

IMPREGNATED

By Deena Gomersall



ILLUSTRATED BY CHAS

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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IMPREGNATED

By Deena Gomersall

A MEDICAL BREAKTHROUGH

Only twenty-three years of age, Dr. Vincent Brinsden was at the top of the world of medical surgery.

Having graduated with honors, he was not only now recognized as a top surgeon in his home country of England but reknowned throughout the medical world.

Already, because of his skills, he had made no fewer than forty six lifesaving operations and had pioneered new fields in micro surgery, transplantation of human body parts and in the creation of artificial organs.

He attended conventions, as guest speaker, throughout the developed world and visited many countries to give medical advice and demonstrations to student bodies.

In short, his future looked rosy. He lived in a wonderful mansion home in the beautiful countryside of the Cotswolds, commanded a healthy salary and had a very beautiful fiancée, Susy.

His best friend and fellow surgeon, Roy Hewitt, knew, though, that his friend was not content and that he would continue striving for even greater things. Fame and financial security were not the beginning and end of everything for a man like Vincent Brinsden, Roy knew that surgery meant the world to his friend and that what Vincent really wanted was to carry out a successful medical procedure never accomplished by anyone before.

Transplants, open heart and heart bypass as well as brain surgery had all been done, successfully, many times by Vincent... but someone had done them before him. He wanted to do a surgery never attempted before, maybe never even contemplated.

"Don't worry Vince, our profession is always improving. I feel sure that some day you will latch onto something, never done before, that will be of benefit to hundreds... perhaps thousands, of people," Roy predicted.

"Yes, Roy, but what? Everything seems to have been tried and done. I have developed new techniques with some things but I've never found a first that is of benefit to man. Maybe I should become like a modern day Baron Frankenstein and put together my own creation."

Roy smiled. "But Vince; new things just come along. Someone out there, someday, is going to need some kind of operation that has never been attempted before. With your incredible skill and knowledge, your turn will come and you will finally get your wish to get a chapter in medical history.

==X==

After yet another double shift, a tired Vincent was driving back to the eight bedroom mansion he shared with his young fiancée, Susy.

There was no chance of him unwinding when he got home; not tonight. Tonight he had his sister Wendy and her husband Craig staying, along with their five-month-old baby.

Vincent slipped a music cassette into his Porsche's tape deck and turned up the volume, hoping that loud music might help prevent him from nodding off behind the wheel.

What he needed was a break, a long vacation. He loved his job; he was dedicated to it, but he had worked solidly for the past six months with barely a single day off. Indeed, over the last three weeks he had been putting in twelve and sixteen hour shifts.

Yet, what with cutbacks in the national health service, skilled men like himself were vital and yet, now so few.

He was grateful that Susy was so understanding; obviously his time away was putting a strain on their relationship. He hadn't taken her out for a meal or to the theater in months and it seemed like an age since the two last had sex; he was always so damned exhausted. Still, it proved that Susy really did love him to tolerate him like she did. She had her own job while keeping their home clean and tidy.

"Hi Wendy." Vincent greeted his sister as he let himself in through the front door, "Where's that lovely fiancée of mine?"

"She's in the kitchen, fixing dinner, I'll be helping her, so you just go off to the lounge and take the weight off your feet. I'll bring you a cold beer from the fridge."

"Where's Craig?" Vincent further inquired as he went into the plushly furnished lounge of his home.

"We sent him off out of our way," Wendy replied, as she came through carrying a mug of beer, "He was bored, so he took himself off to the pub in the village while the meal is being cooked."

Vince had just sat down in his favorite, blue armchair, put his spectacles on to begin reading the daily newspaper and took a sip from his beer when Robert, his five month-old nephew decided to give his vocal chords a tryout.

"Oh damn," came Wendy's exasperated voice from inside the kitchen. She entered the hallway looking flustered as he attempted to take off her apron and kitchen gloves, "Oh bother, just when everything is on the boil," she complained.

