



Reluctant Press presents:

Don't Get Mad...



Nick Lorange

AN 'ADULT TV' E-BOOK

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Don't get mad...

By Nick Lorange

Vincenzo Saliari shook his head. He stretched, and suddenly his alarms kicked in. He wasn't in his bed with the silk sheets. He felt confused drugged. Too much party last night, maybe. He remembered a cute number with red hair and, she had said, a sister.

No one was with him in bed, so she'd gotten up. His hands told him that it was twin-sized. She must have been hot. He hadn't taken a girl in a twin bed since he was fifteen. He opened his eyes. The blank institutional green walls loomed over him.

He sat up and looked around. The room was built large enough that the bed he was laying in was separated from every wall, standing alone in the room. Beside it were a plastic carafe and a soft plastic cup, both

on a lightweight fiberglass tray. He was thirsty. He grabbed the carafe and poured the water in his mouth, letting the liquid run down his face.

"It's time," Drea said. Her twin sister Deirdre nodded, tapping on the door. Doctor Solomon came in, looking at the monitor. The victim of this entire operation was absently wiping his chest in the room. He looked at Deirdre, who was dressed as a nurse.

"Notify the others. And be sure to have your finger ready, Andrea."

Drea nodded, and flipped up the cover on the red button. She had joked about the dead man switch. "What setting, Doc?"

"Five minutes."

Vincenzo stood. He was barefoot, wearing some kind of soft hospital shirt. His hair felt shaggy, like it hadn't been cut just last week. His sense of balance was off and he couldn't figure out why. There was a click at the door, and a doctor entered. Vincenzo had seen him before. Well, actually he had seen a picture before. Something Solomon. Brother of one of someone killed when he took out one of his targets.

"Good morning. Am I addressing Vincent or Vanessa?" Solomon asked.

"What?" He was shocked. His gruff tenor was softer somehow.

"Who are you?"

"Vinnie Saliari. Who the fuck do you think I am?"

Instead of answering, Solomon opened the clipboard, and made a note. "And what is the last thing you remember?"

“What’s going on here, Doc?”

“Please, answer the question.”

“I was in a bar in New York. Guido’s. I had picked up some girl and was going to take her back to my place.” He looked confused. “Then nothing.”

“And the date?”

“February seventeenth.”

Solomon sighed, making yet another note. “All right, Mr. Saliari, here is what happened. On the eighteenth of February, you went to a plastic surgeon, identified yourself as Vanessa Saliari, and asked for full sexual reassignment. He began working on you, implanting silicone breast implants, and trimming your face, your Adam’s apple, and vocal cords. About a month into the procedures, you suddenly started screaming that you were Vincent, not Vanessa, and attacked the doctor and two nurses, killing two before you were subdued.

“You were judged criminally insane and sent here.”

“What are you...” Vinnie pulled out the robe. He suddenly looked down, and stared. Two firm pert breasts thrust from his chest. “What the fuck!” He started forward.

In the control room, Drea punched the button. Vinnie dropped like a pole-axed steer.

Solomon looked at the body before him, then looked up. Shandon had planted the bugs in the room, and even to Solomon, they were invisible. “How long did you drop him?”

“The button is set for five. Just like you said,” a hidden speaker replied.

“Good.” Solomon stepped into the hall. A moment later, two hefty orderlies came in. They picked up the body and strapped it down on the bed with leather straps and restraints.

Solomon brought in a chair, and waited. Deirdre stood at his side with the tray.

Vinnie came violently awake. He tried to move, but the restraints and straps pinned him. Solomon came over beside the bed, looking down with professional worry. “Are you back now, Vinnie?”

“Let me go, you twisted fuck! I want out of here, and I want out now!”

“You have been committed by a court of law, Vinnie. Removing the straps will not free you; a court has to do it. If they do, you would then go to a prison to serve life without parole.” He snapped his fingers, and Deirdre came over, holding the tray. Solomon picked up the syringe and bottle, and expertly filled it.

