

Only Saints Go To Heaven:

End Of Days



Dee Dee Perri



A "New Woman" Novel



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End of Days

By Dee Dee Perri

Chapter 1

It was Saturday and Dr. Robert Marlow was working, which was nothing unusual. He'd been conducting short videoconferences since before dawn with various 'experts' back East and in Europe. Most of these experts were not of the faith, so he had been less than fully candid about his 'very unusual' patient. Was it possible for a patient to undergo an abrupt change in gender and sexual preference in a matter of hours? He wasn't getting substantial support for the notion, though one expert agreed the literature had a distinct 'environment' bias. That expert, a neuroscientist, unlike the others, was convinced that there was actual hard wiring, i.e., neurological structures, for both processes and that implied that learning was not as critical as the literature suggested, thus such an abrupt reversal was possible. And no, he knew of no clini-

cal evidence to support that hypothesis. Considering the probable locus of such hypothetical mechanisms, a stroke massive enough to affect both systems at the same time would, in all likelihood, prove fatal.

Bob wasn't getting very far on his quest and he hadn't even mentioned the obvious physical changes in 'Eve's' body, completed without any history of hormonal manipulation. At about ten o'clock he abandoned his office and headed for the cafeteria for a light brunch.

"Good morning, Phil, mind if I join you?"

The younger man smiled and waved him over. Dr. Philip Morgan was a visiting post-doc working in one of the research laboratories the Loma Linda campus supported. He was a Ph.D. in Comparative Neuroscience and a Mormon.

They chatted for some minutes and Dr. Marlow mentioned his former patient, Paul Wright, though not by name. Soon he was describing what had happened to the young Saint in far more detail than he'd provided the experts he'd been in conference with. Phil was guiding Bob Marlow's presentation with precisely the right questions. Finally, Bob stopped and looked at the younger man, "You know something, don't you?"

"Sheepshead, a large deep-water marine organism."

Dr. Marlow shrugged, "I know something of that, true. A fish able to change sex, right?"

Phil smiled. "And rather rapidly, I might add. A morphological transformation that can be completed in just minutes. And there is no question as to changes in its sexual object choice." He laughed, "How one would determine 'gender' in a fish is up for grabs; that's more of a human psychological concept, I should think."

"But my patient was human."

"Actually Bob, I can think of several dozen species that can rapidly change sex under the right circumstance, and they're not all bony fish."

"What are you saying, exactly?"

"Well for starters, the phenomenon is clearly not impossible which is a pretty important conceptual point to be made. Second, the human genome carries an awfully large amount of so-called 'junk' code that isn't typically utilized. What I'm suggesting is that the DNA mechanism for a sex-change could reside, more or less intact, in the mammalian genome... in humans."

"That seems like a pretty farfetched idea."

"Speculative, yes, but the ability to switch sexes when the conditions are appropriate, is not just a model but a well-established fact."

"I've never heard of such a case, have you? In humans, I mean."

"Doesn't mean that it hasn't happened before in human history. One can think of lots of reasons why such an event might not be reported and there are numerous stories in mythology involving an involuntary change of sex. Perhaps these *are* the missing cases. My guess is that for most individuals, there is some key component missing in their DNA. Anyhow, it is certain that a lot of the 'junk' DNA we carry around inside us extends back to our bony fish-like ancestors. I read an article in Science suggesting that mammals have the potential, in terms of DNA, for growing functional gills. Changing the heart-lung system into a heart-gill system would be truly complex indeed, so changing the sexual morphology of an individual would be, in comparison, relatively simple."

"Seriously?"

The younger man nodded, "The right combination of RNA..."

"And the trigger? Hormonal?" asked Dr. Marlow.

"Unlikely, hormones are too large and require receptors on the cell membrane to function and, most significantly, would also require a pre-existing cellular response system, so no. I think an enzyme that actually enters the cell and can communicate directly with the existing DNA would be more likely. We'd be looking for an enzyme not normally generated by a mammal."

Dr. Marlow was excited, "An alien, non-mammalian enzyme? And you could identify such an agent?"

The younger man laughed, "Whoa. Not me. Perhaps a molecular biochemist but they would have to be at the top of their game, OK? It would be like looking for a needle in a very large haystack. The agent would have to be small enough to readily pass through the cell membrane and complex enough to interact with potentially hundreds or even thousands of DNA sites. It wouldn't be carrying a 'kick-me' sign, either. You have any idea how many potential enzymes there are in the human body? And how few have been identified, let alone properly analyzed?"

