay to the bed with his cock.

"Don't rip it off," Jay teased.

Joe squeezed him tightly, and felt him getting harder by the second. He slowly ran his hand up and down along the shaft, until Jay seemed about the same as he was before.

"Looks like you're about ready for action again, tiger," Joe said.

"You just don't give a guy a minute, do you?" Jay teased. "It must be really good, the way you're acting."

Joe considered what Jay was saying. Maybe he was acting a little horny, but he had not climaxed yet, and Jay had. As a male, he was used to performing until he found release. Now, he was dependent on the endurance of his partner. It was a new position to be in, and he was not used to it. Right now, he just wanted to feel Jay inside him, and find relief. With Linda, even since the change, she had treated him more like a man, always concerned with his sexual release, and of course, with her, there was no erection, or lack of one, to be concerned with.

"Humor me, will you?" Joe asked. "I'm not used to this, and I guess I don't really know how to act."

"You're doing okay," Jay said. "You're doing okay." He closed his eyes as Joe stroked his penis.

"Let's do it again," Joe said, getting the second rubber from the stand, and ripping the wrapper open.

"I'm with you," Jay said. "Do you want to put it on me?"

"Lie back," Jay said.

Joe took the rubber and rolled it on his friend's appendage. When it was in place, he lay back on the bed beside Jay, and cupped his breasts with his hands, trying to tease, and entice his pal. "Come and get it," he said. He spoke as seductively as he could, but talking like that made him feel kind of silly.

Jay rolled over, and put his lips right on Joe's left breast, taking the whole nipple in his mouth, and suckling like an infant. The action surprised Joe, but he discovered it felt very pleasurable. As he worked on Joe's breast with his mouth, Jay started fondling Joe's crotch with his hand. The combination felt fantastic, and Joe began to writhe with pleasure.

"Feels pretty good, huh?" Jay asked, watching Joe move with pleasure to his touch.

"Yeah... Ah... Yeah, it does," Joe answered. His eyes were closed, and his breathing had become short gasps.

"Do you want me to continue, or are you ready to get down to business?" Jay asked.

"I... Ah... I don't know. Keep doing this for a while," Joe breathed.

Joe could feel his pleasure reaching a crescendo. He found that what he wanted was for Jay to enter him, but he did not want him to stop what he was doing with his hand. He rolled on his side, and pulled Jay's penis toward his crotch. Jay maneuvered into position to enter him, and removed his hand from Joe's vulva.

"Don't stop what you were doing with your hand," Joe begged. It was embarrassing to ask, but it felt so good.

Jay kept his finger near Joe's clitoris, but with difficulty, he was able to get his penis into Joe's opening at the same time. Joe was moving around so much that Jay just lay there, and held himself in position. In a few minutes, Joe tensed up, and became stiff as a board. Jay could feel a rhythmic tightening and loosening, as Joe experienced orgasm.

Joe lay still, gasping for air. Jay started to move his hips, but he was immediately stopped by Joe.

"Ohhh! Don't move... Don't move!" Joe begged. "I can't stand it!"

The feeling of Jay's touch on his clitoris now felt excruciatingly painful. When he was with Linda, she instinctively knew when to touch him, and when to stop. Jay's more aggressive approach to intimacy was okay until he reached climax, but afterward, any touch to that area became intolerable.

Jay pulled away from Joe, and lay on his back beside him.

"I hope you you've had enough," Joe said to his friend. "I don't think I can take any more for a while."

"No, I'm fine," Jay said. "It was fantastic! If anybody had asked me if I'd ever go to bed with you, I'd have punched them out, but you were fantastic."

"Yeah, I never thought I'd want to do this, but it was almost like I was out of control," Joe said.

"I have that effect on women," Jay grinned.

"The hell you do," Joe said, poking him in the ribs.

"Anyway, it was fantastic," Jay repeated. "I don't think it ever felt like that before. It was like you could read my mind. You knew just what would feel good."

"I guess I did know," Joe said. "Remember, a week ago, I was on that side of the fence. I still remember it."

"Is it better on that side?" Jay asked his attractive friend.

"I don't know, exactly," Joe told his friend. "It's good... It's great, but I don't know if it's really better. Just different. You feel pretty good, too, you know that?"

"I had a suspicion from the way you were acting," Jay answered.

"You should feel it," Joe said. "It's like somebody turned up the gain on all my senses. It's not bad sometimes. I think maybe I could learn to like it."

"Sounds like you might get the chance," Jay said.

"Yeah," Joe mused. "I know. I don't like to think about it. It's easier if I think of it as temporary. I don't want to consider what my life might be like if I have to stay like this."

They lay there talking. The subjects ranged from cars to planes, even women. Eventually, they fell asleep. Joe lay next to Jay. He had no desire to go to the other bed.

Chapter 17

LEARNING

It was still dark when Joe woke up. He could feel an arm across his chest. He wondered what time it was, and looked over at the glowing display of the clock radio on the nightstand. It said five a.m. Joe wondered if it was accurate. He decided it must be close.

Joe Bates lay deep in thought. What was it now... Tuesday? He had been this way only five days, and already, here he was, in bed with a man. Not just any guy either, but his best friend, Jay Logan. He thought about last night. Neither of them had planned what had happened, but what did come about was beyond his wildest expectations.

Only yesterday, Joe had signed papers changing his legal gender to match his new anatomy. That alone would have been enough for most guys. Then, that same evening, he ended the day by sleeping in the same bed, and actually having intimate relations with, his long time best friend. What was next? What was happening to him? Here he was, in bed with Jay, and he realized, he was actually enjoying it. Was he now homosexual? He considered the possibility. Of course, he still thought of himself as male, at least in his head. But, there was no denying that his body, and now, even his body image, was becoming quite feminized. He couldn't deny it any more than he could change it. Joe hadn't asked to be this way. He had no control over the new feelings...the new urges that the change had given his body.

Joe peered over at Jay. In the semi-darkness, he could see the faint outline of his friend's face. He watched Jay breathing, and wondered what they might say to each other in the morning. The whole thing was a strange combination of familiarity and curiosity, a mixture of old, and, at least for Joe, very new sensations. He was surprised at how natural everything had seemed. He never thought he would have the nerve to get this near to a man, but now it had happened, and it didn't seem so unusual at all. As he gazed at his pal, he felt a strange contentment begin to overtake him. For some reason, he was glad that he had been able to share this new experience with Jay.

Suddenly, Jay stirred slightly. He coughed, and moved his arm. His hand was now directly on Joe's right breast, and although he was obviously still asleep, he instinctively stroked it once, and cupped his

hand over it. This sensation felt strange to Joe. When he wasn't walking or moving around, he usually couldn't really sense the new tissue on his chest. Even when he did, it sort of felt like a lump of soft fat, bouncing and jiggling with any movements that he made. But it didn't feel particularly sexy, or erotic. It was now just another part of his body, if anything, a source of embarrassment, at least for someone who still considered himself a man inside. That was most of the time. As Joe became more familiar with his changed body, he had begun to accept the presence of the soft mounds on his now quite hairless chest. He was even starting to like the way he looked, enjoying the feel of soft, feminine clothing which defined his new curves. At those times, those little fleshy bulges became more... a mark of his new femininity, a source of pride, and sometimes... pleasure. Usually, when Joe touched his own chest, the sensation was nothing special. But, when anyone else touched him there... well, that was different. As Joe lay there, contemplating the touch of Jay's hand, he felt his crotch muscles tighten involuntarily. Strange the way it does that, he thought. He tensed the muscles himself. He couldn't feel any difference there from yesterday, even though he knew he had changed ... perhaps more psychologically than physically ... with what had happened just a few hours ago.

Joe ran his hand over the soft hair on his now somewhat prominent pubic mound. Lower down, between his legs, it was still damp and matted. Touching there felt good, so he kept his hand there, gently rubbing the still somewhat unfamiliar, silky soft, folds of tissue which replaced his male parts. Even when it was your own, a female body felt so different than a male, he considered. Now, everything about it was soft and pliable. His male body had been so much harder and rougher. Even his pubic hair, which was now closely trimmed, felt much softer, finer than before. I guess I can get used to this, Joe thought. Seems I'll have to, in any case. Then, he fell asleep again, the contented smile still on his face.

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The sun was shining around the edges of the drawn curtain when Joe woke again. When he opened his eyes, he saw that Jay was awake, watching him. He returned the look, and smiled.

"Who'd have thought this, huh?" Jay said, returning the smile.

"Yeah, who," Joe repeated. He yawned, and raised his arms over his head to stretch. It was only then he realized that he was still wearing the hairpiece.

"I don't know about you, but it was quite an experience for me last night," Jay said. "You were fantastic."

"Well, I guess we both just did what comes naturally," Joe replied. "I suppose it helps that I know how it feels like from your side." He grinned with embarrassment.

Jay kept looking at Joe. He reached over, and gently ran a finger along Joe's soft breast, watching its pink tip change from a soft, full cone to a firm point as he did so. Joe found that Jay's light touch tickled the sensitive skin, and he involuntarily shook his chest slightly, which made his breasts jiggle.

"That tickles," Joe said, feeling an embarrassed blush warm his face.

"Joe, I still have trouble accepting what has happened to you," Jay said. "You're so beautiful, it's hard to believe that what happened was caused by an accident."

"But it's still me, Jay, don't forget that," Joe reminded him. "And if that's a problem for you to accept...you should spend a day in my shoes."

"What do you have planned for today?" Jay asked.

"Well, we all have to go to the clinic at about nine. We have some kind of class, or briefing. I think its about hygiene ... stuff like that. We might even talk about contraception too, I think," Joe explained.

"So the doctors think you can actually get pregnant?" Jay asked with curiosity. "How do they know that?"

"I don't know," Joe answered. "I suspect they are making an assumption, based on what they found during the physical examinations."

"What did they find?" Jay continued.

"Nothing, I guess, just that we all seemed to have undergone a more or less complete transition to a female appearance. Apparently, even my chromosomes are now XX, rather than the male pattern XY. That means that even my body's cell structure has become feminized."

"I suppose it's hard for you to live with, but it sure improved your appearance," Jay said, a big grin on his face.

"You're just horny," Joe said, punching Jay's hairy chest lightly with his fist. "Seriously, it is hard to adjust to the differences, but...I

will admit, it's not all bad though. And I can still feel changes happening... physical, as well as... I guess... mental. I think it's actually affecting the way I think."

"Well, we both have said, on more than one occasion, that women process information differently from men. Maybe it's really true," Jay said, becoming serious again.

"Yeah, I suspect it is," Joe reasoned. "But I still have the same kind of thoughts... sort of anyway... but I'm certain I'm more emotional now. I still like the same things... maybe feelings about sex excepted... but I know I'm looking at things... reacting to them differently. It's quite a strange thing to experience actually."

"Do guys really turn you on now?" Jay asked seriously. "Did you really want to have sex with me, or did you just want to know what it would feel like?"

"I don't know," Joe said. "Last night, I could feel myself being taken over by something... I don't know what... I just had to do it... I don't know if that's the way it is for all females, or if my male head was having a strange reaction to the new hormones that must be getting to it... I don't know. I can tell you it felt great. It really did. Thanks for being there when I needed you." He grinned.

"My pleasure," Jay said. "If you find you need to do it again, just let me know. I'm always willing to help you with a problem like that," Jay's face displayed a wicked grin.

"We'll see," Joe said, making an attempt at an innocent smile. "We'll see."

"Do you think we should get up?" Jay questioned. "It's almost seven."

Joe modestly pulled the sheet over his chest.

"Yeah, I guess I should." He said. "I have to shower, and it's taking me longer to get ready now. Actually, I haven't even done it all by myself before."

"You can go in first," Jay said. "Can I use your razor to shave?"

"Sure." If you don't mind that I'm using it on my legs," Joe said, grinning. "You can put a new cartridge in, though."

"Ok. I'll do that." Jay returned the grin.

Joe got up, and began to look for his terrycloth outfit. He found it embarrassing for him to be around Jay while nude. Jay reached down to the floor on his side of the bed and retrieved the little light blue cover up.

"Cute," He said, as he handed it to Joe, who quickly stepped into it, and pulled it over the soft mounds of his chest.

"I know, I know. It's hard for me to get used to this stuff too," Joe said. "But I'm a little smaller and shorter now. My old clothes just didn't fit at all, and I've got to wear something. This is what fits."

"You really look great," Jay said again. "If you have to be a woman, at least be glad you're so attractive. It would be a bitch to be changed into an ugly girl."

"You know, that's an unusual thing about it," Joe related. "When I first see myself in the mirror, I don't always immediately recognize that it's me. I guess I'm not used to what I look like yet. But when I see myself as I dress... put makeup on, or whatever, I don't really feel all that attractive... I just feel like me. Sometimes, when I put this stuff on, I feel like I'm just dressing in drag."

"Well, trust me, old buddy, you're a looker," Jay said.

"I'll try to remember that" Joe said, and turned and walked into the bathroom, pulling the door closed.

In the bathroom, Joe looked at the items on the counter. There were little complimentary bottles of shampoo and conditioner. Also, there was a packet of bubble bath, and soap. Joe remembered the pleasant feeling when he soaked in the tub with Linda, and decided he would try a bath rather than a shower. He put the stopper in the tub, and started the hot water running. Pouring the packet of bath beads into the flow, he watched the bubbles begin to form. While the tub filled, he decided to use the toilet. He removed the little terrycloth coverup and dropped it to the floor. He sat on the stool to relieve himself. He was curious if the changes to his body caused by losing his new virginity would change the way the flow left his body, but decided that he really couldn't tell any difference. The procedure required to urinate was already much different than when he had a penis. He didn't... he couldn't aim... but just sat there, and sort of let it happen. But the result was the same.

He quickly finished, and saw that the tub was almost filled with warm water thick with bubbles. He looked at the tub, and thought about what he was doing. This time last week, he wouldn't even have

considered doing anything like taking a bubble bath. But then, last week he didn't have this soft, sensitive body to deal with. He stuck a toe into the water to feel the temperature. It felt hot, but tolerable, so he went to the counter, took a wash cloth and the bar of Caress bath soap, settled into the bubbles, and let the warmth engulf his body.

Joe took the soap and begun rubbing it over himself, making his soft skin soapy slick. He soaped his chest, enjoying how his breasts felt when they were covered with the sudsy water. Suddenly, he realized he was still wearing the wig, and carefully removed it with wet hands. As carefully as he could, he tossed it over onto the counter top. With the wig off, his scalp felt cool, since it was now covered only by his relatively short male hairstyle. He scratched his head. The shorter hair now felt unfamiliar. He went back to soaping himself, and carefully washed his genitalia. When his soapy fingers found his clitoris, he spent perhaps a little more time than necessary making sure that the little nub of flesh, which now seemed to contain all the sensitive nerves that had been in the head of his penis, was spotlessly clean.

When Joe felt he was finished, and the bubbles were waning, he got up, and hopped out of the tub. His slick, wet, hairless body was still covered with soapy suds. Joe wondered how he could get the stuff off. He remembered why he liked showers better, and reached for one of the large, thick bath towels on the rack. The absorbent towels quickly took the water off, and the soapy residue actually seemed to make his skin softer. As he dried his legs, stubble, which had formed since the last time he had shaved, could be felt. What would he do about that?

He decided to let the water out of the tub, and when it was gone, he took his razor, and shave cream from his kit, and stepped back into the tub. He put some cream on his legs, and then a little under his arms, Then he started the shower and began shaving. From longtime habit, he felt his face, and the softness he felt there reminded him that he no longer had to worry about shaving that part of his body. The hair on his legs didn't seem to go as high up as the first time he had shaved there, either. He had some sharp stubble on his calves, but only light down was forming on his upper thighs, in sharp contrast to the hairy legs he had as a man. Then, of course, he had also had a dark thicket of hair on his chest too. That had been replaced by firm breasts, with only a few hairs around much larger areola. Joe had plucked those out when he first saw them, and they had yet to return.

When Joe finished shaving his legs and underarms, he rinsed the shave cream off under the shower and turned the water off. He got

out of the tub and again dried off with the thick towel. When he finished, he looked at himself in the mirror over the sink.

What he saw was now familiar to him. Only the short hair was left as a reminder of his former appearance. To be sure, his face still had some resemblance to his male look, but now his reflection was more like that of his sister, if he had a sister. His trim, shapely body looked much younger than its thirty years. He wondered why, and decided that since he had just developed feminine secondary sexual characteristics, time and gravity hadn't done their work on his new shape yet. Everything...his skin, his hands...everything about him seemed to have shed ten years. He even felt younger, much more flexible. But, he could tell that he had lost significant strength. His body was still well toned, but the large chest and shoulder muscles he once had were replaced with the thinner, trim, upper torso of a young female. Examining himself in the mirror, Joe was again amazed at what he had become. He bent his left arm like a muscle man, and looked at his small bicep muscle. He reached over with his other hand, and felt it. It was not big, but it was still firm. He had no flab on his body anywhere.

Joe took the cosmetics out of the bag, and carefully tried to fix his face. He intentionally made sure not to use much makeup, preferring a well scrubbed, healthy look.

When he was more or less satisfied, he was ready to dress. He looked at the underwear that had dried overnight. Should he put the same stuff back on, he wondered? What would he be wearing today? He couldn't remember what Linda had packed for him, so he put the terry romper back on, and, taking his clean underwear, he went back out into the main room.

Jay was still lying on the bed. He had turned on the TV, and was watching CNN. Joe went to the closet, and looked over what he had to wear today.

"Are you finished in the bathroom?" Jay asked.

"Yeah, you can go in if you want. I'm trying to figure out what to wear today. Linda picked my clothes, and I guess she expects me to wear this dress. I don't have anything else here but a suit, this, and some shorts," Joe said, holding up the red-orange sundress.

"That looks like it would look good," Jay said, getting up, and walking naked into the bathroom.

Jay went in, but didn't close the door behind him. Through the open door, Joe watched his friend stand in front of the stool and urinate. It reminded him that he wasn't like that...he wasn't a man anymore, and he felt a slight twinge of envy.

Well, if I'm going to wear this, I'll have to find the right stuff to wear underneath, Joe thought, trying to take his mind off things he couldn't change. He went to his B-4 bag, and located the bra with the wide set straps, which wouldn't show from under the straps of the sundress. He then found a matching panty, and took the things over to the bed. He didn't remove the cover up, but pulled it down to his waist as he put the almost transparent bra on. Wearing it felt strangely sexy, just as when he had tried it on in the store. Joe found that wearing women's clothing, even underwear, sometimes seemed so frivolous. But, for some reason, it made him feel good about himself again.

Next, Joe stepped out of the romper, and quickly pulled on the nylon nude-colored panties. He found a half slip, and pulled it over his hips. He decided he would see how he looked without nylon hose, since that would be much cooler.

Slipping into the red dress, Joe struggled to fasten the buttons at the back. When he finally got them closed, he checked his reflection in the mirror. The dress fit his shapely contours, and was quite feminine looking. Without the wig, his face seemed somewhat out of place above his attractive figure. He needed the hairpiece to give him the look he wanted. Joe carefully moved his own hair around, trying to find some way to comb it that might make the length seem even a little feminine. He decided that, at least for a while, he would need the wig.

Joe walked over to the open bathroom door. Jay was in the shower, and the curtain was drawn. Joe went into the bathroom, grabbed his wig, and quickly left the steamy room.

He placed the hairpiece on his head, and found that it needed a little brushing to get it back into the shape it was in yesterday. The steam had caused the wig to get slightly curly, and it was difficult to get into place. Joe needed his hairbrush, which was in his shaving kit.

With the disheveled wig on his head, Joe went back into the bathroom and began looking for his brush in the little cosmetic bag Linda had prepared for him. As he was doing that, Jay turned off the shower, and slid the curtain open. He looked at Joe, who felt a bit embarrassed, standing next to his wet, naked pal. Jay looked at him, and grinned widely.

"Hey, you look good in that, Joe," Jay said, as he stepped from the tub. "The hair makes you look even more beautiful. I even like that unruly look."

"I'm trying to get rid of the 'unruly' look," Joe said. "I left the wig in here, and the steam hasn't helped it any. I hope I can get it back into shape."

"Don't worry, I know you'll look fantastic either way," Jay advised.

Joe quickly left the bathroom. He stood in front of the mirror, and brushed the hairpiece until it was as close as he could make it to how it had been.

As he examined himself critically, he remembered the little ear rings. He found them, and snapped them on his ears. He didn't like the way they felt, but they did set off his face. The little golden disks contrasted well with his tanned skin. He smoothed the dress down his hips, and adjusted the way it fit around his bosom. He was doing that when Jay came out of the bathroom.

"I know I'm impressed," Jay said. He had seen Joe feel and squeeze his boob while adjusting his bra.

Joe didn't say anything. He was too embarrassed.

"The dress looks good on you," Jay said. He came over to where Joe was standing. Coming up behind Joe, he reached up touched one of the small earrings Joe had carefully snapped on, which were just visible below his hairpiece.

"These are nice too," Jay said. "Where did you get them?"

"Linda sent them with me," Joe said. "I wore them yesterday, too. They're hers. I don't have any of my own, so far."

"Are these your clothes?" Jay asked.

"Yeah. I bought this the other evening, before we came out here. Karen helped pick it out," Joe said. He spun around, so Jay could look at him.

"She has good taste," Jay said. "Is Honeybone paying for all this new stuff?"

"Well, no, not so far. I haven't given it much thought. I've just been getting what I need...whatever I need. I haven't thought much about who should be paying for it," Joe answered.

"I think, if you keep the receipts, and keep a record of all the expenses you incur, you'll probably find them more than willing to cover them. I'm sure they're worried stiff about the legal ramifications of what has happened to you guys... er, girls... ah women." The attorney in Jay was again struggling to come out.

"I guess I've still got most of my sales slips," Joe said. "I'll ask Jim about it when we get back."

"I really think you should," Jay said. "Especially if you're going to stay this way."

"What does that mean?" Joe asked curiously. "If I'm going to stay this way."

"You know... if you're going to remain a woman... you might find that a lot of things about your life are going to change... and you might be needing all the financial help you can get."

"Jim said that he thought Honeybone would let us keep our jobs," Joe said. "Whatever I look like now, I still have the same skills... the same education, as I always had. I may not be quite as strong as before, but I can still do everything I have to do." Irritated, Joe heard his voice rise as he spoke.

Jay quickly dressed wearing the same clothes as he came with. When he was ready, he turned to Joe.

"Are you going to check out this morning?" Jay asked.

"I guess we should," Joe answered. "I'll see what Karen thinks." He went to the phone, and dialed the room next door.

"Karen, Joe here. Are we going to leave from the clinic?" Joe asked.

"Yeah. I think so," Karen said. "I don't know what they will want to do with Tim, but he can probably leave with us, too."

"How's he doing?" Joe asked. He wondered how the newest victim of the change was adjusting.

"Well, I think okay," Karen answered. "He took a shower, and now he's trying on some clothes. I think he's facing the same problem adjusting as you are. I think he likes some things, but is having a problem accepting it, especially if it might be permanent."

"Yeah, I know exactly how he feels," Joe said knowingly. Everything was much easier to take, if you could think of it all as temporary.

"I think we should bag up," Karen said. "If we do have to stay tonight, we can check in again."

"I'll call Dave and Mike," Joe said. "I'll see you in about a half hour, for breakfast." He hung up the phone.

Joe called the others, and told them to get ready to check out. He hung up the phone again, and got his things together. He picked up the B-4 bag, and was starting to carry it out, when Jay took it away from him.

"I'll carry that for you," Jay said.

With a bit of irritation in his voice, Joe started to object. When he looked at his friend's face, he saw a strange expression ... one he had never seen before.

"I... I can carry this. Joe said faintly.

"But, you know I can do it easier," Jay said, the look still in his eyes. "And anyway, I want to."

Suddenly, Joe realized that the relationship with his best friend was now very different. They may still have the same interests, and hobbies, but now... there was at least one big difference... they had slept in the same bed. They had made love... as a man... and a woman. They had been close friends, but now, they were also lovers. It was very obvious that Jay could not ignore the fact that his best friend was now an attractive woman.

Joe and Jay found seats in the lobby. Before long, Dave joined them, and he was soon followed by Mike. Dave was wearing another jumpsuit, this one in a yellow color, which fit his new shape quite well. Although Joe was becoming familiar with what had happened to his own body, it was still always a little shock when he saw what had happened to his friends.

Mike was still wearing his male clothing, but his braless chest was now quite evident, his prominent nipples poking at his shirt, bobbing as he walked toward them. Joe wondered if Mike was still changing and developing, or if it just seemed so, now that he knew what his friend looked like. Mike seemed oblivious to his appearance.

Mike greeted them, and found a seat on the couch, next to Joe. "I don't know," Mike said quietly to Joe. "I was watching ESPN, and I found myself feeling strange... I was actually watching the guys... they... I had trouble concentrating on the game... what the hell is

happening? Am I turning queer? I don't know what's going on with me." He looked at Joe, as if he had the answer to the confusion.

"Yeah. I know what you're saying," Joe agreed. "I guess we're all finding new things about ourselves every day." It was hard to put into words, what was going through his mind.

They had sat there only a minute or two, when Karen walked into the lobby, followed closely behind by a very self-conscious-looking Tim, who was wearing a feminine looking top, and pants which were almost too snug around his now larger hips. The clothes were probably Karen's, and it was apparent that Tim was a bit more well endowed than she was. He had never worn a bra before, and he self-consciously tried to conceal his bulging breasts, which now seemed even larger, supported by the bra, by awkwardly holding an arm across his chest.

Tim stood next to Karen and greeted the others, who remained seated.

"You look real good, Tim," Joe said, trying to build the young guy's ego, but not really knowing how to go about it.

"Yeah. Real good. I feel like Dolly Parton," Tim said, cupping a breast with his hand for emphasis.

"It isn't that bad," Joe countered. "It just feels that way because you're not used to having them yet. Before long, you'll forget they're there."

"Do you?" Tim asked simply.

"Well...no, I guess I don't," Joe answered truthfully. "But I think I have adjusted to them being there."

"Then maybe I will too, sometime," Tim continued. "But right now, it's embarrassing as hell." He took a seat on the couch.

"Let's get something to eat," Joe suggested. "We can discuss what we want to do as far as checkout."

"Good idea," Jay said. "I know I've got to get to the airport, and see that the plane is fixed. I have to be in Phoenix by this afternoon."

They went into the hotel coffee shop, and ordered breakfast. As they waited, they decided on the plan of action.

"Ok then, as soon as we're done here, we all check out, and then we drive Jay to the airport. I'll call Dr. Krell, tell him what we have planned, and confirm the best times," Karen said.

"What will they do with me?" Tim asked. He had no idea what was in store for him.

"I think you'll find out what it's really like to be a woman today." Dave said, breaking his now customary silence.

"They'll probably give want to take some blood samples, and give you a physical." Karen explained to the young man.

"Yeah, and I'm sure you've never had one like they're gonna give you," Mike said. " They'll be poking things into openings you probably don't realize you have."

"Don't worry, Tim," Joe said. "We've all survived it. It's not that bad." He was trying to quell the look of concern that was on Tim's quite attractive features.

"Will I have to get undressed around people?" Tim asked.

"Well, yeah, but don't worry, you'll find that Dr. Krell won't think you're strange, or do anything to embarrass you. He'll only try to help you to cope with what's happened," Joe explained.

"I hope he can do more than help me cope," Tim said. "I don't want to have to get used to the way wearing a bra feels, I want him to make me not have to wear it." He pulled at the straps, which apparently were digging into his shoulders.

"If he can, he will," Karen said. "And if he can't, nobody can."

"Well, let's get going," Joe said. "We have a lot to do today. Go up and get your things and check out. I'll meet everyone at the desk in fifteen minutes."

They all went back to their rooms. Joe and Jay, since they had already brought Joe's bag down, went out into the waiting area.

In a few minutes, they all met and checked out. Then they took their things to the car and drove Jay to the airport.

Chapter 18
ANSWERS II

The Town Car pulled into the FBO parking area. Jay and Joe quickly got out and went to the desk. The others, Karen, Dave, and Mike, remained in the car.

Jay went over to the desk, and began speaking to the girl there.

"No, sir, they haven't started working on your plane yet." She said.

"Can I talk to the mechanic?" Jay asked.

"Sure. I'll call him." The girl said, picking up the phone.

In a few moments, a heavysset, middle aged man came from the door to the hangars. He walked up to Jay, and shook his hand.

"Hi. We'll be getting to that Mooney in about fifteen minutes." He said. "I think we'll have you two back in the sky before ten."

Jay looked at Joe and grinned, but said nothing. As Jay described the symptoms he had the night before, the service manager listened intently. When Jay was finished the he spoke.

"It sure sounds like a pump has packed up," he said, and went back into the hangar.

The girl behind the desk spoke. "We have coffee and rolls over there," she said, pointing to an area with a coffee pot and a couple of boxes of doughnuts. "Please make yourselves at home."

"Well, it looks like you'll be ok," Joe told Jay. "I'd better get going."

"If you get back tonight, give me a call," Jay said.

"Yeah, I will," Joe said. He was noticing something very different in how Jay was relating to him. He wasn't sure how to take it.

Joe left Jay at the desk and went back to the parking lot. As he walked, he could feel the gentle breeze on his legs, and felt it billow under the little sun dress. The feeling was very different from anything he had felt before. He had only been outdoors wearing a dress a few times before, but then he always wore pantyhose or stockings. This morning he wore only panties under the dress. His

legs were bare, and the breeze made him feel sexy, almost naked. Joe smiled to himself, enjoying the feeling as he got back in the Lincoln with his friends.

"He'll be OK. I think we can go," He said.

Karen was driving, and quickly got back on the road to the clinic. In about eight minutes, they pulled into the small parking area beside the clinic. They all went in and checked in with the receptionist. Then they took seats until they were called.

In less than five minutes, the receptionist called Tim, who followed her into Dr. Krell's office. She then came out and spoke to them, looking mostly at Karen.

"Why don't you take them into the classroom, if you like? Susan has some tapes for them to watch. They might be in there already," the receptionist said.

The others followed Karen into the little classroom. On one of the tables were three video tapes. Karen went over and looked at them.

"How about 'OURSELVES'?" Karen asked, holding up one of the cassettes. "I believe it's meant for girls going through puberty, but I perhaps you'll find it interesting too. It's probably quite relevant."

"Yeah, it's just what we need," Mike said sarcastically, "adolescent health films."

"Never know, you just might learn something, Mike," Karen answered back. She went to the VCR, and put the tape in.

On a large color monitor, they watched as the educational film ran. It was obviously meant for young women, but it carefully explained the workings of the female, and male, organs of reproduction, showing them as fairly accurate drawings, rather than photographs. As the female organs were explained, the four former men watched intently as the anatomy they now possessed was covered in considerable detail. A cartoon-like segment showed a girl as she developed into a young adult, from pubic hair, to breast development, and menstrual periods. Then it showed a cartoon of an adolescent boy and his journey to maturity, explaining it from the point of view of a young woman. Joe found it quite different to watch this now, from the last time he had watched a somewhat similar movie. Then, he was thirteen, and a curious young male. He looked over at Mike, who was also showing a lot of interest in the tape. As his eyes moved to his pal Dave, he noticed that while he too was transfixed by what he

watching, his right hand was idly kneading the soft bulge of his left breast as he watched. Dave must have felt Joe's eyes on him because he looked over, and saw Joe smiling as he watched him. Embarrassed, he folded his hands on the table.

When the tape finished, Karen went to the VCR and rewound the cassette. She held up the other two. "Do you want to watch these now, or take a break?"

"Let's watch 'em," Mike said quickly. "What are they about?" His attitude had changed quickly.

"Well, this one is about clothing, and cosmetics. It's an introduction to the Real Life Test. Dr. Krell has this to show his reassignment patients," Karen answered. "It's pretty long."

"What's the other one?" Dave asked. His interest had obviously been piqued by the first tape.

"This covers contraceptive methods. It's actually intended for medical students or doctors, but all of you can probably appreciate it. It's thirty-two minutes long. I don't think I've seen it either," Karen answered.

"Well. We don't need that one," Dave said. "At least I won't."

"It might be worth watching," Karen returned. "You are all probably fertile females now, and you had better understand what that means."

Joe understood all too well the significance of his situation. He thought about last night, and how it seemed he was almost beside himself, seemingly unable to control his new desires. He couldn't remember ever being that overwhelmed by masculine passion.

"I'd like to see it," Joe blurted out. The others looked over at him and grinned.

Mike spoke. "You ready to try out the new equipment?"

"We might be this way for a long time... maybe for the rest of our lives," Joe said, matter-of-factly. "We might as well face that reality."

"Joe's right. I don't know how you feel right now, but you might change your mind as time passes." She put the tape in the machine, and pressed play.

This film was obviously meant for a mature audience. It was a no-nonsense review of birth control methods, showing the advantages, disadvantages, and performance statistics of each form, from condoms

to oral contraceptives. While watching it, Joe decided he would ask Dr. Krell about a diaphragm. He wondered how he could bring the subject up.

As the tape finished with a review of the various methods, the instructor, Susan Stevens entered the room. She took a seat next to Joe, but said nothing. Joe could detect the pleasant scent of her perfume. When the tape finished, she walked to the front of the room.

"Good morning." The nurse said. "My name is Susan Stevens. I'm a registered nurse. I've been married for ten years, and I have two children. I've been informed as to what has happened to you, and I'm here to help. Feel free to ask any questions you want. You won't embarrass me. I'll try my best not to embarrass you." Susan Stevens was a very attractive woman, perhaps in her early thirties. She sat on top of the small desk in the front of the room, and her fitted white uniform did little to hide her attractive figure.

No one wanted to be the first to speak, preferring to wait for others to break the ice. Susan looked at each of them, the friendly smile never leaving her face. "I work here at the clinic on a regular basis, so I see many examples of gender dysphoria. I must admit, however, I've never heard of a case such as you three have experienced. I've seen your files... quite interesting. Before I joined you here, I was in the examination room with Dr. Krell as he checked over your friend Tim. It is really quite amazing."

The others just looked at her, saying nothing.

"Come now. You've been like this what... five... six days? You must have some questions about yourselves, your anatomic changes, in that time."

Surprisingly, Dave spoke first.

"I'm a married man; the father of two kids. How do I explain to a four year old son why I look like this? And my wife, how do I relate to her?" The feminine tone of his voice had a bitter edge.

Well, I'm not sure about what can be done about your marriage. Dr. Krell has people looking at the problem. For the immediate future, how does your wife feel about it? Does she reject you?"

"Well, no."

"Then don't reject her." Susan went on, "I don't know how you feel about her, or will feel about her as time goes on, but if you can..."

if you still have feelings for her, tell her. Let her know. I think she'll understand. Give her some time."

"Yeah, but look at me. I can hardly please her, looking like this," Dave lamented.

"Give her a little credit. I doubt that sex is at the top of her priority list right now. She's probably most concerned for your feelings, and with trying to help you cope. Talk to her. Ask her. Just don't push her away."

"But what about my kids?" Dave asked again.

"Answer the questions when they ask. Don't tell them more than they want to know. You might find that at such a young age, they'll accept almost anything as normal."

Dave shook his head in agreement.

"What does a period feel like?" Mike blurted out. "Will I know it's going to happen before blood comes out?"

"Well, that's a tough one." Susan looked at Mike with an understanding grin. "From personal experience, sometimes I feel like hell for a day or two before my flow, and sometimes it comes as a complete surprise. Most likely, you'll know something is going to happen before it does. You'll probably retain water, and your breasts often feel very tender because of that. All women are different though, and it will probably take time to learn your own body's pattern. Also, I don't know about a situation like yours, but when adolescents get their first menses, it's often irregular for some months, then it settles into a more or less predictable pattern. Of course, there are always exceptions. Are any of you menstruating now?"

They all looked at each other, and shook their heads.

"Well, don't lose any sleep worrying about it. It really isn't that bad."

The discussion moved to questions about hygiene, and self-examination; how to keep their new female parts healthy and working properly. Mike was asking most of the questions. It was obvious that he had been at a distinct disadvantage compared to Joe and Dave, both of whom were assisted with the changes by the women already in their lives. Mike asked what he could do about his sensitive nipples. Susan gave him advice similar to Karen's, and suggested that he wear a bra or a silk camisole under clothes. Mike said he didn't know how to buy, or wear a stuff like that. Susan said that they should view the

other tape, and Karen told him she'd help. The conversation continued until Tim came into the room and took a seat. Susan greeted him, and quickly went over her self-introduction again. She quickly went over the questions which had already been discussed, and asked Tim if he had anything to ask, or to add.

"I feel strange... well... kinda horny or something... I don't know...," Tim said, with great embarrassment. "Often... sometimes, I feel like I'm getting an erection. I know that can't happen, it's obvious when I see myself that it would be impossible now. But, I... I feel like I still have my cock, but know I don't. It seems all I can do now is wet my underpants. What the hell am I supposed to do?"

Susan replied calmly, "Tim, I think you must try to get used to the way you ARE. I've seen what you look like. You aren't deformed, or anything. Sure, your genitalia are changed... to be sure, but you are still normal... for a genetic female, and it appears that's what you have become, at least that's what your body is now. We can try to help you get accustomed to the differences...adapt to what you have become."

"Yeah, I know. I just came from Dr. Krell's office. You saw what he did to me in the examination room. Just now, he told me he thought I was healthy, and normal, FOR A FEMALE! A girl! He said I was a probably a girl! You can't possibly realize how hard that is for me, just to walk outside looking like this." Tim's now feminine voice showed his frustration. "I'm a guy... I just turned twenty-one. Hell, I just had sex for the first time last year... and now... my cock is gone, and I've got tits... real ones... and it seems that nobody can do anything about it."

"Please. Calm down," Susan said with authority. "I realize it's difficult. Mike here, and Dave, and Joe too... They have the same adjustments that you do. We don't know for sure that it's permanent, at least not yet. But even if it happens to be, you're going to have to quit feeling sorry for yourself. You say you're still a man. Well then... quit whining."

The hard way Susan spoke to Tim surprised Joe. He looked over at the young man with the body of a young woman, as Tim wiped the tears welling in his eyes. Joe knew the way Tim was feeling... the emotional roller coaster they were all on. He reached down, and took Tim's hand in his own. It felt very soft. He gave it a squeeze, which Tim returned.

Tim looked at Joe with desperate eyes. "Joe, what am I going to do? What will my parents say when they find out what's happened to me?"

"Don't worry. I'm sure they'll understand when they find out what happened. This certainly isn't your fault. Ease up. You just gotta ease up," Joe said, continuing to hold Tim's hand.

"I don't know. I just don't know." Tim said. He was holding Joe's hand tightly, and Joe could feel him shaking. It amazed Joe just how feminine Tim now looked and felt.

"We've all got to help each other get through this." Mike said. He now had suddenly become more accepting to their plight.

The receptionist came to the door to the room, and said something to Susan, who went back to the front of the room.

"Why don't you all watch the last tape, and I'll take some more questions, and then Dr. Krell wants to see Tim again. The rest of you will be free to go," Susan said.

"Will Tim be able to leave for Phoenix with us?" Joe asked.

"I'm not sure. Maybe, if you don't leave until later in the day. Do you have reservations?" Susan asked.

"We have our own plane, and can leave whenever we are released," Dave said.

"Well, that's convenient," Susan said, obviously impressed.

She put the last tape in the player, and they all watched. It had obviously been made at the clinic, and Joe recognized many of the people in it, including Susan and the nurse-receptionist.

The tape was unusual, but informative. It covered such diverse subjects as choosing and applying cosmetics, how to measure for, and purchase clothing and undergarments, how to sit, tips on how to walk in women's shoes, and skirts, detailed procedures for performing a breast self exam, and even the proper method they should use to wipe themselves to prevent vaginal infection. It apparently had been created for voluntary gender reassignment patients, and it included a section on postoperative care. The pictures displayed made Joe wonder why anyone would subject themselves to such a terrible hardship. They had to be really displeased with the anatomic features they were born with, to be willing to undergo such pain and suffering, both mental and physical.

They watched in silence, and when the tape was rewinding, Tim spoke. "I guess that's our fate, huh? We might as well get used to it. Nobody really knows how to bring us back... and we're stuck like this forever," he said, with uncharacteristic sarcasm.

"I don't know, Tim. You might be right. Then again, we won't know unless we give Dr. Krell and the doctors a chance to find out what caused it. Since we don't really know that yet, there is no way to say it's permanent. As everyone has told you, it would be best if you can learn to adapt to the situation. You might not like it, I realize that, but, you're not in pain. You still have perfect health, and there is no reason you can't try to adjust. Everyone is trying to help... everyone wants to find out how to change you all back. If it's possible, and I think it is, it will happen. We just can't predict when that might be." Susan again spoke to Tim with that somewhat harsh tone. Joe realized that she was right. It would do no good for any of them to mope, and feel sorry for themselves. That wouldn't change a thing.

"If there are no other questions, you three are free to go. Please take an information packet with you." Susan pointed to the four large manila envelopes on the table behind them. "Tim, You need to meet with Dr. Krell again."

"I'd like to talk with Dr. Krell, too," Mike said. "I have something to ask him before we leave."

"I'll ask," Susan said, leaving the room.

"Well, she was certainly the prettiest drill sergeant I've ever seen," Joe said.

"She's right though," Mike said. "We might as well do the best we can, if we're gonna be stuck like this for a while."

"That's certainly a change," Dave said, looking at Mike, his raised eyebrows showing his amazement at Mike's new attitude.

"Yeah, I know. But while I was watching the film... I don't know... I guess I just realized... maybe it really isn't so bad to be like this. Maybe I'm just getting used to it, or something, but for some reason, I'm starting to like the way I am. It's not so bad," Mike said, saying the words to himself as much as speaking to the others.

Joe looked at Mike. He wondered what had come over his friend. Just yesterday, Mike had been so resentful of what happened to him, and now... It was the same feeling that had come over Joe a few days ago... a feeling of acceptance... a strange contentment. Joe realized that he was no longer even concerned whether he could ever get back to normal. It was as if his definition of "normal" had changed... was still changing. Would this happen to each of them?

Tim followed Susan out the door, and Mike followed them both. They went to Dr. Krell's office, and soon Susan and Tim came out, leaving Mike to talk with the doctor.

In maybe fifteen minutes, Mike came out. He walked to the waiting room and told Tim that Dr. Krell wanted to see him. He then took a seat next to Joe.

"Well, I did it," Mike said. "I signed the papers."

Joe knew exactly what he meant. Yesterday, he, too, had completed the paperwork for changing his records to match his new gender. Even with the strange change in attitude that had overcome him, it was still a big step to take. He and Mike were now legally, as well as physically, women. Only Dave and Tim had not made the switch, and Tim was in Dr. Krell's office right now.

Susan arrived, and Karen came out of Dr. Krell's office.

"You three are free until four thirty. Tim will be busy until then. If you want to go out for a while, that would be ok. Tim can go to lunch with me," Susan said.

"It's about ten. What would you like to do?" Joe asked.

"How about helping me with some of those clothes I'll need." Mike suggested shyly. He still had trouble saying the words.

"Yeah, we could do that," Karen said. "The mall is open. It's only a few miles away."

"Ok, then, let's go," Joe said.

The three went out and got into the Lincoln. With Karen driving, they proceeded to the large shopping mall.

"Mike has done it; he's signed the papers. I still can't believe it," Joe repeated to no one in particular, as they drove along.

Mike had been the most "macho" of the group. He had also been the most unusually changed of the four, since he had been taking steroids at the time of the genetic "accident" which had affected them. His body had feminized, but, probably due to the foreign substances in his system at the time of the change, he had retained more muscle mass than the others, and some parts of his body had developed somewhat ambiguously. His genitalia had metamorphosed to the feminine form, he now possessed a normal vagina, but the clitoris was quite large, though not nearly large enough to function as a penis. His chest was wider than most women's, but his body hair had now

reverted to a feminine distribution, and his apparently still developing breasts were now about the same size and shape as Joe's, though on his larger torso they seemed to be smaller.

They pulled into the parking lot and walked into the uncrowded shopping mall. Mike, who was still wearing male clothing, was getting nervous as he walked alongside Joe.

"Do you think this is a good idea?" he asked. "What will they think when they see me?"

"Don't worry about it." Joe said. "Nobody knows you here. And besides, once you get those clothes replaced, you won't raise an eyebrow."

"You really think so?" Mike said.

Joe looked at Mike. His friend was now maybe five foot eleven, or so. He had been at least six feet tall before, a big guy. He was still big, at least as tall now as Joe had been before the change. But big as he was, there was now little doubt that Mike Osborn was a female. The shirt he was wore was not tailored for the breasts which seemed to want to tear the buttons out. At times his sore nipples would make themselves evident by appearing to try to poke through the fabric. Mike's hips... even with his wide chest, there was little doubt, from the look, to the way he slightly swayed as he walked, that they were the hips of a woman. His bluejeans, which had been quite snug fitting on his male shape, were now strangely tight in some areas, baggy in others. The blue fabric was lighter beside the zipper, where the bulge of his male appendage had worn it. Now it was now loose and baggy in that area, testament to the change that had occurred.

"I think you'd have more trouble passing as a man than a woman now," Joe said honestly.

Mike seemed relieved. Joe knew how he felt. No matter what he looked like in the mirror, Joe had felt extremely self-conscious when had gone to buy clothes, especially the first time. The feeling that all around him thought he was a male attempting to dress in drag was almost impossible to overcome.

They walked by a Victoria's Secret store, and Mike stopped at the window. He looked at the silks and satins. The display included a sexy sleep set, many styles of lacy bras, and colorful panties of all types. Even though Joe was now accustomed to wearing female things, even to the point of enjoying it, he still didn't like the lacy stuff. His taste ran more to the soft slick silks and colorful satins and

nylon fabrics. When his body was male, he had loved the sophisticated, sexy look of a woman's body in snug fitting, unadorned, shiny, nylon panties. Of course, now that he had actually worn those things, he found he liked the feel of the softer, more absorbent cottons better. They looked almost as good, and his now more sensitive skin loved the soft feel of cotton.

"Find something?" Karen asked Mike.

"I don't know... I'm just looking... Gee, I don't know if I can wear stuff like this, no matter what I'll look like," Mike said quietly to Karen, an embarrassed smile on his face.

"Maybe you should consider something a little plainer for your first," Karen advised, trying to ease his concern.

"Yeah. Let's go inside," Mike said, showing a sudden burst of confidence.

The four of them went inside the store, which was decorated to look like a Victorian era shop, and was scented with a potpourri of floral odors. Silks and Satins hung everywhere. There were drawers filled with panties, matching bras, and all types of ladies lounging and night wear. Karen, who had obviously been there before, went to a table which displayed many styles of panties. She picked up a white cotton hipster which was styled a bit like men's briefs, but had leg openings cut almost all the way to the wide elastic waist band. She held them out to Mike.

"How about these?" she asked.

Mike took them and held them up. He looked at the very narrow band separating the leg openings, and grinned with embarrassment. "I hate to think that these would fit me."

"They're pretty stretchy," Karen said. "I think they will."

"Okay. I'll take them then." Mike agreed. "I guess I'll need a few pairs, won't I."

"Yeah. You might look for some other styles you'd like. They don't all have to be plain as those."

As Mike and Karen were looking at the selection, an attractive young sales woman joined them.

"Are you finding what you want?" she asked. She had obviously thought that Mike was a guy, shopping with Karen. She realized her

mistake when she saw the mounds under his shirt. She looked at Mike carefully, trying to figure this tall man-woman.

"I'm just trying to buy some underwear," Mike said to her with an embarrassed smile.

The saleswoman was embarrassed at her mistake. But... he looked so male from a distance, she thought. His hair. His size. She excused herself awkwardly, and started to help another shopper.

While Karen was helping Mike, Joe began looking at the many feminine things offered for sale. On a table, he saw a shiny black thong bikini panty, with a matching bra. It made him think about the sexy black things Linda wore the other day. He wondered how his new shape would look in these. Only one way to find out, he thought. Joe went through the selections until he found both items in black, and in his size. He found the bra first, and then found the tiny panty. The bottom consisted of an elastic waist band, with a thin triangle of fabric cut to just about cover the pubic area with very narrow strip which went around the back and connected with the waist band. The back strip would probably be completely concealed in the cleft of his butt. Joe found himself wondering what Jay would think about the outfit. He suddenly realized that he was thinking more about how Jay would like it, than how he himself felt about it. Another change in his personality? He realized that he was thinking about quite a bit that morning.

He took his selections over to where Mike, Karen, and Dave were continuing to shop. Dave just walked along with the others, not saying much, pausing now and then to feel or hold some item. He showed little interest in buying anything for himself.

Karen looked at what Joe held in his hand. She grinned broadly. "Couldn't resist, huh?" she said to Joe.

"Hey, if I gotta be a girl, I might as well try it. Right?"

"Right." Karen agreed. "I bought something like that, first chance I had after my operation. Just to celebrate being able to wear it." Karen went on.

Mike, his selection of underpants in his hand, had moved on to another table on which many styles of bras were carefully arranged. He held one up and looked at it curiously.

"How do I know what size to wear?" He asked.

"We'll have to measure." Karen said. She went to the desk where the sales woman was standing, now watching the curious group out of the corner of her eye. At Karen's request, she handed her a measuring tape. Karen came back to the table.

"Let's go in here, Mike," she said, taking his hand.

She led him to one of the two dressing cubicles. In a minute, Karen came out, and sorted through the assortment, searching for a bra. She didn't find what she wanted, so she went to the saleswoman, and spoke to her. The woman went to a drawer in the many cabinets by the wall, and began showing Karen various bras also stored there. Karen selected one, white, plain, and made of cotton, and took it into the dressing cubicle where Mike waited patiently. In a few minutes, they both came out of the cubicle. The white outline of the bra was evident under the shirt Mike wore, and his uplifted breasts now strained even harder at his shirt buttons.

They went over to the drawers and Karen held up different styles and types of bras, with Mike shaking his head in agreement or dissatisfaction at one type and the other. They soon had about three choices, and they went back into the cubicle. Another five minutes passed, and they came out again. Mike's face was red with embarrassment as he went over to where Joe and Dave were standing. He was still wearing one of his selections... it could be seen where it stretched the fabric of his shirt apart between the buttons. He now needed a top that fit his new shape.

"I think the next stop should be for a new shirt," Joe said, grinning, and pointing at Mike's chest.

"Yeah, I guess so." Mike said. "I didn't realize I was this big." He continued. "It does feel kinda good though... not so loose." He shook his chest.

"I know exactly what you mean." Joe said. It hadn't taken him long to appreciate the secure feeling he got when he put on his first bra.

They paid for their selections and left the store. The next store they came past was Penney's. They went inside, and strolled into the women's casuals section. Joe looked at Mike, and decided that they might have to move to an area with larger sizes. There, Mike found a number of stretchy tops that fit his somewhat unusual contours. Mike also found some slacks, and some denim jeans. He didn't even bother to look at skirts or dresses. As they were leaving, they passed the

exercise wear. Mike, whose life had always revolved around athletics or body building, stopped to look at the colorful bodywear.

"I always thought this stuff was sexy." Mike said. "I never guessed that I might be able to wear it myself someday."

He looked at the exercise wear, holding up stretchy bodysuits and colorful sweats. When a young sales woman came up and offered assistance, he asked about sizes, and colors, showing no embarrassment. The girl helped, seeming unfazed by the big woman with the short hair, who didn't have any idea what her sizes were. Watching Mike, Joe realized that he himself would have no trouble being taken for a natural woman. If Mike could do it, any of them could.

After trying on various items, even coming out of the dressing room to get their opinion, his still hairy legs, and armpits not withstanding, Mike purchased a number of leotards, some in cotton, others in shiny spandex. He really seemed to like wearing the form-fitting clothing. Joe had to admit, Mike's new shape was somewhat attractive, in a female body-builder kind of way. He just needed to do something about his short hair, which made him look like a dyke.

"You need to do something about that hair," Joe said, as they left Penney's.

"I know how to help with that, too," Karen said.

They went out of the mall, and went to a little shop outside the main part of the mall, in one of the little places along the periphery. It specialized in wigs and hairpieces for men and women. Karen told them that she knew the owner, Barbara Simon, who had been one of Dr. Krell's patients. They went inside, and Karen introduced them to an attractive, middle-aged woman. Joe looked at her, and wondered if she had once been a man also. If she had, it was impossible to tell. She looked, and even talked just like a normal woman. If she was a guy, Joe thought, Dr. Krell was good at his work.

Karen explained what their problem was, and the woman seemed unfazed. She immediately went to the back and brought out some examples, mounted on velour covered heads. She sat Mike down, and tried a few on him, the third try was a perfect match... It changed Mike's appearance dramatically. Mike looked at himself in the full length mirror, but didn't say a word. He rubbed his hand along his cheek, as if needing to prove to himself that the reflection was his own.

Mike purchased the hairpiece, and Karen asked Barbara if they could use her dressing room to change clothes. She agreed, and said she actually had no special dressing area, but they could use the back room. Mike went back to the car, got his new purchases, and they all went into the back of the small shop. There, in front of everyone, Mike removed his old shirt and pants. He took off his male underwear, and replaced them with the white cotton hi-leg briefs he had just bought. The new underwear, cut to fit his new shape, looked quite attractive. He couldn't resist touching and stroking the still unfamiliar sleekness of his crotch. Joe remembered that he had done the same thing, the first time he had worn panties. Male underwear, with the baggy crotch, bunched up like a diaper. They didn't look, or feel, like clothing cut with the female form in mind.

Standing there, in his new bra, and panties, Mike asked if there was a mirror he could use. Barbara opened a closet door, exposing another full length mirror. Mike went to it, and for a few minutes, stood there staring at himself, sometimes touching... feeling, as if unable to believe what he was seeing. Finally, he went over to the clothes. He selected a top and pulled it over his head. He pulled the new jeans on, again returned to the mirror, turned and critically examined himself. As all this was happening, the others said very little. All understood what Mike was going through.

Finally, Mike turned to them, as if he again realized they were there. "What do you think?" He asked.

"You look beautiful," Barbara said. She meant it. It was true.

"A complete turn about," Karen said.

"I can't believe its you," Dave said, teasing. "You almost look good."

Mike paid for his purchase. They thanked Barbara, and said goodbye. Joe helped Mike carry his things to the car. As he followed behind him, Joe found himself looking at Mike's backside, as a guy might do to any attractive woman. The feminine cut of Mike's new clothes emphasized his wider hips, and Joe realized that though he was still big, and maybe his shoulders were now a little too wide, his friend had become a very good looking woman.

They drove back to the clinic. When they went in, they found that Tim was still with Dr. Krell. The receptionist said she'd find out when Tim would be finished. She soon came back, and said Dr. Krell would see them all in a few minutes. They waited, and Dr. Krell came out and asked them all into his office. He nodded approval at the

transition Mike had made. When they were all seated, Dr. Krell sat down behind his desk, and began to speak.

"I'm sure that you all would like to know what has happened to you. We here at the clinic, indeed all over the country, have found your situation quite interesting. I realize that for each of you, the problem is much more personal. I know that, and I sincerely hope you realize that many people are doing everything within their power to help. We have been running analysis of your examinations, your blood tests, and I believe we have determined what has happened. We are also narrowing down the cause. It appears that the change of your genetic make-up has been caused by exposure to some form of radiation. The one thing in common throughout all this has been the equipment that Joe, Mike, and Dave were working with. Tim also just happened to be in the wrong place at the right time. The folks over at Honeybone are setting up an experiment in the lab there. They have a large, screened room, a cage, which will keep the emissions from the equipment from escaping. It has all been set up there, and they will soon be ready to begin running tests. I'm sure you will all want to be there. I want you to be there."

Dave raised his hand to speak. "Can we go home this afternoon?"

"I'll be getting to that." Dr. Krell said, smiling. He knew they wanted to get home.

"This afternoon, I would like to get another blood sample from each of you. After that, you are free for the remainder of the day. Tim has agreed that, like Joe, and now Mike, he would probably be able to function best if he changed his records. I have them in process, but they will not be ready for him to sign until tomorrow morning at the earliest, around noon, the latest. It would be great if you stay until then." Dr. Krell said.

They wouldn't be going home today after all. Joe raised the question they all were thinking about.

"Do you have any new ideas how to get us back to normal again?"

Dr. Krell frowned. "I wish I could say I did, but I'm afraid that wouldn't be true. The damage to your chromosomes was so subtle... it is only within the last three years that we could even determine exactly the changes that have taken place. Something, probably some form of radiation, has damaged the 'Y' chromosome that you were born with that determines the genetic code, and thereby, the genetic sex of the body. That damage has made the 'Y' chromosome appear to

look and function just like it was another 'X'. That lack of a functioning 'Y' is what has caused the changes you each have undergone. That much we are sure of. Exactly how it happened, I think we can find out. Repairing the damage... well... maybe someday. I doubt if it will happen overnight. When we can do it, I think then we'll have enough knowledge of genetics that we can solve quite a few problems, many of them much more life threatening than what's afflicting you four."

"Are you saying we're going to have to stay like this?" Tim asked.

"We have only begun to address the problem," Dr. Krell answered. "I wouldn't want to estimate when we'll have the answer. At this time, however, we do not have a solution."

It was exactly like Joe expected. They had no way back, but they were being asked not to give up hope. A few days ago, Joe would have been devastated by what he had just been told. Only the thought that the situation was temporary, and for a reasonably short time, had made it bearable. But something, within the last two or three days, something had happened... changed, he wasn't sure what it was, but now, he really didn't care. As he sat there, he realized that if Dr. Krell had told them that they had already found a cure, and that all he had to do to be "normal" was to take a pill... he wasn't sure what he would do. It had only been five days... already he becoming conditioned to think about himself differently. The changes that had occurred to his body... changes that had made it so soft, so much more sensitive, would he want to give that up? And for what? A bit more upper body strength... the ability to pee standing up?

"All of you except Dave will sign the reassignment papers, and you should have no legal difficulties. I am recommending each of you to a therapist, to help you to adapt, but I must say, you all seem to be doing quite well already. I want to study that, too. You all have adjusted so well... As for you, Dave, We'll come up with a solution, I don't know what yet. I want to talk a bit more with you tomorrow, and get together with your wife, too... Perhaps we can work something out." The unanswered questions made the little man shrug his shoulders sadly.

"How about an operation?" Dave asked. "Can't you just change me back surgically? Look at Karen... she used to be a man, too, you turned her into a woman."

"That's not quite true, Dave." Dr. Krell answered. "I didn't turn Karen into a woman. As far as Karen was concerned, she WAS a

woman. I just helped to make her body look on the outside what she felt in her mind she already was inside."

"So what's so different about me?" Dave asked logically. "I know that I'm really a man. My wife knows that I'm a man. Why can't you just make me look like a man again?"

"If it were really that easy, I'd do it today," Dr. Krell answered. And if I did that, and tomorrow we found a way to get you back... Dave, you couldn't go back. I'm not sure what you'd look like, but I don't think you'd like it. Your genitalia might look less masculine than they do now."

"I doubt it could look less masculine," Dave retorted. "I know a pussy when I see one."

"Perhaps reassignment surgery will be best for you." Dr. Krell returned. "But don't rush it too quickly. I'm afraid when you find what we would have to do to your vulva; the limitations of the surgery, I think you need to see what we can do for you before you agree to surgery."

"Whatever you could do, if it would make me look, even a little, like a man again, it would be worth it," Dave answered coolly.

"I will give the matter some thought." Dr. Krell agreed.

He rose up from behind his desk. "And now, if you would all take seats in the waiting room, I'll have the nurse take samples, and then you can go for the day." The busy man had spent all the time he could with them.

They were each called in turn, and quickly were finished. As they were waiting for Dave and Tim to finish, Joe and Karen called the Sheraton, and tried to get their rooms back for another night.

"Well, if there are no others, we'll take them." Karen finally said.

The area was packed with vacationers, and conventioners, and the Sheraton had only two rooms available.

The receptionist, who was good friends with Karen, listened to the conversation. She interrupted Karen.

"If you have just two rooms, let your friends double up, and you can stay with me at my apartment," she suggested. "You've stayed there before, it's close, and you can go home with me. I'll be here at the same time tomorrow morning."

"Is that okay with you?" Karen asked Joe.

"Sure, Why not?" Joe said. "I can drive the Lincoln, and I know where the hotel is."

"It's settled then," the receptionist said.

Tim, who was the last to finish, came down the hall. He was holding a cotton ball in the crook of his arm. "I'll tell you one thing. Having such sensitive skin sure is lousy when they stick needles into it all the time." He was grinning, and rubbing the soft skin of his arm.

They told Tim about the hotel arrangement, and then left Karen and went to the parking lot.

"Can I bunk with you?" Mike asked Joe, as they walked to the car.

"Sure. What's up?"

"Oh, nothing much really, I just thought maybe we could talk a little."

"Okay. Fine with me."

They got in the car for the drive to the hotel.

Chapter 19

THE CAUSE (PART 1)

The group in the car was quiet as they drove to the hotel. The short briefing by Dr. Krell had given them all something to think about. Each had always feared that their condition might end up being permanent, but until Dr. Krell's admission, they had held out hope that something could be done right away. Now they were being told they could expect to stay as they were for an indefinite period. The realization of what it all meant was just setting in.

Tim broke the silence. "God, I never thought I'd be worrying about having periods, or getting pregnant, or anything like that."

"I never considered that I wouldn't get to be a father." Joe added. "Even if I could have children now, I don't know if I'd want to be a mother."

"At least you aren't a father already," Dave added. "I am, and now... I'm told can be a mother too."

It was obvious that the tapes they had watched earlier that day at the clinic, as well as Dr. Krell's statements, had made an impression on each of them.

"Well, it'll still take some getting used to, I guess. But, you know, I'm sort of starting to like looking like a girl... I think it's fun," Mike added.

"Those clothes seem to have changed your attitude as well as your appearance," Tim said to Mike.

"Yeah, I know, but I think the hair is what really makes the difference," Mike said, smiling happily. "I don't even recognize myself when I look in the mirror."

"I guess I'll need to get one too," Tim said, referring to the wig Mike was wearing.

"Why don't we stop at Barbara's shop?" Mike said. "She's probably still be open. It's only four-thirty."

"Okay. We can do that," Joe agreed. Longer hair had made such a difference in his and Mike's appearance, as well as confidence, that he figured Tim shouldn't have to wait either.

Instead of going directly to the hotel, they went to the little shop by the mall. It was still open, and Barbara had two customers in the shop when they entered. She recognized them as soon as they entered, and greeted them with a friendly smile.

"I'll be with you as soon as I can." She said.

They sat waiting for maybe twenty minutes while the other customers, two older ladies, completed their fittings and left the shop. Barbara came over to them.

"And what is this?" she said, looking at Tim. "Do you people have a machine to do this?"

"I believe we do." Joe said. Without completely realizing it, Barbara's attempt at humor had probably been quite accurate.

Barbara asked Tim to sit, and then he tried on various styles of hairpieces. The only one that matched his original hair color was a somewhat short, pixy cut, but it was definitely attractive on Tim's now quite feminine facial features. As it had been with Mike, the change in appearance was almost unbelievable. As each of them concealed the last vestige of their maleness, the masculine looking short haircut, they looked feminine in all respects. Tim sat in front of the mirror behind the table, and gazed at his reflection. It was his turn to be transfixed by the face of a pretty young girl staring back at him.

"I think it looks very nice." Barbara said. "But if you want another style, it'll have to be another color, or else you can wait three days."

"Oh no, I don't want to wait," Tim insisted. "This will be fine. I like it." He didn't want to have to wait to have the look he was seeing in the mirror.

Joe paid Barbara since Tim didn't have enough money for the hairpiece. As he paid the money, he realized that Tim probably didn't have much money, and was probably at a distinct disadvantage to the others when it came to buying the clothes he needed. Joe thought about what Jay had told him, and kept the receipt. He asked Tim if he needed some more clothes.

"Well, everything I have on right now is borrowed, either from you or Karen." Tim said.

"Then I think we need to get you some more." Joe suggested. "I'll pay for them, and I'll give Honeybone the bill."

"Do we have to do it now?" Tim objected. He was embarrassed to shop for women's clothes.

"It's really not so bad, Tim. I thought it would be horrible too, but once you start, it's really kinda fun... the things are so soft and slick, and they fit so well. I now understand why girls like shopping for clothes. It's totally different from what I thought." Mike was sounding almost excited as he talked about his own experience shopping that afternoon.

"Besides, pal, you signed up. You're legally a girl now anyway." Joe couldn't resist teasing the young man who now, especially with the new hair, looked so cute... so attractive. Of course, he knew better... he was in the same position... but maybe it was just that he still had at least a bit of his old masculine mischievousness, and he just couldn't resist teasing the cute Tim.

"Yeah, I know, but it's just not easy to accept not being a guy... and it's even harder to try to think of myself as a girl. I always think other guys are staring at these boobs, or ogling my butt," Tim said.

"And they are, too," Joe said, grinning. "You know that. This time last week, you would have been looking at a butt like yours too."

"Yeah, I guess so... it's kinda strange... now that I'm this way, women just don't seem nearly as sexy to me as they used to. I wonder why that is?" Tim asked.

"Maybe it's because you don't just look like a girl, you actually are one," Joe reasoned. The same thought had already crossed his mind.

"I guess I do seem like a girl now, and maybe I've even turned into one. I suppose I probably have, but when I close my eyes, and when I think of who I am and what I look like, I still feel like I'm a guy inside." Tim mused.

"Yeah? Maybe so, but not on the outside," Dave added. "Any one of you has a body that most of the natural women out there would die for."

"Hey, don't forget, I didn't ask to be this way," Tim said. He wasn't sure if it was envy, or resentment, showing in Dave's voice.

"I know, but damn it, you three have it easy...all you have to do is get used to the new parts and then, you can just get on with your lives. I've got a family. I can't just put on a wig, buy some clothes, and then learn to be a woman. But don't forget, the same thing has happened to

me, too; I have the same feelings... What the hell am I supposed to do?" Dave was almost sobbing.

They got in the Lincoln, and Joe drove the short distance to the main mall.

"It'll work out, Dave. They'll figure out something for you." Joe said.

"Oh, yeah? What?" Dave snapped. "Right now, it looks like the most I can hope for is some kind of fake cock which apparently won't have any feeling. Even Dr. Krell doesn't seem to think much of that idea."

"Is that what you want?" Joe asked. "Maybe you should stay a woman, if that's what you really want."

"Hey, I don't know what I want." Dave answered. "I don't have any idea what I want."

"Then whatever you do Dave, don't let them cut on you unless you can't stand it any other way," Joe advised. "If you don't mind me asking, have you and Cindy slept together?" Cindy was Dave's wife.

"We were in the same bed, but we never touched each other. I can't expect her to become a lesbian, or whatever, just because this... this thing has happened to me."

"Don't worry about what to call it," Joe said. "You are both still married to each other and what you do together can't be perverted or anything like that."

"Hey, old buddy, I know I'm not gorgeous, but there's not much I can do in bed with my wife, or any other woman. I've undergone the same changes you have. I probably have the same feelings you have, too."

"Do you want to sleep with Cindy? Would you like to make love to her?" Joe asked.

"Sure, she's my wife; I still love her."

"Then do it. Don't worry about what others might think. It's nobody's business anyway. She'll accept you. You probably even smell better than you used to," Joe teased.

"Aw, Joe, what can we do?" Dave asked. "You know I'm not a man anymore, and I'm not sure I even feel like one."

"Don't be an idiot, Dave," Joe insisted. "By now... especially now... you know what will make her feel good. Just do that. She'll probably want to do the same for you. You might be surprised how much fun you both can still have. Heck, now you won't have to worry about birth control either."

"How do you suddenly know about all this stuff?" Mike asked.

"I live with Linda, remember?" Joe said, winking at him.

Joe opened his door, and got out. They went into the mall at the same entrance as that morning. Mike took Tim by the hand and led him right to Victoria's Secret.

"You just gotta get some of this stuff," he said. "It just looks and feels so sexy. I just love it." Mike had really made a complete transition.

Tim was less sure of himself, but Mike, who was still much bigger and stronger, just pulled him into the store. They were acting like teenagers out the first time without their parents. Tim was already wearing a bra, and Joe knew it was his size, since he had loaned it to him the day before. He told Tim what he thought his new sizes were, and Tim reluctantly started looking and selecting items to try or buy. Mike was acting as the expert advisor the whole time. The sales girl from earlier in the day was still there, and it was obvious she recognized the group. She looked carefully at Mike, sure she recognized him, but was wracking her brain to figure what was so different about this big woman. She now looked far less masculine. The hairpiece, and the womens' clothing had made a big difference in Mike's appearance. But the girl just couldn't place what the difference was.

Tim finally picked out some underwear, probably more to please Mike than himself, and then he even followed Mike into the fitting room to try some bras on. Joe could hear Mike talking to Tim the whole time they were in the small room. He couldn't get over how Mike was acting. This big macho guy now seemed suddenly fascinated with the details of being a woman.

Maybe it's a good thing, Joe thought. He considered his own feelings and reactions to what had happened to his own body, and he realized that maybe he wasn't that much different than Mike. Would this acceptance of their new sexuality touch each of them eventually, he wondered?

After Mike had helped Tim find his selections, and Tim had tried on each item that was practical to try on, they went on to other stores. Tim, having just turned twenty-one, had much different tastes in clothes than the older "women." Even Mike, who was only twenty-six, had much different ideas about what looked good on Tim's attractive form. It soon became obvious from the type of things he stopped to look at and the kind of questions he asked, that Tim liked the short skirts and tight, stretchy tops that were "in." Although he was embarrassed to wear them, those kinds of things were what he thought he needed. Of course Mike, whose taste in fashion never went past exercise wear, knew or cared little about things like that. When Mike showed less interest, Tim began to look at the things he thought he liked. As he was looking, a sales girl, probably about his own age, came over to help Tim. The former young man certainly needed her assistance, but he could hardly speak. It was very difficult for a twenty-one-year old male to ask a twenty-one year old female to help him select a skirt and top for himself, no matter what he looked like. It didn't make any difference to Tim that the friendly young lady was actually somewhat jealous of his shapely figure.

The sales girl was finally able to get this stuttering customer to tell her what she was looking for. This tall, very shy girl didn't even know what sizes she was looking for. When she finally helped her pick out some selections, she even seemed reluctant to go into the dressing rooms. She kept looking back at her three older friends, one of whom looked like she had her hair cut like a man. When the girl finally came out of the fitting room (it took forever) so that she could see herself in the full length mirror, she seemed quite embarrassed to be seen in the short skirt, even though she looked fantastic in it. She acted like she had never worn anything like it before, even though she had one of the trimmest shapes the sales girl had ever seen. When she looked at herself in the mirror, the girl seemed almost like she was looking at someone else, she touched her hair, her hips, even felt at her breasts, as if she had never noticed them before. It was strange to watch her as she turned about, observing herself in the three sided mirror. Then the other three women came over and looked, too. They all seemed to be seeing this young lady for the first time. Finally, one of the women spoke.

"I think it's you," Joe said.

"I just can't believe it. I feel like I have to pinch myself to believe this is me." Tim exclaimed.

Oh, come on, thought the sales girl. You do look good, but not that good.

"I think it's just right for you," the sales girl said. "And I think a some black shoes would go nicely with it." She pointed to the mannequin, which was wearing almost the same choices.

"Oh, yeah... I guess I'll have to get some shoes too..." Tim muttered. He was still admiring his new look.

"They're down on the lower floor," the sales girl said. "Will there be anything else?"

"Yeah, I'll need some more... I guess a few more..." Tim said absently.

The sales girl looked at him. What was with this girl?

They spent another hour selecting things with the young sales girl, and then went walking throughout the mall shops, each of them looking, sometimes trying something on, sometimes even buying. The only one who didn't seem to be having fun was Dave, who looked, sometimes touched, but never tried anything on, and refused to buy anything. Mike was able to get both Tim and Joe to get some colorful exercise wear for themselves. Joe already had some, which he had bought the first day, but Mike insisted, and Joe was in the buying mood.

Finally, loaded down with packages, most of them Mike's and Tim's, they struggled back to the car. Driving back to the hotel, it didn't sound anything like four men in the car, as Joe, Mike, and Tim discussed the different things they had seen, as well as the things they had purchased.

When they went in, they got their rooms and had their bags brought to the rooms. As agreed, Mike roomed with Joe, and Tim and Dave were together. Joe went into his room, placed his bags of purchases on the end of the bed, and dropped down on it in exhaustion. He had long ago decided that the pumps he was wearing surely had not been made for walking in. Though they looked great, they lacked the comfortable support of the more substantial men's footwear. He kicked them off, pulled the sun dress up to his hips, and began to massage his sore feet while enjoying the cool air on his tired legs. When he looked over, he saw that Mike was watching him, eyes wide, grinning. Suddenly he realized that by pulling his dress up so high, he had exposed his bottom, and the sight of his panties had caught Mike's eye.

Mike realized he was staring when he saw Joe cover himself in embarrassment. He quickly apologized.

"Gee Joe, I'm sorry. I know we're both women now, but I couldn't resist looking when I saw you lying there like that. It... you were just so sexy looking, I just couldn't help looking..." He stuttered with embarrassment.

"Hey, don't worry about it." Joe said grinning. "I know how you feel. I find myself looking at you sometimes, too. And Tim... ain't he something?"

"Yeah, SHE sure is." Mike agreed. "Do you think we should start calling ourselves women? I mean, if we want everybody else to treat us like women now, I guess we should do the same ourselves."

"Yeah, I guess we should, but it's sure a hard thing to do. I still think that deep inside, I'm a guy. I guess I'm sort of getting used to the idea of looking this way, but it still seems strange to think of myself as a 'she,'" Joe said, as he sat back up on the bed and smoothed the dress over his knees.

"Same here," Mike agreed. "But you know, if Dr. Krell called right now, and said he had just discovered the secret to get us back, I don't know if I'd rush to go and do it. Isn't that weird? What's going on anyway? Why am I suddenly starting to enjoy this so much?"

"Don't worry, you're not the only one who feels that way. I'm starting to like it too. It must be the different hormones, or something."

"So do you think we're really turning into women?"

"Well, let's see, we just came back from a shopping spree where you and Tim looked at more clothes in one afternoon than I did in a year, and I even liked it too. Now I'm sitting here wearing a dress, and I just realized I need to pee. If, after this afternoon's little shopping trip, I still have any doubt that I've turned into a woman, I'm fairly sure I'll be reminded of it when I go in the john and pull down these panties I'm wearing." With that, Joe got up and went into the bathroom.

When he came back out, Mike was standing in his underwear, looking at each of his purchases, and laying each item on the bed.

"You know, I think just looking at this stuff gives me a hardon," Mike said, grinning.

"It is some nice looking stuff." Joe agreed. "But you've gotta do something about those hairy legs." He started to look through the bags which contained his new purchases.

Joe found the little black bra and panty set. He held up the little wisp of black nylon which was the little thong bikini. It didn't look like it would cover him, even with the changes. Mike saw it too, and grinned.

"Come on Joe, try it on."

"I don't know..." Joe really wanted to put it on, but he didn't really want to put himself on display.

"I just know you'll look great wearing that stuff," Mike continued.

"Aw, all right.. I would like to see how they fit," Joe admitted. He carefully unbuttoned the red sun dress and stepped out of it. Looking down at his chest made him smile. His nipples were quite visible through the thin, almost transparent fabric of his bra. It was still a strange experience having tits, he decided, but he was beginning to get used to the idea, sort of. He reached behind his back with both hands, unhooked the back strap, and felt his bra loosen. He squirmed out of the tangle of straps and then scratched under his soft mounds at the red marks made by the underwires. Joe dropped the old bra and picked up the new little black one. This one had the catch between the cups, and he could see what he was doing as he fastened it. He adjusted the cups over his breasts until they felt just right. This new lighter bra felt as if it might provide somewhat less support than the one he had just removed. It sure did look sexy though, but in a very different way than the sheer one.

"You have such a great body," Mike said softly. Admiration, as well as perhaps a bit of envy, was quite evident in his voice.

"It sure makes me wish I hadn't taken those steroids."

"You look okay, Mike," Joe said truthfully. "They don't seem to have affected you that much."

"Maybe it doesn't look like it much, but I feel like I'm still a guy sometimes, like my cock is still there. It's an almost embarrassing feeling sometimes." Mike rubbed the front of his panties, where his penis should have been.

"Actually, I think that sensation might be normal. I feel the same way too. I'd bet that even natural women feel like that. They probably just don't realize what it is."

"Yeah, you might be right, but I know I've never seen a woman with a clitoris as big as mine."

"And I guess you've seen 'em all?"

"Well, I've seen a few. So you're still sleeping with Linda, even now?"

"Well... er, I ah, yeah, I... we have slept together," Joe cautiously admitted. "And it was pretty good too."

"But, what did you do with her? How... what can you do now?" Mike asked innocently.

"Maybe I'm not a man anymore, and maybe I don't have male equipment, but I still know what women like, maybe even better now than before. And I can tell you, these new parts aren't missing a thing when it comes to erotic sensation. It feels like all the old nerves are still there, maybe moved around a bit, and I think they've even had the gain turned up a little, too." Joe grinned as he spoke.

"You've noticed that too? I was thinking that I must be really screwed up after having my cock shrivel up, and then still being horny all the time. The urge does seem to be tapering off a little bit lately though."

"Yeah. For me too. Dr. Krell said that maybe I was getting familiar with the new sensations, and that maybe my testosterone level would start to decrease. It was far too high for a female, he said."

"Do you... er.. have you ever thought about what it would be like to sleep with a man... to have sex with one?" Mike asked.

"Well...I'll admit, the thought has crossed my mind." Joe wasn't about to say anything about last night.

"I don't know if I could do it... I mean... some other guy's cock... all that... but I don't know. I just can't seem to get the idea out of my mind. I find I'm constantly wondering how it would feel."

"I suppose it just might be pretty good," Joe answered. "Dr. Krell says all our organs are normal, even the stuff that's changed, and that everything should work just like any normal woman's. Heaven knows they're sensitive enough, that's for sure." He was actually relieved to hear that somebody else was experiencing the same feelings he had been having lately.

"Yeah, but the thought of laying next to another guy, I don't know if I could that. It would have to feel weird."

"Maybe it wouldn't, once you got... you know... into it."

"Yeah. Maybe you're right. I just don't know though."

"There's no need to rush something like that," Joe mused. "It looks like we might have plenty of time to get used to the idea."

"Yeah, it does look like that, doesn't it. I have trouble with the idea of spending the rest of my life as a woman. Hell, I just can't see myself looking like my grandmother."

"It is hard to accept, isn't it?"

"So far, everything has been interesting, sort of. It even feels somewhat exciting, and I'm even learning to like some of the things about this. At first, I thought I was really going to miss having a cock, but... you know... I really don't... except for taking a piss. I just don't think I'll ever get used to peeing like a girl," Mike said, rubbing the soft little bulge between his legs.

"It is different, isn't it? I guess I miss that part of being a guy too."

"Of course, there are some compensations. Have you ever made yourself come yet?" Mike wasn't one to mince words.

"Well...yeah, I suppose I have..." Joe said cautiously. He wondered what Mike was leading up to.

"Pretty wild, isn't it?" Mike was grinning. "First time I washed myself, I thought I was going to have a heart attack. And it just keeps coming back for more. Hell, I almost rubbed myself sore. I still feel a little tender down there."

Joe pulled his panties off, and tossed them on the bed. He picked up the little thong bikini, stepped into it and pulled it over his hips. The tiny wisp of black cloth covered most of his pubic area, narrowing to a thin crotch strip that went between the legs and riding up the back in the cleft of his buttocks. He could feel it where it touched sensitive areas. His entire rear end was essentially bare. He looked down over his breasts, and saw that the front of the bikini at least covered his bush, but even with his close trim, some pubic hair showed around the edges. Joe pulled the tiny "V" of cloth away from his crotch, and let it spring back, which helped to cover some of the hair. It felt very sexy just wearing it, and Joe thought it probably looked that way too. He liked it immediately.

"That looks really great," Mike exclaimed. "Damn it Joe, you are just so damn beautiful."

"I know I've changed, but I don't know about beautiful. And this thing feels like its riding in the crack of my behind. I guess it is." Joe still felt awkward getting compliments on his new appearance.

"Well, it's true, you really are beautiful. Tim is too, in a 'teenage' kind of way, but you. Man, if I still had my old body, I don't know..." Mike grinned a wicked grin as he said the words.

"Well, don't forget, you look pretty good too." Joe returned the compliment, feeling his face reddening. "You seem to be still changing. Am I right?"

"Yeah, I think so. I'm pretty sure my boobs are still growing, or filling out, or something. I'm not sure, but I feel like I'm still getting softer all over." Mike ran his hand over his breasts as he spoke.

"Maybe the steroids only slowed the change, but can't stop it."

"Well if it was going to stop the change, it's too late now. I not only look pretty much like a female, I even think I feel like one, at least most of the time."

"Well then, shave those hairy legs, will you?" Joe teased.

"Yeah, I will." Mike began going through his small bag, looking for his shaving kit. When he found it, he went into the bathroom, and shut the door. Joe could hear the toilet flush, and the shower start to run. As Mike cleaned up, Joe removed the sexy-feeling new underwear and put his old things back on. He found some shorts and a light blue top, and put them on. Using the remote, he snapped on the television, lay back, and watched the news.

In a while Mike came back out of the bathroom, a towel wrapped around his body. He had removed the hairpiece, and with the towel hiding his curves, again looked a just bit like his old self. Mike had obviously shaved his legs bare only moments before. Joe watched him as he dressed, and smiled when Mike removed the towel. It was strange to see the familiar head of his friend, above a now quite hairless, and very curvy, female body. He realized that his own reflection was probably quite similar.

Mike stepped into and pulled on one of his new stretchy bodysuits, and covered it only with colorful nylon shorts. He was obviously enjoying the way he now looked, eyeing his reflection in the mirror over the dresser as he put the things on. Joe had to admit that Mike was becoming quite attractive.

"Want to work out with me?" Mike asked. "There is a great exercise room downstairs."

"Aw, I don't know. I know I should, but..." Joe protested.

"Come on, you know you need it too. And I'd sure like the company."

"Okay. I'll go with you." Joe went to his bag and took out the exercise clothing he just bought.

When Joe was ready, they went down to the exercise area. There were three guys there, and Joe and Mike found that they were immediately the primary object of attention of the others in the room. Joe went to a stationary bicycle and climbed on, and Mike tried his new muscles on the weight bench. As Joe sat there pedaling, he watched Mike strain to find his new lower limits. Then one of the young men came over, and climbed on the other bike. At first, the guy said nothing, seeming to feel out the situation, but in a few minutes, he spoke, obviously very nervous.

"This is a nice place, isn't it?" the young man asked, making small talk.

Joe looked over at him. "Yes. It is nice." Joe smiled. He tried to sound and act as feminine as he could, but was feeling terribly self-conscious.

"Is that your friend over there?" the guy continued.

"Yeah. He... she's my roommate." Joe answered.

"She can sure lift. She looks pretty strong."

If you only knew, Joe thought. But he said, "She's been lifting for quite some time."

"Are you gonna be over in the lounge later?" the guy blurted out. It was obvious that he was even more nervous than Joe, but not much.

"I don't think so. I have to get to sleep early." He wasn't ready to fight off the lounge lizards.

"Oh, you should come down. The place is swinging every night."

Then you won't need me there, Joe thought. "I just don't think I can." Joe turned back and looked at Mike, who was now dealing with one of the other guys.

"Sure you can. What did you say your name was?" The guy wouldn't be shot down. Joe found he admired his tenacity.

"I didn't say, but it's Joe," Joe answered, trying to appear more friendly than he was feeling just then.

"Joe? What's that short for? Jo-ann?"

"No. My name is Joel. But I've always been called Joe."

"Joe sounds like a guy's name, but it sounds good on you. My name's Mike."

"Thanks, Mike." Great. Another Mike, Joe thought.

"What's your friend's name?" Mike was running out of things to say, but was desperately trying to continue the conversation.

"She's... er... her name is Mik... ahh... Michelle... I call her Mike, too." Joe stammered.

"That's interesting," Mike said. "We have the same names."

"Look, Mike, I don't think I'll be at the lounge tonight. I'm really sorry," Joe said, trying to sound kind, as well as apologetic.

"Okay. But you'll be missing out on a good time."

Joe rode on in silence, and Mike continued pedaling, too. Joe was aware that the young man next to him was watching him move out of the corner of his eye. He had done the same thing himself, eyeing a good looking girl, using that image to keep his mind off aching muscles.

Joe felt a bead of sweat trickle from under the hairpiece, and then run along his ear. He reached up, and pulled the hair away from his face. He would have liked to remove the wig, but knew that would have caused a real stir. He just kept pedaling, enjoying the feeling only vigorous exercise can produce.

After twenty minutes on the bike, he found that his new body was getting tired. Before the change, he could have kept this pace for an hour. He stopped pedaling and went over to Mike, who appeared to be enjoying the company of the other guy, who was hanging around him like a puppy.

"I think I'm going back to the room," Joe said. "I'm tired and I need a shower."

"Okay. I think I'll hang around here for a while yet," Mike said.

"Later," Joe said, and walked out of the room rubbing his face with a towel.

"Bye, Joe," Mike the guy said. "Come back down later, if you can."

"Yeah. See you later, Mike," Joe said, and walked over to the elevator.

Joe went to his room, and went straight to the shower, and started it running. He had worked up a good sweat, and his clothes were quite wet, but he noted that, even when he was sweating, he still smelled different from the way he did as a guy. He quickly removed his clothes, and in a few moments, he pulled back the curtain and stepped in, enjoying the warm spray on his back, but remembering to shield his sensitive breasts with his hands whenever he faced the spray. He lingered in the warm spray for a while, and then hopped out of the shower, drying off quickly. He was now starting to get familiar with the new curves and crevasses his body had gotten with the change. He left the hairpiece off, and, finding his terrycloth romper, he slowly pulled it on. Joe then pulled the spread back from the bed, and collapsed on it. Joe's tired, soft body, smelling fresh from the shower, felt good, but very sleepy. He closed his eyes.

It seemed like Joe had only been sleeping a few minutes when he heard Mike enter the room. He opened his eyes, and saw his friend, his new leotard soaked with perspiration, come in and go straight into the bathroom. The door closed, and almost immediately, Joe could hear the shower start to run. He looked at the clock radio. He was surprised to find that he had been sleeping over an hour. Joe closed his eyes again, and again he was awakened by Mike. When he came out of the bathroom, he was again wearing only a bath towel.

"Joe... I just met a guy... you saw him... Gordon... he thinks I'm a real girl... He wants me to come down to the lounge later," Mike said, sounding almost like he asking Joe for permission.

"Are you going to go?"

"I don't know. Do you think I should?"

"Well, do you want to?"

"Yeah, I think I do, but maybe I don't. I don't know...I'm scared. What if he finds out that I'm really a guy?"

Joe looked at his friend standing at the foot of the bed, wearing only a bath towel. "Mike, open the towel, and let it drop to the ground."

Mike opened the large white towel and let it fall to his feet.

"Now look down. What do you see?" Joe asked.

"I don't get it, what do you mean?" Mike asked, confused.

"Unless you TELL him, there is NO WAY he'll know that you USED to be a man. You aren't one now. You don't even look remotely like one."

"Yeah. Yeah. I guess you're right."

"By the way, I told your guy's partner, the one who was trying to hit on me, that your name was Michelle, but that I always called you Mike," Joe warned.

"Oh yeah. I didn't even think of that. I even told him my name, that I was Mike Osborn."

"Did he say anything about that? It sounded too weird when I told the other guy, whose name was Mike too, that I was Joe, and you were Mike."

"Michelle huh? Michelle... Michelle... I kind of like it. You know, I never thought of using another name, but maybe I should." Mike beamed with a strange happiness.

"Well Michelle, are you going to go to the lounge tonight?"

"Will you go with me?" Michelle asked.

"Nope. I'm going down to the restaurant and get something to eat, and then I'm going straight to bed. That Air-Dyne wore me out," Joe said, yawning, and raising his arms over his head.

"But if I go, what should I wear?" Michelle asked.

"Man, I don't know. You only bought jeans and shirts, and all that exercise stuff. Call Karen. She'll help you out."

"What's her number?"

"Hey, I don't know. She went home with that receptionist. I'm not even sure what her name was."

"I'll look at what I've got here," Michelle said. "Maybe I can find something okay to wear."

"Don't ask me," Joe said. "I have enough trouble of my own. I'm the last person to ask for fashion advice."

"Aw, Joe, you're easily the best dressed of all of us," Michelle said. "You always look great."

"It's Linda and Karen. I don't have any idea what I should wear. I just wear what they tell me to wear."

Watching Mike/Michelle standing there, naked, looking through his/her bags, Joe thought he should remind Michelle about something.

"Don't forget what Dr. Krell and Susan said. If you decide to try out the new equipment, make sure you and Gordon use some protection. If anything happens, it'll be YOU getting pregnant now."

"Aw Joe, don't worry about that, I have absolutely no intention of sleeping with anybody," Michelle said.

"But it's not sleeping that causes the trouble." Joe thought that he was sounding like Michelle's father, or more likely, her mother.

Joe remembered how he had felt when he was with Jay, and "Michelle" seemed at least as infatuated as he had been then.

"Okay, Mother," Michelle teased, as she pulled a new pair of panties on.

Mike/Michelle carefully put on one of her new bras, and again went to the mirror. She looked at herself critically. "You know, I'm not too bad looking, I guess. But I sure hope my boobs get at least a little bigger yet."

"I didn't know you were a 'tit man'," Joe teased.

"Aw, Joe, you know what I mean. I have such big shoulders, bigger breasts would play them down a little."

"Now you're really sounding like a woman."

"But it's true, isn't it?" Michelle asked. "They would, wouldn't they?"

"I don't know, maybe they would. You already look okay to me."

"Yeah, but what would a guy think?" Michelle asked, and then realized what had just been said.

"Well excuse me," Joe mocked. "I'm sure I don't have any idea what a GUY might think."

"I'm sorry, but you know what I mean. I mean like Gordon."

"Oh, yeah. Gordon." Joe continued. "I'm sure Gordon likes women with big tits."

"Lay off, Bates," Michelle said in a way which might have sounded menacing, if it hadn't come from someone wearing a pink bra with matching panties.

"Yes ma'am," Joe mocked, but he stopped the teasing. It was so amazing, seeing what had happened to this big guy just one week after his chromosomes had been jumbled, or whatever. He knew the same thing was happening to him, too.

Michelle found a pair of jeans and picked one of the tops they had just bought. His clothes might be okay, if the lounge was real casual.

"It'll have to do," Michelle said, arranging the hairpiece and brushing it with Joe's hair brush. "I don't know about this long hair, though."

"Let's get something to eat, what do you think?" Joe asked.

"Yeah, I am getting hungry." Michelle agreed. "We should call Dave and Tim, I guess."

They called the other room, and made arrangements to meet downstairs in a half hour. Joe got dressed in shorts and a top, and he and Michelle left the room.

Chapter 20
THE CAUSE (PART 2)

Joe called Tim and Dave's room. They agreed to meet in fifteen minutes, downstairs in the hotel lobby. When they arrived, Tim and Dave were already there. Tim was wearing some of his new purchases and now, along with the physical changes brought about by the metamorphosis and his new hair style, the young man's very feminine body looked exactly like what Joe thought of as "cute." Dave, of course, still wore the now familiar yellow coverall. It seemed to Joe that Dave's hips and butt looked a little larger each time he saw him, but his friend didn't seem to notice.

"Where do you want to eat?" Joe asked.

"I don't have a preference," Dave responded. "Right here will be fine with me."

"Yeah, Sounds okay to me too." Mike added.

"How about it, Tim?" Joe asked. "Is this place satisfactory to you?"

"Sure, absolutely." Tim said. "I only hope I can afford it."

"Don't worry about paying for it." Joe said. "I'm putting this on expenses. I'll cover yours too."

"Great!" Tim said.

Everyone followed Joe and Mike into the quite formal dining area of the hotel. They stood at the podium, and in a moment the head waiter came to them. He looked at the group of women with a critical eye.

"Good evening, ladies," he said. "Will there be just four of you?"

"Yes," Joe answered.

"Follow me, please." He continued.

Joe, Dave, Mike and Tim followed the waiter single file to a dimly lit table in a quiet area of the restaurant. He positioned the chair out for Joe, who looked at him a moment, until he realized what was going on, and then carefully sat. Using Joe as an example, the others followed suit.

"Your waiter will be with you momentarily, ladies." The waiter smiled and left.

"Well. That was sure the royal treatment," Mike said.

"Oh, I don't know," Joe said. "It's probably just the way they treat women here. Maybe we'll just have to get used to it, if we can." He grinned.

"It is kind of nice," Tim said. "I guess not everything about this is bad."

"How's it going, Tim?" Joe asked. "Are you getting used to it yet?"

"Well, yeah, I guess so." Tim answered. "That is, if it's possible to get used to something like this happening to you."

"Well I guess I just have to be the first to tell everybody," Joe announced. "Our Mike here has decided to answer to the name, Michelle. And... he's... no, she's... even going on a date tonight," Joe teased.

"A date?" Tim asked incredulously.

"Don't listen to him," Michelle said. "I'm not going on a 'date', that's just his bullshit."

"But what about the 'Michelle'?" Tim asked.

"Well I don't know. I was thinking maybe it might not be such a bad idea. It's very like my name, and it doesn't sound so strange when I tell people who don't know about me my name. Telling people my name is Mike sounds strange now, don't you think?" Michelle asked.

"No worse than Tim, or Joe." Dave answered.

"Tim and Joe can do whatever they want." Michelle said. "I'm going to try it for a while at least, and see how it works. Maybe you guys should consider other names too. If we're going to have to live like this, we might as well blend in as well as we can and make the best of it."

"I wonder what name I could use?" Tim thought aloud.

"How about Tina?" Michelle suggested. "I used to know a girl with that name. She looked a little bit like you do, too."

"Naw, I don't like it," Tim said. "I don't care what you guys think I look like, I don't want a 'cutesy' name like Tina. My sister's name is Becky. I wonder what she'd say if... when she sees how I look. Hell,

I think I've got bigger boobs than she does." He suddenly went quiet as he considered his now changed relationship with his sister.

"How old is she, Tim?" Joe asked, trying to keep him talking and not feel sorry for himself and what had happened to him.

"She's about a year older than me," Tim answered. "I just turned twenty-one, and she'll be twenty-two next month."

"Does she still live at home?" Joe asked.

"Well, right now she's at home, but she'll be moving to Flagstaff as soon as school's out," Tim said. "I don't know if I want her to see me like this."

"If you plan to go home, I don't think you'll be able to hide it," Michelle said.

"Don't remind me," Tim said. "I don't know how I can ever tell my dad what has happened to me. I think he'd just die."

"Maybe not," Joe said. "I take it you haven't told them yet."

"God, no," Tim said. "I have been hoping that somehow I'd be able to change back. You know... wake up, and look like a guy again."

"It doesn't look like it'll be that easy." Joe said. He was glad that he didn't have to face his own father, who was deceased, looking as he did. He didn't know about telling his own mother that her only son was now her only daughter.

"Yeah. I think you're right" Tim said.

The waiter came to the table with menus. He asked if anyone would like a drink. Joe asked for a beer. Mike thought that sounded good and did the same. Dave asked for scotch. Tim said nothing, but the waiter stood waiting for the young lady to order.

"I'll have a Michelob, too" Tim finally said, looking up from the menu, and seeing that the waiter was waiting for his response.

"I'm sorry, but I'll have to ask for your ID," the waiter said, apologetically looking at the young girl.

With extreme embarrassment, Tim took his wallet from the small handbag he had just bought that afternoon. From it he retrieved his driver's license, which still had his male photograph, and of course, there was still an "M" in the block labeled sex. The waiter looked at the card, and then back at Tim. He looked again, and with a totally confused look, he gave the ID back. He said nothing, probably so

unsure as to what was going on that he thought it best to do nothing. This young lady... and it was quite obvious that Tim was female... was either an idiot trying to use her brother's driver's license, or something very weird was going on. He decided it best to leave it alone. He had asked for ID, that's all the manager had ordered him to do. Let the cute kid have a drink if she wants one.

In a few minutes, the waiter returned with their drinks and asked if they were ready to order. They were, and in turn, they told him what they wanted.

When the waiter left, Joe took a swig from his glass. It still tasted great, but he knew from experience that one or maybe two of these now had the effect of twice that number. Tim drained his glass in very few swallows. It took more than just becoming a girl to change the way he downed a brew. He put the empty glass back on the table.

"You better watch out," Joe advised. "If you're at all like me, I think you'll find that you can't hold anything like you did before."

"Aw, it went down just the same," Tim said, a big grin forming on his face. "Besides, you're paying the bill, aren't you?"

"Yeah. I'll pay for it," Joe said. "But I'm not sure I could carry you upstairs anymore." He grinned, flexing his arm and rubbing his firm but small biceps.

The service in the hotel restaurant was good, and almost immediately the waiter noticed Tim's empty glass. With some surprise, he asked if Tim would like another.

"Sure. Keep them coming," Tim responded, the words sounding funny coming from such a feminine voice and person.

Tim was well into his second Michelob when Joe finished his first. Mike and Joe were hardly drinking at all. Before Tim could order another, the waiter brought out the salads. They started eating immediately, and again, Tim acted more like the twenty-one year old guy he was born as than the soft, feminine person he had become.

"I guess didn't realize how hungry I was," Tim said, hungrily wolfing down the salad.

"You're acting like you haven't eaten in a week." Joe said, watching him in amazement.

"I haven't eaten very much lately I just haven't been hungry, until now."

"You're going to have to watch how much you eat, too," Joe advised. "Karen said that it's really easy for a female to gain weight. And every bit if it goes to the hips and butt."

"I don't think I have any problem with that, do you?" Tim asked. Like Joe, the change had left his body with very trim hips, especially for a woman, and a firm derriere, and he knew it.

"Maybe not today, but if you don't watch it, it'll grow on you," Joe said.

"Just look at my ass if you want to know what it can be like," Dave added. "I didn't really lose my gut, I'm just sitting on it now," he said, somewhat sarcastically.

"Exercise with me." Michelle said. "We'll have that butt off in no time," he said to Dave with a grin.

"I'll have to think long and hard before I could step inside a gym looking like this," Dave replied.

"Hey, but it's kinda fun," Michelle said. "You wouldn't believe the sights in the locker room." He winked at Joe. As far as Joe knew, Michelle had never even been in a women's locker room yet.

They finished their meal, but not before Tim downed two more beers. When they were ready to leave, it was becoming obvious that Tim was feeling the effects. His speech was becoming a little slurred, and he was speaking much louder, his inhibitions almost completely gone. When he got up, he clung to the back of the chair for support. Joe saw his young friend had a problem.

"Having some trouble, Tim?" Joe asked with a chuckle.

"I ah...no. I'm okay," Tim insisted. "I'm just a little dizzy, that's all."

"Yeah. We can see that," Dave said. "You're shit-faced, Tim."

"I admit, I do think I feel a little buzz. But really, I'm just fine," Tim again insisted. "I think I better just go up to the room for a while."

"That's a good idea," Joe agreed. "Are you going to go with him, Dave?"

"Yeah, I'll take little miss muppet up to her room," Dave said, trying to hold back a laugh. It was quickly becoming obvious that Tim could barely walk.

It was all Dave, with Joe's help, could do to get the very tipsy Tim to the elevator. Tim kept objecting to their assistance, and sometimes did so quite loudly. When Joe's hand accidentally touched Tim's breast, slightly pinching it between him and his arm, Tim objected loudly.

"Hey, lay off the boobs," Tim said. "You think just because I'm a little drunk I can't feel you touching me?"

"I'm not trying to touch you," Joe said with a snicker. "I'm trying my best to help you walk."

They finally got Tim to his room. They sat him on the bed and then stood there a moment, wondering what to do next.

"Now what?" Tim asked. "You two just going to stand there, and look at me?"

"We're trying to decide what to do next," Joe said laughing.

"Okay then, stand there. I'm going to go take a piss," Tim decided.

He tried to get up, but was having difficulty rising from the bed. Joe grabbed his arm and pulled him to his feet.

"Can you make it to the bathroom?" Joe asked.

"I'd appresheat it if you'd help me get in there," Tim conceded.

Joe assisted Tim to the bathroom. When he got to the stool, Tim stood there, and fiddled with the zipper at the front of his shorts. He finally got the zipper down, and with his finger, started to probe around inside his shorts, as if looking for something. Joe watched him, trying to figure out what he was trying to do.

"Just what are you up to now?" Joe finally asked.

"Well, what does it look like?" Tim said. "I'm trying to take a piss. If I can just get my damn dick out, that is."

His foggy, confused mind had apparently forgotten about the changes which had occurred.

"I don't think that's going to work, Tim," Joe said. "Maybe you better just pull your pants down."

The results of the probing and Joe's words started to bring Tim back to reality. He unbuttoned the waistband of the shorts and pulled them down. He stood there, looking down at the blue panties he

wore. He looked over at Joe, and then back down at himself. Finally, he broke out in laughter.

"You know what?" Tim asked. "I forgot I was a girl. I was thinking I was still a guy, and I was trying to piss standing up. For a second there I was just having trouble finding my cock. It felt like it was just somehow caught between my legs or something. Ain't that rad? I thought it was just caught or something." He kept laughing, seeming to be amused by how his new body had tricked him.

Joe and Dave watched as Tim pulled down his underwear and then awkwardly sat on the stool, then they left the room.

"Think you'll be okay with him?" Joe asked Dave.

"Sure. If he doesn't come out in a few minutes, I'll go in after him." Dave said. "You know, if a few beers made him forget about this, even if for a minute, I think I envy him. I might just go out and get a six-pack myself."

Joe grinned at his friend. "If you think it'll help, go ahead and try it, but you know as well as I do, it really won't change anything. And just don't get so screwed up that you can't get up tomorrow."

"Don't worry," Dave said. "I'll probably just stay here and nursemaid our little miss muffet."

"I'm going back to the room and hit the sack. I don't know why I'm so tired."

"Maybe it's because you didn't get much sleep last night," Dave said, grinning.

Joe went back to his room, wondering what Dave meant by that last statement. Did he know what he and Jay had done the night before?

Mike (Michelle) was standing in front of the dresser mirror, looking at him (her) self, and trying on each of the tops she had bought that day.

"What do you think? What should I wear?" Michelle asked hopefully.

"I think what you have on is as good as any," Joe advised. "Maybe you should get some other things tomorrow."

"Yeah. That won't help me tonight though."

"What time are you going down there?"

"I guess about eight. I'll go down in a half hour. If nothing is going on, I'll only stay an hour or so."

"Are you sure you're really ready for this?"

"Hell, I don't know, Joe. I thought it was a good idea when Gordon asked me. I'm more than a little nervous now, though."

"Don't go if you don't want to," Joe advised. "Nobody's expecting you to do anything like this so soon."

"I might as well give it a try," Michelle said. "As you said, nobody can tell I'm not a natural woman, and it'll be a challenge to try to act like one."

"Just don't get in any deeper than you really want to."

"Hey, I'm a big bo...girl. I can take care of myself." Michelle grinned at her slip up.

Joe quickly removed his clothes, including his underwear; then pulled on the comfortable little terry romper. He snapped on the TV with the remote, and then pulled back the spread from the bed. He lay down, bunching the two pillows up behind his head. Remembering the hairpiece, he took it off and carefully placed it on the nightstand. The air felt cool on his head as the conditioned air blew through his short hair. He ran his hand through it, wishing it were as long as the wig so he could forget about wearing that. In due time, he knew, all in due time...

Finally, Michelle left, and Joe was left alone. He tried to watch a movie, but was soon fast asleep.

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Mr. Bates.... Mr. Bates.... Joe could hear someone calling his name. He looked around. He was in a room a bit like a hospital room, or maybe a laboratory of some kind. A young, very pretty nurse was standing over his bed, shaking him and calling his name.

"What do you want? Is something wrong?" Joe asked.

"I was trying to wake you," the woman answered. "You've been sleeping for hours. I was beginning to wonder if you were okay."

"Yeah, I'm fine." Joe answered, taking stock of his senses as he woke. He pulled the sheet back, and saw that he was wearing a hospital gown. He accidentally brushed his chest, and didn't feel the familiar softness of his breasts. That's strange, he thought. He placed a hand under the gown, and as he felt his bare chest, he realized that it

was again covered with hair, and the only bulges evident were those of his well developed pectoral muscles. It seemed that his soft breasts had departed as quickly as they had appeared. What's going on here, he wondered again? The nurse saw his surprise, but remained silent and watched as he inspected his body.

Joe reached down and carefully felt between his legs. There, instead of a tiny, sensitive, clitoris embedded in the cleft of a moist vulva, he discovered a semi-erect penis, and under that, a testicle-filled scrotum. Since he had by now become familiar with his new feminine shape, these male organs seemed unfamiliar, and strangely huge.

With a start, Joe rapidly sat up in the bed. This movement surprised the nurse, who jumped back quickly. He swung his legs over the side of the bed, and stood up. With that, it was obvious that he had also returned to his former height. He ran his hands over his chest, his hips, and again touched himself between his legs, finding it difficult to believe what he was feeling. But it was perfectly clear, his body had become male again.

The nurse, who had been watching in interest, finally said. "Mr. Bates, I think you better get back into that bed. I'll have to call the doctor."

"What is going on anyway?" Joe asked, confused. "How did this happen to me?"

"But don't you remember?" The nurse said. "They've discovered the way to change you back to normal. They tried an experiment on you yesterday, and as you can see, it worked. But you better lie back down until the doctor can check you over."

"But I'm okay...can't you see that?" Joe insisted. He could feel the new strength in his muscles as he stretched his arms over his head.

"I'll call the doctor right now," the nurse said, as she backed out of the room.

"I want to put some real clothes on." Joe told her as she left the room.

Joe then went over to the dresser near the wall. When he opened a drawer, he found it contained only his female underwear...panties and a bras...no outer clothing at all. He went to the small closet. When he opened it he again found only his women's clothes. He took out a hanger which held a top and pair of shorts. It obvious that these

things wouldn't fit him now, even if he dared try putting them on. He went back to the bed and sat on the edge, quite confused.

He was sitting there only a minute when the door to his room opened, and woman entered. Joe was surprised to see it was his girl friend, Linda.

"Linda! Look at me, I'm a man again!" he exclaimed.

"I heard Joe, and I came right over." Linda said. "Are you happy about it?"

"Sure I am. Aren't you?" Joe asked.

Linda walked over to his bed, and slowly pushed him back, until his head was again resting on the pillows. Seductively, she put her soft hand under his hospital gown, and grasped his penis. She slowly, gently ran her fingers up and down along the stiffening shaft, and Joe closed his eyes, enjoying the familiar old sensation... a feeling he thought he would never again experience. As she stroked him, Linda placed her lips on his. Joe could smell her and taste her sweetness as they kissed deeply. He reached up and tried to put his arms around her, but she kept pushing them away, so that he couldn't get them around her. Finally, he gave up trying to hold her, and just let her pleasure him. In a very short while, he experienced the release of orgasm, and then felt Linda slide into the bed alongside him. He put his arms around her incredibly soft body, and held her tightly. He suddenly became very tired. With Linda firmly in his arms, Joe fell fast asleep. It seemed everything was working out after all.

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Joe woke as he heard a key fumbling at the door to his room. From the glow of the TV, he could see someone enter and go over to the other bed. When the light on the side of the bed snapped on, Joe could see that it was a woman. He looked down at Linda, and saw that he was hugging his pillows. The "other woman" was Michelle, coming in from his/her evening out. Joe looked down at himself, and saw, as well as felt, that his boobs were back...he was still a woman. As a final confirmation, he tensed the muscles in his crotch, and could tell by the now familiar sensation that his new penis had only been a dream.

"Are you awake?" Michelle asked, looking over at Joe.

"I am now," Joe said. "But you wouldn't believe the dream I just had."

"Sorry I woke you." Michelle removed her top; then softly scratched her breasts as the bra came off.

Joe looked over at the clock, it was two-thirty. Mike/Michelle must have had a good evening. "Well, how'd it go?" he asked.

"Not so bad...not really bad at all," Mike/Michelle said, a smile forming on her lips. "You know, I think I'm really gonna like this."

"Anything you can tell me about?" Joe asked. He was curious how his friend did on his first social evening as a woman, in mixed company.

Michelle smiled broadly. "I though I'd kill somebody if they suggested I'd ever dare kiss a man, but tonight I actually did just that...just a little peck just outside that door, and my heart is still pounding from it."

"So you kissed Gordon, huh?" Joe asked. "Was it as good as kissing a woman?"

"Hey, you know, it wasn't really that much different," Michelle answered, still smiling. "But I'm not sure if I'll ever get used to all the touching."

"What touching?" Joe asked.

"I think Gordon really is a "tit man," Michelle answered, grinning. He kept trying to sneak a feel of these things whenever he had a chance."

"Did it bother you?" Joe asked, about ready to laugh at his friend's description of his introduction to womanhood.

"Well, I guess it didn't 'bother' me. At first, I would just push his hand away, but he persisted, so I decided to let him go... get a good feel if that's what he wanted... and then see what he would want to do next."

"What did he do?" Joe asked, his interest becoming piqued.

"Nothing. Nothing except feel my boobs...touch them all over...and I admit, it did start to feel kind of good, too. I think if he had just kept it up, he could have done anything else he wanted. I thought I was going to leave a puddle on my seat. I finally had to go to the bathroom and freshen myself up." Michelle grinned. "I found out something else too."

"What's that?" Joe asked.

"I think females get 'blue balls' too," Michelle said indelicately. "And tonight, I had them...bad."

"Sorry to hear it," Joe said, almost cracking up. "And what did you do about that?"

"Nothing, what could I do?" Michelle asked. "When I finally went to the bathroom, it was so crowded, I could hardly 'do' myself there. I'm okay now though."

"Well, I'm sure glad to hear that." Joe chuckled.

Michelle went into the bathroom, and came out a few minutes later. She put on one of her old t-shirts to sleep in. Like Joe, Mike had always slept in the nude before, but now preferred to wear something while she slept.

Joe snapped off the TV, and lay there in the darkness, trying to get back to sleep. He began to think about the dream he had been having. It had all seemed so real. He could feel it, just as if he had really been changed back. It was the first time since the change had occurred that he had experienced the feeling of having his maleness, and he realized that though he had become resigned to his present fate, he still missed his old status. He closed his eyes to the darkness and tried to sleep, hoping that at least the dream would return.

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Joe was awakened by the sound of the clock radio as it blasted out a Beatles tune. The first thing he did when he woke, as was becoming a habit, was feel between his legs, never giving up hope that he might awaken in his old body. But as usual, his fingers only brushed along the moistness of his vulva. He continued to stroke the silky softness lightly, enjoying his light touch to that sensitive area.

Swinging his head around in the darkened room, Joe looked at the red glow of the LEDs on the radio. Seven-thirty already. The night had gone by quickly. He looked over at Mike/Michelle, and saw that she was also stirring, not wanting to get up, but knowing it was that time.

Joe crawled out of bed and staggered to the bathroom. He started the shower running and pulled down the terrycloth romper, stepping out of it, and then sat and relieved himself as the water temperature stabilized. He finished on the toilet, and felt the shower stream. Satisfied, he took his soap and wash cloth, and stepped in. He

finished quickly and stepped out to dry off. When he finished doing that, he wrapped himself in a towel and went out into the main room. He decided to dress before applying makeup. Michelle was still in bed, the covers pulled over her head.

Joe shook the bed with his foot. "You got the bathroom, sleepy head."

Mike/Michelle pulled the covers off her face, and gave Joe a mean look. "What time do we have to be at the clinic?"

"I think we should get there at least by nine-thirty. That's only an hour and a half from now."

Michelle sat up in bed, and then reached down, and carefully felt her breasts. Joe smiled as he watched his friend inspecting her body. "Find something you like?"

"I was just checking, trying to tell if I'm any bigger this morning. I'm not sure, but I think they're still getting a little bigger every day." Mike/Michelle smiled, somewhat embarrassed.

"Well, Gordon will like that."

"Hey, what the hell, we all have to deal with this thing in our own way, right?"

"Yeah, I guess that's true," Joe agreed. "If your way is to want to look like Dolly Parton, that's okay with me."

With that, Joe went to his bag, and pulled out the little black bra and panty set he bought yesterday. As he stepped into the tiny panty, he considered what Michelle just said. He knew, from last night's dream, that deep down inside, he still wanted to be a man, and he still liked women, too. But the reality of the situation was that he wasn't a man anymore. At least he no longer had a male body. He wasn't so sure about his brain. Even if that had become female now too, at least it still contained all his old male memories. And the new hormones that were now coursing through his veins... well, they were making living in the body he now possessed tolerable... no... more than tolerable...enjoyable. And now it seemed he found that wearing this kind of stuff was fun, so why shouldn't he do it? It was how he dealt with this "thing," in his own way.

Joe had finished putting on his sexy underthings when Michelle came out of the bathroom wearing the T shirt. She went to her bags and pulled out some underwear. Joe looked at his friend. "Are you done in there?" Joe asked.

"You want to go in there again?"

"I want to put on some makeup."

"Oh, yeah? Can you show me how to do that too?"

"Well, I'll do my best," Joe said, and then went to the closet and took out the suit. Just seeing it caused him think of Linda. He removed it from the hangers, and, after donning a slip, he put the businesslike outfit on. When he moved, Joe felt the thong back of the little panty between his buttocks, and that constant reminder of what he wore underneath gave him a strangely good feeling.

"What you really need is for somebody who knows what they're doing to help you. Remember, I'm just a beginner at this stuff too. I'm sure Karen would be glad to help."

"Yeah, I'll ask her I guess. But I'll watch what you do anyway, if you don't mind."

"No problem. I just hope you don't pick up any bad habits by watching me. Yesterday and today are the only times I've ever done this without help."

"It looked okay to me yesterday. You must be doing it right, I guess."

Joe went to the bathroom mirror, and proceeded to do his face. When he was finished, he helped Michelle do the same, using his cosmetics. The colors were not as favorable for Michelle's complexion, but were satisfactory.

"You should go to the mall, and get a makeover," Joe said. "It's ridiculously expensive, and they sell you all kinds of stuff, but they will show you what you need... what looks best for you. And it wasn't even embarrassing... for me at least."

"What do you mean by that, Bates? Do you think I'd have a problem?" Mike/Michelle was still somewhat insecure about her appearance.

"No, nothing like that, you dope, I just wasn't sure if you'd be embarrassed to have a woman teach you to wear makeup. I guess I still have a problem thinking of you as you are now. You've changed so much...we all have."

"Yeah, I know what you mean. A while ago, when I looked at myself in the mirror, it wasn't really me staring back, was it? If it wasn't that my head has changed too, I don't really know how to

describe what I mean, I don't think I could handle this. Sure, at first it's kind of interesting, exciting even, to wake up looking like a woman, but it doesn't take long to realize that this isn't just some fancy costume we're wearing, it goes all the way to the bone. We don't... we can't just take it off at night."

"At first I thought just getting used to the physical differences would be the hardest part, but hell, that's nothing. Well, it's almost nothing." Michelle rubbed her crotch. "I think the worst of this is the different way other people relate to you. I was still taller than a lot of those guys in there last night, and I think I could have even whipped a few of them, even while I'm like this. But to those guys... in their eyes... most of 'em anyway, I could tell that they just saw me as a dumb woman. Somebody to treat 'nice', buy a few drinks, and maybe, if they got lucky, take up to their room. I guess I can get used to that. Most natural women do, I suppose, but that will be the really hard part, as I see it." She looked at herself in the mirror, as Joe finished putting on the finishing touches.

Michelle looked into Joe's eyes, and saw they were wet from tears welling in them. "Are you gonna cry on me Bates?" Michelle asked, trying to sound like the tough guy he used to be.

"Damn it Mike...er Michelle, I can't help it. What you just said, it's the same kind of thing I've been feeling. I guess it's the hormones, they do make having the bod more fun, I guess, but I think they've turned me into a sob sister, or something...almost anything makes me cry, it seems." Joe wiped his eyes, smearing the light makeup he had just applied.

"I guess we better reserve judgment on the 'fun with the bod' until those hormones do what they're going to do and we get our menstrual periods," Michelle said. "That's another one of my big concerns about all this. God, I never thought I'd ever be worrying about periods... at least not my own period. All the blood and all, I don't know if I really want to go through that."

"I thought you were getting all taken up with this 'female' thing," Joe said. "Now you say you're afraid of having a period?"

"No. Not afraid. I just don't want to have one, that's all."

"Well, assuming we're both normal, for women that is, I guess we'll have one every month for the next fifteen, or twenty years. Unless we happen to fool around and get ourselves knocked up, that is." Joe grinned.

"That's another thing," Michelle said. "I don't know a damn thing about being a mother... having kids... none of stuff like that."

"Hey, do you really think you would be any smarter if you were born looking like this?" Joe asked. "I really doubt that natural women are privy to some secret knowledge, things we can never learn."

"Maybe you're right, I don't know. I just know I wasn't taught to put on makeup, and my mom sure never taught me anything about periods either. Now here I am, with a body that seems to be getting more female every day, and when I think about that, it's pretty damn scary," Mike/Michelle admitted.

"Yeah, I agree with you, when I think about it, I'm not sure I can handle it. But, if we just take it a little at a time, maybe we can get through it."

They finished dressing, and then repacked their bags. By then it was time to meet the others downstairs. They went down to the coffee shop, and found that Dave and Tim were already there. Tim looked a little rough. His big blue eyes were bloodshot, and he was holding his head in his hands.

"How's it going, Tim?" Joe asked.

"Don't ask. I don't know what happened. Four beers NEVER did this to me before."

"You're a different person now, you know," Joe reminded him. "A lot of things are different. You better remember that."

"Yeah, I know, I know. I just didn't think it would be that different."

They quickly ordered and ate their breakfast. Tim only sipped orange juice, and downed a glass of alka-seltzer. When they were finished, they again checked out of the hotel and drove to the clinic. When they arrived, it was still a little early, and they were not quite ready for Tim and the others. Finally, Tim was called in, and he left the others sitting in the waiting room. Joe gathered a stack of magazines, and started reading.

In a little less than an hour, Tim came back out, a strange smile was on his face. "Well, it's done, for better or worse."

"What do you mean?" Joe asked.

"I signed the papers. I guess it's official. I'm not a guy anymore," Tim said, sitting down next to Joe.

"Welcome to the club," said Joe. "I'll let you know what the dues are."

"I guess we're done here," Mike said. "I haven't seen Karen yet, though."

"Yeah, I thought she'd be here by now," Joe considered. He got up and walked to the receptionist's desk. "Where is Karen?"

"Oh, don't you know, she's back in the classroom, waiting for you to finish. Why don't you go back and find her?"

Joe went down the hallway, looking in each open door until he found Karen, sitting at a table, reading a book. "Gee, I thought you overslept or something. We're ready to go back to Phoenix, I guess."

"Okay." Karen answered. "I got here pretty early, and I guess I got tied up inside this book." She closed it, and replaced it on the shelf.

They walked up to the front, and when they got there, they found Dr. Krell was waiting for them. "I'll be there tomorrow morning. They have been getting things ready, and I think we're ready to try some experiments."

"Okay. We'll see you tomorrow morning," Joe said. "Do you know where to meet us?"

"Honeybone will send someone to pick me up at the airport."

After they said their thank-you's and goodbyes, everyone again loaded into the Lincoln for the ride to the airport. When they arrived, Dave went to the plane to preflight, while Joe went to check weather, and file. In maybe ten minutes, Joe was back at the plane.

"Severe clear as usual, except for a little smog," Joe said.

"All ready to go," Dave said.

They piled into the Cessna 421 for the flight back to Arizona. Joe took the right seat, and Dave made the takeoff. When they were at cruise, Joe looked back at the others in the cabin of the plane.

"Do you want to fly?" he asked Tim.

"Sure," Tim said, "I thought you'd never ask."

As Dave flew, Joe carefully crawled out of the right seat. It was more difficult than he realized, since he was wearing the snug-fitting skirt. Even though his changed body was more flexible, he found that

he was now more limited in his movements by the clothes he often wore.

Wearing pants, Tim easily maneuvered himself into the right seat. When he was belted in, Dave gave him control of the aircraft.

"You got it," Dave said. "Keep that needle centered." He pointed to the colorful horizontal situation display on his side of the panel. Since the 421 was usually used as an avionics test aircraft, the panels could be easily changed out, and had been replaced a number of times since Dave and Joe had been flying it. The right side was also equipped with basic instrumentation, but did not have the sophisticated electronic display of the left side.

Tim, who was a private pilot, had only flown singles, and the Cessna twin was the largest he had flown. He did a good job of keeping the needle centered, and held the planes altitude to IFR standards.

Before long, they were approaching the Phoenix area. Dave handled the radios, and Tim followed the instructions of the controller as he gave them new headings and altitudes to fly, as they approached Deer Valley airport, north of Phoenix. They were told to follow a Beech Baron, and Joe could see it about five miles ahead. He could tell by its yellow color, and the accent of its pilot as he spoke to approach, that the Baron was a Lufthansa trainer from Goodyear airport southwest of Phoenix.

"Can I land it?" Tim asked.

"Think you can?" Dave replied.

"Yeah, I think so." Tim said. "If I can get the seat high enough to see over the panel."

Since he had undergone the change, Tim had become smaller than he had been as a male. He had perhaps lost only a little more height than the others, but it seemed to come from his torso (his legs were almost as long as before), the change in size was most evident when he was seated. Now he needed the seat raised in order to see over the panel as he landed. Dave took the controls as Tim fumbled with the recalcitrant seat mechanism. Joe found it humorous to watch the young man, his breasts jiggling provocatively as he struggled to move the seat. Finally he was able to make the stubborn seat move forward and upward, and he was finally able to see out the front of the plane on landing. He held up a funnel shaped object to which a hose was connected, which led under the seat. This was the relief tube. On the

421, this tube was connected to a venturi, and it allowed the pilot to urinate without leaving his seat. Joe had used it only once, when he flew the plane solo to Minnesota. He wondered if it was even possible to use it now. He decided that it would at least be very awkward. Even if he could physically do it, it would now be necessary to pull his underwear down. That would be a trick in the small cockpit. Not very dignified, and certainly not at all ladylike.

Tim carefully tucked the tube back under the seat, then looked back at Joe.

"Looks like you got it." Joe said, giving him thumbs up.

"Yeah, finally," Tim said, rubbing his left breast where it had been pinched by the seat belt as he worked on the seat. "Seems like these damn things are always in the way." He grinned.

"But they make the clothes fit so well," Joe teased. He just couldn't resist kidding the young man.

Tim gave Joe a dirty look. Tim liked Joe and he knew they were just teasing him because he was youngest, and also maybe because he did have the most breast development of them all, except maybe for Dave. And so far, Dave didn't count.

Even though he had been feminized like the others, Dave didn't try to look or act feminine in any way. He had conceded enough to wear a bra, but it was more to keep his substantial bosom from bouncing uncomfortably than to emphasize it. He always wore coveralls or other figure concealing clothing. He wasn't bad looking; he could actually be quite attractive if he tried, but he intentionally did nothing to bring attention to his new body shape. He even tried to lower the tone of his voice when he talked, trying to make his now feminine voice sound as masculine as he could. He would sometimes forget, and the difference was humorous sounding, somewhat like a young man going through puberty, but reversed.

Deer Valley Airport became visible in the windshield, maybe ten miles ahead. Approach cleared them to tower frequency, and Dave reduced the power, so that they could slow and configure for landing. Soon, the sound of the flaps moving to the first setting could be heard, followed soon by the gear. When they were on dogleg to final, Dave selected landing flaps, and gave Tim the new airspeed to fly. Tim followed the instructions carefully, and flew smoothly, with a look of intense concentration on his attractive features. Without any assistance from Dave, Tim landed the Cessna, his first multi-engined

touchdown. He grinned from ear to ear as he taxied the plane to the Honeybone ramp.

"Good job," Dave conceded. "I couldn't have done better myself."

The engines stopped turning, and Joe went back to open the door. They were greeted by the maintenance crew. It was only eleven thirty in the morning, and they were expected.

"Morning, Joe," the mechanic said. The mechanic's name was Tom Garson. He had known Joe for some time and, like Joe, was a sports car nut. It was the first time he had seen Joe since the change had occurred and he looked the engineer over carefully, while trying not to seem overly curious.

"Hi, Tom."

"You're looking good," Tom said absently, trying to sound nonchalant.

"Ain't that the truth," Joe agreed, a big grin on his face. "But I can get used to it if you can."

"Sure, no problem here." Tom said. "But it is hard to believe that it's really you there."

"Believe it, it's still me," Joe said, as he began removing the bags from the plane.

Tom pushed Joe aside and began doing the heavy work of moving the bags. Not that anything was really that heavy, but Tom's instincts prevented him from letting a woman perform that kind of exertion. There was little doubt to Tom that the person next to him was anything but a woman. Her/his clothing, appearance, size, shape, even the way she was straining to lift her bags, it was obvious that Joe Bates really had become a female.

At first the intrusion irritated Joe, but then he realized that nothing was intended by it. It was just his own appearance which had caused Tom to react that way, and he might as well try and get used to it. Tom loaded the bags on a little cart, and pulled it in the hangar office. Joe went over to Dave, who was filling out the trip report.

"What else do we have to do today?" Dave asked.

"I don't know, but I doubt it would be much," Joe replied. They walked together into the office. The mechanics would refuel and service the Cessna.

When they entered the office, the dispatcher was at his desk. He looked over Joe and Dave carefully. "Joe... Joe Bates?" he asked, somewhat embarrassed to have to ask such a question to someone he had known for years.

"Yeah, Ted, its really me," Joe smiled at the embarrassed man.

"I figured you'd look a little different, but gosh, I didn't realize..." He didn't know what to say.

"Yeah, I know." Joe agreed. "Believe me, it's not easy for us either. But, inside, we're still the same guys

"Yeah, okay, well...anyway, Jim Matheney wants you to call as soon as you land," Ted said. "He'll be at his office all day."

"Thanks Ted," Joe replied, going over to the phone, and realizing that Ted, and everyone else in the room could not take their eyes off of him or Dave. Dave sat down at a desk to phone home, while Joe used the wall phone. He dialed the number to Jim's office, and his boss immediately answered.

"Jim."

"Hi Jim. Joe here. We're back, safe and sound, relatively speaking."

"Well, I'm glad to hear that. What did you find out?"

"Nothing much really. They examined us again, and I guess they decided that we're not in any danger. But I don't know how long we'll have to stay this way. Looks to me like it might be for some time."

"Yeah. Dr. Krell has been talking to me. He's hoping to get some clues from what we do here. We have the cage set up with the transmitters. Everything can be operated from outside the cage." Jim said. "I just don't know what they plan to put in the cage... animals, I guess."

"Yeah, probably. Eventually, they'll presumably want to try us."

"I've heard of a lot of the things that radio energy can cause, but I never thought it could cause anything like what happened to you guys. How's it going, Joe?"

"Well, I guess it gets easier as time passes. It really doesn't hurt, or anything, but it is a hard thing to get accustomed to."

"I guess so. I just don't know how you can do it."

"Really not much choice, I guess," Joe said. "Life's a bitch, and then you die."

"Do you have time to stop over here before you go home?" Jim asked. "Dave too, if he's still there."

"Sure, we'll be right over. What do you have in mind?"

"Oh, nothing much really. I just wanted you to see what we have set up and get your opinion on it before we meet with Dr. Krell, tomorrow."

"Okay. We'll be there in maybe thirty minutes. Is that okay?"

"Absolutely. See you soon."

"Bye." Joe hung up the phone and went over to the desk where Dave was sitting. "If you have the time, Jim would like us to stop by at the shop before we leave for the day."

"Yeah. I can do that. Any idea what he wants?"

"I think he just wants us to look at what he has set up for tomorrow, before Dr. Krell arrives."

Karen, Mike/Michelle and Tim came into the room, and Joe told them what he was going to do. He asked Tim and Mike if they could be at the Honeybone offices tomorrow morning. Mike agreed that he could, but Tim didn't know where it was. Dave told him he'd take him over if he'd drive to his house. Tim knew where that was from their discussion the night before.

Joe asked Karen if she thought she could be there. She said she wasn't sure yet, but that it might be possible, since it was likely that Dr. Benedict would want to be there too, and she would probably go along.

They said their goodbyes, and Joe took his bag to his car. Dave followed, and they drove to their meeting with Jim at the office. When they arrived, Jim showed them the test installation. The transmitters, each with their small antenna, were set up in a large, almost cage-like "room" made of wire mesh. The fine weave of the wire screen was there to shield observers from any effects of the radio energy by containing it within the room. The size of the mesh was small enough to block transmission of any frequencies the system was likely to generate. There were closed circuit video cameras with recorders and monitors set up, to record all responses of the test subject, whatever, or whoever that might be. Joe wondered who would volunteer for such a strange assignment, but then, after he

considered it, he figured that probably many of Dr. Krell's patients would be more than willing to undergo such an experience. Indeed, if it could consistently cause what had happened to him, people would pay money for it. It would be an interesting task... and the outcome of it would certainly affect his life as much as anything he had ever done.

They agreed to meet in the morning at the test lab, at nine. Joe and Dave left Jim, and each went home. Dave went to Cindy, his wife, and Joe back to Linda's house. Tomorrow would be a big day for both of them.

Chapter 21

ADJUSTMENTS

As Joe drove to Linda's house, he passed the building which housed the local office of the Department of Motor Vehicles. Seeing the sign made him think of all the paperwork Dr. Krell's attorney had given him. He needed to take a letter he was given by Dr. Krell, along with his old operator's license, and obtain a replacement, one which properly showed his changed status.

He had already passed the entrance when he decided to stop in, and get it over with. He quickly turned around and pulled into the parking lot. There were only three other cars there, maybe they wouldn't be so busy now. He wondered what might be said when they read the letter; what they would think. Nothing he could do about that, he decided.

He removed the manila envelope from his bag and looked through it till he found a smaller envelope containing the letter. He took it out and read it. It was on Dr. Krell's letterhead and was really quite short, only two paragraphs, but it said a lot. He read the first sentence. "I have examined Joel Bates and have determined from the results of that examination that her body is anatomically female, and that all legal records should reflect that status." Joe could feel a rush of blood come to his cheeks as he read those words. It made everything which had happened seem so permanent. It was also perhaps, the only place he had seen himself referred to, in writing as a "she," and it put a lump in his throat when he read it. He carefully folded the paper and put it back into the envelope.

Joe opened the small bag he carried and removed his billfold. He found his driver's license and looked at it. A male image stared back from the photograph under the laminated plastic. It was his old male face. When he thought of his appearance, that face was still how he thought of himself in his mind's eye, but he knew that wasn't really the way he looked anymore. He ran his hand along his soft cheek, feeling its smoothness, and brushed his fingers through the hair of the wig which now covered his ears. No, he certainly wasn't like that anymore.

He placed his things back in the purse. Then, with very weak knees, he got out of the car and entered the building. He found that there was only one other person there doing business, a young mother with two small children. She was not in line, but was sitting in the

seats along the wall, probably waiting for her paperwork, or something, Joe thought. He went to the counter where a middle-aged woman was standing. He was glad it wouldn't be a man who waited on him. That might be even more embarrassing.

"Can I help you?" the lady asked.

"Yes. I need to change my driver's license." Joe said nervously. He opened his purse, and nervously retrieved his old certificate.

"Just married?" the woman asked, a big smile forming on her face.

"No, not really." He handed her his license, and then took the envelope containing the letter from Dr. Krell.

The woman looked at the old certificate, looked at Joe, then back at the certificate. She had a confused look as Joe handed her the paper. She opened it and read it, then again looked at Joe very carefully.

"My goodness," she remarked, "this is most unusual."

"Yes, ma'am," Joe said simply. He didn't know what to say anyway, and decided that as little as possible might be the best.

"I've read about this kind of thing," the lady went on. "But you're the first person I've actually seen who's had that operation."

She thinks I've had a "sex-change" operation, Joe thought to himself. Then he considered it. Maybe just let her think whatever she wants. He said nothing.

The woman looked at Joe carefully, at his face, and then lower, at his figure. She reread the paper, and then looked at the photograph on his license. Finally she spoke.

"Honey, that doctor sure did a fantastic job on you. I only wish I looked that good."

"Thank you."

"I'll have to check the book on this." The woman reached under the counter and pulled out her dog-eared copy of the regulations.

She went to the index, and then started thumbing through the book, reading a paragraph here, and another there. Finally, she looked back up at Joe, who was so nervous he was almost shaking visibly.

"I can't find anything that says I can't do it, so why not? I can see that you're a woman. There is no reason the state shouldn't correct your certificate," she said, winking.

Joe felt relief spreading throughout his body.

"Please come over here, hon," the woman said, pointing to the Polaroid camera that would take his new picture.

In a few minutes he had his picture taken, filled out the form, and paid the fee. Then he went to the seats by the wall to wait for the new certificate to be prepared. He sat next to the woman, who he decided was probably close to his age, maybe a bit younger. He smiled at her. She smiled back, but her main concern was the two year old boy by her side, who seemed to want to do nothing but squirm around.

Finally, the woman behind the counter called his name, and Joe went up to retrieve his new driver's license. The woman had a big smile on her face as she handed it to Joe. "Welcome to the sorority, darling. I know it took guts to do what you've done, and I just want you to know I'm behind you."

"Thanks. I really appreciate that," Joe said, flashing her a smile.

Great, Joe thought. She probably had just recently watched a segment of Donahue, or maybe even read some article in the "National Enquirer," and now she thinks that I'm like one of the characters on that show. Oh well, at least she's not some kind of female redneck, he decided. He walked out of the DMV office with his new license in his hand, and a big smile on his face.

Joe got in his RX-7 and drove to Linda's, relieved that one major hurdle had been overcome. It was three in the afternoon when Joe drove up the driveway. He hadn't eaten since breakfast, and he was getting hungry. He was a little surprised to see Linda's car sitting in the garage. He took his bag from the car, carried it into the house and put it in his room. Linda was nowhere to be found, so he went to the glass doors and looked out at the pool. He found her there, asleep on a lounge, an open book lying across her chest. Joe opened the sliding doors and went over to the sleeping woman. She heard the clicking of Joe's heels as he walked alongside the pool and she opened her eyes.

"Hi, Joe. You're finally back, I see. I was expecting you yesterday."

"We had to stay over until this morning. Another person, a line boy, was also affected by this thing. We only found out about him yesterday, and Jay flew him over in the afternoon. They weren't

finished till this morning," Joe told her, stretching the truth about the timeline on the trip.

Linda's eyes widened. "There's another guy changed like you are? My God, have they found out what's causing this yet?"

"Well, this guy, his name is Tim, he was probably with us when he got it," Joe explained. "He was watching as we calibrated the transmitters."

"And so now he's become female too?" Linda looked amazed.

"Yeah. So it seems."

"You look very nice in that outfit, Joe. It's hard to believe that it's really you."

"Yeah. I know. I've been told that." He smiled thinly.

"Are you finished for the day?" Linda asked.

"I don't have to go in till the morning. They have the transmitters set up in a sort of containment cage, and tomorrow we'll be trying them out."

"On you?" Linda asked, showing concern.

"No, not yet anyway. I really don't know what the actual agenda is going to be."

"If you're done for the day, why don't you get into something more comfortable, and then come out here with me for a while?" Linda suggested.

"Okay," Joe agreed, "I guess I can do that. But I have to find something to eat, first."

"You go change clothes, and I'll fix something. What would you like?"

"Oh, I don't know. Do you have any tuna salad?"

"I think I can make some." Linda got up and walked into the house. She was wearing her black one-piece swimsuit, and Joe walked behind her, watching her movements as she walked.

As Linda prepared the sandwiches, Joe went back to his room. He opened his bag and removed all the clothes inside. He took the dirty underwear and piled it on the dresser. He would hand wash those things later, he decided. The other clothes he either piled up to put in the laundry, or hung them on hangers in the closet.

He went back to the dresser and, from his underwear drawer he pulled out the lime green swimsuit Linda had given him. He held up the little green bottom, placing his fingers in the stretchy waist band. It was still difficult to accept that things like this actually fit him now. He looked at the bra-like top. He knew that it fit him even better than it did Linda, and she knew it too. That's why she told him she didn't want it back after she had loaned it to him last Saturday. He shrugged his shoulders, and tossed the two pieces on the bed.

Joe took off the gray suit and satin blouse, then stood there, looking at himself in the mirror over the dresser. Although it had been six days since he had awakened to find himself like this, it was still difficult to believe his own reflection. The feeling was as if he was inside someone else's body. As he gazed at his reflection, he found he just couldn't resist running his hands along the profile of those soft breasts, and then down, feeling the slickness of the satin slip covering his hips. He could feel the very pronounced hump of his protruding hipbones. He wasn't sure...could it be it felt a little more evident than the last time he had examined this part of his anatomy. Could it be that he was still subtly changing? Possible...but he hoped not.

He thought about what Mike said that morning, about how he felt that his breasts might still be developing; getting larger. He touched his breasts, enjoying the feel of the slick softness. Unlike Mike, Joe considered that his new breasts were quite big enough, and it didn't seem that there were getting any bigger. His touch, as well as the thoughts that were going through his mind, made his nipples harden. He could feel them, even through the thin seamless cups of the little black bra he was wearing. He liked the sensation. Of all the changes his body had undergone, his new breasts and these sensitive nipples were probably the most noticeable difference.

Joe stepped out of the slip, and removed his bra. His breasts always felt cool right after they were exposed to open air. He couldn't remember his chest ever feeling like that when he removed his T-shirt. Probably his skin was just more sensitive now. He started to pull down the tiny black G-string. Looking at the tiny underwear caused smile to appear on his face. There was hardly anything to it...the black nylon barely even covered his closely trimmed pubic hair. He slowly pulled it down his hips, watching himself in the mirror as he did so. He inspected the narrow triangle of soft, dark blond hair, trying to decide if he should trim it so that it wouldn't peek out from the hi-cut legs of the suit bottom. Joe could feel some stubble, but decided that it would probably be okay, at least for now.

He went over to the bed and picked up the little suit bottom, then carefully stepped into it and pulled it up his hips. Joe found that just doing that gave him a strangely erotic feeling. The snug fit of the stretch fabric always seemed to emphasize the amazing change his anatomy had undergone, and he was finding that he actually liked the soft, rounded sleekness that accompanied this new gender.

If, before the change, you had asked Joe which part of his body had been most important to him sexually, he likely would have said it was his penis. But now that it was no longer there, he discovered that he didn't really miss it, at least not for sexual purposes anyway. These new genitalia were, he decided, a quite suitable replacement for what had been taken from him, even if they did take some getting used to.

He did miss the convenience of male parts when it was time to urinate, though. For simplifying the task of taking a pee, he had quickly found that having that penis dangling down there had been quite handy. That, and maybe the fact that the (almost identical) sensation of an erection was now also accompanied by the uncomfortable feeling of wetting his underpants. Those were the only things about his changed body that he didn't find to be at least as good as before. Much of the time, he didn't even think about having a vagina. It was so tucked away, down there between his legs, not really visible without a mirror. You almost had to touch it to know it was even there, most of the time anyway, when it wasn't uncomfortably wet from excitement.

He remembered last evening, watching Tim; how the changed young man had been confused by his own body after his brain had been dulled by alcohol. He closed his eyes... it was really true... if you couldn't see what you looked like... and if nothing was touching you down there, the sensations of female genitalia really were not that much different. When he really thought about it, it did feel somewhat as if his penis was being gently pulled down, sort of tucked in between his legs. Since it now felt like that all the time, he had become used to it. He couldn't even tell, there was no sensation that his balls were no longer there. Of course, that change was likely to make itself known once a month.

He looked at himself as he slowly ran his hand along the gap between his legs, tracing his fingers along the narrow crotch strip of the swimsuit. What he had become, under that sleek suit bottom, looked and felt pretty good. Sometimes... (he thought about Jay, and what they had done the other evening)... being stuck like this might even be interesting.

Joe looked at himself in the mirror again. He put the swimsuit top on, and then wondered if he should remove the wig. It was hot, but he was getting used to the feeling. It might feel cooler without it, but as he checked his appearance, he knew he liked the way the longer hair made him look. I'll leave it on, he decided. I probably won't be getting in the pool anyway. He went to the bathroom and got a beach towel, then went to the kitchen. Wearing only the bikini, he felt self-conscious as he walked through the house, so he wrapped the towel around his hips like a sarong.

Linda was standing at the counter, scooping tuna onto slices of bread, and then adding a leaf of lettuce to each sandwich. She made one for Joe, and one for herself, adding a handful of chips to each plate before bringing them to the table. There was already a pitcher of iced tea on the table, and Joe poured a glass for Linda and then one for himself. They sat across the small table from each other.

"Well, how did it go, Joe? Have they come up with anything yet?"

"I don't really think so. I think they're just trying to get us to accept the situation the best we can."

"You mean they still don't have any idea what caused it?"

"Well, I think we have some idea about that, but just knowing that is a long way from knowing how to correct it."

"So then what?"

"I don't know. I guess I better get used to wearing your clothes." Joe grinned, and snapped one of the shoulder straps of the swimsuit.

"But, how can you stand it?" Linda asked. "I mean you look okay, and I know you're healthy, and all that... but... I mean... you're a man. How can you stand it, having to go around looking like a woman?"

"I guess I could ask you the same question, couldn't I?"

"Yeah, but I was always like this, I didn't have a choice."

"Choice? What do you mean by choice?" Joe objected. "I don't have any more choice about this than you do. I certainly didn't ask for this to happen, and I sure am not trying to keep from changing back."

Linda was silent minute or two as she thought about what was said.

"I'm sorry Joe. I shouldn't have said that. I just don't know what to think about this. I just want it to be the way it used to be."

"I know. I do too. I just don't know when, or if, that will ever be possible. Until then, I guess I'm stuck like this."

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean what I said. I just don't know what to do to help you."

"You are helping me." Joe said. "You have helped me a lot already, just by being around and teaching me how to live with the changes. I'm sorry I can't be what you need. Sometimes I think it might be worse for you than for me, in some ways."

"I don't see how that could be. You have to live day and night with that body."

"Yeah, but it is MY body. I realize it looks different, a lot different, and believe me, I KNOW that. But its still mine."

"But, you're a man. How can you stand it? Having to go around looking like that...like a woman," Linda questioned.

"But that's just it. I more than just look like a woman. I guess I actually am a woman. Hell, sometimes I believe I'm even beginning to think like a woman, if that's possible. Believe me, it's weird...and I know I can't explain it."

"But... what about us? How do you feel about me?"

"I don't know... I mean... Look at me... Hell, I'm wearing this swimsuit... it's yours... and it fits me." Joe said. "Things just can't be the same between us with me looking like this."

"What are they doing... What do they do at this clinic? Can't they operate...can't they perform surgery, make you a male again?"

"Yeah, they could probably do some things to make me look more masculine than I do, but Dr. Krell says that it wouldn't make me a real male, not like I was anyway, and also, if they did do something, and then found some way to really change me back, I'd be stuck. I don't know what I'd look like if they tried to change me back after cutting on me, some kind of mutilated freak, probably. I don't want to try that, at least not yet." Joe explained carefully.

"So you're going to stay that way, looking like this?" Linda asked.

"I just came from the Department of Motor Vehicles, I'm now legally female. I even have a new driver's license."

"Really?" Linda was amazed. "They gave you that? Just for asking?"

"Well, I do have a letter from the clinic, from Dr. Krell, and it is all I need to change my records, or at least all my civilian ones, anyway."

"So you're a woman now?" Linda asked, looking at him from across the table.

"I think I've been one since last Friday, but I signed the papers yesterday."

Linda just sat there silently, looking at what the man she loved had become. She didn't know what to do, or even what to think about the whole thing. Finally, she spoke again. "So what should we do?"

"What do you want to do?"

"I don't know. How do you feel about me? Do you still want to stay here, with me? I... ah... I mean... do you still like women? And how do you feel about men?"

"Do I still like women? "Yes, I guess I do. I mean, I can feel myself changing... changing in all kinds of ways. know what I'll want to do or what I'll feel like wanting next. This whole female thing... I think now I can understand why a guy can't figure women out. Hell, I guess I am one, and I know I can't figure myself out."

"What can I do?" Linda asked. "How can I help?"

"Just be here for me. Don't push me away...not yet anyway."

"I won't do that." Linda said. "I would never do that."

"Why not?" Joe answered. "I mean, what if turns out I'll be like this for the rest of my life? That's entirely possible, you know, maybe even probable. What then? How do YOU feel about women? And what about men? I know you like men. Won't you want... won't you need a man once in a while? I know I can't be one for you now, damn it. Maybe I might even want to find one of my own." He looked at her and grinned.

"Are you serious?" Linda wasn't sure what to think, but it was becoming obvious that anything might be possible.

"Hey, I really don't know, but until I know what's happening to me, I can't rule anything out." Joe didn't want his new feelings to come as a shock to her. He still loved her, but he knew his feelings were changing quickly, and he didn't know what would happen.

"Well..." Linda said. Then she was silent as she considered it all. It was hard for her to accept Joe looking like this, but to think that he might actually want to be with a man... that was really hard to swallow.

When they finished eating, Linda got up and went back out to the pool. Joe quickly washed the plates, and then went to the pool and stretched out next to her. Linda looked at him, and reached her arm out, placing it on his shoulder. "Whatever happens, I'll understand."

Joe looked into her eyes, and could feel the tears welling in his own as he rubbed her arm with his hand. "Linda, I don't know what's going to become of all this, but whatever does happen, it's not your fault. You've been fantastic throughout all this. I don't know if I can ever really be a man again. It doesn't look too promising to me. But no matter what, I know I'll always love you. I just don't know how I'll be able to express it."

"Well, if we can't be lovers, at least we can be best friends, can't we?" Linda smiled.

"At least." Joe answered, a big grin forming. "But maybe we can still try to be lovers too." He winked.

"Yeah. I'd like that." Linda got her finger under the shoulder strap of Joe's top, and teasingly pulled it away from his shoulder.

"Do you?" Joe asked her. "Do you really want that?"

"Of course." Linda said. "I said I do, and I do."

"Are you... do you think we're lesbians?" Joe asked, hoping the question wouldn't offend her.

"I don't know. I guess I was wondering that myself. I mean, I never even considered playing around with another woman. I mean... you're not... I mean we're... Oh, you know. Maybe you really are a woman now, and maybe you even feel like one, but I still think of you as you used to be, no matter what you look like now. Maybe we can't have heterosexual sexual relations anymore, and because of that some people might think we're acting like lesbians. I don't know, and I don't even care. I only know I still like being with you, in every way." Linda tried to explain.

"Yeah. Same for me. The feelings I've been having, I've never had them, never even considered things like this before. But when I was told that I might be this way for the rest of my life... I mean,

well... we're both young, and that could a long time..." He didn't know how to put into words, the confusing thoughts going through his mind.

"Let's just let it happen...see how it works out. Ok?"

"Not much else we can do, as I see it." Joe said. He leaned back on the lounge and scratched an itch where the suit was starting to irritate the light stubble beginning to form at his bikini line.

Linda saw what he was doing, and grinned. "Does it itch?"

"Yeah. I guess I'll have to clean it up with the razor again. It sure grows out fast. I guess didn't realize it would itch like this."

"I told you to keep it trimmed, or it would do that," Linda admonished, with a grin. "Either let it grow out, or keep it shaved."

Joe looked over at her. "I guess I'm starting to get used to this, at least a little... but it's so different..."

"I'm amazed at how you've adapted. Less than a week, and you're acting almost like you've been a woman all your life."

"Maybe that's what it looks like," Joe objected, "but it seems a lot different from this side." He grinned.

"What is it like, really? I mean... which way is better...being a male, or female?"

He looked into her eyes. He could tell she really wanted to know. He thought about it. He had been thinking about that question, too... for days.

"Thirty years ago, when I was born, I was a boy and of course, I was raised a boy...an only child. When I discovered girls, the difference between them and me, I was impressed. They had such soft, curvy bodies, they smelled good, and they wore such sexy clothes; I really thought that girls were neat." Joe stared into space as he thought and spoke. "When I was... Oh... seventeen, I finally had sex for the first time. It was pretty good, too. I couldn't believe somebody else's body could make mine feel that good. But we were dumb kids, and I got her pregnant. She gave the baby up. I don't know any more about it." Joe could feel the tears welling.

"Please go on." Linda begged. This was the first Joe had ever told her of this part of his past.

"Well, I guess what I'm trying to say is, I really thought that some day, maybe with you, I'd get another chance, a chance to REALLY be

a father. Now it looks like that will never happen. That makes me a little sad, I guess."

"What happened to the girl? Did you love her?"

"Hey, I was seventeen. Yeah, I thought I loved her, but I don't know... If I really did, I guess I would have tried to find her later. We broke up, and I think she moved away. I never even thought about it again until they asked me about it the other day. It's in my military records. I didn't even know it was there."

"So that's what you miss most about being a male?" Linda continued, "the ability to become a father?"

"Gee, I don't really know how to answer the question." Joe considered. "What do you want to know, the physical difference, or the way it's starting to change the way I think?"

"I have plenty of time," Linda said. "Tell me all of it."

"Well, you can see the way I look, and you know what it's like to be a woman. What do you want to know?"

"I don't know. You woke up the other day with your body changed to female. It must feel different. It sure looks different."

"Yeah... sure. It does feel different, but not as much different as you might imagine. Usually, the only things that feel different are these boobs. I can almost always feel them, either bouncing around whenever I walk, or brushing against things, or when my nipples get hard. I didn't realize you could feel that. It feels pretty good, I think." Joe grinned as he spoke.

"My skin... my whole body feels a lot more sensitive. I think the nerves must be closer to the surface, or something. It feels different, but I'm pretty well getting used to that now. I don't notice it very much anymore. I'm more sensitive to temperature changes. I think I get cold easier and at a higher temperature." Joe thought some more.

"I can usually tell I'm a little shorter, too. It's not really that much, but I think it's all from my body. My legs are probably almost the same length, because mostly I can tell the difference when I'm sitting. I feel weaker too. I know I'm not nearly as strong as before. My butt feels like it's bigger. I know it doesn't look that big, but... I guess it's my hips, or maybe it's just that now I'm smaller on top, my shoulders that is." He grinned, and cupped his breasts with his hands.

"And of course, this..." He moved his hand down to the tiny bulge at his crotch. "This is a lot different. Especially different

looking. It doesn't feel nearly as different as it looks. In fact, a lot of the time it really doesn't feel any different, except when it gets wet. Of course, sometimes that's pretty often, and sometimes not at all. Just whenever something gets me excited." He looked at her and grinned a devilish grin.

"And who... what, gets you excited?" Linda asked. "Males, or females?"

"Women, for sure. Sometimes just like before, it seems, except for the physical difference of course. I can tell it's changing though. It takes longer to get me going. You know what I mean?"

"Yeah, maybe I do. What about orgasm? I know you've had one now, how does it compare to before?"

Joe thought about the difference in the way he experienced climax since the change. "Yeah, it sure was different, a lot different. It was hard to say it was a whole lot better, maybe a little, but mostly just different." It depends. It's a lot different. It takes longer, not much longer, so far, anyway, but then, I guess it lasts longer too. And I suppose it's neat not having to worry about having an erection. I was just starting to notice it was taking me longer to recover after one of our sessions. I guess I was starting to get old." He grinned. "But now, I guess I won't have to worry about that anymore."

"Don't you ever wonder what it would be like to make it with a guy, now that you can probably do that?"

Joe was silent for a moment, considering what he should say. "Yeah, I guess I do wonder what it would be like. How is it?" he asked her, wanting to get the questions way from him.

