

From Adam to Eve



Alex Miller



A "Her Tv" Novel



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FROM ADAM TO EVE

By Alex Miller

I got an unexpected call from my ex. She didn't tell me much, only that she wanted to see me and, fool that I was, I said yes. I always found it hard to say no, to her or anybody else. I was always scared to disappoint people, but that was me, too kind of heart for this world. That was what my ex thought anyway. It was one of the reasons she divorced me. When I married her I was a young man of twenty-five, short to everyone bigger than five foot seven. Not a big problem but I was slender too, so I was literally a pushover. And that's just what people did with me for a big part of my life. It stopped when I found a job where competition wasn't an issue, but only because it was a small business. There was the boss, his secretary, and me.

The boss was a claims adjuster with a respectable reputation; I was the apprentice just graduated. These days I wasn't an apprentice anymore. He was still my boss. He didn't mind my hair even when some clients did. It was long, flat and black, the re-

sult of trying to be part of a rock band, one other thing I failed in even though it was the only reason why Linda chose me. I even had a mustache to give me a more male look. That way one wouldn't make the mistake they made when they only saw my back. The mustache disappeared after Linda did, but the hair stayed.

She said almost a year ago that she was going to look for a real man, one that wasn't a sissy when he faced a real woman. The way she wanted it, I couldn't give her. I wasn't equipped for it. I don't think any normal man was. So she took off, looking for the macho man of her dreams. Why she needed to take all my money to do so, I never knew. It was something I could ask when I saw her again which, as it turned out, was sooner than expected.

It was almost my birthday when she called. Thirty was nearing. I foolishly thought that she wanted to give me a present because I had given her one a half-year earlier. It was stupid to do, but I still had some feelings for her and couldn't let her go. She knew I couldn't. Like I said, I was too nice, which she intensely hated. The things she hated outnumbered the things she liked. So while sitting in a cab, I wondered why on earth I was doing that. It was out of curiosity of course and that is always dangerous for the cat. Unfortunately I the only one who couldn't see that the cat was me.

It was that urge for knowledge that made me ring the doorbell. A minute later I stood inside, holding a glass. It was filled with my favorite wine. That should have warned me. She never bought it before, but I was distracted. This wasn't the old Linda that I looked at. Linda looked tired and worried. This wasn't the woman I had fallen in love with. These were the wrinkles and grins of a very unattractive woman. Luckily for me then, I wouldn't be such an easy target

like before. The darkness that befell me said otherwise. She only said a word in welcome, while pushing the glass in my hands. It all went so quick that I had no time to react.

She immediately made a toast and I did the normal thing to do, I drank. I had just arrived and I there was no reason to refuse. My body hit the ground before the last word was said. The last thing I saw was her smile.

It was still dark when I regained my consciousness. I soon knew why. My eyes were still closed and they seemed to want to stay that way. I tried to open them, but I failed. My eyelids were too heavy. I couldn't move my body either, but my ears were fine. A woman's voice made that clear.

"Doctor, she is waking up. Please hurry."

Whose voice was that and who was the 'she' they were talking about? Was 'she' Linda? It didn't sound that way.

"Eve, Eve, wake up Eve!"

It was getting worse. Now they were talking about someone named Eve. Where was I and what was going on? Did something happen to me at Linda's place? My mind slipped back into darkness. It swallowed every thought. I opened my eyes again after what seemed only seconds. It had to be more because the voices were gone. My eyes were still heavy but I finally managed to open them a bit, enough to let some light in, which encouraged me to keep on fighting until I won.

I finally managed to open my eyes completely and what I saw was no surprise. I found myself in what appeared to be a hospital. Well, that was the informa-

tion I gathered from the corners from my eyes. They were the only part of my body I could move. I started to panic. Why wasn't I able to move my body? Was I paralyzed?

A nurse appeared in my field of view. She smiled. Unfortunately, one never knows if that's a bad or a good sign.

"You're awake. That's very good news. Your wife will be very happy. I'll go get the doctor. He will be glad. He feared for brain damage."