"You're saying it would be difficult."

"Yeah, not impossible but really, really difficult."

Dr. Marlow jumped up out of his chair, "You have been a great help, Phil. I can't tell you how much. Who would you recommend?"

"Sorry, I haven't the faintest idea, Bob. I'd start with the comparative literature. Someone working with, say, parrotfish?"

"Come again?"

"Parrotfish. They are small and rather easy to maintain in the laboratory. The Sheepshead, well, they are large

and very expensive to maintain. They need an unimaginable amount of space to function properly, so if there is any experimental laboratory literature, it would most likely be with one of the smaller species."

As Dr. Marlow was walking back to his office in deep thought, he received a call on his cell phone. The caller was obviously agitated, stressed out, as was all too evident by the sound of his voice. Finally Bob interrupted the man, "And who exactly am I talking to?"

Bob stopped and all but came to attention; the speaker was the private secretary to the President of the Mormon Church. In a less demanding voice, he replied, "How can I be of service to his Holiness?"

He mostly listened, then, finally, replied. "I most surely will contact your office if Mr. Wright's presence is discovered." He ended the connection and stood there perplexed. Mr. Paul Wright, otherwise known as 'Eve' the sodomite, had disappeared. She had been removed from the custody of the Gentile authorities in Palm Springs by someone unknown. The Church leadership was going bonkers. He wondered why Eve had been in Palm Springs in the first place. Two nights earlier she'd been flown directly to Utah in the First Presidency's jet; at least that was what he had been told. Obviously matters were far more complex than he'd realized.

Then he remembered the untimely death of the Second Counselor, Mr. Thorn... in Palm Springs, wasn't it? Had Mr. Thorn been on the plane with Eve? That was not a connection he wanted to make.

~oOo~

Jim, thirty-five years of age, was in charge of the volunteer detail that formed the day security for the appar-

ently abandoned Latter Day Saints Community Center. Things had gone from bad to worse. The day promised to be very hot, hotter than usual for Pasadena, even by August standards. The temperature had already reached one hundred degrees and it wasn't even noon yet. The weather report he heard on the radio said it could break a hundred and fifteen, which would be a record for Pasadena. Just after ten o'clock he'd received a call that the night detail had been ordered to the desert, Palm Springs no less. In this heat, he was sure glad he wasn't on *that* assignment. His crew didn't take it very well, especially Franklin, when Jim told them that they wouldn't be relieved at three o'clock as planned.

Finally, about eleven o'clock and after a second phone call, Jim announced that they were working a double shift and might not be relieved until after midnight, making this an eighteen-hour shift. The five young Saints howled, especially Franklin who seemed oddly fixated on the need to get back to his wife. Finally, Jim shouted down their complaints: "Guys, none of us like this, OK? But we are here for the Church." He didn't need to add any more; this wasn't a job, it was a duty.

It was Josh, the smallest and youngest of his detail, who voiced the complaint they were all feeling. "It doesn't seem right that we're stuck out here. In this heat a guy could die." He looked around to make sure the others agreed, "Gosh Jim, its air-conditioned inside. Why are we outside?"

Jim didn't know except he'd been instructed to maintain the watch on the grounds and to not linger inside the facility. "You already know the answer to that," he said but it was no answer at all.

Franklin pushed past Josh and came all but nose-to-nose with Jim. The accountant had never been an impressive example of manhood, leastwise as far back as

Jim remembered. But he seemed different today, more self-assured to be say the least. When he spoke, there was a commanding tone just under the surface and he seemed to be competing for command of this group. While Jim was nearly a head taller, he stepped back as Franklin pushed into Jim's personal space.

"It's a bunch of hooey, we all know that. Look, we all go in to use the restroom, even you, Jim. And we get water and spend a few minutes out of the sun in the kitchen. I mean it's not like we don't go inside already." Some voices growled their approval.

Jim's instructions had been firm and clear: keep the crew out of the building. Why? Unexplained. On the other hand, he had been allowing them to visit the head inside, that was unavoidable, right? He tried to match Franklin's glare with one of his own, but he couldn't. Finally he conceded, "OK, the kitchen and the restroom but nothing more. Stay out of the rest of the..." He was talking to himself; the others were already at the rear door and soon disappeared inside. "Whatever," he mumbled as he hurried after the others. His authority had been bent but not broken, or so he believed.