“I have decided to proceed with a new drug called Janusin. It was designed to allow the two parts of a schizophrenic mind to communicate. To allow me to call Vanessa out at will.” He squirted some of the sterilized water, then bent to inject it.

“No, you...”

In the control room, Drea punched the button.

Solomon finished injecting the placebo into the limp body. “Hit him again when he starts to come out of it. Is the tape ready?”

“All set, Doctor.”

Deirdre hurried out, and returned with a tape recorder. The orderlies came back, and another chair was brought. Impersonally, they stripped him and began

dressing the body in hose and garter belt, a camisole and panties. They draped the body across the chair, then strapped him down. Once done, they left. Deirdre took her station beside the chair, and Solomon stepped from the room. He lit a cigarette and waited.

Vinnie snapped upright, and Deirdre bent over, all professional concern.

“Are you feeling all right, dear?”

“What the fuck keeps happening?”

“I really can’t explain in layman’s terms. Your other personality seems to be able to turn *your* personality on and off when she needs to. I’ll be right back with the doctor.”

She stepped into the hall; Solomon handed her a smoke from his pack and lit it. They stood in companionable silence until she crushed the cigarette out, then they stepped into the room.

During the interim, Vinnie had been trying to slip his hands out of the straps. But as the old joke says, ‘Just because I’m crazy, it doesn’t make me stupid’. The straps were designed so that only another person could release them. He noticed the table with a tape recorder on it, and was thinking that maybe he could grab it and fashion a knife of some kind when Solomon and Deirdre returned.

The doctor turned on the tape player, and sat. “Well, you came out of it very quickly.” Solomon made yet another goddamned note. “Vanessa told me that you refused to talk with us if she was present.”

“Why am I dressed like this?”

“That is what Vanessa wanted to wear. I felt that to protect you from injury, I would allow her what she wanted.”

“I don’t know what the fuck you’re trying to do, Doc, but if you don’t let me go, I’m going to kill every fucking person in this place!” He struggled against the straps.

Solomon put away the pen with a sigh. “Vinnie, do you want me to have you put in a straitjacket? Locked in a padded room? If that failed to calm you down, would you want drugs until you need diapers?”

The man shook his head violently.

“Then remember I am trying to help you. I do not like drugs, they don’t remove the problem, they only suppress it.” He looked at the clipboard again. “Perhaps we can get through to you by running back the tape. Deirdre, get the other recorder, please.”

The nurse went out, and returned a few moments later with another cassette recorder. She put it down, and set it to record. Then turned to leave the room.

“August 15. Doctor Yitzhak Solomon, interviewing patient Vincenzo Saliari.” He went on to describe the symptoms that suggested a second personality disorder. “Second personality, Vanessa, stated that Vinnie refused to come out and talk, refusing to acknowledge her presence at all. I am now going to run back the original tape, and play it. While doing so, a second recorder is being used to tape both Vanessa’s comments, and Vinnie’s reaction to them.” He started the recorder.

It started with Solomon stating the date, identifying himself and the patient, then saying, “Is Vinnie there with you?”

There was a throaty chuckle in Vinnie's voice. "No, doctor, I am here by myself. Vinnie doesn't want to play."

"But the Janusin was supposed to bring you both out simultaneously."

"Not if he doesn't want to. People can ignore what they don't want to believe. You know that. He doesn't want to believe in me." The voice laughed again. "He doesn't believe in Santa Claus either."

"Well..."

"Not to worry, Doctor. I won't try to take over again when this wears off. You can play the tape, and I will make him listen." There was a sigh. "Are these straps necessary?"

"Not with you."

"But Vinnie might decide to pay attention. Fair enough. But I'm uncomfortable. Nurse, be a dear and get my things, please."

"Vanessa, if he wakes up wearing that..."

"I am through caring what he thinks, Doctor. Unlike him, I am asking. Please."

"I can't allow you to hurt his mental well-being, Vanessa."

