

# SUGAR & SPICE

*By Dee Dee Perri*



ILLUSTRATED BY CHAS

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A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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## SUGAR & SPICE

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### CHAPTER 1

“Trillions and trillions and trillions of universes,” Dr. Howard Winslow paused dramatically. “More universes than there are stars in this universe we call ‘home’, with its mere hand full of galaxies. And in these parallel spatial-temporal time lines, ‘Earths’ beyond count. Earths in which mankind never evolved. Earths still waiting for the plow to bite virgin soil and to feed our hungry, Earths to provide all the mineral resources that we might ever need. Earths to provide endless new habitats. Earths...” he sighed. “Why seek to travel into space, to potentially barren, and certainly remote worlds when with but the right technology all these parallel worlds and more can be ours to exploit?”

“Doctor Winslow?” a voice called out from the back of the lecture hall.

“Yes, Ms. Sankisco?”

“Earths with humans like us?”

“Of course. Surely billions and billions and...”

“Worlds in which Elvis still lives?” The young girl interrupted her own question with a giggle and added, “My Grandma would like that very much.”

“Yes, of course. Indeed, every possible Earth that had a quantum opportunity to exist would exist. Though I suspect that your Grandmother’s Elvis might be pretty old. Um... what was my point? Oh yes, Earths in which dinosaurs still rule, Earths beyond imagination.” He looked thoughtfully at the young woman. “If it were ever possible then it COULD happen, then the resulting time line MUST exist and continues...”

“Sir?” Another hand went up.

“Yes, Mr. Perks?”

“If you discover...or travel between world lines, wouldn’t that make you just about the most important man in history?”

“Our history, perhaps.” Dr. Winslow said somberly. “If you’re interested, I’m looking for a research assistant... without pay, of course, to help me in this line of work...hmm?”

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It was as if the universe itself were resisting Dr. Winslow’s efforts to bridge the temporal-spatial boundaries that separated the ‘here and now’ with the ‘not here and not now’ of quantum physics. Daniel Perks, the undergraduate research assistant, turned and looked back at the physics professor for emotional support. Of all the ex-

periments that he'd helped with before, this was the first time he'd actually "felt" the immense power of the quantum field generator. The near proximity to that field was making his head spin. "Doc?" he croaked.

Doc Winslow could have been the lead in any B-movie that needed a "mad scientist". Doc's premature gray hair, which was normally swept straight back to reveal a receding hair line, was, at that moment, standing straight out from his skull in response to the intense electrostatic charge which filled the laboratory. He looked like an old dandelion gone to seed. The filthy laboratory coat hung straight down from his skinny shoulder to just above his knobby knees and hairy legs. Doc wore shorts during the summer, which created the impression that he was naked underneath that coat, like some kind of flasher. "If you please, Mr. Perks, keep your eyes on the test object." The man was the very soul of the old school as he turned back one more time to examine the readings on his instruments; he was cool and proper even under the most stressful circumstances.

Moments later, the large titanium sphere directly above the collector grid began wobbling erratically as if it were attempting to dance to the mad symphony of ear shattering sounds coming from the rear of the laboratory. "But Doc..." Daniel Perks called out as he looked back over his shoulder toward his professor. It was obvious that the sphere was working its way off the stainless steel rod that had been used to attach it to the support beam in the ceiling. Abruptly, the sound of a million angry bees bloomed from the sphere and added to the waxing roar that was overwhelming Dan's senses. "SIR"? he yelled, "THE SPHERE..." Doc's back was turned and the horrendous noise drowned out Dan's warning. Danny realized that he had to act now! He scurried up the ladder and reached out to slap the sphere back into position. Fortunately he stopped himself: with a charge of over forty thousand volts it would have been instant death! His abruptly aborted swing sent him tumbling from the ladder. Oddly, the fall of a mere seven feet to the iron platform below seemed to take forever.

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Concern mixed with terror rode heavily across the professor's face as he scurried over to his fallen assistant. Danny, sprawled across the collector grid, was either dead or unconscious. The abrupt silence, which had descended upon the laboratory when Dr. Winslow switched off the power, was itself almost deafening.

Danny's eyes remained closed but a sheepish grin formed. "Get the number of that truck, will ya!"

The normally reserve Dr. Winslow smiled in relief at his assistant's attempt at humor. "I'll have someone take you directly to the University hospital Danny. Can't be too careful."

