



Reluctant Press presents:

True Were Woman Tales:
The Bond

Dee Dee Perri



A 'NEW WOMAN' E-BOOK

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TRUE WEREWOMAN TALES: THE WERE-BOND

By Dee Dee Perri

Chapter 1 - Freddy

"I like what you've done with the place David," I said as I pushed my way past the stacks of books from the public library that rose like a poorly constructed wall between the entry way and the living room. My comment was tongue-in-cheek of course. David had never been known as a good housekeeper but what I saw now had elevated his bachelorhood existence to a new height or depth depending on one's perspective. Eat out much? Remnants from a thousand fast food excursions littered the living room floor, the latter formed a particularly well defined mound around the couch that sat in front of the flat screen TV like a shrine to the twin Gods, MacDonald and Burger King, but it was unlikely that my cousin had been making much use of that TV for between it and the couch towered a second slap-dashed wall of books and computer print outs which all but hid the TV screen, the books were obviously purchased since their spines were, for the most part, not embossed with the L.A. Public Library logo and some were apparently quite ancient. On the coffee table sat a notebook computer and a lot of scraps of paper with hand written notes. "Writing huh?" I called out. Leave it to me to comment on the obvious.

I could hear David banging around in his kitchen looking, I suspected, for a couple of clean water glasses. I called out to him, "It's really not necessary David, ok?" I could hear running water now in the sink so he must have found something like a functional glass or two. I shrugged and then worked my way gingerly around the litter and headed for the

kitchen, there was obviously no place to sit here. Poor David, he'd had the misfortune of having a novel published about three years earlier, a pseudo-science-fiction-fantasy thingy, not that I could say that I understood it all that well. I'd never developed the taste for mixing sci-fi with magic. More power to him though, I mean publishing a novel is pretty cool at the ripe age of twenty-five and it made the best sellers list in New York and eventually went to paperback which, I guess, is where the real money is. Anyhow, David made enough from that one book to quit his job at the bank and go into writing fulltime. But that event was now ancient history in the world of the popular press. None of his later manuscripts had found a willing publisher. Life can be cruel. "Hey," I said as I pushed through the swinging door into the kitchen and grabbed the back of a kitchen chair and pulled it away from the overburdened table and then sat down. "Thanks," I said as he handed me a substantial shot of cheap whiskey, it formed a shallow pool at the bottom of the huge plastic Seven-Eleven Big Gulp container. I took a sip and winced. "So?"

He stood with his butt against the kitchen sink, "Time?" he said.

"Huh?"

"I misplaced my watch, Fred."

I thought, why doesn't that surprise me? "Umm, five-fifteen, why?"

"Today is March nineteenth, right?"

"Yeah, been pretty much that all day, David, so?"

He took a swig out of the bottle of Old Granddad, shuddered and then wiped the resulting tears from his eyes. David wasn't much of a drinker, more of a Pepsi Cola kind of a guy, you know. It was obvious something was eating at him. There wasn't much more that I could do but wait him out. He was the brother I never had after all. I don't know how many times I'd pulled him out of scrapes. Like Mom said, her nephew didn't have the common sense of a chicken. He was smart though, way smarter than me: head in the clouds all the time, yeah, bingo- a writer.

He leaned back against the sink with his shoulders now threatening to spill the tower of dirty pots and pans behind him and looked at the ceiling as if composing his thoughts. "I'm in trouble Fred, really, really big trouble," he said the last with a sigh. Before I could respond he continued, "Trust me, you're just about my last hope."

"Christ, what did you get into this time?" I leaned forward. We hadn't spent much time together over the last two years. Him, a frustrated writer, and me getting my new business up and running. I hadn't had much energy to spare for relationships even one as old and solid as ours and with David, well, relationships were mostly about the opposite sex, if you get my drift. Some young girl knocked up or, more likely, a girl he only *thinks* he got knocked up. Around women David wore a 'kick-me' sign on his rear end. I added after a long moment, "It's not aids, or some kind of VD is it?" He shook his head no and I relaxed a tad. "Life threatening?" He merely shrugged leaving that question unanswered. "Well? I'm here for you David, you can count on me."