"Oh, you know... you've made it with me. You've seen how it makes me feel. I guess it's pretty good. I don't know what to say," Linda said, her embarrassment showing.

"And what do you think it's like to make love to a woman... as a man, that is?" Joe continued, giving her a dose of her own medicine.

"I've always wondered about that. I guess everybody does. I mean, what's the guy feeling, what's he thinking? You know."

"Yeah, I do know." Joe said. "He's usually thinking that this person he's with... her body feels fantastic... her vagina like warm silk... her breasts like little warm pillows... or maybe big warm pillows..." He laughed.

"I wish I could change like you did, but maybe only for a day." Linda said quickly. "I think it would be very interesting."

"Yeah, I wish you could, too," Joe teased. "I'd probably let you go to bed with me on the first date. I'd show YOU just how good it can feel to be a man."

"I'd like that," Linda said, touching Joe's arm again.

They continued to lounge by the pool, taking in the sun, making small talk and just enjoying each others company for another half hour. Then, Linda got up, and started to go inside. Joe followed her and they both went to their own rooms to change.

Joe changed out of the swimsuit, choosing a light top with white shorts. He put the black underwear back on, but then exchanged those for more conservative colors when he saw how easily the outline of his underwear could be seen through the thin fabric. As he deftly slipped into the skin toned seamless underwire, he realized that he had come a long way since that first morning, only a few days ago. Now, he didn't even have to think about it as he snapped the little plastic clasp between the cups. The normal everyday tasks of being a woman were quickly becoming standard practice.

Joe went out to the family living area and sat on the couch. He started thumbing through the magazines on the table. He hadn't paid it much attention before, but now he noticed that Linda's taste in reading material ran from "Vogue" to "Architectural Digest." When he looked at the small pile of magazines, he realized that before, he would disinterestedly have thumbed through the one, and completely ignored the other. He had shown little interest in fashion, especially clothing, when he was male. Now, although he hardly could be considered wild about things like that, he found he did have a mild interest.

He picked up the "Vogue," examining the face of the model on the cover. She was beautiful, maybe early twenties, with very smooth skin and makeup just right. Joe noticed things like that now. Before, she just would have been pretty, and he might have tried to imagine what she looked like without the little silk top she wore. Now, he found he looked at the details, her makeup, hair, and even the clothes, before he looked at the model. His priorities were changing.

Joe started thumbing through the pages, pausing with new interest to check out the many ads for cosmetics and underwear. He came to an article on birth control methods. He thought about the tape he had seen at the clinic, and about the short briefing on the subject of

feminine hygiene they had been given. With considerable interest, he read the article. It discussed the different types, the reliability, ease of use, and drawbacks of each type. He read the three paragraphs about the diaphragm three times. That, he decided is probably what he should ask Dr. Krell about. He knew, from the things Dr. Krell had already said, that they would be discouraged from using chemical means like the pill. Since what had happened to them seemed to be unique, the doctors didn't want any foreign substances introduced into their systems. He agreed with that. Of course, when he had been told about it, he really didn't put birth control very high on his list of priorities. At that time, he was more interested in finding a way to change back to male than going to bed with one. But the first time he had been alone with a guy, and his pal Jay at that, they had been intimate. He wasn't pushed into it, either. He had initiated it, or at least something inside him did. He hadn't felt completely in control as it was happening, and he wasn't sure if something like that would happen again. But if it did, he wanted to be prepared. He had enough things to get accustomed to; he didn't need to add pregnancy to the list.

Linda came into the room and walked over to the couch. She stood behind it and started rubbing Joe's shoulders, as she had done many times before. Joe was engrossed in the article, and kept reading. Linda became curious about what Joe found so interesting and also started reading. When she saw the subject of the article, she spoke.

"Birth control?" She exclaimed. "I thought you were just telling me one of the things you miss most is not being able to be a father."

"Yeah, but I'm SURE not ready to be a mother."

"Well, you know how to keep that from happening, just keep your knees together," Linda teased, "or just sleep with me." She grinned. "I don't think you'll have to worry about me making you a mother."

"I guess that is a benefit, isn't it?" Joe smiled.

He put the magazine on the table, and using all the strength his body could muster, struggled to pull Linda over the back of the couch, and into his arms. She willingly helped him along, or he wouldn't have been able to do it. He was still a little bigger and stronger than Linda, but not much. Their lips met, and they kissed for a long time. As they embraced, Joe could feel his own breasts press against Linda's. He found the sensation strangely pleasurable, and wondered if Linda felt the same way. He moved his chest around, so that he was sure she felt his softness.

"I don't know if I'll ever get used to having these things," Joe said, as their long kiss came to an end.

"Don't you like it? You look so nice. You really have a good figure, you know."

"Yeah, I guess it's okay, and I have to admit it feels pretty good." He bent down slightly, again rubbing his breasts on hers. "But... I don't know... It just feels funny, like I'm swollen there, or something," Joe said, trying to describe the way his new body shape was interpreted by his old body image.

"You'll get used to it." Linda advised. "I feel that way too, just before my period."

"Gee, I hope that's not going to happen very soon. I think I have enough to worry about."

"If you really are a woman, I'm afraid it goes with the territory. But, I think you'll find it really isn't all that bad."

"But blood coming out of me? It's a little hard to accept."

"I had the same concern when I was a kid. I think I was twelve, when I had mine for the first time," Linda confided.

"What was it like, being a little girl and all?"

"What do you mean, what was it like? How do I answer that?"

"You were a little girl, and I'll bet your mom helped you learn about girl things. I was a boy, and now, I have to learn all the things, all the stuff you had years to learn. It scares me."

"I'll help," Linda said, "but just what do you want to know?"

"I don't know. I mean, what was it like, when you got your first period?"

Linda closed her eyes, and was silent. She appeared to be thinking deeply. Finally she spoke. "My mom told me what was going to happen. I guess I thought that blood would just start gushing out. I was really worried, I even thought I might bleed to death or something. She bought me some sanitary pads, and I carried one in my purse for months. I wanted to be ready. Then, one day, I felt kind of funny, I thought I had a tummy ache, or gas, or something. I never guessed it could be that. But when I went to the restroom, there was a little brown stain on my underwear. There was no gushing blood or anything like that, just a little spot. I didn't even realize what it was at

first. My mom saw it when she did the laundry, and asked me about it. That's what my first time was like." She looked at him and smiled.

"How long did it take before it came on full strength?"

"I don't know. It was spotty at first, I didn't even have one every month, but finally, after maybe six or eight months, it started to get more regular, and the flow a little heavier. It never does just 'gush out' though. But I guess that can happen. I use tampons most of the time. They're much more convenient. Try them when your time comes. It won't be so bad, don't worry about it," Linda explained with a grin. She had begun to talk to Joe more like a big sister. Joe didn't mind though, he was only interested in what she was saying.

Joe and Linda continued talking, with Joe asking questions, and Linda trying her best to answer each one. By all his questions, Joe was trying to learn, in a short time, the things he figured he would need if he was going to spend the rest of his life with this new body. Finally evening came, and they went to their respective rooms to prepare for bed. Joe removed his makeup, took off the hairpiece, and then showered, remembering to trim up his bikini line while in the shower.

When he came back into his room, Linda was already there, lying in his bed, wearing a satin sleep shirt. Joe was nude, still drying himself with a towel. He dropped the towel, and joined Linda on the bed. They embraced, and then lay back caressing and feeling each other all over. Joe found being with her still enjoyable. She certainly knew what made his new parts feel good. But it seemed that something was missing, and he couldn't describe what was missing. He just did the best he could, reciprocating, taking turns, and doing to Linda all the things that she did to him. Then they both fell asleep, as usual, in each other's arms.

Chapter 22

THE CAGE

It was still dark when Joe woke up. He glanced over at the glowing red display of the clock radio. Five o'clock, it said. He had another hour and a half until he had to get up, but he wasn't tired. It had been only about nine when he went to bed and he wasn't used to going to bed that early, even if he didn't actually sleep for quite some time after he got there. Joe looked down at the floor next to the bed, and in the dim light he could see Linda's undies laying on the floor next to the bed. He grinned. It was just like old times, only now, if his had been lying there too, it would have been hard to tell them apart.

Joe turned slightly so he could see Linda, who was in bed right next to him. In the dim light, he could see the outline of her bosom under the sheet. It rhythmically rose and fell as she softly breathed. She was still asleep, and her face had a contented look. What was she dreaming? If she was, what could it be about. Him? Them? The way they had been? Or as they were now?

Pulling the sheet down slightly, he unintentionally bared his chest. He smiled when presented with this evidence of his own new femaleness. It should probably seem very different with his body changed like this... to look so feminine, and yet... he was already starting to accept it as normal. In only a week he could hardly remember being any other way. Nevertheless, it was still difficult to accept the possibility of having to live the rest of his life this way. To look down and see his body as it was, so completely feminized, with these new bumps and bulges, was still new. Joe found it difficult to keep from exploring his new shape as he lay there in the dim light. With one finger he slowly and gently began circling the dark outline of his right nipple, and watched as the sensitive tissue changed from a soft full cone to a hard little point. He could even feel it happen. He enjoyed the strangely pleasing sensation. Mostly, he realized, he was beginning to like the things that had happened to his body... the way it changed, and was still changing. It seemed so much more sensitive and flexible now, completely different from when it was masculine.

Even with the many problems the changes might possibly cause him, and the many things he still had to get accustomed to, Joe was finding that it was often quite enjoyable being female. The very slowly subsiding level of testosterone in his bloodstream was accompanied by an increasing feeling of personal well being that he really liked. Until recently, he hadn't even been aware of the

underlying sexual tension that was part of being male. The new and pleasant sensations he was experiencing also helped hide the fact that as his male hormone levels decreased, so did his upper body strength. But since it was so subtle, he couldn't really feel that it was happening. As Dr. Krell had suspected, Joe was also beginning to experience a change in his libido, a lessening, as it slowly adapted to the feminine pattern. Like it or not, he was still changing, still becoming more and more female, inside and out. But even lying here in bed, with his fiance next to him, he knew that he missed being male less every day.

Joe looked over at Linda again. He wondered what she really thought of him now. He was certain that she had enjoyed the intimacy with him when he was a guy. They had made love many times, and she had obviously been satisfied. But last night, it wasn't he who had initiated their little romp. Sure, he had enjoyed it. Linda instinctively knew how to make him feel good, but it just wasn't the same anymore. There was no way it could be. When Linda touched him, his old, as well as his many new, sensitive areas, he wasn't sure how to react, and would just lie back and let it happen. He enjoyed the spectacular feel of her fingers and tongue.

But when it was his turn to reciprocate, to return the pleasure she had given him, it was then the differences became most obvious. As Linda began to move around to his now more knowledgeable touch, Joe found himself still wanting to satisfy her in the old familiar way, as he had so many times before. Though he no longer actually had his penis, he found he that he still longed to get between her soft legs to enter her, and he could sense that she wanted that too. But of course that was not possible now. No matter what they did, no matter what he might try, he could no longer function as a man. Sure, they could still give each other pleasure, no doubt about that, but there was something missing. Joe could feel it, and he suspected Linda did too. He wished he could just close his eyes, and once more just be a guy again when he opened them, even if it was only for a few hours. Perhaps, especially if only for a few hours.

Joe moved his touch lower, to the soft hair on his now quite prominent pubic mound. With the palm of his hand, which had also become noticeably smaller since the change, he cupped his entire crotch, what the drawings at the clinic called his "vulva." Although usually it felt little different from before the change, whenever he touched this now very different part of himself, the new sleekness in the area where his male parts should be still felt very strange.

His fingertips went between his legs, all the way to the crease of his buttocks. The feeling was still foreign to him. There was now nothing to get in the way, as if his penis had somehow been retracted; sort of pulled up inside him. He could still feel his scrotum, all the nerves were the same, but it was now split down the middle to within an inch of his anus. His testicles were apparently gone. They had metamorphosed into ovaries and were relocated much farther up, deeper inside his body. He couldn't see or feel them at all.

As he felt the softness between his legs, Joe wondered if his legs were now farther apart than before. It sure seemed like it. Perhaps it was just that his hand was smaller now, or the new shape of his crotch that made it seem that way. He thought back to that first morning, his first steps with his body changed. Then, it had seemed quite different. He could kind of feel his hips moving when he walked. But he didn't really notice it anymore. Maybe his butt was a little rounder and softer now, but he was sure his hips were not really any wider. He thought about when he had attempted to wear some of his old pants, they were actually baggy on him, and he knew his waist was much smaller. Maybe, along with the other noticeable changes to his pelvis, his hip joints could be a little further apart. He had recently read that was to allow room for the birth canal. He felt a flush come to his cheeks as he considered that possibility, and worked to get those thoughts out of his mind. He didn't want to consider that aspect of being female right now.

Joe tightened the muscles of his crotch. Whenever he did that, he could tell that there was now something very different down there. The muscles which had become his vaginal sphincter were probably located a bit differently from when they had to support his penis, and they certainly felt different when he flexed them, but even that change felt exotically pleasant.

He slowly ran a finger along the moist tissues of his new sex, feeling the touch with nerves that were strangely familiar. The anatomy he touched to cause these feelings was still new, and as always, he explored his changed genitalia with as much caution as curiosity. Gentle probing quickly caused his labia to swell and part slightly, and he carefully used two fingers to spread the sensitive opening even more. He placed the tip of his finger into the rapidly moistening orifice and slowly drew it along the entire length. As he reached the top his finger brushed against his clitoris. He pinched it gently with his finger tips, still in awe at how this tiny nub of tissue could feel so much like his penis. To his touch it was smaller than a pea, but it seemed as big as his penis when there was nothing touching

it. Oh, if only it really was, he would love to bury it between Linda's thighs, maybe just once more. But it appeared that was not to be. The only vaginal lips his little penis could get between now would have to be his own. Joe fell asleep enjoying his own gentle touch... dreaming unusual dreams... dreams that included Linda, and... Jay.

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The radio blasted away in song, and Joe reached over and turned it off quickly. The night had passed too quickly, it seemed, and he just wanted to sleep, maybe till noon.

Linda had heard the radio too, and she quickly stirred, rolled over and opened her eyes. When she saw Joe, who had tried to pull the sheet over his head, she smiled and reached under the sheet and started to tickle him. Although his body was now very sensitive to such things, Joe tried his best to ignore her. Finally she moved her hand up and pinched his breast. That jolted Joe alert, and he grabbed Linda, taking both her breasts in his hands, but then just fondled them lovingly. Linda smiled, and planted a kiss lightly on his forehead as she sat up in bed. She pulled the sheet off and got out of bed, quietly going directly to her own room.

Joe lay there a bit longer, trying to get awake. Then he slowly got out of bed, and went into the bathroom. While he sat there relieving himself, he habitually rubbed his face, feeling for stubble. The smooth softness of his skin reminded him that his beard was no longer a concern, so he felt his underarms instead. Since he had shaved his underarms and legs last night, he found smooth skin there too.

Joe brushed his teeth and examined his face. He had washed it in the shower and his skin was completely free of makeup. He carefully felt the softness of his complexion. He still found it fascinating to see himself in the mirror, and as usual, he found it difficult to avoid staring at his new appearance. He examined the much softer facial skin, looking for signs of wrinkles, he was thirty years old, remember, but found none. Joe knew that before the change his male features were already beginning to develop creases around the corners of his eyes, those distinguished "crows' feet" lines that he figured were caused by squinting into the sun. He looked at his face now. The new softness of his skin, the new suppleness, had caused all evidence of wrinkles to vanish. He thought he looked much younger than his thirty years, even for a woman. He wondered why it was, and decided

that maybe it was because his feminine characteristics were still developing. He looked lower, at his now slightly smaller, softer, and completely hairless body.

Looking at his breasts... his chest, he decided his boobs really weren't all that large but they were well formed, and more like that of a reasonably developed girl of sixteen or eighteen, and not a thirty year old woman. He examined his pink nipples. Could it be that maybe they were a tiny bit bigger and fuller this morning? Was he still changing? He shook his breasts and watched as they bobbed back and forth like a young girl's. His nipples responded to the stimulation by stiffening to little points. He felt quite pleased. Maybe he couldn't be the man he was anymore, but it was obvious, even to him, that he could be a quite attractive woman. Maybe it wasn't so bad. Of course, this new femininity of his was not even a week old. Time and gravity had not yet had time to act on those new curves.

Without the wig, Joe carefully washed his face again, and then applied some makeup, being careful to put very little on. Today, he would be going back to work, to be seen by people who only knew him as a man. If they had to see him this way, he wanted their first impression of him as he was now to be a good one. His shaking hands gave away the nervousness he was feeling as he thought about going to work.

Joe went back into the bedroom and saw the pile of underwear on the dresser. He realized he still had some time, so he took it into the bathroom sink and, using the soap Linda had given him for the purpose, he carefully washed out the dainty things by hand. When he finished washing, and gently wrung them out, he carefully hung them on the glass doors of the shower. He stepped back, eyeing the colorful assortment of panties and bras. Would he ever get used to the fact that this stuff was his... the kind of clothes he would now be wearing every day, maybe for the rest of his life?

Again going back to the bedroom, he opened his underwear drawer. He selected some light blue nylon briefs and a white seamless cup underwire. He quickly slipped his underwear on, enjoying the satiny feel, then went to the walk-in closet and examined his selection of clothes, trying to decide what to wear for his first day back, his first as a woman. He held up each one of the small assortment of blouses and skirts, dissatisfied with all of them. He was eyeing the light gray suit again, he liked the way he looked in that, when Linda came up behind him. She was wearing a satin robe, and she put her arms around Joe's waist, hugging him gently.

"What are you going to wear today?"

"I don't know," Joe said. "I just can't decide."

"Let's see..." Linda said, quickly taking charge.

Linda selected a light cotton blouse and a blue A-line skirt. She held them together, looking at the match, and at Joe's reaction. "What do you think about this? It's simple and conservative, just what you like, and I think you'd look good wearing it."

Joe wasn't sure. The light cotton blouse was so sheer and feminine, he was concerned at how he would look in it. But then, he had decided that he would be accepting his new femininity. Maybe he should wear it. He took the hangers from Linda, and went back to the bedroom. Linda went to his drawer, and selected the slip they had purchased a few days ago. Joe was already starting to put on the blouse, he would not have thought about a slip.

"Put this on first," Linda said. "It'll help cover the sheerness of the blouse."

Joe pulled his arm out of the blouse and pulled the slip over his head. He then put the blouse back on and buttoned it, smoothing it over his curves. Then he removed the skirt from the hanger and started to step into it.

"Aren't you going to wear hose?" Linda asked with a slight grin. It was quite apparent that Joe was nervous, and was forgetting the basics of dressing as a woman.

"Oh, yeah." Joe lay the skirt on the bed, and took the pantyhose that Linda had selected and held out for him. He sat on the edge of the bed, and struggled into them.

"Most of this isn't too bad, I guess, but I don't know who thought these things up," Joe said. "I didn't like them before, and I hate them now that I've worn them."

"Probably invented by a man," Linda said matter-of-factly.

"I don't think so." Joe said. "I don't think guys like them as much as women do. At least I don't.... didn't."

Joe finally got the pantyhose on and adjusted to be as comfortable as he could get them. He pulled the skirt over his hips, and Linda helped zip and button the closure located at his back. Joe wondered why women's clothes always seemed to have the closure in the back,

where it could hardly be reached. Linda showed him a little trick to help him get the zipper closed by himself.

"Draw in your tummy a little," she said.

When he complied, Linda tugged the waistband of the skirt, causing it to spin around to the side. From there, the zipper and button could easily be seen and worked with. When Joe saw it, she spun the skirt back, careful to get it centered on Joe's backbone. Joe then reached down for the mid-heeled pumps, and again sat on the bed as he slipped into them. He stood, and walked over to the mirror. He smiled when he saw what he looked like. Linda had selected well, and the person he saw staring back was a sophisticated, professional woman... one with very short hair. He reached over to the table, grabbed the wig, and put it on. He adjusted it on his head, and started to brush it into position. He would be glad when his own hair would grow long enough that he could dispense with the sweaty hairpiece. But for now, he knew he looked much better with it on. Looking in the mirror, he was pleased with his appearance. The skirt and blouse fit well, and together they accented his figure exactly as he liked. He cupped his breasts in his hands and squeezed them, as if he still didn't believe they were really a part of him.

Linda watched what he was doing with interest. "Still kind of different, huh?" she asked, a big grin on her face.

"Can you believe that I really look like this?"

"I think you are quite attractive," Linda said simply.

"Yeah...for a girl, maybe I am, but it's a little hard when you've been a guy all your life... to suddenly be going around looking like this."

"Well, I think you're doing great."

"But... do you really like me this way? I think you need a man... not a girl friend."

"Don't you worry about me," Linda said. "I'll be okay no matter what you look like."

"But how... don't you miss it the old way... I mean... wouldn't it be better for you if I looked like a guy?"

"Yeah, of course I do... so go ahead, then... be a guy... just for me." Linda seemed to be irritated by what Joe was saying.

"Sorry." Joe said. "I don't mean to feel sorry for myself. There are just so many things. I can't figure out what I want. I don't just know what to do." He stuttered.

"Don't worry about it," Linda said calmly. "I'll help you. If we find we can't make it together, let's worry about that if it becomes a problem. I don't have any problems now, do you?"

"No. No, of course not." Joe said.

"Ok, then." Linda said finally. "Now, brush that hair again. You'll want to look your best today."

As he made the final checks to his appearance, and adjusted his pantyhose for the third time, Joe realized it was time to get to work. He found his little handbag, and checked that it contained his wallet, and the few cosmetics that he might need. He added a few sheets of Kleenex. Linda made him apply a little dab of perfume. At first he objected, but then decided that she knew best... that there was no reason not to make the best impression he could.

Joe went into the kitchen and fixed some breakfast cereal. He wasn't in a hurry to get to work this morning. As he slowly ate, and sipped some orange juice, he thumbed through the magazines which had arrived over the last few days. All were Linda's... his mail was still going to his apartment. He hoped he could remember to stop there after work to check his mail, since he hadn't been there in a few days.

He finished breakfast, and put the bowl and glass into the dishwasher. Joe gathered up his things, and went outside. As he walked across the drive to his car, he noticed all the dust on it. He would need to wash it soon. He liked a clean car.

Getting in the car, Joe quickly noticed the restricted movement that the somewhat tight knee-length skirt imposed. He hiked the skirt up above his knees, and when he saw his exposed, nylon covered upper legs, he smiled as he thought of his first ride with Karen... and how she had done the same thing. Maybe it wasn't very ladylike, but the freedom of movement and the wonderful coolness caused him to keep it that way.

Joe slowly drove to work, his heart pounding harder the closer he got to the place where he was sure Dave and he would be the main topic of conversation.

He pulled into the parking lot, pulling his skirt to a more modest position before he drove past the guard shack. Parking the car, he

screwed up his courage, and, not without some difficulty, got out. It had almost been a week since he had waked to find himself like this, but he had never been more nervous or self-conscious about his changed appearance than right now. He awkwardly retrieved his badge from his bag, and clipped it to his blouse. When he did that, he saw his male picture staring back at him from the white badge. He wondered if the guard would notice. Of course, the guard would know about him, he decided. Everybody would know about him.

He walked up to the gate guard, and started to walk past as usual. The guard, not recognizing him, looked carefully at his name tag.

"Good morning... Joe? Joe Bates? Er... Mr. Ms. Bates...er yeah sure...please go ahead." The guard stuttered awkwardly. He obviously had heard about what had happened, but didn't recognize Joe until he saw his badge. Joe smiled pleasantly at the guard, and walked past. He was just as nervous and embarrassed as the guard.

The Honeybone facility was large enough that a stranger could walk down most of the corridors without anyone taking notice. Joe even passed people he knew on a first name basis and they didn't give him a glance. Of course, many of the men he passed would turn around and check him out, not because they recognized who he was, but because they did that to any attractive woman they passed. But Joe never noticed that. He was not yet used to being considered a sex object by his former peers.

He finally arrived at the Certification Section offices. Even the short walk was causing his feet to ache. By now he could walk quite well in the two inch heels, but his feet were not used to walking for any distance in such uncomfortable shoes. He passed Jim Matheny's office and went directly to his own desk. It was still early, and no one else was in the other offices yet. Jim was probably around somewhere. He usually seemed to get to work as early as six a.m.

Joe sat and thumbed through the pile of mail on his desk. It had been less than a week since he had been there, and he always received a number of trade magazines and sales brochures every day. Nothing in the pile was very interesting. It would have been difficult to concentrate anyway, with his heart pounding like a jackhammer. He just sat there waiting nervously; wondering who would be the first to arrive, the first to see him as he was now.

Then he began to experience another familiar sensation, he had to pee. Oh God. Now what? Should he use the ladies' restroom? He certainly couldn't use the more familiar men's room anymore. But the ladies room? What if somebody he knew was in there? What if they

recognized him? His heart pounded harder as he considered the possibilities. Then again, he decided, he couldn't avoid such things forever. For now, it seemed he needed to go every couple of hours at least. Besides, he was dressed like a woman. Hell, he was better looking than almost all the secretaries at Honeybone. He picked up his handbag from the desk top. If they doubted him, he could always show them his drivers license, or maybe the letter from Dr. Krell. He grinned. What is there to be afraid of, a bunch of women? Yeah, he was, but then he really did have to pee.

He slowly got up and walked out and down the hall to the ladies room. When he got to the door, he took a deep breath, and walked in. Of course, he had never been inside the ladies' room at work before, and his first instinct was to check if anyone else was in there with him. No feet were visible under the stall doors, the coast was clear. He looked around the attractive room. He found that, as usual, the ladies' room was much better appointed than the austere men's room on the other side of the wall. Nothing over there like this. There were flowers, attractive wall coverings, and a very comfortable looking couch. He wondered who would want to sit in the ladies room. Was it for when it was crowded, and you had to wait for a stall? It was so different from the men's room, which was made so functional by the usual row of urinals along the wall. None of those here, even if he had been able to use one.

Joe picked a stall and went inside, feeling a slight relief as he closed the door and latched it. He then went through the still awkward (for him) ritual of unzipping the tight skirt so he could get his pantyhose down. Oh, if he only had a fly, not to mention a cock, right now. With the skirt, pantyhose, and panties around his knees, he sat and found the relief he needed. Just as he pulled some tissue from the roll, he heard someone enter, and that made a lump form in his throat. Remaining absolutely still, he waited until the invader entered a stall before he made a sound. He finished up, dressed, and quickly left the stall, pausing only a moment to quickly rinse his hands and wipe them on the hand towel. Then he left the restroom.

Back out in the hallway, Joe was glad to find no one else around, and quickly walked back to Certification, heels clicking on the polished tile as he walked. When he went in, Jim was now in his office, sitting at his desk. Jim looked up, and couldn't hide his obvious surprise when he saw Joe.

"Hi, Joe. Welcome back." Jim said. "My, you're looking pretty good." He said the last as if he wasn't really sure he should, but trying to hide his nervousness.

"Good morning, Jim. And thanks for the compliment. Linda picked this stuff out for me. I'm still having a little trouble getting used to this," Joe said honestly.

"You're doing great, if you ask me. I know I'd have a lot more trouble," Jim said, smiling, still trying to make small talk to break the tension they both felt.

"It's a little difficult, but it does seem to be getting easier as time goes by."

"Sit down, let's talk about what we plan to do," Jim said, pointing to one of the two chairs in front of his desk.

Joe sat, and was quickly aware that his skirt went above his knees as he did so, and that if he happened to part his legs even slightly, Jim would have a direct view up his short skirt. He tried to keep his knees together, but to remember doing that was still foreign to him and he often forgot, only to be reminded of his oversight when he noticed Jim trying not to look and finding it impossible. He smiled a knowing smile at his boss, and tried to demurely fold his legs over to one side.

"I don't know about this damn skirt," Joe said with embarrassment. "Sometimes it's really a pain wearing stuff like this."

"I must say, you do look rather good in it. Sorry if I'm staring, but you know how it is."

"Don't worry about it. I understand." Joe knew he would have done the same thing.

"Well, anyway, let's see..." Jim said, trying to get back to the subject at hand. "Dr. Krell should be here within an hour or two, and I think he will want to see the `cage.' I believe he's getting some animals, some monkeys or cats or dogs or something, and wants to try them in there. We've got the transmitters set up, and there are three spectrum analyzer probes in there too. If we can make it happen again, we'll at least know what it took to cause it."

"Yeah. Dr. Krell said he had no idea what it would take to cause cell reversion like this, much less reverse the effect. If you ask me, it looks like we're stuck like this," Joe said, looking directly at Jim as he spoke.

"What do you plan to do then?"

"What can I do?" Joe grinned somewhat sarcastically. "I've got a big expense report for these new clothes partially filled out. You should see some of the stuff I bought." His grin changed to sexy. He

realized that he was having to fight a tendency to flirt with his friendly boss, and was embarrassed by the thought.

"No problem... anything you need... anything you want... I've been told to do whatever's necessary," Jim said, almost apologetically.

"I'll tell you what..." Joe considered what he was asking. "How about getting that line boy, Tim, on the payroll. He's a student, and he's sure going to need the money. I think he's taking aeronautical engineering. How about an engineering intern position, or something like that?"

Jim rubbed his chin with his hand as he considered it. "Yeah, I think I could get that approved. Does Tim really want a job here?"

"I think he was hoping to get on here after graduation. He's very sharp, and he was absolutely nuts about aviation. He still is." Joe wanted to make sure that Jim and everybody else realized that even though they had changed a lot, they were still as capable of doing their jobs as always.

Just then Dave came to the doorway to Jim's office. The somewhat plump guy had, as usual, hidden his new curves under a loose-fitting jumpsuit. Joe wondered how many of them Dave had bought. Besides the light gray one he wore today, he had seen Dave in a yellow, light blue, dark blue, and a green one. The shoes Dave wore, while surely women's, were probably the most androgynous he could find. It seemed that Dave refused to enjoy any of the more interesting aspects of his new femininity the way the others had. I wonder how things are going around Dave's house these days, Joe thought. Of the four of them, only Dave was married, and his wife Cindy had been very dependent on her husband. That, and their young kids, were obviously making this all very difficult for Dave.

"Morning Dave." Jim said. "How's it going?"

"Hi, Dave. Have a seat," Joe said, pointing to the chair next to him.

"Good morning," Dave said. "What have you got going for today?"

"As I was just telling Joe, we have the transmitters set up in an RF cage, and we have some probes in there to record what we do, just in case we can duplicate what happened the other day," Jim repeated.

"Who's going to volunteer to be in the cage?" Dave asked.

"Good question," Jim said, smiling, "but, at least at first, Dr. Krell says he has some animal specimens to try. I don't know if he has any human volunteers for later."

"If we can get it to work in reverse, I want to be the first to try it," Dave insisted.

"Don't worry, when that happens, you'll probably be the first to know," Jim answered. "Are you having any problems?"

Dave looked at Jim. "Well, my family life is in the dumper, and my sex life... Damn it, I'm not a lesbian, and Cindy isn't one either. Problems? What do you think?" The irritation showed through as Dave spoke the words.

"If it's physically possible to change you back, we'll do it. Don't worry," Jim assured him.

"Damn right you will," Dave said, trying to make his feminine voice sound as menacing as he could.

Suddenly the doorway to the small office filled with the still large figure of Mike. Mike, who now preferred to be called Michelle, had obviously been on another shopping spree last night. Michelle, whose body had become hardly noticeably smaller when it feminized, was now wearing a form fitting pants suit that emphasized her developing figure. As Joe looked at Michelle, he decided that indeed, as she had mentioned, her body probably was still changing, and her bustline was surely more developed than even the day before. When Joe first saw Mike right after the change, he had hardly any breast development. But now, he was almost as well-endowed as Joe. Mike/Michelle was a large woman, but was now becoming quite attractive. The muscle building steroids he had been taking at the time of the change appeared to have slowed Mike's transition to femininity, but they sure didn't stop it.

"Hi, Mike," Jim said. "Come on in."

Mike greeted them and entered the room and leaned against the wall. There were only two seats besides the one behind the desk.

"Looks like you're getting accustomed," Jim said, looking at Mike/Michelle.

"Yeah," Michelle said. "If this is the way it's going to be, I guess I better try to adapt."

Mike must be going through the same feelings as I am, Joe thought.

"Don't give up yet," Jim said. "We've only begun to try to get you guys changed back."

But if it doesn't happen soon, you may find that nobody will want to go back. Joe thought to himself.

"I was just telling Joe about the setup we have in the RF cage," Jim went on. "We have both transmitters set up, and we have recorders and signal analyzers. Whatever we try, if something works, we'll know what kind of signal caused it."

"Who is going to try it first?" Mike/Michelle asked.

"No humans, I think. Dr. Krell is arranging for some lab animals to use," Jim said. "If he can get results that way, then he'll try it with people."

"Will it work on animals just like people?" Mike/Michelle wondered aloud.

"I don't know," Jim answered. "We'll have to leave that up to them to find out. We can only supply the hardware and data acquisition expertise."

"Even if this thing can't be made to change us back, I think Honeybone might find that there could be a demand for what it can do," Joe said.

"What do you mean?" Jim asked.

"Damn it Jim, look at us. Look at Mike there, his genetic makeup has been altered, maybe permanently, and look at the results. I doubt if you could tell him, or me for that matter, from someone who was born female. It's that complete. And it's not only that. I certainly had no desire to have my gender changed. I liked being a guy just fine. But now that I'm like this, as time goes on, and I get used to the idea, it doesn't seem so bad at all. I don't know if I feel like that because of something that has happened to my brain, or what, but that's the way it is," Joe said.

"What are you getting at?" Jim questioned.

"While we were at the clinic in San Diego, I met a few of the people who go there for treatment, gender related problems mostly, I'd guess. I think they all want to be the opposite sex, even if it means painful surgery. And they even know going in that the results are only so-so, nothing like what happened to us. If there was a machine, a booth or something to go into, have your chromosomes modified, and then just wake up in the morning, I think you could name your price.

I tell you, if this thing does turn out to be 'reversible' it will absolutely revolutionize the way we think about sex."

"You really think so?" Jim asked. "I wouldn't think anybody would want to mess with their genes like that."

"I don't know, but I bet if you tried this side of the fence for a while, you'd change some of your feelings about women. That I'd be willing to bet," Joe said confidently. "I know it's certainly had a big effect on my point of view." He grinned as he said the last.

"Hey, I like women, and I think I treat them fairly, too," Jim objected.

"Yeah, but you don't really know what it's like to BE one," Joe retorted.

"Well, maybe not," Jim replied, "but I don't really have any desire to find out either."

Just then the phone rang. Jim picked it up. "Certification. Jim Matheny. Yea. Please send hi...er, her here, 428. Okay. I'll send somebody out to escort her." He hung up.

"Your friend Tim Werner is at the gate," Jim said. "Would one of you go out and sign him in?"

"I'll get him," Dave said, getting up and walking out.

In a moment, Jim spoke. "Dave seems kind of depressed, doesn't he?"

"Yeah," Joe answered. "I think having a family is a real problem when something like this happens. It's tough enough when you don't."

"I sure hope we can get you guys changed back," Jim said. "I don't care if this thing is commercially useful. It's supposed to be a navigation system, for heaven's sake."

"But if it can do what it appears it can do, that will be insignificant," Joe said. "I really think you might have a very useful medical tool here."

"We'll see," Jim said. "As soon as Dave gets back, I want to take you all down to the lab. I don't expect Dr. Krell for another hour. He's flying in this morning."

Soon, Dave walked back into the office followed by an attractive young woman whom Joe recognized as the line boy Tim Werner.

"Hi, Tim," Joe said. "You know Jim here, and Mike, I believe."

"Hi," Tim said shyly.

Tim was wearing one of the t-shirts and a pair of jeans he bought yesterday. The clothes were much more casual than what the others were wearing, but they looked good on Tim's attractive form.

"Would you... er, folks want to go over to the lab, and see the RF cage?" Jim asked.

"Sure. Let's go," Dave said quickly.

They all followed Jim down one hall, and then another, until they came to some double doors. Jim opened them and they all went inside. There, they found a large room filled with benches loaded with power supplies and test equipment. On one end of the room was a large cage-like room made of a tight mesh screen. It was not all screen, some areas were aluminum sheets where connectors were mounted so that cables could pass through the screen. There was a wide door so that hardware could be brought into the cage. Through the screen could be seen the bright yellow cases which held the transmitters. There were a couple of stools and a work bench in there, too. Otherwise, the room was empty. Outside, at another workbench, were located three closed circuit TV monitors, two spectrum analyzers, and a large strip chart recorder.

"Well, whatever we do in there, we should have a record of it," Joe said.

"That's the idea," Jim said. "If we can cause something to happen, we will want to know exactly what it took to do it. This should let us know. And it should be safe enough, at least on this side of the cage."

"As soon as it's ready to try, I volunteer to be the first to try it," Dave said loudly. "As I see it, I've got nothing to lose."

"If this thing can cause the type of chromosome change which it has apparently already done, then who knows what else it can do. It could easily cause really strange, even fatal, defects," Jim said. "We'll have to take it slow. I don't want to belittle what has happened to any of you, but at least you are all alive, and as far as we can tell, completely healthy. We want to keep it that way."

"I'd rather try anything than have to live like this," Dave said obstinately.

"If we can prove that it won't cause more harm than good, you'll get your chance to try it. You have my word," Jim said.

"What will we try first?" Joe asked. "To repeat what happened to us, or something else?"

"Well, I'm leaving it up to Dr. Krell's people, but I would like to verify that it absolutely was this hardware which caused the problem, and not something else, God knows what," Jim answered.

"Try it with a human? You want to make another guy look like a female?" Tim asked.

"I don't know." Jim answered. "I'd hope something can be done with animals, monkeys or something like that. I don't know, though. That's up to the medics."

"I'll bet he could get all the volunteers he wants," Joe said. He thought about some of the patients he met at the clinic, and how they reacted when they found out what had happened to him and the others.

"We'll find out what he wants to do real soon." Jim replied. "Let's go back to the desk and wait for Dr. Krell's people. I have some paperwork for you folks, too."

They obediently followed Jim back up the hallway, anxious to find out what Dr. Krell was planning to do.

Chapter 23

EXPERIMENTS

"Joe, could you escort Dr. Krell and whoever he has with him into the building?" Jim asked.

"Sure," Joe replied. He quickly left the room and walked back to the entrance.

By now Joe was at home enough with his new physique and the feel of his clothes that he sometimes forgot, if only for just a moment, that his appearance had changed significantly. As he traveled the familiar hallways, he absent-mindedly attempted to move along with the long, easy stride he always used. When he did, he felt the restricting hem of the skirt at his knees. He looked down, and was instantly reminded that some things were quite different now. He could feel the slight bounce of his breasts moving, and hear the gentle rustle of his pantyhose when his thighs sometimes rubbed together as he walked. Joe placed his hand on his hip just to feel the satin slickness of the slip against his stockings. He liked the sensation and kept his hand there, letting it gently brush the side his leg as he walked. There were so many interesting things about being this way... wearing clothes like these... always some new feeling or sensation to experience. To be like this forever wouldn't be so bad at all, he thought.

When he arrived at the entrance, Joe recognized Dr. Krell, Karen Simpson, and two other people, both men, probably doctors or lab technicians. He didn't recognize either of them. Dr. Krell smiled in recognition when he spotted Joe. Karen raised her hand in greeting.

"Good morning, Dr. Krell," Joe said. "Hi, Karen," He added.

"Good morning," Dr. Krell repeated. "How are you doing this fine day, Joe?"

"Just fine, I guess," Joe said, smiling.

"You're certainly looking good," Karen said.

"Thanks. You are too." Joe said.

They all signed the log, and Dr. Krell introduced the other two men. "Joe Bates, I'd like you to meet Dr. John Schwab and Dr. Richard Roberts. Besides their talents, they're associates of mine. John is into genetics research, and Dick's specialty is urology, and

they're both very interested in what's happened here. If it turns out our research continues very long, I'm sure we'll have others wanting to get involved on it too."

"I've heard all about you," Dr. Schwab said, holding out his hand to Joe.

Somewhat embarrassed, Joe shook his hand, and then took the hand of Dr. Roberts.

"I've got to talk with you," the big, friendly looking guy said. "What has happened to you is almost unbelievable. I can hardly believe my eyes."

"Well believe me, nobody's having a harder time believing I'm like this than I am myself."

"If you'll follow me, I'll take you to the others. Jim Matheney, he's our Certification Manager and my boss. I guess he's your primary contact here at Honeybone."

"This is quite an impressive complex," Dr. Roberts said. "I've always wanted to see how avionics are designed."

"Do you have an interest in aviation?" Joe asked.

"Yeah, I guess I do," Dr. Roberts said. "I've got my commercial ticket, and a five year old A-36 Bonanza."

"That's a pretty good plane," Joe commented.

"I guess you get all kinds of interesting hardware around here," the doctor said.

"Well, sometimes we get a new airframe to use, but usually we have to use our test aircraft, and they're hardly new," Joe said. "But we do work with the latest in avionics, of course."

"I have King gear in mine," Dr. Roberts said. "I have to admit, except for the DME, I haven't had any real trouble with any of it yet."

They arrived at the Certification Section offices, and Joe led them into Jim's office, where the others were waiting. He introduced them to each other, noting that the two new doctors carefully eyed Mike, Dave, and Tim as they were introduced.

"All of you were together when this happened?" Dr. Schwab asked, looking at Mike.

"Well, we were pretty near each other for some of the time." Mike answered. "Three of us were in the Lear, and Tim here, came over to

fuel us and stayed around to watch us calibrate. I guess that's really the only time we were actually together for any length of time."

"And this GPS transmitter, was it on all the time?" Dr. Roberts asked.

"Once we turn it on, it stays on all the time. We were really close to the 'A.' The 'B' was located at the other side of the airport. Joe and I were the only ones really close to that one while it was turned on," Mike explained.

"What kinds of power do those transmitters operate at?" Dr. Roberts queried.

"Well, it's adjustable over a considerable range," Mike said. "I've got records of the settings used last Thursday, or any other day, for that matter."

"So this thing has been used before?" Dr. Roberts asked.

"Oh, sure. We've been testing receivers for more than a month," Joe chimed in.

"But you've only now had a problem?" the doctor asked.

"If there was anything happening to me before last week, I certainly didn't realize it," Joe said. "Friday morning came as a complete surprise, that's for sure," he added.

"Same here," Dave said.

"Likewise," Mike added. "In fact, when I first realized something strange was happening... that I was changing, or whatever... I hadn't really changed very much yet, but I could feel something, like an itch or something, before I could see any change. Actually, I'm pretty sure I'm still changing, but it's happening slower now."

"Yeah. Same here," Tim said. "When I got home Thursday night, I felt really terrible. I couldn't sleep, my chest felt so strange, and I had a really bad upset stomach. I was just lying there in bed when I first realized that something really peculiar was happening. First, I just had to go to the bathroom really bad. I went to pee and that's when I saw that my cock... er, my penis was shrinking or something... anyway, it was really hard to go... to pee with it pulled in like that, but it felt like I really had to, so I did. Afterwards, I went back to bed, but I could still feel it... it was sort of tingling and felt really strange, like it was trying to pull up further inside me. It continued that way until it was completely gone, it feels like it's up inside... changed to

the way it is now. I guess I can still feel it there when I think about it. But I suppose I am sort of getting used to it this way."

Tim started to touch himself, but then he realized everyone was watching and stopped, looked embarrassed, but then continued speaking.

"I really didn't know what the hell was going on. I mean it couldn't be real, maybe I was just dreaming. I didn't realize I was... I guess... turning into a girl until I got up again, early in the morning, and saw just what I looked like in the mirror. Of course, even then I didn't completely realize what had happened. My boobs hadn't grown that much by then, and I guess I didn't realize the full extent of what had happened to me until sometime the next morning... I mean... it's easy to look and see what's happened now, but I'm telling you there is no way to prepare yourself for something like this. I mean, I never heard of anything like it before." His soft voice rose and fell as he described what it was like to watch his body undergo the changes that had affected each of them.

As Joe listened to Tim describe what had happened to him, he decided that maybe it was better to go through the change like he did, sleeping through the whole thing. He didn't even know that anything had happened until he woke up. Actually to see it happening and to feel it. No wonder Tim hid in his apartment for days rather than face other people the way he was. How do you explain something like that happening to you?

The doctors listened to Tim's story with interest.

"I've read your file," Dr. Schwab said. "But your description of the experience really brings out the trauma. I'm not sure what has happened exactly, and I'm certainly amazed that something like this could happen overnight, much less at all."

"As long as you guys can figure a way to get us back, I don't care if you can explain it or not," Dave said.

"Why don't we go and look over the test cage?" Jim suggested. "We have everything that was used on Thursday set up, and we're ready for whatever experiments you might want to try."

"Good idea." Dr. Krell answered, and looked at Joe to lead them to the lab.

Joe looked at the little doctor. "Follow me," he said.

He led them down the hall and opened the double doors, holding them open while the others went inside.

"It's larger than I thought it would be," Dr. Schwab exclaimed. "We could try a number of experiments at the same time with this much room."

"How will we know how much power to use at this close range?" Dr. Roberts wondered aloud.

"I suggest we start with very low power, then increase it in small increments, never exceeding the settings used outdoors. The whole system can take full transmitter power, but maybe it wouldn't be a good idea to use it all, no matter if we get the desired results or not. It's really close quarters for that much power, and I doubt that it would help anyway," Jim suggested. He was always concerned about safety, since he was responsible for safety in the lab.

"We will defer to your judgment on that, Mr. Matheney," Dr. Krell said.

"Please call me Jim, Doctor."

"Sure Jim, and of course, please feel free to call me Ben," Dr. Krell said, smiling.

"I'll try to remember that," Jim said. He was very serious about work, but liked informality among professionals during operations like this. Of course, there had never been operations like this before.

"What do you have planned?" Mike asked, his curiosity hard to contain.

"Well, now that we know what we have to work with I think we have room for primates. I thought we would have to use mice, but this is much better. We could even use human volunteers, when we get to that point," Dr. Roberts said.

"I volunteer for that whenever you want to try it," Dave chimed in.

"I'm afraid that we would need a control subject for the first attempt," Dr. Roberts said. "But you will probably get your chance too." He smiled.

"It can't be too soon," Dave said.

The men looked over the equipment, and at the lab in general, appearing to be concerned about the size of the unused space. They

murmured to themselves, and then walked over to where Jim and Joe were standing and watching.

"I think this will be enough room," Dr. Krell said. "We'll need room for some cages, if we are to bring some lab animals in. I think we can have some of what we need here by this afternoon, tomorrow for sure."

"What will we need to do today?" Joe asked. He was curious what they would be doing.

"Well, I think these two gentlemen would like to interview each of you," Dr. Krell said. "Perhaps you could come over to Hillcrest, to my office there, for a while this morning?"

"Sure. I can do that," Joe said. Oh damn, more hospital, he thought. He was anxious to see what they would be doing in the lab, not answering questions, or getting examined.

"I think we need to get to a telephone," Dr. Krell said.

"Right here," Jim said. "This desk and this phone are available for your use. Please make yourself at home."

Dr. Krell sat down and picked up the handset. Dr. Roberts walked over to Joe and the others. "Do you all think you could meet me over at Hillcrest in about two hours?" he asked. "It shouldn't take very long, but I do have some things... some questions to ask. I think it would be best to do that over there."

"A couple of hours? Sure," Dave responded. "Will we be coming back here then?" He was impatient with the seemingly slow progress.

"I don't think there will be any need for that," Dr. Roberts said. "Maybe tomorrow afternoon, but not before. We have a lot of setting up to do in here till then. There is no reason for any of you to get involved with that. We'll have a number of assistants taking care of it."

Joe was hoping to get some "hands on" of the equipment himself, but he was beginning to see that the plan was to sort of let them "be involved," but probably not use their expertise. They were now simply part of the experiment, as far as the doctors were concerned.

They went back to the offices, and Joe went directly to his desk. Karen was with them and Tim, since he had no where else to go, followed Joe and Dave. Joe looked at Karen, trying to tell if she had any idea of what was happening. "So what now?" he asked. "Do we just sit and wait till they call us?"

"I suppose that's all there is to do," Karen said. "Of course, it's only about an hour and forty-five minutes till you need to be at Hillcrest."

"Oh, yeah. I almost forgot about that," Joe replied. "I wonder what that's going to be about?"

"I'm not sure, really," Karen surmised. "But I overheard the discussion, and I think they are still trying to determine the full extent of the changes your chromosomes have undergone. They can't understand how this could have happened in such a short period. It's starting to become obvious that it isn't really over yet, since you all seem to be still changing, at least a little, don't you agree?"

Joe looked at Karen. "I didn't know it was that obvious. How can you tell?"

Karen smiled. "I'm not sure really. Mike, of course, is the most noticeable; it's easy to see that he's still developing. Joe, you and Tim, I guess it's different. It's not so physical, but more in the way you act and the way you talk. I can tell you both are becoming more familiar with what has happened."

"I guess I am getting a little used to it." Joe said. "But it's more than that, I can't explain it. It's like my brain is changed or something. Hell, I think I'm even beginning to like being like this, like it's the way I'm supposed to be. Until a couple of days ago, all I could do was think about figuring out how to get back, try to hold on to my masculinity, I guess. Now, I don't care about that anymore. I guess it's taken over my head or something. I can't really explain it."

"Yeah. I think it's the same for me, at least a little," Tim said. "At first I hated this, but I guess I'm beginning to accept it all now."

"How about you, Dave?" Karen asked.

"Is it really important how I feel?" Dave said sullenly. "I can't just decide that I'm going to be a girl, even if I happen to look like one, or whatever."

"Even you can't change what's happened," Karen said. "If you try to go against your feelings, it will just make you unhappy and hard to be around, and won't change a thing. I'm speaking from personal experience."

Just then, Jim Matheney walked from his office and came over to Tim. "Can you come with me for a few minutes?" he asked.

"Sure," Tim answered, and followed Jim back to his office. Jim closed the door.

"This has all just got to be temporary," Dave said. "Even if I would get used to this, I still have to change back."

"Maybe you do," Joe said. "But before that, why don't you try to lighten up?" He tried to cheer up his pal, who seemed to be depressed.

"What do you want me to do, Joe?" Dave asked. "Buy a bunch of dresses, or something?"

"Hey, I don't know what you want, but you must have something you'd like to try, I mean, I know you're curious. Why don't you kick back a little, and try to enjoy what has happened, rather than fight it all the way. Like Karen said, you've become a Sad Sack, and it isn't helping you, or your family. Whatever happens tomorrow, why don't you try to enjoy today?" Joe tried to sum up what he had wanted to say to Dave for some time.

Dave grinned at his friend. "I'm sorry if I've become a pain in the ass. You know that's not the way I am."

"Yeah, I know that," Joe replied, grinning. "That's why I've put up with it till now."

"So what should I do?" Dave asked.

"What would you like to do? How do you feel about yourself?"

"I don't know, exactly." Dave answered. "I guess I'm having some of the same feelings you are, I don't know. It's hard to know what I feel like."

Joe knew what his friend meant. Even if he was starting to accept himself the way he was, Joe also experienced the strange paradox. Sure, he looked like a female now, and he was even beginning to like how he looked, as well as the feminine feelings he was experiencing. At least that's what he figured they were. He didn't really know what it was supposed to feel like to be female, he only knew what HE felt like. But even though he liked it a lot, he still felt like he was male, deep inside. There was just no way he could change his past. Until a week ago, everything he did, his every thought, was naturally from the male perspective. That was hard and maybe impossible to change. The sensation was sometimes as if his changed body was somehow not really his, that he was inside somebody else, even though he knew that was not the case. Sometimes, he still felt pretty much like a guy,

and sometimes the new feeling of femininity almost overwhelmed him.

Karen Simpson joined them. "It looks like they won't need you guys here today. When you leave for Hillcrest, let me know. I need to go over there, too."

Joe looked at Dave. "Are we ready to go over there?"

"Yeah, I guess so, not that I'm looking forward to getting prodded and poked again."

"I don't think there will be much of that." Karen said. "Then again, I don't know what Dr. Roberts might have on his mind."

"Let's go find Mike." Joe said. I guess Tim is getting a job offer, he thought. "We can wait for Tim. I'll try to track Mike down."

Joe went out in the hallway. He wondered where the big woman might be. Mike was with them in the lab, and came back out with them, but then he was suddenly gone. He looked into the offices and cubicles along the way as he toured the hallways. When he came to the word processing area, he could see Mike's new hairpiece over the top of the partition. What was he doing in here, he thought? He went over to Mike, who was talking with an attractive young woman, Melody Meyers, whom he recognized as having gone out with Mike in the past. Mike must have seen her in the hall, and is trying to explain. Joe thought. It was hard. Yeah, sure, it's still me. Joe had gone through the same thing with Linda. It was impossible not to be embarrassed to have to try to explain to your girl friend that something like this had happened to you. First they didn't believe it, and then if you could convince them, they felt sorry for you and wanted to help. At least that's the way it had been for him and Linda. He didn't really know the extent of the relationship that Mike had with Melody.

Mike saw him when he turned the corner.

"Hi Joe. Here, Mel, see, this is Joe Bates. You know him. He's had the same thing happen, too," Mike explained to a wide eyed Melody.

"Oh, God. I heard the rumors that something like this had happened, but I thought it was a strange joke. But I see it's really true," Melody said, leaning back in her swivel chair.

"Yeah, I guess it's really true," Joe said, smiling at the attractive young woman. He didn't really know her, but he had often noticed

her in the hall. She was easily one of the best-looking girls in word processing, and he always noticed the good looking girls. As he eyed her, he realized that they were probably almost the same size now. Even their figures were very similar. Hell, they could probably share clothes.

"Well, I'm sorry for you both, and the others too," Melody said. "Are you having problems, or anything?"

Joe looked at her. "I don't know about the others, but I guess I'm getting used to it, the best I can anyway. It's a heck of a change to wake up looking like this." He smiled.

"I just can't believe it." Melody said. "You both look so natural. You look just like real women. That skirt looks positively marvelous on you, Joe."

"We've been told that we more than LOOK like 'real' women," Joe added. "I think we have all the required parts, inside and out. It certainly feels like we do anyway." He grinned at Melody as he rubbed his hand along the soft curve of his right breast. Even though he looked, and now felt, quite female, he still had a weakness for pretty girls. Perhaps not like before. It was much more subtle now. But it was making for strange conversation. He tried to change the subject.

"We're going to go over to Hillcrest now," Joe told Mike. "Are you ready?"

"Yeah, I guess so," Mike said. He looked back at Melody. "I'll call you tonight, all right?" he asked. "We can talk about it."

"Okay. Sure," Melody answered. "Good luck. You too, Joe."

"Thanks," Joe said as he turned, and began to walk away. He was aware that the other women were looking at him and Mike as they walked past them. He understood their curiosity, and smiled at them as he passed. So these are my new peers. He thought to himself. I think this will take some time.

When Joe and Mike arrived back at Joe's desk, Tim was sitting in the chair beside it. He was obviously pleased about something. He and Dave were engaged in conversation, and Dave continued to speak as Joe arrived at his desk and sat down.

"Yeah, but I'll be willing to bet that over the course of your entire life, you'll find your earning power reduced. I don't care who you end up working for," Dave said.

Dave was giving the young man, who, like him, was now a young woman, his opinion of life as a female. Tim obviously did not completely agree with his older friend.

"I think it depends on the individual," Tim objected. "If I'm qualified to do the same work, I should earn the same income."

"Let me know when you arrive on earth," Dave said sarcastically.

"Joe, what's your opinion?" Tim asked. "Dave thinks that our lifetime earning power will be reduced if we decide to stay this way."

"Hell, I don't have any idea." Joe said. "I suppose women do earn less on the average than men, but I think there are many reasons for that. I'm not sure that all those reasons would ever apply to us, considering our unusual backgrounds."

"Well, let's get going," Karen said as she came walking down the hall, and saw them all together.

"Do you want to ride with me?" Joe asked her. "No need to take both cars, is there?" He didn't mind company on the short drive to the hospital.

"Okay. I'll be glad to," Karen said. "I don't know if we'll need to come back here or not, but it's more or less on the way anyway, isn't it."

"No problem." Joe replied as they walked down the hall.

They got in his car and buckled in. Joe drove to the hospital and didn't say a word. Karen spoke first. "I was listening to them discuss your problem. I don't think they have any idea as to what has happened to you guys, or what to do about it."

"Do you think that means we're stuck like this?"

"It's hard to say." Karen looked over at Joe. "Would you mind?"

Joe grinned. It must really be obvious that he was beginning to enjoy his new gender. "I don't know how I should answer that. Sure, it seems to be getting easier each day. I have to admit, I guess I'm starting to like it. But I really haven't experienced everything yet, have I?" He gave Karen a questioning look.

"You are more female than I will ever be. I'd give anything to have what you were given by accident."

"And I wish I could give it all to you," Joe said honestly. "I guess I'm getting used to it, maybe even starting to like it, but I really hadn't

figured I'd be spending my whole life as a girl... a woman. Maybe I'm just starting to realize what it all might mean."

"Joe, it's hard to change your gender, even when that's what you want more than anything else in the world. I am impressed at how you're dealing with this all. All of you are simply amazing in how well you're handling it," Karen said, the admiration in her voice showing through.

"If it was as hard as the first day, I know I wouldn't be taking it this well," Joe admitted. "But something, some chemical or hormonal change or something is affecting me, my head. That's actually making it all pretty easy. I'm actually starting to like it now. I really can't explain what I mean."

"When I started hormone therapy I noticed a feeling like that, too," Karen said. "I thought I wanted to be female more than anything else, but when I started therapy, in a few months I KNEW I was female. I felt like a woman, even before I started to look like one. Of course, after the surgery, the feelings really kicked in. I guess you got both barrels at once." She grinned.

"I don't know," Joe said. "But right now, I don't know if I could even handle being a man anymore. It just feels too good this way."

"Yeah. Yeah, it does, doesn't it," Karen said with a knowing smile.

They arrived at Hillcrest Hospital and Joe drove into the parking area. They quickly walked the short distance to the office that Dr. Krell maintained there. Karen went to her desk, and Joe sat in one of the seats nearby. Soon the others followed, taking seats next to Joe.

"I wonder what they want now?" Tim asked.

"I don't have any idea," Joe said. "But I guess the more doctors we have working with us the faster we'll find the answer."

"Yeah, but what will it be?" Dave asked, speaking to no one in particular.

They were sitting only about fifteen minutes when Joe heard his name called. He went up to the window, where Karen was standing, talking with the nurse, or receptionist, whom she obviously knew quite well.

"Joe, Karen will take you to one of the examination rooms," the nurse said.

Karen began walking down the hall, and Joe followed. When she came to a door, she knocked, and when there was no answer, she opened it and motioned for Joe to go inside. "Go in and have a seat. I don't think this will take very long."

"What's going on?"

"Well, I think Dr. Roberts would like to examine you himself," Karen said. "I don't think it will be much, or take long." She closed the door behind Joe, and he was alone in the room.

Great, he thought. Another examination. Since he had undergone the change less than one week ago, Joe felt he had undergone more physical examinations than he could remember. And they were very different from what he was used to. It was bad enough to have to get used to his new body, without persons prodding and probing it in areas he was just learning he had. He looked around the small room. The examination table was there, a little partition to undress behind, and a door, probably a small room for a toilet. He wondered if he should undress. Karen hadn't told him to, and he certainly didn't want to go through the process if he didn't have to. He just sat there, waiting for orders.

A quick knock on the door was followed by Dr. Roberts poking his head in. He handed Joe a small plastic container. "There is a restroom in there," he said, pointing to the door at the back of the room. "Please fill this cup, and then remove your clothing. There is a gown on the hook. I'll be with you in a few minutes." He closed the door behind him.

Joe looked down at the little plastic cup in his hand. Sure, fill this, he thought. Easy for you to say.

After almost a week of living with it, Joe was familiar with urinating with his feminized genitalia. Feels like peeing with your butt, he thought to himself the first time he did it. He had never attempted to aim the urine stream as it came out. When he first realized that he couldn't go as he always had, from a standing position, he had automatically adapted what he considered was the female, sitting, position. Of course it worked, you didn't have to do anything but sit there and let it happen. But now, he had to pee into this tiny cup. How would he do that? He went into the small restroom. There was a stool in there, a sink, and a mirror, nothing else. He would have to get the skirt and the pantyhose off. Maybe he should he undress first.

Joe went back out into the examination room, and looked behind the dressing curtain. There were hangers for his clothes. He put the cup on a little stand and began to unbutton his blouse. He slipped it off, carefully placed it on a hanger, then kicked off his shoes. As Linda had showed him, he spun the skirt around to the side, and then easily unzipped it. He stepped out of the little skirt and then pulled the slip over his head. He felt the chill of the room as he stood wearing only the bra, pantyhose and panties. Joe carefully removed the sheer hose, being careful not to snag it with his fingernails. A quick flick on the clasp between his breasts and his bra lay with the hose. He then pulled the panties down his legs, examining the short, matted hair which covered his greatly changed genitalia. His appearance was all still new to him, and every time he saw himself, the way he was now, he just had to look. He tossed his underpants with the bra, and slowly ran his hand between his legs, feeling the damp hair, enjoying his own touch. No time for fooling around now, he thought to himself.

Joe took the short hospital gown and put his arms through the sleeves, and attempted to tie the little strings behind his back. Luckily, there were also small velcro tabs, and he satisfied himself with rubbing two of those together, which at least kept the little gown from opening in back and falling off, not that it covered much but his boobs anyway. Joe found that his butt was exposed, and though the fabric covered his front, if he happened to sit down, his bottom would certainly be exposed. What the heck, he decided, they're going to be looking at all that stuff anyway. He picked up the plastic cup, went into the restroom, and from habit, shut the door.

Joe eyed the cup, and went over to the toilet. He stood in front of the stool like a guy, holding the cup below his crotch. No, I don't think so, he considered, and spread his legs apart, attempting to straddle the stool. Holding that position, he positioned the cup between his legs, in the approximate spot he guessed the pee would come out. He wasn't exactly sure where that spot was, however. He tried to relax his muscles, in an attempt to start the urine flow. Nothing would come. He was just too nervous. He tried to think about something else, but it was almost impossible. What a strange position for a guy to be in he thought, and started to giggle. Jay would probably die laughing if he could see him like this.

Holding the cup with one hand, Joe rubbed the area around his clitoris. Although the tissues which were now his clitoris still felt amazingly similar to the tip of his penis, though much more sensitive, it had none of the sensations his penis had when he used that to pee.

Now of course, his urinary opening was located much farther down, sort of between what had become the inner lips of his vaginal area. To Joe, it still felt somewhat like the shaft of his penis, or maybe his scrotum. It was hard to be definite, the nerves in the area seemed to sort of blend. Sometimes now, he could feel a slight burning sensation from there as he urinated, and he could tell that was where the pee was coming from.

Using the fingers of one hand, Joe separated the folds which formed the lips of his vulva, attempting to expose the opening of his urethra. He rubbed around the area where he figured it would be, and could feel the little bump with his finger near the bottom of his pubic bone. He could certainly tell when he touched the right spot. Keeping his lips spread apart as well as he could, he held the cup to his crotch, and again tried to relax. This time he felt the urine start to come, and was ready to reposition the cup if his guess was wrong. As the warm flow arrived, it trickled into the cup, over his fingers, and to his dismay, a small amount even ran down his leg. He carefully moved his fingers around in an attempt to get it all to go only into the cup.

Joe finally captured about half a cup full, and decided that it was probably enough. His bladder was empty, in any case. He put the cup down, grabbed some toilet paper and quickly wiped the wetness from his hands and legs. After carefully drying off, he threw the wet tissue into the toilet in disgust. There just had to be a better way to do this. Women couldn't possibly have this much difficulty doing this, could they? He would ask Linda, if he could think of a way to bring up the subject. All cleaned up, Joe took the cup back out and placed it on the work stand. He then sat on the edge of the examination table, to wait for the embarrassment which he knew was to come.

He had been sitting for about ten minutes, at least it seemed that long, when there was a knock on the door. Before Joe could answer, Dr. Roberts poked his head in.

"Are you ready to go?" Dr. Roberts asked.

"Ready as I'll ever be." Joe replied. He wasn't looking forward to any of this.

Dr. Roberts entered the room, and went over to the stand. He looked at the sample, then turned and looked at Joe. He had a little device with a light on the end that Joe recognized was used to examine ears and eyes. He came over to where Joe was now standing next to the examination table. "Dr. Krell and Dr. Schwab will be here soon. Just relax."

"That's easier to say than do," Joe said, smiling nervously.

"Yeah, I guess it is," Dr. Roberts said. "I imagine it is a little hard to get used to all this."

"That's sure an understatement."

Dr. Roberts took the light, and peered into Joe's eyes, shining the light into his pupils. Joe wondered what he was looking for, and asked.

"Oh, nothing really." Dr. Roberts answered. "It's just routine when checking on a patient to check the eyes. I guess you might say they're sort of a window to the brain."

"Oh yeah? And how does my brain look?"

"Do you think there's a problem with it?" Dr. Roberts asked, grinning.

"I don't know." Joe said truthfully. "I know there sure have been some strange thoughts in there the last few days."

"I'll bet," Dr. Roberts replied. "I guess this must be hard to take. I mean, I haven't seen you any other way, and you look perfectly normal to me, but of course, you are actually a man. At least, you were." He smiled.

"Yeah. I really was. Now, I don't know what I am. Sometimes, I still feel like I'm still a guy. Believe it or not, I can actually forget what I look like now," Joe went on. "But just moving around, or have something touch me, then it's all back again. Of course, I guess it isn't really that bad though. Actually, sometimes, maybe even most of the time lately, I guess I like being this way. Is that weird? I don't know if my brain is changing, too, but it's starting to feel sort of normal, even good. Do you have any idea what I'm trying to say?" He looked at the doctor, who had a puzzled look on his face.

"Well, I'm trying to understand. As far as I know, there have never been any other cases like yours. You guys are writing new chapters in the books," Dr. Roberts said.

There was another quick knock, and Dr.'s Krell and Schwab came in followed by Karen, who was now wearing a white nursing outfit. Dr. Krell was talking with Dr. Schwab.

"Yes, and the hormone levels are different each time we check," Dr. Krell said. Dr. Schwab only rubbed his chin thoughtfully.

Dr. Krell greeted everyone, and then looked at Joe. "Joe, would you remove that gown for a moment and show these doctors just what has happened to you?"

Feeling a flush come to his face, Joe reached behind his back, and pulled the velcro apart, letting the little gown slip down his arms. He lay it on the table, and stood naked in front of the three doctors and Karen.

"There seems to be normal skeletal and breast development," Dr. Schwab said. "And you say this all occurred overnight?"

"That's what was reported," Dr. Krell answered. "One of the others, Mike, seemed to develop secondary characteristics much more slowly."

They were talking about him and his condition as if he wasn't even in the room. Joe wondered if there was a reason for acting in this detached way. He had noticed it before. When two or more of them would get into a discussion, they seemed to ignore him, even if he was there and could hear everything being said. It was a strange, somewhat degrading thing for him to experience, as if they felt he was incapable of comprehending what was they were talking about.

"You can put the gown back on," Dr. Krell said, "and then please lie down on the table."

Joe quickly pulled the gown over his shoulders, and hopped up on the table. Karen helped him get into position, and covered him with a sheet.

Joe saw Dr. Roberts go to the cabinet and watched him retrieve a dreaded speculum. The doctor held the metal ends in his surgical gloved hands to warm them.

Joe waited in expectation for what was to happen.

In a moment he felt the sheet being pulled back, exposing his bottom. He felt someone touching him, examining his external genitalia. Dr. Krell began talking.

"As you see, there appears to be scar tissue surrounding the clitoris. It seems to be more exposed than is typical. From questioning, I discovered that he was subjected to circumcision as an infant. That is perhaps the source of the scar tissue."

As he was heard Dr. Krell speak, Joe could feel someone examining that part of his body. Then he felt his lips being spread

apart. He wondered if Dr. Krell would notice the change in his hymen. If he did, he wasn't saying anything.

Joe heard a metallic clicking sound, and then felt the strange sensation of something being inserted into his crotch. Unlike the last time, it went in easily, and wasn't really uncomfortable like before. When he felt the device spread his vaginal opening, he did feel some minor discomfort, but it wasn't bad, and he tried to take his mind off of it by listening to what they were saying.

"Amazing. It all appears perfectly normal." He heard Dr. Roberts say. "There is normal distention of the cervix, and the upper vagina is fully developed. Have you performed a CAT scan?"

"Certainly," Dr. Krell answered. "Completely normal in appearance... for a biological female."

"Have any of them experienced menses?"

"No. Not yet, but I expect it to happen."

The speculum collapsed and was withdrawn. Joe had to fight the urge to reach over the sheet and rub his crotch. Dr. Krell spoke to him again. "You can clean up and get dressed now, Joe."

The doctors left the room. Karen stayed and helped Joe, taking the sheet away. As soon as she did, Joe put his legs down and spun around, sitting on the edge of the table.

"You can wipe off with these," Karen said. She didn't leave the room, but watched as Joe wiped the traces of K-Y jelly from his genitalia. Having someone watch him do something so personal was embarrassing, and Joe wondered why Karen was doing it. He quickly finished, and went over to his clothes to dress.

"I was watching when they examined you," Karen said. "You really are female, aren't you?"

"What did you think? That they were making it all up?" Joe replied. "Of course I am. I thought you watched the last time."

"I was there, but I didn't really look that closely. Now I know you better, and know more about you. I guess the real facts of just what has happened to you guys just hit home."

Joe looked at the big friendly nurse and grinned. "It hit home for me last Friday. I guess I'm getting used to it now."

Joe pulled his underwear up, and put the bra back on. His firm breasts didn't really need the support, but he somehow felt better with

it on. He could now put it on without even thinking about it. Much had changed in only a few days. Joe sat in a chair, and pulled the pantyhose on, then the slip, and then he put the outerwear on. When he was dressed, he looked in the mirror, and straightened his hair. Throughout it all, Karen watched in silence. When Joe was ready to leave the room, she spoke.

"You are so attractive, I find it hard to believe you were a guy," she said. "I wish something like that could have happened to me. I have to admit, I'm feeling a little jealous of you."

"But you're a woman now, too," Joe said, referring to Karen's gender reassignment surgery. "And you're certainly good looking. What is there about me to be for you to be jealous about?"

"I may look like a woman, but you ARE one. You heard Dr. Krell. He expects that you'll menstruate. I'll never be able to do that." Karen lamented.

"Well, I don't know if I would be envious of that," Joe said. Of course, even as he spoke the words, he knew that the ability to become a mother was an important part of being female. That element of his condition was only recently becoming something he could bear to think about.

"Just don't ever forget how lucky you are, Joe Bates," Karen said, and went out the door.

Before he went out Joe looked at himself in the mirror one last time, and thought about what Karen said. He adjusted the hairpiece, and wondered about Karen. He had never seen her act this way. Apparently, she was not as happy with her situation as she appeared. He felt sorry for her. Maybe his changed body didn't match his brain either, but he was finding that he was enjoying it more every day. Maybe his brain had changed too, and the only things about him that were still masculine were his memories. He knew one thing, he sure wouldn't want to change his body back to male surgically, that was certain. In fact, he didn't know if he would want to go back, no matter how easily, or completely the doctors might make it.

Joe went into the waiting area and took a seat. Apparently, each of the others had been called too, and were in the examination rooms. He had been the first. He sat there about five minutes, before Mike came out and took a seat next to him.

At first Mike didn't say anything, but then he looked at Joe and asked, "Did you have to pee into a cup?"

Joe looked at Mike and grinned. "It was a bitch, wasn't it?"

Mike asked, "How are we supposed to do that now?"

"Don't ask me. I'm going to ask Linda about it, if I can figure a way to bring it up."

"There must be an easier way. I mean, the damn stuff seems to come out all over," Mike went on. He had apparently tried something like Joe did. Both former men were quickly learning how to live with a feminized body.

Soon all the others came out too, and when they were all out there, Karen came out. Dr. Krell followed her. He spoke. "We are finished with you. Thank you for your patience. I'll see you all at nine tomorrow, at Honeybone."

Karen looked at Joe. "I'll call you tonight. I have to stay and work this afternoon."

"But your car is over at Honeybone," Joe retorted.

"I know. Dr. Krell will drop me off to pick it up later."

They all left the hospital. Joe wondered if he should return to Honeybone, or if he should go home. He decided to go home, stopping at his apartment before going to Linda's.

Joe drove to his apartment. He parked in the lot, and went up the walk, stopping at his stuffed mailbox before going to his door. He got his key from his small handbag, and went inside.

It had been days since he had last been there, and he felt a certain familiarity when he entered the room. He put the stack of bills, magazines and junk mail on the table, and went to set the thermostat to a more comfortable temperature. He had turned it up when he left, and it was very stuffy now.

Joe went to his bedroom, looking, seeing all the things of his male world. He realized that even though he was starting to get accustomed to his situation, he was beginning to miss the more carefree life of a single male. He wanted to find Jay and play a game of racquetball. Sure he could still do that, but it was different now. Maybe, after the other night, a lot different.

Stepping into his walk-in closet, Joe saw the clothes hanging there. Clothes he might never wear again. Along with the change he had experienced, he was now an inch or two shorter although he hadn't measured, and of course, his shape was very different. His trim,

muscular, masculine body had metamorphosed to a feminine softness. It was still trim, but during the last week Joe had acquired the light layer of fat under his skin that makes females so soft. That, his changed skeletal structure, his hips were a bit wider, his shoulders narrower, and a still decreasing upper body muscle mass, made him look much different now. If he even tried, his male clothing would just hang on him.

Suddenly Joe was overcome with emotion. He wasn't sure what caused it. He just felt a flush come to his face, and tears well in his eyes. He went over to his bed, lay down, and put his arms over his eyes. What was happening to him? He could tell that something, hormones or the changes in his brain, he didn't know, was making him feel more emotional now. He had noticed it often, it was often very difficult to avoid tears now, usually for what he considered were the most trivial things. It must be part of being female, he considered. At home alone now, he had no reason to hide his emotions, and he began to sob. The tears ran down his face, and he knew that he was messing up his face. Too bad, he thought, I'm just going to let this one go, and not even try to stop it. Was this what it was to be like from now on, breaking into tears for the smallest things? He didn't know if he would ever really get used to acting like this. He wished he could go to sleep, and wake up with his male body, and brain, again. Maybe for just a day. Yeah, that would be great. He'd call Jay, they'd maybe go flying for an hour, and then go to the club and play a few games. Yeah. He just wanted to sweat, to feel like a guy again. He rubbed his hand across the softness of his breasts. Sure, it was kind of interesting, even fun sometimes, being a girl, but he knew that still, down deep, he was still really a guy. He realized that he longed to do things like a guy again. Maybe he really should call Jay. Jay always had an idea. Some of them were even pretty good.

Joe looked at the time. It was almost three thirty. Jay would still be at his office, probably. He reached for the phone and picked up the handset. Should he dial? He lingered for a moment, then dialed the number for Jay's office. His secretary answered, and he asked for Jay, using his own name when the secretary asked who was calling. Jay's secretary knew Joe as a man, but she didn't recognize his feminine voice. Too bad, Joe thought, she might as well get used to it, if this was how it was going to be from now on. Finally, Jay came to the phone.

"Hi Joe. What can I do for you?" he asked cheerfully.

"God, Jay, I'm sorry to be calling you at work." Joe said, sniffing and rubbing his nose with his hand. "I just had to talk with you... with somebody."

"What's the matter, Joe?" Jay asked. He could tell that something was wrong. It sounded like Joe was crying. His friend's now soft, feminine voice was more husky than normal.

"I don't know. I don't know. I'm just getting so tired of all this female stuff all day long," Joe answered. "I just have to get back on some familiar ground. I didn't know what to do, so I called you."

Jay wondered what was happening with his best buddy. He seemed to be handling it all so well.

"What do you want me to do, Joe?" He asked.

"When will you be getting through for the day?" Joe asked. "I was wondering if you'd want to get some hood time?"

Joe was Jay's instructor, and Jay was working on his instrument ticket.

"Fly? Well, yeah, I guess I could get away, maybe in an hour," Jay answered. "Where are you? I'll pick you up."

"I'm at my apartment now." Joe said. "But I have to go change clothes at Linda's. None of the stuff here will fit me anymore."

"Okay. I'll pick you up at Linda's. Say, in little over an hour?"

"Okay. I'll be ready. Thanks Jay. Thanks a lot."

"No problem Joe... for you... anytime. In an hour." He hung up the phone.

Joe hung up the handset. He had done it. He was meeting Jay, and they would go flying. That would take his mind off all this. Or would it? He thought about Jay, how they had been together only a few nights ago. They had slept together... made love... it wasn't... it couldn't ever be like it was before. He could even tell by the way Jay talked to him... sort of gentle or something. Jay would never have acted like that before. And why did he insist on picking Joe up? He had never done that before. They had always driven their own cars to the airport. Now, Jay wanted to come over and pick him up. He hadn't thought about it while on the phone, but it seemed a little strange now, as he thought about it. Joe bent his knees, and in doing so saw his shiny, hairless, hose covered legs, and the short little skirt

he was wearing. Could he really blame Jay for treating him like a girl? Wasn't that really what he really was now?

Chapter 24

FLYING WITH JAY

Joe wondered what he should wear to meet Jay. He didn't know why exactly, but he felt a strange indescribable feeling whenever he thought about his pal. He didn't know what was causing it, but knew he was abnormally anxious to meet him again.

Going to the bedroom closet, Joe looked at the male clothes hanging there. He went back out and opened a dresser drawer. There he found his undershorts and t-shirts. These t-shirts could still be worn, he decided. They might be a little big now, but he had noticed that Linda liked them too large when she wore them. Most girls seemed to wear them that way. He began looking through the assortment, the many logos, some displaying airplanes, airshows, or automobiles on the front or back. He picked a few he liked the best, the ones he thought would still look okay now, and tucked four of them under his arm. He slid the drawer closed as he considered trying to find some jeans. Nope, he decided, none of these, they were his male pants, and they wouldn't fit his now maybe only a little smaller, but definitely softer and rounder shape. He rubbed his butt with his hands. It felt like it was probably still changing, getting a little softer each day. If he was ever going to wear jeans again, like almost everything else, he would have to get some new ones. Or maybe borrow some from Linda to try on.

Joe looked around his bedroom. The feeling he got from seeing the familiar room made him wonder if he should move from Linda's and return home. He still liked Linda, and she seemed to still like him, but it was easy to tell their relationship was changing. He now no longer thought of her as his fiance, that was fairly impossible now, but rather more like a friend, maybe a best friend and confidant, and, strange as it may seem, sort of like a big sister, even if they were practically the same age. With the changes he was going through, and the things he had to adapt to, he needed someone to help, to explain the way things worked, sometimes even the proper way to dress or act. Linda did that. She seemed to love doing it. Their new relationship sometimes seemed awkward, but he couldn't imagine anyone else who could make learning the things he had to learn any easier. It was embarrassing sometimes, though, for both of them. But

it did make them close, in a different kind of way than before, as Linda introduced Joe to the trials and pleasures of being female.

Walking into the living area, Joe gathered up the pile of mail that he had collected. He stopped in the kitchen and decided to check his refrigerator. It had been some days since he had been home, and he had left rather suddenly. A quick peek and he decided that all was ok. He usually never kept much in there anyway. Plenty of beer though, and that stuff wouldn't spoil. He thought about it, and realized that he didn't really think he liked the taste of it anymore. Was his enjoyment of a cool brew also a victim of these new hormones coursing through his veins? What was next? Of course, that he already knew. He could tell by the way his heart seemed to flutter as he was on the phone with Jay, what another difference was. It embarrassed him to think it could happen, but he now knew for sure, he actually found himself feeling excited as he thought about meeting Jay. Jay, his best friend, his college roommate, drinking buddy, and car hobby pal. He had always considered Jay his best friend, but he never before found himself feeling like this. Many things concerning his body had changed, changed a lot in some ways, but Joe still knew when he was being sexually aroused. There were differences, of course. An 'erection' no longer showed now, and he was quite familiar with the uncomfortable feel of wet underwear that now often accompanied excitement. It was difficult to accept that even thinking about his pal Jay sometimes made that happen, but it was undeniably true.

He made a fist with his hand and rubbed it along the front of the short skirt he was wearing, feeling the slight bump of his pubic bone and, below that, the hollow area where his male parts should have been. Like it or not, what had happened was real, and when he stopped to consider it all, it really wasn't so strange, his body had changed, probably now even his guts were female, and his brain was simply trying to catch up, reacting to the chemicals his changed organs were sending it. The only things about him still male were his memories. Apparently, he had no more control over these new feelings and desires than he did the changes in his shape. Truly a strange predicament to be in.

Joe took one last look around the apartment, then took the clothes and mail, which made quite a handful, and went to his car. With such a load, he found it impossible to lock the door, so he went to the car and came back.

As he was locking his door, a woman who lived a few doors down from him came down the walk. She saw Joe locking the door, and looked him over carefully. Who was this woman coming out of

Joe's apartment, she wondered? She was passing friends with Joe, at least Joe the male. Though she was happily married, she had often watched the attractive guy who lived next to her washing or tinkering with his car. What a hunk, she had thought. She had seen Linda around Joe's apartment quite often, and figured that they were probably getting serious. She hadn't seen Joe all week, and now here's this girl coming out of his apartment. It wasn't Linda, but someone younger, and also quite good looking. She felt a slight trace of envy as she walked toward the young woman.

"Hi," she said innocently. "Is Joe back?"

Joe eyed the woman suspiciously. He knew her. Her name was Kathy Baker. She was lived two doors down and was married to an accountant. Joe had always considered her attractive and thought she always showed an unusual interest in him whenever they met in casual conversation. Now, of course, it was obvious that she didn't even recognize him. She probably thought he was one of his girlfriends. What to do?

"No, he's not here," Joe lied. "He's on a trip for the company, and he asked me to watch his place."

What else could he say? He just wasn't prepared to explain what had happened to this woman. It wasn't her business anyway. Of course, she was probably just trying to be friendly. She'd probably find out the truth soon enough if he stayed this way.

The woman smiled and continued on, suspecting nothing. Joe, his heart pounding like a hammer, walked to his car and awkwardly got in. He saw Kathy again, still watching him. She was sitting in her car, getting ready to drive away, when she saw that the woman who had been in Joe's apartment also had his sports car. Joe smiled at her and started his engine. He left the parking lot and drove to Linda's house.

When Joe arrived at Linda's, her car was not in the drive. He looked at his wristwatch. Four thirty, Linda probably wouldn't be home for at least an hour. Just as well. He preferred to be alone as he tried to find something to wear to go flying with Jay. What a strange paradox. He felt he wanted to do familiar 'guy' things with his pal, but at the same time, for some unexplained reason, he also wanted Jay to find him attractive. It was a weird feeling, and he couldn't completely understand why he felt this way.

Joe took his things straight to his room. He piled the mail on the bed, and put the t-shirts on the dresser. When he did that, he saw his

reflection in the dresser mirror. He couldn't help looking, and it took a second to realize that the attractive woman on the other side of the glass was his own reflection. He rubbed his hand across his chest, squeezing the softness of his left boob. Would there ever be time when he became accustomed to all this?

He flopped on the bed, and pulled his shoes off. Boy, that feels good, he thought. But this pantyhose is just plain hot. He tried to pull them down from under the short skirt, and then decided maybe it would be best if he took that off first. He stood up, unbuttoned and then unzipped the skirt, and stepped out of it. Still wearing the full slip, he pulled it up his hips a little, then reached under it and tucked his thumbs into the waistband of the hose and pulled them down, leaving the panties on and relishing the exquisite coolness as he removed the hose. I sure wouldn't have thought something so sheer could be so hot, he thought as he rubbed his hands along the smooth bare skin of his upper thighs.

Joe carefully hung the skirt on its hanger, then pulled the slip over his head. He unbuttoned his blouse and took it off, putting it on the same hanger as the skirt, then put them both in his closet.

Wearing only bra and panties made Joe feel strangely sexy. He didn't know why, but now, sometimes, right after he undressed and almost naked, wearing only underwear usually, Joe felt weird, kind of voluptuous or something. His changed body, his breasts, not that he was really that big or anything, he sometimes just felt so, so female, so fertile. It was, of course, feeling he had never experienced before the change, and right now it felt so good it actually made his skin tingle.

Joe went to the dresser to pick out a T-shirt. As he walked, he could feel his bladder remind him it was full. He went into the bathroom and, as he sat there, he looked up and saw the underwear hanging on the shower door. It was dry, and ready to put away. When he finished, he gathered up the dainty things and took them back into the bedroom. As he did, he examined each item as he folded it and placed it in the drawer. Holding up the black thong bikini, he was again amazed at how tiny it was. It was hard to accept that something like this even fit him. It took some getting used to the feel of having that narrow strap in the crack of your butt, but it sure did look sexy. Joe was tempted to try it on again. Black will show through under a T-shirt, he thought, but not a black T-shirt.

He went over to the pile of shirts he brought from his apartment. One of them had a picture of an SR-71 on the back. He bought it at

an airshow in California last summer. And it was solid BLACK. No problem with show through wearing this. He held it up in front of him. Yeah, it was a little big now, but it would be okay. He decided to put it on.

Joe located the little bra that matched the bikini. He unhooked the one he was wearing and quickly put the black one on. He liked the way it looked and felt. Like the panty, it was shiny black, made of nylon, lycra-spandex, or some slick fabric like that, with no decoration but a tiny pearl between the cups. It was slightly stretchy, and it fit his new shape perfectly. He removed his panties and stepped into the tiny black thong. He pulled it to his hips, adjusting the waist so that everything fit smoothly. There wasn't much to it, but it covered everything that needed to be covered. It felt a little strange to wear, because it touched places that weren't usually touched, but it sure looked sexy as hell. He almost hated to get dressed.

Taking the black T-shirt, Joe pulled it over his head. He looked down and grinned when he saw the way his breasts distorted the drawing of the SR-71. Never thought it would look like this when I bought it, he thought.

He didn't have jeans, so Joe looked at the small assortment of shorts he and Linda had bought. Before, he almost never wore shorts when flying. Now, he didn't even have any long pants. Unless he wore a skirt or the pants suit, he'd have to wear something chosen from this stack. He had worn the white ones before, and besides, black underwear might show through, the green, no, dark gray, yeah, excellent. He pulled them on, tucked the T-shirt in, studied his reflection in the mirror, and then pulled it back out. It looked okay, he thought, casual, not too feminine, but it didn't hide the fact that he was now a girl. He finished by putting on some white sport socks and then his new Reeboks.

Joe went back into the bathroom and started to brush his hairpiece. It'll sure be better when I don't need this anymore, he thought as he preened the short hair into place. When he thought about it, the wig felt like a hot, snug fitting cap. He still wore a trace of lipstick from earlier, and he decided to wipe it off. He wanted to look as natural as possible, and found that a damp washcloth worked pretty well to remove lipstick and mascara. When he was done, he decided to try a little of the perfume Linda had left on the sink. Joe daubed a bit behind each ear, not really knowing how it should be done, but guessing what might work. He just knew he liked the way it made him smell.

All finished, Joe found his flight bag. He noticed the small handbag laying on the bed, and wondered if he should take it too. He didn't want to. He looked inside the bag. It contained his keys, his license, and his cash, and credit cards. He really needed to take it, but where? Seeing the flight bag, he put the handbag inside. He took the flight bag into the living room and sat on the couch. If Jay was running on time, he would be here soon.

Suddenly, Joe started to feel apprehensive again. What causes me to feel this way, he wondered? Was it his friend Jay? Could that be what was making his knees weak and his pulse rise? Why should Jay cause this? They were just going flying, Jay was his student, and besides, I asked him, he thought. Nothing about any of this to be nervous about. They had flown together maybe hundreds of times. Yeah, but I didn't have tits then, Joe considered.

Joe sat reading yesterday's newspaper for maybe fifteen minutes when he heard the sound of Jay's Porsche in the drive. He went over to meet him at the door. It was so strange, so formal, to be picked up like this. He would have preferred to meet Jay at the plane like always. This seemed more like a date or something. He wondered if that's what Jay had in mind. Surely not, Joe didn't feel ready for that, even if he might have to stay this way forever.

Jay rang the bell, and smiled when he saw Joe open the door. Jay had obviously changed clothes too, and was wearing a sport shirt and jeans. He looked at Joe, and grinned broadly.

"You look great, Joe," he said approvingly. Joe looked at his pal, whom he thought seemed to be acting strangely.

"Thanks, Jay. You do too."

"Are you all ready to go?"

"Sure. All I had to do was change clothes. I brought this T-shirt from my apartment. It still looks okay, don't you think?"

"Yeah, it looks great," Jay said with a strange admiration in his voice.

The way Jay looked at him, and spoke to him, made Joe feel self-conscious. He couldn't understand why Jay was acting this way, and he didn't know how to ask him about it.

Carrying his flight bag, Joe locked the door, and followed Jay to his car. He felt awkward when Jay unlocked his side, opened the door, and held it open for him. He put his bag behind the seat, and

then climbed in. It was quickly becoming obvious that Jay was treating him the way he treated women. Joe wanted to object, but decided to hold his tongue. He couldn't deny looking like a girl. He figured that he probably felt, or was beginning to feel like a girl, too. And it was possible, maybe even likely, that he would have to be a girl, maybe for the rest of his life. Perhaps he should try to get used to being treated like this. It may seem strange, but then, it was kind of nice, too. What could it hurt? Jay seemed to love doing it. He wondered if he had acted the same way around women. If he did, he hadn't realized it. Of course, now he was seeing it from a completely different perspective. Maybe something he had read somewhere was really true, anatomy is destiny.

Joe fastened his seat belt as Jay strapped into the left seat. They drove quickly to the airport and pulled into the parking area. They walked the hundred yards to Jay's Mooney, and Jay unlocked the door. When Jay hopped off the wing, Joe crawled up on it and dropped his flight bag on the back seat. The bag really wasn't heavy, but Joe noticed that carrying it required noticeably more effort to lift than it used to. Just another result of the damn feminization his body had undergone, he realized. He really hadn't lost much height with the change, and therefore was probably somewhat taller than average for a female. He hoped he wouldn't continue to lose muscle mass, but it was probably unrealistic to expect to remain strong as before, considering all that had occurred.

"Where do you want to go?" Jay asked.

"Do you have a preference?"

"You're the one who wanted to fly," Jay said grinning, "you pick where."

"I'm sorry Jay, I hope I didn't push too hard," Joe said softly. "I just want to get away from all the female stuff for a while. I thought maybe if we went flying, it might be more like before."

"Joe, you know I'll help you however I can," Jay said, looking into Joe's eyes. "But I really don't see how it can ever be like before. Not after the things we've done."

Standing close to Jay, behind the wing of the plane, Joe looked into his eyes.

"Are you sorry it happened?" Joe asked.

"Absolutely not," Jay responded quickly. "But I don't see how I can treat someone I've slept with, had sex with, for god's sake, how can we just go back to acting like old buddies after that?"

"Jay, I don't care what I'm like on the outside, I'm still the same person I was a week ago. I know there are differences, a lot of them. I'm sure I'm more aware of them than anybody. I don't even know all the things that have happened, and maybe are still happening, but I do know it's still me here. Maybe I do look like a girl, and I may even try to act like one sometimes, but I still feel like a guy most of the time. I guess maybe my sexual preferences are changing. Hell, I know they are." Joe lowered his eyes, feeling embarrassment. "But I still have a need to be treated like a guy, at least sometimes. That's all I'm asking from you."

"Damn it, Joe, look at you," Jay said. "How could I treat you like a man? You're just too damn beautiful."

"Can't you just try to forget what I look like? At least just once in a while, pretend that nothing has happened." Joe knew, even as he spoke the words, that they sounded ridiculous.

"Give me a break, Joe," Jay protested, grinning. "Maybe you can forget, but I'm still male, and for me, I think that's just about impossible. Too many things keep reminding me." He pointed to the noticeable bulge in his pants.

Joe felt a warm flush come to his reddening face. He wasn't used to causing that kind of reaction in his friend, and he found it quite embarrassing. He wished he could just go somewhere and hide until the feeling went away. It wasn't Jay's fault. He knew he would have done the same thing himself. He sometimes did even now, slightly different of course, when confronted by his own reflection in the mirror.

Joe smiled coyly at Jay. "Just keep that thing away from me," he said grinning, trying not to stare at Jay's crotch.

He didn't know why he was so embarrassed, but he was. There was no way either of them could forget that some things were very different now.

"Let's go to Tucson," Joe said quickly, in an attempt to change the subject.

Tucson was about one hundred nautical miles from their home base. It was an easy hop in the Mooney. Almost too easy. They

could fly there, shoot a couple of instrument approaches, and be back in a couple of hours. It would still be daylight when they got back.

Together, they walked to the Thunderbird office. Thunderbird was one of two FBO's which served the Deer Valley airport, and was where Tim worked, at least before the change. They went inside, and Joe was suddenly aware that all eyes were on him. He recognized most of the people there, and he just knew that they recognized him. He was sure that the news of what had happened had reached Thunderbird, especially since Tim had stopped showing up at work so suddenly and uncharacteristically.

Joe was relieved when they retreated to the seclusion of the Planning Room. They had both made the Tucson trip many times before, and neither really needed to do much planning, but Jay was building hood time for his instrument ticket, and Joe insisted that they follow all procedures, as if they were going one thousand miles, rather than a hundred. Jay went through the motions of checking the weather. As usual, it was severe clear, and then he filled out a flight plan. Joe passed the time looking at the wall chart, hoping Jay would finish quickly and they could get in the air. When Jay finished, he filed on the computer at the end of the room, and then went over to Joe.

"Are you ready?" He asked.

"Is it safe to fly?" Joe teased.

"Yeah, as soon as I stop at the head," Jay answered.

Joe thought a moment. No doubt about it, he had better do the same. He no longer had the endurance he had before the change, and it was better to be safe than sorry. He followed Jay down the hall, but stopped when he turned and entered the men's restroom. Joe continued on to the next door, and went inside.

Even after almost a week, it still made him feel like an invader each time he went inside a public ladies' room. He just couldn't shake the feeling he didn't belong there. It didn't matter how he looked, or that it would certainly raise more eyebrows if had followed Jay into the men's room, going in here just didn't seem right. Joe walked in timidly, and looked around. The place was empty. He entered a stall, closed the door, and quickly emptied his bladder. He finished, and went to the sink to wash up. While there, he carefully examined his hair and appearance. He was trying to develop the habit of doing that whenever he had the opportunity. It was difficult for a guy, especially

one who usually gave little thought to such things as he had, to place the same emphasis on looking nice that most women displayed.

With one last look, and a quick straightening of his clothing, Joe went back out into the hallway. Jay was waiting for him. It seemed to Joe that his pal now often looked at him with a mixture of admiration, humor, and perhaps curiosity. It embarrassed Joe whenever he did that, and he was doing it now.

Joe followed Jay out the door, glad to be back out on the empty parking ramp. When they were away from the buildings, Joe walked alongside Jay.

"Why do you look at me that way?" Joe asked.

"What do you mean?"

"I think you know, that shit-eating grin, those cow eyes. I think you know what I'm talking about," Joe countered, grinning. He was serious, but didn't want Jay to take it the wrong way.

"I do that?" Jay asked incredulously, teasing, but with a huge grin that was evidence he knew what Joe meant.

"Yeah, you do, and you know it too," Joe went on, trying his best not to let his voice sound like a whining woman.

"Why do I do it? Why do I look at you in a different way than I used to? Is that the question?" Without waiting for an answer, Jay continued. "Could it be because my best friend, my college buddy, my roommate, partner in womanizing, one of the best practical jokers I know, the best practical mechanic I know, one of the best pilots, except for me, of course, that I know, this macho guy, suddenly calls and tells me he's been transformed into one of the finest looking women I've ever seen. And it doesn't even seem to faze him. Frankly Joe, I'm impressed. I just don't see how you do it. I think if it happened to me, I'd either spend the whole day at home playing with myself, or else I'd jump off a bridge."

Joe grinned. "Of course, I haven't tried the bridge yet, but I can tell you this, you'd probably get tired of staying home."

"Joe, we've been friends a long time, what is it now, eleven, twelve years? We have about the same interests. We both like cars, airplanes, and even the same taste in women, at least we did," Jay said, chuckling as he spoke that last sentence.

"What are you getting at?" Joe asked.

"I think we get along pretty well together. We always have. I like you. I'm sure you like me too, or you wouldn't have tolerated my constant bugging you for help with my car. But now, with what has happened, with you like that, I don't know for sure, but I think my feelings for you are changing. I think maybe, damn it Joe, I don't even know how if I can say it. I, I think I might even be falling for you, like, like you were a real woman. Is that a kick in the head, or what?" Jay seemed relieved after he finished speaking.

Joe felt a flush come to his face as he listened to Jay. It really didn't come as a surprise though. It only confirmed what he had suspected. Jay no longer thought of him as just his "buddy." It was obvious by the way he looked and acted that he considered Joe a "real" woman, and felt he had to treat him as such. That's why he was so uncharacteristically polite, sometimes even condescending, and why he was always grinning, and acting awkward around him.

"You're 'falling' for me?" Joe asked. "Just what are you trying to say, Jay?" He tried to act as if it was all a surprise. He seldom saw his friend at such a loss for words.

"Damn it Joe, I don't know. Maybe it sounds crazy to you, but I can't help it, I really think you make a pretty nice woman. I hope you don't take that as an insult, because it isn't meant to be," Jay tried awkwardly to explain.

"Well, considering that my chances on getting changed back don't look all that great, maybe it's a good thing, that you think I make a pretty nice girl, that is."

"Is that what they're telling you?"

"I'm sure that they don't even know for sure what caused it yet," Joe responded. "And even less about how to change us back."

"So what do you plan to do about it?"

"I don't have a lot of options, as far as I can tell. I'm just trying to make the best of what I've got."

"And doing pretty well it seems," Jay complimented. "Most of the time it's hard for me to remember that you weren't born like that."

"I guess I am getting accustomed to my body being like this," Joe said. "But I don't know if I'll ever get used to the way I get treated because of the way I look."

"How's that?" Jay asked, "Do you mean bad, or good?"

"Oh, I guess it's mostly good," Joe answered. "I haven't really found any real discrimination so far. Of course, it's been less than a week, and I haven't been around that many strangers."

They were getting near the plane, and Joe was slightly ahead of Jay as they walked toward it.

"Well, I still think you look gorgeous," Jay said. "You think like a man, but you're more attractive than any woman I know. What more could a guy ask for?"

"I don't know about thinking like a man," Joe countered. "And I don't really think I'm all that good looking, either." He grinned shyly.

"You don't?" Jay asked. "Why not? I think you're fantastic looking."

"Do you really?" Joe considered the feminizing of his body. Sure it was erotically interesting to be changed overnight, and then wake up looking like this, especially at first, and he certainly liked the sensations from his now softer, thinner, more sensitive skin. He didn't consider himself ugly, but he really didn't think he was all that beautiful either.

"Don't you?" Jay asked. "I don't know if I'd want to stay that way, but I wouldn't mind spending a day looking like that," Jay volunteered. "I think it would be interesting to see how the other half lives."

"Oh yeah? I guess I am one of the 'other half' now, and I can say this, it's not all that special."

"You told me you liked it, and you can't tell me you haven't played with those boobs."

"Okay, Okay, I do kind of enjoy it sometimes," Joe admitted. "Some of the things about being like this aren't all that bad." He grinned mischievously.

"Not all that bad? It hasn't even been a week, and you've already been in the sack with a guy," Jay teased.

"And I'm really sorry about that, Jay," Joe blurted. "I shouldn't have come on so strong the other night. I hope you're not too mad. I guess I did take advantage of you."

"Take advantage of me? Hey I'm a big guy. I can take care of myself." Jay grinned.

"Maybe so, but I think I moved a little fast."

"Move like that anytime you like, old pal," Jay commended. "It was probably the best sex I've ever experienced."

Joe looked at Jay with a frown. "So you think maybe all girls should have to spend some time as a guy before they become women."

"If they turn out like you, I think it'd be a good idea," Jay agreed. "Maybe you can make the equipment that did it to you available to everybody," he suggested, probably half joking.

"If only a way can be found to make it all work both ways," Joe added. "Then we would really have something."

"Now that you've been a woman for a while, if you could change back and forth, which way do you think you would stay most of the time?" Jay asked hypothetically.

Joe looked at his pal. "I was male for thirty years. I experienced about all that was possible to do, as a man. On the other hand, I've been only been like this for a week, less than a week even. It's too early to know. I probably experienced most of the things a guy could experience. Now I've been changed like this. There are still a lot of things about this female stuff that I haven't even begun to consider yet. And I might add, it scares me to death when I do."

"Oh?" Jay said. "And what are they?"

"Well, you know about as well as anybody what my body is like now," Joe explained. "I guess it's pretty well completely changed. You know as well as I that it's all female now, right down to the chromosomes." He held his hand out. "Look at me. There's no way to describe the feeling of finding that even my hands are smaller. They look pretty much the same, but they're smaller, thinner, feminine. I'm that way all over. In some ways I feel the same as always, but when I really look at myself, I can tell that I'm softer, weaker, different in all kinds of ways. On top of that, the doctors say it's highly probable that I'll, well, experience menstrual cycles. I'll probably have periods now. Can you believe it? And of course, if I have periods, I can probably conceive. I could get pregnant, Jay. Pregnant! Me! I wouldn't know how to be mother to a baby! What would I ever do if something like that happened?" He put his hand on Jay's shoulder, squeezing it, as if asking for reassurance.

"Why are you so worried about getting pregnant?" Jay asked. "You know there are things that can prevent that."

"Yeah, I know, but I also know how I felt the other night, when we were together. I've never felt that way before," Joe explained. "I don't know if I could have controlled myself. If you hadn't known about those condoms in my shaving kit, I'm sure I would have wanted you to do it anyway. I know I couldn't have stopped you if you had really wanted to do it. Heck, I wanted it even more than you did, I think."

"But it was good, wasn't it?" Jay asked with a smile.

Joe smiled. "Sure. I was disappointed at first. I really don't know if a real woman feels what I feel. I would guess they do, but there really isn't much feeling after you're in there. It sure feels great as it goes in though." He smiled as he recalled the sensation. "I can't even describe it, it's so good, so different, especially the second time, it kind of hurt the first time, but then, after you were inside me, I really could hardly feel a thing till you started moving around. No offense." Joe squeezed Jay's shoulder again, winking seductively.

"You mean you could feel more with your penis?" Jay asked. "Does it feel better now, or was it better before?"

"I don't know, it's hard to compare. It's really surprising just how similar it does feel, most of the time anyway," Joe said. "In some ways, it feels better now, but in others, maybe not as good. I guess I really don't know how to answer you."

"But which do you like better?" Jay persisted. "I've always wondered who got more out of sex, men or women. You're the first person who might be able to answer that."

Joe grinned. "If real women feel the same thing I do, if they tell you they don't like receiving oral sex, they've got to be lying through their teeth."

"How do you know that?" Jay asked, genuinely surprised. "We never did that."

Joe didn't say anything, just smiled knowingly. He would just let Jay wonder about it. If he was going to live as a woman, he'd have to develop his own version of the feminine mystique.

Jay looked around. They were at least a hundred yards from the line office, and there was no one else around. They had reached the Mooney, and were standing behind the tail, out of sight of the office, with its big picture window. Jay bent down slightly and planted a kiss on Joe's lips. It happened so suddenly, so unexpectedly, that it took Joe completely by surprise. After realized what was happening, he

relaxed slightly, and let nature take its course. It was a feeling he couldn't describe. Excitement, mixed with fear, and concern that they might be seen. Still, Joe felt a strangely pleasant feeling overtake him. In the arms of a man, his pal Jay, Joe just let his body melt, and loved the way it made him feel.

After an indeterminate time, Jay released him, and Joe was again aware of what was going on around him. He pulled his shirt down, and straightened his hair. Jay watched him with that cow-eyed look that before had irritated Joe, but now, it didn't concern him at all.

"Why did you do that?" Joe asked, still recovering.

"Did you like it?"

"Why did you do it?"

"Why not? I wanted to, and I thought you might, too. Now I know, you did."

Joe smiled, embarrassed. He was at a loss for words. The way he had responded to his friend's advance proved, to both of them, that he was no longer the old Joe Bates. Of course, he had already suspected it himself, but he didn't really want to admit it, at least not yet, and certainly not to others. And not to Jay.

"Jay, I don't know what to say, I guess I'm going to need some time. I can't figure out what's going on in my head. Sure, I guess my body knows what it likes, it really does feel good when you touch me, but I just can't get caught up in the physical aspect of all this so quickly," Joe said finally, after thinking it over for a moment.

Jay kept his arm around Joe, with his hand rubbing his back, feeling the strap of his bra. He just looked into Joe's eyes, saying nothing.

"We better get going, don't you think?" Joe continued. He didn't know what to do. He hadn't expected Jay to react like this.

"Uh, yeah, I guess so," Jay said, as if not really listening.

"Don't worry, Jay," Joe said. "We'll work this out. I'm just not ready to be somebody's girlfriend. Not yet, if ever. But if I ever do, you'll be the first to know." He grinned at Jay, who looked lost in thought.

After the quick walk-around, they climbed aboard and Jay went through the checklist. When the engine was running, Jay called clearance delivery, and copied the transmission. Cleared as filed.

They received clearance to the runway and after a quick runup, they were on their way. Joe worked the radios as Jay proceeded on course. The little Mooney climbed swiftly to the ten thousand feet they had requested. That altitude would keep them out of some of the thermal activity which caused the ride to be uncomfortably rough when flying low in the desert. It would be cooler on the return trip, and they could request a lower altitude.

Before long, they needed to begin descent to Tucson. The Mooney was fairly slick, and it was hard to descend without over-cooling the engine. Jay's plane didn't have the speed brakes which made later models easier to fly in the terminal area. They shot three ILS approaches, and then canceled their flight plan, and went over to Ryan Airport to practice NDB non-precision approaches.

When they finished that, they landed at Ryan, and refiled for the IFR return trip to Deer Valley. After another uneventful flight, they landed and taxied to the parking ramp. Throughout the flight, Jay had hardly spoken to Joe, except things relating to the flight, or to make some comment about something they saw on the ground. After the engine was silent, Jay turned to Joe.

"Would it offend you if I asked you over to the Airport Inn for a drink? I promise I won't try to make a pass, or anything," he said, teasing.

"Sure, I think that would be okay," Joe said stiffly. He didn't know how to react with Jay anymore.

They took their bags and drove to the bar just on the other side of the road from the airport. Joe, Jay, and lots of other pilots who flew from Deer Valley made it a regular stop after flying, and it was often the scene of some fantastic hangar flying.

As they drove up, Joe was glad to see there were only two other cars in the lot. He didn't recognize either of them. He was embarrassed to have to explain his situation to people he knew, people who wouldn't know what had happened to him and the others, but he wasn't going to hide and hope it would all go away. That probably wasn't going to happen. Besides, his mood had changed again, and he wasn't feeling so bad right now. Something, perhaps the hormones, was giving him an emotional roller coaster ride, and the highs sometimes felt as good as the lows felt bad.

Joe followed Jay into the dimly lit bar. It took a while until their eyes adjusted from the setting sunlight, but by the time they sat down at a table, Joe could see the pictures, propellers, and other airplane

stuff which festooned the walls of the cozy little place. It was definitely a pilots' hangout.

The waitress came over immediately and waited on them. Joe recognized her, but it was obvious that she didn't recognize him. As he ordered, he wondered if he should tell her who he was. He decided against it, primarily because he thought she wouldn't believe such a claim anyway.

Joe, remembering the change in his tolerance for alcohol, ordered rum and coke with ice. That would wet his whistle, and the ice would dilute the drink if he nursed it for a while.

The drinks came, and Jay paid for them against Joe's objections. When the waitress left, he looked at Joe, and then started to speak. "So you don't think you're ready to get involved, huh?" Jay asked

"Jay, it's me here. Joe," Joe said. "How can you expect me to want to 'get involved', or what ever you want to call it, already. Hell, I don't even know if I'll be staying like this very long. I can't make decisions about stuff like that now. I don't even know what I want, and I sure don't want to get mixed up with somebody else right now. I have enough to worry about with Linda." He took a long gulp of his rum and coke.

"Do you still think of Linda that way?" Jay asked. He was surprised to see Joe, who looked for all the world like an attractive young woman, practically gulp her drink.

"What do you mean by that 'THAT WAY'? Just because this has happened to me, I haven't just started over from scratch. As I've said before, I'm still me in here." He took another big swallow. He was hot and thirsty, and the cool drink tasted exceptionally good.

"But Joe, I've seen you, what you look like naked, and how you act. I've even seen what turns you on. Don't tell me you haven't changed, and changed a lot."

"I'm not saying that. Sure I've changed, and I'm still changing. I don't know when it'll stop. But I still have my memory, I still enjoy the things I always have. Maybe it's a little different, maybe a lot different in some ways."

"I guess I know how you feel about guys. Has your interest in women changed, too?"

"Changed? Yeah, I guess some of my interests have changed. I still like girls though, for what it's worth." Joe grinned. "I still think

they're interesting to look at, too. But maybe I'm starting to see them in a different way now. For obvious reasons I guess. It's hard to describe, at first, it was just like always, except for the physical differences, and that was really strange. But more recently, in the last couple of days especially, other things have happened, my attitude, I don't know, maybe my brain, the way I think, it's really kind of hard to describe. Maybe I really am going to turn into a woman before this is all over." He downed the contents, and stared into his empty glass.

"Do you sleep with Linda?" Jay asked bluntly.

"Is that really any of your business?" Joe snapped, but with a smile.

"No, of course not. But I am your friend, and you know how I feel about you. Maybe it would help to talk about it."

Joe looked into Jay's eyes. "Yeah, we still sleep together sometimes," He admitted. "But that's changing too, I mean besides the obvious. Linda's been really helpful through all this, really open minded, to say the least. At first, it was really a blast, you wouldn't believe what we did together, but now, it's not really like that anymore. I don't know what's going on, but I just don't find it all as interesting as at first."

"Maybe you're just not cut out to be a lesbian," Jay said, trying to help.

"Is that what I am with her now? Lesbian?"

"I don't know, Joe. With what you've gone through, I don't see how any of the normal terms could apply. You have to discover what it is, and then do what's right for you. To hell with what anybody else thinks."

"Right. I agree. But I haven't a clue what I want. That's the problem. I hope that I can level off somewhere soon, so I can figure out how to live like this. I can't stay on this pendulum for the rest of my life."

"And if you decide that you need me, I'll be here," Jay said, taking Joe's hand and squeezing it.

They looked at each other across the little table. Jay took Joe's hand, and Joe didn't pull it away. They didn't speak, but said it all with their eyes.

"Thanks. I really mean that, Jay," Joe said. He could feel the tears well in his eyes, as his new emotions took over his personality again.

"Damn it. I can't stand this damn crying all the time," He said. "But it seems I just can't stop it."

Jay looked at his friend. It was strange seeing his buddy, this person with such a knock-out body, and believe that he was the same person he had known for so long. It really was Joe, he could tell from their conversations, but It was also plain that Joe was undergoing changes, not just physical, that was obvious, but in his personality, his emotions. Look at him, or her actually, sitting there, trying to hold back tears. The Joe he known before had never been like that. It must be hard to have something take over your whole life, he thought.

"What's the problem?" Jay asked.

"Nothing, nothing, I just get like this sometimes," Joe said, trying to force a grin. "Maybe it's some kind of female thing."

"Amazing. What's it like, really, Joe? What's it like to be female? It seems simply amazing for something like this to happen, so completely, even your emotions, your personality, amazing," Jay just said over and over.

"Like I've already said. It's not as different as you probably think it is. Sometimes, I can even forget that it happened, for a little while anyway."

"But that body, how do you get any sleep?" Jay continued, speaking in an awed whisper, and displaying a slight grin.

"Hey, it's just me." Joe replied. "Sure, it takes a little getting used to, and I still want to look at myself when I catch my reflection in the mirror in the bathroom, but you do get used to it, I mean, what about you? Your bod is interesting too, don't you think?" He teased.

"Not like yours. Forgive me, but you have the firmest tits I think I've ever seen." The comment about his body made Joe blush. He arched his back, causing his chest to become more prominent. He looked at Jay, grinning provocatively. "Yeah, they are kinda nice, aren't they," he drawled, chuckling. "And they feel so good too," he said, seductively cupping one of the soft mounds with the open palm of his hand. Joe felt his inhibitions free up as even the tiny bit of alcohol he had consumed reached his brain. He could see Jay was watching everything he did, and that his actions were affecting his old friend. It was interesting to see the new power the changes in his

body gave him. Joe didn't realize it, but he was reacting like some young girls did when they reached adolescence and discovered the power of sexual attraction. He found it exciting to watch Jay's reaction to his flirtatious teasing.

Jay watched Joe carefully. His friend had only consumed one drink, but it was obviously causing him to act strangely. Amazing. Before, Joe, who really never did drink a lot, could still have easily handled three of these rum and cokes without any obvious effect.

"Are you feeling all right, Joe?" Jay asked.

"Yeah. I'm feeling great!" Joe exclaimed. "It doesn't take much for a buzz anymore." He raised his hand to attract the waitress.

"You better not have any more. I don't want to be accused of taking advantage of you." Jay teased.

"I know you wouldn't do that," Joe said. "But I do have one thing I want you to promise me."

"And what is that?"

"Promise me, if we ever get together again, you know, in bed, that you'll never do anything without using something, protection, you know," Joe rambled.

"Yeah, I know. And don't worry about it," Jay said. "I always carry something with me, just in case."

"Just in case?" Joe asked, smiling demurely. "In case of what?"

"You never know," Jay said. "You never know."

"Yeah. That's right. I tell you, when it hits me, I don't think I can control it, I mean, I always thought sex drive was strongest for the male, but now I don't know, when I start to feel a certain way, I almost think my body has a mind of its own. I don't think I could control it if I wanted too. It's that strong."

The waitress came to their table. Joe asked for another rum and coke. He looked at Jay.

"And give this handsome guy another one too," Joe said.

When the waitress left Jay spoke to him. "Don't you think you better slow down?"

"I've only had one so far," Joe answered. "I'll be careful. And besides, you're driving."

Jay didn't want to sound like a worrier, but he didn't know what to expect from his friend. He sometimes acted so different now.

"Just be careful," Jay said.

The waitress brought the next round. Joe immediately took a long draw from the sweet drink. Jay paid again, but this time Joe let him without saying a word.

Downing the last glass so quickly made Joe realize that he needed to pee. That observation reminded him of his new anatomy, and what he would need to do to relieve the pressure.

"God, I gotta pee," Joe said, snickering. "What a pain in the ass."

He got up, and walked straight to the ladies room. The drink had removed some of the inhibitions he normally had. He really hadn't had that much, and he wasn't really drunk, but his apprehensions were now in the background, and it felt pretty good to him.

Entering the small ladies room, Joe looked around. Except for the waitress, there were probably no other women in the place, and he was alone. From habit, he looked around for a urinal, and then, feeling for his penis, he touched his new anatomy. For some reason, it struck him as funny, and he started to laugh softly. Going to one of the two stalls, he went inside and pulled his shorts down. He looked down at his panties, rubbing the slick fabric which covered the changes of his groin. It was all so strange, and so funny. He laughed some more.

Finally, the humor was overtaken by the need to urinate, and he lowered his sexy little undies, and sat. When he finished, he pulled his panties up, and again felt the strange sensation of the strap riding in the crack of his butt. He pulled up his shorts, and then went back out to the table.

"Sometime, I've just got to show you what I'm wearing underneath these clothes," Joe said to a surprised Jay.

"Oh, yeah?" Jay asked. "What is it?"

"You have to see 'em," Joe said. "Words won't do it justice."

"You've got my curiosity piqued now, Joe," Jay said. "When do I get to see?" He went along with his friend's seemingly wandering talk. Joe was obviously feeling his drink.

"Sometime," Joe said, "But not now, not here. Sometime."

"Have you ever peed in one of those little cups?" Joe continued. "You know, at the doctor's office."

What was he getting at? Jay wondered. "Yeah, I guess I have."

"Well, You didn't have to do it the way I did today," Joe said. "You should have seen me. It probably looked like a monkey fucking a football."

Jay had to laugh. He could imagine Joe filling a specimen cup with his new anatomy. Poor guy. He was probably just venting some of his frustrations. He was just so darn beautiful, how could he stand it?

"I think I better take you home," Jay said. "You gotta be at work tomorrow."

"It's probably still daylight," Joe objected. "And besides they don't need me there. They're gonna try stuff on gerbils, or monkeys, or something tomorrow. They don't need me."

"I think I better get you home," Jay repeated. He didn't know what Joe might do if they continued drinking.

"Yeah. I guess I'm getting a little blitzed. I'm really a cheap drunk now, aren't I?" He laughed.

"Don't worry about it," Jay said. "But we better get you home."

They finished their drinks, and went outside. It was not yet completely dark, but it would be soon. They drove straight to Linda's house.

Chapter 25

UNCOMFORTABLE CONVERSATION

Linda's car was in the drive when Joe and Jay pulled in. Joe had consumed two drinks with Jay, and he was certainly feeling the effects. Jay worried that Linda would be irritated with him, as if it was his fault that Joe had gotten the buzz which lowered his inhibitions and made him talk about anything which came to his head. Apparently, a great many things were passing through Joe's head this evening. He seemed to constantly talk about something or another during the drive to Linda's.

They went inside where Linda was sitting on the lounge watching the news on TV. "Hello, Joe. And you too, Jay. What have you two been up too?"

"We went flying," Joe said. "I just had to get away for a while."

"And I had better be going," Jay said, edging toward the door.

"Aww, come on Jay, stick around a while," Joe asked. He didn't want his friend to leave. He liked being around Jay.

"No, I better be going," Jay repeated. His new feelings for his pal were difficult enough to deal with, without being around Linda, too.

Joe could sense Jay was uncomfortable. He decided to let his friend go. If Jay did have new feelings for him, he didn't want Linda to find out. Not yet, anyway. Things were already confusing enough.

Jay left, leaving Joe alone with Linda. She came over to where he was seated, and started massaging his neck. It felt good, but Joe was becoming uncomfortable being around her, with touching her. He wasn't sure why, but it was a strange thing to deal with. He just didn't know how to handle it.

Joe leaned back, and looked up at Linda. She smiled lovingly as she looked into his eyes.

"Linda, am I, are we, ah, er, becoming lesbians?"

She looked at him. "Do you feel like one?" she asked, smiling.

"I don't know," Joe said. Although he was still feeling the effects of the drinks, he had still had trouble talking about his new feelings. "I realize that I can't be a man. I just don't look like a man anymore,

and I guess I don't feel like one either, at least not the way I should, when I'm with you. I think I'm still changing, still turning more female, and I really don't know when it will stop, or what I can do about it."

"So, You don't like to be around me?" Linda asked.

"No, no, it isn't that," Joe answered, taking her hand. "I like to be around you, hell, I NEED to be around you. Who else could help me deal with all this?"

"I don't know what we are, Joe Bates. If you think you're, we're both, lesbians, then I guess that's what we are. Does it matter to you?"

"Linda, I'm a guy, at least I was a guy. To me, you're a good looking woman. You still are. But look at me. I don't look anything like I used to. Maybe I'm a woman, maybe I just look like one, but whatever I am, I just don't understand what you see in me anymore."

"Joe, to me you're the guy I love." Linda said. "I don't know what's going to happen to us, but I know I'll stay with you as long as you want me to. Sure, I wish you still had your male body. God, I hope you can get it back, but if you can't, I think I can handle it, if you want to. But I guess I'll understand if you don't."

"Look at us," Joe said. "We look like two women, I mean, I guess we ARE two women."

"But if they change you back, it can be like it was, can't it?"

"If that happens, I still want to get married. That is, if you still say yes." Joe smiled.

"I'm ready as soon as you can arrange it." Linda assured him, tousling the hair of his hairpiece.

Joe reached up, quickly but carefully pulled the wig off, and tossed it on the low table in front of them. "This darn thing is hot and irritating. I guess I look better with it, but I sure wish I didn't need it."

Linda started to run her fingers through Joe's natural hair. It was slightly damp with perspiration, and it smelled faintly of the perfume he had put on earlier. Joe leaned back and enjoyed her gentle touch. With his body feminized as it was, everything that touched it felt different now, usually more sensuous. He still hadn't adjusted to the heightened sense of touch.

"Why don't you have your hair done?" Linda asked. "You don't need to wear that wig."

"What do you mean? My hair isn't long enough yet, is it?"

"Well, it could be a little longer," Linda agreed, pulling his hair down in front, like bangs. "But I think there might be some kind of style that would work with the length you've got."

"Do you really think so?" Joe couldn't wait to do without the wig.

"Do you want me to call Sally?" Linda asked. Sally was Linda's hairdresser.

"Will you have to tell her about me?"

"Not if you don't want her to know. I doubt if she would believe it anyway. I can tell her you are your sister, from St. Louis or somewhere, if that's what you want."

"Yes. I do. I don't want everybody knowing about this yet. Not until I'm sure we can't be changed back."

Linda sat next to Joe, and picked up the cordless phone beside the lounge and punched in a number. "Sally, this is Linda Mitchell. Hi. Yeah, I'm fine. No, I have someone here whom I'd like you to see. He, She needs her hair done. It's very short; a friend cut it for her and she hates it. Yes. I think that would be okay. Just a minute." Linda looked at Joe. "Can you go tomorrow?"

"I don't have to come in to work till noon, at the earliest."

"Really?" Linda went back to the phone. "Sally, she's free tomorrow morning. Yes. Great. I'll tell her. Her name is Joel. Joel Bates. Yeah, she's Joe's sister, from St. Louis. Yes. I think they are twins, fraternal twins."

Joe cringed as he listened to the story Linda was concocting. He hoped her lie didn't come back to haunt him. Twin sister huh? Well, He did look a lot like his own twin sister, if he had one.

Linda finished the call and hung up. Joe got up from the couch. He started to go to his room.

"Oh, that reminds me." Linda said. "I was in Bullock's over lunch, and I found this fantastic dress. I just knew it would be right for you. I know you'll like it. I put it on your bed."

Great, Joe thought. Now my girl friend is buying me dresses she just knows would be RIGHT for me.

Joe went to his room, Linda following close behind. Atop the bed lay the dress. It was a twill cotton shirt-dress with a notch collar surplice top. It had a pleated knee-length straight skirt, and it was an olive color. There was a wide fabric-covered matching color belt with a gold buckle. Linda was right, as usual. He liked it immediately.

"You've got to try it on," Linda insisted. "If it doesn't fit, or you if don't like it, I'll return it tomorrow. I think it's a little big for me, but it's probably just your size."

Joe picked it up by the hanger and looked it over.

"Come on Joe, try it on. I just know it'll look great on you."

As Linda watched, Joe pulled the T-shirt over his head. The thin fabric of his bra's seamless cups did nothing to hide the little points of his erect nipples. He absent-mindedly rubbed his hand across his breasts, and then looked down at them. He saw Linda watching, and it made him blush.

She smiled when she saw he was embarrassed. "How is it Joe, are you getting used to all this?" she asked sympathetically.

He looked at her and smiled. "I guess I'll live."

"I see you changed clothes when you came from work." Linda looked at the bra and panties laying on the bed. It was obvious that they had been previously worn. "Underwear too?"

"Yeah." Joe said. How could he explain this? "I just wanted to. I don't know why."

"Sure." Linda said. "Wear whatever makes you feel good."

Joe unbuttoned the gray shorts and slipped out of them. When Linda saw he wore the black thong bikini, her grin got wider. "God, Joe, you are so attractive. I don't blame you for wanting to wear things like that."

"What do you mean? You wear stuff like this, too." The panties tickled where they touched him, and he idly scratched his pubic area as he spoke.

"You've never seen me in thong back undies." Linda denied. "I think they make my hips look too big. They look absolutely great on you, though."

"I didn't ask to be this way." Joe said. "But I'm going to try to make the best of what I have left."

"Well, I really wish you were still male," Linda said, "but you do make a great looking woman."

Yeah, Joe thought. That's what everybody thinks. His best friend, and now, his fiance. Could it happen that Linda and Jay might change places in his life?

"I'm trying my best. But I've got to say, it's a little weird when your girl friend, your fiance, buys dresses for you."

"I'm sorry. I just thought you would like it. I know you need clothes for work if they don't get you changed back soon."

"Don't be sorry. I really like the dress. You have excellent taste. That's only one of the reasons I love you. But I still have to get accustomed to wearing this stuff." Joe removed the dress from the hanger, and pulled it over his head.

Without the extra hair of the wig, his head went through the neck opening very easily. Joe smoothed the pleats around his hips, and arranged the collar around his neck. The dress was the fullest he had ever worn till now, and it felt a bit strange. He went to the dresser mirror, and liked what he saw.

The new dress was perfect. It fit like it was made just for his new shape. He even liked the neckline. The color was exactly right for him, too. He critically examined his short hair. Yeah, it did seem a little longer now. Maybe he really could get by without the wig. He would go to Sally's tomorrow. Joe discovered what most natural women know. A new dress worked wonders, and helped to make him feel good about his appearance.

Linda watched as Joe looked at his image in the mirror. It was obvious to her that he was becoming more familiar with the changes that had taken place. When he first came to her with his problem, he was embarrassed, awkward, and almost afraid to touch the parts of his body that had changed the most. Now, he acted much more naturally. He adjusted the collar, and tugged at the bodice to make it fit his shape. It was only when he saw her looking that he showed any sign of embarrassment.

"It is getting easier, isn't it?" Linda said.

Joe looked at her. He didn't know how to answer. It was true, it was getting easier. He had to admit that he did like being able to wear clothes like those he had on. As he continued to get used to the way his body had changed, he found that it wasn't so bad either. Of course,

having these new hormones working you over helped a lot in that area.

"Yes. It is, sometimes," Joe admitted. "But I don't know if I really want it to be so easy. I don't know if I want to give up my manhood. I mean I guess it's already gone, but if I can get it back, I think I should want it back, shouldn't I?"

"Only you can answer that," Linda said. "Nobody else, not me, not the doctors, nobody but you can decide that."

"I don't know if I can make an intelligent decision about this. I change my mind as often as my clothes."

"Some say that's a woman's right," Linda said, laughing.

"So now I have womens' rights too?"

"I'd say you've earned them, wouldn't you?"

Joe just looked at her and smiled. "Do you want me like this, or the way I was?"

Linda looked at her fingernails. Then she looked back at him. "Joe, don't worry about what I like, or what I want," she said, the smile leaving her face as she spoke. "You do what's right for you. I'll want you however you are."

Joe turned and looked in the mirror. By now, he had grown accustomed to how he looked with the wig. His short hair looked strange, and sort of exotic. He touched his cheek, feeling the softness. His hand then went to his breast. He cupped it, as if estimating its weight, then squeezed it slightly. The hand then continued lower, and he carefully felt his pubic area through the dress.

"I really do look like a girl, don't I?" Joe said, turning to look at Linda. "I just checked, and I guess I feel like one now too. I don't have any choice in the matter, but that's what I am. If tomorrow, next month, or next year they tell me I can go back, then I'll have a difficult decision to make. Until then I guess this person in the mirror is what I am."

"And I'll help you." Linda said. "However you want to handle it, I'll help you."

"Should I wear this tomorrow? Can I wear it to get a hair cut?"

"You can if you want to. It'll probably take less than an hour."

Joe thought about Sally's, all the women just sitting around, talking, gossiping, about god knows what. If they even suspected that he was really a guy, a rooster in the hen-house, he could imagine the disturbance it would create. Of course, there is no way he would be detected, he may not always know precisely how to act like a woman, but nobody could ever get him confused with a man. Not unless he told them. And even then it's doubtful they'd believe him.

Joe unbuckled and unbuttoned the dress, pulled it over his head and placed it back on the hanger. He had never thought of himself as a clothes horse, but now he found himself hoping tomorrow would get here, just so he could wear the dress. So many things are so different, he thought to himself.

He reluctantly hung the dress in the closet, and then gathered his underwear from the bed. He took it into the bathroom, and piled it on the sink. He would hand wash it before he went to bed as Linda had taught him.

Linda was watching him carefully, and when he came back into the bedroom, she spoke. "I think you're going to be all right, Joe Bates."

"Yeah." Joe agreed. "I'm really great at washing panties, aren't I," he said, with a little sarcasm showing.

"What's that about? Do you have a problem all of a sudden?"

"No. Not all of a sudden," Joe said. "I just thought about what I could be doing besides washing out underwear, that's all."

"Hey. We all have our little details." Linda said. "You're not above them, and there's no reason to feel sorry for yourself. You say you've had genetic damage. Well, then it could probably be a lot worse, you know. You could be dependent on me, or somebody else to feed you, or dress you, you could be a vegetable, or something. I think you are all damn lucky all you lost was your precious manhood."

Joe was surprised at Linda's reaction to his slight bitching. But she was right. It could be a lot worse.

Joe put his shorts and T-shirt back on. Linda went to the kitchen, and when he finished dressing, he joined her.

"Are you hungry?" Linda asked.

"Oh, I guess I could eat something." Joe answered.

"I was just going to have some watermelon." Linda said. "But we could grill some chicken breasts if you want more than that."

"No." Joe answered. "If I'm going to be a girl, I guess I should get used to eating like a bird." He grinned.

They sat at the little counter, sharing little chunks of watermelon that Linda had cut up earlier and placed in the refrigerator to cool. They made small talk, with Joe asking Linda how her day went, and then explaining what was happening at Honeybone.

"So when will they experiment on humans?" Linda asked.

"I don't know." Joe answered. "I guess it depends on what happens with whatever else they try."

"Who will be the first of you four to try it?" She continued. "Would you want to be the first?"

Right now I don't know if I would ever want to try it, he thought to himself. "I don't know who would be the first." He answered. "Dave has already volunteered. He can't wait to be changed back."

"I'll just have to get over to talk to Cindy." Linda said. "Dave must be driving her crazy."

"He certainly isn't all that pleased with the situation." Joe said. "I guess I felt like he does right after it happened, but now it's different, I guess I'm just starting to get used to it or something."

"If I were changed into a guy, I don't think I could ever get used to it." Linda mused. "I might like it, but I think I'd miss being inside my own body."

"But that's not how it feels at all." Joe said. "It still feels like I'm in my regular body. Sure, there are differences, having boobs, not having a penis, and those cause some things to feel different, and it's harder to do some things, but usually I really don't feel that much different than before. At least not physically"

"What do you mean, not physically?" Linda asked. "I would think that would be the biggest difference."

"At first, it seemed like it was, but you begin to get used to that, sort of," Joe explained. "But later, I think it just really started a couple days ago. Something else happened; I don't know, I guess I started thinking differently, seeing the world differently."

"Seeing the world differently?" Linda repeated. "How do you see the world now, compared to before?"

"Well, now that I've been going around, looking like this," Joe put both hands on his chest under his breasts, pushing them up. "I guess I've been given a new perspective to see life. Things that I've always taken for granted, they're either changed, some a little, some a lot, or else they're probably gone completely to me. Maybe I'll get used to it, practically everything about this seems to get easier with each passing day, but I have had to learn how to cope with so many different things, new desires, I don't even know what I'm talking about some times."

"What are the new desires?" Linda asked immediately. "Do you like men, or are you talking about something else?"

"I have to admit," Joe continued. "Being with a guy has crossed my mind, more than once."

"What about me, about us?" Linda questioned.

Joe looked at her.

"I don't know." He said. "But I do know I don't feel like I did a week ago. I just don't see how I could. Hell, I'm only human."

"What's going to happen, Joe?" Linda asked.

"I wish I knew." He replied. "Whatever is happening to me, to my head, it has me going up and down. Sometimes I don't think I've ever been happier in my life, and then, in just a matter of seconds, I'm crying out of control. I don't know what causes it, maybe it's normal for a woman. I don't know how a woman is supposed to feel. I only know how I feel."

"Do you want to stay like that?" Linda asked. "Do you want to stay a woman?"

"I can't answer that." Joe said. "If I answer the way I feel, I'd have to change what I say every few minutes. There are a lot of interesting things about being like this, I've started to love the clothes, can you believe it, me? But then, I think about my plans."

"What plans?" Linda asked.

"You know, Us." Joe explained. "One week ago, I thought I'd be getting married, we'd have a few kids, maybe, eventually, but now,..."

"Does it have to be so different?" Linda wondered.

"Different?" Joe said. "Come on Linda. Sure, maybe we could still live together, maybe we can sleep together, but that won't make it like it was. Maybe I can still make you come, but I damn sure can't make you pregnant."

"We could adopt," Linda said simply.

"Do you really think they'd let two WOMEN adopt?" Joe said sarcastically.

"We could try, couldn't we?" Linda asked.

"Linda, I've already turned in the paperwork, I'm legally female now," Joe reminded her. "And even if they somehow let us marry anyway, you probably wouldn't be happy with me. You're a normal, healthy woman. You'd want to be with a man, eventually. Hell, I might want to too."

"So what should we do?" Linda wondered aloud.

"I don't know." Joe said. "But we don't have to rush anything, at least not for a while. Give them a chance to examine what has happened, and maybe they can get us back."

They finished eating, and Joe cleaned up the dishes. Then he went to his room. It was after ten, and the things that had happened that day had left him tired. Linda came to his room.

"Are you going to bed?" She asked.

"Yeah," Joe said. "I'll shower, and then I think I'll turn in."

Linda went to her room, and Joe went to his bathroom, closing the door. He undressed, and started the shower running. As he was soaping down, he felt his legs. Noticing stubble, he got the shave cream and razor, and shaved his legs, underarms, and then carefully trimmed his pubic area.

If I ever do change back, I think I'd still want to keep my legs and armpits shaved, he thought to himself as he used the razor. I wonder why men don't do this. Probably because they're pretty hairy all over, he remembered. Last week, before this happened to him, his chest, and even his arms, had been covered with much coarser hair. That had all fallen out. He found it on his bedsheets, and now, except for his head, crotch, legs and underarms, the hair that remained was much shorter, finer, almost down-like. He liked the feel of his smooth, practically hairless body now that it was feminized.

After finishing up, Joe stepped out of the shower and dried with a large bath towel. As he rubbed the towel over his breasts, and then the still somewhat unfamiliar, delicate area between his legs, he thought about how much had changed in only a week. He was starting to get accustomed to seeing his trim, sexy form in the mirror as he carefully washed his face. He brushed his short hair, trying to imagine ways to

make it look as feminine as possible. He wondered what Sally could do with it.

Joe finished by brushing his teeth, and then, almost as an afterthought, powdered his body with the scented bath powder.

When he finished, he ran water into the sink, and added some soap. He hand washed the nylons he had worn that day, and then started on his underwear. When he was about to drop the black thong into the soapy water, Joe noticed the faint white mark of vaginal discharge on the black cotton crotch lining. He smiled as he thought of how it got there. Being around his friend Jay often made him feel funny, and when that happened he soon felt his underpants become wet. The new excitement had left its mark. Would it be followed one of these days by the blood of menstrual flow as the nurse at the clinic had advised them? He carefully washed all trace of stain from the little panties.

After Joe draped the hose and underwear over the handle of the shower door, he went out into the bedroom. He hadn't put any clothes on, and he was wondering if he should wear something when Linda came into his room again. She had showered too, and now wore a pink silk or satin night shirt.

She looked at him, standing naked.

"Would you like something to wear to bed?" Linda asked, seeing Joe's somewhat embarrassed look.

"I don't know." He said. "So you think I should?" Before he had been changed, Joe always slept in the nude.

"It's really up to you." Linda said. "When I'm by myself, I usually like to wear something," she confided.

"I'll see what I have." Joe said. "I don't think I have much but a T-shirt though."

"Would you like to borrow something from me?" Linda asked, smiling. She wanted to help, but she didn't want to offend him.

"What do you suggest?" Joe asked. He found it embarrassing for him to borrow clothes from Linda, especially since they now sometimes fit him better than they did her.

"I'm sure I have another shirt like this." She said. "Or I think I have some pajamas."

"I'll try the shirt." Joe said. The air conditioner had come on, and it was making him feel cold. The chilled air made his nipples change from soft full cones to points that looked stiff as rocks. He cupped his breasts in his hands, not liking the sensation when they bounced as he followed Linda to her room.

Linda looked through her lingerie drawer and came up with a light blue satin night shirt. It had a stretchy fitted bodice, with no decoration but a small bow at the neckline. It had short sleeves, and below the breasts, was made to fit very loosely. She handed it to Joe.

"Try this." She said.

Joe took the satiny garment and pulled it over his head. It smelled lightly of Linda's perfume. When it was on, he looked down at himself. The little satin shirt came to just below his crotch. It covered everything that needed to be covered, and it felt amazingly warm. His breasts were outlined by the soft, fluid fabric. He could feel the fabric rubbing against his hardening nipples as his breasts swayed gently back and forth with his every move. Why does everything women wear have to look and to feel so damn erotic, he thought?

"I think I like it." Joe said, grinning sheepishly.

"It looks nice on you." Linda said. "But then, everything looks nice on you." She mockingly put her hands up in disgust.

Joe went back into his own bedroom, and Linda followed.

"Do you mind if I sleep in here?" Linda asked.

"No, it's all right with me." Joe said. "I was thinking of reading for a while though."

"That's OK with me." Linda said.

Joe pulled back the spread and sheet, then turned off the room light at the switch, leaving on only the lamp at the night stand. Linda crawled into bed, and Joe followed, and as he did, he noticed that she wore white cotton panties under the night shirt. She had never worn underpants to bed since they had been sleeping together regularly, and he wondered why she did so now.

"What's with the underwear?" He questioned.

"I think I'm going to start my period soon." Linda said. "I decided to wear a pad, just in case."

"How do you know that?" Joe asked. He was very curious, since it was likely that the same thing was going to happen to him eventually.

"Well, it's coming up on the time," she continued. "And I'm starting to get cramps, just a little."

"What do cramps feel like?" Joe asked. "Where do you feel them?"

"I don't know." Linda said. "They hurt, well not hurt exactly, not yet, more like just a dull ache in my lower abdomen. My breasts feel full too, I'm guess I'm starting to retain water, you'll know what it feels like when it happens."

"I just don't want to get blood all over everything." Joe said. "I have this fear that I'm going to wake up one of these mornings, oozing blood." He grinned.

"I don't know what's going to happen with you." Linda considered. "You may not be like the average girl, but if you are, you'll probably just spot lightly at first. You'll likely have plenty of warning your first time. Don't spend any time worrying about it, Joe, It probably won't be that bad."

"I hope you're right." Joe said warily.

He pulled the sheet up to just below his satin covered breasts and retrieved the book that Karen had suggested he read. Linda was content to lie awake, watching him read.

Sitting half erect in bed, with two pillows propping him up comfortably, Joe resumed reading where he had left off days ago. He quickly became immersed in the explanation of genetics, chromosomes, and sexual differentiation and characteristics, which was the subject of the text. As he read on, and learned about the very things which he was told had been affected in his own body, he would sometimes touch himself, feeling a breast, nipple, or hip bone. He forgot that Linda was lying at his side, watching him in silent amusement.

After she lay silent for maybe a half hour, she just had to speak.

"What's that book about?" She asked after she watched Joe feel his protruding hip bone as he read.

"Well, it's a medical text, actually." Joe told her. "It's a little hard to follow, but it explains the difference between the sexes, from a

genetic, or chromosome level. It covers some of the abnormalities which are known to exist, and gets into why they happen."

"Is there anything about what happened to you?" Linda asked.

"No, not so far anyway." Joe said. "Everything so far has been about genetic abnormalities which exist from birth. I think maybe we're the first this has happened to."

"It must really be interesting, the way it holds your attention." Linda said, rubbing Joe's arm.

"It is interesting." Joe said. "I've always been fascinated with genetics. I just never thought I'd have such a strong reason to get more interested."

"Joe," Linda said, trying to get his full attention. "Joe, if you ever want to be with somebody else, a guy or whatever, if you want to know what it's like, don't worry, I'd understand."

Joe looked at her. He felt warmth come to his face as he blushed. He reached down and took her hand in his own. After a long moment of silence, he began to speak. "I appreciate that," he said, smiling. He wondered if he should tell her about Jay. Then he decided it was best not to.

"The truth is," Joe continued slowly, trying to find the words he wanted to use. "I really don't know what I want anymore. Here I am, my body seems to be all screwed up, my penis feels like it pulled up inside me. It's still all there, even if it looks the size of a pencil eraser. And my chest, well you can see what's happened to it, but overall I don't feel like I'm missing anything, I'm all still here, just re-arranged a little bit." He grinned at his description of what happened to his body.

"If it so happens that I look female, and I must agree that I do, then maybe that's what I am. I don't know, I don't really feel like I'm female, I don't even know what a female is supposed to feel like." He went on. "All I feel like is me. And I know that for the last few days, my feelings, my desires, they've been wandering all over the place."

"Do I want to be with a man? Hell, the idea of it scares me to death, and yet, look at me. If I'm going to have to be this way the rest of my life, maybe I should consider it. I know that guys, men seem different to me now, I can't explain it, maybe because they act different around me too, I don't know."

"When I think of what my life might be like if I have to stay this way, Sometimes it all seems like a dream, sometimes a good dream, sometimes a more like a nightmare." Joe went on. "If I'm going to start living as a woman, then I'm pretty sure I don't want to live as a lesbian. I don't think that's what I am now, even with you. I still feel like a guy, a strange looking one maybe, I agree, but I just can't think of us as two women, not yet anyway, but that's probably changing. I can't look at myself in the mirror much longer without seeing the female I guess I've become, looking back."

"You can see it, too," Joe said to Linda. "A few days ago, last week, I wouldn't have worn this." He pulled at the stretchy fabric of the sleepshirt bodice. "I would have been too embarrassed. But now, I think even my mind, my brain, is changing, accepting, this new perception of who I am, I suspect even that might still be changing. Do you have any idea what it's like to have that happen?"

"I couldn't imagine." Linda said.

"Well, of everything that has happened so far, it's been the most difficult part. " Joe answered his own question. "My body, I guess I can get used to that, some of what's happened is even kind of fun, I admit, I'm a little concerned about getting periods, getting pregnant, stuff like that. But I guess I've resigned myself, and some of it all is kind of interesting. You probably don't even know how fantastic it feels to have your sense of touch heightened like this, it's all you've ever known."

"Yeah. It doesn't seem so special to me." Linda agreed.

Joe put the book on the night stand. He switched off the lamp, and reached for Linda in the dark. When she felt his advances, she reached out for him, and they hugged each other tightly. In only a few minutes, they fell asleep in each other's arms.

Chapter 26

A SUMMONS FROM THE HEAD OFFICE

(Two Thursdays are better than one)

Joe stirred as he heard the raucous buzz of the clock radio. Linda reached over and turned it off, leaving the radio playing softly. She had set the alarm. Joe hadn't even bothered, since today, he had no need to be up till nine, and then to go to the hairdresser. He wouldn't have any problem being up in time for that. Linda needed to be up sooner, and she got up almost immediately after the alarm. She left the room, going straight to her own without saying a word, thinking Joe was still asleep.

Another day, Joe thought. What was it now, Thursday? Tomorrow he would be like this a week already. He had long since given up the hope that he might wake up somehow miraculously changed back. If anything, he was still changing; continuing to look and feel a bit softer and even more feminine each day.

Joe raised his arms above his head and stretched. Then he made what was becoming his regular morning inspection, checking for differences, new changes, and anything else that may have occurred as he slept. Joe knew he was still undergoing the strange metamorphosis, but the things happening now were very subtle, nothing really definite. Each day, he felt his body get just a little softer as it proceeded to develop the thin layer of fat under his skin that made female skin feel so different, softer and smoother than a male's. At the same time, Joe's shoulder muscles, chest, and arms continued to reduce slowly in overall mass and strength. He was also just beginning to detect some extra flesh starting to form at his hips and buttocks. Although all this was happening very slowly, Joe could tell. As he lay there, he thought about the few remaining traces of his masculinity slowly slipping away.

Joe tugged at the night shirt borrowed from Linda, raising the bottom hem up to his waist, and then carefully felt between his legs. Every day it seemed, the bump of his pubic bone became a little more pronounced. It was definitely more prominent than before the change, and now that area felt strange to his touch, with his penis, or clitoris actually, seeming to be a bit further down than he remembered it just yesterday. I guess my pelvis is changing too, he decided, hoping that

his hips wouldn't get much bigger than they already were. He flexed the muscles in his crotch, the ones used to stop the flow of urine when he peed. As he did, he could sense some of the internal differences too. It was really only then that he could detect the presence of his vaginal sphincter. Usually, except when he bathed, he practically avoided touching himself down there, as if this most female part of his body would simply change back to the way it was if he would just ignore it.

It sure didn't seem to be happening that way, however. It all felt so weird to his touch. His balls were completely gone, and his penis wasn't like it had been either. His cock didn't stick out at all now, and he couldn't even use it to urinate, much less for sex, but at least he could still feel it, sort of. But his testicles just simply weren't there anymore, replaced only by small, sensitive folds of skin. This skin felt much like his scrotum, but it was divided down the center. Normally, the slit-like opening it formed remained fairly closed, mostly hiding what little actually remained of his penis, and it completely concealed his much changed urethral opening as well as the new opening that had formed slightly below that. Joe slowly ran his finger along the soft, delicate folds, and when it felt ready, adequately lubricated by the slippery secretions that always seemed to be there, he gently separated the sensitive tissues and cautiously placed the second finger of his right hand inside this new, somewhat mysterious body cavity.

It was amazing how much the feel of his changed genitalia reminded him of Linda's. God, how can I even dare think I'm still a guy, he wondered. Though he still had some of the sensation of having his penis, it was obvious that he didn't really possess that organ anymore. Nevertheless, it was still difficult to accept the idea of having fully functioning female organs. Joe closed his eyes and clenched his teeth as he explored himself with his finger.

He flexed his crotch muscles again, feeling them gently contract on his finger. It was a most unusual feeling, most of the time, he couldn't even tell there was a vagina down there, but with his finger inside it, there could be absolutely no doubt. But almost all the feeling was on outside, in the skin folds, and around the vaginal opening, which itself seemed to be less than an inch from his anal orifice. He slowly withdrew his finger and then gently rubbed his clitoris with the slippery lubricant. Doing that felt so good, and more familiar, very much like he was rubbing the bottom of his penis near the head, but much more intense. Though it was quite small, his clitoris felt much more exposed, more obvious to his touch, than

Linda's. The minor surgical procedure which had relieved him of his foreskin as an infant now served to expose the tissues that had become his clitoris to an almost painful degree. If he was gentle and careful, the sensations he received when he touched there could be almost exquisite.

Joe had to restrain the urge to move his hips as he slowly, gently caressed the tiny bundle of nerves, and soon Joe felt the little folds engorge, creating a sensation somewhat like an erection, but causing his genital folds to open like petals of a flower and secrete even more of their clear slippery fluid, as if they were preparing for the entrance of something, anything. Just as the other night with Jay, Joe was finding the urge for penetration to be nearly irresistible. He had always considered his sex drive to be quite strong, but the feelings he was now experiencing made a simple "hard on" seem almost trivial. Maybe he didn't have his penis anymore, but now the feeling of stimulation involved practically his whole body.

Not knowing what to do to relieve the almost overwhelming demand for penetration and release, Joe continued the slow, gentle manipulation, creating a large wet spot on the bedsheets with his juices, until he silently exploded in orgasm. It was one of the most intense he had ever experienced. He was amazed that when it was over he still had the urge to continue, so he bravely put two fingers inside himself, careful to avoid any direct contact with his clitoris, which was now far too sensitive to touch. With his other hand, he felt under the satin night gown and massaged one of his breasts, feeling the nipple harden almost as soon as it was touched. Whatever else may happen, Joe thought, it will all be worth it just to have experienced this.

Another climax followed almost immediately after the first, and then Joe reluctantly stopped masturbating. He placed the palm of his right hand tightly over his wet, sticky vulva and pressed it as hard as he could. Though he desperately yearned to have something inside there, he was afraid to experiment with anything he might have available. A hard penis was exactly what was needed right now, he thought to himself, but there were simply none of those around. Of course, I guess that's the basic problem, isn't it, he mused. He considered Linda, and how could she resign herself to living with him as he was now, like this? Surely all this must feel the same for her, too.

As he lay there, his breathing returning to normal, he thought about the many times he had made love as a male, the last year or so exclusively with Linda. Joe was coming to realize that the methods

he had used, the way he went about making love, was so wrong, far too ham-fisted for Linda or any of his other partners to enjoy the full satisfaction of being with him. It was probably too late now, but if he ever did really get his penis back, the things he learned by having his body feminized like this could serve to make him an extraordinary male lover. Slower, gentler, softer, now he knew. But of course, it was probably too late now.

As Joe lay in bed, still recovering from his self stimulation experience, Linda was dressing for work. With only her slip on, she came into Joe's room to see if he was awake.

"I'm going to put some coffee on," she said when she saw his eyes were open. "Would you like some?"

Even though they were both apparently women now, Joe thought, Linda was still instinctively wanting to wait on him. "Thanks," he said, hoping she couldn't tell what he had just done. "If you want to finish dressing, I'll make the coffee."

"Would you?" Linda returned, genuinely surprised. "You dear. But you really don't have to get up for a while do you?"

"I'm not sleepy. I think I'll get up and get ready. I can read until it's time to go to over to Sally's."

Wearing only the nightshirt, Joe started to walk to the kitchen. He would start the coffee, and then brush his teeth and dress while it perked. As he walked down the hall, he felt the jiggle of his breasts as he walked. The stretchy nylon bodice of the little nightgown clung tightly to his curves, but offered no support. His firm new breasts exhibited almost no sag, but without the support of a bra, they did bounce and sway with every movement. It didn't hurt really, except maybe if he attempted to run or jump, and even that didn't actually cause pain, just felt slightly uncomfortable. In any case, it felt very strange having his chest moving around like that. Joe had already become accustomed to the more secure feel wearing a bra provided. He placed his arm across both breasts, preventing them from bouncing as he entered the kitchen.

After putting the coffee on, Joe went back into his room. In the bathroom he examined his face in the mirror. Taking a washcloth and a little of the facial soap that Linda had provided, Joe gently scrubbed the remaining sleep from his eyes. He brushed his teeth, and then, taking a hairbrush, he attempted to brush his own hair into an acceptable shape.

This would be his first time in public without the wig since Karen had given it to him. He was a little apprehensive about doing it, but if he could leave the hot hairpiece at home, it would be worth it. He wondered what Sally would say about his masculine haircut. Linda had already told her that a "friend" in St. Louis had cut it this way, and she (he) didn't like it. He would have to format any story on that premise. Just as well, he thought.

He brushed his hair the best he could, bringing it down a bit lower in front than he ever had when he was male. Maybe it didn't look all that bad, he concluded. It seemed that his hair was getting softer too, at least the bit that had grown out in the last week. He was glad the hair on his head hadn't all come out like that on his chest and elsewhere. Being like this was strange enough; to be completely bald would have really topped it all off.

When he was finished, it was time to dress. He couldn't wait to wear the new dress Linda had bought, but still had to decide what to wear with it. He glanced over at the shower door, seeing the underwear hanging there. He had already worn the little black set yesterday evening after work. He loved the way it made him look and feel. Today, alone around all the women at Sally's, he wanted to feel as good about himself as he possibly could. Just maybe the little black bra and thong bikini would help. He knew it was hard to forget what he was wearing when he had that on. The little undies fit so snugly that they kept him intimately aware of his changed anatomy whenever he moved his legs. At first, he always wanted to reach back and tug at it, since it felt like it was always riding up, but he was now accustomed to that feeling too. With that in mind, he decided to wear it again. Maybe, the next time he was in the mall, he would stop at Victoria' Secret and get another set like it, this time maybe in a different color. Like Linda said, if makes you feel good, wear it.