"Whoah!" he exclaimed at the sound of the professor's voice. It was like listening to a recording played too fast. A whole octave higher. His vision was blurred, he couldn't focus, and he flopped like a landed fish when he tried to pull himself up. He blinked his eyes rapidly to regain his sight but that also failed. Finally he put his head between his knees and groaned, "I'll be okay in a second, Doc." His own voice sounded normal, at least.

Dr. Winslow eased down beside Dan and stared distractedly at the plastic cone that had been the object of their experiment. Needless to say, its continued presence on the platform confirmed that this last test, like the hundred others before, had failed. Finally he spoke. "I really wanted it to work this time."

"What?" Doc's voice still sounded weird. Dan jerked upright like an ostrich pulling its head out of the sand. "Doc?" His voice quivered. Setting beside him was a **woman!** He saw the shaved legs, in nylons, coming out from under the clean white laboratory coat where a bony set of hairy legs *should* be. He swung his eyes up to Dr. Howard Winslow's face. "Doc?" he asked tentatively, watching *her* mascara enhanced lashes flutter above concerned blue eyes and *her* full red lips compress into alarm. "You're... a...a... a woman!"

Doctor Winslow threw his head back and began to laugh uncontrollably. His conical breasts beneath the lab coat jiggled sympathetically with each hearty sound. "Ha! Hee hee..." Finally Professor Winslow carefully brushed away the tears that had threatened to streak his makeup. "Oh Danny, that's rich." Between giggles the professor sputtered "But your still going to the hospital."

Danny scrambled to his feet, one hand nursing his forehead, as he took his first uncertain steps. "MY GOD WE DID IT!"

"Precisely what, young lady, did WE do?"

"I...er- we... This isn't Kansas anymore," he grinned self-consciously.

A pained expression came over Dr. Winslow's face, "I haven't the slightest idea of what you are talking about. Danny, be a lady and help me up." Dr. Winslow extended a hand, palm down, fingers together as he tucked his dainty feet beneath him in preparation to stand.

"Yes, ma'am," Danny muttered cautiously. A glare from the doctor caused him to correct his statement, "I mean- sir?"

Dr. Winslow carefully brushed himself off, turned to check his nylons and then, finally, turned his attention back to his assistant, "Danny, are you serious?"

"Yes... sir."

Howard Winslow's concern grew visibly deeper. "The experiment did not work, young lady. Look around you, nothing has changed. Even that darn test sample is just laying there where I put it earlier." He sighed to let out some of his anxiety. "Come on, Ms. Perks, I'm taking you right over to the emergency room. And please, no more of this silliness, have I made myself perfectly clear? Your humor is wearing a little thin."

"Doc?" Danny sputtered, seeking to gain time. She doesn't believe me... she? This was Dr. Howard Winslow in a skirt... with boobs! And HE still thought he was a he and... me as a she and... It was all too much. His shoulders slumped in defeat as the professor took him by the arm and led him from the room.

"Now, now," said Dr. Winslow in a tone generally reserved the mentally challenged. One of the professor's small hands held Danny by the wrist as the other stroked his back.

"I'm all right, really," Mumbled Danny in self-defense.

“We’ll let the doctors at the health center be the judge of that, my dear.”

A few moments later, a voice called out as they passed the main departmental office, “Dr. Winslow?” A head popped out of the door. “Dean Glavin on the phone... and she sounds pissed!”

That brought Dr. Winslow to a halt. “Oh my!” She paused for a second. “Douglas, be a sweetheart and take poor Ms. Perks to the Health Center, she hit her head and I’m afraid she’s a bit... disoriented.”

“Yes, sir.”

Danny’s eyes bulged in disbelief as his friend Douglas Boynton stepped into the hall and took his arm. The red head’s normal crew cut had been replaced by gorgeous long locks that trailed across his shoulders and flowed down his chest. His chest! The tight nylon blouse strained against a pair of breasts that threatened to overflow from the low cut neckline. A head shorter than he had any right to be, even with the two-inch platform shoes, Doug had lost none of his typical assertiveness. “It would be my pleasure,” Douglas grinned as his green eyes sparkled with mischief. “This way, sweetie,” he purred as he took possession of Dan’s arm. No wilting lily or shy petunia, Douglas pulled the resisting Danny closer than was necessary, pressing “his” breasts against Dan’s biceps. “Grrr.”

Oh brother! thought Dan, from the frying pan into the fire. He shook off Douglas’s arm. “Give me some space, will ya?”

Douglas wasn’t one to be easily put off, not in the other world nor apparently in this one. Scooting inside Dan’s out stretched arm, he nuzzled up against Dan’s chest, “Just a little squeeze.” He thrust his firm breasts against Dan. “C’mon, nobody’s looking!” When Dan failed to respond, Douglas grabbed Dan’s head and pulled as he strained on his tiptoes. He mashed his lips against Dan’s and tried to thrust his tongue inside.