He looked at me and a loopy grin formed on his lips, "Thanks Fred, coming over here for me and on a Saturday afternoon no less."

"Yeah, Saturday afternoon, big deal. So? IRS? What?" I remembered that he'd had trouble with the IRS after publishing his first and, thus far, only book. I think he would have given them all his money just to get them off his back, that's just the way he was, no street smarts and, for that matter, money didn't seem to mean much to him. He was rich but you'd hardly know it looking at the way he lived. His money was probably stashed in an ordinary saving account earning zip, not that he seemed to care. It probably wasn't about money then. To be so lucky, God knows I worried about the stuff every day.

He grabbed a chair and sat down across from me as he found a small space on the table top for the bottle of booze. He took his time before responding. "Promise not to laugh in my face?" He said and then added, "I don't know anybody dumb enough to believe me except you." He laughed but it was a tight, nervous sound that issued from his mouth.

"Dumb enough? Thanks heaps, David," I growled. "So?"

"Ok, here goes. About two months ago I turned into bird, a parrot actually."

I drew back, "You turned into a parrot? You're putting me on David," and then I laughed, what else could I have done?

"Yeah, I know, I know. Sounds unbelievable huh? I spent the whole night as a dumb bird. I'll never forget what it felt like to fly though. It was awesome, unbelievable."

"Ok, so you took LSD or something, right David?"

"We wouldn't be having this discussing Fred if that was the case. No, I was *actually* a bird for about twelve hours."

"A bird? And you want me to believe that, David? See I didn't laugh, pal." I said as I downed what was left of my whiskey and reached for the bottle. "But maybe if I drink enough of your rot-gut hooch you'll begin to make sense."

"Yeah, well I'm not done yet. Last month, February eighteenth to be precise, I heard some cats in the back yard going at it, you know what I mean, some female cat was in heat and a posse of Toms had come by to make cozy with her? Anyway, I no more than stepped out the kitchen door to see what the fuss was all about," he nodded his head toward the door behind him, "and zap."

"Zap?"

"I wanted to have sex with her so bad..."

"Who?"

"That cat in heat, of course."

"That's... sick even for you David. A cat?"

"I was a cat myself, ok? Zap. Like when I became that bird only..."

"What?"

"As I said there was a whole posse of Toms in the back yard and the next thing I knew I was fighting for my life."

"No shit." I said throwing down more booze. The burn of it in my belly did little to reduce my growing discomfort. David was clearly wacko, bonkers, wiggled out. Christ, I was no psychologist, I sold pipe fittings for Pete's sake, wholesale. He was asking too much of

me, right? Last hope? What was I supposed to do, wrap him up in a blanket so he didn't hurt himself and take him to the nearest funny farm? Not cool, not cool at all.

"Fred, it was utterly terrifying." He pulled back, grabbing the bottle away from me and took a long slug. His eyes watered from the booze or perhaps from the memory. "I could and probably should have died that night. There was one particularly nasty Tom that took my presence as a personal affront, big time. Anyhow I was a half dozen blocks away from my house when finally he gave up the chase. I had a hundred cuts and bites and the pain was real enough. Part of my tail was missing and I was, well, bleeding like a son-of-a-bitch." He leaned back in his chair and looked at the ceiling again, "Never been so scared in my life. That motherfucker Tom was the Devil incarnate. Ears all tattered, scars across his big shoulders, everything you know, like he'd been through the cat wars a few hundred times and me, I was fresh fish, naïve and totally out classed."

I just sat there bemused and then finally I said, "Have you seen a shrink yet?"

He looked at me hard, "God's truth, this is no fabrication or drug induced delusion."

"Umm, you nail the bitch?"