Wife? Brain damage? What was she talking about? Was I going mad? She must have made an error, mistaken me for someone else. Such things happened, even in hospitals. I would set things straight, as fast as possible.

When the doctor entered, I was able to move my head a little bit. He did what doctors do, play with their patients by shining a light in my eyes, first the left, then the right.

"Everything seems ok. You're a lucky woman. There appears to be no brain damage. After seeing the photos of your car, I can't believe there isn't any. You must have one hell of a guardian angel. Pardon the contradiction."

"What is this nonsense about a woman? I am a man. Adam Jones, a thirty-year-old man. Why do you keep treating me as a woman? God made me a man. That is one thing I am very sure of."

"Oops, I said too much. There appears to be some brain damage. You're Eve, a woman. Well, on the outside anyway. Your name used to be Adam, but that was more than a year ago. That's what your wife told me."

“What wife? I’m not married, damn it. Well, not anymore anyway. That’s a mistake I won’t make twice.”

As if to contradict my words, a woman entered my room. For a moment I thought it was my guardian angel in the flesh. She was a blond beauty and a very tall one. Well, tall compared to me. Her eyes were grey. One couldn’t see past them. To me she looked like an angel, a fierce angel. Maybe she was a valkyrie? She had the body of one. Her hair was long and curled itself around her head. The illusion stopped when she spoke. To be exact, it wasn’t her voice so much as the words. They were words of the same madness I heard before.

“Eve! Thank God. You are awake and conscious. I’m so happy.”

“I’m sorry lady, but who are you and why are you calling me Eve? Like I said to the doctor, I’m Adam Jones and I am a man, not a woman named Eve. What is going on here? Is the whole world gone crazy? How can someone mistake me for a woman?”

The woman looked with a surprised face to the doctor.

“It seemed that she has taken on an imaginary identity based on her old one. Very unusual and very strange, but not unprecedented. I will tell the psychiatrist. She has to take over. I did what I could.”

The doctor disappeared and the nurse followed him. My blond visitor sat down on my bed and looked at me. Her face showed mixed emotions of love and fear. A strange combination, but one I had seen before in the mirror when Linda left me. Her hand caressed my cheek.

“Eve, Eve. Why did this happen? First the accident and now this?”

“Lady, who is this Eve you keep talking about? Eve is a woman’s name and I am obviously a man. Even a blind woman could see that. How many times do I have to repeat myself?”

As an answer she took a little mirror out of her purse and held it to my face. What I saw was not the face of a man, but of a woman, a more than good looking woman. She looked like me, the male me, but different. Her face was smaller and so was her nose. It was me, but a female version.

I looked for any male features but could not find any. Not that I had such a male face before; with some makeup I could have looked like a woman, but not this one. This was not me and it still was me, a confusing view. I looked away from this enigma or I would have screamed. I already thought that I was losing my mind and this wasn’t helping. I needed some time to think things over. I closed my eyes and tried to think of nothing, ignoring the world around me. But the world didn’t return me the favor.

The woman never left my side. She held my hand constantly. I couldn’t feel it first, but after a half-hour I did. I slowly regained control over my body. I turned myself to her. Mad or not, I had to find some answers. So I started with the obvious ones.

“Why was I unable to move my body? Who are you and who is Eve, the person, not the body? I will try to listen and say nothing until you have told me everything. But I can’t guarantee it.”

“I’m Madeline, your wife. We were married before your sex change a few months ago. Our first anniversary is coming near, which we hopefully can cele-



brate. With you in this condition, I'm not so sure we can. But that's not a problem today. Who you are is. Your name was indeed Adam before you changed it to Eve, but your last name is Green, not Jones. I know, Eve Green sounds like the name of a character out of a Raymond Chandler novel but it is the only name you've got since you married me and it's the one I am used to hearing, not Adam. And I will never call you anything else."

I had regained enough control to be able to sit up against a cushion.

Now I could see almost straight into the eyes and they were of a beautiful blue. If she was my wife, then I was a lucky man. The problem was that I apparently wasn't a man. That was a piece of information my mind still could not accept, not until I had a lot more answers.

