

TRAPPED IN A WOMAN'S BODY

By Dee Dee Perri



ILLUSTRATED BY C. L. HIGHT

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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Chapter 1

She emerged from the noisy crowd like Venus rising from the sea. In Dr. Loxal Sims' eyes, the thick clot of conventioners, mostly middle aged white men, that had only moments before swirled about in animated conversations abruptly transformed into meaningless dollops of sea foam created by *her* passing. Their speech was now meaningless, unintelligible like the hissing sounds of water retreating across wet sand. He tried to breathe but, for an instant, he'd forgot how. Mouth open, breathless, he stood numb before her gaze- *Roselyn!*

Her eyes held him like a snake's gaze is said to hold its prey: helpless. She moved with that fluid grace that only *Roselyn* could achieve. Tiny feet attached to three-inch heels swept noisily across the hardwood floor that formed the walkway from the main hotel lobby to the small alcove where Loxal stood like a marble statue. Each stride pulled her knee-length skirt tight against those sweet, round thighs that Loxal remembered so well.

Full hips swayed in concert but out of step with those perky, upturned breasts that bobbed and jittered under her lacy blouse. Long, dark brown hair flowed across her shoulders, some strands reaching nearly to her waist while others flared behind as mute testament to her rapid passage. That wild halo of dark hair formed a picture frame within which her oval face was displayed. Her face! Hers was not the beauty of a model; it was much too sensual. Full lips posed without expression, neither friendly nor hostile. Her nostrils flared and her eyes... brown orbs with fully extended coal black pupils. In those eyes glowed fully animated sexual desire! It was that intense expression of lust that riveted Loxal's gaze in the first instant. He could feel his penis react like Pavlov's dog. "Roselyn," he growled in a voice made husky from his own unleashed sexual desire.

She drew up abruptly as if his utterance of her name had thrown up a wall between them. She jittered to a stop and then sidestepped and took a position behind a high-backed leather chair that stood at the edge of the alcove. Her hands gripped the back of the chair, long bright nails digging into the rich leather. The barrier between them was no longer psychological but physical now. As Loxal did a stutter step toward her, she jerked her head "no". The motion caused a thick lock of her hair to fall across her face, partly obscuring *those eyes*. Her full lips had opened slightly, however, to reinforce what had been obvious in her gaze: a sexual passion so rich, so ready that if they'd been primitives meeting in the jungle, they'd be copulating by now. But a hotel lobby in downtown LA wasn't a jungle and they were not primitives, "My husband," she said.

Loxal blinked. At that moment one of the meaningless lumps of foam that formed the background from which this Venus had emerged abruptly sharpened into human form. Dr. Edmund Northwitch! Loxal's major professor at Penn, director of Loxal's doctoral dissertation, mentor, friend... *husband* of Roselyn, and cuckolded mate! "Dr. Northwitch!" he croaked.

"Loxal." The older man nodded, then smiled as his arm drew across his wife's shoulders and possessively pulled her tight against his side.

He was still a handsome man but too old for Roselyn. That thought, among others, flashed through Loxal's mind. The man's temples had silvered since the last time they'd met but otherwise he still looked more like a Hollywood actor playing the part of a professor than a real doctor of neuroscience. Dr. Northwitch, mentor and friend, could crush him professionally, like a bug, if he only knew. "Sir? I didn't know you'd be here," Loxal stammered, "It's...it's a *pleasant* surprise."

Dr. Northwitch lowered one thick eyebrow as he cocked his head, "Could you do me a favor, Loxal?"

"Sir?"

"I'm right in the middle of a...complex discussion and... well, could you entertain my wife for a while?"

"Sir?" Loxal couldn't believe his ears. This couldn't really be happening? Not now? Not after all those years and...

Dr. Northwitch turned to his wife. "Roselyn?" And then, without waiting for her to reply he returned to the sea of middle aged men. Moments later, Loxal and Roselyn watched as Roselyn's husband and several other men entered an elevator. *They were alone!*

She still hadn't given up the protection of the chair. One hand finally relieved its grip on the leather and swept back the hair from her face but otherwise nothing had changed. The electricity flowed as their eyes met. "I...I didn't ever expect to see you again, Loxal." It was the whine of a love sick puppy and she hated the way she sounded. Worst of all, it was utterly, totally honest. She'd given up hope of ever seeing him again. She broke off her gaze and looked down at the hand that still gripped the top of the leather chair. Her voice dropped into a faint whisper: "Will you ever forgive me?" She'd lived with the guilt of losing Loxal. Had she been stronger...

