



*Reluctant Press*

# The Woman Inside

Dee Dee Perri



*ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHAS*

**A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL**

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## *Reluctant Press TG Publishers*

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# THE WOMAN INSIDE

By **Dee Dee Perri**

## Chapter 1

One didn't need to be trained as a psychologist to see that Dr. Paul Moore was in desperate need of help. He had been referred to me by a colleague at Cedars Hospital, after complaining of acute anxiety attacks. As I was soon to discover, this was perhaps the least of his problems. Doctor Moore was a very successful young man: board-certified as a surgeon *and* as an endocrinologist, quite a lot to accomplish so early in his career. He was, after all, only twenty-eight! I learned in our preliminary meeting that he'd graduated Yale, premed, at the age of sixteen; that might make him a genius, depending on your definition of that term. He completed all of his formal medical training in only six years (Harvard, then Boston City Hospital, internship, followed by UCLA Medical Center residency) before going on staff at Cedars at the ripe old age of twenty-two! Even if one ignored the extensive list of medical research publications he'd already been published in and federal grants he's accumulated, he was on a fast track to big time accomplishments. Unfortunately such dedication had taken quite a toll on his psyche. As I said, the anxiety attacks he suffered from were only symptoms and not, in my professional judgment, the core problem.

For all his academic and professional accomplishments, Dr. Moore was not a particularly impressive individual in the flesh, so to speak. Medium height but very slight of build, he reminded me of a young Wally Cox for those of you addicted to late night TV. That is to say he was very mild-mannered, quiet and, well, this is harsh, very much the picture of a nerdy wimp. How he ever managed to gain prominence in the medical field which has more than its fair share of egomaniacs was far beyond me to explain except, perhaps, that he was really good at what he did. Anyhow, that's slightly off the point. Paul was about as assertive as an overripe mush melon and he could have been the model for the original "wall flower". And talk about emotional blockage! Other than his anxiety attacks, he seemed to be almost devoid of normal feelings. He seemed more robot than human though I knew, somewhere inside, there must be a real person. I was only too right as I was soon to discover.

Doctors make the worst patients and Dr. Moore was no exception. I could see the tensions and conflicts that raged just under his skin. His face was, more often than not, knotted by tight muscles into a terrible, manic grimace and yet he denied that any

exceptional stress existed in him. "I'm...OK, really," he said as a tic worked the corner of his mouth. "Oh gosh, maybe I'm a little tense right now, Doctor Goldman." He shrugged as his hands twisted and squirmed in his lap like a pair of restless kittens before his tic moved from his mouth and began to work his right eyelid. I swear it looked like he was winking at me as he said, "I'm, er, setting up a practice in West Hollywood and well...that's been, er, trying at times but...no I'm just...er, fine other than those, er, *silly* anxiety attacks of mine."

Right! I just stared at him for a moment. As long as he continued to deny that there was anything seriously wrong, this session, like the first two, would be a complete waste. I had already challenged him as to his "nervous" condition, the obvious tensions his body exhibited and the general lack of emotional reactivity but, like most medically trained individuals, he was adept at rationalizing the obvious and ignoring the un-ignorable. "Paul?"

"Doctor?"

"To be frank, I'm not sure I can help you." I spayed out my hands, palms up. "I see a man under enormous internal stress and yet..." I didn't even bother to finish. The expression on his face said "not *that* again!" "Would you let me try one more approach?" I said finally.

"S...Sure Doctor, I, er guess."

"Well..." I looked at him. On a one-to-ten scale with ten being best, I would rate my chances of hypnotizing Dr. Moore at about one point two. That is to say, not very good at all. "Hypnosis."

He looked startled, "You're kidding. Me?" he said as he stabbed his shallow chest with a finger. His eyes brightened with additional anxiety. It was obvious he was afraid, or at least very uncomfortable, with the idea of being hypnotized.

"Truth?" I said. "I don't expect this to work. You are going to have to trust me completely and...well, that's particularly difficult for you, isn't it? Trust I mean, Paul."

"Oh..." he said, his eyes wide as his mouth gaped open for a brief moment before returning to that rigid pseudo-grin. He knew what I was referring to: One couldn't very well perform a hypnotic procedure without trust and, for poor Paul Moore, that was the very horns of the dilemma. Could he let down his guard and let me work with him? He really wanted to say *no*, that was obvious.

I nodded, then shrugged my shoulders, "It has been used successfully in the treatment of anxiety disorders like yours. I could show you some of the journal articles if you'd like?" I waited for him to reply but he just sat there. Finally he shrugged as if to say "why not?". It wasn't exactly a hardy endorsement but it was a positive first step. To say I was surprised would be an understatement though, upon reflection, it was more likely that he was simply intimidated by me as he was by nearly everybody with whom he had personal contact. The fact that he'd come to me, a shrink, in the first place, was probably one of the biggest steps he'd ever made in the vast unexplored area of human interaction.