Within minutes, the TV in the library was on. It would be like herding cats to keep them all in the kitchen. He walked over to the water dispenser in the kitchen. It was empty. He stood there holding a plastic cup in his hand.

"The Arrowhead dispenser in the hallway is nearly full."

He turned, "Thanks Josh."



James was all dressed up with no place to go. The bright yellow sundress of pure silk, with the short but full

skirt and the deep vee top that fully displayed her gorgeous cleavage, was a bit over the top for hanging out in Pine Creek. She was wearing matching yellow pantaloons, also silk, and matching shoes which had tiny spiked heels.



The heels at a mere inch, were still a challenge to walk in and yet, if Kathy were to become complete, even such minor tasks needed to be learned. So perhaps it was best that there was nowhere to go in Pine Creek on a hot August day.

When Sally sat out a small lunch, which she almost never did on a Saturday, James, who was still striving to become Kathy, knew that it was for her, that is for Mrs. Bone's pretend daughter. She gushed when the old woman returned from the kitchen, "Mother, you shouldn't have."

Mrs. Bone looked perplexed, then horrified as she looked down at her pretend daughter and that deep vee of her dress. She assembled herself as best as she could, but she was clearly unhappy.

"What?" squeaked Kathy. Much of the pleasure was gone from her voice. Mrs. Bone seemed angry at her for no apparent reason at all.

Mrs. Bone looked away, then up at the ceiling before turning and finally confronting exactly what was bothering her. "That is... a bit too much of yourself, um... exposed, my dear."

"Mother," snapped Kathy but then she grinned wickedly, "you said yourself that I have attractive breasts."

The older woman sighed, "Yes, but they are meant for less um, public display, child."

"Um," began Kathy, "like for my future husband, perhaps?"

"Indeed."

What did this old woman really understand? Not enough to be sure. "Mother, I will likely never have a husband, at least not someone like your Mr. Bone."

Mrs. Bone raised an eyebrow, "And why is that?"

“Because... I have a penis.”

The old woman looked sickened, “That’s not a proper topic to be had at the dinner table, young lady.”

James had actually been playing with the old woman but he had suddenly found that it was no longer fun or, to be honest, play. A great sadness had swept over him, an unexpected despair. “That’s the heart of the problem, isn’t it, Mrs. Bone? For all of this, I have a dick between my legs.” He was on the verge of tears now, they threatened to cascade down his cheeks for his vision was already blurry. “What man would want me?” He groaned, then got up and ran to his room, sobbing. The truth was, this was a terrible joke on him. Too female to be male and too male to be female. In between; half-man and half-woman. Before all this had happened, James had been satisfied living alone and being self-sufficient. Kathy on the other hand... Oh this wasn’t really a very good situation at all, there was simply too much James in Kathy and too much Kathy in James, she realized.

~oOo~

“Mark.”

“Yes, Eve?”

“I want to go out.”

“It’s awfully hot out there, almost a hundred and twenty. I don’t think so.”

Eve was wearing shorts, a T-shirt and nothing else. Her fine, slightly excessive, breasts wobbled uncontrollably as she crossed her arms. Her full lips compressed into a pout. “So? The car is air-conditioned; we could just drive around for a while. I’ve never been to Palm Springs, what’s it like?”

"I don't think that is a wise plan."

Now her anger flared, her eyes were literally glowing: "You said I wasn't a prisoner here. That... that you were here to serve me." She threw out her hands in disgust.

"Your Godliness..." he stammered but held his ground, "there are those that would do you harm. My Father's instructions..."

"So you *are* my jailer!" She stamped her foot in frustration, swept past Mark and headed for the front of the condo.

Mark grabbed her just before she got to the front door. His hand on her shoulder became a vice-like grip until she stopped. He felt her begin to shake. Then she turned and tucked her face against his chest. He held her protectively in his arms. "I'm sorry, your Godliness."

Her voice muffled, but audible: "You-hurt-me, my shoulder. That was mean."

He cooed, "I'm truly sorry, Eve, my bad."

She jerked her head up, her gaze holding his: "I do God's will, not that of your Father, Mark." She pulled free of his embrace. "I want proper clothes: shoes and something to cover my shaved head, a wig perhaps. Yes, a red one, I want long, beautiful, red tresses. And the dress and shoes, red as well. No, a red gown, fit for a princess. And then... I want to be seen, Mark. I want... the whole world to know God's love."

He was horrified, "That's... simply impossible. There are people out there, right now looking for you, dear, dear Eve."

