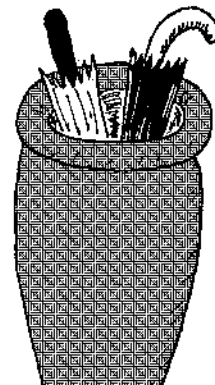
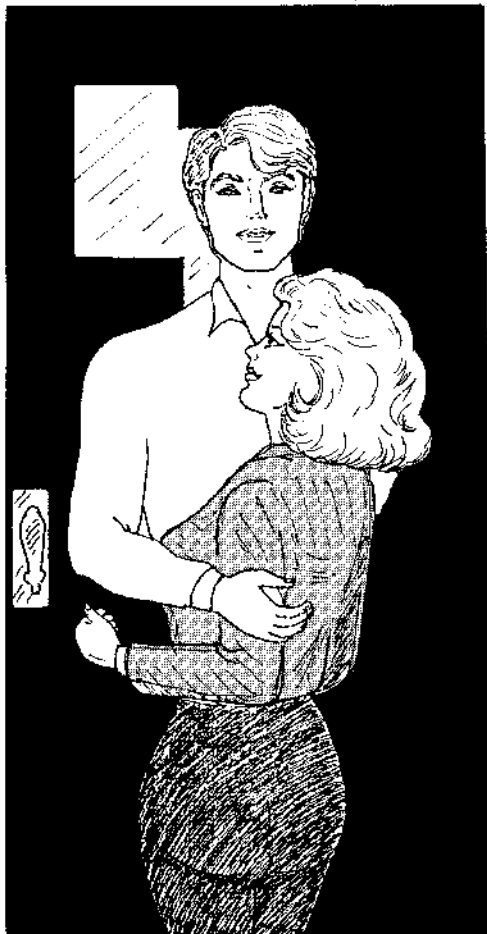


TWO PINK LADIES

By Susan Peerless



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

TWO 'NEW WOMAN' STORIES

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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THREE SHADES OF PINK

By Susan Peerless

ONE

I couldn't understand the sign at first. I was standing on a street in the better part of town. The sign was right in the center of the window of one of those shops that are a boutique one month and a greeting card store the next, posh businesses that go broke in two to three months.

The sign was a bit cryptic, SEXUAL ACCOUNTS BALANCED and down below, the sign for male and the sign for female with a double headed arrow between them. I puzzled it over as I walked on. My mother, Sylvia Penderson, widow of the great businessman Franklin Penderson, had sent her only son, Julian, on an errand. Yeah, that's me. I had to put her fur coat in storage for the oncoming summer. I shifted the plastic bag containing the item in question to my other arm.

I left the coat, got a receipt and started back. Was that "sexual account" shop a call girl cover or what? Or maybe a detective agency specializing in divorce cases? Well, it certainly didn't sound like it could possibly relate to me. But the two symbols below, what could they signify? I stopped in front of the store. I could see little through the window and no signs of activity. If it was related to sex it should be busy. Well, only one way to find out. I walked in.

The store was done in a style that seemed to be from the last century. There were two fancy chairs and a center table on a somewhat worn Persian looking carpet. Heavy Damask drapes hung across the whole store, probably dividing it in two parts. The drapes separated.

She was of indeterminate age, dark haired and dressed in a full length robe of an oriental design. All she lacked was a bunch of cheap bangles and a crystal ball.

"Yes, young person?"

I frowned. It was such a strange way to address anyone, as if she wasn't sure of the person's sex.

"Ah, are you a fortune teller?"

"I suppose so, in a certain sense. But that isn't what you are looking for. And the next question is what does the sign mean?"

"Well, yes."

"The first part means very little, actually."

"And the second?"

"Is what brought you in here I imagine. May I ask a few questions?"

“Sure.”

“I am called Madam Kehzia. May I know your name and age?”

“Julian Penderson and I'm 16.”

“I see. Would you step back here, Julian. Perhaps I can help you.”

“Do I need your help?”

“I feel that you might. We can find out fast enough. Would you humor me?”

I was a strange way of speaking and I must admit that I was a bit intrigued. So I followed her.

The back part of the store was far more modern looking. There was a desk and chair with another chair in front. She gestured me to that one. I looked on the other side of the room where there were two large chairs facing each other. She stayed by my side.

“You like to wear your hair rather long,” she said, reaching out to touch it.

“I don't see where that has anything to do with anything.”

I realized that she had laid her hand on my head. I moved my head back to break the contact.

“Perhaps I had better leave. I don't know why I'm here, frankly.”

“Bear with me a moment more.”

She sat down across the desk from me, steepled her fingers and looked at me intently, obviously preparing to speak.

