



THE THIRD SEX

Book ONE

By Michelle Scott

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PROLOGUE

Dear reader, how I came to learn this story is a long tale. To be brief, and allow you to get on with the tale itself, let me share just a few pertinent facts.

I learned the story in small parts, over the course of a long ocean cruise in the Caribbean. There, I met a charming young woman named Karen. We became friends and by the end of the voyage lovers.

I learned of Karen's mystery and then, bit by bit I wheedled the story from her. This is a true story. I have checked, and the science involved is possible.

Of course dear reader, out of difference to the principal's privacy, I have changed names and obscured the location where these strange events took place.

When I heard, and came to believe the full story, I was sure that many would be as fascinated by it, as I have become.

CHAPTER ONE

A PROBLEM

"The problem with sex, I mean as a means of becoming pregnant, is that I won't have control over whether the child is a girl or a boy!" Diane confided to her lover, Sonya, for the second time in two hours.

"Yes, you certainly must consider that. If you continue to want a child, I'm afraid you'll have to take a chance," Sonya responded dryly. It was the tenth time that month, that the two had discussed Diane's desire for a daughter,

"Oh I do so want a daughter! I mean that! I'm completely happy in our relationship dear, but I feel that to be fulfilled, I must have a child. Only I'm frightened of men and I dislike boys. Of course getting pregnant without having to have sex with a man is no problem, at least nowadays. But, what if the child was a boy? I'd be stuck raising the nasty little thing for the next twenty years." Diane Taylor shuddered at the idea.

The two women had discussed this topic for months. They were lovers, and were extremely happy in their relationship. Again, Sonya looked Doctor Diane Taylor over. Although she was now thirty-three, Diane was still youthfully attractive; her thick brunette hair cascaded to her shoulders, and at five feet-six inches tall and one hundred twenty-five pounds with B cup sized breasts, she retained what her mother once referred to as a nice little figure. Sonya was well aware that Diane still attracted wolf whistles when she walks down the street.

She was smart too. Doctor Diane Taylor worked in a pharmaceutical company doing research on hormonal disorders, and related women's medical problems. Sonya was proud of Diane's successes in creating a variety of drug therapies that were proving beneficial to women.

Diane returned her lover's gaze. She smiled broadly at her life

partner Doctor Sonya M. Michaelson, enjoying the deep intimacy the two shared. Sonya was a well-known organ transplant surgeon, and anatomy expert who divided her professional time between surgery, teaching, and research. Her current research obsession was organ cloning. When Sonya took on a research project her obsession with its successful conclusion was a legend in the medical research community.

Sonya had trained and practiced as a psychiatrist before deciding to switch her specialty to anatomy and surgery. After two years in practice, as a psychiatrist, she had decided that people's problems were better dealt with through physiological intervention rather than through analysis.

It was Doctor Michaelson's dream to perfect a system of growing cloned replacement organs for those needing organ transplants. Cloned organs would successfully surmount the two problems facing patients and surgeons undertaking transplant surgery; organ rejection, and organ availability. Recently she had made remarkable progress in inducing chimpanzees to grow new kidneys, within their own bodies. When the new organs were fully functional, she had successfully removed the old kidneys. Her patients were doing well and she was considering trying the procedure on human patients.

Sonya Michaelson was also an attractive woman, thirty-two years old. Her slighter figure, five foot-five inches tall and one hundred fifteen pounds and A cup sized breasts, attracted fewer wolf whistles than her lovers, except when she let her blonde hair fall down her back; her thick tresses reached her waist and always attracted considerable attention. However, Sonya normally kept her hair in a tight bun, well out of her way during surgery, and when she was working in her laboratory.

Sonya was supportive of Diane's desire for a daughter, but was much to happy with her work to understand what it was Diane thought she was missing. Yet, Sonya was well aware of her partners increasing frustration over her 'ticking biological clock'. Diane's desire to have a

daughter was becoming an obsession, an obsession that was damaging their relationship. Sonya had experienced several moments of anxiety, fearing she might lose the cuddly Diane to some man, who could give her the child she so dearly wanted.