"You had an accident almost three weeks ago. It was a hit and run. Nobody saw it, but the wreckage was discovered seconds later. The police are still looking for the driver, but I don't care if they catch him or not. You survived and that's all that matters to me, even considering you hit your head extremely hard. The damage outside didn't look very severe, but that was not the case with the inside. The airbag worked fine but couldn't prevent your brain from crashing into your skull. So the doctors put you in a coma to heal. Today is the day they let you out of your mental prison. That's why it took you some time to move your body."

The fact that I felt a tingling in my toes was a first sign that I regained full control over all of my body's parts. The fact that I was able to move my toes was the second and conclusive sign.

"I'll tell you the rest some other time. You've got to rest some more so you can come home with me. Not right now because you have these illusions."

Illusions are not, I didn't believe her. Why would I make up this new identity? To me it was the only one I ever had, so 'new' wasn't the right word for it. But why didn't my face fit with my memories? What had happened? I wasn't rich, so a con was out of the question. It would be a crazy and pointless con. Maybe her goal was to get me locked up in a mental institution. That I could believe.

She left the room with the words, "Goodnight my love," but only after she kissed me on the lips. Something I didn't mind. Who would mind being kissed by this woman? The nurse came in after her and gave me an injection. A few seconds later I was asleep, too deep to be able to dream. The sun already was high when I woke up, but it seemed only an instant to me.

"Morning, my love. How are you feeling?"

I looked at the direction the voice came from. It could only be Madeline. The voice was undoubtedly hers. I was right. When I turned, I looked straight into her eyes. Her face was only an inch away. She used the opportunity to give me another kiss. I still didn't mind. Even when she kissed a woman named Eve, not me.

"I talked with the doctor. He has done everything he could. What you need now is a psychiatrist. She is coming over in half an hour. She will find out what is wrong with you. Doctor Morgan is considered one of the best. So I better be able to count on you doing what she says. She can get this mess straighten out, I hope."

I said nothing. I was trying to get out of bed, which wasn't as easy as I thought. Madeline's attempt to help me was refused with a quick gesture. I had to do this alone, certainly when you considered where I was heading. After more than a few minutes, I finally stood on my own two legs. Moving them seemed harder than expected. The first step made me lose my balance. I would have hit the ground if Madeline hadn't been there to save me. This time I didn't refuse her help. I reached the bathroom without much trouble. It just took a lot of time.

I leant on the washbowl and looked in the mirror. Even when I knew what to expect, it still was a shock to see the image looking back at me. I saw the woman I had seen in the hand mirror, only better. It was a version of me that definitely looked more female than male. It was me and it wasn't me. What had happened? Why did I do this to myself...or did I?

After I had examined every corner of my face, my attention was moved to my body. There was nothing much to see. It was me in a hospital gown, the male me. Well, that was what I thought. I couldn't see any obvious changes, at least not until I tried to push back the part of the hospital gown that stuck out on my chest. It seemed to be the natural fold of the gown. I knew it wasn't when I hit some resistance. I pulled on the gown and saw two little breasts popping up. I would have screamed if the image of Madeline in the mirror hadn't stopped me. I couldn't scream in the presence of a woman.

"They were the first changes you made on your body. They are only A's but according the doctor they will grow into firm B's so long as you take your medicines on time. They already have grown a little since the operation. The result will be beautiful."

Medicines? What were they giving me? Maybe it was these drugs that made me lose my mind?

“What medicines? And for what?”

“Estrogen and some testosterone to keep you libido going and make you perfect as you should be.”

“Testosterone? Why would I need testosterone?”

At that moment came the awareness. I grabbed at my crotch in full panic mode. To my relief, I found what I was looking for. What made me a man was still there, but I apparently jumped the gun. Not everything seemed to be there. After a second I realized that some additional parts were gone, my testicles. I screamed like a girl. Which shouldn't have been a surprise, but it was. At that moment I realized that my voice was also female. Every word I had said till now was said with a female voice, something I hadn't noticed in the confusion of the previous few days.