Vince immediately jumped to his feet. "You return to whatever it is you're doing, sis. I'll see to him," he offered. With that, Vince padded up the stairs to the room where Robert had been sleeping. The crying continued for a moment or two; then, to Wendy's relief, it stopped.

Six minutes later, Vince returned down the stairs, topless and with little Robert, supported by Vince's arm, leaning over his uncle's shoulder.

Susy smiled as she saw her boyfriend carrying the baby.

"Uh, his Lordship here decided to dump his last meal all the way down the front of me," Vince replied, trying to sound annoyed. The twinkling of his eye gave him away.

"Oh Lord," Wendy exclaimed as she rushed through from the kitchen, "I'm terribly sorry, Vince. Here, let me take the little rascal. I'll bet we are wearing our welcome a little thin already, aren't we?"

"Not at all, it's okay, really," Vince soothed, "Anyway, I have him settled now. He probably just had a bit of gas. I'll be fine with him until the meal is ready, really."

"Wow!" Wendy exclaimed. "Hold on to this one, Susy. A guy that is good with babies is a Godsend. I'll bet my brother makes a great father."

"Hmm, I intend to," Susy replied, giving Vince's free arm a squeeze. "Anyway, you, I haven't had my kiss since you came home. Come here."

==X==

After a filling meal, with little Bobby once more settled into his cot, Craig having returned from the pub and all the dinner plates having been washed and put away, Vince returned to the reading of his newspaper with Susy snuggling up by his side.

Vince surprised everybody by suddenly laughing out loud; "Huh, you talk about me and my paternal instincts...listen to this. There's some guy in the paper that wants to give birth to a baby, never mind just *wanting* one."

"Gee, what kind of nutcase is he?" Craig asked.

"Well, it says in here that he's a homosexual...apparently the effeminate part of his relationship with his boyfriend and he feels it would make their life together more complete.

"Bloody great pair of poofs," Craig scoffed.

"But is that possible...? I mean by surgery?" Susy asked.

"I shouldn't think so. After all, as you know males cannot produce ovaries nor have a womb for the fetus to develop in," Vince replied.

"I should think so, too...I mean, it's not natural, is it? And the poor kids. Children should have both a mother and a father figure in their life," Wendy joined in.

"Yes, I suppose that is true, but, like I say, in a Gay relationship there is normally a dominant and a submissive partner. The dominant girl in a lesbian relationship would act as a father figure and, the more passive of two males would act as a Mother figure.

"I actually feel quite sorry for their plight. I mean, they are what they are and, no matter what their sexual preferences, it does not stop them from loving a child or being a good parent...though I would strongly oppose their trying to persuade a child to be gay, too. The child should be free to grow up without any influence in that kind of matter."

There followed a lively debate with everyone expressing their own views on the subject before the issue was at last dropped. Not long afterward, they all retired to bed.

==X==

A few weeks had elapsed since that night. Vince had continued to work all hours that he was able. He was taking a break, sipping coffee in the rest room, while two of his colleagues talked of the day they were having.

"...Yes, I tell you, this fellow was actually making inquiries as to whether it was possible for him to give birth."

Vince began to take notice, lifting his eyes from the stack of paper work he had been sifting through. "Who is this you're talking about, Phil?" he asked inquisitively.

"It was just some guy who had called into the hospital."

"Was he a homosexual? I read a couple of weeks ago about a guy asking the same question and I wondered if it may be the same man."

"I'm not sure if he was homosexual or not but he did tell me he was a pre-op transsexual, which was why he was making inquiries...maybe in case he met Mr. Right after he becomes a woman."

There was some laughter from the various doctors in the room but Doctor Bradbury, a well built, balding man in his late fifties, joined the conversation more matter-of-factly.

"That is not as uncommon a question as you may think it is, actually," he began, removing the heavy, black-framed spectacles from the bridge of his nose in order to give them a polish. "During all my years in this practice, I have had a great many people ask me the same thing: Transsexuals, Homosexuals, Transvestites...even perfectly average hetero males whose wives are unable to have children for some medical reason or other," he stated.