The two had met while in medical school and soon discovered they shared many things. They both adored making love to the body of another woman, and they both distrusted, and were frightened of men. They were studying medicine because they believed that; women needed female medical professions if their medical problems were to receive serious study. They had lived together for ten years and had pledged their life long fidelity to each other in an intimate ceremony, of their own design, five years before the start of this story.

"Well dear, you could become pregnant and just have an abortion if it turns out to be male," Sonya suggested.

"Your right that would work. But, an abortion is something I don't want to go through, and goodness knows, I might have to have several before I was pregnant with a female child. Besides, what about all the other women with the same problem? We're both medical professionals, we became doctors to help women with their medical problems. Surely there's something we can do, not just to solve my problem, but to help all the woman who wish to have a daughter, without risking a son!"

"Diane you've got it! Why haven't we approached this as a research issue? You're right, we're both doctors. Between us, we should have the ability for solving this problem. But it will take time," Sonya finished on a somber note.

"I know, but let's do it! We can give it a year. If we don't succeed in that amount of time, we should at least be able to know what a realistic timeline will be. If we don't find a solution, as a last resort, I guess I'll have to just visit the sperm bank aborting any male fetus until I have a female embryo growing within me."

Diane was so happy that she hugged and kissed her partner, with more freedom and abandon than she had mustered for some time. Sonya was quick to respond. Soon their mouths were locked, tongues mixing as they opened each other's blouses. The two pleased each other long into the night before cuddling down together to sleep.

The next day they started on their project. First, the two defined the problem.

After several hours of work, "To develop a technique, or biological mechanism which will filter out male sperm and allow a fertile woman, receiving the filtered sperm, to be sure of being impregnated with a girl child," was the final statement on the white board.

During the following month, they restructured their professional activities to create time in which they could focus on this problem. The women remodeled the large third floor attic of their old Victorian farmhouse into a modern biology lab, where they could work together on the problem. They found that they enjoyed working together so much they wondered that they hadn't created a shared laboratory facility long before. Money was no problem. They both had made piles, and continued to do well although the two focused half their energy on "The Project."

As is often the case with research projects, many ideas proved unworkable for every idea that worked. The problem they had set themselves would not have been solvable by either working alone. It required their shared knowledge to develop a solution.

Of course dear reader, they did develop a solution in time.

Ten months after they had started they had identified a method that they thought would work. Sonya's work in organ cloning led them to develop a computer model of a new organ that could be grown in a male body. The organ would filter male sperm out of the reproductive track. They had tried to develop such an organ concept for the receiving

female body but, from the standpoint of biological engineering, it proved impossible. In a woman's body, the organ would need to be grown at the entrance to the cervix. In that location, it would block the developed baby's access to the birth canal.

Six months into their project they decided that the answer was to introduce the filtering organ into a male's reproductive system. However, that solution was also not without its problems; although, these problems ultimately proved to be surmountable.

At the end of the first year, they were ready to conduct tests on primate subjects. They worked with gibbons since these primates required less care and attracted less attention than chimps. Diane was so pleased with their progress that she decided to wait to try to become pregnant until she could be the first human test subject for their project. Early in their second year of research and testing they also began to consider the aesthetic implications of their project.

"For this to be of general benefit to woman the filter organ should be able to process sperm from a specific desired father," Sonya commented one evening as they reviewed their results.

"Yes! We can be sure that the filter male will not always be the most desirable donor. In fact, to ensure biological diversity, the filter male should probably be limited in the number of daughters they are allowed to father."

"So our problem is complicated by the need to introduce the filter male as a link between the sperm donor and the woman wishing to have a daughter. The solution must also consider that to be generally available to woman, those women wishing to ensure a daughter, the filter male should be available in society outside of the kind of tightly restricted channels created by the medical industry and pharmaceutical companies," Sonya continued.