Her eyes were flashing, "Then they shall find me, if God wills it. I walk in the very embrace of God, don't you understand? His breath flows across my cheeks and fills my lungs. It is His will and not my own that demands

this." She looked at Mark, "What are you waiting for? Go! Do God's bidding or remove yourself from *our* sight."

"Your Godliness," he said, backing away before turning and going out the door into the overwhelming heat. He stopped in the doorway. "Red, you said? It could take me a few hours..." He didn't bother finishing his statement; looking at her one last time, he closed the door behind himself.

Eve felt mollified and waited until she saw Mark's car back out of the drive way. A few moments later, now satisfied that she wasn't just a prisoner, she headed back toward the bedroom. A shower, perhaps, then she'd apply makeup if she could figure out how exactly that was done. She wanted to look as special as she felt.

Mark was on his cell phone as soon as he was out of her sight. "Father?" he said. "I can't control Eve. I need new instructions." Was she really a messenger sent from God or just a confused person with a grand notion of her significance in the wheel of life? In a tumble of words he related exactly what Eve had said regarding her 'purpose', adding details as was necessary. It became increasingly clear the more he explained her beliefs, like Sodomites in Heaven, that Eve wasn't God's messenger, or at least that was Hiram's—Mark's father's—take.

There was an obvious alternative explanation: Satan. As per his father's instructions, Mark never obtained the red wig or anything else Eve had demanded. Mark's father would contact those in authority charged with finding Eve. From there, well, it would be politics as usual. The elder Brown would land on his feet. As to his son, that was less certain. Had not Mark freely consorted with what must be the Devil's own creation? Well, perhaps not freely but surely he would be tainted.

The elder Brown had many sons, twenty-three at the last count, so even though Mark was his eldest, he could be readily replaced if that sad need became certain. There were advantages of multiple wives beyond the obvious. Sodomites in Heaven? Mark should have contacted him earlier, much earlier. No, surely he was tainted. Hiram ordered his son to return to Salt Lake City immediately. Others would take care of that monster.



Josh was due to get married, come next June. At twenty and not a college student, he wasn't too young for such responsibilities. As his mother frequently said, it wasn't like he was studying to be a doctor and he already had a good paying job with excellent prospects. There were good reasons against the outcome of marriage and children, for Josh was gay. He'd known that fact since the first stirrings of his sexuality. As a Mormon, such feelings were totally unacceptable. Coming out meant he would have been expelled not only from his church but from his extended family, from every social support that he had ever known or was likely to know. It was worse than that, to be sure. Were he merely attracted to males, he could have lived with that. Indeed he had, thus far, lived with that compulsion. Such desires were best savored only in his mind.

Josh prayed a lot but if his parents had ever heard his silent prayers, they, or at least his father, would have been horrified. Of course he knew that God knew; He certainly had to know, right? God knows everything. Almost every night Josh prayed that he'd wake up *female*. It was that hope that had kept her alive. Her. Even before her first sexual feeling, there had always been that certainty of his inner female nature. Her feminine inclinations, fully ex-

pressed as a toddler, had been squashed. Dolls and pretty clothes were never to be a part of his life, though she still had wanted it to be otherwise. She grew up as a pretend Saint, a secret known only to God and, perhaps, to Josh's mother.

It was ironic but within Church doctrine, there was a excellent reason for the terrible state she had found herself in; reincarnation is one of the touch stones of the faith. It was obvious that Josh had been female in the previous life and had been rewarded with a chance of Sainthood in the current life. Josh and her mother had actually discussed that possibility. She, Josh, must strive to succeed in her chance as a Saint, her only chance for heavenly grace. Josh understood the concept but that didn't mean that he agreed, his reincarnation as a male had obviously been premature.

Thus it came to pass as the sun set in the West, throwing golden flames through the LDS Community Center windows, that Josh's prayers were finally being answered. She, like the rest of the security crew, was afloat with Dr. Petra Ivonovich's enzyme-tainted water. It was only seven thirty-five, still too early for the full transition to take place but something was happening to her. Possibly it was Franklin who was accelerating the transition. He was in full bloom as a man. His unnatural smells had been dreadful earlier in the day, a coy, heavy unwashed stench. It had transmuted, or so it seemed to Josh, into an erotic signal that could not be ignored.