There was a petulant sigh. "Doctor, I know everything Vinnie knows about hurting people. If you don't allow me to dress properly, I will eventually have to show you what I know using his body as a canvas. Vinnie will have to learn to pee sitting down when I'm done, but I already do. Besides, if you strap me into a straitjacket and he wakes up in the rubber room, what will that do to his mental health?" She laughed again. This laugh was deep and evil.

"All right." The voice grew louder as if Solomon had leaned over the machine. "Vanessa is going to dress. This tape will resume when she is done." A click, then another. "Please, sit down, Vanessa."

"Why thank you, Doctor. May I have a cigarette?"

"Here." There was the click of a lighter, the deep draw of the smoke. "Thank you, sugar. Nurse, could you strap down all but my arm? I want to enjoy this." There was clicking of the straps being tightened. "Better."

"Since Vinnie won't talk, perhaps you can explain what is happening?"

"Of course I will."

"How long have you been around?"

"Since Vinnie was a boy. Ever since he killed the neighbor's dog just because he wanted to."

Vinnie stared at the recorder, his clothing and the straps forgotten. He'd never told anyone about that! The litany went on. The candy he had stolen at ten, the bully he'd jumped and beaten up with a baseball bat one night because he was bigger than Vinnie.

"Then he began killing people. He has been killing people for money for ten years now." Vanessa was going on in a conversational tone. "He gets off on it, Doctor. He told Willie the Blade it was better than sex sometimes. But I will be damned if I am going to sit in a jail cell for the rest of my life because *he* wants another thrill."

Vinnie moaned. He had been alone! There was no way he could have been heard. Now she was going down the list, everyone he had taken out in the last two years.

"I finally decided I had to escape last year," the voice went on relentlessly.

"Why?"

"Because he murdered a woman. Sandra Albright. Not because he had to, not because he was told to. Because he needed an apartment to shoot from, and it was her apartment. She came home unexpectedly. Vinnie had a ski mask on; she couldn't see his face. He tied her up, and amused himself with her."

"Amused himself?"

"Raped her, Doctor. Shoved himself up her ass, in her mouth, used her in every way he could. As he did it, he told her he was just going to kill a man with a rifle, then he'd be gone. The poor bitch believed him." The voice was ragged, as if on the edge of tears. "He used her, abused her, then strangled her and set fire to the apartment. The police linked it to the shooting only by chance.

"He boasted about the rape, laughing at the woman's trusting eyes! It was then that I decided I had to get out of this in the only way I could think of. I am going to take over his life. I am going to come out like a butterfly, and fly away."

"But Vinnie is here."

"Do you think I care?" The voice was almost a scream. "He uses people, and I used him. I used the money in the bank to start the procedure. When he tried to stop me, I stopped him from hurting the doctor too badly. I am as much a killer as he is. Vinnie is just my first 'hit'."

"Vanessa..."

“Doctor, I can feel him trying to get back out. I have something to say to Vinnie before I go under again. Nurse, finish strapping me down.

“Vinnie, you think you’re so fucking smart.” The voice dripped vitriol. “You think you can get over on everybody. But I am here, inside you. You can’t go back from what I’ve already done. The tits will be there unless you get them cut off. The face has been changed to *my* face. I called Don Pietro and told him off before the surgery on my vocal cords, and he’s put a contract out on you. The only way to escape is for me to continue. If you resist long enough, the boys will find you and kill you. I intend to live, and if that means you die, so be it.” There was a moan.

Solomon shut off the first recorder. Vinnie was staring at him with terror in his eyes. “Do you understand our problem here, Vinnie?”

Vinnie nodded. The mob would allow all sorts of eccentricities, but being really crazy wasn’t on the list. If she had really called the Don, there was a contract on him for sure. “What can I do?”

Nothing. Vinnie started, trying to turn. His own altered voice had spoken as if the bitch was standing behind him.

“We can try to work with both of you...”

“Did you hear that, Doc?”

Solomon looked up. “Hear what?”

As Solomon spoke the voice said, *You can hear me, Vinnie?*

Vinnie squeezed his eyes shut. “I can hear her voice in my head.”

Great! Oh, this is rich!