"In essence we are talking about creating a *third sex*" concluded Diane. "A new participant in the reproductive process who accepts

sperm into their body from a desirable male, filters out the male sperm, and then can introduce the filtered sperm into the body of a female desiring to ensure that the child will be female."

"Let's chart this out," Sonya proposed.

Sonya went to their white board and began to create a diagram.

"The new sex will need to have a vagina or other body cavity to receive the donor sperm. The receiving organ will need to connect directly to our newly introduced filter organ. Which, in turn will need to connect to another organ, like a penis which can send the filtered sperm on to the vagina of the female wishing to become pregnant."

They both looked at the diagram for a moment. Then Diane continued. "Our next problem is to figure out how to get the subject male to grow a vagina as well as a filter organ, and to get the filter organ to grow or establish a connection to the penis."

"Yes. And we will also need to ensure that the penis is able to function so that the filtered sperm may be delivered to the waiting female," Sonya added. "Well, we knew it wouldn't be easy."

Several months later they had made significant progress. Sonya had succeeded at inducing a subject gibbon to grow both the new filter organ and a new vagina. Her genetic intervention had triggered the growth of the vagina the subject would have grown had its initial genetic code been female rather than male. Both organs appeared to function, and a connection had been established to the creature's penis. However, there was a problem. The sperm introduced into the new vagina, and filtered by the new filter organ was being polluted by male sperm that the subject's body was still producing. They removed the subjects testicles, which stopped the production of male sperm but the subject lost interest in sex with females. Careful analysis indicated that it was effectively impotent.

After reviewing their results, they laid out yet another research task.

"OK, so to solve the problem we need to re-engineer the genetics of the penis to create an organ that will have an erection triggered by the presence of sperm in the filtered organ that is ready for transmittal." Sonya said, in a tired voice at the conclusion of another long night's work.

"Poor dear!" Diane responded. "You have worked so hard for so long, and it's just leading to yet more work. Maybe we should give up."

The blonde haired woman took her lover in her arms and kissed her. "I'll tell you when I'm ready to give up, Diane dear. We set out to solve this problem and I accomplish what I set out to do. I'm just tired tonight. A good rest and I'll be ready to face this new challenge."

"Well you can at least let me try and make it up to you," Diane giggled into Sonya's ear.

"I'd love it dear. Just one question first. Have you thought about the next problem?"

"You mean after we figure out how to keep the subject from becoming impotent?"

"Yes. The one that follows the lab work."

"Oh! You mean the identification of a subject human male to transform!"

"You have it."

"Yes. I have thought of that. And I've been working on a hormonal medication which will alter the subject to, shall we say, make it more attractive to the sperm donor male, and to women like us," Diane giggled again and kissed Sonya as she replied.

"Diane! That gives me an idea!" Cried Sonya, "You give me your special hormonal formula and I'll engineer the new filter Organ to produce that hormone cocktail in the subject's body. That will liberate the subject from the need for regular hormonal treatment and assure that the desired external physical appearance is inevitable."

"What a wonderful idea Sonya! But won't it make more work for you?"

"Less than you think. The bio engineering of the filter organ uses female reproductive genetics as a basic platform. Enhancing the filter organ to secrete female hormones, into the blood stream, shouldn't require more than a few extra days. No, it won't add much time. I can do it while I try and find a new way to trigger the penis's function."

"You solve that last biological problem and I'll provide a suitable subject," Diane concluded.

"OK, you're the doctor. Now let's go to bed and you can start showing me just how appreciative you are of all my hard work and genius."

Soon the two women were melding together in a wild embrace. Diane gently pushed Sonya down onto a small couch they kept in their laboratory. Realizing that Diane wished to pleasure her, Sonya became passive. The brunette began to open the blonde's clothes. She pushed Sonya's full skirt up around the blonde's waist. Dropping to her knees Diane pressed her mouth to her lover's panties and began to gently suck at her mound of Venus as she unfastened Sonya's suspensors and slipped the hose off the blonde's long lovely legs. Diane tasted that special flavor she loved as Sonya's panties began to fill with the woman's love juice. Then she slipped off Sonya's black satin panties, and again, lowered her mouth to the blonde's cleft.