Finally he gave me the verbal approval I needed. He spoke slowly and carefully. "OK...if that's what I have to do."

I will not give you a lecture on hypnosis, dear reader, other than to say that it is the characteristics of the subject and not that of the hypnotist that really matter. And the traits of my patient were such that prospects for success in this paradigm could be described as ranging from slim to none. A good subject needs to be able to let go, trust the therapist. Not exactly traits that Paul had shown me thus far. Hell, Paul didn't even trust himself! However, as it turned out, I couldn't have been more wrong.

I started with simple visual imagery before shifting to a standard "relaxation" sequence. I avoided any reference to hypnosis or "sleep" or "trance-like state" and was rewarded far beyond my wildest expectations. Like most bright people (and Paul was very intelligent), he had a very good imagination and responded readily to my suggestions. I focused his attention upon his facial muscles. In a few minutes, very quick by the standards of a first-time induction session, the obvious stress lines had melted and the tic had disappeared completely. I was stunned at my initial success. Paul was an exceptional subject!

As the muscles eased their constriction, his face seemed to become...almost feminine! Oh, his facial features were small by male standards, that was obvious, but the absence of that tight grimace revealed a generous mouth with almost lush lips. The eyes widened and the eyebrows elevated as the wrinkles on his forehead vanished. Then a slight, almost lazy, smile formed across those lips exposing a fine set of even white teeth above his lower lip. A lazy smile! Entirely unlike that horrid grimace it looked...real!

Quickly then his rigid body seemed to unwind as I directed him to relax more and more muscle groups. The chronic tension was gradually replaced by an almost fluid existence as my patient half-turned in the large oversized stuffed chair and drew together his legs. He tucked his feet under his butt much as my former wife had been prone to do when she relaxed in front of the TV. Paul's right hand dropped down to his lower thigh as his left hand, elbow on the chair arm, went to his mouth. He extended his index finger and then placed it between his half-open lips and began to suck. All-in-all I must admit I'd never seen such a physical transformation evoked simply by getting someone to *relax*. His eyes, half open, finally turned in my direction. His gaze, unfocused, was unsettling to say the least. "Can you hear me, Paul?" He didn't respond other than to suck more vigorously on the finger in his mouth. Finally the sucking ceased and he held up that wet member and studied it carefully. "Paul?" I tried again and was rewarded with half-lidded eyes that seemed to see me for the first time but without recognition.

"He's...not here." Paul said in a soft, *falsetto* voice. Falsetto? It was almost a full octave higher and yet it seemed to be quite natural, unforced. It had tonal qualities that his normal voice lacked entirely. Indeed, one could even detect a hint of *humor* as if a giggle might easily follow.

"I'm...sorry." I stammered. "Come again?"

My patient released a long sigh. "I'm not him." His lips pursed and then a slight hint of a superior smile followed.

"Oh," I muttered. I suddenly found myself quite out of my depth. "Ah, who..."

Paul shrugged by drawing in his shoulders slightly as he tossed his chin a bit higher. "Glory." Now the smile was fully expressed. It was a haughty thing, prideful, confident and *entirely* unlike anything I'd seen on Paul's face before.

"Huh?" I said. "Gloria?"

"No." Paul replied with a hint of alien, malicious humor. "Glory. G-L-O-R-Y."

"Oh," I muttered. I found myself staring into those almost hypnotic eyes. A queer sense of distress worked its way into my gut. "Unusual name." I paused, uncertain of where to go with this. The silence thickened as I watched my patient slide his right hand up his thigh, across his belly and then terminate its vertical migration at his chest. His palm then slid across his chest as if looking for something that should be there. "Is there a problem?" I asked.

"Nothing that can't be fixed," Paul sighed as he looked down at his chest. And then, in a liquid, boneless movement, he began to uncoil his body, placing his feet back on the floor. He held his knees together in a fashion that seemed entirely... feminine or at least very prim. Or perhaps it was the way he held his hands, one inside the other, quietly in his lap that made his overall manner so "lady like".

I said, "Hmmm," which was my usual response when I had no idea at all as to what to do or say. Professionally speaking, "hmmm" can be so much more effective than, say, "duh"!

Paul stood up slowly and walked over to the mirror mounted on the opposite wall. His stride was as feminine as his voice and the other mannerisms I have already mentioned; a smooth flowing motion accentuated by a distinct swaying of his hips. His right arm encircled his waist from the front as the other arm extended to touch the mirror for an instant. He appeared to study the reflected image for a long, long moment, cocking his head from side to side. Then, he quietly said, "So much to do and so little to work with."

"Sorry?" I was flustered and more than a little confused.

"I said...oh *never mind!* You wouldn't understand anyway." Though his words were harsh, they were not spoken in anger. It was more like he was talking to a young child than to another adult. The speech pattern was loaded with a tone like a second grade teacher talking to one of her students.