This was followed by a debate as to whether such an operation ever could be achieved and, if so, how it could be done. Some ideas were bandied about with various doctors offering suggestions, though none sounded even remotely feasible.

Vince kept out of the general discussion, his mind working on its own assessment of the possibilities. He had not given the matter too much thought when he read it in the newspaper but now he was wondering whether, here, at last, was a breakthrough with which to achieve his life's dream, to be able to offer the world a new achievement in medical surgery.

Initially, he had thought that the case he had read about was an isolated one. Now, when he stopped to think about it, if it really was a possibility, then he could bring joy to a great many people.

He needed time to think on this matter. In particular, he wanted to speak to one of the Gender Reassignment specialists at the hospital. One thing that he had never done before was to carry out a sex change surgery.

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It was a further two weeks before Vince was able to organize a meeting. It consisted of a consortium of top surgeons in various fields. The group included two Asians, three

Americans, a German and an Italian along with a two other British doctors; all seated around a large, well-polished, mahogany table.

"Gentlemen. Thank you all for attending. I'm sure you all have some idea as to the reason for this meeting from the letters I sent out to each of you. I would expect, seeing as all of you here have carried out some amount of Gender-corrective surgery, that such questions may well have been put forward to you before by some of your patients.

"So, gentlemen, the question I put forward here today is, is there any way, at all, that surgery may make it possible for a genetic male to carry and give birth to a baby?"

"Doctor Brinsden. I have given consultation to more than a dozen young men inquiring into the possibilities of such surgery back in the States," one of the American surgeons, Dr. Umberger, responded. "There have been some minor tests carried out already using lab animals... but without any success."

As Doctor Umberger spoke, the German doctor shuffled in his chair, bringing Vince's attention to him.

"Yes, Doctor Heydrich? Do you have something you wish to tell us?" Vince asked.

"Ja. In Germany also, we have this problem; numbers of people all inquiring, only to be told that no such surgery is possible."

"I'm begging your pardon, Gunther," one of the Asian doctors cut in, "But we have had some success in Bangladesh, you know."

One of the other Americans now cut in. "Yes, yes, quite, Doctor Patel, we have heard of your success, such as it is, back home. However, the world has still yet to see a man actually give childbirth after carrying a fetus for the duration."

"If I may interrupt, gentlemen," Vince broke in, "We have here amongst us, Doctor Roberto Bellucci from Italy who I am sure you have all heard of. Dr. Bellucci is here because I believe he may have had more success than anyone else in this field. Please tell the meeting of your progress, Doctor."

"Thank you, Doctor. In my country, we have a great many genetic men who have inquired about such surgery.

"Also in my country, as well as our own transgenderists, we attract many Transvestites from Brazil, arriving in Milano or Roma, to work in prostitution. Many of these, too, have shown the desire to give childbirth.

"Because of the amount of interest, some preliminary operations were carried out. Unfortunately, over the time of pregnancy, either the fetus or the patients themselves, due to unseen complications, died. We were positive, though, that we were on the right track and near a breakthrough."

Doctor Aamir Khan looked interested in Bellucci's story. "Please be telling us, Doctor... how did you go about such a thing?"

"Our surgery technique involved ectopic pregnancy. In female patients, the fetus is carried outside of the uterus. Then, by the artificially insemination of Ovaries into a specially created pocket made by cutting into internal fatty tissues, the Ovaries were

fertilized. The main problem we had was feeding the fetus; when the Fetus began to develop in the pocket we had created, we found the pocket was not elastic enough, tearing and causing irreparable internal damage."

The debate continued for several hours. Toward its conclusion, all those present vowed to study the feasibility of such surgery being carried out successfully.

"I think we ought to try and find out global figures," Vince suggested, "Let's try and ascertain what percentage of males would actually want to be able to give birth. If world figures are great enough, then we should be able to receive grant aid for the project from our respective countries. Maybe we could look for sponsorship."

Gunther Heydrich coughed. "Ah, Doctor Brinsden. I believe that if we consulted every hospital in every country of the world to find out how many inquiries had been made for such operations, we would still be far off the mark. I believe that for every one that comes forward, ten or more have either never thought of such a possibility or only secretly wished it were possible."