She was wearing a woody now; her willy, an unavoidable stigma of her Sainthood, would prove to be a serious embarrassment, assuming that she didn't leap into Franklin's arms first. Wouldn't that just be the end of everything? She was mesmerized by his broad shoulders and trim waist but that was nothing new. It was that urge that threatened to spring out of her control that was new.

When nobody was looking, she hurried out of the library, down the hall and headed upstairs for privacy. Someone called after her, but her need was urgent and unstoppable.

Breathless, she stopped in the restroom on the third floor in the dormitory section of the facility. In a moment she was inside a stall, the door closed and locked, her overalls down at her feet, as was her magic underwear. She began to stroke that woody feverishly even before she sat down, as she imagined being with Franklin. In spite of its extreme state, her penis would not, or could not, do what it had always done before, provided immediate release. The more she pounded it, the greater her need and the more vivid the mental images of her, now female, and Franklin.

In mid-stroke, a voice boomed and echoed in the restroom: "Darn it, Josh? What the heck are you doing up here anyway?"

"Franklin?" she yelped, her voice was all too shrill.

"Yeah, Jim sent me to bring you back. Finish whatever your doing and let's... um, go. Boss man's having kittens again. The pizza's arrived and it will not last long, if you know what I mean."

"Ah, Franklin?"

"Yes?"

"Um... er... something's happening to me." There was no fear in Josh's voice, awe perhaps, but not fear. There, sitting on the can with his prick in his hand, his prayers were finally being answered. How ignoble a setting but how perfectly sweet the context with Franklin but inches away, hovering like an expectant lover, or so she imagined. Josh stood up but did not pull up her underwear nor the overalls. Her willy was still at attention, as if refusing to go along with what was happening. Hardly surprising

considering her man-thingy had always been an unwelcome intruder in her life, so why should things be different now? She stepped out of her clothing, kicking it toward the back of the stall. She was radiant with expectations, as alive as she had ever been. It wasn't a closet she was coming out of but the symbolism was adequate.

"What?" Franklin walked over and pushed against the stall door but it was locked. "You need help?" It was at that moment that Josh's bloom of pheromones reached Franklin. His penis began to stiffen almost instantly, though he was as yet unaware of the fact.

Need help? That comment brought a lewd smile to Josh's lips. What flashed through her mind wasn't the kind of help Franklin was offering. "Um... no. No. Tell Jim I'll be right down, OK. I... I just need to be alone."

"You sure?"

There was a lot of things Josh was sure of and chasing Franklin away from her presence wasn't one of them. She was gripping plum-sized breasts now; her hips were sleeker, more rounded than they had ever been and a phantom vagina quivered in ready expectation. Those new breasts were elastic, yet firm, smooth and amazingly responsive, or was that but another illusion? Was this all in her head? Some kind of mental collapse in which her darkest desire were simply flooding to the surface? Her mind was in a whirlwind. While the possibilities were utterly infinite, cold reality offered other, less pleasant consequences. Shut up, send him away, she thought but her mouth rebelled.

"Uh, maybe not. Please stay? Um...Franklin, I don't know how to say this but I think I'm turning into a girl."

"No way."

"Way!" responded Josh as she unlatched the stall door and pulled it open. Already her breasts had grown to the

size of small oranges with randy, girl-like nipples that were hardening under Franklin's gaze. The look on Franklin's face said that he saw them as well. That fact alone left Josh breathless; it wasn't just in her mind after all.

Franklin was mesmerized and aflame with unholy desire, that erect penis between Josh's legs confirmed that such lust was perverse. Then their eyes met. She was lovely, realized Franklin, an Angel. It was like Cupid's arrow had hit his heart; of course it was nothing less than the impact of Josh's pheromones slamming into Franklin's olfactory bulb. Neural signals in turn flowed to his limbic system and organized into a response that his whole mid-brain could understand. Long before his cortex was alerted, he was already a bull in heat once again.

In an instant, her naked body was against his, their lips crushed together as they fought with their tongues for dominance only to have Josh readily yield. Josh's eyes opened wide as Franklin took complete possession of her body. She became but a willing willow in his powerful arms. "YES!" she yelled, "YES! YES!" It wasn't a nightmare but a dream come true.

~oOo~

"What the homo-FUCK is going on?" yelled Jim. Of course Jim, a good Mormon, almost never used the word fuck but under the conditions that existed at this moment, the word was the only one that made sense to use. He was standing there in the open doorway of one of the dorm rooms on the third floor as he watched Franklin having anal sex with a strange man. He didn't recognize Josh, not in that position and not with those impressive boobs wildly dancing with each thrust from his partner but the second penis was rather hard to ignore considering it was

at full mast. Franklin had taken him from behind in doggy style, his loins slapping against the other man's pert, round bottom.