"I...I thought I was going to die. I wanted to, you know..." Loxal's voice disappeared into his pain.

Her eyes still downcast, she nodded. "He would have destroyed you, Love."

"I would have gladly sacrificed..."

She brought her gaze up again. Their eyes locked. "He would have destroyed me as well, Love and..." She side-stepped around the chair, took his wrist lightly in her hand and led him toward the couch against the opposite wall of the small alcove. She sat down, crossed her legs and patted the cushion beside her. "Sit," she ordered.

As he eased himself down, she turned, pressing her hot, soft breast against his bicep. Her lips, only inches away now, looked so kissable. The warm smells emanating

from her lush body and her very closeness made his head spin with desire. “It’s been five years, Roselyn.”

“Almost six, Love. And I hear that you’re still on a post-doc.”

Loxal shrugged, “Academic positions are hard to find.”

Roselyn held out her hands, palms down, then slowly began to rotate them. “These hands,” she said as she slowly wiggled her fingers, “are the hands of a surgeon.”

“Roselyn? You? A medical doctor now?”

She grinned as she dropped her hands back into her lap and then looked with mock anger at Loxal, “What? You didn’t think I was smart enough? A surgeon, Dr. Sims, not just an MD.” She turned to face Loxal squarely. “You were so worried about your own career, it probably never occurred to you...”

“Sorry,” gasped Loxal. “You’re right. I was self-centered and...” He took his arm and put it across Roselyn’s shoulder possessively.”

She jerked away, “Not now...not here, someone might see us,” she hissed.

“Sorry,” he grumbled as he retrieved his arrant arm.

She leaned back against the couch. “Edmund knows about us.”

“WHAT!”

“Yes.” She nodded sagely. “I told him.”

“Oh my God,” groaned Loxal in despair. “When?”

“Almost four years ago.”

“Damn!”

“What?”

“That’s probably why I’m still stuck as a post-doc, Roselyn!”

She blushed slightly. “I was in therapy. I’d been really messed up after...us...and...”

“Therapy? You?”

“I was going utterly *mad*, Love.” She paused and looked down at her hands again. Abruptly, her face changed like a cloud casting a shadow over the landscape. The subtle adjustment in her features spread and became noticeable in her posture as well.

“I would have made a terrible wife for you, Loxal,” she said in a voice less timorous. She waved her hand impatiently when he started to protest and continued. “No! No, let me finish! I discovered things about myself that were unbelievable.” She waved her hand in front of his face again as he tried to protest once more. “Let me finish, Love!” She locked her eyes on his and then spat out, “I’m gay.”

“*Lesbian?*” His reaction came out louder than intended. A few heads turned in their direction. He blushed and then repeated himself in a low whisper, “Lesbian? But...but you and Edmund...”

She maintained her gaze, her eyes challenging his as if this were a test of dominance, “He understands...he accepts me as I am. He knows *everything* and yet he wants me to stay with him. He denies me nothing.” Her face, which had been filled

with turmoil, emotional uncertainty only minutes before, now projected a wry, haughty confidence.

“He must love you very much,” Loxal said, his voice uncertain.

“Yes.”

Loxal had, unconsciously, pulled back from Roselyn. Several inches now separated them as he stared at this lovely, exciting woman. Try as he might he couldn't imagine that she who had been so *exciting* both physically and emotionally in their brief relationship was a...lesbian. “I'm... confused.”

“Yes.” She nodded as she cocked her head slightly. A slight, almost superior smile, tugged at her lips. “I can understand why you would be.” She reached across and took his left hand into her lap, covering it with both of hers. “My condition is, well, statistically improbable but not unknown. You see, Love...” She stopped in mid-sentence as she sought and recaptured his gaze. The confidence in those eyes was unmistakable, even to Loxal, now. Her pupils widened, her cheeks bloomed brightly and she panted hungrily through her open lips, “When I masturbate, it's your golden red hair I imagine spilled across the bed sheet.” She shoved her hand across his lips when he started to respond and continued. “It's *your* dancing green eyes that lance into my soul at those moments, my most beloved” Her voice was pitched low and husky with lust.

Loxal was not to be denied, “But...” he yelped. Her fingers were still tightly pressed against his lips, but through them he mumbled, “If you're a lesbian...”