Sonya scudded forward to allow her lover better access to her well-lubricated sex. Diane's tongue worked its way into her crevice and began to dance around her clitoris. The dancing increased and the dark-haired woman was rewarded with the sounds of Sonya panting. Diane pushed her lips down into the other woman's sex and fastened them around the now throbbing cht. She began to suck, first gently but later with more force.

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" Sonya cried. As she gasped out her pleasure,

her hand beat the sides of the couch.

The brunette continued to suck on Sonya's cleft, massaging her sex with her hand in time with her sucking. Her cleft was starting to melt, and Diane slipped her free hand down and into her own panties where she began to finger herself in time with her friend's moans. If her mouth had been free, she would have been panting as loudly as her lover was,

Sonya was nearing orgasm. Her breathing was getting harder and her nipples were so erect they felt like they were going to burst. She went over the edge with scream as Diane slipped a fourth finger deep into her lover.

"Oh! I'm coming! Oh! Oh!" Sonya cried.

Diane kept on sucking and fingering her friend's sex. She continued until she had brought Sonya off twice more. When the blonde came for the third time, Diane brought herself off. Both women were exhausted but happy.

"What miracle do I have to perform to get that again?" Sonya kidded.

"Just be yourself, lover. Don't be so sure that you had the better time. You know it's better to give than to receive."

The next day Diane called the local free clinic and volunteered her services, one day and two evenings a week, to provide medical care for teenage patients. She picked a clinic that attracted a high proportion of homeless and troubled youth. The young doctor was pleasantly surprised to find the work rewarding. One night after she and Sonya had nearly exhausted themselves making love, she shared her reaction with her lover.

"It's just amazing Sonya. I cleaned and stitched a cut, administered some antibiotics, and saved an arm. I also prescribe birth control for frightened girls. They are all so young and so thankful. They come in with a problem and a stranger helps them. They leave healthier

and feeling like they aren't completely rejected by society. I hadn't expected it, but I'm having a great time."

"That's wonderful dear. I'm tempted to join you but, as you know, I'm almost done with my part of the project. I won't really be good for anything else until I've cracked the problem and seen my solution work. So how is your hunt for a subject coming?"

"Slowly. Nevertheless, I'll find him. Sonya, it's just a matter of time. So far, I've encountered several boys and young men who would work out well enough. But, none are perfect. Unless you're ready right now, I think I'll keep looking for the perfect subject. If you're ready I can have an acceptable subject here tomorrow."

"No I'm not ready yet. It will be at least a few more weeks. But Diane, what will you do if you find the perfect subject and I'm not ready?" The blonde asked.

"I'll get him here and we can start gentling him to the idea. We can also begin altering his hormonal balance and get his permission for the transformation while you finish getting ready."

"And just how will you get him to agree to, shall we say, acquire a new outlook on sex?"

"Oh, that won't be hard. You leave it to me. Just remember to play along, follow my lead if you find I've brought a young man home."

"Well I guess I can wait to learn your secret persuasive methods. Could you tell me though, just what it is you are looking for in a subject?"

"Yes Sonya. The perfect subject will be young enough so that their new organs and hormonal balance will significantly alter their entire body. Also young enough so that their mind will be able to adapt to their new sex and role. They will be old enough to legally sign a consent form. Not tall, and thin enough so that their body won't be impossible to mold into a feminine character. They should be good looking in a pretty kind of way. Have broken attachments to friends and

relatives ensuring that they are not being looked for by a family which might object to the alteration. Finally they will be someone who needs help and is hiding from something."

"Diane, you have thought this through. Do you really think you can find someone with all these characteristics?" Sonya asked.

"It shouldn't be too hard. Almost every time I go to the clinic, I treat several eighteen and nineteen year old boys who have run away from home and are in hiding from something. It's just a matter of waiting till the right one comes along."