Jim was horrified and, to be entirely honest, titillated. How could he not be? The pheromones that filled the air and entered his nose and the accompanying visual imagery had generated an instant erection. Like everyone else at the Center, he was also loaded with the enzyme. He staggered back, his masculinity already under attack, but he was unaware of that fact. His resolve to take charge, to do something, was already fleeing from his mind. That he thought of himself as the Alpha male had been under attack all day. Jim wasn't the man that he had been this morning nor could that illusion be maintained much longer. He turned and fled downstairs, though to be entirely honest, staying and joining the ongoing unnatural coupling had been a real possibility.

When Jim finally reached the hallway on the first floor, he heard a moan, then a shriek from the library. Already his legs weren't working just right, his hips had flared and reset the angle of his lower limbs. Tiny boobies jiggled under his overalls, the nipples of which were slashing across the rough cotton and protesting such treatment. He shoved the door open and there was Josh humping another unfamiliar large breasted fem-male while Al stood there watching the two of them going at it.

Jim and Al's eyes met. Neither were fully transformed. Both had breasts and more feminine features. Ironical, but Jim was further along in the transition. Within moments, Al and Jim intertwined as the other couple continued to fornicate in blind oblivion. And it was Al who reversed back into the rutting male as Jim continued his slide into femininity. But stranger things were still to come even as Jim became Al's willing Eve.



"Say Captain, what do you got for me tonight?"

Mick laughed, "It's still Lieutenant, but you know that you muck-raking-slimeball. News a little slow, huh? How about that heat today?"

"Old news. So anything interesting tonight? I hardly hear a peep on the police scanner."

"Not really. Unless you think a bunch of homos hanging out at the LDS building across from the PCC campus is news?"

The man winced, "Naw, not really."

"Didn't think so." Mick muttered as he watched the blogger slump away and head for the precinct door. It was a good thing that the night had been quiet. He needed all the cell space he could get. Five queers. It wasn't like they were breaking the law when the patrol arrived in response to a disturbance call. People like that were mostly pretty compliant to lawful requests. But that hadn't been the case. All five of them were of the 'fem' variety, with implants and all. But they'd attacked the officers who had arrived.

Mick was still working though the paperwork. It's not often that police officers are sexually assaulted by limp-wristed queers. It had required backup to be called in. Worse, one of his officers had certainly not behaved in an appropriate manner. Must have been drugs, Mick concluded. Anyhow, the queens were all safely locked in individual cells else they'd be fucking each other all night. Go figure. Some kind of sex drug probably. At his age, he could use a little of that. He grimaced and went back to the paperwork.



Dr. Ivonovich became aware that something of significance was happening down at the LDS Community Center when the first patrol car showed up. A few minutes later, still more cop cars flooded on to the site, lights flashing. He watched but could see nothing. Later, after the police left, he saw a naked figure emerge from the foliage from the rear of the property, back by the trash cans and such. At first he thought it was a girl, but when the creature turned and gave him a profile shot under the bright security lamp above the parking lot, his heart nearly stopped. That was a rigid penis between her legs, though that was all that was obviously male in structure, Well, that and the short nineteen-fifties hair cut. A Mormon Saint, a feminized youth.

It took little encouragement for him to guide his charge to his apartment. Far from bewildered, the creature seemed to be in a sexual frenzy, in heat. Petra's excitement was nearly as great as that of this boy-woman. His experiment had worked, or at least it seemed that it had. But Dr. Ivonovich was far from immune from the pheromones being emitted. He soon found himself a bit closer to his experiment than he had intended.

It was only late while his hand glided over and around those sweet contours that his suspicions were confirmed. "Josh."

The attractive she-male nodded even as she began to play with Dr. Ivonovich's penis.

"Were there others?"

"There were six of us. At first, only three became like this," she said, gripping a boob, then letting go. "Eventually there was only one that was still all male. It was Jim..." She stopped. "You don't know him so the name

doesn't matter, I guess. He changed when the cop tried to arrest him. Anyhow, they struggled on the floor and then... he was gone, you know, like the rest of us. Mr., can I stay here tonight? I got nowhere else to go." She deep throated the doctor before he could reply.