"Go on." I sat there, pen in hand. Notes covered my pad by this time. I had absolutely no idea of what she'd say next. *SHE!* Yes, it was easy to think of Paul as female at this instant. I wrote that down.

"When we were kids...me and Paulie. We used to take turns, you know."

"Turns?"

"Yes. When Tracy would come over to my house. We would play with her dolls and dress up." She looked stricken as she turned away from the mirror and sought and found my eyes.

"Go on. Please? Who's Tracy?"

She ignored me. "The other boys made fun of me. They were mean. They hurt me."

Now I was scribbling like crazy. “Yes?”

“Then Daddy...”

“Please continue,” I said after waiting several seconds. Her eyes had this faraway look; she seemed to be lost in a remembrance.

She said nothing and just stared into the space above my head until, finally she said, “It wasn’t fair.”

“What wasn’t?”

“It was never *my* turn to play anymore...” She sighed in pain, “I...I didn’t do anything wrong!”

I waited, breathlessly. Finally I said, “Go on, please.”

“It was like I was bad and had to go to my room, only I wasn’t.”

“Bad,” I said.

Now she turned, hands on her hips and her gaze directed at me. “I was just a little kid and they wanted to send me to my room...forever, Doctor Goldman! That’s...not fair, is it?”

“Yesss...I mean no,” I stammered, not sure of what to say. “Who? I mean, who sent you to your room, your Daddy?” She had this terrible habit of not answering my questions and, it seemed she wasn’t about to change now.

“I’m not going back! It’s my turn now. That’s fair...isn’t it?”

I returned *her* stare. This was decidedly *not* a good situation. Could I reason with her? I thought not. “I think we had better end this session, Paul, hmmm? Pick it up again in the next session?”

Her eyes narrowed as righteous indignation erupted across her face. “No!” she said flatly and with finality as she raised one eyebrow, dismissing my objection out of hand. The look she gave me, well I could have been a slug, some piece of fresh dog poop she’d just stepped on.

I plowed ahead half-afraid that she’d try to leave the room before... “At the count of three you will return to normal,” I said, a bit too loudly. I couldn’t wait for her permission. And my worst fears were well-grounded for she tried to push past me at that moment. As I grabbed her arm I shouted “ONE-TWO-THREE!” Hypnosis is *not* magic and my termination sequence was hardly textbook.

I had her by her upper arm to stop her exit but rather than pulling against me, she spun around, into me. In the next instant, her chest was against mine, her face in my face. She kissed me full on the lips as her free arm encircled my waist. Suddenly it was me and not *her* that was attempting to retreat, to break this embrace. I yelped “Paul!” but her kiss cut me off as her tongue thrust into my mouth. Sputtering, I stumbled back and let go of her arm.

Eyes flaring, her expression was an open challenge to me to do something, a kind of “make-my-day” look, a la Dirty Harry. And when I didn’t, she tossed her head, laughed a sinister laugh, then swept out of my office with her chin held high. Like a moron, I stood there, stunned, speechless as the door closed behind *her*.

HER? I pulled myself together. Her! That was quiet, little Paul Moore. Doctor Moore, surgeon, another professional like me and decidedly not a *HER* but...I ran out into the waiting room. "Vicky!" I yelled for my receptionist as I spun around on my heels looking for my patient.

Her voice came from behind me. "Yes, Doctor?"

I was having a little panic attack of my own now. "Which way did *she* go?"

"Who? She?" She looked puzzled.

"Sorry. I mean, did you see which way Dr. Moore went?" I was wiping sweat from my brow as the full magnitude of the incident became clearer to me.

She shrugged, "I was in the back getting the file for your next patient. Is there a problem?"

What could I say? I'd just had a patient *escape* while still hypnotized or at least he, Paul Moore, had left not fully back to *normal*. I could see my whole career crashing into a legal nightmare. And then I lied, "No." I started for the door.

"Doctor? You have a patient in..." She looked at the clock, "ten minutes."

Right, there was no problem! I shook my head. "I need to cancel," I muttered. "I...don't know when I'll be back. Try to reschedule, OK? Vicky?" And then I ran out of the office. Where had he gone and perhaps, more important, what was he doing or going to do? Oh God, this was simply terrible!

~oOo~

My search for Dr. Moore was as fruitless as it was exhausting. I'd left messages along with my cell phone number at the hospital, his private practice and at his home. I had personal assurances from Dr. Moore's office manager Miss Whinny and his housekeeper that he would get my message eventually. Of course neither of them knew the real nature of the emergency. The fact was, as time passed, I was less and less sure a real emergency existed. But what I *was* sure of was that my professional ass was hanging over the edge. I had to know more about what I was dealing with. That's when I made a trip over to UCLA

"I...I can't tell you, George, how glad I am that you could see me on such short notice." I'd given him a broad outline, short on details about the session with Dr. Paul Moore. Of course, those facts concerning my patient's identity and other, nonrelevant details were not mentioned; one has to maintain confidentiality, after all.