Crossing his arms in front of him, Joe pulled the light blue night shirt over his head. He pulled the black bikini from the shower door and slipped it on. He was unable to resist feeling the slick fabric between his legs. The sleek feeling of his crotch, without the familiar bulge of male genitalia, still felt so strange; just like the first time he touched there that first morning.

As Joe put the matching bra on, he thought it felt a little tighter, the cups a little fuller than just yesterday. "Are these boobs still getting bigger, or did this underwear just shrink a little when I washed it?" he wondered.

After he had the underwear on, he went back out to the bedroom. Joe got the dress from the closet, but before he started to remove it from the hanger he looked at the time. It was two hours before he needed to dress for the hair appointment. He wanted to wear the dress, but he decided to wait to put it on. He found the gray shorts, and the black T-shirt he wore last night, and quickly slipped those on. It would be easier to kill the time wearing this than the dress.

Deciding to remain barefoot, Joe went to the kitchen, where Linda was already preparing a bowl of cold cereal for herself. Joe didn't want any of that, and the coffee wasn't quite finished perking yet.

"Your hair looks OK that way," Linda complimented.

"Do you really think so? It sure is a lot cooler like this. I just wish my own hair was as long as the wig."

"Don't worry, it'll grow out soon enough," Linda consoled him.

They both had resigned themselves that this is how it would be, Joe thought.

Joe watched Linda as she sat eating her cereal. She was looking at some papers, and didn't notice him looking. She was very pretty, he thought. A natural beauty, and he found he was seeing her in a different way, not as a man sees a woman, or even as another woman would, but in another way, a way he couldn't describe if he had to. Maybe it was the female hormones, maybe it was male hormones, or actually the lack of male hormones, that was making him feel this way, to see her this way. He didn't know. But as he sat there, gazing, he felt an admiration for her he had never realized. He didn't know what to think about it.

"You're all right, you know that?" Joe said simply.

Linda looked over at him curiously, and smiled. "Why did you say that?" she asked quietly.

"I don't know. I just thought I should tell you. I really do appreciate everything you're doing, everything you've done already. I don't know what I'd do without you."

Linda stopped eating and looked at Joe. She wondered what was on his mind; what had made him say those words. She could tell he was under a lot of stress what with all that had taken place, but she was amazed at how all this had changed Joe. She had always loved him, almost from the first. She loved his intelligence, his somewhat

carefree, curious spirit, his zest for life, as well as his handsome good looks. He always seemed to enjoy whatever he was doing, always trying to learn more, to experience fully anything he attempted. But, like a lot of guys his age, maybe most of them, she thought he had always seemed to be of the opinion that women were somehow inferior to men in some ways. Sure, he liked them, maybe he even loved them, but, it had always seemed, to her anyway, they were not really to be considered as equals. She wondered how he felt about women's equality now. Apparently, he seemed to regard what had happened to him with an attitude which ranged from angry irritation, to stoic acceptance, to actual pride. As he did with most everything he ever attempted, Joe had approached it all as a learning experience.

It was really amazing to consider what had occurred. If she could have wished it, it couldn't have been any better introduction for a male to experience what being a woman was like. Unfortunately, this wasn't something she had actually wished on him, rather it was more a bizarre industrial accident, and apparently it had changed the man she loved into someone she was still trying to understand. Although he was obviously quite feminine looking and sounding, almost to a fault, she actually envied his almost perfect shape, he would sometimes talk and act just like before. It was very strange when he did that. This person, this gorgeous woman, talking, moving, and acting just like the man he really was. But sometimes now, especially since he returned from San Diego, he was different. He was more quiet, reserved maybe, sometimes almost cold around her.

When he first came to her, he was afraid, confused, and obviously out of place in what his body had become. Linda had tried her best to help him, to make him comfortable with what had happened to his body. Although she had never been intimate with a woman before, she tried to let on as if nothing had changed, as if she had no problem relating to Joe's new femininity. Strangely, as she did that, she found herself actually enjoying it. She surprised them both with the sexual intensity that she showed. Although the intimacy of the relationship between them was changed, she found that Joe's timidity caused by the changes in his body required her to become the aggressor, and she loved the experience, and she even liked Joe's new feminine softness too. That confused her. Even before Joe posed the question, she had already begun to wonder about her sexual orientation. She never even considered homosexuality an option before, and even now, she never actually thought about her relationship with Joe that way, but she had to admit, she really liked intimacy with him the way he was now. She liked the feeling of being in charge. The last few days, she found herself starting to wonder what life would have been like had she been

born male instead. Joe seemed to adapt to femininity so easily. What might it be like for her to have a male physique, to be able to give him pleasure he had formerly given her? It wasn't that she was unhappy with her femininity, far from it, but if it turned out that Joe would have to stay as he was now, she would consider volunteering for the change. She would never voice such a thought, not yet anyway, but if such an opportunity ever presented itself, it now looked like almost anything might be possible.

"I love you, Joe Bates," was all she said.

Linda finished eating, and put her bowl in the dishwasher. Joe had poured the coffee when it was ready, and they both sat there, slowly sipping at their coffee. Linda finished first, and went to her room for a final check of her appearance and came out carrying her leather briefcase. She went to where Joe was sitting and kissed him on the forehead.

"Good luck at the hairdresser," she said, as she walked to the door.

"Thanks. Have a good day."

When Linda left, Joe went back to his room. Almost two hours before I need to get ready for Sally's, he thought. He made the bed, then lay on top of the spread, taking the book he had been reading last night and started to read. In a few minutes, he was again engrossed in the subject matter.

It seemed like hardly any time had passed when Joe looked at the clock and saw it was time to dress for the hair appointment. He felt the strange nervousness start to overtake him again. It was scary to go alone to Sally's. It seemed to Joe that a beauty shop would be one of women's private places. And he'd be there all by himself.

He got up from the bed, and pulled the T-shirt off. He unbuttoned and unzipped the shorts and pulled them off. He went to the closet and retrieved the hanger holding the new dress. He liked the way it looked, and couldn't wait to wear it. He took it out and laid it on the bed while he got a slip from the dresser. As he was pulling the full slip over his head, he remembered his pantyhose. He found some he thought would look right with the olive colored dress, and reluctantly slipped them on. Although he actually enjoyed wearing most of these new feminine things, he really hated pantyhose. From the way Linda talked about them, he figured she did too. There was a lot not to like. Although his legs looked and felt great in them, pantyhose were hot, and sometimes, when he walked, the darn things would droop down

making the crotch a few inches lower than it should be. If I'll have to wear stuff like this forever, he thought, I'll have to check out other alternatives.

With the pantyhose and slip on, he carefully removed the dress from the hanger, and pulled it over his head, placing his thin arms in the short sleeves. He buttoned up the few open buttons in front and went to the dresser mirror to admire himself. The dress fit well, flattering his still developing form. Using his hand, he brushed his hair around, trying to look as feminine as he could. No problem, he thought. My hair might be a little short, but I sure don't look like a guy anymore.

He found his black pumps, and was slipping them on when he remembered his little purse was in his flight bag. He got it out. He knew he'd have to carry it to Sally's. Any "regular" woman would have one with her.

With that, he was ready. He had a few minutes, but he decided to drive over now, rather than wait till the last minute. He walked out to his car, feeling good about himself, knowing he was well dressed and quite passable. When he got in the car, he had a bit of difficulty working the clutch wearing heels, just like he did that other morning. Although he had become fairly adept at walking in heels, it was still easier to drive barefoot.

It was only a short trip to Sally's, and as he pulled into the drive, he thought it might be possible his heart was making more noise than the engine in his car. He stopped the engine, slipped the seat belt off, and then slipped his little heels back on. Taking a deep breath, he bravely walked inside.

There were four women customers in the shop, along with two beauticians besides Sally. Joe sat on one of the cushioned chairs in the waiting area. Sally saw him enter and, as soon she could, came over to where he was seated.

"Might you be Joel?" she asked, pronouncing his name Jo-ell, perhaps thinking it was more feminine that way.

"Yes," Joe said, smiling at her, and hoping she didn't recognize him. He had been here once, before all this happened, to pick up Linda.

If she recognized him, she certainly didn't let on. And Linda had told her that Joel was Joe's sister, so some resemblance would be understandable.

"I'll be able to get to you real soon," Sally said. "Make yourself comfortable. There's coffee over there, and some reading material." She pointed to the stack of magazines on the low table.

Joe smiled at her, and went to the stack of magazines. They were all women's interest magazines, and some were about hair styling. Joe took the one on top, which was Cosmopolitan. He had already reached the conclusion that Cosmo was roughly the female equivalent of Playboy. Strangely, it always seemed to have a woman in a low cut dress on the cover. It had always caught his eye, even before this had happened. He looked at this month's cover. Yep, as usual, there was a young woman wearing a skin tight blue Spandex number with her cleavage prominently displayed. Joe grinned as he looked at it. The sexy picture just didn't hold the same pizzazz anymore. He realized he was just as interested in the dress as what was in it.

As Joe thumbed through the pages, he read the ads with interest. Tampons, mini-pads, maxi-pads, hygiene products, women were bombarded with accessories for the female body and genitals. As he read an ad about a special soap, made just for the "outer vaginal area," it made him wonder if he might have a problem in that area. Then he remembered, as a guy he actually liked the smell of a normal, healthy woman. It was an unbelievable turn-on. Why should a woman want to mask that with some artificial flowery scent? Probably because they don't know that guy's aren't offended by their natural scent, and then become especially self-conscious when they read stuff like this.

He read an article about a sponge used for birth control. It was apparently placed inside the vagina, and it contained a spermicide which killed the little buggers before they could get to where they could do the job. This sponge thing wasn't prescription either. He wondered what it felt like, if it could be felt at all. He thought maybe, if he got to a drug store, wherever they sell stuff like this, he'd get some. He didn't know when the opportunity would present itself to bring the subject of contraception up to Dr. Krell, but if the possibility of intercourse ever occurred again, he wanted to be prepared.

Joe was just finishing the magazine when Sally came over to him. "Are you ready?" she asked, offering a friendly smile.

"Yes, I guess I am."

"Follow me, please," Sally said, turning and walking away.

They walked to the back of the shop, where there were chairs placed in front of small sinks, placed to allow easy shampooing the head.

"That's sure a lovely dress," Sally said. "It's just your color."

"Thank you. It's new."

Sally placed a towel around Joe's shoulders, and then had him sit back, with his head over the sink. She sprayed his hair with warm water. It felt great. As she massaged the shampoo into his hair, she began to speak.

"Linda tells me a friend cut your hair like this?"

"Yes, yes she did." Joe lied. "I was wanting to try something different, but guess I don't like it like this."

"How did you have it before?" Sally asked.

Joe wondered how to answer. He looked around, there were pictures of different styles on the walls. He finally found a picture of a dark blond woman, who looked a little like he did now, and whose hair style he liked.

"It was sort of like that," he said, pointing to the picture. "A little shorter in front, though."

"And you didn't like that?" Sally exclaimed. "Girl, it'll be a year before I can get your hair like that again."

"I don't need it to look like that. Just make it look as good as you can."

"Do you have any idea as to what you would like?" Sally continued.

"Any suggestions?" Joe countered, having no idea what to say.

Sally went to a large book, thumbed through it, and then presented a page for his comment.

"I think you have about enough length to try this. It might be a little short, but I think it would work."

"Let's try it." Joe had no desire to drag it out, and he did kind of like the sort of page-boy cut she offered. Besides, the length of his hair probably offered few other possibilities.

When his hair was washed, Sally led him over to a chair somewhat like a barber chair, but apparently not as adjustable. Sally placed a silky drape over him and fastened it around his neck. Then she brushed his hair. She walked around Joe and then took scissors and snipped a few hairs, then she took out a spray can of stuff. She sprayed a little of whatever it was, and combed his hair some more.

"This won't take long," Sally said. "You have very easy to work hair, and this style is very simple."

She was finished in an amazingly short time, and then swung the chair around so that Joe could get a good look. He had already been watching in the mirror on the other wall, so he knew that his hair wasn't changed much, but that it was made to look quite feminine. There would certainly be no need to wear the wig anymore.

"I like it," Joe complimented. "You did a fine job."

"Well, it's a little too short to do much with," Sally apologized. "You come back in a month, and then I can make it a little better."

Joe smiled. "Thanks a lot. Thanks for the quick service."

"You tell Linda hello for me." Sally said, as she took Joe's credit card.

"I will."

"Linda says you're from St. Louis?"

"Yes. I'm staying with Linda. I think I like the Phoenix area."

"Well, welcome to the desert, we're glad to have you."

"Thanks." Joe said again. "Thanks for everything."

"Oh, by the way," Sally said. "Do you have any of this styling spray?"

Joe didn't, of course. He took the plastic spray bottle from her hand and looked at it. NEXUS MAXXISTYLER. He probably better take some. "No, I don't think I have any of that," he admitted truthfully.

"Do you want me to add it onto your card?"

"Yeah, I think that would be best." Joe didn't have any idea what this stuff would cost, and he figured he only had about twenty-five dollars in the little handbag.

"I'll tear up the old ticket, and re-figure it."

When she was done, Joe signed the ticket, retrieved his card, and, saying his goodbyes, went out the door. He touched his new hairdo. It was quite stiff, not at all soft like he thought it would be. He liked softer styles, not the heavily moussed styles which were the current fashion. He'd have to be careful not to mess this up.

As he started his engine, he glanced at the clock in the dash. It was only ten thirty. The whole hair thing had taken less than an hour. He always thought that women spent the afternoon in places like that. Of course, he thought, most of them don't have hair like this either.

He had been planning to go to work after lunch. They had said there wouldn't be much going on in the morning, and probably there would be nothing at all for him to do. What could he do to kill a few hours, he wondered?

He remembered the ad in the magazine, the one for the contraceptive sponge. Maybe he could look for some of those. He knew if he ever found himself alone with a guy, Jay, or maybe even somebody else, he wanted to have something to use. He didn't want to trust the guy to have a condom, and he didn't want to carry some of those himself. With Jay, he could explain it, but with a stranger, he didn't want to think about it. He wondered if he, or the other guy could tell when it was in there. He grinned, what did he mean, the other guy? He was thinking about getting something to stick in a vagina, HIS vagina. And yet he was still thinking about himself as one of the guys. Old habits were sure hard to break.

As he drove along, he came to the large food and drug supermarket where he usually shopped. He figured that the personal products aisle had those sponges. He had bought condoms there before, and remembered seeing the display for them when they first came on the market. Who would have thought that now he would be thinking about some of them for his own use?

Joe parked his car the way he always did when he went to a large parking area, he parked about mid-lot, away from the other cars, the owners of which all seemed to love bashing their doors into his thin-skinned RX-7. The difference now was that it was much more work walking the distance in these heels than the relatively comfortable men's shoes he had always worn.

He went into the store and went straight for the personal hygiene shelves. There, among tampons, maxi-pads, and of course condoms, he found just what he was after.

The package in his hand said Today's Sponge. There were only three in the box, and it cost four dollars and seventy-five cents. Wow! He hadn't really thought much about price, he just figured they would cost about as much as a rubber. All this sex stuff is expensive for a woman, he thought.

He looked at the box a moment, and read what little there was on the back. It mainly said the directions were inside. Then he decided to buy them. He looked around at the other things on display, mostly feminine hygiene products, and wondered if he should get something else, too. He decided that he would try to get Linda to help him with that. Early on, he had impulsively purchased a box of panty-liners. He still had them, so if anything did "sneak up" on him, he was covered. Having a female body was significantly more complex than being male, he was starting to realize.

He carried the box up to the counter, and when he saw that there were only two checkouts working, and that both were staffed by young men, boys actually, he almost decided to put it back on the shelf and leave. Then, as he thought a little more, he screwed up his courage, and went toward the counter. There was nothing to be embarrassed about, was there? It was no different now than buying condoms before. He remembered his first time for doing that, and just how nerve wracking it was, and was hard put to suppress a grin as he walked to the young man behind the counter.

The checkout boy eyed Joe with a combination of male curiosity and teenage lust. Though it was Joe's first time to be the object of teenage male hormones, he knew immediately that the young man on the other side of the counter had already undressed him with his mind. Joe, rather than look embarrassed to be the object such an obvious inspection, decided to play it to the hilt. He looked down at the collar of his dress, and when he saw that it was open slightly, he decided to pay for the purchase with a credit card.

When the young man saw what this very attractive, sophisticated, older woman of maybe twenty-five with a fantastic bod was buying, it really made his hormones go into turbo mode. Joe could see that the young fellow had trouble keeping those curious eyes off his chest, and that it even took the lad two passes to enter the box of contraceptives into the pricing scanner. He hadn't realized how easy it was, how obvious, to tell when a male was out of his mind with desire. Of course, when you're seventeen, it doesn't really take that much, he remembered. The young man tore the sales slip from the register, and gave it and the card back to Joe for him to write his name and phone number.

Joe casually bent over to sign the ticket, being careful that the top of his dress was open and in view of the sales boy. There must be some law against this, he thought, keeping his face down to prevent the young man from seeing the grin on his face. He could see that he was giving him a good view of cleavage, and even a good view of his

black bra. It was evident the kid was in voyeur heaven. The bulge in the crotch of his jeans appeared to be in danger of ripping out. Joe found his own heart begin to beat a little faster as he realized he, too, was enjoying the little flirting session. It was so amazing. Men, especially young men, were so easy. They seemed to be almost totally visually oriented, and apparently, he now had the ability to make most of them act like this. He was amazed at the extent of his new power.

He slowly finished signing, did his best to put on a straight face, and then stood erect, pushing his chest out and smiling as he looked the young man straight in the eye. The young man didn't make eye contact however, as he was still eyeing Joe's boobs. Joe had noticed that now even Jay sometimes seemed to stare at his chest when they spoke. Joe wondered if that happened to most women, and guessed that it probably did. He knew he was probably guilty of doing it too, at least sometimes. Although he found it somewhat embarrassing, he realized that it was actually sort of an unspoken compliment.

"Thank you for shopping Medex," the young man blurted, having said it so often that luckily, he could say it without thinking.

"Thanks a lot," Joe said smiling, speaking softly and demurely while picking up the package. He knew his voice (which though still changing, and still held just a trace of male huskiness) now sounded rather sexy whenever he spoke softly. At least that's what Jay had told him the other night. He thought it might be just the thing to top off this little display. It all made him feel absolutely wicked as hell. Being ogled could be as much fun as being the ogler, he decided. I didn't ask to look like this, he thought, but I don't see why I can't have a little fun with it.

Leaving the store, Joe drove the short distance back to Linda's and took the package to his room. Curious about how to use the sponge, he couldn't resist opening the package to read the instructions. He looked at one still inside the wrapper. It was round, sort of like a little pillow, and it had a little loop on it, probably there to pull it back out. It seemed pretty large, but he knew that there was more room in there than it seemed. He was surprised to find that the instructions recommended that a condom still be used with the sponge. He had been hoping that with the sponge, he could experience what intercourse felt like without the guy's penis sheathed inside a condom. He wasn't sure why he felt that way exactly, but he knew the screwing with a rubber felt much different for the guy, and he thought it might feel different now too. Would finding out be worth the slightly increased risk of pregnancy? That was hard to say. The whole idea of getting pregnant was still so foreign that he couldn't even imagine it.

He took a couple of the sponges and placed them in his shaving kit, the place he used to keep a couple of condoms. That seemed a little ironic when he considered it. The last one he left in the box, which he placed in the cabinet under the sink in his bathroom. He didn't know what he might need it for, but it wouldn't hurt anything there, and he doubted Linda would find it.

After one last check in the mirror, admiring his new hair, he gathered up his little handbag and went to his car.

It was almost lunch time and he decided to stop and catch a bite to eat before reporting for work. One quick burger at Wendy's was enough, and he finished it quickly, having to continually remind himself that people would notice now if he ate his food as quickly as he usually did.

When he finished his lunch he drove to Honeybone. He parked his car, and, as he walked to the security checkpoint, he saw the gate guard was watching him approach. Joe wondered if the man recognized him, or if he watched all the women that closely. Damn likely he did, Joe figured.

When he presented his badge to the guard, the man cleared him through with only a wide grin and a friendly wave. Yeah, the man had recognized him, Joe figured. Probably they all did. He was glad that everyone had been so understanding about what had happened. He thought it would be much different. So far though, everyone at work was very nice to him and the others. He couldn't vouch for the others, but up to now he couldn't say he had experienced any teasing or persecution. He was glad of that. As difficult as it was to get accustomed to looking so female, it would have been much harder if they also had to endure all the other guys teasing and discrimination. Of course, it was all still new, and the whole idea was just so outlandish, so unbelievable, that there was more curiosity than anything else.

Joe walked the maze of halls to his desk in the Certification Department, his mid-heeled pumps clicking on the polished terrazzo in the main hallways. He passed other employees, some of whom he recognized, but none that he knew well. They didn't seem to recognize him. When he reached his work area, there was no one else around. He wondered where they might be, and decided that it was likely they were in the lab. He went back down the hall and entered the double doors of the lab.

Inside the lab he recognized his boss, Jim Matheney, Dr. Krell, Dr. Roberts, and Karen. There were three or four others also, but he didn't recognize any of them. Dave, Mike, or Tim were not there.

"Good afternoon, Joe," Jim called across the room to him as soon as he saw who he was.

"Hi," Joe responded, waving to them, they had all turned when Jim spoke.

"Your hair looks pretty good," Karen said as she came over to him.

"Yeah. Linda suggested I try it. I went to someone she suggested. It sure feels cooler than the wig," Joe said, grinning.

"You're looking good, Joe," Jim said, habitually shaking his hand when he reached him.

"Thanks, Jim." Joe said. "Where are the others?" He had expected Dave and Mike to be there.

"Well, Dave was here this morning," Jim answered, "but he left after about an hour. I don't think things are going as fast as he would like. These folks are pretty methodical, and they don't ever get rushed."

"Do you know where Dave went?" Joe wondered.

"No, unless he went back home," Jim continued. "If you have anything else you need to do, feel free to come and go as you please. They don't seem to need much help from us, and I'll give 'em anything they might need."

"Thanks," Joe said, "but I think I'll stay a while anyway. What's going on?"

"Right now they're just setting up the cages and getting the computers working," Karen answered. She pointed at the row of cages designed to hold small animals across one wall.

At a desk nearby, two men were working on a personal computer, hooking up the monitor and printer. It was probably used for record keeping, and perhaps for typing reports. It was plain these people were in it for the long haul.

Joe walked over to where the men were working. One looked up at him, smiled, and said hello. He obviously had no idea who Joe was.

Dr. Krell came over to where Joe was standing. He greeted Joe with his usual friendly warmth.

"What do you think?" the little man asked smiling. "Will this do it?"

"I hope so," Joe answered. "What are you planning to put in the cages?"

"We have been able to obtain five rhesus monkeys," Dr. Krell answered. "I think we should try some experiments with primates first, don't you?"

"You're the doctor."

"Why, that's right, isn't it," Dr. Krell answered, as if he just realized it. The man obviously had a sense of humor.

Joe looked around at everything. It was obvious that it would probably be another day at least before they were ready to try anything. Somehow, he had thought that they would just be ready immediately, but when he considered what they were actually trying to do, the scientific approach was absolutely required here. It was his first experience with biological testing.

Just then, there was a page over the intercom for Jim Matheney. Jim went to a nearby phone, and punched in a number. He listened and spoke for a minute, looking over at Joe now and then. He hung up, and came over to Joe.

"That was Mr. Peterson," Jim said. "He found out about what happened, and he wants to know all about it."

Mr. "Pete" Peterson was the president of Honeybone. His office was in Minneapolis. Joe had met the man only once, and was surprised at how much interest he had shown in the many facets of the big corporation he headed.

"Is he coming here?" Joe asked. He wondered if the man would want to meet him.

"Well, actually, he wants you to come there," Jim answered. "Do you have any problem with that?"

"Problem? Why should I?" Joe didn't relish the idea of being the subject of discussion and being put on display, but considering what had happened, it was probably inevitable.

"Well then, how about taking the Cessna up to Minneapolis tomorrow?" Jim asked. "I don't think you'll have to be gone more than two days."

"All of us?" Joe asked.

"Well, he only asked for one, but I guess it wouldn't hurt for all of you to go. Well, no, maybe just you. Perhaps we better keep Dave and Mike here in case they might need one of you for something."

Yeah, Joe thought. Heaven only knows what they might need any of them for. But he shook his head in agreement. "Okay. If Mr. Peterson wants to see me, I'll go. Can I take someone with me?"

"I suppose so. Just who did you have in mind?"

"Well, I don't know if he'll be able to get away," Joe responded. "But I'd like my friend Jay to come along. He's an attorney, and since I don't know what Mr. Peterson really wants, I'd like Jay to be there to help me answer any questions."

"So you feel you need legal representation?" Jim asked, obviously concerned.

"Don't worry." Joe said, a grin forming on his face. "I don't plan on any legal action, or anything like that. As long as the Company continues to help us with this mess."

"Don't you worry about that. They only want to help you guys back. I honestly believe they have no plans to exploit any of you."

"Well, I hope you're right. I really do. But I'll feel better if Jay goes along anyway. Besides, he's my instrument student, and I can help him get some multi time."

"Well I guess it'll be OK, Joe. Just don't mess everything up by coming across as too threatening."

"Have I been any trouble so far?" Joe asked. "I'm the one who's lost my balls. Remember?"

"Okay. Okay. You're probably right." Jim laid his hand on and squeezed Joe's shoulder. "If it happened to me, I'd probably want legal representation present when I talked to the Man."

Jim called the hangar, and scheduled the plane for tomorrow morning. He told the scheduler to plan for an 0600 takeoff. Joe calculated in his head, and figured he could get the 425 into Minneapolis before noon.

When Jim hung up, Joe looked at his boss. He had just thought of another problem. "If you really don't care, I think I'll leave now. If I have to go into cold country, I'll have to get some warm clothes that fit."

"Sure. No problem. And don't forget to turn in your expense reports. Everything you need will be covered. Get some nice stuff."

"Don't worry, I will," Joe said, smiling as he gathered up his stuff to leave.

He thought he'd call Jay at work from Linda's, and then go on another shopping spree. Although the early spring in Phoenix was quite warm, it was still cool in Minnesota, and he hoped he could find some clothes like he needed. He wondered if he could get Linda to help him pick out some clothes. She made it all seem so easy, almost fun. He never cared much about buying clothes when he was getting men's things, but it was different now. So many options, textures, colors, and styles. He had to admit, he actually looked forward to shopping for clothes now.

As he walked out to his car, he felt the afternoon sun in his face, and felt another one of those good feelings rush through his body. He didn't know what caused them, maybe the new hormones or something, he just knew that he had only felt them within the last week, never before. It was an unusual feeling, and it made him wonder if "real" women felt it. If they did, they probably didn't even recognize it, he considered. Just like he had never really noticed the sexual tension he had as a male, until it disappeared along with his testicles.

Joe drove into the drive at Linda's and went in to make some phone calls. He had plenty left to do today to get ready for tomorrow.

Chapter 27

THURSDAY NIGHT PRE-FLIGHT

When Joe arrived back at Linda's there was no one home. Linda was still at work. He wanted to call Jay and find out if he could travel to Minneapolis with him tomorrow. He'd also need to go shopping, since so far he had nothing but warm weather clothes. It was still chilly in Minnesota, and Joe would need something to keep warm.

Joe went straight into his room and kicked off his shoes. Now, he hardly noticed walking with the heeled pumps, but when he took them off it felt very good. He rubbed his tired feet through the nylon of his pantyhose.

He lay back on the bed and grabbed the phone, punched in Jay's number at work, and waited for his secretary to answer. When she did, Joe asked for Jay and was immediately put through.

"Hello. What can I do for you, Joe?" Jay asked cheerfully. It was plain that he was glad to hear from his friend.

"What are you doing tomorrow, pal? Can you get away for a couple of days?"

"I might. It's been a little light around here this week. What do you have on your mind?"

"I just came from work," Joe explained. "I have to go to see the president of Honeybone tomorrow. He's in Minneapolis. I'd like you to come along if you can."

"Is this professional? Or do you just want company?"

"Well, I would like you to help with advice if I need it. Of course, who knows what else might happen." Joe spoke the last sentence as seductively as he could.

"Oh yeah?" Jay answered in mock excitement. "I can hardly wait." Although he was teasing, obviously he really was looking forward to seeing Joe.

As he thought this, Joe began to feel the little tingle he often had as he thought about Jay. "Be at the hangar at 0600 tomorrow. I think we can make Minneapolis well before noon. We'll have the 425, you can get some turbine multi time."

"Do I need to take anything along?"

"Well, bring enough clothes for two days. I don't think you'll need any of your attorney stuff. If we have any questions in that area, I think you'll have time to work it out."

"Okay." Jay said enthusiastically. "What are you doing this evening?"

"I just have to go shopping. It's still kind of cold there, and I don't have any warm clothes that fit."

"I was going to invite you to racquetball after work. Just a game of three sets."

"Yeah, I know I ought to do that, too," Joe replied. "I think my butt is still getting bigger."

"It looks pretty nice to me," Jay complimented.

"No. I mean it," Joe went on. "I really do think my hips and my butt are getting bigger. God, I really don't want to have big hips and a huge butt."

"Joe, your butt is fantastic looking. It's got a long way to go before it's too big. Trust me on that."

"You don't have to feel it."

"But I will if you want me to," Jay teased.

"Aww, cut it out," Joe whined. "If you'll just stop teasing me, maybe I'll actually let you sometime."

"Promises, Promises. You probably tell that to all the guys."

"No, only two or three. I usually just do it myself."

"I'll bet you do at that," Jay mused.

"Anyway, I don't know If I can make it tonight," Joe said, changing the topic back to the original. "Maybe we can do something tomorrow, at the Radisson Plaza. Just bring your clothes and your racket."

"Okay, I'll do that. It's a lot more fun playing with you now. The scenery's sure better, and now I know I'll win too."

The last statement was probably true, Joe thought. It bugged him to know that he was no longer capable of the level of play required to beat Jay at will. Hell, he'd probably be even worse now than last time.

He didn't know what made his play so mediocre now. Sure, he probably wasn't as strong, but why did he have to be so slow too? It seemed his only ploy could be to distract Jay by getting in front of him and then trying to do something provocative. Maybe it might be cheating, but now it was the only chance he had.

Joe wondered if the Phoenix area department stores, which he knew were now filled with summer things, would even have what he needed to buy. He guessed that he could probably find a jacket, and maybe a suitable coat, but what about a cool weather dress, or pants? Maybe what he had on would do in a pinch, but it really did look a bit sunny. Of course, everybody there would know he was from the Southwest anyway, and no matter what he could get, it would probably look different from the local style in Minnesota, whatever that was. Suddenly he realized he was becoming much more fashion conscious than he had ever been before. Was this part of being a girl too?

He swung his watch around on his wrist and checked the time. It was three in the afternoon. Only two days ago his new watch fit rather tightly on his wrist. Now it felt a little loose, just more evidence that he was still changing, all over. He wondered what he'd end up like, how he'd look, when it all stopped, assuming that it had to, eventually. It just had to. Didn't it?

Feeling restless, Joe went out into the sunken living area. As he dropped into one of the overstuffed chairs, he noticed the TV Guide on the table, next to the remote control. He reached down and gathered both of them to him, and then tucked his slick nylon covered legs under him. When he did, he could again detect the increased flexibility the change had given his body. It was weird, the feeling was like he had just somehow become younger, more flexible, over night.

Joe punched on the TV, and then started paging through the TV Guide. Afternoons were soap operas or Oprah Winfrey. Joe turned the channel to Oprah, and when the commercial spot finished, Joe found himself watching a show about transsexual couples. Although he knew the subject was a popular one with Oprah, Donahue, and Geraldo, Joe now had a much greater interest in the subject.

One of Oprah's guests was a postoperative male to female who was still living with his/her ex-wife. Seeing them made Joe think about Dave. This guy-turned-girl appeared to be in her mid-thirties, and was actually quite attractive. Her 'wife' was probably about the same age, and was rather plain looking. Although they were not with

them on the show, this unusual couple said they had two children, the result of their ten years of marriage before the father decided to seek help for his lifelong gender identity problem, help which had eventually changed him into a quite attractive woman, probably even better looking than his former wife.

Joe began to think about his talk with Linda last night. How would she react in a situation like this? Sure, Linda was certainly prettier than this woman, but Joe also knew that Linda thought she wasn't as good looking as he had become.

The interview/discussion was amazingly frank, with the couple discussing such intimate things as their former and current sex lives. Each said that, although things had changed 'somewhat', they both still enjoyed satisfying sex. It made Joe wonder about the woman. Was she really happy living with this man she had married, who could now be nothing but her lesbian lover? Joe thought about what Karen had revealed to him about how sex felt since her operation. Maybe this ex-guy was as sexually satisfied as he/she could be, but his wife, Joe couldn't help but wonder if she was truly happy now. Then again, maybe she really was a lesbian, and Joe couldn't even imagine what that was like. When he was with Linda, even now, he still thought of them as man and woman, even if what they did together now might seem homosexual to an outsider. Homosexuality had to be a state of mind, he thought, not the physical appearance of the body.

The interesting television show made the time pass quickly, and before long it was four o'clock. Soon, Linda would be pulling into the drive. Joe knew she'd probably look forward to going shopping. She always did. Before, he had hated it, and whenever she suggested a trip to one of the malls, Joe would try to beg off, and usually succeeded. Now, the thought of spending the evening looking at clothes seemed far less dreadful.

Joe looked down and straightened his dress. Only a week, and he was amazed how natural it felt to dress like this, even to look like this. Had he unknowingly been a closet transsexual all along? He didn't think so. While he had always considered the whole idea of a person changing gender intriguing, he had never considered it something he would ever want to do. But in only a week, and here he was, wearing this dress, not to mention the things under the dress, and it all felt as natural as the way it fit his new shape. And even the new shape was feeling more natural every day, too, he mused.

Soon Joe heard Linda's car pull into the drive. She came in and seemed surprised to see Joe home already. "Hi," she said, leaning

over the back of his chair and giving Joe a peck on his cheek. "Home already?"

"Yeah. There's not much happening that they need me for, and I have to get ready to go to Minneapolis tomorrow."

"Minneapolis? What for?"

"The president of Honeybone wants to see me. I can only guess what it's about." Joe grinned thinly.

Linda walked around to the front of his chair. She looked at him, and made a face like a big sister seeing a younger sibling wearing makeup for the first time.

"What's wrong?" Joe asked.

"Nothing." Linda replied. "I was just looking at your hair. It looks pretty good. Still a little short, but acceptable."

"It only took Sally fifteen or twenty minutes for her to cut it like this." Joe said. "So you think it'll be OK?"

"Oh yeah," Linda said. "It will be much better when it grows out some more, but it's not that bad now. Actually, except for the lighter color, you remind me of Maggie O'Connell, that woman on Northern Exposure."

"Not that bad? What are you trying to tell me?" Joe hadn't seen the TV show Northern Exposure, so he didn't know who the zany but attractive female bush pilot O'Connell was.

Linda giggled. "Don't worry about it, Joe. It really is OK."

"You don't spread much confidence when you make that face." Joe objected.

"God, Joe, don't forget, I'm still trying to get accustomed to the idea of you looking like that. The hair is only a minor part."

"You're telling me."

Linda went to him, and gently brushed her hand along his cheek. She would never have done that before, Joe thought. The relationship is changing for her too.

"What do you have planned for this evening?" Joe asked suddenly, breaking the short silence.

"Oh, I don't know, nothing I guess."

"How would you like to go shopping with me? I have to get some warm clothes for Minneapolis tomorrow."

"Sure," Linda said immediately. "That would be fun."

"Now why did I just know you'd say that?"

"When do you want to go?"

"Any time. We can get a bite when we're done."

"Yeah," Linda agreed. "Let's see, you'll need a coat, maybe a jacket, some sweaters, the selection probably won't be too good right now." She thought as she spoke.

"Where should we go?" Joe knew Linda loved to shop, or even just talk about shopping.

"If we leave soon, we'll have time to check the stores at Woodland," Linda said enthusiastically. She was serious and didn't realize that Joe was finding it all slightly hilarious.

"Then I guess we had better go."

"Do you have everything you need?"

"I don't know. I think my underwear's clean, what else do I need?"

Linda realized that Joe was teasing her. Her face reddened slightly when she saw he was grinning. "Do you want me to go, or not?" she asked, acting offended.

"Sure I do. Of course I want you to go."

"Well let's go, then. I don't know about you, but I'm famished."

"Just let me get my purse," Joe exclaimed, stopping for a second when he realized what he said. He was beginning to get accustomed to carrying it with him.

Joe went to his room and picked up the bag. He came back out and saw that Linda stood by the door holding hers, looking very ready to go. Joe wondered why she was so anxious to go shopping, but decided that she was probably always like that about shopping, he had just never noticed it before.

They buckled into Joe's RX-7 and drove to the mall. In a way it seemed familiar, Linda, his girl, sitting next to him while he drove. But in reality it was quite different. Now they looked like, and in a sense were, just two women going shopping.

They quickly arrived at the mall, and Joe parked where he usually did, away from most of the other cars, and the door dings which went with them. As they walked side by side into the store, Joe had to resist the habit of reaching out for Linda's hand.

When it came to shopping, Linda was the expert and Joe decided that his best move would be to follow her lead. She had good taste, and she knew what he needed better than he did himself. There was no reason to do anything else but walk along with her and try to act as much like a natural lady as he possibly could.

They walked into Bullocks first. Linda went straight to the department that sold coats. Surprisingly, there was still a fair selection, and they were on sale.

Linda removed a gray herringbone topcoat from the rack. She handed it to Joe and he looked it like it was some kind of foreign object.

"Go ahead, try it on," Linda suggested.

Joe swung the coat over his shoulders while putting his arms in the sleeves. The coat went to above his knees, and the silky taffeta lining felt so sensuous. He had almost forgotten that all this was going to be a treat for the senses, a lot more than just trying to buy some clothes.

The coat fit quite well, and Joe liked the look just fine. He figured he'd just buy it, but Linda wouldn't let it end that easily. She had other ideas.

She took a very dark blue long length coat from the rack and gave it to Joe, who dutifully tried it on. He liked the gray one better and he told her so. Linda put the coat back and selected another.

After four tries, Joe started to take coats from the rack himself. He had given up on the idea of getting it all over quickly, and he liked the gray one, but remembered where it was while he acted like he wanted to try others on. He wasn't paying particular attention to what he was choosing to try on, and some of his selections raised Linda's eyebrows.

"Do you really like that color?" Linda asked incredulously.

He was wearing a bright green, a color that even he could tell didn't go with his skin tones. He grinned sheepishly and put it back on the rack. Linda shot him a strange look.

When they had exhausted all possible choices, it seemed to Joe like it must have been at least twenty coats, Linda wanted to go to another store. Joe went back to the herringbone top. He tried it on again. Again he liked the feeling of the lining.

"Don't you like this?" Joe asked. He liked it best of all of them, but he trusted Linda's opinion and wouldn't buy it unless she agreed with his selection.

"Well, I guess it's not too bad." Linda said grudgingly. "Yeah, if you like it, maybe you should get it."

"I don't want it if you don't think it's absolutely right." Joe objected.

"No, I think it's very nice."

Women, Joe thought. Am I destined to be like that too?

They took the coat to the sales desk. The woman who had been helping them while they were trying on the whole rack accepted Joe's credit card and they walked out carrying a large package.

Next, Joe needed a dress. On the way, Linda noticed some sweaters on a rack on the back wall of a department that sold blouses. Joe decided that she must have the eyes of an eagle.

One of the sweaters was quite attractive, and they both liked it. Joe thought it looked a little small, but Linda thought it would fit him. She insisted that they go into the dressing room and try it on.

Since Joe was still wearing the olive dress, to try on the sweater he'd have to take that off completely. He wished he had changed to shorts and a blouse before he left. Linda went in the compartment with him, and watched as he took the dress off. Standing in his slip, Joe slipped the pullover sweater on.

"There, see. That's not too bad." Linda said.

Joe looked down at his chest. The woolen top fit a lot looser than he had thought, but it did emphasize his bustline somewhat. He pulled the lower edge down, which made the front appear even more snug fitting.

"Don't do that," Linda admonished. "It's supposed to fit kind of loose, sort of bulky."

"I know that," Joe objected. "I was just checking if it looked too tight."

"Dolly Parton you're not." Linda teased. "It's not too tight."

"Hey, these things are still growing," Joe objected.

"Yeah, sure," Linda said sarcastically. "You don't have to rub it in."

"Rub it in?" Joe asked. What did she mean? "Oh, I get it. Now you're jealous of my boobs."

"Well, they are a little hard to compete with. I don't think I've been that firm since seventh grade."

"Hey, I can't help it. I didn't ask to be this way any more than you did."

"I know. I know," Linda said. "It's just that when I see you, the way you look, that figure, it's hard to not feel just a little inferior."

"Don't forget, when I had a choice, I chose you." Joe told her. "You have nothing to be ashamed of. For me, all this is new, it's just a week old. In some ways, both physical and mental, I'm probably more like an adolescent than a mature woman."

"That's not helping, Joe." Linda said with a frown.

"I think I'll buy this." Joe said, trying to get off the subject of his new body parts.

"Its okay. It looks and I think it fits you fine," Linda agreed. "What else did you have in mind?"

"I was hoping you'd tell me," Joe said, grinning. "I think I should get a more casual jacket, too. I won't be dressed up all the time. And some longer pants. Maybe even some jeans. I want something to wear besides shorts and dresses."

"Ok. I guess you're right." Linda agreed. "Let's go downstairs."

The casual misses' things were on the lower level of the same store. Linda knew where everything was. Joe followed her down and the first things they came to were jackets.

Linda pulled a jade colored poplin jacket with a stand up collar and a contrasting sort of hot pink liner and trim. It was nice, looking rather like a ski-jacket, but without the shiny nylon. Joe tried it on, and as he walked to the mirror, he spotted a suede leather bomber jacket. It reminded him of his leather A2 jacket at his apartment. That had been his favorite jacket, and he realized it was probably way too big now.

Joe tried the poplin jacket on, and it fit just fine. He decided to buy it immediately, but also wandered over to the rack where the leathers were.

Taking the poplin jacket off and handing it to Linda, he pulled the suede jacket and tried it on. It was too small, and he removed it and checked the size. It said Juniors 11. He wondered what size he wore by that measurement. His male size had been 40 regular but, of course that was before his shoulders got like this, and of course, the boobs. He looked at Linda for advice. She grinned knowingly, and pulled another two sizes larger. Joe tried it on. It was much better, but still didn't fit just right.

"I really would like a jacket like this," Joe said. "But I want it to fit just right."

"Don't rush it," Linda advised. "You have plenty of time."

"Yeah," Joe agreed, realizing what she meant.

Joe paid for the poplin jacket, and they continued down the broad aisles toward the misses clothes.

It still seemed terribly strange for Joe to be buying clothes for himself in an area so obviously set up for young women. Of course, Linda didn't give him any time for introspection. She pulled some jeans from the rack and held them up to Joe's waist, trying to judge length. "Your legs are actually quite long," she said.

"Yeah, but I think they were longer," Joe said matter-of-factly. "But it's my upper body that seems to have changed the most." With one major exception, he thought to himself.

"Well, I think you should try these on," Linda said. "We'll start with this length."

Joe went into the dressing room. Now he'd have to remove his dress and his slip. The little cubicle was too small for Linda to accompany him and she waited outside the door. Joe removed his outer clothes and the slip. He tried on the Levis and was amazed how snug they fit his butt. Compared to his male jeans, they were tight around his now softer buns, and he could feel them riding into his crotch. The feeling was strange but not unpleasant. The length seemed OK to him too, but he figured Linda better check that. He didn't have a shirt to put on, but Linda was in the little secluded hallway to the cubes, not in the main store, and fortunately there was a mirror there too. What the heck, he thought, and opened the door and went out wearing only the jeans and bra.

Linda grinned when she saw him. The Levis fit his still developing feminine figure acceptably, but she thought the leg length should be a bit longer.

"Wait a second." Linda said.

She looked at the size numbers on the jeans he wore, and went back out into the store. In only seconds, she returned with another pair. Everything was the same but the length and Joe thought they fit OK. For now, anyway.

"What about my butt?" Joe asked. "I think it's still getting bigger. Won't these be too tight in a few days?"

"I don't know," Linda said. "I can only fit you now. If you're still developing, maybe you should wait till you stop. That's up to you."

"No. I'll take these anyway," Joe decided. "I'll wait a few days before I get some more."

Joe found a table with some turtleneck tops. He stopped and looked them over. Linda watched him hold one up to his chest. "Go ahead. Get it if you want it," she said. "You'll always be able to wear something like that, especially for layering."

Joe took a couple in colors he liked.

Nearby, they came to exercise clothes. Joe had always liked that area when he passed through this store with Linda. Now, he looked for a different reason. Sure, he still liked the way the shiny, snug fitting spandex looked, but he knew he liked the way it felt too. He looked at each item carefully.

"Do you think there's something you need from here?" Linda asked. "I thought you had some workout gear."

"I have one, but I just want to look at what they've got. I might find something else I want."

Joe came upon a short terrycloth robe. It only went to below his butt, designed as a cover-up for going to the locker room, or maybe with a swimsuit. He decided to buy that too.

"You're going to clean out the store," Linda teased. Usually, Joe just followed her disinterestedly, if he even went along at all. But now he was filling as many bags as they both could carry.

"If I'm going to be like this, I'm going to get what I want, and dress like I want."

"I can't argue with that," Linda agreed.

They both had their arms full as they staggered out of Bullocks. As they walked down the mall walkway, they came to the Victoria's Secret. Joe immediately lugged his many packages inside, while Linda followed obediently close behind. "Something you need here, too?" she asked.

"Yeah, I think so," Joe said, somewhat embarrassed by what he was after. He might look a lot like a woman now, and his interests were certainly changing, but it was still difficult to admit to Linda that he actually liked to buy, to wear, things like the stuff they sold here.

"What are you looking for?" she asked. "Something to wear to bed?"

"Yeah, I guess I could use something," Joe agreed. He did need to get some pajamas, or something like that.

Linda went to the rack with the flowery night shirts and the lacy satins. Joe liked the silky satins, but he wanted plain solids, without lace. Victoria's wasn't the best place to find things like that.

He finally agreed to a cotton knit boxer pajama set, decorated with delicate rose print and matching satin piping. It was a bit more feminine looking than he would have hoped, but he did like it. Linda found a matching knee length robe and talked him into that too.

When he finally had the night clothes out of the way, Joe tried to nonchalantly wonder over to the sexier panties and bras. He idly picked at them, checking the size, and when he found a panty he thought would fit him, he held it up. "I think this would fit. Do you like it?" He felt weird, as if he was now trying to dress to please Linda.

"Sure. But do you?" Linda asked, smiling.

"Yeah, I do. I think I'll get some of this stuff too. I do kind of like it."

He selected a few things, but Joe couldn't find the kind of thong back panties he was wearing. Maybe he'd have to get them when he went back to San Diego. No problem though, he did find some other treasures to bring home.

When they left Victoria's they were loaded with as much as they could carry. Joe had never been on such a massive clothes shopping trip before. But mostly, with only a few exceptions, he had actually needed the things he had purchased this evening.

They took their packages to the car, and then went for something to eat before returning home.

As they sat at their table eating, Linda began to speak. "Do you want to stay like that, Joe?"

Joe just looked at her and smiled. "The idea does seem to get more attractive every day, but I don't know. For now at least, I don't have any choice."

"You just look like you're so happy, I can't imagine you going back any more. Does that seem strange to you?"

"I don't know. I don't know what I want. I really don't even know what I am now. If I do stay like this, I guess maybe it wouldn't be all that bad."

"Do they have that equipment set up at your job yet?" Linda asked. "Can it do what it did to you, to somebody else?"

"That's one of the things they want to find out, I think. I don't think anybody really knows that."

"What do you think it would do to a woman?" Linda said quickly, as if afraid to ask the question.

"I don't know," Joe answered, curious as to what she was driving at. "Why, what did you have in mind?"

"Oh, nothing really, I was just wondering what would happen if I were to accidentally get zapped by that thing somehow. You know, would I suddenly grow muscles, get a hairy chest, stuff like that." She asked, nervously speaking with short, clipped words.

"Is that what you want?" Joe asked in surprise.

"How would you feel about it?" Linda countered.

"Oh, man. I'd have to think about that one."

"Think about it, then," Linda said. "If you're going to stay like that, and if that thing will reverse me like it did you, then I want to do it."

Joe realized that she was being quite serious. He hadn't expected Linda say anything like this. "OK. I'll think it over. But I hope you realize what you're saying."

"Joe, I've been thinking about it. For days now. If you have to stay like that, and we can't stay together like this, then I'm willing to try anything."

"But if it can change you, Linda, it should be able to change me, too."

"If Doctor Krell called you, right now, and said 'Get over here, we've figured out how to change you back' would you run right over?"

Joe stared ahead as he thought it over. She was right. He didn't know what he'd do. A few days ago the decision would have been easy, but now, whatever was happening to him had changed the whole perspective of what 'normal' was. Although he did long for the familiar, old way, he certainly didn't look forward to losing all this. And he also knew the longer it took, the harder it would be to go back.

"I don't know. I guess it's a good thing that he doesn't call, because I don't know what I would do."

"That's what I mean. I can see what's happening. It's written all over your face. Joe, whatever has happened to you, it has done more than change your body. I'm beginning to think it's really changed you into a woman. And if it can do the reverse for me, maybe we still have a chance together."

"But what if we don't?" Joe asked. "What if we were to sneak in the lab tonight, and turn the machine on you, and then found we really couldn't stand each other? Then what? Do you really want to spend the rest of your life as a man?"

"Would that be so bad?" Linda asked. "Until this happened to you, that was to be your fate."

"But look at you," Joe responded. "You're a beautiful, successful woman. Why would you want to voluntarily give that up for what would probably be a genetic crap shoot? Who knows how it would turn out? As you yourself told me, I was probably lucky that all I lost was my masculinity."

"I don't know, I think I'd make a pretty good man. Actually, it looks pretty easy."

"Well, trust me, there is no comparison," Joe said. "But I don't know how it could even work."

"I guess we'd just repeat whatever happened to you guys."

"No. That's not what I mean," Joe said. "For me, my chromosomes were XY, and now they're changed, damaged to appear to be XX. For you, or me for that matter, to change to XY, there has to be something to create the Y chromosome. I don't know how that

would happen. If it didn't, heaven knows what it would do to you. I think I'd let somebody else try it first," he added.

"Then you don't think it's possible?"

"Hey, I'm hardly the expert," Joe said, grinning. "I've only started reading on the subject, and new things are being learned every day. We should give them some time at the lab. Who knows what's possible till we try? If it does work, hell, we can take turns if we want. Or, be what we want, when we want."

"I can just see that," Linda said, giggling. "Having a closet with twice as many clothes, in two sizes."

"Tell me about it!" Joe said. He knew what that was like.

"What do you think could be caused by chromosome damage?" Linda asked, genuinely interested in pursuing the subject further.

"I don't know, almost anything, blindness, deafness, I guess you could even grow an extra arm or leg."

"That bad?" Linda responded. "I guess you're right, genes are the programming of the body. So like you said, almost anything is possible."

"Maybe we could work on it, and create our own design." Joe continued. His engineer's mind had started to run with the possibilities of genetic re-engineering.

"Our own design?" Linda asked innocently. "How do you mean?"

"Well, if we could break the code, then we could figure out which chromosomes do what. If we knew that we could shape ourselves however we'd like. There would be no need to have only two sexes. You could take your pick of the best parts of each. I know what I'd like to rework if I could." Joe went on. He was on a roll, and his imaginative mind had taken off.

"What's that?" Linda asked curiously.

"Well, why choose to be either all male or all female?" Joe asked logically. "I can tell you from my personal experience that there are some good things and some bad about both."

"What would you keep?"

"Well. You mean keep from what I look like now?" Joe answered. "Or before."

"Whatever," Linda asked again. "If you could choose, what would you want to look like, male, female, or what?"

"Gee, if I could choose, I know I'd keep the skin I have now. I like the way it makes me feel; everything is much more sensitive now. And maybe these boobs, they're kinda neat, once you get used to them being there. But I wouldn't want them to be too big. The way they are now would be OK, though."

"Well, I guess so," Linda agreed. "I don't know how anybody could ask for better breasts than yours. But what else?"

Joe thought a second, then answered. "I guess I'd want to keep my muscles, at least some of them. More than I have now, anyway. I sure wish my arms were a little stronger."

"That's all?"

"Well, if it were possible, I wish I still had a penis, at least sort of, I don't know," Joe stammered. "I mean, I am starting to get used to being like this, and I guess I don't really care that much about being able to have sex with a woman anymore, but it would be useful to have a penis to pee with. Like this, a zipper is useless. You don't really know what I mean, you've always been like you are, but, maybe if it could be made retractable or something." Joe grinned.

"A retractable penis? You'd want a retractable penis?"

"If it were possible, yeah, why not? It might be the best of both worlds."

"I don't know," Linda considered. "I think if I had a penis, I'd want it to be like all the other guys'."

"I don't know, maybe I would, too, but keep an open mind," Joe said, smiling widely as he watched Linda thinking about what she wanted.

They finished eating and Joe paid the bill. Joe and Linda left the restaurant and drove home. They carried the packages into Joe's room and opened them. Joe tried on some of the items for Linda and she critiqued them and helped him with wearing them. Joe found that he now loved to try on clothes, so unlike the way he was only a week ago.

Since he had to leave early in the morning, Joe began to prepare his bag for the trip. Linda helped him decide what to take, and when Joe packed his exercise wear and racquetball stuff, she wondered why he was taking that.

"Jay wants to play racquetball," Joe said matter-of-factly.

"I thought you couldn't play that well anymore."

"I can't," Joe said grinning. "But Jay likes it that way, It's the only time he's been able to beat me."

"How would you like to go to aerobics with me?" Linda asked. "It wouldn't be so competitive."

"Okay, maybe I will sometime. After I get back."

When his bags were all ready, Joe undressed and prepared to shower. He went into the bathroom, removed his underwear and washed it out by hand, then took a shower. When he finished, he hung the wet lingerie on the glass shower door handles.

Naked, Joe went back into his bedroom. He found the new pajamas, and stepped into them. They fit perfectly, and he looked at his image in the mirror. As usual, there was that attractive woman looking back. Did he want to stay like this, or be a guy again? On the surface, the choice was easy. It was fantastic to look and feel like this. But should he? Was he destined to spend the rest of his life as a woman, or return to male, the way he was born?

Linda, who had been in her own room showering too, soon came back. She was wearing pajamas now, too, and as male looking as she could find. She had tied her hair back, making it as short looking as she could. Joe had to wonder if she was already trying to act like a man just to please him.

"You try to imagine me as a guy." Linda said with all seriousness. "And I'll try my best to act like one."

"You really don't have to do this," Joe said, grinning at her. It was hardly possible to see Linda as a man just because of the way she wore her hair, or clothes.

"But I want to." Linda said. "I wish I could really be a guy for you and if I ever get the chance, I'll change whatever I must to do it."

Joe took her into his arms. Maybe Linda wanted to act like a man, but when he held her, there was no way she could hide her trembling femininity. They wrapped their arms around each other and just held on tightly. Maybe the feelings he had for her were not the same as they had been, but he couldn't deny they each held strong feelings for each other.

"Let's go to bed," Joe said. "I have to get up pretty early."

"Okay. Let me hold you as if I were a male. Try and forget what I look like."

They got into bed and Joe set the alarm for four AM. He turned off the light and crawled under the sheet. When he did, Linda came to him and wound her hand under his pajama shirt, fondling his breasts. It was obvious from the way she acted that she was trying to act like he had to her when he was male. Since she knew what felt good, her touch made Joe's body respond. Not knowing what she'd want him to do, Joe didn't reciprocate, but just lay there and enjoyed what Linda did to him. Soon, her hand found its way into his pajama bottoms and she began to gently stroke between Joe's legs. Joe couldn't resist moving his hips in unison with her knowledgeable touch, and soon felt his breath come in gasps. Linda pulled the sheet away and quite forcefully pulled Joe's bottoms down to his knees.

Joe worked his feet out of the pajamas and then spread his legs apart, giving in to whatever Linda wanted to do. She went down and gently flicked her tongue along Joe's aching clitoris. He put his hands on Linda's head and stroked her hair as she pleased him. Just as he began to feel the urge to have something inside his vagina, Linda must have read his mind, because she reacted by placing first one finger, and then another, slowly and gently into his wet vaginal opening. As she worked on his clitoris with her tongue, she slowly moved her fingers around, making Joe almost pass out with pleasure. In what seemed like only moments, Joe felt a now familiar warmth start at his pelvis and move outwards and upwards. He placed his hands on his breasts, enjoying the feeling from both sides. Joe's legs stiffened involuntarily and he could feel his muscles rhythmically contracting on Linda's fingers. Female orgasm involves your whole body, he thought, as he writhed in pleasure.

When the climax was complete, Joe wanted to hold Linda in his arms. She willingly complied and began kissing him all over. When she kissed his lips Joe could smell and even taste the scent of his own genitalia on her lips. The familiar aroma didn't bother him, but he suddenly remembered how erotic the same odor had been when he was male. Now, however, it no longer had the same arousal effect on him. Not that he needed it anyway.

Joe held Linda and she held him. Whatever they considered themselves now, there was no doubt that they could still make each other happy. But would the world let them?

Chapter 28

ON TO ST. PAUL

It seemed that Joe had just fallen asleep when the clock radio sounded the alarm. He gently unwound himself from Linda's arms. Another morning, another day.

Looking at the glowing numbers on the radio, Joe saw they read 04:00. Four in the morning. God, it felt like he had just crawled in the sack. He had to get up immediately though, since he had promised a show time of six at the hangar.

Without making his regular morning examination, Joe sat up and put his legs over the side of the bed. His bare legs poked from under the top of the new pajamas. The bottoms lay on the floor next to the bed. He grinned when he thought about the way Linda pulled them off of him last night. He had never had anyone actually pull his pants off before. Of course, things were a lot different now. Especially after what Linda told him last night. He still didn't know how to take that.

Joe didn't turn the light on, but used the glow of the clock radio readout to walk into the bathroom. He closed the door before turning on the light in that room, sparing Linda the glare in case she happened to be awake. But, she gave no sign of that.

As his eyes adjusted to the light, Joe looked at himself in the mirror. The new hair cut was all mussed up, the styling stuff causing it to stay the way it was rumpled by the pillow as he slept. Before, he used nothing on his hair, and while it was hardly ever really what could be called neat, it never looked like this in the morning. He took his hair brush and carefully straightened it, thankful that it practically fell back the way it was yesterday. Maybe having this "girl" hair wouldn't be as hard as he figured.

As he raised his arms up to brush his hair, Joe could see pubic hair peek from under the pajama top. Still look like a girl, he thought to himself. Not a trace of his old genitals. With one hand, he felt there. The fine pubic hair was stiff with the dried secretions resulting from last night's excitement. He rubbed it briskly with his fingers making it soft again and as he went lower he touched wetness still there. Hmm, I don't remember feeling like this in the morning before, he thought.

Joe had to pee so he sat on the toilet, relieved himself and when he was through, wiped and carefully examined the tissue. Everything looked normal. He worried that maybe his period had begun, but the toilet paper was clear with not a trace of red or brown. Must just be wetter than usual, he concluded. Some of this female stuff is going to be nerve wracking.

Joe got up and flushed; then unbuttoned the pajama top with its tiny rose blossom print. He removed it and laid it on the counter, then inspected his bare chest in the mirror. It seemed that the growing curves still forming there looked slightly fuller when he peered down on them than they appeared in the mirror. Could it be his boobs actually were any bigger this morning? He looked carefully. It was hard to tell, but they were certainly no smaller. He stood at an angle to the mirror in an attempt to get a profile view of his new shape. As he looked, it again dawned on him that last week he didn't look at all like this. Only last Thursday night his chest was broad and hairy, not curvy and soft. It was so weird. Sometimes, these new breasts seemed like they were somehow something foreign, and yet these little mounds of fat or whatever they were, were part of him.

Standing there, looking at his reflection, Joe couldn't resist shaking his shoulders, causing all the new softness to bounce around provocatively. He still found it a source of amazement how flexible his chest had become in just a week. And his nipples, seven days ago less than a twenty-five-cent piece in size, now they were now larger than half dollars. While they were usually soft pink cones, they could harden to stiff points for almost any reason, and often did.

Joe took a washcloth and wet it with warm water. He carefully cleansed the folds and creases of his recessed genitals to remove the wet discharge. Although he hadn't really thought it was uncomfortable before, he was quite surprised at how much better he felt afterward. He rinsed the washcloth in the sink.

Standing naked, Joe carefully applied makeup. Not too much, since he was still quite inexperienced at it and he felt that none was better than too much. He finished with a little perfume, putting some at what he thought were strategically correct locations on his body. The smell reminded him of Linda, but he realized that it now was probably his scent, too.

Joe looked at the black underwear hanging on the shower door. He was tempted to put it on again, but though he was hoping for the opportunity to show it to Jay, he had already worn it two days consecutively. Maybe he had better try something else. He took the

black bra and panties from the door and carried them into the bedroom.

Joe retrieved his bag from the floor and placed it on the bed. He unzipped the side pouch that contained his underwear and placed the little black set in with the rest. He then went to his drawer and tried to decide which he wanted to wear today. It was so different from before. Then, he wore white Jockey shorts every day; he didn't have this assortment of colors, textures and styles.

Joe chose the beige hi-leg brief. Nothing all that sexy really, just normal everyday underwear, normal now that he was like this anyway. Compared to the feeling of the thong panty, he couldn't even tell he had this one on. Peering down at his body, he rubbed the slick nylon between his legs. So soft, so smooth,

For on top, he picked one of his two beige seamless cup front hook bras. Although it was everyday wear too, the un-decorated sheer cups looked almost transparent enough to let the dark circles of his areolae show through. Joe loved the way his boobs looked whenever wore it.

Feeling quite sexy with the underwear on, Joe went to the closet to try to decide what to cover it with. Although they had gone shopping last night to buy clothes for him to wear today, and had left the mall loaded down with bags, they had completely forgotten to buy a cool weather dress.

Joe saw the olive green dress that Linda bought for him, the one he wore yesterday, that would be the best, he thought. Hardly anyone had seen him in it, it was reasonable for cool weather, and it would probably be okay with his new coat. He took it off the hanger and lay it on the bed. He got a chemise from the drawer and the silver-grey half slip. Then he went back to the bathroom and retrieved the pantyhose he wore yesterday. He sat on the bed and went through the grunting and tugging process required to put them on. He hated to wear them, but he did love the way his legs looked once they were inside the Hanes Silk Reflections. He just hoped he wouldn't have to pee very soon.

Finally, he put the dress on, then went to the mirror. His image pleased him. He went to the bathroom and used his hairbrush to organize his hair. Not bad, not bad, he thought.

Linda had helped to pack most of the things into his bag. Joe wasn't even sure what all she had put in there. He was still using the same military issue looking bag as before, if I'm going to stay like this

for a while, perhaps I'd better get some more feminine luggage, he decided.

Getting his shaving kit and checking that the few cosmetics he used were in it, he then stuffed the kit into the bag too. He found his black pumps, and his Reeboks. He started to put his Reeboks into the bag, but changed his mind and stowed the pumps, going to the drawer and getting the last pair of athletic socks to wear. He put them on over the pantyhose. He decided to wear the Reeboks to fly, having found it difficult to do that wearing the pumps. There would be time to change when they arrived in Minneapolis.

When he was all dressed and packed, Joe looked at the time. It was only four-fifteen. He still had forty-five minutes till he had to be at the hangar. He wondered if he should eat something, or if he should get something along the way. The trip north would take three or four hours, he could fill the coffee pot on the plane, maybe he could pick up a few doughnuts. Yeah, that's what he'd do. He gathered up his flight bag, and remembered his hand bag. Taking both in hand, he started out of the room. Before he left, Linda spoke.

"Aren't you going to say goodbye?" she asked.

"I thought you were still asleep. I'll see you tomorrow night," Joe said, going to her.

She put her arms out, and hugged him tightly. They kissed, the same way they had done so many times before. For Joe, it simply wasn't the same. He looked at Linda and smiled.

Linda looked into his eyes. "I think you need to have your ears pierced," Linda said matter-of-factly.

"Why do you say that?"

"Oh, I don't know. I just think it would look right on you, that's all."

"Gee, I don't know. Would it hurt?"

"Hardly," Linda said, laughing. "Hey, what's the matter? Are you afraid to try something that probably most thirteen year old girls do?"

"I'm not afraid. But remember, I was a guy, maybe I still think like a guy, sometimes anyway, but all the external things which made me a man have either disappeared, or I can tell they're going fast. I just know I don't have the pain tolerance I did before. Everything is just too darn sensitive now. I can't help it."

"It doesn't hurt that much." Linda said. "I had mine pierced ten, no twelve years ago. I think I was seventeen."

"We can talk about it when I get back." Joe wasn't looking forward to it, however.

"I'll look for some earrings for you this evening," Linda replied. It seemed she really liked to buy female things for Joe.

"See you tomorrow."

"Call me when you get there," Linda said.

"Okay. I will." One final hug and he gathered his things and went out the door.

Joe drove the distance to the airport, stopping at a doughnut shop, and picking up dozen. Far too many for Jay and him, but there would probably be a couple of mechanics on duty at the hangar, and he knew they could inhale them.

The sun was up in force when he drove into the lot at the airport. He didn't see Jay's car yet. Five-forty-five. Plenty of time. Jay was never late.

Joe went in the gate. As he guessed, Bill and Rick, two Honeybone Aircraft mechanics, were already there, and were sitting in the break room. The 425 was already on the ramp. Joe knew they had already topped the fuel, and probably even had the coffee urn filled.

Joe greeted them and they returned it pleasantly. They never commented on his new status, probably too embarrassed to even mention it. Joe had been friends with each of them before the change, and it was initially awkward to be seen by someone he previously knew looking the way he did now, even if he had already become fairly used to the idea himself.

Joe put his bags on the table, went to the coffee pot and filled a cup. He could feel the eyes of the two young mechanics on him as he walked to and from the pot. He didn't blame them, he knew he was a curiosity.

He took his cup and sat with them at the table. "So, anything new with you guys?" Joe asked with a grin, trying to break the tension. Bill and Rick broke into laughter. Joe joined them. It was obvious that they had been uncomfortable, and his simple yet obvious attempt at humor over the situation was all that was needed to break the ice.

"God, Joe, I really can't believe it's you," Rick said. "I heard something had happened to all you guys, but it sounded like a bunch of bullshit. I can see it's true."

"Yeah, it's true all right. It's been a week now, and I'm starting to get used to it a little bit, but it is different."

"You sure do look like a woman." Bill said. "Sound like one too. How far does it go?" he asked curiously.

Joe grinned. "All the way, I guess. The doctors say even our genes have been altered."

"You mean, even your, I can see you got, er.. breasts, but what about, ah well, you know," Bill stammered.

"Everything. Like I said, it'll take some getting used to. For all of us."

"What's it feel like?" Rick asked. It seemed everybody wanted to know that.

"Well," Joe said, trying to explain for the umpteenth time. "It really isn't as different as you probably think. My muscle strength is still changing, stuff like that, but otherwise I guess I look more different from I feel. A few things that are a lot different, of course." Joe grinned.

"I guess so." Rick said. "Are you going to have to stay like that?"

"I don't really know. So far, they're trying to figure out just how it happened. When they can do that, then maybe they can find a way to change us back, if it's even possible."

"Are Dave and Mike changed like that too?" Bill asked.

"Yeah, they sure are. And Tim Werner, you know, the line boy at Thunderbird, it happened to him too. I guess it has something to do with the GPS tests. Tim was watching us calibrate the transmitter boxes."

"What's the company doing about it?" Rick asked. "Do you think it might affect us too?"

"I don't know who else it might affect, but if you haven't noticed anything yet, it probably hasn't done anything to you. So far, the company has been pretty helpful. I have to go see Peterson this morning."

"You sure don't act like you're pissed off, or anything." Bill noted.

"Well, at first I was, I guess. All I could think about was to find a way to change back, but after a while, I don't know, that doesn't seem as important now. I guess it's chemical, the hormones, or something. I really don't know."

"You mean you like to be like that. I mean you sure look great and everything for a woman, but, I mean, you're a guy. Don't you want your own body back?" Rick asked.

"Yeah, I know it seems funny. It does to me too. But you said I was a guy, and that's right, I WAS a guy. Now, I guess maybe I'm somehow getting accustomed to the idea of being female. I can't help it, but it just doesn't seem that bad anymore. This IS my body. It's a little different, sure, but it's still mine." He shrugged his shoulders.

"So you'd like to stay like that?" Bill asked. "How do you feel about women?" He added.

"I don't know, Bill. I don't really know. Women, of course, my feelings ARE different. I still like them, but in a different way, for sure. As you can imagine, I have to relate differently to them now. I guess I'm starting to get that way with guys, too," he added, grinning.

"You're starting to like men?" Bill asked.

"Well, I don't know about LIKING them. I just guess I'm starting to see them in a different way. But don't worry, I won't start chasing you around or anything," Joe said, smiling.

"Man, this is sort of weird." Rick exclaimed. "You sure are, er, ah, rather pretty, Joe. I hope you don't take that the wrong way." He smiled as he said it.

"Hey, I changed, but I didn't go blind. I know I look different. I can tell you, I feel different, too. But it's still me here. I still remember and know everything I did last week or last month. I guess I just have to get used to wearing different clothes." Joe grinned and pushed his chest out as he spoke the last sentence.

Rick's eyes went to Joe's breasts. "Damn, it's hard to believe those little yellow transmitter boxes could cause that," he said, ogling Joe's curves.

Joe felt a little like he had in the pharmacy, with the young check-out boy undressing him with his eyes. Again, he found he sort of got a charge out of being the object of attention. Was it just another normal "female" response coming out, he wondered to himself? Was

this what life around men was going to be like from now on? Constant subtle, sometimes not so subtle, flirting?

Joe sat up straight in the chair and unconsciously touched his hair. He didn't say anything, but just smiled at the two guys. He was still trying to think of something clever to say when the door opened and Jay walked in. Joe's eyes brightened when he saw his pal.

"Good morning, everyone," Jay said. "Where's the coffee?"

Joe pointed to the counter. Jay went to the pot and filled a styrofoam cup. Then he came to the table where the others were seated. "I feel like I just got to bed. I don't see how you guys can get up this early every day."

"You get used to it." Rick said.

"When you finish the cup, call DUAT and check the weather," Joe said to Jay, suddenly going into flight instructor mode.

"What airport at Minneapolis?" Jay asked.

"St. Paul, actually." Joe answered. "Downtown Airport."

Jay got up and went to the PC. After a few seconds trying to figure out how to use it, he got the terminal program to auto-dial the Direct User Access Terminal. He could use that to check the enroute and terminal weather. He figured out the airport identifier for St. Paul Downtown, Holman Field, STP. After typing in a few numbers, Jay sat back and waited. Soon the printer started churning out four pages of weather reports and NOTAMs. He took the paper to the table and handed them to Joe.

Joe looked at the weather carefully. Jay stood behind him, looking over his shoulder. "I like your hair," Jay said.

Joe looked back over his shoulder at Jay. He could tell he meant it. "Thanks, I guess. It's still a little short, don't you think?"

"Looks OK to me." Jay said. He was obviously still in some kind of awe of his changed friend.

"It looks like we can make it," Joe advised. Plan a route for best winds, not over, say, Flight Level 250."

Jay went to his brief case and started to remove some charts.

"Use the charts and flight manual in that Jepp case over there." Joe said, pointing to the rack by the wall which held three large, well worn cases. He planned to help Jay only if he asked for it. The turbo-

prop Cessna was capable of better performance than Jay's Mooney, but the procedures were essentially the same.

Jay had both the Victor and Jet Route charts spread out on the table by the time he had decided on a route. He presented it to Joe, who had been observing him carefully. Joe looked at it, and almost instantly accepted what he proposed. Joe had more flight experience than Jay, but actually he didn't make that many cross country trips either.

"Go ahead and file it," Joe said. "Plan Takeoff for 1200Z."

Bill and Rick had been watching them plan the flight. Although they both were A&P mechanics, only Rick was a private pilot too. Bill, although it was possible to get him in a plane if you had to, didn't really like to fly at all, but he was a very good mechanic. When they heard the proposed takeoff time, the two mechanics went out to the plane leaving Joe and Jay alone.

"Are we ready?" Joe asked.

"I think so. I know I have everything I'd need for the Mooney."

"I think we're ready too. I want to stop off at the restroom one last time."

"Yeah, me too," Jay said, and followed Joe.

Joe went into the ladies' room. Jay entered the men's. Jay finished first and was waiting for Joe when he came out. "You really are looking good today, Joe."

"Thanks," Joe returned. "You are too." He smiled.

Jay took his bag, his flight bag, and Joe's B-4 bag. When Joe objected, Jay just pointed to the Jepp case. "You carry that," was all he said.

Joe picked up his flight bag and the Jepp case. It was all he could carry to bring them. He had forgotten that he wasn't as strong as before. He followed Jay to the plane, walking a few paces behind his friend. Jay looked so big and strong carrying the baggage. Joe couldn't remember thinking of Jay as particularly strong before. He had always been slightly smaller than Joe. Not anymore.

The cabin door was open on the 425 and Rick was inside. The doughnuts were in the box on a seat and Joe saw that the coffee container was full. He hoped he wouldn't need to urinate on the flight. There was a potty under one of the aft seats, but he didn't want to go

through the gymnastics required to get his skirt up, his pantyhose and underwear down, and then squat on the little commode, just to pee. Three or four hours had been no problem before, but now, oh, for a zipper and cock, he thought, grinning silently to himself.

Rick squeezed passed Joe in the cabin, and Joe felt his right breast brush against Rick's arm. Joe looked at Rick, and Rick returned the glance, slightly embarrassed. Joe smiled and winked at him, then felt the blood rush to his face. What was he doing? Flirting with one of his former buddies? Rick just smiled and went out.

Joe placed his bags on the seat and went back out, too. The mechanics always did a thorough job with pre-flight, but Joe always performed his own quick walkaround. Jay followed him around the plane. He had placed their bags at the rear of the cabin. As they walked around the fair sized twin with its paint showing its age, Joe pointed out the things he was looking for and checking.

Joe found it very difficult to inspect the wheel wells while wearing the skirt, so he asked Jay to look for any signs of leaks or foreign objects. Jay checked under the wing as Joe stood at the leading edge.

When they satisfied themselves that there were no problems with the airframe, Joe and Jay re-boarded the aircraft. Company regulations required that Joe fly from the left side since he was the only company employee on the flight and was pilot in command for insurance purposes. Since the Cessna was usually used for avionics development it was configured a little different from a typical mid-seventies small turboprop. On the left side there was now a single large CRT called an EFIS display. It was driven by a black box in the nose and could display all the information usually found on the attitude director and horizontal situation indicator found in most 425's. On the right, an extremely capable, but conventional and reliable, previous generation HSI and ADI were fitted. Jay would be well equipped to fly the aircraft cross country IFR, even from the right side.

As they were also required to do, Rick positioned himself at the front of the aircraft, in clear view of the aircrew, so as to stand fire guard while Joe started the noisy Garrett turbines. Joe adjusted the headset to his head, trying not to muss his hair too much. Jay was on intercom too, but he just watched as Joe went through the starting engines checklist, reading off and performing each line item as he got to it. Joe flew by the book, and while flying wasn't his primary duty it was the one he enjoyed the most, and he was pretty good at it.

When the engines were started, Rick waved bye and went inside, away from the incessant scream of turbines and props. The tower wouldn't open for another two hours so Joe looked around to confirm no other traffic around the aircraft, then began to taxi to the runway. When they were ready to go, Joe made the take off, then handed the plane over to Jay and made contact with Phoenix departure. For the rest of the flight, Joe would handle the radios, while Jay flew and navigated. The two had flown together enough that they could anticipate what the other needed, and therefore worked pretty well as a team.

When they reached cruising altitude, Joe switched on the autopilot. "How about a doughnut and some coffee?" he asked.

"Sounds good to me," Jay agreed.

Joe reached around and filled two styrofoam cups, handed one to Jay, and placed the other in the cup holder beside his seat. He pulled the box of doughnuts off the seat and placed it between the crew seats.

Jay selected a doughnut and watched as Joe did the same. He grinned. "I'm surprised that you're eating those."

"What do you mean?" Joe asked.

"From the way you talked on the phone, I thought you were going on a crash diet or something."

"Oh, that. Yeah, maybe I should too. I swear my butt is starting to get bigger already. I guess it's probably inevitable if I'm going to be like this; that I get wider hips and all that. But I don't want to be one of those women with big butts. God, I really don't," Joe lamented.

"Like I said, your butt looks pretty nice to me. I think you have a long way to go before it's too big."

"But I'm telling you, it's only been a week, and I'm sure that I can tell it's getting bigger, and softer."

Jay looked over at Joe as if trying to see his hips. He looked into Joe's eyes. "Damn it Joe, I really don't see anything wrong with you. It's probably just your imagination."

"No, it's not. I know it's not my imagination. I'm sure I'm still changing. My boobs are still getting bigger, my arms and shoulders smaller, and my butt is getting bigger. I'm sure of it."

Jay grinned and raised his eyebrows. "Boobs still getting bigger, eh? I'd like to see that," he said teasingly.

Joe looked at him and acted as if he was offended. "Cut it out Jay," he said, trying to sound hurt. He felt this strange new urge to flirt with guys beginning to affect how he acted. He still liked to joke around with Jay but he didn't know exactly how to do it and still maintain some level of decorum. When it came to feelings about sex, Joe figured he still pretty much thought like a guy even though his tastes were changing and now he really had no choice but to argue the female point of view. It was a strange position to be in, and he was still learning the rules.

"I'm sorry." Jay said, trying to sound repentant. He really wasn't sure if Joe was teasing or not. Although his old friend acted and spoke pretty much like before the change, it was weird to hear such words in the voice of the attractive woman he had become.

Joe looked at Jay and smiled. "They're not that much bigger, but I'm pretty sure they are still growing."

"You'll have to let me judge that," Jay said jokingly.

"Well, maybe you'll get a chance," Joe said seductively, "but for now, I think we better keep our eyes on the sky."

They flew on, sipping coffee and munching on doughnuts. In the course of three hours, Joe downed three of them. When he and Jay each took their third one, Jay looked at him. "If you're really worried about the size of your butt, maybe you better lay off those things."

"Yeah, I know. But I'm getting hungry. I'm just unused to eating like a bird. Do you really think it's getting bigger?"

"It doesn't look any different to me, it looks fantastic. And I don't see how you do it. I think I'd go nuts if that happened to me, but you seem to be adjusting so well."

"I don't know. The longer I stay this way, the easier it gets. At first, all I could think about was getting back. Now, I worry more about why I don't seem to care anymore. I really think it's even affected the way I think."

"Well, I know it's affected the way I think about you. You're practically all I can think about anymore. If I didn't know better, I think I'd have to say I'm crazy about you. You, my best buddy."

Joe looked at his friend. He knew how Jay felt. He was starting to feel the same way, and he was finding it very difficult to think

about a man, any man, the way he found himself thinking about Jay. They had been close friends for a long time, ten years. They were probably closer than brothers, and they had always shared the same interests. Now, this new relationship that was beginning to develop was hard for both of them to accept.

"Yeah, I know, Who would have imagined it would work out like this?" Joe looked ahead and smiled.

"What should we do about it?"

"Jay, I don't know, but let's not rush into anything. Why don't we just let the chips fall where they will, and see what happens? All this is still too new to me. I don't even want to consider commitments now. Hell, I'm still living with Linda, for God's sake."

"I know you're right, but damn it, Joe, I think you should know how you're making me feel."

"Hey, I think I'm starting to feel the same way, and I have to tell you, it's a strange feeling. Never in my life did I ever think I'd think the thoughts I think now about a guy." Joe felt himself blush, and he grinned as he said the words into the headset microphone.

When they were one hundred DME from the last enroute Vortac, Joe requested a lower altitude. They kept the power up, and let the Cessna speed increase as she descended. Before long, Minneapolis center handed them to approach control. The approach and landing were uneventful.

When they taxied to parking, Joe shut the engines down and secured the gustlock. He got up from his seat, and retrieved his flight bag. He had placed his purse in it and he would need that to check his hair and makeup. But first, he had to pee. He was sure his bladder had been affected, become smaller, since it seemed he had to go at least every three hours now, and it had been almost four since they had left Phoenix. He hoped he could make the restroom before an accident.

"Tell these guys they can move the plane if they need to," Joe said. "We'll be staying overnight, leaving sometime tomorrow. I just have to go to the bathroom."

"Well, get going, then," Jay said jokingly. "I'll take care of things here."

Joe took his flight bag left the aircraft and quickly walked across the ramp to the lounge. As he walked, he could sense that the eyes of

every male on the ramp were watching him. It was a strange, not totally unpleasant feeling, but one that he never had before the change. Sometimes the planes he had flown and the equipment installed in them would attract some attention when he landed at an airport unfamiliar with Honeybone test aircraft, but this was different. If he had just gotten out of the Concorde, most of the male eyes would have still been on his butt as he walked across the ramp. If they knew that the reason for his brisk walk was because he was trying not to pee his pants, would they still watch, he wondered to himself.

In the restroom, he quickly relieved himself; then went to the mirror to freshen up. Wearing the David Clark headset had pressed his hair down, but it fell right back into place with a quick brushing. It was not as difficult to keep his own hair organized as it had been with the much longer length hair of the wig. Maybe this wouldn't be so bad after all. Joe smiled at his reflection in the mirror, quite pleased with his appearance.

Joe went back out into the lounge area. Jay was seated in one of the plush chairs, waiting for him. Joe returned the big grin Jay had and walked over to the young woman at the counter.

"There should be a car reservation for us," Joe announced. "Joel Bates, Honeybone."

"Yes, Ms. Bates," the woman said. "It's parked just around the side of this hangar." She went to the rack of keys behind her and selected one.

"Here it is," she said, handing Joe the keys.

Joe knew they had reservations at the Radisson Plaza Hotel downtown. He wondered if they should check in there first, or go straight to the Honeybone offices. It was not lunch time yet, but if they did go directly to the office, they would get there about one half hour before everyone would be at lunch. If they went to the hotel, they could eat at one of the many restaurants at the downtown complex and then go to Honeybone. He walked over to where Jay was seated. "Do you want to check in and eat before we go to Honeybone, or just go directly there?"

"Hey, I'm following you," Jay replied. "I really don't care. What time is your appointment?"

"Well, I really don't have an appointment." Joe answered. "I guess I could call."

"Yeah, maybe you should." Jay agreed.

Joe went back to the desk. "Is there a phone I can use for a local call?"

"Right over there," the woman answered with a smile, pointing to the table next to the chair Jay was sitting in.

"Thanks," Joe said, wearing a fooling grin.

Joe went back over to the table and sat in the other chair. He got his notepad from his flight bag and looked up at the phone number. After he punched in the numbers and when the operator answered, he asked for Mr. Peterson's secretary. In a moment, she came on the line. "Mr. Peterson's office."

"Hi. This is Joel Bates. I work for Honeybone Commercial Avionics in Phoenix. I'm supposed to meet with Mr. Peterson today. I've arrived and I'm at the airport."

"Good morning Ms. Bates. Mr. Peterson is expecting you. Do you need transportation from the airport?"

"No, I have a rental car."

He wondered why she called him "Ms." She couldn't see him. Probably he even sounded like a woman on the phone, too.

"Okay then, we'll be expecting you. Will you be right over?"

"That's what I was calling about. I really don't know when you're expecting me. I figured you had been told I would be there in the afternoon, and I wondered if I should check into the hotel first."

"Well, I know that Mr. Peterson has two other people coming after lunch to meet with you, but I'm sure you're welcome anytime. I'm sure he's very anxious to meet you."

"Well, I'll be there as soon as I can. I brought a friend along. We may check into the hotel before we report in."

"That will be fine. I'll advise Mr. Peterson you'll be in at one."

"See you then," Joe said. "Bye."

"I'll be looking forward to meeting you." Joe heard the phone click off.

"Let's go and check into the hotel and grab a bite before we go to see Peterson," Joe told Jay.

"You're the boss, old buddy," Jay teased.

Jay carried the big bags and Joe dragged the lighter ones to the rental car. It was at the far end of the lot, and by the time they arrived, Joe was almost dragging his and Jay's flight bag. Jay had the much heavier clothes bags and was carrying them without problem or complaint. Joe was embarrassed by the way he had to carry the bags just to make it to the car.

"You don't have any idea what this does to your ego," Joe exclaimed when he saw Jay watch him struggle with the bags. "It was all I could do to get them here. My arms just don't have any strength anymore. And it's still getting worse."

Jay grinned widely. "Yeah, but your boobs are getting bigger."

Joe could feel his face redden with embarrassment. Jay would never let him live that one down. They put the bags in the trunk and Joe drove the car to the hotel. He had been to the Honeybone offices once before, to a project meeting with Jim. They had stayed at the Radisson Plaza then too.

The Radisson Plaza check-in went smoothly. The girl at the desk asked Jay if they wanted adjoining rooms, and Jay answered "Sure." The girl smiled at Jay and he smiled back. When they had their bags in the room, Joe went back down and parked the car in the underground parking garage.

When he got back to the room, Joe opened his bag and took out his shaving kit, placed it in the bathroom, and then hung up the clothes Linda had packed for him. He was surprised to see she had included one of her sexier chemises. It was soft, ivory colored silk, with lace at the edges and around the low top. The straps were very thin, more like little ribbons than straps. Joe had not seen Linda wear it. Indeed it really didn't look like it had ever been worn before. Why did she pack this, he wondered?

He held it up to his body. It barely went to the widest part of his hips. It's a little short for me, he thought. Then he saw the matching silk bikini panties. He imagined how Linda would look wearing this. Then he realized, she packed this for him. It was for HIM to wear. Did she know about him and Jay? How could she?

There was a knock at the door connecting Jay's room with his. Joe dropped the silk chemise on his bag and went over to open the door. He had figured Jay would be knocking before long.

"Just thought I'd see how you were doing," Jay said with a big grin.

"I'm just fine, thank you," Joe said primly.

"Where's a good place to eat?"

"There are a few restaurants here in the hotel, and we're connected to others by the skywalks you saw as we drove in. We can get all over down town without even leaving the building."

"Are you ready?" Jay asked, looking around.

"Yeah." Joe answered. "I was just hanging up some of my stuff."

Jay saw the white chemise lying on top of the B-4 bag. "Is THAT yours?" he asked, his eyes getting wide.

"Quit snooping." Joe said, taking the dainty thing and stuffing it back in the pouch.

"Seriously. Do you wear that?"

"I can if I want to, can't I?" Joe answered, going on the defensive.

"Sure, you can wear anything you want. I just have trouble thinking you'd want to wear something that, frilly, sexy, not that you wouldn't look great in it," Jay stammered.

"I saw it for the first time myself, just now," Joe explained. "Linda must have put it in my bag. I don't know why."

"Does she know what we did?" Jay wondered aloud, sounding like a little boy.

"Man, how could she?" Joe answered quickly, sounding more sure of himself than he really was. Why did she put it in his bag?

"Can I see it on you?"

"Well, I don't know if I want you to." Joe said demurely. He had resigned himself to them getting together again on this trip. Actually, he was looking forward to it, but the thought of parading his new body in front of his pal wearing white silk, and lace, well, a guy did have to have limits.

"Why not? What could I see that I haven't seen already?" Again, to Joe, Jay sounded like a little boy, this time begging for something he desperately wanted.

"If you've seen it all, why do you need to see it again?" It was kind of fun watching a grown man beg.

Jay looked at Joe, then pulled him to him, taking him in his arms. With absolutely no embarrassment, he kissed Joe on the lips. Joe felt his knees getting weak as he decided to let Jay do as he wanted. He was surprised at how pleasant it was to kiss Jay. He couldn't figure out what caused it, was it the feeling of strength he could sense as Jay held him tightly? Was it something about the changes in his upper body, with its smaller, weaker muscles and his sensitive breasts, which were now pressed firmly to Jay's strong chest? What caused his knees to want to buckle? He never felt like that before the change with Linda, or any other woman. But now, both times Jay had kissed him it had happened.

Jay kissed for what seemed like a couple of minutes, then let Joe stand erect. "Sorry, I just had to do that."

"God, Jay, If you only knew how that feels," Joe said, trying to regain his composure.

"It feels pretty good to me."

"Same here, but I'd rather you asked me, first."

"Didn't you like it?"

"Damn it Jay, Of course I did, it was great. My legs almost gave out. I can't explain how it feels, but even so, please don't do it anymore, without asking." Joe walked into the bathroom while he spoke.

"Well, I can hardly keep my hands off you. You remember how it is, don't you?"

"Do you really think it's any different now?" Joe asked. "Other than that you're a guy, the urge is the same, maybe even stronger now. Women have the same desires, I guess. Anyway, I can't really speak for the way real women feel."

"Then why don't we let our feelings come out? We've always been pals, and now, I don't know how to explain it, you, you're, damn it Joe, surely you realize you've changed into an extremely sensual woman, to me anyway, you're absolutely gorgeous. And yet, you think like a guy, I can talk to you." Jay was stammering uncharacteristically.

"Yeah, sure I know I've changed. Believe me, I'm sure it's even more obvious to me than to you. But like I've said before, it's still me here. I'm trying my damndest to adapt to looking like this and feeling like this. Like you said, I think I'm doing pretty good, most of

the time anyway, but I just can't jump right into this. I have to work it out at my own pace. Don't try to rush me, okay?" Joe spoke as he brushed his hair, and straightened his dress. He could sense that the crotch of his panties were wet again. It was an uncomfortable feeling, but he was getting accustomed to it. It too seemed to be one of the many things that went with being female.

Jay came to the open door of the bathroom. "Okay. I'll try to slow down. Just chew me out when I get like that. I guess I just can't help it."

Joe looked over at Jay. He smiled. "We'll work this out. I don't know about you, but I'm hungry."

"Where do you want to eat?"

"Just follow me."

He went into the main room, and found his purse on the bed. He got his new coat, and put it on. Even though the restaurant was indoors, and they could probably go right from there to Honeybone, there would be no reason to go to the room, and it was definitely cool enough for the coat. Joe's more sensitive skin seemed to feel the cold more easily now.

They went down the elevator to the ground floor. There was a little french style restaurant only a short walk from the elevator. The maitre-de seated them at a large picture window that looked out on an attractive shopping mall one floor below them.

They ordered a light lunch and as they ate their salads, Joe decided to ask Jay a question that had been on his mind. "Jay, have you ever watched the TV show 'Northern Exposure'?"

"Northern Exposure? Yeah, I think I've seen it a few times, it comes on Monday nights I think. Doesn't it?"

"I really don't know. I haven't seen it yet."

"What's the question?" Jay asked, his curiosity was awakened. Joe didn't watch television much. Why would he ask such a question?

"Well, Linda says I remind her of somebody on that show, a woman. Someone named Maggie O'Connell, I think it was."

Chapter 29

MEETING PETERSON

Jay looked at his buddy.

"Yeah, Yeah, except for the hair, I guess maybe you do sort of look like her." He exclaimed.

"Do you think she's attractive?" Joe asked carefully.

"Attractive, yeah, sure, absolutely. She's beautiful, almost angelic looking, in maybe a quirky kind of way." Jay said, laughing.

"Quirky? Just what the hell does that mean?"

"Oh, I don't know exactly. She acts kind of weird sometimes, but then everyone on that show is a bit weird I guess. She is beautiful, that's for sure." Jay was trying to choose his words very carefully.

"So you guys think I've started looking like some quirky woman on a TV show, huh?" Joe asked, not expecting an answer.

"Hey, I can't help it. You just do," Jay said, laughing.

They finished their lunch and then went down to the garage. They got in the rental car and Joe drove them to the Honeybone offices. When they arrived, they walked into the reception area and told the person behind the desk who they were. She cleared them on down a long hallway to another reception area. This was where Mr. Peterson's office was.

Joe introduced himself to the young lady behind the desk. "Hi. I'm Joe Bates. This is a friend, Jay Logan. We have a meeting with Mr. Peterson."

"Hello Ms. Bates, Mr. Logan," said the young woman, eyeing Joe carefully. "Pleased to meet you. I'll tell Mr. Peterson you're here." She punched some buttons and spoke softly into the tiny headset she was wearing. "You can go right in."

Joe again felt the burn of self-consciousness as he walked to the office door. He was becoming quite accustomed to the way he looked and felt now, but the feeling still hit him whenever he knew he was going to be looked at carefully. He looked down at his clothes and smoothed his skirt, carefully adjusted the collar and checked his chest. The soft mounds there suddenly felt much bigger than they were, and

Joe could actually feel his nipples where they rubbed against the bra. He hoped that they couldn't be seen, but the relatively thick cloth of the dress hid everything well. His appearance was attractive, but dignified, he thought.

Mr. Peterson was standing behind his desk when Joe entered. He walked out from behind it and held his hand out to Joe. Joe shook it and then introduced Jay.

"Mr. Peterson, this is my friend Jay Logan. He's been a great help to me so far. He's an attorney, but I hope you don't hold that against him." Joe smiled.

"Mr. Logan." Mr. Peterson shook Jay's hand and eyed him warily. He obviously didn't know how to take him.

"I hope we can work this problem out," Mr. Peterson said to Jay directly.

"I think we can." Jay could feel the tension in the air.

"Jay has been my best friend for years," Joe said. "I hope you aren't interpreting him as some kind of threat."

"Joe, have they been treating you, all of you, acceptably? Is there anything you need? Anything at all we can do?" Mr. Peterson asked. He was obviously saying it "for the record."

"Well, I think everything is going about as fast as it can." Joe said.

"You look quite, er, healthy, are you in any pain, or anything like that?"

"No. I think everything is okay. I've just changed a lot," Joe said, smiling at the man.

"They've told me what happened. Are you absolutely sure that the GPS caused this?" Peterson asked.

"We're not sure of anything yet," Joe said. "But I think we'll find out."

"I hope so," Mr. Peterson said as he walked back behind his desk and sat. "Please be seated. I'd like to talk a few minutes."

Joe sat in one of the overstuffed chairs. Jay sat next to him.

"So you just woke up one morning last week looking this way?" Peterson asked. "Are sure you weren't taking hormones or anything like that?"

"Well, no, of course I wasn't, why would I do that? Most of this happened overnight, but there are still changes taking place. I can actually feel them."

"And it doesn't hurt? There's no pain or other problem?" Peterson asked. He was obviously very interested in Joe's health.

"No. Absolutely nothing like that. Everything is much more, er, sensitive, but there is no pain. It feels, I don't know, sort of normal, I guess."

"What about the others? I understand there are four of you," Peterson continued.

"They've all experienced basically the same thing. Dave Skinner is married. I think it's affected him even more than the rest of us. It's a little hard to relate to a wife when you're like this."

"Just how extensive are the changes, if I might ask."

"Extensive?" Joe looked at Peterson. "I think can say this, the only thing still male are my memories, and maybe some of my habits. They tell us that even our genes have been altered, damaged is how it was described, and that's what has caused our bodies to feminize."

"Genetic damage?" Peterson asked. "In what way?"

"Well, I'm not the expert here, but apparently our normal XY chromosomes have been altered, they now appear XX, like female genes. That's probably the reason our bodies have changed like this, and changed so quickly." Joe explained the phenomenon the best he could.

"And do you anticipate that a way can be found to change you back?"

"I really don't know." Joe said. "I think they're still trying to figure out how it occurred in the first place."

"The truth now, Joe. What do you really want Honeybone to do about this?" Peterson asked.

"Mr. Peterson, for now anyway, I think everyone's doing all that can be done." Joe had expected this question. He continued. "Please just don't give up on this, or the project for that matter. I think this can be worth much more valuable than a GPS system, even if it isn't reversible, but especially if it is."

Peterson looked at Joe. "Call me Pete. Just what exactly do you mean by that, Joe?"

"Well, the other day, when I was at a clinic in San Diego, I met a few people who are having problems like I have now, but they've been like this all their lives. They feel like they were born with the wrong body and it gnaws at them constantly. Doctors like Benjamin Krell attempt to help these people with therapy and sometimes surgery. I guess it helps, but it's nothing like this. This changes everything," Joe said. "For some people, I think this could be a dream come true."

"You said one of you were married, what's she, he, er, what's ah, Dave Skinner, what's he doing about it?" Pete asked.

"Well, right now, Dave still lives with his family. Three of us have completed paperwork to legally change our gender, so I guess you can refer to us as women. Dave didn't, since he was married, he couldn't without getting a divorce, and I really don't think he wants to do that if he can get back."

"Do you prefer that I address you as a woman?" Pete asked.

"You can do whatever you like," Joe said smiling, somewhat embarrassed. "At first I wanted to deny what happened to me, But now I guess I'm getting used to it."

"Won't you have to readjust again if we can change you back?" Pete wondered.

"I guess I will, but I'm sure it'd be easier to get used to being male again. I mean I've got thirty years' experience at that." Joe said, smiling.

"Don't take it the wrong way, Joe, I didn't know you before, but you're quite attractive the way you are now," Pete said.

"Thanks. I'm getting used to it, and I've got to admit, sometimes it is kind of interesting to look like this."

"But, let's not forget that what happened was caused by job related genetic damage," Jay interrupted.

Mr. Peterson looked at Jay. "Just what do you think we should do, Mr. Logan?"

"I just want to remind both of you that Honeybone is ultimately responsible for all job-related injuries, no matter how unusual they might appear."

"Do you feel that our friend Joe here is unusual?"

"I have never heard of anything like this happening before, have you?"

"No, No, I guess I haven't," Peterson agreed.

"Well, Pete, Mr. Bates here has been inflicted with some serious problems," Jay said. "Think about it, and try to forget what his body looks like now. While on the job, he was subjected to radiation which permanently damaged his chromosomes, the basic building blocks of his physical being. This injury has caused significant changes to his body. He can no longer function as a normal male. Technically, he's impotent now. In fact, the damage has actually caused his male genitals to atrophy. Why, he can no longer even urinate normally. Further, it has caused him to lose weight and considerable strength. In almost every way, he is no longer the normal, healthy man he was just a week ago."

"Jay, I don't..." Joe attempted to stop him. He certainly didn't like to be referred to as impotent. Maybe everything was a lot different now, but it seemed that impotence was hardly a proper description of his affliction.

"I'm not trying to threaten anyone," Jay continued. "But I think we all must consider exactly what happened here. I feel that's my responsibility to my best friend."

"Yes, you're right of course." Peterson agreed. "If it can be determined that Honeybone is responsible then we will do what we must. But on the other hand, I must be sure that Honeybone is responsible."

"Mr. Peterson, Pete, I want you to understand that I'm not out for my personal gain. I can't speak for the rest of the guys, but I just hope that the Company doesn't desert us, either," Joe said.

"Joe, Joe, I don't think you've anything to worry about in that respect. Honeybone is a people company, we're not about to let any of you go, you're all far too valuable to lose anyway." Peterson smiled.

Hearing the president of the company say those words were comforting to Joe. Although he wasn't particularly worried about his job, he wasn't sure what that job would be now. With Peterson on his side, he had less even less to be concerned about.

"One thing, Joe, before you go back to Arizona, could I get you to stop by at this clinic? I'd like some of our doctors to examine you, a sort of second opinion, if you will."

Oh great, Joe thought, another physical exam. He had been subjected to four already in just a week. Would everybody in the medical profession get to look at his changed body?

Mr. Peterson gave Joe a paper which contained an address and phone number. "I think I'll come down to Phoenix in a few days to meet each of you personally and see what's going on for myself."

"Is that all you wanted?" Joe asked. He was expecting more to happen.

"Do you have anything to add? I think I have to see all if it for myself. The whole thing seems intriguing."

"Yeah, I guess it is," Joe agreed.

"It has been a pleasure to meet you, Joe," Pete said, "and you, too, Jay. Don't worry, Honeybone will stand behind your friend, and I appreciate your concern."

They shook hands once more, and then Mr. Peterson escorted them to the door of his office. "I'll be seeing you in a few days," he said.

Joe and Jay said goodbye to Mr. Peterson's secretary. It was obvious that she was dying with curiosity. Joe just smiled at her and walked on. Last week he might have asked her to dinner. Now, he just followed Jay down the hall to the entrance.

"Peterson's secretary is sure a looker, isn't she?" Jay said.

"Yeah, I guess so." Joe agreed. He had paid as much attention to what she was wearing as to her physical appearance.

"You guess so?" Jay said, looking at Joe and grinning. "What's wrong with your eyes, pal?"

"It isn't the eyes, Jay. It's everything else, I guess. I'm impotent now, remember?" Joe said, grinning. He could remember the old feelings, but they just weren't the same anymore.

"Yeah, yeah, I guess you can't help it, can you?" Jay looked into Joe's eyes and smiled as if he understood.

When they arrived at the front desk, Joe asked for a phone. The receptionist pointed to the couch and the phone located at the end table. Joe took a seat and opened the small sheet of paper. He punched in the numbers, and waited for an answer.

"Dr. Morgan's office," a feminine voice said cheerfully.

"Hi. My name is Joe Bates," Joe said, not sure how to start the conversation. "I was asked by Mr. Peterson of Honeybone to give Dr. Morgan a call."

"Oh, yes, Ms. Bates, Dr. Morgan can see you at ten tomorrow morning."

Joe looked at his wristwatch. It was only two in the afternoon. They would have the entire afternoon with nothing particular to do.

"Okay. I'll see you then." Joe said, and then hung up. "Well, now I have a doctor's appointment for ten tomorrow morning. Can you stay another day?"

"Why not? We maybe can have some fun on this trip." Jay grinned deviously.

"Yeah, I know what kind of fun you have in mind."

"What? And you don't?"

"Well, like it or not, I don't go around thinking with my dick, at least not anymore," Joe said sarcastically. It was so true, although he did somewhat look forward to more exploration of his new sexuality with Jay, somehow sex just didn't control practically every waking thought as it did when testosterone had him in its fierce grip.

"What do you want to do, then?" Jay asked.

"I don't know, I think we should go back to the hotel. I better call Linda like I promised. We can discuss what we want to do after that."

They drove back downtown to the Radisson. When they got to their rooms, Joe closed the door between the rooms and called Linda's office. "I'm here, and I'm still alive," Joe told her when she came to the phone.

"Will you be home tonight?"

"No. They have me scheduled for another physical tomorrow morning."

"Another examination?" Linda asked. "Aren't you getting tired of that?"

"Sure. But I guess Peterson wants another opinion or something. Really, everything is going okay, I guess."

"You'll be staying overnight then?" Linda asked. "Jay too?"

"Yeah. We're at the Radisson. It's a pretty nice place," Joe answered.

"Do you have separate rooms?"

"Of course. Why do you ask a question like that?" Joe wasn't going to bring up the interconnecting door.

"Oh, I don't know, just wondering. I know you two were best friends. I didn't know how you'd handle being together now, with the way you've changed. I mean, I've seen the way he looks at you."

"And so you think we would want to sleep together?" Joe asked. Linda was obviously much more observant than he gave her credit for being.

"Joe, it's your life. You've got to live it. I just want you to know I'd understand if you want to see what it's like."

"What it's like? What are you talking about?" Joe asked incredulously. He knew exactly what she meant. He wondered if he should ask about the silk chemise. He decided against it.

"If I could show you what being with a man is like, I would, but I can't, at least not yet anyway. If you and Jay... Well, I just want you to know I understand," Linda said haltingly.

"And you think that's what I want?"

"No. That's not what I mean, it's just that, I mean, I can see what's happened to you, how you feel. It would be understandable for you to want to experience everything about being a woman. I know you've got to be curious."

This woman can read my mind, Joe thought. No wonder he had always thought they were so right for each other.

"Well, we've got separate rooms. If something happens between us, maybe I'll tell you about it," Joe said, trying to make the whole idea sound far fetched. He didn't know if it would be prudent to tell her if anything did happen, but could he keep it a secret even if he wanted to?

Linda seemed satisfied with that. "I'll miss you tonight. I've been getting used to having someone in my bed every night."

"I'll miss you, too," Joe said, "but I'll be back tomorrow."

"Bye," Linda said. "I love you Joe Bates."

"See you tomorrow."

Joe hung up the phone and stared at the mirror over the desk across the room. What was happening to his life? Here he was, sitting in a hotel room, wearing a dress, talking on the phone to his

girlfriend, his fiancée, with his best friend waiting in the next room. When would everything settle down? And what path would it take? Was he really destined to start a new life as a woman, maybe with Jay, or Linda, or somebody, maybe even some other male? Is that what his life was to be? Would he have kids with Jay? He tried to imagine what being a mother would be like. It was almost impossible to picture. Sure, it was likely he was now physically capable of conceiving and giving birth, but could he stand being a mother to a newborn? He went to the television set and switched it on in an attempt to get his mind off the whole concept.

The low volume of the television must have been loud enough for Jay to hear, because Joe had only lain back on his bed when there was a knock on the connecting door.

"It's not locked," Joe called.

Jay came into the room. He saw his friend resting on the bed.

"So, what are we going to do this afternoon?" Jay asked. "What's the excitement in the Minneapolis area?"

"I really don't know," Joe said. "I've only been here a few times. I've been to this hotel, Honeybone, and shopping in the stores around St. Paul."

"Do you want to go looking around?" Jay asked. "Or we can just stay in here the room if you like." He grinned.

"Damn it, Jay. Is that really all you think about?" Joe asked, laughing.

"No. It's not all," Jay answered, a wicked grin on his face. "But it's the only important thing."

"Maybe you should try the machine, too. You might suddenly find that there really is more to life."

"Name two other things." Jay said, snickering.

Joe looked at his pal. He knew there was no way he could argue his point. The problem was that his sex drive was changing along with his perspective of the whole idea. He knew he still enjoyed sex, now with either a male or a female, but it seemed that it took something to get him going now. His sex drive was no longer running at fast idle all the time. The physical part actually felt just as good this way too, he considered. Maybe the mechanics were a little different now, and would take some getting used to, but sex was still there when he wanted it. It just no longer permeated every thought.

"Okay. I guess it is pretty important," Joe conceded, not wanting to argue.

"I don't think I would want to try the machine, that's for sure." Jay said. "I admit, I do have some curiosity about what it would be like to have a body like that, but I think I'll pass on actually trying it."

Joe looked at him. "But you think it's okay for me though?"

"Hey, I didn't make it happen to you, did I?"

Jay was right, of course. It wasn't his fault that all this had happened to Joe. Joe knew it too, but he just didn't like the way Jay spoke about his situation, as if Joe had any choice in the matter himself.

"I'm sorry, Jay. Sometimes I guess I get a little short when I think you're teasing. Of course what's happened to me is not your fault. So what would you want to do today?"

"You pick something; I'll follow you," Jay suggested.

"Okay. Let's go look around in some of the stores for a while. Then we can go to the gym and I'll whip your butt at racquetball."

"You want to go shopping?" Jay asked, amazed. "Those hormones are sure affecting your head, aren't they?"

Joe grinned a big grin. It was unusual for him to ask to go looking in stores. He had never done that before, except maybe grudgingly with Linda or some other girl friend. But now, he just thought he'd like to see what the clothes looked like in the stores in the Minneapolis-St. Paul area. They were near some of the best shopping in the city.

"Hey, humor me, will you. Besides, you might even find that it's kind of fun."

"I doubt that. But if that's what you want to do, I don't really mind."

Joe got up and walked past Jay as he went to the dresser. He patted Jay on the butt as he walked past. He had never done anything like that to any man before, but just felt the need, so he did it. He turned and grinned at Jay. "Now, get out of here for a few minutes while I change clothes."

"Can I watch? I'll be on good behavior."

"Get in your own room, and close the door behind you," Joe said. "All that stuff can come later."

Although he was as interested as Jay in exploring his newfound femininity, it was still kind of embarrassing, and he wanted to postpone it all as long as he could. Tonight would be soon enough.

Joe removed his dress. Standing in his slip, Joe went to the bag to look for something to wear. He found the new jeans and a blouse. It was a bit casual, but he figured it would do for the rest of the day. Maybe he could find something in one of the shops around here. He wondered if Jay would mind shopping with him. Of course not, he decided. Jay seemed to like just being around him. What was it? Was he really that sexy, or whatever? He didn't think so. Sure, he knew he looked female enough, all right, but sexy? He didn't feel sexy. He was now getting used to the way he looked and was no longer quickly driven to sexual excitement by just ogling his own curves or his changed genitals. Along with his acceptance of his new femininity, Joe was slowly beginning to think like a woman, too.

He removed the half slip and the pantyhose, stepped into the jeans, and pulled them on. He noticed they fit him differently from his male pants. They went well above his changing hip line. He ran both hands along his hips, tracing their shape. What would his body be like when this all stopped? When would it stop?

He took the blouse and put it on. Gazing down as he fiddled with the (to him) backward buttons, he saw the noticeable cleavage of his breasts. The blouse fit pretty well. Joe wondered if his chest was really still getting bigger, like it seemed. Would this shirt, this blouse, even fit him next week?

Joe found his socks and Reeboks, and put them on again. He went over to the mirror. With the jeans and blouse on, he was now wearing the most masculine clothes he had, at least that still fit him. They may be more masculine than the dress, but he still didn't look like a guy, that was certain. He went to the bathroom and brushed his hair again. He could feel the rough denim rubbing his legs as he walked. It felt so much different from the slip against his pantyhose. He realized he was starting to get accustomed to the feel of feminine clothes.

Joe was ready. He found his handbag and new poplin jacket, put the jacket over his arm, and looked in the mirror again. Did he look too masculine? Why was he worried about that? He decided that everything was okay. Hell, he was really a guy anyway, wasn't he?

Joe figured Jay would have been knocking on the door by now, but he wasn't. Surely he was ready to go by now too. He decided to try a knock on the connecting door.

"Are you ready, yet?" Joe called out.

"Sure. I'm just waiting for you. Come on over."

Joe opened the door and went inside. Jay was sprawled on his bed watching a movie on the television. He was fully dressed and grinned when he saw what Joe was wearing. "Well, you sure look different."

"Do you think this will be okay?" Joe asked apprehensively.

"Sure. It looks great to me. I guess I've just never seen you in jeans before, at least since you've been like this." Jay grinned. "Turn around."

Joe turned away from Jay, looking back at him as he remained on the bed. "What's wrong?" Joe asked worriedly.

"Not a thing. Not a thing. And your butt isn't too big at all."

Joe spun back around immediately. "Okay. Okay. Are you ready to go, or do you just want to lay there and stare at my ass?" Joe demanded, trying to sound irritated.

Jay got off the bed, the grin never leaving his face. "Okay. I'm ready. Where do you want to take me, anyway?"

"I just want to look in some of the shops. Maybe I can find something I like that the stores back home don't have."

"God, Joe, listen to yourself. You sound just like a woman."

Joe looked straight into Jay's eyes. "I know it. And that scares me to death," he said, smiling.

They went out and walked down the hallway and took the elevator to the floor where the sky walk was on. As they left the building they were in, they entered the glass walled sky walk and looked down on the traffic filled streets.

Joe went to the side and looked out the windows. He put his hand on the wooden railing. Jay placed his now larger hand on top of Joe's. Joe looked down at it, then pulled his hand away.

"I'm sorry. I just thought maybe you wouldn't mind." Jay apologized.

Joe looked at his friend. "I don't mind. It's just hard to get used to the whole idea of all this."

He smiled and put his hand on top of Jay's.

They just stood there and gazed into each other's eyes. Nothing was said, but a lot was communicated. Neither could understand the new feelings that were coming over both of them.

"Let's get going," Joe said.

They walked along the wide, well lighted aisles, looking in the shop windows. When they came to a shop selling women's clothes Joe stopped and looked at the mannequins in the window.

"Do you like that?" Joe asked Jay.

"The important thing is do you like it, isn't it?"

"Yeah, I guess it's all right. But I want your opinion."

"Well, it's nice, I guess. Would it even fit you?"

"Hey, I don't know. Every time I try something on, I'm always surprised at what fits and how it looks on me. Actually, I think it's kind of fun."

"There's no doubt about it, your brain has become female, just like you thought," Jay teased.

Joe looked at his friend and grinned. "I think you might be right." He walked into the store and Jay followed.

The saleswoman was alone in the store when they came in. She went right over to Joe and asked if she could be of assistance.

"Yes, please," Joe replied, trying to sound as ladylike as he could. "I would like to try on a dress like the black one in the window."

"You look like a ten," the woman said walking to the rack along the wall. She took a hanger from the rack and went to the back of the store. Joe didn't know if he should follow or what.

"Was there something else?" she called when she noticed Joe wasn't following.

"No. I'll be right there," Joe walked along, and Jay continued to follow. "Maybe you better wait out here," he told Jay, winking.

"Yeah, sure. I'm sure I'll find that will be great fun." Jay said with mock sarcasm.

In the fitting room, the sales woman stood by as Joe removed his blouse and jeans. Joe could feel the flush come to his face as he stood before this stranger wearing only bra and panties. But she didn't seem to notice his embarrassment as she helped him try the dress on.

The dress fit Joe's shape perfectly. The fitted bodice traced the outline of his trim but growing bustline. Joe went to the full-length mirror and looked at his reflection. The woman staring back from the mirror was amazingly attractive. Forgetting for a moment that the saleswoman was standing there, watching, Joe ran both hands along his breasts and down his hips as if needing to prove that the shapely body inside the dress was his. The sales woman was surprised to see this attractive but shy young woman do that. She said nothing but her surprise was evident. Joe didn't notice, however. He was completely engrossed in his own appearance.

"Perhaps your husband would like to see it too," The woman said aloud, breaking the moment.

Joe gave the woman a questioning look. Husband? Oh, yeah, Jay. "Yes. You're right."

Wearing the silky dress with athletic socks and no shoes, Joe went back out into the shop. Jay was seated next to the fitting room door and looked around when Joe came out. His look was that of impressed surprise.

"What do you think?" Joe asked.

"It's you." Jay said it in a teasing way, but he obviously meant it.

"Yeah, I like it. I think I'll get it."

He went back into the fitting room and the sales woman followed. She brought a belt, and a scarf which she suggested that Joe try with the dress. Joe looked at her suggestions and tried them on. He agreed to purchase them also. He then removed the new clothing and put his jeans and blouse back on.

The sales woman took the purchases to the counter and looked at Jay as she asked, "Will this be cash or charge?"

Joe retrieved his charge card from his handbag and handed it to the woman. He carried the hanger with the dress and the bag with the accessories as he and Jay continued down the mall walkway.

"Are you just going to buy everything you see?" Jay teased as they walked along.

"Not everything, but I've decided, If I want something, I'm going to get it."

"Hey, I don't blame you," Jay agreed. "You look good in this stuff, and If you want to wear it, why not? I think Honeybone is willing to cover it, and I guess you'll be needing stuff like this if you're going to stay like you are."

"Don't I know it. It seems I'm always finding something else that I don't have and that I need."

They went along the walkway, looking in the stores, and stopping every now and then to let Joe examine something closely, or to try it on. Usually, he ended up buying it and before long, both of them were burdened with packages.

"Do we have to go back to the rooms and unload, or will you be finished soon?" Jay asked his friend.

"I guess we have enough. For today anyway. Don't you just love that white dress?"

Jay looked at his pal. Joe seemed to be turning into a real shopaholic. "Yeah, it's real nice."

They slowly made the trek back to the hotel rooms. On the way they discussed how they would spend the rest of the afternoon and evening. Jay wanted to play racquetball, and Joe agreed. He really didn't have any real urge to play, since he knew he felt he was no longer competitive with his friend, but he did need the exercise.

Alone in his room, Joe changed clothes again, this time to stretchy lycra exercise wear. The skin-tight garments felt great to wear, and he liked the way he looked, but they were body hugging, and he was too embarrassed to leave the room. Although the running bra minimized his new breasts and stopped everything from bouncing, he still pulled a contrasting crop-top over his head. Next, he stepped into a pair of nylon running shorts. His hair was still too short to really get into his eyes, but he slipped on the matching head band anyway. Joe topped it all off with the terry cloth cover-up.

He took his new gym bag, with the new smaller racquet, and placed it on the bed, then lay next to it to wait for Jay's knock on the door.

Chapter 30

RACQUETBALL REMATCH

Joe lay on the bed waiting for the knock at the door that would be Jay ready to workout downstairs. With his head propped on doubled up pillows, Joe gazed down at the curves his body was still developing. Though the bra he wore pressed his new breasts closely against his chest, the development there was still very noticeable, even under the little crop top. He pulled the top away and examined the amazingly soft mounds of flesh. By now he was becoming somewhat accustomed to the kind of "added-on" feel of this new part of him. They weren't new actually, everything there was probably always there, but it certainly didn't look the way it used to look, that was certain. And along with the different shape, well, everything felt different too, sometimes more different from other times.

With his right hand, Joe rubbed the bulge that was his left breast through the royal blue leotard. Below that softness, he felt the stretchy cotton-spandex under bust band of the supportive sport bra.

It surprised him how easily he had adopted the idea of wearing a brassiere. Actually, it really felt quite natural, he considered, and it made having breasts almost tolerable. Without one, his average-sized, (B but still developing) tits bounced uncontrollably. He remembered that before he always thought such movement to be sexy, especially when the subject didn't realize she was being ogled. Now that the bouncing boobs in question were part of his own flesh, and it was quite another matter. He found going bra-less to be somewhat uncomfortable, and he just couldn't help feeling self-conscious with his chest bouncing all over the place, especially when his bigger, more sensitive pink nipples showed through his outer clothes. To Joe, it just seemed his new chest felt best packed in like this.

Speaking of packed in, Joe looked down to the wispy nylon shorts. When he lay back on the bed, he had slipped down a little, and doing that had pulled the shorts up between his legs, defining his crotch and absent male organs.

In some ways, this other change in his anatomy was significantly more difficult to get accustomed to. To be sure, it wasn't nearly as obvious as the curves on top, but he knew it would probably have more effect on his life style than the little protuberances on his chest.

It seemed every time he saw himself, what he looked like down there, it was still hard to accept all that had happened to his body. When nothing touched him, tight clothing, or something brushing against his crotch area, he really couldn't tell anything had changed. All the nerves were the same, and all were obviously still there. It really felt to Joe as if his penis was still there too, it seemed he could still reach down and wrap his fingers around it. But, if he tried, as he did out of habit the first time he needed to urinate, he found that his manhood had been reduced to a nub of flesh slightly smaller than the tip of his little finger. It was now slightly below the more prominent pubic bone of his widening pelvis. The majority of what was there seemed to be drawn up into his body, with only the tremendously sensitive head able to peek from some sensitive folds of skin. Those skin folds, which looked exactly like the female labia minora, had sensation like a combination of the shaft of his penis and his scrotum. Of course, all of this was practically out of his view. Without the aid of a mirror, he could barely see his transformed organ.

Although his genital still felt like a penis sometimes, it certainly didn't function like one. It often seemed like he was getting an erection, but now Joe didn't even bother looking down when he felt the sensation of a hard-on. No matter how it felt, there was never anything externally visible. He could still sense his "penis" swelling up, as if it would soon be ripping out of the close fitting underpants he now wore, but since the shape of the erectile tissue had changed, it was now more internal, and positioned along the sides of this newly formed genital cleft, the only visible evidence would be a wet crotch in his drawers. At first, Joe still habitually felt these urges as desire to be with a woman. Indeed, the sight of a female body could still cause it to occur, but lately, as he gradually became accustomed to the idea of appearing to be female himself, he was finding men more and more interesting.

As he waited for Jay, Joe gently stroked the new softness between his legs, exciting the same nerve endings which had previously been part of his penis, but could better now be described as his clitoris. The pleasant sensations were different, and yet familiar. Joe absently tensed the muscles in his groin and considered the sensation. It was a feeling a normal male couldn't possibly know, but it too was quite enjoyable. He could sense his body becoming aroused, he knew what caused that to happen, and he was doing it, but his finger tips felt only softness under the slick nylon shorts, lycra leotard, shiny light blue "Gilda Marx" Capri pants, and, under all that, a white sport panty. He reluctantly drew his hand away. If he continued touching himself, he knew he would soon feel wet. No need to mess up the terry crotch of

this new underwear and be uncomfortable, he considered. He thought about what Jay had told Mr. Peterson, as how he had been rendered "impotent." Impotent. Perhaps it was hard to define his affliction, but impotent surely wasn't an apt description. He wondered if the sexual sensation he felt was the same as for a "real" woman.

There was a quick knock at the door between rooms and Jay walked into the room. He saw Joe lying on the bed and his eyes lit up. "You look spectacular, as usual," Jay said, as he gawked at Joe's form on the bed.

Joe pulled the terry cover-up around him as he got up from the bed. It was hard to not be embarrassed when Jay stared at him like that.

Jay realized that his wide eyed gaze was bothering Joe. "I'm sorry. It's just that you're just so perfect."

Joe looked at his pal and frowned, then smiled. "Just don't forget it's still me. And besides, I'm far from perfect."

"Close enough," Jay said simply.

"Are you ready to play?" Joe asked, trying to change the subject.

"Of course. Are you ready, that's the question, isn't it?"

Joe knew what he meant. In the past, before this had happened to him, Joe was always more than a match for his pal Jay. Now, if the other day was any indication, Joe had lost all strength advantage. Indeed, Joe could tell that with the continuing metamorphosis, he probably had even less muscle mass now than that first day. The only improvement might be that he was becoming somewhat accustomed to this new body shape with its slightly different center of gravity. "I'm ready," he said. "I might not be as strong as before, but I'll still give you a run for your money."

"OK, let's find out."

Joe grabbed the bag with his towel and racquet. They went down the staircase, avoiding the elevator and using the five floors to the workout area as an excellent warmup. There were few other people there in the afternoon, and there were two courts available. They went into one and when they assembled their gear and put on their gloves and safety glasses, Jay tossed a blue ball to Joe.

Joe went to the corner and fired the ball against the wall using the same stance and method he had used for years. The ball went where he intended, but at a much lower velocity than he hoped. He just didn't

have the same oomph anymore. Jay returned it easily. Joe rushed to the other side and was able to return the ball, ricocheting it off the side wall. It became immediately obvious he was now totally outclassed.

The game continued, with Jay able to dominate every play. Joe did his level best, but he could tell that Jay wasn't even playing as well as he could. It was a blow to his ego to be defeated so easily, but at the same time, he realized that he didn't have nearly the competitive urge of before. Even the last time he had played, on that first day after the change, something, perhaps the greatly reduced testosterone levels, something was causing him to tolerate defeat with much more grace than he used to. But it still wasn't easy.

They played for more than a half hour, and Jay watched his friend struggle to compete with a body that was very different from it once was. "Are you getting tired?"

"Yeah, I am, a little," Joe answered. "But I can play as long as you want to." He added defiantly.

"Well, I'm getting pooped, too," Jay said diplomatically. "Why don't we see what else they have around here?"

They removed the safety glasses and put their equipment into their duffel bags and left the court. The hotel workout complex was very well equipped and had a sauna, hot tub, and a good sized swimming pool, all below the huge building.

"How about a swim?" Jay asked.

"I brought my suit along, but I left it upstairs."

"I have my trunks in my bag." Jay said. "It would only take a minute to go up and get yours."

"Well, okay." Joe agreed. "I'll get it, if that's what you want."

Joe put the terry cloth cover-up back on and started upstairs. When he came to the elevator, he decided to use it. He was tired and figured that ten floors of stairs would leave him exhausted. In moments, he was on the fifth floor and at the door to his room.

Inside he went to his bag and found his suit, a hand-me-down from Linda. He picked up the bra top and looked at it. The suit was designed by Body Glove and was last year's day-glow lime green. The top had a black zip closure between the cups. It was actually made for swimming, and not particularly revealing, but it was still the least amount of clothing Joe had ever worn in public, since he was like this, anyway.

Joe put the top to his nose and inhaled deeply. Mixed with the pool chlorine odor and rubbery smell of lycra-spandex, he detected Linda's scent. Actually he had been the last to wear the suit, and the flowery smell was probably from the perfume that they both wore. But to Joe, that smell would always remind him of Linda.

Should he put it on here in his room, he wondered? If he did, he'd then need to go down the elevator wearing it. He wasn't looking forward to that, even with the terry cloth cover-up. No, he'd put it on downstairs, in the dressing room.

Putting the two piece suit into his duffel bag, Joe went back out and down the elevator to the basement. When he got there, he went to the ladies' locker room. He hoped there wouldn't be anyone else in there and was relieved to find the room empty.

Joe quickly removed his sportswear and then went to the showers to rinse off. Walking down the aisle to the showers he looked around the room. Women's locker rooms are always nicer and better smelling than men's, he concluded. He wondered why that was. Men's locker rooms always smelled like a mix of moldy towels and smelly sweat socks. It wasn't particularly fresh smelling in this room either, but it certainly didn't smell like that. Didn't women sweat? Or was it that they just didn't smell bad when they did. He put his nose to his clean-shaven underarm. He was sweaty, that was sure, but the only odor he could detect was that of deodorant, and maybe a faint trace of perfume. Perhaps he wasn't a real woman, but it was probably true, women didn't smell like men. And now he didn't either, not anymore.

As he stood in the shower, Joe was careful to keep from getting his hair wet. Then he considered, he was going to be jumping in the pool in a few minutes, his hair would surely get wet then. He hoped that he could get it back the way it was after he did that. It was still short, but the hairstylist had given it a cut and shape that looked fairly feminine, and he would never go back to wearing the wig in any case.

Using his large bath towel, he dried off and then grabbed the suit bottom. With his thumbs in the waist band, Joe held the little bottom out in front of him. It was lime green inside and out, except for the flesh-toned nylon lining the front and the narrow crotch, there to keep the pubic hair from showing through when the suit was wet.

Joe stepped into the suit bottom and pulled it to his hips. Unlike any men's trunks he had ever worn, the little green suit bottom fit snug as second skin. He ran his palm along the front all the way down to his crotch, and then adjusted the snug elastic leg openings around his buttocks. When he was satisfied with the fit and feel, he picked up the

top and slipped his arms into the straps. He attached the zipper and pulled it up to the top, then reconsidered and opened it about an inch. He knew that was the way Linda had worn it, and thought it looked better that way.

Finally he was ready. Joe screwed up his courage and picking up his bath towel, walked to the locker room door. Stepping out, he realized the temperature was much cooler there than back in the locker room. He could feel goose-bumps forming on his arms and legs, and felt a slight shiver. This newly sensitive skin was not as tolerant of temperature than before, he thought to himself.

He stood there, outside the door to the dressing rooms, and wondered where Jay was. He didn't want to poke his head in the men's locker room, but he didn't know where else to look. Maybe he was already in the pool, Joe thought.

Joe decided to go down the short hallway to the pool. As he turned the corner, he saw that Jay was indeed in the pool, swimming laps.

Joe silently watched his friend for a moment, and then Jay spotted him standing at the end of the pool and swam over to him.

"Come on in," Jay said. "It's warm, and real nice."

Joe stood there shivering a moment and looked at the water. He was standing near the shallow end, the water was four or five feet deep. He touched the water with his toe. It felt comfortably warm. Joe dropped the towel and dove into the pool, aiming for the middle. It was the first time he dove in since the change had occurred and immediately he felt the drag caused by his breasts, or perhaps it was just the partially open zipper of the suit top.

When he stopped moving, Joe tread water as he snugged the zipper all the way up. Jay saw him do it and wondered what he was doing. "Yeah, take it off," Jay teased.

"Not hardly." Joe said. "I'm just zipping it up all the way. You'd be amazed how much drag these things create."

"Sure, you wish."

"No, really," Joe continued. "I can actually feel the water pulling against them."

"OK then, I guess I'll give you a handicap if you want to race the length of the pool," Jay continued sarcastically.

"No, I don't want to race, I don't want to compete, I just want to swim around a little. Can I just do that?"

"Sure, let's just swim," Jay agreed.

As they watched each other treading water, Joe again noticed another difference. It was hardly perceptible, but he found it was somehow a little easier to remain afloat. Was it the breasts? Hardly, he thought, they just weren't that big. His hips? They weren't that much bigger either. It must be a combination of everything. He was a little lighter now, and his body had gotten a detectable new buoyancy.

They frolicked in the water for maybe ten minutes when they were joined by some other hotel guests. Three older women, maybe in their late forties or fifties, went to the shallow end and sat along the edge. They were talking and laughing with each other. Without being obvious, Joe examined each of them carefully. HE didn't actually realize it, but he still retained the young man's tendency to consider unfamiliar women as sexual prey. These women happened to be a little older than him and Jay, but they weren't ancient, and two of them were actually quite attractive. The remaining one, though not ugly, was a little homely and quite overweight. They just sat there, and suddenly Joe realized that the women were intently watching Jay, who was still swimming around paying little or no attention to the three women. With that, Joe again realized that his peer group had changed. The women were watching a physically attractive young man, but they were paying little or no attention to the young woman accompanying him. Joe was now considered one of them.

Joe swam over to his pal, and with his head facing away from the women, he spoke softly to Jay, so that the women would not hear. "Hey, Jay, there are three pairs of eyes over there watching your every move." It was Joe's turn to tease.

"Those women? They're all old enough to be our mothers."

"Maybe so. But trust me, they aren't thinking of you as a son right now."

His masculinity flattered, Jay looked at Joe. "Do women that age still think about stuff like that?" he asked, only partly in jest.

"Hey, I'm learning about them myself, but you do have a nice tan. Even I noticed your back."

"What about it?" Jay asked.

"Well, I guess I never noticed it before, but you've really got nice shoulders in back, real muscular. Women notice things like that, I think."

"Do you?" Jay asked, grinning.

"I'm starting to," Joe said, sheepishly. "I don't know why, I admit, but I am starting to like stuff like that. It's kind of embarrassing."

"Well, I notice you, too. Maybe it's good that you're starting to feel things like that."

"Yeah, maybe it is, but it sure is hard on the shreds of male ego I have left," Joe admitted. "You wouldn't believe the stuff my screwed up brain is thinking sometimes."

"Oh yeah, and what's that?" Jay asked curiously.

Joe just grinned at his pal. There was no way he could tell Jay what he was thinking. It even embarrassed him to realize that these women ogling his pal caused him to feel a possessive pride from just being with him. Of course he had never felt that way about a MAN before. He could tell he was starting to like men, but more in the way he had liked women before, not the way he figured "real" women liked men. It seemed to him that real women always wanted to be considered "desirable" to the man in their lives. Joe hadn't really fully developed that need yet. But the feelings he was experiencing did seem very "female." It concerned him that he felt that way, but there seemed to be no way to change the physical or mental processes that were occurring.

Jay took Joe's demure grin to be seductive flirting. Just like Joe, he had difficulty with new, very different feelings for his old pal. But Joe was now just so physically attractive, and yet he could still easily talk to him, just like before. Unfortunately, Jay often tended to treat him like the attractive woman he appeared to be. This sometimes flattered but usually confused Joe, who was still struggling with the whole idea of acting and being considered female, regardless of his appearance.

Jay dove below the surface, and grabbed Joe's legs, pulling them from under him. Joe countered by grabbing one of Jay's legs, trying to pull him over too. Jay grabbed for his pal and was able to get his arm around his slim waist. Formerly, Joe had outweighed Jay by maybe five to ten pounds, but now Jay had a very noticeable strength and weight advantage. He could manipulate Joe pretty much as he chose.

In an attempt to break away from Jay's hold around his waist, Joe squirmed around and tried to wriggle free. In the process, Jay's hand slipped to Joe's right breast. Jay didn't move his hand away either, and in fact, to Joe it seemed that his friend began feeling him up. He didn't really mind that much, but he didn't like the fact that he was now so helpless that someone could even fondle him while he was actively trying to break free. It made him realize how vulnerable a female body really was. The thought sobered him a little.

But, men have weak spots too, Joe remembered. Maybe he didn't have balls anymore, but Jay still did. He reached down and grabbed for his pal's crotch. He avoided the penis, and went straight for his scrotum. When he got a handful, Joe gave Jay's family jewels a squeeze, being careful not to do it too hard. He didn't want to really hurt Jay. The maneuver had the desired effect and Jay let go immediately.

"Hey, that's not fair," Jay protested, massaging the injured area.

"Why not? I wasn't squeezing YOUR boob."

"But, that's different," Jay whined, acting offended. "I didn't hurt you."

"How do you know?" Joe asked. It was his turn to tease, and he tried to sound as hurt, but seductive, as he could.

Joe quickly swam away from Jay, who immediately followed. They swam around the pool, playing around, teasing and generally enjoying each other's company. The next time Joe happened to look over there, the three women were gone from their spot at the far end of the pool.

"I guess they already got tired of watching you," Joe teased Jay.

"Speaking of tired," Jay said. "I'm beat. And I could eat a horse."

"I think I know where you can get some great horse meat," Joe teased. He was starting to enjoy this flirting with Jay.

"Do you want to get out?" Jay asked.

"I'm ready any time you are." Joe wouldn't admit it, but he was becoming exhausted and sore.

Jay went to the edge of the pool and, using the muscles of his shoulders, lifted himself from the water. Joe watched, now strangely interested in his buddy's physique.

Joe knew better than to even attempt something like that right now, and waded over to the stainless steel ladder. He retrieved the towel from where he had dropped it and followed Jay down the hallway to the locker rooms.

As Joe entered the locker room, he heard voices in conversation. When he went to the aisle where his locker was located, he saw the three women from the pool were on that aisle too. Oh great, he thought, now I have to undress in front of these women.

The women themselves were in various stages of undress. Joe opened his locker just as, four feet away, the overweight woman pulled her suit down. He had never seen a nude overweight female before, and simply couldn't help watching the woman out of the corner of his eye.

Unlike Joe, who still had his Arizona tan, the woman's skin was a very pale white. Though she had large breasts, they were practically lost in the fat ripples of her belly. Only very large areola defined them as mammary glands. A sagging roll of fat and skin almost completely covered her pubic area. Joe was sure she couldn't even see her pubic hair. He certainly couldn't see any evidence of her sex until she sat on the bench, and then just barely. He had to intentionally look away and concentrate on the things in his own locker to avoid being caught staring.

He took his bag out and placed it on the bench. His workout clothes and underwear were still damp with perspiration. No way was he going to put this stuff back on. He looked down at himself. He didn't want to go upstairs wearing the two-piece swimsuit, but he had no other clothes with him. He looked at the running shorts and decided to pull them over the suit bottom. With that, and the terry cloth cover-up, he figured he was modest enough. He placed the wet things into the duffel bag and was zipping the bag when one of the other women spoke to him.

"Just married, dear?" the woman asked. She was easily the best looking of the three and stood there wearing only white nylon panties, casually brushing her hair as she spoke.

Joe looked over at her, and when he saw she was practically naked, he politely looked away, then realized that she didn't mind him looking, he was a woman too. He smiled at her and shook his head. "No. We're just old friends." At least it was the truth. It was still hard to concentrate on what you were doing when surrounded by naked women, but he was slowly getting used to it. At least he didn't have to worry about his erection showing.

"I like your suit," the woman continued. "I wish I could still wear things like that."

"I couldn't wear it either, until recently," Joe said, smiling. Another truth.

"Well, you look like you're keeping yourself in good shape now," the woman said. "But I'll tell you, it does get a lot harder as the years go by."

Joe wondered if it would be proper for him to compliment the woman on her appearance too. He didn't know how to interact with strange women, but it seemed she wanted to talk so he figured he might as well.

"You're looking pretty good, yourself." Joe said awkwardly. It sounded more like a young man's words than something one woman would say to another.

The woman looked strangely at Joe, who was slipping Reeboks on his bare feet. Joe just smiled at her, picked up the duffel bag, and walked down the aisle toward the door. He passed the toilet stalls and was reminded that he really needed to pee. Too much work, he decided. In a couple of minutes he'd be back in his room, where he could remove the damp swimsuit. He could hold it that long.

Joe went to the elevator and pressed the button. The door opened immediately and a middle-aged man wearing shorts and a T-shirt came out. He gave Joe the once over as he brushed past. Joe tried to not notice the man ogling him, and pressed the button for the fifth floor. Soon the door closed and he was alone again. The elevator made no stops, and in a moment the door opened and Joe was in the hallway to his room. He unlocked the door and went inside.

Joe closed the door between rooms and was undecided if he should lock it from his side. He didn't want to be impolite to Jay, but he wanted to be alone while he showered again and changed clothes. He was getting used to his new body, but Jay sometimes treated him like a new toy. He understood why his pal acted like that, but sometimes his fawning and lustful stares simply tried his patience. Maybe he did look and feel like a woman, but he sure wasn't used to being treated like one by his old buddy. Why couldn't Jay just treat him like before, at least once in a while? He closed the door and latched it.

Joe dropped the duffel bag on the bed and went into the bathroom. He removed the cover-up and hung it on a hook on the

door. He slipped the shorts off and then quickly pulled the swimsuit bottom down and kicked it off. He raised the lid, then sat and relieved himself, taking a deep breath as the pressure on his bladder subsided. Sometimes, Joe mused, a simple act like peeing just felt so good. The mechanics may have changed now, but it still felt pretty much the same.

Joe flushed the toilet, then unzipped the suit top, took it off, and dropped it on the floor next to the bottom. He examined his breasts in the mirror. Their shape was so firm, his nipples so pink, especially when compared to those women downstairs. He wondered if he was destined to look like that too? Highly likely, he decided. Each of those women probably once looked a lot like he did, probably only a few years ago. Beauty, if this is what it was, was only skin deep, and very temporary.

He started the water running in the shower and then, when he saw the complimentary bath beads, he decided to take a tub bath instead. Linda had taught him the pleasure of soaking in the warm fragrant bubbles. He was starting to feel sorry for himself, and needed a little time to himself. Jay could wait for him.

When the tub was full of water of a comfortable temperature, Joe eased his tired body into the suds. Sometimes, especially at times like this, he really enjoyed the heightened sensitivity the change had given his body. There was no doubt that there were pros and cons of being female, but this was definitely one of the pluses. He simply couldn't have imagined that a simple bubble bath felt so good to a girl. He leaned back and closed his eyes. It really wasn't so bad to be like this,

Joe soaked for maybe ten minutes, massaging muscles which probably hadn't been this sore in years. When he touched his crotch, he thought of what was might be in store tonight. He and Jay had already been intimate once before, when he had been visiting the clinic in San Diego. Then, he had been the one who had initiated the affair. Curiosity over what sex, as he was now, might feel like had simply been more than he could tolerate. So he had asked Jay, and Jay had enthusiastically agreed. The experience had been good. Very good. Once he overcame the fear that Jay's penis might hurt as it entered his new, virgin opening, Joe found that intercourse as a female could be very satisfying.

Instead of centering almost entirely in his penis, the sensation was now felt all over his changed body. Actually, the sensation of having the penis inside him was almost anti-climatic. It felt great sliding in (at least the second time it did), but there was not all that much feeling

once it was there unless Jay was moving around. The best sensation was when he was able to rub the skin which could now be called his clitoris along the firm shaft of Jay's penis. That feeling was not so unlike sex as a male, but maybe amplified by ten. And when you climaxed, there was no waiting to go again. Like this, it seemed you could keep going as long as your partner was able. That was a real limitation, however. Jay's nervousness over engaging in intimacy with his pal Joe had made his maintaining a functional erection unreliable at best.

Joe was hoping everything would be different tonight. Jay now knew what to expect, indeed, it seemed that he had wanted to jump Joe's bones all day long. He would give Jay his chance again tonight, Joe decided.

It was now a week since he woke up to find his body changed like this. What a week. He looked at his breasts, just visible above the white bubbles. Last week, he had hair on his chest, hair which had just recently been turning a darker brown. It had been dark blond since he started to get it at puberty. Now, the hair was gone, and his body was slowly continuing to develop the contours of a mature female. He still couldn't fully accept what was happening to him. But here it was, in all its splendor. Maybe it really wasn't so bad, he thought, closing his eyes, luxuriating in the warm scented suds. Maybe life had dealt him a strange hand, but it was still fun to play the game.

Joe had started to fall asleep in the water when he heard a knock at the door. It was hard to tell for sure, but it sounded like it might be the interconnecting door. Jay. Joe called out. "I'm in the tub. I'll be out in a little while."

"OK," he could hear Jay answer. "Do you want to go somewhere to eat?"

"Yeah, sure." Joe answered. "I'll be out shortly." Damn it, Joe thought. He can't leave me alone for a minute.

The magic spell broken, Joe rubbed himself with a wash cloth. The soft cloth felt like sandpaper on his sensitive skin. He finished quickly and then pulled the tub plug. Noticing shampoo on the counter, he decided that he probably should wash the chlorine from his hair. He got out of the tub and turned on the shower head. While adjusting the temperature and aim of the nozzle, Joe realized that the shower was one of those hand-held, massaging spray types.

This will be good for rinsing the soap from my hair, he thought. He stood under the warm water, wet his hair, and massaged some of the shampoo in. The smell of the shampoo reminded him of wild cherry cough drops. He rinsed the shampoo out and then applied some conditioner. He rinsed that out and ran his fingers through his hair. His hair felt so soft. Since the change, it seemed that his hair had become finer and softer. He didn't know how or why that would have happened. It applied to all his remaining hair, even the now narrow triangle at his crotch. The shampoo seemed to make his hair even softer. I wonder if it will make this even softer, too, he wondered, rubbing across the short but slightly curly hair on his pubic mound.

He squirted some of the cherry scented shampoo on his palm and rubbed it into his bush. If nothing else, it'll smell good down there, he mused, a smile coming to his face. His soapy fingers felt great as they massaged the softness between his legs. Joe had always figured the male had an advantage when it came to masturbation, but since the change, he realized that was probably not the case. What you touched, and how you touched it may have changed, but the increased sensitivity certainly left nothing to be desired.

Joe finished shampooing and started to rinse off the soap. He removed the shower head from the clip and aimed the spray directly at his crotch. The direct spray was very effective at removing the shampoo suds, but Joe quickly found another use for the hand held shower. When the spray touched his penis/clitoris, at first it felt like a little tickle, but then almost immediately caused a wonderful sensation. Following the foreplay with the shampoo, Joe almost immediately experienced sexual release. His legs tensed, and he had to put a free hand against the wall to keep from falling over. He closed his eyes and continued with the spray until he experienced a second explosion of "intense feeling." Joe was again amazed at how quickly he could climax and rebound. His response cycle had certainly changed. Indeed, Joe couldn't even think of any women he knew who responded like this, at least not with him anyway.

Joe inspected the hand held spray head. It was made by a company he recognized, but not for designing stuff like this. He decided he would have to get one of these for his shower at home. Maybe get Linda one, too. No reason not to let her in on his little discovery.

After a little while, the new thrill began to wear thin. The spray was beginning to irritate rather than excite the delicate tissues. The increased sensitivity in his changed genitalia had created a very fine

line between pleasure and pain. It took a little longer to get excited, but the excitement could last until the sensitive skin started to get sore. That was very different from before, when desire rose and fell, and ability was predicated on maintaining an erection.

He turned the water off and stepped out of the shower. Grabbing a bath towel, Joe slowly dried off, basking in the afterglow of his experience in the shower. When he was dry, Joe looked at his hair in the mirror. He picked up his brush, and removed the hair drier from the wall bracket. His short hair dried quickly and he found that he could almost get the style the way it was before.

Still naked, he went out into the main room. He looked in his bag and tried to decide what to wear. If they went out to eat, should he dress formally, or casually? If he was at home, it would be easy. He didn't want to wear a dress, or put makeup on, and that was completely acceptable at home in the southwest. But here, he didn't know.

"So what?" he decided. He would wear what he felt like wearing. He dug out his new denim jeans and held up the new sweatshirt that he had just purchased. The shirt was a rather large, white, heavy, high neck, fashion sweatshirt he thought might come in handy and Jay said he liked, so he bought it. Yeah, a sweatshirt and pants, that's exactly what he felt like wearing.

Underwear. What should he wear underneath? He thought about what they might do later. He grinned at the possibilities, and knew he should probably plan for it. His personal favorite was the black thong back panty and the matching bra. It made him look so sexy, and somehow made him feel good even when he was feeling down about what had happened. He wanted Jay to see him wearing them; he knew he looked good wearing them. Yeah... When he pulled his jeans off and Jay saw this...

Joe pulled the stretchy wisp of black cloth over his hips. It felt so strange the way it rode into the crack of his butt, but he knew he would soon overcome the almost irrepressible urge to want to pull it out. He rubbed his hand over his pubic mound and grinned. Yeah...

Joe strapped on the little black bra, then examined himself in the dresser mirror. He looked and felt absolutely wicked.

Joe went over to the bed, picked up the sweatshirt, and pulled it over his head. He took the Levis and slipped them up his smooth legs. He buttoned the fly, and arranged the sweatshirt around his hips.

Whenever he moved, he could feel his bra-covered breasts rubbing the heavy cloth of the sweatshirt. It made him constantly aware of them, and it felt so sexy. Joe rubbed his chest with both hands. He looked at himself in the mirror over the dresser. The heavy top totally concealed his new shape, and with the denim jeans, he sort of looked like a guy again. Well, not really. Joe examined his face. The feminization process had made his lips look thinner, his features a little finer, and his eyes a little larger. He was still himself, but his face probably looked as it would have if he had been born female. It was an eerie feeling, to look in the mirror, and see the twin sister you never had staring back.

Joe went back to the bathroom and rescued a tiny bottle of perfume from his shaving kit. He put some behind each ear and, pulling up the heavy top, he daubed some in the cleavage of his breasts. Again, the scent reminded him of Linda, and the thought made him a little sad. But what the heck, he thought, this whole thing wasn't my idea, I'm just learning to live with what happened.

Still barefoot, Joe wondered what shoes to wear. He didn't have much to choose from. The two inch heels, the black flats, and the Reeboks. The heels were out, and he didn't really want to wear the flats. He liked the Reeboks, but thought it might be just a little too casual. My god, he thought to himself, I'm wearing blue jeans and a sweatshirt, how much less casual than that can I get? He retrieved the Reeboks and rummaged through his bag to find clean socks.

When Joe thought he was ready, he looked for his purse, found it, and retrieved his wallet. Tonight, he didn't want to carry even a little handbag, but when he tried to put the wallet into the hip pocket of the jeans, he found that the snug fit of his butt in the woman's Levis didn't make that a priority. If he was going to carry a wallet, he would need at least a little purse. He opened the wallet and withdrew the folding money, then his license, Visa, and American Express. He slipped them into his pockets. He would be able to go without a purse after all.

With his jacket in one hand, Joe knocked on the interconnecting door. "I'm ready," he called to Jay.

Jay opened the door. "Well it's about time. I thought you fell asleep," Jay said as he came into the room.

Jay was wearing casual slacks, a sport shirt, and a jacket. He was perhaps a little less casually than Joe, but they would look okay together.

"Well, are we slumming tonight?" Jay teased when he saw what Joe was wearing.

"I just wanted to wear this. Do you have a problem with it?"

"No, No, absolutely not," Jay said. "You look great, really."

"Well, it feels good. I really need to get out of those girl clothes once in a while."

"I agree," Jay said, a big grin showing on his face. "You should get out of those clothes once in a while."

Joe eyed his friend with mock suspicion. "Just keep your pants on," he teased. "We'll see what happens later, maybe."

"Where do we want to eat?" Jay changed the conversation like he was actually as nervous as Joe about what might take place later.

"I don't know, what are you hungry for? You're the one who said he could eat a horse. Are you thinking steak?"

"That would be good," Jay answered, "if that's what you want. About anything is fine with me."

"I think there are some pretty good places within walking distance. We could stay in the area, or if you like, we can drive over to Minneapolis."

"I don't need to go anywhere. If there's a reasonable place nearby, let's go to there."

"It's about forty degrees outside. You won't need more than that jacket," Joe told Jay. After he said it, he wondered why he did. He had never worried about his pal's clothes before. He WAS changing.

They went out and down the elevator. When they reached the ground floor, they picked up a little brochure which detailed some of the attractions of downtown St. Paul. Joe was right, there were a few excellent restaurants within a few blocks. Some of them could be reached without ever going outdoors. The buildings were cleverly connected with a series of sky walks.

They decided on a steak house with the atmosphere of an English pub. It was a nice place, but they didn't look out of place with their casual dress.

The waiter, thinking he had two young lovers, sat them in a dimly lit, cozy, out of the way spot. Joe was a little embarrassed at first, then decided that the table was excellent. They could talk about

anything without having to be concerned about being overheard. There were now some strange conversations possible between him and Jay.

When they were seated, Jay ordered a bottle of wine. Joe decided that he would be careful. His changed metabolism made him very intolerant of alcohol. These days, he was a very cheap drunk.

The waiter brought the wine, they ordered, and then they were alone.

"It's so strange," Jay said. "Here we are, two... guys. I still do think of you as a guy sometimes. Here we are, and everyone we meet thinks we're a couple. What do you think about that?"

"I don't know. You're right though, I'm still having trouble thinking of myself as a girl, a female, a woman. It's really hard to accept that I might have to stay this way the rest of my life."

"But you're so beautiful now," Jay countered. "Don't you like looking like that?"

"How do you think you'd feel if you woke up one morning and discovered you had turned into a girl? Forget about what I look like. I've changed inside and out. You know what I mean. Sometimes it's fun, but other times it's kind of frightening. I don't know what I should do."

"You're doing great. Sometimes I forget that you aren't a 'real woman.'"

"Well, I never forget," Joe said, grinning at his pal. Jay was so understanding. Although it seemed he incessantly teased Joe, his light spirit about the whole accident made it easier for Joe to adapt to what was happening to him. In the candlelight, Jay looked into Joe's eyes. He didn't speak, but a lot was said.

Jay grinned. "I think we're the only people in town with suntans, and you look absolutely fantastic in the candle glow."

"You should have seen that fat woman at the pool," Joe said, with a grin growing on his face too.

"I did," Jay countered. "I was there, remember."

"I mean later, in the locker room," Joe chuckled. "I don't think I've ever seen anything like it. She had more rolls of fat than the Pillsbury Dough Boy, and just as white."

"The other two weren't that bad." Jay said critically.

"Yeah, I know. The prettiest one changed clothes right next to me," Joe said, trying to create a little jealousy in his friend.

"What's that like? To have to sit there with naked women all around you like that?"

Joe smiled deviously. "Actually, they were not all around. There were only three."

"Yeah, but to have women undressing in front of you. How on earth can you stand it?"

"I guess it helps to be a girl," Joe said dryly. "They can't see your hard-on." He grinned.

Jay looked at Joe and returned the grin. "I love it when you talk dirty," he said sarcastically.

"It's the truth. It's a little different, sure, but not as much as you probably think. You can't imagine how it feels; the things I have to be concerned about. They told me the other day, at the clinic, that if my hormone levels continued to change I'd probably experience changes in desire, things like that. It's one thing to have them tell you what might happen. In reality, it's a whole other thing to realize that you are beginning to notice men's rear ends, the strong shoulders, I don't even know how to explain it to you," Joe stammered. "Do you know that today I got a hard-on, if I dare call it that, while I watched you swimming around?"

Jay looked into Joe's eyes and winked slightly. "I don't have to tell you that you've been doing that to me all week."

"I know what I look like. I can understand you reacting like that when you see me, I guess. But, for me... How would you feel if suddenly you found yourself wanting to have sex with a man?"

"I guess maybe I could handle it if I had a body like yours."