Brad Leightling agreed with the German. "Most people as we are talking about still hide in the closet, afraid of ridicule or of being ostracized. Or, like Gunther said, they haven't even considered such possibilities. Back in the States there are clubs and societies for gays, transvestites and transsexuals plus gay contact agencies. Perhaps we ought to contact these places to try and find out true figures. If we get enough people coming forward who would really want such surgery, then all the more reason for those of us here to dedicate ourselves to its research."

The debate finally concluded with an agreement that each doctor would contact any resources they could find in order to try find out what demand there was for such surgery, surgery that would make it possible for males to give childbirth. Then, each surgeon would attempt to find a way to makesuch surgery a possibility. The collection of surgeons had been hand-selected by Vince for their dedication; he knew, once given the task, they would do all that they could.

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The group of doctors began to meet at regular intervals, all eight of them dedicated to the project because of their shared personal interest in gender realignment surgery. Vince saw it as a chance to make medical history.

The feedback that began to collect showed that at least 75,000 men, either gays or yranssexuals would jump at the opportunity to give childbirth...if it was possible.

In spite of the figures, many of the doctors believed that this was only the tip of the iceberg. They expected that, if and when this surgery was made possible, many others, including married, heterosexual males, would come forward.

Vince had been working harder than anyone else; he hoped to improve on what doctor Bellucci's team had already achieved. After a couple of months, he called the doctors together once more so as to give them an update on what had been achieved.

"Doctor Bellucci," he began, "your team of surgeons attempted to create an artificial womb so as to house either the eggs or embryos. I have been looking at using the

omentum for this purpose; by implanting an embryo into the fatty layers of the omentum, we may be able to create the perfect male womb. Of course, we men have no ovaries so we would need to use a donor for this particular purpose, perhaps someone who is seeking to have an abortion at an early stage."

"That idea sounds feasible, Doctor Brinsden," Dr. Bellucci agreed. "Have you already tested this idea?"

"We are currently monitoring a couple of chimps and I'd say that things are proceeding fairly well."

"It is possible, if suitable donors are found, to give them injections in order that they produce eggs; much like we are already doing for test tube babies. These eggs could then be inserted within the omentum at an early stage," Dr. Umberger suggested.

"I think we also need to think about, if successful and the fetus is carried throughout the full gestation period, how we will then give birth," John Redgrave, one of the other English doctors pointed out.

"Surely, gentlemen, this would be done by a Cesarean section."

The meeting continued and other such meetings followed. The extra research work that was now being carried out by Vince was now beginning to strain his relationship with Susy.

Because of this, he decided to take a week's vacation in an attempt to save the relationship; the two of them would drive up to the English Lake District.

While Vince and Susy were enjoying a rare moment together, two of the test chimps died. Vince began doing some new tests immediately upon his return to find out what had gone wrong.

It was suggested by Doctor Ahmed Patel that the two chimps had not been feeding the implanted fetuses sufficiently. More tests were carried out by the doctors working on the project, using drips, enemas and liquid foods of all description.

It was Doctor Leightling, however, at his New York City practice, who discovered that the host body should also be fed with huge amounts of female hormones to complete the pregnancy and keep the fetus alive.

At last, a chimpanzee gave birth, though it died from the Cesarean shortly afterward. That didn't change the fact, however, that it could be done.

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Vince was now working almost nonstop on the project along with his two British Colleagues, Doctor Redgrave and Doctor Matthew Osborne. Susy was once again complaining bitterly at the lack of attention she was receiving. She was supportive of her fiancé's work but she was wondering if it would dominate their married life. In protest, after putting up with the project for five months, she moved back in with her parents.

Concerned as he was regarding Susy, Vince believed he was at the edge of a breakthrough and felt a burning drive to continue right to the end.

Meanwhile, the two Asian doctors, now feeling assured of success, were working on a follow-up project of their own: the creation of mammary glands within a male and they felt assured that the male nipple would lactate so as to allow the male “mother” to feed his offspring.