Solomon stared at him, then made a note. "Janusin was supposed to bring her to the surface simultaneously with you. I thought it would have worn off by now. I will have to talk to the pharmaceutical company about possible side effects." He put the pen in his pocket and left. A moment later, two large orderlies came in to unstrap Vinnie from the chair. He didn't resist.

The bitch was real.

In the control room, Drea and Deirdre were ecstatic. The first step had been taken.

II ONE YEAR EARLIER

Andrea and Deirdre Albright looked at the estate as they were coming up the driveway. It was a Victorian mansion large enough for a prep school on a huge plot of land north of Philadelphia, with a wrought iron fence encircling it. The taxi stopped, and an elderly man in a butler's uniform opened the door.

"Madams Albright?" he asked. His voice was upper crust British.

They climbed out of the cab, stretching. It had been a long flight from De Moines, and a confusing one. A week earlier, they had received a letter;

'Harlan Winters requests your presence at a meeting of mutual interest.

'Enclosed are tickets for a flight to Philadelphia. You may stay at his residence. If you do not wish to, funds have been included for lodging, meals, transport, etc.'

In the messenger delivered envelope were the tickets and five thousand dollars in hundred-dollar bills. The young women had looked around their \$600 a month apartment, and decided that this had to be important.

The butler signaled, and three younger men in livery came out and began bringing the bags in.

“Will you be staying with us, ladies?”

“Yeah, we will,” Andrea, the more outspoken of the twins, said.

“Very well.” The butler looked at the men. “The blue suite, Armand.” One of the men nodded, and they began tramping up the stairs. The old man turned back to them. “I am Hubert, the majordomo. Mister Winters is detained in the city, but will be back shortly. Please make yourselves comfortable. If there is anything you wish, please ring.” As he spoke, another car, this one a Porsche, was coming up the drive. “Please excuse me, one of the other guests appears to be arriving.”

As they went in, they heard, “Doctor Chin, I believe?”

The estate was exciting to the women. It had been built by Winter’s grandfather 20 years before the Civil War, replacing a larger stone monstrosity according to Hubert. Hubert found them and told them that dinner was to be served at 6, and that they were to dress. Andrea and Deirdre spent the time before dinner exploring. It was larger inside than out, thanks to the two cellars. Ten suites with two bedrooms, each with their own bath. Two dining halls, one for intimate dinners of less than fifty; the other doubled as a grand ballroom when the furniture was cleared. A kitchen that needed

guide dogs to get through and a walk-in freezer with maybe a ton of assorted meats.

There were other guests, one older woman, and five men. None of them had arrived together. The young women met them during their explorations, and wondered what they might all have in common. Formal dresses had been provided, and the women were ready when one of the younger servants arrived to escort them.

The table was large enough for everyone to sit around, and only the head of the table was empty. The conversation was almost non-existent, though the girls tried. There was no subject all of them had in common. Talking baseball had only brought Doctor Yitzhak Solomon into the conversation. The man named Chin, who looked Japanese, started talking the esoteric shorthand of medicine, and that drew Solomon back from the conversation.

As they were served after dinner liqueurs, the door at the far end of the room opened, and Hubert pushed in a man in a wheel chair. The man looked ancient. The wheelchair was moved to the head of the table, and Hubert expertly locked the brakes, stepping back. As if they were illusions, the others servants vanished.

“Ladies, Gentlemen, I am Harlan Winters.” The old man looked to each of them. “You do not know each other as of yet, but if you will allow me, I will make the introductions.

“Upon my left going down the table we have Martin Van Pelt. Beside him are Andrea and Deirdre Albright, and at the foot of the table, Doctor Yitzhak Solomon. On my right, starting at the foot of the table is Doctor Chin, Miss Juliana Compton, Henry Fellows,

and lastly, Donald Brown." He breathed deeply and looked into his lap.

"I am a wealthy man. I am worth something in the neighborhood of four and a half billion dollars."

"A comfortable neighborhood," Fellows commented.