Dr. George Winslow, clinical psychologist at UCLA and a highly recognized *expert* in the area of abnormal behavior, brushed his napkin across his lips before answering. "Not often I'd turn down a free lunch, Herb. You *are* picking up the tab, aren't you?" The last was said with a smile. And then he winked, letting me know he wasn't kidding. "Seriously, Son." He leaned across the table and, in a stage whisper, said, "I wouldn't count on this being a case of multiple personalities."



“No?” I was startled. Everything I’d seen had suggested that diagnosis. “George, it was like a completely formed personality just...bloomed before my eyes. The fact that it was female, well, that just made it all the more obvious.”

Old man Winslow shrugged and brushed back a lock of white hair. “Oh, the popular press would have us believe that there are hundreds of cases of poor souls with that condition but...*every* systematic attempt to document such a condition with objective measures has *failed*. A few therapists account for most of the so-called instances in the literature and, I might add, those same practitioners generally cashed-in via the popular media...books, talk shows and such silliness.”

“But...” I stammered. “I’m sure...”

“And so am I, Son. There is a scam here, I can smell it. Multiple personalities! Phooey!”

“What should I do?”

“Now? I recommend you get a video system in your office, pronto. I don’t know how you ever got by without one but that’s closing the barn door after the horse left, isn’t it? Don’t be too surprised, Herb, if you get hit with a law suit.”

“But...he’s a professional like us.”

“All the more reason to expect the worst, Son. I wish I could give you better news but you stepped into it this time, yep. Now, how’s the cheese cake here?”

I couldn’t let go that easily. “But what if...”

“OK. I’ll play your *what if*. Hmmm. Yes waiter, I’ll have the cheese cake with...” He pointed at the slice with cherries on top. “You were saying, Herb?” He said as he hefted a fork and attacked his dessert.

“Now that *she’s* in control...well, how do I get her to let go?” I watched the old man scan his extraordinary memory even as he savored the cheese cake. He might not believe that multiple personalities existed but I was sure he’d read every book and paper on the subject nonetheless.

“It depends on who you want to believe. Some would have us believe that suppressing another personality takes effort.” He laughed and pointed his fork at me. “Perhaps that’s why your patient was such a control freak, hmmm and seemed to be under so much, ah, constant pressure.”

I nodded. That made sense. “OK, a sudden loss of control... Like today. The hypnosis session.”

“Right. At least Ed Tomain would have agreed with you.”

“Sorry, I don’t know his work.”

He shrugged expansively. “Not missing much. Anyhow if this, ah, female alter ego had been repressed so long, well, I doubt that she’d let go very easily and I certainly doubt that she’d agree to be hypnotized again. But of course we’re playing *what if* here, Son. Your malpractice insurance paid up?” I groaned. “Most likely your *what if* multiple personality will wake up tomorrow and be in control again, assuming, of course that the other personality ever existed.” He shrugged, “He was successful all

these years keeping the little ‘what if’ gal suppressed. Why should he give up his edge now, hmmm?”

“Whatever,” I mumbled.

~oOo~

My late lunch meeting with George Winslow didn’t do much for my peace of mind. However I did managed to salvage part of my patient load. The rest of the afternoon, three patients, three fifty-minute hours, slid by slowly. Neither my mind nor my heart was in gear through all of that. I was waiting for the other shoe to drop...and it did, finally.

It was almost six o’clock and my receptionist had left eons ago. I was puttering around the office. I’d studied Dr. Moore’s folder until I’d all but memorized it. I had worked and then reworked my notes from that meeting until I had as complete a record as was humanely possible. Then the phone rang. I jumped and snatched it off its hook in an instant. “Dr. Goldman’s office,” I said in a rush.

A breathy, feminine voice said, “Dr. Goldman?”

“Yes. Speaking.” A chill worked up my spine. It was *that* voice again. My worst fears had been confirmed. She was still in control of Dr. Moore’s body.

“It’s...me. Glory.”

I could hear my heart hammer in my ears. “I have been trying to get hold of you all day, Dr. Moore.” I could hear her breathing but she said nothing. I waited, then finally, “Dr. Moore, are you still there?” Of course I knew he was.

“It’s Glory,” she growled.

“Sorry. What can I do for you, ah, Glory?”

“You called me. Gads, hounding me almost to death, Doctor.”

“Right! Sorry. I was, ah, concerned.”

She gushed, “This has been the best day of my life. I’m doing just fine Doctor and...thank you.”

“For?”

“You aren’t that dense, Dr. Goldman, are you? You set me free at last!”