Chapter 2

Eve was no longer in estrus, not that she had known that she ever was in estrus. Her special hold on the attentions of men was gone but that fact was lost on the team that came to collect her in Palm Springs. They were all female, the leadership of the Church having learned the hard way about the fallibility of its male members. By midnight and after a brief flight, she was housed in a secluded building near but not too near the BYU campus. Starting in the morning, extensive testing would be initiated: MRI's, detailed blood tests and the like, though she would interact only with females, given her well-deserved reputation. It was like closing the barn door after the horses had already fled, an unnecessary cause of her imprisonment. None of this was legal, of course, especially her imprisonment.

But the scientists and medical doctors would have to wait. More pressing Church matters were at hand. Using modern technology, the computer, the internet, and tactics perfected by the Gestapo, Eve was awakened at three in the morning after but a few hours of sleep. It was a time when people were particularly vulnerable aided by the sleep deprivation. It was with her before a large flat screen monitor that the inquisition began. She sat wide-eyed as the President introduced the members of the Quorum, one after the other. Each of the old men gave her a brittle, cold, stare before the camera moved to the next member. Then the questioning began.

At first, the questions were simple and direct. Ordinary things like her full name and such. Endless, meaningless questions, fired in rapid sequence. Some were obviously meant to trip her up, others were not questions at all but bold faced accusations. It was the Apostle Brown, Mark's father, who finally framed the question that would become the centerpiece for the rest of the morning: "When did you first accept Satan as your Lord and Master?"

Eve sat there, gaping in horror and misery. How could one answer such a question when any answer implied that she had done so? She could not answer that question, which only made the Quorum that much more aggressive. She finally cracked and began to blubber, saying over and over again, "Never." But they would not relent. Questions became statements, speculation became facts, or so it seemed to a very frightened and disoriented Eve. They were building a case as if their own words had come from her lips. It was insane.

It was about mid-morning when she screamed and tried to attack the flat screen monitor. It was only by extreme efforts that her guards had brought her under control, though she was emotionally wrecked and seemed quite unable or unwilling to cooperate further. The session ended.

Eve was in Hell. Her accusers were not looking for answers now but merely to confirm what they already believed. There was no room in their reality for a creature like Eve and no room in their theology for a Heaven filled with homosexuals.



That same Sunday morning, Petra and his new charge awoke and had a quiet breakfast together. Dr. Ivonovich was simply mystified at how well this young man had adjusted to his transformation. Had it been him, he would have been screaming out to the world that something terrible was wrong. So why was the boy taking all this so well? Petra had a hypothesis or rather several connected empirical concepts that could be invoked. One, the girl, it was impossible to think of her otherwise, was in *estrus*. That fact alone tended to focus her in a way that she might not be capable of otherwise. Several times in the middle of the night she had made a feeble attempt to leave, always after intercourse, always after she had climaxed. Those periods must have given her a brief reprieve from her sexual compulsion. There was nothing here that was unexpected based on his earlier research with mice.

As was the case with his mice, Josh's genitalia had not been altered and it was obvious from Petra's own reactions that the pheromones Josh put out were highly effective. That her secondary sexual characteristics were so dramatically female resolved an issue that he had long expected to be true; mice too had secondary sexual characteristics, they just were not readily apparent to the human observer.

For the first time in years, Petra felt at peace. Were he a younger man, this discovery would have compelled him to continue his work. But he was not a young man. To continue this line of investigation would require resources he would never command. And to be found out, especially now, that he had conducted this unlawful experiment, well, the consequences could be bleak indeed. No, he had resolution. That would have to be enough. He had

not destroyed his promising career for a failed hypothesis. And most of the men responsible for the untimely destruction of his career were either dead or rendered meaningless by time and the collapse of the USSR. There was no relevant peer group to whom he might appeal. It was done. He had closure.

So Petra turned his attentions back to his young charge, feeling, perhaps, a twinge of guilt, mixed with ample pheromones to be sure. He could certainly not admit that he had any understanding or prior knowledge of what actually happened to her, so there was no clear cut path to take. "Have you any plans of what you will do now?" Wide eyes became wider and anxiety seemed resident now in that gaze. He reached over and patted her on the arm, "No, I'm not asking you to leave, dear one. You may stay as long as you want, but... eventually..."

"I'm crazy, how could there be any other explanation, Petra? I keep waiting to wake up and all this will be but a nightmare."

"A nightmare?"

"Oh, gosh. I didn't mean it in that way, exactly. I mean since I've been here..." She reached over and took the doctor's hand, "you've been more than swell. I... I *do* care for you, very, very much."