Her chest was heaving with passion now as she pulled her fingers off his lips and down across his cheek. Her lips but inches from his as she leaned into him. Her breath sprayed hot across his face as she hissed, “In my dreams...” Her nose now brushed his as her lips lightly flicked across his. A kiss, hot and sudden, crushed his lips. Her tongue thrust wetly inside and then retreated. She broke away, face flushed. “I...I probably shouldn't have done that, not here anyway.” She grimaced as if to say that it no longer worried her, social forms be damned!

Dazed and wanting more of her and yet profoundly confused, he mumbled, “You said...in your dreams. What?” He leaned forward as if to return her kiss.

She did not retreat. As his lips touched hers she said: “In my dreams...when I *masturbate*...” She reached up and twisted her fingers through his hair. “you are utterly, undeniably...*female*.”

Loxal, lips lightly touching Roselyn's, sat stunned. Finally he drew back, eyes wide with disbelief. He gulped and then mumbled, “*Really?*”

“Yes. You see, dearest, I'm not your run-of-the-mill *ordinary* lesbian. No, that would be too easy for Roselyn. What really turns me on is imagining you in a *female* body.”

“A woman's body?”

“A man *trapped* in a woman's body!” She said the word “trapped” as if it contained the essence of her need. She squirmed in her seat with excitement. “I've tried sex with ordinary women but...” She looked at Loxal.

His eyes were big and his mouth hung open in shock. “You're not suggesting that I...”

She nodded her head with enthusiasm. Behind her eyes loomed an insanity that Loxal could not fail to see.

He blanched, "*Never!* No matter *how* much I love you, I could *NEVER*...you know." He stopped and looked at her face. One could almost see her perverted lust projected into actuality. He jerked himself to his feet and looked down at her in horror.

She smiled and looked up sweetly, "You don't understand, do you, Love?" She stood. In her three-inch heels she was probably an inch taller than him. Her hands went to his shoulders as she gripped him tightly: "That's precisely why I *must have you!*"

He tried to pull back but her grip was relentless, "That's...that's really, really crazy, Roselyn!"

"No. *You trapped* inside a feminine shell. You understand now...*trapped! Unwilling* and yet...*mine...forever!*" Her voice had risen to a shriek. Heads were turning, eyebrows raised questioning or in amusement.

Loxal jerk himself free. "I...I don't know you." He turned as to flee the alcove.

"Love?"

"Yes." He said, his back still facing Roselyn, his hand clenched into fists as anger narrowed his eyes. His voice was harsh and cold.

"*You cannot escape me.*"

He turned and glared at her over his shoulder. "What's *that* supposed to mean?" he snapped, then hurried away.

Roselyn stood, arms crossed below her breasts as she stared thoughtfully at the retreating back. There was a sweet-bitter sadness that welled up inside her as she remembered what their relationship had been. In another moment, though, she could feel her loins moisten with the anticipation of what would be! Loxal was much, much too pretty to be a male. Her thoughts were broken when Edmund emerged from the crowd. "Dear," she called out as she waved. Her features softened, her eyes became slightly less insane.

"Loxal?" he asked as he joined her.

"Gone. Fled in terror, I would imagine."

"How odd. Something you said?"

"Hmmm," she mumbled as she sucked on a finger. "Eddie?"

"Yes, Hon."

"I'm really horny now."

He wrapped her in a bear hug as he nuzzled her ear. "Really, really?"

She squirmed in his arms. "Oh dear, dear Eddie, you are so patient with me."

"The room then, my dear." He licked his thin lips in anticipation. But she'd already spun out of his grasp.

“No Eddie, it’ll have to wait,” she said as she extracted a cell phone from her purse. When she saw that her husband was still standing there with an expectant look in his eyes, she growled, “I made a promise to you, Eddie and promises are important.” She patted her husband on the arm, “I’ll be back at the room by nine tonight.”

“You don’t have to, dear. I can get the sample without your help.” His voice trailed off for she had already disappeared into the crowd. He should have never asked her to help. He rolled his eyes toward heaven, she was a handful.