Doctor Umberger was analyzing the milk that had been produced by male chimpanzees and rabbits; ensuring that the juices secreted through the nipple were lactescent.

Dr. Redgrave hit upon the idea of attaching placenta to the internal organs so that nutrients from the “mother’s” bloodstream could feed the fetus more naturally.

The final breakthrough for Vince and his team came when he discovered that there was a need to change the male chromosomes just enough for the impregnated animals to give birth safely. Soon after this, several male chimps were alive and well after they had given birth.

This caused the doctors to celebrate with jubilation.

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The news spilled out from the medical journals over to the general media with television and newspaper reporters clambering for the story of the success of the nine doctors.

Now, volunteers were being sought. They would become famous by being the first males to ever carry a child from the egg to birth; the surgery would be done absolutely free. The expected numbers of people volunteering never materialized; indeed, not one person, anywhere in the whole world, stepped forward.

It became obvious to the consortium of doctors that there was a general feeling of great concern regarding the safety of such an operation. The idea of being cut open to give birth was one obvious off-putting factor; the disclosure that twenty-eight chimps had died while going into labor was another. Many men may have wanted to experience child birth; nobody wanted to die doing it.

Also, in the gay community, most men disliked the idea of being pumped full of female hormones and having their chromosomes changed. They did not want to become female, not even partially.

The doctors tried in vain to dispel the fears, claiming that the operation was 88% safe, as was the actual child birth, which was no different from ordinary child birth figures. They also assured that, despite the injection of female hormones, this would only affect change internally rather than externally and that there had been no evidence of animals changing sex during the program; other than the development of teats in order for the young to feed.

Any breasts development in test humans, they claimed, would disappear soon after the feeding of hormones into the body was terminated. Once the child was born, the body would revert back to its original state as testosterone, produced by the male body naturally, once more became dominant.

Despite these assurances, still nobody came forwards. There was obviously still a lot of doubt and nobody, it seemed, had the courage to become the world's first male mother.

"This is absolutely ridiculous," Vince protested to the gathering of doctors. "Seventy-five thousand men made it quite clear that they wanted this, desired it. Three times more than that would probably follow suit afterwards; yet, not one of them have the guts to go first. After all our work, all our research, all the expenditure. I've even put my relationship on the line for this," he complained bitterly.

None of the doctors were prepared to go down without a fight. They arranged meetings with gays and transsexuals in their respective countries and neighboring ones to deliver the facts and to dispel the general fears that most potential "mothers" obviously had.

Many of those who turned up to listen felt assured by what they were told, yet still remained reluctant. Not one of them wanted the worldwide hype and attention that they were sure to receive by virtue of being a world's first.

Such publicity, of course, would put a global spotlight on those who wanted to keep their sexual preferences a secret or those transsexuals who did not want attention on themselves or their families. Nobody in the whole wide world, no matter how they may have dreamt or craved to carry a child conceived by their lover, was prepared to take the chance.

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"Well, gentlemen," Dr. Redgrave commented at the end of the year. "That's it; two whole years wasted. We have proved that we can perform this surgery successfully, yet only the chimps, who never asked for it in the first place, have benefited from it."

"To be absolutely honest, I am thinking that I, myself, wouldn't care to undergo such an operation that had no real guarantee of success and that had such a high mortality rate among lab animals. It would be of no use to have a child if you were not alive to enjoy it," Doctor Khan interjected.

As for Vincent Brinsden, his world, his dream, had been turned upside down. He never aimed to be recognized in the world of medical history as the man who had made a breakthrough in surgery that nobody dared risk.

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Some weeks later, at Vince's home, Roy was visiting...and wishing that he had never bothered his old friend and colleague.

Now that the concept of male childbirth was practically moot, Vince was feeling downcast and demoralized.

He was still struggling to get over all the hard, wasted effort each doctor had made and all their individual sacrifices. He thought back to all the stormy arguments he'd had with Susy. He knew she had always been supportive, but lack of sleep had left him temperamental and uncommunicative.