Even though Dan was taller and stronger, for a moment, Doug’s efforts succeeded. Sputtering, Dan threw the much smaller “man” back to the floor.

“Jeez,” yelped Douglas as his rounded rear met the linoleum. “What’s got into to you, huh, the wrong time of the month or something?”

Flustered, Dan just stood there looking down at Doug. He looks like a girl, but acts like a guy, he thought. What a weird world! Using an old line which he’d certainly never uttered, Dan said sternly, “What part of NO don’t you understand?”

A defeated Douglas pulled himself up and with a glare said, “Let’s go, Miss goody two-shoes.”

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In spite of the differences between this universe and the one that Dan had been born in, some things remained constant. He’d been sitting in the Emergency Room for at least an hour waiting for his turn to be examined by the physician on duty. Doug, his duty completed and realizing he had no chance with Dan, had finally fled back to the Physics building. Now alone, Dan was taking this opportunity to assess his situation. The packed waiting room was probably a good cross section of the student body.

Far more “boys”, that is, individuals like himself...or are they called “girls” in this world? Trying to figure it out made his head hurt. Like in his world, the nurses wore dresses and makeup and the doctor on duty, a massive, broad shouldered individual with equally broad hips and no waist, loomed as an all powerful primate. The nurse behind the desk called out to a Mr. Delcose that the doctor could see him now. The Mr. Delcose in question stood up: a very attractive, willowy blond, Dan noted with despair. Dr. Winslow and Douglas were indeed not the exception but the rule.

His thoughts were interrupted by the sound of a woman’s voice calling his name. “Danny?” He turned and stared as the middle-aged woman put her arms around him and sat down beside him.

“I came as soon as Dr. Winslow told me, sweetie,” She gushed as her hand gently fingered his head looking for the bump. “Tell Daddy where it hurts, honey.”

“Dad?” croaked Dan. He blinked his eyes rapidly as if this might help him recognized his own father. The smell of perfume, the cascade of hair that tickled his cheeks and the breasts against his chest made the task all but impossible. Pulling back just enough to see the face he searched for some sign, some familiar pattern. It was there, covered by makeup, shaded into femininity but still recognizable, if only slightly. “I’m okay, really.” He was relieved to see the anxiety fade from his father’s face. “Doesn’t even hurt now.” His response was greeted with an enthusiastic hug. “Could we go home?” Dan pleaded.

His father stroked his cheek with a soft, moist hand that reeked of perfume. “Honey, you know I can’t do that. Dr. Fern is counting on me to get her manuscript typed up this afternoon.”

“Dad?” Dan couldn’t believe his ears. His dad was nothing more then a secretary in this world.

“Sweetie, I’ll take you over to your mother’s office, okay? But first, you have the doctor look at you. And no butts, my big girl!”

“Ms. Perks,” the nurse called out. “The doctor will see you now.”

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A large bronze plate across the massive oak door proclaimed to all-the-world that a Dr. Gloria Perks, senior Vice President of the University, owned this particular region of the administrative building. “There, Honey.” His dad gave him a quick kiss on the cheek and then pointed to the door. “She’ll be free in a few minutes.” And then she turned and headed back to the elevator.

Dan stared at the back of the retreating figure of his... Dad. The tight skirt just above the knees, the click of heels on the marble, the feminine sway... Dan rubbed his temple trying to hold back the headache that threatened to be the last straw in an otherwise overwhelming afternoon. At that instant, the door opened.

“Well, Danielle, what have we been up to today?”

Dan grimaced at his new name. “Hi, Mom.” Towering above him was just about the most massive figure that he’d ever seen. There was absolutely nothing feminine about

his mother, that was for sure. Unlike his dad, try as he might, he couldn't find a shred of evidence that hidden inside, somewhere, was his mom.

"I'll drop you off at home," she shrugged. "Golf game, you know. Can hardly keep the boss waiting." Not the slightest trace of concern flavored her face. Indeed, there was even a hint of impatience in "her" manner.

Dan had to talk to someone but it was obviously not going to be his "mom". He followed the rapidly retreating form down the hall. "I'm feeling better, really," he called to his mom's back.

"What's that supposed to mean?" she snapped as she pulled her "daughter" into the elevator.