~~oOo~~

“Hell of a day!” muttered Loxal to his reflection in the bathroom mirror. He wiped a wet wash cloth over the scrape on his forehead. Perhaps it had been his fault. He hadn’t been exactly conscious of the environment as he left the main convention hotel. Why would he have been? Just seeing Roselyn again was enough to have distracted him but there had been so much more to chew on. The damn skateboard had come out of no where. The man—it was a man, not a kid—had knocked him head over tea cups, then rolled away without an “excuse me” or a “sorry mister”. He dropped the wash rag on to the sink and rubbed his right butt cheek. It felt like he’d been stabbed with a ball point pen. He slipped his hands inside his shorts and ran a finger over the throbbing area. There was a knot that felt about the size of a tennis ball. He pulled his shorts down further and twisted in front of the mirror trying to get a better look, but to no avail. “Bastard!” he muttered as he returned his attention to the toilet. He pressed the lever over and over again, but the damn thing just wouldn’t flush.

He managed not to yell at the poor clerk on the phone. What he wanted to say about a \$146 room the size of a closet, without working plumbing, was better left unsaid. “How soon?” After a moment he said, “Right!” and slammed down the phone. It was “one of those days”, as his mom used to say. Just then the phone gave an angry buzz. “Yeah?”

“Love?”

He jerked the phone away from his ear. Speak of the devil! He let out a long sigh and returned the phone to his ear. “You’re mad, nuts and probably worse, Roselyn.”

“Uh huh.” And then she giggled. In spite of himself, the sound of her voice was so sweet to his ears. “I’m downstairs in your lobby. Talk?”

“You alone or did you bring hubby.”

“Alone,” she said. Her voice promised so much.

“You want to come up here?” Hope bloomed in his breast and lust between his legs.

“Yesss but...” she simpered. “I know that I wouldn’t be able to control myself. You know, you and me alone. Perhaps the bar downstairs until...” She let the sentence hang unfinished.

“Until what, Roselyn?” he asked. She didn’t answer him. The line went dead. Damn, he thought. Just more of this bizarre game. “Lesbian love slave” indeed! In spite of his better judgment, he began to straighten and tuck in his shirt. He was going down to the bar. And for *what?* Roselyn wasn’t the only nut out of the loony bin but his attraction to this woman seemed to be undiminished by the peculiarities of her sexual fantasies.

~~oOo~~

Their meeting at the bar was every bit as intense had been their get-together at the convention site. Roselyn was crazy-mad in love with him. Of that Loxal was certain. And he was also certain that her craziness was genuine. It was equally true that her dark, sexual torment was both frightening and... *exciting*. To be the center of so much passion, even twisted passion, was stimulating. Her heaving breasts, wide excited eyes and the bright glow of her skin was as real as the throbbing hammer in his own chest and the fullness in his jockey shorts. “Roselyn.” She opened her arms to him as they stood beside the booth. “Here? Someone might see us.”

She flew into his arms, flesh against flesh. “I need you so much, Love,” she murmured into his ear. Her hot breath blew across his neck, then cheek, then her lips and his joined. That kiss grew hotter until he, not she, broke it off. “I needed that,” she said, then she giggled as she retreated to the booth bench.

He stood there for a second before taking the seat opposite her. “A little distance right now might help,” he quipped in response to her frown which had bloomed when he failed to sit next to her. “Barmaid!” he called out before returning all his attention to his beloved. He studied her excited eyes, almost basking in her eager lust. “Not bad for a lesbian!”

She wrinkled her nose and eyebrows into protest, “You have no idea of how hot we’ll be together, my love.”

“When I’m female?” he said with a sour laugh. “Excuse me. waitress? Scotch, no ice for the lady and for me, Scotch and lots of ice. Thank you.”

“Yesss!” she hissed as soon as the waitress was gone.

“Crazy,” Loxal muttered. “And your old man?”

“Eddie?”

“Yeah, unless you already added someone else to the household.”

“Eddie said that I can have you, all to myself.”

“He did? Generous of him,” he said sarcastically. “Just you, me and Eddie.” Roselyn nodded emphatically. “And he’s going to take care of us. All on a professor’s salary. Right!”

“OH! You don’t know, do you?” She grabbed his hand and pulled it halfway across the table top. “He’s rich. Frightfully rich, now!”

“Really? How?”

She shrugged. "The stock market mostly. He's learned to..." She leaned forward, still tugging on Loxal's hand and whispered, "read peoples` memories."

Loxal jerked back. "Huh?"

She held up her hand like a stop sign. "I can't say any more. I promised Eddie. But I know it's true. Even the most intimate thoughts are captured in memory molecules and then...Oh double damn!" She blushed prettily. "I wasn't supposed to say that, huh?"