She had since returned but they were arguing again. Once more she was threatening to go back to her parents' house.

Roy loved them both dearly as friends and he tried talking to her in an attempt to keep the couple from breaking up. He tried, desperately, to let her know just how bitterly disappointed Vince was and begged her to try and understand him until he came around.

Susy finally agreed to try and Roy left her, still sobbing softly, as he went to attempt speaking to Vince.

"Come on, mate. Just forget it now; you tried it, you gave it your best shot and it didn't come off. Now you have to just put it behind you or you may well lose something even greater, something that I know means more than any accolade to you: Susy. She is trying hard to be understanding and supportive, but you gotta meet her halfway, you know."

"Yes, yes, I know that Roy; but you don't understand, either. The project wouldn't have been that hard for me to accept if it had failed, but it didn't; it was a success. The only thing that went wrong was that all those poor, pathetic people out there, the ones who cried out for this in the first place, just don't have the ability to put it to the test. One, just *one* person; that's all that's needed."

"I honestly don't think that we can blame the poor souls. After all, what do they get out of it if it *does* go wrong? Like Khan said, it's no use giving birth if you just end up dead."

"I know and, I agree. I suppose the only incentive is that they get the child of their dreams if it does go well," Vince concluded.

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Another idea had emerged, involving a cash incentive from the research grant money that had been left over. This idea proved to be more fruitful and, because of the \$75,000 offered, twenty-one men came forward to undergo the operation. Doctor Gunther wondered if maybe some of these people, who did not appear to be the "normal" type of homosexual or transsexual, were not offering themselves as guinea pigs for the cash incentive alone.

However, after preliminary tests were carried out in order to find the suitability of the volunteers, it was discovered that each and every one of them had some kind of disorder that would make the surgery dangerous to them.

None of the gender doctors was prepared to carry out the surgery. It was against their professional ethics to operate on anyone they deemed likely to lose their life during any such operation.

Once more, Vince pleaded for others to come forward at meetings he attended, at home, in the States and in Eastern Europe and Asia.

"I can assure those of you who have any doubts that our research has been very thorough; tests have been carried out successfully; you would be in very little danger," he addressed an audience in Los Angeles.

“How can you assure anyone? You’ve only carried out your operation on animals...and most of them died,” someone from the audience shouted.

“I can assure you, as I would assure a patient preparing for any type of surgery; nothing is ever 100% guaranteed, but with the advances we have made in this particular field, we can give 88% assurance that no harm would come to you at all and there is virtually 100% assurance of your being able to carry a healthy, growing fetus all the way through gestation.

“Neither I nor any of my colleagues would operate if there was any life-threatening danger to a patient during pregnancy. The main element of danger, the other 12%, is when you would go into labor.”

“I would sooner live my life to the fullest without experiencing the joy of giving birth than lose my life experiencing childbirth,” a very convincing-looking “woman” returned.

“If you doctors are so goddamn sure of yourselves, then why don’t *you* do it?” someone else yelled from the back of the room.

“Because I, for one, have no desire to give childbirth; I am more than happy to leave that to my partner. My work was solely aimed at helping such people as yourselves, to give you your dream.”

TREATMENT BEGINS

The doctors were all astounded by what Vince had said; most believed that he was just putting on a brave front without any real intention of acting upon his words, or that the strain had been too much for him and he hadn't fully realized just what he was saying.

"I am deadly serious, gentlemen," Vince affirmed. "It is the only way to prove that this surgery is a success, that it can be done. I have, in my corner, the best team of gender surgeons in the world. I trust you all."

"No Vince, you can't. You do not want to go through with this. Why are you even considering it?"

"Because I am not a quitter and I am sure it will work," Vince replied.

"But do you not realize? The hormones, they will change you, make you womanly. Surely you do not want *that*," John added.

"Ah, but I would not *become* a woman, would I? I would retain my manhood and, after it is over, even if I have developed some female characteristics, I would revert back. I will only be committed to this for a year or so."

Vince then laughed wryly. "My having a pair of maidenly breasts may well take some getting used to, though...and heaven knows what my fiancée will say about all of this."