“That concerns me...Glory.” When she didn’t respond to that, I continued, “I’m worried for Paul.”

“He’s not the injured party, Doctor. I’m the one that has been wronged.”

“This is too complex an issue to discuss over the phone...Glory. Can we met somewhere? Now?”

She purred, “I thought you would never ask. Dinner, Herb?”

“Yes.” I breathed a sigh of relief. “My treat.”

“Oh no, mine,” she giggled. “You know, I’ve never cooked for a man in my life...such as it’s been. You got a pen handy? I’ll give you my address.”

~oOo~

Dr. Paul Moore’s house was located on the edge of Beverly Hills in an affluent neighborhood, a *very* affluent neighborhood, well beyond the means of a simple working stiff like me. But that wasn’t what was giving me my own rendition of a panic attack. What was I going to find here? And what in the Hell did I expect to accomplish? There seemed to be no alternative, though. Whatever had happened to my patient this morning was still happening. This Glory creature was obviously still in control of Dr. Paul Moore’s body and it was my responsibility...well, my fuck-up, to be more exact.

As I approached the front door I saw a shadow flit by the front window. I frantically pawed through what I would say or do and found no plan. This would have to be ad-lib. My chance for further contemplation vanished as the door swung open. My mind froze. “Hi,” I said to the figure standing there in silhouette, a mere outline against the bright background. *She* was wearing a dress, heels...the works. The night air carried *her* heavy perfume to me.

She laughed. “You going to stand there all night?” And then she pulled aside and motioned for me to come in.

I tried not to notice her attire but I guess, in spite of myself, I was staring. Her hair, cut and styled into a very feminine coiffure was no longer brown but strawberry blond. Her makeup was obviously professionally applied and the makeup had succeeded in transforming that feminine face into something approaching real beauty. There was a sparkle in her eyes as she caught my gaze, a kind of wicked delight as she watched my face. I opened my mouth but nothing came out.

“Well?” she said as she stepped back and extended her arms away from her side and posed for me. It was obvious she wanted me to comment. No, let me be exactly correct, she was *expecting* a compliment.

“Amazing,” I gulped. She looked perplexed when I didn’t go on and then, with resignation on her pretty face, she took my arm and led me into what was a small parlor and motioned for me to sit.

“Martini?” she said. She didn’t wait for me to respond but headed toward a small bar where two obviously chilled martinis, already prepared, sat.

“Sure...I guess,” I said as I watched her back. Like this morning, there was nothing male in her fluid movements. Her shoulders were a tad too wide and her hips were boyishly slim. The dress was tightly belted which gave her some semblance of a girlish waist but, all-and-all, that was a man’s body. As she turned, martini glasses in hand, the female illusion was far more compelling. Even in the absence of rounded contours, the flat chest and the too-wide shoulders, she was... gorgeous. “Amazing!” I said as she handed me my drink. I was now openly staring at her face.

“A man of few words, Doctor?”

“Huh?”

“Well, you’ve said *amazing* at least twice already.” She took a seat on the small couch opposite my chair, curling into it like a kitten settling into its bed, her martini glass carefully balanced in her hand. Her movements were entirely feline in tone now. I half-expected her to purr. Once settled, she cocked her head and took my measure. “What do you *really* think? Give me your *professional* assessment.” Her nose flared as her eyebrows arched expectantly.

I frowned. “You look lovely.”

She rolled her eyes, “I’m not looking for compliments now, Herb. You already missed your chance and...I’ve got eyes. No. I want your professional judgment as to my psychological state. Is that psychobabbly enough?”

“Oh.” Then, after a second as I finally broke free of her gaze, “OH! Ah yes, well, it’s a little too early for me to say...” I stammered to a halt. “No, damn it! I’ll be completely frank with you...Glory.”

“I would hope so, Doctor. But be completely honest with me. It’s...important, yes?”

I returned her gaze. It isn’t what I wanted to say. It wasn’t what I *should* say but damn it, it was the truth. “You seem to be a thousand percent more *healthy* than you ever were as Paul.” I was horrified at what I’d just said. It certainly was not in my best interest to encourage her-him in this...whatever, but it was absolutely *true*.

She let out a long sigh, “*Thank you.*” And then she took a long sip from her glass as she looked across the rim of her glass and studied my eyes. “I believe you.”

I took a hurried gulp from my own glass. “Affect,” I said. “You have emotions. You smile, you frown and...you’re *real*. God only knows I’ve never dealt with anyone exactly like you but...”

“Could you like me?” She blushed, “What I mean is, had we met under different circumstances...”

“Like you? As a friend yes, I’m almost certain. I really mean that. I...I...” There was a flash of pain in her eyes. That stopped me. “Ah, that’s not what you were asking, was it?”

Her eyes hardened, “Dinner’s ready. Lets eat before it gets cold.”