Loxal raised an eyebrow, "Barmaid! The lady needs another drink. Make it a double." He returned his gaze back to Roselyn. His eyes were bright with interest.

"You're trying to get me drunk, aren't you, Love?"

He shrugged. "Tell me more, Roselyn."

She pouted as she finished her drink and exchanged the empty glass for the full one that had arrived. She gulped half the booze down before answering. "My lips are sealed."

"You can't very well, you know, just drill into some one's head to get a sample..."

"Piss," she said.

"Huh?"

Roselyn blanched, then fumbled with her purse. "I...I really have to use the ladies room, Love."

~~oOo~~

Dr. Edmund Northwitch paced back and forth in their hotel suite. It was only seven forty-five but he was worried. All she was supposed to do was get a sample of bodily fluids— urine, sweat, saliva—from his former student. But as long as she was out there without his supervision, there was plenty to worry about. Her poor mind had fragmented into an unknown number of diverse identities and, without proper medication, her mind could flit from one persona to a radically different identity in an instant. Edmund scowled and then began to pace again. Loxal would be a strong stimulus to her shattered psyche. Edmund wouldn't lose any sleep if she hurt, really hurt that bastard backstabber, but the whole affair was decidedly *not* on Edmund's center stage right now.

Just then the door opened. It was his wife. She was a bit wild-eyed and her face was flushed as if she'd been drinking. "Roselyn, you're back early. I'm glad."

"Eddie?"

"Yes, Sweetheart?"

"I...I left him there waiting for me to return from the ladies room."

Edmund Northwitch shrugged.

Her eyes fought back tears. "Somehow...somehow, Eddie it's beginning to feel...wrong." She sobbed and the tears began to flow.

“Now, now, my sweet. You’re just depressed. Another hour without your medicine and you’ll be just like you were in those terrible days. Confused, depressed. Come on, Honey, Eddie knows what you want, what you need.” He handed her a glass of what looked like water.

She held the glass in both hands, brought it to her lips but did not drink. “The voices, Eddie, I hear so many voices. They fight all the time.”

“Yes, Dear. Drink. The voices will become one again. Those tears will stop and...” He paused as she tilted the glass back and drained the “medicine”. “And everything will become clear again. No more confusion.” He caught the glass as it started to fall out of her hand. “That’s a good girl.”

She swayed, the back of one wrist was held against her forehead; after a minute the tears stopped. She flopped back onto the king-sized bed that dominated the hotel room and lay as if unconscious.

Edmund stood over her and watched in fascination as her medication took effect. The set of her features became more... *mature*, that was the only way to describe the change. “Better now?”

Her eyes few open, one hand wiped away the tears. Disgust filled her face. “I was crying again! How can you stand me when I’m like that, Edmund? A whimpering baby.”

“Ah, my dear. It was my fault really. I must have forgotten to give you your medicine last night.” He shrugged, “Sorry, I promise you that will *never* happen again.”

She sat up, then placed her face between her hands, covering her eyes. “I made *such* a fool of my self today, Edmund. It was like before. I...I *actually* wanted Loxal in that horrible *sexual* way! Oh God! I feel so dirty.”

“Now, Roselyn. It was entirely my fault. How did it go?”

She rolled her eyes. “Perfectly, though how I’ll be damned if I know, given my frame of mind today.” She drew herself up off the bed and crossed to the dresser. She yanked open the purse and extracted a bottle. “Here’s his piss.”

“Thank you, my dear. That will be most useful.” He twisted the tube around and around in his hand until he found the label and then marked it “L. Sims” and the date March 3, 2001. It would join the dozen or more “samples” he’d collected from other participants at this meeting of the Neuroscience Society. That was the sole purpose of this trip. How much did the others know or suspect? If he’d only *not* published that last paper in ‘95. He looked up as Roselyn rummaged through her purse again.

She extracted a second object, this one stainless steel. “The injection went absolutely perfectly.”

He blanched and pointed at the device. It was familiar enough. Compressed air was used in place of a needle to “drive” medication beneath the skin and this one looked capable of being used on an elephant. “Loxal?”

She nodded.

“Androgen inhibitors and a cocktail of...stuff.”

“*Stuff!*”

“It was *her* idea,” Roselyn whimpered.

“Which ‘her’, my dear?”

“Which one do you think?” she growled back in frustration. “Androgen inhibitors for God’s sake! That...that one you call the lesbian bitch with the fucked-up *passion* for Loxal!”