He laughed sourly. "No. I was afraid to go home, stayed out all night." He sat there quietly for a second, "I killed a lizard though, behind Willard's Bar on Fifth Street, you know the place?"

"Great, David, just great."

"I'm not asking you to take this on faith, Fred."

"You have proof?"

He shrugged. "The time I turned into a bird? January nineteenth, promptly at five-twenty-four in the PM. The cat thing? Six-thirty-three in the evening, February eighteenth. And what connects them you ask?"

"I'm not asking."

"The rise of the full moon my friend. And you know what happens tonight at six-twenty-nine?"

"You're not serious, are you?"

"Deadly serious. Fred, if it happens tonight, I want a witness, you."

"And if it doesn't?"

"Then I'll see a shrink, cross-my-heart-and-hope-to-die."

"Fine," I said as I grabbed the bottle and poured more booze into the plastic cup. "Here's to *watching* you cousin," I said as I raised the cup to my lips. I had to wonder if his psychosis made him, well, dangerous? Heck, he wasn't just my cousin, he and I had been pals since grade school. If I needed help he would have been there for me, right? You bet. Christ, I was growing depressed just thinking of him, such a smart, creative guy, in a funny farm. Life has a lot of odd twists and turns doesn't it?



"Time?"

"A minute since you asked the last time." I looked at my watch, "Six-oh-one." I looked up at him as he paced back and forth in the narrow confines of the kitchen, his steps were short and jerky and his agitated pacing was getting on my nerves. "Christ you're making me jumpy, David. You're like the proverbial cat on a hot tin roof." He instantly paled. "Sorry, I didn't mean to say exactly that. Poor choice of words, huh?"

He gave me a rude smile and then jerked his head, "Com'on, it's way past time to get ready for the big event."

I followed him out the door and then, after he unlocked the side door, into the garage. He flicked on the lights as he carefully closed the door behind us. "What do you think?"

"Fuck me, it looks like you're getting ready to do surgery," I said as I looked around. All the surfaces were covered in heavy-duty medical grade plastic sheeting, floor to ceiling and both the floor and ceiling were covered as well. Heavy-duty tape held the whole thing together, the only gap was the door through which we'd just entered and Velcro lined one edge of those two sheets of plastic. This stuff was expensive. And the heavy smell of disinfectant filled the enclosed space.

"Bugs," he said as he carefully sealed the opening in the plastic through which we'd just entered. He looked around as if to make sure nothing had entered with us.

"Huh?"

"The night I turned into a parrot? I was looking out the window at the time. My neighbor's parrot was setting in a cage not more than twenty feet away. He looked at me and I at him and..."

"Zap?"

"Right, Fred."

"And the next month..."

"When you saw the cat."

He nodded. "Anyhow, I think I was damn lucky both nights."

"Lucky?"

"A parrot, a cat, it could have been a lot worse."

"Like?"

"A cockroach maybe? Umm, some kind of bug. There are a lot more insects in the world than all the other critters combined. Anyhow, I don't think I could have survived that transformation." He looked around, "I had this place fumigated, sound proofed and well, sealed. With any luck," he crossed his fingers, "we're bug proof here."

"You're afraid of turning into a bug?" I shrugged. I guess I could understand that. Poor David wasn't just psychotic, he was paranoid. I guess when shit happens, it happens. I looked around and shrugged again, "Well you're safe here, I guess."

"Maybe I need to explain, Fred. When I was that parrot, all my consciousness was crammed into a brain the size of a small walnut, ok? I wasn't human, I was literally a bird brain. Anyhow, it took the better part of a month for me to recover most of my mental faculties. And worse? I'm certain that I lost memories, recent stuff like... why this happened to me."

"Seriously?"

"Later, when I recovered my language skills, I found some notes written in my own hand..."

"Like?"

"Obviously I'd been in contact with someone or something. This transmutation thing wasn't an accident."

"And?"