“Julian, you are probably a transsexual, and that is why you're here.”

I froze in shock. I've been a closet TV for years and not even my mother knew. I jumped up.

“I'd better leave.”

I headed out but had just parted the drapes when her voice came to me almost as a whisper.

“You've always wanted to be a girl and now, when you've found someone who can help, you run. Even girls must be brave at times.”

I stopped, hanging on to the drapes. I think that I might have fallen if I couldn't hang on to those heavy drapes. I was breathing irregularly and heavily. I slowly turned and her eyes grabbed mine.

“Sit down, Julian. Or, do you prefer Juliana?”

I couldn't trust myself to talk. Her eyes filled my universe as I stumbled back to the chair and sat down.

“I seemed to have touched an interesting spot in your personality, Juliana. Would you like to talk about it?”

I looked at her. I was frightened! I had never talked about this in my life, to anyone! What could I say? That I had a darling little pair of panties on right now? That I loved to... Oh no!

“Perhaps I had better explain, my dear. I have a certain power. I can sense how much male élan that people have and control the transfer of such. I did that when I laid my hand on your head. You look puzzled. Élan is the spirit or drive of life. Males have a certain extra type of élan above and beyond that which all of us have, which makes us alive. Most men have a lot of this special male élan, most females have little. We are all born with one sex or the other but sometimes there is a misalliance of this male élan. The male élan has a strong effect on the physical structure of the body. Boys who have lower levels of this élan are always physically deficient in a masculine sense. Mentally they may become male or female. In your case you have reacted to this imbalance by becoming female mentally. No, don't become disturbed! It's nothing to be ashamed of. But now it can be, shall we say, cured.”

“Cured?” I asked. “You mean so that I will want to be a boy?”

“No. I cannot do that. However I find that I not only have the power to sense levels of male élan but to also move it from one person to another. Normally everyone is born with a certain level of this élan and finally dies with exactly the same level.”

“But you can change that?”

“Yes, and if the élan level of a person changes drastically, then the body structure is thrown in flux and becomes mutable.”

“What?”

“Your body can be changed. It's structure will follow the change in male élan levels.”

“Oh.” I looked at her wide eyed. “And how much will this cost me?”

“Cost you? Nothing. I supply male élan to those who are deficient in it. You are a supplier. You want to get rid of what you have.”

“I don't understand.”

“Sweetheart, I would calculate that you have about 40% of the male élan that a real, Rambo type, hairy chested male would normally have. Now I could charge you some \$3000 and find you a supply of that male élan that you lack so you too can be a Rambo type... You're shaking your head 'no'. Which brings us to the second alternative, I drain off the male élan that you have for a more deserving person leaving your body in flux and essentially élanless, thus changing you physically into a female. And make no mistake about it, I mean a pretty, baby making, menstruating female. Understand?”

“Yes, I understand.”

“Now, how do you feel about this?”

“Excited, happy.”

“Excellent.” She began to page through an agenda booklet. “Can you make it here at three?”

“Ah... I guess so. How long will it take?”

“A dozen sessions or so. Depends on how you both handle the changes.”

“Both?”

“Yes. The recipient of your male élan must be here. I can't just stuff it in a jar for later use! Let's see. His name is Hank Thorn. His level of male élan is about 50%. He has a smallish body, weak chin, homosexual tendencies and is easily scared. A typical case.”

“He will pay you for my élan?”

“He will pay me to transfer it into him.”

“Shouldn't I get something for it?”

“Honey child, there are hundreds of you in the city, all wild to get rid of their masculinity. Do hospitals pay for tumors that they take out of patients?”

“You got a point.”

“Can you come at three?”

“Yeah.”

“Good. What's your situation at home?”

“I live with my mother. Father's dead.”

“How does your mother feel about you being what you are?”

“She doesn't know.”

“Nobody knows?”

“That's right.”

“Well I'd break it to her. It's going to be pretty obvious in a week or so.”

“What'll I do?”

She sighed and looked at me. “The best way is to sit down and tell her that she's got a daughter rather than a son. Some women who have only a son would be happy for that to happen.”

“I don't know.”

“Then start living your new life in dress and action rather matter of factly. She'll probably resist for a few days but...”

“I'll try.”

“Good girl. I'll see you here at three, day after tomorrow.”

“Yeah.”

I walked home with my heart going pitipat. My life is going to turn around. Is this all true or just a crazy woman giving me a line. I had certainly never heard of anything like this before but... Oh, it has to be true!