"Damn it Jay, forget what I look like! Don't you see all this is only skin and muscle?" Joe retorted. "And not too much muscle, that's for sure."

"Yeah, but the skin... I..."

Joe interrupted him. "You can't believe what it's like not to even know what your brain will think about the next thing you see. To not to know till you try, whether you still have the strength to lift something or not?" Joe said, trying to restrain himself from raising his voice.

"What do you want me to do? I'm trying to help you with this. Don't get pissed at me. I didn't do this to you."

Joe looked across the table at Jay. A smile replaced the scowl that had formed there. "Hey, I know. I'm sorry. Of course I'm not mad at you. I'm not mad at anybody. I just get so frustrated about what has happened to me that when I start to think about it, sometimes it all just starts to overwhelm me."

"You're doing a lot better than I would," Jay complimented. "I can't believe how well you've been adjusting to all this, How patient you've been to all the questions and the examinations. I'm as guilty as anybody. But what happened to you is so unique, it sounds like something out of the Inquirer. But here you are, alive and well."

"Yeah, alive and well," Joe repeated. "You know, until a few days ago, I was thinking that the best thing that could happen would be for the doctors to find a way to get us back. To make me normal again. But the longer I stay this way, the longer this 'femaleness' thing changes me: the way I look, the way I feel, the way I THINK. When I really ask myself what I want to happen, I don't even know if I want to be changed back anymore."

"You want to stay female? You do make a good one, I think. And that's not meant as an insult."

Joe grinned. "Thanks. I don't know, I really don't know anything about being a woman. I mean periods... maybe even having babies... It's a lot more than just learning to wear a skirt."

"You might not have a choice," Jay reminded him.

"Yeah. I know. It's so scary. I'm glad everybody has been so good and so helpful with this. Even your teasing makes it easier. It helps me take all it with a grain of salt."

"We've been best friends for a long time. It's going to take more than you sprouting boobs to change that." Jay winked.

The conversation was interrupted by the waiter bringing salads. The conversation continued as they ate, and when they finished their steaks and refused dessert, Jay asked the question. "Will we be sleeping together tonight?"

From across the table, Joe looked at him in the dim candle light. "Do you want to?"

"Sure. But only if you do."

"Let's go back to the room and see what happens," Joe said shyly.

Playing a demure young woman did not come naturally to Joe. He was now as interested in Jay as he had ever been with a woman. But he didn't want to sound as horny as he felt.

Jay paid the tab and they walked back to the hotel, with Jay taking Joe's hand, and Joe letting him. They walked slowly, not saying much, but anxious and nervous about what was likely to take place.

Chapter 31

ENCORE PERFORMANCE

They didn't speak as they rode the elevator the five floors to the rooms. Jay held Joe's hand firmly, and Joe walked close to him. Joe felt strange, acting subordinate to Jay, but at the same time he experienced an oddly comforting feeling of safety. Jay wasn't really that much larger, but he was stronger than Joe. Before the change, it was Joe who had been the bigger and stronger. Not anymore. It was a hard thing for both to get accustomed to.

When they reached the hallway, Joe stopped at the door to his room and fished his key from his pants' pocket. Jay nervously watched as Joe opened the door, then followed him inside.

Joe could feel his heart pound as he slowly walked to the opposite end of the room. He had been at this point a few times before, the awkward start of a possible night of sex, but never in this position. He looked at Jay, who stood self-consciously at the other side of the bed. "Lighten up, Jay. You know I'm not going to bite."

"It isn't very easy doing this, Joe. We were buddies."

"I thought we still are."

"Buddies don't usually get into bed together."

"Hey, if you don't want to do this, I understand," Joe said, smiling. "God knows, you can probably hear my heart from where you're standing."

"No. I can't. But then, mine might explode at any minute. I know I've been teasing you all day, and I think I meant it too, but now I just don't know if I can go through with this."

"I know. I find myself wondering why I would even want to get in the same bed with you, too. I must be absolutely going nuts." Joe grinned at Jay. "Let's just see what's on television," he continued. "We can lie here and watch that, and forget about all this sex crap."

"You really think that'll be possible?"

"Probably not. But if something else happens, what the heck," Joe grinned mischievously.

Joe went to the television set and snapped it on. He pointed to the remote control fastened to the stand between the beds. "See if you can find something good. I'm going to hit the can."

He went into the bathroom. As he peed, he thought about the birth control sponge and wondered if he should try one on, just in case. He retrieved one from his shaving kit and examined it. Wrapped in its protective wrapper it looked sort of like a tiny catcher's mitt. He ripped open the plastic and held it by the little tab. This looks too big to put inside me, he thought.

He remembered how he thought the same thing about Jay, and how easily that went. He carefully read the instructions on the little paper. Using toilet tissue, he dried, then stood up. With jeans and underwear around his ankles, he bent to a squatting position and looked down at his crotch. Everything is so much easier with a penis, he thought to himself.

With his left hand, he spread the sides of the opening and probed around with the ring finger of his right hand. When he located the exact position of his vaginal orifice, he took the little sponge, carefully held it as the directions said, and placed it inside. Using his index finger, he adjusted the contraceptive until it was in a location he hoped was covering the cervix. Though he had explored himself, he had never probed this new part of his body quite this way before, and it came as a surprise when he actually touched his cervix with his finger. It was just another confirmation of the extent of what had happened. There actually was a cervix in there, just like in the picture. Not only had his external appearance become female but, like the doctors had said, his internal organs were changed, too. If there was a cervix in there, there surely had to be a uterus. If he had a uterus, it was only a matter of time before he would ovulate, then menstruate. If he did that, well... He hoped the sponge performed as advertised. He wasn't ready to try everything his body might now be capable of. Not yet anyway.

With the sponge inserted, Joe stood up. He examined his reflection in the mirror. He couldn't see anything new, it all looked the same. Everything was completely hidden inside his body. He was somewhat surprised that he couldn't really feel anything either. He tensed the muscles down there and confirmed it. Other than a strange residual feeling from having just probed around down there, stretching things with his fingers, he felt nothing different at all. He realized that his fingers were wet with his juices. He held them under the sink and quickly dried his hands on a towel.

Joe pulled the diminutive panty to his hips, then raised and buttoned his jeans. He pulled the sweatshirt back down and examined his appearance in the mirror. He decided to give his disheveled hair a quick brush. With that, he went back out to where Jay was resting on the bed watching TV. "What's on?" he asked.

"Well, Showtime has a comedy special, and HBO is showing 'Memphis Belle.'"

Without looking at the screen, Joe could tell from the 40's big band sound that Jay was watching the story of flying in World War Two. He had seen it before, at the movies and also on television. It was worth watching again. But right now, his mind wasn't on airplanes, movies, or TV.

Joe lay down on the other double bed, and then got up again and pulled the spread away, leaving only the bare sheets. Jay apparently was trying his best to keep his attention on the small screen.

Joe removed his Reeboks and socks, then, leaving his clothes on, he dropped back on the pillows. He tried his best to get interested in the movie, but soon the warm room and the heavy sweatshirt began to feel uncomfortable. It also gave him an idea.

Without saying anything, Joe sat up and pulled the sweatshirt over his head, placing it at the edge of the bed. He watched Jay's reaction out of the corner of his eye. He raised his arms over his head and stretched, emphasizing his new breasts as much as he could. He knew the shiny little black bra made his new shape look its best, and he could tell Jay was transfixed, watching his every move. He pawed his left breast as if scratching an imaginary itch. Joe found it was actually sort of fun to play this little game and discover Jay's reaction. It was quite exciting being the tease. He lay back on the pillow to let the bait work.

At first it seemed that Jay was just going to lie there, doing nothing. Joe began to feel embarrassment, as if he had just been caught dressing in drag. But soon he saw his actions had the desired effect.

"You look pretty good, lying there," Jay said simply.

"Thanks," Joe said, attempting a demure smile. "That big sweatshirt was just too warm. You don't mind, do you?"

"Heck, no," Jay said with uncharacteristic abandon. "I like it."

"I do, too," Joe said, momentarily sitting up. "It's kind of funny. I thought it would be embarrassing to wear stuff like this, but actually, it's worse without it. I mean... the boobs are always there." He shook his chest provocatively, making his breasts sway slightly.

Jay watched his friend flaunt his new software. Joe did look so fine. "You make it difficult to watch the movie, when you sit there like that."

"I'm sorry. Do you want me to wear a shirt?"

"Not at all. You look beautiful like that."

"Yeah? Really?" Joe asked. "I mean... I know I don't compare with Barb, that's for sure."

Barb was Jay's current girl friend. She was rather well-endowed. Joe had his first glimpse at her generous assets when they had changed clothes together in Linda's bedroom, some days ago.

Jay's face showed a look of surprise and then humor. "What's this? Do I detect that you're jealous of Barb?" Jay questioned.

"No. I'm not jealous. I'm just wondering how you think I compare. I can't even attempt to judge myself that way, but I guess I would like to know."

"Well, you are different from Barb, that's for sure. But I like the difference. Sure, you haven't got quite as much on top as she does, but like you said yourself, you're still growing." Jay laughed.

"But do I look like a REAL girl to you? I mean, I know I'm female looking, sort of, but do I really look like a woman to you, a real woman?" Joe wanted to know. His confidence in his ability to pass in his newly adapted gender needed bolstering.

"Joe, I don't think you look like anything BUT a woman." Jay said. "What are you worried about?"

"Damn it, Jay, I guess I don't know. I realize that I probably won't ever be male again, and I guess I'm trying my best to get used to the whole idea. But I don't feel like a woman. Hell, I don't know what a female is supposed to feel like. Maybe I really do, and don't even realize it. But if I'm going to live like this, I need to know what you, and others, really think."

"Look at yourself," Jay admonished. "You remember what women look like. You said yourself you saw three of them undress

right in front of you, just this afternoon. You can answer the question better than I can."

"Jay, I know what I see, but when I look at myself, I can still see the male me. I mean, sure I can see the differences, but I feel like it's just me with female parts added, (he grinned) or with my male parts missing."

"Okay," Jay ordered. "Stand up."

"Stand up?"

"Stand up, and walk around to the front of the bed," Jay said, clicking the light on bright.

Joe went to the foot of the single beds. He stood there in jeans and bra, with his hands held clasped in front of him. Jay looked him over critically, saying nothing for about almost a minute.

"Off with the Levis," Jay commanded.

Joe gave him a confused look and then smiled shyly.

"Come on, off with the Levis," Jay repeated.

Obediently, Joe unbuttoned his jeans and pulled them down. He stepped out of them, retrieved his sweatshirt, and placed both on the dresser. When he turned around, Jay saw the thong back underwear. "Turn around," he ordered.

Joe did a slow three-sixty. He looked at Jay, the shy smile still on his face.

"You wear clothes like that, and you still say you're unsure of your sexuality? I'm sure you look better, and more female, than at least ninety percent of the women in this place, that's for sure."

"So you like it, huh?" Joe asked, making his hip jut out in a mockingly sexy pose.

"Sure. Black really looks good on you."

"Yeah, I think I like it too. Who would have thought I'd ever be standing in front of you, or anybody, wearing stuff like this?" Joe wondered aloud.

"It's hard to believe you were ever a guy. I know I've asked you this before, but what does it feel like to have your body changed like that?"

Joe looked into Jay's eyes and grinned mischievously. "Well, right now it kind of itches," Joe answered, using his fingernails on both sides of his pubic area at the edge of the panty's narrow crotch band. "I think there's a little stubble there. I haven't trimmed it for a while"

"Do you want me to scratch it?" Jay offered.

Joe grinned nervously. "I thought you'd never ask," he said, in his best Madonna imitation.

"Get your butt over here, then." Jay ordered.

Joe went slowly to where Jay was sitting. Jay reached out and put his hand on Joe's hip, then ran it down his soft, bare backside. "You are so soft and smooth. You feel like a teenager."

"Have you been feeling up any teenagers lately?"

Jay grinned. "It's true, Joe. I think your skin is softer now than even a few days ago."

"That's what I've been telling you." Joe said. "I'm still changing. I can feel it happening. I guess it's the hormones or something, I don't know."

"Well, whatever it is, it looks and feels great."

"Unless you're the guy whose body it's happening to, that is. Then it takes on a whole different aspect," Joe reminded.

"Yeah, I guess it would at that. But my God, it's just so amazing. You're so beautiful."

"Do you know how hard it is to think of yourself as beautiful?"

"I'm sorry. But you really are. The change is phenomenal. The way your voice has changed, you even sound like a woman."

"Yeah. But with no balls comes no muscles," Joe reminded him, rubbing his palm over his pubic area, as if to emphasize the difference. "I was playing as hard as I could, but you walked all over me today."

Jay moved his hand away from stroking Joe's smooth buttock, and placed it on the black nylon covering his genital area. He could feel Joe's pubic hair through the soft cloth. The gentle touch felt great to Joe, and he stood still, with his eyes closed, taking in the sensation.

"It's a shame," Jay said. "To look so fine, and still want to be a hairy guy again." He smiled at Joe in a kind of condescending way.

Joe put his somewhat smaller hand over Jay's, and slowly guided Jay's fingers over the outside of his underwear around his pubic mound. Then he moved his legs apart slightly and moved Jay's fingers to the softness between them. "What does that feel like to you?" he asked.

"What does it feel like? What do you mean, what does it feel like?"

"Just what I said. You're touching me. What does it feel like?"

"I don't know. What do you want me to say?" Jay stammered.

"Does it feel like you're touching a woman? Does it feel like you're rubbing a pussy?"

Jay looked up at Joe. He was sitting on the bed, and Joe was standing beside it. "Well, yeah, I guess it does. It does. It feels like I'm touching a... a female sexual organ," Jay said clinically.

"Well, I feel it too. But do you know what it feels like to me?" Without waiting for Jay to respond, Joe continued. "I hope this doesn't turn you off, but it feels like you just ran your fingers along my cock, and now you're touching my balls. That's what it feels like to me."

"Really?" Jay exclaimed, moving his hand away. "It feels like that?"

"Yes. Does that help you understand what it's like to be like this? To have everybody start thinking of you as a woman, just because you look like one?"

"Gee. I'm sorry Joe... I never knew... I thought you wanted to do this... I mean... I said I only wanted to if you did."

"That's the second paradox," Joe continued. "My body looks female, but I feel male, and yet... female too... I guess. But even though I usually think of myself as a guy, still male, I'm starting to have these thoughts... these urges... It makes me wonder if maybe I'm really homosexual or at least, bisexual."

"I think you're trying to tell me that you're starting to notice men, and you don't know what you should do about it."

"Yeah. I think maybe that's what I'm trying to say. It's so confusing."

"Let's see. You've undergone this change... Your body looks female. It still feels male, but also female. You think of yourself as

male, but at the same time, you're starting to acquire an interest in men. Does that sum it up?"

Joe looked at his pal. "Yes, I guess maybe that's the problem."

"Hmm... You've said that it you feel it isn't likely that they'll figure out some way to get you back and make you look male again." Jay was speaking methodically. "It looks to me like what's happening is probably the best thing for you. I mean... If you have to live as a woman, wouldn't you want to be heterosexual?"

"I guess I do," Joe said without conviction, "but what about Linda?"

"What about her? In your present state, why not just think of her as a friend? With your body like this, I'd say you have little need for her in bed, wouldn't you?" Jay had begun rhythmically moving his fingers between Joe's legs. His action was making concentrating on what they were saying to each other very difficult.

"Do you know what she wants to do?" Joe asked. "She wants me to help her use the machine to make her male."

"Linda wants to be a man?" Jay said in amazement. "Why would she want to do that?"

"I think because she's in love with me," Joe said simply. "I think because she realizes that I can't love her like I want to, and she can't give me what I need. The other night I told her that I might not mind staying this way, and the next day she told me she wanted to be a guy."

"Can they make her one?" It was a strange question, but with what had happened already, not unreasonable.

"As far as I know, if the machine could masculinize her, it could change us back, too. I don't have an answer for that right now."

"If she was a guy, would you... could you feel the same about her?"

"That's a hard question. I mean... I do love her, but I don't know if I'd want me married to her this way... not as her WIFE."

"What about sometime? Would you consider being a wife, sometime?"

Joe looked at the wall, deep in thought. "I'm young. I'd hate to think I'll have to spend the rest of my life alone. I mean I was just planning to settle down and marry Linda. But to get married, like

this, as a woman, to become a wife, maybe get pregnant, have babies... God Jay, it's too early to think about stuff like that. I'm still having to remember to sit when I pee." Joe laughed as he voiced the last sentence.

"Is it too early to think about trying out the new equipment?" Jay asked, giving Joe's crotch a squeeze. He could tell Joe was enjoying his actions since the little black panties were becoming quite damp.

Joe looked down at Jay. It was so strange. It seemed he was slowly being overcome by an intense desire to make Jay feel good. He was finding that the sex urge manifested itself much differently now. Before, the main interest was to get his penis inside his partner's vagina. Now it was all much more subtle. He could still detect a strong feeling of desire emanating from his genitalia, but it was different.

"No. I think I could use the practice, don't you?" Joe teased. His urge to get down to business was overcoming his embarrassment.

"What do you suggest we do?" Jay asked.

Jay was lying on the bed, but he was still fully clothed. He had slipped his shoes off, so Joe reached down and pulled his socks off, running his fingers along the soles of Jay's feet as he did so. "Loosen that belt," Joe said.

Jay did as he was told, and helped as Joe pulled his trousers off. Joe dropped them on the floor and sat on the edge of the bed next to Jay. He began unbuttoning Jay's shirt, and Jay reached up and fondled Joe's breasts. Joe gently pushed his hand away.

"You can look, but don't touch," Joe said softly. He knew that if he held Jay off, his interest would peak even higher. When he had Jay's shirt unbuttoned, with Jay's assistance, he removed it and placed it with his trousers.

Now Jay lay on the bed wearing only royal blue jockey shorts. Joe looked at his friend's crotch, where his erection strained at the cotton fabric. He was finding it difficult to accept that he could actually want to touch another man's penis.

"My goodness," Joe said in mock surprise. "What do we have here?" He placed his hand on the bulge at Jay's crotch. Then he gingerly wrapped his fingers around Jay's manhood and softly squeezed. It amazed him how hard the thing was. Only a week, and already I can't remember what a real hard-on feels like, he thought to himself.

Jay closed his eyes as Joe stroked his penis with one hand and ran his soft fingers through the hair of his chest with the other. Maybe Joe was really a guy and all that, but he looked so good, and smelled so good. His hands were so soft too, and he knew exactly what kind of touch felt good to a guy. He reached out and put his hand around Joe's back, feeling the strap of his bra. He ran his fingers along the strap, hunting for the catch. It took a moment, but Joe finally realized what he was trying to do.

"It opens here," Joe said, reaching between the cups. With one hand, he easily worked the little clasp and the bra separated, exposing his breasts.

Jay reached around and fondled one, then the other. Joe worked his arms out of the bra and let it fall onto the bed.

"God, I never thought I'd be doing this," Joe said, as he looked down at his bare breasts. "Much less that I'd even want to."

"What's the matter?" Jay asked. "Am I doing something you don't like?"

"No. Not at all. Not at all. Quite the opposite. I can't believe how much I'm enjoying what you're doing."

"Your boobs are fantastic. I can't believe how firm they feel."

"I guess that's because they're so new." Joe said matter-of-factly.

"Maybe so. They're a week old now, aren't they?"

Joe moved his hand which was stroking the light hair on Jay's chest down until he came the band of his jockey shorts. He slowly slipped his fingers under the elastic and felt around until he found what he was looking for. Using only the tips of his fingers, he rubbed the bottom side of Jay's organ and as he did, he felt Jay tense up as he experienced the intense feeling.

While Joe was pleasuring Jay, Jay was softly stroking his breasts. Joe continued to sit beside him on the bed while Jay lay back on the pillows. Both wanted to do more, but were too self-conscious to proceed faster. They continued until Jay spoke. "If you keep that up I'm going to come real soon." Jay was almost gasping.

Joe looked at him. He wasn't sure if it would be best to let him, or to stop what he was doing and try something else. It was easy to forget that even though his own sexual endurance had changed, Jay's still followed the male pattern.

"Do you want to?"

"Well, if you want to get down to business, don't use it all up like this."

"I want to make you feel good. But I don't think I'm ready yet."

"Lie down here," Jay said.

As Joe lay down on the bed, Jay got up and knelt next to him. He began to stroke Joe's flat stomach and continued to fondle his breasts. After a few minutes of that, with Joe just lying back with his eyes closed, Jay touched Joe's genital area.

Joe was still wearing panties, but the thin material only seemed to help make the sensation feel even better. Joe opened his legs to give Jay better access. It wasn't long before he was moving his hips along with Jay's hand.

"May I take these off?" Jay asked, pulling Joe's panties down a little.

"Sure," Joe breathed. "Whatever you want."

Jay slowly and carefully slid the little black panties down Joe's smooth legs. As he did that, he would sometimes stop and massage the soft skin of Joe's legs. When he had them off, his attention turned to Joe's crotch.

He first ran his finger tips along the little folds, which by now had spread open and were oozing with natural lubricant. As he touched Joe, his hips would rise to meet him, and it was plain that Joe was now quite sensitive in this area.

"Does this feel good?" Jay asked.

"Hell, yes," Joe said urgently. "It's fantastic."

As he fondled Joe, Jay examined his pal's changed body. It was amazing just how feminine he had become. Except for possibly somewhat wider shoulders than most women, there was no real evidence that Joe had ever been a man. He looked at Joe's genitalia. Maybe the clitoris was a little more obvious than some he had seen, but the transformation from male to female appearance was total. As Joe had been telling him, his pelvis had acquired a feminine shape, with hip bones and pelvic bone protruding from a quite flat belly. Joe's pubic hair had even assumed the female pattern of a narrow "V", with the top edge bordering the top of his prominent pubic bone, and from there, a very narrow strip continued down between hairless legs.

He could tell that Joe had trimmed the hair, and when he ran his fingers along the area between cleft and leg, he could feel a slight stubble. Jay's face was less than a foot away from Joe's crotch, and he could detect the sweet, musky scent of an aroused female. There was no doubt about it, Joe was all woman now, whether he felt like one, or not.

Jay looked at Joe's face. Joe was lying there with his eyes closed, his features drawn into a strange grimace. It was obvious to Jay that his manipulations were very pleasurable to his pal. His gaze went back down at Joe's lower body. Spreading them, and then moving between Joe's legs, Jay put his face on Joe's crotch. He even tasted good. He began to tease Joe with his lips and tongue, and as he did Joe instinctively moved his hips, trying to maneuver his most sensitive parts to Jay's tongue. After about two minutes of this, Jay felt Joe's legs tense up and his hips raise off the bed. Then he dropped back to the bed.

"Did you come already?" Jay asked, even though the answer was obvious.

"God, yeah." Joe breathed. "How about going inside?" he pleaded.

"Sure," Jay said. "Give me a minute." He got up and started to go to his room."

"Where are you going?" Joe asked.

"I came prepared this time," Jay said, a big satisfied grin on his face.

"Get back here," Joe said. "And sit down."

Joe sat up in bed. His body desperately yearned to have Jay, but he did his best to speak.

"You've been tested for HIV, haven't you?" Joe asked.

"You know I have. We both have."

"Well then, unless you have any objection, let's not use a rubber."

"But I thought you were so worried about getting pregnant. Do you know something I don't?"

Joe grinned seductively. "Maybe I was. No, I still have to worry about that, I guess. But I've got something else to try. Have you ever seen those commercials on TV about that contraceptive sponge?"

"Yeah, sure. I think I have."

"Well, I bought some. If you don't mind, I'd like to try this without a rubber."

"Any reason?"

"I know how it feels for a guy to do it wearing a rubber... it's not as good. I wonder if the same thing is true for me this way."

"You're right about that," Jay agreed. "What's the old saying... like taking a shower wearing a rain coat?"

"Something like that. Anyway, I bought some of those little sponges, I've got one on now. I can't even feel it's in there."

"If you're willing, I'm willing and ready," Jay said, pointing to his rock hard erection. Just looking at Joe's attractive body was keeping it stiff as a poker.

Joe lay back and moved his legs apart. "Come on down," he said sexily.

Jay went to the bed and lay down next to Joe. Joe reached for Jay's appendage and gave it a gentle squeeze. Not too gentle. With that, Jay moved on top of Joe's body and Joe, his inhibitions overcome by desire, maneuvered Jay's hardness into the soft wetness between his own legs. When he found the right spot, Jay came down with one good thrust and went all the way in.

"Oooh," Joe moaned softly. "God, that feels good."

"Glad you like it," Jay said as he began to slowly move in and out. "You feel great to me, too."

"Just keep doing it, but move real slow," Joe commanded. "Move real slow."

Jay did as ordered, slowing so that it took maybe a full minute for one in and out cycle. Joe closed his eyes and savored the feeling. Sometimes he would flex his crotch muscles, as if trying to tightly grip this wonderfully hard, yet velvety smooth thing inside him. Whenever he did it, he could tell Jay could feel it too, because he would stop moving and tense up slightly. It was a strange thing. As a man, he had always felt he was the one in control of the lovemaking situation. Now that he found himself on the other side, he still felt that he had the upper hand.

He was thinking about this when he felt Jay tense up, then begin to pump furiously. He was obviously ejaculating. Joe could feel Jay's

penis begin to jerk the familiar way it did when he ejaculated. Joe remembered the feeling of ejaculation, wondering if he would ever experience it again. Can't have it both ways, he knew.

Joe wrapped his arms and legs around Jay as his friend continued to writhe in pleasure from his orgasm. Joe tried to imagine the little sperm which had just entered his body. They weren't his sperm, they were Jay's, and they were instinctively looking for an egg to fertilize. His egg. He hoped the little catcher's mitt and the spermicide in it did the job it was designed to do.

After a few moments, Jay withdrew, and lay next to Joe. They were both temporarily exhausted from the exertion. Joe looked over at Jay, and began to run his fingers through the hair on his friend's chest.

"God, that was good, Jay. Much better even than last time."

"So you like it?" Jay asked. "Do you want to stay that way? What if they can make you male again?"

"I don't know," Joe said, looking up at the ceiling. "I realize that there's a chance I might have to choose, but I don't know what I'd want to do. I seem to oscillate between feeling sorry for myself about what happened, to just loving to be this way. Right now, I don't think I've ever felt better in my life."

"Well, one thing is obvious, you've never looked any better, that's for sure." Jay said teasingly.

Joe moved his hand from Jay's chest to his crotch. He pulled playfully on Jay's penis as he gazed into Jay's eyes. "I guess I'm a victim of these new genes and hormones. Thanks for helping me adjust to it."

"What are you talking about?" Jay objected. "You know it's my pleasure... And I mean that literally."

Joe grinned. "No, I mean it," he said. "It's all been kind of embarrassing for me, but you've been really nice about it."

"Hey, once I get over the idea of who you were, it's very easy being around you," Jay said. "I told you the other day that I thought I was beginning to feel different about you... Do you know what I'm trying to say?" he stammered.

"Yeah... Maybe I do. But... its one thing to play around like this, I mean... I was curious... you were curious... but, I don't know about

anything else. I mean... we're really both guys... under the skin, anyway."

Jay ran his finger along Joe's left breast, stopping at his pink nipple, and then making a circle around it. "Maybe UNDER the skin you are, old pal, but your skin is all woman. You've gotta admit that."

"But you're still all man," Joe teased, pumping Jay's erection, which caused it to assume its previous stiffness. "Do you mind if I put this to use?" Joe tried to make his voice sound as seductive as he could.

"What's with you?" Jay asked, grinning. "You look so young and innocent, but you act just as horny as you were before."

Joe felt his face begin to flush with embarrassment. "I told you, it's still me, no matter what I look like. I can't help it, it all feels so good, why not just enjoy it?"

"I guess that's what I like about you. A girl who thinks just like a guy."

"I prefer to think of myself as a guy who looks like a woman," Joe said, twisting Jay's penis.

"Whichever way you want, you're simply beautiful," Jay said, moving onto Joe again.

They continued into the night until Joe found he had become too sore to continue. Then they fell asleep, with Joe snuggling in Jay's arms, and Jay relishing the closeness of Joe's soft body. Neither bothered setting an alarm, or phoning in a wake-up call. There would be plenty of time to make the appointment in the morning.

Chapter 32

ANOTHER DAY, ANOTHER PHYSICAL

Joe was awakened by the sun streaming into the window of his hotel room. It took a moment, but soon felt the arm which encircled him, and the hand which held one of his bare breasts. He remembered... Jay was still with him.

Slowly and quietly he pulled the sheet away from his body the best he could. Jay was snuggling up close against him. He could feel his warmth. He could also feel something, probably Jay's limp penis, gently poking him in the rear.

Joe enjoyed the warm secure feeling of lying in Jay's arms. It was easy to understand why women liked doing that. It felt so safe. As he lay there, he looked at his chest. Jay had his hand cupped over Joe's left breast. He could even smell Jay's cologne. Joe couldn't remember ever smelling it before now. It seemed his nose, like most of his other senses, had become so much more acute with the change. Then again, he had really never been this close to Jay before either.

He thought about last night. They had gone to bed quite early, but Joe figured that he probably had no more than four hours of sleep. They spent the night together, experimenting sexually in all kinds of ways. They fondled each other, hugging, eventually even kissing, that initiated by Jay, who probably started it from habit, but Joe found his body responding to it as they both adjusted to a quite different relationship.

They must have engaged in intercourse at least five or six times. Joe had quickly lost count. The sensations he experienced, once he overcame the self-consciousness of acting the new gender role, could only be described as extremely satisfying. Joe couldn't help but be amazed at Jay's stamina. Jay had gone out of his way to do everything necessary to make Joe climax, and Joe quickly lost track of how many times he had done so. Jay had also experienced orgasm many times, usually while inside Joe. They acted like a honeymooning couple, continuing until Joe simply hurt too much to continue. He had worn the sensitive skin of his body sore.

Joe reached down to feel between his legs. He was still wet there, and the extent of his previous excitement was obvious by the dampness of the sheet under his butt, but now he could feel only sore

tenderness when he stroked his sensitive pubic area. It really stung. No more messing around for a while, he decided.

He retrieved his wristwatch from the night stand. Holy Cow! It was after eight o'clock. He had to be at the doctor's office by ten. That gave them less than two hours to get ready and get over there.

Joe moved Jay's hand from his chest and quickly got out of bed. All the moving around woke his sleeping pal.

"What's up?" Jay asked.

"Get up." Joe insisted. "It's past eight o'clock. I have to be there at ten."

"We can make it," Jay said, still half asleep. "Let's screw again one more time."

"Forget it. We don't have time, and even if we did, I'm too sore. I'll be lucky if I can even sit without hurting."

Jay grinned at his pal. "No kidding? I made you sore? What's that feel like?"

"It hurts," Joe said, showing his irritation. "Trust me, I wish I could share the pain." Embarrassed, he shyly rubbed his pubic area, being careful not to touch the sensitive parts.

"I have to shower and decide on what to wear." Joe said, mainly to himself, as Jay slowly sat up in bed.

"Can we do that together? It might be fun."

"Yeah, maybe it would. But we don't have time to find out. You get in your own room and let me get ready."

Jay looked at Joe. It was obvious that he had become strangely enthralled with his old buddy now that he had acquired the appearance of a beautiful woman. "You want me to leave?" he asked incredulously.

"I think you got the idea. It was fun, and maybe we can do it again, but now get out of here so I can get dressed."

Jay gathered his clothes, not putting anything on. Joe, also still nude, watched as his pal picked up his clothes where they were strewn about, mesmerized with how Jay's partially erect penis bobbed around as he walked. He realized that he couldn't remember ever seeing another naked man standing or walking with a hard-on until right now.

Jay looked over and saw Joe staring at his erection. He grinned, then his face began to redden. "What are you looking at?" he asked, embarrassed by being the object of such obvious interest by his friend.

"Nothing. Not much any way." Joe grinned at Jay's shyness. It was good to see him feeling embarrassed for a change.

Jay gathered up all his clothes and went to his room. He didn't close the door. Joe looked at the open door, wondering if he should close it, then decided to leave it open.

He went to his clothes bag and rummaged through it. He was looking for more underwear. He found a pair of light blue cotton hip-hugger panties. He had never worn them before. He held them up, examining the tiny scalloped edge of the waist and leg openings. It wasn't lace of course, but the trim was more feminine than on most of his new underwear, with the inscription "Jockey for Her" encircling the narrow white waistband. By now, Joe was completely accustomed to wearing female clothes, but, just as before the change, he still didn't like lacy undergarments. He found he did enjoy the feel of nylon and silk against his skin. The blue cotton panties were just plain everyday underwear. The scalloped elastic and maybe the light blue color were the only concession to femininity.

Joe had only one bra he had not already worn this trip. It was the other flesh-tone seamless cup front hook underwire. Joe pulled it from the small tangle of things in the bag. He now liked the secure feel of a bra, but he still felt uncomfortable when he had to select one to wear. It was like having to admit to himself that he now had breasts. He did. He knew he did. Sometimes he even somewhat enjoyed the fact that he did. But he didn't like to admit it, even to himself.

Taking underwear in hand, Joe went into the bathroom, closed the door and started the shower running. While he waited for the water to reach a comfortable temperature, he used the toilet. He was a little surprised to discover that his overused bottom didn't hurt when he peed.

Joe was in a hurry, so he quickly showered. He dried off, slipped the underwear on and applied makeup as carefully as he could. Everything was getting much easier, but he was still not very good at it. He had already decided it was best to err on the side of too little rather than too much with regards to makeup, but it was hard to determine when everything was as good as he could make it. It took so long to get ready, he thought. Much easier when he just had to shower, shave, and brush his short hair into approximate position. It

was a lot harder now, trying to look like a "together woman," as Linda called it.

When he thought he looked as good as he could, he put all his things into his new cosmetic case and took everything into the bedroom. He was surprised to find Jay, already dressed, sitting on his bed. He had the black panties in his hand, examining them. Joe looked at his pal, who held out the tiny underpants.

"I just can't believe what's happened to you." Jay said. "I mean I know it's you, but you... To be wearing stuff like this, and then looking so good when you do..."

"How do you think I should handle it?" Joe asked, his face reddening with embarrassment. "Should I continue wearing guy stuff?" He took the panties from Jay, balled them up and put them in his bag.

"No. I sure don't think you should do that. Besides, I can see it wouldn't fit you now anyway." Jay grinned, leering at Joe's feminine form the once over as he stood in bra and little blue panties.

The look on Jay's face embarrassed Joe. Sometimes, when everything was right, he actually enjoyed being an object of lust. But other times, it was just an embarrassment. This was one of those times. "Take a last look if you want, but then get back in your own room," Joe insisted. "Get your bags ready to go."

"I've got them all packed. I've been waiting for you."

"Damn it Jay, get over in your own room. I need a little privacy once in a while."

"Okay. Okay. I'll leave." Jay said. "I'll even close the door. Knock when you're decent, ma'am," he teased, as he closed the door.

Joe had to smile as he thought about his pal. Had the roles been reversed, he would probably have acted the same. He and Jay had been so close, closer than brothers really, it was difficult for either of them to adapt to this changing relationship. Joe, of course, had the added difficulty of having to adjust to a quite different status and developing appreciation of men, as well as discovering his own reactions to his newly formed womanhood. For Jay, he faced the dilemma of feeling sorry for what happened to his best friend, as well as being enthralled with Joe's beautiful metamorphosis and subsequent clumsy adaptation to femininity.

Going to the hangers, Joe looked at one of the new dresses he bought yesterday. It was an ivory colored wrap dress, made of an almost silky fabric. Joe loved the feel. It looked spectacular too, he thought. Not too sexy, and it felt great to wear. It was easy to put on, too, since it had no zippers up the back like so many of the other clothes he tried. He took the dress from the hanger and laid it on the bed. He dug out the black pantyhose and tugged them on. Then he pulled on a half slip. He decided to not wear anything under the dress on top except a bra, hoping it wouldn't be too cold outside. He carefully put the dress on, watching his reflection in the mirror as he did. He ran his hands down his body, feeling the soft curve of his still developing breasts and hips. Sometimes, he simply loved what was happening to his body. And the fabulous feeling of these clothes...

Next, Joe gathered up all his clothes and shoes and everything, putting them in his bag. When he was finished, he looked at his watch. Nine thirty. If they didn't eat breakfast, and drove right over to the office, they might make it on time. He knocked on the connecting door. Jay answered immediately.

"I'm ready to go," Joe told him. "If you'll take the bags, I'll check out." He handed Jay the car keys.

"Sure. You want me to carry the heavy stuff," Jay said in mock protest.

"I didn't hear you complain when I acted like a girl last night."

Jay looked at him, his face turning serious. "I was serious about everything I said last night, too," he said solemnly.

"Okay. I'll remember that." He wondered what Jay meant by that remark. In the throes of passion, did he miss something his pal had said?

Joe quickly settled up with the girl behind the counter. He noticed that when he had dealings with women now, they generally didn't treat him with the same courtesy or respect. At least that's the way it seemed. Of course, to them he was no longer a handsome young man either. Women considered him to be one of them. It was still very difficult for Joe to consider twenty or thirty year old women as peers. As his sex drive changed, and his sexual preferences adapted to a new anatomy, Joe was beginning to lose some the sexual desire he had for women. It wasn't completely gone, just changing, but he still had difficulty with how they reacted to him, now that his body was so much like theirs.

Jay had carried the bags to the car in the basement garage and already returned to the counter when Joe turned to look for him. His friend held out his hand. Joe eyed it suspiciously, then took it. They walked hand in hand to the car, Joe feeling very self-conscious the whole time. To anyone watching, they were simply a couple very much in love. The happy grin on Jay's face could have been caused by nothing else. But for Joe, it was simply an awkward moment.

They had ten minutes to reach the doctor's office. Joe doubted they could make it on time. He hoped that there would be no traffic delays. He hated to be late. It was embarrassing enough, with all that had happened to him, without arriving late, holding up a busy medical practice. If he was called and wasn't there, he figured he'd miss his appointment and have to stay longer. Of course, doing that might be fun too...

Jay drove to the office following Joe's instructions. When they arrived, Joe walked in the office with Jay following behind. Joe was wearing the pumps with the fairly low heels. He was glad he had adapted so well to walking in them, but he was still not comfortable. He doubted if he would ever be.

They sat together in the chairs in the waiting area, after Joe signed in at the desk. Joe was only seated about five minutes or less when the assistant opened the door and called his name.

"Ms. Joel Bates," the woman said awkwardly.

Joe wondered if she knew what he was there for as he rose from his seat and followed the woman into one of the examination rooms.

"Please be seated." The woman, who wore a nurse's uniform, said in a kind voice. "The doctor will be with you in a moment."

Joe sat on the armless chair, and looked around the room. The tiny room was typical of most examination rooms he had ever been in. There was the table, with the white paper cover, and the little metal stirrup things. He knew what they were for. God he hoped the doc wouldn't want to check him there... but he knew that was wishful thinking. In fact, it was probably the main reason for being here. That area was the main item of interest in his body these days, it seemed.

There was a quick knock on the door and the doctor immediately entered. Joe saw that he was young, probably not much different in age than he was. And he was good looking, too.

"Ms. Bates?" The doctor asked.

"Please, call me Joe." Joe's face reddened and his heart beginning to pound.

The doctor closed the door. "My name is Mike Morgan," the young doctor said. "Joe, I've read your file and I've got to admit I find it most interesting."

"Yeah, I guess a lot of people do. It's been kind of interesting for me too sometimes." Joe smiled thinly.

"I would think it has. I suppose you've had to go over it too many times already, but how about explaining what happened once more, to me."

Joe looked at the handsome man. "Well, last Friday morning, I woke at the normal time, about six or so... and when I did, I realized something was wrong... different. My skin felt softer... my face... I usually have some whiskers in the morning... But my face was smooth. I wondered what was going on, and when I sat up, I realized that my body had changed. I... I... Well, I had these breasts... I noticed a strange feeling and I then realized that my genitals were changed too. I didn't know what was happening, but it appeared that my body had changed. It seemed that I had turned into a girl."

"It all happened overnight?" Dr. Morgan asked incredulously.

"Well, not all of it, I guess. I think I'm still changing, even now. But most of what has happened had already taken place when I woke up Friday morning. I sure didn't notice anything unusual when I went to bed that night."

"And the others, the same thing has happened to them too?"

"Basically, I think so. I don't want to speak for what happened to the other guys, though."

"It says here that your body is completely feminized, and that you now appear to be a completely normal, healthy, woman."

"I don't know how normal I am," Joe smiled. "But to the best of my knowledge, I guess I am female now. At least my body is anyway."

"And how do you feel about that?"

"What kind of question is that?" Joe thought to himself. "How do I feel?" Joe exclaimed. "I think it's pretty weird, but maybe I'm starting to get used to the idea."

"Who has examined you?" Dr. Morgan asked politely. It was obvious that he was very interested in Joe's situation, but not sure how to approach this very attractive woman with the strange, almost unbelievable problem.

"Well, I guess Dr. Krell has been in charge of everything. There have been a lot of others. I can't even remember all their names."

"Have you had a... a pelvic... er... an internal examination?"

"I lost count at four of them I think. I guess you'll want to look at me too?"

"Well, I will need to examine you to complete my report," Dr. Morgan answered, almost apologetically. "I'll try to be quick. I guess it is a little embarrassing. But I assure you, there is no need to feel self-conscious."

"You tell me that after you have some guy stick tools up your butt," Joe said, trying to be polite, but the irritation still came through.

"Mmmm. Yeah, I guess it is a new thing for you, isn't it?"

"Trust me, Doc. There have been a lot of new things in the last week. That's just the most humiliating."

"But it's just normal procedure during a gynecological examination, Joe. I'm sorry, but there is no other way to do it."

"I know that, Dr. Morgan. But remember, I'm not really a female. At least I wasn't. I'm a guy, just like you are. It's just that I woke up last week looking like this. I'm doing my best to cope, but it all takes some getting used to."

"How much did you weigh before this happened?" Dr. Morgan asked, as if to change the subject.

"Well, about One-seventy-five, one-eighty. It varied a bit. I think I was leaning toward one-eighty."

"And how about now?"

"There's a scale," Joe said, pointing at the device by the wall. "Let's find out." With the changes still happening, he didn't want to venture a guess.

Joe stood and walked over to the scale and stood on the platform. He carefully moved the weights till the bar balanced at one-forty-two.

"One hundred and forty-two pounds," Dr. Morgan said incredulously. "You lost almost forty pounds in one week?"

"Doc, I lost a lot more than weight." Joe slid the measurement bar out of the scale, trying to adjust it for height.

Dr. Morgan assisted until the bar was at the right spot.

"One-oh-nine and one-half," the doctor called out.

"I was six foot even, before. Now I'm closer to five-nine."

"Incredible," Dr. Morgan said to himself.

"I guess that accounts for some of the weight loss," Joe said. "But I can tell you, I'm sure I've lost a lot of muscle mass, too. Although I think some of the mass has been going to my butt." Joe put his hands on his hips and ran them around to his buttocks.

"What else have you noticed that has changed?" Dr. Morgan asked. He was obviously in awe of what he was seeing and hearing.

"As I said, doc." Joe said, stepping off the scales. "I was a MAN before this happened. My body was male. I had a penis, and I didn't have these." He cupped his hands over his breasts. "Before, I could beat my best friend at racquetball every time. Now, he can play circles around me, even when he's having a bad day. I just don't have any strength anymore."

"Well, I guess you would lose a considerable amount of upper body strength with what happened," Dr. Morgan said, as if to himself. "But it's hard to believe this all happened in a week."

"Not a week, doc," Joe corrected. "Overnight. One day I'm a normal guy, the next day I wake up looking like this."

"Don't take this wrong, but you are quite attractive." Dr. Morgan said honestly.

Joe grinned at him. "That's what everybody tells me. I guess I should feel lucky I didn't wake up as an ugly woman, but it's still a hell of a shock to lose your masculinity. I'm pretty sure it even has affected the way I think."

"For better or worse?" Dr. Morgan asked.

Joe looked up and saw the man had a grin on his face. He had a sense of humor, too. "I won't comment on that."

"How are you taking this?" Dr. Morgan asked. "Are you experiencing depression, or anything like that?"

"I don't think so." Joe said honestly. "In fact, sometimes I feel absolutely great. There are some good things about this, I guess."

"How about sex? Have you noticed a change in your libido?"

"Look at me, doc. What would you think? I still like girls, if that's what you mean. Of course, there's not too much I can do with one these days. But guess I'm starting to notice guys too. That's a weird feeling, I've got to tell you. And of course, the reality is now beginning to dawn that I could be spending the rest of my life like this."

"How would you feel about that?"

"Would you want to be a woman?"

"This whole thing is so amazing. It's hard to believe you were ever a man."

"Not for me, it isn't."

"Were you ever on hormones or any other such medication before or after this occurred?"

"No. Not ever. Why would I do that?"

"Just what is your sexual orientation, if I might ask?" the doctor continued.

"Orientation? Do you mean am I a homosexual?"

"Yes, that's what I mean." Dr. Morgan agreed.

"Well, before this happened to me, I liked women. ONLY women." Joe said slowly, as if he was thinking about what to say. "But now... I can tell I'm becoming interested in men. I'm even starting to appreciate how they look. This is embarrassing." Joe's face reddened noticeably.

"Please. I understand. Don't be embarrassed. You're doing great," Dr. Morgan insisted.

"So does that make me homosexual?"

"I don't see how that term applies, in your situation," Dr. Morgan said truthfully.

"Well, I don't think of myself as one, if it makes any difference."

"So noted," Dr. Morgan said, rising from where he was sitting and standing near the door. "Joe, I'd like for you to undress completely and put this on," the doctor pointed to the hospital gown hanging on the door hook. "I'll be back shortly." He went out the door and closed it.

There were some hangers and things next to the seat Joe was in, along with a little partition, probably made to undress behind. Joe got up and slipped the pumps off.

With the dress off and placed on the hanger, Joe stepped out of the slip, struggled out of the panty hose, and then unhooked the bra. He got the hospital gown and slipped it over his shoulders, then pulled his underpants off. Wearing the revealing outfit, he sat there, waiting for what was to happen next.

Soon, there was a soft knock on the door, and a nurse poked her head in. "Just checking to see if you were ready," she said, smiling kindly. "Dr. Morgan will be with you in a moment."

The door closed again, and in a few seconds Dr. Morgan and the same nurse entered the room.

"Please come over here and stand." Dr. Morgan asked in a businesslike voice. Joe complied. Dr. Morgan turned Joe so that he was facing away from him, and started to place the stethoscope at various places around Joe's bare back. The instrument felt cold to his sensitive skin.

Dr. Morgan placed his hand on Joe's shoulder and turned him again, so that they were facing each other. The doctor looked into Joe's eyes and throat with a small light.

"Please remove the gown," Dr. Morgan said.

Joe opened the little velcro tabs and let the little cloth fall away. He held it in his right hand. Dr. Morgan stepped back and carefully looked at Joe's body. Joe could get no indication from his expression.

"Please turn slowly," Dr. Morgan ordered.

Joe slowly did a three-sixty. He felt very much on display.

"Ok, please get up on the table."

Joe hopped up and sat on the edge of the examining table. When he was nervous he tended to sit bolt upright, as if at attention. Perhaps it was his military training. Now, it served to make his chest very prominent.

Dr. Morgan came close to Joe and with his surgical gloved hands, he gently, then firmly examined Joe's breasts. He felt each nipple, squeezing the tender breast tissue till Joe almost voiced a painful objection, then he moved his fingers around as if feeling for something... anything.

Joe wondered just what the man was looking for. He had examined his new breasts himself many times in the last week. The first time he did he had been surprised just how breast tissue really felt. On the surface, his boobs looked so very smooth, but when you touched them, really felt them, you could detect the underlying nodules, and they felt like they were full of little lumps. They certainly weren't just mounds of fat, as he had always thought before. He even thought there might be a problem, till Dr. Krell assured him everything was normal.

"OK. You can put the gown back on," Dr. Morgan said in a very business-like way, "and then lie back on the table. Mrs. Becker will help you."

Joe put his arms back in the gown and touched the velcro together. He then lay back on the table as the nurse lowered the extension on the end. This part was the most embarrassing. Joe wondered if real women ever got used to it.

The nurse covered Joe with a lime green sheet, which felt warm in the cool examining room. Dr. Morgan pulled the lower part of the sheet away, and Joe could tell that the most changed part of his body was being stared at by a man. With his view of Dr. Morgan blocked by the sheet, Joe had a sensation more of being an observer rather than a participant in the examination.

That changed as soon as gloved hands touched him. He could feel it as his external genitalia were examined. Dr. Morgan then placed his palm on Joe's abdomen, just above his pubic hair. Joe felt his penis, or clitoris now, being touched lightly, then fingers feeling the sensitive labia. He wondered what was going through Dr. Morgan's mind as he methodically did his job.

Joe felt fingers enter his vagina. They quickly came back out. "Hmmm. What have we here?" Dr. Morgan asked, as if really speaking to no one but himself.

What could be the problem? Joe wondered.

Dr. Morgan retrieved a plastic speculum, and warmed it with his hands. Then, after putting a small amount of lubricating jelly on the surfaces, he placed it inside Joe. As before, the sensation was just slightly painful, but mostly now it simply felt very strange. Joe's brain had still not really adapted to the new opening between his legs, and sometimes when it received sensations caused by something in there, it was still quite an experience.

"And what is this?" Dr. Morgan asked. Joe could feel him poking inside, but with the speculum in there, any other sensation was limited.

Dr. Morgan held up a forceps. On the end was a small round object. The sponge! The contraceptive sponge! Joe had forgotten about it. He couldn't feel anything, and he had forgotten all about it. Oh, God. How embarrassing. Dr. Morgan knew what the contraceptive was. He looked at Joe, a knowing grin beginning to form on his face.

"Had to try it out, huh?" Dr. Morgan asked.

Joe looked up at the man at the other side of the sheet. If he could have willed to happen, he would have died right then and there.

"Well, I... Ah... I wanted to know what it felt like," Joe stammered.

"Hey, I don't blame you. I think I would, too," Dr. Morgan said, a very big grin on his face.

"I do hope you used something in addition to this if you think you need a contraceptive," Dr. Morgan advised. "I think these things statistically are only about seventy percent effective."

"Is that all?" Joe asked in surprise. "I thought they would be as good as using a condom."

"No way," Dr. Morgan returned. "I suggest at least you better use some extra spermicide."

Dr. Morgan placed the little round sponge in a kidney shaped pan. He then continued with the examination. He spoke as he worked.

"How long since you, er... experimented?"

"Well..." Joe, highly embarrassed, didn't really know. "I don't know for sure. I'd say at least four hours."

"Not really a very good idea to remove it, then. I'd recommend that you use something else the night before a pelvic examination, if you plan to do this again."

Dr. Morgan wrote something on a sheet of paper, and handed it to the nurse, who left the room. When she left, Dr. Morgan spoke again. "I sent Mrs. Becker for some spermicidal creme. It appears to me that you've got everything you need to make a baby, if you keep doing what you did last night."

"What do you suggest?" Joe asked, not knowing what else to say, but feeling like he should speak.

"Well, I'd think you should talk that over with your personal physician. But even a condom is more reliable than those things. Can I ask a personal question... sort of man-to-man?" the young doctor went on.

"Yeah, sure, I guess so."

"So... What does it feel like?"

Joe never spoke for a moment, trying to answer what so many had already asked, and was so hard to answer. "Well... It's hard to describe," he answered slowly. "I mean... everything is so different, and yet... in some ways, so much the same."

"Is it better as a male... or female?"

Joe grinned. "I'm still trying to decide that myself." Joe answered. "I suppose I'd have to say it's probably better now... I mean... every thing seems to involve my whole body... That feels really good... But... I don't know..."

"I've never talked to anybody who has been both ways," Dr. Morgan said. "I find it most interesting. Forgive me for being so personal."

Joe smiled, slightly embarrassed. "No problem. I guess I'll have to get used to it."

The nurse came back into the room carrying a small tube of medication. Dr. Morgan took the ointment and did something between Joe's legs. Joe couldn't tell what he was doing, but it didn't really hurt.

"I hope this will neutralize any semen which might still be alive," Dr. Morgan said, almost apologetically.

Soon Joe could feel the speculum retract and then he felt fingers inside him, and a hand press on his lower abdomen. He had felt that before, and knew that his uterus was being manipulated, or something like that. In a moment, it was all finished and Joe heard Dr. Morgan speak. "You can get dressed now, Joe. I'll be with you again in a few minutes."

Dr. Morgan removed his gloves and tossed them in a can, then he left the room. The nurse helped Joe up and down from the table. Joe

went to where his clothes were hanging. He suddenly felt quite female, perhaps more than ever before.

"Can I be of any assistance?" Nurse Becker asked.

Joe looked at her. She was an attractive woman, maybe five or six years older than he was. He wondered what she thought about him, this guy with a woman's body. "No, I think I can handle it," Joe said, smiling at her. "I'm starting to get used to all this, I guess."

"Well, you're very attractive," Nurse Becker said, as she began to leave the room.

"Thanks," Joe said. "Thanks for everything."

Joe picked up the light blue panties from the chair. He spread the waist band with his thumbs, and looked at the underwear he was about to step into. He noticed that the narrow crotch was still wet from secretions from his body. He thought about what the stain was, a combination of his own wetness and Jay's semen. Jay's semen, the white sticky fluid that came from his penis when he ejaculated. The fluid was probably full of live sperm, sperm looking for an egg to fertilize. An egg, which his changed body was now probably quite able to produce. The thought of this was both sobering and awesome. Joe was beginning to realize the tremendous responsibility which came with this changed body.

Joe touched the white wetness on the panty. It was cool, and slightly sticky. This was stuff from his own body. He ran his fingers along the length of his genital opening, feeling slight wetness there too. At least the soreness caused by the activities last night seemed to be gone. He stepped into the underwear and pulled them up his hips, feeling the cool wetness where it touched his skin. He pulled the pantyhose up his smooth legs feeling their shiny sleekness after they were on.

As Joe bent over to touch his nylon encased legs, he became aware of his naked breasts, since they sort of hung down when he doubled over, and without a bra, the soft tissue on his chest swayed provocatively. Joe saw as well as felt his nipples, which had been full soft cones, suddenly stiffen to hard points. My nipples act sort of like a little penis, he thought to himself, smiling at the pleasant sensation.

Reluctantly, he donned the bra, then stepped into the slip. Finally, Joe put the dress on, using the tiny mirror over the wash basin in the corner to preen himself.

When he finally decided he was ready, Joe sat in the chair to wait for Dr. Morgan. He didn't have to wait long. There was a quick knock, and the door opened slightly. "Are you dressed?" the doctor called from the partially opened door.

"Sure. Come on in."

Dr. Morgan entered the room, the clipboard with Joe's papers in his hand. He sat on the edge of the table and looked at Joe. "Joe, you are amazing. From my examination, I can't distinguish that you've ever been male."

Joe looked at the doctor, wondering what he was leading to.

"I've read your file. I must say I was skeptical at first, but now I have no choice to admit that what you, and these other doctors say is true. Something has caused you to become a gynecoid."

"Gynecoid?"

"Except for some slight scarring around the clitoris, you appear normal in every way. Normal for a mature female, that is."

"Dr. Krell says that's because I was circumcised."

Dr. Morgan looked at the attractive woman seated in the chair. Circumcised? Yes, I guess that's what you would look like now if your penis had been subject to circumcision as a male infant."

"What else would you like to see?" Joe was getting tired of the almost constant probing.

"Well, I would like to take a blood and urine sample before I let you go," Dr. Morgan said. "I'd like to see if the hormone levels are continuing to change as shown on your chart. Then you can go."

Another blood test. Joe thought. He must have been stuck twenty times in the last week.

Dr. Morgan slipped down from the table. He went to the cabinet and removed a small plastic container. Joe recognized it as a specimen bottle. "Take this in the restroom and fill it please. I'll have Mrs. Becker draw some blood when you get back." He handed the little bottle to Joe.

Joe followed Dr. Morgan out the door to a little restroom one door down. Great, he thought. Now I'll need to pull the pantyhose and everything again. Joe struggled out of his pantyhose and pulled his panties down. He carefully tried to fill the bottle without peeing

all over his hands. If there was ever a time a penis would come in handy...

Finished, Joe capped the bottle, washed his hands, and then pulled his panties and hose back up. He buttoned the dress and smoothed everything, then triumphantly carried the bottle of yellow fluid to the little window where he was told to put it.

Nurse Becker saw that he was finished and beckoned him back to the examination room. "Please sit down, Joe. This will only take a minute."

The chair was equipped with a little fold-up writing shelf, and Nurse Becker pulled it in position. Joe placed his arm on the shelf, and pulled the short sleeve of the dress away from the crook of his arm. He looked at his arm, noticing how much smaller it had become in the last week.

"This won't hurt very much," the friendly woman said soothingly.

"Everything is just so much more sensitive now," Joe said, more to himself than to the nurse.

"Yes. I guess you've really been through a lot in the last week, haven't you?"

"You wouldn't believe."

Joe felt the felt a sharp pain as the needle penetrated the vein. He saw the vial fill with dark red blood, then watched as the nurse withdrew the needle and covered the puncture wound with a cotton ball.

"Hold that on there till it stops bleeding," Nurse Becker said.

Joe held the cotton ball in position, his arm bent up, smashing the wad of cotton against his much smaller biceps muscle. When no more blood came out the hole in his skin, he stood up. "Can I go now?"

"I suppose you can," Nurse Becker answered from the sink where she was cleaning up. "Come up front to my desk."

Joe followed the woman down the hallway, watching her as she walked. Her white uniform was closely tailored to her shapely body, and the shadow of her white underwear was plainly visible in the bright lights. Joe was enjoying this innocently erotic sight when he realized that the clothes he was wearing might look the same way, too.

When they reached the nurse's desk, Dr. Morgan came from his office to meet them. "Well Joe, I hope we didn't inconvenience you too much," the doctor said.

Joe smiled and held out his hand. The man took it and they shook hands warmly. "Thank you, Dr. Morgan, Mrs. Becker. Maybe we'll meet again sometime."

"Perhaps we will," Dr. Morgan answered. "Have a safe trip back."

"I'll try," Joe answered, walking to the waiting area.

Jay was still seated there, thumbing through a magazine. His eyes brightened when he recognized Joe.

"Are you ready to go?" Joe asked.

"Let's roll." They went out the door. They went to the car without speaking to each other.

When they were underway, with Jay driving, Joe broke the silence. "The weather here looks OK. I hope everything is good for the trip home."

"Do you need to stop anywhere else?"

"No, I guess not. I guess we're ready to head for home." Joe looked down at his legs, which since his skirt had ridden high up, were very evident. He rubbed them, enjoying the smooth texture of the nylons, not realizing that his idle action was very exciting to his friend. "I guess I should change into jeans." Joe said, more to himself than to Jay.

"Don't do it on my account. You look very good like that."

"Well, thanks, I guess," Joe said looking over and giving him a grin. "But actually, it's hard enough to walk in these shoes, let alone fly."

"I'll check the weather and file, while you slip into the little girls room." Jay couldn't resist teasing.

"Yeah, you do that," Joe agreed, showing his mild irritation at the teasing.

Joe retrieved his bag from the trunk and took it into the ladies' room. The room was well appointed, with a couch and small table. Joe placed the bag on the table and unzipped it, digging out the already worn but still clean enough jeans, and a sweatshirt.

Standing while he unbuttoned the front of the dress, Joe quickly stepped out of it and placed it on a hanger, then carefully placed the dress into the clothing bag. He stepped out of the slip, pulled the pantyhose down his hips, then sat as he carefully removed them. The room suddenly felt cold as Joe sat on the vinyl couch in bra and panties. He stood and pulled the denim jeans, carefully buttoning the fly, and then pulled the sweatshirt over his head.

Digging in the bag some more, Joe found some clean socks and pulled them over his cold feet. He unzipped the side zipper and pulled the comfortable Reeboks out of their pouch. He put them on and tied the laces. He found his hair brush and went to the mirror to brush his hair. As he stood preening himself, Joe examined his reflection in the mirror. It was still difficult to accept that this attractive woman with the very short hair was who he was. He was now starting to become comfortable with the physical aspects of being female, but down deep his personal body image was still male.

Sometimes, at times like this, the feeling that he was somehow still male and just dressing in drag would overtake him. With his free hand, Joe felt between his legs and experienced mild sense of relief that his hand touched only a prominent pubic bone, and then softness below that, rather than a male organ.

Satisfied with his hair and with himself, Joe put his things in the bag and zipped it up tight. Taking the heavy bag in hand, he went back out to the lobby. He placed his bag next to Jay's and went to the little planning room just off the main room. Jay was standing at the table, looking at a long sheet of computer paper.

Joe walked up behind his friend. "Now I feel like one of the guys again," he said in a soft, half joking, tone.

Jay turned around and looked at Joe. "Maybe you feel like one of the guys, but you sure don't look like one," he said. A big grin lit up his face.

"What's the weather look like?" Joe said, changing the subject. He didn't want anyone to overhear them talking like this.

"We might get into some real IMC conditions on the way back," Jay said. "How about looking this over?" He handed the DUAT weather report to Joe.

Joe took the sheet and examined it carefully. Jay was right. Weather along the route included two cold fronts. It was likely that they would need to traverse at least a few bumpy clouds, and possibly

some light rain. They could probably miss the icing by flying west for about a hundred miles before turning south. This deviation would add a little to the trip time, but was still well within the range of the Cessna without requiring an intermediate stop.

Joe went to the table, which had IFR charts under Plexiglas for a top. He traced a possible route along the VORs for Jay who watched intently. Then he spoke. "Try to file this route," quickly running his finger from one NAVAID to another. Jay looked at it, then started writing on a sheet of paper. Since Joe was the instructor, and Jay was the student, Joe would insist on a complete flight plan, including fuel burns for each segment, for the entire route. Jay went to the Jepp case to get the Flight Manual to prepare the plan manually. It was possible to simply enter the route in the computer and let that set up the entire flight plan, but Jay knew that Joe would have none of that. He wanted Jay to do it all manually, and he would be a stickler for detail. This would take some time.

"I'm going to see if we can get some coffee for the plane," Joe said, walking out of the planning room. He knew Jay would need some time, and he wanted to let him figure this out alone.

Joe went to the main desk. The girl there was on the telephone. She hung up as Joe neared the counter. "Can I help you?"

"Yes. I'm flying the 425 out on the ramp, and I'm wondering if I could get some coffee for it?" Joe explained.

"Sure. If you'll bring the container in, I'll show you where to fill it," the young woman said.

Joe turned, and was starting to walk to the plane, when the young woman spoke. "I really like that jacket. Where did you get it?"

Joe looked at the jacket he was wearing. No one had really ever asked him a question like that before. "Oh, a store in Phoenix the other day."

"It looks good. You remind me of Maggie on Northern Exposure."

Joe grinned. He'd have to watch that show sometime. "You're the second person who's told me that," he said, and walked to the door.

The 425 had already been towed to the line, and the cabin door was standing open. Joe went inside, and removed the coffee container from the tiny refreshment center. Although the plane was often used

for test purposes, it was also used to transport personnel, so, unlike the Lear, it was configured somewhat like a normal business aircraft. There was a tiny galley behind the right crew seat that contained an electric coffee warmer, and a place for cups and other supplies.

Joe carried the stainless steel container back into the building. When the girl behind the desk saw Joe, she came out and motioned for Joe to follow. They went down a short hallway, the opposite direction from the planning room, until they came to a small lounge area. There was an ice machine and a large coffee maker which looked to hold gallons of the black brew. Joe screwed open the lid of the container and held it under the spigot while the girl opened the valve.

Joe said, "Enough," when the container was about three quarters full. That was more coffee than he and Jay could drink in two days. No need to waste the stuff.

As they stood together, Joe could detect the scent of the young woman's perfume. It smelled good, and reminded Joe of somebody he once dated. He looked at the woman. She was younger than he was, maybe twenty-five, and very attractive. "I like that perfume," Joe said, trying to make conversation by returning the compliment she had given him earlier.

"It's Obsession," the woman replied smiling, but slightly embarrassed by the tone Joe used when speaking to her.

"It's nice," Joe repeated. He didn't really know how to engage in small talk with a woman anymore.

They walked back out to the lobby, and Joe carried the now very hot container to the plane. It would stay warm till they powered up the plane, and then the heater would keep it hot.

Joe went back inside to wait for Jay. He saw the comfortable seats in the lobby, and decided to sit and rest awhile. He didn't get much rest last night, and now he was a little tired. He sat down, found a magazine, and before long, was sound asleep.

Chapter 33

RETURN TO PHOENIX

Linda was in bed when Joe entered the house. Joe quickly removed his clothes and joined her. She was warm and soft, and smelled of bath powder. When he touched her, she woke and smiled, then rolled over to take him in her arms. She wore a soft satin night shirt with nothing on the bottom.

Joe caressed her softness and she responded with a gentle sigh, moving her hips in response to his hand. She then reached down and took him in her hand. Linda's soft touch felt so good, such a marked contrast to his hard, rugged, maleness.

They kissed and held each other close. Each relishing the feelings... Each wanting only to give the other the maximum pleasure possible. Joe could tell by her movements that Linda wanted him, and he wanted her too.

He was just about to move on to her, when he felt a hand on his shoulder, roughly shaking him. "Joe. Joe. I think perhaps you better look at this before I file it."

Joe reluctantly opened his eyes and looked around. He wasn't in Linda's bed. He wasn't even in her bedroom. He saw only his pal Jay looking down at him. Joe had fallen asleep in an overstuffed chair in the lounge, waiting as Jay prepared the flight plan home.

Joe ran his hand across the front of his sweatshirt. There was no mistaking the now familiar sensation of breasts. It had only been a dream. As he stared at the smallness of his hand he knew his body remained quite female.

Joe reluctantly got up from the comfortable chair and followed Jay into the planning room. Among the papers and manuals on the table Joe found Jay's worksheet. He compared the proposed flight plan to the weather printout. Everything seemed in order. Joe looked at the fuel burn calculations. Those, too, seemed to be realistic, though Joe didn't take the time to formally check any calculations. Right now it was just too difficult to make his mind concentrate on things like that. He was glad that he could trust Jay. His attention to detail was obvious, and right now Joe's head was not really in the

right place for detail work. He just kept thinking of Linda, the way she felt... The way she smelled...

"Jay, I think this will work," Joe said. "Enter it in the computer so we can get on the way."

Jay looked at his friend. Joe looked very tired. He wondered if there was anything wrong. "Are you okay?"

"Yeah... Sure... I'm fine. Just kind of tired, I guess. I didn't get much sleep, you know." Joe grinned.

"Yeah, I know," Jay said, a wicked smile forming on his lips. "Will you be ready to launch in a half hour?"

"Sure. Sure. Don't worry about me. I'm okay. I just had a really strange dream, that's all."

"What was it about?"

Joe looked around. "I'll tell you when we get in the air."

Jay went to the computer to enter their flight plan. If they were lucky, the plan would be in the system and ready by the time they called clearance delivery. Jay walked over to their bags and gathered them up to carry to the plane. He carried them easily, so Joe decided to stop at the restroom one last time. He didn't really feel he needed to pee, but it would be a fairly long flight and his bladder no longer seemed to have its former endurance.

Entering the ladies room, Joe found all three stalls were empty, so he entered one and lowered his jeans. Pulling the underwear down, Joe suddenly felt an overwhelming need to examine his genital area. He could just see the uppermost part of the labia, which appeared as light pink skin. It was still somewhat red from soreness.

With two fingers, Joe carefully spread the sensitive tissues, completely exposing the clitoris. "God, it sure feels like I still have my penis," Joe thought to himself, as he ran a finger over the tiny fingertip-sized bit of flesh that had once been his male organ. It was exquisitely sensitive, much more so than before, and Joe could feel it swell to its new, much less obvious, state of arousal. Even when erect, it was still only a tiny bit of skin, apparently good for nothing but the pleasing sensation it could provide. No matter what it felt like, it was totally inadequate for sexual penetration, and Joe also knew that since it no longer contained his urethra (that opening was further down below the pubic bone, hidden between the new labial folds), it was quite useless for urination, too.

Joe examined the toilet seat and found it to be reasonably clean, so he sat and attempted to empty his bladder. With concentration, and some straining, Joe was able to coax only the tiniest trickle into the commode. Apparently, there was just nothing much there right now. Joe peeled a few sheets of tissue from the roll and wiped himself dry. Standing, he pulled up the blue panties and then his jeans.

He went to the sink and rinsed his hands, then checked face and hair. Everything was still okay, so he went back out to the lobby. Jay was nowhere to be found, so Joe looked out the big windows at the plane. He saw Jay, performing the walkaround, checklist in hand. Joe looked around the lobby one last time, then went out to the plane. Jay saw him coming and duck-walked from under the wing. "I'm about through the checklist," Jay said. "Do you want me to do it again?" he teased.

"Do you think I should?" Joe asked with a grin on his face.

"I'm using the checklist, and everything seems in order."

"Well then, finish it up," Joe said, with as much mock-authority as he could with his new voice. He boarded the aircraft, looking at the bags. Jay had fastened them to the empty seats with seat belts. He must be expecting turbulence. Joe thought to himself with a grin.

Joe went forward, and slipped into the right seat. He noticed that, with his new size, he had to raise the seat much higher than before to get the right view over the nose. As he had previously noticed, almost all the height he had lost came from his upper torso, since he noticed the difference more when sitting than standing. The cockpit of the Conquest was roomy enough, but he saw when he put the seat belt straps across his hips and shoulders, they were adjusted much smaller than they used to be, even though his hips were surely at least as big as before, indeed, his butt felt like it was even bigger, though it probably really wasn't. It seemed that even the seat back was taller now than he remembered it to be.

He was thinking about this when he heard Jay climb aboard. He heard and felt the thud of the door closing, and looked back at his pal. "Can you get that okay?"

"Yeah. I think it's closed correctly." Jay answered back. He came forward and saw that the left seat was his.

"Sit down, Captain," Joe ordered.

Jay took the left seat, and adjusted the seat and belts to his requirements. He took the checklist and laid it on the glare shield,

then found the headset. Joe reached around to his right, found the other headset, and adjusted it over his ears. He heard the tones and clicks as the radios came alive when Jay clicked on the radio master switch.

When they completed the short Before Starting Engines checklist, Jay looked over to Joe. "Should I call Clearance Delivery now?"

"Yeah. I guess you could. They might have it already, I hope."

Jay looked up the frequency on the Jepp chart and dialed it in. He called for their clearance. Clearance Delivery had received the clearance and cleared them as filed. They had received the altitude they had requested, too. Joe had hoped for that, since it looked like it would be rather bumpy on this trip. When the clearance was copied, read back, and they discussed it for a moment, they were ready to start engines.

Joe read the checklist, and Jay performed the actions required to get the props spinning. When they were complete, Jay punched in the frequency for Ground Control. "Hulman ground, Cessna Conquest November seven-five-six alpha, Sanborn ramp, ready for taxi, IFR Phoenix."

"Cessna five-six-alpha, cleared to taxi to runway three-zero. Do you have Oscar?" Ground Control replied.

"That's affirmative, we have Oscar." Jay had received the ATIS but had not properly told ground.

Joe looked around the ramp. The ground personnel had already returned to the line shack so it appeared they were clear to taxi. Joe held his thumb up and Jay moved the throttle levers forward. When the plane moved slightly, Jay tapped the brakes to confirm they functioned correctly. Then he advanced power a bit more and pushed the right pedal to start a turn.

They rolled into position at the yellow line and did the final checks. When they were ready, Jay changed frequency and called the tower. "Hulman Tower, Cessna November seven-five-six alpha is ready for take off."

"Cessna five-six alpha, cleared for takeoff, Contact Departure one-two-one point one. Have a good day," the tower responded.

"Five-six alpha is rolling," Jay said into the microphone as he slowly moved the power levers forward.

The Cessna gained flying speed, and when Jay pulled back on the yoke slightly, the plane cleanly lifted off. When they passed the end of the runway, Jay motioned to raise the gear, and Joe stretched over to reach the handle, which was actually closer to the opposite side.

Jay established communication with departure and soon they were in a shallow cruise climb to altitude. Using the checklist, Jay made careful adjustments to engine power. When he was satisfied that everything was ok, Jay looked over at Joe. "What did the good doctor have to say today?"

Joe grinned, and then laughed a surprisingly feminine-sounding laugh. "He said it was hard to tell I was really a guy."

"He's right. I know I'd never guess if I didn't know you so well."

"Yeah, I know," Joe had to admit. "I know what I look like now, but it's even harder to accept the way I feel about all this. I mean... I flip-flop from enjoying what has happened, to feeling sorry for myself even to the point of crying about it... I have to tell you, I know I'm still changing a little more every day. I really don't think I feel very much like a guy any more."

"With a bod like that, I don't know how you could," Jay said, giving his pal a leer.

"Trust me, it's not all fun and games. I'm scared to death of this female stuff... Getting periods, and all that stuff. I just can't imagine what that'll be like."

"Well, most women seem to manage, don't they?" Jay said flippantly.

"Yeah, I guess they do," Joe said while he scanned the sky for traffic. "But they've had ten or twelve years to get used to the whole idea. Me, I can still remember the last time with Linda," he added, staring straight ahead as he ran the fingers of his left hand along the fly of his jeans as if to emphasize the significant difference there.

"Joe, I just have to know," Jay pleaded. "How is it better? With me, or her?"

Joe looked over and grinned a seductively knowing grin. He didn't really know what to say. It seemed all the guys asked him that. "Apples and oranges. There is really no way to compare the two."

"There has to be. You say you remember what it was like with Linda. You just did it last night with me. You can't tell me the comparison hasn't crossed your mind."

"It crosses my mind all the time. Truth is, I can hardly think of anything else. But to compare how I am now, to the way I was, I just don't know. There are some really good things about both. I like the, let's call it the increased sensations I seem to have now. I wasn't sure at first if that was just because my skin has become so soft, or what, but now I think it's a lot more than that. I suppose I really can't complain about the sex part either. I think now I can climax till I'm sore. At least I did last night."

"So then, you think sex is better the way you are now?"

"I don't know... better? Different... Sure... Absolutely. But better? I just don't know... Maybe. I can say this, when you have to take a leak it's a lot different when you're like this. I didn't realize how handy it was to just be able to pee standing up. Actually, I think I miss my penis more for that than for screwing." Joe didn't look at Jay as he spoke. It was kind of embarrassing to talk about these things out loud.

"Well, whatever happened to you... However it was caused, you have certainly become good looking. I mean... Not that you were unattractive before, but now... God, the transformation is absolutely phenomenal," Jay stammered uncharacteristically.

"If we can figure out exactly what caused it, maybe you'd like to give it a try. That is if we figure out how to reverse the effect, of course," Joe said, grinning at his pal.

"No... No... I'll pass on that. I don't think I'd want to try it. Not that I'm not a little curious. I mean... it might be interesting to have boobs and all that stuff... I just don't think it would be for me. I'm pretty certain I like being the way I am."

"I think if you did try it you would find that it affects everything, probably even the way you think," Joe said. "It's really a lot easier than you probably imagine. In some ways anyway. I mean... I sure never thought I could ever want to go to bed with you. And look what happened."

"You were good last night. Really good," Jay said in a complimentary way.

"And so were you," Joe said, punching Jay on the shoulder. He somehow felt so much physically smaller.

The plane droned on for almost an hour with the large buildup of ominous clouds on their left the whole time. When they finally reached the Vortac where they planned to turn south, there was still

some weather, but it looked more promising. They were clipping along at flight level 250, and the loran readout showed a significant cross wind. Things were happening almost exactly as predicted.

After a couple of hours, and a couple of cups of coffee, Joe began to feel the urge to urinate. The plane was configured with an onboard potty, but it was almost never used. Joe had never used it, and especially didn't want to try the sort of semi-private accommodation with his new physique. He would try to hold it the remaining hour or so. Jay noticed when he squirmed slightly in his seat.

"What's the matter? You still hurt from last night?" Jay said almost proudly.

"No. Nothing like that," Joe frowned at his friend. "I really just need to pee. I think I can hold it for another hour."

"I never thought I'd hear you say that. You used to brag about your cast iron bladder."

"Yeah, I know," Joe conceded. "But whatever happened down there, I think it reduced the capacity in half, at least. Among all the other things."

"Heh, heh. There is a potty on board, you know," Jay continued in his teasing tone.

"I know that too. But like I said, I think I can make it. Just don't worry about me, or my bodily functions."

"You suggested I try it. If I do, I want to know what to expect."

"I don't think I've been keeping very many secrets from you. You know as much about what has happened to me as I do, I think."

"And I appreciate that, too," Jay said, not able to keep the grin from showing.

"Do me another favor, will you?"

"Sure, what do you want?" Jay asked, the grin still showing.

"Well, you've seen me, all of me... What I look like... The way I am now... I mean... We've done almost everything, I guess... How do I compare... Really... Can you tell? Is there anything at all that still seems in any way masculine to you?"

"Masculine? Masculine... about you? Joe, I don't know how to tell you this, but I don't think there's a thing masculine about you anymore, except maybe the way you talk sometimes, and maybe the

way you ask questions." Jay put his hand on Joe's shoulder, giving it a gentle massage.

"And you like me this way, too, don't you?" Joe asked suddenly.

The question stunned Jay, who was not expecting Joe to ask something like that. "I don't know. I don't know," Jay stammered. "Joe... We have been friends for a long time. You know I'd do anything for you, and I know you'd do the same for me. Our friendship has always been special. I know that this accident has been hard for you... God knows it would have to be, but... I have to admit, I'm starting to feel something for you... Something different, not like two buddies... Two guys. Different. I know you probably still think of yourself as a male... I know what happened to you might be reversed... But, the way you are, the way you act, damn it, even the way you smell... Joe, I think I could be falling for you. Not like a buddy, but the way you are... The way you are now. The intelligent, beautiful person... No, the woman you've certainly become. And I can't help it."

Joe stared straight ahead. He couldn't look at Jay. He had suspected that Jay had the hots for his new body for some days now, but he just figured it was only a manifestation of the same lustful curiosity that he himself experienced at first.

"Are you irritated with me?" Jay continued. "If you are, I'm sorry, Joe, but I can't help it. I'm just telling you the truth."

"And I'm glad you are," Joe said finally. "No, I'm not irritated. I guess I'm flattered. I should be anyway, I guess. I don't know how I feel, really."

"Yeah, I feel the same way," Jay admitted. "It embarrassed me, the way I started to feel about you, almost from the second day. I knew who you were, but I still could see only the person you've become. Heaven knows I've been trying to keep our relationship as close to the way it always was, but I'm certain that's going to be impossible. I find myself acting very different when I'm with you, the way you are now. And I don't see that changing."

"I know you do. At first, it really bothered me, too. Why couldn't we just be best friends like always? But as this week has passed, and I guess, the change has even further affected me, I realize that I feel different too. Maybe it's inevitable, I don't know."

The aircraft entered IMC conditions and started to buffet mildly. Jay looked at Joe, wondering what to do. "We're okay," Joe assured

his pal. "If the bumps get worse than this we should request another altitude. It's just as likely to smooth out though."

As Joe spoke the words, the buffeting stopped almost completely. Joe looked at Jay with a smug grin. "See. My brain is still capable of rational thought, no matter what I look like."

"Hey, I never thought anything else," Jay objected.

"I know. But I guess maybe I did." Joe smiled.

They flew on, and before long, they were ready to start a descent into the Phoenix traffic area. Joe sat back and let Jay fly the airplane, offering assistance only when it was requested. Jay was familiar with the area and procedures, so he had little trouble. He was now operating the Cessna with confidence.

As they lined up on final to runway 25L, Joe made ready to take the controls in case of unexpected difficulties. There were none, and in moments, they were taxiing to the Honeybone hangar. When they arrived, Jay parked and shut down, and Joe went to leave the plane and use the restroom. It was a little embarrassing, but there was no choice. He had to go.

The Honeybone mechanics stood by as Joe opened the cabin door. He went down the steps and greeted the two men, who he had known for some time. "Hi John... Pete... I'll be back in a minute. I just have to use the can."

"Sure... Get going," John said, a big grin showing on his face.

Joe took care of business, then returned to the plane. As he walked back he realized that the sweatshirt he was wearing was too warm for the almost ninety degree weather. Joe felt a bead of sweat trickle down his breasts. After checking around to see that no one was watching, Joe timidly put his hand under the bulky shirt and felt himself. Sometimes, it was as if he was sneaking a feel of someone else's body when he touched his most feminine parts. The bra was damp with perspiration, and he hoped his deodorant wouldn't give up. He would really need a shower when he got home.

Jay and the mechanics had already unloaded the plane and carried the bags to the hangar. Joe talked to the men, whom he knew well, but hadn't seen since the change had taken place. "Thanks guys," Joe said. "I really appreciate it." He picked up the bag and as many hangers of things as possible to take to his car.

"No problem, Joe," said Pete. "I heard what happened to you guys... I can see it's all true."

"Yeah. It's true all right." Joe smiled. "But I'm doing my best to get used to the whole thing."

"Joe. Jim said to give him a call when you get in," John called from the other side of the room.

"Okay." Joe said, going over to the phone on the desk. He dialed the three digit number that was Jim's extension.

"Jim Matheny," The voice on the other end responded.

"Jim. This is Joe. You said to call." Joe wondered what was happening back there.

"How'd it go with the big guy?" Jim asked. "Is he willing to help?"

"I think so. At any rate, he's going to be here in a day or so. I think he wants to see what's happening for himself."

"Are you coming over here today?"

"That's up to you. I think the good doctor's people are about ready to try some things with the cage. Until now, they've just been installing and calibrating equipment. What are they going to do first?" Joe asked.

"I'm not sure," Jim answered. "I haven't been asking very many questions... I didn't want to bother them. I was hoping you'd do that for me."

"Okay," Joe replied. "I'll stop over there yet today, If you like."

"See you in a little while then?"

"About a half hour or so," Joe said. "Bye."

"See you soon." The phone clicked silent.

Joe had been hoping to get to Linda's and take a nap. He hadn't slept all that much the night before, and was rather tired. Maybe he would only need to be at work for a few minutes, he hoped. He said good bye to the mechanics and then walked to the parking lot with Jay. "I've got to go over to work for a little while."

"Should I stop over at Linda's later?" Jay asked. It was obvious he didn't want to leave Joe.

"If you want, I guess it would be okay. But I have to get some sleep tonight," Joe said, grinning.

"Yeah. Yeah. I'll let you get some sleep," Jay said, as he unlocked his car. "See you about seven?"

"I should be home by then," Joe considered. "At least I'd better be."

Joe took his bags, including the new stuff he bought and struggled to his car. When he got to it, he placed everything in the back and got inside. The midday heat made it almost unbearable until the air conditioner took effect. Joe pulled the sweatshirt up so that it sort of snagged on his breasts, exposing his midriff, but feeling pleasantly cool as the cool air from the ducts blew on his belly. He reached down to feel the rapidly drying perspiration, and idly ran his fingers along the satiny underwire band of his bra. As he drove to work, Joe wondered what Jim really wanted to talk about. He was hoping to go home and get some sleep. That would have to wait for at least a few more hours.

Chapter 34

THE CAGE

Before Joe drove into the Honeybone lot, he pulled the hot sweatshirt back down around his waist. It wouldn't do to allow the guard see his attempt to keep cool as he drove. Joe was perspiring, and felt sticky. He couldn't wait to get home, take a shower, and maybe even slip one of those wispy tank tops on. When Linda first helped him experience wearing such minimal feminine clothing, it was embarrassing at first, but in just a week he had, more or less grown accustomed to the idea.

Joe's still developing breasts were a natural part of his body, and he only really noticed them when looking down, or seeing himself in the mirror while dressing. Their feel, and the slightly supporting/confining sensation of wearing the bra... He had pretty well adjusted to that.

Joe walked past the security check point. The guard recognized him and raised a hand in friendly greeting. "Afternoon, Joe. You're getting here kind of late, aren't you?"

"Yeah. I guess I am," Joe agreed, accompanying the small-talk with a smile. "But, better late than never, right?"

Joe walked down the hall, aware that the guard was probably watching his backside as he walked away. He understood the curiosity. He would have been the same way, had this happened to somebody else. When Joe reached the lab, he walked directly inside. Across the large room, near the cage, Joe saw Dr. Krell talking intently with two men in short lab coats. It appeared that they were discussing a procedure for placing one of the primates in a nonmetallic holding cage, with the idea of placing that into the RF cage. Joe went over to them.

"If we place him in there for something under twenty minutes, and keep the power the same, I think that will be enough variation," The doctor was saying.

"Are you already trying animals?" Joe asked. He was surprised that they would be doing that already.

"Hello, Joe," Dr. Krell said. "Joe, this is Peter Shead. He's our lead research assistant. Peter, this is Joe Bates. He's... She's one of the . . . shall we say victims of this device."

"Hi, Peter," Joe said, offering his hand. He realized that Dr. Krell was subtly using the term "she" when referring to him. "Nice to meet you. And I guess you can call me whatever you like. I'm starting to get used to it." Joe smiled demurely as he spoke.

"I'm truly impressed to meet you," Peter said, looking Joe over as he shook hands with this attractive young woman. He did nothing to hide his obvious curiosity.

Joe thought it might be best to get everything out in the open. "Trust me. Under this baggy sweatshirt I'm probably everything you've heard. Last week, I was just a normal guy. Now, I've turned female, I guess. At least physically, anyway. It's been kind of hard for everybody to accept, especially me." Joe grinned.

"I know," Peter said. "I've already met Dave and Michelle. She said her name had been Mike, but she has already changed it to Michelle. Amazing." As he spoke, the lab door opened. A tall, muscular, reasonably attractive young woman with abnormally broad shoulders entered, carrying a scope in one hand. She was wearing snug fitting slacks which accented the curve of developing hips, and a white blouse that was far too tight around her breasts. Joe recognized her as his friend Mike.

Michelle spotted Joe standing next to Peter, and his-her face lit up in recognition. "Hi, Joe," she said. "How'd everything go in St. Paul?"

"The Man's coming down here for a few days," Joe said. "I think he's on our side, though."

Michelle placed the oscilloscope on the bench along the wall, and walked over to Joe as Peter went back to where Dr. Krell was working. It was obvious by the way she had carried the scope, which must have weighed close to fifty pounds, that she was still very strong. It was strange to watch this macho former weight-lifting male as he adjusted to the strange phenomena of total feminization.

"Good," Michelle said. "I just hope he lets us keep on working."

"I'm pretty sure he will," Joe said. "How are you getting along?"

After a short initial depression, Mike-Michelle seemed to do a complete change about, suddenly just seeming to accept what

happened better than any of them, even if she was still the most masculine looking of them all. "Pretty good, I guess," she answered. She formed a hand over one breast, which, to Joe, seemed considerably more developed since the last time they had seen each other, three days ago. Mike seemed to have little more than swollen nipples then.

"These are really starting to grow," Michelle went on. "Are you noticing that, too?"

"Yeah. I think so," Joe agreed. He sensed his own shape was still getting softer and a little rounder each day, but it was not as evident as on Michelle's larger, still somewhat masculine frame. For Joe, the initial transition had been more complete, and seemed to happen much quicker.

"Who'd have thought we'd end like this, eh?" Michelle continued. "I still can't believe what's happening to me... I mean, I'm even finding myself looking at guys and everything. And I'm just horny all the time. I think I've already used more of those little mini-pads than a real woman uses in a year. I'm just always wet down there. Maybe it would be sort of fun, if it weren't so damn embarrassing."

Joe knew what his friend meant. At first, he too had experienced almost continuous sexual arousal after the metamorphosis. His changed genitalia, which appeared to look like, and even function as a normal vagina, responded by secreting lubricating moisture so well that his underwear had been practically always soaked. Dr. Krell thought it probably had been from the level of testosterone remaining in his system. If it was, it must be subsiding, since unless he did something that caused him to become aroused, he was not usually bothered uncomfortably anymore.

Joe couldn't help notice that Michelle repeatedly used the term "real woman." He found himself thinking and doing the same thing. No matter how he felt, or how he looked, to himself or others, it was impossible to equate what they had become with persons actually born female. The change might be complete, but it certainly didn't erase your past.

"How's Dave doing?" Joe asked. Joe knew that Dave had been the most depressed of any of them. As the only one married, it appeared Dave just didn't know how to deal with being a husband and father of two small children, while also having to adjust to living in a female body.

"Dave's here somewhere. You can see for yourself. I don't think there's been much change. He's been taking it pretty hard. I've tried to get him to see the humor in all this, but I guess he can't do that. I think I'd feel a lot different too, if I had kids... or, God help me... a wife."

"Yeah. It's hard enough to adjust to all this without having to worry about something like a family."

"How are you taking it? You look so natural, it's impossible to tell you weren't born that way."

"It is getting easier, I guess," Joe answered. "Seems like the longer I stay this way, the more normal it feels. I don't know if it's the hormones, or what. Are you noticing that feeling too?"

"Hmmm, I don't know," Michelle said. "I think I'm still undergoing changes more than you or Dave. It's been pretty hard. The clothes I bought the other day hardly fit anymore. Look at this." He/she stuck her finger in the opening between the buttons where new breast development stretched the fabric of the blouse.

"Get some new stuff," Joe advised. "Bring the bills in and give them to Jim. The company will pay for it. It's the least they can do."

"Yeah, I know, but the way I've been growing, you wouldn't believe it. I think I'm gonna look like Dolly Parton before it all stops."

"What about Tim?" Joe asked. The young line boy who had just been watching them calibrate equipment had also undergone the same changes, and they had endowed the young fellow with a quite prominent bosom. Hardly Dolly Parton, but definitely larger than either Joe or Mike/Michelle.

"I've seen him, but he hasn't stuck around here much. He's been spending time with his sister. I think he's still taking it rather hard."

Joe looked closely at Michelle as she stood next to him watching the lab assistants. The Mike he knew was still quite evident, but Joe could see that his friend's face had become much softer, quite a bit younger looking, and now, downy soft, light facial hair replaced stiff whiskers. She was still big and still muscular, but it was obvious that Michelle was a woman, too.

"How's it going for you, really?" Joe asked softly. He wondered what it was really like for this former body builder to see his body turn soft.

"What can we do, Joe? I mean, we just have to take it one day at a time, don't we?"

"I don't know any other way. Like I said, it does seem to get easier each day. Are you noticing that?"

"Maybe. I don't know, really. I do know I'd like to try it with a guy sometime. I think that just might even feel pretty good. How about you?"

Joe grinned knowingly. He wondered if he should tell his friend of his experiences. No. It wasn't Mike's business. Let him try it in his own time. He might have the rest of his life.

"It does seem kind of interesting," Joe conceded. "My skin... The nerves... Everything seems so much more intense like this."

"I really do miss the original equipment sometimes," Michelle said, running her fingers along her pubic area.

"Yeah. Peeing sure is a lot more involved, isn't it," Joe agreed, the knowing grin returning. It was so strange to compare notes with someone else with the same affliction. Mike was a technician, and maybe he wasn't very eloquent, he did have a knack for getting to the heart of a problem.

"Hell, I feel like I've peed my pants about half the time," Michelle confided. "And I think I really need to go about every half hour too. I can't believe real women actually live like this."

"I felt like that at first, too. It has started to get better now, for the last three days anyway. Sometimes I hardly notice the difference."

"Do you still get hard-ons?" Michelle asked innocently. "I don't have much left down there, but sometimes I have the sensation of a raging boner. If that isn't the strangest sensation..."

"I don't have much to see anymore, either. But what there is, does feel like an erection all right."

"Think it's normal?" Michelle asked. "You think that's what real women feel like?"

"I don't see how anyone else could tell us that. I mean, we probably have more experience with both sides than anybody."

"That's a scary thought, isn't it?" Michelle mused, Mike's old grin showing up on her feminized face.

"What are they trying to do now?" Joe asked, changing the subject to the research. He found consolation talking to Michelle and the others with the same problem, but he would rather talk in more private surroundings.

"Well, I think they're trying to figure that out themselves. I believe they'd like to reproduce what happened to us on one of these monkeys, and then try to change it back. So far, they've just been looking over our records, trying to figure out how to duplicate exactly what happened. I think they're about come up with an experiment they all agree with."

"When will they try it?"

"They might put that cage inside the big cage this afternoon, and then they'll watch the animal all night."

"Poor monkey," Joe said, with a mock mournful tone.

"If it works, they'll probably be asking for a human volunteer real soon," Michelle continued.

"You want to try it first?"

"Dave will be the first one. He'd kill somebody if he wasn't."

"If it works, do you want to go back?" Joe asked.

"You ask that like you've been having second thoughts yourself. The answer is I don't really know. If you ask me at certain times I'd probably say yes. Other times, I might be more likely to say that I'd want to wait a while. I just don't know."

"I guess it's the same for me. Sometimes I find myself liking this, and then wanting to go back more than anything."

"If we could change back and forth... Have the best of both worlds... Now that would be something, wouldn't it?" Michelle thought aloud.

"It would change the world. If a guy spent a week like this, he'd sure have a new perspective on women."

"I've been thinking a little about the real chance of getting back. If you ask these guys just what's happened to us, and what would need to happen to change us back, I don't see how it would be possible. I think we better get used to these clothes." Michelle pulled on the sleeve of her blouse.

"I've been reading about it too," Joe volunteered. "And I agree. If we really have damaged or lost our Y chromosome, it probably can't be restored by more radiation."

"I guess I could live with that," Michelle said, "but I feel sorry for Dave. This female stuff just doesn't agree with him at all. He's really gonna gain weight too, I think."

Just then Joe looked over and saw an assistant was opening the door to the RF cage. Two others carried the plastic cage containing the Rhesus monkey into the large room-like cage. The monkey, familiar around humans, sat quietly in the small cage as it was placed on the low table directly in the middle of the RF cage. The men then came out and closed the door.

Joe and Michelle watched silently as the men went over to where Dr. Krell was standing at a small control console. As they watched, Jim Matheney came up behind them. "It won't be long now," he said.

Joe turned around and saw his boss. "Hi, Jim. What did you want to see me about?"

Jim didn't answer, but walked over to where Dr. Krell and his assistants were standing. Joe and Michelle followed.

"I knew they'd be trying this experiment this afternoon, and I figured you'd want to see what happened," Jim said over his shoulder.

"Yeah. I do want to see it, but my guess is there won't be much to see right now," Joe said. "If anything does happen, it'll be later, as the chromosomes work to rearrange the cells."

"It's just complete magic to me," Jim confessed. "If I didn't see what it did to you two, I'd say it was all bullshit."

"The basic building blocks of life," Joe said matter-of-factly. He was far from an authority on biology, but now had a very personal interest in it, and it recently had become his major subject of reading.

They watched as Dr. Krell threw the switches on the transmitters, and started the counter. There was nothing apparently happening, and the little primate simply shook the flexible bars of his cage as he tried get out and join the humans who were watching him so intently. His fate was being decided by the invisible radio waves which coursed through his small body.

Time passed quickly, and in what seemed like a few moments, the decided on ten minutes-twenty seconds passed. Dr. Krell switched off the transmitters. "Now, all we need to do is sit and keep a close eye

on our little guy here, and see if his chromosomes were affected," he said.

The assistants removed the small cage from the large one, and took a blood and cell sample from the primate. They would do this every hour till Dr. Krell ordered them to stop.

"Well, that was anticlimactic," Jim exclaimed.

"What did you expect?" Joe asked with evident sarcasm. "Do you want his dick to fall off while you watch?"

Jim looked at Joe with surprise. The slang words, while normal from a man, sounded strange coming from such an attractive young woman. "I'm sorry, Joe," he apologized. "I just can't help being awed by all this. But I really do appreciate your personal feelings about what's going on."

"I'm not mad at you, Jim," Joe corrected. "But I think it is important for everybody to realize that we didn't know anything was happening to us while we worked with the equipment. There was simply no indication of a problem."

Dr. Krell turned around and spoke. "Well, now we must wait. How are you getting on, Joe?"

Joe smiled at the little doctor. "Still okay, Dr. Krell," he said truthfully.

"I'd like to get another blood and tissue sample before you leave today," Dr. Krell continued, looking at Joe. "I want to keep an eye on the hormonal changes in each of you, and I haven't had your samples for a few days now."

Great. Joe thought. More blood tests. When will it ever quit? "Okay, Doc," he agreed. Soon, Dr. Krell's assistants had taken Joe's vital signs, withdrawn blood from his vein, and took a scraping from inside his mouth for a buccal smear test.

"You're free to go home, Joe," Dr. Krell said, smiling. "I'm curious, what's the rush?"

Joe smiled. It was hard not to like the little man who showed so much personal interest in his patients. "No rush, Doc. I just want to get some sleep. I can barely keep my eyes open right now."

"Is there anything wrong?" Dr. Krell asked. "That is a symptom of depression, you know."

"I don't think so. I think it's just a symptom of not getting enough sleep last night."

"Did you go out on the town?" Jim asked.

Joe looked at his boss, wondering how to answer. There was no way he wanted to tell them he spent the night in bed with Jay. "Not really," he fibbed. "I was watching TV and talking."

"How is it between you and Jay?" Jim asked innocently. "I know you two were good buddies. How's he taking what's happened to you?"

"Okay, I guess. I have to watch him, or he tries to treat me like a sister or something, always watching out for me." This was partially true, but the brother-sister thing was obviously stretching it a little.

"Well, don't blame him," Jim said. "You look so different, so much younger, it's hard to remember that you... er... weren't always that way."

If you don't mind, I'll head for home." Joe said, looking at Jim. "Doc, if something interesting happens with the monkey, call me at home, okay?"

"Sure, Joe," Dr. Krell said. "Go home and get some sleep."

"Mike, er... Michelle, we just gotta get together with Dave and Tim," Joe insisted. "It really felt good talking about this with you. Dave probably needs that."

"Yeah, it was good for me, too," Michelle agreed. Though her body remained strong, femininity had certainly affected Mike's personality, making him a lot more personable, maybe even sort of mellow. Joe wondered if he was experiencing a similar personality change. If so, he couldn't tell.

"Maybe we can get together tomorrow," Joe suggested, "after work."

"Sure. Sounds good to me," Michelle said. "See you here tomorrow."

Joe said his goodbyes and left the laboratory. He stopped at his desk to check his mail. A small stack of magazines and junk mail was piled on his chair. In that respect, nothing had changed. He shuffled through it all, deciding that there was nothing that needed to be opened immediately. He left the room and started for home. As he passed the ladies' room, Joe decided to stop and relieve himself.

When he finished, Joe checked his hair in the mirror. It was certainly getting a little longer every day, and the attractive young woman staring back at him left no doubt he was becoming still younger looking, and even more feminine. Even when not trying to look female, he did. His eyes, nose, and other features were still in the process of redefinition. It was obvious that the strange feelings he was experiencing were being accompanied by continuing physical changes. It made him wonder about Dave, and how his friend was coping with his own involuntary feminization. Surely his wife Cindy could help Dave as much as Linda helped him.

Joe went out to his RX-7 and drove home. When he arrived at Linda's, it was about three-thirty, too early for Linda to be there. He took his bags and carried them to his room. He hung up the new clothes, then separated his soiled clothes into piles for the laundry. He came across the little silk chemise that Linda had apparently packed in his bag and carefully placed it on the dresser. He wanted to ask her about that.

When he had the washer going, Joe took the lingerie and carefully washed it by hand in his bathroom sink, then hung the panties and bras over his shower door. As he was doing that, he decided to remove the jeans and underwear he had on. He carefully washed that underwear, too, and the wild time last night went through his mind as he scrubbed the sticky substance from the crotch of the little blue underpants.

After he hung them to dry with the rest, Joe started the shower, then stepped in and quickly rinsed off. When finished, he dried and went to the bedroom. Going through his almost empty drawer, he chose new blue nylon panties and slipped them on. He rummaged to find a bra, then decided to dispense with that, instead slipping one of his old male T-shirts over his head. When he opened the drawer with his new shorts, he spotted the tank tops that Linda had suggested he purchase. What the hell, he thought, then pulled the T-shirt off and started to slip one of the skimpy little white tops on. Removing the T-shirt, the cotton fabric had rubbed against his nipples, making them stand erect. With his arms over his head, Joe gazed at the youthful form in the dresser mirror. What he saw in the reflection stirred pleasant memories of his male past.

No wonder Jay was acting so strange. I may still think of myself as a thirty-year-old guy, he mused, but I'm sure starting to look like an eighteen year old girl. He felt strangely guilty as he permitted his hand to fondle the softness. It just isn't the same when it's your own body, he concluded.

Enjoying the uniquely sensual awareness created by the taut jiggle of his bra-less firm bosom, Joe slowly walked to the bed. Although the quick shower served to revive him a little, he decided to lie down a while anyway. He pulled the cool sheet back, and, leaving his thin outer garments on, he lay back on the soft pillows. He idly placed a hand on the warm, sensitive area between his legs, innocently enjoying his own gentle touch. In moments, he fell into a deep sleep.

He had been sleeping for half an hour when Linda arrived home and entered the house. She was anxious to see Joe, but when she arrived at the partially open door to his room, she could see he was fast asleep. She was tempted to wake him, but decided instead to remove her dress and lie by him on the bed. She figured her movements would wake him, and was surprised that it did not.

Linda looked at Joe as he lay sleeping. She was immediately aware of the continuing change in his appearance in only the two days since they had been together. His face was so much younger looking... even more than before. And still more beautiful.

Looking lower, she noticed Joe was not wearing a bra. She reached over to gently touch those amazing breasts. Here was this guy, her fiancée, and, whatever had happened to him, somehow he now had firmer breasts than she could ever remember having. She wondered if he really enjoyed the strange change that was occurring to his body. They had caressed intimately a few times, and Joe did seem to like the very different sensations presented by the metamorphosis, but Linda wasn't sure if he was just humoring her or if he really enjoyed it. Cautiously running her hand under the thin top, she gently fondled his new softness, then slowly circled the right nipple with a fingertip, feeling it stiffen proudly in response. That should feel very good, she thought as she watched Joe's face. A slight smile began to form on his sleeping countenance.

She continued, and soon noticed Joe's hips begin to move involuntarily. She was exciting him as he slept, and he was responding the way almost anyone would. That gave her confidence, and she moved her other hand to Joe's pubic mound. It was so strange to touch someone who appeared in every way to be a normal woman. Though they had both enjoyed mutual fondling since the change, it was always at night, in very dim light. Linda generally still imagined Joe as male, and mostly caressed his back and strangely soft shoulders, usually trying to avoid the now very female parts of his anatomy.

She thought about what she said to him, just before he left for the trip, about how she wanted to become a man if he really had to stay this way. She had watched his reaction, and was somewhat surprised when Joe said very little about it.

Could she really do it? Did she really want to if she found it was indeed possible? What would it be like to be a man? Frankly, the idea didn't seem all that appealing. She thought of suddenly having big muscles, strong shoulders... a penis and testicles. What would that feel like? Wouldn't it be embarrassing to get an erection? To have your body stick out like that?

A woman's body is far more elegant, she considered. It was so soft... so gentle. Even Joe generally seemed to enjoy his recently acquired femininity. Did she really want to get all hairy? She looked at Joe... at his changed body. Before, he hadn't been very hirsute compared to some men, but now, he had nothing but very light down anywhere but on his head and pubic area.

Linda moved her hand further, between Joe's legs. She could tell that he wore nylon panties under the shorts. She could even feel the short pubic hair through the thin cloth. The male bulge was notably absent, replaced by a smaller but wider bump of hard pelvic bone. What was it like for him to wake up deprived of his precious manhood? What might it be like for her, if she was just as suddenly presented with such an appendage? She moved her hand to her own crotch, feeling for her clitoris. What would it feel like for that to be grotesquely long? To actually stick out when erect? To use for penetration?

Joe apparently missed Linda's massaging fingers, because his hips moved as if searching for the pleasant feeling. Linda obliged, touching him, running her finger gently along his genital cleft. She wished that she really was a guy right now. At least temporarily. She'd pull Joe's shorts down and let him experience sex with a man. She knew he'd want to try it eventually.

She could tell... by what he said, and by what he didn't say, that Joe was curious. And why not? Whatever had caused it, Joe's body had become completely female. Sometimes, Linda even felt tiny waves of jealousy when she saw the beautiful woman he had become. Why did all this have to happen to her man? And why did he have to be so beautiful? What could he possibly see in her now?

As he slept, Joe's dreams began to get very lucid. He still thought of himself as male, and usually dreamed that way. He reacted to the pleasant sensations by conjuring up another sexy meeting with Linda.

She was fondling his penis, and running her fingers through the light hair on his chest. His penis felt ready to explode. Why didn't she lay back and let him enter her? He couldn't figure it, and didn't seem to have the strength to do anything about it. He just lay there letting her manipulate him.

Suddenly he felt her lie on top of him. She instinctively spread her legs and began rubbing her crotch against his penis. He tried to maneuver so that he could get his erection in a position to enter her. It seemed nothing he could do, no way he could move, would allow him to make love with this beautiful woman. And still she wouldn't stop.

Joe had to have her and he finally found the strength to move his arms to take her and hold her. She reciprocated by wrapping her arms around him. He could feel the almost downy softness of her breasts. It seemed his own chest too had become more sensitive than he could remember it. Still asleep, Joe began to softly call for her to let him take her. "Let me put it in. Let me put it in," he begged

Linda was enjoying the sensation of friction of her clitoral area against Joe's pubis, each enjoying very similar feelings, and each getting closer to climax. Suddenly Joe began to moan slightly. It wasn't a moan really, but rather he was trying to say something in his sleep. "Oooh. Let me put it in," Joe said again.

He thinks he still has a penis. Linda concluded as she lay on top of him. Poor guy. She kissed Joe on the lips. Since the change, Joe had seemed so very different. He even smelled different. His pleasant masculine scent was gone, and to Linda, nothing had replaced it. She didn't really react to Joe's female pheromones.

The kiss woke Joe. His eyes opened and it took a moment to realize that Linda was on top of him. When he did realize who it was, he continued to fondle her buttocks. Then the reality of what was happening dawned on him. "Hi," he said simply, feeling embarrassed.

Linda looked embarrassed at what she was caught doing. She was wearing only her underwear, lying on top of him, pretending to make love as if she were a man. Her skirt and blouse were lying across the chair by the bed.

Linda's pretending wasn't immediately obvious to Joe. He reached down to feel his shorts, and realized that his underwear had become wet from excitement. "What's going on?"

Linda said nothing, her face getting even more red with embarrassment. She rolled away from Joe, and lay on her back.

Joe began to realize just what was happening. He sat up and then knelt next to her on the bed. As he looked at Linda, he saw from the wet spot on her own panties that she had been getting aroused by what she had been doing. "Was it fun?" Joe teased, then realized she was too embarrassed for that. "It was feeling pretty good," he continued. "Why did you stop?"

"Oh, Joe," Linda said, almost in tears. "I was just trying to imagine what it would be like to be a man... to make love with you that way."

Joe smiled. She had apparently been pretending to screw him as he slept. While he was dreaming of doing the same to her. "I guess you were doing pretty good," Joe remarked, putting his hand on his own pubic area and pulling the panty up so that the wetness there was visible to her. "I guess we both seemed to like it." He pointed to her underwear, which was just as visibly damp.

Linda's face opened up in a big grin. Joe could always see the best in everything. She reached up and kissed him on the lips again.

Joe looked at her, this woman who had just been on top of him as if she was making love. Did she really want to do that? "So you want to be a guy, huh? Then let's see what it would be like. I've kind of been wondering myself."

Kneeling, Joe slipped the little cotton tank top over his head. He tossed it on the chair next to Linda's things. He arched his back, making his small but firm breasts more prominent, then, with his hands, he pushed the soft mounds against each other in an attempt to appear seductive. It might be hard to act like a woman, but it was sure easy to look like one when your body was like this, he thought to himself. "Come on, big guy," he vamped.

Linda lay there, looking at Joe as he pretended to seduce her. She wasn't sure if she should take him seriously, or if he was just being sarcastic.

Joe unbuttoned his shorts, and slipped them down. He pulled them off and tossed them off the bed. He left the panties on. If Linda wanted them off, she could do it for him. "Go ahead," he ordered. "Pretend that you're a guy. Take me... Use me."

Linda sat up in the bed. "Joe," she said, as she took him in her arms.

Joe kissed her, then took her right hand and placed it on his bare breast.

"You really want to do this?" Linda asked.

"Sure. You say you want to be a guy, and I guess I'm a girl now, whether I like it or not. Let's find out what it might be like."

Almost reluctantly, Linda began to caress Joe's breast. Joe knelt next to her, and shut his eyes as if enjoying the sensation. He looked down at her. She was wearing pale yellow hi-rise panties with a bit of lace trim at the leg openings, and a sort of matching bra. Not exactly masculine apparel. Joe wondered what would make her less feminine, not for his sake, but for hers. He had an idea. "Just a second," he said. "I think I might have something to make you feel a little more macho."

"Macho?" Linda asked. "What could make me feel like that?"

Joe went to the dresser... to his underwear drawer. He looked around the almost empty drawer and found the black nylon bikinis he wore the morning after the change. Although they might have been the most feminine underwear he had then, they were still men's underwear. He also grabbed a clean sweat sock and came back to the bed. "Let's try this on."

Before she could object, he pushed Linda back on the bed and quickly pulled her panties off. He tossed them on the floor next to the chair. Then he took the black undershorts and slid them up her smooth legs. Linda reluctantly assisted by lifting her butt at the appropriate times, and when they were in place, she peered down at her lower body. The male underwear fit more-or-less, but the masculine bulge at the crotch was missing. Joe took her arm and pulled her to a kneeling position on the bed. He balled up the sweat sock and stuffed it into the front of the little nylon shorts. He carefully arraigned it until it was just the way he thought it should be. "What do you think?" he asked, unable to hide the grin.

Linda looked down at the bulge at her crotch, then at Joe. "And this is supposed to make me feel macho?" she asked, slightly embarrassed.

"Well, I admit, it may not help much. But it sure is better than those lacy panties, isn't it?"

"You really think so?"

"Well, the boobs are kind of hard to ignore, but I'll try if you will."

"Now what?" Linda asked.

"You're a guy. Surely you know what guys want."

"I feel stupid with this sock in here." Linda smiled as she cupped the bulge with her hand, as if trying to imagine what it would be like if the sock became real maleness.

"Well, we have to make do," Joe said. "And that's not a sock. It's nine inches of hot meat."

"Right."

Joe lay back on the bed and put his arms out. "God, I need you," he breathed. "Take me. Use me."

Linda, feeling more than a little foolish, smiled and moved to position herself on top of Joe. As she did, she moved her legs apart. Joe realized what she was doing and pushed her legs back together, then spread his own. "You're the guy, remember?" he admonished. "I'll spread my legs."

As she positioned herself, Joe could feel the bulge of the sock press against his pubis. The feeling really wasn't anything like with Jay. Jay was much harder... And of course, he aimed lower. But it did feel good... sort of. "Oh, yeah," Joe breathed. "I like that."

Linda started to move her hips as if making love. She pushed the sock firmly against Joe's pubic mound. Almost immediately, the sock moved lower, back between her legs, and suddenly they were again rubbing their pubic bones together. The feeling was good, but not great.

Linda reached behind her back, and pulled the sock out of her underwear. "This does nothing for me. How about you?"

"I agree."

Joe moved around so that Linda could position herself with her legs sort of entwined with his. In that way, they could better rub the more sensitive parts of their genitals against each other. They were both amazed at the pleasant sensation that allowed. Linda started a kind of side to side movement which seemed to excite Joe's clitoris most effectively.

"Hey, this isn't bad," Joe commented, as he started to reciprocate to Linda's movements.

Linda looked down at Joe and smiled, saying nothing, but continuing the pleasing movement. It was obvious from the expression on her face that she enjoyed it, too. Nylon panties eliminated the friction that might have been created as they almost frantically rubbed their genital areas faster and faster.

Joe was the first to stiffen his legs and experience a most pleasing orgasm. The combination of genital sensation and the sight of Joe getting off brought Linda over the top soon after. Spent, they clung to each other, still pressing identical genitalia together. Joe kept up a slight rocking motion, which created just enough stimulation to hold them at a pleasing point.

Climax really was different without ejaculation, he considered. Although penetration probably would have felt pretty good right now, he was quite satisfied without it. He was curious if Linda felt the same way. "How was that?" he asked.

Linda looked at him and smiled. Then she kissed him.

"Did you like it?" Joe asked again.

"What do you think?" Linda asked mysteriously.

"I think you got just as much out of that as I did."

"And I think you might be right," Linda said.

"We didn't even need a penis, did we?"

"Well, I don't know about you, but I think it would have been even better if one of us had one." Linda's humor was returning.

"I'd be glad to oblige, but I'm a little short right now."

Linda frowned at the clever pun. Joe suddenly realized just what he had said.

"Don't you just want a man right now?" she asked. "Or would you still rather be one?"

Joe looked into her face. It was plain that she was curious about his sexual orientation. His body was obviously capable of sex as a female. Was that what he really wanted? He didn't know how to answer her. He just grinned widely. "Either way would be great," he said diplomatically. "I guess I'd like to know how it would feel, but then, I already know how good it is as a man."

"Yeah, but don't you just want to know?" Linda persisted.

"Why are you so curious about that?"

"Joe, Look at you." Linda said. "You're gorgeous. I can't believe how beautiful and sexy you've become. Surely you'd want to be with a man rather than with me."

"Is it really that great as a woman, that I'd want to forget about the person I love?"

"But, you're a woman now. Surely you can't have the same feelings toward me."

Joe looked at her. "You're right," he admitted. "I do feel different. But I still love you. How about you? How do you feel toward me... toward what I've become?"

Linda reached for him and kissed him on the lips. One of Joe's breasts caught on Linda's bra, pinching his nipple. Joe reached down and pushed it out of the way, and then fondled Linda's boob through the lace and satin bra.

Linda reached up and rubbed Joe's breast. "Tell me the truth. Don't you really like having boobs?"

Joe pulled away from her embrace and looked down at his new curves. "They'd be more fun for me if they were on you," he said with his now feminine voice. "Of course you do look pretty nice yourself," he added diplomatically.

"The truth," Linda insisted. "Don't you enjoy looking like that?"

Joe smiled what he hoped was a devilish grin. "It's kind of neat, I guess. At first, the curiosity was everything. But I guess I'm getting used to being this way. I am really amazed at how young I'm starting to look."

"I've noticed that, too," Linda said. "I think you look even younger than the other day."

"I'm still changing, I guess," Joe admitted, the concern evident in his voice.

"When will it stop?"

"Who knows? We're still trying to figure out what's causing it."

Linda was staring at Joe's chest, idly fondling him as they spoke. Joe looked down, then back at her eyes. "Do I interest you?" Joe asked, amused.

Embarrassed, Linda moved her hand away from his breast. "I'm sorry. You just feel so soft, so smooth..."

"And it feels good when you touch me, too. I know it must seem strange... I know I look like a girl... I guess maybe I feel like a girl, too. But I still like being with you, too. Can you understand that?"

Linda slowly placed her hand back on Joe's softness. "I'm trying. But you have to understand... I haven't changed... I'm still the same... But you look so feminine... So beautiful... What can you possibly see in me?"

"I hope I'm seeing a beautiful woman who still loves to be around me," Joe said softly. "If we ultimately decide that we can't be, or don't want to stay together, we... we just have to stay friends, don't we?" Joe's gentle voice was almost pleading.

Linda placed her hand behind Joe's head, then, rising on the bed, she kissed him deeply, just as she used to. Their tongues even entwined momentarily. Joe reached down between Linda's breasts and unhooked the clasp of her bra. As he had done so many times before, he freed her breasts, and with Linda's help, removed the bra completely. But Joe didn't fondle her. He just didn't like the feel of the scratchy lace on his own sensitive chest. They embraced again, their breasts meshing as they kissed some more.

They both lay back on the bed, and Joe closed his eyes. Life was becoming so bizarre. Less than twenty hours ago, he was frolicking bed with his best friend. Now here he was, cuddling with his fiancée. It was still wonderful and pleasurable, but he felt out-of-place in both scenarios. What was he now, really? Linda's perfume, and his thoughts were buzzing through Joe's head as he fell asleep again.

Linda cradled him in her arms and watched him, realizing that Joe probably looked more like her younger sister than her lover.

What would become of their strange relationship?

Chapter 35

CONFESSION

Joe was asleep in Linda's arms for only about fifteen minutes when she jostled him awake. "Come on sleepy-head. Let's get up. I'm hungry."

Joe wasn't hungry at all. He was wonderfully content resting in Linda's arms, but he reluctantly got up. Linda rolled to the side of the bed, and quickly slipped off the black bikini underwear to put her own things back on. Joe found his own underpants and slipped them on. He was standing at the foot of the bed watching Linda as she stood wearing only panties, gathering her up skirt and blouse. He turned around and spotted the silver chemise teddy. Joe held the silky garment out to Linda. "I think you put this in my bag."

As Linda looked at the sexy little garment, a strange expression formed on her face. "Don't you like it?"

Joe was confused. What was she trying to tell him? "I guess it's okay, but it's yours. Why did you send it with me?"

"I bought it for you. Of course, if you don't like it..."

"You bought this for me? When did you do that?"

"Well, actually, it was for me to wear, but FOR you," Linda said, smiling. "I just thought that you might find a need for it on your trip. I have no idea what you wear in bed while you're away from me."

Was she hinting at something, Joe wondered? "What's going on here?"

"Joe, you just went on an overnight trip with a man. I see the way Jay looks at you. I know you've had to see it too."

"And so you think I'd want to sleep with him?"

"Are you telling me you don't?"

Joe was silent. He didn't really know what to say. Linda obviously knew him much better than he thought. Maybe he shouldn't lie. "No. I won't say that. I noticed that Jay was acting kind of funny, too."

"And what did you do?"

"What did I do?" Joe repeated.

"How did you respond to him? Come on, Joe. I know you two are old pals, and I'm pretty sure you can't keep any secrets from him. The way he was fawning over you, you must have fooled around a little."

"Why do you say that?" Joe said, trying to sound hurt.

"Because I can practically read your mind," Linda said confidently. "I know that you're dying to know what it would be like with a guy. Your body is so beautiful, so amazingly feminine. I'm sure you've already noticed what you do to men."

Joe felt a blush of embarrassment as he pulled on his shorts and slipped the little tank top on. This woman is so darn observant, he thought. Can nothing be hidden from her? "What if I did sleep with Jay the other night?" Joe asked bluntly. "How would you feel about that?"

Linda stared at Joe. He couldn't tell what was on her mind. Had she simply been fishing, and drawn him out? "I wouldn't blame you. I think if I suddenly became a guy, I guess I'd want to know how it feels to be with a woman."

"You wouldn't be mad?" Joe asked gingerly.

"Why should I? You're a big girl now," Linda added with a smile.

Joe just stood there, looking at her, smiling, saying nothing.

"So did you?" Linda asked. Her curiosity had been piqued.

Joe widened his smile. "I thought real girls don't talk about stuff like that," he said smugly.

"The heck they don't!" Linda countered. "You don't have any idea what real girls talk about." She was right there, too.

"Well, they shouldn't. Who I choose to sleep with is kind of private."

"Not private to me, Joe Bates. Did you, or didn't you?"

Again Joe was silent. He wanted to tell her, but didn't know how.

"Did you sleep with Jay, or not?"

"Uh... We were in the same bed for a while." Joe said carefully.

"Did you do anything?"

"Anything?" Joe repeated, stalling for time.

"Did you screw him?"

Joe just smiled. "Well, I let him look... Then... I let him touch..." Joe idly stroked his breast for emphasis as he spoke.

"Did you screw him?"

"You know, I didn't realize how big another guy's cock looks when it gets hard. I don't think I ever saw anybody else's before."

"Did you do it with him?"

"Yes, I did it," Joe said curtly.

"So, what did you think?" Linda didn't sound mad, just curious, and maybe, relieved.

Joe looked at the bed. "Well, actually, it kind of hurt at first, but then it really felt pretty good." He smiled, as if remembering the sensation.

"You screwed Jay?" Linda said incredulously.

"I guess that describes it," Joe said, smiling broadly, relieved for the truth to finally be out, but wondering what she was going to do.

"Did you like it?"

"Yes. It was pretty good, once I got used to the difference. Does that make me queer or something?"

"I don't think so. I mean you are physically a woman now, I suppose."

"So what does that make us, then? Are we lesbians?"

"I don't know. Maybe it does," Linda said without conviction. "Do you care?"

"Hey, I'm just a guy who woke up with this pushed in, and these things popped out." Joe touched his crotch, and then his boobs. "I really don't know what the hell I am anymore."

"Did you climax?" Linda asked bluntly.

"Climax?"

"When you did it with Jay. You know. Did you come?"

Joe looked at her and smiled, then took on a wide grin. "Yes. I guess I did. Maybe even a few times. Like I said, it did feel pretty good." Joe's grin got slightly wider.

"I guess you really are a woman, then, Joe Bates," Linda said conclusively.

"I thought you only became a woman after your first menstrual period. I'm still waiting for that to happen."

"Well, I think for you, we can make an exception, and say it literally happened overnight."

"Can you handle that?"

"What choice do I have?"

"No more than I do, I guess," Joe admitted. "Do you want me to leave?"

"Only if you feel you want to. I don't know why you would want to stay with me."

"But... Don't you understand? I love you. I need you."

"What can I really do for you?"

"You've been doing it. You're my friend, and now, you're my mentor, my advisor, and as far as I'm concerned, you're still pretty good in bed, too."

"Thanks. I guess you are, too."

"But, just a little short, right?" Joe teased.

"Well... I did like you better the other way."

"Sorry. What you see is what you get."

"What about Jay?"

"What about Jay?" Linda countered. "How do you feel about him?"

"Jay Logan is still my best friend. With all that's happened to me, he's helped in all kinds of ways. I think we were both curious, and we just satisfied our curiosity, that's all."

"So you wouldn't want to do it again?" Linda asked.

"I don't know. I don't know what I want to do."

"Well, I can't be a man for you," Linda said, saying the obvious.

"And I realize that I can't be everything you need either."

"So what should we do then?" Linda said, as much to herself as to Joe.

"Let's take it one step at a time," Joe suggested. "Who knows, maybe by next week, all this will all be a weird memory.

"And maybe it won't."

"Yeah... Maybe it won't."

"What are you hungry for?" Linda asked suddenly.

"I don't know. You're the one who claimed you were hungry."

"I've been thinking Mexican all day." Linda was still standing in her underwear, holding her skirt and blouse.

"Okay then, go get some clothes on, and let's go out and find some food," Joe ordered. "What do you think I should wear?"

"I was planning to wear something like what you have on. That looks fine."

Joe looked down. He could practically see his breasts through the cotton top's thin material. "I feel practically naked like this. I can't wear this in public."

"You look just fine."

"But everyone can see my boobs."

"No, they can't. Besides, you're kind of cute looking anyway."

"Yes, but..." Joe persisted.

"Put a bra on then, if you must," Linda said as she left the room. She didn't want to argue with Joe over his deserved self-consciousness.

Joe went to the dresser and searched for an appropriate garment. With most of his underwear in the laundry, or still drying in the bathroom, his choice was limited. He decided on a simple white cotton bra, one of the first he had bought. He pulled off the tank top and slipped the bra on. It was a back close model. Most of his bras were front close. It was obvious his shape was still developing because the new bra already felt a little tight, but it could still be worn. He slipped the top back on, feeling much more secure, but only slightly less exposed. He added sweat socks and Reeboks, found his wallet, stuck it the little side pocket of his shorts, and went to Linda's room.

Linda was in her walk-in closet, hanging up clothes and selecting something to wear. She came out holding orange colored shorts and a matching top with yellow sunburst design.

"Yeah. That looks nice." Joe said simply, in approval.

"It's really going to be hard to go out with you anymore. Everybody is going to think I'm your older sister."

"Nah. I don't think they'd think that. But I am getting a bit young looking though, aren't I?"

"If you keep changing, I'll look more like your mother than your friend. Have you any idea what all this is doing to my ego?"

"I'm sure it can't be as bad it is for me."

Linda looked at the pretty young woman standing in her room. It was probably true. Compared to Joe's problems, her own were minuscule. And yet, this girl... this very young girl, who under the skin was really a guy... her guy... as old as, even slightly older than she was... He... She was just so darn beautiful, so fresh looking...

They drove to the restaurant in Joe's car. When they arrived inside, the waitress immediately seated them in a small booth. They seemed like two good friends, out for the evening, and that's just what they were.

As they sipped Margaritas, waiting for the food, Linda began telling Joe about the real estate contract she was currently working. Joe listened, and tried to appear genuinely interested.

Joe felt a little self-conscious when he noticed that a young man, with his wife and two small children, was watching his every move. The whole thing was strange, not bad really, but totally unlike anything he had experienced when male. Once, when their eyes met, Joe smiled shyly, and the guy smiled back. It was then that Joe began to appreciate just what power his changed body possessed. He knew he looked pretty good, even he could see that, but he realized he was acquiring the capability to make men melt.

After one Margarita, Joe was feeling a little less inhibited. Linda kept talking, and he kept listening. The guy at the other table kept sneaking glances whenever his wife wasn't watching. Once, feeling a little spunky, Joe bravely gave the guy a quick wink. Joe could see him perk up. The little flirt made his day.

The waiter brought the food, and they began to enjoy it. By this time Joe was hungry, too, and he began to wolf his food as he usually

did as a male. Linda saw what he was doing, and frowned. "Stop that, Joe. Try to act like a lady, if you can."

"What do you mean?" Joe didn't realize he was doing anything unusual.

"You're eating much too fast," Linda explained. "Slow down. Take small bites. You eat like a lumberjack."

Joe smiled. She was right. He hadn't realized what he was doing, or what it looked like to others. Acting like a woman was still something he had to constantly work at.

"Dr. Krell has started with monkeys," Joe said, trying to break the sudden silence.

"What is he doing with them?"

"The cage is set up to duplicate the conditions which they believe caused the change, and they want to try and duplicate it with animals first."

"When do you think they'll be ready to change you back?"

"That's a good question," Joe said. "I really don't know. But Dave wants to be first."

"What if it works?"

"I don't know. I guess I'd want to change back, but I'd sure miss some of this."

"I'd like to have the old you back," Linda said. "But you should do what you need to."

"Let's wait till we have to make a choice."

"Okay. Let's wait."

They finished the meal without further conversation. Joe could sense that their relationship was changing. They were really becoming more like friends... like sisters even... and there was nothing he could do about it. He didn't know if he even wanted to. They finished, and Joe paid the bill. Then they drove home.

Each went to their own bedroom without much discussion. Joe began to undress and prepare for bed. He expected that Linda would probably be in to join him before long. He went into his bathroom. As he slowly removed his clothes, Joe examined his body in the bathroom mirror. When completely naked, he peered straight into the glass.

It was true. He was still changing noticeably. And he was becoming so young looking. His breasts continued to fill out. They didn't seem much larger really, more firm might be a better description. The bra he just removed had made little marks on the soft skin, outlining where it had been touching. It seemed that the skin on his chest where breasts had formed was being stretched by still growing mammary tissue underneath. Full pink nipples seemed to glisten in the bright light. He looked lower, at the quite pronounced curve of his waist and hip. Those lines too were still developing. His body was slowly acquiring feminine contours, and seeing them, seeing himself with them, could only be described as disconcerting. It was like staring at someone else's body, someone familiar, and yet a stranger, admittedly an awfully attractive stranger.

Was this the way it was to be? Was this it? Was life from this point on going to be lived in this semi-familiar, amazingly youthful, but very female looking body? It wasn't that he didn't feel at home in it. Quite the contrary. Mostly, everything that had occurred felt somehow totally natural. The physical differences in genitalia were probably the hardest to get accustomed to, but he was adapting well. Though down deep Joe still thought of himself as male, there was no denying he certainly didn't look very masculine anymore. At first, he worried, sexual orientation would be a problem, but even that seemed to be working itself out. He was quickly developing interests and desires that reflected his changed anatomy, his new gender. Not only did he look like a young woman, he was truly beginning to feel like one too. At least he thought that he was. Who knew what they really felt like?

Joe looked at the trimmed hair of his pubic area. It was still a source of wonder to see himself with protruding female-like breasts, and nothing but light pubic hair where his penis should be. That was simply not how he saw himself in his mind. And the familiar sensation of his cock still being there didn't help matters any. What it had become certainly couldn't be described as a penis, and it didn't function like one either. The area between his legs had acquired the appearance and characteristics of the female vulva. Except for the lack of the clitoral hood, Joe's genitalia were identical to those of a "real" woman. They functioned exactly the same, too, Joe thought to himself, as he reminisced about last night, with Jay. If Jay noticed any difference, he hadn't let on, in fact, he had seemed rather satisfied. Joe grinned as he thought about experiencing sex as a female.

In the mirror, he observed the dark pink skin of the labia minora, barely visible behind short, dark-blond hair. He thought about what

his body was like before this had happened. It was totally amazing how easily it cast off masculinity, and took on this new appearance. However, whatever it looked like now, this was still very much his body. These were his breasts. His hips. His butt. His vagina. His clitoris. He had become the young looking, shapely person in the mirror.

He placed his hand at the gap between his legs. While his pelvis continued to change, that space continued to grow perceptibly wider as his legs became softer and even more feminine. The slight paunch of approaching male middle age had completely disappeared. The area between his now noticeable pelvic bones had become unbelievably flat. Even his navel looked different. Running his fingers over it all, he cupped his palm over the prominent pubic mound. Whenever he did that, the strange sensation of his male parts being missing became plainly evident. Otherwise, unless he became uncomfortably wet, it didn't feel too much different down there.

Joe ran an index finger along sensitive vaginal lips, enjoying the pleasant sensation. He was still found it awesome to be changed like this. There was no denying the facts, he was actually enjoying it. Did he miss his penis? Sure. But if he still had that, he'd never know what it was like to be this way. Some might call it an acceptable swap. At least equal, anyway. Besides, his penis was still there, sort of, though it was changed a great deal. Maybe his balls were history, apparently absorbed by his changing body, but he didn't really miss them like he thought he would. No. Any remorse, any feeling of loss, was more over the very different physical capabilities of a body turned female.

Sex, which one would have thought would be the major issue, wasn't really even a problem in itself, at least not for Joe. He still liked women. He certainly liked their soft bodies. He liked to be around them even if they did tend to treat him very differently now. But of course, he was becoming interested in men too, perhaps even more. Funny how he would never even have considered a guy as a sexual partner before this happened to him.

Joe had felt completely normal as a heterosexual male, and he felt just as normal now, as a bisexual female, if that's what he had become. He thought about it, and couldn't decide if he really had a preference. Each gender had its advantages, its pluses.

Joe stood there in front of the mirror, examining and fondling his changing body, when he suddenly realized the bathroom door stood wide open. He stopped and hurriedly went over to close it. He didn't

want Linda to see what he was doing. Returning, he noticed the tub, and decided to run some water and soak in the bubbles for a while. If he really was a girl now, he might as well enjoy it. When the tub was full enough, Joe tested the temperature with a toe, and, satisfied, he slipped into the silky suds.

It had been a long day. Joe was tired, and the warm tub was relaxing. With his bare hand, he lathered all over with the soapy bubbles, caressing every growing bump and curve, exploring every new crease and crevice. Could this be what heaven is like?

Joe had lost track of time as he languished in the tub. He thought Linda would have joined him by now, but she didn't. He didn't know how long he had been in the bubbles, but they were starting to dissipate. He stood and stepped from the tub, grabbing a large bath towel to dry.

The bath oil made already soft skin feel even smoother, and Joe felt wonderfully sexy as he dried off. He watched the reflection in the mirror as he preened. The sensation was eroticism mixed with a strange curiosity. It had been at least a decade since girls he had been intimate with looked this way. It was as if his body was being transformed to that of a mature teenager, probably no more than eighteen years old. Unbelievable. Could it be that while innocently testing aircraft avionics, they had accidentally stumbled onto a real "Fountain of Youth". But you just had to sacrifice masculinity to experience it. Was it worth that? When was it all going to stop?

He dusted with after-bath powder, the scent again reminding him of Linda. When all finished, he left the bathroom and walked towards the bed. Linda wasn't there yet, either. Maybe she was going to leave him alone tonight. If she did, it would be the first time.

Joe lay down on the bed. He was about to turn out the lamp, when he saw the chemise teddy laying on the chair. He decided to put it on. When he had the sexy little outfit on and the snap between the legs fastened, he looked at himself in the dresser mirror. The top was slightly stretchy since it contained lycra, and it clung closely to those firm breasts. The bottom part was definitely tailored to flatter the female form, and it had no problem with that part of his anatomy either. He suddenly experienced an overall sensation of contentment.

If Linda wasn't going to sleep with him, he'd just have to sleep by himself, he thought. He extinguished the light and lay back on the pillows, enjoying the silky texture of his clothes, the wonderful scent and soft sensuous feel of his own body. Joe quickly fell asleep, alone, and didn't wake till morning.

When Joe opened his eyes, the sun was streaming through the curtains. He looked over at the clock on the night stand. It read Six A. M. He looked across the bed. He was alone. Linda never came to his room last night. He had been so tired, he didn't wake once the entire night.

Joe pulled away the sheet. He looked down at himself, and the satiny chemise. He remembered the mellow way he felt last night. It was morning. How did he feel now? He was becoming accustomed to the erratic ping-ponging of his persona as the hormones, or maybe the physical changes, or both, affected his personality.

He put his hand to his chest, feeling the softness of a breast through the silky fabric. He moved down, between his legs, exploring that area, touching the tiny snaps at the crotch of the teddy. Another night had passed, and he was still quite female. He now expected that. He no longer checked every morning in hope that he would wake up changed back.

Joe sat up in the bed. He looked over at the dresser, trying to see his reflection in the mirror. The light was still too dim to tell. Had he changed even more overnight? Was he even younger looking? Curiosity overcame sleepiness, and he struggled out of bed. He stood in front of the mirror, straining his eyes to detect any difference. If there was any, he couldn't tell. Everything looked the same as last night.

Joe continued into the bathroom, and he snapped on the light. The almost intense brightness hurt his eyes, and he squinted as he stood in front of the sink. As his eyes adjusted to the light, Joe looked again. His hair was disheveled, but otherwise, still no noticeable change. He certainly didn't feel any different, though he did have to pee.

Unsnapping the crotch of the little satiny garment, Joe pulled away the little beaver tails from his crotch. Changing his mind, he removed the whole thing, and stood naked. He looked at himself in the mirror again. Still no difference. Still the same. Still beautiful. He twisted so that he could observe his profile in the mirror. As they continued to develop, his breasts were truly becoming impressive looking. At first, they were just small slightly cone-shaped bulges. But in the week since he had sprouted them, they were getting fuller, and rounder each day. Joe touched them and caressed them, experiencing a combination of wonder, pride and embarrassment. Did real teenage girls feel the same way as they acquired this highly noticeable badge of womanhood?

Joe lightly squeezed both breasts with his hands. Here it was, morning, and he was still pleased to find his body this way. He couldn't remember going this long before without experiencing some feeling of remorse over what happened. Was he really beginning to accept it?

He raised the lid on the toilet and took a seat. As he sat, he eyed the underwear hanging on the shower door. It was dry now, and ready to be put away. He looked at the panties and bras. He pulled the black bra, the one that matched the black thong, from the door and examined it closely. He had never noticed that it actually had a subtle print over the entire shiny black spandex fabric. A very dark gray lace print.

He hadn't even noticed it before, but it now was quite easily seen in the bright light. That's the way it is with women's things, Joe considered. They were filled with little subtleties like that. Things a man wouldn't even notice. Things he didn't notice, until now.

When he was finished, Joe washed his face, then brushed his hair. It was Saturday morning, but he wanted to go in to work. He was curious to know if anything happened to the little monkey overnight. As he dressed, he could hear sounds from the kitchen. Linda was making coffee. Joe wondered if she was angry with him. It was hard to tell with women. Even though it was even possible that he was one now, he still couldn't predict how they would react.

She hadn't seemed irritated when he finally told her about him and Jay. In fact, she seemed more curious than anything. He almost thought she'd be asking for details. As he thought about it, he realized that from that point on, she had been a little different around him, a little less talkative. Maybe she was pissed off.

Joe decided to wear a pair of pants and a blouse he bought in St. Paul. Since it was the week end, no one would be dressing up, but this was about as casual as he wanted to get. He went to the bathroom, and carefully put some powder on his face, and then a little lip gloss. Joe was still experimenting with makeup, and was getting a bit better each day. He brushed his hair, and then decided he was ready. Joe took a small handbag, and checked that he had his wallet in it, then went to the kitchen. If she was going to be angry, he might as well know about it.

When Linda saw Joe, she smiled. "You look nice this morning," she said, then she came over and kissed him on the cheek.

I guess she isn't mad, Joe thought to himself.

"Did you get a good rest?"

"Yeah. I slept like a baby."

"I could tell you were tired."

"It was the first time we didn't sleep together in this house."

"I know," Linda said, "but I thought you might like some time alone."

Was she always right? "It was kind of nice. But I do like snuggling with you, too."

Linda smiled. "Are you going to work this morning?"

"Yes. At least for a while. I want to know if anything has happened with the monkey."

"What if something did?"

"I don't know. There is probably a big difference between repeating something like this, and reversing it."

"So the monkey might be stuck just like you?"

Joe looked into her eyes. "Yeah. That's right. Poor animal."

"Is it really that bad?" Linda asked.

"No. It's really not. In fact, it's not so bad at all."

"I wish it hadn't happened," Linda said. "But since it did, at least I'm glad you like it."

Joe had a cup of coffee with Linda and then drove to Honeybone. When he arrived, none of the people he recognized were there yet. Dr. Krell hadn't arrived. The lab assistant was alone in the room, and there was no change in the monkey's appearance. There were no results from blood or tissue samples yet, but Joe suspected that nothing at all had happened.

The lab assistant agreed. "There are simply billions of combinations and possibilities. It could literally take years."

Joe went into the office and sat at his desk. He looked at the stack of mail and was going to begin looking through it all, when he decided against it. His heart just wasn't in it. Those things seemed so trivial now. He just sat there thinking.

In a few minutes, Dave came in the room. Joe hadn't seen his friend for days, and he immediately saw that the change was still

occurring to him too. Dave had become almost cherubic. His face, which had always been sort of full, was now very rounded, as was the rest of him. He looked so much younger. Were they all destined to look like children?

"Hi, Joe," Dave said, his voice sounding strange to Joe. It was plainly Dave's voice, but at a slightly higher pitch. Joe knew the same thing had occurred to his voice, and he was getting accustomed to the new sound. Hearing Dave brought out the contrast of what was, and what is now.

"Good morning, Dave," Joe answered, smiling. "You're looking pretty good."

Dave just frowned at him. He wasn't in any mood for joking about his changing appearance. "I see nothing happened with the monkey overnight. I wonder what they're going to do next."

"There must be a million combinations to try. The monkey's chromosomes aren't exactly like ours."

"I guess they need to try it on a human then. I'll try it, if they need a volunteer."

"I think they want to duplicate what happened first. You've already been changed. They'll probably want a genetic male."

"That's the truth," Dave said, as he sat down at his desk.

"How's it been going, pal?"

Dave just smiled.

"I see you've been getting younger looking, too," Joe continued.

"Yeah. And if it keeps up, everybody will think my wife is my mother instead of just my sister," Dave said sarcastically.

"It really is a bummer isn't it?"

"Joe, I've got to tell you, if they don't come up with something, anything, pretty soon, I think I'll just try something on my own."

"Like what?"

"I don't know. But I'm ready to try the cage any time they ask. What else could it do to me?"

"I think you know the answer to that," Joe responded. "There is almost no limit to what genetic damage can do to your health."

"Sometimes I think I'd be better off if I had been killed instead of this."

"Come on, man. Surely you don't mean that. I'm certain Cindy and the kids would rather have you like this than as just a memory."

"You don't know how it is," Dave objected. "To need to have your wife help you with so many things, stuff a man shouldn't even need to know about."

"Yeah. I know, it is kind of weird. But I have basically the same thing with Linda. She's been more than willing to help."

"Sure, Cindy helps," Dave admitted, "but that's not the point. She shouldn't have to do that. I'm the man. I'm the strong one. I'm the one who helps everybody else."

"You're just going to have to learn to adapt. It really isn't all that bad if you just accept it, and try to live with it."

"I don't agree," Dave insisted. "I can't accept it, and I won't live with it."

"If you approach this thing with that attitude, I think you're going to be disappointed."

"I'm already disappointed. What I want is just to be what I was."

"And if it's possible, you will, but until that happens, why don't you quit your bitching."

Dave looked at Joe with a familiar big grin. Maybe he looked like a big chubby angel now, but Joe recognized that smile. "Yeah. I'll try."

"Are the others coming this morning?" Joe asked.

"Well, everybody knows what's going on. I would think they'd all want to be here this morning."

With that, Mike/Michelle came in the door. She was carrying a box of doughnuts. "I thought everybody might want some of these."

What a switch, Joe thought. Before, Mike would never have thought of others like that, and in any case, would never have even eaten a doughnut, much less bought a whole box of them himself. "Thanks, Mik... er, Michelle," Joe said. He still had problems referring to his friend by her preferred name.

"I can't eat those," Dave objected. "My butt is already getting huge."

"Aw, one won't hurt," Michelle countered.

"Something has to give," Dave said. "I don't want to look like this." He pointed to his hip, and very round derriere.

Joe was hungry, and the doughnuts smelled great. He took one and went to the coffee pot to pour a cup. He'd have to watch his weight too, but just one wouldn't hurt.

As Joe sat at his desk enjoying the coffee and doughnut, and reading his junk mail, a very young looking woman entered the office. Joe looked up, and then back down when he didn't immediately recognize who it was. He looked up again and realized that it was Tim.

Joe had been thirty years old when the accident had happened. Mike and Dave were about the same. But Tim was barely twenty one. When Joe first saw him after the change, he had already acquired completely feminine physical characteristics. In fact, he had become quite well endowed on top. But like the rest at that time, he had not yet experienced the strange de-aging that Joe and the rest were only now beginning to notice.

One look and it was obvious that the phenomenon had now hit Tim with full force. The genetic changes that had made a thirty year old Joe Bates look like an eighteen year old girl had now transformed the twenty-one year old Tim into a very precocious looking thirteen or fourteen. He knew it too. As a guy, he was fairly large, about as big as Joe. After the change, like the rest, he had become slightly shorter, and lost a great deal of upper body mass. But anyone who knew him could still have easily recognized him.

In the two or three days since Joe had last seen him, Tim had become much smaller, thinner, and lighter. Framed by fairly short hair, Tim's face had become like that of a young girl, perhaps barely into her teens. The de-aging process had taken some, but not all of Tim's new voluptuousness. He no longer had bigger breasts than Joe, but still enough to give him that child in a woman's body appearance that some early developing girls have. He was probably having trouble finding clothes that fit his rapidly changing proportions, because he was wearing a strange combination of his old male things and some of the women's clothes they had purchased in San Diego.

His new appearance was obviously causing him much embarrassment. "Tim?" Joe asked. "Is that you?"

Tim smiled thinly. "Yeah. It's me," he said, in a much different, little girl sounding voice.

"I see we're all getting younger looking," Joe continued, trying to be careful about what he said.

"Yeah," Tim agreed. "And I'm turning into a little kid. A child. Bad enough to turn female. Now I guess I'm going to have to get used to looking like an adolescent, too."

"You don't look all that young," Joe said, trying to make him feel a little better.

"Hah!" Tim responded. "You mean because of these?" He pointed to his breasts. "I think I look like jail-bait now."

The statement made Joe smile. He looked at Tim. He was right. His youthful but precocious femininity did look a bit out of proportion. Could this, would this, also happen to him?

"Is everything okay otherwise?" Joe asked.

"Damn it, Joe, how would I know? I guess so." Tim exclaimed.

"Has Dr. Krell seen what's happening to you?" Joe went on.

"Well, yeah, he saw me yesterday," Tim answered. "But he hasn't got any suggestions either."

"Did it get any further along since then?" Joe continued.

"Yeah... Probably... I don't know for sure. I think so." Tim answered.

"I think we should go to Dr. Krell with this," Joe said seriously. "Who knows when it might stop?"

"And what can he do?" Dave asked. "Hell, he doesn't even know for sure what's caused it yet. How can he fix it?"

"Do you have any better ideas?" Joe countered. He was getting a little irritated with Dave's sarcastic attitude. That wasn't helping at all.

"I think we should try the transmitters in the cage on ourselves," Dave said. "I've already said I'll volunteer to try it."

"You might get your chance soon enough," Joe said. "I don't think anybody wants to be responsible for what might happen. They want to see if the thing will make matters worse before they put anybody in there."

"Like I said before," Dave said. "I'm willing to try anything right now."

"Yeah. But Dr. Krell doesn't want to be held responsible for killing you." Joe said solemnly.

"Maybe I just have to get in the damn thing some evening, all by myself," Dave said.

"Don't do it," Joe ordered. "You're smarter than that. When they think it's worth a shot, I'm sure they'll let you try it."

"But what if it doesn't stop?" Tim asked. "What if I... What if we just keep getting younger? How far can it go?"

"I don't know," Joe answered. "I guess we'll be finding out."

"I think Dr. Krell is in the lab now," Michelle said. "Let's go talk to him."

They all walked down the hall to the avionics test lab. Joe walked slightly behind Tim, and his eyes were constantly drawn to the movement of Tim's bra-less breasts under his colored over-sized T-shirt. The young man really was becoming very young looking, and the sight of his erect nipples jiggling under the shirt as he walked was highly erotic, and very out of place below that little-girl face.

As he watched Tim walk, Joe could feel himself becoming aroused. He was suddenly aware of his own breasts, and his nipples where they rubbed against the bra. He was awash with a strange mixture of male and female urges and sensations. He tried to put them out of his mind.

They entered the lab and found three others already there. The assistant who Joe had already met earlier, Dr. Krell, and Karen.

It had been a few days since Joe had seen the nurse, Karen Simpson, and Joe's eyes lit up when he saw her. In the past week they had become pretty close friends. Karen's past experiences, while in many ways quite different from Joe's, gave them much common ground, and they shared many interests. Joe walked over to the tall woman. "Hi, glad to see you're here," he said, holding out his hand.

Karen looked down at it, and smiled. It was kind of a masculine thing to do, and it looked strange for two women to offer a handshake in greeting. She took Joe's hand and squeezed it. "How are you doing Joe?"

"Pretty good, I guess. But if I get any younger looking, I'm afraid they'll take my driver's license away."

"Yeah. I've noticed what's happening," Karen said seriously. "We've got to find out what's causing that too."

Dr. Krell went directly over to Tim when he saw him, and took his hands in his own. "Look at you," Dr. Krell said, in his very jovial voice. "I think you've lost another two years last night."

"What do you think is causing this, Dr. Krell?" Joe asked.

The doctor looked him over, too. Then he put his hand under his chin. "I wish I knew. Of course, the changes in skin texture and such things usually cause males subjected to high levels of estrogens to appear become somewhat younger looking. But nothing like this. This is much more, much more."

"How far can it go?" Tim asked. "Can I get even younger than this?" His high voice sounded frightened.

"We'll have to figure out what is causing it first," Dr. Krell said. "I promise you, I'll have everyone who I think can possibly be of service, working to solve this."

"Can it kill me?" Tim asked. His little girl voice sounded almost in tears. Without male levels of testosterone in his system, Tim, and all the others, were losing that chemically derived source of confidence.

"I don't think so, Tim." Dr. Krell said, taking the young looking man-girl's hand. "I don't know for sure, but I don't think so."

The fax machine on the desk received a call, and began ejecting pages of paper. Dr. Krell took the pages and began reviewing them carefully. Then he returned to Joe and the others. "That's the latest lab report on the primate's blood sample. They haven't discovered any anomalies yet."

"What does that mean to us?" Joe asked.

"Yeah, does that mean the transmitters didn't cause this?" Dave asked.

"It only means that we won't be able to know what caused it with one test run," Dr. Krell said, smiling. "As you may know, there are almost infinite combinations to try."

"But wouldn't it be faster if you use a human subject?" Dave asked.

Dr. Krell shook his head. "At this point, that would be far too risky."

"When, then?" Dave asked. "I'll try it any time you want to."

"I know," Dr. Krell said gently. "And as soon as I think it might cause more help than injury, I'll ask you to try it. But not before."

"We've got to hurry," Tim added. "If I keep up like this, by next week I'll look like an infant."

"I don't know what's happening to you," Dr. Krell admitted. "But I don't really think you'll change that much."

"I don't know, Doc," Tim said. "I think you should look me over again. I'm changing. A lot."

"If it will make you feel any better, we can go to Hillcrest as soon as I'm done here," Dr. Krell said, in an effort to comfort Tim. "I'll see if there is anything I can do for you."

The words were meant to soothe, but the sense of fatigue and bewilderment in the tone only made Tim feel even more concerned about his immediate future. "You've got to do something real soon. You've got to try something, anything."

"Come with me to Hillcrest in a while," Dr. Krell repeated. "We will do everything possible. Don't be alarmed."

The review of the experiment went quickly. Dr. Krell decided on another power/time setting for the transmitters in the cage, and selected another primate for the experiment. The assistant put the holding cage inside the Faraday cage, and the power was applied for the appropriate time. Then the monkey was put back into its big cage. Another test sequence was complete.

Dr. Krell was ready to go to the hospital, with Tim following him like a shadow. It was strange to see this person, who had only a few days ago been a strong, confident young male, now looking and acting like a fearful, almost timid, very young girl. Joe hoped that wasn't what was in store for him, too.

Joe, Dave, Michelle, and Karen all watched as Tim and the doctor said their good-bye's and left for the hospital.

Joe looked at his wristwatch. "I guess that'll be all for today. Anybody want to get an early lunch?"

"Yeah, I'll go along," Karen said.

"I'll go." Michelle added.

"Count me in," Dave said. "Where should we go?"

"I'm hungry for breakfast," Joe said. "The Denny's down on the corner is fine with me."

"Okay. Let's go," Michelle said. "There's nothing else going to happen here today."

They said their good-byes to the lab assistant and left the building, each to their own car. Joe was anxious to talk to Karen. She was always a good source of the latest information about what was going on.

Chapter 36

ANOTHER DOWNSIDE

Following Karen's white Toyota Supra, Joe pulled into the Denny's Restaurant parking lot. The others followed just behind.

He was pleased to see Karen again. Karen Simpson was a nurse who worked for Dr. Krell. She was friendly, and Joe liked to be around her. They had a few things in common. Karen liked sports cars and airplanes ,too. And something else, a few years ago, Karen had been one of Dr. Krell's patients.

For her first twenty-five years, tall, attractive Karen Simpson lived as an apparently normal male. Like Joe, Karen had served in the military, the U.S. Air Force. But, unlike Joe, she later voluntarily underwent hormone treatments, electrolysis, and then had her original normal male genitalia surgically altered - molded to a realistic and functional female appearance. This physical transformation was now complete, and quite successful. Just the other day at the hotel, Karen had permitted Joe to see her in the buff, and if he hadn't known, he would never have guessed her unorthodox past.

Karen liked Joe, too. He could sense it. She was obviously interested in him and the others, as well as in the strange affliction they had acquired. Joe could tell part of her interest was because of the nature of what had happened; indeed, she actually seemed slightly jealous of Joe's unasked for femininity. But Joe figured that was only natural. Karen felt the need to be a woman so much that she was willing to endure everything, the pain, the embarrassment, even the considerable financial cost of being transsexual. But even though her body now looked completely female, her physical appearance was mostly cosmetic. Unlike Joe, Karen, though feminine and shapely, remained genetically male. Orchidectomy (castration) eliminated the primary source of unwanted testosterone, but it also left her quite sterile. The surgical procedure to eliminate the male organs could not replace them with corresponding female internal parts. She now had a vagina that was quite functional for sexual intercourse, but she did not menstruate. She would never be able to conceive. Her breasts, the result of more than four years of hormone therapy, were quite real, but they would never nurse a child of her own.