My scream ended abruptly. There wasn't much left of me, the Adam version of me. Who, what was this person in the mirror? Was this really my own doing? Was it Eve's? Madeline's arms around me kept me from screaming. She turned me round while holding me.

“My poor dear. I should have known that it was too much for you to handle. Not for Eve, but for Adam, the man you think you are. Or is ‘man’ the wrong word for what you are now?”

Those last words couldn't have been more devastating than the discovery I had just made. It was like being hit in the face by a truck. The ice-cold truth was that I physically wasn't a man anymore, but mentally I was. It was a contradiction I couldn't han-

dle only dismiss, even when Madeline confirmed it for me.

“I am that man, whatever there is left of him. Eve is not real, she can’t be. I always have been Adam and no one else. This is all an illusion. You are an illusion. You have to be. The alternative is too unreal to be true.”

“You silly girl. I feel real, don’t I? Let’s get you back to bed so you can rest. The psychiatrist will be here soon. She will help you to get your memories back and then this madness will come to an end.”

Madeline had no problem with leading me to my bed. She tucked me under while I stared into a void. My mind was blank. I didn’t dare to think about anything, afraid of where it would lead me. It was a truth I didn’t want to hear, not the Adam me anyway. There was no other me, but that was a reality that I already started to doubt.

A nurse came in. She had heard my scream. Well, so did half the hospital.

“Is everything alright or does someone need a tranquilizer?”

The question was directed to Madeline. She was definitely the woman in charge. She shook her head. My world was limited to thoughts that kept on repeating themselves. But not for long for salvation was at hand. The psychiatrist entered the room.

“I heard that someone has an identity crisis. Color me surprised when I learned that it was you, Eve, the woman I had such nice conversations with.”

“I’m sorry Doctor, but I can’t say that I know you. Besides I have no memories of an Eve and surely not of an Eve talking to you.”

“Oh, but you were still Adam then. Those conversations were necessary to convince me that you really were ready to be Eve. Sex changes are not something you can do on a whim. One of the last times I saw you was just before the operation and you already were Eve in mind, if not yet in body. The next day that problem was solved and I left a very happy woman behind. But look at you now! You’re a complete mess. I’m here to clean it up. Which means everybody who doesn’t need a psychiatrist and doesn’t answer to the name Eve must leave.”

I wanted to step outside also to let everyone know that I still wasn’t ready to believe, that I wasn’t prepared to submit to this madness, let alone to cooperate with such an insane scheme. It seemed I had no choice in it, however. The psychiatrist was expecting my refusal.

“Hold it, you. There is no escape anymore. You’ve got to face it but not alone. I’m here to show you the way. I’ve been down this road before, the one that leads to Eve. I’m convinced we can make it a second time.”

“Second time? I don’t even remember the first time. How is that even possible? They castrated me damn it. I have breasts and I sound like my sister. If I even have one. Apparently I can’t believe my memories. How do I know what is real? What can I believe? What I feel is not happiness, not the joy in being a woman, only the disappointment of not being a man. I just want an answer to what is happening.”

I was back on the bed. She joined me. There wasn't a couch available. But I was the only one that wasn't sitting.

"An answer? The only answer that I can give you is that you are Eve. That I am sure of. So is the rest. The mind is a powerful instrument and it has its own will sometimes. I can speak out of experience. What I can give you is a plausible explanation for what is happening."

I braced myself against the head of the bed for what was coming.

"Your accident has destroyed parts of your memory, mostly that of the last year, as far back as from before you met Madeline and before you became Eve in mind and body. Those memories were a very important part of you. They defined the person you were, Eve, memories you could not exist without. So to replace them, your mind has made new ones based on old ones. It's not the normal way, but not terribly unusual. The human brain is a wonderful instrument with a great imagination. It can create the weirdest and most fascinating structures. Like an alternative identity that's more than real for the person it belongs to."

"That's all interesting, but how do we go on from here? Can't I stay who I think I am, Adam? It would be the best for me to be the person I think I am, whatever the consequences are."