I could already see that things had suddenly gotten cold in a hurry. Transference, huh? Falling in love with your shrink was not uncommon. Returning that love, counter-transference, would be malpractice, illegal and immoral. “Yeah. That seems like a good idea...Glory.”

~oOo~

The pasta was over cooked and the veal underdone. Neither she nor I were eating much. But that was to be expected. There was a lot of tension in the air and she’d begun to drink heavily. I’d stopped after the first glass of wine, so most of the first bottle and all of the second she’d consumed by herself. At first I thought it was my rejection of

her sexual advance that had upset her but this proved to be wrong. Like most people, I have a tendency to think of myself as the center of the universe.

"I'm afraid, Herb." I looked across and encouraged her to continue with my best clinical stare. She tossed down her fork loudly, then covered her face with her hands, elbows on the table. "I...I can't go back again," she said, her voice muffled by her hands. "I see what he sees, hear what he hears, but I have no *control* over this body, no control over my own life! I'm a prisoner and Paul..." She stopped and removed her hands from her face and stared off into space for a long time.

"Go on." I said to encourage her. "Paul?"

"It's like living inside a machine. Being a computer would be more fun, Herb." Tears brightened her eyes. "He doesn't *feel* anything. He has no friends or lovers, there's no passion in his life. It's all...work, work, work. Empty, meaningless work. Fifteen, eighteen hours a day. Hospital rounds, patients, surgery and then his damned research! Oh God, I'm sooo bored!"

I couldn't help but think that she sounded like the *wife* of an MD. But in her case, there could be no divorce since she and he were literally one. "Do you talk, communicate?"

She looked surprised, "Of course. He's here right now."

"Oh," I said. That was a bit creepy to say the least. "And how does he feel about...this?"

"Oh." A grin broke out of the otherwise stricken face and then proceeded to take over the rest of her features. "Oh! He's pissed...or at least as pissed as Paul can get, which isn't all that much really, him being a cold fish and all." She passed fingers through her strawberry-blond tresses, "He almost broke through this afternoon when I went to the beauty parlor. And I can promise you, as soon as he get a chance..."

"Yes?"

The smile faded. "Who am I kidding? Tomorrow morning, like almost every morning in my life, he'll awake first. He'll shave my beautiful hair completely off, burn my pretty new clothes again and..."

"This has happened before?"

"Twice. This is the third time. Why do you think he has those anxiety attacks? Duh! It's a regular civil war between Paulie and me lately."

I eased back into my chair as a sense of relief swept over me. I hadn't, it seemed, been the primary cause of this situation after all. "I really hope that you and Paul will continue to see me."

Her gaze, which had become increasingly unfocused as she drank, suddenly and dramatically transformed. Even before *he* opened his mouth, the transformation in his mannerisms and posture, the heightened tension screamed loudly as to what had taken place: "Not *very* likely, Doctor." He jerked to his feet, a bit unsteady on those high heels. "Now, if you don't mind, could you show yourself OUT!"

## Chapter 2

“Doctor?”

“Yes, Vicky?”

She looked confused, uncertain. “Ah, Dr. Moore’s outside.”

“What?” Now *that* was a surprise! Of course he’d canceled his regular appointment weeks ago and I had absolutely no expectation of *ever* seeing him again, especially after that day Glory had *escaped*. “Ah, well...show him in.”

She didn’t move. “Ah, Doctor?”

“Yes?” I said impatiently. I had no idea why she was still standing there.

“You’re not going to believe...”

“Vicky?” I was getting increasingly displeased with her by this time. What was her problem?

“Oh...whatever!” She turned on her heel. “Come in, Dr. Moore.” And then she shot out of my office. I swear she was trying to keep a straight face and, I might add, not succeeding all that well. I braced myself for his arrival as I cursed Vicky’s lack of professionalism.

Paul Moore was wearing a trench coat. Considering that it had hit 100 degrees by noon, well, that was suspicious. But my attention had been automatically drawn to his face. His shiny bald dome (he had, as Glory had anticipated, cut her fine tresses) did nothing for his plucked eyebrows. Indeed, in the absence of hair, those artificially thinned eyebrows looked all the more effeminate. But it was the makeup on his eyes and lips that were really shocking. He stood there rigidly in the doorway.

“Please come in, Paul.”

He grunted and shoved the door closed. It was then that I noted the trench coat but I chose to say nothing as he made his way over to the overstuffed chair and sat down. One tic worked the corner of his lip as another caused his left eye lid to wink furiously. He was obviously near the end of his rope.

“She got out again,” he said in a monotone. “Four days ago.”

“Hmmm.” I waited. Why he’d come over in makeup was completely beyond me.

It was as if he read my mind. He poked his bright red lower lip with his finger. “Tattooed.” He just sat there glaring. “Hurts like hell, though the swelling has gone down. Yesterday I couldn’t see well enough to drive or I’d been here sooner.”