Joe considered the likelihood that his own extensively changed body was capable of all those things now. It was hardly his own idea, but Joe had lost his penis, too. According to Dr. Krell, magnetic resonance images revealed that his body now possessed a cervix, uterus and fallopian tubes, and because of that, it was very likely that he would eventually begin to menstruate. If that occurred, then it was also probable that, if he happened to engage in unprotected intercourse with another, physically normal male, he could become pregnant. All the tests and embarrassing physical examinations indicated his metamorphosed body had somehow generated all the external and internal organs necessary to function as a normal female. Joe was already becoming accustomed to the often pleasant sensations provided by feminized breasts. It was likely he would eventually get used to the new vaginal opening between his legs. His transfigured genitalia usually didn't feel all that different really, no matter what it happened to look like, but Joe doubted he could ever adjust to the idea that blood emanating from any body opening might be considered "normal". Just the thought of menstruation made him shudder.

Joe placed a hand on the now familiar softness between his legs and then, through the fabric of his jeans, gently rubbed a finger along the seam, feeling for the sensitive spot that was his clitoris. He couldn't deny he actually liked the new way his body felt, but as for the tremendous responsibility that went along with having female parts, it was really just so much simpler to be a guy.

Joe pulled alongside as Karen parked. While removing his seat belt, he watched Karen out of the corner of his eye. Not realizing she was being watched, Karen opened the door and swung her long legs out of the low-slung sports car. She remained quite lady-like as she exited the car, but her white nurse's uniform still showed a lot of white-stockinged leg. Joe knew from recent personal experience just how difficult it could be to move around while wearing such short, relatively tight clothes, but his brain remained male enough to appreciate the subtle, innocent glimpse of this attractive woman.

As he opened the door of his own car, Joe pretended that he wore a tight skirt too, and kept his knees close together as he swung his legs to the ground. He was acutely aware of his hips as he struggled to pull himself out of the seat. It was unlikely his soft butt was really larger than before, at least not much, but the rest of him - shoulders, arms, the rest of his body had surely become smaller. It served to create the sensation that his rear end was larger and heavier than before. Perhaps the bone structure of his pelvis had changed a bit too. He didn't like the awkward, slightly off-balance way it made him feel.

Karen followed behind Joe as they walked into Denny's. The waitress immediately directed them to their seats. The four sat at a round table and ordered iced tea and sandwiches.

The whole scene suddenly struck Joe as very strange. Here they were, three guys - four technically - and yet they now looked for all the world like four young women seated around the table. Only Karen had more than one week of experience living in the new gender. If the others felt at all like Joe, they still had a guilty feeling they were somehow stuck having to play a weird game of "dress-up". They might look just like women. They might even legally BE women, all except Dave, anyway, but mostly the concept of personal femininity remained quite foreign to the three of them. Only Karen felt completely comfortable with her present appearance.

"So, what happened while I was away?" Joe asked Karen.

"Not very much, unfortunately," Karen answered, "and we're still at a loss to understand what's causing this de-aging thing."

"Yeah." Joe agreed. "It's getting really hard to accept what's happening to me. I mean, it's difficult enough to have to get used to these... (he cupped his hand over his breast) but now, I'm starting to look like a teenager, too. When is all this going to stop?"

"Are we all going to turn into children?" Dave added.

"I wish I knew." Karen answered. "I think right now it's anyone's guess."

"How about Tim?" Dave said. "If he gets any younger looking, he'll be a kid again."

"Can't we just make it stop somehow?" Mike/Michelle asked. "I think, as I start to get used to it, I really enjoy being like this, but God knows, I certainly have no desire to look like a little girl."

"I simply don't know what's happening." Karen repeated. "I guess it's possible it can't be stopped, and you might just keep getting younger and younger looking, but I really want to think that won't happen."

"Not any more than I do, that's for sure." Joe agreed.

Karen looked at Joe and smiled. "We'll figure this one out, Joe," she said optimistically. "We just won't quit till we do. Just keep hanging in there."

"I'm not going anywhere," Joe answered. "I don't have anywhere to go."

The waitress came with the order. They continued the discussion as they ate.

"You might be interested to hear that Dr. Krell has been talking to some of his gender dysphoria patients," Karen declared, as she poked at her salad.

"Gender dysphoria?" Mike/Michelle questioned.

"We've already described gender dysphoria." Karen went on, showing visible irritation at Mike's inability to remember the things that had been explained at the clinic. "That's when your brain thinks you are a different gender than your body physically appears to be."

"Hell, I guess that includes all of us then." Mike/Michelle concluded.

"Well, I believe I used to be gender dysphoric, but I don't think I am anymore," Karen said, correcting him. "For me, Doctor Krell used hormone therapy, and then surgery, to correct the problem."

"But that won't work for us," Joe added. "We just want to get back to be the way we used to be. Surgery can't really do that."

"If it even made me even just look like a guy again, I'd sure be willing to give it a try," Dave said gravely.

"That's just it," Karen explained. "I don't think you'd be satisfied with what surgery could do for you. I'm afraid they've been much more successful in surgically making the male body appear female, than the reverse. Even if the doctors could make you look even close, you would probably find that nothing worked like it did before. You wouldn't have any sensation in those new parts either."

"I think I'd like that better than what I feel now." Dave decided.

"Don't you like the way everything feels now?" Joe asked incredulously.

"And you do?" Dave countered.

"Yeah. Yeah, Actually I do," Joe admitted. "At first, I wasn't so sure, but the more I get adjusted to it all, the more I'm starting to enjoy the new me."

"Me too, Dave." Mike/Michelle said. "I think I could stand being like this for the rest of my life. It's really not bad, once you get used to it, of course."

"That's probably the only attitude that'll get you through this," Karen added. "Until we find out a way to change you back, I think you should attempt to make the best of it, at least give it a try."

"Damn it, you know it's totally different for you guys," Dave exclaimed, his now feminine sounding voice raising to an even higher pitch. "You don't have a wife and kids at home like I do."

It was clear that the topic of the conversation was beginning to cause grief for Dave. His family life meant a lot to him, and he was too much of a family man to allow himself to simply change his gender and leave them, even if this bizarre affliction was in no way his own fault. He couldn't really hide his feminine appearance, but to date, he still tried to continue to live as male, at least as far as that was now physically possible.

Joe could detect the outline of the strap of a bra under Dave's rather non-gender-specific clothing, but Joe knew that Dave only grudgingly wore it only to minimize jiggle, and to conceal his enlarged nipples when they became embarrassing points, rather than to enhance new contours. Joe had been surprised just how "dynamic" his own feminized breasts had become. His amazingly sensitive nipples seemed to act sort of like small penises. Totally possessing a mind of their own, they would stiffen in response to a touch, to brushing against the soft cloth of a shirt, sometimes even to a sexy thought. But, like a penile erection at the wrong time, they could also be the source of considerable embarrassment.

"The word is already out that some kind of an accident caused four normal males to develop a female appearance," Karen continued. "There are hundreds of gender dysphoric individuals who would consider what happened to you guys a dream come true if it could happen to them."

"A dream come true for them, a nightmare for me," Dave volunteered.

"Nevertheless, it's true," Karen continued. "Dr. Krell has a number of genetically male gender patients whom he's been treating for some time, and who have already been planning to alter their bodies surgically. If it's found there are no related health risks, Dr. Krell might let at least one of them try the Cage."

"That wouldn't help us any," Dave said.

"That is true," Karen agreed. "But if they could change someone else, and do so in completely controlled conditions, it would go a long way toward understanding all that occurred when it happened to you."

"Somebody would actually volunteer for this?" Dave wondered aloud.

"Absolutely. If I thought it could still work on me, I'd do it myself."

"It wouldn't?" Mike/Michelle asked. "Why not – because you're already female now?"

"That's just it." Karen explained. "I guess I look female to you, but I'm really not. At least not like you guys anyway. You all really are female now, right down to the chromosomes. That's very significant."

"I really wish you could take advantage of the cage too." Joe said sympathetically.

"You don't know how much I wish that were possible." Karen said. "X-X chromosomes, a uterus, a real clitoris, vagina and cervix. I really used to dream about having things like that. No more hormone therapy. Maybe even periods. Aahh yes..." She spoke half jokingly, but it was obvious she meant it.

Karen's words caused the others to place their hands at their crotches. The very things that Karen desired so badly were exactly what they found most embarrassing. In each their own way, they tried to adapt to total feminization. They had all been mature men, but now, like pre-teen girls, each awaited the first menstrual period with fear and apprehension.

"When does he intend to try this?" Joe wondered aloud, interrupting the sudden stillness.

"I don't know for sure." Karen said. "I think he'll soon be asking at least two patients to come see what the cage looks like, and then they'll probably want to talk with each of you."

"Fine with me." Joe said.

"Gladly." Mike/Michelle added.

"Sure. Why not. They are trying to help, I guess." Dave offered.

"What if they ask to look at you - all over?" Karen continued.

"It seems like everyone else already has, why not them too?" Joe said with a slightly sarcastic grin.

"I suspect they would like to help you. I know they have at least some idea what you're going through. But I also know that they probably have quite selfish motives for volunteering to try the cage." Karen said.

"I think I can understand that," Joe said. "It's easy to have sympathy for anyone who feels stuck in the wrong body."

"I don't know if we can ever get you guys back to normal. I hope we can, if it's what you want, but even if that turns out to be impossible, if we can at least duplicate what happened, there are tremendous implications." Karen told them.

"Yeah. What a great way to punish convicted rapists." Dave joked sarcastically.

"I suppose it could be used as a punishment tool, but there are some real productive applications for something like this too." Karen went on, remaining quite serious. It was plain she had been giving everything much thought.

"Even better uses if we find a way to reverse the gender changer portion, or even simply limit the de-aging process," Joe added. He understood what Karen was trying to explain.

"Yeah, I think you're right," Karen said. "I hope we can do something about that. I'm certain Dr. Krell won't let anybody else try it unless the de-aging phenomenon can be controlled."

Joe quickly finished his turkey sandwich and sat listening to Karen. It was difficult getting accustomed to eating so much less than he had when his body was bigger. Dr. Krell had explained to each of them that along with everything else, it was probable that their metabolism also changed, and if they didn't want to gain a great deal of weight, they would need to make a conscious effort to reduce their caloric intake. Joe already thought the butt he only recently considered so attractive was starting to feel like a balloon, so, even though he was not always successful, he was trying his best to eat like a bird.

"Please excuse me a moment." Joe said. "I really need to visit the restroom."

The large glass of tea seemed to go right through him, and he felt an immediate need to urinate. Joe had found that the changes in that

area of his anatomy had apparently left him with a significantly reduced bladder capacity, as well as less able to "hold it" when he sensed the urge to relieve himself.

Joe walked down the short hall and located the door to the ladies room. He hoped the restroom was clean. Women's restrooms were always cleaner than the male counterpart, and it was a good thing, since there were no stand-up urinals, for obvious reasons.

He was relieved to find all three stalls empty, and quickly entered the first one. Surprisingly, using public restrooms was a most difficult part of the adjustment process. Joe still felt like an invader each time he entered the door with the little skirted figure. Doing so never raised any eyebrows, but he could hear his heart pound each time he did so.

Joe lowered his pants to his knees, and then took a seat. When urine began to flow, he immediately experienced a slight burning sensation, a feeling not at all normal. In the dim light of the stall, he also noticed that the cotton crotch of his panties had a streak of sticky white substance that appeared to be much thicker than normal. Vaginal discharge was another part of all this still very new and foreign to Joe.

The first three days after the change occurred, as he strived to adapt to the new, often quite intense sensations his changed body provided, Joe often experienced the discomfort of wet, even soggy, underpants. Instead of just experiencing swelling of the remaining erectile tissues, Joe's genitalia now responded to erotic stimulus by oozing with profuse lubrication from his new vagina. As his testosterone levels slowly dropped closer to those of a normal female, and as he gradually became accustomed to the sensations and even the new appearance of his body, the amount of almost clear lubricant began to lessen. It still returned easily. All he had to do was touch himself down there, but heavy discharge was becoming more the exception than the norm.

This stuff was different. The gunk in his underwear wasn't really as wet as it was thick and slightly sticky. He gingerly touched the panty with a fingertip and rubbed some of the substance between finger and thumb.

Yes. Sticky. Almost like the white paper paste he used in school as a child. This stuff was coming out of him? What was wrong now? What caused the tremendous burning sensation? The irritation made him painfully aware of the change in his anatomy. Along with the burn, he also experienced a powerful urge to scratch an itch at his

vaginal opening. He hoped the feeling would go away quickly, since there was absolutely no way for anyone to look feminine doing that. Even while he thought about it, the irritating personal itch grew even more intense.

"Oh, no." He said quietly, almost under his breath. "What in hell is happening to me now?"

The urge to scratch was overpowering, so he moved his knees apart and carefully rubbed his wet crotch with a flat open palm, being careful not to scratch his still unfamiliar genitalia with his fingernails, no matter how much he wanted to.

Finally, he used two fingers of his other hand to gently spread the folds of his genital cleft, then, with the other index finger, he carefully probed around the vaginal orifice, manipulating the little bump that felt like his urethra. Although it corresponded to the same opening at the tip of his penis, it didn't feel much like that anymore. It had migrated to a spot much further down, and now felt more as if it was located at the base of his non-existent penis, rather than at the tip. Everything was like that... Joe found the typical sensations of being female not really much different than those when he was male, it was quite obvious the same nerves were still there, but the shape of everything was different. A lot different. And in some cases, it seemed as if his nerves had moved closer to the surface or something. Some parts, no, most parts of his changed body, including his skin, were just generally more sensitive. Mostly, that was good, but it meant his tolerance for pain was also much different now.

Joe examined the finger he removed from his vagina. It was a little wet, urine probably, but there was virtually no trace of the white substance in his panties. Curious, he raised the finger to his nose and sniffed. No odor really. Well, perhaps a slight, barely detectable musty scent. Probably quite normal, he decided. But the intense itch wasn't. Something had to be done about that.

Taking some toilet tissue from the roll, Joe cleaned his finger and then attempted to remove some of the thick residue from his underwear. Doing that proved completely ineffective. Joe wished he had another pair of panties with him. He had no desire to have this goo next to his body, even if that was where it came from. He remembered the box of panty-liners he bought the first day, and wished he had thought to bring his purse along.

Wait! The machine on the wall! This was a ladies room, remember, for women and girls. They probably sold those things in the machine! He carefully pulled his panties up, trying to keep the

cool wetness away from his body, but when he pulled his fitted jeans up, they brought everything up snug. There was still no one else in the room, so he pulled his shirt over the open waist of his jeans, and peered out the door of the stall. Yeah! There was a machine. Joe almost tip-toed to it and examined it. It contained two products. One, Kotex tampons, were meant to be used internally. Not what he needed. The other, something called a "Maxi-Pad", was much thicker than the paper thin panty liners Joe had bought and seen Linda use, placing them in her panty. Just about what he needed.

Should he just get one and try it? He looked at the faded pictures on the front. Why not. He dug into his pocket for a couple of coins, hoping none of the others would come in and catch him buying any form of feminine protection. He slowly rotated the knob, wincing at the slight sound the machine made as it dispensed the product. He looked at the plastic wrapped thicklump in his hand. This thing had to fit inside tight panties? His crotch was going to bulge like his cock and balls were still there.

He took his booty back into the stall and, holding the still wrapped pad between his teeth, he again lowered his pants. With panties around his knees, Joe tore open the wrapper and examined the large pad. He pulled away the paper strip that protected the adhesive backing, then attempted to center the pad in the crotch of his underwear. The adhesive was exactly in the center, the same area as the thick discharge, so it didn't work effectively to hold the pad. He pulled the panties up, finding that the warm, dry pad felt much better than the sticky coolness of damp soiled underwear. But it was a bit thick. Joe ran his hand over the bulge and was reminded of how Linda looked the other night, wearing men's bikini undershorts with a sweat sock crudely simulating the bulge of a penis.

Joe had already become accustomed to his sleek profile since the change, and the bulging pad just looked and felt rather strange. It didn't remind him of being male again. It was just a big wad in his underwear.

He pulled the jeans up and ran his palm across the front. Could you tell? He could see nothing, but it sure did feel weird. Joe threw the wrapper into the waste can and left the stall. He went over to the mirror, adjusted his blouse, and tucked it into his jeans.

Well, if you already knew, you could tell. It was quite obvious to him, but then, that might be due to the strange way it felt. He'd try it.

Screwing up his courage, Joe opened the door and left the ladies room. When he reached the table, he eyed the others for a sign that

they might notice any difference. None. When he took his seat, he felt the pad bunch in the crack of his butt. It was not a very pleasant feeling.

"Are you okay, Joe?" Karen asked, teasing him. Perhaps she noticed the strange look on his face as he squirmed slightly in his seat.

"What do you mean?" Joe asked, showing obvious embarrassment.

"Joe, you look like you've got a mouse in your pants or something." Mike/Michelle chimed in, laughing.

Joe just looked at each of them, trying to think of something to say. Finally he spoke.

"Karen, do you, Aahh... er... do you ever get... Aahh... feel a sort of burning sensation when you pee?" He asked very softly.

"A burning sensation?" Karen asked, suddenly becoming serious again.

"Yes. I just urinated, and it really burned. It never did that before. And now, you wouldn't believe how it itches." Joe said, almost at a whisper.

"Hmmm... That sounds like yeast infection." Karen said, after only a moment. "I think you better tell Dr. Krell tomorrow."

"Tomorrow? Wait till tomorrow? Right now I'd like to go at myself with a toothbrush!" Joe exclaimed, moving around in his seat.

"Dr. Krell has meetings this afternoon, Joe," Karen explained. "It'll wait till tomorrow. But, whatever you do, don't use that toothbrush." She laughed.

"But, what can I do till then?" Joe asked. "There must be something. It's driving me nuts."

"I think you better let Dr. Krell look at you first." Karen said again. "Go home and take a warm bath. It probably won't help much, but it won't hurt. Maybe even leave your underpants off if you can. Is there any discharge?"

The question embarrassed Joe. Karen spoke very clinically and seriously, but Joe didn't like talking publicly about such personal things.

"Well, yeah... I guess maybe there might be," Joe stammered with embarrassment.

"Sort of white, and thick?" Karen quizzed, smiling at his discomfort.

"Yeah... I guess so." Joe answered.

"If I had to offer the diagnosis, I'd say it was textbook yeast infection," Karen said. "If that's really what it is, you'll probably be uncomfortable for a few days and maybe as long as a week."

Are you serious? Days?" Joe asked. "What causes it anyway?"

"Oh... Lots of things can," Karen explained. "Improper hygiene, diet, medications. Of course, it can also be acquired from sex with an infected partner." She winked at him.

Karen's matter-of-fact statements made Joe immediately think of Jay. Did he get this from Jay? There were plenty of other possibilities, but he couldn't rule anything out. But, how could he ask his friend? How could he even bring the subject up? They were buddies, and had been for many years, but how do you tell a buddy that you got this damn yeast infection? And you suspect you might have caught it from him...

"Normal guys can really get yeast infections?" Joe asked.

"Yes, of course they can, but usually they don't have any real symptoms," Karen said. "Generally, you require the environment of a vagina to have symptoms as you describe."

"Yeah. Ain't I lucky..." Joe said, mostly to himself.

The others said nothing. They were probably wondering if they would soon get this new affliction too.

There wasn't much said the rest of the meal. Joe caught both Dave and Mick/Michelle watching him when they thought he wouldn't notice. Like Joe, his pals were very apprehensive about anything concerning to their new anatomy. Everything was so different now, so much more complicated. It was as if they had traded their simple, powerful, pick-up truck bodies for these exotic Italian sports models. Having a woman's body might be interesting, maybe even fun, but, like a Ferrari, it did seem to require much more care and maintenance.

"Does it hurt, Joe?" Mike/Michelle asked.

Joe looked at the big, fairly attractive young woman, who, like himself, only last week was a big muscular guy, but now also needed to worry about things like vaginal yeast infections.

"Well, it doesn't hurt actually," Joe tried to explain. "It's more of an itch. But the worst itch you can imagine. It's sort of like you've got poison ivy all over your balls."

Karen laughed at the colorful description.

"It won't kill you," Karen said. "Most women get them occasionally. Just be careful how you wipe, and always change your underwear everyday. Wear cotton whenever you can, too. If you do get an infection, you'll need to wash your underpants in boiling water, or it'll probably come right back."

"Boiling water?" Joe asked. "I have to wash my underwear in boiling water?"

"To kill the yeast spores," Karen explained. "They can remain alive in your underwear, even after the warm water of the washer. Then they re-infect you when you wear them again."

"This is too much," Dave concluded. "I just can't believe this is really happening to us."

They all looked at Dave. He was practically sobbing. They all probably had about the same feeling, but Dave just seemed to let his emotions show much easier. It made them face the reality of the situation.

"Everything will work out and be all right," Karen said soothingly. It was hard to say anything else.

They looked at the check and each divvied up their share. As they walked out, Karen spoke to Joe.

"Don't worry about that infection," She advised. "It's a pretty common malady, and you will get over it."

"I was kind of hoping it wouldn't be fatal. But I've just never had an itch quite like this before. Can't I do something?"

"I think that you better see Dr. Krell first," Karen said again. "We can never be sure what's really happening with you guys." She squeezed his shoulder knowingly. Karen was now slightly taller than Joe, and, since he was continuing to get more youthful looking, he was beginning to look more like a younger sister.

"So in the mean time, I have to stand here, trying to rub my legs together to scratch myself. Has this ever happened to you?" Joe asked.

"Yeah, it certainly has," Karen admitted. "More than once, I can tell you. Comes with the gender, I guess. Just go home. Take a warm bath. Wear loose clothes."

They said good-bye, and each got in their cars. As Joe drove home with his agonizing itch, he thought about what he could do about it. He remembered the hand held shower massage in the hotel. It might help, but even if it didn't, it did have other benefits. He grinned.

He'd stop at Builder's Square and buy a couple of them. It was early afternoon. Time enough to get two, and install one on his and one on Linda's shower. He felt he just had to let Linda in on his discovery of the secret pleasures of a shower massage. Maybe he could no longer provide exactly what she needed, but he now knew first hand what was likely to give her pleasure. He wondered if Linda ever had a yeast infection.

He saw the Builder's Square sign, and pulled into the parking lot. He walked in and went directly to the bathroom fixture department. He found the selection of shower massagers, and studied the various models. Joe selected two of the best they had. He checked that the boxes contained all he was likely to need for installation, and then carried them to checkout.

The checkout counter was staffed by a middle-aged woman assisted by a young man. The woman saw what Joe carried and smiled knowingly. The young man simply stared at Joe with bedroom eyes.

As the woman rang Joe's purchase, she made small talk. "My husband installed one of those on our shower, too. I think you'll really like it."

Yeah. I know," Joe said, as if admitting to his intended purpose for the shower massage. For some reason, it was getting easier to talk with women. Why? Could it be he was able to understand them better now?

The young man didn't really have a clue what these women were talking about. He just kept his eyes on the pert bosom of the young looking customer. Joe glanced at him, and when he realized he was being leered at, he stood a little straighter, and then pulled his shoulders back to emphasize his breasts. He couldn't resist teasing a horny young man. It was such fun. Last week, Joe was locked in testosterone's firm grip, too. Now, he found it amusing to watch the way virile young men acted while in his presence. It gave him a

strange feeling of power he never experienced before. He didn't realize it, but it also caused him to act the tease.

Joe gathered up the large sack containing the two shower heads, and walked to the door. Knowing the young man's eyes were fixed on his back side, he even tried to emphasize the swaying movement of his widening pelvis as he walked.

As Joe drove home, the excitement of his little performance quickly wore off, and he was again reminded of the immediate problem. Man, it itched. He balled his fist and shoved it between his legs. Using his thumb, he tried to scratch a spot impossible to reach with clothes on. The bunched up pad, which felt sort of like a diaper, didn't help any either.

As he rubbed and probed his body through jeans and the maxi-pad, Joe was reminded of his high school years when, as a horny, curious, sixteen-year-old stud, he did practically the same thing to Barb Hardy, his first real girl friend. He remembered how soft her body felt, how smooth her breasts were, the way she smelled of Love's Baby Soft Bath Spray. By generously permitting his rough groping, she introduced him to the wonders of the female body.

Joe pressed on the flat softness where his male parts had been. Who'd have thought femininity would ever get this familiar?

When he arrived at Linda's home, he turned into the drive and parked his car. He took his purchases into the house and placed them on the kitchen table.

It was still too early for Linda to be home from work, so Joe had the house to himself. He opened one of the shower heads and studied the parts. Apparently, all he would need was an adjustable wrench, and maybe a slip-joint pliers. He took the box to his room and got found his little canvas tool bag. He found an eight-inch adjustable, and was pleased to see a pliers in there too. He was always good with tools. Would that change along with everything else?

Joe took the parts and tools into the shower. He quickly removed the existing head and placed it on the counter. He screwed on the adapter and then the hose. When he attached the hand shower, the job was finished. The whole thing took about five minutes.

Pleased with his plumbing skills, Joe took his tools into the kitchen and retrieved the other shower head kit. He took that into Linda's room and went into the bathroom. Her shower was cluttered with two pair of pantyhose, a pair of sheer silk stockings, and a very

sexy panty with matching bra. The dainty things were dry and ready to take down. Joe gathered them up, pausing to feel the texture of the silk stockings, and examine the underwear. They must be new, since he had never seen Linda wearing them.

Joe felt his body responding as he handled Linda's intimate things. Maybe he was physically female now, but his brain still retained its original male programming, and just seeing Linda's sexy underwear was still a major turn-on. But instead of a raging boner trying to break out of his pants, Joe now felt his breasts become even more sensitive, his nipples harden, and the unique sensation of his crotch seeming to "open up" as blood rushed to changed erectile tissues. He knew when he felt that, his underwear would soon become wet with lubrication. But this time, he was ready with the maxi pad.

Joe placed Linda's stockings and underwear on her bed. He went back to the shower stall and quickly added the removable shower head. He wouldn't tell Linda. Let it be a surprise.

When he was finished, Joe gathered up all his tools and remaining hardware. He quickly disposed of the boxes and packing materials. He looked at his hands. It was so strange. His hands, even his wrists, were much smaller than they used to be. It had been quite evident when he gripped the familiar tools. The large wrench just seemed so much bigger and heavier. He wasn't just turning female, though that was bad enough, he really was becoming noticeably smaller and weaker.

Placing the tool bag in his bedroom, Joe started to scratch his intense itch, when he realized he needed to wash his hands first. Going into his bathroom, he soaped up and thought about what Karen had told him. She recommended he take a warm bath. That seemed like a good idea. He went to the tub and started the water running. He took some bath beads that Linda had provided and put a handful into the warm water stream. Then he removed his clothes.

Pulling his underpants down, Joe carefully examined the scrunched up maxi pad. He pulled it from the panties, folded it, then dropped it into the waste basket. He flipped the panties onto the counter. He'd need to figure out how he could "boil" them to kill the yeast spores.

Removing his shirt, his eyes were drawn to his chest. They always were. He was getting used to the feeling, but every time he saw himself it was still hard to accept what he looked like now.

Joe arched his back, making his pert, teenager-like chest, still in the white cotton bra, stand out. He unsnapped the bra and dropped in on the counter. Aahh... Those little pink nipples, now hard as rocks, each pointed a slightly up and outward were still changing and developing. He couldn't deny he looked quite impressive, even to himself. It was hard to believe that these cute little things simply sprouted from his own muscular chest; that it had once been flat, with hardly even noticeable nipples the size of nickels.

Not anymore. Joe brought his right hand to his left breast. Cupping it gently, he examined its shape, feeling the amazing softness. It certainly felt like a real woman's breast. It was real. He could touch it, any time he wanted to, and he could feel it being touched. And just touching himself felt strangely good, too. He used his left hand on his other breast and unashamedly fondled his body, staring at himself in the mirror.

The changes were still so new. He was becoming accustomed to the new feelings, and, except for times like this, when presented with the full effect of what happened, he was even getting used to how he looked. But as he became familiar with his new body, Joe was also discovering its new sensitivity. His new sexuality WAS different, and he liked the difference.

Joe moved his left hand to his crotch, pressing his fingers tightly against short hair covering his changed genitalia. He gently rubbed his aching clitoris with his index finger. It felt so wonderfully good, so he began to move his fingers and hand, learning instinctively, from the pleasant sensations, new masturbation techniques. Joe involuntarily moved his hips against his own hand until it seemed he would explode. His legs and buttocks tensed rhythmically. Orgasm was a little different now. Although he no could longer ejaculate, at least not like before, the actual sensations of climax felt only a little different than when his penis emitted sperm. That is, when he still had a penis and sperm. No, this was different. The strange urge to have his vagina filled was intense - unbelievable. He struggled to overcome the urge to finger himself. When climax came again, almost immediately, it felt great, but unlike the male sensations, there was hardly any waning of desire afterward. He still needed and wanted more. Joe had already experienced multiple orgasms with Linda, but this was the first time he caused it to happen just with masturbation. The first time was slow, but the next occurred almost immediately. His fingers and hand felt better and better as they became covered with his own lubricating secretions. He knew his new body could come till he was sore.

Joe looked over at the tub and noticed it was almost half full. He quit masturbating and stopped the fill. Time to get in the water. The "glow" he felt seemed to override the itch sensation, but he knew it was probably still there. He grabbed a wash cloth from the towel rack and stepped into the water.

The temperature was just right. Not too hot, but plenty warm. Joe slowly lowered himself into the warm wetness until his butt touched hard porcelain.

Wonderful. The thin layer of suds made his skin feel so slippery. Sheer ecstasy. Why hadn't he realized how great this felt years ago? Did it take having a female body to appreciate this? Joe doubted that. Was the obvious self indulgence of a bubble bath just too much for the male ego? Did his liking it now mean he no longer had a male ego?

Joe spread soapy suds over his breasts. Then, with his bare hand, he massaged his stiff nipples.

If there is any male ego left, it sure was packaged differently now, he thought. Joe realized he was grinning so hard his face was hurting.

Trying to get serious again, Joe moved his right hand between his legs and washed the still sensitive folds of skin with bare fingers. The soapy water made his finger smooth as silk and he closed his eyes as he ran it along and into the cleft, feeling the thin skin between the clitoris and the tiny bump of his urethra, just above the vaginal opening. Joe pressed on it and felt a slight urge to urinate. He wondered what would happen if he attempted to pee while sitting like this, holding the skin folds open. Right now, his urinary opening was under water. He didn't want to pee in the bath water, but he was curious about the physics of his new anatomy.

Pee sitting like this? What would happen if he stood up? Could he do it standing without the pee running down his leg? Could he still aim the stream? Would there even be a stream, or would the flow still be more that heavy "flow" than the tight, narrow, very "aimable" stream from his penis. As Joe became more familiar with the changes, his natural "engineer's" curiosity was returning.

Joe quickly scrubbed down, eager to let the water out of the tub. Since the original objective of all this was to stop the intense vaginal itch, he washed his genitalia again. Then using his toe, he flipped the handle, allowing the water to drain. When the water was gone, Joe stood and rubbed his soapy skin, relishing the soft feel. He always felt the need to rinse in the shower after a tub bath. But first, he wanted to experiment.

Joe looked down the front of his body. He looked at the pert breasts, at the close cropped pubic hair. He looked lower, between his legs and feet. Could he still pee standing up? Would it just run down his legs like most guys thought? Would he pee all over his own feet? Could he aim, or would the flow go straight down, or maybe come out at an angle?

It was his body, he really needed to know these things, he decided.

Joe moved his feet apart. Looking between them, he moved them apart even more, until his feet were against the sides of the tub. Surely I can keep from peeing on my own feet, Joe thought to himself.

He moved his hand to his crotch and spread the folds as far apart as he could. It seemed his urinary opening was so far back, if he let the flow start while bending forward slightly, instinctively it seemed likely the flow would go back, behind him. He stood as straight as he could, and pivoted his hips forward. When everything seemed right, he relaxed enough to allow the urine flow to start.

The tightness of the resulting stream surprised him. It was almost the same as from his penis. Perhaps a little stronger.

Joe saw the flow was slightly forward of vertical. He moved his pelvis, and observed that the stream moved with it. A little hip movement went a long way. He found he had quite a bit of control. He could also "aim" by manipulating the fingers that spread his vaginal lips. As long as he exposed his urethra, keeping the skin folds away from the stream, it was almost like still having a penis. But his urinary opening was a little too far down between his legs to use a regular urinal. Too bad. If it was just a little bit further up, with a little practice, he might even be able to pee wearing pants, using the fly. But like this, the zipper would need to go way down, practically to his anus.

Nope. He was stuck having to pee like the girl he had become. He'd just have to get used to it. Like Karen said, it came with the gender.

He turned the shower on, standing away from the spray until the water warmed. When it felt comfortable, he let the spray hit his body, shielding his sensitive breasts with his hands. Joe had been surprised how much the shower spray stung when it hit his breasts. Before he had his own, Joe had no idea just how sensitive a woman's breasts could be.

Joe adjusted the shower head, and when he did, he remembered that he had just added the hand-held nozzle. Yeah... That's right.

He removed the handle from the bracket and sprayed himself, getting all the soap off. Then it was time for a little fun.

He aimed the spray at his crotch, knowing that the warm spray would tickle his clitoris. It did, and it felt delicious. Joe wondered if the guy who thought of this thing realized how it would feel. Probably not. He was probably a man, and a guy wouldn't believe the way this felt for a woman.

But Joe knew. He knew what it felt like because now he had a woman's genitalia. He had really become a woman. Or was he just a girl? He looked more like a girl. A mature, teenage girl maybe, but not exactly a woman. He was just a thirty-year-old, teenage girl. It was kind of neat to be a girl, too.

It was impossible not to derive pleasure from the sensuous changes he had undergone. Joe missed being male, but the joys of womanhood, or girlhood maybe, were pretty powerful too. He certainly wasn't as big or as strong as he used to be, but his new feminine sensitivity was a reasonable trade-off. His new soft breasts were reasonable compensation for the loss of wide muscular shoulders. And this... He moved the spray wand around his crotch... This was at least as good as a penis.

Then why did he still miss being a guy so much?

Joe quickly finished in the shower and dried with a large bath towel.

The itch was already returning.

Chapter 37

RELIEF

Joe quickly drove to work, hoping Dr. Krell would already be there. He couldn't wait to submit himself to yet another dreaded physical exam so that he could seek relief from the intensely irritating itch that was bothering him since yesterday.

Entering the parking lot, Joe parked in his spot and went inside. He wore a dark blue denim shirt-dress, and it was actually a bit warm for Phoenix weather. He purchased the dress during the trip to St. Paul, and he liked it. He really felt a little strange wearing a dress to work, but by doing so, and wearing as little as possible underneath, he felt he was attempting to follow Karen's recommendation for loose clothing. In addition, it did serve to make him feel more feminine, too. He found that to be fun, in a weird sort of way. No one knew that under the long, denim skirt he wore only a silky half slip and light blue, cotton, bikini panties, those protected from the messy secretion by an undetectable Carefree Panty Shield. He had left the dreaded pantyhose at home. Though he did like the wonderfully silky feel of his legs when he wore them, they were just too hot and inconvenient. He wasn't wearing regular nylon stockings either, just white sweat socks with a tiny light blue stripe along the folded over tops. The look might not be fashionable, but it sure was comfortable. Instead of heels this morning, Joe chose instead the comfortable, familiar Reeboks. He had consulted Linda, and she agreed his selection wouldn't look all that out of place.

Joe was glad Linda stuck around to help him. When he informed her of this latest malady, she tried her best to suppress a laugh.

Could it have possibly been more bizarre? This guy, her guy, only last week had been a fairly typical, somewhat chauvinist male, who often argued that women generally complained too much, and how they actually had it pretty easy. Now, there he was, in a little blue terry romper, amazingly firm, braless breasts bouncing with his every movement, complaining of an intense genital itch. Short hair was about all that actually remained of his former masculine appearance. And Joe tried his best to conceal that with a more feminine sort of "page-boy" cut.

Actually Linda was quite impressed by how well Joe seemed to adapt to his unusual predicament. It was evident he was often embarrassed, usually self-conscious, and sometimes he just didn't know how to act in the new role in which he found himself. But throughout it all, he never complained. She saw him depressed, and even in tears a few times, as hormones played with his brain and emotions, but even then, he didn't really gripe. He seemed to face each day as a personal challenge, and tackled each new problem with a very open mind and a strong sense of humor. She decided that Joe accepted looking female much better than she would, if she woke up one morning, finding herself inside a masculinized body.

Not that Joe found everything about the situation unpleasant. It was clear he often enjoyed the new characteristics his body had acquired. Surprisingly, he actually seemed to like wearing feminine clothes. He even liked lingerie. And with an unbelievably young looking, sexy, totally female physique, he looked very attractive in them, too.

Of the two, Joe, as a woman, was easily the better looking. Not that Linda was in any way unattractive... but as the strange change continued to work its magic, Joe seemed to get younger looking, and even prettier. Now, it seemed he didn't appear a day over eighteen, and when the two of them were together, Joe looked more like Linda's younger sister, easily ten years her junior, even though he was really a few months older.

As young as Joe now looked, his taste in clothing, at least his outerwear, was still easily that of a thirty or maybe even forty year old. He was quite conservative, at least compared to Linda, but that was probably because he was trying to adjust to his new shape as well as find the best way to conceal it.

His conservatism didn't extend to underclothes, however. Linda was actually amazed at some of the things Joe bought for himself. Though he did buy some plain cotton underpants, he seemed to prefer silky, colorful nylon panties, briefer the better. He wasn't much into lace or frilly things. He especially liked wearing this unbelievably tiny, black, thong bikini, with a matching bra that really emphasized that firm bust. Linda knew Joe had always enjoyed it whenever she wore clothes like that, at least when he knew, but she just didn't like the way those thongs made her hips look. But Joe certainly didn't have that problem, and apparently liked them enough to put up with the uncomfortable "string-in-the-butt" feeling.

Last night however, Joe was obviously in misery. When Linda came home, he was sitting in the TV room, wearing only a terrycloth romper, and as soon as he could bring it up, he started talking about yeast infections. He asked if she had ever experienced one.

It was not a subject they had even discussed before. At first, she didn't comprehend what he was getting at, but it soon became evident that he was methodically interrogating her to find out how much first hand knowledge she had about the malady. It was so like him. When Joe encountered difficulty of any kind, he always studied the problem tirelessly, soon becoming expert on the subject. This latest problem apparently was no different.

Linda carefully admitted that, yes, she had experienced a yeast infection before, though not recently. He then inquired how she got it. She said she wasn't sure about that. Then he asked her what she did to make it go away, and how long it took. As he described the symptoms, she decided he must have been reading one of her magazines. But before long, it came out that the symptoms he described were his own. The discharge, the burn with urination, and the incessant itching. Yeah, she knew what that felt like. She easily sympathized with him.

Linda was about to offer a fresh tube of Gynelotrimin, but when Joe said Karen told him he would need to see Dr. Krell in the morning, she decided to not mention she had it. If Joe knew that was in her medicine cabinet, he would probably try self medication. If there was something else wrong, it would be better to wait till morning. Besides, she thought he looked kind of cute, rubbing his smooth, hairless legs together, secretly scratching his pubic area when he figured she wasn't looking. But she understood...the burning itch was indeed miserable.

They spent a quiet, platonic, evening together watching television, Joe excusing himself and going to bed early. He was plainly in no mood for company, so Linda slept alone once again.

The next morning, Joe dressed, but spoke very little. Linda had wanted to ask about the new shower fixture in her bath, but forgot. When he came into her room once, it was to ask her opinion of his choice of clothes. He was obviously trying to dress lightly, but his choice of shoes... Those Reeboks seemed just a little too casual for her, but she decided that it would be okay for him. Linda knew Joe really didn't like women's footwear all that much, and she didn't blame him...she didn't either. She told him he looked acceptable in a plain, but quite sophisticated, faded blue cotton shirt-dress. Of course, it did

seem that Joe looked acceptable in about every thing he wore now. Joe had bought the dress while he and Jay were in Minnesota, and it had been another surprise to her. Joe seemed to suddenly acquire amazingly good fashion taste, as well as an excellent color sense. Sure, the Reeboks would do for work, she told him. Joe seemed pleased, and left for work after downing a glass of orange juice and a slice of toast with grape jelly.

When he arrived at work, Joe entered the main building and then went immediately to the Avionics Lab. As he hoped, Dr. Krell was already there. He was sitting at a desk, writing on a pad. There was only one other person in the room, and that male lab assistant was over by the primates, feeding them.

Joe walked over to the little doctor, who glanced up as he arrived.

"Good morning, Joe," Dr. Krell said cheerfully. "You're here kind of early are you not?"

"Yeah, I guess I am," Joe said. "I wanted to talk to you, doc."

"What's the matter Joe?"

"I... I got a new problem, doc," Joe stammered. "Karen said I should see you."

"Yes? What can I help you with?"

"Well, I... aahh, yesterday, in the afternoon, I noticed that... aahh, when I had to pee...urinate...it really burned there. And then afterward, and ever since... Man, I...it really itches. Bad. And I have this...this...discharge. It's white and sort of creamy looking. Karen thinks it's a yeast infection."

Dr. Krell looked at Joe and smiled. "Yes. It does sound like it might be that. We'll need go over to the clinic. I better take a look at you."

"Yeah, it seems like everybody wants to do that these days."

"It's the only way we can help," Dr. Krell said apologetically.

"When do you want to go over there?"

"My, you are anxious, aren't you?"

"God doc, you should feel this. It's driving me absolutely nuts."

"It looks like the cage would give me that chance, assuming I would want such an opportunity," Dr. Krell joked.

Joe looked at the little man and smiled. This wasn't funny. "Try it, you might like it," he teased seductively.

"Yes, but I hear it itches a lot," the doctor added, with a sly grin.

"Yeah. It really does."

Dr. Krell slowly rose from the seat. "Well, would you like to ride with me, or may I ride with you?"

"We can take my car," Joe said, turning to follow the little man out the door. He wanted to get this over with as soon as possible.

They drove to Dr. Krell's office near Hillcrest Hospital. When they arrived, Dr. Krell advised him to park in his private space. They entered the back entrance, and were the only persons there. Dr. Krell's office staff wouldn't arrive for another hour.

Dr. Krell opened one of the examining rooms and motioned Joe inside. "Please remove your skirt and underwear, then lie on the table. I'll be back in a few minutes," he said, falling into his more familiar doctor-patient manner. He left the room and closed the door.

The shirt-dress was one-piece, so Joe reluctantly decided he had to remove the whole garment. He stood there in bra and panties for a moment, then slid the undies down and stepped out of them. Leaving the sweat socks on, Joe hopped up on the table, then waited for Dr. Krell to return before he "assumed the position".

When the doctor returned, Joe grudgingly lay back on the examining table. The gynecological examination position was hardly the most dignified, and this was the first time he wasn't automatically given a sheet for a drape. But, at least, this way he could actually watch Dr. Krell as he worked.

Dr. Krell put on surgical gloves, then held a small plastic speculum to warm it.

"You really have to use that thing again?" Joe asked.

"I'm afraid so, Joe. You'll just have to get accustomed to it."

The examination only took a moment. Dr. Krell removed the gloves, and spoke. "You can get dressed again, and then come out to my desk."

Joe quickly dressed and rejoined Dr. Krell.

Dr. Krell was preparing a prescription when he arrived.

Joe saw his medical records open on the desk. Dr. Krell had entered "Acute Vaginitis" next to today's date.

"It certainly looks like Candida Albicans," Dr. Krell said. "Just an overabundance of the normal flora of the vagina. Of course, there are a number of over-the-counter products that would work just fine. I think you'll find this works even better. Just follow these instructions. Use the entire prescription, even if the symptoms happen to subside before it's gone. Use it all. And some of this topical ointment will help reduce the existing irritation. It'll probably feel a lot better," he smiled as he handed Joe a small tube of Benadryl.

"Thanks, doc." Joe said, taking the medication and the prescription.

"One other thing. Have you... Joe, could it be that you have recently become... er... sexually active... with a normal male, perhaps?"

"Well, I aahh... Why do you ask?"

"It really is none of my business, I know, but each of you guys are very special, and I would like to be kept in the loop, if I can. You really don't have to tell me anything, you know," Dr. Krell explained, displaying uncharacteristic embarrassment.

"Yeah, I know." Joe admitted. "You're going out of your way to help us, I know it, and I appreciate it, I really do."

"Have you become sexually active?"

"Yeah. Yeah, I have." Joe admitted. "How did you know? Is there a problem with that?"

"Absolutely no problem," Dr. Krell said. "In fact, it might not be a bad idea, if it makes you feel more comfortable with what has happened. But you must be sure to use adequate protection if you decide to copulate with a male. Just don't forget what I told you. I would hope our research wouldn't be complicated by a pregnancy. Not yet, anyway." He looked at Joe and smiled.

"How did you know?"

"As I'm sure you know, you had a quite intact hymen when I first examined you. Now you do not. I was very careful to maintain integrity, but either you, or maybe someone else, was apparently not so careful." He grinned wider.

Joe just smiled and said nothing.

"Well, did you find sex to be satisfying?"

"Yes, I guess I did." Joe answered. "It really was. Did I get this from doing it?"

"Oh, there's no real way to know that," Dr. Krell answered. "It could, or it might just be due to the extra irritation of the new vaginal walls. Perhaps you might ask your partner." He smiled.

"That's a lot harder than you think." Joe said. "I don't know how I could even bring the subject up."

"Joe, I've been dealing with gender dysphoric patients for almost twenty years now." Dr. Krell leaned back in his swivel chair as he spoke. "I must have worked with two hundred male-to-female individuals. I guess almost a third to one-half of them eventually went on to seek surgery. Most of those are now living relatively normal lives as women. After a few years, it's difficult even for me to remember that most of them once possessed male genitalia."

He put the tips of his fingers together in front of his face. "But I must tell you, I've never seen anyone who seemed to adjust to her new life so quickly and easily. By any chance, did you ever consider gender counseling before this happened to you?"

Joe looked at the little man. What was he saying... Was Dr. Krell telling him that he suspected he might have been a closet transsexual? No way.

"Gender counseling?" Joe repeated. "You think I may have WANTED to be like this? Even before it happened to me? Come on, doc."

"It really isn't so far fetched, you know," Dr. Krell explained. "I personally suspect that two to five percent of the population may have problems in this area."

"Five percent of the world would actually prefer to be the opposite sex?" Joe said incredulously.

"At times, perhaps. I've seen more variations on this than you might expect. Don't tell me you never considered what it would be like to become the opposite sex, at least sometime in your life?"

"Sure, I did. I would guess about everybody does that. But just wondering what it might be like is a far cry from wanting to alter your body surgically. You have to admit that."

"True. True," Dr. Krell agreed. "But if you could try it... change for a definite length of time, and then change back... Almost anyone would probably like to try that. Surely it would certainly change the relationship between the sexes... If you could selectively become whichever gender you wished, any time you wanted."

"You're talking about the cage, aren't you?" Joe was surprised at how easily Dr. Krell spoke of people changing gender at will. He knew, from personal experience, there was a lot more to it than just deciding which closet to get your clothes from, or which bathroom to use."

"Exactly." Dr. Krell admitted. "I see the Cage as the ultimate answer to gender dysphoria."

"As long as you're a guy who want's to look like a girl," Joe interjected. "A young looking girl, at that."

"It's only a matter of time," Dr. Krell continued. "I'm sure we'll eventually break the entire genetic code. And when we do that, we can fix all sorts of problems, and probably prevent or even reverse aging too, as an added benefit."

"How long will this go on? Will I just continue getting younger and younger looking, until I'm an infant?"

"Well, I certainly can't know for sure. We still don't know exactly what's happening. But I really doubt that you'll regress to an infant any time soon," Dr. Krell laughed.

"Why not?" Joe wondered.

"Look at what has happened till now," Dr. Krell explained. "Sure, each one of you has experienced some reduction in the natural aging process. But remember, you haven't actually become younger... You're a mature adult, albeit, a rather young looking mature adult. I anticipate you will continue to maintain a post-puberty physical appearance."

"Well, that's a relief, I guess. But what do you base that opinion on?"

"Of course, you know we've been closely monitoring your blood makeup. Since the genetic changes occurred, your hormone levels have changed. When I first examined you, your blood had testosterone levels identical to those of a typical male. As I'm sure you are quite aware, they've been dropping ever since, and only now have they started to level off. Of course, there is wide variance, even

among "normal" males and females, but now, your present testosterone-estrogen ratio is within the typical range for genetic females. An adult woman, not an immature adolescent. I think it's quite unlikely your appearance will ever become adolescent. Don't worry. You'll probably be keeping that sexy figure...for the immediate future anyway," he grinned, as he ran his eyes down Joe's curves.

Until that moment, Joe had no reason to suspect that Dr. Krell had even noticed his new shape. Joe tended to think of Dr. Krell only as a doctor, not as a "man".

"The changes have stabilized, then?" Joe asked, feeling embarrassment warm his face.

"Well, perhaps not quite stabilized. Not yet. But close." Dr. Krell answered sympathetically. "Very close. Did you happen to notice any regression overnight?"

Joe thought about it. He really hadn't noticed much change since the day before. It was the first time there was little or no change in that length of time. But his breasts, they often felt sensitive, even somewhat painful, especially in the morning... Now he could feel them...the nipples actually...they made every step a jolt. Was this the way it should feel?

Maybe he really was stabilizing. Could it be he would soon be able to get on with his life? And learn to adjust to being, or at least, looking like a teenage girl. He realized that he no longer continuously yearned for his male appearance to return. Sure, he missed his masculinity, but as he gradually became accustomed to his still changing body, he found he was missing maleness less and less.

"Joe?" Dr. Krell broke him away from his thoughts.

"Oh... No. No, I don't think there were any changes last night," Joe stammered. "At least not that I could tell."

"Well, No one can tell better than you, I think," Dr. Krell smiled.

"I think everything is the same as yesterday."

"Good. That's good." Dr. Krell said. "I guess we can go back to the Honeybone Lab now."

"Yeah. Yeah. Okay. Aahh, doc?"

"Yes, Joe?" Dr. Krell looked at Joe. He could tell something else was troubling him.

"Doc, I...my boobs... I know they're probably going to hurt a little as they develop... they said that in San Diego... But the last couple of days... This morning especially..." Joe didn't know how to voice his concerns.

"Are your breasts causing discomfort?"

Discomfort? What would you think? How would you describe the feeling of embarrassment of suddenly, virtually overnight, developing a chest as voluptuous as your fiancée? But he knew what the man meant. "Yeah. I guess they are. It's not too bad I guess... But now they even hurt when I walk. Seems I can feel every step I make."

Dr. Krell smiled knowingly. "Joe, your body is simply awash with estrogens. Every time we perform another blood group, testosterone levels are lower, and the estrogens higher. That's causing your glands to make inordinate amounts of prolactin, the chemical that generates and initiates changes in breast tissue, the milk ducts, among other things. I'm afraid there's nothing we can do right now but wait for everything to stabilize. But it seems that everything is happening very quickly. I think eventually you will become cyclic, and your prostaglandin E will work to level everything off, just as a normal female. For now though, if it hurts too much, take some ibuprofen, that's Advil, or Nuprin. I'm told that running cold water over the breasts eases the discomfort somewhat. Maybe try an alternating hot and cold shower. And get yourself a good support brassiere." He smiled at the look of embarrassment on Joe's face when he mentioned the last item.

"Great." Joe said sarcastically. Now I'm even turning into some kind of "earth mother," he thought to himself, gently rubbing his tender left breast with an open palm.

As they went to the car, Dr. Krell locked his offices. It was still about a half-hour till the staff would arrive. When they reached Honeybone, Joe drove right to the guard gate.

"If I can drop you off here, I'm going to run to the pharmacy," Joe explained. "I want to get that prescription right away." He grinned as he felt his face turned red with embarrassment.

"Yes. That's probably a good idea. Are you coming back to the lab later?"

"Yeah, probably," Joe said, without commitment.

"Well, I'm sure that you can do as you like. If Jim asks, I'll tell him you'll be away for awhile."

"Thanks, doc."

The door closed and Joe drove out of the lot. He went directly to the Med-Ex drug store and went inside. Handing the prescription to the female pharmacist, Joe waited impatiently as she went to retrieve the product.

When the young woman brought the small box containing the tube, she placed it in a little sack and stapled it. Then she stapled the bill to the sack. Joe took it to the check-out counter and quickly paid for it.

He decided to drive to Linda's to apply the product. He found the Benadryl lying on the seat and put it in the bag too. As he drove, he reopened the bag and read the prescription and then the instructions on the box.

The prescription ointment was meant to be inserted into the vagina. Joe opened the box and examined the tube used place the medication inside his body. As always, it seemed the applicator was too large to insert. But he also accepted that his changed genitalia was capable of amazing expansion. It was probably even capable of passing a baby's head. He held the little tube up and grinned. This thing could actually fit inside of him... He tensed the muscles of his crotch, feeling the now familiar sensation from the area where his testicles once had been. "You've come a long way baby," he said aloud.

Joe put the applicator back inside the package and drove on. When he reached Linda's he headed straight for his room. Linda was already at work. Joe was glad. He didn't want company while he experimented with the medication.

He decided to remove his dress and slip. In only underpants and bra, he went into the bathroom. He removed everything from the package and read over the instruction sheet very carefully. The task was simple... He just needed to fill the applicator from the tube, move his knees apart, carefully insert the applicator, and push in the little stick that would empty the medication into his vaginal canal.

His vaginal canal... Yeah. He looked at the simple line-art drawing, a cutaway of the female pelvis. So, that was what he really looked like now. No dangly penis hanging down. Not anymore... Now he had this canal... This hole... Funny, it sure didn't feel like a hole... But there it was, on the drawing, starting at the little lips, little skin folds which felt like the base of his penis, and just below his

urethra, the vaginal "canal", practically going all the way back to his tailbone. From the picture, it almost looked like he was hollow.

Joe finished inserting the yeast infection medication into his body and then took the tube of anti-itch cream and read the instructions. As directed, he spread a small amount of the slippery white salve on an index finger and carefully spread it over his external vaginal area and then internally as far as he could get with his finger. His lubricated finger created a pleasant sensation, and then almost immediately he experienced relief from the horrible itching. This was great stuff.

As the medication continued to take effect, Joe noticed the sensation had changed to a slightly numbing feel. He stood erect and observed himself in the bathroom mirror, then rubbed a hand over his pubic area. The feeling there had become very strange. He parted the short, soft pubic hair, feeling for his clitoris. When he massaged the sensitive spot, Joe was surprised how it felt. He had become used to the intense sensation in of little nub of skin which had formerly been the tip of his penis. Right now it had even less feeling than when it dangled between his legs.

His fingers went further down, tracing along the soft moist slit of his genitalia. Besides causing things to feel strangely numb, the medication also made everything quite messy down there. He wondered if the stuff he just placed inside his vagina would eventually run back out while he walked. That could be a real mess. Joe retrieved his underpants from the counter and examined the crotch. Then he pulled open a drawer under the counter and found the box of pantyliners. He took one from the box and peeled the paper back strip, then carefully positioned the pad in the proper location. He stepped into the panties and pulled them to his hips. He absently rubbed his vulva through the blue cotton fabric, again watching his reflection in the mirror.

Whenever he initially put on snug fitting underwear, the extra sleekness of his changed body, the flatness of his crotch without the male bulge, was most evident. Finally finding relief from the terrible itch, Joe began to feel better about his situation. It made him feel pleased with his feminine appearance too. The thin pad wasn't even noticeable. Maybe five days or a week of this wouldn't be so bad after all.

Joe left the bathroom and slipped the blue shirt-dress back on. He deftly pulled the skirt around his growing hips and buttoned it, all the while examining himself in the dresser mirror, turning left and right to

see his profile. The increasing prominence of his pelvic bones really was quite evident, even with the dress on.

But one thing was sure... Dr. Krell's prescription was working wonders. He suddenly felt great. All symptoms were gone, if only temporarily. He felt so good, he decided to go back to work. Besides, if something was going to happen, he wanted to be around when it did.

He found his little hand bag and checked inside. There were two extra liners in there... probably plenty for the rest of the day. He couldn't feel any uncomfortable wetness right now.

Joe walked to his car and drove to Honeybone.

Chapter 38

PETERSON COMES TO PHOENIX

When he arrived, Joe went straight to the lab. That was where the action would be... if there was to be any today. Dr. Krell, Jim Matheney, Mike/Michelle, and Tim were there.

"Well, hello again," Jim said. "I didn't think you were coming back today."

"I'm okay," Joe answered. "Dr. Krell gave me some medication, and I feel a lot better now."

"What's the problem anyway?" Jim asked innocently.

Joe looked at his boss. How did you talk about this with a regular guy? "Well, it's kinda personal, Jim," Joe said, feeling his face turning red.

"Oh. Ok. I understand..." Jim answered, grinning widely, but saying no more.

The condescending look Jim unconsciously gave Joe was even worse than if he had actually teased him. Joe was finding the typical male attitude about problems distinctly "female" irritated him a great deal. He realized that he had probably acted the same way only last week, but that just didn't help very much. It was still something about his new life he would have to adjust to.

They were interrupted by the phone.

Jim answered. "Avionics Lab. Matheney." He listened to the person on the other end.

"Okay. I'll have someone at the airport to meet him. Thanks. Good bye, Melody." He spoke into the phone, and then hung up.

Jim looked at everyone watching him. "Pete Peterson is on the way." "Mr. Peterson is the President of Honeybone," he explained for Dr. Krell's benefit.

Joe remembered what Mr. Peterson had told him when they met in St. Paul. He wondered what exactly the man would want to see. Of course, it was becoming obvious that there might be significant medical interest in the concepts they were attempting to verify.

"When will he arrive?" Joe asked.

"He took off about an hour and a half ago." Jim answered. "In the Gulfstream. They should arrive at the hangar in less than an hour."

"What does he want?" Mike/Michelle asked.

"I don't know." Jim replied. "But he probably wants to see the cage for himself."

"He did say he might pay us a visit." Joe added.

Jim's eyes met Joe's.

"Joe, would you like to meet Mr. Peterson at the company hangar?" Jim asked.

"Sure. No problem." Joe replied. He didn't mind meeting Peterson again.

"Good." Jim said. "Be there in an hour. Take one of the personnel vans, not your little hot rod." He grinned.

"Yeah, Okay." Joe said. "He's really a pretty nice guy, you know." He added with a grin.

"I know." Jim teased. "You're running with the big dogs now, Bates."

Joe heard his name come over the intercom.

"Joe Bates, call one-four-one-one. Joe Bates... One-four-one-one."

The operator was informing him that he had an outside-line phone call.

Joe went to the phone and dialed.

"Joe Bates." He said.

"Joe? Hi. This is Jay." The voice on the other end said. "What are you doing after work?"

"I don't know, Jay." Joe replied. "Right now, I have to pick up Mr. Peterson in about an hour. I don't know what time I'll be free."

"Well, when ever you get away, how about giving me a call." Jay asked. "I'd like to get together."

"What did you have in mind?" Joe said, in a slightly seductive tone. He didn't know why it came out that way.

"What do I have in mind?" Jay repeated. "Nothing much... I just wanted to talk. Is that all right?"

The way things were now, he and Jay had trouble "just talking". The two times they got together recently, they wound up in bed...with each other.

"Yeah. That would be fine." Joe agreed. "But just to talk though. I'll give you a call when I get away from here."

"Okay." Jay said. "I'll be at my house after four-thirty. Give me a call there when you get off. I aahh... I'll see you this evening."

"Bye." Joe said curtly, hanging up.

It was getting weird. He and Jay were friends for years. College roommates, drinking buddies, flying buddies, fellow sports car nuts... And now... Lovers..? Is that what you call it? They had been in bed together... twice. It had been quite spectacular too. Jay had introduced Joe to experiencing sex as a female. Joe discovered it really was quite intense. Jay seemed to enjoy doing it with him too. The first time, they were both nervous, and Jay had a little difficulty at first... but still... It was great, if perhaps, for Joe a little too quick to end. The second time... Joe found it even better, and they continued till his genitalia was simply too sore to touch. Sex...in this new way...it seemed that once he got going, his urge became insatiable.

But that wouldn't happen tonight. Joe didn't want Jay to see him wearing a panty liner. It was one thing to look female, to be able to have sex with a male.. With Jay. But somehow, the idea of his buddy see him wearing feminine protection was different. Why? Did he still have a latent trace of masculine pride? If not, what made him feel this way? By now he was resigned to femininity... in fact, he even liked it...usually, but he just wasn't ready to admit to having "female problems". He subconsciously touched his pubic area, as if needing to reconfirm his new physical characteristics.

Joe went back to where Jim, Dr. Krell, Tim, and Mike/Michelle were conversing at a desk.

"As far as we can determine, this power level and modulation would create the equivalent radiation inside the cage." Jim was telling Dr. Krell.

Jim looked at Joe as he spoke.

"This is what we think would duplicate what happened to you guys." Jim explained. "We've already tried it on the monkeys, and

nothing happens. As soon as Dr. Krell can arrange it, we're going to try it on one of his patients."

Joe looked at the paper. The transmitter power settings and the modulation tapes were there. If they guessed right, this was data that could change a man into a woman... like some kind of strange, powerful, magic.

Jim spoke. "Now, If we can just find the settings to change you back..."

Joe looked at his friend and smiled. As time went by, he actually cared less and less about that.

Joe left the lab and went to his desk. He kept checking his watch, and soon it was time to leave for the airport. He went to the big board where the van keys were hanging and took the set for the large Ford passenger van.

Joe went to the lot where the company vehicles were parked and found the van. He unlocked the door and cranked the engine. With his new, slightly smaller size, the big van seemed even bigger. He reached up and adjusted the rear view mirror. Then he drove to the airport.

When he arrived at the Honeybone hangar, Joe went to the planning room and found a seat. There were a few mechanics in there, enjoying a break in the cool, air conditioned room. He made small talk with the mechanics, who he had known for some time. One of them he hadn't seen since the change, and the man was having trouble concealing his curiosity over Joe's changed physical appearance.

"My God, Joe." The man, whose name was Bill Carstairs, finally said. "I see it, but I can't believe what's happened to you."

"Trust me Bill, it's me, and it did happen." Joe said simply, smiling at the men, and sitting straighter, as if to emphasize his new shape for them.

"What's it feel like... I mean... you sure do look like a woman..." Bill continued.

Joe smiled again.

"Yeah... I guess I do... And I guess maybe I feel like one too... I don't know for sure actually. I just feel like me...more or less." Joe explained.

"Holy cow!" Bill said, more to himself. He was staring directly at Joe's breasts, which was beginning to make Joe feel self-conscious.

He could feel his nipples stiffen, and hoped they wouldn't show through the bra and dress.

"You look fantastic." Bill said finally. He was probably trying to say something really complementary, but that was all that came out.

"Thanks Bill." Joe said. "And I realize this whole thing is probably a little hard for you guys. It's hard for me, and the others, too."

"Yeah... I understand that Dave and Mike were changed too." One of the other men, whose name was Tom Bennett, added.

"That's true, and also one of the line boys from Thunderbird... You know, Tim?" Joe said.

"And all you guy's look like you do now?" Bill asked incredulously.

"Well... we've each been subjected to chromosomal changes, if that's what you mean." Joe said.

"I don't know about chromosomes..." Bill said. "But do you all have... are you all women now?"

"I don't know if we're REALLY women." Joe explained. "But I guess we do look like women."

"All over?" Tom asked.

Joe looked at Tom and grinned slyly.

"Yeah.... All over." He arched his back slightly, making his new breasts more noticeable. "And it's been kind of interesting so far, too."

"Aahh... I...aahh...how about your...aahh." Tom stammered.

"That too." Joe answered, adding a sexy wink to the big grin.

"Damn." Tom exclaimed. "And our test gear did this? What are you going to do now?"

"I'm not sure yet." Joe answered. "Right now, I'm trying to get used to wearing different clothes...my old stuff just don't fit...and a whole lot of other things. It really hasn't been all that bad so far, actually."

"Yeah, but... you can't have sex anymore..." Tom said, thinking out loud.

"Well... That isn't exactly true." Joe corrected. "It's just a whole lot different now, that's all."

Tom looked at Joe carefully, grinned like a cat, and shook his head.

"You do look fantastic, Joe." Bill repeated. "Absolutely fantastic. Like a young, beautiful...a teenager."

Joe couldn't resist teasing them.

"You should see me in the shower, Bill." Joe said, winking, and shaking his chest a bit seductively.

It was Bill's turn to be embarrassed, but he recovered quickly.

"Any time, Joe." He said.

The provocative conversation was interrupted by the wail of two Rolls Royce jet engines. The Gulfstream III was screaming onto the company ramp. Joe walked out and stood on the ramp, fingers in his ears, and waited for the pilot to stop the engines. In a few moments, the engines wound down, and the cabin door began to open.

The copilot opened the door, looked at Joe, waved and grinned. Joe didn't know the copilot, but that didn't stop the young man from flirting with a pretty girl. Feeling extremely self-conscious, Joe smiled back and waved.

Soon Pete Peterson appeared at the door.

He recognized Joe immediately. He waved and began walking down the steps. When he reached the bottom, Joe was standing there, and he shook hands with the older man.

"Hi Joe." Mr. Peterson said. "Glad to see you again. You are certainly looking well... well indeed."

Joe looked at the man, wondering what he meant by the flirtatious remark. It just didn't seem like something he would say.

Hello, Mr. Peterson." Joe responded. "Glad you stopped by."

"Is the Faraday Cage set up yet?" Peterson asked.

"Yes. Yes it is." Joe answered. "We've been experimenting with monkeys. But no positive results yet."

"Really? Peterson said. "You haven't been able to duplicate what happened?"

"Not yet." Joe said. "But now we've got some numbers broken out, and Dr. Krell wants to try them on one of his gender patients."

"Try the cage on live humans?" Pete Peterson asked. "Isn't that a little risky?"

"Apparently, Dr. Krell has concluded that the risk to life is minimal, and the subject is going to subject himself to surgery in any case." Joe explained.

"And this person... this gender patient... you expect him... er... her, to end up just like you?" Peterson asked.

"If the cage causes the same genetic, or chromosome changes, I think it'll happen." Joe said. "It would just be a matter of time."

"Really." Peterson said. "I'd like to see this thing in action."

"I've got a van here, shall we go?" Joe said, as he went to take Mr. Peterson's bags.

"Joe. You don't have to carry those bags." Pete Peterson said. "I can get them okay."

Joe was glad Peterson said that. He could have carried one of the bags easily, but there was no way that he could have carried them both, the way the man did. He just didn't possess that kind of muscle anymore.

They drove to Honeybone, and went inside. Joe led Mr. Peterson directly to Avionics Lab.

They went through the double doors.

"Here it is...the cage." Joe said somewhat sarcastically.

He couldn't understand why Mr. Peterson was so enamored by this new hardware.

Joe then introduced Mr. Peterson to Dr. Krell, to Jim Matheney, who he had met once before, though he didn't seem to remember, and then Mike/Michelle and Tim.

He seemed to be very interested in both of the other two "changelings", saying he'd like to talk to each of them individually.

Then, he walked over to the cage, and looked it over.

Jim Matheney spoke.

"There's really nothing special about the radiation cage." Jim explained. "But the two GPS transmitters, and the power settings, they can cause the strange phenomena... At least we think so."

"Yes... Interesting..." Mr. Peterson looked over each item carefully.

"This program tape can modulate the carrier to create the same signal that caused the strange problem." Jim continued.

Mr. Peterson looked at Dr. Krell.

"When do you intend to try this with a human volunteer?" He asked.

Dr. Krell looked at Peterson, and then at the cage.

"I am selecting two possible candidates." Dr. Krell answered. "From these two, I hope to make the final choice. In fact, I have about twenty volunteers."

Pete Peterson listened with great interest to what the little doctor said.

When he finished speaking, he turned to Joe.

"Joe, can you drive me to the hotel?" He asked.

"Sure." Joe said. "I'll take you wherever you want to go."

"Very well." Peterson said. "Let's get going then. I'll want to talk with all of you some more. I'll be back."

He quickly walked out of the laboratory, with Joe following behind. As he practically ran to keep up with the older man, Joe was glad he wasn't wearing heels. He wouldn't have been able to keep up.

When they reached the van and climbed aboard, Pete Peterson looked over at Joe.

"Joe, when we get to the hotel, I'd like you to come with me to the room. I'd like to speak to you in private." He said.

Joe wondered what the man wanted to say to him that was so secret.

"Aahh...Okay, that's fine." Joe said finally, the confusion evident in his voice.

They drove to the Hilton and Mr. Peterson checked in. He and Joe followed the bellman to the room. Joe began feeling very nervous and apprehensive about being alone in the room with the man.

When the bellman placed the bags in the room, he smiled at Joe, Mr. Peterson tipped him and he left, closing the door.

Mr. Peterson went to the little bar and fixed a drink.

"What would you like, Joe?" He asked.

"Oh... Nothing for me, thanks." Joe responded.

Peterson went to the table and sat down.

"Joe, pull up a chair." Peterson said. "I'd like to talk a bit. Joe... You've been like this for...what...eight days now?" he asked.

Joe looked at the man. What was he getting at?

"That's right." Joe answered. "I woke up like this last Friday. I've continued to change since then, but not a lot."

"Does it hurt at all? Are you in any pain?" Peterson questioned.

"No...not at all. There's no pain...in fact, I think I feel normal...more or less." Joe said.

"So it doesn't hurt then... Do you like it?"

Joe looked in the man's eyes.

"Do I like it?" he repeated. "Just what do you mean... Do I like it?"

"You seem to have acquired all the physical attributes of a female... you've become a beautiful woman. Is it fun?" Peterson asked.

"Fun...well, I don't know about fun... It is interesting...that's for sure." Joe said, not sure why the man was asking these questions, and wondering if his answers were what he wanted to hear. They were true.

"Joe, they let me see the report of the physical you took in St. Paul." Peterson continued. "I've read it... I see that you...you are...er...shall we say, anatomically correct...for a mature female."

"Yes... I suppose that is correct." Joe agreed, speaking very carefully.

"You have developed breasts...and your genitalia...your body has transitioned from normal male...to apparently normal female. Is that also correct?" Peterson interrogated.

Joe was becoming embarrassed. The man already knew all these things.

"That is correct." Joe conceded.

"Do you have female feelings?" Peterson continued.

"Female feelings" Joe repeated. "What are you asking...do I like men, you mean?"

"Well...yes...that's part of it, I guess." Peterson answered.

"Mr. Peterson, I guess I've become about as physically female as I can possibly get." Joe said what he thought. "Maybe, even my brain has changed...I suspect it has, and I guess the idea of being around guys has begun to take on a different meaning. But I still have thirty years of memories. Male memories. Memories of being intimate with women...girls. I still like women too, if that's what you're asking." Joe smiled.

"And men?" Peterson asked. "How about men?"

Joe smiled wider.

"I'm still trying to figure out what I should think about that." Joe said.

"You don't have any new, different desires?" Peterson asked. It wasn't like he was asking for prurient reasons. He really wanted to know.

"Yeah. Maybe I do." Joe finally admitted. "I'm just trying to figure them out."

"You're beautiful. Do you know that?" Peterson said suddenly. "You are extremely attractive."

"Thanks...I guess." Joe said. "Mr. Peterson...maybe we should get back...."

"Don't worry Joe." Peterson said. "I'm not trying to come-on to you. I'm just telling you what I see. The whole sex-change thing is absolutely amazing."

"I agree." Joe said. "But it's kind of personal... Mr. Peterson, and you're embarrassing me."

"I'm sorry." The man said. "I don't want...I'm not trying to embarrass you. Please understand..."

Pete Peterson got up from the chair and walked across the room. He was obviously trying to tell Joe something, and was trying to find a way to get it out.

"Joe." Peterson said, looking at Joe from across the room. "Joe... I'm fifty-four years old. My wife died...from breast cancer, four years ago. I loved that woman. I really did. When she left...I...I had to review my own life...what I really wanted... always wanted..."

Tears were forming in the man's eyes.

"For a long time... Way before Chelsea died, I knew something was not right, something was wrong...different. Peterson continued. "I've had a pretty good life...I'm successful and I was good husband...but I know something is wrong..."

He sat on the bed, and looked at the floor.

"Joe, I look at you, and I feel so very jealous." Peterson finally said. "I want to be soft...to wear clothes like that...Joe... Joe, I want to be... more than anything else I can think of... I really want to try that damn cage. I want to be a woman too."

Joe looked at the man sitting on the bed. What was going on here? What was Mr. Peterson saying? He wanted to try the cage? He wanted to volunteer?

Peterson looked like he was going to burst into tears.

"Mr. Peterson... Joe stammered. Mr. Peterson...have you talked to anyone else about this?"

"Who?" Pete Peterson asked. "Who could I talk to?"

"Well... Dr. Krell for one." Joe suggested.

"No." Peterson said. "I can't start some long term therapy program."

"Why not?" Joe asked. "He would certainly understand."

"Yeah, he probably would." Peterson admitted. "But if it ever got out... If anyone found out that Pete Peterson wanted...thought he was really a woman... Joe, think about it... My career would be history, as they say."

"Mr. Peterson... If you spend five or ten minutes in that cage...and if it works like we think it might... take it from me... people will notice." Joe said.

"Yeah." Peterson agreed. "But then...it would be too late...I'd be complete."

"You really think so?" Joe asked. "You really think everyone would just carry on as if nothing happened?"

"Joe, I'm not stupid...I know there would be changes...lots of them... I prefer to think that most of them would be improvements." Peterson said.

"Mr. Peterson..."

"Damn it, Joe. Call me Pete." Peterson objected.

Mr...Pete... Pete, Trust me, there would be a lot of changes." Joe continued. "For me... I mean...look at me Pete..."

"I have, Joe... and ever since I first saw you the other day, I wanted to do this." Pete said. "Joe...you've got to help me."

Joe looked at him.

"What do you want me to do?" Joe asked.

"Joe. You're an electrical engineer, are you not?" Pete asked.

"That's right.

"You know what has to be done to set the cage up to do it, don't you?"

"Yeah. I think I could figure it out.

"Well then... Let's go in there...tonight... Let's try it."

Joe stood up and looked at Pete real hard.

"You want to go in, and try the cage without the help of the whole crew? Joe asked.

"Can we do it?" Pete asked.

"Yeah... Yeah, I think we COULD." Joe said. "But the question is... SHOULD we."

"Joe... Do you regret what happened to you?" Pete asked.

Joe considered it a moment.

"At first yeah, I did, but maybe I'm getting used to it." Joe admitted.

"That's what I thought." Pete said. "See, you didn't even want to be changed, but after it happened, you were able to quickly adapt to the situation... you even like it now, right."

"Dave doesn't like what happened." Joe added.

"What do you mean?" Pete asked.

"Dave... Dave...he's very unhappy... Almost suicidal." Joe said.

"Why?" Pete asked.

"I guess because he's married, with children." Joe admitted.

"Uh-huh. Married. I could see where that would make a difference." Pete said. "But, I'm not."

"And, so, you want to spend the rest of your life as a woman, is that it?" Joe asked.

"More than anything else I can think of." Pete said.

Joe sat down at the table again.

"There is going to be someone in the lab all night, I think." Joe said. He was already thinking of ways to get access to the cage.

"All night?" Pete repeated. "We can't figure out a way to get everyone out for a half hour or so?"

"I don't know...maybe we could." Joe considered.

"How long do you think it would take?" Pete asked.

"I'm not really sure." Joe mused. "But not much more than ten minutes, I think."

"What would happen to me then?" Pete asked.

"Hmmm. I'm not sure exactly." Joe said. "At first, I don't think there would be any change, but... within, oh... six or eight hours..."

"That quick?" Pete asked. "How does it feel while it's happening?"

"Well, I slept through it, but according to Tim, it did hurt a little while it was taking place...sort of a very powerful itch." Joe said, grinning at his explanation.

"And then, after that, I'd be female?" Pete asked. "Boobs... I'd have boob..breasts, I'd get breasts. And a... vagina... I'd be a woman then?"

"All the way." Joe said. "Whether you liked it, or not."

"But... You... you do like it, don't you?" Pete almost pleaded.

Joe looked at the man, and smiled innocently.

"I find it interesting, that's for sure." Joe admitted.

"Then I'm going to do it." Pete decided. "What will I need?"

"I don't know... Nothing, I guess." Joe considered.

"What about clothes?" Pete asked. "I'd need some new clothes, wouldn't I?"

"Absolutely." Joe agreed. "But not until tomorrow. You won't any idea what size you'll eventually be until you go through the change."

"How much did you change?" Pete asked logically.

"I don't think you can use that as a guide." Joe explained.

"Why not?" Pete asked.

"Well, for one, there's no way to know what you'll look like... what your new shape will be...after your chromosomes get changed." Joe said.

"What do you mean?" Pete asked.

"I... aahh... Pete, do you have any sisters?"

"Yes. One. She's sixty years old. Six years older than I am."

Is she... I mean... What would you guess her measurements are?"

"Holy Cow. I have no idea."

"Does she have...large breasts?"

Hmmm... I don't know, medium size, I guess.

Is she heavy...overweight?"

"Oh...maybe a little, but not really...she's not fat.

"Do you want to look like her?"

"Would I want to look like my older sister?"

"Well, if you two share the same genetic background... Odds are, you might."

"But she's older... Wouldn't I look younger than I do now?"

"Probably... We don't know what will happen there... If you do this, you'll be the oldest person yet to try it. But still... think of your sister twenty years ago, maybe more. That's my guess. But still, you will eventually be an old woman, in any case. There seems to be no way back."

Pete sat on the bed and stared at the floor.

"I'd look like my sister..." He mused.

Joe broke in.

"Not necessarily. But it is a possibility."

Pete Peterson put his hand on his crotch, unashamedly fondling his genitals through his trousers.

"My sister..." He repeated.

"Yeah. Or, maybe your mother...or your aunt." Joe corrected.

"I don't care." Pete said finally. "I want to do it."

"Okay. I'll help you." Joe decided. "But only with one condition."

"And that is?" Pete asked.

"As soon as we run you through the cage, we'll call Dr. Krell, so he can help." Joe answered.

"What if it doesn't work?" Pete countered.

"What if it does?" Joe responded.

Pete thought a minute.

"Okay. It's a deal." He said.

Pete sat on the bed, staring at his reflection in the mirror.

He sat up straight and turned sideways.

"What are you doing?" Joe asked.

"Nothing... Nothing..." Pete answered. "I'm just wondering what it might be like to look different...like you do..."

"Pete... I still do the same thing... look at myself... I do it all the time." Joe said. "I still can't get used to the way I look."

"Fantastic." Pete exclaimed. "You look fantastic."

"Remember, if you go through with this...you may look female... You may even be female." Joe said. "But you will still be the same person inside. That won't change."

"It's just the outside I want to change." Pete said. "I like the inside." He grinned.

"You're a very handsome man, Pete." Joe said. "You just might turn out to be an ugly broad." He teased.

"Yeah... I might." Pete agreed. "But I bet I'd be a happy broad."

Joe looked at Pete and grinned. It was plain the man had thought this thing over for pretty carefully. He thought of the gender patient he met in Dr. Krell's office in San Diego. Maybe this gender dysphoria thing was more prevalent than he ever imagined. If the cage could do this to him, and yet, he wasn't begging to be changed back, maybe it's exactly what these people, people who feel like Pete, need. Maybe he would be better off as a woman.

"Mr. Peterson...Pete...." Joe asked. "When was the last time you've made love?"

Pete was surprised by the question. He just sat and looked at Joe.

I...Aahh...Over four years ago." Pete admitted.

"Did you enjoy it?" Joe asked.

"It was with Chelsea sure we were good...very good, together."

"Do you still like women?" Joe continued.

"Do I like women?" Pete repeated. "Why do you ask that?"

"Pete... if you go through this cage thing tonight, tomorrow, you're going to BE a woman." Joe reminded him. "There's no turning back."

"It's been a while." Pete acknowledged. "Maybe I will miss it a little." He said, rubbing his hand over his penis bulge.

"If you do become a woman." Joe told him. "You probably won't miss that thing for sex. It is kind of handy in the can though."

He grinned.

"That's another thing." Pete said. "The doctors say I've got a slightly enlarged prostate. I've been having a bit of trouble urinating."

Joe held the grin.

"Well...tomorrow, you won't even have a prostate." Joe reminded him.

"That'll be another improvement." Pete said. He seemed to loosen up a little.

Joe saw the smile beginning to form.

"Pete. See this dress I have on?" Joe asked. "Do you know why I'm wearing it today?"

"No."

"Did your wife...did Chelsea ever get a yeast infection?" Joe asked.

"A yeast infection... What is it, a venereal disease?" Pete asked. "I don't think she did...I doubt it."

"I don't think a yeast infection is a venereal disease... not really...but it does seem like one, I guess." Joe continued. "It is an infection of the genital tract...and I can tell you, it itches...and burns like you can't believe."

"You currently suffer from this, I take it." Pete said. He was no doubt a quick learner.

"That's right." Joe admitted. "I don't know how, but I got it. I never had anything like it in thirty years, but I got it now."

"I don't understand, what does that have to do with the dress?" Pete asked.

"Under this dress, I have on nothing but underpants." Joe said. "Dr. Krell said I should give myself...my genital area...as much ventilation as possible."

"I'm impressed, I guess." Pete said, still confused at what Joe was trying to tell him.

"The point is, I don't think you're going to find life any simpler when you get out of the cage." Joe said, doing his best to make his point.

"I don't care if my life is simple, or not." Pete exclaimed. "I just want to live what's left of it as a woman."

"Okay. If that's what you want, I'll help you get it." Joe promised.

"You won't be sorry, Joe." Pete said.

"I only hope you're not." Joe said.

Joe stood up.

"Pete, I'll meet you in the lobby at eight tonight." Joe said. "Bring an overnight bag with your shave kit, or whatever... and maybe some pajamas, too."

"What do you have in mind?" Pete asked.

"As soon as we've done it, I'm going to call Dr. Krell." Joe said. "I'm pretty sure he'll want you to spend the night in the hospital."

"Should I bring men's, or women's pajamas?" Pete asked.

"Bring whatever you want, as long as it fits." Joe advised. "It may be the last time you ever wear it."

Joe looked into the man's eyes.

"I hope you like what happens to you." Joe said.

"I'm a big boy, Joe." Pete said.

"That might change, after tonight." Joe reminded him, grinning.

Joe went to the door. He looked back at Pete Peterson, who followed him to the door. He turned, and offered his hand. Pete Peterson grasped Joe's small feminine hand in his own large hand. Joe looked down, noticing the contrast.

"Good Luck, Pete." He said.

"I'll see you in a few hours, Joe." Pete said.

Joe drove the van back to Honeybone. He went inside and found that Dr. Krell and the others had left for the day. He looked at the schedule to see who would be on duty tonight. He noticed that man was already on duty.

Joe looked for him, and found him sitting in the break room. He sat down and began small talk.

"How's it going Ralph?" Joe asked. He didn't know the man, but he wanted to be friendly.

The lab technician, Ralph Linker, was sipping coffee.

"Hello, Miss Bates." Ralph said. He didn't know Joe, and had never seen him when he was male. He knew what happened to Joe and the others, but there was nothing about Joe's appearance to think of him as male. So he naturally called him "miss".

"Please, call me Joe." Joe said.

"Ralph, I'll be here a little later tonight." Joe said. "Will it be possible to get some time with the cage?"

"Sure Joe." Ralph said. "What do you have to do? Dr. Krell never said there would be anything happening tonight."

"Oh, this isn't for Dr. Krell." Joe explained, hoping his story made sense. "I'm planning a little experiment of my own."

"Well, there's nothing going on tonight." Ralph told him. "You can use it all night, if you want to."

Great. This'll be a lot easier than I hoped. Joe thought.

"Fine." Joe said. "I'll see you in a few hours, Ralph."

Joe left Honeybone, and drove home. It was after four... Linda was probably home. And he should call Jay too.

As he pulled into the drive, Joe saw Linda's car there. He went inside, and found her preparing for her aerobics class.

"Hi Joe." She greeted him cheerfully. "Come on, get your stuff, come along with me."

Joe knew he should... Before the change, he had always exercised regularly, at least three times a week. Racquetball, basketball, and running. He considered what a women's aerobic class would be like. Interesting...probably, but not like before. He might as well get used to the idea...these were his peers. Besides, it might be fun.

Then he remembered his promise to Pete Peterson.

"Sorry, Linda." He excused himself. "I'll need to go back to Honeybone in a few hours. I don't have time...maybe the next time though."

"How's the little problem?" Linda asked.

"Dr. Krell gave me a prescription for some stuff to put inside...it really seems to work." Joe said.

"I'm glad to hear it." Linda said. "But, at least now you get to experience some of the hardships of womanhood."

She smiled.

"When do you have to be back at work?" Linda asked. "You have a couple of hours, don't you?"

Joe thought about it. It was not yet four-thirty, and he didn't have to meet Pete till eight. He should give Jay a call... but he did have a few hours, at least.

"I don't have to be there till eight... I guess I do have a little time." Joe admitted.

"Come on then... get your things... let's go." Linda persisted. "The next class is at five. You'll like it."

Joe looked at Linda. The medication made him oblivious to the miserable itch. He hoped it wouldn't return soon. Somewhat reluctantly, he went to his room to gather up his exercise clothes.

Joe found his new gym tote, and in it he placed his new underpants, the Jog-bra, his blue leotard, and Capri pants. He hoped it would be at least somewhat similar to what the other women would have on.

The "other women"... He thought about what he just thought... That was the first time he EVER really thought about himself as one of the "women". But why not? That was what he had become, there could be no denying it.

Joe looked over at the mirror. There was a teenage girl was looking back, wearing a rather attractive blue shirtdress... her hair was too short. But, she was kinda cute.... Oh god...he was calling himself "cute"...when would it stop. Would it ever stop? He needed to wear something else to the health club, in any case.

He went to the closet and looked at his clothes. Nothing really suitable there. He went to the dresser, and opened the drawer that held his new shorts. He picked a pair that was just as blue as the dress he wore. In another drawer, he picked a little white sleeveless top. Unbuttoning the dress, he removed it, and stepped into the shorts.

As he zipped and buttoned the shorts, which fit his form rather snugly, Joe ran his hands over his buttocks, then moved to the front. He felt his increasingly noticeable hip bones, the hard bump of his pubic bone, and then went lower, to his clitoris.

The numbness was leaving, but the itch had not yet returned. Joe could feel the touch of his hand on his genital area through his panties.

Chapter 39

AEROBICS

"You're still changing, aren't you." Linda exclaimed from the slightly open bedroom door.

The words startled Joe, who was standing before the mirror, looking at himself, deep in thought.

Joe looked at her and smiled meekly.

"Yeah, I guess I am." He admitted. "Not much, I suppose, but something is happening."

"You simply look gorgeous. I can't believe how soft... how young looking... how... absolutely feminine you've become." Linda exclaimed, as she looked at her fiancée, standing before her, embarrassment showing, feminine curves concealed only by little white shorts and a bra.

"It's really hard to accept this is really me...that these things are mine." Joe said, gently cupping his breasts with his hands.

They were attached to his body...he could certainly feel them when they were touched, but still, it was as if his still growing breasts were not really a part of him...like these soft bulges were actually part of a costume he wore. But there was no zipper in this birthday suit.

He moved his hands to his butt. He ran them up and down along noticeably widening hips, wondering just when the changes would finally stop.

"Maybe it's a good thing you're going with me." Linda exclaimed, a teasing inflection evident in her voice. It was plain she too noticed the continuing change in that area.

Joe looked at her and grinned.

"I guess I am getting a little broader in the beam." He conceded.

It was so weird. To watch your body continue its transition toward female, and know there is absolutely nothing you can do about it. But the interesting thing was, he didn't really care anymore. It was as if his will... his very being...everything he was...was starting to accept what he had apparently already physically become. A woman.

Linda stood in the doorway and watched Joe as he examined himself. They didn't speak. They was no need. The look on Joe's face made it plain that he was becoming more and more content with his acquired shape...his new gender. They could no longer consider themselves man and woman. Until now, they both sometimes ignored the physical, talking and teasing, as if Joe's situation was just some temporary thing, like some kind of complex costume.

"Not bad for a girl, Bates. You really are a woman, I guess." Linda said, finally breaking the long silence.

"What does it mean...to be a woman?" Joe asked. "Is it growing boobs? Is it having this?" He ran his right hand along the sleekness of his crotch.

"I don't know, Joe." Linda said. "But it sure looks like you're beginning to enjoy it. Do you agree?"

Joe looked into the mirror. He gently rubbed the silky, nylon cups of the bra.

"Do I like it?" He repeated. "It feels good. The softness...the new sensitivity... It really feels good. Yeah. I guess I am starting to like it. Is that so bad?"

"No, it's not bad." Linda responded. "Maybe it's a good... I mean...it doesn't look like they can change you back, so if you have to be like that...if you have to stay feminine, it's probably good if you can enjoy it."

"Yeah, that's what I keep telling myself." Joe said. "But it's a complicated thing...to see...to feel masculinity slip away. I guess I can't explain it to you...but no matter how much I begin to like this...the way I am now...there is still a real...a tremendous sense of loss."

Linda looked at Joe. He looked so much like a teenager standing there. A pretty, young woman. But his words, if not his voice, were still those of the Joe Bates she knew.

She put her arms out and went to him, taking him to her. He was still taller than she was, but he was no longer the strong muscular man she loved. Joe had become completely soft... feminine... He even smelled feminine. Her hands brushed the strap of the bra. Every physical aspect about him served to remind her the person in her arms was no longer the man he had been.

Joe eagerly returned her embrace. When they stood close together, his pert breasts came above Linda's, just below her chin. Her face brushed the soft skin of his chest, and she felt the warm hollow of cleavage. She looked up at him, and they kissed. It was like always, and yet, so very different. They could never again feel the same about each other. They were still in love, but the powerful feeling of heterosexual affection, and yes, lust, had almost vanished. They were becoming more like best friends... sisters. Something good, real... but not lovers. At least not at all like before.

"You smell very good." Linda said, trying to hide the awkward embarrassment.

"Thanks." Joe said. "It's your cologne. I put some on this morning. It holds up pretty well I guess."

"We better get going, don't you think?" Linda continued.

"Yeah, maybe so." He agreed.

He grabbed the white top and deftly pulled it on.

"Do I look okay?" Joe questioned, holding his arms out. "Will I fit in?"

"Don't worry, Joe, you'll fit in." Linda advised. "If there's any problem, it'll be 'cause the other women will be jealous."

Joe looked at Linda.

"Do they all dress in the locker room?" He asked.

"Are you hoping you'll get to see the others in the buff?" Linda teased.

"I don't care about that. Not anymore." Joe said truthfully. "Maybe it's hard to believe, but I really don't find that stuff exciting now, not usually anyway."

"Yeah, but it can be a real ego boost." Linda mused. "Some of the ladies make me feel pretty good about the way I look."

"I'm still trying to get used to being like this, remember." Joe said. "I have a lot of trouble thinking of myself as one of the women. No matter what I happen to look like...or how they look. Sometimes, I tend to forget that I'm one of you guys now."

"Well, the other girls won't guess there's a guy in the locker room, don't worry about that." Linda promised, smiling at him.

"Yeah...great." Joe said, very unenthusiastically.

He finished gathering his things up, putting them in the colorful gym tote. Since he'd be changing clothes there, Joe wondered what else he might need. He considered the mini-pads.

"Should I take some panti-liners?" Joe asked Linda, who was still intently watching him pack.

"I really don't know," she responded. "Think you need one?"

"Well...I'm worried that some of that medication stuff is going to run out. It sure felt like it might. But it hasn't so far." Joe said.

"If you haven't had a problem by now, I doubt you will." Linda considered.

"But what about when I start jumping around and stuff?" Joe went on.

"If it will make you feel better...more confident...then use one." Linda advised.

Joe went into the bathroom and grabbed a couple from the box. He tossed them in with the leotard, then zipped up the brightly colored bag. It was bigger, but a lot less embarrassing to carry than a purse.

"Okay. I'm ready." He exclaimed.

"Let's get going then." Linda said, taking her bag and walking briskly to the door.

They went to the drive, and without asking, Linda went to her car. This was another difference. Before, anytime they went anywhere together, Joe drove. Linda didn't even ask. She always rode along. It was different now. It was plain she was looking at Joe differently, more like an equal...a peer.

Joe rode along in silence, thinking about that, and wondering what it would be like, participating in a women's exercise class...as a woman.

He'd know soon enough.

Linda pulled into the half full parking lot, and they climbed the stairs, side by side. Joe had to resist habitually taking Linda's hand as they walked. That was something he could never do anymore, not in public anyway.

They showed their membership cards and went inside. It was still strange for Joe to enter the "wrong" side of the familiar place. The typical locker room smell greeted them when they went inside. Well,

not exactly the old locker room smell, Joe thought. The women's side included a faint trace of perfume, or something. Subtle, but very different than the musty sock odor on other side of the hall.

Not so subtle was the difference in appearance of the other occupants of the room. No muscular, sweaty backs...no jock straps...no hairy men. None.

There was no way to describe this sight to a man. There must be thirty women in here, Joe thought, and over half of them well under thirty. A lot of them were under twenty. There were all shapes...all sizes...but they were all women, that was plainly evident. Joe had never seen so many bare breasts in one place, at one time, ever before. Jay wouldn't believe it if he told him.

Such variety. It was like some kind of dream. Women... naked women... all over the place. Large boobs... small boobs... tiny boobs. He didn't know they could look so different, so... such variety of shapes. All this female flesh, and not a cock in the room...including in his own shorts.

Joe instinctively felt himself...there had to be at least a trace of embarrassing bulge there...he could detect a bit of excitement stirring. But no...nothing. His new shape offered nothing to the outside. Even his "erection" now felt different than before, even since the change. After the last experience with Jay, he now knew the subtle differences between the sensations of his old genitalia, and the way he was now. That little clitoris might still feel like a "hard-on", at least sort of, but now he could also recognize the pleasant sensation of the labia minora as they engorged with blood, spreading the new vaginal opening, making it ready for penetration. At the same time, there was the warm feeling of those lubricating secretions. Thank heaven for the pad, Joe thought.

Winding her way among the throng of dressing and undressing women, Linda found a spot near a vacant locker, and claimed a little bench as hers. There was enough space for Joe too, so he put his bag on the bench along side hers.

Linda opened the locker and started placing her stuff inside. Joe chose an empty one a few spaces down and copied her actions. Though he tried his best, it was completely impossible for him resist the temptation to ogle the women and girls around him. It was too ingrained a habit.

It was just too different...too much. Joe had been in a women's locker room before, in fact, this very one, but never when there were

so many...so many good looking women...girls. Boobs and beavers...everywhere.

"Joe...try to keep your eyes to yourself." Linda said quietly. "You're staring at everybody."

"I can't help it!" Joe hissed softly. "I've never been any place quite like this before. Give me a break."

Linda looked at him with a big grin showing.

"Not as easy as you thought, huh?" she asked.

"Easier now than it would have been two days ago." Joe responded, his head swiveling to follow a rather well-endowed teenager as she bounced her way to the shower.

"Well, try to keep your eyes from popping out, at least." Linda said, obviously enjoying Joe's strange predicament.

No one realized that the attractive young girl who seemed to stare strangely at everyone...no one could have imagined that inside that pretty head was the brain of a thirty year old guy, his male urges heavily dulled by lack of testosterone, but still retaining the memories, and the visions... All that still worked the same.

Joe slowly placed his things in his locker, but eventually he had to undress. He didn't know why it bothered him since there was no way for anyone to tell his secret, he had the best disguise imaginable. But the thought of undressing in this crowded place, with all these strangers...even if they were women...

He pulled his top over his head, and carefully hung it on a hook in the locker. Then he reached down and unsnapped the bra, then pulled it off his shoulders.

There were little marks where the bra had pressed on his body. Linda had them too. He hadn't noticed them on other women before, but it must be normal.

Joe sat and untied his Reeboks, then pulled them off. It was time to remove the shorts.

Slowly unbuttoning the shorts, he pulled them down, then stood momentarily in his panties. He pulled them down, and immediately noticed the pantyliner. What should he do with that? He decided to leave it in the crotch until later, when he'd have to wear them again.

Completely naked, Joe fished around in his bag till he found the sport panty, and quickly stepped into it. He was about to pull it up,

when he considered using protection. Should he put a pad in right here? Among all these people? They'd probably think he was menstruating. But what if they did? He probably would anyway...eventually. He cautiously reached and felt between his legs with his finger. It was moist there...but it seemed clear, like it might just be from the excitement, not the greasy medication.

Joe decided to go without the pad. If it felt funny later, he could excuse himself and put one on. Maybe it would be a bit more private then, at least.

He pulled the panty in place, enjoying the secure feeling the snug fit of the garment provided. Rubbing his hands over his butt, Joe relished the silky smoothness. Maybe he might look female...he obviously did...but there was no way he could deny pleasurable sensations. He moved his hand to the front, between his legs. The fabric there was even softer satin like fabric, and his totally feminine shape was becoming familiar, though it still felt a little weird sometimes, not having a penis. Not bad...but weird.

The cool air and underlying sexual excitement made Joe's nipples stiff and sensitive. He looked over at Linda, who was also undressed. Her's were the same way. She wasn't paying any attention, so it must be completely normal. Apparently it was possible to get accustomed to the extra sensitivity a female body provided. Maybe it would just take some time.

Joe watched as Linda slipped her arms into a beige colored support bra and deftly pulled it over her head and shoulders. Just as Joe's, her own bra had no clasps or hooks, it had to be pulled over the head. Joe put his head and arms in the proper holes and adjusted his soft breasts into the cotton cups. The supportive athletic bra actually pressed the breast tissue down until it was mostly just a flattened bulge on his chest. When he wore it, he hardly jiggled at all. He could still see the little bumps of his hard nipples, but otherwise, it was almost like being a guy again. He looked down and rubbed his sleek crotch. Well... not exactly a guy.

Here he was, in a room filled with beautiful women in various stages of undress...and he was no different than they were. Though he still felt many of the familiar stirrings, it was now not just physically impossible to carry out most of things that went through his thoughts, the very thoughts themselves were changing rapidly.

As these things went through his mind, Joe slipped on the shape hugging exercise wear. The capri pants, the leotard, and then the little crop top. Although he felt his new femininity was rather exposed, he

was actually wearing a lot of clothes. But even with shape subduing exercise bra, it was quite clear that he was not a male. The stretchy clothes emphasized his narrowed waist as well as his widening hips and rounded buttocks.

Ready to go, Joe felt a little self-conscious but generally pleased with himself. He looked at Linda, who was also putting her gym bag into the locker.

She still looked good, there was no hiding that basic attractiveness, even to Joe's changing mind. Joe couldn't see how much older than he was she looked. Some in the room might have even thought she could have been his very young looking mother. But Joe didn't see that. She still looked the same. He was the one who changed. The relationship between them was changing, and had already changed a lot, but they were still best friends.

Linda saw Joe watching her and smiled.

"Are you ready?" She asked.

"Let's do it!" Joe said, with exaggerated enthusiasm. His heart was pounding with the combination of excitement, apprehension, and fear.

Joe saw that Linda took a towel, so he too grabbed one from the neat stack. He followed her out the door.

The aerobics room was already filled with women, who were spacing themselves in an orderly fashion on the floor. The entire front wall of the room was mirrored, so everyone could watch themselves as they followed the fit-looking instructor.

Joe looked around at the other women. He recognized some of them from his many other visits to the health club. They were probably the same women he had just seen dressing, but maybe it was the different light, maybe just because there was no longer the distraction of naked breasts, whatever, he hadn't recognized them in the locker room. He wondered if any of them would recognize him.

That was highly unlikely. Even though his face was somewhat similar to the way it used to be, no one would have dreamed that the young shapely woman was formerly a thirty year old male. If there was any recognition, no one gave a hint.

Doing as the others, Joe placed his towel on the floor at his side. He looked up as the instructor bent over to place a tape into her boom box, her well-formed derriere catching his eye. Directly in front of

him was a young woman probably no more than twenty years old. She too was very trim. To the others, she probably seemed more Joe's age than Linda did, but to Joe she was much younger. It was hard enough to think of himself as female, much less twenty years old again.

He was admiring the view of the young ladies backside, which her purple leotard and white stirrup pants did little to conceal. He was staring intently, examine the lines the leg elastic of her panties made on her butt, when she suddenly turned around and noticed him. "Hi. my name's Susan." She said, smiling. Unlike a man, she didn't extend her hand along with the greeting.

Joe was surprised at the innocent openness of the young woman. She obviously didn't consider him a threat. Not that he was.

Joe held out his hand.

"My name is Joe." He said, as the girl took his hand.

"Joe? I've never seen you here before, have I, Joe?" Susan asked, snickering slightly as she spoke his name.

"No...No, I don't think so." Joe said. "I've never been to the exercise class until today. I came along with my friend Linda." He pointed to Linda, who was in the in the same row as Susan, but two spots to the right.

"Oh, yeah, I've seen Linda here lots of times." Susan said. Do you live here in Phoenix?"

"Yeah, I do. Joe said. I live at Linda's." He said awkwardly.

The music started. It was time to begin the stretching exercises.

"Well, I guess it's time to get to work." Susan said, turning around.

"Yeah, I guess so, Joe agreed."

The exercise instructor raised her arms over her head. Everyone in the room followed suit, and for the next five minutes or so, they bent and stretched in harmony with the music. Joe had never exercised to music before, but he had spent enough time watching in the back of the room, while waiting for a racquetball court, to know the procedure. At those times, he could never have imagined that some day he'd be wearing a sexy leotard, joining in with the OTHER women.

Joe found that time went very quickly. The exercise itself was quite exhilarating, and the scenery could not be faulted. As he bounced up and down, dancing to the rhythm, he watched Susan's buttocks, trying to remember if he had seen her in the locker room. Joe began to feel like a dirty old man. But luckily, his thoughts were invisible, and his body gave no trace of his feelings.

Soon the music slowed, signaling the start of the cool down phase. All the exertion had caused sweat to show through Susan's leotard, around her bra. Joe wondered if he looked the same way, and since most of the others did too, he figured that was highly likely. Women sweat too, he thought grinning to himself.

Then the tape stopped, and the instructor said "Good work ladies, I'll see you in a couple of days."

Joe took his towel and wiped sweat from his forehead. Susan turned and spoke again.

"Do you go to school?" She asked.

"Oh no." Joe answered instinctively to the unsuspected question. "I work at Honeybone."

"Really, what do you do there?" Susan asked innocently. She was obviously trying to strike up a friendship with Joe, who she probably considered to be about her own age.

"I'm an Electrical Engineer." Joe blurted, almost immediately realizing it might be hard to believe what he had said.

"An Electrical Engineer...rad!." Susan said. "You must be really smart."

Joe didn't know how to take the conversation. He wasn't used to carrying on an extended communication with a young woman who didn't know about his experience.

"No, I just find the work interesting." Joe answered, hoping to not sound too nerdy.

They walked into the locker room with the other women. Another strip show, Joe thought to himself.

Susan's locker was on the same aisle as Joe and Linda's, and they each went to their respective bench, but were still within speaking distance.

Joe opened the padlock on his locker, and saw Susan do the same. When Susan had her locker open, she quickly removed her shoes and

socks, then the leotard and stirrup pants. Standing there with her long hair flowing down her back, in white cotton panties and only a wisp of a bra, she looked like an angel. Joe found himself spending more time watching her than he did undressing. Earlier, Linda had noticed him and Susan talking, but had let them to themselves. Now she noticed him watching Susan as she undressed.

"She's pretty, isn't she." Linda said, low enough so only he could hear.

"Yeah, I guess she is." Joe agreed, trying to look away, and continue to undress.

"Maybe you should get to know her." Linda said.

"What for?" Joe asked. "What could we possibly have in common?"

"Well, I think Susan is a nice girl, she probably thinks you two are the same age." Linda responded.

"Yeah, but we're not, remember." Joe said.

When Susan slipped off her underwear, she wrapped herself in a bath towel and walked past Joe on her way to the showers. He quickly got his clothes off and went to the showers too. Susan was there, and they stood side by side in the communal facilities, letting the warm water rinse the sweat from their bodies. Out of the corner of his eye, Joe watched Susan as she washed herself. They dried themselves before returning to the lockers.

"Are you going to the concert tonight?" Susan asked.

"No. No, I have to go back to work later." Joe said.

"You have to work tonight?" Susan asked. "Tonight?"

Joe wondered what the big concert was. He didn't want to sound out of touch, so he said nothing that might give himself away.

"Yeah, I do. I don't usually work in the evenings, but I do tonight." He said.

"Where do you hang out?" Susan continued.

Joe didn't know what to say. He wasn't sure where young women "hung out." He thought of the places he always went, and the age of the women there. Sure...there were plenty of women in their twenties at a night spot currently known as Spectrum.

"Usually the Spectrum." Joe responded after a moment.

"Oh...sure, I go there sometimes too." Susan replied. "I'm surprised we haven't met before."

Joe picked his brain, trying to remember this young, cute blond. He couldn't, so she probably wasn't a regular there. Neither was he, for that matter.

"I don't go out that much really." Joe said.

"We'll have to go together some time." Susan suggested.

"Yeah...maybe we could that." Joe said cautiously, watching as Susan towed her pubic hair.

They went back to the lockers, and Joe slowly put his street clothes back on, heart pounding as he watched Susan doing the same. He liked her. He didn't know if it was just because she was attractive, or because of her almost naive friendliness. Well, maybe not naive...he was forgetting he wasn't male, so to her he was not a "threat", just another young woman...a peer.

"Are you ready soon?" Linda asked.

She was obviously watching how Joe dealt with Susan's attempt at friendship. She knew Joe sometimes thought of women as sex objects, even now, and found it interesting to watch how he dealt with now quite out of place feelings. It was quite evident that Joe experienced at least a little sexual excitement watching the cute young woman, even though he now looked almost like her.

Men... who could hope to understand them?

Joe on the other hand had a different problem. He actually wanted to be around Susan, though he wasn't sure why, and here presented a definite opportunity.

"Yeah, just give me a minute." Joe responded, a little irritation showing.

He went over to Susan, who was brushing her hair.

"Will you be here Thursday?" He asked.

"Sure." Susan replied. "I come three times a week."

"Well, I'll see you then, I guess." Joe said, sounding relieved. "We can see about going out."

Susan looked at Joe. Going out? That was a strange way to refer to it, she thought. But she got the idea.

"Yeah. Maybe we can do that." Susan responded. "Your aunt don't want to come along, does she?"

Aunt? Who's the aunt, Joe wondered?

"My aunt...?" Joe repeated.

"Linda." Susan explained. "I just figured she was your relative, she didn't look much like your sister, so I thought maybe she was your aunt."

Joe laughed.

"Oh no, she's just my friend." He explained speaking slowly and carefully. "We've known each other for a long time. I don't know if she'd want to come or not. I'll talk to her about it. But I have to go now. See you later!"

"See you, Joe." Susan repeated. "Thursday, right?"

So... He'd be doing this again. That was okay with him. It was kind of fun, definitely interesting, and good exercise besides. What more could a guy...or a girl...ask for?

Joe gathered his things, looking around the room, taking in the sights one last time. The incentive to exercise was about as strong as it could get.

He followed Linda out of the room and to her car.

In about an hour he'd have to meet Pete at his hotel. It looked as if this was going to be an interesting night.

Chapter 40

COVERT CHANGE

As the car pulled into the driveway, Joe began to detect the familiar sensation (pain) of the yeast infection. It was time to apply more of the medication, he thought. The shower must have washed away whatever remained.

As they entered the house Joe followed Linda until they reached their respective bedrooms. Linda hardly spoke as she drove from the health club. She was probably waiting for Joe to speak, but Joe didn't know what to say. What happened at the club was hard enough to accept, much less attempt to explain.

He had clearly been taken by one of the young women he had met in the exercise class. Susan was perhaps nineteen or twenty years old, about the same age as Joe now appeared. Susan had obviously assumed that Joe was a young woman of her age group and tried to initiate a friendship. Nothing wrong with that. But to Joe, who mentally was still pretty much a thirty year old guy, it was a very different thing to carry on a conversation in the shower with someone who looked as Susan did, while they were both buck naked.

It didn't matter that his own appearance was little different from Susan's. That was a whole separate problem in itself. No matter how different he looked, no matter how different he now felt, Joe apparently maintained the male penchant for visual erotic stimulation. Or so it certainly seemed.

Linda, on the other hand, found it quite amusing to watch this once quite macho male, who now possessed almost exactly the same physical characteristics as his intended prey, still exhibiting the typical masculine urge to chase after attractive women.

Sure, it hurt to see Joe so obviously drawn to someone so much younger than she was, but of course, Linda couldn't completely blame him, since it was really her idea for him to come along to the exercise class.

Besides, he was plainly no longer physically incapable of "fooling around" with a woman, unless lesbian-like activities were considered. And, except for what they had experienced together, it

appeared to Linda that Joe's sexual orientation was slowly adapting to match his new gender. Or so it had seemed to Linda.

The incident confused Joe too. He had already conceded that his sexual interests and urges were undergoing a complex transition, but the locker room experience reminded him that though his masculine instincts seemed to be on the back burner, they were far from dead.

Not that his changed body would allow him to satisfy any of those familiar urges when they did surface. Nope, that was quite impossible. He might still imagine making love to Susan, or Linda, but physically, he was now just as female as either of them.

He might still imagine driving his "manhood" deep into Susan's feminine softness. But he had already experienced the sensual satisfaction of someone else's maleness filling his own now totally changed parts.

Like most young men, Joe had displayed the typical male fascination with the almost exotic aspects of things female, breasts, bras, silky panties, vaginas. They were so different, so mysterious, so much more complicated than equivalent masculine things. That was how it seemed. Sure, maybe they were softer, smaller, and physically weaker, but, behind it all it had always seemed to Joe that the average woman was privy to some great secret of life that would always be unknown to the male.

Suddenly, all that changed. Now Joe no longer had to hope for a quick glimpse of thigh when a pretty woman's short skirt accidentally hiked up. He had his own smooth shaven legs. He could wear nylons any time he wanted, and his legs probably looked good as any real woman's, from the tip of his toes, to his, yeah, that too,

He lay back on the bed and gently placed the palm of his hand on his changed pubis. Nothing at all masculine about this anymore. As exotic as it gets, right down to the yeast infection.

Joe thought about the way everything had been, only a week ago. Funny how long ago it already seemed. It was becoming hard to remember exactly what it had really felt like to have a penis, scrotum, testicles, bulging out from his crotch and flopping around when he walked. He tried his best to recall the exact sensation. It wasn't that easy anymore. He kept imagining everything feeling as it did now. Sure, the feeling was similar, but, of course, not really the same. He wished he could still make love to Linda. He even wished he could pee standing up one last time, just so he'd have the feeling, the sensation, to remember. He'd probably be this way the rest of his life,

and even though the idea no longer seemed all that terrible, it would surely have better if he had known it was going to happen.

Or would it? If you were informed that tomorrow you would be different, female if you were male, male if you were female, what would you do? How would you prepare for it? Joe wondered what Pete Peterson was thinking and doing, right about now.

Joe got up and went into the bathroom. Time to take care of that little problem. He unbuttoned the shorts, and pulled them down, then did the same to his panties.

There it was, below the thin, soft, pubic hair. A real vagina. His very own. He could touch it, feel it, any time he wanted. He knew how it felt, opened slightly, when he became excited. And right now, it itched, a lot. Not the good "tickle" kind of itch, like at first, either, but more of a painful "burn" kind of itch.

With an open palm, he massaged himself, first along the top, enjoying the rather familiar penis-like feeling of his clitoris, then slightly lower, where a burning itch was the primary sensation.

Except for the pain it was causing right now, he was getting accustomed to his sleek new shape. In the mirror, he looked just like a normal woman. No difference. Why then, did those girls in the locker room still seem so exciting?

Maybe it was because these new breasts and this vagina were somehow already familiar, just a part of his own body. They were just always there. He washed them when he bathed. When he had to pee, it was with this. And if he were to experience genital sex from now on, it would have to be with this, this vagina. Intrigued at that thought, Joe cupped the soft moistness of his vulva in his now smaller hand. If he would ever have a son or a daughter, assuming it might still even be possible now, he would have to be its mother. He certainly couldn't impregnate Linda, or any other woman, with this changed body. But, it wasn't so bad, Joe thought. I don't really need my penis anymore. Not really,

A lot of people go through life like this, they don't think anything of it. Of course, they generally start as little girls, and then slowly begin to acquire the characteristics of a mature female. Joe woke up like this, a mature male when he went to bed, like this the next morning. Not exactly the same thing as growing into it. No matter how normal, or natural everything actually felt, it could never really BE normal, not for him. Maybe he'd always feel more like a guy with tits and a cunt. And, maybe he'd always want a woman, not for some

lesbian activity, but, like always, like before, like a man wants a woman.

As Joe bent over to gaze at his genitalia, the wide neck opening of his relatively sheer little blouse hung open slightly and his breasts became visible. At least what could be seen above the bra. Maybe these were beginning to "feel" normal too, but they still caught his eye whenever he first saw them. Did real women feel the same about their breasts? Did they eventually get used to having them? Probably, He hoped so. But until then, it was a strange thing to be able to give himself a little peep show thrill when he saw what he had become. Kind of fun too, in a weird way,

Joe stood up and grabbed the Benadryl. He opened the cap and squeezed a bit onto his fingers, then daubed some along his painful vaginal opening. The warming numbness quickly overcame the burning sensation. Then he took a pantyliner and placed it in his underwear. Pulling up the panties, Joe snugged everything in place, and then pulled his shorts to his hips. After he buttoned up, he ran his hands along the sides of his hips, tracing the widening pelvic bones.

Well, this 'little girl' has an appointment, Joe thought, examining his still developing curves in the mirror on the wall. Joe gathered up his things and brushed his short hair. Might as well look good for Pete, he thought.

Linda was watching television in the living room when Joe came out. "Will you be gone long?" She asked when she noticed how Joe was dressed.

"I don't know. Maybe only a few hours, or maybe all night. Don't wait up." Joe went to his car and buckled in. Then he started the engine and backed out the drive. As he drove to the hotel, Joe wondered what Pete Peterson had picked to wear. What would he have put on if he knew he'd be looking like this in a few hours?

Joe drove into the parking lot and locked his car. He wondered if Pete got a rental car. Probably. They rented them right in the hotel lobby. Joe noticed the bellman watched as he walked to the elevator. Why not? He did have a nice butt, and the shorts did little to hide the new curves. He intentionally added a little more movement to his hips. Flirt.

Pete answered Joe's knock almost immediately. He was obviously very eager to get going. "Hi, Joe," he said, shaking Joe's hand. "How about a quick drink?"

"No, not for me. Thanks."

"Well, pardon me, but I think I'll have one more. I'm so damn nervous I think I might pee my pants."

"I really suggest you go, one last time," Joe said, grinning at this man, who was so obviously excited. "It might be the last time you get to use that thing."

"That would be just fine with me. Just fine with me."

"Okay then, let's get going," Joe said as he watched Pete quickly down a straight scotch.

"Yeah, I'm ready. Look at this stuff."

He went to a suitcase and opened it. Inside was a long dress made of satin, obviously in a size that fit his male body. There was a lot of underwear too, various bras, a panty girdle, and some black nylon or silk panties. They weren't new either. Pete probably had them for some time. They looked as if they had been worn. So, Pete Peterson dresses up in women's clothes. Who'd have guessed?

"Are you planning to wear this stuff?" Joe asked, trying to suppress a laugh.

"Joe, I can't wait to be able to really wear it, and have it really fit.

"Pete, I don't think," Joe stammered, "I really don't think you'll end up the same size, I mean, I'm a lot different now, we're all a lot different."

"I don't care, Joe." Pete said, not ashamed at all. "If it doesn't fit, if I end up smaller, or even larger, I don't care. At least I'll be a woman. That'll be enough for me."

"I hope everything works out. Let's get going. If you want to take this stuff along, it's all right with me."

"Let's take your car. I ordered a rental, but I really don't want to drive. Maybe I won't be able to in a little while."

"I hope it won't hurt you that much."

"Aw, I know it won't," Pete said. "I know everything will be just great."

"I hope so." They went down and walked to Joe's car, Pete carrying a small suitcase containing the women's clothes.

"Nice car." Pete said. "I had a little Mustang when they first came out. Guess I liked it then too, but I like my Lincoln now."

"Wait and see what happens. You might look and feel very young again, real soon."

"I hope so. That'd be just a little extra benefit," Pete said, more as if he was talking to himself than anything. He wore casual slacks, with a knit pullover shirt. Nothing in any way feminine. Apparently he had figured on wearing the dress all along. It would look rather strange if he wore it now, and Joe figured it very unlikely that it would fit him later.

When they got inside the car, Joe noticed that Pete didn't buckle his safety belt. He objected. "How about buckling up, Pete, please?" Joe asked in a friendly way.

Pete looked slightly irritated, but began to fasten his belt. "You young people, do you really want to live forever?"

"Not forever. Just as long as I possibly can." Joe started the engine, and they drove to Honeybone. When they arrived, Joe and Pete went inside. Joe's badge allowed them to pass the security guard, who didn't personally know or recognize Joe. They went straight to the Avionics Lab, and Joe was glad to see that the Lab Technician was not there. He wondered where he might be.

"Please stand by," Joe advised Pete. "I'll look around for the technician."

"Do we need him?"

"No, of course not. But I'd like to know just where he is. I don't want him disturbing us."

"Good idea. I'll wait."

Joe went to the break room, and as he suspected, the technician was lounging in one of the comfortable chairs, watching TV. He apparently had nothing to do, and was just passing time the best he could. Joe went back to the lab and found Pete intently inspecting the electronic devices.

"So, you know what all this stuff is for?" Pete asked Joe.

"Yeah, most of it." Joe answered. "All we'll be needing anyway."

"How long will it take to set everything up?"

"Not long. Maybe ten, twenty minutes."

"Good, Good. Is there anything I can do to help?"

"Well, you can take this little stool and place it inside the cage," Joe said, looking Pete straight in the eye and grinning. "You might as well take a seat while it happens."

"Yeah. Yeah. Good idea. Good idea." Pete was obviously getting very nervous.

"Are you okay? You seem kind of jittery."

"Hell yes, I'm nervous. I'm scared to death."

"We don't have to do this, you know. The whole thing is your idea."

"Yeah, I know that. I know that. I want to do this, I have to do this. You understand, don't you?"

Joe looked at the man. No, he didn't really understand. He had never experienced the urge to do what Pete was about to attempt. But he realized that Pete's problem was quite real, just like Karen's had been. If it would help to make his life complete, then why not let the guy try it. What was the harm? Pete had already lived a fairly complete and very successful life as a male, if he wanted to try to live the remainder as a female, what could it possibly hurt? Joe had experienced no such desire, and yet even he was starting to accept what had happened to him accidentally. Maybe it would be really fantastic if, for some reason, he had the urge to become female even before it occurred.

"Pete, I don't think I'll ever completely understand it, but if this is really what you want, I don't see any reason to prevent you from giving it a shot. I just hope you like what happens."

"I want to try it." Pete said, looking Joe in the eye.

There was very little to do. The transmitters were already in place, and the antennas were connected through the shielding. Apparently, all Joe needed to do was set the proper frequencies and gains, power up transmitters, then start the recording/playback equipment used to modulate the signal. The idea was amazingly simple. If the frequencies were right, and the proper modulation was used, the resultant radiation would result in controlled cell damage. If the genetic changes were just right, almost anything could happen. One result might be to modify the code that determines gender. There were probably others, many others. They were fortunate that the acquisition system on the Learjet had recorded every signal they had

been subjected to. The only unknown was the strength of the signal. For that, they'd have to make an educated guess. Better to guess too weak than too strong. Of course, it would need to be at least to some minimum strength. Better to work up to it slowly.

Joe set the transmitter strength to less than ten percent of what had been used outdoors at the airport. The cage would tend to contain the signals, helping to reflect them around inside, sort of like a microwave oven. Instead of heating the material inside, it would probably (hopefully) just initiate the desired cellular changes.

Change the genetic makeup of the human body. Damage or distort Y chromosomes so that they appeared to become X chromosomes. And, when that happened, any person inside the cage with XY chromosomes (male) would suddenly seem to have XX chromosomes (female). It was that simple, and almost that quick. A radiation injury creating genetic mutations that turned men into women. Or, at least, men who looked like women. Males who functioned like females, in every way.

Joe knew from personal experience what it was like. And it wasn't bad. It felt pretty good, actually. The additional symptom, a very youthful appearance, was simply an added benefit, the cause for which no one had any theory as of yet. In fact, no one yet even knew the ultimate extent of it.

"Are you ready?" Joe asked.

"Already?" Pete repeated. "You have everything set?"

"There wasn't much to do. Everything was already set, except for the frequencies and the correct tape. I've given it my best hunch on the power setting, and I don't think that will be a major concern."

"What do you want me to do?" Pete asked.

"Well, if you think you're ready, go in and sit." Joe grinned. "Make yourself comfortable. This should take about twelve and one-half minutes, if everybody's best hunch is correct."

"That's it? Just go in and sit?" Pete repeated. "That's it?"

"That's it." Joe said again. "You probably won't feel a thing."

"How long will it be before it takes effect?" Pete wondered out loud.

"I don't know that. It happened to us overnight. No reason to suspect it to be different for you."

"Well let's get on with it," Pete said, rubbing his groin, feeling his penis, probably wondering what it might feel like down there when that appendage was no longer present. He walked into the cage and slowly sat on the stool.

Joe closed the door, and went back to the transmitters. He toggled the power switches on each, then started the cassette tape.

Pete quietly sat on the stool, unashamedly fondling his penis through his trousers.

"Do you feel anything?" Joe asked.

"I don't know, I don't think so, I mean, no. Nothing."

Time passed. Joe glanced at his watch. "How about now?" he asked.

"Nothing." Pete responded. "Should I feel something?"

"I don't know, probably not. I don't remember feeling anything." Soon, twelve minutes had elapsed. "Another thirty seconds, and you'll be ready to wait it out." Joe exclaimed.

When the time was up, Joe powered down the equipment. Pete got off the stool and opened the door to the cage. He came over to where Joe was standing, and watched. "So, that's is all there is to it?" he asked.

"Seems too easy, doesn't it?" Joe joked.

"Are you sure it's going to work?"

"Pete, I'm sure of nothing." Joe admitted. "But we'll know soon enough, won't we?"

"What now?"

"Well, if you remember, we agreed to call Dr. Krell." Joe said. "Are you ready?"

"I guess there's nothing he could do about it now, is there?"

"I don't think there's much anyone can do about it. If it's going to work, it's probably happening right now," Joe commented.

"I don't feel anything." Pete said.

"Not yet, but you will." Joe went to the telephone. On the desk were the numbers of everyone on the team. Joe spotted Karen's name and number. He picked up the handset and punched in her number.

Karen would be more understanding of what they had done than Dr. Krell. He knew the man wouldn't be very sympathetic with them taking matters into their own hands. Karen would. She had gone through the same thing. She had told Joe about it, about how it felt to want to be a woman more than anything else. Enough to submit to the risks of surgery. The cage was so clean, so complete. She'd understand.

"Hello." Karen answered the phone.

"Karen. This is Joe."

"Hi Joe. What's up?"

"Karen... I... We... We've tried the cage," Joe blurted.

"Tried the cage?" Karen repeated. "Joe. Just what are you saying?"

"Pete Peterson. I've powered up the cage for him, and he tried it."

"He tried it?" Karen said incredulously. "He tried the cage? Why in the world would he want to do that?"

"Why would you try the cage, if you could?"

"You mean, He wants to change sex?" Karen asked, not believing what she was hearing.

"Yeah, that's right." Joe admitted. "That's exactly right."

"Where are you now?"

"At the lab."

"How's he doing?"

"OK I guess. We can't see any change, at least not yet"

"I'll be right over."

"I was hoping you'd say that."

"See you in about thirty minutes."

"I'll be looking forward to it."

Joe hung up the phone. Now there was nothing to do but wait. Karen would take care of everything.

"Who was that?" Pete asked.

"Karen, Karen Simpson." Joe responded. "She's coming over now. Be here in thirty minutes."

"What should I do? Shouldn't I be doing something?"

"I'd sit down and enjoy it." Joe advised. "These might be your last few hours as a man."

"Yeah, you're right. I guess I should celebrate, shouldn't I?"

"I wouldn't do that yet. Not until you wake up alive tomorrow, no matter if you grow tits or not," Joe grinned.

"Man I hope I end up as good looking as you. I mean, I realize I'm a lot older, but if I can just be half as good..."

"Who knows? With what all seems to happen, you may even get younger looking than I seem to be getting."

The time passed quickly, and soon Karen joined them. She wore blue denim jeans, and a pink T-shirt. But she didn't look pleased when she came through the door. "Joe, why in hell did you do this?"

Joe looked at her and smiled. "Do you really think Dr. Krell would've let Pete use the cage if he asked? I mean, the damn thing is Honeybone's property, you know."

But what if it kills him?" Karen asked. "That is a possibility."

"He seems to be doing all right."

"I wanted to do it, and I ordered Joe to help." Pete volunteered.

Karen looked at Pete. "How are you doing?" she asked compassionately.

"Fine. I'm feeling great," Pete answered.

"I hope you stay that way," Karen said curtly.

"What do you think we should do?" Joe asked.

"Why ask me now?" Karen countered. "Do whatever you want."

"Take me back to the hotel?" Pete volunteered.

"No way," Karen said. "You'll be spending the evening at Hillcrest. Maybe even the next few days, if this thing didn't already kill you."

She went to the phone and punched some numbers. She spoke softly into the phone so softly Joe couldn't hear, and then hung up.

Then she dialed again. "I think you better get over to Hillcrest," Karen spoke into the mouthpiece. "We've got our first cage test case."

"Yeah. Yeah. You'll never guess. Pete Peterson. The president. No, nothing yet," Karen used the professional tone she always used when speaking to a doctor. Joe always knew when she was speaking to Dr. Krell. Karen hung up and looked at Joe, then at Pete. "Dr. Krell will meet us at Hillcrest," she said. "Mr. Peterson, Pete, I hope, for your sake, that you haven't hurt yourself really badly."

"I'm more than willing to take that chance." Pete said, his confidence fully returned.

"Can you feel anything, is anything happening?" Karen asked.

"No, I don't think so," Pete said. "Not yet anyway."

"I think we better get over to Hillcrest," Karen exclaimed. "I think this is going to be a long night."

They left Honeybone and drove the relatively short distance to Hillcrest hospital. Joe and Pete followed Karen to Dr. Krell's offices and took a seat as Karen attempted to arrange a private room for Pete. It might be a very strange night for him. It would surely be a long night for them all. Soon Karen came back into the office and told them to follow her. She took them to an admittance desk where Pete was required to complete a series of long documents. There was no escaping the legal system, no matter what.

Finally, Karen led them to a room at the end of a hallway on a seemingly unoccupied floor. Joe didn't know there was such a private place in the small hospital. Karen presented Pete with a hospital gown, and asked him to go disrobe and put it on. He already was fitted with a wrist band name tag. Joe left the room while Pete changed into the gown. Perhaps he would soon be one of them, but not yet.

As they stood in the hallway outside Pete's room, Karen spoke to Joe. "I don't think it was very smart to use the cage without talking to Dr. Krell," she said, speaking low enough so Pete wouldn't hear.

"Pete wanted to try it. He wants to become female, just like you did. I thought you'd understand, if anybody would."

"I understand. And I appreciate it," Karen said. "But you just don't know what this might do, It can easily kill him. It could cause almost anything. Death might even be one of the better possibilities."

"But it's also very possible he'll end up like me," Joe countered. "And if he does, we'll all be ahead of the game. Right?"

Karen smiled. "You shouldn't have done it, Joe," Karen said softly, her voice changing tone. "Dr. Krell is really pissed."

"He'll get over it. Sometimes it's more successful to beg forgiveness than to ask permission."

"You're not being a team player," Karen almost whispered. "Work with us."

"This is personal. It has to do with Pete, not just the interests of science."

Pete opened the door. "You can come in now, ladies," he said. "Not that this thing hides very much." As Pete went to sit on the bed, it was obvious that the gown was completely open in the back. His hairy back and butt were completely exposed.

"I think I'm starting to feel something," Pete said, speaking very low. "It kind of itches here, and here." He rubbed his chest around his nipples, the other hand around his crotch.

"Well, that is where we were hoping for changes, weren't we?" Joe said lightly.

"But, should it itch?" Pete questioned.

"I don't really know." Joe answered. "I guess I slept through the main part of it all. I think Tim did say it tickled, or itched, or something like that. And it might hurt a little too."

The bed was drawn back, and Pete leaned back on the pillows, a strange look on his face.

"Is something else going on?" Karen asked.

"I don't know, I don't know," Pete said. "I am feeling something. I can't explain it exactly." He rubbed his stomach.

"I want to take a blood sample," Karen said. "We should have done that before we drove here." She went out the door to get the needed paraphernalia.

"My stomach really is starting to feel funny, Joe," Pete said, when Karen left the room. "Do you think it might be from the cage?"

"It could be." Joe said. "There are a lot of things that are going to change. I suppose that you can feel it happen. But I am surprised it might be starting already."

"I can't explain it," Pete said. "It feels almost like there is something moving around inside me."

"Well, tell Karen. Tell Dr. Krell." Joe advised.

Karen came back in the room. She was pushing a small medical cart which contained all sorts of supplies. Taking a needle and syringe, Karen wiped Pete's arm with an antiseptic cotton ball and drew a blood sample. She also used a small wooden scraper to take some cells from Pete's inner cheek. Saying hardly a word, she left the room, taking both samples to the hospital lab for analysis.

"I guess she'll be doing that quite often, right?" Pete guessed.

"That's for sure." Joe agreed. "Probably every hour or so, at least. You might as well try to adapt."

"I'm feeling really unusual, Joe." Pete said. "I'm sure something is happening."

He covered himself with the sheet, leaving his upper torso exposed. Then he pulled the hospital gown up, revealing his chest.

"Look!" Pete exclaimed, as he rubbed his hand across his chest, which was much hairier than Joe's had been.

Some of the coarse black hair actually came out, sticking to his fingers. Some remained, but that was starting to fall out too. The same thing had occurred to the others. Joe had only a little chest hair before, but, of course, he had virtually none now, except for the very light "peach fuzz" that covered his entire body.

It was also evident that Pete was already experiencing some initial breast development. At least it was surely affecting his nipples, which were becoming noticeably larger, already too big for a male, and slightly cone shaped. The transition was obviously starting, which surprised Joe, who had figured it would be hours before anything happened.

Pete looked down at his changing chest, rubbing the hair off with both hands. He gently massaged a developing nipple and looked up at Joe, who watched with great interest. "This is amazing," he exclaimed. "Just look at this, Joe. It sort of hurts though."

"Yeah, I think I know how it feels." Joe told him. "Mine still hurt too. I don't know when it'll stop, but I sure hope it does."

"Is this what it feels like for a girl?" Pete asked inquisitively.

"Beats me." Joe said. "I wasn't always one either, remember." He grinned. The same questions went through his mind last week.

"I didn't think it would be like this," Pete went on as he continued to examine and stroke himself.

"What about your... you know..." Joe asked. He was really surprised at how fast the changes were taking place. There was no way it could have happened to him and the others this quickly.

Pete grinned and looked down at his crotch, still hidden by the sheet. "I don't know. Maybe we should take a look." Before Joe could object, Pete pulled the sheet away, exposing his genitalia. They both looked in interest.

Pete's penis was still there. He still looked quite male, and Joe figured there was no change evident yet. Pete knew better. He could feel something happening, and he reached down and lifted his penis up, checking the underside. "Look at this," he said, holding his penis up so Joe could see.

The opening of the penis had shifted. No longer at the tip, the urethral opening was now well under the corona of the head, and pointing down. The change was underway there, too.

"Yeah, Tim said he noticed that happening too," Joe said. "But eventually you'll look normal again, normal for a female anyway."

"I really think I need to pee," Pete said suddenly. "I'm not sure I can even do it now."

"Why not?" Joe asked. "Just be careful where you aim. In a little while, you probably won't be able to stand up as you go. I'm telling you, you're gonna miss it when you pee, I'm pretty sure of that."

Pete looked at his penis, feeling the little opening, gently touching other places that apparently now felt strange to him. "This is weird. This is really weird."

"Isn't it what you expected?" Joe asked.

"I don't know. I guess I didn't think much about how it might happen, just what it would be like afterwards."

"As fast as everything's happening, most of this'll be over by tomorrow morning," Joe theorized.

"I've just gotta urinate." Pete said, sliding his legs out of bed. He hopped out of bed and went to the attached bathroom. He didn't close the door all the way, and from the shadow Joe could tell that Pete

attempted to go while standing. Joe figured doing that might be a problem. It probably was because he heard Pete voice an expletive, then sit on the stool. He heard the urine hit the water in the stool. Enjoy it, thought Joe. It might be the last time for the old equipment.

Soon Pete came back out. He had a grin on his face. "I just peed on my own feet. I finally had to sit just to hit the stool. I'm telling you, this is weird."

"It gets weirder," Joe said. "Just wait till it's gone completely."

"I don't mind." Pete countered. "I've dreamed of this."

"Well, it looks like it's going to happen." Joe said. "I hope you still like it tomorrow."

Pete pulled the hospital gown tight around his chest so that his rapidly developing nipples showed. He looked down at them and grinned widely. "Joe, I'm going to have boobs. I'm growing real breasts," he said proudly.

Joe looked at the outline of the areola, which already seemed to be larger than even moments ago, growing at an amazing pace. "You'll need that bra in no time," he teased.

"Yeah. Yeah. It's really happening!" Pete said happily. "It's really happening."

Karen came back into the room. She heard what Pete said. "What's happening, Pete? Is everything all right?"

"It's happening!" Pete repeated. "Breasts! I'm really starting to get breasts. My penis is changing too!"

"The transition is already starting," Joe said. "Physical alterations have begun."

Pete lifted the hospital gown proudly. Joe couldn't believe the way the changes were affecting the man. Apparently, he really did want to be feminized.

Karen examined Pete's developing chest with great interest. "I wish Dr. Krell would get here," she said, almost under her breath.

"And look at this!" Pete added, pulling the sheet away. He was so taken with what was occurring he had lost any sense of modesty.

That didn't bother Karen, who closely looked at what was happening to the man's genitalia. "Hypospadias. I think that's what it's called, hypospadias, something like that."

"You've seen this before?" Pete asked.

"Well, I haven't personally, but I've read about it in school. I believe it is a relatively common genetic deformity."

"You mean I'm going to stay like this?" Pete exclaimed, noticeable alarm becoming evident in his voice.

"Pete, I don't have any idea what's going to happen," Karen said defensively. "You chose to try this before we had time to methodically step into it. Who knows?"

Joe interjected. "As quickly as everything is happening, why don't we all just wait a little while and see how it turns out," He said, trying to calm Pete's concerns a bit.

"I have to go to the bathroom again," Pete said. He slipped out of bed and went into the bathroom, closing the door this time. Joe could hear the tinkle of urine in the stool. It only lasted a few seconds, but Pete didn't come out.

In a few minutes, the door opened and a very noticeably changing Pete Peterson walked out. "I really feel like I have to pee, but I just can't."

Joe looked at the man. "Pete, I think you should look in a mirror," he suggested.

"What's the matter?" Pete asked.

Joe smiled. "I think you'll see that your face is changing, too. I never would have guessed that anything could happen so fast."

Pete went back into the bathroom, and looked into the mirror. He moved his hand to his face, feeling the new softness that was taking over his skin. Pete's features were actually becoming subtly softer and thinner. Already it seemed that ten years had been swept away. The crow's feet around his eyes were still there, but were much reduced. He had obviously shaved his face before entering the cage, but the area around his cheeks and mouth where the beard would form had changed, the hair was lighter, thinner. Absolutely no trace of whiskers. Also, Pete's eyes were somehow changing. It was hard to describe, the changes were so subtle, extremely small, but still, there was no doubt that something major was going on. Pete just stood in front of the mirror, looking at himself as if he never saw his body before.

"What do you think?" Joe asked, breaking the silence.

"I can't believe it," Pete said. "It's really happening. I'm really turning female. I'm really changing."

"Yeah, It really happens," Joe agreed. "Just wait, it's just started."

Pete moved his hands down to his chest, carefully feeling growing breasts, inspecting his changing appearance in the mirror. "It hurts," Pete said finally. "I like it, but it really hurts."

"What hurts?" Karen asked.

"My chest, my breasts, " Pete said, suddenly sounding embarrassed. "My breasts hurt when I touch them."

"I think that might be normal," Karen advised. "Breast development is usually accompanied by some discomfort." She sounded almost as if she were reading from a textbook.

"Mine hurt, too," Joe added. "I can feel every step when I walk. Sometimes it's worse than others."

"I think that pain will subside eventually," Karen said. "When I started hormones, I had some pain too, but now I don't notice anything, except when I change progesterone intake. Both of you will probably follow the normal female cycle automatically."

As he watched Pete examine his changing body, Joe put a hand to his own breast, feeling now familiar softness, and then the slight pain from the large but still tender nipple. Having breasts was an interesting experience. They were a lot more than just soft pillows designed to please men. He could forget about them sometimes, but something always seemed to remind him of their presence. Just the movement of walking caused them to jiggle enough to feel. Especially when they hurt. When you leaned over, when you rolled over in bed, The sensitive little buggers had ways to let you know they were there.

But they felt good too. As Joe slowly stroked his own breast, feeling the slick nylon of the bra, he sensed a stirring in his crotch. There was no doubt, his nipples and clitoris definitely seemed to be connected in some pleasurable way. The changes he had undergone certainly made his body much more sensual, more responsive. He was always much more aware of it now.

"I think I'd better lie down again," Pete said suddenly.

"Is there a problem?" Karen asked.

Both Karen and Joe watched Pete in awe.

Pete looked at them. "I'm not sure," Pete said. "I feel funny, really funny. Not bad, not sick, just, funny."

"Is there something we can do for you?" Karen asked.

"No, no thanks." Pete considered. "I think I'll be okay, I guess. I can't explain the feeling, I just itch all over. And I feel kind of sleepy."

Karen helped Pete into the bed. "I wish Dr. Krell would get here," she said. "I know he was working on a plan for when we tried this with a dysphoria patient. He might have some ideas."

Pete lay back on the pillow and closed his eyes. In a few moments, he was obviously sound asleep. Joe watched, and realized that the same thing had probably occurred with him, and was why he didn't remember the change as it happened. Apparently, the urge to sleep was uncontrollable. Probably all of them had slept through most of the change, whether they even realized it or not.

Karen and Joe stood there, watching Pete as he slept. Finally Joe spoke. "I guess it's best that it happens while you're unconscious."

Karen smiled. "He certainly seems to want this."

"Yeah, that's what I thought. I can't imagine it."

"I can," Karen said simply.

"What now?" Joe asked.

"I wish Dr. Krell would get here," Karen said again. "He might have something else. I don't know what else we can do. I'm glad you called me, but I wish you would have called him first. I had to pull some strings to get Pete in this room."

"I wanted you to be the first," Joe said. "I figured Dr. Krell would be pissed."

"Yeah, I suspect he'll have some words for you, Joe," Karen said grinning, "but I think he'll understand. He's really a great guy."

"We'll see." Joe said. He liked Dr. Krell, but he knew that Pete would have waited years to do what he had just accomplished. That wasn't fair at all.

Just then the little doctor came into the room. "Well well, Just what have you done now, Joe?" he asked.

Joe looked at the man. He wasn't sure what to say. "Pete wanted to try the cage himself, and I helped him do it," Joe said simply.

Dr. Krell looked at Pete but said nothing. He looked back at Joe. "And what if the transition kills him?"

"I'll take that chance." Pete said with authority.

The little doctor looked at Pete, who was awake but very groggy. "And how are you doing?" he asked.

"It's happening." Pete said. Even as tired as he had become, the excitement evident in his voice.

A look of surprise came to Dr. Krell's face. "Yes?" he exclaimed. "You say it's working?"

"Yeah, It's already starting." Pete said. "Take a look, doc."

Pete pulled the gown away, exposing his developing chest. He was obviously pleased with what was happening to his body.

Dr. Krell looked in interest. He went to the bed and touched Pete's breast as if not believing what he was seeing. "How long has it been?"

Joe looked at his watch. It was three hours since he had powered on the transmitters. "About eight or eight fifteen," Joe said. "I exposed him for about twelve minutes."

"Well Joe, it looks like you did it." Dr. Krell said. "Mr. Peterson here seems to be feminizing quite like the rest of you. I hope that he is satisfied with what he has done to himself." He seemed a bit irritated, but also excited.

"I'm pleased," Pete said. "It's like a dream coming true."

"Have you been in therapy, or spent some time in RLT?" the doctor asked.

"RLT?" asked Pete.

"Real Life Test. Have you tried to live the gender you think you want to be so much?" Dr. Krell explained.

"No. I haven't done that," Pete answered. "But I know what I want."

"I hope you do Pete, because you don't have much choice now, it appears." Dr. Krell said. His voice was stern but kind.

"I'll live with my decision." Pete said with conviction.

As if satisfied, Dr. Krell turned to Karen. "Did you help with this?"

Before Karen could say anything, Joe broke in. "I called her after we finished with the cage. She had nothing to do with the decision."

Dr. Krell ignored Joe. "Did you take samples?" he asked, speaking to Karen.

"Yes, sir," Karen said obediently. "I drew blood fifteen minutes ago. I also took a Bucal smear."

"Very good," Dr. Krell complimented. "We must continue that every hour. I'm amazed at the rate of progress."

"How long do I have to stay here?" Pete asked. He had covered himself with the gown and a sheet.

"I'd like to perform a quick physical exam as soon as possible," Dr. Krell answered. "And, if you will permit it, I'd like to photograph the transition as it takes place."

"I don't mind, I guess," Pete agreed. "But when can I leave here?"

"I don't know, Pete," Dr. Krell answered. "I can't hold you here against your will, but I'd like to learn as much as possible about what is happening."

"I'll cooperate as much as possible," Pete said. "But I don't want to spend days or weeks in this room."

"I don't think that will be necessary," Dr. Krell said, smiling. "If you remain healthy, I suppose you can get out soon, maybe tomorrow, if everything transpires similarly to the others."

Pete seemed pleased with that information, and he lay back and closed his eyes. Dr. Krell looked at him closely as he lay trying to sleep.

"Karen, do you have a thirty-five millimeter close by?"

"I'll see if I have mine in my car." Karen left the room immediately.

"I don't want to get the photographer tonight," Dr. Krell explained. "But I would like to get a still picture history of this event... If you don't mind," he asked a very drowsy Pete.

"No, no that's fine, Pete immediately agreed, glad to help and just happy to be undergoing the transition.

"While we're waiting for Karen, I think I'll examine you, if you don't mind," Dr. Krell continued. "I'll be asking everyone to leave the room, "

"No, No, It's all right," Pete said. "Joe can stay. He's already seen what I look like anyway," Pete said, grinning.

Dr. Krell looked at Joe, and then back at Pete. "So you don't mind if he stays?"

"No, not at all." Pete said. "He can do anything he wants, and it's all right with me." He looked at Joe as he spoke.

"I'll stay, if you don't mind."

"Stay," Pete said. "I want you to."

"I find it amazing," Joe said. He was fascinated with what was happening to Pete because he knew the same thing had happened to him.

"Yeah, me too," Pete said. "Do you realize, if this works, the whole concept of gender, maybe sex even, will change completely?"

"I know," Joe agreed. "I've seen a few other persons who felt like you did, and I'm sure that the cage, or some thing we could develop like it, would revolutionize their treatment."

"And Honeybone has the answer," Pete said, thinking aloud. "I think we might have a whole new industry here." Honeybone was a diverse company, into many areas of electronics and avionics. The medical field would probably be an easy transition.

"Let's see if we stay healthy before you make any long term plans," Joe suggested.

Pete looked at him. "We've got to get the attorneys working on this immediately," Pete insisted. "Dr. Krell can join us if he wants, but we've got to protect the company's interests." Pete Peterson was changing to a woman before their eyes, but he remained a businessman.

Chapter 41

A WELCOME CHANGE

As the night wore on, Joe felt fatigue begin to affect him. Pete slept continuously, not even waking when Dr. Krell pulled back the sheet for his hourly examination, blood and tissue samples. What was happening to Pete was nothing short of amazing. As the time passed, the man's body continued to reverse the natural signs of aging as well as become more and more feminine.

The transition would be a pleasant morning surprise for Pete, since he had been unable to stay awake beyond eleven no matter how hard he tried. He desperately wanted to remain conscious as he developed feminine curves, but he just couldn't. He fell asleep while Dr. Krell examined his atrophying penis, and had not awakened since.

Joe watched each examination with great interest. The last one, about a half hour ago, found Pete's genitalia a strange combination of male and female. His penis, if it could still be called that, was now less than an inch in length, and seemed to be retracting under a hood of skin above the cleft formed in his scrotum, which had separated mid-line and already looked much like the vagina it would eventually become. Pete, who was uncircumcised, the only one so far, would probably wake to find his penis had developed into a very natural looking clitoris.

Joe wondered if the vaginal opening had formed. If it hadn't, it surely would soon, since it was clear Pete's testicles had already moved up into his body, probably forming the basis for the ovaries that would technically make Pete a woman, no matter what everything else happened to look like.

The rest of Pete's body was also continuing its metamorphosis to femininity. His chest was now completely without coarse hair, and already enough breast tissue had developed that it was clear Pete would soon have the shapely torso he so desired.

His facial features continued to change too. Softness had begun to replace the hard masculine lines in his complexion. Fuller lips, higher cheekbones, and eyes which appeared to be getting larger as time passed, also served to change his look. While not ravishingly beautiful, Pete would probably be reasonably attractive when he assumed the female role.

Joe looked at Pete as he slept. He looked so innocent, this sixty year old man. He was no longer very masculine, no matter the shape of his organs at this moment. Joe was quite anxious to see Pete's reaction on waking. Joe remembered that morning, little more than a week ago, when he opened his eyes to find his own body and life changed so completely.

But it would be different for Pete. He asked for this. He wanted it. He knew what was going to happen, at least hoped he knew. The awakening would be only a pleasant surprise, not a complete shock.

For Joe, to wake up looking totally female truly was a jolt. Exploring his changed body was always interesting, sometimes enjoyable, sometimes even a source of pride, and often a source of embarrassment. Only now was he coming to grips with what really happened, and how it would likely affect the rest of his life. He was slowly beginning to accept the fact that he really had become a woman and would probably be one from now on.

Joe looked at his watch. It read two a.m.. About six-and-a-half hours since he and Pete experimented with the cage. He desperately needed to go to bed. Maybe it was the changes, something, he didn't know exactly what, but he tired much easier than before. But even if he still had his balls, he'd still be sleepy at two in the morning.

"You look sleepy, Joe." Karen said from the other side of the bed. Joe looked at the nurse. Karen still looked fresh. During the course of the evening, she had dressed in a crisp white uniform, and had brushed her hair, changing from the pony tail and jeans she wore when Joe first called her.

She looked so attractive. Joe found himself drawn to this person, this fellow transsexual, with whom he had so much in common. Although Karen found her femininity with surgery and hormones, she was no less a woman. Perhaps Joe's body was now 'more' female, capable of functioning totally, probably including menstruation and conception, but Karen could have been no more feminine if she had been born a girl. Joe, for whom womanhood had been forced upon him little more than one week ago, the whole idea was still quite foreign, but he was trying his best to adapt. Often, like right now, he had to remind himself that for him, masculinity was only a memory, and he needed to work constantly at thinking and acting like the young-looking woman he had physically become.

"I am tired." Joe responded, forcing a grin to his face.

"Me too." Karen said. "But I've got to stay here till six. You can go home if you want."

"No way." Joe said. "I want to be around when he wakes up."

"It looks like Pete will be a 'she' when he opens his eyes." Karen teased. She knew that Joe still thought of himself as a 'he' even though he now pretty well accepted his new gender.

"Why don't you lie on that other bed." Karen suggested. "If Pete wakes, I'll get you up. Get some sleep."

"If you don't mind," Joe looked at her. He did want to lie down so bad.

"Lay down Joe. Get some beauty rest." Karen teased. Joe hopped up on the bed and slipped his Reeboks off. It would feel good to pull off his clothes. His still-growing breasts were starting to hurt, and he knew it would feel wonderful to free them from the snug bra and gently massage them. Nothing sexual really, but undeniably sensual. That's the way it was now, with this changed body, everything was more pronounced, pleasure as well as pain.

But he'd best keep his clothes on. He lay back on the pillow and experienced the pleasant sensation of his breasts falling back against his chest. He felt cool, so he covered himself with the top sheet. Right now it would be great if he could just remove this tight bra. The new breast tissue, especially around, or behind the nipples, often seemed to become irritated and achy by the end of the day. He hoped the dull pain would end when the development in that area finally ceased.

As Joe lie innocently massaging his sore breasts through his bra, he tried to keep one eye on Pete, who was changing so rapidly it could actually be seen happening. But like watching a clock, it seemed that if he watched, nothing seemed to happen, so he closed his eyes. In moments, he was sound asleep.

As he slept, Joe dreamed of laying in a large pile of straw. Alongside him was a man, who's face he couldn't see. As hard as he tried, Joe couldn't figure out who the man was. His body shape seemed identical to Joe's own, at least the way it was before the change. Joe found himself strangely curious about the stranger's familiar, but now quite interesting form. Joe discovered he could actually touch this other guy's body. He gave no resistance, but the man exhibited no interest in him. Joe ran his fingers through the thin hair on the man's upper body, he wore no shirt, and he felt the broad,

firm, muscular chest. He found it quite arousing just to touch those familiar parts again.

The man wore strange, snug, nylon or silk undershorts. As he grew more confident, Joe began massaging the man's genitalia through the silky garment. At first, the penis was quite flaccid, but Joe, with his intimate knowledge of that organ, soon caused it to become erect. When that occurred, Joe slipped his hand into the waist band and wrapped his small hand around the firm, stiff organ.

Joe couldn't resist pumping his hand rhythmically in sync with the man's movement of his hips. Although he had done this before with Jay, as they both experimented with Joe's changed sexuality, this was different. It seemed now he could actually feel just what the man was feeling...as if this penis in his hand was his own, and it was indeed pleasurable. Just like before the change. He could feel it and see it.

As the strange masturbation continued, Joe began to experience the now familiar urge to be filled. Joe recognized it as a prelude to climax. It was as though his new vagina desperately wanted something inside it. There was a strong need for the muscles there to bear down on something. It was an intensely powerful sensation, and he fought to resist the temptation to wrap his legs around that luscious stiff penis.

Joe resisted the urge and soon he felt his legs stiffen as he raised his hips involuntarily. As his sphincter contracted in a cyclic manner, Joe imagined he saw the man's penis began to ejaculate a white fluid at exactly the same time. What was this? What was happening? How was it that this man's penis was so tied to what his own body did?

There was no denying the orgasm. He was absolutely familiar with the sensation. Male or female, the result was a pleasing release of tension. Maybe now there was no ejaculation, but there was still a strong sensation of release and intense pleasure.

Suddenly he felt a sensation of being shaken. What was this? Was the guy starting to touch him? Why now?

"Joe... Joe... He's waking."