“Oh my!”

“Oh my is right! You remember that virus you obtained from that Army researcher’s memory? The virus that can trigger estrogen production in any living tissue it invades?” She didn’t wait for her husband to respond. “Well, his whole ass is going to be functioning like a fucking endocrine organ.”

Edmund staggered back. Pale-faced he shook his head and then mumbled, “I think we had better leave. Tonight.”

“Are you mad at me, Eddie?”

He shook his head slowly, “No. Not at *you*, my dear.”

“Good ‘cause that *bitch* told him about your memory research.”

“That’s *horrible*. How much?”

“Enough for him to start figuring it out.”

Edmund scratched his chin thoughtfully. “That puts a whole new light on the problem of Dr. Sims. Roselyn, I’m going to need that, uh, lesbian bitch as you call her, to help us out of this mess.”

Roselyn’s eyes widened. She shook her head no.

“It can’t be helped, Dear.”

Chapter 2

“Good morning, Ms Maples,” Loxal greeted the desiccated old woman who served the half-dozen post-docs who worked in the basement of the old Neuroscience Building at the University of Arizona. He liked her a lot but she did look as if someone had found her lying abandoned in the desert sun. What little flesh she had clung in deep, dark wrinkles across a bony frame. The only other inhabitants of this dark realm, the sub-sub basement to be exact, were a few hundred rats and some very hostile monkeys.

“Dr. Sims? You weren’t expected back until the end of the week.”

Loxal grunted as he started to push past her desk which sat in the middle of the corridor. His office was at the end of the hall. “I missed you, Ms Maples.”

“How nice,” she murmured as she turned back to her keyboard.

Loxal shoved open the door of what surely had been a broom closet before it was transformed into an office. He resented the absence of windows even more than the lack of space. It was a cage, little better than that housing the monkeys in the next suite. He glared at the piles of papers, mounds of journals and the insipid screen saver running across the face of his computer monitor. Five years in graduate school and almost five more as a post-doc for...*this!* He kicked the door shut and dropped down onto the metal folding chair behind the tiny desk. Chin in his hands, he stared at nothing. During the eight hour drive from L.A. to Tucson he’d had a lot to think about. At first it had been *Roselyn* that dominated his thoughts. Reopening that old wound had been bad enough but she was flippin’ nuts now.

“*He fuckin’ knew!*” Loxal bellowed.

“What was that?” called out Ms Maples.

“Sorry, ma’am,” he replied after opening the door to his office. “Just thinking out loud.” He could see that the old woman had been offended. “It will not happen again.” He shuddered. He needed air. He needed to think. He fled the basement deep in thought.

~~oOo~~

Dr. Edmund Northwitch eased back into his couch and waited for the memories to be absorbed through the so-called blood-brain barrier. It was always a startling experience, one for which human physiology had not been designed. There would be no noticeable transition, no precise perception that would signal that the data was there. Even though he’d done this a hundred times before, there was still that queer unquiet he felt as if another entity were invading his mind...which, in a sense, it was. The molecules themselves would self-destruct in a few hours. It hadn’t always been that way. Certainly not when he’d used his lovely but unfaithful wife in those initial experiments. Those early efforts had utterly fractured her mind! He checked the watch on his wrist; it was time.

He focused on the image of Loxal’s face. The gold-red hair, then the vivid green eyes and—suddenly he was there! It wasn’t a “replay” of the actual meeting with Roselyn, it

seldom was. General impressions flooded Edmund-Loxal's consciousness. Nothing of value. The raging hard-on that gripped Edmund's cock accurately reflected the primary emotional signals of this initial, most current data but anguish, sadness and confusion swamped that. He quarried the data stream for evidence of Loxal's knowledge or even awareness of Edmund's work, but found nothing more current than that stemming from the period at Penn. Tidbits of Loxal's life, some of enormously fine detail, came, unbidden, to Edmund's mind. Much, too much, to suit Edmund, and these became nested in his own memory...but tagged, unlike his initial efforts with Roselyn, as *alien* memories. It was a frightening thought to imagine that *not* happening! Imagine all memories being treated as one's own! One as good as the other; one as *real* as the other! And that's why he'd kept poor, damaged Roselyn— *guilt*. Someday when the scientific histories were written on his ground breaking work, she'd be included—as a martyr.