"My notes were incomplete, hardly more than just a few words and mostly about a girl I'd just met. No name but I sure would like to remember her, apparently she was way more than just swell." He looked at me, "Sorry, irrelevant! Anyhow I have no memory of anything that happened the week leading up to that first event. My point is, a cockroach or a termite doesn't really have a brain as we know it, ok? A pinhead sized knob of ganglion cells? I shudder at the thought. Time?"

"Six-oh-nine."

He walked across the floor to a cardboard box which he opened. "Come here," he said as he drew out a fine mesh butterfly net. "If the worst happens, catch me with this if you can and ah..." he pulled out a mason jar, "and put me in this. The lid's got holes to let in air so I should be all right."

"Right," I said stepping back, my stomach was all a quiver now. Poor David, poor, poor David.

"You must not let me escape, ok?" I nodded my head. "But it goes without saying, don't step on me either." I nodded my head yet again.

He pulled forth more items. "Bird seed. Ok? Just in case. All that I can really remember from that night when I was a parrot was how terribly hungry and lonely I was, can't do much about the lonely. Cat food. Dog food." He looked up at me. "I can't cover all the possibilities, Fred. I'm counting on you to keep me alive through the night."

I just stared, my obvious discomfort must have been showing but he was too self-consumed to notice.

He looked around and scratched his head. "I got an aquarium set up in the pantry, just in case. Fresh water though, if I need salt water I guess I'm screwed. Ah- time?"

"Six-ten." My heart went out to him.

"Nineteen minutes," he sighed as he crossed his arms, his hands gripping his biceps. "You can't be here, of course, God knows what your presence might do to me." He giggled, "Turn me into some kind of over-sexed slut? Oh the possibilities are endless Fred." He nodded toward a tiny camera mounted on the far wall that I hadn't noticed before. "I

have my computer all set up in the living room, all you have to do is touch the mouse, ok? You should be able to see and hear everything from there."

"And if nothing happens at six-twenty-nine?"

He rolled his eyes, "Trust me, *that* would be really great."

"Right."

"As soon as I change, well, just use common sense. Whatever you do, don't let me out unless it makes sense to do so. Needless to say, if I appear to be dangerous, don't enter, understand? I will be whatever I appear to be so be extra careful and take no chances. I would never forgive myself if I were to hurt you, Fred."

"This is so weird, David."

"You're preaching to the choir, Fred. Now go." I turned back toward the door and he added, "You're the best friend a guy could have."

Right, I muttered to myself.

"Oh, the key is in the lock on the door behind you. Please be sure to lock it when you leave, from the outside, one can't be too careful you know."

Oh yeah, I thought, he's over the hill and neck deep in the psycho-swamp, damn this was sad. David was busy sealing up the plastic opening behind me as I left. I almost called out, don't let the bedbugs bite but I caught myself just in time. Humor at that moment, given his state of mind, would have been wasted on him. I remember thinking this was so weird but I hadn't seen weird yet.



There was a real problem with this set up, I could see and hear him but he was completely isolated, that is I couldn't communicate with him at all. I'd given him my watch which he still held in his hand. The wall clock in his living room and the one on the computer screen said six-forty and the way he kept looking at the watch, he must have known that the magical event had failed to transpire. Finally he looked toward the camera, "Check outside and see if the moon is up, ok?" And then he got this funny look on his face as if he finally realized the nature of the problem. How was I going to let him know? "I guess the good news is that nothing happened." He laughed. "And the bad news..." He stopped and looked, well, anguished. "Swear to God, Fred, I was certain..." He sat down on the floor, spayed out his legs and seemed to be in deep thought.

Someone once said that the first step in curing mental illness was that critical moment when the patient came to realize that they were, in fact, mentally ill. Having had that thought, that was about the limit of my knowledge on the subject matter. Hell, I didn't even know where the nearest mental facility was. I guess we could go to the local ER and get directions from there... I saw David pull himself up into a standing position once more.

"I think you can let me out now Fred." He grinned and shrugged. "Your watch says six-forty-three and I must be crazy."