Joe opened his eyes to see Karen standing at the side of the bed. What was this? Where was he? Reality dawned. He was in the hospital bed, and Karen was simply trying to wake him. Did she realize what was going on? He suddenly realized his hand was inside his own shorts, but outside his panties. He had been fondling himself,

apparently all the way to climax. He hoped Karen didn't realize what he had been doing. But there was nothing in her expression to indicate that.

"What? He's awake?" Joe stammered in embarrassment.

"Pete is waking." Karen said again. "He stirred when Dr. Krell examined him."

Joe quietly removed his hand from his pants. How embarrassing to almost get caught masturbating to climax, while asleep, no less.

He rubbed his crotch, feeling only the smooth pantyliner. Well, at least a clitoris wasn't nearly as conspicuous as the raging boner it felt like. Joe looked over at the other bed, and noticed that Pete was not stirring. He looked back at Karen.

"He opened his eyes and muttered something when Dr. Krell examined him," she remarked, shrugging her shoulders.

Joe lay back on the bed, and closed his eyes again. He hoped that no one had seen him playing with himself. He was under the sheet, and the lights were quite low on this side of the room. His little escapade was confusing, like the episode in the locker room. What was happening? Why was he so horny? What was he really, a male, like his thoughts, or was he female, like his changed body? It was a difficult conundrum. His libido was changing, in fact, usually he felt much less tension than when male levels of testosterone surged through his veins. He was even starting to like the pleasing sense of well being he often experienced. But unfortunately, that feeling wasn't always there, and when it wasn't, his changed system had difficulty coping with the returning male urges especially the way they felt to his new, more sensitive nervous system. It was a volatile mixture of male needs with female sensations and reactions, but it was apparently impossible to prevent.

Joe tried to sleep again, but the conversation of the others was just too distracting, and just too interesting.

"Yes, those levels are being elevated." He heard Dr. Krell say. "But like the others, they'll probably come down over time." He must be discussing some test results with Karen already, Joe thought. It was amazing how quickly results could be obtained when the priorities were raised. Of course, this gender changing chromosome process was pretty interesting and important to the medical community.

Maybe he should get up again. He looked at his watch. Almost five AM. Early morning sunlight was beginning to poke through the closed curtains at the other end of the room. Joe pulled the sheet away, and discreetly buttoned the front of his shorts as he sat up in bed. He swung his legs over the side and slid to the floor. Another day was starting. It would be the first for Pete, and nine days since he himself had undergone the change.

Were there new changes in his own body? He always checked in the morning, and so far there always were. They were becoming more and more subtle each day, but they were still happening. His breasts continued to fill out, and his hips got larger, partly from changes in his pelvic bones, and partly from slowly increasing softness as the body distributed its small amount of fat in a more feminine pattern. His body continued to get just a little more rounded and curvier each day.

As Joe stood, he straightened his clothes. He looked a mess. He literally slept in these clothes, and desperately needed a shower. Surprisingly, the irritation between his legs no longer bothered him. Maybe things were starting to clear up already. He hoped so. He didn't need such a strong reminder of his new anatomy.

Karen looked up and saw Joe standing. "Good morning, sleepyhead!" she said cheerfully, her somewhat deep but feminine voice always sounded strangely sensual.

"Good morning." Joe repeated. His own voice had lost its masculine timbre more than Karen's, who had actually taken voice classes to make hers seem more feminine.

"Pete's asleep again." Karen continued. "I hope he wakes during the next exam. It's in about fifteen minutes."

"I'm going to the bathroom to clean up a little." Joe announced.

"Good idea." Karen teased.

Joe went into the little accompanying bathroom, with its handicap toilet and minimal sink. There were only paper towels, but that would be enough.

Joe unbuttoned his shorts, lowered his panties, and sat on the stool. He relieved himself, and wiped carefully. He was glad to find it didn't hurt. He didn't have any medication with him, and he knew Dr. Krell told him to use it till it was gone. He'd need to go home to do that.

Well, how did he fare for changes this morning? Joe stood straight at he could and stared into the mirror. No big changes around his face. He pulled his shoulders back, emphasizing his breasts. Were they a little bigger today? Hard to tell. He slipped the blouse over his head and looked again. This bra certainly was getting tighter, so he probably was still growing. When would it stop? Just how big was he going to get?

Joe unhooked the bra and slipped it off. Funny how different boobs looked when they were your own. It was not nearly as sexy, but still interesting, how they moved and swayed with every slight movement. He swiveled his shoulders slightly, watching them and how almost any movement caused the nipples, his nipples, to become stiff and pointed.

He cupped them in his hands, enjoying the softness, and massaging them to relieve the slight ache in the nipple area. Who'd have thought I'd ever have these, he thought as he examined them. But I guess if I'm going to be a woman, I guess I'm going to need them.

Satisfied that he had the results of the night's changes, Joe slipped the bra back on, finding the front hook difficult to close. He'd need to get some new clothes again. Probably a lot, if not all of his new underwear wouldn't fit soon. The development he was undergoing had probably made him another couple of inches larger, and maybe soon even another cup size. He hoped not, he didn't want huge boobs. The way he was now was just fine.

Instinctively, Joe ran his hands along his hips, feeling for any changes in that area. It was hard to tell for sure. He'd need to use a measuring tape, but he probably was getting a little hipper. He ran his palms over his buttocks. His tush was getting softer. He was slowly but definitely loosing the one of the few remaining traces of his male body, his small butt. Satisfied that he had done all he could with what he had available, Joe took one last look in the mirror, and then went back into the hospital room.

The examination was starting, and Joe got behind Dr. Krell so he could get a good look at Pete's changes. Karen and Dr. Krell pulled the sheet away from the still sleeping patient, and gently pulled Pete's legs apart slightly. No doubt about it, Pete was now all female in appearance. There was no longer any trace of his masculine genitalia. He now had a very normal looking pubic area and vulva. The pelvis had already changed so that his pubic bone was more prominent. His pubic hair, all Pete's body hair, now followed the feminine pattern,

and hair that had fallen out was all over the bed linen. Pete still had plenty of hair on his legs. Like Joe, he'd need to shave them to look as he thought all women always looked. He had never even seen a woman with unshaven legs until he saw himself that first morning.

At Dr. Krell's direction, Karen pulled Pete's gown up and away, exposing his upper body. There too, except for his underarms, Pete had lost all the coarse hair. Except for a light fuzz, he was now completely hairless.

But, he had breasts. Already Pete's breast tissue was quite extensive. He probably was already as well endowed as Joe, and the newly formed breasts were very firm, showing no virtually sign of sag. Since they were hours old, gravity had no time to affect them, and they were almost perfect in appearance. Pete would be most impressed, Joe thought.

Dr. Krell began to touch Pete and manipulate him when Pete began to stir.

"Okay..okay... I'll have that in the morning...I'll get back to you." Pete was obviously dreaming...and true to form, it sounded like business.

Dr. Krell shook Pete's shoulder slightly attempting to wake him. Pete stirred...He opened his eyes, first only slightly, then very wide.

"What's going on?" He asked, sounding surprised.

"Pete, It's me. Joe, Joe Bates. Do you feel okay?"

Pete looked at them, obviously trying to regain his thoughts.

The little hospital gown was still drawn up around his shoulders, and when Pete sat up slightly, he saw his naked body, and his new shape. Pete raised his hand to touch himself, and then realized even his hand was changed too. He held it to within a foot of his face and stared at it. Then he remembered the other changes. He looked down at his breasts, and felt them with his hand as if not believing they were really part of him. He moved his hand lower, to his pubic hair, and slowly, carefully traced along the new shape with his fingers. He moved his legs further apart, then ran his fingers down between his legs, his face relaying his amazement at what he was feeling.

Pete was no longer a sixty year old man. At least he sure didn't look like one. The radio energy of the cage had given him the body of a woman. A woman who looked no more than thirty, or maybe a youthful forty years old.

It was what he wanted. It was what he had hoped for. But it was still a shock to suddenly discover that he now had it. Pete didn't say a word. He kept moving one hand, then the other, to his changed parts. It was as if he didn't believe what he was seeing or what he was feeling.

Finally he spoke. "I guess it worked. I'm a woman."

"That's right," Dr. Krell said, smiling proudly. No matter what he said previously, he was obviously pleased too.

"I'm a woman," Pete repeated. "I'm really a woman."

"And everything seems satisfactory so far," Dr. Krell advised. Are you experiencing any discomfort?"

"Discomfort? No, I feel fine, pretty good, really."

"I'm very glad to hear that," Dr. Krell announced.

"But I really do need to pee." Pete rubbed his genital area, probably wondering what urination would be like without a penis. "Can I get up?"

"Certainly," Dr. Krell said.

Karen began to pull the gown back down. "I can do that," Pete said, a little irritation showing in his only slightly changed voice. Just like Joe and the other changelings, Pete's voice would probably get a lot more feminine sounding as the days went by. Those kind of changes seemed to occur gradually.

Pete stood. The changes had caused his balance to change slightly, and he wasn't used to that yet. He placed a hand on the side of the bed to steady himself. Pete felt the sensation of gravity as it tugged at the new appendages on his chest. He raised both hands to his breasts just as Joe often did, as if in wonder at the soft mounds of flesh that had sprouted there. Pete saw the others watching, and suddenly began to feel self-conscious.

He excused himself and went into the bathroom. Joe knew he'd probably be checking out that new body, in private, in front of the small mirror. He knew exactly how Pete was feeling.

In moments, Joe heard the tinkle as Pete relieved himself. Then there was silence for a long while. In maybe ten minutes, Pete came back out. The features on his changed face became red when he saw knowing smiles on their faces.

"I just had to look," He apologized, only slightly embarrassed. "Everything is just so much better than I had hoped."

"We still need to take some blood and tissue samples." Dr. Krell said.

"Then what?" Pete asked. "What do I do today?"

"After another physical, I suppose you are free to go," Dr. Krell decided, "but I think you should stay here again tonight."

"I guess you'll want to get clothes that fit," Joe said, half-jokingly. He knew that the things Pete had brought, the stuff back in his room, would no longer be satisfactory. Not only would they probably not fit, but his now more youthful appearance was all wrong for the styles.

Pete looked at Joe. He gave a wink. Pete was one happy guy. Or gal.

"Can we go shopping this afternoon, Joe?" Pete asked.

Joe considered the request. He knew how afraid he was the first time he went out in public with his new body. There was absolutely no way to hide the changes, especially when you were trying to buy things like underwear. Already, Joe had adjusted to it, to being able to wear silky things, and he loved the way they made him feel. Unlike Pete, his femininity was unasked for, but he found it pleasant nonetheless.

Joe desperately wanted to go home and shower. Then maybe a change of clothes, and he'd be ready to go. Those few hours of sleep must have been enough. That, along with the excitement of Pete's transition elevating his adrenaline, had driven fatigue from his brain. "Yeah, I think we can do that," he agreed. He needed to get some new things for himself anyway.

Dr. Krell continued his physical examination, and Joe decided to head for home. Linda would still be there, and he wanted to tell her what had happened overnight. "I think I'll go home and clean up. I'll be back in two or three hours."

"Okay, Joe," Pete said. "I'll be waiting for you right here."

Joe gave the smaller, softer Pete Peterson a pat on the back and a big grin. "You're looking fantastic, Pete," he said as he left the room.

Chapter 42

SHOPPING WITH PETE

Joe walked through the quiet house to his room, listening for signs of activity from Linda. He heard no sound. Seeing the bed, he considered how wonderful it would feel just to lay down and sleep a while. The night had been long and exciting, but the few hours of fitful sleep just hadn't been enough.

It was still early, but Linda was in the bathroom, getting ready for work. She probably hadn't even heard Joe come in.

In one easy movement, Joe pulled the little top over his head. He reached between the cups and unhooked the tight fitting bra. It felt great to slip the dainty little thing off. He rubbed his breasts, partly because he liked to feel the softness, and partly because they felt so good when he massaged them.

Sitting on the bed, Joe unbuttoned the shorts and pulled them off. He left the panties on and lay back on the pillows, closing his eyes.

It would certainly feel good to get some more sleep. Almost twenty four hours had passed since he last showered, and Joe felt uncomfortably sticky all over. Bending to place his nose to his armpit, he checked for any sign of body odor. Nothing detectable.

Joe's body was now totally alien and yet surprisingly familiar to him.

Shaved armpits still seemed amazingly smooth, even now while they were beginning to show a little stubble. The soft sleekness still felt kind of neat.

But this chest... Joe looked at himself. Was he ever going get used to being like this? How could anybody? These things were real. It wasn't silicone in there. His own flesh and blood, though in a very different shape. Very different. What had once been a wide, fairly muscular chest had become soft. And round. Most of the change occurred overnight, but some was still happening. Complete feminization had left Joe with contours a real woman would be proud of. It was as if he had always been this way. But he knew that wasn't true. He had become a combination of unfamiliar changes, with many things that were familiar.

He moved his hand along the soft side of his left breast, inspecting the old, tiny scar where a broken mirror on his Honda

motor bike cut him when he dropped it on its side. He was just sixteen. That was fourteen years ago. His future was so very different then. The skinny teenage boy with all the cuts and scrapes would have practically donated a kidney just to touch tits like these. Now, he didn't have to do anything. They were his own. A part of him.

Of course, it wasn't just breasts. He knew the other changes were probably even more significant. He ran a hand between his legs. No balls there anymore. His testicles, like his penis, had pulled a vanishing act. And Joe found the resultant reduction of testosterone alleviated the underlying sensation of sexual tension he didn't even realize was affecting him. But now, now that it gradually stopped, at least most of the time, Joe actually enjoyed the pleasant, the mellow feeling his new body chemistry usually provided. The intermittent flashes he also experienced sometimes were just his body trying to accommodate changing glandular secretions.

Joe's body had become female looking, that was plain enough. But his mind... that had certainly undergone changes too, but Joe knew he still remembered everything from before and, for the most part, still preferred the same attractions.

And some of those attractions were women.

That was difficult. It was completely weird to experience familiar male urges, but possess no way to consummate them.

In addition, this changed body seemed to have acquired new desires and needs. His brain might have a problem admitting it, but his new body liked men.

At first, simple curiosity caused Joe to experiment. His friend Jay had shown enough prurient interest in the strange phenomena that had changed Joe that he allowed the newly created woman to shamelessly use him as a sex object. It was probably mutual curiosity, but for Joe, it served to open his eyes to his new sexual needs and responses. And he could hardly believe what he discovered.

Although Joe found their quick, awkward, initial coupling a bit painful, it eventually became tolerable, and he couldn't wait to try it again.

A request for Joe to meet with the president of Honeybone soon gave him that opportunity. He easily talked Jay to fly along with him to Minneapolis. They met with Pete Peterson for a short time, and then spent the evening together in bed.

This time was much different. Jay was able to sustain his erection much longer, and Joe soon discovered the gratifying experience of multiple orgasm. Sexual arousal was now more diffuse, with powerful sensations all over the whole body, not just primarily the genitals, as it was for a male. Erotic excitement kept them at it much of the night and it was only the soreness of overuse that made Joe stop wanting more. Jay had performed amazingly, and Joe couldn't help but be impressed by his remarkable sexual endurance.

Joe never thought he would ever be so impressed with his pal's prowess, but he had to admit, allowing for short naps to recharge, Jay had actually outlasted him in their escapade.

There was a significant difference. Orgasm after orgasm, for Joe, there was no longer that feeling of tremendous fatigue following ejaculation. Rather than just a sudden, sharp increase in pleasure, soon followed by semen erupting from the penis, then a powerful urge to sleep, Joe discovered that his changed body now responded first with an intense need to be filled. That was the only way he could describe it. His crotch... with that little clitoris that seemed get rock hard, stiff as the biggest boner he ever had, though he had to look carefully just to see it, and then, lower down, his vagina, that unfamiliar new part of him, desperately begged for something inside to bear down on. It was a strange but wonderfully pleasing feeling. When presented with an actual firm penis for those new muscles to squeeze on, the overall sensation was exquisite. Another warm feeling in the pelvis and it was time to start over again, each subsequent climax feeling just a little better than the last.

Joe developed interesting ways to help Jay perform again and again. Finally, after ten or twelve lovemaking sessions, each resulting in at least one explosive climax for Joe, they reluctantly concluded. Jay was worn out, practically pumped dry. Joe found his new genital opening so painfully sore he couldn't even touch himself, much less tolerate Jay's much rougher pawing.

Finally, they actually attempted a few hours sleep. Joe discovered he actually enjoyed the weirdly pleasant, secure feel of Jay holding him in his arms as they both slept. It should have been embarrassing for them, but instead, it just felt right. And good.

Joe placed a hand on his soft, bare breast, imagining Jay touching him. Sometimes, when Jay was tired, he would caress Joe's body just right. Usually though, Jay just fondled Joe's new boobs as if he was inspecting for lumps or something. When he did that, it didn't feel good at all. But other times, when he used slow, gentle strokes,

ending near, but not right on, the sensitive areola around the nipple, that now already familiar sensation of a direct connection from breast to penis, or clitoris rather, made itself known. Soon, Joe's vaginal area became wet as if he had urinated.

There was very little easily visible in that area. Joe found he needed a mirror to see everything down there, but there was certainly plenty of sensation. Joe loved the feel of his new genitalia. The nerves of his penis were generally still there, but now there was more. Lower down, new labia minora replaced, but still felt much like his scrotum. The dark pink folds of tissue probably contained most of the nerves of his scrotum too. There was also the additional sensation of a vaginal spincter. Sometimes, usually, Joe couldn't even feel that. Only when he flexed the muscle, which he did by tightening everything as if attempting to stop the flow of urine, he could really sense this significant difference in his anatomy.

But there was still another difference.

Joe moved his hand back to his crotch. He traced the slightly raised prominence of the pubic bone. It felt so much larger now than before...when he was male. He moved his fingers lower, feeling the sleekness of his new shape.

The crisp feel of a pantyliner reminded Joe of the vaginitis.

It didn't hurt, itch, or burn anymore. Surprisingly, all irritation was gone, as fast as it appeared. Joe remembered Dr. Krell had advised him to apply the medication until it was completely used up, even if all symptoms completely subsided, or the problem might reappear.

He was way behind on another application already.

Joe moved his fingers along the panties narrow crotch strip. He just didn't think a woman's body should feel like this...so much like a man's... so male. There was no longer the bulge of a penis and all that, but really... it just wasn't all that different.

But there's a real vagina under this soft fabric. Joe slid a finger under the narrow elastic leg opening. He ran it along short, soft pubic hair, and then felt for his sensitive labia.

His thoughts and touch had already made him wet, and he touched the dampness of his body as well as the wet liner.

He gently probed upward until he found his throbbing clit. Touching it made him involuntarily move his knees back together for

a moment. Keeping it on the tiny nub of flesh, Joe moved his finger almost imperceptibly. It was so darn sensitive there! As if all the nerves in the tip of his penis were compressed into that little button of flesh, and it seemed his fingers could touch every one of them just by barely moving.

This is how it is to be female...to have a woman's body, Joe mused. No wonder Pete wanted one so badly... Surely this was the way a human was really meant to be...to feel.

Joe continued, gently probing with his index finger until it was inside him to the second joint. Feeling brave enough to experiment, he felt the vaginal spincter contract strongly as he tried to draw his finger inside himself. One finger just wasn't enough, so he added another, and by doing so, he could exert a small amount of pressure on them. The sensation was good, from both sides.

Whatever he had become, he wasn't a man anymore. Here he was, lying on the bed, fondling...fingering himself. Experiencing sensations no male could ever know.

Lying there, eyes closed, Joe relished the pleasure his body provided.

Suddenly, there was an almost imperceptible knock at the door.

"Joe. Joe, are you home?" Linda called.

Joe jolted awake as the door opened slowly.

He quickly removed the hand from his underwear.

Linda poked her head in the door.

"Ahh... You are here. I thought I heard you come home." Linda said, smiling.

She saw Joe lying on the bed, practically naked.

"My, you look comfortable." She teased.

"I hardly got any sleep last night." Joe said truthfully.

"Really? What was so important?" Linda asked.

"Pete Peterson." Joe explained. "He tried the cage, and now he's as female as you are. As WE are, I guess."

"Pete Peterson?" Linda exclaimed. "The president of your company? Now he's been changed too?"

"That's right." Joe admitted. "The cage works. And it works fast."

"Pete Peterson is fifty or sixty years old, isn't he?" Linda asked.

"That's right." Joe said. "But he doesn't look it anymore."

"You mean he's younger looking too, like you?" Linda asked.

"Yeah. I guess he looks more like forty or so, I guess. Large breasts too." Joe added.

"Large breasts?" Linda repeated. "Pete Peterson has boobs?"

"He's really not a man anymore, remember." Joe continued. "He's been changed female, just like the rest of us."

"How did that happen to the president of the company. In the middle of the night?" Linda asked.

"He wanted to try it, and it worked." Joe said simply.

"He risked the possibility of having his gender permanently changed?" Linda asked incredulously. "Is he crazy?"

"He wanted it to work." Joe explained. "I think he really wanted to make the change. And he did."

Linda looked at Joe.

"Is being male really so terrible that a man would want to give it up any time they get the opportunity?" Linda asked.

"Some probably would." Joe answered.

"How about you, Joe?" Linda continued.

"I didn't ask for this." Joe countered, saying nothing else.

"But it happened." Linda retorted. "And now it looks like you might be female for a long time."

"Maybe forever." Joe agreed.

"Would you change back right now, if you could?" Linda asked suddenly.

Joe looked into her eyes. Had it become that obvious?

"I really don't know." He said truthfully.

"You really like being a girl, don't you." Linda continued.

Joe smiled.

"Maybe I do." He admitted. "Maybe I'm just starting to get used to the whole thing."

Linda looked down at this man, her fiancée, who looked back with bright eyes... That attractive, very feminine body... Those pert breasts, bouncing slightly when he/she spoke.

"Just where does that leave us, Joe?" She asked.

Joe stared into her eyes. He had been wondering the same thing for days.

"I wish I could answer that." Joe said. "But I don't even know all the questions yet."

"I love you, you know that." Linda continued. "But I know what I really love is the male you. The old you. I'm trying to accept what you are now... what you've become... but..."

"You think our relationship has become homosexual..." Joe interrupted.

"I don't know... I know it's still you... I know that... But... Look at you. What you've become... We can't be the same as before." Linda stammered.

"Yeah... I know." Joe agreed. "It's still me. You may not believe it, but I still feel like a guy sometimes." He smiled.

"I love you... I want you... Just like before." Joe continued. "I know it isn't the same. I'm not the same. Hardly."

"You may feel like a guy, but just take a look in the mirror. You sure don't look like one." Linda said.

Joe smiled. "I know what I look like," he said. "I look like a girl... a woman... and maybe I even feel like one too, I guess. But I also know still love you."

"But not like before, right?" Linda added. "Joe, I see the look in your eyes. You're a woman now, and you actually like it. You like guys too, don't you?"

"Sometimes." Joe conceded. "Sometimes I do. I guess it's the physical changes or something. I really can't help it."

"And neither can I." Linda reminded him. "Joe, I want a man too. Surely you realize..."

"What do you want me to do?" Joe asked. "I'll move out right now, if that's what you want."

"No... No, it's not that... I want you to say. I like you here." Linda answered. "I don't want you to leave."

"Then, what do you want?" Joe asked. "You know I can't change what has happened."

Linda smiled.

"I know that, and I know this is hard for you." Linda said. "But I want things back the way they were."

"And you think I don't?" Joe countered.

"Do you have to be so damn cute?" Linda asked, cracking a big grin.

"Cute?" Joe repeated. "You think I'm trying to look cute?"

"Damn it Joe, just look at you." Linda complained. "I wish I looked that good in high school. Not an ounce of fat anywhere."

Joe swung his hip out so Linda could see.

"Look at these." He said. "They've been getting bigger each day."

"Hah!" Linda snorted. "You're thirty years old, remember? But now you're more like eighteen. Don't tell me about big hips. You've got a long way to go. Just look at those boobs. Just what do you want?"

"I'm a guy, remember?" Joe reminded her. "I'm not supposed to have these." Joe pushed his breasts together with his hands, emphasizing moderate, but firm, cleavage.

"Of course, I guess they just might come in handy, now that I got this." He said, rubbing his right hand down his belly, over the panties, and between his legs.

Linda stopped and looked at him.

"I'm sorry." She said suddenly. "You're right. It's not your fault, is it?"

"Well, nobody asked me, near as I can remember." Joe said, snickering.

"I'm sorry." Linda repeated. "I didn't want to hurt you, Joe."

Just like a real woman, Joe thought, blaming herself for everything that happens.

"Linda, stop that." Joe demanded. "What happened to me isn't your fault. So stop apologizing for it."

"But I hurt you." Linda argued. "I was actually feeling jealous of you. Of how you look. I shouldn't have said those things."

"Hey, if I'm going to be a woman, I guess I'll have to get used to things like that." Joe said. "But women always apologize, and it harms all of you... All of us."

But... I was cruel..." Linda objected.

"Linda, you're one of the most self-confident women I know... that's one of the things I've always liked about you." Joe cut her off. "But sometimes you're just like most women, apologizing for everything... stuff you have no control over."

"What do you mean..."

"Surely you can see you're doing it?" Joe teased. "I may not have balls anymore, but it won't make me start acting like that."

"Is that how you acted with Jay?" Linda shot back, referring to their night together, which she discovered, and Joe admitted to.

Joe felt the flush of embarrassment come to his cheeks.

In one quick movement, he moved his knees apart and placed his hand on his crotch.

"I just match the job with the tools." Joe joked, trying to recover his composure.

Linda shook her head in amazement and smiled.

"You are surely something, Joe Bates." She said.

"And cute, too." Joe added, gently shaking his breasts from side to side.

Linda came to the bed and sat next to Joe.

"What are we going to do?" Linda asked again.

"God, Linda, I wish I knew." Joe answered, suddenly becoming serious.

"If we can't be lovers, I hope we can stay best friends or something... I mean... we were planning to spend our lives together. That's got to be more powerful than my masculinity." Joe continued.

Linda bent down and slowly kissed Joe on the lips.

For Joe the feeling was familiar, but it lacked much of the old pizzazz. He wondered what it was like for Linda.

Before he could ask, Linda put her arms around Joe's back and pulled his body to her. His bare breasts pressed against Linda, who wore a seamless cup bra beneath a satin blouse. The soft slickness of her clothes felt good, even to Joe's somewhat sensitive, almost sore, nipples.

Linda's tongue probed Joe's mouth, and the animal eroticism of her actions were still capable of making him excited.

Joe allowed her toying, and calmly reciprocated. It wasn't as exciting as it once was, but still, the intimate closeness was quite enjoyable.

Linda suddenly pulled away and looked at Joe.

"Do you like it when I do this?" She asked.

"Of course I do." Joe replied. "Why shouldn't I?" He asked.

"You just don't seem the same...act the same." Linda explained.

"I'm not the same." Joe said logically. "You know that."

"Then it isn't the same for you?" Linda asked.

"No, not really." Joe conceded. "But I still like to do it, don't you?"

"I like being with you." Linda admitted. "But you are so different now. I don't know how you can do it."

Joe grinned.

"It's not that hard really." He admitted. "I just let my self go."

"But you're a woman." Linda countered.

"My body may have turned female, but my head can still remember what it's like to be a guy."

"You must be going through a strange kind of hell, Joe" Linda offered.

"Not really." Joe replied, trying to look smug. In fact, I find everything quite interesting." He put his hand to his breast, rubbing both his own and Linda's nipples. Her blouse felt so silky to his touch.

"I think I'm going to have to get a shirt like that." Joe commented. "I love the way it feels." He smiled.

"It's a blouse," Linda corrected. "And I got it at Goldwater's."

It was strange talking like this to Linda. One minute acting like a horny guy, the next talking about clothes. Linda was finding it weird too.

"Pete wants to go shopping this afternoon, maybe I'll just get myself one." Joe said, only half joking.

"Why not?" Linda agreed. "Honeybone owes you all the clothes you need, right?"

"They'll reimburse me, I guess." Joe admitted. "And I do need to get some more stuff. I'm still changing, I think, and some things already don't fit very good already." He held up the bra by the strap, grinning sheepishly.

"You're still getting bigger?" Linda asked.

"Not a lot." Joe said. "But this thing sure feels tight."

"Next time, choose one with a little more Spandex." Linda offered, turning practical again. "It'll stretch better than that cotton one."

"Yeah." Joe agreed. "I'm learning... I'm learning."

"You're doing fantastic." Linda admitted.

"For a dumb girl, maybe." Joe teased.

Linda looked into Joe's eyes.

"Sometimes I think what has happened is my fault." Linda said. "You don't realize how many times I've wished this kind of thing on you."

She thought of the times when they had argued about the way males and females are treated different in our society. Joe didn't share Linda's feelings in the subject. Now, Joe truly was getting a chance to learn first hand.

"We now know exactly what caused it." Joe said. "And you may have gotten your wish, but you certainly didn't cause it." He smiled.

"I'm sorry, Joe." Linda said. "I didn't really mean it."

"Yes you did." Joe corrected. "And realize I deserved it too."

"It must be so hard..." Linda went on.

"At first, it was." Joe stopped her. "But not now. When I watched Pete going through the change last night... Only then did I completely appreciate just what happened to me." He continued to idly stroke his breast as he spoke.

Linda backed away. She looked at Joe's body.

"You really like those things, don't you?" She asked, grinning.

"Hey, right now, I'd love to make love to you just like always, if I could." Joe objected. "But since that's impossible, I might as well make do." He grinned to hide his embarrassment.

"I've got to get to work." Linda said. "I have a showing this morning. What are you going to do today? Do you have to go to work?"

"I'll go in later." Joe answered. "Pete is still at Hillcrest. I think they'll let him out later, so he can get some clothes."

"It's so weird, isn't it?" Linda mused. "This guy... This sixty-year-old man... He sits in this little room for a few minutes, and now his life is changed forever."

"Yeah, it is a little hard to accept." Joe admitted. "But that's really what's happening."

"And today, you're going to take him out shopping... Joe Bates is taking SOMEONE ELSE shopping?" Linda asked incredulously.

"Yeah. That's a kick in the head too, ain't it." Joe conceded.

"For sure." Linda agreed.

Linda rose from the bed, and looked back at Joe, who still lay there, wearing only panties.

"Well Sleeping Beauty, don't work too hard shopping today." She advised jealously. "I wish I could go along, I'd love to see you two at it today."

"I wish you could go." Joe admitted. "When do you get off?"

Linda thought a minute.

"If things go real well, I might be free be a little after one. I'll probably take my clients to lunch." She said.

"I'll give you a call." Joe said quickly. "We sure could use your advice."

"You might be right." Linda said, walking out of the room. "See you later, Joe."

"Bye, Linda." Joe called out. For the first time, they had parted without kissing. Their relationship was truly becoming more "best-friend"... sister-like. The idea distressed Joe, but it was probably inevitable.

When Linda left, Joe lay on the bed a while, trying to decide if he should sleep a bit, or clean up first, then take a nap. He finally decided that he really wanted a shower, and besides, he needed to treat that yeast infection.

Joe went into the bathroom. He removed the panties and sat on the commode. After relieving himself, he stood and examined his reflection in the mirror. It was easy to tell that his pelvis was continuing toward the female shape. Perhaps his shoulders might be getting smaller too, but there was no doubt that his hips were wider. There could be no stopping his transition to complete femininity, but Joe no longer wanted it to stop. He was quickly becoming resigned to spending the rest of his life as a woman.

Or, at least a mature girl, Joe thought as he examined his new body. So young looking. It was difficult to admit, but he didn't look a day over eighteen, and his complexion grew smoother and softer each day.

Joe wondered how Pete would fare in the fountain-of-youth segment of the transition. He already looked much younger, though not as young as the others, who were actually not as old anyway.

Not yet anyway.

Joe went to the shower and started the spray. When it was warm, he stepped in and closed the glass doors.

The warm spray felt so refreshing. He turned around and let the water hit his body, covering his sensitive breasts with his hands as they were hit by the sharp spray.

Joe carefully soaped himself and then took the shower head from the holder. By strategically maneuvering the spray, he was able to rinse himself, and also enjoy the pleasant feel of the water as it lightly caressed the intimate areas of his body.

Closing his eyes, Joe held the wand to his crotch, letting the spray tickle his clit. The liquid massage felt good, but it wasn't going to result in a climax, he could tell, so he moved the spray lower and with his fingers, spread the opening to allow the spray to enter his vagina. That felt kind of strange. It didn't hurt though, and Joe thought it might help his infection.

At least he'd be really clean internally.

Finishing up, Joe turned off the water and stepped out of the shower. He toweled off quickly, then took the tube of vaginal medication and its applicator from the counter top. Filling the applicator as directed, Joe inserted it and injected the medication into his body. When that was accomplished, he took the tube of anti-itch cream and rubbed some of that on his external vaginal area, even though it didn't itch anymore. Dr. Krell told him to use all the medication in the prescription, and he didn't want the terrible itch or burn to return, so he followed orders.

Done. Protected for another day. He hoped he'd never have this horrible problem again.

Joe went into the bedroom and opened the dresser drawer where he kept his underwear. Selecting a rather demure pair of blue cotton bikini panties, the last of his new ones, Joe took them into the bathroom to get another pantyliner. When he had that, he pulled the panties on and went back to the bed to get a little rest.

The shower left him feeling clean and refreshed. Joe lay down and soon was asleep.

He had probably slept a couple of hours when something made him wake up. He looked at the clock radio.

Ten thirty AM.

Should he get up?

He felt rested, and Joe knew Pete would be anxious to see him. Joe was curious as to how his new friend was faring.

Joe rolled out of bed and went to his closet, wondering what to wear for the afternoon shopping excursion.

Just like a woman, Joe thought.

As a guy, he never gave the clothes he wore much thought. Jeans and maybe a knit shirt, usually. Now it was different. What kind of

underwear... Shorts... A skirt... What kind of top? A blouse, or maybe a T-shirt?

Joe wasn't ready for a skirt, so shorts it would be. He selected a pair of fairly short white shorts and pulled them on. They fit fine, but Joe examined them in the mirror, wondering if they were too casual for a shopping trip.

He decided he looked okay, but it was hard to concentrate while not wearing a shirt or bra. It was evident that even his own breasts were interesting to him. Joe wondered if real women found their own breasts as interesting. He gave them a quick, firm squeeze, then went to the underwear drawer to select a bra. Remembering what Linda said, Joe passed up the simple cotton ones and chose the sole remaining seamless stretch underwire that looked like one of Linda's. He liked it best anyway.

After deftly slipping the bra on, Joe decided on a red cotton sleeveless top. He was glad he had allowed himself to make some impulsive purchases on previous shopping trips. If not, he wouldn't even have the minimal choices he now enjoyed. Of course, he could probably raid Linda's closet, but he really didn't want to do that. Not yet anyway.

Now dressed, Joe again went to the mirror to check his appearance.

Yeah... Pretty good, he thought.

Joe took his brush and ran it through his short but lengthening hair, trying to make it look as feminine as possible. It would be better when it grew out a little more.

Joe was ready. Joe went to get a little handbag and checked that wallet and keys were in it. He was getting accustomed to carrying the little bag, no longer always feeling self-conscious to have it in his hand.

It was a little after eleven when Joe left his room, ready to drive to Hillcrest.

He drove over and went straight to Pete's private section of the small hospital.

Pete was there, as was Karen.

Karen still looked amazingly fresh. Joe wondered how she did it.

Pete's eyes lit up when he saw Joe.

"Joe. I'm glad you came back." He said cheerfully. It was evident that Pete Peterson had become a very happy woman.

"I took a shower and got a few hours sleep." Joe said. "I came back as soon as I could."

"Dr. Krell said it would be okay for me to go out." Pete said. "I'm dying to try some clothes on this new body."

The hours since Joe had last seen Pete had continued to change the man from an aging male, to a young-looking female who was obviously continuing to get still more youthful looking. Instead of looking maybe forty, as he had when Joe last saw him, Pete was now more like a woman in her thirties. His skin was even smoother than before, and almost all the lines had been erased from his face. Joe would not have recognized him if he hadn't known.

Pete Peterson probably looked more like he might be his attractive daughter than the sixty-year-old male he was.

It was almost unbelievable, and no one was more amazed than Pete himself.

The women's clothes Pete brought along obviously didn't fit, and it appeared that Karen might have loaned him some things. Loose fitting gym shorts and a print T-shirt served to hide Pete's ever more youthful curves.

But clothes didn't hide the wide grin on Pete's face.

"Just look at these legs, Joe." Pete said proudly. He had obviously shaved them, and they were smooth and shiny.

"Lookin good!" Joe said. He already had trouble relating to Pete as a man, his appearance had become so totally feminine, and he realized how others thought of him now too.

They both looked like women in every way. And they were women, at least physically.

"Are you ready to help me get some clothes?" Pete asked. "Karen loaned me these, but I simply can't wait to buy some of my own."

"Yeah, I'll go with you." Joe said, trying not to sound too enthused. In reality, he was anxious to see Pete try on feminine fashions.

"I'd go along, but Dr. Krell wants me to run some samples through the lab." Karen interrupted. "I'd love to go with you."

"Linda said she might be able to come along after one-o'clock." Joe added.

"Who's Linda?" Pete asked.

"Linda's my girlfriend... She was my fiancée." Joe explained. "I'm currently staying at her house. She's been trying to help me through this."

"Your fiancée is helping you adjust to being female?" Pete asked. "That's kind of strange, isn't it?"

"And just what about this whole thing do you feel is in any way normal?" Joe asked, the grin showing as he considered what Pete just said.

"I guess you're right." Pete conceded. "This is an extraordinary event, isn't it?"

Pete was so euphoric over what happened that he was unable to maintain the manner of the major company executive that he was.

"We should get the MRI images back in a few minutes." Karen interrupted. "I'm sure you'll want to see those."

"I certainly do." Pete agreed. He looked at Joe.

"Dr. Krell thinks I've become completely female, all the way to my chromosomes."

"And how do you like it so far?" Joe asked, though the answer was obvious.

"My God, Joe, isn't it wonderful?" Pete said, almost singing, his new higher pitched voice obviously still unfamiliar to him.

"I think it is kind of interesting." Joe agreed.

If Pete found femininity this good already, how would he feel when his hormones adjusted to match his changed gonads.

"Interesting?" Pete asked incredulously. "Surely it's more than that."

Joe looked at the perky woman standing before him. It was impossible to think of her as the older man he was just last night.

"I guess it's a lot different for you than me." Joe said. "I'm still getting accustomed to the idea."

"Just look at this!" Pete exclaimed, sticking his chest out, making bra-less, youthfully firm breasts show plainly through the T-shirt.

"It's great to be female!" Pete continued. "And even better to feel young again!"

Joe suddenly realized the fountain-of-youth aspects of the change were probably a much larger part of the whole phenomena the older you were when it occurred.

Pete had lost at least twenty or thirty years from his appearance, and if the physical effects were anything like they were for Joe, his body had become much more flexible as well as soft and feminine.

A woman wearing a white nurses uniform walked into the open door and handed a large manila envelope to Karen. The MRI films had arrived.

They all went over to Karen, who quickly opened the metal clasp and slid out the X-ray like images.

The monochrome images were frontal and side views of Pete's lower torso, showing the internal pelvic organs.

A shadow-like outline showed the body, approximately centering on the crotch. Pete's new vagina was displayed as a darkened area, and even the uterus and ovaries were plainly outlined. They were obviously not the images of a male body.

Pete looked at this irrefutable evidence of his new femininity with great seriousness.

The films made it plain that the changes to his body were far more than skin deep. Joe saw Pete touch his crotch as he looked at the pictures. He had done the same thing when presented with his own pictures. It was sobering to be shown that you suddenly possessed the internal organs necessary to conceive a child.

"Well... It looks like my prostate problem is cured." Pete quipped, trying to break the sudden silence as they examined the films.

"I know what it's like." Joe said, wanting Pete to realize that the same thing happened to him and he understood.

Pete innocently cupped his vulva with his hand, and looked at Joe.

"That cage is a powerful thing, isn't it." Pete said very seriously. It was as if he had suddenly realized the extent of what had happened to them both.

"Sure." Joe agreed. "You better like what it does, because what it does is permanent, I think."

"Well, I like what it did to me." Pete said suddenly, as if the question had been raised.

"That's good, because, at least for now, it can't be undone." Karen interjected.

"And, since were stuck like this, maybe we should go shopping, and get you some new clothes." Joe joked.

"I can hardly wait!" Pete said excitedly. "This whole thing is like a dream. I keep waiting for somebody to pinch me and I'll wake up."

"I've been dreaming the same dream for a week if that's the way it is." Joe said. "I'm convinced it's real life."

"Well, let's get going." Pete said. "Where should we try first?"

"I think the mall would be best, don't you? Joe suggested. "That way we'll have lots of choices."

Pete looked down at himself. He wore gym shorts, loose T-shirt, and some old sandals borrowed from Karen . Pretty average grunge wear.

"What should I wear?" He asked.

"What you have on will do." Joe suggested. "We can get everything you need at the mall. I think you'll find it quite interesting."

"I'm sure I will!" Pete said enthusiastically. "I can hardly wait!" He repeated.

Let's get going then." Joe ordered, walking to the door.

Pete followed close behind.

"Should we use your car, or mine?" Pete asked.

"We can take mine." Joe said. "I think we'll have enough room for all the stuff we buy. If we don't, we can always make another load."

They went to the parking lot and as they walked past the nurses station, Joe could see the self-conscious look on Pete's face.

Pete generally looked like a normal woman in every way but his walk. In addition, his mannerisms sometimes seemed strange and

often gave away the fact that underneath he had been male for almost sixty years. But his appearance was so complete, no one could have ever guessed that.

When they entered Joe's sports car, Pete obviously had a slight problem with the way the shoulder belt crossed his sensitive new breasts. He finally positioned the strap between the soft mounds.

Pete saw Joe watching and grinned sheepishly.

"I'm still getting accustomed to these things." Pete said, obviously embarrassed.

"Yeah, I am too." Joe admitted. "It's a little different, ain't it?"

"That's for sure." Pete agreed. "But I do love it. I simply love it."

Joe drove the short distance to the shopping mall. They locked the car and walked into the large complex. Pete walked slightly behind.

"Don't be nervous." Joe said calmly. "Everything will be okay."

"I'm scared to death." Pete declared. "What if they can tell I'm a guy?"

"No one can tell." Joe told him. "We've got the best disguise there can be."

It was hard to know if Pete believed him, but the newly feminized guy stayed close on Joe's heels.

They entered the mall at a department store entrance. Just in the door, they passed mannequins dressed in junior swimwear. Pete stopped to look.

Joe knew what was on his mind.

"How would you like to come over to Linda's this evening?" Joe offered. "We can sit around the pool and maybe have a few drinks."

Joe knew that suggestion would give Pete an excuse to try on swimsuits.

"Do you think I should get one of these?" Pete asked innocently.

He was obviously dying to try one on.

"Sure." Joe answered. "Why not. You're going to need one eventually anyway."

"What kind do you think I should get?" Pete asked.

"I don't know." Joe answered. "Do you like one piece, or two piece?"

"Hell, I don't know!" Pete exclaimed softly. "I've only had one piece before this."

Joe snickered at Pete's obvious attempt at humor.

"You'd probably look pretty good in either type, I think." Joe advised. "How about one like this?"

He took a simple tank from the rack. It had a scoop back and was devoid of decoration on its snug fitting, glossy, lycra-spandex black fabric.

"Would something like that fit me?" Pete asked, as if he didn't believe it was something he would, or could, wear.

"Absolutely." Joe insisted. "Why don't you go try it on?"

"Will you help me?" Pete asked hopefully.

"Sure, if you need it." Joe told him. "I might even try one too."

"Great!" Pete said, obviously glad for company in his self-consciousness.

Pete went to the rack and grabbed the suit from Joe's hand. With obvious embarrassment, he held it to his body, roughly molding the shaped top to his new curves.

"This is too much." Was all he said.

Joe found a similar suit, but in a navy blue. They each took the garments to the fitting rooms, showing the attendant what they had. The young woman at the entrance to the fitting room smiled as they walked by, not suspecting a thing.

The stalls were quite large so Pete and Joe could both go into the same one. Joe had never been in a dressing stall with anyone else since he was a child, but there were three teenage girls in one of the other stalls, so it wasn't as strange as it seemed to him.

Joe hung the swimsuit on one of the hooks on the wall of the cubicle.

Pete held his suit and watched Joe.

"Try it on." Joe ordered.

Pete hung his suit on another hook and slowly pulled the T-shirt over his head. He was obviously quite embarrassed.

"You might as well get used to it." Joe insisted. "We're going to be doing this a lot today."

Pete stood there in only loose gym shorts and no shirt. The nipples on his pert breasts had become hard as rocks.

"Kind of cold, huh." Joe declared, looking at Pete's sharply pointed breasts.

Pete said nothing, but slowly pulled the shorts over his hips.

"Should I take my underwear off?" Pete asked, smiling demurely.

Pete wore women's black nylon briefs. They were probably some from his transvestite days. They were slightly oversized now.

"No, I think you should leave them on." Joe guessed. He wasn't sure, but figured that was how it was done.

Pete left the black briefs on and grabbed the suit. As Joe watched, he was impressed at how totally feminine Pete looked. His body was very attractive.

When Pete had the suit on, Joe helped pull it into position, fitting the formed bra cups to Pete's upper body. The top part fit far too loose.

"I don't think this one's going to get it." Joe offered.

"Yeah." Pete agreed. "My boobs just ain't big enough for this thing."

Pete started removing the suit and putting his shorts back on, and then slipped the sandals under his feet.

"I'll try to find one a little smaller on top." Pete declared. "Why don't you try yours?"

"Okay." Joe agreed, deftly slipping out of the little red top.

Pete went out, but quickly returned with another suit. This time the style was similar, but the color was an ivory white.

Joe was in panties, stepping into his suit. For the first time, Pete saw Joe's well formed body without clothes. He was obviously impressed with what he observed.

"Damn, Joe... You're gorgeous." Pete declared.

"I had nothing to do with it." Joe said, feeling embarrassed.

Pete may have wanted to be a woman... He certainly looked like one now. But staring at Joe, there was plainly masculine lust in his eyes. Joe knew the feeling. He felt the same old familiar stirrings as he watched Pete wiggle his new form into the stretchy, sexy swimsuit.

Joe's suit fit pretty good. It was the first time he had worn a one-piece, and it felt weird to feel the bra cups pulling at his breasts. It made him constantly aware of their presence.

There was a full length mirror on the door of the stall. Joe stood before it and examined himself.

The swimsuit fabric fit as if shrunk fit to his shape. There were no gaps or wrinkles, only sleek blue, snug as a second skin. Joe noticed that the high cut legs on the suit allowed his light blue cotton underwear to peek out on the sides. He also observed there was some type of plastic covering on the crotch of the suit, probably there to prevent soiling while trying it on. Joe's underwear and the pantyliner kept him from feeling the plastic.

Not something you normally worry about when looking at swim trunks, Joe thought to himself as he rubbed his palm over the softness where his penis once protruded.

As he struggled into his own suit, Pete watched with interest as Joe turned in front of the mirror, rubbing and stroking his curves through the slick fabric.

Both "men" were obviously aroused by what they were doing.

"This is quite an experience, isn't it." Pete said, very seriously.

Joe looked over at Pete and saw the grin on his face.

"It's been years since I've experienced an erection of this magnitude." Pete mused. "And now I can't even see it."

Joe had been feeling the same sensation. His clitoris felt like it could rip the crotch in the suit, but there wasn't even a bump showing between his legs.

"I know what you mean." Joe admitted. "I think I had the same feeling."

"I just don't think I'll ever get used to this. It's just too much," Pete declared as he rubbed his breasts and touched the places that had undergone the greatest change.

Joe watched him. He knew exactly what Pete meant, since he felt the same way. His own body was becoming so different, at the same time as he was adapting to its new characteristics. The sensation was both amazingly wonderful, and terrible at the same time.

Running his hands down his hips, Joe felt his developing feminine shape. Pete's skeletal structure remained mostly as it was when he was male. It was evident that the soft tissues were the first to adapt to the cell changes, but Joe knew that even his bones... the very structure of his body... even those were in transition. As his shoulders became smaller and narrower, Joe's hips continued to widen in the female fashion. With the rearrangement of body fat to his hips, Joe found his shape getting even more woman-like.

"I guess I'm really a woman." Joe said, looking at Pete, who was touching himself as he gazed at the reflection in the glass,

"Yeah... We both are." Pete agreed. "But really, you're a very young woman."

Joe laughed. He didn't know how to tell Pete... The same thing was likely to happen to him too.

"I didn't look like this at first." Joe corrected. "It's been happening slowly, and it's still happening. You might experience the same thing."

"You think I'll get as young looking as you are?" Pete asked.

"Would you like that?" Joe countered.

"Why not?" Pete decided. "What's wrong with being young again?" He smiled at the thought.

"When you look like a teenage girl, people tend to treat you like a teenage girl." Joe warned. "And that isn't what you're used to, believe me."

"I don't care." Pete declared. "It's worth it, if you ask me."

Joe looked at Pete.

"You think so?" Joe declared. "You haven't been anywhere since the change. Let's see how you like it in a week... a month."

"Don't tell me you don't like it." Pete said. "I saw you looking at yourself in the mirror."

"Sure. Sure. Some of it is a lot of fun." Joe said. "But there's a lot more to it."

"We're stuck like this, in any case, aren't we." Pete offered. "There's no way back. So let's get on with getting used to it." He grinned and momentarily touched Joe's breast.

Joe looked at the person next to him. Pete's touch was obviously deliberate. It was what Joe might have done if he was near Linda while they were alone. It was the touch of a man and a woman.

"Did you like doing that?" Joe questioned.

"I'm sorry, Joe." Pete apologized. "You look so attractive, I couldn't help myself."

"I know." Joe said sympathetically. "I get the same way around Linda. I feel different, sometimes a little, sometimes a lot, but the old urges are still there, waiting in the background. They didn't go away."

"Well, I can't do much with a woman looking like this, can I." Pete said thoughtfully. It was evident what was going through his mind.

"Nothing the world would consider heterosexual." Joe agreed. "But then, I'm not really a woman, remember."

"Oh yeah?" Pete objected. "Look in the mirror another time, my friend."

"Do you feel like a woman?" Joe asked. "Or do you feel like a guy in a woman's clothes?"

"This does feel a bit sinful." Pete agreed. "Like I'm not really supposed to be doing this."

"Same here." Joe concurred. "But we can't go back. We couldn't leave the room wearing guy's stuff, no matter how natural it might feel."

Pete pulled the suit straps off his shoulders and down, exposing his new breasts.

"But these don't feel completely natural either." He said. "At least not yet."

"It will get easier." Joe advised. "But I'm still getting accustomed to it too."

Pete looked directly at Joe's breasts as Joe pulled his own suit down.

"But you look so good." Pete said. "Your body is so perfect."

Joe looked into Pete's eyes, then at his nakedness. Pete was still in transition, but the already existing contours of his changed body left no doubt he was now a female. He still hadn't acquired as much softness as Joe.

"It'll probably happen to you too." Joe advised. "It takes time, that's all."

"Does that make us queer?" Pete asked innocently.

"I don't know." Joe answered. "I mean, we ARE guys, right... I mean, at least we were guys, anyway... once."

"Yeah, but... I mean... Joe, I've gotta tell you... You really do it to me.." Pete said smiling.

"I'm sorry, Pete." Joe told him. "But I know what you're talking about. I feel the same way. You look pretty good wiggling into that suit... What can I say?"

The two new "women" just looked each other in the eyes and laughed out loud.

"I think I've wet my pants." Pete declared.

"I doubt it." Joe exclaimed. "I suspect you've just been introduced to the rest of your "hard-on." Pete was probably experiencing the wet feeling that accompanied female sexual arousal.

"I was wondering about that." Pete said. "I think I've been feeling it for some time now. Is it always like this?"

"When it's best, it is, I think." Joe answered.

"Well, I'll be darned." Pete said, a his hand between his legs outside the suit.

"Just don't mess up the suit." Joe warned him, laughing. "Unless you want to keep it."

"What do you think, is it me?" Pete asked, turning around, attempting to mock a fashion model pose, but with the top of the suit pulled down, exposing his breasts..

"Not too bad." Joe decided. "At least it fits."

They both decided to buy the suits. Joe paid for his with his credit card, and Pete watched, then did the same.

"Your husband will like this." The young woman told Pete as she rung up his purchase.

Pete looked at Joe, who was trying to contain a laugh.

"I'm sure he will." Pete said, dead serious.

They left the store and walked down the broad commons. Joe decided that Pete should get some underwear before anything else.

"I think you need underwear." Joe declared.

"Yeah. I do." Pete agreed. "I don't have a thing that fits right on top. I need a bra, too. Like yours, I think." He mimicked.

Joe headed straight to Victoria's Secret. The shop was quickly becoming one of his favorite mall stops. He loved the clothes, and the tasteful decor.

"We're going in here?" Pete asked.

"You said you wanted underwear." Joe said. "I think you'll like this place."

Chapter 43

FRILLY INTIMATES

Passing low stacks of panties and matching bras, Joe and Pete entered the Victoria's Secret store. The dainty satiny things already took on a new meaning in Joe's life. Instead of imagining Linda, or some other female wearing them, he now could now wear them himself. Unlike Pete, who had experimented wearing women's things as a male, this was a completely new experience for Joe, but he learned quickly.

Pete was obviously excited. He was afraid but anxious, willing to try on everything he saw.

Joe stopped at a table of colorful silky bras. Picking one up, he held it out to Pete.

"How about this one?" Joe suggested.

Pete took the little black underwire demi-cup and held it by the strap.

"Do you think it might fit?" he asked curiously.

"I don't know," Joe admitted. "We'll have to figure out your size."

Carefully inspecting the cup lining, Pete looked at Joe and grinned. "I really can wear stuff like this. I can wear it all the time," he said, suddenly acting amazed at the concept.

"That's right," Joe agreed. "In fact, you'll be expected to from now on."

Pete went to the table and began sorting through the colors and styles. He kept asking Joe if this size or that might fit. A young sales woman soon joined them. "Can I be of help?" she asked.

"I would like to buy one of these.," Pete answered simply. "Maybe a couple of them."

"What is your size, ma'am?" the young woman asked, respecting Pete's still obviously greater age.

"Size?" Pete returned.

"What bra size do you wear?" she repeated.

"Uh... Oh, I don't know," Pete replied.

The woman noticed Pete wasn't wearing a bra. "Okay then. Let's find out," the young woman said, unfazed.

She went to her counter and returned with a measuring tape.

"Please follow me," she ordered.

Pete followed as ordered. They went into the first available dressing room. Joe waited outside, knowing what Pete was going through. He remembered that first morning, when he went through the same ordeal.

In a moment, the sales girl came out of the dressing cubicle and went to a drawer along the wall. She selected a bra and took it back to Pete. In a couple of minutes, she brought that one out and selected another. When she came out this time, Pete followed. It was obvious from the funny grin on his face, as well as the more defined shape of his chest, that he was now wearing a bra.

"I'm a thirty-eight, B cup" Pete whispered as he followed the girl past Joe, a big smile on his face.

Pete went to the table and began sorting through styles, looking at each little size tag and sometimes placing one on a separate pile. He soon had about four or five selections. Joe just stood and watched.

Walking over to the table, Joe spoke. "You might as well get some matching underpants to go with those," he suggested.

"Yeah. Good idea," Pete agreed, taking his assortment to the next table displaying panties that matched the bras.

Joe went to the table and helped Pete match his clothing selections. "I prefer the ones without lace," Joe said matter-of-factly.

"Why is that?" Pete asked.

"I don't know," Joe replied. "I just always felt that way. Now that I wear stuff like this, I don't mind soft, silky things... And I like colors... But I still don't like lace. It's just too scratchy, or something."

"I think it's okay," Pete decided. "I do kind of like the silky stuff too, though... Can you imagine wearing this thing?" He held up a tiny red thong panty.

"I've already got one, but it's black," Joe admitted, grinning widely.

Pete looked at the little garment. He studied the cut carefully, wondering how it might feel like to wear something that tiny.

"Why don't you try it?" Joe suggested. "It don't cost much, and you just might like the way it looks on you. It will take some getting used to the way it feels." He said knowingly.

"As if it didn't take some getting used to feeling like this already," Pete interjected. "This bra makes me feel like Mae West." He wiggled his chest, causing his new bosom to sway gently, but provocatively.

"You'll get used to it," Joe told him. "I hardly notice them anymore, except at night, or if I change clothes."

"They hurt," Pete said. "I guess they're still growing, or something... there's this slight, dull, throbbing pain most of the time." He gently rubbed his breasts as he spoke, as of to make a point.

"Yeah. Mine too. But I think it's getting a little better now," Joe offered. "You probably are going to continue the change for a week or more. Just don't get too many new clothes yet."

"I'm going to be bigger than this?" Pete exclaimed.

"I don't know," Joe said. "But I suspect you've just started to fill out. Your hips will surely get wider. I can tell, mine are still changing."

"And looking pretty good, too," Pete complimented. "I only hope I look like you."

"I think we've become what we might have been if we had been born females," Joe theorized. "We'll probably look like the daughters our parents never had."

"I've got a sister," Pete corrected.

"What do you think she'll think of you now?" Joe asked.

Pete paused. He probably hadn't thought much of meeting any of his remaining family in this new condition.

"I... I don't know," he stammered. "I guess she'll just have to get used to it."

"Is she older or younger than you?" Joe asked.

"Older," Pete answered. "Two years. And much more well-endowed." He grinned.

"Then you might be getting bigger too, I bet," Joe suggested. "Mae West, huh?"

"I hope not," Pete whined, inwardly imagining a body like his sister's.

"The weight seems to go straight to our butt," Joe said. "I think we'll need to be real careful with our diet if we want to stay trim. My hips and rear end get bigger each day."

"But your shoulders are smaller now too, ain't they?" Pete asked, knowing how he felt.

"Yeah. Maybe they are," Joe agreed, "but I don't notice them like my butt."

"I can feel myself getting softer and softer," Pete said happily, "and I love it. I love this woman stuff."

"I'm glad," Joe said. "Because if you don't, there's not a lot we can do about it anyway."

"Why would anyone want to?" Pete asked. "How can anything be better than this?"

Joe smiled. He looked at the old man, who now looked like a young woman, as he/she inspected lingerie. Maybe he was right. "It is kinda fun, isn't it?" Joe agreed.

"Anyone would enjoy the change," Pete declared., "whether they wanted to be a woman or not."

"I wouldn't go that far," Joe objected, trying to slow Pete's exuberance a little. He was obviously almost giddy with the excitement of his new status.

"I know at least one guy who don't like what happened to him," Joe continued, thinking of Dave. "He has a wife and kids, but he's finding it just a little hard to act like a husband and father."

Pete considered Joe's words. "Yeah, I never thought of that," Pete admitted. "This would be rough if you HAD to remain a man."

"It's impossible, as far as I can tell," Joe added, thinking of his own situation. Joe looked at the feminine underwear stacked in small piles around him. His changing body needed some new things too. His new still-developing breasts were outgrowing his initial size and were becoming a bit uncomfortable. Only the stretchy bras still fit adequately. Joe didn't like the loose, jiggy feeling of that type, but they were the most accommodating to his rapidly changing figure.

He picked up a stretchy lace bra and checked if it was his size. It was. He imagined how he would look in such a feminine-looking thing.

Damn it, it was a bra... wasn't it? And he was a woman now... wasn't he?

Why not try something like this?

Pete saw Joe holding the bra as he thought. "Why don't you try it?" Pete said, repeating Joe's recommendation to him. "You might find you'd like it. I know you'd look sexy as the devil in it." Pete still spoke like an old man sometimes.

"Yeah. Maybe I will," Joe decided. He found the matching panty and took that too.

As he continued to look around, Joe discovered real silk panties, and touching the slippery softness made him think of similar lingerie Linda had.

They felt so sensual that Joe decided to buy some. When Pete saw them, he did the same.

When they took their things to the counter, the sales girl predictably used well-worn lines on them.

"We have matching bras for those silk hi-cuts," she said, pointing at the panties.

"Oh, really?" Pete replied, his new voice sounding more surprised than he actually was.

"Yes," the girl replied, walking to a nearby table. She picked up and displayed a silver gray bra without adornment other than a small (fake) pearl between the cups.

Joe liked it immediately, though he knew it would probably not fit for very long.

"Do you have it in ahh... say, thirty-eight-B?" Joe asked.

"Sure," the girl replied.

Pete looked at Joe. "I didn't know we were the same size," he said, grinning at the thought.

"I was a little smaller, but I'll grow into it," Joe replied, loud enough for the sales girl to hear. She stared at them both, looking confused.

"We're still growing," Joe said truthfully, knowing the words would further confuse the much younger woman.

"Would you like one, too?" the woman asked Pete, recovering from her amazement.

"Sure," Pete said, grinning. "Give me a matching one for each pair of shorts." He called dainty silk panties "shorts".

"I think I better get some pajamas, too. And a gown," Pete added. He really needed these things, since he had nothing at all but men's things, and he was more than ready to forget about those permanently.

"What would you like?" the woman asked, holding up different styles and colors.

"I don't know," Pete answered. "Suggest something. What do you think would look good on me?"

"This color would go with your hair," the woman suggested, looking at Pete's very male hair style. Were these two butch lesbians?

"Okay. Looks good to me, too," Pete agreed. "How about a dressing gown? Do you have something in silk. Like the color of this underwear?" He held up light blue silk panties and bra.

"I'll check," the woman replied, quickly going to the cabinet. This was going to be a good day for sales.

Joe watched the girl sorting through the gowns. He looked at the silk brassieres in his hand. These things were real silk, and quite expensive. Each was about thirty dollars. This wasn't pocket change. Even if Honeybone was going to reimburse him, maybe he should try it first.

"Mind if I try this on?" Joe asked the woman.

"That's a good idea," the girl answered. "Use that dressing room. Will you need assistance?" She pointed to the same little room Pete had used.

Joe entered the room and closed the door. He quickly removed his top and slipped the bra off. Pete was right. It actually was fun having breasts. He noticed the tan lines from the swimsuit on his chest. His nipples instantly hardened in the cool air from the overhead vent, and Joe rubbed his fingers across them, enjoying the pleasing, slightly erotic sensation.

Almost reluctantly, Joe slipped his arms into the straps of the bra, and pulled it to his chest. The gray silk bra was back-close, so Joe

had to reach around to fasten the clasp. It always amazed him how easy doing that had become. He didn't know if it was his new size, or if he was really more flexible now than he had been as a male. Probably a little of both, but it felt great, whatever caused it.

There was a full length mirror on one side of the cubicle. Joe looked at his reflection, standing slightly at an angle so that he could get a view of his shape.

The bra fit perfectly. Joe was constantly in awe at what had happened to his body, but he had to admit, this silk bra was pure sex. It was just beginning to feel sort of normal to have breasts, but they looked and felt even more impressive encased in this soft, form fitting garment. Until now, he considered the Body Glove swimsuit to be the most provocative thing he had worn, but not anymore.

Before he reluctantly removed it, Joe caressed his softness through the silk. It felt extremely good, and Joe instantly felt his clit stiffen to an unseen erection, followed almost immediately by the strange, but highly pleasurable, sensation of his labia spreading open. If he kept this up, he would be wet in moments. Good thing for the pantyliner, he thought to himself as he instinctively cupped his hand over his pubic mound.

Joe grabbed his old bra and saw the new stretch-lace one. Might as well try that too, he considered.

He deftly slipped into the ivory lace and hooked the clasp between his breasts. Again looking in the mirror, he saw the lace was quite sheer, and the dark circles of his pink nipples were plainly evident. It was strange to see himself in such sheer underwear. He shook his boobs, just to see them sway. This bra was much "looser" and allowed his bosom to move freely. Joe didn't like that nearly as much as the snug but firm support of his other bras. It was sexy... in a different kind of way, but... that silk one...

Joe removed the lace bra and slipped into his old one. By now, wearing a bra had become second nature, and he no longer felt completely dressed without one.

"Strange how quickly I've adjusted to these things." Joe thought to himself as he pulled the little blouse over his soft breasts.

Joe finished dressing and went back out to the sales counter. The woman was still adding up Pete's purchases, while he was going around the store adding to them. Pete was like a kid in a candy store,

buying everything the woman suggested, and anything else that caught his eye.

When Pete was finally complete, and his bill covered, it was Joe's turn.

Joe didn't have nearly the amount of things that Pete did, but he found himself staring at the silk underwear as she added up his purchases. He couldn't wait to wear it. And he hoped he'd get to see Pete in his new purchases too. It bothered Joe that he seemed to have a little prurient interest in Pete. Sure, he had become a quite attractive woman, but so had Joe, and Joe also knew he liked men now. But why was he finding Pete so interesting too?

As Pete stood waiting for Joe to pay for his things, he found himself staring at his new friend.

Pete liked being a woman, right from the first, but he found that his sexual attraction was still mostly oriented towards females. And Joe was a most attractive female. It was a strange feeling, having a woman's body, and a woman's feelings... but still having a man's desires. In Pete, those desires had diminished a bit, due to age, and the death of his wife, but they were back now, almost as strong as he could ever remember them to be. What did it mean? Was he destined to be changed to a woman, only to become lesbian?

Soon, Joe was finished, and they lugged their packages out of the store and down the wide hallway. Joe guided them to Goldwater's, where he knew there would be clothes Pete would like.

Entering Goldwater's, they went through the juniors sportswear department. Joe looked at the swimsuits and exercise wear. He stopped at the Gilda Marx section, and examined a pair of spandex bike shorts.

"You want something like that?" Pete asked.

"Yeah. I need another outfit for when I go to aerobics with Linda," Joe said.

"You exercise with the women?" Pete asked incredulously.

"Sure. Why not?" Joe replied. "I'd sure make an impression if I tried to work out with the guys, right?"

"You go into their dressing room, and everything?" Pete continued.

"Sure. What do you expect?" Joe responded.

"What's it like in there?" Pete went on.

"If you really want to know, you should come along," Joe said, grinning. "You might as well get used to it, you're going to be living a lot closer to women from now on."

Pete looked at Joe. He hadn't given much thought to what everyday life was going to be like, now that he was metamorphosing into a woman much younger feeling and looking than he had been as male. This truly was going to take some getting used to.

"You think I could go along with you some time?" Pete asked.

"Sure," Joe said. "Of course you can. You should, it'll keep you fit."

"I feel better than I have in years," Pete interjected.

"Yeah, but you don't want to end up as a fat old woman, do you?"

"Joe, I'm already looking a whole lot younger than I expected to, and I don't remember ever being this flexible," Pete answered.

"Yeah. I feel the same way. A women's joints must be a lot more compliant, or something." Joe moved his hand behind his back as he spoke. "I can easily touch my spine with my palm."

"I better get some of these clothes too," Pete said changing the subject. He picked up a sexy, hot pink, crop top and examined its construction.

"Last week I bought some undershirts... now this week, little pink bras....," Pete mused, as if thinking to himself. He had come a long way in just two days.

"You wanted it," Joe reminded him. "You got it."

"It's not that I mind... Not at all." Pete said, dropping the little bra. "I just have to stop once in a while... And allow it all to sink in."

"Yeah... I find myself doing that too," Joe added. "Sometimes it seems overwhelming."

"But fun," Pete reminded him.

"Yeah... That too, sometimes at least," Joe agreed. "But I think you enjoy this girl stuff a little more than I do."

"I don't understand how you can not love it," Pete objected.

"Ask me when I've had my first period," Joe countered.

"I wish I would have one," Pete mused. "I wonder if it could happen?"

"I don't know," Joe considered. "You sure look young enough. I wonder what your 'female' age might be?"

"Humph, I feel like a kid again," Pete said. "A horny one too, I might add."

"Well, just remember, you might just be able to get pregnant now," Joe interjected. "You better keep that fancy underwear on till you know for sure."

"No problem there, I'm not horny to be with a man," Pete said. "I don't have any interest in them."

Joe began to realize what Pete was trying to say.

"What are you telling me?" Joe asked.

"Don't tell me you don't like to look at women," Pete objected. "I saw how you were looking at the sales girl."

"Yeah, I know... I still look at women," Joe admitted. "I can't help that. But it's not the same... How can it be... I mean..."

"I've seen how you look at me," Pete continued. "You must admit, you still think like a guy, too."

"It's changing, Pete, it really is," Joe tried to explain. "I did feel like you do, but something is happening... Men really don't seem so bad, you know."

"You talk like you've already had some experience," Pete went on, obviously fishing for information.

"A little," Joe admitted. "Enough to know you'd probably like it." He grinned knowingly.

"Just what did you do?" Pete pressed. "You can tell me."

"Nothing I want to discuss right now," Joe said, ending the subject.

"Did you... er make love with a... er a man?" Pete continued.

Joe said nothing more about it. Pete realized he had reached an impasse and stopped pushing.

Pete held up a silk blouse. "How do you like this?" He asked. "I know you'll love the feel."

Joe felt the cloth with his fingers. It was so smooth, so sensual. Who could not like silk?

"Yeah. I adore it," Joe admitted.

"I'll tell you what, I'll buy it for you," Pete offered. "Just to show I'm really sorry for being so nosy."

"You don't need to buy anything for me, Pete," Joe said. "I'm billing Honeybone for most of this stuff anyway." He grinned.

Pete looked at Joe, as if surprised, then his face broke into a big smile. "I suppose you should," Pete agreed. "It's not your fault you need stuff like this, is it?"

"I wouldn't have any thought of even wanting if it weren't for what happened at the airport," Joe reminded him.

"I keep forgetting, this was a total accident for you." Pete said apologetically. "A very strange one, I might add."

"That's for sure," Joe agreed. "But still an accident."

Joe bought the silk blouse, as did Pete. They were getting many of the same type of things, with Pete usually getting at least one of anything Joe would purchase. It was almost starting to bother Joe, since Pete tended to follow him around like a little sister, in spite of the disparity in their ages. Soon they came to the intimate apparel section.

"You need to get some underwear to go with your exercise clothes," Joe reminded Pete.

"Great!" Pete replied enthusiastically. "What should I get?"

"I suggest a good support bra, not that you really need any support." Joe advised, commenting on Pete's figure, which much like his own, was shapely but still very firm. Gravity had only hours to work its havoc so far. But Joe knew from experience that boob bounce was not particularly comfortable.

Pete approached the task with enthusiasm. He now knew his size, indeed, he was wearing his first bra, and he seemed to relish buying "female" things like bras. Joe didn't mind it himself, but he approached the whole thing with more trepidation than Pete, who seemed to be developing a completely different personality since his time in the cage. Joe wondered if the same thing had happened to him too, and he just didn't know it.

Soon Pete was fitted with a snug sport bra, and matching support panty. He bought two, one white, and one a very feminine peach color. He talked Joe into the same thing in a light blue, but only after Joe refused to consider pink.

"You are having fun." Pete told Joe. "I can tell, no matter what you say."

Joe smiled. He was having fun, but he was much more apprehensive than Pete about trying and buying things. "I only hope you're this excited after PMS," Joe teased.

They continued examining the clothes, with Joe buying an item here and there... A slip he knew he needed... A silky camisole, because Pete said he should.

Eventually, they had everything they felt they needed, and practically more than they could carry. Joe helped with some of Pete's packages, and they struggled to the car with their bounty. "Let's take this stuff to my room and try it on," Pete suggested.

"I'll help you get yours to your hotel," Joe volunteered, but I want to get this stuff to my place too."

"I want to see you in it," Pete almost begged.

"Come over after awhile," Joe said. "Bring your swimsuit, and some of the other stuff if you want. I'll help you with it."

"Great!" Pete almost squealed. "I can't wait!"

Joe was becoming amazed at how enthused Pete was concerning his new femininity. Sure, it was interesting, and indeed, the new softness of his body felt kind of nice, but he wasn't finding the gender change nearly as exciting as Pete, at least the area of buying and wearing clothes.

As they carried the things to the car, Joe couldn't help but notice how the change had affected the strength of his arms and upper body in general. He actually had to strain to make the last few yards. He felt embarrassed until he considered the facts.

"Hey, I don't have anything to prove," He thought to himself. "I'm not male anymore. There's no reason to think I should still be strong as a guy."

It was interesting to watch Pete as he adjusted to the physical changes in his body. While he was more nimble than before, he had plainly lost strength too, but he obviously didn't realize it yet. He kept

moving his packages from one aching arm to the other, and then resorted to holding them in front of him as he leaned far back.

"It's getting harder, isn't it?" Joe said, grinning at Pete's awkward gait.

"Yeah... I just can't lift as much," Pete agreed, placing the things against the back of Joe's car.

"That's 'cause you don't have balls," Joe teased. "We've both become wimpy girli-men."

"I'm sorry if you don't like it," Pete apologized. "But I've never been happier in my life, even if I am a wimp." He smiled and blinked his eyes in an exaggerated fashion.

"Oh, it's not so bad, I admit," Joe conceded. "I just wish I could have it both ways."

"That might be interesting," Pete agreed. "A woman's body, with a man's strength. Can't happen."

"I can wish," Joe repeated.

They drove to Pete's hotel, and Joe helped Pete carry his things to his room. Pete wanted Joe to stay and help him try things on. Joe wanted to go home too, and try his own things on. He wanted Pete to come to Linda's later.

"Stick around and help me with these things," Pete asked. "I can use your experience."

"I really should go home," Joe differed. "Why don't you come over in a little while?"

"I'll come over..." Pete countered. "But first, you've got to help me with this swimsuit. I want to try it without any underwear. And I want your opinion on my other new clothes. We've got plenty of time."

"Okay," Joe conceded. "I'll stay for a while... But not long."

Pete began opening bags and boxes. He separated the underwear into piles, and then he examined the swimsuit. "I'm still finding it difficult to accept that this even fits me," Pete exclaimed. He pinched at the formed bra cups as he spoke.

"It does," Joe said. "It might even be too small in a week or so." He teased.

Pete pulled the T-shirt over his head, and looked at his bra-covered breasts.

"This thing actually feels rather good," He said simply, putting both hands under his breasts, and lifting them up gently.

"Yeah," Joe agreed. "I don't feel right without one anymore."

"These things are too much!" Pete continued, unhooking his bra and pulling it away. He stood staring at his bare chest in the mirror.

Joe watched him as Pete ogled his own body. Joe knew what it was like. He still did the same thing himself, quite often. "They won't go away," Joe said. They'll be there every time you want them.

"And I love it," Pete said to himself, turning to see his profile. "I just love it."

"You're quite attractive," Joe said, voicing his thoughts,

"Not nearly as pretty as you," Pete countered. "You look like an angel... a young angel."

"It's still me here, Pete," Joe reminded him. "I'm a thirty year old guy inside."

"I'm sorry, but I didn't know you then," Pete reminded. "You've always been like this in my memory. And I think you're absolutely gorgeous." Pete reached over and rubbed his soft hand along Joe's cheek, like a guy might do to a woman he is attracted to.

Joe looked at Pete.

"What's that about?" Joe asked. He smiled, but obviously confused by Pete's actions.

"It's hard for me to keep my hands off you," Pete apologized, the redness of embarrassment showing clearly on his feminized face.

"Look at yourself," Joe teased. "You look about the same as I do."

"I may look different, but I still feel like a man... In some ways, more than I have in years in fact," Pete said.

Joe looked at him.

"So what do you want to do?" Joe asked, smiling demurely. "There's the bed. Want to get it on?"

"Heh heh. You don't know how much I'd like to," Pete said. "But, just what would we do? What could we do? I mean... Look at us."

"You look so good to me," Pete said. "If I could be a guy again, for just a few minutes... I could show you what it's like as a woman..."

After he spoke, Pete planted a kiss right on Joe's lips. Pete's soft face and skin felt sensuous against his own. After an initial resistance, Joe began to reciprocate willingly. He put his arm around Pete's shoulder as Pete pulled him closer.

When they finished, they looked into each others eyes.

Joe spoke first. "This is weird," he said. "I know you're really a guy, but I can't help but think of you as a woman... A very pretty woman."

Pete was breathing hard.

"Man... I'm telling you... Maybe you think of me as female, but I... I desire you like I haven't wanted a woman... I can't remember when..."

Joe suddenly realized the irony of the situation. He began to giggle.

"You want me, and I want you...", he snickered, "and neither of us are equipped to do anything about it."

Pete looked down at the curves of his bare chest. He took Joe's hand and placed it on his breast.

"Touch me... Please," Pete almost pleaded.

Joe stroked Pete's left breast. It was as firm, but soft, as it looked. He smiled. "Very nice," Joe complimented.

"It feels good, too.," Pete said, his eyes closed as he savored the soft touch.

"I know." Joe admitted, smiling knowingly.

"Ohh, God!" Pete exclaimed. "This feels so strange." He placed a hand at his crotch, and began to rub himself. Joe left his hand on Pete's breast as he watched Pete masturbate through his panties. It was evident that Pete has become very sensitive and sensual since the change, at least as much as Joe.

In a few moments, Pete stopped and regained a little composure. He realized Joe was watching, and became embarrassed.

"I'm sorry Joe," Pete apologized. "It just came over me... The feeling... It's too good... Too much."

"Don't worry about it," Joe assured him. "Believe me, I understand what you're going through."

He did, too. Since the change, it just seemed that all his senses were amplified. It was a strange, but highly pleasant feeling.

Recovered as much as possible, Pete removed his panties, examining the very wet crotch. He looked at Joe, who watched silently.

"Well, this is a unique experience, isn't it?" Pete commented, an embarrassed grin on his face. "I never thought about this happening."

"It's the way it is," Joe agreed. "That's how it is for women, I suppose. I didn't realize you could feel it so well."

"Yeah, I think I feel everything more now," Pete agreed. "My skin, my nerves are just so much more sensitive."

Joe watched as Pete tried on some other things. He commented on each, making suggestions or recommendations as necessary. He had been female only a little over a week, but he was already more experienced in dressing and wearing the clothes. He tried to help Pete the way Linda helped him.

In a while, Joe excused himself and said he had to be going. He explained how to get to Linda's house, and told Pete to come in a few hours.

On the drive home, Joe considered the evening. Maybe he'd invite the others over this evening too. He hadn't seen much of Dave, Mike, or Tim in a few days. It would be good to get together in private and compare recent experiences.

Chapter 44

INVITATION TO A POOL PARTY

As Joe entered Linda's house he knew she wasn't home yet. Her car wasn't in the drive and the door was locked. When he walked into the kitchen he spotted a note on the board.

"Joe... Jay called. He wants you to call him when you get back. I'll be back around seven."

Glancing at the clock on the built-in oven, Joe saw it was after six. He took the clothes into his room then sat on the bed to make the phone call to Jay. He wondered what Jay wanted. Probably just to talk. Jay was acting strangely since they had slept together. And why not? They had been buddies for years, and now, since Joe's amazing change, their relationship, by necessity, was taking a slightly different course. In a fit of passion and curiosity, Joe let Jay, or rather, Joe used Jay, to experiment with his body's amazing new gender.

But, in the process, it seemed that Jay had somehow become infatuated with Joe. Joe wasn't sure how to take it. Maybe he really had turned female... He certainly looked like a woman... But, to have your best buddy developing the hots for you... That took some getting used to. Actually, it was fun when both of them were together, including in bed, but he wasn't ready for dating, or whatever... Not just yet anyway.

Dialing the number, Joe waited for the ring.

"Hello," Jay's voice answered.

"Jay? This is Joe."

"Hi, Joe," Jay responded. "Glad you finally called."

"What's up?" Joe asked.

"I was just wondering how you were doing," Jay said. "It's been more than a day. I just wanted to see you."

"Oh yeah?" Joe asked. "What about?" He asked innocently.

"You know...," Jay went on, sounding embarrassed. "I just wanted to see you."

"I'm still at Linda's," Joe invited. "Why don't you come over this evening?"

"Sure," Jay responded immediately, sounding pleased. "When?"

"Any time," Joe answered. "I'm going to ask some of the guys... the girls... whatever... I'm going to invite Dave, Mike, Tim, and Pete over, too. Maybe we can have a little pool party. Linda will be home soon. You can invite Barb too, if you want." He added.

"No, not Barb," Jay said quickly.

"Why not?" Joe asked, though he knew. "Linda will be here."

"Yeah, maybe so... But I don't want her there."

"You're still going with her, aren't you?" Joe continued.

"I haven't been out with her since the last time we were together at Linda's."

"You should get out more," Joe teased.

"I'll be over in a few minutes," Jay said.

"I'll be here," Joe said simply.

They hung up, and Joe dialed Dave's number. Dave's wife Cindy answered the phone.

"Hi, Cindy. Joe here. Is Dave around?"

"Hi, Joe," Cindy answered cheerfully. "Yeah, he's here. I'll get him. How you been doing?"

"Not bad, I guess, considering," Joe said. "How's Dave taking it now?"

"About the same," Cindy said sadly. "He's really down."

"How about you two coming over this evening?"

"I don't know, Joe. I don't think he'll want to."

"Well, get him to the phone then."

"Okay, but I don't think it'll help." Cindy went to get Dave.

"Hi, Joe. What's going on?" Dave's now very feminine voice responded.

"What are you doing tonight, old buddy?"

"I, ahh... I... I'm pretty busy, Joe."

"Busy doing what?" Joe asked.

"Joe, I don't want to come over," Dave admitted. "I don't want to go anywhere."

"Listen up, Dave," Joe ordered. "You need to get out. Cindy needs to get out."

"I can't."

"The hell you can't!" Joe insisted. "You need to! It's no help to anybody if you turn into a hermit."

"It's not that easy, Joe," Dave countered.

"Yeah, I know," Joe agreed. "But it'll get easier if you let other people help."

"I'm not ready to go out in public."

"This is hardly public!" Joe corrected. "I'm talking here, at Linda's. Me, you, Mike, and Tim. Pete Peterson, too."

"How's Pete doing?" Dave asked.

"Real good," Joe answered. "I took him shopping this afternoon."

"Who else will be there?"

"I invited my pal, Jay," Joe answered. "Nobody else."

"Well... Maybe... I'll need to check if Cindy's mom can come over and stay with the kids."

"That's the idea!" Joe encouraged. "Bring your swimsuit."

"Swimsuit?" Dave objected. "I can't wear a damn swimming suit. I don't even have one that fits me now."

"Then get one!" Joe ordered. "Have Cindy help. She will, if you just ask."

"Yeah, I know that, but.... It just isn't that easy, Joe."

"Do it!"

"We'll see..."

"I'll see you around eight or so, Okay?" Joe asked.

"Okay, I'll be there when I can."

"Great!" Joe finished and called Mike. He heard Mike/Michelle's low but feminine voice.

"Hello?"

"Michelle? Joe here."

"Hi, Joe!" Mike responded. Mike had already announced he wanted to change his name to Michelle, but it was still hard for Joe to think of his friend by that name.

"What you doing this evening?" Joe asked immediately.

"Oh, nothing, I guess," Michelle said. "I was watching television."

"Well, bring a swimsuit, I'm inviting all of us here to Linda's, sort of a pool party. I'll furnish the drinks, chips, and dip."

"Who else will be there?" Michelle asked.

"Just you, me, Dave, Linda, Pete Peterson, my friend Jay... I'm planning to phone Tim next."

"Dave's going to come?" Michelle said, sounding surprised.

"Yeah, I talked him into it," Joe said.

"That's good," Michelle mused. "I'm worried about Dave."

"Me too," Joe agreed. "That's one reason why I think we need to get together."

"Yeah, I think it'll be a good idea. I'll be there. What time?"

"Oh, any time after eight, or so. Nothing formal... bring a suit if you want to go into the pool."

"What, no skinny-dip?"

"I won't complain, if that's what you want to do."

"No... I bought a new suit, and I've really been hoping for another chance to wear it," Michelle said. "See you at eight."

"Eight," Joe repeated.

Hanging up, Joe looked up Tim's number.

The voice that answered was feminine too, but it wasn't Tim's.

"Hello."

"Hello. This is Joe Bates. Is Tim there?" Joe asked, wondering who he might be speaking to.

"Just a moment."

"Hi Joe, what's going on?" Tim's voice came on the line.

"Hi, Tim," Joe said. "I was just calling to invite you over here for a little get together. I'm at Linda's... She's got a pool, so bring a suit if you want."

"When is it?"

"Tonight... Around eight."

"Eight? Yeah, I guess I can be there."

Joe considered. "You can bring a friend if you like..."

The way Joe spoke confused Tim. "What do you mean?"

"You can bring your friend if you like," Joe repeated.

"Oh, you mean my sister?" Tim responded, realizing that Joe had been confused by the voice on the phone. "Becky's here to help me with all this."

"She can come along if you want her to," Joe repeated. "It might even help if she could meet us. I've invited Dave, Mike, and Pete Peterson."

"How's Pete doing?"

"Perfect. The change was complete, just like us."

"I don't know why anyone would volunteer for something like this," Tim thought out loud.

"You just have to meet him," Joe said. "Pete's a good person."

"Okay, I'll be there. I really don't know about Becky though."

"She's more than welcome."

"I'll see you in a little while."

"Bye"

It was set. Every one Joe invited was planning to come. It would be good to see everybody and learn what they were doing. That was impossible at work. There was simply no privacy, and that's really what they needed right now, privacy, and maybe an understanding shoulder to cry on. Time to be themselves.

Joe got off the bed and pulled off his top. He unsnapped his bra, and then dumped the store sack of underwear on the bed. Selecting the gray silk bra, he slipped his arms through the soft straps. He pulled it

on and fastened the back clasps. It fit perfectly. He went to the mirror to examine his profile, pleased with what he observed. The gray contrasted perfectly with the tanned skin and hair, even as short as that was. He remembered the matching panties. He just had to try them. In spite of the yeast infection, he wanted to see and feel what it was like to wear them. He pulled the cotton panties off, removed the pantyliner from the little crotch, and flipped the moist pad in the trash can.

He held up the tiny silk underpants to about eye level. They were so soft, so smooth, so feminine... And they were his... Lowering them to his knees, he stepped into the silky garment and pulled it to his hips. They fit perfectly. Yeah... He rubbed his soft, growing buttocks. He looked down at his body... the sleekness of his crotch, with its tiny, feminine bulge. Joe was becoming quite pleased with his new look.

But enough. Time to decide what to wear. He wanted to wear a swimsuit, but he knew it would be best to stay out of the water until the infection was overcome. That could be a few more days. Anything he wore now would need to be washed in very hot water or it was likely he would be re-infected the next time wore them. Joe certainly didn't want a recurrence of the infection. One experience with that was quite enough.

Joe went back out to the bedroom to get his new suit, when he heard Linda enter the kitchen door. He'd ask her... She'd know.

Joe stood waiting in the bedroom until Linda looked in.

"Hi, Joe" she greeted, and saw Joe standing in his new silk underwear.

"Good evening." Joe acknowledged.

"I see you bought some new clothes," Linda said. "They look good on you."

"Thanks. I like 'em." Joe said, looking down at the bra and panty he wore.

"Linda, I've got a question for you," Joe continued.

"Sure, Joe, what?"

Linda, you know about my infection, right?" Joe said haltingly.

"Yes... A yeast infection...," Linda said, grinning widely as she thought of the irony of the situation.

"That's right," Joe said. "I've invited everyone over here this evening, about eight. Is that OK?"

"Sure, you know it is," Linda answered.

"Well, I planned on a sort of pool party... You know...," Joe stammered.

"That's a good idea," Linda agreed.

"Well, I just realized maybe I shouldn't go in the pool with this infection, what do you think?" Joe continued.

Linda looked into Joe's eyes, and then down his body, stopping at his crotch. Her grin widened even more.

"I don't know Joe," She said. "Hmmm... maybe you shouldn't. I know you shouldn't walk around all evening with a wet suit."

"I just bought this one," Joe said, holding up the new swimsuit.

"It's very nice," Linda said. "I think I'd wear it if I were you."

"Would you?" Joe asked.

"Sure. Go ahead, just don't sit around in it after you get it wet. If you take a dip, change your clothes immediately afterwards," Linda suggested.

"Yeah, I think I will," Joe decided.

"When are they coming?" Linda asked.

"I suggested about eight." Joe answered. "You can make it, right?"

"Sure," Linda answered. "I'd like to see how everybody is doing."

"A freak show in your own back yard," Joe blurted sarcastically.

"Joe. Why did you say that?" Linda objected, obviously offended.

"I don't know," Joe answered. "It just seems like that... Everyone wants to see how we're doing... I really think it's just prurient interest."

Linda looked at Joe.

"I admit it is an interesting situation," she admitted. "But I've known you and most of your friends for a few years. I'm sympathetic to what happened to you."

"I know," Joe agreed. "But sometimes... Sometimes I feel like I'm in a fishbowl. We all need some privacy."

"Would you rather I weren't here?" Linda asked.

"No. No, not at all," Joe answered. "Actually, I want you here. You deserve to be here."

"Thank you," Linda said. "I hope you always feel that way."

Joe went onto the bathroom, removing his underwear as he walked. As he was stepping into the swimsuit, Linda peeked into the partially open door.

"Should I make something?" She asked, smiling when she saw what Joe was doing.

"No. I think just some chips and some drinks will be good." Joe answered. "I'll take care of everything. You just get ready."

"Should I wear a swim suit too?" Linda asked.

"Sure. If you want," Joe said. "You don't have to, though."

"That looks good on you," Linda complimented.

"Thanks," Joe said smiling, slightly embarrassed. "I thought it was time that I got my own suit."

"What? No tiny, skin tight bikini?" Linda teased.

Joe adjusted the sleek one-piece suit and looked at himself. He grinned. "Not this time," Joe said. "How does it look?" he asked, pirouetting around so Linda could get a good look.

"As usual, you're totally gorgeous," Linda announced, sounding jealous.

"It's not too loose on top?" Joe continued, arching his back slightly, emphasizing his bust line.

"No, of course not," Linda said. "Everything fits just fine. You look quite nice."

"Thanks. I really appreciate your opinion," Joe said honestly. "I haven't seen the others, but I know Pete looks pretty good."

"You guys...", Linda said. "What is happening? Are there going to be no real men left?"

"I don't think you have anything to worry about," Joe said. "Not everybody wants to make the change, I'm sure about that."

"I don't understand it," Linda continued. "Men have it so good. Why would any male want to take on the burden of being a woman?"

"What do you mean, burden?" Joe objected. "I've had the chance to see a little bit of life from both sides now, and I really don't think women have it all that bad."

"Just a minute now, Joe," Linda warned. "Try to survive on a typical woman's wage... Refuse some of that engineer's paycheck... Try having a kid and still keep your job."

Joe thought about what she was saying. She was probably right. He wondered how Matheney would react if he accidentally became pregnant and had to take time off. Pregnant... Hah! That thought made him shiver, and yet the idea was intriguing someday... maybe...

"I know... You're right," Joe agreed, not wanting to argue anyway.

Joe went into his bedroom and found the new big T cover-up. He slipped it on, slightly regretting that he had to hide the attractive, sleek, swimsuit. He looked in the mirror. Even in the loose, form hiding shirt, he didn't look at all like a guy anymore. Just a young girl with very short hair.

He left the bedroom and walked to the kitchen. He could feel the suits snugness on his hips as he walked. Whenever such sensations were amplified like this, Joe could really feel the changes his body was undergoing. His hips... The whole pelvis actually... continued to get wider, more female-like. Nothing he could do about it. Nothing he wanted to do about it. Not anymore.

As his body changed, Joe's mind continued to change too... He was becoming more tolerant, more accepting of his strange condition. Joe Bates was actually becoming the woman he appeared to be.

But to Joe, it wasn't quite as obvious. He knew he was changing. That was clearly evident just by looking in a mirror. And he could tell something was happening with his mind too, but that wasn't as obvious, nor as constant. Joe felt his mood switch almost randomly. He now experienced strange emotional swings. Sometimes he couldn't help weeping. Just crying like a baby. Other times, he felt strangely serene. His feminized body, with its new gonads that were

flooding Joe's system with a new mix of hormones, in a new ratio, causing Joe to sometimes undergo a pleasant feeling of well being natural women also experience, whether they realize it or not. It was a good sensation, and Joe liked it. It was something a normal man could never know.

Joe carried some things from the kitchen to the two tables at the pool. It was still quite early, and the sun was still low on the horizon. Linda was indoors at the stereo and suddenly Joe heard low music coming from the outdoor speakers.

Joe was arranging the chairs around the tables when Linda came out. She had changed clothes, and now wore a terry robe over a swimsuit. She looked very attractive, and Joe could feel his body become aroused as he watched her walk along the pool edge.

He didn't need to contend with a bulging erection anymore, but as his little clitoris stiffened, Joe also became very aware the rest of his vulva, and nipples, as those parts of him became aroused. He felt so much more body aware now. It was generally good, but so different. He began to fondle his soft breast as if needing to verify he was really awake. This whole ordeal could sometimes be so dreamlike, Joe tried to move one of the lounge chairs by picking it up. Ten days ago he could have lifted it with one hand. Now it was very difficult, even with both arms. The changes had greatly reduced his strength, especially in his arms and upper body. That was a strange sensation too, to be so weak. As he moved the lounge by dragging it, a flush of embarrassment came over him.

Linda saw Joe struggling with the chair and came to help him.

"Let me help with that," she exclaimed.

"I can do it!" Joe snapped, obviously annoyed at his inability to perform such a simple act.

"I'm sorry. It looked like you were having a difficult time," Linda continued. "It doesn't hurt to ask for help." She smiled, suddenly realizing Joe was again having to come to grips with his new femininity.

Joe looked at her. She wasn't trying to rub it in... She wasn't making fun of him. She was just trying to help him adjust.

But a faint trace of machismo still remaining, he couldn't help but resent it.

He returned her smile. "I'm sorry," he apologized. "It just gets to me sometimes."

"You're doing okay, Joe," Linda said, placing her hand on his shoulder.

Joe turned and put his arms around her, hugging her tightly. She returned his embrace.

"This is so scary sometimes," Joe said. "I feel so vulnerable. Needing help, but not wanting it."

"I'm always here when you need me," Linda reminded him, as they held each other tightly.

"And I really appreciate it," Joe said. "I may not act like it sometimes, but I do."

When they released their embrace, Joe noticed the chilled bottle of white wine on the table Linda had placed there.

"Would you like some of this?" Joe asked, pouring some for himself.

"That would be nice." Linda agreed.

Joe handed her a glass and they touched the rims as they looked into each others eyes. This beautiful woman next to him was so understanding, so loving. He was so fortunate she stayed as he went through this. Why did she do it? Sure, she probably loved him when he was a guy, but the way he was now, the way he looked, easily as feminine as her, why did she stay? Joe was just glad she did.

"I'm glad I'll get a chance to see your friends this evening," Linda said. "I'm so impressed with how you've taken what has happened to you, I guess I'm curious how they might be getting on."

"They're making do," Joe said, grinning. "Even if their outies have turned into innies."

Joe said it just to tease Linda. He couldn't help but be reminded of some of the conversations, or arguments, they used have about how women were or were not discriminated against. It was a bit ironic that now they were both in the same boat.

"You poor things," Linda agreed.

Joe and Linda sat at the table, enjoying each other's company, and making small talk, until they were interrupted by someone opening the gate from the drive.

Joe looked up to see Jay walking along the pool towards them.

"Hello...ladies," Jay said, haltingly. He wasn't sure how Joe preferred to be addressed, even though he was amazingly attractive sitting next to Linda. Jay didn't know what caused it, but it was evident he couldn't help being attracted to Joe.

"Hi, Jay." Joe said, smiling at Jay's awkwardness concerning his new status.

"You look very nice tonight, Linda," Jay complimented.

"Why, thank you, Jay," Linda said.

"And you do too, Joe," Jay continued.

"Yeah, thanks," Joe replied. "It was still difficult to be treated like a woman.

"Are none of the others here yet?" Jay asked. "Don't tell me I'm the first one here."

"That's right," Joe answered. "The first guy here... No... I guess you'll be the ONLY guy here tonight."

"Who's coming, did you say?" Jay asked, ignoring Joe's sarcasm.

"You, Dave, Mike, Tim, and Pete," Joe replied. "I'm not sure, but maybe Dave will bring Cindy, and Tim might even bring his sister. Becky, I think her name was."

"I was really surprised to hear about Pete," Jay said.

"You'll be even more surprised when you see him now," Joe added. "He's turned female, but also so much younger looking too."

"So are you, old buddy," Jay reminded him.

Joe smiled. That was true enough.

"Yeah, but Pete went from, Oh... sixty or so, to, maybe thirty-ish," he said.

"A real fountain of youth," Jay mused.

"And, all you have to give up is your normal life," Joe added.

"You seem to be getting along pretty good," Jay offered.

"You don't have to live it," Joe considered. "I can give you a chance to try it, if you like."

"Thanks. I think I'll take your word," Jay said.

"Some wine?" Linda offered.

"Thanks," Jay replied, holding the glass as Linda poured.

"What do you think of all this?" Jay asked Linda.

"I don't know," Linda replied. "It's quite intriguing, but I can't help but be sympathetic for these guys."

Jay looked over at Joe. He grinned. "It's really hard to believe Joe there used to be my old buddy," he said.

"I still am!" Joe countered.

"Yeah, I know, but... Look at yourself. I mean..."

Jay didn't have to say it. They all knew. Joe had become so female, so attractive looking, it was hard to accept that he was really a guy with genetic damage.

"But I'm still me," Joe repeated. "I'm still the same person inside."

"It's the outside I'm talking about," Jay said. "Joe... You're... You're too much."

"Skin and bones." Joe said, looking at Linda. He was feeling extremely self-conscious sitting there. After all, he experienced sex with each of them, in very different circumstances each time.

"Very different skin and bones," Jay added.

"Not so different, really," Joe said. "Just a few subtleties."

"An interesting way to put it," Linda added. "Subtleties that affect your whole lifestyle...your whole life."

"If you let them," Joe countered.

Just then, they heard a car engine in the drive. Someone else was joining the party.

Chapter 45
CHANGELING PARTY

When the gate opened, Joe saw young a woman enter and walk shyly towards them. Another woman, slightly older looking, and somewhat slimmer, was following closely behind. Joe, of course, recognized the younger looking woman. It was his friend, Dave Skinner. And behind him/her, walked Dave's wife, Cindy.

Dave wore a soft velour jumpsuit. The loose fitting garment covered Dave's body, but it didn't completely conceal his ample curves. Since Joe had last seen Dave, the change had obviously continued to work its magic on Dave's bustline. Though he completely understood what the poor guy was going through, Joe had to hold back a smile as he watched his friend jiggle his way along the pool walk. Apparently, Dave felt it too, cause he self-consciously held his arm across that ample bosom in an attempt to limit the movement.

Cindy Skinner carried a large tote bag containing beach towels, and probably some clothes. She apparently succeeded getting Dave to buy and wear a swimsuit. Cindy herself wore a loose terry cover-up, and it was evident she too wore a suit beneath it. Cindy was not quite svelte, but she was certainly trimmer than her mate. Dave looked more like a taller, overweight, younger sister than a husband. For Joe, it was a bit disconcerting to see his friend, still with his wife, and yet so obviously female.

No wonder he was embarrassed, Joe considered.

"Hi Dave... Cindy," Joe called. "Glad you could come over."

"Evening Joe, Linda," Cindy said smiling, acting slightly embarrassed.

"Hi." Dave said rather curtly, immediately taking a seat.

"Looks like you found a suit," Joe continued. "Now, that wasn't so bad, was it?"

"Lay off, Joe," Dave warned menacingly. "I really don't want to discuss it."

"Kinda hard to hide, isn't it?" Joe continued, grinning. "I bought a new one, too."

"Well, you get all the fancy clothes you want," Dave said. "I'll do what I must, but I don't have to like it."

"Now, Dave," Cindy scolded. "It won't help to act that way. Joe doesn't mean anything."

"You really don't look bad, Dave," Jay chimed in, trying to make Dave feel better about his situation.

"Yeah. Not bad for a guy with bigger tits than his wife," Dave scowled sarcastically.

"Stop it Dave!" Cindy ordered. "That's quite enough!"

"Come on," Joe said, in attempt to change the subject. "Try some of this white wine."

They filled glasses and touched them, with Dave just starting to apologize when they heard the sound of another car in the drive. In moments, Mike Osborn came strolling confidently down the walk.

Mike, who already let it be known that he preferred to be called Michelle now, had completely embraced the forced feminization. Of the four original victims of the gender changing phenomena, Mike/Michelle seemed to adapt the most completely so far. Considering that the pre-change Mike was probably the most macho-male of them all, his quick transition was that much more remarkable.

"Glad you could make it, Michelle," Joe called, remembering to use Mike's new feminine label.

Mike/Michelle grinned widely and held up a hand in greeting. "Good evening everyone!" He called cheerily.

Michelle sported a colorful and attractive cover-up, which he left open in front, displaying his swimsuit, as well as his ample curves.

In the three days since Joe last saw Mike/Michelle, it was plain that he had been subject to the subtle, persistent, re-shape the strange genetic damage continued to work on all of them. Michelle was perhaps not as fortunate as Joe concerning facial appearance, but his/her body shape had already evolved to become a flawless example of feminine beauty. Mike/Michelle realized it too, and was obviously quite proud of his/her new appearance.

Joe couldn't help but watch for Jay's reaction to Michelle. Since Jay was now the only "complete" male present, Joe was interested in observing Jay's reaction to him and his changed friends. Jay was obviously mesmerized by Michelle's appearance, since he couldn't

take his eyes away as Michelle opened the cover-up to model his suit (as well as his shape) at Linda's request.

"This new suit is just fantastic," Michelle exclaimed enthusiastically. "I can't believe that it fits so well, moreover that I actually look like this... Just look at this butt!"

Michelle swung around, holding the cover-up away from his derriere, so the developing soft roundness could be seen.

"You do look gorgeous," Linda complimented. Michelle obviously wasn't suffering from the intense self pity hounding Dave.

"Thank you, and you do too," Michelle responded, acting and sounding just like the young woman he now appeared to be.

"It is a little weird wearing these shoulder pads," Michelle continued, touching the shoulders of the cover-up. "But it seems my shoulders are getting so darn narrow, and my butt..." He ran his hands along growing hips.

Mike/Michelle saw Dave sitting in the chair, watching but saying nothing.

"Hi, Dave!" He exclaimed. "Haven't seen you around for a couple of days."

"Hello, Mike," Dave returned, rather unenthusiastically. "I've been kinda busy., he lied.

"How do you like the new suit?" Michelle continued, turning around as he again held the cover-up open in front, obviously looking for every opportunity to flaunt his new curves.

"You look very nice, Mike," Dave droned flatly. "I'm glad you're so happy."

"And what's the matter with you?" asked Michelle, when it finally dawned that Dave was depressed.

"What does it look like?" Dave asked. "Look at me!" He stood up momentarily, arching his back so his substantial breasts were emphasized.

"So?" Michelle retorted. "You're not the only one." he puffed his own chest out to emphasize the new curves. "I've got em too."

"Well, I don't want em," Dave insisted. "I didn't ask for em, I certainly don't need em, and I don't want em."

"But, they're there, and you're probably gonna have to live with them," Michelle said logically. "Why not try and enjoy it?"

"Cause I have two kids!" Dave retorted. "I'm a husband, and a father. And I'm not a woman, that's why!"

The sharp response left Michelle without a comeback. There was a long moment of silence.

"I'm sorry, Dave, but I think you're going to look like that, no matter how you choose to feel about it. I know its kinda rough, but I think you'd be happier if you just tried to accept it, rather than fight it."

"And what do I tell my son... my boy?" Dave asked. "What do I tell him when he asks why daddy wears the same clothes as mommy?"

"Tell him the truth," Michelle said. "Tell him exactly what happened. It's not your fault. No one blames you. No one blames any of us."

"That's right, Dave." Linda agreed. "I think your children will understand."

"I don't know....," Dave retorted. "I don't think I understand."

A slight smile showed as he spoke.

"You'll probably get used to it," Joe added. "I think I'm starting to."

"Yeah, but then, you don't have a wife and kids," Dave reminded him.

"I admit it is a problem, but you can work it out. We can all work it out," Joe continued. "Cindy's still with you, remember."

"I don't know why," Dave whined, looking at her. "I certainly can't be a husband to you anymore."

"I love you no matter what you look like." Cindy reminded him. "I just hope that you can still feel the same about me."

Dave stared at his wife, then glanced across the table, at Joe.

"Joe, do you sleep with Linda?" He asked bluntly.

Joe's mouth opened, but he just looked at Linda.

Linda spoke.

"We have slept together, Dave, and we probably will again," she said, without a hint of embarrassment.

"But... What can you do? I mean...", Dave stammered.

"It is different, true, but not so bad, really," Linda said, remembering.

Joe's a very good hugger, and I think he kisses better than ever." She grinned as she watched Joe, who experienced a warm flush come over his face.

Joe finally responded.

"It's different," he said. "I wish I could still do what I could before, but I can't. But I'm still a sensitive person, probably more now than ever."

"Yeah... But...", Dave objected.

"And now... You now know EXACTLY what'll make Cindy feel good, right?"

That made both Cindy and Dave blush.

"There are a lot of things," Joe continued. "Just use your imagination a little."

All this "girl" talk was quite interesting to Jay, the only normal male present. Joe looked over at his friend.

"Sorry if this is making you uncomfortable," Joe apologized. "I sort of forgot you were there." He grinned.

"No. No, that's perfectly all right, Joe," Jay stammered. "Actually, I find it quite interesting."

"I'll bet you do," Joe agreed.

The conversation was interrupted by the sound of another car in the drive. In a minute, two more young women entered the gate.

Joe recognized the very young looking girl in the lead as Tim, who before the change had been a handsome twenty-one year old line-boy. He was much younger than the others when the accident occurred, and now had become even younger looking. Though it was plainly evident his body had feminized, Tim now appeared to be hardly day over fifteen or sixteen.

The young woman accompanying Tim, his older sister, was really just a year or so older, but unlike Tim, she looked her age. There

could be no doubt they were related... The former young man looked very much like his sister; blonde, and now, reasonably well endowed. Except for perhaps Pete, it seemed the others experienced greater bust development than Joe, though he was quite satisfied in that area too.

Tim seemed resigned to what had occurred. Although a bit depressed at first, now he wore the same smug little smile on his face that Joe did, as if he were continually thinking of something humorous. In reality, it was just a reflection of how new body chemistry made them feel. A strangely warm, contented, pleasant sense of well being. Joe enjoyed the feeling, and he sensed Tim did too. If either of them had ever desired a return to masculinity, such urges were mostly in the past.

Tim might still get embarrassed by his new femininity, but he obviously preferred it. He did his best to cope with the problems, as well as the advantages, of living with a woman's, or girl's, body.

"How everything been going, Tim?" Joe asked.

Tim looked at Joe, and grinned. "Getting used to it, I guess," Tim answered. "Becky's been helping a lot too."

"I don't see how he does it," Becky said softly. "Tim just seems to adapt so easily, as if everything happening was completely natural."

"I guess it is, in a way, don't you think?" Joe asked. "Except for what caused it to happen, we are pretty much normal... natural... At least I feel that way."

"You all certainly do look normal." Becky agreed. "I mean, as women anyway."

"I suppose we have to try to think of ourselves that way, from now on, don't you?" Joe continued.

"Hardly a choice, as I see it," Michelle answered simply. "We're stuck like this, and that's it."

"Well, becoming female was one thing," Tim complained. "But just look at me now... I really don't think anyone would believe I'm actually twenty-one, do you?"

Joe looked at Tim, now with a trim, lithe, body of of a young teenage girl. Except for the breasts, Tim appeared almost adolescent. Poor guy, he was right.

"Oh, I don't know... You are a bit young looking...," Joe stammered.

"Come on, Joe... It's more than that, and you know it," Tim continued. "I'm turning into a little kid."

"Yeah, maybe so." Joe conceded. "But a precocious, cute one, for sure." He grinned, looking at Tim's chest.

"I never thought I'd be called CUTE," Tim complained. "And, I sure don't think of myself that way."

"Could be worse, I guess," Joe mused.

"Yeah, guess it could," Tim agreed. "I guess I really don't mind all that much... I mean... it seems to be getting easier, more tolerable, every day. I just hope it stops real soon. I'm close as I want to get to being a child again."

Once again, a car could be heard in the drive. It had to be Pete Peterson. That assumption was confirmed as another attractive woman entered the pool gate.

Pete Peterson, the president of Honeybone, Joe's employer, had voluntarily subjected himself to the radio energy being used to try to reproduce what had happened accidentally to the others.

Although he was almost sixty years old, the change phenomenon had been amazingly successful in working its "fountain-of-youth" wonders. Pete had already lost years from his appearance. Instead of distinguished and grey, complete with all the wrinkles of a successful man nearing retirement, Pete was again dark-haired, and looked closer to thirty than sixty. Like the others, Pete's body was now completely female. Only the remaining short male haircut gave any hint that he had ever been anything but the woman he appeared to be.

Why Pete had subjected himself to the change was known only to him. After he had heard what had occurred that fateful day in Arizona, Pete requested to see Joe, and Joe had been ordered to Minneapolis to meet him. In the process, Joe had dutifully invited Pete to observe some of the experiments being undertaken in an attempt to understand the phenomenon. Surprisingly, the busy president quickly accepted, and was there within a few days. Almost as soon as he arrived, he privately informed Joe of his intentions.

Apparently a closet transsexual, Pete had been considering his limited options ever since the death of his wife, some years before.

When Joe told him in Minneapolis that they would eventually seek a human volunteer to try experiments in the Faraday cage, Pete immediately knew what he wanted to do. When he told Joe, he met

with initial resistance, but Joe knew Dr. Krell's nurse Karen Simpson had suffered similar difficulties, and she had been successfully treated by surgical procedures that removed her unwanted male organs.

Karen was apparently quite pleased with what Joe considered a partial fix. While she now looked quite female, Karen was not really complete... she didn't menstruate, and she couldn't conceive. Compared to what had happened to Joe, Karen's physical femininity was purely superficial.

Joe decided that the cage might be the ultimate answer for persons like Karen, if only it could be made to work. He agreed to help Pete, without asking anyone else. While that decision irritated Dr. Krell, the cage did work, and Pete was now enjoying his first full day in his chosen gender.

It was too soon for Pete's status to be legally changed, but there was no doubt that it had to happen. His body was no longer male. He was already having the time of his life adapting to spending the rest of it as a woman - an attractive woman. Pete had already developed a very female shape, and Joe knew from experience he would continue to change even more, for a week or more. His face had become more youthful, and now displayed that perpetual, infectious, smile of happiness.

The woman walking along the edge of the pool was obviously enjoying herself. She displayed a somewhat awkward gait, probably due to having not yet adapted to the subtly different center of gravity, and the strange feel of a widening pelvis.

She would soon.

Joe recognized Pete's new cover-up, and he knew Pete wore the swimsuit he helped choose earlier that afternoon.

Joe stood to introduce the President of Honeybone.

"Everyone, I'd like you to meet Pete Peterson, of Honeybone."

Joe then introduced Pete to each person individually.

Pete graciously shook hands with each one. The others, who might have been at least a little intimidated by a middle aged male executive, couldn't help but accept this attractive young- looking woman with the contagious smile.

Pete was quite obviously over-joyed by his new status. While his actions and movements were often more masculine than feminine, he learned quickly, and his enthusiastic attitude served to conceal most

incongruities. A born leader, Pete's powerful personality had luckily survived a total gender swap.

Joe looked at Pete, surprised at just how young-looking Pete had become. He only left him a couple of hours ago, but there had been very noticeable changes since then.

"Pete, you look so... different," Joe told him.

"Tell me about it!" Pete exclaimed. He couldn't hide the glee in his voice.

No. I mean it," Joe said seriously. "You look even younger than when I left you while ago. That was just a couple of hours. How do you feel?"

"Better than I have in years," Pete exclaimed. "And getting better all the time."

"And it looks it," Jay said, breaking in.

Pete looked over at Jay, showing recognition.

Well... It's my attorney friend! So good to see you again," Pete exclaimed.

"You certainly look much different since I saw you last," Jay said, almost teasing him.

"Yes... I suppose I do," Pete agreed, chuckling. "But what you can't see is just how great I feel."

"It shows, Pete," Joe said. "It shows."

"Well, I hope so," Pete beamed. "When I decided to try this, I thought at least, I might find it somewhat interesting. I had no Idea it would end up like this... That I could be so healthy, so... so... flexible!"

"Flexible?" Dave snapped incredulously. "You get a woman's body, and you like it cause you've become more flexible?"

"You don't understand," Pete objected. "I'm young again! I could hardly lift my legs at the end of a day, and now..." Pete raised his bare leg almost level with his hips. It was obvious he had experienced the same "loosening" of the joints as Joe, and perhaps the others, did. They didn't know what caused it, but it was a wonderful, healthy feeling. Joe understood Pete's excitement.

"I'm free!" Pete exclaimed. "I feel so wonderful... You can't imagine!"

"Yeah... I know...," Joe said. "We all do... Most of us anyway." He looked over at Dave.

Dave said nothing, realizing there was nothing to say. It was clear that he was the exception here... The others were starting to accept what had happened to them, only he was less than pleased. He couldn't understand how Pete could be so happy with his circumstances. Then again, he had asked for it.

"Well, I'm going to take a dip in your lovely pool," Michelle announced, obviously attempting to change the subject.

"Excellent idea," Linda agreed. She could detect Dave's tension too.

Joe considered whether he wanted to get the suit wet. The water might feel good, the hot, dry air was beginning to make him sweat in the snug fitting suit. Before he could make up his mind, Jay did it for him.

"Come on, Bates," Jay said. "Get in there, or I'll toss you in."

He could do it too, Joe thought. Jay was so big and strong. He had never noticed it before the change, when they were more evenly matched. Joe watched as the handsome man stepped out of his shorts, displaying red boxer-type swim trunks. As Jay pulled the knit shirt over his head, Joe felt his rearranged crotch muscles involuntarily contract as he gazed at his friend's muscular back.

I really am turning female, Joe thought, as he brushed his fingers over the sleek little spandex covered bulge of his clitoris. He suddenly realized what he was doing and looked around, relieved no one had seen him.

Jay turned and looked at Joe. Joe suddenly realized that he had better remove the terry cover-up immediately, or be thrown in wearing it.

Jay was acting like a teenage boy when around Joe. Joe knew his friend had become infatuated with Joe's sexy new femininity. It was a compliment, Joe considered, but he didn't feel comfortable enough to want a relationship. Not yet anyway. He still wanted to be buddies with Jay. It was difficult, considering what they had already done together, at Joe's suggestion.

Curious to experience sex as a female, Joe found the courage to try it with Jay. And Jay didn't resist for a moment.

The experience had been very satisfying for them both. Joe discovered a heightened sensitivity that was part of being female, and Jay found an attractive, sensuous partner who really understood him, and of course, shared his interests. To Jay, it was simply the perfect combination. He told a nervous, self-conscious Joe, who begged him to back off, at least temporarily.

Joe had to find himself before he could ever try to be a WOMAN for somebody else, even, or maybe especially for, his best friend.

Joe barely got the little cover-up off when he was lifted off his feet and unceremoniously tossed into the pool. Joe could sense Jay's strong muscles as he held him. He could also detect a careful, affectionate gentleness.

The water was pleasantly warm, and as he surfaced, Joe again noticed the extra buoyancy the change had given his body. When he opened his eyes, Joe instinctively checked that his boobs remained covered. The underwire cups held them securely in place, but everything still felt looser than it really was. He was getting used to them, but having breasts could still create new sensations for Joe.

Joe was paddling toward the ladder, watching the others at the pool side. Tim was awkwardly removing his cover-up, and Joe got a good view of the younger mans' profile from behind.

There was no doubt Tim's body was completely female. Although he had now become much trimmer with the change, his butt had developed that characteristic feminine "pear" shape. Tim's swimsuit followed his new curves closely, the high-cut leg openings emphasized a changed (and still changing) pelvis. The new wideness was evident by a noticeable gap at the top of hairless legs, with no masculine bulge. The form-fitting, light blue suit hid nothing, and it was clear Tim had little to hide.

"Get in here, Dave!" Michelle called from the middle of the pool.

"No!" Dave answered back. "I agreed to wear this, but I ain't getting it wet."

Joe struggled up the ladder and stood on the pool edge. He watched as Tim gingerly jumped in feet first, holding his nose. The dry air was cold against his wet skin, and Joe decided to get back in the water. He dove into the five-foot pool, sensing again the noticeable drag of the suit, and his breasts.

He bobbed to the surface and was paddling away when he cleared his eyes in time to see Jay reach the edge and dive in.

Guessing what was about to happen, Joe began to swim away from Jay as fast as his now half-strength arms could move him. Jay was obviously watching, since he headed directly for Joe, his greater strength allowing him to catch Joe very easily. He went straight for Joe's ankles, and pulled them to the surface. Jay was acting just like a teenage boy in love.

When he wrested his feet free, Joe was able to bob to the surface for much needed breath. After a couple of gasps for air, Jay was at it again, this time grabbing Joe around the waist, again knocking him off his feet. The strength difference was so great, Joe had little choice but to react to what Jay did. He knew that Jay was only flirting, and he should be flattered, but it was embarrassing, and becoming a pain in the butt. When he could, Joe looked at the table, and could see Linda watching. Joe knew she would be curious about he and Jay's new, changing, relationship, and wondering how it might affect her.

Whether he realized it or not, Jay was confirming Linda's suspicions. There could be no doubt... The silly way Jay was acting... They were the actions of a man in love... Or, at least, strong interest. Linda knew how men acted... When they played like little boys, they were just letting their hormones run wild. She watched as poor Joe responded with confused embarrassment. He plainly didn't know how to take all this masculine attention. Although he smiled at Jay, between breaths for air, Joe obviously didn't desire the persistent teasing.

It had to be infatuation with Joe, thought Linda, since Jay didn't even seem to notice Michelle, and that knockout body. And he didn't even look up as Tim removed the terry-cloth jacket and innocently jiggled his/her tight butt to the pool.

Except for chubby moody Dave Skinner, these guys had developed bodies most women would die for, Linda thought. And here they all were, in her pool, trying desperately to learn to act female.

Linda watched them intently. Only the short hair all but Michelle still had gave any clue they had ever been anything but normal women. Even this person sitting quietly next to her... This apparently thirty-or-so Pete Perterson... Joe claimed he was actually about sixty years old. Yet, he/she looked to be about the same age as she was.

What was it like... To be a dirty-old-man... With the body of an attractive woman?

Linda wondered what the cage might do for a woman by birth. If it was such a fountain-of-youth for men, what might it do for women? Might it make them male? Into old men? The thought made her grin at the irony of that... A machine that made men young and female, and women old and male... Again, women get the shaft, she considered.

But... What if that didn't happen, she thought? What if it just made a woman young... Or younger looking?

She decided to ask Joe if she could try it sometime. What was there to lose? There he was, the love of her life, cavorting around in her pool, with his school buddy already sniffing around, acting just like a horny teenager. If it just made her look as young as Joe seemed to be getting... At least she wouldn't have to act the part of "older sister" when they went out together and who knows, maybe she'd get to look sixteen again...

"I understand you and Joe planned to be married soon." Linda heard someone say.

She looked over at Pete, who was attempting to break the obvious silence by making small talk.

"Yes." Linda responded. "In June. We WERE going to get married in June." She emphasized.

"Joe has good taste." Pete continued. "You are very attractive. Heh, Heh. Apparently, I seem to still have retained my eye for the ladies, none-the-less." He giggled at the irony.

Linda thought about things Joe had told her about his own feelings.

"I guess it takes time to forget old instincts." Linda said, then immediately wishing she hadn't.

"You are very observant, young lady... Linda is it?" Pete continued.

"Yes, Please... Linda...", Linda insisted. "And you're... Pete?"

"That's correct," Pete answered. "I guess I'll need to change it, but I haven't decided what yet... I really didn't think it would happen this fast."

"Yes...", Linda said haltingly. "Joe... Joe tells me you... you voluntarily tried the cage?"

"That's correct," Pete said again. "You probably think I'm a pervert, or something equivalent, but I assure you, I am not. And I must tell you, I have never been happier in my life!"

"You're sixty years old?" Linda asked incredulously.

Pete laughed. "Almost... I was fifty-nine last month. I guess I don't look it anymore, do I?"

"No, no you don't," Linda agreed. "I wonder what that cage would do for me? I'd sure love to lose a few years."

"It would be interesting to find out what it might do to a genetic female," Pete agreed, thinking out loud. "Are you asking to try it?"

A chill went through Linda. Joe had said that this genetic playtoy could possibly kill. "Maybe... I might," Linda responded.

"Well, well, need to discuss it with Dr. Krell. And Joe," Pete said. "But if you'd like, I think we could arrange it."

"I think I would," Linda said firmly. "I'll try it, if you'll let me."

"It might be dangerous," Pete reminded her. "It certainly didn't hurt me, but they say it could possibly cause all sorts of genetic damage. Hard to believe, considering how it's making me feel." He stretched his arms over his head.

"You look remarkable... Almost unbelievable," Linda said, more to herself than to Pete.

"Yeah. I agree with that," Pete said. "But I admit, It's a little hard to get used to." He put a hand under each breast and lifted them gently.

Linda smiled, not having anything to say. Considering how guys reacted to women's breasts and other intimate parts, she found it interesting how they acted when suddenly provided with their very own.

"Do you like it?" She asked.

"I love it," Pete answered. "I don't have words to say how much. I... I feel so... so... so complete. I can't describe it."

"But, don't it seem like something is missing... I mean...", She lowered her eyes to Pete's crotch.

"Hah... That? My dear, I'm afraid that wasn't working very well lately anyway," Pete said, laughing. "But it sure feels like it works now... I... We just can't see it, that's all."

Same thing Joe said, Linda thought. It feels as if it's still there.

A guy's penis must feel a lot like a clitoris.

"Of course, there were some advantages to having an outie, as Joe calls it," Pete continued.

"Are you going to get wet?" Joe called to Pete. He was obviously trying to get Jay to bother the others too, not just him.

"Oh, I guess I can," Pete said happily. "I was just meeting your... er... lady friend."

"She can get in here too," Joe said.

Pete and Linda stood and removed their swimsuit cover-ups. Only Dave, Cindy, and Becky sat at the table.

"If Dave wants to be a party-poofer, let him," Joe continued. Cindy... Becky... Get in here!"

"No, I really don't think so," Cindy said softly.

"Not today, please," Becky said, smiling, but very embarrassed.

With more people in the pool, Jay didn't chase Joe quite so obviously, though he always stayed near him. Joe went over to the edge, where Linda treaded water.

"This guy is wearing me out." Joe told her, voicing the obvious.

"He seems very attentive." Linda said, smiling at Jay, who suddenly realized he was flirting with Linda's "guy".

"Just trying to help Joe get some exercise," Jay stammered, trying to think of an excuse for his actions.

"Don't worry about it," Linda said calmly. "I can see what's happening."

"Linda... I... We... It's not like you think," Joe's words stumbled out.

"You're a big girl, Joe Bates," Linda reminded him. "Get used to it." The smile never left her face, but it was plain Linda was hurting inside.

Linda went to the ladder and got out of the pool. Joe followed behind, and Jay followed them both.

Linda sat at the other, empty table. Joe sat next to her, and Jay joined them.

"I'm sorry, Linda," Joe begged.

"No need," Linda said. "There is no problem. I just have to adjust, that's all."

"Linda, Joe and I... We're old pals... I mean...," Even Jay had no good explanation.

"Look... Guy's... Or, boys and girls... Whatever... There is no problem... It's me," Linda repeated.

"But...," Joe stammered.

"Joe... Please leave me alone for a few minutes!" Linda snapped suddenly. "I just need some space!"

"Okay. Okay. Jay, help me bring the trays from the kitchen," Joe said.

Jay followed obediently. They went in the kitchen, and Joe retrieved a tray of peel-and-eat shrimp from the refrigerator.

"Did you get that paperwork from the state?" Jay asked, as Joe arraigned the shrimp.

"What paperwork?" Joe asked.

"I mailed you some things concerning your... er... status change. It arrived, I reviewed it, then sent it to you."

"You sent it here?" Joe asked.

"My assistant did," Jay responded.

"She knew about this address?" Joe continued.

"Hmmm... Maybe not," Jay considered. "Your file address is your own apartment, it might have gone there."

"I haven't been there for a few days," Joe informed him. "Maybe I should drive over and check my mail."

"It's not very important," Jay told him. "It can wait."

"Yeah, but there might be other things, too," Joe considered. "When this is over, I'll drive over there."

The others left the pool when Joe and Jay brought the trays. Joe remembered that he should get out of the wet swimsuit as soon as possible. He didn't want to get thrown in again. As soon as he could, Joe excused himself to go inside and change.

"I think I will too," Tim chimed in.

"Follow me," Joe said. He liked the young man's company.

Tim retrieved the beach bag from Becky, then followed Joe into the house. Joe wondered if he should guide Tim to the hall bathroom, but instead, curiosity caused him to let the attractive young "woman" change clothes with him.

Joe's bed was covered with his new underwear purchases. Tim looked at the dainty garments and smiled. "Kinda fun, huh?" he said knowingly.

Joe looked at the young man, who was removing his suit top, exposing two of the firmest boobs, and perkier nipples, Joe had ever seen. "I don't think I'll ever get used to it." Joe admitted, staring unashamedly at Tim's chest.

"Me either." Tim agreed, realizing the older guy was mesmerized by his body.

"My god, Tim, you're beautiful," Joe exclaimed, trying to resist the urge to reach out and touch him.

"Yeah... I'm kinda turning into jail bait, ain't I?" Tim giggled, sounding just like the young girl he appeared to be.

"You do look awful good..." Joe agreed. "I'm not nearly as horny as I used to be, but..."

"Yeah. Sometimes I just want to stand in front a mirror and stare at myself. I can't believe I look like this," Tim declared. "Becky probably thinks I'm nuts."

"She'd probably feel the same way if she woke up being a guy," Joe noted. "How's she taking it?"

"Oh... Real good, I think, once she realized it was really me here," Tim said, wiggling out of the bikini bottom. "But, she wants me to go home and tell Mom and Dad about this."

"They will have to find out, won't they?" Joe asked.

"Sure, I guess they will... But... I just don't know how to tell my dad. What will he think when he sees me this way?" Tim wondered.

"I guess he'll need to accept that he's got two daughters now," Joe said, grinning as he noticed Tim's closely trimmed "bikini area".

Tim looked down. Even in the low light of the bedroom, the red on his face was evident. "The darn hair stuck out the sides of the suit

when I pulled it on," he explained. "When Becky saw it, she insisted I do that. Hell, I hardly have hair anywhere else."

"Uh huh," Joe mused. "Don't worry, Linda did the same thing to me." He slipped his arms out of the one-piece, and pulled it down, exposing his own pubic area.

"Think about it, Joe!" Tim exclaimed, staring at Joe's nakedness. "We're really women now!"

"You just noticed that?" Joe teased. "Wait till we experience PMS."

"Don't even talk about stuff like that!" Tim ordered. "Becky started telling me about those things, and it gives me the creeps."

"Well, I've already been afflicted by a yeast infection," Joe declared. "Trust me, you don't want that!"

"How'd you get it?" Tim asked. "What does it feel like?"

"I don't really know how I got it," Joe answered. "But it's a killer itch, and then an itching, burning sensation, especially when you pee. And it's not in a place you can really scratch either," he said, grinning.

"Is it catching?" Tim wondered aloud.

"I don't think so," Joe declared. "Not unless we share clothes or underwear... Stuff like that."

Tim grabbed his swimsuit, and put it in his gym bag. "Stay away from me then," Tim said simply.

"Don't worry," Joe laughed. "You may look cute enough to eat, but you don't seem to be my type."

"Yeah... I don't know what TYPE we are anymore," Tim agreed. "Joe..."

"What do you want, Tim?" Joe asked.

"Joe... Do you think you could come along when I go see my dad?" Tim asked.

"Why...? Why would you want that?" Joe asked.

"Joe... I don't really want him to see me like this... But if I do have to see him, I think it would help if he saw that I'm not the only one this happened to. If he could see you too..."

"Kind of a show-and-tell?" Joe asked, laughing.

"Well... I... I...," Tim stammered.

"Don't worry, I'd be pleased to see your father," Joe told him.

"Great! Great... I'm so glad... I didn't want to go there with Becky... It's so embarrassing... My sister..."

"Yeah... but now you CAN both wear stuff like this," Joe said, seductively pulling on a pair of white cotton briefs. "My concession to that yeast infection." Joe declared, as he saw Tim watching him dress. But I'm wearing this on top." He picked up the silver satin bra.

Becky helped me pick my stuff," Tim announced, pulling a white cotton bra, and Calvin Kline white cotton hip-hugger panties from the gym bag.

"Did you get any like this?" Joe asked, holding out one of the satin thongs.

"No, but I think I'd like to get some." Tim answered. "I love the way they feel to the touch."

"It's almost worth going through the change, just to be able to wear 'em," Joe teased, taking the liberty to pat Tim's cute little butt as he walked past.

"Hey, watch it!" Tim said, showing mock irritation. "I'm not THAT kind of girl."

"Oh, yeah?" Joe asked seductively. "Just what kind of GIRL are you?"

"You'll never know," Tim moaned, pumping his pantied hips as if making love.

"These kids now-a-days." Joe clucked, as he watched Tim wiggle. "Dress 'em up, send them to school, and then they turn out like this."

"Yeah, I don't know how I'm gonna use my A and P now that I'm like this, much less an Aero degree," Tim lamented.

"What do you mean?" Joe asked. "You're still the same person... Inside anyway. Maybe you're smaller, and not as strong, but an engineer don't need big muscles."

"Yeah, I can just see them hiring a little teenage girl..." Tim went on.

"Now, Tim... You have a job now, don't you?" Joe questioned. "Honeybone won't forget what happened, especially now that we have Pete Peterson on our side."

"How long will he last, now that he's gone through this too?" Tim asked.

"You think they'll remove him, just because of what he's done?" Joe asked incredulously.

"I wouldn't be surprised," Tim explained. "I know how I feel now... I can see how he has become... He's gonna lose the tough edge he needs to stay at the top. He probably already lost it."

Joe considered what Tim was saying. Could he be right? It was probably true, in a way. Since the change, he himself was no longer as interested in work, in any type of competition. The daily grind had assumed a lower priority. If the same thing happened with Pete, maybe Tim was right.

"Well, even if it does happen, it hasn't happened yet," Joe told him. "Worry about problems you can do something about."

"Yeah, like how I look in shorts?" Tim asked, as he slipped his trim butt into white shorts.

Joe grinned as he watched Tim wiggling into his clothes.

"Uh-huh. That's right," Joe teased. "And trying to keep the tan lines in the right place." He pulled the bra away from his right breast slightly, so that the contrast in skin color was evident.

"You look pretty good too Joe." Tim said, as residual male instincts surfaced again.

"Since we have such a mutual admiration society, maybe we should plan some sort of lesbian love session," Joe teased.

"That's not how I'd think of it, even if that might be what it looked like," Tim answered in total seriousness.

"Do you feel the same way I do?" Joe asked cautiously. "I mean... Do you want to just throw me on the bed and touch me all over?"

"Oh God... Do I." Tim moaned. "Hey, I might look like little girl, but there's still a twenty-one-year-old guy in here." He rolled his eyes back.

"Yeah, and those little tits are giving me a boner that should be ripping this underwear, instead of soaking it," Joe said, looking at Tim's bra covered chest, and rubbing two fingers along his own pubic area for emphasis.

"That happens to you too?" Tim asked. "Sometimes I think I'm peeing my pants."

"I think that's just normal now," Joe said. "At least from my vast experience with women."

"Do you ever wonder what it would feel like to screw with a guy?" Tim asked, lowering his voice.

Joe considered... Should he tell him? "Yeah... I think it would be kind of interesting, don't you?" Joe said.

"Uh-huh," Tim responded. "When I see a guy now... Sometimes... I guess I've never noticed guy's muscles before. They make me feel funny... You know?"

"Yeah... I know exactly," Joe agreed. "I still get turned on by women... Almost like before, but guys... Yeah, I'd like to get one in bed right now."

"I don't think I'd know how to act," Tim decided. "I mean... I think I do... did okay with girls... But getting it on with a guy..."

"I don't think it would be all that different," Joe advised, trying not to sound over qualified.

"I don't know...," Tim objected. "I know I sure feel more things... In more places, now." He cupped his breasts in his hands for emphasis.

"Those are the best looking boobs I have ever seen." Joe said, gazing at them adoringly.

"Yeah, but it kinda hurts sometimes," Tim responded. "They don't always feel like they look."

Joe thought about his own chest. That was an understatement. "Seems the grass is always greener," Joe agreed.

They finished dressing, and went back out. Tim walked in front of Joe, and Joe couldn't take his eyes off Tim's tiny butt. He wondered what it would be like to spend some time in bed with this new Lolita. He tried to block the thought from his mind.

They spent the rest of the evening catching up on what was happening to them, discussing the things they found they liked, and disliked. Pete, who had only one day's experience, learned a lot. In return, he was a sounding board about company issues. Pete took it all in stride, offering explanations where he could, and sympathy where he couldn't. Solid friendships were formed.

Finally, it was after eleven, and time to wrap it up.

Eventually, only Linda, Jay, and Joe remained. There was a silence in the air that was deafening. Joe decided to try to break the ice. "Linda... I would like...." he started.

"Please, Joe. Don't start," Linda cut him off. "I'll be alright. I just have to get used to this, that's all."

"But... Don't you..."

"I'm going to bed," Linda declared, taking the trays, and some of the empty glasses inside.

Joe didn't know what to do. He and Jay just sat there, in the dim light looking at each other.

"Women!" Jay said, obviously meant to tease Joe, and break the tension.

"This is weird, Jay," Joe declared.

"Yup. It sure is," Jay agreed. "But what can you expect? I mean... You are a woman now, too."

"Maybe... Maybe... But I don't think of myself like that. Not yet, anyway," Joe added.

"I guess I can't help but look at you that way," Jay announced. "You ARE physically, legally, and I think, mentally female now, if you ask me."

"You think I think like a girl?" Joe asked, showing surprise.

"Not always, but more and more," Jay told him.

"Hmmm..." Joe said softly, looking at the glistening water of the pool.

"But I like it," Jay said quickly. "Let's go get your mail, and maybe stop for a night cap."

Joe thought about it. He wasn't tired, and maybe it would be best if he left Linda alone for a while. He hoped Jay wouldn't try to jump his bones. "Well... All right. I guess we can," Joe agreed.

Joe followed Jay to his Porsche. He seldom rode on the right side, and almost never like this, as a woman with a man.

They quickly arrived at Joe's apartment. Joe opened the door, and Jay went inside first, instinctively displaying a protective attitude.

Before going inside, Joe checked the mailbox, and found a number of letters, most of them junk mail. There were also a few magazines. Joe then went directly into the kitchen, surveying the familiar surroundings.

"I guess I should move back here," Joe announced.

"What put the bee in Linda's bonnet?" Jay asked, voicing the obvious

"Well, you don't think it might have had anything to do with the way you were clinging to me the entire evening?" Joe asked sarcastically.

"She's jealous?" Jay asked. "Jealous of me?"

"You are acting awfully strange," Joe declared.

Jay sat back, thinking. "I guess I was acting a little juvenile," Jay admitted.

"Just a little," Joe agreed.

Joe got up and went to the refrigerator. "How about a Mick?" Joe asked.

"Sounds good," Jay agreed, taking to bottle Joe offered. Jay twisted the cap off, and watched as Joe struggled with his.

"Give it here, young lady," Jay teased.

Joe finally admitted defeat and handed the bottle to Jay, an embarrassed grin on his face. "You have no idea how embarrassing stuff like this is," Joe declared. "There are so many things..."

"Yeah, but there are so many new things you can do," Jay reminded him, winking.

"Nothing to be proud of," Joe objected.

"The heck there isn't!" Jay said. "Joe, you're the best there is, in my vast experience."

It was only a matter of time before sex again became the topic, Joe thought. "Besides that," Joe said.

"You're intelligent, beautiful, mechanically inclined, a fantastic pilot," Jay itemized. "Add, a terror in bed, and you total up as perfect to me, Joe Bates."

"I'm just your old drinking buddy," Joe declared, holding up the bottle.

"You're my old drinking buddy, but not just that," Jay corrected. "Not since you started to look like that."

"I can't help it," Joe reminded him.

"And I can't either," Jay said.

"Humfff!" Joe snorted. He could feel the beer warming him.

"Can I stay here tonight?" Jay asked carefully.

"By yourself?" Joe teased.

"No, with you," Jay said, sounding very serious.

"Jay, we can't do anything right now..."

"Let's just crawl into bed and see what happens," Jay persisted.

"I can't!" Joe said.

"Sure you can... "It's great. You know it is," Jay insisted.

"No. I can't. Not right now," Joe repeated.

Jay looked at Joe. Suddenly his eyes widened.

"You're getting your period!" Jay announced, as if discovering a great secret. "Fantastic! You're a complete woman, already!"

"Stop it... Stop it," Joe ordered. "I'm not having a period, thank God."

"So... What is it then?" Jay asked.

"Jay I tell you almost everything, can't I have any privacy?" Joe asked.

"Why can't we sleep together?" Jay asked simply. "I like it. You like it. It won't hurt anybody else. So what's the problem with that?"

Joe looked very embarrassed. "I've got this problem..." He stammered.

"You're not getting a period, what else is there?" Jay wondered aloud.

"Jay... I've got a... a yeast infection," Joe blurted.

"A yeast infection?" Jay repeated.

"Yeah... You know... Itching, burning... Stuff like that." Joe said sarcastically.

"How did that happen?" Jay asked.

"I don't know... It just happens sometimes....," Joe explained. "I might have caught it from you!"

"I don't have one." Jay objected. "I don't think so, anyway... Can I even get one?"

"Well, there usually aren't any symptoms for males," Joe explained. "But I can tell you, it hurts like hell when you're like this."

"And you think you caught it from me?" Jay asked, taking what Joe said seriously.

"Oh, hell, I don't have any idea," Joe said softly. "Does Barb get them?"

"She don't tell me, if she does," Jay considered.

"Yeah I guess she wouldn't," Joe agreed. "It is a PRIVATE matter."

"So... What does it mean?" Jay asked, getting back to the subject.

"For me, it means, pain, suffering, and having to put medication inside there every day," Joe said. "For you, you'll have to stay out for at least a week, maybe more." He grinned.

"I'd sure like to take you right here," Jay said, looking at Joe's body with noticeable lust.

"Go over to Barb," Joe suggested. "Find out if she's got an infection." He laughed.

"I don't want to sleep with Barb," Jay said seriously. "I want to sleep next to you, even if we can't mess around."

Joe looked at him. It was obvious Jay meant it. Joe took his hand. "It might happen," he said softly.

Chapter 46

THE MORNING AFTER

Joe woke when he felt the bed shaking. He looked over to see Jay rolling to the side to get up. What time was it, he wondered? In a moment, he was alert enough to fix his location... His own apartment.

The digital readout indicated 0600. Six AM! Morning! The night was over. He had slept like a rock.

Joe felt beneath the sheet... He still had his cotton panties on. He sure didn't remember Jay trying anything, but then, he had slept soundly... Who knows what the horny guy might have done?

Actually, Jay behaved like quite a gentleman, content to simply fondle Joe's breasts, butt, and between his legs... There only through the cotton underwear. It seemed that Jay took Joe's warning of infection seriously, and didn't insist or try forcing Joe into anything he didn't want.

Joe found the intimate hugging and touching surprisingly satisfying. Sure, he would have liked to let Jay in, but didn't think it would be a wise idea. He certainly didn't want to spread the infection.

The dim light entering the room was enough to illuminate the clothes strewn about. He saw the shorts, top, and satin bra laying on the dresser.

How many times had he woke to see some girls intimate things there? But now the dainty things were his. On the chair were Jay's clothes. All of them.

Jay got up and went into the bathroom and Joe confirmed his friend was completely naked. When he turned to face him, Joe could see Jay's penis bobbing around as he walked. The once familiar sight now seemed almost comical, though Jay didn't seem to notice.

It was so soft. But that's not the way it was last night. When they finally agreed to sleep together, Joe wanted to shower first, to wash off the pool chlorine smell. When Jay curled up next to him, he began rubbing his erect penis against Joe and poking his buttocks with it.

It was strange, having a guy do that, but Joe was sympathetic. He spent a few nights with Linda when she didn't want sex because of her period. He once did the same thing to her. He remembered how

Linda responded, taking him into her mouth, but he wasn't quite ready to relieve Jay like that, not now anyway.

Not that doing that really repulsed him, but he wanted to be sure that Jay wasn't already contaminated by the dreaded yeast infection.

Although Jay insisted he was symptom free, Joe insisted he see his doctor to get a clean bill of health. Jay grudgingly agreed.

As a compromise, Joe fondled Jay's penis till he came... His first actual "hand-job" to a male.

Joe found the warm, stiff penis captivating. He was also amazed at the amount of semen that emanated from it when Jay ejaculated. He teasingly rubbed the slippery substance all over Jay's softening organ and his cool testicles. It was definitely sobering to consider that this milky substance might cause him to become pregnant. The concept was both frightening and intriguing.

Joe rolled into the warm spot where Jay had been. He could detect Jay's scent on the pillow. Or, maybe it was his own old, male smell, but he couldn't tell the difference. He hadn't washed the linen since the change and he thought he could recognize his old smell. Before, he didn't even know he had one, but now... It was all over the room... MAN smell. Was it just his nose, or did all women smell it? It was kind of musty... a pleasing smell, he thought. He wondered if he smelled like a girl now. Probably... Why not? He had all the girl parts.

Speaking of girl parts... Joe should have inserted more medication last night, but he couldn't. The tube was in his room at Linda's.

Tightening the muscles of his crotch, Joe tried to determine if his vagina burned or itched. It certainly didn't seem to, but he'd know for sure when he went to the bathroom. If it was going to burn, it would when he peed.

Hearing the tinkling sound emanating through the closed door. Joe imagined Jay standing and peeing. Life was so simple for a guy...

In a moment, Joe heard the shower running. For an instant, he considered joining Jay in the bath, then decided against it. It would be too hard to object if Jay insisted on taking him in the shower. He just didn't think his will to resist was that strong anyway.

What would Linda think when he straggled back this morning wearing the same clothes as last night? Would she know? Would she

ask questions? Surely she would... How could she not? She probably expected it.

Joe stretched his arms over his head... He felt so good in the morning. All this female stuff sure agreed with him... With his body... at least.

He felt his breast. Last night, Jay had been so considerate... so gentle... He even touched Joe differently, softer, when it became clear that they weren't going to have intercourse. Just gentle fondling... The warm security of Jay's arms... Joe really enjoyed it. Who said intercourse was everything?

As he slowly moved a fingernail along his erect areola, Joe felt some pleasant little shocks that went straight down to his penis, or clitoris actually. He experienced an immediate erection sensation.

Joe slid his other hand under the waistband of his panties. He moved down the pubic hair till he touched his genital cleft. Running a finger along the sensitive tissue, he found the tiny, slightly protruding nub that was his clitoris. It was usually hidden and difficult to touch without causing an almost painful sensation, but a light tickle could be simply fantastic. The little organ reacted to the attention by enlarging till it extended just slightly beyond the moist labial folds. Joe fondled it with a feathery lightness till his whole body shook with orgasm. He moved his legs apart, spread-eagle, wishing Jay was finished in the shower. If he just came out right now, Jay could screw him as long as he desired, but Jay remained oblivious to the treat that lay just the other side of the wall and kept on soaking in the warm water spray.

Joe placed his palm flat against his pubis and pressed down firmly. Doing that caused a feeling that was strangely pleasant and helped overcome the almost unbearable urge to be penetrated. He lay there, breathing deeply, squeezing his breast with one hand, and cupping his yearning vulva with the other. Joe closed his eyes and savored the sensations, oblivious to practically everything going on about him.

Joe was brought out of his stupor by the shower pipe clanking as it was shut off. He pulled his hand out of his underwear, wiping his fingers on the bed linen. His panties were going to be wet once more.

When Jay finished drying off, he came back into the bedroom. He was still naked, and Joe watched him intently. Jay looked at Joe and realized he was being stared at. "See anything you like?" Jay asked, raising his arms and pirouetting.

Joe grinned sheepishly. "Maybe... Maybe not," Joe answered, attempting to hide his embarrassment.

"You look so darn cute in the morning," Jay exclaimed, ogling Joe's bare breasts, just visible in the dim light.

Joe pulled the sheet up, and smiled demurely. His own eyes were locked on Jay's growing erection.

Jay looked down at his appendage. He grinned. "Sorry, but you do that to me," Jay apologized.

"Come here a second," Joe ordered, holding his arms out, the bed-sheet falling from his chest. Jay went to the foot of the bed and quickly made his way to Joe. He pulled the sheet away, exposing Joe completely. Joe wrapped his arms around Jay's powerful chest and opened his legs. Jay let his stiff organ rub against the cotton panties covering Joe's crotch, enjoying the mutual stimulation.

Joe ground his vulva up and down against Jay's penis in response. The sensation was exquisite.

"God, I need you!" Jay exclaimed, his breath coming in gasps.

"I want you too." Joe admitted. "But we gotta wait till next week."

"Easy for you, Mother Theresa," Jay panted.

"You'd probably be amazed how similar it feels," Joe announced. "If anything, I think it might be worse now."

Jay moved his hand to between Joe's legs. He touched the wet underwear. "My God!" He exclaimed. "Have you had an accident?"

"Maybe I'm just glad to see you," Joe said, smiling widely, but feeling a flush of embarrassment warm his cheeks.

"Do you always get this wet?" Jay asked incredulously.

"Well Doc, I guess it's only been the last week or so," Joe said, calmly, "and usually, only when I'm around you."

"I don't see how you can stand it," Jay sympathized.

"Not much choice, is there?" Joe asked. "I guess maybe it's sort of like that boner of yours..." Joe went on. "It can be embarrassing sometimes, but it can come in handy, too."

"All this is just from being turned on?" Jay asked again, rubbing his moist fingers together.

"Don't worry, I didn't pee, or anything," Joe advised. "I can't help it. It just happens."

"I don't think I've ever seen another woman who got this wet... this excited," Jay continued. "Have you?" He added.

"I really don't remember," Joe responded. "I guess not. Maybe I've just never turned somebody on this much." He grinned.

"You're really that excited?" Jay queried again.

"If you really knew how much I wanted it right now...," Joe pushed his crotch against Jay's stiff erection for emphasis.

"It can be arranged...," Jay told him.

"No... No... We better not," Joe warned. "I'll still be around next week. We can do it then. It'll be great too, you'll see."

"I don't doubt it, old pal," Jay said. "But I don't know if I can stand it till then."

"You'll live," Joe told him. He'd been there before himself.

"You've got it easy now," Jay reminded him. "It's much harder for a guy."

Joe reached down and took Jay's cock in his hand. It felt so huge and stiff. He began to pump it, knowing full well Jay was almost ready to erupt. He felt strangely powerful, to cause this intense reaction in his friend.

"Ahhh! That feels great!" Jay exclaimed. "Don't stop... Please don't stop!"

When he heard that, Joe pumped ever faster. He knew Jay liked to be handled much rougher than it seemed he should. Joe remembered the way he felt before the change... His own body had become far too sensitive to tolerate such treatment now.

Jay tried to reciprocate by stroking and fondling Joe's breasts. Joe didn't have the heart to tell his friend it did little for him. What Joe wanted... What Joe needed... was Jay's stiff manhood inside him. Deep inside. He wanted to wrap his legs around Jay, and he did, all the time keeping up the pumping action, rubbing the tip against his own soft, sensitive, panty covered genital mound every chance he could.

It took tremendous discipline to keep from slipping the panties aside and sliding the penis in. It would have gone in so easy too. It seemed as if it was simply meant to be there.

Suddenly, Joe sensed Jay tense up. He squeezed Jay's penis hard and could feel it pulsing slightly as Jay ejaculated. It was not quite as strong as before, but it still had enough force to hit Joe's belly.

Jay just seemed to lock in position as the powerful sensation wracked his body. When he finished, he looked at Joe, embarrassed. "I'm sorry I did that," He said seriously. "I just couldn't help myself."

Joe looked at his friend. It was so strange. For some reason, he felt a powerful need to comfort this man... This person he had long known as a peer. "No problem, I understand." Joe said, gently running his sensitive fingers through the coarse hair on Jay's chest. Joe couldn't help but feel content with himself.

"That's what I like about you," Jay said. "You become this sexy babe, but you still think like a guy."

"Huh! Babe? Jay, it's still just me!" Joe exclaimed. "But I doubt if many regular guys have their mind on what I'm thinking right now."

"Oh... Yeah?" Jay asked. "What's that?" The curiosity evident in his voice.

Joe smiled. "I was just imagining how you might feel inside me," Joe said, winking seductively.

"Give me ten minutes or so, and we can both find out," Jay declared. "I'm afraid I'm just a little out of service right at the moment."

"Nope. We gotta get going," Joe announced. "I still need to clean up for work."

Joe rolled to the side of the bed and threw his legs over the side. When he sat up, he experienced a slight twinge as his still-growing breasts reacted to the pull of gravity. He rubbed a hand across them and looked down. The erect nipples were still painfully sensitive. He took one and rolled it between his fingers, examining the way it felt.

"Feel good?" Jay asked. He had been watching Joe intently, and found Joe's self-fondling a tremendous turn-on.

"Hurts a little, if you really want to know," Joe explained. "Not much really, I suppose I still have to get used to the way they feel in the morning."

"It would take me longer than that," Jay said. "Joe, do you realize you look positively drop-dead beautiful?"

Joe looked at his friend. He didn't feel beautiful. "I feel sweaty," Joe countered, feeling the sticky semen on his abdomen. "I better shower again."

"Can I watch?" Jay said, sounding just like a little boy.

"Get dressed," Joe ordered. "Enough show and tell for now." Joe went into the bathroom and closed the door. He looked in the mirror over the sink and saw the attractive, short-haired, young girl staring back. Jay was right... He didn't look too bad... He ran his fingers through his hair, and then shook his chest, partly to check for the little ache, but mostly just to see his soft breasts wiggle once again.

He pulled his panties down, examining the wet crotch. He'd need to do something about that. Joe sat and relieved himself, noting no burning or pain as he did so. The infection must be getting better, he thought.

When he finished, Joe went to the shower and started it running. As the water warmed, he retrieved the panties from the floor and looked at them again. His own secretions on one side, Jay's ejaculate on the other. He couldn't possibly wear them later. What could he use? He only had male undershorts at the apartment.

Joe dropped the underwear on the counter and went to the shower. He made a final adjustment on the water temperature, and stepped inside. The sensation of the warm water spray hitting his body felt almost sinful. He detected a slight razor stubble under his arms and retrieved his Trac II from the sink drawer. Jay had already used it, but the blade was still sharp enough for underarms, and to touch up his legs. It was quite nice not having to shave his face anymore, he thought. Legs and pits were an acceptable trade-off. When he finally finished, Joe stepped from the shower and dried himself.

He brushed his short hair as he looked in the mirror. His hair was obviously growing faster than when he was male. While still too short, it seemed to be a little longer already. It wouldn't be long before he stopped looking unusual.

Finished, he examined the panties once more. No way would he put them back on. He picked them up with two fingers and carried them to the bedroom.

Jay's eyes followed him as Joe walked to the bed and dropped the panties on the end.

"I can't wear these," Joe announced.

"What about your guy stuff?" Jay asked, knowing what he meant.

"It's all I got," Joe agreed with a shrug. "I guess it'll do till I get to Linda's."

"I think it might even look sexy," Jay considered. "A real contrast."

Joe looked at him and frowned. "Please stop staring at me like that!" Joe ordered. "I feel like you'll burn a hole in me."