The psychiatrist shook her head vigorously. She turned her head to look me in the eyes. Mine were slowly filling themselves with despair, hers were overflowing with secrets. Some of them apparently tasted sweet enough to make her lick her lips and create a determined grin.

“No you can’t. Not without trying to be Eve again. You would be killing the woman Adam wanted to be. And when your memories of her would come back, which I believe they would, it would cause a lot of trouble. Staying Adam won’t please Madeline. Eve could lose her if Adam doesn’t accept what he really wants to be, a woman.”

I jumped out of bed. This was too much. What I wanted was not a reason to reinvigorate Eve, but a reason to stay Adam even when my body clearly said something different, something I still couldn’t accept. But the things I lost and the ones I gained would remain a reality even as Adam. That was a problem I was determent to ignore as long as possible. A mirror showed me Eve, not Adam. The outside was not according to the inside. I gave up and started to cry, the only way to cope with all this.

A moment later my head rested on two firm breasts and Madeline’s arms held me in a sturdy embrace. She had been listening from outside the room, next to the open door. It was only a few steps for her to take so she could save me from falling apart.

“My lovely Eve, don’t cry. We’ll get your memories back and then everything will be as it should be. You may be sure of that.”

The tears made my words almost drown in chaos, “Not Eve please, call me Adam. I can’t get used to hearing that other name.” She managed to understand.

“Sorry, can’t do that. You may think that you’re Adam but I know that you’re Eve. Doctor Morgan here has said that we have to keep on reminding you of Eve. It’s so your memories get stimulated and can come back quicker. We will treat you as if you were Eve whether you like it or not. But I will not forget

that you think as Adam. We will find a way to make it work and you will comply with me if you still love me.”

I almost laughed. How could I love her? I didn’t even know who she was. Her face was that of a stranger. But it has to be said that I wouldn’t mind to get to know her. Her beauty would tempt any man. The problem was that she didn’t love men, she loved Eve. I shook my head. What the heck was I thinking about? As if I hadn’t troubles enough? I took the easiest way out, I stopped arguing. My choices were limited anyway.

“I’ll take you home now. Well, if Doctor Morgan says that I can. Once we are there, we will see what will happen. But don’t you doubt it, you will become Eve. I won’t give up until you do.”

I didn’t even notice that she never said “again.” It would have fed my suspicion. I still didn’t believe them, but I admitted the possibility that they were telling the truth. Every cell in my body told me that I was Adam and that they were the ones that were crazy. But the logic of their words was undeniable and they were repeated by so many voices.

“You can take her home so long as you create an environment that stimulates Eve to awaken. Adam, do what Madeline asks from you. It’s for your own good. Becoming Eve is your destiny. That is, after all, what you always wanted.”

If that was all I wanted, why was I one step away from losing my mind? If I went with this Madeline, what would await me? Only Eve would follow her to an unknown place and future. ‘Adam’ was for her just a temporary problem, one that would go away if she waited long enough. But what choice did I have? I was too scared to be alone What if she was right?

Then I had no place to go to but hers. For now I had to follow her. She had the answers I needed, or at least a piece of the puzzle.

She was outside the room before I had pulled myself together, just enough to ask more questions anyway. The nurse that came in wasn't someone who could give me those answers. She had another goal. Before I realized what was happening, the needle of a syringe was buried deep in the left cheek of my bottom. My scream of surprise and pain was smothered by Madeline's breasts. She was still holding me. She obviously had no intention of letting me go or of leaving my side. I heard amusement in the nurse's voice, even when her words were not funny.

"These are some necessary supplements for Eve as well as these. Take one of each every evening and don't miss a day. Got that?"

Madeline took the pills out of the nurse's hand and put them in her purse. I hadn't the chance to see what they were or what they were for. It was clear to see that I had nothing to say about it.

"Don't worry nurse. I will look to it. I can't afford to have my girl here miss a day. Neither can she, or should I say he."

They both laughed. It wasn't funny, but for some reason they thought it was. Maybe this Eve would have laughed?