Winter didn't seem to mind the interruption. "Yes, a very comfortable neighborhood. But there are things even I cannot buy. My brother was murdered last year. Shot down like a dog in the streets. The police have nothing. Or at least nothing they can use." He looked up; fury glowed in his eyes.

"I hired detectives. They found out what I wanted to know. I know who killed him, and why." He smiled. "Even though I now know who killed him, I am unsatisfied with merely doing death to him. Killing him would be a momentary pleasure. I want him to suffer for a long time. For the rest of his natural life if at all possible.

"The detectives, at my request, began researching the man's background. You all have something in common with me. Someone in your family was also murdered. By the same man." The statement brought stunned silence.

"If you will allow, I will explain. Mr. Van Pelt is a construction boss for a large firm. Another firm bid on a project, but Van Pelt's company won it last year. Construction had begun, and Van Pelt's younger brother was in charge of the crew. A section of wall collapsed, killing him. There were accusations of falsified records and the police totally ignored evidence of a bomb that caused the section to fall. The contract was pulled and

given to the other company." The rugged man looked away, his huge hands clenching on the tablecloth.

"The Albright women had an older sister, Sandra. About four months ago, her apartment caught fire, and she was killed. The police linked it to the shooting of a protected witness who was about to testify at the local courthouse. The woman had been raped and bound before the fire started. She was alive and feeling up to the moment she died." Andrea moaned, and her sister hugged her. Both were crying.

"Doctor Solomon is a psychologist. His sister was in a six-passenger commuter aircraft that exploded in midair two years ago. On the plane were a mobster and his bodyguards. He killed her merely because she was there." Solomon picked up his glass, and chugged the brandy. He was ashen.

"Doctor Chin survived the attack on him. His real name is Hiro Matsuke. He worked for the Federal Government in the witness relocation program. His skill as a plastic surgeon has allowed many to escape retribution for their testimony over the years. He had a brother named Onaki who also worked in the same office. A gunman who obviously didn't know which brother worked for the government killed Onaki eighteen months ago. The government relocated Matsuke under the name Chin." The Asian looked wooden.

"Mrs. Compton has a Ph.D. in acoustics. She was married to Harry Compton, the investigative reporter in Washington DC. Harry had begun a series of articles about organized crime, and had stated in his last article that he would reveal the name of several senators and congressmen accepting money from the Italian and Mexican mobs. He was murdered in a manner suggest-

ing that the Columbians had killed him almost four years ago." The woman was crying.

"Mr. Fellows used to work in real estate. His company was starting to encroach on an area in California where the local mobs had interests. His office was burned to the ground by an arsonist last year. His wife and two children were in the building. The doors had been jammed so that they couldn't escape." Any good mood Fellows might have had had been destroyed by the calm recitation.

"And Mr. Brown. A member of the Central Intelligence Agency for nineteen years. A field agent and later control for operations in the Eastern Bloc. His brother was in a restaurant when a man machine-gunned a table full of Mob bigwigs. One of the bullets struck him in the neck, killing him instantly in July of last year."

Winters looked at the people at the table. Each mirrored his fury. Of all of them, only Brown didn't react.

"So we all lost someone." Brown said. "Give me the name, and he's dead in an hour." Like Winters, his voice was flat.

"I said I don't want a quick end, and I meant it." Winters looked at his wasted body. "I am worth a lot of money. What would any of you do for a part of it?"

"How big a part?" Van Pelt asked.

"I have no heirs, and my lawyers are in the midst of liquidating all of my holding and converting them into stocks and bonds. I will divide my estate nine ways. One share goes to Hubert." He motioned toward the silent butler, "who will use it to finally retire. I will give one share to each of you in return for your help. If you cannot or will not help me, you may have a stipend of

one hundred thousand dollars a year for the rest of your lives if you promise not to reveal my plans to anyone. Even if you went to the police, there would be no proof that any of this happened. The money is contingent on your silence. I have experts to hide where my money is going and why. At least I can thank the IRS for something."

He shrugged. "Even more important, if you reveal what is being done to anyone, it will eventually get back to someone who will tell the target, or his masters. They will either kill him, or hide him. Either way, he will escape justice."