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It was probably fortunate that Danny had gone home with his mom, otherwise he'd never have found his house. In this world they lived on Park Ave., a far cry from the cheap, suburban house that his dad, in the other world, could afford on his salary as a Professor of Literature. Five minutes later, having changed clothes, Gloria Perks left her "daughter" alone in the oversized house.

There had never been a doubt in Dan's mind, since the first moment this adventure had unfolded, of his intent to return home, that is, back to his own speck of the temporal-spatial continuum. Not until now, that is. The place reeked of money, power and personal comforts way beyond anything he'd experienced before. He half expected a servant to suddenly appear and ask if there was just anything that he might desire. Forget about the fact that his dad worked as a secretary and his mom as an administrator at the university, this place wasn't bought out of a salary. To his right, at the foot of the spiral staircase, was a parlor. To the left was a living room large enough to fill in as a ballroom. A dozen steps down the wide hall, again to the right, was a formal library. He gave out a low whistle, from hardwood floor to the wood inlaid ceiling some fifteen feet above his head there were books, thousands of them. Maybe I'll find some answers here, he mused as he walked up to the massive desk that dominated the center of the room.

This was not an exact parallel to his world, with just one specific glitch. His mom might not be his mom for starters. But then, there was a lot here that one could get used to, in addition to being rich. It didn't matter much if the boys were called girls or vice versa, the chicks with the tits, regardless of what you called them, were every bit as sexy as those in his own world but with a decided advantage- here they were the ones to initiate. A guy in this world would be hard pressed to remain a virgin, that's for sure. Maybe this would be a 'just-a-bit-of-the-all-right', Danny grinned. Just maybe he'd been lucky when Dr. Winslow failed to understand exactly what had happened. He paused in front of a thick book entitled "World History". This would do the trick, he thought as he lifted the heavy tome and headed for the desk.

The click of high heels on the hardwood floor outside the library caught his attention. He wasn't alone.

"Mistress Danielle?" A sweet young thing stood in the doorway. She wore a French maid's costume, complete with three-inch heels, net silk stocking and tons of cleavage.



A little curtsy showed even more of the rich, soft bosom before she looked up. There was something in the mischievous sparkle of her eyes that reminded Dan of his earlier experience with Douglas: a frank, uninhibited sexuality that was obvious in her every aspect.

“Oh, hi,” Dan responded lamely.

She looked wistfully, her head cocked to one side. “Anyzing, yes?” She really was French!

He shook his head no and she left. That was dumb, he concluded. Maybe it was because she was so pretty and so willing... Dan shrugged his shoulders and sat down in the leather chair behind the desk. Next time he resolved to find out how far she'd let him go. Then Dan began reading about Alexandria the Great, Mother of the modern world.

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Neither his dad nor his mom said much during dinner. It appeared to Dan that quiet at the table was both the norm and required. He was about to burst with questions. His reading this afternoon had confirmed what was obvious to the eye: women were dominate, and had been that way until the last few decades. Why men were called women and vice versa or why so many people that he'd known in the 'real' world were of the opposite sex was still entirely a mystery. And then there was this thing about the double standard which was also reversed... His thoughts were disrupted by a direct question from his mom. “Excuse me?” he sputtered.

Mom wiped her lips carefully with the napkin before repeating herself. “We need to talk.”

Dad looked from Dan to his wife and then back again.

“Sorry, woman talk.” Mom shrugged her massive shoulders as Dad hastily left the table.

“Danielle, tell me the truth.” She paused. “Have you been taking drugs?”

“Me? Gosh, no.”

His Mom leaned back in, pulled out a cigar and began to prepare it for lighting. “Blood test results, your blood test results from the tests conducted this afternoon,” she paused to light up, “Dr. Drews at the Health Center called me herself. Your blood tests were way out-of-line. Need to be redone. Any explanation?”

Dan shrugged his shoulders.

“Don't embarrass the family, girl. If your hiding anything, now is the time to tell the truth.”

Again Dan shrugged. “Honest mom, nothing... I've done nothing wrong...”

“I told her so. No daughter of mine would be messing with hormones.” She winked. “They probably got your results messed up with one of those transsexual patients. Anyhow, tomorrow morning, you stop by and let them take another sample, understand?”

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Something is wrong with my hormones? He couldn't get that idea out of his head. He finally gave up reading about world history and began looking for his bedroom. Mom had left the house immediately after they'd talked and Dad had gone to some kind of charity, so it seemed like the right time to check out the upstairs. He reasoned that he would have a room like a boy would have in his own world. Since he looked like a boy, he would behave like a male, just as his new mother behaves like a man. The first four rooms were obviously guest rooms. Where do they sleep, he wondered. A smaller hall branched toward the back to a narrow flight of stairs. This couldn't be right. He was just about to turn around when a door opened just beyond the top of this upper set of stairs.