In a cuckolded husband's revenge, Edmund sought and found Loxal's memories of Roselyn; for some twenty minutes he re-experience their mating dance and then a few vivid moments of amazingly detailed intercourse. He'd had his wife as he'd *never* had her in his "real" existence! She'd never been *that way* with him nor, in fact, had any woman given herself to Edmund as Roselyn had given herself to Loxal!

When finally he'd ended the session, his resolve to deal with Loxal had firmed up. Indeed, never over these several years had he felt the jealous rage that lay incipient inside him at that moment. Cuckolded indeed! He got off the couch and went over to the computer. He'd made detailed notes on that virus when first he'd acquired those memories. What exactly was in store for Dr. Loxal Sims...*and when would it happen?*

~~oOo~~

"Chuck? Yeah, yeah, long time no see." He paused for a minute, phone to his ear. "No, still doing research but self-funded. Speaking of funding, how are funds at the Gender Identity Clinic?" More silence and then, "I think I can help you while you help me, Chuck. How does a mil sound?" He laughed, "No, you don't need to kill anybody but... I need some urine samples. Yeah, urine." He laughed again, "Standard size will do." Another pause and then, "Transvestites who have been rejected from your sexual re-assignment program. Yeah, you got me, core transvestites, decidedly not transsexual." Again, silence. "Well, bordering on compulsive disorder, if you know what I mean. Uh-huh. Arrested you say... five times disorderly conduct. Perfect! Shoplifting? Yeah, perfect! What am I doing? Chuck, you want that mil, no strings attached, in trade for a few ounces of urine or not? No! As I said, I'm fully self-funded." He paused again. "Attach a brief case history along with the samples. That a problem? No, no demographics, just psychological records. Fine. I'll send the check as soon as the samples arrive." He laughed, "No, Chuck, you don't need to drive them over, UPS will be just fine." As Edmund hung up, Roselyn cleared her throat. "Yes, Dear?"

"That's for Loxal, isn't it?"

"Yes. Eventually."

"I don't want him, you know, *that way*."

“You were listening, Dear. No transsexual memories, no desire to *be* a woman.”

She didn't look happy at all. “I don't want him...changed, inside Eddie. I want him to be, you know exactly as he is, like you promised.”

“My dear, dear Roselyn,” he said as he took her by the arm and led her over to a chair. “I promise to only use transient memories. Dead molecules.”

“Then why bother?”

He shrugged. “To confuse him. To distract him while your ‘cocktail’ does its work.”

“Oh,” she said, obviously not fully relieved. “Why can't we just kidnap him and, you know, let me perform the surgery here. Eddie, I got everything I need right here except Loxal.”

“Ah! That's the key word my dear: *kidnapped*. I have worked too hard to get to this point to chance a run-in with the law. My dear, if things work out the way I hope, *he* will come to *you*.” He could see instantly that she liked that. “Yes, a little nudge here, another there and...”

“Wouldn't he know, instantly that alien memories are...?”

He smiled, “Not if he's sufficiently occupied or drunk or both when the insertion is made. Odd, unexpected memories, a flood of them hitting, unexpectedly.”

“You can do that?”

He shrugged. “We can do that, Roselyn.”

“OK,” she said as if her permission were essential.

“In the meantime, my dear, have you completed the assignments I gave you?”

She left the room quickly.

~~oOo~~

Loxal was pouring over a huge picture he'd spread out on the long table in the graduate student lounge. A few books and other miscellaneous objects weighted the corners to keep them from rolling up. “Hi, Loxal.”

“Oh, hi, Hank.”

“What yah got there?” The young doctoral student didn't wait for a reply as he swung in beside the red head.

“Picture of my lab at Penn. Here.” He jabbed a finger at a man standing in the doorway of a connecting room. “That's my professor, Dr. Northwitch and behind him you can just make out part of his lab.”

“Hmmm,” responded Hank.

“I had the negative of this old picture and I thought perhaps if I blew it up enough, I could get some idea of what the old man was working with. You see, even then Northwitch was a bit paranoid about his research.”

“Are you saying you were never inside his lab all those years the two of you worked together?”

“You got that right.” He held up a magnifying glass and pointed. “You can see part of an electron microscope. That makes sense. His hypothetical memory molecules would only be a hundred atoms in size, max.”

“Memory molecules. I heard of that.” The young man looked puzzled for a moment. “How can the brain record a memory on a few atoms?”