"But... You're so beautiful," Jay protested. "Can I help it if I just can't take my eyes off you?"

"Well, do you have to leer?" Joe asked. "If you ain't real careful, I'll make you leave the room."

"Okay. Okay," Jay said, grinning. "I'll divert my eyes... Get some clothes on."

Joe went to the dresser drawer where his male underwear was kept. He opened the drawer and sorted through the white cotton BVD's and Fruit of the Loom's.

He finally decided on a pair of emerald green cotton briefs. Stepping into them, Joe noticed the little slit provided so a guy could urinate without pulling his undershorts down. Can't use that anymore, he mused, rubbing his hand over the now familiar, sleek shape of his pubis.

"Let's see," Jay called from the bed.

Joe spun around and held his arms slightly out in an attempt at a modeling pose.

"You said they'd be too loose," Jay said. "They fit pretty good, I think."

Jay was right. When he tried his undershorts immediately after the change they had been very loose, but now, except for the waist band, they actually fit pretty good. Of course, the crotch was cut a little too full for what it now contained.

"Yeah. I really think my butt has been getting bigger every day," Joe agreed, turning to examine his reflection in the dresser mirror.

"Looks okay from this angle," Jay complimented.

"Feels huge though... Like a balloon," Joe commented. "Seems I got smaller everywhere else, but I think this thing is actually growing." He went to the chair and retrieved the brassiere. Jay watched as Joe deftly slipped it on. Joe grinned, embarrassed at being watched easily performing such a feminine task.

"Maybe I'm getting used to these things," he admitted, "But, you know, a bra actually feels pretty good when you're like this."

Jay smiled. There was definite infatuation in his eyes. "I can hardly remember you any other way," Jay said softly.

"Me too," Joe agreed. "It's getting easier." Joe sat on the bed as he put the rest of his clothes on.

"Jay...?" He asked carefully, as he dressed.

"Yeah?" Jay returned.

"Jay... Do I really seem like... like a girl... a woman... a female, to you?" Joe queried.

"Do you...? Absolutely," Jay stammered. "What do you think? Are you concerned I might be gay... Or something...?"

"No... No, nothing like that..." Joe hunted for the right words. "It's just that... You know... I mean... I really am a guy, you know... Or at least I was... Don't it seem weird, what we've been doing together?"

"Does it seem weird to you?" Jay returned. "I mean... You're the guy, if that's really what you are now. You sure look, act and even smell like a girl."

"I smell?" Joe asked. "How?"

"That was meant as a compliment, Bates," Jay corrected. "Yeah, you smell like a girl. And I like it... A lot."

"And I like the way you smell," Joe informed his friend. "I never noticed it before, but you actually do smell kinda nice."

"Well, I shower regularly," Jay teased.

"You know what I mean," Joe objected. "You smell like a guy, and I can notice it now, too. It... It even sorta turns me on, I guess."

"That's great!" Jay exclaimed. "You know how I like to turn you on!"

"But...," Joe continued.

"Yeah... Go ahead," Jay pleaded.

"But, I want you to know... I still like girls, too," Joe added. "Not just exactly like before maybe, but close... Is that a problem for you?"

"So we share similar taste," Jay considered. "How could that ever be a problem?"

"Damn it Jay, be serious, for once. I don't know," Joe agreed. "I just want you to know... If we happen to decide to do... something... I still like GIRLS." He looked into Jay's eyes, and smiled.

Jay gazed at his friend. He returned the smile, and winked. "Don't worry pal," Jay consoled. "I accept you as you are. In fact, I think I actually like you better this way."

"You don't have to live it," Joe said. "I just wish you could be like this, just one day."

"If you guys can make that machine do it, I'll try it... For just a day though," Jay agreed.

"If we can make the cage change us back, it will completely revolutionize gender as we know it." Joe added. "Maybe it's done that already, I guess."

When they were ready, Joe and Jay drove to Linda's. It was after seven, and Linda was getting ready to leave for work. She smiled when she saw Joe trying to sneak in the kitchen door.

"Have a rough night?" Linda asked.

Joe looked at her. She was smiling, and didn't seem angry. "No... Not really," Joe told her. "And it wasn't what you're probably thinking either. We didn't do anything."

"Why not?" Linda asked. "You two are consenting adults."

"Linda..." Joe interjected. "Let me explain. I still like you.... I love you... But things are different. I'm different... Physically... Mentally... Give me some time."

"You've got it," Linda told him. "I want to understand. But you've got to let me in on everything. If I'm going to be part of a threesome now, I want to know about it."

"Linda... Please understand," Jay was standing in the doorway and tried to get into the confrontation.

"I'm all ears," Linda said curtly. "Please explain."

"One... I'm NOT trying to take Joe away from you. I'd never do that," Jay said.

"Have you slept together?" Linda asked.

Joe and Jay looked at each other. The answer was obvious.

"Linda... Look at me." Joe explained. "I've changed. My body... My whole consciousness has changed. I'm just curious, I guess. Jay just helped me explore my new situation, that's all."

"And how about your NEW situation?" Linda asked. "Is there any place in it for us? For ME?"

"I'd like to think so...," Joe answered. "I guess that's really up to you though. But it will be surely different than it was. It has to be."

"Then, we really need to talk, I think," Linda declared.

"I agree," Joe said. "Is now all right?"

Linda looked at the clock on the oven. "I really have to leave now. But let's get together again, this evening."

"Should I come?" Jay asked.

Linda looked at Joe. "That's up to MISS Bates here," she said.

Joe had never heard Linda using that tone before. "Yeah... You better," Joe decided. "Come over about seven." That would give him some time alone with Linda.

"I've got to leave," Linda said. "I'll see you both tonight."

They watched her walk to her car.

"Should I stick around?" Jay asked.

"No need," Joe answered. "I'm just going to dress and head to work."

"I'll be over tonight," Jay said, looking at Joe.

"Okay I'll see you then," Joe said.

Jay just stood very near Joe, saying nothing, but looking uncomfortable.

"What is it, Jay?" Joe asked.

Jay took Joe in his arms and kissed him on the lips. Joe just melted in his arms. "How was that?" Jay asked when he released Joe.

"Hmmm... I ahh...," Joe was speechless. He couldn't hide the pleasure he found in Jay's actions.

Jay grinned. "Face it Bates, you liked it," Jay said.

"Please ask me when you want to do that," Joe said, regaining his composure. "You just can't do that any time you want!"

"I'm sorry," Jay said in mock apology. "Will you forgive me?"

Joe grabbed Jay's neck and pulled his face to his own. They kissed again, this time even longer than before. Joe was surprised how enjoyable the simple act of kissing had become.

"There... See how you like it!" Joe exclaimed. "And if you don't leave right now, I might even do that to you again!"

"Yes Ma'am!" Jay exclaimed, walking to the door.

"I'll see you tonight," Joe called as Jay walked out the door.

"Yeah... Tonight, at seven!" Jay repeated.

Joe went into his bedroom. He saw the clothes on the bed, and thought about last night. About changing clothes with Tim... The young man had become so beautiful since undergoing the metamorphosis to femininity.

He went to the bathroom. Time to put the medication in. Joe opened the little box with the tube of medication and its applicator. He filled the applicator, pulled down his shorts and undershorts and, placing one foot on the commode, placed the medication. When he finished, Joe pulled up his underwear, but stepped out of the shorts. It dawned on him that he was wearing men's underpants, so he took them off.

Joe rubbed his hand over his pubis. He had just inserted at large amount of ointment inside himself, and yet, he could feel nothing. As long as it was past the sensitive nerves at the opening, there was hardly any sensation of having anything inside the vagina. And yet, sometimes, the urge to put something in there...

Joe walked out into the bedroom, trying to decide what to wear to work. He had just bought some new clothes yesterday while shopping with Pete. He bought a suit. At least that's what the sales lady called

the matching gray skirt and matching jacket. He liked the sophisticated look of women who wore clothes like that. While the dress code at Honeybone was liberal, and anything from jeans to a dress was acceptable for women employees, many of the women and most of the secretarial pool tended to dress up for work. Now Joe knew why. It was fun.

Looking at the pile of panties, Joe considered wearing some of the new silk ones, but decided that his infection required another day in the cottons. His last pair. Time to do the laundry tonight.

Joe slipped the cotton panties on, but chose the new, gray silk bra to wear under the light gray satin blouse. When he had them on, he rubbed himself, luxuriating in the slippery softness. He felt absolutely sexual.

Pantyhose... Now he'd need pantyhose. He went to the drawer and found the nude colored silk-reflections. Although he hated wearing them, Joe knew they made his legs look (and feel) sexy, He grudgingly pulled them on.

Joe then found a suitable half slip to wear under the fine wool skirt. The weather was very warm, but it was always cool in the office. He buttoned the skirt around his hips. There was no doubt about it, it was impossible not to feel sexy when you were dressed like this. Dave should get some clothes like this and then try to say he didn't like being a woman.

A return to the bathroom, for one last brush of his hair, and he was ready. Joe realized he'd need a purse. He still wasn't accustomed to carrying one of those, but he selected the smallest of the two that he had, and placed his wallet inside.

Looking in the purse, Joe noticed a couple of mini-pads. Good idea, might need 'em, he considered, hoping he wouldn't.

Ready, Joe went to the kitchen. A quick bowl of grape-nuts, and he was ready for work.

It was nine AM. Most everybody would already be there. No problem. He didn't need to follow any schedule anymore, not that he ever did, unless he was flight testing.

Joe drove to Honeybone, and walked past the guard, displaying his badge. The guard smiled and waved him through. Joe knew he would be watched intently as he walked the fifty yards from the gate to the main building. All the guards watched the women. He did it too, when they walked ahead of him. He loved to watch the way their

hips swayed as they walked. He wondered if his own tush was moving like that now. Probably. He could hear the almost undetectable sounds his pantyhose made when his upper thighs rubbed as he walked. He tried to remember, but didn't think his legs ever touched as he walked while he was male.

When he got to the lab, he was greeted by Jim Matheney, Michelle, and Tim. They were sitting at their desks reading the company newsletter. They all greeted Joe as he entered the room.

"Hi Joe," Jim said. "I wasn't sure if you were coming in today."

"Sorry," Joe said. "I was just running late, I guess."

"No problem. Not much happening right now. Dr. Krell took Pete over to the hospital for some tests," Jim said. "You really fixed him up, didn't you?" He grinned.

"It was what he wanted," Joe explained. "I just helped him get what he wanted."

"I can't believe what he looks like now," Jim said. "But he does seem to be happy."

"Yeah. And we've proved that the concept really works," Joe added. "I think we can recreate the phenomena any time we want."

"Just don't try anything on your own anymore," Jim warned. "We want to be professional about this."

"If I didn't try it, we'd still be watching chimps for another month," Joe said. "Now, at least we understand what we CAN do."

"Its kinda scary, how quickly and completely Pete has changed," Jim went on. "And how young he's become. He looks more like twenty or thirty than sixty."

"Fifty-nine," Joe corrected. "He's fifty-nine."

"We're all getting younger," Tim reminded them. "It's still happening to me, and I already look like a teenager."

Joe looked at Tim. It was hard to tell, but maybe he was even younger looking than yesterday. When was it all going to quit?

"Well, I like it," Mike/Michelle said. "I don't mind being younger looking, and I'm starting to love the rest."

They all looked at Mike/Michelle. He just smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

"Is Pete coming back over here today?" Joe asked to no one in particular.

"I don't know," Jim replied. Pete, Karen, and Dr. Krell left almost as soon as they arrived."

"Is he OK?" Joe asked. "He's not sick, or something?"

"No, not at all," Mike/Michelle answered. "In fact, I think that's why they want to examine him, because he, or she, is getting so healthy."

"You feel like flying?" Jim asked Joe.

"Yeah, I guess so. Where? When?" Joe asked. The thought of a few hours in the air did appeal to him.

"Not today," Jim answered. "Tomorrow. We need to fly a couple of people down from Minnesota."

"Sure," Joe replied. "I wouldn't mind getting away from here for a day."

"It'll probably be an overnight-er," Jim added. "If you go up tomorrow afternoon, you can be ready to return early the next morning."

"Can I go along?" Tim asked. He had been listening to the conversation.

Jim looked at the very young looking woman. Tim seemed far too young to send on such a trip.

"I don't know, Tim...", Jim responded.

"Aw, come on...", Joe responded. He knew that Jim's objection were based solely on his appearance. "Tim may look like a little girl, but remember, he's twenty-one," Joe continued.

"It's hard to think of you that way," Jim admitted, observing the pleading look on Tim's face. "OK, Go along. But you two stay out of trouble."

"We'll be careful," Joe assured him. He saw the look of glee in Tim's eyes.

"Get the 421 ready for launch right after lunch tomorrow," Jim said. "I don't need you till then. You're free to do what you want."

"I think I'll go over to Hillcrest to see how Pete's doing," Joe announced.

"Can I ride along?" Tim asked in his little girl voice.

"Sure, why not?" Joe said. "Let's go."

They left Honeybone and started to go directly to the hospital.

"Are you hungry?" Tim asked suddenly.

Joe looked over at him. He was wearing denim jeans and an off-white shirt or blouse. Tim looked just like a hungry teenager. Joe had to laugh.

"Hungry? Already?" Joe asked.

"It's almost eleven!" Tim retorted. Besides, I hate the food in the hospital cafeteria."

"Okay. I guess I am a little hungry myself." Joe agreed. "What are you interested in?"

"Anything!" Tim said. "Burgers, fries, anything!"

They were just coming up on a Red Lobster. "How about fish?" Joe asked.

Tim looked ahead. He looked back at Joe. It was plain that wasn't his favorite food.

"Yeah... Fish would be alright," Tim announced.

Joe could tell Tim's heart wasn't in it, but he just wasn't in the mood for a burger.

They entered the restaurant and since they were a little early, there was no crowd. The place was one of Joe's regular lunch time spots, but he hadn't been here since turning female.

The Hostess didn't recognize him.

"Ladies... Smoking or non?" She asked.

"Non," Joe answered.

They were seated, and in a few moments, a male waiter came to their table.

"What can I get you to drink?" He asked Joe.

"Iced tea," Joe answered. "No sugar."

"And how about you, young lady?" The waiter asked Tim.

"The same," Tim answered.

The waiter left with their drink order. Tim looked at Joe. "I don't think I'll ever get used to being a 'young lady'," Tim said.

Joe grinned. He certainly looked like one, none the less. "He probably thinks I'm your mother," Joe said.

"Thanks... Thanks a lot," Tim said.

Joe just grinned. He knew that, deep down, Tim liked what had happened to him just as much as Joe did. If only the darn de-aging thing would stop...

The waiter returned with their tea. They asked for a little more time to scan the menu.

The waiter returned again, and when he left with the food order, the conversation resumed.

"What's going to happen with Dave?" Tim asked.

Joe stared into his tea glass. "I wish I knew," he answered. "I think he's badly depressed now, but I don't know how to help him."

"Yeah. He's depressed all right," Tim agreed. "He came in this morning, and when Mr. Matheny said there was nothing going on, he went right back home. How can he get help if he won't ask for it?"

"Dave's my friend," Joe said. "But I can't figure him."

"It seems like all the rest of us, Me, you, Michelle and even Pete have accepted what happened to us. There's not much we can do to change it, so we might as well get used to it. Dave should mellow out a little bit," Tim said profoundly.

"That's a lot easier to do when you don't have a family."

"Yeah... But... Hell, its not that easy for me either," Tim announced.

"You seem to be getting along pretty well," Joe mused.

"Joe... I'm a guy! I'm twenty-one! My hormones are raging! And here I am, looking like a thirteen-year-old. A thirteen-year-old GIRL," Tim announced.

"Yeah...?" Joe answered, not quite knowing where this was going.

"Joe... I like girls. They STILL turn me on," Tim continued. "I don't look the same. I don't look old enough to drive anymore, but inside, I'm still an adult male!"

Joe continued to stare into his glass.

"Women turn me on!" Tim continued, speaking in a little girl whisper. "Girls turn me on! YOU turn me on!"

Joe looked into the young man's eyes. "I do?" He asked.

"Damn right," Tim said. "That outfit... It's a knockout... But all I can think about is what you look like under those clothes."

"That's definitely how a twenty-one-year-old would think," Joe agreed.

"Do you feel like this?" Tim pleaded.

Joe returned to his tea glass.

"Yeah, maybe I do," Joe answered. "But I doubt it's as bad as you say it is for you."

"I'm not making this up, Joe," Tim said. "At first Becky was really private... She agreed help me, but, at first, she always stayed dressed and all that, just like when we were brother and sister. But now I guess she's getting accustomed to seeing me, the way I am now, and I guess she thinks I'm really just a regular girl."

"You do look like one," Joe admitted.

"Yeah, and so do you," Tim said. But now, sometimes, she walks around the apartment in just underwear. She comes into the bathroom when I'm showering to shave her legs. She washes her hair with me, without wearing a top. Do you have any idea what it does to me? And she's my SISTER!"

Joe grinned at his friend. He had a pretty good idea what he was going through.

"What do you want?" Joe asked.

"Hell, I don't know," Tim answered. "I mean, I am a GIRL now. A teenage girl, at that."

"I know what you really are," Joe said. "You turn me on too."

That admission made Tim grin. "Do I?" Tim asked. "You don't think I look too young?"

"Tim, you got a pair of the sexiest knockers I've ever seen," Joe explained. "Yeah, you do look a little young, but a lot of guys actually dream of robbing the cradle."

"Do you?" Tim asked.

Joe looked straight into Tim's eyes. "Look at me. In case you haven't noticed, I'm not exactly equipped to deal sexually with a woman or a girl anymore," he said.

"That's not what Linda said," Tim retorted.

"So... What do you want? Do you want me to sleep with you? Is that it?" Joe asked.

"Does the thought hold any appeal for you?" Tim asked.

Joe's eyes went back to the tea glass. "Sure... Of course it does," Joe admitted. "But, do you really think we should do something like that?"

"What will it hurt?" Tim asked. "I sure won't get you pregnant... And you won't knock me up, as if we really need to worry about stuff like that."

"Worry about it!" Joe ordered. "You don't want to get knocked up. We've all got enough trouble without something like that."

They ate their food. Joe paid the bill, and they were off for the hospital.

Chapter 47
OUTFITTING TIM

As they drove to the hospital, Joe couldn't keep his mind off the things Tim just said. He kept sneaking glances at the attractive young changeling, realizing Tim was doing the same thing to him.

Here they were, two men, former men anyway, each feeling attracted to the feminine characteristics of the other. Though he had pretty well adapted to his own femaleness, Joe found Tim's "little girl" look, along with obvious secondary sexual characteristics of a mature female, impossible to ignore. Tim, now stuck inside a body that had metamorphosed to that of a smaller, precociously young female, still retained at least some of the desires and urges of the virile young man he had so recently been.

They smiled each time their eyes would meet, both embarrassed by what they were each thinking.

As Joe's car reached the turn to the hospital parking lot, he broke the uncomfortable silence. "I wonder how Pete is getting along with Doctor Krell?" Joe thought out loud.

"He sure looked good, didn't he?" Tim responded. "That de-aging thing helps him a lot. I just wish it wasn't happening to me."

"It's happening to all of us," Joe reminded him.

"Well, maybe you don't look much like a guy anymore either, but at least you're body hasn't turned into a child's," Tim whined.

"Some child," Joe said grinning, staring down at Tim's ample curves. The little white T-shirt only served to emphasize the fullness.

Joe's attention caused Tim to lean forward slightly in a feeble attempt to make his new shape a bit less noticeable. Like Joe, Tim was adapting amazingly well to feminization, but could still be embarrassed when attention was called to his changed appearance.

They exited the car and walked to the hospital entrance. Alone in the elevator, Joe apologized. "Sorry for teasing you," Joe said. "I know how embarrassing it is."

"That's okay," Tim responded. "I guess we need to keep a sense of humor, don't we?"

"For sure," Joe agreed.

The elevator quickly reached the third floor of the small hospital, the level of Pete's new room. The two quickly found the room and entered the open door. Pete was there, along with Dr. Krell, Karen and a female nurse Joe didn't recognize.

Pete's eyes brightened when he spotted Joe. "Joe... Hello!" Pete called. His voice had become even higher and more feminine sounding, his facial appearance more youthful than only hours ago.

"Good morning, Pete," Joe responded. Tim nodded his own greeting. Pete was obviously interested in Tim's ever more youthful appearance.

"Tim, let me get a good look at you," He asked, rising from a sitting position on the bed.

Tim stepped forward and very stiffly did a quick three-sixty, obviously a bit annoyed by the attention his appearance always seemed to garner.

"What do you think, Doc?" Pete asked Dr. Krell. They had obviously been recently discussing Tim's aging predicament.

"Hard to say," Dr. Krell responded, obviously not wanting to discuss Tim's problems in open forum, even if everyone there knew what was going on.

"Will all of us become that young looking?" Pete went on. "Will I look that young?"

"Only time will tell, Pete," Dr. Krell said, shrugging his shoulders.

"I hope it stops soon," Tim said.

"I believe it is slowing," Dr. Krell observed. "You don't appear to have changed much today, am I right?"

Tim looked the Doctor in the eye. "Well, I'm not needing diapers yet, if that's what you mean," he snapped. The almost menacing words sounded strange coming from his girlish voice.

"Yes... I can see that," Dr. Krell answered, ignoring Tim's caustic remark. He realized Tim was having difficulty dealing with what was happening to him.

"I think it's slowing," Joe agreed. "But things are still happening."

"What kind of things?" Dr. Krell questioned.

Joe felt the heat of a blush rise to his face. "Well... I... my chest... my boobs... I think I'm still getting... bigger."

They all looked at Joe, then at Joe's chest. Joe became very conscious of his appearance. He looked at his own chest, grinning sheepishly. "Well... It's true...", he said.

"Good for you!" Pete teased. "You look very healthy, Joe."

Dr. Krell remained professional.

"Are you experiencing any problems?" He asked seriously.

"I guess not," Joe concluded. "I just wanted to let you know what was happening."

"Yes... And I'm glad you do," Dr. Krell complimented. "Do you think you should be examined again?"

"Oh please, no," Joe objected. "I can do without that, thank you very much." They had all undergone enough of the examinations, the poking, prodding and blood samples, to last a long time. It was one thing to have your body changing, but quite another to have everybody looking at your private parts all the time.

"I believe that can wait a few days," Dr. Krell agreed, smiling. "But if any of you experience anything unusual, let me know right away."

"Unusual?" Joe asked. "And just what would you call unusual, sir?" As if there was anything in any way usual about a normal male developing a totally female appearance.

Dr. Krell smiled at the irony of his own words. "I think you know... Any unusual bleeding, unexplained pain, lumps... Things like that. If you begin to menstruate, I want to know about it immediately."

Begin to menstruate. Just the thought of it made Joe want to rub his changed genitalia. The staff was obviously anxiously waiting for the changelings to become "women". Who would be the first to experience it?

"You'll be probably be the second to know, Doc," Pete said grinning widely. Even though he was about sixty, there was a possibility that even Pete might experience this uniquely female function. Examinations had shown him to now be completely female, and his body that certainly appeared young enough to still be fertile.

"Don't be embarrassed," Dr. Krell advised them. "If it happens, it will simply be a normal body function."

Yeah, normal if you're a woman, Joe thought. That concept was still something they were all still trying to adjust to. As a guy, the idea of blood emanating from any body orifice was hardly normal.

Joe glanced at Tim. The new "girl" now looked to be about the right age for her first period. He could imagine what was going through Tim's head. Tim absent-mindedly rubbed his hand along the obvious bulge of his hip as he watched the small doctor work. Joe often caught himself doing the same thing, touching, feeling, exploring the strange changes taking place.

Tim saw Joe watching, and folded his arms in front of his chest, obviously embarrassed. Joe smiled and winked at him. Tim sheepishly returned the grin.

"Joe, what do you have planned for the evening?" Pete asked.

Hearing his own name jolted Joe alert. "Excuse me?" he asked.

"What are you going to do this evening?" Pete asked again.

"Oh, I don't know, Pete," Joe answered. "I have to take the Cessna to Minnesota in the morning. I don't want to stay out too late."

"Would you care to visit some stores with me?" Pete asked. "I need more stuff, and I just kind of like having you along."

"I don't know, Pete," Joe answered. "I really need to be home at seven, and I just don't know how long I need to be there."

Pete sounded disappointed.

"Give me a call if you get free," He said. "The stores are open till nine-thirty." Pete was adapting to being a woman quite well. Of course, his idea of what how a woman was supposed to live was that of a well-to-do sixty year old man. Joe now enjoyed shopping for clothes too, but he had other, more important things to be concerned about.

Joe noticed pamphlets on the stand at the side of Pete's bed. Pete had been given the same forms the others received when they attended Dr. Krell's clinic in San Diego. Though obviously prepared for patients undergoing sexual reassignment surgery, the literature was generally applicable to the phenomena that had changed them. They covered various topics. Everything from feminine hygiene, breast self-exam, applying cosmetics and voice control. Unlike surgical transsexuals, Joe and his friends voices had become quite feminine in timbre, but they still tended to talk like the men they had been. Dr.

Krell's staff was familiar with the problem and had already established a program to train transsexuals to sound more feminine.

Joe grinned. He remembered the strange, afternoon class in California. Pete Peterson might look just like a natural woman, but the former-man still needed to be taught to talk, the importance of wiping front-to-back and how to examine those firm new breasts in the shower.

"If I have time, I'll go with you," Joe agreed. "I really can't promise anything though."

Joe and Tim left the room. They looked at each other. It was quite evident that Pete continued to get younger looking. It was much more obvious in the older man than in either of them. When would it stop? There wasn't much time left, for Tim at least. Luckily, the phenomena did seem to be slowing down.

Dr. Krell was obviously trying to determine what caused it, but it was clear that he had no idea what was happening.

"What else is going to happen to us?" Tim asked. "What else?"

Joe smiled. "I dunno," he said. "What would you like to happen?"

Tim stopped and looked Joe straight in the eye. It was true. The change had so distorted Joe and Tim's personalities and personal goals, it was impossible to really say what they wanted. They just didn't know anymore. At first, restoring their masculinity seemed very important. Now, after the different hormones had time to work their powerful magic, there was almost no macho left.

Tim smiled, but his irritation was evident. "Damn it, Joe. I don't want to be a little kid... A little girl. That's all," Tim said. "I can live with all the female stuff, but I sure don't want to look like a child."

"Maybe you won't," Joe advised. "The whole thing seems to be slowing down. Maybe you'll stay like you are. You don't look so bad... Kinda sexy, really." He placed his arm around Tim's shoulder, and pulled them together. He was a little amazed at how small and soft Tim had become.

Tim reacted by grabbing Joe, holding on to him tightly. Joe could feel him tremble as he returned the hug.

"What's the matter, Tim?" Joe asked.

"I'm scared, Joe," Tim almost sobbed. "I'm really scared."

"Hey, you're not gonna die," Joe reminded him. "You might be stuck looking like a girl, but hell, that ain't so bad really. We'll all get used to it."

"Yeah, yeah, I know," Tim agreed. "I can handle the female stuff, it's even sort of fun, sort of... But you don't know what it's like... To have everybody think you're a kid. I'm not a kid, Joe. I'm almost twenty-two."

Joe looked down at Tim, who had tears welling in his eyes. Tim had formerly been about as tall as Joe, but though Joe was only slightly shorter with the change, Tim lost about five or six inches in height. His chin now came below Joe's shoulders. Joe could feel the warm firmness of Tim's breasts pressing just under his own. The sensation was erotic, but also weird. He moved his shoulders back and forth, and grinned.

"Strange, huh?" he said. "Who'd have guessed we'd ever grow these?"

Tim grinned too. He pressed his chest harder against Joe, as much to experience Joe's softness as anything. He might look like a little girl, but the strong desires of a young man were obviously not completely forgotten.

Joe winked knowingly and rubbed Tim's back. He had to resist the urge to snap the little bra strap. Joe didn't know why, maybe it was just Tim's precocious teen appearance that brought back pleasant memories and created the urge to perform such a childish prank. Tim even smelled good.

"Are you wearing perfume, or something?" Joe asked, placing his nose closer to Tim's short hair.

"Perfume?" Tim asked. "Heck no. Why do you ask?"

"You smell so good. Kind of perfumy, or something," Joe continued.

"Sorry. No perfume." Tim repeated. He brought his arm up to his nose to check for himself. "Maybe you're just smelling that shampoo Becky told me to use," he offered. "It's kind of flowery scented. I think the odor lingers a little."

"It sure is nice," Joe said. "It matches your look."

"My look?"

"Yeah... You know... You kinda look young... Sexy.. but young... You know... That smell fits with it," Joe stammered. He didn't exactly know a good way to pay Tim a compliment. The pleasing scent, along with Tim's soft innocent appearance were starting to get Joe excited. He could feel his poor confused genitalia moisten in apprehension and he sensed the new anatomy between his legs begin to gently open like a flower starting to bloom.

"Thanks, I guess," Tim replied.

"I mean it," Joe repeated. "You look fantastic. You're turning me on, I think."

"Is that good?" Tim asked, smiling mischievously.

Joe looked at the cute boy-girl. After his hair grew out a little, Tim would be quite beautiful. He already was feminine, but short hair made him look sort of punk. "Don't you realize how attractive you've become?" Joe asked incredulously.

"What do you mean?" Tim asked. "Sure, I guess maybe I look okay. You do too. I don't think I look any better than you, though."

Joe considered the response. It was probably true. People probably never think they look the way other people see them. He knew he had become feminine. The physical changes couldn't be denied. In fact, with the chemical help of the hormones, he was finding it quite interesting to be this way, and experience how others reacted to his new look. But he never considered himself beautiful, even if Jay tended to think he was.

Joe shrugged his shoulders. What could he say?

Joe checked his watch. It was still early afternoon. There was nothing to do for the rest of the afternoon. The Cessna was being made ready for an early morning take-off. They had the rest of the afternoon free.

"What do you want to do?" Joe asked.

"Do?" Tim asked. "What is there to do?"

Joe grinned. "Well, I need to be home at five or five-thirty," Joe said. "That gives us three or four hours."

"So?" Tim repeated.

"How about working out?" Joe asked. "You play racquetball?"

"Huh?" Tim responded. "Sure, I have played a little... But like this?"

"Sure, like this," Joe exclaimed. "What you going to do, hide under a rock? Might as well try to get used to it, right?."

"Have you played since this happened?" Tim asked.

"Sure," Joe said. "I'm not as strong now, but I still know how."

"Gee, I dunno," Tim thought out loud. "I'm so much smaller..."

"Hey, maybe you lost your balls, but you still got two arms and two legs," Joe teased him.

"And where would we do this?" Tim asked.

"I'm still a member of the health club on Mesa Verde," Joe said. "We can play there."

"All-American?" Tim said. "You want to play at All-American?"

"Yeah. What's wrong with that?"

"What locker room would we use? Would we have to change clothes with the women?" Tim asked incredulously.

"Why not?" Joe asked. "You'd rather undress with the guys?"

Tim looked at Joe. The thought of other males seeing him the way he now looked put visible terror in his eyes.

"No way," Tim exclaimed. "I don't want anybody to see me this way."

"I've seen you," Joe said, smiling.

"Yeah, but... you're different," Joe countered.

"Different?" Joe continued. "How?"

"You know... You understand what happened," Tim stammered.

"The women at the club WON'T know," Joe reminded him. "And I certainly won't tell them."

"I don't know..."

"Do you have any idea what it's like in that locker room?" Joe said enticingly. "Women... girls... All naked."

"All of them?" Tim asked, his twenty-one year-old male brain responding to the concept.

"Plenty of them." Joe answered. "Big ones... Small ones... All kinds."

"Really?"

"I was there a couple of days ago, with Linda," Joe answered. "I'm not exaggerating."

"What do we wear?" Tim asked. He was beginning to consider the idea.

"Almost anything," Joe answered. "Do you have exercise clothes?"

"Sure... What do you mean?" Tim asked.

"You know, leotards. Gym clothes," Joe said. "Did you get anything like that yet?"

"Leotards?" Tim almost shouted as they began to walk down the empty hallway.

"Yeah, or something loose," Joe explained.

"I haven't got anything like that," Tim answered, sounding embarrassed.

"Okay then, let's get some," Joe decided.

They went down the elevator and to Joe's car. Joe headed straight for the mall. It would be fun to help Tim pick out body wear. They arrived at the mall lot and went inside. SheSports was one of the first stores. Joe herded a reluctant Tim inside.

The place was empty except for one attractive saleswoman, probably in her early twenties. Joe went straight to the racks of colorful Gilda Marx body suits. He pulled a black one, holding it in front of Tim.

"How about this?" He asked.

"I'd have to wear THIS around strangers?" Tim almost whispered.

"Sure. And it would look real good on you, too," Joe responded.

The saleswoman came over to them. "May I help you?" she asked.

"My friend needs some clothes to play racquetball," Joe blurted.

"You'd like a leotard?" The woman asked Tim.

"Gee, I don't know," Tim said, sounding extremely nervous.

"That would look very nice," The young woman continued, looking at the suit in Joe's hand. "But, I think you will need a smaller size."

"Smaller than that?" Tim asked, pointing at the suit.

"What is your size?" The woman continued.

"Ahh... I... Ahh..." Tim didn't know.

"She's not sure," Joe took over. "What size do you recommend?"

"Well... Hmmm..." She shuffled through the rack.

"How about this?" The woman held an identical black suit to the one Joe had, but one size smaller.

Tim took it from her and held it away from him.

"Would you like to try it on?"

"Sure. Go ahead," Joe answered. He looked at the size, and picked out contrasting nylon shorts, and a little cropped top.

They took the things and Joe guided Tim to the small dressing room. It was too small for both of them to enter, but Joe remained just outside the door. The saleswoman left them alone.

Joe could see the top of Tim's head over the low door. He watched Tim removing his top.

"Should I take off my underwear?" Tim whispered to Joe.

"Your underwear?" Joe repeated. "No, leave it on."

"This looks awful small," Tim said, speaking mainly to himself.

"It stretches a little," Joe reminded him. "You might find you like it."

In moments, Tim had the clothes on. He inspected his image in the mirror inside the dressing room.

"Come on out," Joe called. "Let's see how you look."

"Yeah, sure," Tim said absently. He was obviously quite taken by his own appearance.

The door opened and a very cute, very embarrassed, young woman slowly stepped out. Joe took one look, and held his fingers in the "OK" position.

"It's right," Joe decided. "You look fantastic."

"A little kid." Tim reminded him. He couldn't get over his childlike appearance.

"How about underwear?" Joe asked. "Do you have cotton underwear?"

"Cotton underwear?" Tim asked. "Most of my underwear is cotton."

"How about a sports-bra?"

"Ahh, I ahh, heh.. Sports-bra? What's that?"

The saleswoman arrived back just as Tim asked.

"You are young, but well endowed." She responded. "I recommend something with medium support. It'll keep you from bouncing, and help prevent sagging later."

She took Tim's arm and guided the embarrassed young man to the shelf of plastic forms displaying examples of various styles. "We recommend this type for racquetball," The young woman said. "It's feminine, but still provides enough support."

Tim looked at Joe.

"Why don't you try it?" Joe advised the embarrassed young man.

The woman estimated Tim's size, and handed him a small box.

"Okay. Okay. I'll try it on," Tim agreed.

Back to the dressing room they went. This time, Tim stayed in the room.

"How's it fit?" Joe asked.

"A little tight, I think," Tim responded.

Joe went for the saleswoman. "Could you offer an opinion?" Joe asked.

"An opinion?" She repeated.

"Yes. My friend thinks the bra might be too tight. Would you check?" Joe asked.

The woman looked warily at Joe. What was it with these two strange, short haired women? Were they lesbians? The young one seemed so embarrassed. The older, so unsure of herself.

"Sure... I'll check," She answered warily.

The woman opened the dressing room door and went inside. There stood a very embarrassed Tim, wearing only the white bra, and little cotton briefs as pink as his face was red. The woman said nothing, but placed her fingers around the edge of the bra straps and cups.

"Well, I think it fits just right," she said. "But we can try another, if you want. Maybe you might prefer a different style."

"No, No. This will be fine," Tim said. He was ready to accept anything just to get out of there.

The woman looked at Tim. She looked at Joe, who was holding the door open so he could see. She shrugged her shoulders.

Okay then," She said. "I'll let you two alone." She walked out.

Joe stood there, holding the door open, staring at Tim.

"Okay, you can close the door now," Tim ordered.

"Sure," Joe answered, slowly closing the door.

"I like the pink panties," Joe said through the door, low enough so the saleswoman wouldn't hear.

"Yeah, well... I didn't buy them," Tim countered. "Becky bought a bunch of clothes for me, and there were a few like these. I didn't think anyone would see me."

Joe decided to drop it. Tim's developing body probably had become more a girl's size, rather than a woman's. No need to tease the poor kid about it.

Joe went to the shelves and found the panties. There were all kinds of cotton briefs and bikinis, as well as lycra support types. He hardly needed support, but Joe figured Tim might like the snug feel a sport panty provided.

He picked a very thin lycra, in the smallest size they had, and went back to the dressing cubicle.

"Try this," Joe said, passing the underwear box over the door.

Tim accepted the box and read the cover. "You think I need this?" Tim asked.

"Just try it on," Joe ordered. "You might like it. Leave your own underwear on underneath."

"Well... Okay. I'll give it a try... Just for you," Tim agreed.

"Not for me," Joe corrected. "For you."

Soon, Tim was wearing the new clothes. "How do you like it?" Joe queried.

"Mmmm. Not bad," Tim said. "So smooth... Feels tight, but good."

"Does it fit OK?" Joe asked. "I got the smallest size they had."

"Yeah, I guess so," Tim answered. "I kind of like it."

"I thought you might," Joe said.

"I'm going to try the leotard again," Tim continued. "I want to see what I look like again."

Joe smiled to himself. He knew what Tim was going through. It was addicting, trying on feminine clothing. Now Tim had the bug, too.

"You need anything else?" Joe asked.

There was no answer for a minute or so. "What do you mean, Joe?" Tim asked softly.

"Are there any other clothes you need?" Joe asked again. "Have you been shopping much?"

"Not very much, just with you guys that one day, and Becky helped me a little. But it's so embarrassing with her. We're both getting used to it, but she IS my sister."

"I'll shop with you a while, if you want," Joe offered.

"What are you going to wear on the flight tomorrow?" Tim asked.

"I bought a suit the other day," Joe answered. "I thought I'd wear that. I guess it's the equivalent to a shirt and tie."

"I don't have anything like that." Tim admitted. "Maybe I should get something."

Joe smiled to himself.

"Sure," He agreed. "Get your clothes back on, and we'll find something for you. We've got plenty of time."

Tim changed back and came out holding the clothes. They went to the counter to pay.

"Do you need shoes?" Joe asked.

"Yeah, I guess I do."

They eventually found a pair of Nike athletic shoes that Tim decided he liked. With matching socks, they finally had an outfit. Joe threw in a gym bag and they were ready.

They eventually worked their way to the big department store, and started looking for business clothes in the Misses section. Tim's rather adolescent features were not really right for clothing of that type, but he stubbornly refused suggestions to shop the teen section. He finally decided on something from Petite. A gray skirt with matching jacket and a white silk blouse. The outfit actually tended to make him look even younger, like a girl attempting to look grown up. But, Tim insisted that it was what he wanted.

"In case I'm still getting younger, I'm going to enjoy whatever time I got before nothing fits at all," Tim said when the saleswoman left them for a moment.

"I don't blame you," Joe said truthfully. "Do you have things to wear under that?"

"Like what?" Tim asked.

Joe looked him in the eye. "Did Becky get you any stuff like a slip, or a chemise?"

"Nope," Tim answered. "I have mainly underpants and bras. The best are ones we picked up in San Diego."

"Tell the woman. She'll help you." Joe advised.

When the saleswoman returned, Tim spoke with some authority. "I'll be needing some underwear to go with this," he said simply.

The woman looked at the young girl, raising her eyebrows.

"Just what do you feel you need?" She asked.

"Everything. The whole works," Tim answered curtly.

"Ok.ay.. Let's see...," The woman said, thinking. "Follow me," she ordered.

They followed her to the nearby lingerie section. There, she looked at Tim, and went to where hangers of bras were displayed.

"How about this?" she suggested, holding up a lacy white Bali.

"How about something black?" Tim suggested. He was starting to like ordering her around.

The woman selected the same style in black, and presented it for approval.

"I'll need underpants, and a slip too," Tim said, pretending he knew what he was doing.

"How about hosiery?" The woman asked. "Do you prefer pantyhose, or individual?"

"Individual." Tim answered immediately. "I hate pantyhose." Spoken like a man.

The poor woman helped Tim find what he needed, or wanted. Tim took the things to the dressing area to try them on.

"Please come along with me," he asked Joe.

Joe accompanied Tim to the small dressing area. He watched with interest as Tim tried on the feminine things. Like Joe, Tim had enough experience by now to be quite proficient putting on a bra. When he finally had everything installed, Tim inspected his image with a critical eye.

His young, curvy body looked quite sensuous in the black bra and panties. The sheer black hose did make him look older. Tim ran his hands along his hips, over his breasts then touched the silky fabric between his legs.

"Kind of sexy, huh?" Joe asked.

"God, Joe," Tim said. "What can I say?" He grinned.

"I know," Joe agreed. "I know."

Tim reluctantly removed the new clothes and dressed in his old ones. They took the things to the sales counter and paid for them.

Chapter 48

RACQUETBALL WITH TIM

As they walked up the steps to the health club, Joe started to become apprehensive. Would anyone recognize him?

He had been here, like this twice before but both times with someone else. First with Jay and most recently with Linda. Both times someone else presented their membership card and the girl at the desk was allowed to assume Joe to be their guest.

This time he'd need his own card. Tim wasn't a member. The membership card wasn't a photo ID, it just had his name, Joel Bates. He didn't even know if the records had him recorded as male. Even if it did, his new drivers license would serve to prove his current gender if there was any doubt, and he could claim someone made an error. Then again, before the change he had been a two or three time weekly visitor. Surely some of the employees had to remember him.

Joe held the card in his palm as he walked to the counter. He recognized the pretty young woman on duty. She might even remember the old Joe. He had asked her out once a few years ago, but something, perhaps a revised work schedule, he couldn't remember, it just never came to pass.

Joe wished his hair was longer. The still short male cut only served to draw unwanted attention. He took a breath and dropped the card on the desk.

The woman was folding towels from a large cart and only momentarily glanced at the card. She looked up briefly, and then idly entered the data on the keyboard in front of her. She apparently didn't remember anything.

"This is my friend Timmie," Joe said, trying to hide a smile of relief. Timmie. Was that even a girl's name?

"She'll need to sign in." The young woman ordered, without looking up.

Hmmm, I never had to do that, Joe thought. Wonder why not? This girl is probably just a little more diligent than the others.

"Name, address and phone number." The woman said as Tim signed the log. She offered them large towels, which they both accepted.

Now Tim will be inundated with membership offers, Joe knew.

The first gauntlet ran, Joe and Tim walked to the lockers. There was an aerobics class in session, and Joe checked to see if Susan, the girl he met the other day, might be there. He didn't spot her. In a way, he wished she was, since he'd probably miss their Thursday meeting. He had kind of been looking forward to it.

When they reached the locker room, Joe looked at Tim and gave a mischievous wink. He opened the door and went inside, a nervous Tim hot on his heels.

There were three rows of lockers and benches. Most of the women were in the aerobics class, and it had just started, so there were only a few persons in the room, most still dressing from the previous class.

Joe picked the middle row since there were only a couple of doors open there. Everyone was either outside, in the showers, or relaxing in the whirlpool.

Joe found an empty locker, and claimed it as his own. He hooked his padlock to the door.

"If you have anything to lock up, you can put it in here," Joe offered. "Put your whole bag in, if you want."

Opening his gym bag, Joe pulled out his royal blue leotard, white Capri pants, sport panty, bra, socks and Reeboks. He hung the clothes on hooks in the locker. Tim watched with interest, then found a locker of his own. At the store, he had placed his new underwear back in the original package, so he had to remove it from the box. He looked around for a trash can, but there was none to be found. Joe noticed what he was doing.

"Just toss it in the locker, I guess," Joe suggested. "You can take it along later, if you want."

Joe removed the silk blouse, found a hanger, and carefully hung it in the locker. Tim watched as Joe then unhooked his bra and massaged the little red marks under his bare breasts. He then stepped out of the light wool skirt, and searched for a hanger for that.

"I thought this place was full of babes," Tim whispered.

"They're all out there," Joe said, pointing towards the aerobics area.

"Uhh-huh." Tim said, grinning.

He just finished saying that as a towel wrapped woman walked around the corner. She went directly to an open-doored locker, acknowledging them with a quick, friendly smile.

She innocently removed the towel and finished drying herself. The woman was probably in her early thirties and quite average looking. But she captured Tim's eye. The former young man kept his eyes fixed on the woman's nakedness as he slowly pulled the T-shirt over his head and unfastened his own bra.

Joe understood the paradox the young man/woman in the little pink underpants was experiencing. Even though his/her own body had already become just as female as the woman's, long established habits and curiosities were very difficult to ignore. Joe was watching too, but he tried to avoid staring as obviously as Tim.

Completely oblivious to the powerful sexual tension she was creating only a dozen feet away, the woman finished drying herself and carefully applied underarm deodorant.

As Tim stepped into the new underwear, Joe watched how he gently touched himself between the legs. Joe knew Tim was sexually aroused because the snug panty had immediately developed a noticeable wet spot at the crotch. When Joe caught Tim's eyes, he grinned and looked down at the panty. Tim bent over and saw the wetness. He grinned sheepishly and shrugged his soft shoulders.

Hearts pounding, Tim and Joe finished dressing. They had purposely lingered until the woman put her outerwear on, then they took their racquets and towels to the courts. Tim was using Joe's old racquet, since he didn't have one of his own.

When they reached court six, they opened the door and went inside. When he was sure they were alone, Tim spoke.

"Gee, you were right," He said. "That was just too cool."

"Well, you haven't seen anything yet," Joe bragged. "You need to join in one of the aerobics classes, then you'll have a whole roomful. Welcome to your new peer group."

"We can join a class?" Tim asked.

"Why not?" Joe responded. "We are physically and legally female. But, even regular guys are in the class. Of course, you'll need to join the club."

"I might just do that," Tim said. "Becky would never take me to a place like this."

"Why not take her, then?" Joe suggested. "She can always use the workout, too."

Tim grinned. "Joe, you haven't been looking at my sister, have you?"

"What if I have?" Joe teased. "We're both just girls, right? What could I do, anyway?"

"Well, that's the honest truth," Tim agreed. "I thought I was going to wet my pants back there. I don't know what's worse, a rock-hard boner sticking out, or these soggy drawers." Tim bent down to check if the clammy wetness he could feel, was still visible.

Straightening up, he pressed the flat palm of his hand between his legs. "You know, it still feels weird when I touch myself," Tim confided. "Only then does it really hit you that something is actually missing down there."

"Yeah, I know exactly what you mean," Joe agreed, laughing. "When you touch it, or when you need to pee."

"Right. Then too. No way to aim. I guess real women don't miss something they never have. But, I sure do," Tim added.

"Will you change back if you get the chance?" Joe asked.

"Hmmm... I don't know. I guess I do kinda enjoy some of this stuff. A lot of it, even," Tim admitted. "But then, I liked being a normal guy, too." He laughed.

"Think you'd ever like to make it with a guy?" Joe asked. "Aren't you curious what that might be like?"

"Sure... I guess," Tim answered. "Aren't you?"

Should he tell him, Joe wondered? "Of course," Joe responded. "Me and Jay messed around a little." Joe divulged.

"What was it like?" Tim asked. "Did you like it?"

"Yeah, I did like it," Joe admitted. "At first, I was scared and it seemed a little weird, but as we got more into it, it actually felt kind of natural."

"Just what did you do?" Tim asked, his curiosity piqued.

Joe grinned sheepishly. Decision time. "Well... Quite a bit, I guess," Joe confided.

"You screwed him?" Tim asked.

"Yeah... Or, he screwed me, I suppose," Joe said, grinning with modesty.

"You did it with a guy? With Jay?" Tim breathed, his amazement showing.

"Yeah. I did. A few times, even," Joe admitted.

"Was it much different?"

"Oh, yeah, of course it was different," Joe explained. "But there are similarities too."

"Did it hurt?" Tim wondered.

"A little, at first, but the pain went away almost immediately."

"Better, or worse, than before?"

"Hmmm... Better in some ways... Maybe about the same in others.

"Just how was it better?"

Joe thought about it. Not a simple answer. "Well, there's more feeling, I guess, in more places... You know what I mean."

"Did you... Did you come?"

"Not the first time, but later on, yeah."

"Good?"

"Excellent."

"Did he touch you... Down there? With his hands?"

Joe grinned mischievously. "Sure. Of course he did. And I touched him too."

"Were you really scared?"

"Well, not afraid, really. Nervous, I guess, not afraid."

"I think I would be. To let somebody else go inside me..."

"Feels awful good when it happens..."

"Yeah, but what about... They say we could get... knocked up."

"Maybe, yeah. I used birth control."

"They said we shouldn't..."

"Condoms."

"I think I still like women too much," Tim confided.

"I like women, too," Joe admitted. "But it felt pretty natural, with a guy... Not bad at all, really."

"I guess I'll need to try it... if I ever get a chance," Tim decided.

"But right now it's time for you to get that cute little ass kicked," Joe reminded.

"You serve," Tim ordered.

"Okay," Joe agreed. "Here goes."

They volleyed back and forth. Although now much smaller than Joe, Tim was quite capable of holding his own. He moved effortlessly around the court, like the youngster he appeared to be. He continually matched Joe point for point. Joe could feel his strength further reduced, even since he played Jay.

"You know, I kinda like the feel of this top," Tim confided, as he breathlessly chased the ball. He found it difficult to admit enjoying wearing a BRA.

"Yeah," Joe agreed. "Mine holds me even flatter than yours does. I can almost forget I got these things." He put his hands to his bosom.

"Helps more than that damn jockstrap ever did," Tim mused. "But, you know, even these new little underpants feel sort of good."

"I just wish I hadn't lost so much of my strength," Joe lamented. "No matter how hard I try, I can only sort of wimp the ball, now."

"I haven't got any strength either," Tim admitted, looking down at his skinny right arm. "But, on the other hand, I feel so light and flexible now. I think I can almost bend in half."

"I know," Joe agreed. "I have the same feeling, sometimes. I think we all do."

They played continuously for another ten minutes. Joe was quickly tiring, and he could tell fatigue was affecting Tim also.

"About ready to call it a day?" Joe asked.

"Getting tired, old lady?" Tim teased.

"No worse than you," Joe countered.

"I am getting pooped I guess, but I'll stay with it as long as you want."

"I heard the music stop while ago," Joe noted. "That means the girls are back in the locker room."

"Then what are we doing here?" Tim asked. "Let's hit the showers!"

"Men!" Joe snorted.

"Hey, we get our jollies were we find them, right?" Tim said, laughing.

"I guess you're right," Joe agreed. "I think I really need a shower, anyway."

"Yeah. Who said women don't sweat!"

With that, they gathered up the ball and left the court.

Tim's hopes were fulfilled. The room was full of ladies. The area around Tim and Joe's locker was crowded with women in various stages of undress. Some women were older, some were probably the same age, but none looked young as Tim.

Tim was feasting on a voyeur's dream come true. Next to him, a young woman, perhaps early twenties, removed her top and presented an outstanding tan except where a swimsuit top had kept her pert breasts lily white. Tim actually had to conceal a gasp as the woman removed her exercise shorts, exposing a tiny, white, thong panty.

Tim took one glance, looked over at Joe, then back at the woman, then back at Joe. They both grinned and winked at each other.

Again, the poor woman had no idea of the havoc she was wreaking right next to her. She innocently slipped out of the panty and went to the showers to rinse off.

Tim quickly pulled off the rest of his own clothes and followed her. He adjusted the spray away from his own sensitive breasts as he watched his dream woman.

Joe could see Tim, but the woman was out of view. He did his best to suppress a laugh. Although he appreciated the scenery here too, Tim had obviously retained more testosterone than he did. In a

moment his eye locked onto another girl nearby who was just starting to put her underwear on.

"Joel. Hi. I thought you wouldn't be back here till Thursday."

Joe turned and looked at the pretty girl who was placing her gym bag next to his on the bench.

"Hi, Susan," Joe exclaimed when he recognized who it was.

"Are you just getting here?" Susan asked.

"No. No, we just finished," Joe stammered.

"Oh, are you here with Linda?" Susan asked.

"No, another friend, Timmie," Joe answered. "We just finished playing racquetball."

"You play racquetball?" Susan asked. "I didn't know that."

"Do you play?" Joe asked.

"No, I never have. I guess I should try to learn," Susan admitted.

Susan and Joe began to undress at the same time. Joe was impressed by Susan's long blond hair, and of course, that fantastic body. When it was time to go to the showers, Joe spoke.

"Well, I have to hit the shower," Joe said. "Hope to see you around one of these days."

"Are you going to be here Thursday?" Susan asked.

"I have to fly to Minneapolis tomorrow," Joe said. "I may not be back in time to make it Thursday."

"I hope so," Susan said. "We've just got to get out together sometime."

"Yeah, I'd like that," Joe agreed.

Joe reluctantly left Susan and walked toward the showers. Out of the corner of his eye he examined another of his roommates as he walked. Would he ever get used to this? It seemed women's bodies displayed much greater physical variety than those of male gender. Curvy, flat, round, pointy, or saggy. The best were fantastic, the worst, even uglier than men, if that was possible.

Tim and his new friend were still in the shower. Tim was trying to make small talk. Joe didn't know the etiquette women used. He had talked to Susan, so maybe it was okay. She was extremely attractive.

Tim had excellent taste. Joe watched as the woman soaped herself, then shield her breasts with those small hands as she rinsed in the stinging spray.

Tim, looking like her little sister, watched cow-eyed.

Joe wondered what the woman thought of Tim. She must have noticed the unabashed staring by now.

"I guess we need to get going," Joe said to Tim as the woman finally finished and left the shower room.

"Yeah... Good idea," Tim agreed, without thinking. He started to leave the shower, but Joe grabbed his arm and pulled him back.

"Stay here a minute, why don't you," Joe ordered. "She's probably going to think you're queer, or something."

"Yeah. Yeah, I guess you're right," Tim conceded. "Joe, I think I'm going to have a heart attack right here."

"You might as well try and get used to it," Joe advised. "This is the way it'll be, probably from now on."

"Yeah. I suppose so," Tim agreed. "I, ahh..." Another woman entered the shower. It was impossible to talk without others hearing, so Tim went silent.

They went back to the lockers and dried off. Tim's 'woman' dressed quickly and left. Joe couldn't tell if she hurried because she was suspicious of Tim, or just in a hurry.

As Tim gathered up his clothes, then held up the little sport panty with one finger.

"I've got to get more of these," He decided. "I love the snug, slick feeling."

"Well, you know where it came from," Joe told him. "Nothing to keep you from wearing whatever you want."

"I'm going to get a few of these, and a bunch of these," Tim went on, holding up the exercise bra.

"I guess you can wear them every day, if you like," Joe said.

"You look fantastic, Joe," Tim blurted, as he watched Joe drying off, breasts jiggling as he moved. "That woman was good, but you are just as beautiful."

Joe grinned warily. "Gee, thanks Tim, I guess..." he said.

"If I was still a guy...", Tim started, rubbing his aching pubic area.

"If you were still a guy, you wouldn't even be standing there," Joe reminded him. "Don't forget that."

Tim hiked the waistband of the pink cotton panties, pulling them into his crotch, emphasizing his shape in that area. "Kind of hard to forget," he said. "I've always got this to remind me."

Joe laughed at Tim's antics, then looked around to see if anyone else was watching. It probably looked a little strange, seeing these two, especially if someone caught the conversation.

Joe stepped into his pantyhose and then pulled the slip on. He was probably the only one there wearing business clothes. The gray blouse felt so soft against his skin as he slipped his arms in the sleeves.

If Tim likes the feel of those underpants, he'll love the feel of a silk blouse, Joe considered. He looked over and watched as Tim pulled the little T-shirt over his head. The young man/woman was still so inexperienced, he was probably lucky to have all this happen to him now, if it had to happen at all. He might actually get a chance to actually experience growing up female. At least more than Joe and the others. They went from mature male to mature female, overnight. That was culture shock at its most powerful. But, it seemed likely Tim was going to get more, the chance to be an adolescent again, if he wanted. Maybe even if he didn't.

Tim had become genetically female, just like the others, and his body had acquired all the normal external characteristics of femininity. He developed breasts, like the others. His genitalia had completely feminized too, and Tim was still adapting to the significant effects that was having in his life, and life style. Unlike the others, this boy had only recently become a fully mature male. And now, again like the others, he had to deal with the loss of ten years, or more, of maturity. For Tim, they were an important ten years. His body was still becoming younger looking, there was little doubt. So far, something caused him to retain most of the newly acquired signs of female maturity. Although his face, and to a lesser extent his hips, legs and torso, were beginning to exhibit signs of adolescent appearance, Tim still retained full, firm breasts. Joe hadn't seen his friend until a couple of days after they had been affected, but he couldn't perceive any noticeable loss of development.

All the changelings had quickly acquired female pattern body hair. That meant mostly light fuzz, except on the head, legs, underarms, and pubic area. It was difficult to tell for sure, but Joe thought Tim's pubic hair was growing more like that of a pubescent teen than mature woman. Of course, he had little knowledge in that area.

To his credit, Tim was accepting his fate amazingly well. Though he openly complained of how young he looked, but he never let it affect his ability to get along with others. Sometimes he even joked about it. It must have been difficult to get up in the morning and see a scrawny teenage girl staring back from the bathroom mirror, but Tim only spoke of it with characteristic humor.

He had been pushing two-hundred pounds only a little over a week ago, but now he looked lucky to break a hundred. Joe knew from experience that it was difficult for a male to don female clothes, but Tim even wore his little-girl pink panties without complaint. Joe also knew that acceptance was partially the influence of hormones, but still, it was obvious that Tim also remembered that, under it all, he was still a born male.

Joe noticed that after Tim pulled his shorts on, he put the socks and Nike athletic shoes back on. Like Joe, he probably discovered they were more supportive and comfortable than any "girl-shoes" that they tried.

"Becky got me these sandals, but I like these much better," Tim declared, looking over at Joe.

"I know what you mean," Joe agreed. "As soon as I get home, I always put my Reeboks on. I don't know how women can stand it in these things all day." He pointed to his low-heeled pumps.

"I didn't get any shoes like that for tomorrow," Tim announced, as if he just realized it. "I think I'm going back to the mall when you take me back to my car."

"Get whatever you think you want." Joe advised. "You'll probably need it, eventually."

"I might do that," Tim said. "But I'm going home to change clothes first."

They reluctantly gathered up their bags and, taking one last look at the locker room scenery, they walked to the door. As they got into Joe's car, Tim spoke.

"Joe, I don't know if I could take too much of that," He said. "I didn't realize my heart could pump so hard."

"Probably would have been more fun a couple of weeks ago, huh?" Joe teased.

"I think it would have killed me for sure, then," Tim declared. "I still think I got the urge, but it's not nearly as strong it used to be."

"And thank God for that, I guess," Joe added. "I don't think I'd want to be stuck looking like this, and still get all the same urges."

"Hell, I think I still do," Tim admitted. "Do you think I'm queer, Joe?"

"Do you think you are?" Joe countered.

"How can anybody figure out what's happening? to us?" Tim said, expecting no answer. "Damn it, we ARE still really guy's right? Even if we do look like this?"

"I guess so," Joe agreed. "But I think I am changing a little... No, I'm changing a lot. But I do still remember what it was like before."

"Sounds as if you prefer what happened," Tim offered.

"I don't know... Sometimes I do," Joe admitted. "Sometimes I don't. But either way, I'm still stuck like this. Might as well try to get used to it, right?"

"Yeah... Sure... You're probably right," Tim agreed. "But, I'm telling you, If you could have seen the boner I had while I was in the shower..."

"Stop it, or I'm going to get wet pants," Joe complained, laughing.

"Does that happen to you, too?" Tim asked.

"Yeah. And I think it happens to real women, too," Joe mused. "Maybe just a little more for us cause everything is still so new."

"I don't see how they stand it," Tim decided. "It all feels so messy."

"They'd probably feel the same way about having a cock," Joe considered.

"At least that has another use," Tim said. "I don't know how I'd go if I couldn't sit down, now."

"It is sort of a pain in the ass, ain't it," Joe quipped.

"I just hope it's all worth it," Tim said. "Someday, I'm gonna see if all these new parts work."

"Just what do you have planned?" Joe asked, grinning.

"Well, I'm gonna find this real good looking guy... I'm gonna get dressed real sexy... Wear underwear like that girl in the locker room, and then, he's gonna get the screwing of his life."

"That's it?" Joe asked.

"No, that's not all," Tim continued, obviously thinking. "If it looks like there's really no way back, and I'm stuck like this permanently, then, someday, not right away, I want to get pregnant. I want to make a baby."

"No kidding? You really want to do that?" Joe asked.

"Don't you?" Tim countered. "I mean if we're really stuck like this? Don't you want to do it if you can? Just to see what it's like."

"Not just to see what it's like," Joe answered. "Don't forget, if you do that, you'll be somebody's mother. That's forever. Think about it real hard first."

"You can count on that," Tim reassured him. "I've been thinking a lot about that kind of stuff lately."

"I have too, a little, I guess," Joe admitted. "I was engaged, you know. To Linda."

"Bummer," Tim replied.

"Yeah, right," Joe agreed. "We talked about having kids. She wanted two, and so did I."

"What's she think about all this?" Tim asked.

"I'm not really sure," Joe considered. "We still love each other, I guess, but it obviously just can't be like it was."

"That's an understatement," Tim added, grinning.

"We're going to have a big talk tonight," Joe continued. "I don't know if we'll decide what we might do about our situation then, but we might, I guess."

"Good luck," Tim offered. "I have it bad enough just living with my sister. I think she's starting to like the idea of a little sister. I'm just having a hard time trying to act like one."

"She's helping you adapt, isn't she?" Joe asked.

"Yeah, sure," Tim admitted. "But do you have any idea how embarrassing it is to have your big sister tell you how wear a bra or shave your legs... Stuff like that?"

"It would be a lot harder without her," Joe reminded him. "Swallow your pride. I'm sure glad Linda helped me."

"Does she know about you and Jay?" Tim asked suddenly.

"I think she probably does," Joe admitted. "Jay's going to be there tonight, too."

"Well, I don't envy you," Tim decided.

Joe drove to the Honeybone parking lot, where Tim's old Camaro was parked. The young man got out, hiked the gym bag to narrow shoulder, and held up his hand.

"Tomorrow morning, at the hangar?" Tim asked. "What time?"

"Oh... Oh-seven-hundred will give us plenty of time," Joe said. "No need to get up too early."

"I'll be wearing something like you have on," Tim announced.

Joe nodded his head. "If you like," Joe said. "You don't have to get too dressed up. Just try to look professional. I think the pax will be Company big-wigs."

"I'm heading back to the mall," Tim announced.

"If you want, you might give Pete a call. I'm sure he'd like to go along," Joe added.

"Hmmm... I don't know...," Tim considered.

"Think about it," Joe went on. "Pete's a nice guy... or whatever.. heh heh..."

"Yeah, but he's about fifty years older than me," Tim reminded.

"He don't look it," Joe countered. "He probably could use a younger perspective on things."

"I'll think about it," Tim concluded.

"Do that," Joe said. "See you in the morning!"

Joe drove towards Linda's. He looked down at the clock on the dash. Four-thirty. Probably another hour till Linda came home. He

could spend the time washing clothes and getting ready for tomorrow's trip.

When he reached the driveway, he saw there were no other cars there. He'd be home alone.

Joe went to his room and saw all the underwear still scattered about on the bed. Bras and panties. His really had become a girls room. It even smelled like one.

He gathered up the frilly things, momentarily pausing sometimes to feel the silky texture and marvel at the fine construction. Joe took the garments over to a drawer and started to fold them and carefully store them away. He was building quite a collection. He wondered how many things Linda had. She had a whole lifetime to acquire these things, not just a little over a week. The other day he changed clothes with her, in her room, and he had momentary peek in her underwear drawer. It was full, much fuller than his.

Joe wondered if his fascination with these things was anything like that for her. For him it was all new. Before, his main involvement with these things was when he and a woman became intimate. Then, it was, for him, more like a decoration, a wrapper, for what was to follow.

It wasn't that way anymore. These were his stuff... His underwear... And yet, there would probably never be a time when he could think of them like he had his BVD's. They contained too much mystique... Was that it? Mystery? Were female undergarments actually mysterious? Or were they just underwear?

When he had everything put away, Joe sat on the bed and removed his blouse. The air conditioner felt cool without the protection of the silk, and Joe wondered what to wear. He went back to the drawers and selected a thin cotton tank-top, one of the first he purchased after the change. He really needed to do some wash.

He slipped the top over his head, and looked down, remembering the self-conscious feeling the first time he wore it. The white cotton seemed almost transparent and you could easily see the outline of the bra underneath. In addition, the large armholes exposed everything. It was not the thing to wear when you wanted to hide your femininity. But, he was becoming more accustomed to things like that now, and besides, the light little top was really cool.

Unfastening the button, and zipping the little back zipper, Joe slipped the skirt down his hips. He lay it on the bed and pulled off the

half-slip. He couldn't wait to get the pantyhose off. Though he liked the way they looked, they were hot, and felt rather tight.

Down to cotton panties, Joe rubbed his crotch, remembering what Tim said. "Until you touch yourself, you can't really tell something is missing down there." Tim was right. Over a week now, and it still made the hair on his neck rise whenever he touched himself.

Again, Joe went to the chest of drawers, the third one down contained his shorts. He picked out some in yellow cotton. He slipped them on, and then hung up the wool suit. Next Joe went to the hamper and withdrew his laundry. He sorted the things to wash in the machine, from the stuff he'd wash by hand in the sink. Shorts, tops, bras, underpants. Typical women's clothes. Was he actually becoming a "typical" woman?

He held up a little gray nylon panty. He carefully examined the thin elastic waist and leg openings. He touched the narrow band of nylon that went between his legs, feeling the crisp stiffness of his own dried secretion. He turned it inside-out and the white cotton liner exhibited a narrow, light yellow stain where it had been in contact with his new genitalia. Just like a "typical woman's" underwear.

Was he really becoming a woman? He might still think like a guy, but the soiled panties were undeniable evidence. He had really become a woman.

Joe took the pile of clothes to the laundry room, sorted them, and started a load. He went back to his bathroom to hand-wash the delicate things.

When he first was told of the need to hand-wash his underwear, Joe thought it would be a lousy way to spend time. Now that he had done it a few times, he found that it really wasn't. In fact, it was even sort of enjoyable. He loved touching and feeling his new underwear, and it actually only took a few moments to accomplish, and just doing it made him feel so damn feminine. Why did he like that? He didn't know why, but he did. Washing his bras and nylon or silk panties actually seemed somehow therapeutic.

When they were all washed, rinsed, and carefully wrung out, Joe carefully hung them over the little cord in the shower stall. Along with the pantyhose he wore that day, they fill the entire length. The room smelled of soap.

Joe felt happy, and began to hum an old Beatles tune. When he realized he was doing it, he started to sing, his now quite feminine

voice resonating off the bathroom walls. "Eleanor Rigby... Sits in a church where a wedding had been..."

Why was he so happy? Only God knew.

It would soon be time for Linda to arrive.

Chapter 49

CONFRONTATION

Joe completed two loads of laundry before the low rumble of Linda's car was heard coming up the drive. She was home.

Joe knew it was about time for both of them to reach a decision concerning their strange new relationship, but he also knew that wouldn't be easy. He still loved Linda a lot, and he knew she loved him too. Not like before, of course. The feelings they had for each other did change... They were still changing. Joe of course, was no longer physically male, and the urgent tension that accompanied having male gonads was quickly dissipating. There were still pleasant memories, but sometimes even those seemed like ancient history.

A little over a week and a half, that's how long it had been. Already Joe had started to grow accustomed to his new body. He really enjoyed the increased sensitivity, the unusual feeling of awareness that the change had given him. He was becoming less easily embarrassed by his new shape and the ever-increasing softness of skin and muscle. Only the very noticeable loss of upper body strength could be considered a real drawback...along with the obvious inability to perform as a normal man.

Not that he really wanted, or needed, to satisfy any remaining masculine urges. Except for those first few days, those had mostly departed along with his male appendage. While he remained sexual, Joe found his changing libido becoming less urgent... more appropriate to the young female he appeared to be.

Not that he thought of himself a woman yet. Not exactly anyway. Joe did enjoy many of the amenities that accompanied femininity. To his great surprise, Joe discovered he adored wearing the soft clothes and silky lingerie. He relished most of the trappings of modern womanhood. But, he missed things too. It almost seemed silly to mention it, but he longed for the simple male ability to stand and pee. A vulva might be just fine for intercourse, and as he got used to it, he even liked the sleek shape and new sensations, but to be REQUIRED to pull your underpants down and sit when nature called... Nothing sexy or beneficial about that. And that burning itch... A male didn't worry about yeast infections. At least he never did before. But now...

At least it must be going away. He rubbed the soft mound of his pubic area as if to reaffirm the change it had undergone.

Joe knew Linda tried hard to accept him as a woman. It wasn't easy for her. To his eyes, she hadn't changed, and he had only to deal with his own changed shape and feelings. The accident was quite different from Linda's perspective, however. For well over a year, Joe had been her MAN... Her lover and most recently, her fiancée. She counted on him for the male view, and she was never disappointed. They had enjoyed an excellent relationship. Linda always allowed her femininity to compliment Joe's maleness. Now, it was so very different. After he finally convinced her of what had taken place, and that inside he was still the same person, Linda had gone out of her way to help him adjust to it. She brought Joe to her house so that he could more easily adapt to his new appearance and situation. She helped Joe in other ways too, from teaching him how buy and wear clothes, to many other aspects of life as a female. Joe realized he owed much of his comparatively easy transition to Linda.

But try as she might, Linda could no longer hide the realization that the person she really loved was Joe Bates the male. She missed those broad, powerful shoulders... She longed for the way he could be so strong, yet so gentle with her in bed...

Not that Linda didn't try hard to adapt to how he was now. When they slept together, those first few nights, Linda even initiated the fooling around when Joe was too embarrassed to experiment with his new anatomy. While they both found it quite interesting, Linda soon realized that she had no real attraction to lesbian sex. And no matter what he tried, Joe now had to do it in a body as female looking as his girlfriends. Once the initial fascination wore off, it was quite impossible for either of them to think of Joe the way he had been. The change physical was just too complete. More and more, every day, Joe looked, sounded, smelled and even acted like a woman.

Joe heard the door close and moments later Linda walked into the room. Joe lay on the couch and smiled a greeting as Linda entered. Before, they would have kissed and embraced, but Joe could tell that Linda was becoming uncomfortable doing that.

"Hi," Joe said. "You look absolutely fantastic," He complimented.

Linda looked at Joe sitting there, wearing the little sleeveless tank top. He looked so very young and attractive, of course in a totally feminine way.

"So do you," Linda said. "Did you have a good day?"

"It was okay," Joe admitted. "I have to fly to Minneapolis tomorrow."

"Can we still talk tonight?" Linda asked. She was coming right to the point.

"Sure," Joe answered. "I guess we better."

"Yeah. I do too," Linda agreed.

"Want something to drink?" Joe asked.

"Yeah, maybe some of that lemonade," Linda responded, as Joe went to the kitchen.

He returned with two glasses and handed one to Linda. "Where should we start?" Joe asked. Linda just looked at him. "I guess we've given it a try." Joe continued. "And I know you've done all you can."

"Joe... You've got to understand... I'm really trying..." Linda stammered.

"I know. I know," Joe conceded, looking into her eyes. They were beginning to fill with tears. "I just can't be like I was."

"It's not just that," Linda corrected.

"Yes it is," Joe said. "That's exactly what it is. "We can try to ignore what happened to me, but the results are still right here." He placed his fingers in the open armholes of the sleeveless tank top and tugged at the straps of his bra, causing his breasts to jiggle noticeably.

"I know it's not your fault," Linda continued, smiling at the self-effacing mannerism. "Maybe, if I could just be more accepting..."

"You've done all you can," Joe told her. "More than you ever had to."

"But, we were planning our life together," Linda reminded him.

"Maybe that all changed when I did," Joe considered.

"But, it's just not your fault," Linda said again.

"And it's not yours either," Joe said. "But that don't change the facts."

"Don't you want me?" Linda asked.

"Damn it, of course I do," Joe hissed. "But that don't help much, now does it?"

"You really don't think they can change you back?" Linda asked desperately. "Or maybe they could change me..."

"You don't really want to be a man, even if they could." Joe reminded her. "And I don't think we can count on me getting back any time soon. I think I'm stuck like this, for some time anyway."

"We can still be friends.... We can be best friends, right?" Linda wondered.

"Absolutely," Joe insisted. "Linda, I owe you so much. I owe you everything."

Linda lightly brushed Joe's face with her finger tips. "I still can't believe this has happened," She sobbed softly.

Joe reached out for her and took her into his arms. "God, I love you so much!" he said. They embraced, and Joe buried his nose in Linda's hair, breathing in her scent. "If I could just be changed back... If only for tonight....," he whispered.

Joe held Linda very tightly, and she reciprocated in kind. Joe wanted desperately to kiss her, and wondered if she would mind. "Can I kiss you?" He finally asked.

"I wish you would," Linda responded, holding him tighter.

Their lips met, and Joe immediately felt Linda's tongue searching for his. Just like before. He responded purely from habit, and for a moment it was like it used to be. Joe even felt old stirrings return, but it took only a moment for his new anatomy to make its presence known.

Much as before, his body reacted to sexual excitement by a pleasant feeling in his crotch. The sensation was very much like a penile erection, at least initially. Since the actual "penis" was now a tiny, but exquisitely sensitive nub of skin, it was quickly apparent that something was very different "down there". The much smaller, more internal nature of everything meant that a "woody" was no longer accompanied by a noticeable bulge.

Although the sensations from the crotch were generally as good, or even better than before, there were other new feelings too. Whenever his "penis" or clitoris became engorged, Joe also felt his enlarged nipples hardening too. When they got like that, he could really sense their presence when they brushed the inside of his bra as he moved. The feeling could only be described as very good. He wondered if the experience was like that for "real" women. He had no

idea they might feel that way. Nothing in Linda's or any of his other girlfriends reactions gave a clue that might be so. Perhaps it just because having breasts was so new to him.

And another thing. Almost as soon as the good feelings started, Joe knew from experience that he was going to get wet. Real wet. If he didn't know what was causing it, he might have thought he involuntarily peed his pants. His poor distorted sex organ sometimes seemed to weep for attention. It craved for something inside it too. Desperately. Ever since the second night with Jay, Joe knew his changed body liked sex. It yearned for it. Maybe it took a bit longer to turn everything on now, but when you did... it was nothing like when he was a guy. His new body wanted to be with a man. Maybe his mind still wanted to see and touch a woman's softness, but his body... It knew what it really needed.

Joe closed his eyes and breathed deeply, taking in Linda's perfume. Did she feel the same way? How could she? Though she always seemed to have a healthy interest in sex, she couldn't have felt anything like this. If she did, I think she would have ripped my clothes off. Joe thought.

He was awash in sexual lust. But not for the soft sweet-smelling person in his arms. It was a paradox. Here they were, both so much in love, and Joe horny as a tomcat, and yet they seemed more like sisters. That was the problem.

Joe ran his hands up and down Linda's back, feeling the silky softness of her blouse, and the little bump made by the strap of her bra. Two weeks ago, he would have been groping for the buttons or zipper. Now, he found himself wondering what type bra she was wearing. He loved the way women's clothes felt to the touch. Everything so soft and sensual. It was such a compliment to the amplified sensitivity of his fingertips. It wasn't sexual or erotic, but it was sort of the same feeling.

"Your blouse feels so good," Joe whispered into Linda's ear. Hardly words of endearment.

"Thanks," Linda said, still holding him in the embrace. "It's pure silk."

"I just love the feeling of your clothes," Joe said, desperately wanting to communicate, but not knowing what to say.

"You never used to tell me that," Linda said, pulling back, and looking into his face.

"Yeah, I know," Joe admitted. "There were lots of things I didn't talk about, I guess."

"But, now you can," Linda said simply. "Now you can."

"Is it really too late?" Joe asked, more to himself than to her.

"What do you want to do?" Linda asked.

"What can I do?" Joe responded. "Look at us, people would think we're gay, or something."

"Are we?" Linda asked, teasingly rubbing her breasts against Joe's.

"I don't have any idea how to answer that question," Joe answered. "I can't win either way."

"Would you rather be with me, or Jay?" Linda asked, the smile never leaving her face.

Joe knew the real questions were starting. "Are you still happy with me sexually?" Joe countered.

Linda didn't answer immediately. Finally she spoke. "Joe, I wish you could be just like you were before," she admitted. "Not that you're not nice like this... I can't believe how wonderful you treat me now, and how gentle you've become."

"I've been finding it kinda hard to be a stallion lately," Joe quipped.

"I'm sorry Joe... I didn't mean it like that..."

"No, I want to know how you think. What you think," Joe continued. "We need to figure out how to work this thing out."

"You've just become so feminine looking... So young and beautiful," Linda continued. "I don't know what you can possibly see in me."

"Hey, I may look like a girl, but it's all still new to me, remember," Joe interjected. "I still think of you as my lady. I need you."

"Do you?" Linda asked. "You seem to be doing all right. Another couple of weeks, and no one would ever know you weren't born like that."

"Maybe other people couldn't tell, but I still remember."

"And for how long?" Linda continued. "Joe, I see such a change in you from day to day. You seem to adjust better, and like what happened better, each time I see you."

Joe shrugged his shoulders. "I can't help that," he said flatly. "I guess it's the hormones, or something. I don't know"

"It probably is," Linda agreed. "You don't just look like a woman, Joe. You've started to become one."

"What should I do, ask for a sex change operation?" Joe asked, keeping his voice soft, although Linda was allowing hers to rise a bit.

"You told me that wouldn't work anyway, right?" Linda went on. "And besides, you wouldn't want one."

"You think I wouldn't?" Joe asked.

"Do you?"

Joe looked into her eyes. "It's true, since this all happened, I've been getting used to being like this. I have to admit, I do like some of it... Maybe a lot of it. But if I thought an operation would make things like they were, I think I'd do it in a minute."

"Would you be doing it for you, or for me?" Linda asked.

"For us." Joe insisted.

"Why did this have to happen?" Linda asked.

"Maybe we were just meant to be pals, not lovers," Joe offered, smiling.

"We were lovers, remember?" Linda reminded him.

"You made me feel so good," Joe conceded.

"No better than how you made me feel," Linda countered.

"Yeah, I was a real stud, wasn't I?" Joe teased.

"I think so," Linda said seriously.

"I wish this thing looked like it feels right now," Joe said, moving his knees apart and indelicately rubbing his crotch through the shorts.

"Do you really feel the same way down there?" Linda asked, obviously curious.

Joe grinned mischievously. "Not exactly the same, but right now it feels as if it's a foot long," He winked.

"You wish."

"Maybe we both do," Joe said.

"You've got that right, Joe Bates," Linda admitted.

Linda gently placed her hand at Joe's crotch. She began to fondle him, instinctively doing what felt good. Joe closed his eyes, leaned back and enjoyed her attentions.

"Do you like that?" Linda asked, though the answer was obvious.

"Oh God, yes," Joe breathed.

"As good as before?" Linda continued.

Joe opened his eyes and looked into Linda's. What was she trying to find out?

"Good... I don't know... Maybe better, maybe about the same... I don't really know." Joe answered.

"You can't remember how you used to feel?" Linda asked.

"It was good... Great. It's good now, too," Joe answered. Linda hadn't stopped her skilled massage of his aching clit, and it was starting to feel fantastic. He hoped the wetness he knew had to be there wouldn't show through the yellow cotton shorts.

Linda continued the gentle stroking and circular rubbing. Before long, Joe was involuntarily moving his hips in synch with her hand. He was becoming oblivious to anything but her touch.

She could tell Joe had become excited almost as soon as they embraced. Joe smelled of the recent shower at the health club, and even to Linda it was a very pleasing scent. She longed for the man-smell Joe used to have, but since the change, that was gone, replaced by a very different, almost undetectable, probably more feminine scent. Not erotic really, but pleasing.

Linda wondered if being with her was the cause of his ardor. She knew that neither of them were nearly as sexually attracted to each other now, but she still wondered about Joe.

The other day, at the aerobics class, Joe had obviously been attracted to the other women, especially one young woman. Since Joe's feminized body was no longer able to display excitement in the way it once did, Linda couldn't tell if he had been sexually aroused. Joe hadn't talked much during the drive home, and Linda thought he acted a bit strange, but she was too embarrassed to ask him. Could Joe

still get aroused by women? As they held each other close, Linda felt Joe's touching, stroking, different than before, but then, not really so different. Was he thinking of her, of what they had done when things were different? The curiosity was just too much. Could she still turn him on?

The gently touching as they talked slowly changed to her more directly fondling him between the legs. She thought he might move her hand away, but he was already far too aroused for that.

Almost immediately, Joe closed his eyes and stopped moving. He liked it. She knew from their previous escapades in bed that Joe's genitals were now pretty much like her own. She knew how to make herself feel good, and she decided the same things might also feel good for Joe too. She was obviously right.

Linda had to admit, it was strangely exciting watching another woman react to her touch.

All the touching and rubbing soon had the desired effect. Joe felt the intense urge to have something inside himself, and then was overcome by the involuntary contractions of orgasm. The sensation of climax was not so different now, though it did seem to be far more intense than the average male ejaculation. The big difference was after the fact. Before, release meant almost immediate loss of erection and soon, an intense feeling of exhaustion. That was followed by a strong urge to sleep.

It wasn't like that anymore. Multiple orgasms had become the norm. As soon as one was experienced, the only change Joe felt was a tremendous increase in genital sensitivity. For a minute or so, it actually hurt to have anything touch his crotch. But there was no waiting for an erection anymore. Joe could keep up the cycle until everything felt too sore.

Linda watched the look on Joe's face as he recovered from the orgasm. He kept his eyes closed and his breathing came in short gasps. It had been so different when he came inside her. Then, he seemed forceful and firm, as if needing to drive his organ deep inside her.

What was it really like for him now? Linda thought. To have your very being changed so completely. Joe's face still possessed many of the familiar characteristics of before, but the change brought with it a definite softness, especially around the eyes and cheekbones. His eyes seemed bigger, and his lips fuller. And so young... It was amazing how youthful he appeared.

She looked lower, at Joe's body. The little sleeveless top was sheer enough to allow the outline of a flesh colored bra to show through. It was just like one she had. The thin, seamless cups allowed Joe's erect nipples to show through. She knew Joe was embarrassed whenever that happened. Joe had developed very natural and attractive breasts, and Linda knew that while they were sometimes a source of embarrassment, he was also quite proud of the way they looked. Joe accepted the changes the best he could, and made the best of the situation. Linda admired him for that.

Joe opened his eyes. He saw Linda watching him, her face radiating a loving smile. He looked down at himself, quickly moving his knees together. He saw, as well as sensed, the exposed look of his chest. He pulled the white top away from his breasts so that the little bumps of his nipples were not so obvious.

He grinned sheepishly. "Thanks, I guess," He said, obviously embarrassed by what had just happened.

"I'm sorry I did that, Joe," Linda apologized. "I shouldn't have touched you like that."

"Why not?" Joe asked. "We used to do a lot more than that, didn't we?" He smiled. "It felt good. I hope you let me return the favor."

Linda returned the smile. "Of course," she replied. "Maybe after while though, all right?"

"Did you like touching me... Doing that?" Joe asked.

Linda looked into Joe's eyes. "It was interesting," she admitted. "I still find what happened to you to be quite amazing."

Joe snickered. "Yeah... Me too," he replied.

"You don't mind that I did that... That I took advantage of you?" Linda continued.

"Why should I mind?" Joe considered. "I still love you, and you simply made me feel good. How can I be irritated by that?"

"It didn't embarrass you?" Linda asked.

"Hmmm... I guess maybe it should have... But I guess I'm losing my macho streak," he quipped.

"I wish I was a man right now, Joe," Linda blurted. "I'd really make you feel good."

Joe looked at her and laughed mischievously. "And, if you were a man, I bet I could make you feel pretty good too," he offered. Joe picked up the lemonade glass and took a sip.

"How's the infection?" Linda asked.

"Hmmm... I can't tell it's there anymore," Joe replied. "So I guess it's getting better."

"Keep using all the medication till it's gone., Linda advised.

"Yes mother," Joe teased. "And I'm wearing my cotton underwear, just like you said."

Linda grinned at looked at Joe. "That's a good girl," she teased.

"So... What about us?" Joe asked, getting the subject back on track. "Should I move out?"

"Do you want to?" Linda countered.

"Do you want me to?"

"Only if you choose to," Linda decided. "You can stay here as long as you like. I need the company."

"Like sisters?" Joe continued. "We can live like sisters?"

"Is that how you prefer think of us?"

"I don't think we can call ourselves lovers... Not exactly anyway," Joe joked.

"You really want to live here, with me?" Linda asked.

"Would you rather get on with your life?" Joe asked. "I don't want to hold you back."

"What about your life?" Linda asked. "Would living here be harder for you?"

"I don't know," Joe said. "I still don't know what the rest of my life is going to be like."

"What about Jay? Is he a part of your life?" Linda asked.

"Jay's my best friend," Joe said. "Yeah, maybe we fooled around a little, but it was mostly just curiosity. You can understand that, can't you?"

Linda thought about it. How would she feel if she woke up tomorrow morning and found she was inside the body of a man?

Maybe she might be curious to experiment too. "What about other guys?" Linda asked.

"I don't know," Joe admitted. "I guess we have to let those things work themselves out."

"Maybe you're right," Linda agreed.

They both heard a car come up the drive. Who could it be?

In moments the doorbell sounded. Joe went to the door and found his friend Jay.

"Hello pal," Joe said. "You're just in time."

Jay looked to see if Linda was nearby. "Is she still angry?" Jay asked, his voice in a whisper.

"Not really," Joe answered. "I think we've come to an understanding for now."

"What is it?" Jay asked.

Joe looked at his friend, who seemed unable to move his gaze from Joe's chest.

"Me and Linda decided to get married anyway," Joe teased. "We'll both have kids by artificial insemination. Care to leave a donation?"

Jay looked alarmed, but then realized he was again victim of Joe's relentless humor. "Can I be best man?" Jay asked, playing along.

"Hell, I guess you can be the ONLY man." Joe laughed at his own joke.

They went into the family room where Linda still sat on the sofa. Jay greeted her warily. "Good evening, Linda," he said haltingly.

"Hello Jay," Linda returned. "How are you this evening?"

"Not so bad," Jay replied. "I was just asking Joe if you were still irritated with him, or me?"

"Should I be?" Linda asked, preferring to watch as he tried to find a way to ask forgiveness.

"I don't know," Jay answered. "I know I have no intention to come between you and Joe."

Linda looked very serious. "Is that so?" Linda asked. "That's not what Joe just told me."

"Just what did Joe say?" Jay returned, trying to feel her out.

"Hmmm... He said that everything was all your idea."

"That's... Joe, tell her the truth!" Jay retorted. "I went along, sure, but it was really Joe's idea."

"My idea?" Joe shrieked as if insulted. He decided to play along with Linda.

Jay looked at Joe, trying to decide if they were serious or not. "Joe, if you didn't want to do anything, I would have respected your wishes," Jay continued. "I thought what happened was what you wanted."

"You didn't like it?" Linda asked.

Jay looked at her. "Of course I did, but I only did it because Joe wanted me to. Tell her the truth, Joe," Jay insisted.

"She knows the truth," Joe admitted. "I told her everything."

"Everything?" Jay blurted.

"Well, not the gory details... But she understands,." Joe explained.

"You're not angry?"

"Nope," Linda said, a smile finally showing on her face.

"God, I thought I was walking into a hornets nest," Jay admitted.

"I hope everything is working out."

"I think it will." Joe said.

"Yeah...," Linda agreed. "Just keep your pants on, you two." She laughed.

"Come in and sit down," Joe told his friend.

"I don't know what you had planned for tonight, but I thought maybe we could do something together," Jay said.

"What did you have in mind, Jay?" Joe asked.

"Oh, I don't know, can you think of something you'd like to do? My treat," Jay answered.

"Is this an offer for a date?" Joe asked, looking at Linda.

"If that's how you want to take it, yeah, I guess it is," Jay replied.

Joe felt a warm flush as the blood rushed to his face. Jay was asking him for a date, right in front of Linda. "Hmmm... I guess we can do something." Joe replied, watching Linda's face for any sign. There was none, she just watched Jay.

"A movie, maybe?" Jay offered.

"Yeah, that might be good," Joe agreed. "I have to fly to Minneapolis tomorrow morning, so I don't want to stay out too late."

"If we leave soon, we can still make the seven-o'clock," Jay said, glancing at his watch.

"Think this would be okay to wear to a movie?" Joe asked Linda.

"Not a nice one," Linda advised. "The mall-eight would be fine though."

"Is that OK with you?" Joe asked Jay.

"Fine," Jay replied. He was wearing a sport shirt and Dockers.

"Well, let me get my stuff together," Joe said. "I'll only be a few minutes."

"I'll wait right here," Jay replied.

Joe went to the laundry room to retrieve the last load. He took it into his room and piled it on his dresser. Then he went into the bathroom to check his appearance in the mirror. A few strokes with the hair brush to his short "do" and he was ready. He decided to use the toilet before he left the room.

As he sat on the stool, Joe contemplated what had just happened with Linda. She as much as told him that she had no interest in carrying on the relationship, and then proceeded to become intimate with him. Talk about mixed signals. He thought he might find women easier to understand, now that he had practically become one. But it was still not that easy.

After he finished, he stood to pull his underpants up, and paused to check them. As he suspected, the crotch was sticky and damp. He stepped out of the shorts and panty, and walked into the bedroom, idly stroking his soft pubic hair. It might be more complicated to be like this, he thought, but it was indeed interesting.

He selected a new pair of underpants from the freshly washed pile. Light blue, cotton hi-rise. Carefully stepping into them, he pulled them to his hips then, as he usually did, he rubbed his palm between his legs, as if to verify that everything was still the same down there.

Yep, he thought, smiling to himself, drier and happier, but still the same.

Chapter 50

MORNING OF THE FLIGHT

Joe woke to a slight movement of the bed. It was hardly anything, but enough to wake him. The room was still pretty dark, the early light was just starting to shine through the open curtains of his bedroom.

He made it through yet another night. Rolling on his back, Joe noticed Linda still in his bed. He pulled the sheet down, exposing his bare chest. The sudden cool air made his nipples stiffen to hard, sensitive points. Sometimes, just the larger areola was visible. He placed his hands at the side of his chest and pressed his bosom forward. Doing so made the moderate endowment very evident, even in the dim light. He grinned, thinking about strange thing that had happened to him. A few minutes in the path of some invisible radio waves... And I end like this. He had only a little chest hair before, but now there was absolutely none at all. Just these soft little mounds. And this...

Joe placed his hand under the sheet and let his fingers brush his body at the pubic hair. He remembered the feeling last night, as Linda carefully fondled his changed anatomy, causing him to explode in pleasure again and again. She knew just how to gently stroke the sensitive tissues so the narrow boundary between pleasure and pain was never once crossed.

A man could never have done that. A man just wouldn't have any idea just how close to the surface the nerves felt. But Joe knew now... He remembered then... Before he had his own, he always figured a clitoris felt much like a man's penis. Not exactly... While there were definite similarities, when you considered it, a penis was really more like an overgrown, rather numb, clitoris. At least that's how he remembered it. A little over a week, and already it was becoming difficult to remember the sensation of his old male parts.

Joe couldn't honestly say he missed them. At least not as sex organs anyway. No, what they had become was easily just as good, if not much, much better. Joe gently ran his index finger along the now familiar moist cleft, letting it gently brush over the sensitive little glans near the top. The sensation was as if something had somehow amplified the nerves at the underside of his penis. But it didn't look

anything like a penis anymore. Just a small nub of flesh protruded from the sensitive labia. Joe's clitoris was not protected by the little hood of tissue most real women had, since his circumcision when he was an infant boy caused the required tissue to be absent. It manifested itself after the transition as no clitoral covering. As a male, Joe's most sensitive part had been deprived of its natural protection but he hadn't even missed it at all. Of course, since his parents had it performed when he was so young, Joe had no idea what it might feel like any other way. It was the same way now, too. Everything was more sensitive, but it was always that way...

But now, at least when he wasn't aroused, Joe's clitoris was quite small enough to remain partially concealed between the new labial skin folds. Unlike his penis, it could sometimes retract, completely concealed by the labia majora. He was often able to forget about it, something he seldom could do when it was a penis. That huge thing was always there, reminding him to be on the lookout for the opposite sex, and frequently standing to attention when a pretty girl was nearby. Hard to not think of sex when you were always being reminded like that.

Everything was comfortably retracted now, thank you, just like a real female, like it or not. It was strange being on the other side of the fence, Joe considered. He found it amusing to watch Jay innocently attempt to catch a glimpse of cleavage when he bent over to pick something up. He remembered doing juvenile stuff like that himself, less than two weeks before. Now, it just seemed silly. If he really wanted to see his breasts, all Jay needed to do was ask, and Joe would let him stare all he wanted. Hell, he could even touch them if he liked. It felt so good when he did that, even if it was kind of embarrassing, being so intimate with his long-time buddy. Joe knew Jay had developed the "hots" for him, but he was still trying to decide just how he felt about Jay. Or, any other man, for that matter.

He idly fondled his right nipple. Women were different. He still loved being around them. Sure, it was different now. He had essentially become one of them. He looked like them. He was generally accepted by them. Even by Linda, who knew who, and what, he really was. He obviously couldn't enter a men's room anymore without causing a disturbance, but Joe also couldn't help but feel out of place every time he used a public ladies room. Maybe he was "anatomically correct", but in his own mind, he was still a guy, and he was entering no-man's-land.

Anatomically correct. Yeah, he was that, all right, and more. His poor changed body, while it honestly enjoyed the loving attention Linda provided, craved something else... Something... Something Linda couldn't provide. Joe knew what it was, but he was afraid to admit it.

He preferred sex with a man. Why should that be so embarrassing? He had become about as physically female as anyone could possibly get. He had already done about everything a normal woman could do besides menstruate and get pregnant. And even that might happen one of these days too. At least the menstruate part... The pregnant thing required a lot more thought.

He cupped his left breast in his hand. The thought of a tiny, living creature, something that came from his own body, receiving nourishment from this small hunk of fatty tissue on his chest... Now that was heavy... Giving birth...

It could happen... Dr. Krell said it... It appeared that he had not only become externally female, but even his internal organs seemed to have reverted to those of the other gender. Most likely, if he was ever to be a parent, he would be a mother. That was a little hard for a thirty-year-old guy to accept. But then, most thirty-year-old guys didn't look like this, Joe thought, gently massaging his own soft breasts in the dim morning light.

He looked over at Linda, who still slept soundly. Last night was really something. After the discussion with Linda, Joe went out to a movie with Jay. It was sort of a date. He felt self-conscious walking in public with his pal, with everyone assuming he was Jay's girlfriend. Maybe he was. Jay opened the door for him, and generally treated him with loving respect. Joe had to admit, it was enjoyable, but it was also weird.

Once, as they watched the film, Jay placed his arm on Joe's seatback. He then moved it to his shoulder. When that happened, Joe looked into his friend's eyes. They both smiled with embarrassment, and Jay moved his arm.

Later, they drove to a small pub for a bite to eat. Joe made sure he sat across the table from Jay, not right beside him. The conversation ranged from airplanes, to what was happening in the lab. They didn't talk about their own relationship, and Joe was glad of that. Jay kept staring at him, his eyes blind with love, but Joe didn't know how to

respond. He did let Jay pay for everything, deciding not to start an argument.

When they got back home, Joe decided to reward Jay with a quick, awkward peck on the lips. It hadn't been nearly as embarrassing as he thought it might be, and Joe realized he actually enjoyed the evening. Maybe he could get used to living as a female.

When Jay left, Joe went to his room to get ready for bed. Tomorrow might be a long day, and he wanted to get plenty of sleep.

Shortly after he slipped into bed, his bedroom door opened, and Linda quietly joined him under the sheets. He hadn't expected that. It was embarrassing. Joe had decided to sleep nude, the way he always slept when he was male. Now he was in bed with his fiancée, naked. His entire body was exposed. It was dark, but Linda wanted to cuddle.

Linda wore his favorite nightie, a soft, silky shortie that left her bottom hang out when she didn't wear the little matching panties. Joe knew she wasn't wearing them now, cause she never did. He wished he had something covering his top too.

Linda placed her arm around Joe's shoulder, and her fingers brushed his breast. She began to gently fondle the nipple, and Joe felt it immediately stiffen in response. It was embarrassing.

Only moments before, in the bathroom, Joe had dutifully inserted the little applicator of vaginal medication, then quickly jumped into bed before any of it could run out of the new opening between his legs. Now, he was worried it would soon be all over the bedclothes, as he sensed his vaginal lips opening in response to Linda's soft touch.

Linda continued her gentle stroking. Joe just lay there, not reciprocating in any way. But Linda was persistent. Joe felt her other hand on his belly, and in a few moments, her fingers were brushing through his pubic hair. They gently explored and fondled each other for what seemed like hours.

Now, it was already time to get up.

Joe silently entered the bathroom without turning on the light till he closed the door. He sat and relieved himself, then took a quick shower. He used the razor on his underarms and legs, but ignored the bikini line, since it looked fine to him, and he was trying to keep it from itching down there. Too short hair seemed to cause that.

Joe brushed his hair and teeth, then carefully applied lipstick and light make-up. It was getting easier, even if it did seem silly to do it. A glance in the mirror was met by a very attractive young woman looking back. Joe grinned at his reflection, and shook his naked chest just to watch the way it made his breasts move.

A little deodorant, followed by a very small spray of cologne, and he was ready to dress. Joe went back to the dark bedroom. The morning sunlight was just bright enough he didn't need the light. He went to the dresser to select the days underwear. He selected the black bra and matching thong. He felt wicked wearing it, and he hoped to get a chance to show it off to Tim. He didn't know why that was so important, but he felt a strange affection for the young man-woman. He took the underwear into the bathroom and slipped it on.

He inspected the image in the bathroom mirror. No matter how many times he saw himself, it was still weird to see a flat little triangle of nylon where the bulge of a penis ought to be. Would he ever get accustomed to it?

The sexy underwear was followed by a black silk teddy, and then covered by his favorite gray suit. He watched Linda sleep as he carefully snapped the crotch of the teddy, glad that she wasn't awake to watch him dress. It was still embarrassing being so feminine looking, and he knew Linda could tell he liked wearing clothes like these.

Finally dressed, Joe packed his overnight bag with clothes for another day. He tossed in his new one-piece swimsuit, and his exercise wear. Who knew what tonight might be like? He also took another suit for the flight back tomorrow, as well as slacks and a blouse. Two extra panties and bras, and he was ready. He then went to the bathroom to get the things he would need tomorrow morning. It took a lot more stuff for a woman to look professional than for a man, he thought.

Linda was waking as Joe left the bathroom. She smiled at him when she saw how he was dressed.

"You look very nice," she said.

"Thanks," Joe returned. "I don't know who I'm going to be seeing today, so I thought I better wear the best stuff I have."

"You look very sophisticated," Linda complimented. "A total professional."

"I just don't want to look like a freak," Joe said.

Linda frowned. "Do you think you might?" she asked.

"Why not? Here comes the woman who's really a guy..." Joe lamented. "That's what they'll all be thinking anyway."

"If they do, that's their problem," Linda insisted. "If you present a professional image, they'll forget who you used to be."

"I'm not sure I want that either," Joe reminded her. "I'm more than just this body, you know."

Linda smiled at what Joe just said. "I never thought I'd ever get to hear you say that," she said.

"I hope you get more out of it than I am," Joe said, smiling.

"Come here Joe Bates," Linda ordered. She pulled Joe down to the bed and kissed him on the lips. They hugged each other for a long minute.

"It will all work out," Linda insisted. "I know it will."

Joe slowly rose from the bed and straightened his skirt. "I hope so," he said. "I feel like I'm really two persons now. I can't go on like this."

"I love both of you," Linda reminded him.

"See you tomorrow night," Joe said, picking up his handbag and overnighter.

"I'll be waiting for you!" Linda said, winking seductively.

Joe went into the kitchen and fixed a bowl of cold cereal and orange juice. When he finished, he placed the spoon and bowl in the dishwasher, straightened his clothes and hair, and went to his car.

It was another absolutely clear morning in Arizona. Joe wondered what the weather would be along the route of flight. He pulled into the hangar parking lot and parked his car. He wondered who the mechanics would be this morning. Before, he enjoyed the regular banter in the flight lounge. The conversation ranged from airplanes to women. Usually women. It wouldn't be like that anymore when he

was there. He could almost feel the eyes on him when he walked to the coffee pot, looking at his legs, and his butt. A few weeks ago he did the same thing.

"Morning Joe," Buck, the head crew chief greeted him as he entered the room.

"Hi, Buck," Joe answered awkwardly. "How's the 421?"

"Fully fueled, and no write-ups," Buck answered. "You should have a good ride."

"Hope the weatherman agrees," Joe said, going to the coffee pot then to the phone. Joe had the Minneapolis trip "canned" in the computer, and only had to enter the tail number, take-off time, fuel load and souls-on-board. The printer then came to life with the route of flight, and complete trip weather. The trip would be rather uneventful, at least the weather part. Only a stiff head wind for most of the flight would be a factor. The 421 wasn't all that speedy, and the wind could be a factor for total trip time. They would likely add almost an hour to the run.

Joe was sitting at the table looking at the weather printout, sipping his coffee when Tim entered the room. Two weeks ago, Tim Werner was a twenty-one-year-old college student working his way through school as a line boy. The Tim Werner who walked in looked very different. Instead of wide, muscular shoulders and narrow hips, this Tim was much smaller and quite feminine. A short skirt barely hid cute legs. Tim wore a suit much like Joe's, but the skirt was much shorter. It was four or five inches above the knee, and he couldn't help but expose a LOT of leg as he sat down next to Joe.

"That's quite an outfit," Joe commented, after Buck regained his composure and went out to the hangar.

"I know, I know, it's a little short," Tim conceded. "I told the sales girl that, but she insisted it was just what I had to get."

"Well, at least nobody will think you're a guy," Joe teased.

"Is it too much?" Tim asked. "I have another outfit... And I brought some pants..."

"No, if you like it, I like it," Joe said, laughing.

"I worked so hard just to get it on..." Tim continued. "I might as well wear it."

"The weather will be okay," Joe said, changing the subject. "But we'll have headwinds most of the way. Be sure to stop at the potty before we launch." He winked.

"I really need some of that coffee," Tim insisted.

The cups are over there," Joe pointed. "We leave in ten minutes."

Joe watched as Tim got a cup of coffee and returned to drink it. He indeed looked so very young. Only his breasts, and the sexy skirt, kept him from looking almost pre-teen. Joe wondered when it would stop.

"I went shopping with Pete last night," Tim said. "Pete's actually pretty cool, you know."

"Yeah," Joe agreed. "And he's ate up with the "girl thing" ain't he?"

"He sure is," Tim conceded. "But he wanted it, didn't he?"

"He sure did," Joe admitted. "I helped him. I didn't know if I should, but I'm glad I did."

"Pete sure seems happy about what happened," Tim agreed.

"That's for sure."

Tim finished the coffee. "I'm ready," he said, getting up, and pulling at his skirt as Joe watched in silent amusement. "I didn't know it would do this," Tim conceded. "I guess my butt hangs out half the time."

"It's an awful cute butt," Joe teased.

"Cut it out," Tim whined, half-heartedly. "Lets get in the air."

Chapter 51
TO MINNEAPOLIS

"I'm ready when you are," Joe said. "Where's your stuff?"

I left it by the hangar door," Tim said.

"I guess we're ready then," Joe announced. "Let's make that potty stop."

Tim followed Joe into the ladies room. Unlike the more familiar men's room, which had two stalls and two urinals, the ladies room at the hangar was small and attractive, but had only had one commode. Joe had used it only once before, but had forgotten the layout. It was Tim's first time in this no-man's-land. The place was actually very nicely equipped. Much cleaner and better decorated than the rather utilitarian men's room on the other side of the wall.

"You go first," Joe insisted. "I forgot there was only one toilet."

Tim grinned and entered the stall. "This is one place where I definitely miss the way I used to be," he said. "This needing to sit to pee stuff is already getting to be a drag."

"Yeah. I agree," Joe concurred. "And it's even worse with pantyhose."

Joe could hear urine trickle into the commode. "Well, today's the first time I've ever had 'em on," Tim announced. "Becky insisted I wear them if I wore this skirt. In fact, they're hers, but I guess they fit pretty good. I do like the way they make my legs look and feel, but they sure are hot."

"With that little skirt, I guess maybe you do need something to keep from putting on a show," Joe teased.

"If you got it, flaunt it. Right?" Tim said over the closed stall door.

There was a flush, but Tim remained in the stall.

"Need some help?" Joe teased.

"I'm just trying to get all this stuff back in the right place," Tim said. "It's not that easy, you know."

"Ain't that the truth," Joe agreed.

Finally Tim opened the door, continuing to fiddle with the zipper of his skirt. Joe went over and helped him zip it.

"Thanks," Tim said, grinning. He went to look at himself in the mirror as Joe took his turn at the toilet.

"Did you ever dream you'd be in this room, doing this?" Tim asked.

"No, I can't say it even crossed my mind," Joe responded as he eased his bottom onto the still warm seat.

"And we're gonna be like this for a long time. Maybe the rest of our lives," Tim continued, straightening his blouse over his soft contours.

"It kind of looks that way," Joe agreed as he tried to coax urine into the commode.

"I really wish my hair would grow out faster," Tim continued. "If I gotta look like a girl, at least I want to really look like one."

"Trust me, you do," Joe replied.

"No, I mean really look like one." Tim continued. "Maybe we are female physically, but we still look like guys, sort of, don't you think?"

"Not by most peoples method of judgment, no I don't," Joe offered. "Maybe our hair is a little short, but that's it. You sure don't look like a guy. Not in that skirt."

"And I don't feel like one either," Tim agreed. "Not in this. I feel absolutely wicked. Did you see how Buck acted when he saw me."

"Well, you look like jail bait." Joe said as he spooled paper from the roll to wipe himself.

"It's kind of fun looking like jail bait." Tim said, grinning wickedly. "Usually though, I just feel like a little kid."

"Just try to recall what it was like as a guy before you let too much of this go to your head," Joe advised. "Remember, you don't just look female. You just might bite off more than you want to chew."

"Yeah, I know," Tim agreed. "But ain't it fun to see how guys react around us."

"When I was in school we used to call a girl like that a 'life support system for a pussy'," Joe remembered.

"Really?" Tim said. "You actually felt that way?"

"What did you call a prick teaser?" Joe asked.

"Yeah, OK, I guess you're right," Tim said.

"It's OK to look good... cute... If that's what you want, I guess. Just remember that to most people, you're a woman now," Joe reminded Tim.

"Or, more specifically, a little girl," Tim corrected.

"You're twenty-one," Joe said. "And you sure don't look like a little girl all over."

"At least not so far," Tim agreed.

"That's right. Not so far," Joe said, opening the door. Joe went to the mirror and checked his clothes and hair.

"I just wish I looked like you," Tim announced. "You... You, at least, look like a woman, not a kid. People still respect you."

"I face the same problems as you," Joe said, but he knew Tim was probably right. He looked more like an adolescent than a twenty-one-year-old adult.

"You don't have any idea what it's like," Tim insisted. "Everybody thinks I'm a kid. A little girl. But I still feel like a guy. Most of the time anyway."

"I like the way that little top makes those boobs look, big fella," Joe teased, gently flicking the tip of Tim's left breast. Tim did look so very sexy standing there.

"Yeah, I kind of do, too," Tim agreed, looking sideways in the mirror again.

"This meeting of the mutual admiration society is now adjourned," Joe ordered. "We have a plane to fly, my friend."

They carried their things to the plane and climbed on board. For Joe the familiar panel was contrasted by the strange feel where the seat touched the changed contours of his body. Expanding hips, smaller shoulders, and soft curves where there was once muscle made everything feel so different. And the fitted skirt made taking the left seat much more awkward than before.

Tim awkwardly showed everything as he assumed his seat on the right.

"Two weeks ago that view would have meant a lot more to me," Joe teased.

"All you need do is ask. I'll show you mine, if you'll show me yours," Tim retorted.

"Just keep it covered," Joe admonished. "I think it could be a safety-of-flight issue."

"Aye Aye, Captain," Tim said, offering a mock salute.

Joe could tell Tim was really enjoying the opportunity to fly right seat in the twin Cessna. They cranked the engines. In a few minutes the gear was up and they were climbing to five thousand feet. When they finally leveled at a cruise altitude of seventeen thousand, Joe switched on the autopilot. "You want to fly?" He offered to Tim.

"Sure," Tim responded.

"Here's the disconnect. Keep it on that radial till the DME reads six, then switch to this waypoint."

"Okay," Tim said, flicking off the autopilot switch and hand flying. Joe leaned back in the seat to relax.

Tim wasn't about to let him go to sleep.

"I guess you're going to keep your old name, huh?" Tim asked.

"For now, anyway," Joe said. "I haven't really given it much thought so far."

"Yeah. I have though," Tim said. "Tim, or Timothy, just isn't a girls... woman's name. Becky thinks I should do something about it too."

"Maybe you should. What name do you like?" Joe asked.

"I don't know," Tim said, looking intently out the windshield. "I've always been Tim."

"Have you considered Timmie?" Joe asked offhandedly.

"Sounds too feminine," Tim answered.

"Well, you are pretty much a gi... woman, you know," Joe retorted.

"I don't like Timmie, OK?"

"There must be a million other possibilities."

"Pick another one," Tim asked.

"How about Barbara?" Joe offered. "One of Jay's girl friends is named Barbara. I kind of like that name myself."

"Think it fits me?" Tim asked.

Joe looked over at the cute young woman flying the plane. "Yeah. You might be named Barbara." he said.

"Give me another choice," Tim asked.

"You look like a very young Demi Moore," Joe decided. "How about Demi?"

"Sounds like a type of bra, don't it?" Tim wondered aloud.

"It looks awful good on Demi Moore," Joe reflected.

"Another name."

"Hmmm.... How about Susan?"

"Another."

"Terri," Joe offered. "That name could go either way. Kind of appropriate, don't you think?"

"Maybe. I don't know," Tim said, looking straight ahead. "The whole idea of changing my name... It just sounds so permanent... Like I've accepted all this."

"Accept it or not, you're still gonna look the same when you step out of the shower."

"Yeah, I know that too," Tim agreed.

"Take your time," Joe advised. "There's no great rush. But it might be easier for me, when I introduce you. Right, Timmie?" He looked over at Tim, grinning.

"I was tempted to correct you on that one," Tim insisted. "But the truth was even worse."

"Is it drafty in a skirt like that?" Joe continued.

"It might be, I can't feel it in these darn pantyhose." Tim responded with a smile.

"You look good in it," Joe complimented. "A little too Lolita-like maybe, but very sexy."

"You really think I look sexy like this?" Tim asked seriously.

"Have you looked in a mirror lately?" Joe asked. "Pal, that bod of yours can give a normal guy a heart attack. Hell, it even excites me, and I'm not exactly normal anymore."

"I guess I should feel more like I look then," Tim said, looking at Joe. "I mostly just feel silly, like somebody just put this costume on me, and I can't figure out how to take it off."

"Interesting observation," Joe said. "I guess I feel that way too sometimes, especially in the morning, right after I wake up."

"Yeah. I know what you mean," Tim agreed. "Sometimes, I forget it happened, and it really feels funny when I first see myself, or touch myself when I wake up."

"Almost like I'm inside somebody else or something," Joe added. "But it's still me."

"Yeah... Tits, vagina, and butt," Tim agreed, touching himself. "It's still me..."

"It is kind of fun though, don't you agree?" Joe added.

Tim looked at Joe. "Sure. Sometimes it is," He admitted. "But I don't think I'd volunteer for it, if that's what you mean."

"No, me either," Joe concurred. "But it does seem to be getting easier. I don't know why that is. How about you?"

"Easier? I don't think so," Tim mused. "I'm too worried how it's all going to turn out."

"Turn out?"

"You ain't the one that's looking like a little kid," Tim reminded him.

"Some kid," Joe corrected. "You don't look like a kid to me."

"Why does everybody treat me like one then?" Tim asked.

"You do look rather young," Joe admitted.

"Yeah, rather young is right," Tim whined. "I don't have a dick anymore, and now I'm worried that I won't even have pubic hair before long. You have problems like that?"

"Well, not so far, I must admit," Joe said.

"Remember that when you think about my problems," Tim said. "Maybe we all turned female, but it looks like only I get to be a little girl," he grinned.

"Maybe that's good," Joe suggested.

"Trust me, you won't like it if it does happen to you," Tim advised.

"Yeah... But a chance to start over... If we have to be women, starting at the beginning would probably be easier," Joe considered.

"Not when you're twenty-one years old," Tim said. "Only yesterday I went through all this as a guy. I just start to grow some hair on my chest... Now its all gone... And these..." Tim brushed his hand across his breasts.

"It's pretty hard for all of us, I think," Joe reminded him.

"Damn, Joe. I hang around with you guys for less than an hour and look what it did to me," Tim grinned, but it was obvious he meant it.

"Yeah, my clothes don't fit too good now either," Joe teased.

"We're not guys anymore," Tim continued. "We're probably gonna be like this forever."

"You might be right," Joe said, nodding his head.

"I hadn't planned to spend my life like this... Looking like this," Tim continued.

"Me either," Joe said. "But what happened, happened. Nobody had any idea it was possible."

"And we're the one's who have to live with the problem," Tim continued.

"That's right," Joe agreed. "We're the first. But we won't be the last, I bet."

"I'm not graduated yet, and I'm already making more money that I expected to right out of school, maybe I should be pleased," Tim mused. "But is a good salary worth my whole future?"

"You still have a future," Joe corrected. "It's just been changed a little bit."

"Uh huh. Like needing to have my sister teach me how dress," Tim lamented.

"Yeah, I agree, it can be a little embarrassing," Joe agreed. "But it ain't all bad, is it?"

"Oh no, not all bad," Tim said, grinning to himself. "I guess two weeks ago I couldn't have worn stuff like this without everybody thinking I was a pervert or something."

"You would have wanted to?" Joe asked, surprised at the response.

Tim looked at Joe. "I guess maybe I always wondered what it was like to wear a skirt... To have a body... like this. Didn't you?"

"And..."

"What do you mean?"

"So... How do you like it?" Joe prodded.

"I think you know," Tim answered. "It's OK, but I'd much rather be back the way I was."

"Yeah, me too, I guess," Joe agreed. "But I am getting used to it."

"Me too," Tim went on. "When it first happened, all I could think about was getting back the way I was. Now, I guess I'm resigned or

something. Now I find I worry more about things like my hair growing out... Things like that. It's weird, but that's what happening."

"I agree," Joe concurred. "It gets a little easier each day. Maybe, in another week, I won't want to go back, even if I can."

"I don't feel like that," Tim offered. "Give me a crack at being a normal guy again, and I'll take it in a minute."

"Wait and see how much different you feel in a few days," Joe suggested.

"I doubt I'll be much more accepting, but time will tell, I suppose," Tim said, staring intently out the windshield.

"What have you got to lose?" Joe chided.

"You got that right," Tim agreed. "I bought all those new clothes last night. I guess I might as well wear them a while."

"What else did you buy?" Joe asked, mainly to kill time.

"Oh, all kinds of stuff," Tim said. "Pete seemed to want at least one of everything in the shops, and almost insisted that I get something too."

"Pete is eating this stuff up," Joe agreed.

"Yeah. I mean... I guess it is really a transition from an old man to what he has become, and maybe it was well worth it for him. I think it's a little different for the rest of us."

"He's still got a lot of power inside Honeybone, I hope," Joe added. "That can't do anything but help us."

"I guess so," Tim agreed. "As long as they accept what he has turned himself into. He's really getting off on the female aspect of all this."

"What do you mean?" Joe asked.

"Hell, he practically propositioned a salesman in the shoe store," Tim explained. "I think they thought Pete was my mother, and he began flirting with the guy, who was probably about twenty five."

"Pete's probably testing the water, just like you were," Joe considered.

"I guess," Tim mused. "I just wish I felt more like a girl, if that's what I have to be."

"What's the problem?" Joe asked, looking at Tim.

"I know I can't do any of the things I did before, now that I look like this," Tim explained. "But I still want to. I can't imagine ever going to bed with a man. It almost seems repulsive."

"Almost?" Joe questioned.

Tim grinned. "I guess I do have some curiosity about what sex would feel like."

"I've done it," Joe disclosed. "It's not at all bad."

"Don't it hurt?" Tim asked. "When they put that thing in during the examinations..."

"It doesn't feel anything like that," Joe confided. "Sure, it did hurt a little, at first, but that went away real fast. It's so warm, and... I don't know... Gently firm, I guess. Feels so good."

"It seems so weird... To have a guy go inside..."

"It feels pretty good though," Joe said. "Totally natural."

"I still think women are neater," Tim said. "They smell better, they're softer, gentler."

"I like the way men smell too," Joe said.

"Well, I don't remember smelling you before," Tim exclaimed. "But you sure smell good now."

"Like a girl?" Joe asked, grinning.

"Yeah," Tim said. "You smell great. You look great."

"You do too," Joe returned. "Maybe WE should sleep together," he quipped.

"Do you want to?" Tim asked seriously.

"Do you?"

Tim looked straight ahead. "I'd be willing to try it," Tim said softly.

"I guess it couldn't hurt anything, could it," Joe teased. "Two guys... having a lesbian relationship..."

"I don't think of myself as a lesbian," Tim insisted. "Even if I am stuck like this."

"Well, maybe it would give us a chance to act out our fantasies," Joe considered. "We can take turns being the guy."

"I think it would be great," Tim said. "I wish I could have had a few days before this happened to me."

"What difference would that have made?" Joe asked.

"I would have had sex at least one more time."

"You don't have to give up sex," Joe insisted. "It really isn't bad this way."

"I doubt that you can show me," Tim teased.

Joe feigned hurt.

"That was a low blow," Joe said. "But I think I can get you going."

"I don't know what I can do for you," Tim mused.

"Do what ever you like," Joe said. "But I can't do too much for the next few days. I'm still fighting that infection. But it is getting better."

"Infection?" Tim asked.

"Oh, I got a yeast infection... You know, down there," Joe explained. "Burns like hell. It's OK now."

"How'd you get it?" Tim asked.

"Beats me," Joe said. "Doctor Krell gave me a prescription, and it's going away. Makes a good argument for cotton underpants."

"That keeps it from happening?" Tim asked.

"It helps, I guess," Joe said. "They're looser, and keep you drier."

"You should see what I have on now," Tim said seductively.

"Oh yeah?" Joe said, looking at Tim. "What?"

"Just wait," Tim teased.

"You little flirt," Joe teased. "And you say you still feel like a guy."

"I said I FEEL like a guy," Tim corrected. "I don't LOOK like a guy."

"That's the truth," Joe agreed.

"How about taking the wheel a second?" Tim asked.

Joe took over the controls, and Tim leaned back into a long stretch. The position made his breasts stand out under the silky blouse. Joe couldn't take his eyes off Tim as he flexed his back and arms.

"God, you look gorgeous," Joe complimented. "I hope you realize that, my friend."

"This damn new bra is constantly poking me," Tim said. "It sure don't feel as good as it looks."

"Does it have underwires?" Joe asked.

"Yeah, I guess it does," Tim said. "I like it, but I suppose I just ain't used to the feeling yet."

"If it hurts, I doubt it is the correct size," Joe said.

"I hope I'm not still getting smaller," Tim worried. "That's all I need."

"Look the same to me," Joe said.

Tim looked down at his chest. He felt his left boob, then his right. "Hate to admit it, but it feels pretty normal," he said, grinning at Joe.

"Looks great," Joe complimented again.

"You should see what I'm wearing under these clothes," Tim said.

"I can hardly wait," Joe teased. "You're a real tease, you know that."

"Just trying to adapt to this girl-stuff," Tim whined innocently.

"And you're doing real good," Joe declared.

"I just wish it didn't seem so permanent," Tim considered. "I still want to be male again, someday."

"I hope we get the chance," Joe agreed.

They were flying for a couple of hours when Tim broke the silence. "My God, look at the ground speed," he said.

Joe looked at the digital read-out. It said ninety-five knots. "We do have one hell of a headwind." Joe agreed.

"I'm going to need to pee before too long," Tim announced. "Seems like I can't hold it like I used to."

"Yeah, I noticed that too," Joe said. "It seems like the muscles down there are weaker or something."

"Really sucks, don't it?" Tim went on. "I can almost accept not having a dick, but this needing to pee all the time... It seems like somebody's trying to rub it in, or something." He grinned.

"We still have a few hours, at least," Joe concluded. "Can you hold it that long?"

"I can try," Tim answered. "I was reading about these things called Kegel exercises. I guess I can start doing them now."

"If you need to go, we can get on the ground," Joe teased. "We do have a relief tube under this seat."

"Uh huh. That helps a lot, don't it?" Tim lamented.

"I haven't figured a way to use it," Joe admitted. "But try it before you get the seat wet."

"Damn it, I'd need to pull these pantyhose, then my underwear," Tim laughed at the idea. "I'd probably make a bigger mess than if I just let it run right now."

"I never thought about the physical limitations of a girl till I had to live with them." Joe laughed.

"Definitely the inferior design," Tim agreed.

"But without it, there wouldn't be any of us," Joe considered.

"Yeah, I almost dread to think about that too," Tim admitted. "I can't imagine the concept of getting pregnant."

"You have plenty of time to get used to the idea," Joe teased. "I promise I won't make that happen to you."

"Thanks a lot for small favors," Tim lamented. "I don't even want to get a period. My sister has been telling me what its like, and I dread it happening. Blood... Yuck..."

They flew on, discussing the situation they found themselves in. They complained, laughed, and teased each other to pass the time. Before long another two hours had passed. Joe decided to start an enroute descent. "Let me call Center and get a lower cruise altitude," Joe announced. "It's time to start down. We'll be there soon."

"Not too soon for me." Tim announced.

Chapter 52

MYSTERY ASSIGNMENT

Joe ran the prop rpm to high as the Cessna twin approached the runway. There was considerable wind, and the plane was a handful as it bobbed and danced on the glide slope. Tim watched as Joe skillfully maneuvered the plane into a proper landing attitude. When the wheels touched, Joe looked over and gave Tim a relieved smile.

"That was work!" Joe said. "If the gusts were any higher, I think we should have tried someplace else."

"You do good work," Tim complimented. "I'm impressed."

"Thank God it don't take balls to fly this thing, I guess," Joe quipped.

"Did you ever think it did?" Tim teased.

"I sure hoped it didn't, and that's the honest truth," Joe admitted. "In the beginning, I didn't know what to expect."

"Yeah, I felt the same way at first," Tim agreed. "I had become so different in some ways, and still the same in others. I hoped I could still do everything I always could... Well, almost everything..." He grinned.

Joe quickly taxied the plane to the FBO that serviced the Honeybone aircraft.

"Let's hurry up and get this thing in the barn," Joe said. "I really need to visit the restroom too."

"I see I'm not the only one with the small bladder," Tim said, laughing.

"I don't have too much trouble with it," Joe apologized. "But I do need to go."

"Not as bad as me, I'm sure," Tim insisted.

Tim started to leave his seat as Joe shut the engines down. A line service boy was walking to the aircraft. As Tim struggled to open the door, the young man smiled when he saw Tim.

"Hello there," The young man greeted.

Tim felt embarrassed. He knew that the boy standing on the ground, who was probably about his own age, had just been presented with a first-class view up his short skirt. Pantyhose limited the exposure, but it was still not very ladylike on his part.

"Hi," Tim returned, wondering if his face was as red as it felt.

"Can I help with anything?" The young man offered.

Tim looked at him. "Yeah, maybe you can," he answered. "How about taking these bags inside for me?"

"Sure. I'd be glad to," The boy fawned, obviously taken by the cute young girl in the short skirt.

Tim passed his and his bags to the line boy, who did his best to carry them all at one time. Tim watched in amazement at the effect he had.

Joe finished the shutdown procedures and came to the back of the cabin in time to see the line boy struggling with the bags. "What's going on?" he asked.

"I think I have a new friend," Tim joked. "He offered, and I accepted."

"Tim, you really are a tease, you know that?" Joe insisted.

"Just experimenting with the new equipment," Tim mused. "Might as well take advantage of a few of the benefits, right?"

"Go easy on it, OK?" Joe advised. "You're too damn nice a guy to start behaving like that."

"WAS too nice a guy," Tim reminded him. "We're not exactly guys anymore, remember?"

"Kinda hard to forget," Joe admitted. "And right now, I'm wasting time talking about it."

Joe walked rapidly to the FBO office hoping to find the restroom. He prayed he could hold it till he got his clothes down. Tim followed close behind, obviously in the same distress.

"Fill the tanks please, one-hundred low lead." Joe called to the old man sitting behind the desk in the office. He didn't even slow

down as he spotted the door with a little outline symbol of a woman in a dress.

The ladies room was a "three-holer" so they could both do their thing simultaneously. As pee tinkled into the commode, Joe called over the partition. "God, this feels so good," he said. "I thought for a minute I was going to have a little accident."

"Yeah, I was like that on the plane," Tim confided. "Luckily, it went away after a while."

"I don't think I ever needed to go this bad before," Joe said. "It felt like I was not going to be able to hold it."

"We gotta check with Honeybone, and then I suppose we have the rest of the day off," Joe said, changing the subject.

They finished up, then freshened themselves at the big mirror. As Joe straightened his skirt, he wondered how it would have looked if he actually had wet himself. Would everything simply run down his legs, or would he be wet in the back or the front. His changed anatomy was that different, and still that unfamiliar.

"What do you want to do this evening?" Joe asked as he primped.

"I don't know," Tim answered. "I've never been to Minneapolis before, so I'll leave it up to you."

"You like steak?" Joe asked.

"Do I!" Tim answered. "I think I can still eat a pretty good sized one right now."

"I know a good place," Joe continued. "After we check in, we can go to our rooms for a while, then get some dinner."

"Sounds good," Tim responded. "I'm really starting to get hungry."

Joe signed the fuel bill, then got the keys to the waiting rental car. The line boy very willingly placed their bags in the trunk. Tim smiled at the young man as he opened the passenger door. "Thank you very much," Tim said, as he smiled demurely.

"Don't mention it," The young man said. "It's been my pleasure."

Tim blushed.

Joe drove directly to the Honeybone offices. When they arrived, he parked and went inside, Tim dutifully following closely behind.

"I'm Joe Bates," Joe told the receptionist. "I'm supposed to take somebody back to Phoenix."

"Just a moment," The middle-aged woman behind the desk said, smiling as she looked at the two young women in front of her.

"There are two young ladies here from Phoenix," She spoke into her headset. "I believe they are here to take someone down."

"Are you pilots?" The woman asked.

"Yes," Joe responded. "We work for Honeybone-Phoenix."

The woman spoke into the headset again, then listened. "Mr. Teasdale asks that you go right in," she ordered.

Joe knew Mr. Tom Teasdale. He was second in command, right after Pete Peterson. He wondered if they'd be hauling Teasdale, or somebody else, back to Phoenix.

They went to the office door, which was open.

"Come in, Joe," Tom Teasdale insisted. "And Tim, isn't it?"

"Yes sir," Tim answered, shaking the man's hand.

The man looked at the two young women intently. In a moment, he spoke again. "Forgive me for staring," he apologized. "But I've been hearing so much about you, and I must admit, you are both quite attractive."

"Thank you, I guess," Joe responded. "I'm afraid we had nothing to do with our present appearance."

"Yes. I heard all about that," Teasdale continued. "And that's really what this is all about."

Joe looked at the man, obviously curious.

"I want you to keep everything you see or hear, from this point on, completely to yourselves," Teasdale said.

"We have been approached by the Government to study the phenomena that affected you, and we have had one immediate request."

Joe raised his head. "Request?"

"Yes," Teasdale went on. "Tomorrow morning, you will be met at the airport by someone whose name I haven't been given, who you will take back to Phoenix. He is our guest, and I want you to show him every respect. I'm not sure what is going on exactly, but you will be told when, and if, you need the information."

"Why the hush-hush?" Joe asked.

"I don't know, and I didn't ask," Teasdale said. "Right now, I'm not even sure exactly which branch of the military we are working with, or even if it is the military."

"Interesting," Joe mused. "And when are we to meet this person?"

"Be at the airport and have your plane ready to leave by eight AM sharp," Teasdale ordered. "Your passenger will arrive sometime after that. That's all I know. I'm sorry."

"Is that all?" Joe asked.

"That's about it, for the moment," Teasdale answered. "Just one question....," Teasdale asked, smiling. "Are you sure you were really guys before this happened?"

Joe looked at Tim, then back at Tom Teasdale. "We're sure," Joe responded coolly. "And I hope no one around here ever forgets that."

"Don't worry Joe, that's not going to happen," Teasdale said. "Don't be so defensive. I was just asking a question."

"No offense taken," Joe said, smiling. "I just want everybody to remember that we didn't cause this to happen to us."

"Have you been treated satisfactorily up to now?" Teasdale asked.

"Yes sir," Tim chimed in.

"Well, if you ever have a problem, just ring me up," Teasdale offered.

Joe was glad to hear him say that. "You can count on it," Joe replied.

Joe offered to shake Teasdale's hand. The man looked at him, then vigorously shook his hand, and turned to repeat the action with Tim.

They left Mr. Teasdale's office confident the man was indeed interested in their welfare. But Joe wondered who was this "mystery person" they would be transporting to Phoenix.

As they drove to the hotel, Tim asked the question. "Who do you think we'll be bringing back to Arizona?" he asked.

"I really haven't any idea," Joe admitted. "I don't think Mr. Teasdale knew either."

"Everything about this sure seems kind of top secret, or something, don't it?" Tim continued.

"It is a little weird," Joe agreed. "But it's hard to predict how Uncle Sam might want to use this phenomena."

"What do you think?" Tim wondered. "Do you think they might change people for spy missions, or something like that?"

"I can't imagine how something like that would be very practical," Joe mused. "It would be more logical to use a natural born woman than to change men into women."

"I'll bet they've done dumber things than that," Tim considered.

"I'm sure," Joe agreed. "But I can't imagine any guy volunteering for this just to complete some government mission." He grinned at the whole idea.

"I can just see James Bond, the morning after the cage, trying on new clothes after going through the change," Tim said, smiling as he remembered his own frightening transition.

"I doubt if it will be anything like that," Joe said. "It's probably going to be some bureaucrat, wanting to make sure we don't somehow get lost in the tax system, or something like." Joe laughed.

"Yeah, That's probably what it is," Tim agreed. "Just some IRS agent wanting to check up on all of us."

"That's all we need," Joe said.

"What time is it?" Tim asked, trying to read Joe's wristwatch.

"It's only four," Joe said. "Kind of early for dinner."

"Yeah. Let's check in and get out of these skirts," Tim ordered. "I want these damn pantyhose off!"

"But, you look so cute like that," Joe teased.

"I'll look cute enough in shorts," Tim insisted. "You'll see."

They arrived at the Radisson Plaza and a bellman helped take the bags to the check-in counter.

"Reservations for Honeybone." Joe told the man at the desk. "My name is Joel Bates."

The man typed something into the CRT in front of him. He looked up and smiled at Joe. "Party of two, Ms. Bates?" he asked.

"Yes," Joe responded. "This is my associate, Tim Werner."

The man looked over at the young woman with the unusual name. "Your name is Tim?" he asked, looking at Tim.

Tim looked up at the handsome young man, who he had been about the same size as, before the transition. "I used to be a two-hundred pound guy," Tim told him, as if it was a joke.

"I see," The man answered, smiling, not understanding why such an attractive young woman would even say such a thing.

Tim was obviously irritated by the young man's condescending attitude, but he let it slide, pretending to be more interested in properly filling out the paperwork.

When they were finished, the bellman asked them to follow him and the cart full of their bags. They rode the elevator up two floors and Joe was pleased to see that they had been assigned rooms next to each other. The bellman helped each of them with the bags and then they were alone again.

Joe knocked on the connecting door. Tim quickly opened the lock on his side as Joe did the same. They grinned impishly at each other when their eyes met.

"Well, isn't this convenient?" Joe drawled slowly, as Tim entered the room.

"I never thought it was going to be like this," Tim agreed. "This is really a nice place."

Joe went over to his hang-up bag and pulled the zipper. "I thought you were in a hurry to get out of that skirt." Joe asked. "Why's it still on?"

Tim watched intently as Joe carefully removed the wool suit, placing each piece on a hanger as he took it off. Soon Joe was standing there, wearing only a slip, nylons, and little black bra.

Tim continued to stare unabashedly.

"Is there a problem?" Joe asked, realizing Tim had probably reverted back to "male-mode". and didn't even realize he was staring.

"What? Oh, I'm sorry," Tim responded. "My God, you look fantastic!"

"And I'll bet you do too," Joe reminded the young man-woman.

"Yeah. I better go change, I guess," Tim stammered.

"Here are some hangers." Joe said, pointing at the closet. "Hang your stuff right here for a while. We still have plenty of time before dinner."

Tim looked at the hangers, then down at his own short shirt. "Yeah... Yeah, I guess I could do that." Tim said awkwardly. Like Joe, he was finding the situation highly stimulating, but also very confusing.

To Joe, Tim looked like a frightened young girl. "Tim, you can go to your room, if you'd rather," Joe offered. "You don't have to do this, you know."

"I want to, Joe," Tim insisted. "There's no time like the present." Tim removed his jacket, then slowly unbuttoned his blouse. Joe saw he wore a light powder-blue shiny nylon or satin bra. It was probably something he purchased just last night, since his other underwear, most of it picked by his sister Becky, was not nearly as sensuous looking. It fit the pert new curves of his chest like second skin.

Tim stood there, his blouse open in the front, looking at Joe, who was, in turn, watching him.

"You don't look like a LITTLE girl to me, Tim," Joe complimented.

Tim kept his eyes on Joe's bra covered breasts.

"And I don't feel like a girl either," Tim said, grinning with embarrassment. "No matter how I look."

Joe tucked his fingers in the waistband of the slip and pulled it off his hips. He let it drop to the ground, then retrieved it as provocatively as he knew how. He wanted to look as sexy as his new shape would allow.

His black panty was now visible beneath the pantyhose, and Joe could see Tim was unable to take his eyes away. Removing the slip had exposed all his charms, and Joe's reflection in the mirror even impressed him.

Joe slipped the pantyhose down, then sat on the bed to pull them from his legs.

Tim silently watched the show, which was partially staged for his enjoyment anyway.

"It's much cooler without the hose," Joe said softly, trying to encourage Tim to undress.

"I'm sorry," Tim blurted. "I guess I'm just so impressed with how you look, that I'm sort of making a fool of myself."

"I understand," Joe insisted. "But I can't wait to see what you look like beneath those clothes either." He grinned.

"Okay... Okay, I'll do it. I'll take it off," Tim decided. "But, I'm scared to death."

"Don't be scared," Joe insisted. "I certainly can't hurt you, that's for sure."

"Yeah... But..."

"Take it slow," Joe ordered. "As slow as you want."

"Don't worry, I will," Tim said. "Just what do you think we should do?"

"Whatever you want to do," Joe said. "I'm yours for the afternoon."

"Such a deal," Tim said softly. "Like a dream come true, and I'm stuck looking like this. How bizarre."

"I don't look like I feel either," Joe reminded him. "Just let your imagination run away."

The joking seemed to loosen Tim up a bit, and he removed the blouse and hung it on a hanger. He unhooked and unzipped his skirt, then stepped out of it. He was wearing the tiniest half-slip Joe had ever seen.

"My God, that's a short slip," Joe commented.

"Yeah, I know," Tim agreed. "But the sales girl said I needed it with that skirt."

"I guess you did, too," Joe considered. "I could practically see your butt all the time."

"Did you like it?" Tim purred, coyly looking over his shoulder from the closet.

"Uh huh," Joe admitted. "You do tend to make me think of another time in my life." He grinned. `

Tim turned around. He looked at Joe and smiled. "It really is weird, isn't it?" he asked. "Here we are, two grown guys, together in this hotel room, turning each other on, and laughing about it."

"Well, I don't know about me, but you sure don't look like a guy to me," Joe said, watching Tim as he awkwardly pulled the little slip off.

"I guess I don't," Tim admitted. "But I sure feel like one when I see you."

As Tim slid the pantyhose off, Joe saw the matching light blue nylon bikini underpants he was wearing. Even in a day or so, Tim's body had further evolved, and from the rear he looked completely like a female in her early teens. The only remaining trace of his strong masculine shape was in his legs, which were perhaps a bit longer than those of the average young woman. Joe knew his new appearance caused Tim concern, but the metamorphosis had indeed made him amazingly attractive. Joe felt familiar stirrings of lust as he watched Tim moving around.

Tim turned to face Joe. He shrugged his shoulders and flashed an embarrassed smile.

Joe noticed a dark wet spot that contrasted with the light blue color of the panties. He pointed and grinned.

"Did you have an accident, or are you just glad to see me?" Joe teased. He knew exactly why the wetness was there.

"God. Don't it feel weird to get turned on and end up with wet pants?" Tim complained, massaging the wet little bulge of his sex.

Joe smiled. He nodded knowingly. "Yeah, it is. I'm the same way," he admitted.

"I never dreamed it was like this for a girl," Tim went on. "Sometimes I feel so... sticky."

Joe almost leered at soft contours only partially concealed by Tim's glossy underwear.

"You don't look sticky to me," Joe exclaimed. "You look good enough to eat."

Tim stared directly at Joe's breasts. His grin broadened. He placed his palms at each side of his own bosom and pushed the soft mounds together till they touched. "Can you believe this?" Tim asked. "These things are mine... They grew right out of me!"

"Yeah, I can believe it," Joe returned. "And I think its catching." He pulled the shoulder straps of his bra, making his own chest jiggle provocatively.

Tim still kept his eyes on Joe's curves. "I really wish I was a guy again right now," Tim revealed. "I'd sure like to make it with you. I'm just so damn horny."

"Just what would you like to do?" Joe asked, smiling provocatively, at hearing Tim's candid comments.

"Humph," Tim grunted. "I'm sure you know."

Joe stepped back and sat on the bed. He leaned against the pillows and purred. "Come on. Do anything you like," Joe offered. "Touch me... feel me... Just don't take my underpants off, okay?"

Tim looked at the attractive woman laying there, and considered the offer. "But, just what can we do?" Tim asked.

"I'm sure we can think of something," Joe said breathily. He rubbed his palm over his own pubic area. The slick feel of the nylon panty, covering the obviously feminine shape felt strangely erotic. It made him feel horny too.

"You really don't mind?" Tim asked. "I mean... What does that make us? Are we lesbians, or something?"

"Do you feel like a lesbian?" Joe breathed, continuing to run his fingers over the narrow strip of cloth between his legs. It felt good, and he knew it looked sexy as hell, too.

"No, No I don't," Tim admitted. "I have no idea what a lesbian feels like, but I'm sure it don't feel like this."

"It don't feel like this either," Joe said. "Come, feel it." He reached out and grabbed Tim's hand and gently placed it on his crotch.

Tim reacted timidly, but kept his hand in place. Joe leaned back further and closed his eyes and tried to look as if he was in ecstasy. Tim began to move his fingers slowly, as if feeling the texture of the cloth. "Does that really feel good?" Tim asked.

"Of course," Joe said. In fact, it felt okay. Nothing special, but interesting.

"You're not even wet," Tim said matter-of-factly.

"Not yet, but it's coming," Joe said through clenched teeth.

Tim sat beside Joe on the bed. He began to massage Joe's pubic area in earnest, concentrating just where he knew Joe's clitoris was hiding.

Joe placed his hand on Tim's left breast, immediately impressed by how firm, yet soft it felt. He could feel the nipple harden instantly to his touch.

"Very nice," Joe said softly, trying to be sexy as a woman and a man simultaneously. It wasn't easy, because Tim obviously knew exactly where to stimulate Joe's new genitalia too. Joe instinctively raised his hips to make access easier. At the same time, he slipped his hand into Tim's bra.

Tim looked into Joe's eyes and smiled knowingly. "You know, this is definitely weird, but fun," Tim said.

"Don't stop!" Joe insisted. "You've gone this far. Don't stop now." Joe removed his hand and carefully unlatched the clasp between Tim's breasts. When the little bra fell free, they both looked at Tim's bare chest.

Finally, Tim broke the silence. "What do you think?" he asked.

"You look sexy as hell," Joe insisted.

"And you don't?" Tim returned.

"Okay. I guess we both do," Joe conceded. "But your body is so young... So smooth."

Tim rubbed Joe's crotch, exactly in the most sensitive spot. "You're not exactly the dirty old man," Tim teased.

"Oh, yeah?" Joe responded. "If you could read my mind right now..."

Tim attempted to slip his fingers into the leg holes of Joe's panty. Joe grabbed his hand and pulled it away.

"Don't go in there... Not now anyway, okay?" Joe asked. "Remember the damn infection. I still need a few more days."

"Okay, okay," Tim agreed. "I'll keep my hands out of your pants, if I can."

Joe pulled the young woman to the bed. Tim was still fairly tall, and though he had slightly outweighed Joe before the change, he was thinner, lighter, and surely weaker now. That didn't make any difference, because Tim didn't resist at all. He let Joe lay his body back on the bed and begin to fondle his breasts. In a few minutes, Joe was massaging the softness of Tim's crotch. Tim was breathing heavily, writhing to Joe's touch.

Joe felt guilty manipulating Tim's almost adolescent curves. It was hard to remember that, inside, this person was really twenty-one years old... and male.

Tim's breathing became more and more forced. It was clear he would climax soon. Joe slid a finger under the delicate leg band of the light blue panty and felt Tim's damp soft pubic hair. Tim raised his pelvis as if to insist that Joe continue the intimate fondling.

Joe pulled at the waistband, sliding the panties over Tim's slim but feminine hips. Soon, Joe was looking at the fine hair of a little pubic mound.

Tim had parted his knees wide enough to allow Joe complete access to his sex, and Joe marveled at the youthful perfection of Tim's

changed body. His skin was soft as a baby's, with that thin layer of fat that made a girl feel so different than a boy. His pubic hair had become so soft and light, with a curious lack of the kinky curls of men and most mature women. It was so sparse that it scarcely concealed the swollen pink labia and Tim had carefully trimmed it to a narrow triangle.

Tim Werner may still think like a male, but his body looked to be every bit that of a maturing, though adolescent, female. Joe was mostly unaware of it, but a musty scent of sex filled the room.

Joe took his little finger and softly dragged it along the silky swollen lips of Tim's sex. Tim moved his hips up, presenting his pubic area to Joe's pleasing hand. "Oh... Oh... That feels so good!" Tim exclaimed with the girlish voice he now had, often to his embarrassment.

"You like that?" Joe teased.

"Oh God... Do it again. Joe, do it more!" Tim insisted.

Joe was quite eager to comply. He repeatedly slid his now wet finger along Tim's cleft, making sure he touched what he figured was Tim's clit. It was a little hard to tell for sure. Unlike Joe, Tim's clitoris remained covered by a miniature hood of flesh, more like other women Joe had seen. He didn't know why, but Tim's vagina didn't look like his, or Mike's. Maybe he wasn't circumcised as a male. Whatever, Joe knew he was very close to the spot, if not right on it.

Suddenly, Joe rolled over and straddled Tim's legs. He had never seen Tim completely without clothes before the change, and it was difficult to think of him as anything but female. He looked down at the tiny strip of black nylon that concealed his own sex, and suddenly wished for his penis back. Then, he could properly introduce Tim to the new pleasures his body was capable of. But, much as he wanted that, reality said they were two women, erotically pleasing to each other. Joe slid down, allowing access to Tim's pubic area. He softly kissed around his clitoris, rubbing his nose in the delicate hair. Tim instinctively moved his legs apart further, exposing his sex even more. Joe kissed the swollen labia, breathing in the sweet scent.

He tasted Tim's sex with his tongue, and felt Tim tense his muscles as he experienced the intense pleasure it caused. Tim's reaction made Joe proceed faster, knowing what he was doing had to feel exquisite.

Tim never spoke. He moved to Joe's touch, moaning softly at times, when the feeling was especially pleasant. Joe looked up, and noticed that Tim was cupping his own breasts in his hands, gently pinching the nipples between his thumb and forefinger. Tim was probably exploring the differences in sensation that a feminized body provided.

"Oh... Oh... Oh...!" Tim exclaimed, as he tensed and raised his hips. He was plainly experiencing orgasm. Joe knew that during climax, he now felt an overwhelming urge to be filled... To have something inside the vagina to bear down on. Joe gently spread Tim's labia and started to insert a finger, but stopped when he saw Tim's hymen was still quite intact. It might accept his finger, but it looked like a very tight stretch of thin skin. It greatly reduced the effective size of Tim's vaginal opening. Joe had not seen an intact hymen before, not even his own, which had only existed for a couple of days, a victim of his own curiosity and lust.

Joe decided not to finger Tim's opening. He didn't want to take Tim's physical sign of female virginity, even if Tim obviously seemed ready to beg him to do it.

Instead, Joe resumed the gentle licking. He placed his hands on both sides of Tim's hips and raised them slightly. Tim seemed to be in a state of constant orgasm, and moved his own hands from his breasts to Joe's head. He began to simultaneously guide Joe's tongue to where he wanted it, and gently stroke Joe's short hair.

After no less than three body tensing climaxes, Tim was practically exhausted. He pushed Joe's head away, and pulled Joe up to him.

They nuzzled each other, and then Tim kissed Joe on his lips. They embraced each other tightly, not as women, or men, but as two persons with a common bond, who had just undergone a wonderful erotic experience. It was certainly not love, but the intense feelings were clear.

Joe looked into Tim's half-closed eyes, and smiled. Finally, he spoke. "Well, what do you think?"

"I... I... I never would have guessed any thing like that," Tim gasped, still breathing deeply.

"Not so bad, is it?" Joe continued.

Tim smiled. "Not so bad," Tim repeated. "Yeah, it's not so bad. I ahh... I explored... I touched myself before... I came, too... But not anything like this. Constant explosions... The whole body... There's nothing else like it."

Joe placed his leg between Tim's thighs, and pressed his knee against his genital area. He knew that felt pleasant for him, and he wanted Tim to feel good too. Tim instinctively understood what was happening, and began to rub his wet, aching pubis against Joe. Tim placed his leg in the same position for Joe, and Joe masturbated by rubbing his aching clitoris against Tim's knee.

They lay facing each other, looking into the others eyes. A strange combination of lust and bizarre humor overcame them at almost the same time. Joe laughed openly and Tim joined him.

"Can you believe this?" Tim asked. "Can you believe what were doing?"

"Kind of hard to accept, isn't it?" Joe agreed. "But still fun, right?"

Tim put out his hand and touched Joe's breast, running his finger along the little design along the top edge of the bra cup. "Did you want me?" Tim asked. "Did you want to have sex with me?"

"Sure," Joe replied. "If I could. Of course I would. Any guy would. You're beautiful, remember."

"Yeah, but I'd like to make it with you too, if it was possible," Tim countered. "I guess I owe you what you just did for me. That was dynamite!"

"I'll take you up on that." Joe said, smiling. "But not till next week anyway."

Tim placed his hand on his crotch and moved three fingers between his legs.

"God, I'm wet," Tim announced. "Sex like this is sure messy."

"Worth it?" Joe asked.

Tim moved his hand, and inspected his wet fingers. He grinned. "If everything always feels this way, it just might be an acceptable exchange." Tim considered.

Joe dragged a finger gently along the side of Tim's breast. He stopped at the firm little nipple, but kept his finger there. "It can be even better, I think," Joe said, acting mysterious.

"Better than what?" Tim asked incredulously. "I never ever came three times, that fast, the old way."

"It's a whole new ball game," Joe declared. "You should try it with a regular guy sometime."

"I can hardly wait," Tim said. "If it's better than this..."

"Are we going to lay here all afternoon, are can we go get something to eat?" Joe asked.

"I vote we stay here." Tim joked, laying back on the pillow, and cupping his breasts in his hands.

"You would," Joe teased. "But I'm getting hungry. We can continue this later, if you want."

"Okay, later... Yeah," Tim said, rolling out of bed.

Joe watched the young man/woman as he hopped out of bed and bent down to retrieve his underwear from the floor. Tim started to step into the panties, when he felt his crotch.

"I guess I better wash this stuff off." he considered. "I'm really kinda sticky and slimy."

"And pretty as hell," Joe blurted. Tim looked so perfect standing in the late afternoon light streaming through the partially curtained window. Tim looked at Joe and began a clumsy pirouette, holding his arms out, the little bra in one hand, the panty in the other. His engorged labia was very noticeable, hardly concealed at all by the tiny patch of sparse blonde pubic hair. His body was now that of a young Lolita, and he was just beginning to appreciate just how responsive it really was. He could see the lust in Joe's eyes.

"I think I better take a shower," Tim almost sang as he acted like a naked ballerina.

"Good idea," Joe agreed. "Try the hand wand, too. I think you'll like that."

Tim began to walk to his room. "I'll get the clothes later," he called from the open door.

Joe got up and went to where his hang-up bag was hanging. He unzipped it and began searching for something to wear. He selected a dark blue silk T-shirt top and some fitted slacks. He liked wearing pants, it felt almost like old times.

When he finished dressing, Joe brushed his hair, and touched up the light makeup he wore. Joe looked in the mirror. A young, attractive woman smiled back. His short hair didn't look too bad, now that he was beginning to accept the finer features his face had acquired. It was still impossible to think of himself as a real woman, however.

He was grabbed a little clutch bag he now used instead of a wallet and went into Tim's room. Tim was in the shower. He had left the door open, and Joe could see his outline behind the steamed glass in the mirror on the door.

Tim's small suitcase lay open on the bed. He had removed some of the clothes items and placed them on the bed. The wadded up blue bra and panty lay on the bed too. Joe picked up the little panty and inspected it. The tiny crotch band was still wet, and the inner cotton lining had a narrow white streak of discharge stain. Just like a 'real' girl, Joe thought.

The shower stopped and in a moment Tim slid the door open to step out. He didn't notice Joe, but grabbed the towel and began to dry himself. Joe watched as Tim carefully inspected his soft form as he dried, then reentered the main room.

"Oh... Hi!" Tim said. "You scared me."

"I'm sorry," Joe apologized. "But I was ready, and I thought I'd come over here."

"Sure," Tim said, not self conscious about his nakedness. "I'll only be a minute."

Joe went to the chair by the little desk and sat down. He watched as Tim looked at his old underwear, then selected clean things.

He first slipped on some plain white cotton bikini's. Joe wondered if Tim or his sister Becky picked them out. They were plain, but looked comfortably sensual on Tim's lithe, young form.

He next selected a white bra, matching the panties in simplicity. Tim glanced up and realized Joe was watching intently. "Something wrong?" he asked.

"Not at all," Joe responded. "I just like to look, if you don't mind."

"Not if you don't mind me staring at you too," Tim answered. "I guess we're both horny men, stuck in girls bodies."

"Yeah, I guess that's it," Joe agreed.