"Mistress?"

"Oh, hello again." All of a sudden his heart was racing. It was her, the maid! Jet black hair, which had been pinned up into a bun this afternoon, now hung in silky curls. "I just lost my way," he said lamely. "I was looking for my room and..."

She giggled. "Ziss iz terrible, no? I come help you. Maybe?"

"Gosh, that'd be a real help." Dan gulped as he felt his penis harden. She disappeared for a few seconds and then reappeared wearing a translucent robe that left little to the imagination: a lacy, corset type of undergarment, nylons and heels. In all fairness, she was just about the sexiest thing old Dan had ever seen. She glided down the stairs and past him, leaving a trail of delicate perfume. She gestured for him to follow. They went down a hidden set of stairs to the first floor in the rear of the house, to a bedroom. "Thank you," Dan said, his voice grown thick with desire.

She stood to one side as if to let him pass. She was breathing hard, her lush bosom heaving, eyes dilated, lips moist and quivering. He knew she wanted him, and yet she was afraid to make an additional sign of her willingness. Perhaps because she was a servant. He touched her face with his palm and she rewarded him by gently kissing his fingertips. She began to moan. Dan wasn't sure after that exactly who did what next, nor did it matter.

They were in the bedroom, his bedroom, with the door locked behind them. His hands were tangled in her long tresses as she pushed him to the floor. She began to lash him with her breasts, slapping his face from side to side, as her hands ripped his shirt open. She was the very essence of rampant sexuality, dominant, controlling and in a frenzy like Dan had never experienced. Sweet, smooth flesh quivered almost uncontrollably as she rode him. In the dim light he saw her rip open the corset and fling it to the floor. The gentle roundness of her now fully unfettered breasts, the delightful curve of her small, high waist descending to the round belly with its deep recessed navel. His hands sought and found her slight, girlish hips and kneaded her fleshy butt through her silk panties. He reached between her legs to find that moist wetness that he hoped was there waiting for him. She abruptly stood up and turned her back as she removed her panties.

Frantic with lust, Danny wiggled out of his own pants. His penis stood like an impatient flag pole. She was ready! He was ready!

She had dropped to her knees again, now fully naked, and began to spread his legs apart. They both screamed as her penis found his penis.

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“I am not that kind of boy,” the maid whimpered. His false French accent had departed with the discovery of Dan’s true nature.

“Nor am I,” Dan readily admitted. “And screaming will only get us both in trouble, understand?” My God, Dan thought to himself, now some of this makes sense!

The maid hurriedly dressed and scooted from the room. He paused only long enough to scold him, “That was a terrible, terrible trick you played on me Mr. Perks! There are laws against such people like you,” he snapped. “Maybe I should tell someone, yes? Perhaps the Church Mothers?” And then he was gone.

Dan groaned. That had all the flavor of intended blackmail. Just how bad could it be, anyhow? He threw himself onto the bed and stared up at the ceiling. “Okay,” he said out loud. “It was good while it lasted but tomorrow, I go back to my world.”

A few minutes later he dressed and went up to the library for a book on biology: it was all there. As a general biological rule, it announced, females were both bigger and stronger than males and humans were no exception. Females had to be big enough to carry babies and still function in a difficult world. As the textbook went on to explain in detail, that extra size and strength was also *essential* for the protection of the offspring after birth. The minimal role of males, insemination, required neither size nor strength. Most mammals allowed the males at least some role in reproduction apart from the delivery of seed cells, namely a ready milk supply. From that point on, the text argued, evolutionary pressures had controlled the development of the sexual dimorphism that was now obvious. Males competed with each other for the opportunity to mate. Their body characteristics displayed their capacity to care for and nurture the young. How reasonable, Dan thought. So this world is just like his own, except that the women are all butch and the men are sissified. Dan was relieved to finally understand what was going on.

As he placed the book on his bed stand, he had a cold chill. The doctor’s appointment tomorrow! A problem with the blood tests, no doubt his body chemistry was radically unlike that of the other males on this temporal-spatial dimension. Dan looked masculine, which in this world meant that he was female. What would happen when his “mom” discovered that her cherished “daughter” was in reality male? Dan was certain that he’d rather not be there when good old Mom found out. There was something about that powerful, remote person that scared the tar out of Dan. No sir, he would not wait to see what might happen tomorrow.

Five minutes later he left the house on Park Ave.