As I hurried out the kitchen door, I looked toward the east. A big, fat full moon sat comfortably just above the horizon so David had been right about one thing at least, tonight was a full moon kind'a night. I unlocked the door and pulled it open. As I pulled apart the plastic that David had draped across the entrance and entered the garage, David giggled. My first thought was that I'd been had, big time. "Son-of-a-bitch!" I swore. "Asshole, I was seriously worried about you..." I never completed my outburst. David was still giggling but the sound of his voice had an insane quality to it, madness? Fear? "David?" I cried out as I looked and finally recognized what was happening. Breasts tented his white shirt, hips and thighs had drawn his tan slacks nearly to the point of ripping open at the seams, though the cuffs of his pant legs sagged limply to the floor. But as his shoulders and chest deflated further those breasts abruptly had more than ample room inside that shirt and his slacks, now oversized, rode down, slipping past his newly rounded hips to settle about his ankles.

"I guess we're not in Kansas anymore Toto," *she* said in a soft and obviously feminine voice, her eyes widened as she looked down at herself and then up at me. "Wow, Freddy." She blinked, startled. "You changed too."

"Huh?" I looked down at myself and then back at him or rather her. "I have no idea what you're talking about, David."

A bemused look rode on her features and then she frowned, "Am I pretty?"

"Huh? Umm." I was at a loss for words. Pretty? Like that was relevant? Pretty? "Sure," I lied. It was David's face with fat lips added as an afterthought and, oh yeah, heavy, fluttery eye lashes that moved like erratic window shades over moony cow eyes like she was a teenage girl in puppy love. There could be no doubt of the latter. The fluttering lashes, the quick, sneaky looks she gave me and the growing color in her cheeks. Her? There seemed to be no 'him' inside that body. What had David said, when he was a parrot, he *was* a parrot and when he was a cat... to all my senses David was now an immature young woman and decidedly not the kind of female a man would appreciate, leastwise, not me. She pulled down her jockey shorts so as to inspect her modified groin. I quickly looked away, "Ah- let's see if we can get you something to wear, ok?"

She made a grab at her undershorts, pulling them up, and started to shuffle toward me. She was clearly still in physical transition for her face was becoming, moment by moment, far more feminine. Her chin and nose shrank as her five o'clock shadow vanished. Her lips worked into a full and perhaps perpetual pout as her hair spayed out into a heavy, thick mass of honey brown curls. She kicked free her shoes and those over sized pants and now wore only that white shirt, white jockey shorts and white athletic socks. At about five foot even and surely not more than a hundred pounds, she was, oddly enough *still* David. The smaller, softer, rounded features maintained the primary configuration of David, the proportions were exact as if the primary tinplate had been merely shrunk and been made only relatively more feminine.

She stopped and looked up at me as she held out her hands. "Hands," she said. "You have no idea what it's like not having hands."

"You all right?" I said taking her by her slight shoulders.

"Trust me, Fred, this is almost nothing," she said, looking up at me with her fucked up goo-goo eyes. "My God I can *think* and... and... and I have *language!*"

"Good," I said letting go of her. "Let's go back to the house and try to sort things out, ok?" This was David? It seemed impossible. I wanted to search the garage looking for him, but there was no place that he could have hidden, besides I saw him change right before my eyes. I felt, well, spaced out, on drugs, like LSD. It must have been in that booze, right? But then this was a pretty squirrely trip even for LSD.

"Freddy?"

"Yeah?" I said looking at this girl. There was nothing of David in her, just a weird, spacey girl. Ok, I was dreaming, right? Pinch me. I tried that and nothing happened.

"You believe me now don't you?"