"What do you want?" Chin asked. "How much pain is your vengeance worth?"

"How many barrels will thy vengeance yield thee, even if thou gettest it, Captain Ahab? It will not fetch thee much in our Nantucket market'," Winters quoted. At the confused looks he received, he added, "Moby Dick. You're missing the point, Doctor Chin. That isn't the right question. It is how much pain can we inflict and keep him alive? How long can we make him suffer?" Winters glared. "If he dies a hundred years from now, it would be too soon for me!"

Everyone looked at each other. They had just been offered a choice. A tenth of a million a year to keep quiet, or half a billion in one lump sum if they could find the method and help.

Winters signaled, and Hubert stepped up, releasing the brakes. "You have the rest of the week to think about it. If you must leave, I will understand. If you have any requests for information or equipment, please let Hubert know."

Of the group, only Fellows opted out. He wanted revenge, but at the same time, didn't have the conscience to continue.

It had been less than a week before they got together again. Doctor Solomon had been studying a file Brown had delivered during that time. It was the psychological profile of Vincenzo Saliari. He had also spent many hours closeted with Doctor Chin.

Tonight he tapped his water glass, and stood.

"Mr. Winters, you want to get even with Vinnie. How far are you willing to go?"

Winters looked up, and the same fury that had been in his eyes the week before had been unbanked. "Find a way, and I will do it."

Solomon nodded and tapped the folder he had brought with him to the table. "With all of your help, I think I have the worst thing you can do to such a person. Something almost completely irrevocable, harming not only his body, but his mind as well."

The others leaned forward intently. "Continue, Doctor," Winters replied.

"First a little background. Vincent Saliari is an overly aggressive male, who releases his aggressions by killing people. The fact that he happened to find a niche in society to pursue that merely shows that he is also intelligent. He feels comfortable with the rules of Organized Crime and is comforted by the mores of that group. He knows that most of the dangers you might face in jail or prison are nonexistent for a mobster.

"He doesn't have to worry about casual brutality, because the Mob has men inside the prison who assure that their members are not so treated. Even guards are wary of injuring them unless forced to. He doesn't

have to worry about what are called the Sisters, men who take sexual pleasure in raping new inmates. By the same token, the prison societies such as the Aryan Brotherhood, the Warrior Society, Mexican Mafia, Bloods and Crips, leave them completely alone. They can gain revenge on one person only by placing all of their members in jeopardy.

“So he kills people outside the walls, and inside he is a respected member of their society, safe from any harm. I have found a method that I believe will remove all of those protections from him. That will remove his ability to kill at will, remove the protection of the mob family, and assure that casual brutality will enter his life.” He looked around. Every eye was on him.

“I propose that we take Vinnie Saliari and make him a woman.” If he had suggested they change him into a troll, they wouldn’t have been more surprised.

“How do we do that?” Brown asked sarcastically. “Create a time machine?”

“It is not that esoteric really. I asked Doctor Chin’s advice. If you will?”

Chin stood. “One of the procedures, or rather set of procedures, I learned in Medical school was sexual re-assignment. Most of them you have heard about. Tummy tucks, face jobs, nose jobs, breast implants, liposuction. All are used by women. However there is a group of patients defined as transsexuals. Men who believe they should have been women, or vice versa.

“While there are also those that get part of the procedure done as stage performers, female impersonators, etc, there are others that come in for actual reassignment. These women are in every way indistinguishable from any woman who walks past you on the

street unless they actually disrobe. Only the fact that a doctor looked at what nature gave them and labeled them male or female made them anything else.

“Doctor Solomon asked me what would be necessary to change a man to a woman, and I listed it for him.” He picked up a sheet of paper. “A nose job, a face job.” He motioned toward his face. “To alter the contours of the bones in the face to something more feminine, such as reducing the cheekbone prominence, and reducing the brow ridge, at the same time raising the brow.