Loxal laughed. “Yeah, that was always the sticking point with those who knew Northwitch’s speculations—too small. According to Northwitch’s ’95 paper in Neuroscience, they roll up into very, very tiny balls when formed. Got me so far? They breed like animals, which is to say a new molecule contains about 99.9% of the information resident in the ‘mother’. And they migrate around, picking up information from other sites. That’s called ‘memory consolidation’.”

Hank grumped, “Still doesn’t explain how something so small can contain so much.”

Loxal scratched his head. “This isn’t from Northwitch directly but I suspect that it’s the subatomic structure that carries the information. At the subatomic level, a hundred atoms is huge in term of potential information storage. Anyhow, the half-life of one of these guys—and now I quote Northwitch—is a few thousand hours, a couple of years, max.”

“Reproduce?”

“Yeah. Like DNA, only less accurately. That’s why long-term memory isn’t perfect and the more remote the event recorded, the less likely it will be accurately reproduced.”

“I know what that is,” Hank said, jabbing a finger on the print. “They got one of them down at the hospital.”

“What?”

“I don’t know the name but it works like an oil cracking tower, just a lot smaller. They use it sometimes when performing a urine analysis, I think.”

Loxal jerked back, “*Piss!*”

“Huh?”

“Oh nothing, Hank. You just reminded me of something a former girl friend said to me recently.”

“Huh?”

“Thanks kid, you’ve been a big help.” After the young man had left the lounge, Loxal spoke to the figure forever standing in that doorway, “Dr. Northwitch, I’m on to you now! Stealing valuable information has made you a rich man. I plan to get me some of that, you old bastard.” He rolled up the enlarged photo and headed back to his basement office. Dr. Northwitch may have destroyed Loxal’s professional career but...

~~oOo~~

Loxal's jaw dropped. There, standing at his apartment door, was *Roselyn*. Her face was heavily made-up and her hair was curled and air blown into a lion mane as was popular in the 70's. "You...you look like a cheap whore."

"Oh thanks, Loxal, you say the sweetest things." She molded her full, sensuous lips into a pout and fluttered her artificial lashes. "Can I come in or do we hold this tryst in the hallway for all your neighbors to watch?"

"Tryst?" His pale skin glowed brightly as a blush formed. She was wearing a long trench coat, not exactly standard wear in Tucson that time of year. Projecting from under the tan coat were legs encased in fishnet stockings. Her head was at least four inches higher than his, due to six-inch heels. He took a half step back. "How do you stand on those things?" he muttered.

She grabbed the front of her trench coat, like a flasher might do. "And this?"

"*Jesus, Roselyn!*" He stumbled back. "Get in here before someone sees you!" As he pulled her inside, she dropped the trench coat to the floor. The fishnet stocking were held up by a black, lacy garter belt. The white flesh that was her upper thigh flowed uninterrupted until meeting her naked butt spheres, which were themselves all but naked. Black, lacy thongs dove into the cleavage created by the joining of her delightfully wiggling bottom. He closed the door as she stood, taking stock of the apartment.

"It's so...small and dingy, Love." She turned. Her feet were spread apart with one knee slightly cocked. She threw her shoulder back, raised her chin as her hands cupped her hips. "Well, do I still look like a cheap whore, Love?"

Poor Loxal stood gaping. The black satin corset that had compressed her waist to a nub, rose up and held Roselyn's fine breasts captive and created cleavage almost as deep as those butt cheek he'd just seen. "I...I don't know what to say."

She laughed and cocked her hips, "I got the idea from a web site for sissy boys, Love." She took a couple of step closer to him. Her breath was coming in ragged gasps. Her painted lips parted and her pink tongue flicked out expectantly. "I wanted to remind you of what you would be getting."

Loxal held up his hands, palms toward her, "Not that transsexual shit again," he whined. "I was perfectly happy with the way you were."

She hissed, "But I'm *not* that way now, Love. This is the *real* me." She held out her arms, wriggling her fingers. The long, bright nails flashed wickedly in the light. "Come, come to me, Love."

"This is crazy." he muttered and then shook his head no.

If his rejection angered her, it didn't show. Indeed her eyes took on a most sinister gleam. A predatory smile worked its way across her face as if to say, *just as well- I'll take you against your will!* "Love. I left a bag in the hallway. Would you be so kind as to..."

A reprieve! Loxal broke his gaze and shambled toward the door. "This?" he said as he retrieved the plastic bag.