I rolled my eyes. Yeah, I believed what had happened to David had happened, well, kind'a- assuming I was really conscious, but that still didn't make the impossible, possible. This event, this extraordinary transformation, wasn't scientifically conceivable, was it? What happened to the third law of thermodynamics, for Pete's sake? A two hundred pound man could not become a hundred pound woman, leaving aside the sex change which was merely a serious problem, a hundred pounds of mass can't just 'disappear'. Lord knows it left Helmholtz holding a half empty bag and several other laws of basic physics were now in utter shambles. It left me wondering, like a small child, what the world was *really* like. Were there sometimes real monsters under the bed? Things that go *boo* in the night? Kids know instinctively that hidden dangers exist especially in the dark even if adults say otherwise. Was the big lie not about Santa Clause at all? I suddenly realized that I would have preferred that David had been just an ordinary paranoid psychotic. Apparently his brand of psychosis was catching.



I remember watching her as she led me back to the kitchen door. In spite of her new anatomy, her mannerisms weren't excessively feminine though her butt under that white shirt did seem to sway in a charming fashion. Her elbows were tucked in what was a pretty feminine thing to do but her hands didn't flap from limp wrists. She was no Mae West vamping for my male eyes, no wildly swinging hips carving endless looping circles in space, but on the other hand, David clearly wasn't male anymore either or at least *this* David wasn't. I had no trouble seeing him-her as an ordinary girl next-door, sweet and wholesomely sensual but honestly so, without craft or seductive intent. I ran into her rather well endowed rear end when she abruptly stopped one step into the kitchen and nearly knocked her down in the process. "Whoa!" I said as I grabbed her arm but I was mostly remembering that fleshy bumper I'd impacted moments before.

She turned and looked up at me, "Fred, I can't spend the night here."

I stood there looking down at her, her head didn't even come to my shoulders, "What- ever? My place ok?" Did I really say that, my place? You got to be kidding me. What, should I write the next scene for you? Taking a goo-goo eyed girl home was like begging to get laid, right? David? No way. This was a fucked up dream and I didn't know how to

wake up, it was some kind of psychosexual nightmare to be more accurate. Any moment I would wake up, right? Nothing happened, this strange dream just continued as if my desires were irrelevant. It was like, real, you know?

She turned away from me and took a couple of steps further into the kitchen. Her hand came to her face, covering her mouth for a second as she gave the kitchen a quick scan. "I can't believe that I was comfortable with this mess." She said with disgust in her voice. "It's so... filthy, yuck."

I immediately thought, well that's some improvement anyhow. David, the slob, didn't know the concept of filth. Yeah, this was a dream ok. "Grab something you can wear and let's blow this joint then, David."

She looked at me quizzically, "I can tell you for a fact Fred, I got nothing here that would be any better than what I have on now."

"Right. Makes sense. Maybe we can pick up something on the way over to my place?" I immediately flashed on some sexy nightwear and felt immediate revulsion. It was my nightmare after all. Was I queer?

"Why?"

I laughed but more to gain time than anything else, "Yeah, why indeed. How long are you going to be like this?" Meaning: a simpering 'I-want-to-be-fucked goo-goo eyed babe.

"Moon set is precisely five-thirty-four in the AM."

"Precisely? Great. I'll get your slacks and shoes out of the garage then, hmm?" Ok, order was finally descending to this fucked up wet dream.

She blushed and looked embarrassed, "Oh yeah, having pants tomorrow morning would be useful." She squeezed my arm, "You're not as dumb as you look Fred."

"Thanks, I guess." End of dream, right?

Moments later we were in my car heading across town, the traffic was light on the freeway, it being early on a Saturday night. I had realized that David, well this 'dream' David was now quite small, about five feet nothing, but I hadn't realized how much of her height was tied to her lower body. After she sat down and put on the seat belt, it was obvious that she couldn't see out the side window. She swore, "That's just great."

"What?" I said, pretending to not notice the source of her discomfort.

"Nothing," she groaned, "that a pillow couldn't fix."

I laughed and then after a second she joined in. It was a very girly giggle that emerged from her and it lasted for several minutes leaving her face flushed and her eyes dancing. "All things considered David, you're taking this better than I could have done." Right, I thought, this wasn't fucking real after all so why shouldn't 'she' be ok with this, dumb was dumb.