I didn't notice it but there were moments when I was beginning to accept Eve as a reality. I just wasn't ready to accept her as my reality. The nurse left with a smile on her face. I missed that, but that was because of Madeline. She opened a bag she had been carrying all along. That was another of the things I failed to notice that day. But one can say that I had a

very good excuse. Waking up as half a woman can do that to a man.

She laid the contents of the bag on the bed. I started to protest before she was finished because of the nature of the contents.

“They better not be for me. I won’t wear women’s clothing, not in a million years. No, no, no, forget it. I can’t do that.” That was a funny thing to say for a man whose body now fit that kind of clothing perfectly.

I stepped back and sought a safe haven on the bed. Madeline didn’t persist in her intentions. It was as if she had expected me to protest.

“I won’t push you to do it. Well, not today anyway. I will let you get used to the idea first. But you can count on one thing. One day I will. I can’t let my Eve wear men’s clothes. That wouldn’t be right.”

The men’s clothes she then took out of the bag I didn’t mind putting on. The robe hit the ground after I put the boxer shorts on. I was ready to put my arm through the sleeve of a white shirt when Madeline stopped me.

“Hold it, darling. First this little piece of lace. Those sweethearts of you need some support. Not that they need it now, but they can use it. They will grow on you, in every sense of the word. So you better get used to this accessory. The next one will have to cover more territory and you won’t be able to live without it. Eve will thank you for it.”

My only response was silence. Not because I had nothing to say, but because I felt uncomfortable talking about breasts, especially when they were mine. A moment later I was dressed as a man. The problem

was that it just didn't match the rest of me, which disturbed me deeply. To be going through life as a male again would not be as easy as I hoped. Not even when you didn't consider the changes I already had been undergoing. But that had to wait. First I needed answers and that meant I had to go along with everything. That was the only way to find out the truth about who and what I was. So I followed Madeline outside.

The woman at the check-in desk surprised me. "Bye Eve," she said, confirming Eve's existence. Those two words had a lot of impact, enough to keep me busy during our taxi ride. We reached Madeline's house before I realized it.

It was a row house that was luxurious when it was built in the Nineteenth Century. But now it was renovated to modern standards. It still had that Victorian feeling, but with a touch of Twenty-first Century. I liked it. I immediately felt at home which only contributed to my confusion. Had I lived here before? The help that had opened the door did her part to make it worse.

"Morning Mrs, E, lunch will be ready in an hour. After all that hospital food, you definitely can use a good meal. Mrs. Madeline, do you need my assistance or can I continue with the lunch?"

"Lunch, Millie, just lunch. Eve is my responsibility. If she wants something, I'm the one that needs to know. If she goes somewhere, I must be the first to hear, even before she decides it. She still is not her old self again. So for now she needs as much help as she can get. But that has to be from the one that can give her the love and care she deserves."

Millie knew who I was before I knew who she was. But that was easy to explain. It was nothing to worry about, but I did anyway.

“Millie, how long have you known me? I want to know because I have no memories of you. Madeline must have explained that to you already. Well, I hope she did.”

“Don’t worry Mrs. E, she did. And to answer your question, this is the first time I’ve seen you. I started a week ago, to make life easier for you and Mrs. Madeline. I recognized you from the picture.”

Millie pointed at a big picture of a wedding, my wedding. I saw myself standing in white being kissed by Madeline, also in white. The only one in a dress was me. That should have surprised me, but it didn’t. Nothing could beat my first day in the hospital. The picture could be a fake but I had to admit, it was a very good one. I just added it to my list of questions that needed an answer.

Lunch was delicious and so was dinner. The time between meals I spent exploring the house. Now and then Madeline popped up to see what I was doing. She never said a word, she only smiled.

“Madeline, where am I supposed to sleep? I saw a few bedrooms and yours immediately stood out. The two closets in there are almost as big as one of the guest rooms. Not only the room is enormous, the bed is also and there are two dressing tables. Why?”

Madeline laughed loudly.