“Oh,” I said as I drew out my note pad. “Wish to talk about it?”

“Do I have a choice?” He was staring at the floor. “This can’t go on.” He looked at me for direction but it was certainly not the time for me to speak. He was like a pot ready to boil over. And boil he would. So I just waited him out. “She used stimulants to keep awake...almost three days. By the time I regained control, she’d done this. A damn quack in San Diego did the surgery and the tattoos, in Mexico. Damn her!” He looked at me again and I continued to wait. Finally, he came as close to blowing up as

I'd ever seen. He actually raised his voice, but only slightly. "It's all your fault." That got my attention.

"Sorry? What exactly is my fault, Paul?"

"S...she's in love with you."

"Glory."

"Of course Glory!" Now he was wringing his hands in a most agitated manner and both tics had increased their tempo in a most amazing demonstration.

I shrugged. "Even if I were attracted to men, and I'm not, Paul, I would never dream of a relationship, like that, with a patient. Not even a *former* patient."

"Tell *her* that."

"I did. Didn't I? I mean she's here, isn't she?" I felt like an idiot but then that was nothing new for me. "Glory," I said. "Nothing can ever happen between us. There! Will that do, Paul?"

He began to remove his trench coat. The fleshy movement under his shirt caught my eye. I tried not to gape but I failed miserably. They were huge...conical *breasts*. Of that I was sure. They filled the upper half of his shirt and it was obvious that the shirt he had on was substantially larger than what he normally wore and still the buttons threatened to pop. Finally, as he leaned back in his chair and those breasts ceased to bob and weave and merely pointed out at the world like a pair of spears, he said, "There's nothing here that can't be undone but..." I waited as he twisted uncomfortably in his chair. "Are you familiar with the work I do in my clinic?"

That was an odd question. I shrugged. "No. You never mentioned it."

"I have a contract with the Gender Identity Clinic at UCLA." I nodded. "A lot of my patients eventually undergo gender er- adjustment."

"Sex change surgery," I added.

"Yes. Usually with supporting endocrine treatment, that's my specialty, and extensive psychotherapy of course."

"Of course."

"Anyhow, Glory got into my hormones and..." He let out a long, tired sigh. "Well, those hormones are a bit more of a problem, long term than this..." He nudged a breast, "other stuff. You see why I'm here?"

"If you are asking me to find a way of, er, suppressing Glory, well, I can't do that." I watched his face but gleaned nothing. "On the other hand, ending this conflict by integrating both of you..."

"You can do that?"

"To be completely honest, I don't know. What I *can* do is try." I waited. It was obvious he didn't like the idea of integration. And frankly I wouldn't have been at all bothered if he rejected my offer. I hadn't the faintest idea of where to start...OK, perhaps an idea but not much more.

"I'll think about it," he said as he pulled on his trench coat and squished down those man-made boobs.

As he stood, I said, "I would have to work with both of you."

"I figured as much." There was no joy in those eyes.

As he reached the door, I said, "If you *do* decide to let me work with the two of you..."

"Yes?" he mumbled

"See if Vicky can schedule you in for twice a week. No, on second thought, make that three times a week."

He blanched.

~oOo~

It was Friday afternoon, a time when I *never* see patients. Vicky had already left at eleven and I was getting ready to leave as well. For whatever reason, Paul Moore had taken me off the hook. He'd not called back so I was completely taken by surprise when *he*...no make that *she*, swept into my office in a noisy clatter of heels on the tile floor. I blurted out, "Glory?"

She was panting like she'd run up the stairs. Jesus! Breasts! No trench coat for Glory. The nylon, rayon, whatever slick, thin material that formed her sun dress was fighting a losing battle against the mass of mammary flesh that tugged and pulled against the slender straps digging into her shoulders. Whatever lack she'd had in the womanly curves department a few weeks ago had definitely been attenuated. The platinum blond hair that hung down to her waist was obviously a wig but the rest of the package looked real enough. She swept me up in her arms and planted a wet, hot kiss on my lips as she ground her groin against mine.

Finally she came up for air and I broke free. She was still panting. "No, Glory!" I said.

"You don't even know what I want," she mewed but the face was less like a cat in distress and more like a cat enjoying a dish of rich cream.

I took another step back, holding my right hand out like a stop sign. "Whoa!"

She advanced, then stopped. "What do you think? Sexy, huh?"

"Yes, Glory. You are very, very pretty and you didn't need breast augmentation, OK?"

"You say the sweetest things, Herb." And she advanced on me.

"What part of 'no' do we have to work on, Glory?"

She sniffed. "Well, technically I have *never* been your patient, Doctor and..."