“Chin restructuring, scalp advancement and hair implantation to assure that it remains there. Reduction of the thyroid cartilage, which causes the prominent male ‘Adam’s apple’ to go away. There is also a new procedure where the vocal cords are trimmed with a laser. This causes the pitch of a male voice to go up. The technology exists to convert a male bass to a female soprano. As long as the person isn’t trying for a coloratura voice, it can work well.

“Breast augmentation to increase the new woman’s natural shaping. Contouring of the trunk to more feminine lines. Finally, electrolysis and hormone therapy. While hormones can be used without a castration, removing the testicles also removes the testosterone production, making everything else easier.” He set down the paper.

“How long will this take? Winters asked.

“Assuming we planned and did all of the procedures at the same time, less than two weeks. Because of some possible complications, it would be better to stagger the procedures to allow for healing. Doing, say, nose, chin and cheeks along with the breast implants and castration, waiting about two weeks, doing the

electrolysis, abdomen and thyroid restructure with vocal cord reduction along with the brow and scalp, then allow healing again. We could have him completely feminine in looks in less than three months."

"We couldn't hold him that long." Winters complained.

"Oh yes, we could. If we can find a way to convince him that he is doing all of this to himself." Doctor Solomon looked around the room. "With all of your help, we can do this."

III TODAY

"He's up and moving," Juliana reported. Doctor Chin walked over, watching the screen. There wasn't anywhere on the property where Vinnie couldn't be watched. As for Vanessa, Don had told them the transceiver implant would receive if Vinnie was on the moon.

Juliana was the mother of at least part of Vanessa. She leaned forward, and spoke in the microphone.

Vinnie stepped to the door, looking both ways. One of the orderlies sat at one end of the hall, reading a magazine; the other end was empty. He moved quietly that way, and looked around the corner.

Where do you think you're going, Vinnie? the Bitch's voice asked.

"I'm getting the fuck out of here," he snapped. He didn't consider that it would look crazy to have a conversation with himself.

Do you really think you can run away from your own mind? The Bitch laughed. *Run, little man. When I get tired of it, I'll take over. When I do, I am going to do what I want to do. I like one of the other patients a lot. Maybe I'll suck his dick. I enjoy the taste of come. The smoothness, the slick feel of it in my mouth. You'll learn to enjoy it as much as I do.* The laughter pealed in his ears, and he found himself on his knees screaming.

"SHUT UP!"

"Are you all right?"

Vinnie looked around. The orderly had stood, and was walking toward him. He tried to stand, but fell on his ass. He scabbled away. "Get the fuck away from me!"

Ah, I see you want to suck a dick.

In the control room, Juliana hit the button. On the screen, Vinnie collapsed. The orderly clucked his tongue, then picked the limp body up. He carried it back to the room, laying it on the bed. As he went back to his post, Andrea in her own nurse's uniform walked in.

"What was all the screaming?"

"The new patient. Started screaming for someone to shut up then went out like a light."

"I'll look in on him."

"Sure."

She walked down, then closed the door. "How long do I have, Juliana?"

"He just bit it. You have about four minutes."

"Not long enough. Give him another five."

“All right.” Juliana tapped the button one more time.

In the room, Andrea reached under her skirt, and pulled out a turkey-basting syringe. She opened Vinnie’s lax mouth and sprayed the contents into his mouth. She worked his jaw as Solomon had shown her and he swallowed instinctively. Then she put away the syringe. She pulled out a dildo about the size of the average man and lubricated it. Then she flipped him over.

Working swiftly, she shoved it up his ass, hard. She then pulled it back and forth hard, sawing it inside him for almost three minutes. Then she slid it back into concealment.

She stepped out, and went to the Orderly. “Report to Doctor Solomon. I think the patient might need further sedation. Have Van Pelt come back and take your place. I’ll wait here.”

The Orderly left, and a few moments later, Van Pelt came in. He went with her and they strapped Vinnie face down, hands bound to the headboard, feet to the foot of the bed. Andrea flipped the hospital robe open, and squeezed the slack breasts hard. “Juliana?”

“Make it quick. Less than a minute.”

Van Pelt dropped his pants. He jumped up on the bed.