"And what if something *does* go wrong? You are much too valuable to medical surgery to be lost," Roberto told him gravely. "...You should not take the chance."

"We should not be asking people to believe in that which we do not believe in ourselves."

"Nevertheless, Vince, we agree that there is a twelve percent chance of failure during labor. If we cannot dissuade you, then at least put it off until we do further research so as to ensure 100% success," Brad pleaded.

No matter what the other doctors said, Vince's mind was made up. He had no desire to have any female characteristics or to carry a child growing inside of him for nine months but once his mind was made up, he remained resolute and that was it. It wouldn't be for too long, just the duration of a normal pregnancy.

If Vince was receiving a vote of disapproval from his fellow surgeons, it was nothing compared to what he faced from Susy and Craig that same evening.

"Come on Vince, get real. You owe these people nothing. You *cannot* make such a sacrifice," Craig told him firmly.

"But, I owe it to medicine, Craig. Perhaps this is the very reason for my existence, my goal in life. I really have to see this thing through. I have to."

"No, you are wrong. You don't owe anything to anybody. Women give birth; that is what they alone are designed to do, not men. And why the hell should you go first, as your own guinea pig?"

“What about transsexuals, Roy? Women, real women but born in the body of a man because of some cruel act of nature. These are not just mere men who want to experience being female but real women, in mind if not in body. These people have been given the chance to live as and become their true sex by way of modern surgery. They also have the right that *every* woman should have...to be able to have a baby.”

“Okay, fair enough...so let them have the friggin’ surgery, for Christ’s sake,” Roy stormed back.

“Roy's right, Vince,” Susy interjected, “And what about us two? I want you as a man, not a woman.”

“But I am not going to turn into a woman, Susy. I have no wish to be female. I will still remain myself, still a doctor, still a man. I will retain the use of my penis, I will still have male reactions and I certainly have no intentions of parading around in short skirts and high heels plastered in makeup. For pity’s sake, the very thought revolts me.

“I admit that I may develop a degree of breast tissue because of the hormones I will have to take but I do not intend to go as far as any of the research carried out by Khan or Patel and develop lactating breasts. As soon as the child is born, I will give it up for adoption. I may carry the fetus like a surrogate mother but the embryo will not be mine nor would I have fertilized the egg inside of me so the child would not be mine in the usual sense.”

Susy looked at her fiancé uncertainly.

“Look darling, it will be me, honest. I will look like me, dress like me, think like me and will still love you just as much as I do now. I am *not* having a sex change. I could even still make love to you...well, maybe until I get a little too large,” he added humorously, trying to soften the situation.

“How on earth can I make love to you if you have...have...*breasts*?” Susy shuddered.

“Well, millions of lesbians don't seem to mind too much. Besides, I won't be *that* large. Hormones don't really increase breast size too much; that is done by saline or silicone implants.”

“Stop making a joke of everything, it's not funny...and I don't want you to do it. I couldn't stand it,” Susy told him, starting to cry.

As much as Vince understood Susy’s feelings and as sympathetic to them as he was, his mind would not be changed. It had to be him or it would be nobody. As Susy began to slowly realize just how serious her boyfriend was, she stopped attempting to persuade him and instead gave him moral support. She could tell, in spite of his resolve, that he was scared of what he was offering to do.

The group of surgeons now met to try and work out how the details of this groundbreaking procedure.

“You will first need to start on a course of hormone injections, a female hormone therapy program,” Roberto informed Vince.

“Are you absolutely positive you know what you are letting yourself in for, Vince?” Brad again questioned.

As Vince nodded his reply, Brad injected the first 200 milligrams of estrogen into his system, then swabbed the needle hole clean with an antiseptic.

XX=XX

Contrary to Susy’s expectation, there were no sudden changes to her lover; indeed he continued working for most of the hormone injection period right up to the time of his surgery.

It was noted however that, after the first three weeks, he was having mood swings, being depressive on some days and happy on others as his body adjusted. Susy did her best to ignore him on his bad days; she identified some of his symptoms as being like premenstrual tension. He often found himself sitting alone, keeping to himself, feeling tearful and very miserable.