My last comment made her pensive, her face thoughtful. Finally, after a few seconds, she said, "I really am a woman, Fred." She looked at me and I glanced over at her for a second.

"I can see that." And then thought, obviously you moron.

"Not really," she answered. What you see is my body, what I mean is that my brain or my mind or my soul is just as female, just as completely transformed as my outer form."

"You *feel* like a girl?"

"No, I am." She shrugged. "I don't have the learned skills that a ordinary woman has. I don't know anything about, well, makeup and such. If I put on high heels I'd probably fall on my face or ass. But the primitive, innate stuff that's hard wired in a woman's brain, I think it's all there and working."

"Interesting. How do you know?"

She shrugged, "I just know."

"Hmm," I answered.

"Well it's not the first time I've been transformed, ok, Fred?"

"I'm not arguing with you David, it just seems impossible for you to know that. You've been what, twenty-thirty minutes in that girl body?"

"I used to like cats, you know."

I looked at her as if to say, where is that coming from. "And?"

"When I was a cat, I saw the world as a cat sees the world. It's not the world you and I know. Anyhow, you know what it's like being a cat?"

I laughed, "No, but you're going to tell me, right?"

"It goes something like this: sleep-kill, run-kill, screw-kill and, ah- so forth. Those little buggers are predators ok? I mean, that's well known. Anyhow, we're not, humans I mean, real predators. It's more like sleep-screw, eat-screw and sometimes, well, kill-kill."

"And you're point is?"

"It takes just seconds to realized what it means to be a cat, ok? It's not at all like being a human. Anyhow, just being a woman for a few seconds is the same thing Fred. Swear to God, I don't experience the same world I did as a male. I mean the world became *instantly* different for me tonight when I transitioned into what I am now, a complete women."

"Like?"

"You're very, very handsome." She said, blushing brightly.

Boy was that a conversation killer. She continued to blush, her eyes were wide and vulnerable as she sought to hold my gaze in hers; her look was expectant, somehow. Not knowing what else to do, I jerked my eyes back and focused on the road ahead. Yeah, those moony-eyed looks I'd first detected in the garage were back, hell, they hadn't really retreated, I'd just pretended that they didn't exist. He or rather she shouldn't be reacting this way, right? Did she actually think that I would actually screw my best friend? I flicked my gaze back to her. She was now staring fretfully out the window and into the moon lit night that was slipping past my car, thank God she wasn't still begging me with her eyes to do the unthinkable. Unthinkable? If this was really a screwed up sex dream, I would of course. The stage was set. I was taking her to my apartment and eventually my bed.

There was no hint of her former maleness. I could, I guess, do *it*, right? I mean she was a *she* and seemed more than willing and this was, after all, just a dream? On the other

hand, what about tomorrow, huh? The morning after? Say this wasn't a dream, ok? Some kind of reality nightmare? That could be a bag full of vomit. I'd never be able to look David in the eye again. He would know and I would know. I shuddered. Some things are best left undone. So far, it had already proven to be one hell-of-a-night and the night was still young. I checked the clock on the dash, seven-thirty and more than ten hours before moonset if David was right about that. A lot could happen between now and then. Bringing her home to my apartment wasn't exactly the brightest move on my part. Ok, we're both mature adults, right? What happens, happens? Why didn't that help?

Chapter 2

Freddy

David hadn't seen my new digs. It was only an apartment but it was ultra-modern, new and spacious with a spectacular view of the downtown skyline from a floor to ceiling window that dominated both my living room and dining room. I'd finally gotten rid of my old furniture which had served me since my college days and replaced it with lots of brand new leather, chrome and glass. It was pure 'man' space without all the clunky stuff a woman would have added. All in all, I was pretty pleased with what I'd created. But David's response wasn't exactly what I'd expected. "It's clean," she said, her voice filled with wonder.

