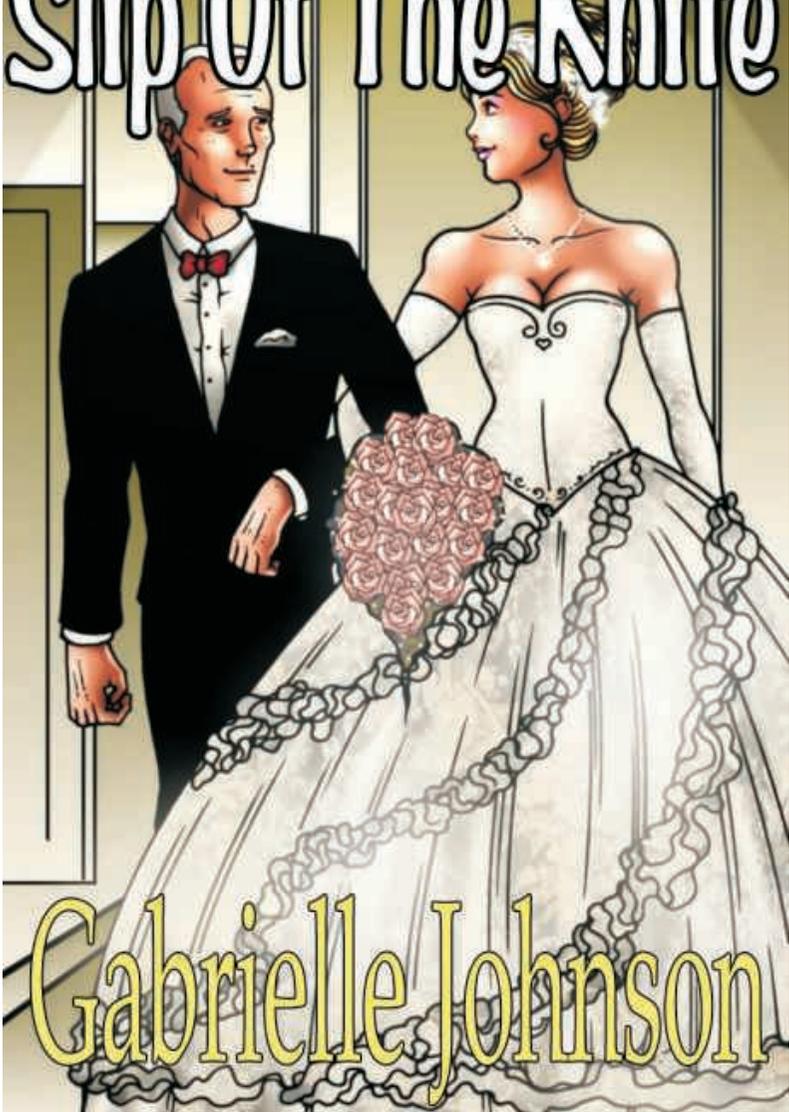


The Slip Of The Knife



Gabrielle Johnson

Copyright © 2013, Mags Inc./Reluctant Press

Mags, Inc/Reluctant Press TG Publishers

This story is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder.

Protect Professional Fiction on the Internet

We need *your* help! We spend several hundred dollars to edit, illustrate and typeset *each story*. It is important, therefore, that everyone works to help keep professional fiction alive on the Net.

The civil penalties for copyright infringement can be severe, including substantial monetary damages, injunctive relief, and liability for attorneys' fees incurred in prosecuting a case. In addition, criminal penalties may be imposed if someone willfully infringes a copyrighted work for commercial advantage or private financial gain.

Mostly, though, we just want to be able to keep offering this service to our authors and our readers.

Report stolen books by using the contact form at reluctantpress.com or call us at 800-359-2116

Thank you.

THE SLIP OF THE KNIFE

by Gabrielle Johnson

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

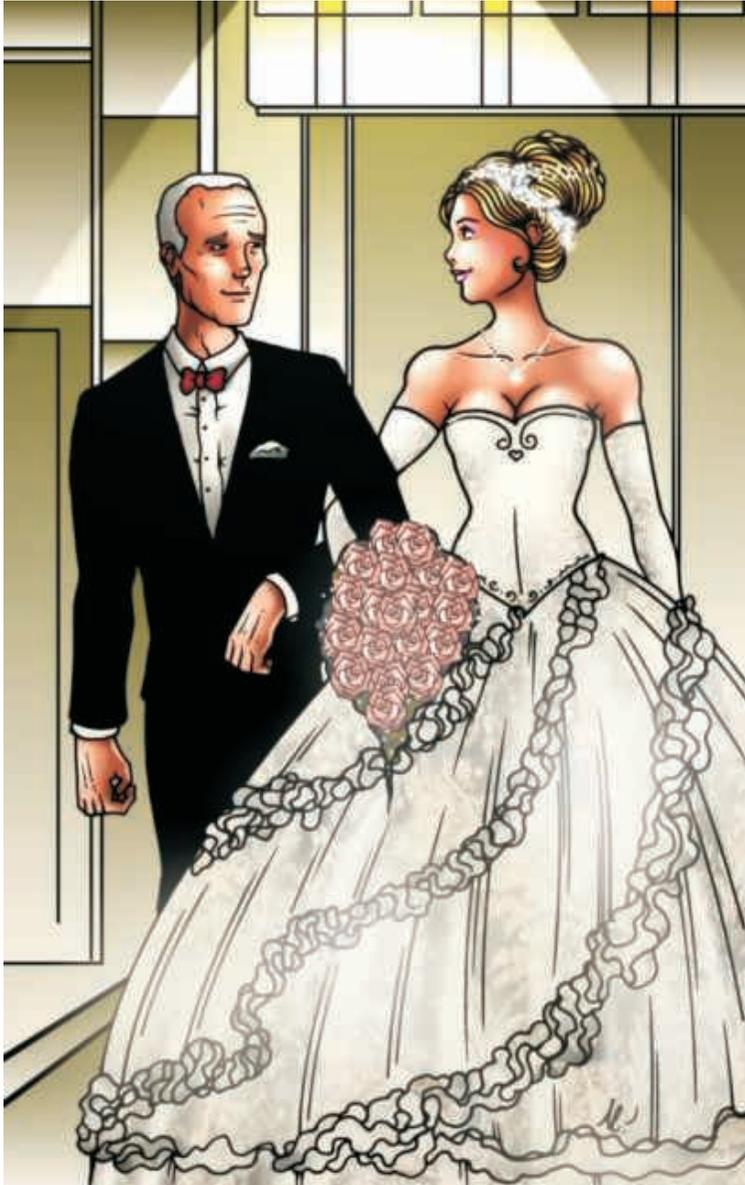
Our neighbors were out in force snapping pictures as well, not just of me but of my chief bridesmaids and her cute nieces who were the flower girls and bridesmaids and were being assisted into the limo in front of ours by their smiling mother, the sister of my bridesmaid.

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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