By the end of the fourth week, he was starting to experience some discomfort in his chest; his nipples were feeling sore and tender.

Finally, he went in for his surgery. With the utmost care for their colleague and with great skill, the surgeons cut Vince open and the pocket that would act as a womb was opened up in the layers of fatty tissue within the abdomen. The embryo was then inserted and he was sealed back up. From this point on, he would be receiving a variety of injections and medications in order that the embryo could continue feeding.

Failure!! After just three weeks, the embryo died. At this point, the doctors wanted to abort the whole idea but Vince would still not hear of such a suggestion. He was re-opened and the dead embryo replaced with a second one and he ordered that his hormone injections be doubled.

He had been aware that he had been receiving only half the dosage that had been used on the chimps, the doctors not wanting to use any greater dose than necessary.

With the extra doses being pumped into his body, this time, the tiny life within him survived for six weeks and it had grown sufficiently enough to make its removal painful.

“Right, that's enough. Let's stop this craziness now,” said Brad when Vince came out of the sedation.

Vince was on the point of agreeing with his friend and dropping the whole idea; he had tried, after all. Then when all seemed lost, he was contacted by a female Australian surgeon.

“I need to talk to you, Doctor Brinsden,” she told him over the telephone. “My name is Helen Clarke. I am a fourth year medical student in Sydney. I’m studying to become a Pediatrician. I think I can help you with your experiment.”

A meeting was arranged with the female surgeon and Vince listened to all that Helen Clarke had to say.

“I have been following your research and achievements for quite a few months, Doctor. I have found a way, back home in Sydney, to implant ovaries into the body, then

inseminate sperm so as to fertilize them. I am an ardent admirer of your work and I would feel greatly honored if my research aided your project. I have managed to create full reproductive organs in the bodies of various species of mammal.”

Vince was momentarily deflated. Here he was, desperately trying to make some new medical breakthrough, only to be upstaged by a medical student. However, swallowing his professional pride, he listened to what the pretty, dark-haired young woman had to tell him.

“Well, it's worth a shot, I suppose,” he informed her after she had finished explaining all that she had done. He could see that what she told him did indeed seem feasible; she had some lab results to offer, too.

Helen was introduced to the team by Vince as soon as it was possible for them all to be available. They listened avidly to what she had to tell them.

“And what about the estrogen, Miss Clarke? What dosage have you been using?” Gunther asked.

“I believe you were using 400 milliliters a day, weren't you?” she asked. “I think you should raise that to 600 milliliters.”

“But isn't that dangerously high?” Doctor Redgrave exclaimed, “That's more than we would give to a sex change patient. We are not wanting to feminize Vince; we are trying hard to keep his changes to a minimum.”

“It is vital, Doctor. Female hormones at such a level are necessary in order to keep the egg alive and to aid with the fertilization. I am sure that Doctor Brinsden is well aware that some degree of feminization is unavoidable in a venture such as this.”

“Yes, I guess I am, but for God's sake, don't ever let my masculinity disappear.”

“I can't honestly say whether that will happen or not. With the animals I have worked on, there is typically a 50% return of masculinity although there is some shrinkage of the penis. Mentally...well, who knows?. They can't tell me themselves.”

The two of them looked across to where Vince was leaning against a wall. “Do you know, in the three months since we began hormone injections on him, he has lost 26 pounds,” Redgrave added.

Helen studied the figure of Vince, noting that his suit jacket and pants hung loosely upon his frame.

“His face,” John continued, “has become more soft in appearance...more *feminine* to my eye. I don't really think that Vince has noticed it but, at first glance, he looks like a young girl in men's clothing...and you want to up the dosage by 200 milliliters a day!”

“No, Doctor, I don't *want* to, but do you honestly think that he would back out of this project...no matter what happens to him? I admire Doctor Brinsden tremendously for all that he has done so far, all that he has gone through. He deserves the success he is due. If I can help him achieve that success, then I will.”