"As I for you. You mind if I call you something other than Josh? I can't help but think of you as a real woman and Josh seems so out of place, wrong."

"You do?"

"So what will it be?"

"It doesn't matter. I'm yours to mold."

Perhaps she was right, realized Petra, she was potentially his to mold. Would that be so bad? All those years

he'd spent alone, without meaningful companionship. Was not last night charming? "Natasha."

"Cool, I guess."

"And we need to buy you some more appropriate clothes."

"Are you offering to take care of me? Oh, Petra, that's so... sweet."

"Natasha."

"Petra?"

"Oh, nothing, I was just testing out a theory."

"A theory?"

"Yes. But don't worry your pretty head about such matters." Yes, she could be highly malleable now. Her old memories, no longer consistent with her present, were now maladaptive at best; she needed a new identity much as a man in the desert dying of thirst needed water. There was no way of going back to the life she had had. The Mormons would never accept her as she was now. He realized that he needed to move, no, *they* needed to move. An apartment well away from the LDS Community Center was necessary. He jerked up to his feet, "Natasha, there is much to do and so little time. How about a trip to the beach, it will be much cooler there, huh?"

Moments later as he sat there, sipping from his coffee cup and listening to the sound of running water—Natasha was taking a shower—another problem came to mind. The enzyme was transient by nature. In a matter of a few days, it would be gone. He knew from the mouse research that the estrus condition was but a phase, it would end. And then what? Natasha, freed from her sexual compulsion, would she not become more restless, less pliant, certainly less willing as a lover? The physical modifications that had been imposed upon her body,

lacking hormonal support, would regress. The latter would be a slow process but almost a certainty. Natasha wasn't real, Josh would return eventually.

"Da," he concluded. That bright moment he'd felt had been but a false dawn. All thoughts about what promised to be a delightful afternoon and the beginning of a long, cherished relationship wilted under close inspection. Unless, of course, he continued to supply Natasha with the enzyme. But it would no longer be an experiment he could justify. It would be a selfish act and nothing more. He had the desire but not the right. He was not a monster.

He looked up as Natasha re-entered the kitchen wearing his bathrobe, her short hair still wet. "I'm sorry. There has been a change of plans. I think you should go home."

Natasha screamed. It cut to Petra's very soul but there was no other way. The guilt he'd felt before returned as a flood tide and he too started to cry. And then he admitted the truth. "Natasha, I am in love with you."

That caught her attention, like a club hitting her head. In the next instant, she was in his arms, tears streaming down her fair cheeks and warm, willing flesh pressed against his.

Maybe it wouldn't be so easy to terminate this relationship after all, he realized as he gave into his rising desire. Knowing the right thing to do wasn't precisely the same as doing the right thing.



James was wearing that same yellow dress he'd put on yesterday, the one that had given Mrs. Bone such grief because it exposed so much cleavage. He was also wearing those delightful yellow French spiked high heels and was just a bit wobbly as a consequence, as he crossed the

porch and thumbed the door bell. But it wasn't just the shoes that were responsible for his unsettled condition.

The door opened immediately, as if the person inside had been standing there all along and had merely waited for him to announce himself. It was Estella of course, the last of his father's wives. The third Mrs. Mugworthy, if one were keeping count. James' mother had died giving birth to him and the second Mrs. Mugworthy, the only person that James had ever known as 'mother', had died in a traffic accident a little more than two years earlier. He hardly knew the woman standing before him. She was probably not much more than ten years older than James and there wasn't the slightest flicker of motherhood inside her breast, for him or anyone, he suspected.

She just stood there with a mocking smile on her lips. She was a beauty, in part due to plastic surgery. Tall, nearly six feet in her four-inch heels, she towered over James. A widow but a few months after she'd married James' father, she'd claimed all but a minor part of the estate, and exercised some modest control over the small trust fund meant exclusively for James. He needed her signature. It was access to those funds that had prompted James to visit his 'step mother'. He was in debt of the worst kind, charge card debt, with interest rates at fourteen percent. His wild shopping spree buying women's clothing had been more than his academic income could readily resolved. Thank God he'd called last night. In spite of that mocking smile, she wasn't shocked. "Estella," he finally said as the silence had lengthened to the point of being uncomfortable.

"Oh, if your father were only alive to see this," she said as her mocking smile formed a more natural grin.

"Frankly, that's not an image I'd care to contemplate. Um, can I come in?"