Vinnie snapped awake as a voice shouted “Mark!”

“She asked me to...”

“I don’t care what ‘she’ asked you to do. Get out of here, pack your stuff, and leave.”

“Yes ma’am.”

Behind him, he could hear a man zipping his pants, and leaving. His ass hurt, and there was an odd taste in his mouth. The nurse that had been helping the doctor was cursing. He felt the strap on one foot come free.

“What is happening, Nurse?” Solomon entered the room.

“I found Mark fucking one of the patients, Doctor.”

Suddenly the feeling in his ass made sense. The taste in his mouth. He began spitting desperately.

The other leg came free. The nurse moved up to start on the hands. “It’s unprofessional, Doctor, but I really can’t blame him. Having someone who looks like that pawing at your crotch every time you’re around would drive a saint to sex.”

“Be that as it may, Mark will leave the clinic immediately.” The last hand came free and Vinnie rolled off the bed. He scrambled into a corner, looking up with terrified eyes. Solomon bent down, far enough back that Vinnie couldn’t grab him. “Are you all right?”

Vinnie screamed.

Juliana hit the button and Vinnie collapsed. Andrea helped Solomon put the limp form back in the bed.

“We’ll have to replace Mark.”

“I know. I will check the registry.” Solomon made a note, and left. He stopped in the control room and scanned the list. Mark Gordon, an efficient orderly, would leave with an excellent recommendation and be replaced. Martin Van Pelt snickered.

“When do you think he’ll put together that I’m still here?”

Solomon shook his head. "From now on, you'll be yourself when you're on the ward. He might recognize your voice, but he didn't see who abused him." The doctor sent the email calling up the next orderly on the list. "Things will continue as we have planned."

Vinnie didn't like it, but he was getting used to just suddenly being here again. He was laying on the bed, the taste of semen in his mouth, and his ass burning.

Did you enjoy that as much as I did?

"Why are you doing this?" Vinnie wanted to shout it, but in the high-pitched voice he now had, it sounded whiny.

I thought I made myself clear, dear Vinnie. This ends when I've come out. When a man can fuck me in my cunt, not up your ass.

"I don't want to be a woman!"

Did I ask you? A pity about Mark. He was so sweet in my mouth. Maybe his replacement will be better.

Vinnie held his head and moaned.

And you had better stop talking about why I am doing this. You should be saying why are you doing this. After all, it is your body.

"Just leave me alone!"

I can't do that. We can't get this body cut in half like King Solomon. We're together, forever either in life as a woman, in a psycho ward, or dead. Now get that pretty ass up, and go to dinner.

"I don't want to eat!"

Either you get up and eat, or I will take over, take you to dinner, and have another dick in your mouth for dessert.

“All right, damn it!” Vinnie stood, and stormed out. The new orderly was sitting at the end, and he stood. “Where’s the dining room?”

“Right down there, ma’am.” He smiled at Vinnie.

“I’m not a woman!”

Watch it, sugar. I like his style. He may be your main course.

Vinnie got a hold of himself. He’d seen sadists work, and knew that the Bitch would do what she threatened.

Now apologize.

“I’m, I’m sorry.” Vinnie said.

“I understand. Split personalities can be a real pain. A nice-looking woman like you shouldn’t have to put up with it.”

“Nice?”

That’s right. You’ve never seen your face, have you Vinnie? Or rather, our face. Ask the nice man for a mirror.

“Is there a mirror around here?”

“In the nurse’s station. But you can’t get close to it. You’re on suicide watch.”

Think like a girl, sugar. Wheedle him a little.

“Could you take me? Please?” The last word was like barbed wire.

The Orderly hesitated. “Wait a minute.” He got on the phone, and called. After a moment, he nodded. “All right, Doctor.” He hung up. “There’s a steel mirror in the men’s room. It’s bolted to the wall so you can’t get it off. He said as long as no one’s in there, you can look in it.”



Vinnie started to walk away, but the relentless voice stopped him. *Thank the nice man.*

“Uh, thank you.”