“That a question only Adam would ask. The one about two dressing tables, that is. You’ll find out why. And where to sleep? Where you have been sleeping all this months, in our bed. Why do you

think it is so enormous? Not because I need a lot of space, not to sleep anyway.”

That was something I still hadn’t considered as a possibility, me sleeping next to this woman. It took some time, but what was left between my legs stirred itself. The thought of lying next to this goddess was too arousing. It made me happy. Things seemed to still work (sort of anyway) in a manly way.

The evening passed in silence. There was no TV, but there was a big library and we both seemed to love reading. Well, the three of us, Madeline, Eve and me. The moment of truth came when I followed Madeline into the bedroom. I stalled my undressing. She noticed and opened a closet to take out some nightwear. She held it out for me.

“What is that?”

“A night dress, your nightwear. If you want to sleep next to me, that is. I only let Eve in my bed. So you should at least be dressed as her. The decision is yours.”

“Forget it. I am not going to put that on. No way.”

I couldn’t see myself wearing it. It was a beautiful and sexy piece for a woman to wear, but not me. It would mean that I saw myself as a woman and that was asking too much. That night I wasn’t sleeping next to my goddess and I had no regrets about it.

“No problem, I’m not going to make you, not today anyway. There is room enough in one of the guest rooms. Millie has made one of the beds. Just look for the right room.”

I did. A shower later, I lay naked in the bed. The bra turned out to be a challenge. Putting it on felt un-

real, getting it off felt all too real. That was a feeling too new for me.

Hours later I was still awake. My mind was too occupied to be able to fall asleep. How could I, knowing that one day I may be Eve. Today, however, I was Adam and would like him. So I would go look for any little bit of evidence that this Adam was not just a figment of my imagination. The first answer would be given by my ex. The last memory I had was a glimpse of her face. My intention was to find her and to see what she had to say to me. Her answer could make all the other ones obsolete. I only had to find a way to do it without Madeline knowing it.

The last thing that haunted my thoughts before I fell asleep was the fear of waking up as Eve. The first thing I did when opening my eyes was wonder where I was, just for a moment, until all my memories were back. Well, the ones belonging to Adam, not Eve.

A shower did wonders, but not for long. That ended when I found out what Madeline wanted me to wear. I came out the shower when she entered the bathroom. I tried to cover everything, but I had not enough hands. So I covered the most embarrassing part.

“Stop doing that. I’ve seen it already, more than once.”

The problem was that I couldn’t take her word for it. Nevertheless I let my hands take a more natural position. Another problem arose slowly, one that made Madeline laughed and which helped make the problem go away. The challenge was to get Madeline out before I lost control again. I took the two packages out of her hand and pushed her out of the bathroom. She hadn’t stopped laughing. Her voice

reached me through the open door. She Adam didn't need to raise her voice.

"Those are for you, and before you start yelling, that's all you will get today for underwear. Your boxer shorts are already part of the garbage filling the bin. It's the same bra as yesterday, only in another color and with a matching bikini brief. You will find out that it is better fitting than stupid boxer shorts and an asset for your figure. Well, as far as me enjoying it, it definitely is. I will enter again in five minutes and you better be dressed."

Should I do this or should I just run? I was at an unknown place, with an unknown woman, doing strange things. But where could I go looking like this. Even if I made my escape now it would be without underwear. The only safe choice to make was to stay and obey. The brief went on quickly. I wanted everything out of the way before she came back. Which didn't work. It was sticking out too much. That was the result of feeling the lace rushing passed my hairless legs. My whole body was hairless. That was another thing I missed when I first awoke in the hospital. Now it was too noticeable to miss. The bra only made it worse. Now my mind had nothing else to do than notice what those things did to me. Maybe Eve was real? How could a man have feelings like this from putting on women's underwear? Madeline never seemed to miss anything, but that was because she was admiring the view.

"Oh my dear. I think we have to reduce the testosterone in your pills until we have a use for that thing again, or until you get rid of it. For now you better tuck it back between you legs. You just have to wait until things, sorry, one thing has settled down."