Tim next chose a white cotton top, with denim jeans. He looked even younger than a few moments ago. But still very sexy. "Are you ready?" Tim asked, digging a little handbag out from the suitcase.

"Yeah." Joe answered. "I guess we can boogie."

They left the room and went down the three flights to the ground floor. As they left the hotel, Joe looked at his sexy friend. They both looked young, but Tim's teenage appearance made Joe look a little older, sort of like an older sister.

"If anybody asks, why don't we be sisters, for tonight?" Joe offered.

"Who's going to ask?" Tim retorted.

"Oh, I don't know," Joe continued. "I mean... We are two cute young women, out on the town, who knows what guy might..."

"I'd be scared to death," Tim interjected. "I wouldn't know how to react to anything like that."

"You're going to have to learn," Joe said. "You can't stay locked in your room all the time, and trust me, guy's are going to notice you." Joe said.

"I'll worry about it when it happens," Tim said. "Until then, I'm going to keep to myself."

"Uh huh," Joe declared. "And you just wore that little skirt that let your butt hang out because you couldn't get anything else, right?"

"I bought it because I liked it," Tim countered. "I wore it cause I liked how I looked in it. I didn't ask to be this way, but I might as well try to enjoy it, don't you agree?"

"Sure," Joe admitted. "And that's why you will probably want to fool around with a guy too, eventually. To try IT out."

"And I'll decide when that happens, if it ever does," Tim snapped back.

"Good luck, pal," Joe added, "'cause it's gonna happen. I can tell."

"How do you know that?" Tim asked.

Joe grinned. "You're too curious... You like it all too much... You want to know what it's like as much as I did."

Tim stopped walking and looked at Joe. "Yeah, I am curious," he said, smiling. "But I don't think I'm ready to jump in bed with a guy."

"Uh huh," Joe said.

They walked along the downtown sidewalks till they arrived at a steakhouse Joe had been to before. They went inside and found there was no wait, and were seated almost immediately. Joe noticed that the waiter couldn't take his eyes off Tim, and had a habit of staring at their breasts as they were talking to him. Joe was almost ready to say. "I'm up here, you know."

They devoured the steaks and in only an hour and a half, they were finished. They had ordered a carafe of wine, and Joe could feel the warming effects. It didn't take much alcohol to have an effect anymore.

"I may be smaller and lighter, but I still can do serious damage to a Kansas City Strip," Tim announced.

"And if you eat like that very often, your butts not going to fit inside the 421." Joe warned him.

"I thought you said my butt was sorta cute," Tim said, grinning. The wine had made him happier, and more relaxed, too.

"Yeah, it is now," Joe went on. "But if you eat like that, you can give that little mini-skirt to Becky." Joe said. "It won't fit you anymore."

"You do like how my butt looks now, don't you, Joe?" Tim asked.

"Sure." Joe said. "It's about perfect, I think."

"Ain't that weird?" Tim asked. "Not even two weeks ago... I had a normal butt... A guy's butt... A little hairy... Tight enough, I guess. But now... Damn... I never thought my butt could get like it this. It's so soft... You felt it, ain't it soft?"

"Yeah, it's soft all right," Joe agreed.

"Yeah... I can't believe how soft it is... And so smooth... Absolutely no hair. I still have some hair on my legs. Becky showed me how to shave 'em, so they look pretty good, but my butt is absolutely smooth."

"It looks pretty good," Joe admitted.

"I hardly have hair anywhere, anymore," Tim went on, obviously feeling the wine. "Just my head... And my... Joe, you've seen it, what do you think?"

"I'm impressed," Joe told him. "And I think we better not finish off this wine, don't you?"

"Yeah, I guess so," Tim admitted. "I sure can't take it like before, that's for sure."

"Want some coffee?" Joe asked.

"Naa," Tim snapped. "I hate the stuff, except a little in the morning. And I'm going to need to pee pretty soon."

"Can you wait till we get back to the Radisson?" Joe asked. He didn't know what condition his friend was really in, and he didn't want him walking around unescorted.

"Hell, I made it from Sioux City to Minneapolis, so I think I can last that long," Tim joked.

Joe called the waiter, and paid the tab, then they left the restaurant. Tim had no trouble walking, and apparently he wasn't as tipsy as Joe feared. The wine had just loosened his tongue.

As they walked along the street in the evening light, Tim maintained a continuous banter. "Walking is so different now, don't you think?" He asked. "I can feel my boobs with every step. It don't hurt, or anything, but I can sure feel 'em. Can you?"

"Yeah," Joe admitted. "I can. I kind of like it too, I guess."

"Me too," Tim continued. "It's kinda fun having boobs. At first, I hated 'em, but now that I've kinda got used to 'em, I accept 'em."

"It's a good thing, too, I suppose," Joe considered. "Because we sure are stuck with 'em."

"Yeah, we are, aren't we?" Tim agreed. "Yours are really nice, too. I guess mine are pretty good... I mean, they're a little smaller than yours, I guess, maybe, but I like 'em." He rubbed his left hand across his bosom.

"Yours are awful good," Joe complimented. They look sexy, like a young girl's."

"Yeah. I think so too," Tim said. "I just hope they don't get too much smaller. I kinda like 'em, but I think they're getting smaller."

"You really think so?" Joe asked.

"I don't know for sure," Tim said, lowering his little girl voice. "But I think they might be. Just like my hair... Down there."

"But, you trimmed that, didn't you?" Joe asked.

"Yeah. Sure. I did. But I still think it's getting thinner anyway." Tim said softly. "Hell, you saw it, I barely have any there anymore."

"You are getting a little thin," Joe admitted, grinning.

"Do you think I look sexy?" Tim blurted. "For a girl, I mean?"

Joe looked at the young man-woman. "If I still had a penis this afternoon, you'd be needing to worry about being pregnant right now." Joe informed him.

"I would have let you do it too, you know that?" Tim revealed.

"I think I could have had you," Joe agreed.

"I had no idea it felt like that." Tim said. "You had me in the palm of your hand."

"Just remember that when you mess around with a regular guy," Joe warned. "I may still know where the target is, but they still got a gun barrel long enough to hit it."

"Joe?" Tim asked.

"Yeah, Tim?" Joe returned.

"Joe, if tomorrow they said they found the method... The way... to get you back. To make you look male again....," Tim stammered.

"Yeah?" Joe said.

"Would you? Would you want to do it? To change back?" Tim continued. "I mean, if they could make everything like it was... Same size... Muscles... Penis... Everything. Would you still want to do it?"

"Hmmm... Everything like it used to be...," Joe considered. He idly rubbed his palm over the silky softness of his breast as he thought. "I'd sure miss some of this, that's for sure," Joe admitted. "I guess I'd really have to think about it for a while."

"Yeah... A week ago it would have been easy," Tim agreed. "But now... I don't know what it is... Maybe I'm getting used to all this or something."

"I'd miss the clothes," Joe mused. "I never even thought much about stuff like that before, but now... It's all so different."

"Me and Becky have become so much closer...," Tim thought out loud. "I don't know what she'd do if I came home with my old body back."

"It would sure help the relationship between Linda and me," Joe considered. "She accepts what happened, I guess, but obviously, it isn't the same anymore."

"Well, before, I went back, I think I'd want to make it with a guy first," Tim announced.

"Oh, Yeah?" Joe laughed. "I thought you didn't want to do that."

"I didn't say that, exactly," Tim corrected. "I mean... What we did this afternoon, how it felt... I didn't know the feelings could get so powerful."

"Uh huh," Joe agreed. "If real women feel like this, then I've underestimated the power sex has over them."

"Yeah. I always thought they didn't get that much out of it, and just let guys do it because they loved them, or something. Was I wrong!" Tim said.

"Oh, I think they do love us..er... them. Don't you?" Joe offered.

"Probably," Tim agreed. "But sex for pleasure is definitely a possibility."

"Yeah." Joe agreed.

"Joe?" Tim asked.

"Yeah." Joe returned.

"Joe, if you can change back, would you do me a favor?" Tim continued.

"Probably," Joe answered. "What do you want?"

"If we can change back... If we ever do... And you change first, could we have sex before I change back?" Tim asked carefully.

Joe stopped walking, and looked at Tim. "You want me to screw you?" Joe asked.

"Well... Yeah. I guess I do," Tim said. "I really want to know what it all feels like this way."

"My God," Joe declared. "You don't need me for that. There are a million regular guys who would die to get into your pants right now."

"But I don't want to do that kind of stuff with a regular guy," Tim insisted. "You understand how I feel... You know what it's like..."

"Okay... Okay... If we ever get to change back, I'll do it first, and then have sex with you," Joe promised. "It'll be a lot of work, but I'll force myself."

"In the meantime, you can do what you did this afternoon, again tonight." Tim said, smiling demurely.

"You liked that, huh?" Joe asked.

"Didn't you?" Tim retorted.

"Well, you are awful soft, and smooth...", Joe admitted.

"I owe it all to Oil of Olay," Tim mocked, emphasizing his body's new shape.

"Right," Joe agreed. "And radio frequency cell damage."

"Isn't science wonderful?" Tim teased, running his palms along the curvature of his hips.

"Uh huh," Joe agreed. "And if you keep eating so much, you're going to know what a big butt feels like, too." Joe warned him.

They neared the entrance to the Radisson. Joe took the lead.

"It's still pretty early," Joe announced. "How about we go down to the workout room for an hour or so?"

Tim considered it. "Sure," he decided. "Why not? I bought some more new workout clothes, I guess I need to try 'em on."

"Everything seems to somehow revolve around clothes now." Joe observed.

"Getting dressed has become a lot more interesting, don't you agree?" Tim countered.

"Yeah, sure... But there's a lot more to this than playing dress-up," Joe added.

"But it is a lot of fun," Tim insisted. "And it's even more interesting to get undressed." He laughed.

"Let's change and use the Nautilus machines for a half-hour or so," Joe suggested. "We can try the pool too, if you want."

"Will there be any guys there?" Tim asked.

"Hell, I don't have any idea," Joe answered. "There might be."

"I don't know...", Tim countered.

"Aw, come on," Joe insisted. "No body can possibly tell we ain't real women. If there are any guys there, they'll be the one's who get worked up."

They went up the elevator to the rooms. They both entered Joe's room, and Tim went straight to his own side. He came back a few seconds later with a purple leotard, and a tiny crop top.

"Can you believe I'm going to wear this?" Tim asked, holding up the tiny outfit made of stretch fabric.

"Hey, if you got it, flaunt it." Joe decided.

Chapter 53

MINOR FLIRTATION

Joe went to his hang-up bag and pulled the folded gym bag from the bottom. He found his Reebok's, socks, and workout clothes. Of two leotards in the bag, Joe chose the royal blue, his favorite. He also took white capri length pants. They fit his new shape perfectly, and he liked the way he looked in them. Remembering the need for support, Joe unzipped the pouch containing his underwear and pulled out his Jogbra and matching underpants.

Joe decided to dress in his room rather than take the things to the dressing room in the basement. It was only a few feet to the elevator, and then he wouldn't need to take anything but a towel with him.

There was a large mirror on the open bathroom door, and Joe eyed it as he removed his clothes to change. Whenever he saw himself naked since the change, his initial reaction was always that of awe, as if he couldn't possibly really look like this. From the thinner lines of his face, the narrower, less muscular shoulders, the soft, jiggling breasts, noticeably-widening hips, and of course, the little patch of pubic hair, with no penis or testicles showing, he had undergone a change from a normal looking male to normal (in appearance at least) woman. The extreme contrast in his image was still hard to live with, no matter how accepting he tried to be.

Joe tossed the black bra and panty on the bed and picked up the stretchy feeling cotton/lycra exercise panty. It was a soft white and fit his shape snugly. He pulled the Jogbra over his head and adjusted it around the softness of his chest. It was designed to be very supportive and pressed his breasts closely to his body. The absorbent cotton material was not quite thick enough to hide the little bumps of his sensitive, erect nipples, and Joe rubbed his palm across his chest just to feel them. It always made him feel weird in only a bra and panty, but he actually enjoyed the curvy sleekness his body had acquired.

Time to cover everything up, Joe thought to himself, staring at the reflection in the mirror. He smiled at the young woman and she smiled back provocatively. Her short hair didn't look as out of place with exercise clothes, and Joe went to the bed to get the capri-style leggings and pulled them over his hips. Then he held up the contrasting leotard. It looked so tiny, but it was very stretchy and Joe

knew it fit perfectly. He stepped into the leg holes, then pulled the straps over his shoulders.

Women's exercise clothing was just so different than guy's, Joe thought. Unlike a loose fitting sweatshirt and baggy gym pants, this stuff did nothing to conceal his new shape. Sure, plenty of women wore loose fitting stuff too, but when your body looked like this... Joe was quite pleased with his appearance. He was ready to go, and he placed a the largest towel in the bathroom in his gym bag, then went over to Tim's room.

Tim was almost ready. He wore white pants, and a light blue leotard. It was a perfect color combination for his skin and hair. He looked cute as a button, though he would probably have taken offense if you said that in front of him.

Tim was inspecting himself in the mirror and looked embarrassed when Joe came into the room. "Don't you think I look like a little kid?" he asked, standing sideways and intentionally sticking his chest out.

"A young woman," Joe complimented. "You look like a young woman."

Tim eyed Joe critically. "You've developed more in the hips than I have." Tim lamented. "My butt is smaller now than before the change, I think."

"Nobody will confuse you for a guy," Joe advised. "And I bet you'll be glad for that tiny ass soon enough."

"You look great," Tim complimented. "As usual, of course."

"So do you," Joe returned. "It will be interesting to see if there any guys in the nautilus room."

"God, I hope not," Tim worried. "It's hard enough to leave my room with stuff like this on, much less strain and grunt in front of a regular guy."

"They'd love it, though," Joe teased. "And I can't wait to see you strain and grunt myself."

"Humph!" Tim retorted, picking up a pair of loose fitting gym shorts, and stepping into them.

"What, no little butt to look at?" Joe teased.

"Look at yourself, if that's what you want," Tim retorted. "I feel exposed enough as it is."

"Take a towel," Joe ordered. "It's about time we get going."

"I didn't bring a gym bag," Tim said. "Can you stick one for me in your bag?"

"Sure." Joe agreed. He took the large towel Tim gathered from the bathroom.

They walked to the elevator and pressed 'B'. In a few seconds, the door opened, and they were on the lower level, with parking and the work-out, pool, and sauna.

As they entered the Nautilus area, Joe saw there were two men there. One was perhaps fifty or so, and was sweating away on the exercycle. The other guy was younger, quite handsome, and in very good shape. He continued to operate the chest curl as he eyed the two young women who just entered.

It was always interesting to observe how his new appearance affected any males present. The guy on the exercise bike was obviously nearing fatigue, but he too kept an eye on the women.

Joe put his bag in the corner and tried to decide where to start. The room smelled like sweaty men, and Joe realized it had been a while since he had experienced those odors. The women's dressing rooms certainly didn't smell like that. He didn't know why, for sure. After all, females certainly did sweat, at least his changed body did. Why the different smell for guys?

Joe sat took a seat in the leg lift machine and attempted to use the setting it already had. Although he might have operated it easily before, now he could barely move it at all with great effort. Tim stood aside and when Joe lowered the weights, he reduced the setting by two weights.

The young guy continued to watch them intently. When his eyes met Joe's, he smiled. Joe smiled back shyly, then continued to operate the nautilus machine.

Joe and Tim took turns on the same machines, always aware that the young guy never took his eyes off them.

After about ten minutes, the older guy finally had enough and smiled a good-bye and left.

When Tim and Joe were using the machine next to the guy, he finally broke the silence.

"You two are pretty intense." he exclaimed. "You really get into it, don't you?"

Joe looked at the man's damp sweatshirt. He had obviously been exerting himself too. "I don't think you've been holding back any," Joe said.

"Humph!" the young man exclaimed. "I try to work out every day, and I guess I'm about reaching an age where it's starting to get a little more difficult to keep the flab off. You women have it so easy."

"You seem to be doing all right," Joe complimented.

"Thanks." the man said.

"Where you from?" Joe asked. He couldn't help trying to make small talk with this hunky looking guy.

"Oh, lots of places, I guess." the man replied, smiling. "I'm just here on business."

"Me too," Joe offered. "Just here for the night."

The young man didn't reply. He just smiled again, and watched as Joe strained against the weight. "Do you work out much?" the man asked, obviously curious as to why Joe continuously wanted to lift much more than he was physically able to.

"Not enough, obviously." Joe admitted. "I guess I used to be in better shape."

The man smiled, but said nothing. He watched with interest as Tim now took the machine and struggled valiantly with the weights at Joe's setting. He caught Joe's eye.

"Your daughter, or sister?" he asked innocently.

Joe looked at the man. What should they reveal? He decided to go with what they had decided in the room. "My little sister," Joe lied. "Follows me everywhere I go."

"She'll have a lot of boys following her before long, I'm afraid," the man commented, never removing his eyes from Tim's soft curves.

Tim looked up when he heard the comment, and he rolled his eyes back.

Joe looked at him and winked. "Yeah... She is turning into quite the young lady, isn't she?" Joe agreed.

Joe watched the man's eyes as he watched Tim strain against the machine. Tim didn't realize the man was paying him so much attention since from his seat he could only see him by turning his head far to the side. Tim's young body looked so supple, so... so good, Joe understood the attraction. Indeed, he felt it too.

When Tim completed his sets, it was again Joe's turn. He selected the butterfly, the next machine up, and maneuvered himself into position.

He knew the guy would probably be watching him too, so he tried his best to look nonchalant, and attempted to downplay just how difficult it had become. He was still learning just how much the change had affected his strength. He tended to underestimate how much weaker his arms and shoulders had become. The embarrassment made his face red.

They continued to work out, with the young man unashamedly staring as they strained, and each of them stealing glances when they thought they might get away with it. Joe wasn't sure, but he guessed he might have felt familiar (sort of) stirrings of lust as he stared at the guy's muscles from the rear. If his brain wasn't quite ready to think he was female, Joe's body knew no such limitations. He had to resist the urge to touch himself. His hypersensitive clit had developed a microscopic boner, and he hoped the inevitable wetness that accompanied that wouldn't show. As he turned away to watch Tim, Joe wondered if the young man/woman was experiencing the same sensation.

"Well, I believe I've completed my regimen, ladies," the young man announced as he wiped his forehead with a towel. "I thank you both for your excellent company." With that he stood and walked to the door. He turned, waved, then disappeared down the hall.

"What did you think of that guy?" Tim asked when he knew the man was out of range.

"I guess he's what some women might call a hunk," Joe said as he inspected for moisture between his legs.

"I really must be turning into a girl," Tim decided. "Cause I think that guy was giving me a hard-on."

Joe grinned and shook his head in agreement. "Weird, ain't it?" Joe asked, running his hand between his legs, "how something that looks so different, can feel so much like it used to."

"I swear, I wanted to touch myself to be sure everything hadn't grown back," Tim agreed. "But then, my balls never did sweat this much." He grinned.

"Yeah... I know...," Joe admitted. "I guess it's the same for all of us now."

"Part of being a woman, I suppose," Tim mused. "I never would have guessed it could be so messy though."

"That's why there are so many of those pantyliner ads on TV, I guess," Joe added, laughing.

"Oh well, maybe everything will seem natural in a little while," Tim considered, as he strained against the leg lift machine. "It does seem to get easier each day."

"Uh huh... But I think I can wait to get a period," Joe said as he took his turn. "The idea of blood coming out down there..."

"Yeah... The concept don't seem so bad for real women, but not for me," Tim agreed.

Joe again touched the softness between his legs. He started working the machine. "Some of this really isn't so bad, I guess," he concluded. "But I don't know what the long-term repercussions of living like this will be."

"What do you mean by that?" Tim asked.

"Have you ever considered growing old like this? You worry so much about turning into a little girl... Have you considered what it will be like as an old woman?" Joe said.

"Yeah... I guess I have always considered this to be temporary," Tim replied, as he watched Joe with great interest. "I still prefer to think of myself as a guy, no matter what I look like."

"I do too, most of the time," Joe conceded. "I just can't accept that this might be how I'm gonna be for the rest of my life." He laughed. "It's a lot easier if I think of it as some kind of experiment... One that will eventually end some day soon."

"Damn Joe... Some experiment!" Tim exclaimed. "Our bodies turn female, and we change our permanent records to show us as women. Some experiment."

"It does sound kind of permanent, don't it?" Joe admitted. "But I still feel that way."

"Maybe we all do," Tim considered. "It's kind of hard to accept that maybe we're really going to stay like this."

Joe crawled out of the machine, then lifted his knees to his chest one at a time. "If I ever do change back, I'll sure miss all this flexibility." He grinned.

"I think my joints are made of rubber," Tim said. "But that's only one of the things I'd miss."

Joe watched as Tim began the next set. The young man/woman looked so sexy as he strained to pull the levers down. Even with the exercise bra, the rounded firmness of his chest was very defined when his arms stretched over his head.

"Damn it Tim, you just look so fantastic," Joe blurted.

"Better than that guy who just left?" Tim asked.

"Different, that's for sure," Joe said, grinning. "He was a probably a bit stronger than you."

Tim looked carefully into Joe's eyes. "Did that guy turn you on too?" Tim asked.

"Turn me on?"

"You know... Those muscles, that body... I know you saw it."

"Sure. He did," Joe admitted. "I can't help it. Neither can you. It's these damn hormones or something, I guess."

"Yeah, I guess it is," Tim agreed. "I feel the same... But women... Am I a... a lesbian now, or what?"

"Hmmm... Considering our background, I think it has to be more than that," Joe mused. "How can we forget twenty or thirty years of being guys?"

"Sometimes I wonder... Will I forget what it's like to be a guy? To have a penis? To not have these?" Tim asked, as he teasingly squeezed his own breasts. He knew that excited Joe.

"Maybe it would be for the best," Joe considered. This swinging both ways is just too difficult."

"Yeah, I saw you looking at that guy," Tim teased. "You were ready to jump on him."

"Didn't you think he looked good?" Joe asked.

"Yeah, sure, I guess," Tim said. "But you couldn't keep your eyes off him."

"Wait till you make it with a guy some day," Joe said. "Then let's see how you take it."

"You'd sleep with him?" Tim asked.

"Well, I admit I don't mind imagining it," Joe admitted.

"Hmmm... I guess I am curious... I mean, it would be sort of interesting to know what it would feel like...." Tim conceded. "But sex with a guy..."

"Come on, I could see he was turning you on....," Joe broke in.

"Yeah... But I'm not ready to go that far," Tim said.

"You will... One of these days....," Joe said.

They finished with the last machine. Tim got his towel and wiped away the perspiration. "What now?" Tim asked.

"Want to swim?" Joe asked.

"Really?" Tim responded.

"Yeah... Sure," Joe answered.

"Well then... No. No, I don't," Tim replied.

"Tired?"

"Yeah... Why not? I've been working my butt off," Tim blurted. "This stuff is really hard this way."

"You look awful cute all sweaty like that," Joe teased.

"Let's go take a shower," Tim said. "I think I want to try that massager again." He grinned.

"Good idea," Joe agreed. "Maybe I'll help you with it."

"You devil!" Tim said, his voice sounding especially girlish.

They gathered their things and walked to the elevator. As they rode the short trip, Joe spoke. "Who says girls don't sweat?" Joe remarked, eyeing the front of his leotard, which had the sweaty outline of his bra.

"A shower will feel good," Tim agreed.

"Really good, I hope," Joe teased.

They went to Joe's room. Tim began to enter his own room through the interconnecting door, but stopped. "Should I stay over here?" he asked.

"Do you want to?" Joe countered.

"Only if you want me to," Tim returned.

"You know, you're even beginning to sound like a girl," Joe teased.

"And you like that, don't you?" Tim said coyly.

"I'd like it if you'd stay here tonight," Joe admitted.

"And I'd like to do that, I think," Tim said carefully.

Joe stared at Tim, looking so attractive standing there in his sweaty exercise clothes. He was hit by a powerful urge to throw Tim on the bed and make love with the strangely erotic creature he had become. If only it were physically possible.

"Joe?" Tim said softly. "Joe?"

"Yeah... Yeah, what?" Joe blurted.

"You were staring... Like you were looking right through me..."

Joe chuckled. "Oh, I see you all right," he said. "God, DO I see you."

"You want to shower together?" Tim asked smiling. "Just the two of us?"

"Yeah... Sure, if you do," Joe admitted.

"It might be fun, I guess," Tim said. "And what can it hurt, right?"

"Yeah... What can it hurt?" Joe repeated. With that, they walked slowly to the bathroom. Joe slid the curtain away and started the water running. Tim watched him for a moment, then began to slip out of his clothes. Joe turned around to watch.

"Do you really like the way I look?" Tim asked as he pulled the leotard from his hips.

"Of course I do," Joe said. "You're absolutely beautiful, Tim."

"You don't think I just look like a little kid?"

"Are you kidding?" Joe retorted. "Hey, I know how old you are... I know what you really are... And I still can hardly keep my hands off you."

"You really want me?" Tim continued. "You want me the way a guy wants a woman?"

"Oh God, do I!" Joe admitted.

"What if I say I feel the same way about you?" Tim went on. "I think of you as a woman too."

"I guess that's the way it has to be," Joe concluded. "We both have past life experiences working here."

Tim slipped his bra over his head. He dropped it on the floor and looked down at his breasts. He glanced up and realized Joe was staring at him.

"Weird, huh?" Tim said. "Are we freaks of nature, or what?"

"I don't know what we are," Joe said "But we're not freaks, that's for sure."

"Look at me Joe. Look at these...," Tim ordered. "How many guys look like this?"

Joe snickered. "Well... Me... Mike... Dave... Pete..."

"Cut it out!" Tim insisted. "I mean other guys, not us."

"We can't help what happened to us," Joe countered. "We certainly didn't plan this."

"And what are we supposed to do about it?" Tim asked.

"What can we do about it, other than try to live with it?" Joe asked.

"Joe, Do you feel like a woman, or a man?" Tim asked suddenly.

"When? Right now?" Joe countered.

"Yeah... Now... Any time."

"Right now, watching you undress, a guy, I guess." Joe stammered.

"You sure don't look much like a guy."

"I guess I don't."

"You don't."

"Okay," Joe responded.

"You look like a woman... A very sexy, very pretty, woman," Tim went on.

"I guess maybe I might... sure," Joe conceded.

Tim slowly pulled his panties down. He ran his fingers seductively over the light hair on his crotch, smiling provocatively. "Feels funny don't it?" Tim asked. "Everything's still here, and yet, it's not."

"Just a little different, that's all," Joe said, smiling.

Tim gazed down at his torso, then bent over to inspect his crotch. He placed his fingers along the sides of his clitoris, spreading his genital lips slightly. He looked back at Joe. "Yeah... I guess it is a little different all right," Tim laughed.

"You know... I mean...", Joe stammered. He knew what he meant to say, but the sight of Tim touching himself made it hard to concentrate.

"Come on Joe...", Tim interrupted. "I want to look at you, too."

Joe began to remove his clothes. Tim felt the spray to check the temperature, but kept his eyes on Joe as he undressed. Soon they were both nude. They eyed each other with mutual lust. Joe stepped into the tub and adjusted the spray, which had been getting all over the floor.

"Have you tried this thing?" Joe asked.

"I used it while ago." Tim answered innocently. "It is kind of refreshing."

Joe aimed the spray at Tim's pubic area, But Tim instinctively deflected the spray with his hands.

"You sure you tried it?" Joe asked again.

"What are you talking about?" Tim asked.

"Just stand there, and close your eyes," Joe ordered. "Put your hands over your boobs."

Tim did as he was ordered. He kept his eyelids closed and his hands on his chest. Joe carefully aimed the spray between Tim's legs again.

"Whoa... Oh God, Joe... Ohh!" Tim moaned.

"Good, huh?" Joe asked.

"Oh my God....," Was all Tim could say.

"I thought maybe you'd like it," Joe continued. "When I first discovered this thing, I must have used fifty gallons of water."

Tim wasn't listening. He was completely overcome by the intensity of sensation the spray provided.

"Ohhh! Ohhh! Oh, shit it's happening!" Tim cried out. In only a minute, he was wracked by the throes of orgasm.

Joe watched as Tim anxiously felt his breasts, and then gently fingered his throbbing clit. He opened his eyes and looked into Joe's.

"That thing should be illegal," Tim finally said, grinning.

"Pretty good, I know," Joe agreed.

They stood there in the warm spray, looking longingly into each others eyes. Finally, Tim kissed Joe on the lips. They embraced, feeling the softness of each others backs and the sensation of bare breasts rubbing together. Soon they were touching... inspecting... fondling... Letting curiosity and lust overtake them completely.

Suddenly, Joe felt Tim's wet fingers at his genitals. Softly. Not the way Jay did. More like how Linda touched him. Like someone who knew the exquisite sensation of a light touch. Like a woman.

He moved his knees apart a bit more, allowing Tim free access. Tim didn't rush it. He kept running one finger along the inner lips. Circling, but not quite touching the nub of flesh that was Joe's clitoris. It felt fantastic. Soon Joe felt his sex lips begin to bloom, like a flower. Tim continued the gentle stroking, going a little deeper into the genital slit each time. Joe began to move his hips in sync with Tim's touch. Not because he wanted to, the reaction was totally beyond his control.

When Tim placed a second finger into Joe's vaginal opening, Joe raised his hips and kept them up, as if to keep Tim's fingers inside. He

squeezed his muscles, knowing Tim could feel it, and that doing so would also result in a pleasurable sensation for him.

"I want you, Joe," Tim said softly. "I want to make love to you so much."

"Yeah...", Joe breathed. "I want you too."

"If only we weren't both like this," Tim lamented. "If only I could have my old body back, even if only for an hour or so."

"Ohh... Yeah, I'd agree to that right now," Joe said, almost under his breath. He aggressively pressed his crotch against Tim's hand.

Tim began to fondle Joe's breasts with his free hand. Joe held his head back, his eyes closed. He seemed unaware of anything other than what Tim was doing.

Just before Joe felt his knees would buckle, Tim moved his hand away, and then Joe felt the spray of warm water. That felt good too, but he preferred the sensation provided by Tim's fingers.

"Ohh... I love it!" Joe exclaimed. "Put your hand back... Please!"

Tim obeyed, and almost immediately Joe exploded in his own orgasm.

Tim watched as Joe tensed his legs around his hand, breath coming in short gasps as he recovered from the experience. Tim had some experience with girls, but none ever reacted like Joe did.

When he tried to continue moving his fingers in Joe's wet sex opening, Joe immediately reached out to stop him.

"Please, don't!" Joe pleaded. "It hurts when you touch me there!"

Tim knew what he meant. Although he didn't have an exposed clitoris like Joe's, he knew how his own body felt, so he could imagine the sensation. What was exquisite only moments before could be extremely irritating after achieving climax.

Tim withdrew his fingers and began to gently stroke Joe's breasts. Joe kept his eyes closed and placed his hand on Tim's. When he opened them he saw Tim watching, eyes open in amazement. "Want to get out of here?" Joe asked.

"Uh-huh." Tim said, grinning. "I think we should go to the bed, don't you?"

"Yeah. I think that might be a good idea," Joe agreed.

Joe turned off the water, slid back the curtain and they both got out. Tim handed Joe a towel from the rack and took another for himself. They watched each other as they dried themselves, both with big, knowing smiles on their faces.

"I love to watch the way your boobs bounce when you move," Tim said.

"Yours do the same thing," Joe returned. "It does look sexy, don't it?"

Tim ran a palm across his right breast, then pressed the areola between his fingers.

"I still have trouble with the idea of looking like this," Tim exclaimed. "Me... With tits..."

"Yeah, I know what you mean," Joe concurred. "With clothes on, I feel like I'm dressed in drag... But, when I take 'em off..."

"I still have to look at myself in the mirror all the time." Tim admitted.

"Me too," Joe confided. "I wonder if real women ever do that?"

"I doubt it," Tim said. "I never once did that when I looked like a guy. Hell, we've only been like this for less than two weeks. It's all still new."

"Think we'll ever really get used to it?" Joe asked, more to himself than a real question.

"It is getting easier, don't you think?" Tim offered.

"Sure. Much easier, I guess," Joe agreed. "Some of it is fun."

Tim went to the bed and pulled the spread back. He lay back on the pillows, cupping his breasts with his hands. "Come and take me," he said, trying to sound sensuous.

Joe went to the bed, knowing they were both confused, trying to come to a compromise between being an object lust, and satisfying their own curiosity.

Tim extended his arms, embracing Joe. They kissed again. First, a slow, careful, lips only kiss, changing to a more passionate, lustful kind. To Joe, Tim smelled very good. A combination of clean soap smell, and a different, more musty, female scent. Kissing Tim was just like kissing a young woman. Only the sensation of their breasts touching gave away the differences in their bodies.

Joe began moving his hands over Tim's softness. He tenderly caressed his back, his breasts, playfully pinching those hard nipples, and then moved lower, cupping the firm buttocks in both hands.

Tim's hands were active too. As Joe fondled him, Tim gently stroked Joe's back. He ran his hand around, feeling the firm bulge of his breasts at the sides. They touched, inspected, and generally satisfied each others lustful curiosity. As they touched and were touched, they closed their eyes as if to savor the pleasant sensations from both sides.

"I'm getting wet again," Tim announced. "Can you feel it?"

"Sure," Joe said. "It's the fountain of youth."

"Yeah... Right," Tim agreed. "I've got a crotch that feels like it could put out a fire... And still I want to have you so bad. The ultimate in weird, huh?"

"That pretty much describes it for me too," Joe admitted. "I guess it has to be that way."

"Why?" Tim asked. "If we have to be this way, why can't we at least lose our male desire, if that's what it is?"

"I guess the desire thing is a learned response," Joe considered. "It just can't change overnight like we did."

"Well, it's not fair, feeling like a guy, and having your bod changed like this," Tim moaned.

"As soon as you learn some 'girl stuff', maybe you'll get used to it," Joe continued.

"How can I do that?" Tim asked. "I'm trying everything I can, but I still feel like a guy."

"Don't tell me it isn't easier that last week," Joe said.

"Yeah... I guess it might be," Tim agreed. "But not enough!"

Joe stroked Tim's breast, then flicked his finger along his clitoris, making him move his hips instinctively. "You'll get used to it," Joe teased. He continued to tickle the top of Tim's genital opening, and Tim began to move his hips in response.

"Pretty good, huh?" Joe asked.

"Okay... It's not bad, I admit," Tim said, grinning.

"Not bad," Joe repeated. "It's fantastic, and you know it."

"There are some things I like, I admit," Tim conceded. "But I still just want to look like a guy again."

"But you're so cute like this," Joe teased. "So soft... You smell so nice..."

"Yeah, but I feel like I want to ram my hard-on in you so deep..." Tim said, almost at a whisper.

"And I do wish you could," Joe admitted. "Maybe you just need to try what you do have, that's all."

"Yeah... I'm sure I'm gonna do that tonight," Tim said sarcastically.

"You'll get a chance soon enough, I'll bet," Joe said. "It's only a matter of time."

"I won't hold my breath," Tim sulked. "Nobody's gonna want to screw with a little kid, just like nobody would believe I'm twenty-one."

"I believe you," Joe corrected.

"Yeah... And you're gonna screw the pants off me, won't you?" Tim said.

"I would if I still could," Joe said. "It would be a difficult job, but I'd force myself." He grinned.

"What was it like, Joe?" Tim asked.

"You just have to discover that for yourself," Joe said. "I can't tell you how it will be for you."

"Good? Better than as a guy?" Tim continued.

"Hmmm... As good... Maybe better, maybe the same... Different... sorta."

"I can't wait," Tim said, looking at the ceiling. "I'm gonna wear the skin off the guy, whoever he is."

Joe laughed. "Don't count on that," Joe revealed. "I got sore first, and it didn't take that long."

"Sore?"

"It's all new in there," Joe explained. "You can't touch it very long before it hurts. A lot worse than for a guy."

"It doesn't hurt at all now," Tim considered.

"Wait till some guy gets in there, probing around, then say that."

"Euchh!" Tim announced. "The whole idea sucks."

"Trust me, you'll like it," Joe advised.

"Just thinking about it..."

"It's so different when it happens... It all feels sorta natural, you know?"

"I don't see how..."

"It will..."

They lay back on the pillows, talking into the night, touching, feeling, enjoying each other. Eventually, they both fell asleep in each others arms.

Chapter 54

PHIL BERG

Pale early light streamed in the partially drawn curtain. The shaft of light hit Joe Bates in his closed eyes. It was enough to wake the sleeper. The time was only slightly earlier than he normally roused anyway.

Joe rolled over and realized he was not alone. There was a woman in his bed. A very young woman. Finally, he realized where he was and who he was with. The almost childlike person was his friend Tim. They were in Joe's hotel room, in Minneapolis. Tim continued to sleep soundly.

They had played intimately long into the night. Each allowing the other to satisfy his curiosity and lust the best he could. It was not easy. The urges and desires that each experienced were primarily those of the young men they had been until only recently. Those instincts were in stark contrast with physical reality.

Joe moved the bed-sheet down, pulling it away from himself and at the same time exposing Tim's upper body. Joe gazed at his young friend. It was difficult to think of the person lying next to him as a twenty-one-year-old male. The innocent looking young girl could be no more than fourteen, maybe even younger. As he breathed, Tim's chest, and his well-formed, firm breasts, rhythmically expanded and contracted. Tim's face in sleep also had a young girl's innocent attractiveness. It was impossible to believe there was a virile young man trapped in there - unless you spent the night in bed with him, that is.

Joe was very much aroused by his friend's appearance, but felt nothing like the passion this sleeping innocent exhibited last night. While it was physically impossible for either of them to truly assume the male role, having a completely feminized body did present one significant advantage. It was now easy to appreciate the role of foreplay in the female sexual experience. Neither of them possessed the constant reminder of masculine arousal, and the lack of an erect penis was both an advantage and a handicap.

Unlike Joe, Tim had not yet experienced sex with a normal man, so there was not the urge for penetration that quickly beset Joe.

Indeed, at first, all Tim could think about was how he could enter Joe. While he didn't physically have a penis anymore, that organ's nerves and sensations were still very much evident. Smaller, more protected perhaps, but still there.

As they became more familiar with each other, natural inhibitions began to fade, and Tim slowly attempted to assume the male role in the affair. It looked and sometimes felt strange to have a young teenage girl go through the motions of intercourse, rubbing her smooth pubic area against his own. It was erotic enough, that was certain, but there was obviously something missing. Pretending to be male was unsatisfying for both participants. It just wasn't physically possible to do it right. There were other things to do that were (almost) as enjoyable.

Joe pulled the sheet down further. He looked at the bikini underpants he wore. He touched his crotch and ran two fingers between his legs. Almost as soon as they crawled into bed together, Joe was reminded of his little problem. His yeast infection was no longer an irritant. It didn't burn or itch anymore. But he still had two days of medication to insert before bedtime. Dr. Krell was adamant that he use all of it, not stopping until it was all used up, even if the problem seemed cured. Joe had reluctantly left the bed and went to the bathroom. Tim asked what the problem was and Joe just looked back and grinned. "I just remembered something," Joe said. "I'll be right back out."

When he returned to the bedroom, Joe stopped at his hang-up bag and found a pair of cotton panties. He slipped them on and cupped his hand over the tiny bulge of his sex.

"What's that for?" Tim asked. "I'd rather see all of you."

"You can look all you want," Joe teased. "But I'm afraid you'll want to touch too."

"So?" Tim retorted. "You can touch me too... As much as you like."

"You really don't want to touch me right now." Joe reminded him. "Remember my yeast infection?"

"Oh, yeah, I forgot," Tim said, smiling. "How's that doing, anyway?"

"Just great," Joe reported. "I think it's cured, but Dr. Krell said to keep up the medication till it's all used up."

"What is it anyway?" Tim asked. "Some kind of salve, or something?"

"No, not a salve," Joe explained. "It's more like a cream... Very low viscosity. You put it inside with a little applicator like a fat hypodermic needle."

"Does it hurt to do that?" Tim asked. He placed his hand over his own crotch as he spoke.

"No, not at all," Joe said. "The applicator is pretty thin. It wouldn't even hurt a little virgin like you." He grinned.

"Can you feel stuff running out?" Tim asked. "Is it messy?""

"Not really. Not if you put it in all the way," Joe explained. "If you put it in at bedtime, its gone by morning. I don't know where it goes."

"Okay. Okay," Tim decided. "Keep your underpants on. I don't want to learn about that kind of problem just yet."

"Trust me, it really hurts," Joe said. "You don't want the experience." With that, they returned to the bed.

Tim fondled and was fondled. He touched Joe all over, even running his hands between Joe's legs, but never once attempted to put fingers inside Joe's panties.

Joe was under no such inhibition. He stroked Tim everywhere. They kissed, and Joe returned the kisses, all over Tim's young body, everywhere. He didn't have a penis, but Joe knew first hand the wonderful sensation a tongue could provide feminine genitalia. He introduced Tim to the experience, creating wave after wave of orgasmic pleasure in Tim's young body.

Tim reciprocated the best he could under the circumstances. But mostly, it was Joe's greater experience that set the tone. Joe wanted to satisfy Tim's curiosity and lust. But he also wanted Tim to appreciate the way his body was now. The young man might still think like a lusty male, but even a twenty-one-year-old guy couldn't experience orgasm and recover like a horny young woman. It had been a long night of passion. Tim was probably dreaming dreams that incorporated his new experiences, and his new outlook at the world.

It was weird just to lie next to such an attractive girl-woman. Tim was right when he voiced his concern that he's never get to sleep with a real guy as long as he looked so young. He might be twenty-one, but

laying there, he looked like jail-bait. Any mature guy might lust after that attractive, young body, but no amount of explanation could get the man to believe he was old enough. Oh, he might hang-out at a junior high somewhere and experience the lusty pawing of a horny fourteen-year-old kid. But that wasn't exactly what Tim had in mind.

Last night, as Joe touched him, stroking his breasts and inner thighs, Tim closed his eyes, savoring the new sensations. His brain was male, with at least most of the male urges still intact. But that brain was wired to an almost completely mature, female body. Females were sexual creatures too, and their bodies were obviously capable of sensations and pleasures not available to the male.

The little girl sleeping next to him now had some idea of what sex could be like as a female. And she (he) liked it.

Joe looked down at the floor. The exercise wear they both wore yesterday was strewn about. He located his own panty, next to the curled up jogbra. The tiny lycra garment was his. Not Linda's, not some other woman's... His.

Like the young creature next to him, he was a woman now. Physically at least. He had breasts. He had a vagina. They were quite real. When he was sleeping, Joe often forgot he had become female. He could still dream. He was always male in his dreams. Always. In the morning, right after waking, reality usually took a moment to re-establish itself.

Joe placed a hand on his left breast. He gently stroked it, feeling its texture. Just like a real breast. It was real. It was a woman's breast, and it was attached to him. He grew it. He could feel it. Joe ran his finger along the aerola, causing the silky soft nipple to firm up. He was always intrigued when he did that to a girls breast. Now he could do it to himself. He was a real woman.

Joe looked over at the still sleeping Tim. Tim's nipples were full, though not erect. They were actually slightly larger than Joe's and a lighter pink, like a young girls. It must be difficult to have to live inside such a body when you felt like a mature male. There was more to life than staring at yourself in the mirror all day.

Feelings of lust began to stir as Joe watched Tim sleep. It manifested first in his clitoris, that organ not always remembering that it wasn't a penis anymore. The urge to touch himself was quite strong. In moments he would begin to feel the sensations of moisture as his sex began to lubricate. He could also sense, rather than feel, his labia

begin to swell. Getting a boner was a wet experience now, but it still felt pretty good.

Joe placed his hand on his sex with one finger on each side of his clitoris. Through his underpants, Joe used his fingers to "jack-off" the little nub of flesh as if it were still a penis. He moved his hand very slowly, his eyes closed as he savored the sensation.

Soon Joe involuntarily lifted his hips. His legs stiffened as the climax took over his body. He pressed his palm flat against his vulva. Sexual release was no longer accompanied by ejaculation of course, but the crotch of Joe's underwear was wet with vaginal lubrication. It still felt pretty good, Joe thought. Like this, sexual tension took much longer to build, and just as long to subside. As a guy, everything ended soon after climax. Now, while the peaks took longer to climb, they were just as high, and the resulting pleasure lasted much longer.

Joe placed his hand into the waistband of his underwear. Moving down past his pubic hair, he found his clitoris, then slipped his finger into the opening below it. God, how he yearned for something to be inside. He probed deep, adding another finger, then contracting his sphincter muscles against the wet digits. The sensation was quite enjoyable. Joe pulled his hand away, putting both behind his head. He looked down at his breasts, satisfied.

He was almost back to sleep when the phone began to ring. The wake-up call. It was six AM. Time to get up already. As Joe picked up the phone, Tim began to stir.

There was no one there, of course, but the call had served its purpose. They were awake, moaning and groaning, wondering where the night had gone. They lay there a few moments, then Joe sat at the side of the bed, scratching his breasts.

"That was some night," Tim announced. "I kinda like being like this."

Joe looked over at the young woman. He smiled. "Just as well," Joe considered. "Since you're gonna be a girl whether you like it or not."

"Thanks, Joe," Tim said. "I mean, you didn't have to sleep with me last night."

"Don't thank me," Joe corrected. "I wanted to be with you just as much as you wanted to be with me."

Tim snickered. "I guess we must really be queers now, huh?" Tim exclaimed.

"Maybe," Joe considered. "Maybe not. I kinda think of myself as just a guy trapped in this woman's body. If that makes me queer, OK, I accept it."

"Whatever we are, it was fun, wasn't it?" Tim asked.

"I enjoyed it," Joe agreed. "You've become a beautiful woman."

"A little girl," Tim corrected. "Look at me, I think I've become even younger looking."

"You look pretty good to me," Joe announced, looking at Tim as he stood up.

"I am still changing." Tim decided. "Just look at my hands. They're smaller than yesterday."

Joe stood and examined himself. He knew the changes were not just occurring in Tim. He went to the light at the window and looked at his own arm. It was even softer and maybe even a little smaller than yesterday. When would it stop?

"We're both changing," Joe added. "I guess whatever it is, it's happening to all of us."

"I'm scared Joe," Tim declared. "I don't want to die like this!"

"You ain't dead yet, Tim," Joe insisted. "We'll find a way to keep you around a while yet. Go get some clothes on, or I'm going to throw you on the bed again."

Tim walked around the bed, retrieving his underwear and clothes as he walked. When Joe spoke to him, he wiggled his body provocatively, a big sexy grin on his face.

"Get ready," Joe ordered. "We'll get some breakfast down stairs, and be at the plane in an hour and a half."

"Yes sir!" Tim teased, offering a mock salute as he retreated to his own room to get ready.

Joe went to the bathroom and relieved himself as he warmed the shower water. When it was ready, Joe stepped in and let the water warm his body. He rinsed off quickly, checked his legs for stubble, decided that they were okay, and then stepped out of the shower. As usual he watched his reflection as he dried off, looking for signs that

he was still changing. If he was, it was far less than Tim. The young man was indeed still becoming younger looking each day.

Joe brushed his hair, then gathered up his things and took them to the bedroom. He placed them on the bed, then decided what underwear to put on. He selected a light gray cotton panty, and a matching Victoria's Secret cotton bra. He deftly slipped them on and examined his shape in the mirror. He turned his profile to the glass, lifting his chest to emphasize the curve. Joe liked what he saw. Being female had its drawbacks, but he was proud of his new body.

Time to cover everything up, Joe considered. He went to the hang-up bag, withdrawing a hanger holding fitted wool slacks. Removing the dark gray slacks from the hanger, Joe stepped into them. Pulling them over his hips, Joe struggled with the side zipper. It was still weird wearing women's clothes. He was now accustomed to the underwear... The bras, panties... But the different cut of things like women's pants... These had no zipper in front. Joe ran his hand down the smooth front, feeling only the slight bulge of his pubic bone, which certainly seemed to be more pronounced since the change. No need for a zipper here, he mused.

Joe went to the hanger to retrieve the silk blouse he bought to go with the slacks. The smooth silk top felt sexy to his touch. If there was anything about being a woman that he enjoyed, it was wearing clothes like this. The blouse was so fine and fit so well. He tucked it into the slacks, then found the black belt to tie it all together. He looked at the feminine belt before he slipped it on. As a guy, he had a thirty-four inch waist. Now it had shrunk to about twenty-nine. His hips were probably as large as before, but his waist seemed much smaller.

He took one last look, then turned to gather up his things and pack for the trip home. When he was ready, he went to the open door to check on Tim. Tim was almost ready too. He also wore pants and a blouse. The attractive young girl was brushing her hair as Joe looked on.

"You look very nice," Joe said.

"So do you," Tim returned. "You look beautiful."

"It's genetic, I guess," Joe quipped.

"I'm ready," Tim announced, picking up his bag and struggling with it to the door. His new small size made it difficult to handle things that were no problem before the change. He looked at Joe, who flashed a knowing smile.

"It'll all work out," Joe insisted.

"I hope so," Tim said. "This little girl stuff really sucks."

They took their bags down to the desk, then went to the coffee shop. They found an empty booth and sat down. The waitress came over and they ordered coffee. The woman looked at Tim when he ordered coffee, as if she felt the young woman was too young for such a thing.

The food came and they quickly ate. They made small talk as they downed the hearty breakfast of fruit, hotcakes, and scrambled eggs.

"Did you check the weather?" Tim asked.

"Not yet," Joe answered. "But I doubt there'll be a problem."

"What if there is?" Tim asked.

"Then we stay another day," Joe said simply. "We get another night here. There could be worse things, right?"

Tim grinned. He knew what Joe meant.

When they finished, they paid the bill, then went to check out of their rooms. Soon they were waiting for the courtesy van to carry them to the airport.

On the ride to the airport, Tim asked about the passenger they were to take to Arizona. "Where do you think the guy's from?" Tim asked.

"Beats me," Joe considered. "He's probably somebody from the FBI or something. They just have to get their fingers into something as hot as this."

"The FBI?" Tim exclaimed. "You really think so?"

"I have no idea," Joe admitted. "It could be almost anything. We'll soon find out, I guess."

The Cessna was out on the ramp when they arrived. It was being prepared for the trip as they walked out to it. The line-boy helped them place the bags on-board. They walked back to the FBO office to check weather and file. They were a little early and their passenger had not yet arrived.

Joe filed for an 0800 takeoff and found a comfortable couch to await his passenger. Tim picked up a Glamour magazine and started to read.

"It takes on a whole new meaning now, don't it," Joe commented as he watched the young woman read.

Tim looked embarrassed. "How else are we going to learn about this stuff?" he asked.

"Right." Joe agreed. "It's just that I never noticed all the underwear and tampon ads before this happened."

They both had a chuckle about that when they looked up and were suppressed to see the young man they worked out with last night. The man was staring at Joe, obviously as surprised as he was.

"The lady at the desk says you're Joe Bates," the man said, offering his hand.

"That's right," Joe said, holding his hand out.

"Phillip Berg," the man said. "Call me Phil. I'm to go to Phoenix with you."

"Really?" Joe exclaimed. "I didn't know..."

"Neither did I," the man said, grinning. "And this is your sister?" He looked at Tim.

"Oh... Last night... No... Tim's not really my sister," Joe admitted. "Phil, this is Tim Werner."

"Glad to meet you Tim," Phil said politely, offering his hand to the young woman, who stood for the introduction.

"I must say, I had no idea that you two were who I was going to meet," Phil continued.

"Does it bother you that we're women?" Joe asked.

"No... No, not at all," Phil insisted. "I've been informed of what happened to you...er...ladies."

"Then you know about us then?" Joe asked.

"A little," Phil answered. "I must say, I had no idea you would look like this."

"Nether did we, Phil," Tim offered. "It wasn't in any of my long-term plans."

"Are we ready to depart?" Phil asked, suddenly turning serious.

"We've been waiting for you, I guess," Joe returned. "The plane is ready to go."

"I suggest we go, then," Phil said.

"I want to stop at the restroom," Joe said. "Then I'm ready."

Tim followed Joe to the ladies room. As they peed, Tim spoke. "My God. The hunk!" Tim exclaimed. "That's the guy from the hotel."

"Yeah, and he's coming with us," Joe said.

"I wonder if he can talk about it."

"We can ask, can't we?" Joe offered as he carefully used the tissue.

"This is going to be some trip," Tim continued. "He knows we're really guys."

"WERE guys," Joe reminded him. "Take another look between your legs."

They flushed almost in unison and left the stall. They primped one last time in the mirror. Joe winked at Tim. "Lookin hot!" He teased, putting his palms under his boobs. "Time to aviate!"

They went back out. The passenger was out at the plane, looking it over carefully. Joe wondered if he was a pilot. Joe did a quick walk around and was finished before Phil stopped examining the plane. "Don't be concerned," Joe advised. "It'll get us there."

"Never hurts to check everything," Phil said seriously.

"I'll agree with that," Joe conceded.

They climbed aboard, with Phil riding in the seat behind the pilots. Joe buckled in, suddenly very aware of the way the shoulder harness pressed against his breasts. The silk blouse kept him constantly aware of them. "Do you fly, Phil?" Joe asked as he straightened the blouse.

"Not recently," Phil returned. "I did in the service, but I'm not current."

"What did you fly in the... Air Force?" Tim asked.

"Nope. Navy," Phil said. "Carrier pilot. A-7's mostly."

"Cool," Tim crooned. "That's really flying."

"It was fun all right," Phil agreed. "And dangerous too, if you weren't careful."

"I'm afraid we won't be doing Mach .8 today," Joe said. "WE have a little headwind most of the way too."

"That's okay," Phil said. "That'll give us some time to talk."

Great, Joe thought. Now we'll have to tell the whole story all over again.

The master switch came on and the gyros started to whine. Joe hit the right engine starter and the engine snapped to life instantly. A few moments to let the battery stabilize and he started the left engine. When the engines stabilized, Joe flicked in the avionics master switch. The radio came to life immediately.

"...when ready to Taxi. Inform ground you have information Charlie."

They listened for a repeat of the ATIS, then called for clearance. When it came across, Joe read it back. He changed frequencies to ground control to get a taxi clearance. Soon the plane began to roll to the run-up area.

With the run-up complete, Joe called tower for permission to take the active runway. When they started the take off roll, Joe offered the wheel to Tim. Tim willingly accomplished the take-off, his small stature making it difficult for him to see straight ahead. Joe almost had to laugh as he watched the young woman fly the craft. In about fifteen minutes, the plane was at its initial cruising altitude.

Joe decided to break the ice. "Are you still with the Navy, Phil?" Joe asked.

"Nope," Phil answered curtly. "I left the Navy four years ago."

"Department of Defense?" Joe continued.

"The Government," Phil said. "The CIA actually."

"The CIA!" Tim said. "Are you a spy, or something like that?"

"Something like that, maybe," Phil conceded. "Not a spy actually. An operative, we call it."

"You're an operative?" Joe asked. "What's that got to do with us?"

"Nothing really," Phil answered. "Nothing to do with you, actually."

"The CIA want's to use the cage?" Tim offered.

"The cage?"

"That's what we call the lab at Honeybone," Joe explained. "The transmitters have been set up inside a Faraday cage. It works. But you know that, don't you."

"I've been briefed on it, a little," Phil admitted.

"So what does the CIA have in mind for the Cage?" Joe asked.

"Hmmm... Did it hurt when it happened to you?" Phil asked, ignoring Joe's question.

"I don't know," Joe answered truthfully. "I slept through the whole thing."

"I didn't," Tim offered. "I didn't know what was going on. It didn't hurt exactly, but it did feel weird. Kinda itchy, I guess. Hard to explain. I didn't have any idea I would end up like this."

"You both look very female," Phil noted. "Are you... is everything... female?"

Joe looked back at Phil. He grinned. "Everything." he said simply.

"What's it like?" Phil continued. "Do you like it? Do you feel like a woman?"

"I don't know," Joe countered. "What does a woman feel like?"

"I guess you're right," Phil considered. "You wouldn't know any more than I do about that."

"I think I have a pretty good idea," Joe offered. "You can try it, if you want."

"I know." Phil said. "That's why I'm here."

That answer surprised Joe. He looked at Phil again. "There's no way back, you know," Joe said. "So far, its been a one-way trip."

"That's what makes it so scary," Phil said. "But the alternative is not very attractive either."

"Alternative?" Tim asked.

"Yeah," Phil explained. "The work I've been doing for the last year has become kinda hot. Some of the bad guys have exposed me. I'm marked. Unless I can go underground, they won't give up till they get me."

"Who is it?" Joe asked.

"Can't tell you that," Phil said. "But I advise that you to keep your eyes open for anything or anyone unusual."

"What's going on, Phil?" Joe asked. "You plan to use the cage to disguise yourself?"

"It's been offered to me," Phil said. "Think it would work?"

"I don't know," Joe considered. "You'll definitely not be a male anymore. But I don't know how much your appearance would change."

"I feel they wouldn't think of looking for a woman." Phil considered.

"You want to give up your manhood?" Joe asked. "This is no disguise, you realize."

"I don't want to wind up with a bullet in the back of my head," Phil said somberly. "I could get used to wearing a dress."

Joe turned around. He offered his hand to Phil. "Take it. Feel it," he said. "See how soft its become? I used to be a guy. I weighed almost 200 pounds. I think I'm down to around 120 or so."

"You feel like a woman," Phil agreed.

Joe took Phil's hand and placed it on his breast. Phil gently squeezed it, which surprised Joe a little. "Feels real, don't it?" Joe asked. "Trust me, it is."

"I could get used to that," Phil said, kneading Joe's hardening nipple.

Joe moved the hand away from his chest. "I hope you can," Joe declared.

Chapter 55

CONFRONTING THE CAGE

The sound of the Cessna engines increased as Joe advanced the prop levers, increasing the RPM. They were starting final descent to Deer Valley airport. The cloudless sky and warm temperatures were in stark contrast to Minnesota. They left only five hours ago and the weather improved as they flew southwest.

Tim was flying the plane, as he had for the entire flight. Except for the revealing discussion with Phil Berg, their passenger, the trip had been quite uneventful. Phil's revelation that he was being offered a visit to the "cage" was a surprise to all of them.

Joe didn't know if it was the new hormones or what... It seemed such a waste to subject a virile young man to such a thing. Sure, the same had happened to him and the others, but that wasn't intentional. This was different. Phil was only willing to undergo such a completely life-changing experience simply because his very life was threatened. It was a simple cold decision... Better to live the remainder of his life as a woman than face almost certain death if he remained male. What a choice. Joe wondered what decision he would have made, if he had been given a choice.

What would he look like? Phil was so... so muscular... His shoulders... Joe felt his changed groin muscles tense involuntarily as he imagined Phil wrapping his arms around his own now smaller, softer shoulders.

Was Joe really becoming a woman in every way? He had to admit, the idea of intimacy with Phil, or other man, no longer seemed all that unacceptable. A little less than two weeks, and femininity (at least the physical part) was starting to seem less strange. Would Phil find the transition so easy? Would this macho guy find his own developed breast as interesting as he obviously found Joe's when Joe let him touch it?

Joe glanced at Tim. Tim was concentrating on holding the plane on the approach path and didn't notice Joe staring at him. He looked so young... His skin was so soft and clear. Tim had become a young woman, really a young girl, but he had also become unusually attractive. Tim's sophisticated clothing couldn't hide the feminine

curves his body had acquired. Joe tried to remember Tim as a guy. He had weighed close to two hundred pounds then. Strong shoulders, muscular legs, he had been a handsome young man.

As did Joe's own, Tim's body had lost all but its light "peach fuzz" hair... Much thinner, weaker arms covered only by the soft down of a girl. He shaved his legs and underarms. Only the top of his head and his very feminine vulva still had dark hair. The only remnant of maleness was the length of his hair, still the same as before. It now seemed strangely exotic-looking. Though Tim's hair was longer than the others when his change occurred, it was still somewhat shorter than the average girls. When it grew out just a little, Tim would be truly gorgeous. In fact, he already was.

The marker beacon light flashed and the tone sounded as they crossed the middle marker. Joe lowered the gear and the power was reduced further to slow to landing speed. Joe kept his hand ready to take the controls, but Tim was a quick learner, and he flew the Cessna like a pro. With a slight flare, tires touched pavement, the trailing link gear making almost any decent landing a greaser.

As they taxied to the Honeybone Flight Facility, Phil stuck his head between the crew seats to watch where they were going. "How many people work in that hangar?" Phil asked when he saw the Honeybone logo.

"I don't know for sure," Joe considered. "There's probably five or six mechanics there right now."

"Do you know everybody?" Phil questioned.

"Yeah... Probably... I guess so," Joe answered.

"If you see anybody you don't know, tell me immediately," Phil ordered. "I'm very serious about this."

"You think anybody knows you came here?" Joe asked.

"Anything's possible," Phil said. "Anything's probable. Keep your eyes open."

"Where are you gonna stay?" Tim asked.

"I don't know yet," Phil answered. "I'm trying to remain as spontaneous as possible. No one can know, if I don't know."

"I think you could stay at my apartment... If you want," Joe offered.

"I don't think we should stay in the same place," Phil said. "I don't want to endanger you, or anybody else. It's my problem."

"I'm not living there," Joe explained. "I've been staying with my girlfriend, since this happened."

"Hmmm... Maybe that might be prudent..." Phil thought out loud.

"It's a great idea!" Tim agreed. "Nobody would ever think of looking there, I bet."

"Keep your eyes open," Phil ordered. "If anything does happen, don't try to be a hero. I'll take care of it."

"Yes Sir!" Joe said in mock military fashion. Phil probably thought of them as helpless women. Maybe they were.

Joe accomplished the shut-down checklist and waved at the ground crew who drove up with a small tug. They unbuckled and began to depart the aircraft. Phil opened the door and stepped out cautiously. One of the ground crew met him at the airstair door.

"Welcome to Arizona." The man said, smiling.

"Thanks. Glad to be here," Phil returned.

They retrieved their bags and struggled to get them to the pre-flight office. Phil watched with interest as Joe and Tim strained at the bags. It was plain they were not as strong as almost any normal man.

"Did you notice any change in strength due to the change?" Phil asked.

"Heh heh. You can count on that," Joe answered. "Some things are sorta neat about it, but the strength loss is very noticeable."

"I think it's even worse for me," Tim agreed. "I guess I'm only as strong as I look."

"Hmmm. I sure wish I could keep the muscles." Phil mused.

"We all do." Joe said, setting a bag down and giving a mighty yank on the outer door, which had a strong hydraulic closing spring on it.

"There's no way to describe the way it feels," Joe went on. "It's as if everything suddenly got bigger and heavier."

Phil helped with the door, easily pushing it open.

When they got inside, the others took a seat as Joe finished the trip paperwork and turned it in. Then they assembled to leave.

"I guess we should get over to the lab." Joe decided. "I'm sure you'll want to see the cage. I know Dr. Krell will want to meet you." He said to Phil.

"You can ride with me," Tim offered. "I've got more room than Joe's little sports car."

"What do you drive, Joe?" Phil asked.

"Oh, I got an RX-7." Joe answered. "And it's got plenty of room for our bags, if you'd like a ride in it."

"No. I think I'll accept Tim's gracious offer."

"Fine. I'll follow you over there."

They drove to the Honeybone Main Facility. Tim was obviously engaged in continuous conversation with Phil the entire way. Joe wondered what kind of things Phil was asking the young man-woman.

When they pulled into the parking area, Joe was the first out. The other two sat in the car, continuing to converse. Finally, they finished and joined up with Joe, who stood waiting for them.

"What do you think is causing this "de-aging" phenomena?" Phil asked Joe.

"I wish I knew," Joe answered. "It seems to be affecting all of us, but Tim most of all. He's always been the youngest, and now he looks younger than ever."

"Very intriguing," Phil considered, engrossed in thought.

"I think you should meet Dr. Krell." Joe said. "He has answers to at least some of your questions. He's a very intelligent individual."

They walked directly to the Lab, with Joe pointing out the many impressive features of the facility. Phil took it all in, often asking questions that showed he was very educated, and quite observant.

When they reached the Lab, Joe introduced Phil to Dr. Krell, who obviously had no idea what was going on.

"Phil is considering using the cage," Joe announced. In addition to Dr. Krell, the others in the Lab were Jim Matheney, Karen Simpson, and one of Dr. Krell's lab technicians, who Joe didn't know.

None of them knew where Phil was from, or why he was considering the cage.

Dr. Krell suddenly became very business-like. "You know, Phil, we have no way to change you back," he announced. "Whatever the results, you are probably going to stay that way indefinitely."

"I realize that," Phil returned. "And I must admit, I don't know if I really want to do this. I may not have much choice, however."

"No one can force you to do this," Dr. Krell demanded. "I'm not yet sure it's a good idea for anyone, but certainly it should never be forced on someone."

"No one is forcing me," Phil explained. "There are other issues even more demanding."

"Nothing is more demanding than your very physical being." Dr. Krell countered.

"What I'm referring to is very much life-or-death," Phil went on. "But I agree that this is nothing to be considered lightly. I assure you I am not."

"Do you want really to be a woman, Phil?" Dr. Krell asked. "I can understand that, if you do."

"Until a few days ago, I never even considered it a viable option." Phil answered, smiling, slightly embarrassed.

"Then it probably isn't a viable option for you." Dr. Krell said. "Having to live in a body of the wrong gender can be worse than death itself. Believe me, I see it almost every day."

"Joe said he had no desire to be a woman." Phil countered. "He, or she, I guess, seems to be getting by pretty well."

"It is far too early to know how Joe or the others will come through this," Dr. Krell admitted. "It does appear that the physiological changes themselves actually help in the transition. But we're still learning about that concept."

"It may be a risk I would be willing to accept." Phil said. "I'm accustomed to taking calculated risks."

"This is much different," Dr. Krell said. "It will, not might, it will affect the way almost everybody you come in contact with will relate to you. There are other issues that we must discuss too."

"I am here to learn all I can," Phil concluded.

"Tomorrow I must meet with Joe, Tim, Dave and Mike and Pete," Dr. Krell went on. "We have detected anomalies in the latest blood samples."

"What is it?" Joe asked.

"I don't know what it means for sure, yet," Dr. Krell said carefully. "We need to do some more tests, and I want to talk to each of you confidentially. We can get together tomorrow."

Joe looked at the clock on the wall. It displayed almost five o'clock. It was the normal end of the work day. Dr. Krell often worked much later, but he almost never scheduled meeting in the evening.

"Have they found you a hotel?" Dr. Krell asked Phil. "I really want to talk with you... say maybe eleven tomorrow?"

"Sure... Eleven," Phil answered. "I think I've got a place to stay."

"Well, welcome to Arizona," Dr. Krell said. "Stay out of the direct sun."

Joe looked over at Phil and grinned. Dr. Krell was like that. The little man was used to being in control, and he almost always was.

Phil raised his eyebrows and returned the smile. "You're right," Phil said. "He's a real fireball."

"Don't let him fool you," Karen said. She had remained silent, but had been listening to the entire conversation. "He comes off a little gruff sometimes, but he's got a heart of mush."

"Phil, this is Karen Simpson," Joe said, giving Phil a more personal introduction. "She's Dr. Krell's right hand. And she is, at worse, a close second in understanding trans-gender issues."

Karen took the hand Phil offered and shook it. "I don't know what Joe's told you, but I would rather do it myself anyway," Karen explained. "I was once a guy too. At least my body was male, until a few years ago."

Phil looked at Karen, his eyes obviously moving up and down her trim curves. Karen smiled and performed a small pirouette. The fitted medical whites doing little to hide her shape.

"What do you think?" Karen teased. "Do I look like a girl?"

"I never would have guessed," Phil admitted.

"And no matter what Dr. Krell says, it's really not so bad to be like this. It's kinda fun. Right, Joe?" She winked.

"Yeah, right... I guess so," Joe stuttered.

"It is. Don't be afraid, if it's what you really want," Karen said as she turned to leave.

"I've gotta go." she called. "See you tomorrow morning, I guess."

Phil looked at Joe. "She was a guy, too?" he asked. "Were all the woman around here once men?"

Joe laughed. "It might seem like it, but no. Just us five, and Karen." Joe explained. "Karen is different though. She underwent genital surgery by Dr. Krell. She's not a graduate of the cage."

"Hmmm. I knew it was possible... Even the Soviets had been doing it... But I must admit, Karen is the first person who surgically changed sex that I've met," Phil mused.

"The Soviets?" Tim asked.

"Yeah," Phil answered. "We were told some of their operatives underwent chemical and surgical procedures to alter their appearance, probably even sex changes."

"Now that's dedication to duty," Joe concluded.

"Not really so different from what I'm considering," Phil countered.

"I guess you're right about that," Joe agreed.

"Man, I just don't know...," Phil answered.

"Let's take Phil to your apartment, Joe," Tim offered. "Let's get outta here."

"Yeah... Okay," Joe agreed. "If you want to stay there, Phil."

"Sounds great," Phil said enthusiastically. "I think it might be the best way."

"Okay then, follow me," Joe said.

"I'll ride with Tim," Phil added. "My bag is still in her car."

"You might want to get some things at the market," Joe considered. "I haven't been there for a while, and there's not much but some beer in the fridge."

"Let's go over there first," Tim said. "I'll take him to get stuff if he needs it."

"Yeah... I guess you will be needing a car, won't you?" Joe considered.

"I'll help him," Tim offered again.

Joe wondered why Tim was so interested in hanging around with Phil. Then again, the young man-woman might be developing the "hots" for the handsome man.

They left Honeybone and drove to Joe's apartment. As Joe pulled into the parking lot, old memories of his former life came out. Should he move back into this familiar home? He knew he probably wouldn't be staying with Linda much longer. Not that they didn't get along or anything, but they had been heterosexual lovers, indeed, they were engaged to be married, and he would never be able to think of Linda as only a "best friend" or whatever it was they had become. He was beginning (by necessity) to think and act like a woman. Linda was willing to help with the transition, but the further he progressed, the more embarrassing it had become. Even if he could admit it to himself, it was hard to tell Linda that he was starting to find other men sexually attractive. Joe still found women stimulating too, but as the time since his own body has lost its masculine attributes increased, he found those of others to be more exciting.

As they climbed the outside stairs to his apartment, Joe wondered what his neighbors would think of two strange women and one guy entering his unit. They were unlikely to be curious where he had been. He was often gone for days at a time flying for the company, but he had only been there three times in the last two weeks, once just to pick-up his mail. He had never been close to his fellow apartment dwellers, and they surely wouldn't recognize him now anyway.

Joe unlocked the door and welcomed Phil and Tim inside. He was glad he had cleaned the place up a little last time he was here and washed the remainder of his male laundry. That was still lying on his bed. He couldn't bear to hang it up or put it away. It was almost too painful to even touch familiar clothes that no longer fit. It was as if they belonged to somebody else. His new world was now in the bedroom at Linda's.

His mailbox was full of junk mail, and Joe took it inside. He placed it on the coffee table and went into the kitchen. "I hope the place is acceptable," Joe said apologetically. "It ain't fancy, but it was home to me."

"Nice place," Phil complimented. "I can see you like planes." He looked at the framed SR-71 poster near the stereo.

"Yeah... They're only one of my vices....," Joe joked. "Planes, cars, and women... Well two out of three ain't bad, I guess."

"What's it like?" Phil questioned. "I mean... You look so much like a girl... A woman... How do you feel about them now?"

Joe looked at Tim. They both laughed knowingly.

"Nothing changed that much, really," Joe answered for them both. "We both still like babes."

"But... How... What..."

"Right," Joe cut him off. "That's where it gets complicated. After the change, you will be physically, legally, and, I think, in some ways, mentally a woman. But you still tend to think like a guy, and still desire to do what a guy can do. Obviously, it don't work too well."

"So... You're both... lesbians now?" Phil asked.

"Lesbian?" Joe repeated. "Does that mean we don't like to look at guys?"

"I don't know," Phil admitted.

"And we don't either... Not much anyway," Tim chimed in. "I think my brain prefers women, but the bod is starting to consider guys."

"Trust me, it's weird," Joe conceded.

"But you look so completely female....," Phil said.

"Yep, and we can go anywhere real women go," Tim offered. "I'm telling you, the required parts for a boner are gone, but you'll swear they're all still there."

"So everything feels the same?"

"Oh no, I wouldn't say that... But not nearly as different as I would have ever guessed," Tim conceded.

"Is it better, or worse?"

"Huh!" Joe chimed in. "Everybody asks that. I think it's impossible to answer. Better? Worse? No... Mostly different. Maybe some things better, some worse. Mostly, I miss standing up to pee."

"That's right," Phil considered. "You can't do that now, can you."

"No, I can't," Joe admitted. "On the other hand, the whole body became so much more sensitive... There are more places to touch that feel good."

"Yeah? Where?" Phil asked seductively.

"You'll only know that when and if you join the club," Joe offered coyly.

They walked into the kitchen, showed Phil the fridge, the range, the microwave, and the dishwasher. They went into the bedroom. Joe's clothes remained piled on the bed.

"Sorry for all the stuff laying around," Joe apologized. "It's all my guy stuff. I still haven't decided what to do with it all."

"Wish you could still wear it?" Phil asked.

"Sure, I guess so," Joe answered. "Not that it's so bad like this, or anything, but life is just simpler for a guy. I think anyway."

"But don't you just feel sexy, or something?" Phil quizzed.

"When I wake up in the morning and see myself in the mirror, I'm still in awe and just want to touch myself all over," Joe confided. "But I think I'll get over that eventually. I sure don't feel sexy right now, if that's what you mean."

"Me either," Tim volunteered.

Phil looked at the Levis laying on the bed. He looked at Joe. "These used to fit you?"

Yeah, they sure did," Joe admitted. "I'm almost as tall as before, but I guess my other dimensions have changed somewhat."

"I think so," Phil agreed.

"Want my advice?" Joe offered. "If you decide to do this, go out and do everything you can do as a guy, and be sure to remember it well, 'cause afterward, if you're anything like me, you'll want memories to compare with. It's been less than two weeks, and I have trouble remembering what I felt like as a guy."

"You can't remember after only two weeks?" Phil repeated.

"A little," Joe conceded. "But the memories tend to blur with the way everything feels now."

"And how's that?" Phil asked, grinning wickedly.

"Just thinking about sex has become be a wet experience," Joe confided with a smile. "I never realized how much a girl can feel that."

"You guy's... er... ladies are making me horny." Phil said.

"That won't change," Tim offered. "Only what you can physically do about it."

Joe walked into the adjoining bathroom. "I hope this is clean enough for you," Joe apologized again. "I don't spend that much time on housekeeping. But you probably won't catch a disease. Of course, now I don't leave the lid up anymore."

"I appreciate you letting me stay here, Joe," I can see how hard this is," Phil said.

"It's really not so bad," Joe countered. "I'll get out of here and let you settle in. Tim, you will stay and help him out, right?" He handed his key to Phil.

"Sure, I'll be glad to stay," Tim offered.

Joe walked to the living area. He picked up his mail and carried it to his car.

As he drove to Linda's Joe wondered why Tim was so willing to help Phil. Was it because Phil was a hunk of a guy who knew Tim's past but still showed interest in him as a woman. Phil never once spoke of Tim's little girl appearance. Joe knew Tim preferred that. Perhaps it might be best for them both if they could get together.

Joe pulled into the drive. Linda's Supra wasn't there. She must not be home yet. As he entered the house, he could hear the phone ringing. Joe picked up the wall phone. "Hello?"

"Joe, is that you?"

Joe recognized the voice as that of his best friend Jay Logan. "Hi, Jay. I just got home."

"I called Honeybone. They said you left there some time ago."

"Yeah. I was over at the apartment. I offered it to somebody to stay there for a few days."

"How you doing?"

"Fine. I'm doing okay."

"Any plans for the evening?"

"Not so far."

"Want to do something?"

"Like what did you have in mind?"

"Oh, I don't know, I just want to see you."

"Yeah? What for?" Joe teased. He knew Jay had become enamored with his buddies new persona.

"You haven't been around for a few days... I really miss you."

It was so weird having a guy talk like that. Maybe his body was female, but his head felt male inside. Joe tried to think of "girl things" to say. "Yeah? I guess I miss you too," Not exactly true. Except for short periods of curiosity, or perhaps lust, Joe never actually missed Jay. Although Jay surely did, Joe didn't think of he and Jay as woman and man. They had already been intimate, but, so far, on Joe's part anyway, that was due more to curiosity than romance.

"Let's get together then. Maybe grab some dinner. What do you say?"

"Yeah. okay. What time?"

"It's almost seven. Maybe an hour?"

"What should I wear?"

"I don't know... What do you have on?"

"Well, let's see... Panties, bra, pantyhose, silk blouse, and a gray wool suit," Joe teased.

"My God," Jay exclaimed. "You must look gorgeous."

"Of course."

"You want to wear that tonight?"

"Not if I don't have to. Where are you taking me?"

"You still have blue-jeans and a shirt? Let's get some bar-b-que."

"Great. Yeah... I can find something to wear for that."

"I'll be there shortly."

"And I'll be waiting." Great. He was hoping to rest a few minutes. Take his heels off and kick back. Now he'd need to hang up these clothes and get ready to go out again.

Joe slipped off the shoes and walked to his room in stocking feet. The heels of his pumps were very low, but it felt wonderful to take his shoes off. He couldn't remember having any "guy" shoes as uncomfortable as most of the new "girl" shoes he had. Only his Reeboks felt anything like boy shoes.

Removing the jacket, Joe carefully placed it on the bed. Next, he unzipped the side zipper of the trousers and lay it next to the jacket. He unbuttoned the silky blouse, and when he did, he couldn't resist lightly touching his breasts, as if to verify they were still there. He slipped a hand between his legs, lightly pressing the tiny moist bulge of his changed sex. Gazing at his reflection in the dresser mirror, Joe imagined Jay touching himself as he dreamed about what Joe now saw and felt in the flesh. He indeed looked completely female, with only a little white triangle of cotton panty hiding his pubic hair. He tucked a thumb under one of the shoulder straps of his bra and jiggled his right breast, just because he could.

Though he preferred to stretch out on the bed and take a short nap, Joe knew Jay would be there soon. He was a little hungry, and it would be interesting to interact with Jay again.

It was so strange. They were best friends since college. For more than ten years, Jay and Joe were buddies who hung around with each other all the time, except for when Joe was away in the Air Force. Everything was changing now. They acted like it wasn't so, but there was no way to hide the fact that Joe wasn't a normal thirty-year-old guy anymore. Maybe they still had many of the same interests... Maybe they still joked with and teased each other... but now, Jay was smitten by a powerful attraction for Joe.

Joe found the whole thing a bit bizarre. Certainly, he knew his changed body had become attractive to men, even he found himself staring at the reflection in the mirror... But it was more than curiosity or lust for Jay. It was as if he really liked Joe. Like a man likes (or loves) a woman. How did you deal with that? Jay was just his best pal. Sure, they had slept together a few times since the change, but couldn't he see that was just to satisfy curiosity? Couldn't he accept everything in the manner it was offered?

It was far too early to consider a serious relationship with a man. Any man. Indeed, he still held strong ties with his fiancée, Linda, though that relationship had changed too.

Chapter 56
BARBEQUE

Joe just decided on what to wear, and finished slipping into new, snug-fitting Levis and a sleeveless cotton top when he heard Jay's 944 roll up the drive.

"Oh God, he's here already," Joe thought, glad he didn't lay around too long before he dressed.

In a moment, the door bell sounded, and Joe walked slowly to the back door. He saw Jay's smiling face through the glass.

"Hi. Hope I'm not too early," Jay said cheerfully.

"No, I'm ready," Joe announced. "And I'm hungry too."

"Good," Jay said, walking inside. Jay followed his friend through the house to Joe's room. "You're looking really nice this evening, Joe," Jay complimented stiffly. Before, he would never have said anything like that.

"Thanks Jay, I guess...", Joe returned, feeling awkward accepting such a compliment from his best friend. He knew things were different, but he continued to hope things would just be like before.

Jay watched as Joe took a little leather handbag from the dresser, smiling with embarrassment when he realized Jay was watching his every move. Suddenly, for some reason, it was embarrassing to do such a simple but "female" thing with his old friend watching.

"You know, the car is really running great," Jay said, sensing Joe was embarrassed, and hoping to move the topic to something different.

"Oh, yeah?" Joe countered. "Think it might stay with the Mazda now?"

"Hah, you wish!" Jay shot back. The argument as to who had the quicker car was long standing.

Joe was glad for the ice breaker. It was suddenly more like old times. When they got to Jay's car, Jay followed Joe to the right side and opened the door for him.

Joe's face became slightly red with embarrassment as he awkwardly maneuvered his softer and slightly wider backside into the firm, high bolstered sport seat of the Porsche. Just no getting away from what had happened, he decided.

Jay pulled out of the drive and headed to the PIT bar-b-que. It was an old favorite place for both of them, but never before like this.

"I can't wait to get my hands on some of those baby-backs," Jay said. "I've been thinking about them all day."

Joe loved baby-back ribs too. He wondered if he could still down a whole slab, and if he dare try. "I guess I really need to watch the calories," Joe said carefully. "I sure don't want my butt getting any bigger than it already is."

"I think your derriere looks great, my friend," Jay complimented. "It's almost perfect."

"Sure, you can say that," Joe countered. "You don't have any idea what its like when your rear-end suddenly becomes the biggest part of your body."

"Honest Joe, you really look great," Jay repeated. "Maybe you just have to get used to the way it all feels."

"Uh huh," Joe said, trying to force a smile. "Just get used to it, that's all. Just get used to it."

"Okay, I guess it is kind of hard," Jay conceded. "But you really do look great. Gorgeous."

In a few minutes, they pulled into the almost full parking lot of the Pit. Joe studied the cars to see if there was any one there he knew. It didn't look like there was, and he was glad. He didn't feel like talking about his problem with any of his other old buddies. He knew that by now, the word had probably spread all over town. "Did you hear, Joe Bates had a SEX-CHANGE?" That kind of rumor would spread like a grass fire.

When they stopped, Jay hurriedly went to the right side in an attempt to open the door before Joe could beat him to it.

"Come on, Jay," Joe whined. "Please. Lay off with the Sir Walter Raleigh, OK?"

"Well, Joe... I mean, you know, I mean, you are a girl now... and everything," Jay stammered, uncharacteristically.

"Woman," Joe corrected. "I don't know for sure what I am exactly, but if I can't be a man anymore, then at least say I'm a woman, not a girl."

"A very pretty woman," Jay added.

"Come on!" Joe ordered. "Let's stop with the boy-girl stuff for a while, can you?"

"But, I... uhh," Jay stammered again.

"I really appreciate it, I really do," Joe admitted. "I know I have to learn to get used to that stuff, but just for now, can't we try to act like everything's kind of like it used to be, even if it isn't."

"I, uhh," Jay said. "Just act like nothing happened, right?"

"Yeah, that's the idea," Joe said. "I realize it might be a little difficult."

"A little difficult?" Jay returned. "Yeah, It might just be a little difficult all right."

"But, let's try anyway, OK?" Joe asked.

"I'll do my best, Joe," Jay said honestly. "But I don't really think it will work."

They entered the Pit and luckily found one empty booth. They took seats across from each other. Both had been here many times before, but this was the first time they were there together, with no one else. Usually they were double-dating.

A waitress came to the table almost immediately. She immediately gave Jay a look of recognition. "What can I get for you and this pretty lady this evening, Mr. Logan?" she said with mock respect.

"I'll have a long-neck Coors Light, Bonnie," Jay said, grinning.

"Miss?"

"I'll have the same," Joe said, giving Jay a frown as he spoke. Jay was grinning from ear to ear.

As waitress went for the drinks, Jay spoke. "How did the trip north go, pretty lady... Uh, I mean Joe?" Jay teased.

"Okay, okay, I guess I'll have to get used to it," Joe conceded. "Just try not to rub it in so often, okay?"

Sure, pretty lady," Jay continued. "But seriously, did you have a good trip?"

"Oh, yeah, for the most part," Joe said seriously. "Tim went along, and I let him fly most of the way. He loves it and needs the time. He's actually pretty good too."

"Last time I saw Tim he looked like he wasn't a day over fifteen," Jay considered. "I can't believe how young you all are looking."

"Yeah, it's getting to be a concern for us, but for him especially, since he was so young when it happened," Joe said.

"You certainly look more attractive all the time," Jay complimented. "I'm sorry, but you really do. I don't know how you can live with yourself, with your body so changed like that."

Joe grinned with embarrassment. "I'm getting used to it, I guess," he replied. "I still have to remember to avoid the men's room when I'm out, but otherwise, if I don't wear a damn skirt, it's really not all that different. I can hardly even remember what it felt like before."

"I think I'd just be touching myself all the time," Jay confided, staring at Joe's chest. "I know I couldn't keep my hands off those things."

Joe grinned and sat up a little straighter, emphasizing the new voluptuousness. The outline of a white bra showed clearly through the sleeveless cotton shell. "Actually, I'm starting to forget they're there, sometimes," Joe admitted. "Even if they do seem to be getting rather huge."

"They're hardly huge," Jay corrected. "You look very well proportioned, if you ask me."

"Well, I sure feel huge when I forget and roll over at night," Joe revealed. "And it hurts when they get pinched between my arm and the mattress."

"Can you feel them right now?" Jay asked, sounding more like a curious little boy than a grown man.

"Ummm, not really, I guess," Joe considered, looking down at his chest and wiggling his bosom slightly. "Sometimes, I can tell when I walk. Almost all the time though, when I don't wear a bra."

"Hmmm, I would have thought you could notice them more wearing a bra." Jay thought out loud.

"I would have suspected that too, before I got 'em," Joe agreed, grinning. "But with a bra, there's not as much bounce, and I can't feel myself rubbing against my clothes."

"So, you like wearing a bra then?" Jay asked, his curiosity very apparent by the interrogation.

"Well, I guess if I've going to have to sprout boobs, I might as well wear a bra. In a way, it's kind of fun. And it sure makes 'em a lot more comfortable," Joe admitted, still grinning but beginning to show signs of embarrassment at the rather intimate things he was revealing. "It's a bit weird talking about this stuff with you," he said.

"Is it getting any easier, Joe?" Jay asked seriously, trying to change the subject a little.

Joe looked at his old friend. "I guess I've pretty well resigned myself to spending the rest of my life this way," Joe admitted. "I guess maybe it won't be so bad once I get over old habits, like wanting to pee standing up... And finally adjust to becoming softer, and rounder, and getting younger looking every day."

"Is that still happening?" Jay asked.

"Can't you tell?" Joe asked. "Sure seems like it to me. My skin is much softer than just a few days ago."

"Don't you think it might just be the feminizing effects?" Jay asked.

"Hell, I don't know. It's impossible to tell," Joe complained. "This is the first time I've changed sex, you know."

"All I can say is that you look absolutely fantastic," Jay complimented again. "If I had to be a gir...woman tomorrow, I'd sure as hell want to look like you."

"Am I really that great?" Joe asked.

Jay looked at him. "Are you blind?" he asked. "Look at yourself, I don't think I've seen anyone as attractive as you, normal woman, or whatever..."

"Do I really look like a woman?" Joe asked. "I mean, honestly...You've seen me, do I really look like a normal woman to you?"

"If there's a difference, it's probably that other women don't look nearly as attractive....," Jay said softly. "I don't know what it is, Joe,

but you've just got... an aura, or something, I don't know how to say it."

"An aura?" Joe repeated. "Jay... It's me here... Your pal, Joe. I hardly think I have an aura."

"Well, I don't know what it is, but every time I'm around you... I'm telling you, you've got something," Jay decided.

"All I know is that I woke up the other day, with boobs and without a penis. I know I've changed... a lot... but I don't know about an aura," Joe said. "Are you sure you're not just letting that damn middle leg do your thinking?"

"Give me a break, will you Joe?" Jay asked seriously. "You must admit, as a woman, you look sexy as hell."

"Really?" Joe asked. "You really think I'm that sexy?"

"My God, Joe," Jay continued. "I don't care if you were some damn hairy guy a couple of weeks ago. Maybe I don't even know what you are now, exactly, but you sure look like the most gorgeous babe I've ever seen. And yet I can still talk to you like a guy. I find that strangely erotic."

"Thanks, Jay, I guess," Joe said, his face reddening with embarrassment.

"Don't you even see yourself when you look in the mirror?" Jay continued.

"Sure. Of course I do," Joe explained. "But I also see the razor stubble, even if it is in a different place now. I still taste the same fuzzy teeth before I brush in the morning, too."

"Convince me your life hasn't changed... a lot," Jay insisted.

"Oh sure, it's different now, a lot different," Joe admitted. "But there's a lot that's still the same too."

"Wasn't the time we spent... together... Wasn't that... special?" Jay asked.

Joe looked at his pal. "Jay, I know we did some things... We had fun in the sack... but... can't you see? That isn't for me... at least not yet anyway. Hell, I still like women, for Christ's sake."

"But...", Jay stammered.

"I'm sorry if I've been leading you on, or whatever," Joe continued. "Someday, maybe we might even try something together... But not yet. I'm just not ready for anything like that."

"But... Wasn't the sex enjoyable for you?" Jay asked, his face looking sullen. "It sure seemed like it."

"Enjoyable? Jay, I guess it was the best time I ever had in bed, with anybody." Joe admitted. "But try to understand, it was really just curiosity, that's all."

"Joe, I agree, I was mostly just curious at first too," Jay announced. "I mean... You looked sexy as anything... But almost immediately, it wasn't just curiosity anymore. I think I really care for you."

"And I care for you, too," Joe returned. "But we just can't start acting like star-crossed lovers. Damn it, I'm still trying to decide just what the hell it is I've turned into. Just give me some time, okay?"

The waitress brought the beer, interrupting the conversation. A long neck with no glass for Jay and a draught in a tall glass for Joe. No long neck bottle.

Jay grinned at his pal when he saw what she had done. "Thanks, Bonnie," Jay said. The attractive girl smiled back.

"Well, you two seem to know each other pretty well," Joe declared.

"Not really," Jay responded. "We went out once or twice, a few months ago, that's all. Were just friends."

"I think she likes you," Joe blurted.

"Nooo. I don't think so," Jay returned. "Like I said, we're just friends."

"She remembers your name, and the way she looks at you... You know, that look... And she looks right through me. She likes you, Logan," Joe said, as if it were the final word.

"Well, she probably does see you as competition," Jay agreed. "I would be a pretty good catch, remember?"

"In your dreams, Logan," Joe growled.

The conversation continued, with Joe nursing the drink slowly. He knew his alcohol tolerance had become much lower and he didn't want to end up in bed with Jay again tonight, even if the concept was

strangely appealing, but he could already feel the warmth of the alcohol in his system.

They were interrupted again by the waitress. "Ready to order?" she asked, smiling.

"I'll have the full slab baby-back ribs," Jay ordered.

"Miss?"

Joe looked at the woman. She was tall, shapely and rather attractive. Her hair was quite short, almost short as his own, but in a feminine bob style, much like the hair stylist had attempted with his hair, though it was still a bit too short. Joe grinned and looked directly at her breasts as he spoke. "I guess I'll have the baby-backs too," Joe said. "But just the half-order, I guess."

"Excellent choice," The waitress said curtly, studying the front of her blouse for whatever the young woman found so interesting.

"Holy cow, Joe," Jay said, laughing. "You didn't take your eyes off her boobs the whole time she was here."

"She had a nice pair, didn't she?" Joe quipped, grinning devilishly at his little behavior.

"Ummm, she's built pretty well, I guess," Jay agreed offhandedly.

"Better than these?" Joe asked, sitting bolt upright to make his own chest more evident.

Jay looked at Joe. What was he doing? "Joe. Your at least as nice as her, Probably better." Jay decided.

"You don't think I'm too small?" Joe continued, looking at his own breasts critically. "I believe I'm not quite as big as she is."

"What's the point, Joe?" Jay asked.

"You think I'm so sexy," Joe said softly. "I'm just trying to find out how I rate to some of the real women you've had."

"I haven't HAD Bonnie," Jay said, his irritation starting to show.

"Well, you've had me," Joe reminded him. "Who do you think would be better, her, or me?"

"This is stupid, Joe," Jay complained.

"Who?" Joe repeated. "Who would you want, her... Or me?" He grinned.

"Joe... We're pals... We're more than pals...", Jay stammered. "I know what's happened to you has made our personal relationship a little different now..."

"A little different?" Joe interrupted.

"Okay... A lot different then," Jay went on. "But we can still be friends. If you don't want to push the boy-girl thing... I can understand that. We can wait as long as you need to."

Joe put his face in his hands to hide tears that were just starting to show. "I'm sorry... I'm sorry...", He stammered. "I don't know what I was trying to do just then."

Jay looked at his friend. Joe had gone from a cheery, happy-go-lucky attitude to tears, in a matter of seconds. It was totally unlike him. "Don't let it bother you," Jay consoled. "She had no idea what was going on."

"I'm not worried about her!" Joe corrected. "Don't you see... It's me... I can't seem to control my emotions anymore!"

"Well, it's not like you don't have a right and a reason to get a little emotional once in a while right now," Jay advised. "I mean... Who has gone through what you have?"

"I just can't let it overtake me like this," Joe went on. "I just can't."

"I think you're doing pretty good," Jay complimented. "If you need a good cry once in a while, I think everyone will understand."

"Women do that," Joe snapped. "Not grown men. I may not look much like a guy anymore, but just don't want to start acting like a damn woman... Not like this."

"Forget it, Joe," Jay insisted. "Everything is going to be okay. And if you feel the need to act a little like a woman once in a while, maybe that's okay too. Maybe you can't help it anymore."

"Oh, yeah... That's a welcome thought!" Joe returned. "Maybe I'll start fainting now, too! Stuff like that."

"I don't think you'll be fainting," Jay said seriously. "But, maybe your emotions are changing for a reason. Maybe you really are a woman now."

Joe gave Jay a look that could kill. "I believe I still know what sex I am, thank you very much!" Joe sneered. "I don't care what I look like... I know what I am... Inside at least."

"Maybe you only know what you WERE," Jay went on. "Didn't the doctors say that even your metabolism had changed? Or was it your cell structures? If all that is different now, and I can see with my own eyes that your appearance is changed... I think maybe you need to give it a little more thought."

"Damn it! Don't you understand? It's about ALL I think about anymore!" Joe insisted. "I'm trying the best I can... I know I usually look like Ronald Macdonald when I try to wear makeup, but I make the attempt, every morning, just because that's what I'm supposed to do... I wear the clothes... I try to act the part... For God's sake, don't tell me I just need to give it all a little more thought!"

"Well, maybe you're still a guy, inside then, if that's what you think, but then how do you explain what you just did?" Jay asked. "I don't remember you breaking down like that before."

Joe looked at the table. He knew Jay was right. "Yeah... Yeah... I know I've changed. I'm different. Not just my shape... The way I think... I don't know... Will I ever come out of this?"

Jay reached across the table and took Joe's hand. The act slightly startled Joe, but he didn't pull away. They looked deeply into each others eyes.

"Whatever you decide to do... Whatever you decide you are..., " Jay said sincerely. "I want you to know... You can count on me. Nothing's changed... We're still best friends, right?"

Joe answered immediately. "Yeah... Sure... Of course."

"I don't care if tomorrow you tell me you want to become a nun," Jay went on. "As far as I'm concerned, we'll still be pals."

"I could just see you hanging around with a nun, Logan," Joe said, grinning at the outlandish thought.

"Well, you'd look pretty good in whatever you decide to wear," Jay said, squeezing Joe's hand lovingly.

Joe pulled his hand away. He swatted the top of Jay's hand lightly. "Stop that, damn it," Joe said, teasing. "I didn't come here to hold hands with you."

Jay held his hands up as if Joe had drawn a gun. "Okay... okay... I won't touch you," he said. "Not unless you ask me anyway. Are you sure you aren't getting "curious" again?"

"No. Not at the moment, anyway. And I'll let you know if I need you!" Joe snapped with mock seriousness. A wide grin indicated that his good spirits had returned.

"I hope you do, madam," Jay Logan said, using his most dignified voice.

They were interrupted by the arrival of the food. As usual, the plates were stacked high with delicious meats and side dishes. Joe looked at Jay's much larger "full rack" with envy. "Sure, and now I'm stuck with this little order," Joe whined comically.

"You were the one who was worried about the size of your butt," Jay reminded him.

"Yeah... And it's true, too," Joe lamented.

"I'll give you some of these, if you need some more," Jay soothed. "Don't worry about your butt."

"Sure, you say that now...", Joe teased. "But you won't be coming around when I look like that." He carefully pointed to a large woman sitting across the room facing away from them. Her derriere was very prominent on both sides of the chair she sat in.

"I'll just get a bigger car, if that's what it takes," Jay returned. "Who knows, maybe I'd like you even better with "love handles".

"God, I sure hope I never get like that," Joe said seriously.

"Well, you've got quite a ways to go, if you're going to," Jay noted.

"Yeah, but less than two weeks ago I would never have guessed I'd be like this either," Joe reminded him.

"Stick with the half rack then," Jay ordered. "I kind of like the car I have now."

They settled down to enjoying the feast in front of them. Joe tried his best to eat in a ladylike manner, at least what he thought was a ladylike manner. It was difficult.

Jay watched in amusement as Joe picked delicately at the bones, every once in a while relenting and taking a big bite right off the bone.

"Eat it like you usually do, Joe," Jay suggested. "Nobody cares... Look, everybody does it."

"I'm trying to not wolf my food." Joe reminded him. "Karen said it looks bad when I do that, and I'm trying to break an old habit."

"Everybody wolfs food at the PIT," Jay declared. "That's why they come here. Eat up!"

They finished the food and talked for a while as they waited for the mandatory piece of apple pie that the PIT was famous for. The conversation started again as they sipped at cups of coffee as they watched the last of the sun sink below the horizon.

"Want to go over to my place for a while?" Jay asked suddenly.

Joe looked at his friend. "What's that supposed to mean?" Joe asked, cracking a smile.

"I guess it means, do you want to come to my place for a while? We could have a few beers and talk cars, or airplanes, or something..." Jay responded.

"Are cars what you have on your mind?" Joe asked suspiciously.

Jay grinned. "Not really. You know that I just want to be around you some more," Jay said. "Is that really so terrible?"

"Of course not... It isn't." Joe agreed. "But appreciate that I understand how you think. I may look different, but it's still me in here, Logan. Remember."

"I won't hurt you, Joe," Jay replied. "I would never hurt you, but especially now."

"I'm not worried about getting hurt." Joe said. "But I know how I feel... And I think I have a pretty good idea how you feel too... I really don't want to mess around tonight, okay?"

"We won't if you don't want to." Jay agreed.

Joe laughed. "I never thought I'd ever feel this way, especially about you, at least..." He said, laughing softly. "But I don't completely trust myself with you either."

"Hey, if something comes to pass... We're adults... I'll use protection... You won't have to worry about getting pregnant."

"You know I don't worry about that." Joe snapped softly.

"Maybe you should."

The words made Joe stop and think. Jay was right. He really did have to worry about things like that now. Pregnancy was no longer the other persons risk, though he had always shared in such concerns. It was very different for a woman. If conception occurred, it would literally happen to his own body. He didn't have to worry about being a father anymore. He could get pregnant. That's really what these soft, sensitive lumps on his chest were ultimately designed for. Babies.

Joe felt the small hairs on his back, if he still had any there, stand up as he imagined himself pregnant. Bulging belly. Breasts even more sore than his were already. And what must it feel like when the baby came out... down there... He nervously contracted the muscles of his vagina in sympathy.

Oh God, what was going to happen to him? Was this what his future was going to be?

He just couldn't imagine himself as somebody's mother. Father? Maybe... But that was obviously impossible now.

"I don't want to get pregnant," Joe thought out loud.

"Wise move, Bates," Jay agreed. "Neither of us need that right now."

Joe looked at his friend again. "Do you realize we could make another human being?" Joe blurted.

"Yes, it did cross my mind," Jay answered.

"No. I mean it," Joe continued.

"You and me... YOU could get ME pregnant. ME. Something that comes out of YOU could make ME a mother... And there's nothing I can do about it. Think about that..."

"Happens every day," Jay said matter-of-factly.

"Not to me it don't," Joe snapped.

"And it's not going to happen," Jay agreed. "At least not until we want it to."

"I'll never want that!" Joe announced.

"Not now... sure... of course," Jay agreed. "But someday... Maybe..."

"Never!" Joe said loudly. "I can never do that."

"Never is a very long time," Jay soothed. "You may change your mind in a few years or so."

"If you want kids, then you have 'em, Logan," Joe said, grinning but still serious. "I'm sure the cage will let you have the opportunity too, if you want 'em."

"Just wait a while, Joe," Jay said, trying to look wise. "You may change your mind. Everybody wants kids someday."

"Spend five minutes in the cage and then tell me how you feel about it when to get 'em they have to come out of your body."

"Happens every day, you know," Jay repeated.

"Not to this woman, it don't" Joe said with certainty.

"All right then, maybe we can keep our clothes on, tonight at least..." Jay decided. "How about it?"

Joe considered his options. The night was still young and he enjoyed Jay's company. An evening with Jay, just talking... joking... What could it hurt? "Okay, I'll go to your place," Joe decided. "But no boy-girl stuff, okay?"

"Sure. If that's what you want, Joe," Jay agreed.

"It's not what I WANT," Joe corrected. "Don't forget, I'm still on the medication... I'm sort of off-limits down there."

"Oh... Yeah... I forgot about that," Jay mused.

"You don't even know half of it, Logan," Joe teased.

"Maybe I don't, old friend. Maybe I don't."

They finished the dinner and Jay paid the tab. Joe felt a little self-conscious letting him pay, but Jay insisted. Some parts of this female stuff might not be so bad. Joe thought to himself as they walked to the car.

As they drove to Jays home, they listened to the radio, which Jay tuned to an oldies station. The tune playing made Joe think of another time, maybe ten years ago, when he listened to the same song riding along with his girl friend. Now he was riding in a car, on the right side this time, with his best friend driving, but he wasn't exactly thinking "boy" thoughts now. How weird.

"This song reminds me of when I was dating Melody," Joe told Jay. "We used to make out in the car a lot."

"Does it make you want to make out now?" Jay asked, more in a teasing way than serious.

"I told you, Logan... Off limits."

Joe became nervous as they arrived at Jay's house. Although he had been there many times, it was never like this. Like Joe, Jay dated many women. They often bragged about the previous evenings exploits as they helped each other polish or tune their cars. Now, Joe felt like a fly entering a spiders web. He felt very vulnerable.

They went inside at the kitchen entrance and Jay stopped at the refrigerator. "Care for a Heinekin?" he asked.

"Oh... Yeah, I guess so," Joe decided. "But I really shouldn't."

"Stop thinking that boy-girl stuff." Jay insisted. "Take your own advice. I'll try my best to pretend you're still a guy."

"It don't work like that for me, I'm afraid," Joe said. "I already had one beer. I can't take it like I used to. And I really need to pee."

Jay pointed down the hall. "Make yourself at home," Jay insisted. "You don't have to ask. I'll be in the TV room."

Joe went to the bathroom to freshen up. He put the lid down and unbuttoned and unzipped his shorts. He looked down at his pubic area as he pulled the cotton underwear over his hips.

Two weeks... It was still seemed weird to not find his penis there. He brushed his left index finger along the moist folds, stopping at the sensitive little bud that had once been his male sex organ. "You've come a long way, baby." Joe said under his breath as he took a seat.

Chapter 57

HOME FROM JAY'S

Linda was home as Joe left Jay's car and walked to the kitchen entrance. He wondered what she'd say about him coming home so late. One AM. She's not my mother, Joe thought. If I want to spend the evening with my pal, I can do it. He was really trying to convince himself, not Linda.

Linda looked up from the papers she was reading when Joe entered the room. "Good evening," she said. "Have a nice time?"

"Yeah, it was okay, I guess," Joe answered. "Jay and I went out for some Bar-B-Que and then we downed a few beers at his place."

Linda looked at Joe and grinned. "I'm surprised you're home so early," she said. "I thought you two had discovered a new mutual interest."

"It wasn't anything like that," Joe protested. "We just talked, that's all."

"Why not? You're both adults," Linda continued. "You can do almost anything you wish now. Why just sit and talk?"

"Just what is that supposed to mean?" Joe asked.

"My God, Joe, don't you see?" Linda went on, her irritation starting to show. "You've become a woman, and Jay knows it. He's infatuated with you. It's so obvious."

"So I'm supposed to sleep with him then?"

"Are you telling me you haven't?"

Joe looked at Linda. It was obvious she was irritated for some reason. He didn't know how to answer. "Linda... The other day I woke up like this. I know it's bizarre as hell, but that's what happened. Maybe I somehow turned into a woman, or maybe I just look female. Either I've become the sister I never had, or maybe just some kind of freak. I don't know what I am anymore. I know I look female, but I really don't think I have the same feelings... the same reactions to things that you do... that "real" women do. On the other hand, I realize I probably won't ever look like, or ever be, a normal man again either. I'm still trying to deal with that. Things are just so different

now. So different. Sometimes I can't believe the way all this stuff makes me feel. Maybe it's these new hormones or something, I don't know. I admit, I've acquired a sort of curiosity about men. I don't like when it happens, it's kind of embarrassing, but think I'm starting to find guys interesting sometimes. Maybe it's in my head, or maybe it's just my body's reactions, I don't know. But even with all that, I still feel pretty much the same about women... about you. I know that must be hard to believe. I'm not even sure that's a plus or a minus."

Linda just looked at him, as if trying to think of something to say.

"Yeah, Jay and I slept together the other day. Twice, in fact, if you really must know," Joe continued. "It was curiosity. For both of us. I look different now, and I feel so different. I knew he was curious too, so I suggested we try out this new equipment." He grinned.

"And you liked it?" Linda offered.

Joe grinned wider. "I don't know for sure if I feel all the same things you do, but if I do, I can't understand why you don't want to make love all the time."

Linda smiled. "That good, huh?" She asked.

"Nothing personal, mind you, I liked sex before too, of course, but now... Everything is just a lot more sensitive I guess... There's more involved... It takes longer to wind up, but it lasts longer, too."

"So you don't want to go back?"

Joe looked straight into her eyes. "I don't know. There's more to life than screwing. And, I'm still really a guy inside. This female stuff is interesting, and I appreciate all the things you've been doing to help me adapt to it. Do I want to go back? Be a normal guy again? Hmmm... I don't even know if I could. I don't mean, is it technically possible. I mean, even if I had my old shape back, I think I still wouldn't be the same anymore."

"Would that be so bad?" Linda asked.

Joe smiled. "Maybe not," He chuckled. "It's so different on this side. And, so far, I've been sheltered from most of the difference. I'm gaining so much respect for what you have to go through everyday."

"I want you back, Joe." Linda said. "Especially with talk like that. I don't ever want to lose you."

"You could never lose me," Joe insisted. "Maybe we won't ever marry. But I guess we can still have a unique relationship."

"It's unique, all right." Linda agreed.

Joe laughed. No... I really mean it. The things you've done to help me... I'll never forget them. I may have to be more of a best pal, or even a "sister" now, but that's only on the surface anyway. I love you, Linda"

Linda moved toward him with her arms outstretched. They embraced each other and hugged tightly. Joe leaned back and looked into Linda's eyes. They were moist with tears. He kissed her passionately on the lips.

"Not exactly the same, is it?" Linda teased.

"No, not exactly," Joe agreed looking down at his breasts which were sort of interlocked with Linda's. "I'll never get used to this." Joe said, his face turning crimson.

"You're beautiful," Linda reminded him. "Maybe you don't wish to be female, but you certainly can't complain about how you're put together."

Joe smiled, looking down. "That's what Jay says." he admitted.

"I think he likes you." Linda commented. "Not like an old pal, either."

"I know... We talked about that tonight," Joe confided.

"And?"

"And what?" Joe asked. "What can I say?"

"How do you feel about him?"

"Well... I'm not ready to have kids with him, if that's what you mean," Joe said, grinning with embarrassment.

"Is he asking for that?" Linda said, her eyes getting wide.

"No... No... Nothing like that. But I think he does see me as a woman now," Joe admitted.

"You do look like one," Linda agreed. "I think I know what he sees in you."

"He says I appear so female, and yet he can still talk to me like a guy," Joe confided.

"Men. Is that all they care about?" Linda said, more to herself than to Joe.

"I guess he's right about that, too," Joe agreed. "I still think like a male. I think I do, anyway."

"The things you were saying a moment ago were very different than anything I've ever heard you say," Linda commented.

"I'm sorry. Maybe it's the hormones, I don't know," Joe said.

"I like it," Linda said. "Too bad you have to look like this to see the world in a different way."

"I'll agree there," Joe admitted.

Linda looked up at the clock. "I've got to get up at seven," she said. "It's already almost two."

"Consider sleeping in my room?" Joe asked.

"Do you want me?" Linda asked.

"Sure," Joe said. "I can't do the things I really want anymore, but I'd still like to cuddle with you, at least."

Linda shot Joe a devilish grin.

"Cuddle, huh... Are you sure that's all you want to do?"

"Oh... We can experiment some, if you want," Joe said, rubbing her back as they walked down the hall.

In Joe's bedroom, they undressed on opposite sides of the king-size bed. Joe watched as Linda removed her skirt and blouse and carefully placed it on hangers. She slid the half-slip down and stepped out. She unhooked her bra, then innocently began scratching the sides of her breasts as she placed it on the chair. Wearing only pantyhose and panties, she turned and suddenly realized Joe had been watching her. "You still like to watch me undress?" Linda asked, smiling.

Joe was embarrassed.

"Sure... Why not?" You're so beautiful."

"Okay then... Return the favor.," Linda insisted.

"What do you mean?" Joe asked.

Linda sat on the bed. "You undress. I'll watch."

"You want me to undress for you?" Joe asked, his face warming.

"Why not? You're prettier than I am."

"I am not," Joe countered.

"Take it off," Linda ordered. "And try to do it sexy."

"I don't know if I can do it sexy," Joe complained.

"I don't see how you can be any other way," Linda countered. "Undress."

Joe lifted the cotton tanktop over his head. Dropping it on the floor, he glanced seductively at the little white bra he wore. Looking into Linda's eyes, he shook his chest erotically, then reached behind and unhooked the back strap of the bra.

Never taking his eyes off Linda, he slowly pulled the bra away from his body and, holding it out with one finger, dropped it to the floor near the tank top. Linda clapped gently, a funny smile on her face. Joe wondered if she thought his actions sexy, or if she was teasing him.

"Keep going!" Linda ordered.

Joe unbuttoned the Levis and slowly pulled the zipper down. He gracefully pulled the pants over his hips and stepped out. Wearing only white cotton panties, Joe winked at Linda.

"Keep going!" Linda insisted.

"Can I keep these on?" Joe asked, breaking the spell. "Remember the medication?"

The request made Linda laugh. "Well, I was really starting to get into it until you said that," she said.

"The realities of being female," Joe admitted.

"You poor thing," Linda mocked.

"It is literally a pain in the ass," Joe agreed, laughing.

Linda reached out and pulled Joe to the bed. She lay back on the pillows. "Undress me, but don't run the pantyhose," she ordered.

Joe ran his hands along her smooth legs. She felt so different now. Maybe it was just his own hands that were different, but Linda felt even more sensuous than before. As Joe undressed her, he caressed her everywhere. When her panties were finally tossed on the

chair, he ran his soft finger along her sex. He now knew exactly where to touch, and what to avoid. Soon he replaced the finger with his tongue. Linda gasped as she absorbed the pleasure Joe was bestowing. In seconds, her body was wracked in release.

"Oh God, Joe, You really know how to make me feel good!" she exclaimed.

"It's easier now," Joe quipped.

Linda looked at him.

"Take off the underwear," she ordered. "I want to return the favor."

Joe shook his head. "I'll take a raincheck," he insisted, "and I won't forget."

"You won't be able to," Linda cooed. "Ohh... It feels sooo good!"

Joe came up and kissed her lips, knowing she would taste herself when he did. "I love you, Linda," he said softly.

Linda licked his lips and chin as he nibbled on hers. "I love you too, Joe." She said passionately. Linda began gently fondling Joe's breasts, then timidly touched his pubic area through the cotton underwear.

"Would you make love to me, if you could?" she asked as she caressed the tiny soft bulge of his vulva. Her actions made Joe's clitoris feel even bigger than it already was.

"You're making me want to try," Joe confided. "It almost feels as if I still could."

"Let's pretend, okay?" Linda offered, laying back and spreading her legs apart.

"Pretend?" Joe asked.

"Pretend to make love to me," Linda insisted.

"But... You know I..."

"I said pretend. Let's just rub together, make believe you've got one."

Joe lay on top of Linda and she immediately began lifting her hips, trying to rub her pubic mound against his. Joe reciprocated, and

they enjoyed the sensation of like genitals pressing together furiously. The feeling was pleasant, but it left something to be desired.

"This is so unfair," Joe exclaimed. "I'm a guy. We shouldn't have to pretend like this. I want to screw you so bad I can hear my heart pounding."

"Yes! Take me!" Linda exclaimed, caught up in the moment. "Do what you want with me."

Placing his hands on Linda's buttocks, Joe pulled her as close as he could. He mimed the sex act the best he could, his own vagina yearning for something to bear down on. He pressed his tiny clitoris against Linda, wishing it was his penis spreading her swollen labia. She met his every thrust with one of her own.

As Joe moved around above Linda, she continued to caress his breasts. The sensation was very strange for Joe; trying to mimic penile thrusting as his partner fondled his erect nipples.

The mutual humping continued for a few minutes, then when they both realized that while it felt good, it wouldn't result in a climax for either of them.

"Want to stop?" Joe asked.

Linda looked up at him longingly. "Do you want to?" she asked.

"I don't know about you, but this is frustrating," Joe declared.

"It isn't doing what I hoped," Linda agreed.

Joe rolled off and lay back on the pillow. The feeling was like he had just had powerful sex, but not quite. "God, I need something...," Joe exclaimed, as he gently ran his fingertips over his wet panties in an attempt to soothe his throbbing clitoris.

Linda saw what he was doing and replaced his hand with her own. She gently but knowingly manipulated him in a way that caused Joe to close his eyes and moan softly.

"Oh, God... I need something...," Joe breathed softly. "Keep doing that. Please don't stop."

"As long as you want." Linda cooed. "Just lay back and enjoy it."

In a few minutes, Joe's legs stiffened, and he grimaced as if what Linda was doing had suddenly become intensely painful. "Ohh... Ohh... Oh, God... Oh, God," Joe whispered.

"Am I hurting you?" Linda asked.

"Not hardly," Joe breathed. "It feels wonderful."

"You want me to stop?" Linda asked.

"You don't have to, just don't touch me right there," Joe ordered, placing Linda's finger tip exactly on his clitoris.

"I know just what you mean," Linda said, changing her touch to a softer, more diffuse caress.

"I'm sorry," Joe said suddenly.

Linda looked at him. "Why. What do you mean?" she asked.

"I'm sorry for the way I used to touch you," Joe apologized. "I had no idea it felt like this for you."

"It's a bit different for a guy, isn't it?" Linda surmised.

"Oh, yeah. I don't think we have half the feeling... I always liked when you touched me hard. You were usually too gentle."

"I wish every guy could experience what it feels like for a woman," Linda said softly. "They'd make such great lovers."

"Not if they end up like me," Joe reminded her.

"I guess you might be right," Linda agreed, kissing Joe on the lips and laying back on the pillow.

"I'm sorry it has to be like this," Joe announced.

"But, it's not your fault," Linda corrected. "There's nothing you can do about it."

"Yeah... But wouldn't it be great if this never happened? I'd marry you tonight."

"What if I didn't want to get married?" Linda countered.

"I'd change your mind," Joe said matter-of-factly.

"You probably would," Linda admitted.

"Well, I better make a pit stop before I turn in," Joe announced. "I have one more application of the medication, and then I'm done with it forever, I hope."

"Does it bother you anymore?" Linda asked.

"Nope." Joe said as he walked into the bathroom in his panties. "I don't notice any itching or burning, anyway."

Joe closed the bathroom door. He took the ointment from the medicine chest and looked at it. One more application. He placed one foot on the closed commode. He pulled the underpants down and looked inside the wet garment, and then his aching vulva.

"Oh, to have my cock again, if only for one night." Joe said to himself, too low for Linda to overhear.

He carefully filled the applicator and placed his fingers on either side of his labia. Spreading the folds, he inserted the applicator and pressed the plunger down, filling his vagina with ointment. He gently withdrew the applicator and ran his palm over his sex. He still felt the urge for something inside so he slowly placed one, then two fingers just inside the moist vaginal opening, making sure the ointment stayed in. He carefully flexed the vaginal sphincter as if to grip his fingers. The resulting sensation was strange, but rather pleasant.

Joe looked into the mirror, staring at the half-naked young woman looking back. Stroking his pubic hair, he couldn't help but wonder at just what he had become. He could understand why Jay acted so strange around him. He certainly looked female enough. It was amazing. Almost two weeks now, and still his own changed image had this effect on him.

But, he still felt male most of the time. A few moments ago, in bed with Linda, he wanted only to make love to her the way he did before... The way he was meant to. He touched the glans of his tiny clitoris, which he could see peeking from its snug hiding place. It sort of looked like a penis in miniature, but no matter what it may feel like, it was impossible to make it function like one. He had to face reality... He had, physically at least, turned female.

Joe tugged his panties up and ran a palm along the smooth front. They were clammy... cool and damp with his own and Linda's wetness. They no longer felt comfortable. He pulled them down again, and stepped out. Time for fresh ones, he decided.

Joe went back into the bedroom, and to the dresser. Linda was lying on the bed and she noticed he had removed his underwear. "Coming to bed like that?" she asked seductively.

"No... I just thought I better put some fresh underpants on," Joe said. "These were too wet." One more pair of cotton undies left, Joe

thought, looking in the drawer. He'd need to do some laundry tomorrow for sure.

Linda watched Joe slip the "Jockey for Her" cotton bikinis on. Joe noticed her watching.

"This is so strange," he announced.

"You're just so cute," Linda squealed. "I still can't believe what happened to you."

"You can't believe it?" Joe snapped, attempting to hide his embarrassment. "You should experience it from this side."

Linda held out her arms. "Don't worry, everything will turn out all right," she offered.

Joe looked at her. "Yeah... Look at me. I'm a thirty-year-old guy, but here I am wearing girls underwear, doctoring a yeast infection. Uh-huh, I'm sure everything will be all right," Joe said sarcastically.

"I'll help you," Linda reminded him. "We'll both just try to make the best of it."

Joe went to the bed. No matter how he felt about himself, Linda's softness and warmth still felt familiar and right. He breathed in her scent. She was the most sexy person he had ever known. He hugged her tightly as they both lay back on the bed. They were soon asleep in each others arms.

It seemed like only moments and the alarm radio was sounding. Joe struggled to press the button that silenced the annoying buzzer. Could it really be morning already?

Linda began to stir. She soon sat up and surveyed the surroundings. When she finally realized where she was, she looked over at Joe and said a cheery "Good Morning!"

Joe looked up at her. "Already?" he questioned.

"I have to be at the office at seven this morning," Linda announced. "Stay in bed a while if you don't need to get up yet."

Joe tried to remember what he had planned. Nothing much. He would come in at eight or so, and see what was going on. It might be interesting, since it was likely Phil would use the cage later in the day.

Poor guy, Joe thought. He wondered what might be going through his mind right now. Was he up yet? Was last night his last as a normal male?

Linda hopped out of bed and gathered up her clothes. Joe watched as she moved about the room, her naked body bouncing and jiggling as she stooped to retrieve things. In a moment she was out of the room and Joe was alone.

He glanced over at the glowing readout of the clock radio. Five-forty-five. Hours till he had to be at work.

Joe idly reached up and touched his right breast. It was so soft. Fondling it felt quite good. It's a shame regular guys don't have breasts like this, he thought. Then he reconsidered... If everybody had 'em, maybe they wouldn't be so fascinating anymore. Real women didn't seem to get nearly as much out of them as men did. Then again, he had some now, and he still liked looking at Linda and other women. Would that change as time passed?

Joe decided to get an early start on things. He slowly crawled out of bed and made way to the bathroom. He stared at himself in the mirror, looking for any new evidence of continuing change. He couldn't detect anything obvious.

Feeling his underarms, he knew it was time to shave there. He got the shave cream and the razor to take with him into the shower. He started the water running but took time out to pee.

He adjusted the temperature of the water and stepped inside. It felt good. Joe soaped himself, then used the wash cloth to scrub his softer skin briskly. It felt invigorating doing that. It just never felt anything like that when he was male.

Joe lathered up his legs and underarms, then carefully attended to those areas with the razor. Now that he was used to the feel, he liked the smooth, slick sensation of no stubble on his legs and armpits.

Rinsing the remaining lather away, Joe inspected his pubic area. While Linda had trimmed him rather close the first time she "assisted" him, he was gradually allowing some of the hair there to grow back. He discovered if he didn't constantly keep it trimmed very close, it itched like crazy, and it was a place that he just couldn't scratch in public. He did take the razor around the sides, where the hair might be visible when wearing a swimsuit or leotard. Joe rinsed again and stopped the water.

As he stepped out of the shower, he felt his legs, underarms and crotch. Everything felt slippery smooth. Striking a model pose like he saw in magazines, he looked at himself in the mirror again. Very nice.

He gingerly stroked his breasts like they were not really part of him. It was his body of course, but most of the changes feminization had brought on were still new and it was as if they were something he was wearing, like a bra, but they didn't come off. They were always there, like it or not.

Joe eyed himself critically, pretending the image was of some other woman. The shape of each breast was good, not real large, but almost perfect... They were so new gravity had no time to act... But, he noticed that the aureole were getting a bit larger each day. It was hard to believe the pinkish-brown cones on his chest had been almost flat and no bigger than a nickel only a few days ago. It was still awesome to watch the slightest touch change them from soft cones to stiff erect points. The sensation was becoming familiar, but it still tickled a little as they got like that.

He looked at his arms and shoulders. It saddened him to see what had happened to the muscles he worked so hard to develop. In less than two weeks his once powerful shoulders and upper arms had sort of atrophied into what he saw in the mirror. Not that he had become flabby... but what muscle remained was definitely following a female pattern. He might still be in good shape, but his strength was nothing like it was.

Joe looked at his face. It was still familiar, but not without considerable change too. The cheekbones had become a bit more prominent. His eyes were (or at least they looked) bigger. His chin had become much softer, and his lips fuller. Like he told Linda, he had turned into the sister he never had.

Putting his arms to his side, he stood at attention for the mirror. His neck seemed smaller, or longer, or something. No doubt there were changes there too. His voice certainly didn't sound at all like it used to.

Below the breasts, he happily noted that the slight beer gut he had been trying to eliminate had completely vanished. His abdomen was now almost flat, all the way to the triangle of fine hair at his crotch. His whole body had become practically hairless overnight, except for the feminine down that remained. It was still weird having no chest hair, even if the chest shape was quite a bit different too. Though it was still there, his pubic hair had changed. It used to go further up, almost to his navel. Now, it stopped lower, and straight across, more the familiar "V" of a woman's pubis.

Joe ran his hands along his hips. There was now no doubt that they were still changing too. He was slowly developing the more defined waist of a female. His butt was definitely still getting softer, but his legs, while they looked different now that they were hairless, his legs had probably changed the least of all. They still felt about as strong as before too, the only thing he could say that about.

He gazed at his feet. Had they changed? It didn't seem like it, but he knew by the way his old shoes didn't fit, that they, like his hands, were smaller now, more in proportion with the rest of the changes he had undergone.

No denying it. The person staring back at him was a woman. At least it was a woman's body, all right. Two weeks ago, Joe's normal male interests would have considered the image in the glass a voyeur's delight. Now, he could look and touch all he wanted, but he had to adapt to it. This was what he looked like.

"If only my hair would grow out," Joe thought to himself, taking a brush to his short mane. It would still be a few months before the length would look totally normal.

After finishing his hair, Joe brushed and flossed his teeth. Looking at his face and lips, he considered lipstick and makeup. "After I get some clothes on." He reminded himself. It was very different than when he got ready as a guy.

Joe went back into the bedroom and to his dresser. Opening the underwear drawer, he selected a bra. An off-white Victoria's Secret job, with a little scalloping on the edges and the front close clasp he had grown to prefer. Slipping it on, Joe plumped his breasts as he experienced the comforting confinement the bra provided. Easy to understand why women wore these, he considered.

There were no clean cotton underwear left, so Joe went into the bathroom and retrieved the pair he wore to bed. They were still clean and dry. Wet underwear was just not something guys usually needed to worry about.

Joe went to the closet to start the selection process for what to wear. "It's so easy for a guy." Joe thought to himself. Now, there was slacks, long skirts, short skirts, mix, match... All kind of stuff men don't worry about. His collection hardly matched Linda's, but there was already enough that may decisions had to be made.

He didn't feel like wearing a dress or skirt, so pants it would be. Joe picked a gray pair in light wool. The weather was a little cool, so

wool would feel and look good, or so he decided. And besides, then he could wear that ivory satin shirt, or blouse, as women called them. He loved the way it felt. He always caught himself feeling his own chest when he knew no one was watching. It just felt so sexy.

After tucking the blouse in, Joe closed the back zipper of the wool slacks. He hated the zipper in the back, but most women's things were like that. The hip to butt ratio was quite different. Luckily along with the change in appearance, he had also acquired female flexibility. Without it, some of the contortions required to dress would be almost impossible. It was interesting to be able to scratch the middle of your back with your own fingernails.

Finally dressed, he grudgingly entered the bathroom to attempt the lipstick and makeup ritual. He was still very amateur at it, but had already decided it was best to err on the side of not enough, rather than too much. It wasn't easy, though. Linda told him it took her over a year to learn lipstick application the way she wanted it. But that was when she was fourteen. He was thirty, though he looked more like eighteen. Everybody expected excess and mistakes on a young teenager, but it tended to look rather strange on a grown woman.

Joe gave it his best shot, and decided that he could do no better. He brushed his hair once again, and eyed himself critically. "Not too bad, Bates." He said into the mirror. He arched his back to see the way his boobs looked in the satin shirt.

Not too bad. Time for some breakfast, and then get to work. It just might be an interesting day.

Chapter 58

DIAGNOSIS

Joe guided the Mazda into the Honeybone parking lot just as the news was coming on the radio. He had hoped to arrive earlier, before seven, but things just didn't work out. Just as he was ready to leave, he decided to put some laundry in the washer, and it took a little longer than expected to gather up his things to make a load. Linda added some of her things too, so that added to the delay. There really was no rush anyway. There was nothing special to do today, at least till this afternoon, he figured. That would surely be when Dr. Krell would have Phil use the cage, if he was going to do so today.

Joe had mixed feelings about what was likely to take place. For him and the others from the flight and ground crew, the change had occurred because of a strange accident. Nobody knew or had any idea something like this would happen. For Pete, it was quite different. When he tried the cage, he didn't know for sure what really caused the strange effect, but he apparently decided that if anyone was going to have be the first to try it, it might as well be him. The fact that he had been experiencing gender related problems for some time was probably only a convenient side benefit. Being the first took real guts. No one was sure if the cage concept would have the same effect, indeed, it could have other, much worse results.

For days before, they had experimented on primates with no result of any kind. But, first time with a human in the cage, it worked; with what appeared to be exactly the same results as from the GPS transmitters, but, like the others, Pete's body began to feminize only a few hours after exposure to the carefully controlled mix of radio frequencies and modulation. It worked, almost like a miracle. No visible damage, but the cell structures, perhaps even to the chromosome level, had been changed. The resulting cell damage manifested itself in a very bizarre way. All males exposed to the radio energy had been altered, apparently at the cellular level, and almost immediately began to acquire the primary and secondary sexual characteristics of the opposite sex. They became, physically at least, completely female in appearance.

In fact, it might be said they were more than perfectly healthy. Since the exposure, each of them continued to show indication of a strange "age reduction". It was hard to describe, but they had, and were continuing to experience, signs of becoming ever more youthful.

Pete Peterson, the oldest, was well over sixty at the time he was exposed. He now looked to be about thirty-five perhaps forty, no more. Tim Werner, the youngest at just over twenty-one, now appeared perhaps fourteen, if that. And the change continued.

Joe walked past the guard shack and presented his security badge. It was hardly necessary. He was sure the guard already knew who he was, indeed he was certain all eyes in the little building were watching him walk down the drive to the main building. They always watched the women. Now they watched him too. He tried to emphasize the slight swiveling movement of his hips as he walked. Might as well give them a little show.

Entering the main building, Joe proceeded to the Avionics Test area where his desk was located. Just down the hall was the lab... and the cage.

Probably nobody here yet, he thought as he took a seat. He checked his in-basket for mail. There wasn't any. He sat back in the chair, wondering where he might have left his coffee cup. Probably in the lab.

Joe got up and straightened his blouse as he walked down the hall to the double-doors of the lab. Inside, he was suppressed to see Dr. Krell and Karen already there.

"Good morning, Joe." Dr. Krell called as soon as he saw him. "You're a little early, aren't you?"

"Morning." Joe answered. "I wasn't sleepy, so I thought I'd come in now".

"I'm glad you did." The little doctor responded. "I have some interesting news for you, and I want to schedule yet another physical examination if I can, this morning."

Joe winced. Not more tests. It seemed every doctor at Hillcrest had already seen him naked.

"Get some coffee, and settle in," Dr. Krell said. He noticed the expression on Joe's face upon hearing about another examination.

"What's up?" Joe said casually as he went to the lab coffee pot.

"I want to talk with you in the conference room," Doctor Krell said. "Get your coffee and go in there. I'll be with you in a few minutes."

Joe filled his cup and went to the small meeting room off the lab. There was one large table and perhaps ten or twelve chairs. Joe took a seat half way down one side. "I wonder what he has to say?" Joe thought to himself as he sipped the warm black liquid.

Joe was looking at the old aircraft pictures on the wall when Dr. Krell entered. "Well, you certainly look nice this morning!" Doctor Krell complimented.

"Still trying to get it right with this make-up thing," Joe said apologetically. "I still don't have it down yet."

"You're doing very well," The doctor advised.

"What's up, Doc?" Joe asked, grinning at his pun.

Doctor Krell looked at the picture of a Gulfstream jet, taken just as it was touching down. "How are you feeling this morning, Joe?" he asked.

"How do I feel?" Joe repeated. "Fine, I guess. I'm sorta getting used to all this, if that's what you mean."

"You seem to be adapting well to what has happened." Dr. Krell went on. "Is that a fair assessment?"

"Yeah... I guess so," Joe answered.

"No feelings of depression... Of being out of place... Things like that?"

"Well... I mean... I guess I might feel more "in place" if I wasn't wearing all this female stuff," Joe admitted.

"Really? I thought you were liking it... You were getting used to it," Dr. Krell went on.

"It gets easier as time passes.... What's this all about?" Joe asked. "Have you figured out a way to get us back?"

Dr. Krell raised his hands and smiled. "Nooo. Nooo. Nothing like that, unfortunately," he said. "We do have some information, however."

"Good, or bad?" Joe asked.

"I don't know," Dr. Krell said. "I don't think it could be considered good news, but it may not really be so bad either."

"What is it, Doc?" Joe pressed. "What's going on?"

"Well... We sent the tissue samples to a more well equipped lab in Atlanta. They have, among other things, a very powerful electron microscope and a much more sensitive spectrum analyzer than we have here, or in San Diego," Dr. Krell started. "Initially, as far as we could tell, all subjects exposed to the radiation exhibited exactly the same symptoms, and the same physical changes."

"We don't?" Joe interrupted.

"No, you do, at least so far," Dr. Krell explained. "But there were some interesting additional findings."

"Go ahead, Doc," Joe urged.

"Don't worry, it's nothing life threatening," Dr. Krell said. "But we did make one discovery that might have a long-term effect."

"Permanent cell damage?" Joe offered.

"Well, by definition, everything that happened might be considered damage to your cells."

"What then?" Joe urged.

"Joe... As you are aware, your body has developed the external physiological characteristics of an adult female. Indeed, I believe you have already attempted intercourse with a normal male and found it satisfactory?" He grinned.

Joe blushed and nodded his head.

"We... I originally thought you had made a total transfiguration... Completely... Including the gonads."

The word "gonads" caught Joe's attention.

"If we never find a way to transform you back, I'm certain you can live as a woman, and no one will ever know, unless you choose to inform them of your experience. You certainly fooled me."

"What's going on, Doc!" Joe asked, wondering what the man was trying so hard to explain.

"Joe. According to the findings of the lab in Atlanta, and I believe these are the best in business... Your body contains the same gonads as before. We thought they had been transformed... Become ovaries... But, they only moved... Up in the abdominal cavity."

"And?" Joe asked.

"Apparently they still function normally... As testes," Dr. Krell announced. "They are undescended, of course, but quite functional."

"I still have my balls?" Joe asked in amazement.

"Well, I suppose that is one way of putting it," Dr. Krell said, smiling slightly at the street language coming from this so very feminine person.

"Then why'd I grow these?" Joe asked, placing his hands under his breasts.

"Well, along with the extensive, unusual cell damage, which is apparently responsible for much of your new appearance, we believe you have become unresponsive to androgens," Dr. Krell explained. "You still produce testosterone, probably at or very near previously normal levels, but, for some reason, your body has ceased to react to it. We suspect the cells receptors have been damaged in some way. Of course, those testes also produce minute levels of estrogen as well. This is quite normal, and you seem to be reacting to it in a very positive manner."

"So, what does it all mean?" Joe asked.

"Well... Simply put, from a purely medical point of view, you are genetically still male," Doctor Krell said.

"Yeah... Right... But with boobs and a beaver... I'm still a guy?" Joe looked at the little man with disbelief.

"Yes... Unfortunately, because of the cell anomalies, you have become what I would describe as a pseudo-hermorphodite." Dr. Krell announced. "The first patient so afflicted that I have ever seen personally."

Joe's eyebrows raised. "What?" he said.

"Again, simply put... You now have the body... The external genitalia and features, at least, of one gender but still retain the internal organs of the other," Dr. Krell explained. "On the outside, unfortunately, you have developed the appearance of a normal female. But... inside... you remain, by most clinical standards, quite male."

"What does this do to me legally?" Joe asked. "Do I stay a woman, or can I become a man again?"

Dr. Krell looked at him.

"I really don't know, Joe," Dr. Krell admitted. "In my opinion, you might have less difficulty adapting if you remain as your external appearance indicates."

"But... What about long term?" Joe asked.

"You may be surprised to know that there are a number of people born naturally every year with practically identical symptoms. They usually... Almost always... present as female and live long, productive lives. Some are well known, beautiful fashion models."

"Oh, yeah... Who?"

"Privileged," Dr. Krell responded, grinning.

"What about... You know... Sex?" Joe asked wondering about the obvious.

"I think you've already discovered you can now function as a female." Dr. Krell answered. "You certainly fooled me and the other physicians."

"But... What about... Am I sterile?"

"In a practical sense, you probably are," Dr. Krell explained. "I reviewed your scans and I believe there is evidence of a small amount of tissue that may be the prostate in your MRI's, but is apparently quite atrophied. I doubt it capable of significant spermatic fluid. And besides, with completely undescended testicles, you are probably incapable of producing viable sperm. And, in addition to all that, there is the obvious physical limitation."

Joe felt the warmth of embarrassment redden his face. "What about getting pregnant?" Joe questioned.

"I would say, completely impossible," Dr. Krell returned. "You have developed no ovaries, uterus, or cervix."

"I thought you said you could see my cervix during an examination," Joe retorted.

"I'm sorry, I was wrong," The doctor admitted. "You have developed a very normal vagina, and at the anterior, there is a tissue formation that certainly appears to be a cervix. But, the more detailed pictures from the MRI show it to be blind. It leads nowhere. You can not... You will not experience menses, therefore, you could not conceive a child."

"I can't get pregnant, and I won't have a period?" Joe asked.

"It will probably be safe to assume that, yes," Dr. Krell agreed. "But... I got this infection." Joe counted.

"You do possess a functional vagina, and now unfortunately, you are quite susceptible to ailments of that sort.

"So, what should I do?" Joe asked.

"Just as you have been is what I recommend," Dr. Krell advised. "You seem to be adjusting quite well."

Joe eyed the friendly little man. "First, you tell me I'm a woman. I try to adapt, now I'm told I'm still a guy... I just look like a girl." Joe summed it up. "What's next?"

"I wish I could answer that," Dr. Krell confided. "We'll just have to wait and see."

"What about the others?" Joe asked.

"I would rather talk to them first, and let them tell you what they want," Dr. Krell said.

"What about Phil Berg?" Joe continued. "Will he go ahead anyway?"

"Phil will be informed of this discovery," Dr. Krell said. "He will be the only one who can make that decision."

"Anything I need to do about this?" Joe asked finally.

"No. I have nothing more to recommend," Dr. Krell admitted. "Go about your life as you have been. I'm sorry if this isn't what you wanted to hear."

"Well... No periods... No babies... That sounds pretty good to me," Joe concluded.

"Remember, you are still vulnerable to STDs," Dr. Krell reminded. "Use your head if you decide to become intimate with someone. This is an HIV world now. I'll schedule the examination for this afternoon at Hillcrest. I'll let you know the time. We can talk some more after that, if you wish."

Dr. Krell rose from the table and left the room. Joe remained sitting for a few minutes. He had a lot to absorb.

Part woman... Part man... A hermaphrodite. Actually, not even... A pseudo-hermaphrodite. It sounded like he had become some sort of circus freak. Until now Joe had been worried about how to deal with

becoming a woman. Now he had to figure out how to live as a hermaphrodite. "He did say no one could tell." Joe thought to himself. "And, even the doctors can't, without powerful microscopes and other things."

Sterile... Sterile... "No babies for this babe." Joe thought. It was somehow both a relief and disappointment. If he had to be a woman for the rest of his life, at least maybe it would have been better to be a complete one - not some "pseudo-hermaphrodite".

He thought of the others. How was Dave going to take this? Last time he talked with him, Dave was thinking of taking hormones in an attempt to restore at least some of his masculinity. Even that probably wouldn't work with this new discovery.

They looked like women, and they would continue looking like women. "But, women with balls." Joe thought, grinning at the total irony of the situation. His own now apparently hidden testicles were causing him look like this. He placed the palm of his hand between his legs to feel the moist warm softness there.

"Might as well get used to it," he decided. "I guess I'm going to be like this a long time. Wonder how Linda is gonna take the news?" he considered. "Will she care to mess around with a pseudo-hermaphrodite?"

Tears appeared in his eyes. He didn't want them to, but they did. Maybe the hormones were still the same as before, but there was no doubt these emotions were stronger now. Probably the testosterone masked only them before. Now they were free to do as they pleased. They made him cry like a woman.

No wonder he still felt like a guy most of the time. Inside, he still was. Lot of good it would be.

He thought about Jay. How would he react to finding out his pal hadn't really become a woman after all, just some freak with the best disguise imaginable.

Joe placed his hands on both sides of his abdomen, in the approximate locations he figured his ovaries, now his testicles, were located. "Kinda hard to get kicked in the balls now," he mused, rubbing his tummy.

Joe sat back in the comfortable chair and closed his eyes. He thought of how it was before all this happened. Life was so much easier as a guy, that was certain. It seemed possible to adapt to being

female, it was even getting a little easier as time went on. But this... This pseudo-hermaphrodite thing... This was almost too much, even for him. If he wasn't sure what he was before, now he was really confused. I feel like a guy... I look like a woman... What am I?

Joe considered how he felt with Linda. No doubt he retained the desires and urges of a man. He somehow felt more complete when around her. But, last night was only a sample of what a life together would be like. Frustrating. He was no longer capable of functioning as a guy anymore. He couldn't be happy... And Linda wouldn't be happy either.

Could he live his life as a woman? Could he ever have a real relationship with a male? Could he be a woman for another man? He recalled the experience with Jay. Physically, it was very pleasant. The changes his body had undergone were obviously very complimentary to sex with a male. It actually felt good. He couldn't believe just how satisfying it had been to have intercourse with Jay.

Surprisingly, it wasn't embarrassing to be intimate with his old friend. He didn't know why. Although it was a little strange, it all seemed rather natural.

He didn't know how Jay felt, but when their bodies touched everything seemed all right. They were old college buddies, but the transition to intimacy happened as easy as anything so far. In fact, Jay seemed to be falling for Joe.

Joe didn't quite have the same feelings, at least not so far. It was impossible to feel very macho wearing a bra and panties... Especially with a body that looked like this... But he didn't feel at all ready to be a girlfriend. To Jay, or anybody else.

Dr. Krell advised to stay female. That did seem the easier path. His records had already been changed. He was amazed at how simple everything had been so far. It might be considered the default decision.

He certainly looked female enough. And, if Dr. Krell explained it correctly, little or nothing would work to change that anyway. There was no way he could pretend to be a normal male looking like this. Even baggy clothes couldn't hide his feminine features. And, he didn't want to spend the rest of his life hiding behind closed doors. Maybe it wasn't that bad, even if he had to "pretend" to be female the rest of his life. No one could tell he wasn't.

He laughed as he considered the scenario of walking into the men's locker room at the health club. That would create a stir.

Joe was a little surprised to feel his body's reaction to his thoughts. Sexual arousal had become a bit different now, usually starting with a slight "tickle" in the breasts, just behind the nipples, as they stiffened. Then, a more familiar "hard-on" feel as his penis, or clitoris, began to become erect. There was not enough tissue for the resulting "erection" to extend much beyond the labia majora, but the sensation was exquisite. A short while later, another sensation, unlike anything experienced as a male, became the primary sensation. Whenever his new vaginal opening began to lubricate, Joe could feel it as a warming sensation, sometimes even a very wet feeling in his underwear. This was usually accompanied by an overwhelming desire to have something inside. Joe read in a book that this was probably caused by a kind of "ballooning" of the upper vagina. Whatever caused it, whenever that happened, it made him feel very horny.

There was little doubt. Maybe his brain remained male. Maybe his internal organs were still male too. But, his body had indeed changed. Joe not only looked like a woman now, but he couldn't help but react like one sometimes. It was beyond his control, as if something else was controlling him.

If nothing else, it might be interesting to live as a woman.

Joe opened his eyes. Time to get going again. He got out of the seat and walked to the closed door. Before opening it, he carefully wiped his eyes and straightened his clothes and hair.

In the lab, Joe saw that Dave had arrived. A few days had passed since Joe last saw Dave. Like the others, Dave had continued to undergo subtle changes each day. To Joe's eyes, Dave looked younger than the last time he saw his somewhat overweight friend. The continuing feminization was evident in the noticeably wider hips, larger derriere, and even fuller bustline. Dave had developed very large breasts. It was strange to see his pal's familiar face above that matronly body.

Joe went over to his friend. "Good morning Dave." Joe called out as he came up from behind. Dave was engrossed in something he was reading.

Dave turned and smiled when he recognized Joe. "Morning, Joe," Dave returned. "'You sure look nice this morning."

Joe was glad to see his friend sounding so chipper. "You do too." Joe responded, his eyes on Dave's substantial chest.

Dave noticed his friends attention. "Yeah... I know... Kinda big, huh?" Dave admitted. He was smiling, but his embarrassment very evident.

"Uhhh no... I ahh..." Joe stammered.

"I'm even bigger than Cindy now," Dave continued, straightening his back to emphasize his generous endowment. "Who'd have thought this would happen?"

"How's it going, Dave?" Joe asked. He knew his friend had been experiencing deep depression over what had happened.

"Lot's better," Dave said simply. "I don't know what all's helping, but I'm dealing with it okay, I think."

"That's good," Joe said. "How's Cindy doing?"

"She's an angel," Dave answered. "I couldn't get through this without her."

"I'm glad everything is working out," Joe went on. "I was getting worried about you, old pal."

"I'm all right," Dave insisted. "It sure could have been a lot worse, couldn't it?"

"That's for sure," Joe admitted.

"You sure are looking great," Dave went on, winking as he looked Joe up and down.

"Yeah...That's what they tell me," Joe said, realizing what Dave was probably thinking as he almost leered.. "I keep trying to adjust."

"This female stuff can be kind of fun sometimes, but I'd rather be a guy again, wouldn't you?" Dave said, to Joe's complete amazement.

Joe couldn't believe Dave's new state of mind. "Well, that's a change in attitude from the other day," Joe declared.

"Not much anyone can do about it, right?" Dave concluded. "Dr. Krell gave me some pills that have been helping me deal with this, I think."

"They certainly seem to work for you," Joe admitted.

"Yeah. And Cindy has been a big help too."

"How's all that working out?" Joe asked, referring to Dave's family problems.

Dave looked straight into Joe's eyes. "I can't lie about it, Joe," Dave admitted. "I wish everything were different, but we are dealing with it. I've been taking your advice about it, too." He winked.

"And, I've discovered, these things can even be kind of fun in the sack," Dave continued, rubbing his large bosom with his hands.

"There is some good things about the change," Joe agreed.

"I know I need to lose some weight," Dave acknowledged. "I want to, but I just seem to gain it even easier than before."

"It's not easy, I know," Joe admitted.

Dave laughed. "You know?" he said. "What do you know, with your little boobs and that tiny butt?"

"My hips are bigger now, too," Joe insisted. "I know what you're going through, even if I haven't changed quite as much as you have."

Dave turned around, making that large derriere stand out. "Come back to me when you look like this," Dave ordered, "or when your chest is this big." He pulled his blouse up to expose his bra covered breasts.

Joe couldn't help staring at his friend. Except for pictures, he couldn't remember actually seeing a woman with breasts that big. Joe smiled. He tried to not look amazed. Dave grinned.

Joe didn't know what to say. "What's it feel like to be that big?" he asked.

Dave grinned wider. "Oh... They get in the way all the time," he admitted. "I can't believe all this is really me. I feel off-balance anytime I move around."

"Yeah... me too. I don't look anything like that, but it feels weird to sleep on my front," Joe agreed.

"I wish it just felt weird," Dave offered. "I haven't been able to sleep in any position but on-my-back for three days. Even my shoulders hurt."

"I feel for you," Joe told him. "Maybe it will help if you can take off some weight."

"That's what Dr. Krell advised," Dave said. "I don't know how I'll ever be able to do it though."

"You've got to come to the aerobics classes with me and Linda," Joe suggested. "I think you might find it interesting."

"Yeah, Tim told me about the scenery in the locker room," Dave said, grinning. "That's all I need, Joe."

Joe smiled. "It's true, too," Joe explained. "I think if you go along, you'll find plenty to take your mind off the exercise."

Dave got a little closer. "Joe, I know I've become a woman, but I'm telling you, I don't think any of my urges changed at all," Dave whispered. "I still feel just the same as before. I just can't do what I want about it anymore."

Joe nodded his head. "It's the same for me, Dave," Joe conceded. "I basically feel the same as before, too."

"What does that make us... lesbians, bisexuals, what?" Dave asked.

Joe looked serious. "I don't know," he admitted. "I just don't know."

They looked in each others eyes, and smiled.

"What the heck has happened to us, Joe?" Dave asked.

Suddenly Joe remembered the meeting with Dr. Krell. "Have you talked with Dr. Krell yet this morning?" Joe asked.

"No, I just got here, why?" Dave responded.

"I think he's got some interesting news for you," Joe said.

"What is it?" Dave asked.

"I better let him tell you," Joe insisted.

"They've found a solution?" Dave suggested.

"No, I'm afraid not," Joe hinted. "But I'm sure he'll tell you as soon as he see's you."

As they were speaking, the swinging doors to the lab opened. Tim Werner entered, followed by Phil Berg. "Good morning, everybody," Tim chirped in his little girl voice.

"Hi, Tim, Phil," Joe returned. "Phil, this is Dave Skinner. He's one of us."

Phil and Dave awkwardly shook hands. The handsome, fit man, and the rather overweight woman were a strange contrast in the human physique. Joe turned his attention to Tim, who was grinning widely, as if he had something he was dying to tell.

As Joe studied his young friend, it was obvious he had continued to get even younger looking since last night. How young could he get? "What are you so excited about?" Joe asked.

Tim looked surprised at the question. "Why... What do you mean?" Tim said innocently.

"You look like the cat that just ate the canary," Joe explained. "Don't say something isn't going on."

"Nope... Nothing... Nothing going on," Tim insisted. But his smile covered his whole face.

Joe looked at Phil. "What's going on?" Joe asked.

Phil looked serious. "Hey... I don't know," Phil said, acting very innocent.

Joe decided to drop it. He knew they had spent the night together at his apartment. He could imagine what might have happened. He rose from his seat. The coffee had seemed to go right through him. "Excuse me." Joe said, as he walked to the restroom in the hall.

He felt uncomfortable entering the forbidden ladies room. Joe found the room empty and entered a stall. He carefully took a seat and then heard someone else enter the room. Great. There were very few women on this end of the Engineering building, and Joe figured he would be undisturbed. He hated company when using the women's john.

"Joe. Are you in here?" A little girl's voice called out. Tim.

"Yeah Tim, I'm here," Joe answered.

Joe heard footsteps along the three stalls. Tim was probably checking under the doors to determine if they were alone. "Joe, I know you know, so I want to tell you," Tim spoke enthusiastically. "It happened. Last night. I asked him, he agreed, and we did it."

"Really?" Joe responded, "Did you like it?"

"It was unbelievable," Tim answered. "I was scared as hell, but I wanted to try it... I was afraid it would hurt, but it wasn't so bad."

Joe smiled. He imagined the scene... The handsome, worldly, Phil Berg, agreeing to sleep with the teen-age looking Tim Werner.

"Was it anything like you thought it would be?" Joe asked, knowing Tim really wanted to talk about it.

"We talked a while." Tim explained. "He asked about how it felt to be female. I think he's really interested. When he asked if I had experienced sex yet. I said no, but I wanted to. I offered... He accepted."

"Pretty good, huh?" Joe concluded.

"You wouldn't believe...," Tim went on. "We touched each other at first... That was kind of awkward, I guess... I mean, he is a guy and all. But then he started undressing me and my knees got all wobbly. He really knew how to make me feel good. When I saw him... God, I thought he would rip me apart when I saw him... I still can't believe it went in..."

"So, I guess you're a woman now, huh?" Joe asked.

"I was worried it might never happen." Tim replied. "It did, and I kind of liked it, I really did."

"Keep your pants on, pal," Joe recommended. "You've got to be careful."

"Yeah... I know," Tim acknowledged, "I won't hop into bed with just anybody. We used protection, so I won't get pregnant." Tim hadn't heard the news either.

"Was he good?" Joe asked.

There was a long silence. "Well, I don't have all that much to compare him with, but he sure knew how to make me feel good. I couldn't believe it. It didn't feel like much at first, except kind of a stretching pain when he went in. In a while, it started to feel pretty good. I think it sorta feels like somebody is playing with your balls instead of your cock."

"Did you come?"

"Well, not while we were doing it, but before... Like I said, he knew how to make me feel good. He went real slow, like you did," Tim said.

Joe finished and stood and wiped, stopping to inspect the small wet spot in his underwear before he pulled them up. The conversation

was making him feel like a big sister. Maybe this was how it would be to live as a woman. Joe flushed and opened the stall door. "Well, are you glad you did it, or wish you hadn't?" Joe asked the very young looking person looking at him.

"Oh, Joe, I feel so much better... I know it won't be as bad as I thought," Tim said enthusiastically.

"Good," Joe announced. "I'm glad you feel that way. I wish I could be so sure of myself." He grinned. Joe washed his hands and straightened his clothes and checked his hair.

"What do you mean by that?" Tim asked. "I thought you were the one who had his act together on this."

Joe looked at the young "girl".

"I'm just as confused and as worried as you are," Joe said. "Maybe I just hide it better."

"Well, I feel a lot better, anyway," Tim decided. "I really think I can live with all this female stuff, if I have to."