"And you're a man, damn it!" That was a nasty cut and I knew it before I'd spoken. But the truth was, it was necessary. I owed it to both of them, Paul and Glory. As far as I was concerned, Glory was as female as *any* woman I'd ever known and...I was



most decidedly attracted to her but one can't always have what one wants. My verbal attack had the intended effect. She stopped and her face collapsed into total dismay. She hung there for a few seconds like a time bomb but it was a dud. She turned and fled my office as quickly as she'd arrived. Truth? I felt a real sense of loss but it had been the right thing to do, damn it! One thing was certain, Glory was getting out more and more frequently. At some point, something had to give, but what and when?

~oOo~

Did I say I didn't work weekends? Or do house calls? Well, it was Friday night, the next thing to a weekend and I was at Paul Moore's house. He was still wearing that dress Glory had put on that afternoon but Paul had tossed the wig. Wig or no wig, when Paul was in control of that body, it looked entirely different than when Glory was running things. On him, those breasts looked decidedly out of place and he was about as sexy as a booger on the end of my finger. This last "breakout" having occurred so soon after the previous incident convinced him to meet with me. I don't think that either of them knew how she was able to escape or, for that matter, how Paul was able to keep her trapped inside most of the time. Of course, that wasn't my main concern by a long shot, though it was obviously Paul and Glory's. I refused to take sides in that struggle though I have to admit, I leaned a tad in Glory's direction.

"My professor used to say stories make more sense when you start from the beginning." When Paul didn't respond, I added, "So...when did you discover Glory?"

He scrunched up his face even more than usual, "She...was always there."

"Always?" That caught me by surprise. Multiple personalities from birth—now *that* would make a great research paper and then some. "Glory mentioned someone named Tracy. Who was she?"

He shrugged. "Yeah, I heard her say that but I don't remember a Tracy."

"OK...what about your father? He did something...right?"

Again he shrugged. "He was Dad, Pop. I don't know. I guess he did what dad's do. You know, took me to ball games and such."

"Wait a minute. You guess?"

"That was a long time ago, I'm not sure I would trust those memories to be honest."

I was getting no where fast. "OK, OK. Glory said she used to, ah, come out and play and then she wasn't allowed to anymore..."

Paul laughed. It was a cold, soundless laugh without real emotion. A regular Paul-type response, quite in character. "She's got a rich fantasy life. The first time she ever got 'out' was last year. That's when those silly anxiety attacks of mine started. I was fine until then. Oh, I always knew I was different than the others. None of the guys I grew up with had a 'girl' inside them. But I was OK with that. She wasn't any trouble or anything. Just there, you know. I was never alone."

Dead end, dead end. "Ah, Paul, I need to talk to Glory."

“Lots of luck, Herb.”

“No I’m serious.”

“Well, if you’re asking me to let her out...” He shrugged, “I don’t know how.”

“Yes, right. I know that. I was thinking of another session of, er, relaxation.”

He blanched. “You want to hypnotize me?” He shook his head vigorously in the negative.

He’d already proven to be a good subject for the procedure and his negative attitude could be used against him. “Come on, just picture that slowly falling snow flake. You can see those complex patterns, can’t you, Paul?” He jerked his head no but already he was getting that off-in-the-distance look in his eyes. “It’s turning, isn’t it? Spinning in the cold winter air. See the light glistening off the fine, complex patterns of the snow flake? It’s beautiful, isn’t it?” He was going and going fast.

I never made it to the sequential relaxation phase. Glory came booming out to greet me.

Even bald, she was sexy as hell. “I knew you could do it.” She purred, then stretched like a cat. There was a predatory look in her face and I knew who the mouse was.

“Whoa!” I ordered. I watched her coiled muscles relax as she eased back into the chair. “Can you answer those questions, Glory?”

She studied her finger nails for a few moments before responding, “What’s in it for me?”

“Truth, Glory? Perhaps everything, perhaps nothing. I’m trying to help *both* of you, OK?”

“Paul doesn’t know those things ‘cause...he didn’t exist back then.”

“HUH!” I’d jerked to my feet and my strong reaction, I could see, had tickled Glory. “Sorry,” I said as I sat down again. I was leaning forward; she had all my attention.

“It’s a long story, Herb.” I nodded for her to go on. “I was always a ‘girly-boy’. Mom used to dress me up in beautiful gowns and my hair...” She paused to pat her bald head, “...curls down to my shoulders. Daddy didn’t like it much, they used to fight about it, all the time. But he was wrong. Mommy didn’t make me that way, I just was...you know, a *natural* girl. Anyhow, Tracy was my best friend and we used to do all those things I already told you about.” She looked at me to make sure I was following her. “I invented Paulie. I’d pretend to be the boy that Daddy always wanted, at least some times.”

“Invented?”

“Yeah, that was a big mistake. When Mom died, Daddy wanted me to be Paulie *all* the time. No more curls, pretty dresses and no more girl friends. I...I couldn’t do that, Herb, not *all* the time.”

“But you did, huh? I mean, play Paulie all the time and that’s how...”