"Ah- Whatever", I groused. What about the fantastic view, the expensive furniture, huh? This was a fucked up dream, all right. Clean, right? Duh. "Umm, I have regular maid service."

"Oh," she laughed, "I was about to say you'd make someone a good wife."

I looked at her in surprise that she could make such a comment, "Ah- considering the current circumstances, David..." She got the point immediately and blushed brightly. "Anyhow, are you hungry?" I was hungry, fucking dream or not.

She nodded yes. "Could I use your bathroom?"

"Sure David, of course."

"What I mean is, I'd like to clean up. A shower and such. It could be a while."

Shower, right? She'd come out all-naked, her hair wet and her crotch wetter. It was a cheap grade B porno make no doubt about it. Christ, I was hungry not horny. "Perfect," I said. "I'll go down and pick up a couple of T-bones from the market downstairs. Baked potato, a little salad and a good wine, how does that sound?"

"Fantastic," she said and then promptly stood on her toes and kissed me on the lips, very briefly of course, and then sped down the hallway, her shirt tail elevating in the breeze created by her flight. I don't know what disturbed me more, the impulsive kiss or the intermittent view of her sweet rear end, naked to my gaze, as she scurried down the hallway. Apparently she'd finally divested herself of those male jockey shorts. Things seemed to be transitioning from an emergency 'life and death' confrontation to a Saturday 'date' kind of night. I lightly touched my lips with my fingertips as if to more fully appre-

ciate the lingering tactile after-image of her lips. David had kissed me and it wasn't even slightly yucky. And worst of all? It was becoming increasingly difficult to keep this 'dream' hypothesis alive. That tactile experience? It seemed damn real.

It was almost an hour later before we sat down to eat. My dining room shares a wall with my living room and a single fireplace through the wall serves both rooms and thus we sat in candlelight and the flickering light of the gas fireplace. Behind me glowed the lighted towers of the city at night, it was very romantic if I say so myself. David looked better than she had any right to look, naturally, her lips full and moist from the application of frosted lip-gloss, or some such, I was sure that my girl friend was partial to that same color. "Where did you get the makeup?"

"In your bathroom, was that ok?"

I frowned, "Oh. Sandra." David just looked at me. "We've been dating for a while. Anyhow, she's been leaving lots of her stuff behind lately."

"Women do that when they're thinking of escalating a relationship Freddy. *Are you serious about this Sandra?*"

I thought it better to change the subject, "You said that you didn't know how to use makeup."

"Turns out it's not nearly as difficult to use as I thought." She eyed me as if to say, I'm not that readily distracted buddy. "So, *are you serious about this Sandra?*"

I shrugged, "Yes, no? You know, it's the old commitment thing."

"So, you *are* serious."

"One women, for the rest of my life, pretty scary thought wouldn't you agree David?" She looked, well, hurt. "I shouldn't be here."

I didn't know what to say to that. Yeah, pal, you really shouldn't be here. Ok, this is when the dream ends, right? She runs away, leaving me all hot and bothered. Was I hot and bothered? "If you feel uncomfortable..." I left my words hang. What? I should send him-her out into the night, alone? And what would happen to her then? All kind of images flashed through my mind and some of them were pretty ugly. David was safer here with me than out there, wasn't he? "It's a one night deal, right? Full moon madness?"

She looked flustered and then abruptly brightened, "Yeah, it's just for the night." She giggled, "I was just being a ninny. I forgot that this wasn't *really* me." She blushed and then giggled, "I was getting seriously jealous though, Freddy."

"You? Instant maiden?"

She put her fingers on her temples and pressed, "Duh?" she said and looked back at me but now more thoughtfully, "You know if this didn't ever end, Fred, if I were like this day after day..."

"What?" I said assuming that she'd end this with a sharp, funny comment.

"I'd kick Sandra's ass from here to Santa Monica. She wouldn't have a chance against me."

"Huh?"