Now I've got to tell Mom. She's a bit strange. She has a little money left from the breakup of Dad's business. But she still tries to live in high society. She throws din-

ner parties and sends out invitations to some 100 people of high society and about 15 of her regular friends, definitely lower society. Some of the 15 come and she never hears from the others. I just got out of high school and she has plans for me. I'm supposed to start a company just like Dad's. The manufacture of hydraulic cylinders for heavy equipment, which just isn't me, so to speak!

"MOM!"

"In here, dear. Don't shout."

She was in the living room hold swatches of cloth up to the furniture.

"What do you think of this red material, dear?"

She knows that we don't have enough money to redo all the furniture be she keeps right on making plans.

"O.K. I guess. I got to talk to you."

"Um? Or maybe the maroon. No, that would be too expensive."

"They'd all be too expensive, Mom."

"Now, now, Julian. We can economize a bit."

"Like having no dinner parties for three months?"

"I'm just talking about upholstering the furniture, not replacing it. This cream material would get dirty too fast."

"I don't know how to tell you this, but I'm going to become a girl."

"That's nice, dear. You can bring her to dinner next week."

"You're not listening, Mom."

"Green would definitely clash with the wall paper. Or maybe we could repaper..."

"MOM! I'm not going to bring a girl to dinner, I'm..."

"But why not? I'm certain that you're not ashamed of..."

"Because I'm her! I mean I'm about to become your daughter."

"Oh! Aren't you going to extremes? One minute you're not particularly interested in girls then you want to be one! Julian, I do wish you'd settle down. What will it be next?"

"Is that all you have to say?"

"I suppose so. This is just one of your phases isn't it? What was it last month? Oh, yes, rare books. You got \$150 from me to start your collection by buying that 18th century French novel and there it stopped. You can't even read French. Now you want to be a girl. Next month it will probably be..."

"MOM!"

"Don't shout, dear. Girls have more decorum. When will you be starting?"

"I... You... You don't care?"

"Care? Of course I care. I certain hope you'll do a better job of it that you did as a rare book collector. And the month before it was butterflies. That lasted for a week! A

record. Now dear, what will you need? We can't really spend too much on clothes. You certainly can't use anything of mine. You're too small and slim. Oh, I know. Come with me."

I was dumbfounded! Instead of a battle I got cheerful help! I never know how she's going to react. Of course she thinks this will be over in a couple of days. If that Madam Kehzia is for real this was going to be permanent. Oh well, Mom would probably be happy for me to stick to anything!

"In here, dear."

She had led me back to the maid's room. Of course there hadn't been a maid in the house since Dad died four years ago.

"Here," she exclaimed as she threw open the closet door. "There are endless maid's uniforms in here. You can really learn a lot about being female by starting off at the bottom."

"Mom. I didn't really want..."

She held a rather cute outfit up to me. "This looks like it might fit. This way I not only get a lot of help with the housework but you get a tremendous amount of domestic experience. Invaluable for the woman who plans marriage. Right?"

"Err, I suppose so."

"I hope you're not going to be as directionless as a girl as you were as a boy, are you Julian? Or what should I call you?"

"Juliana' will do."

"Sweet! And it is the name that I prepared for you in case you were born a girl. Now you get to use it! Hey, this is fun! Now what is this doing here?"

'This' was a pile of rather fancy lady's underwear.

"We only supplied our maids with uniforms, not undies."

"Err, that's mine, Mom. And that uniform does fit."

"Ah, I see. Well then, you've got all you need here. So get to it. I'll see you in the kitchen in a while to assign you your duties. By the way, Juliana, I prefer that my maids do not use an excess of make up. Enough to be pert and pretty, but don't get carried away. See you in the kitchen."

She swept out of the room leaving me with my mouth open and a pink checkered maid's outfit in my hand. I took off all my clothes. All but the pretty panties that I habitually wore. Then into my padded pantie girdle and waist nipper. As I twisted to get everything fastened properly, the thought crossed my mind that soon I may not have to use these things any more. Especially the realistic pads for my bra. My shape would "come more naturally"! Since my waist nipper had garters, I used regular stockings rather than panty hose. I had to shave before putting on my make-up but maybe that would change soon too. I brushed out my hair and pinned on the cute little cap that goes with the outfit. After tying on my apron, I was ready.

The kitchen was just up the back hall. I peered in. Mom was rummaging in a cupboard. I slid into the room nervously.

"I'm here," I ventured rather timidly. Would she break out laughing?

"What? Oh, yes. Let's have a look at you."

I stepped forward and turned for her inspection.

"Well, I must say that I'm surprised. You look like you belong in that outfit." She sighed and shrugged. "Of course, it may very well be that you do belong in dresses. Time will tell. Where's the silverware polish?"

"Ah... I don't know. Perhaps in the closet with the cleaning things."

She raised a finger and gestured with it. "Logical, very logical." In a second she found the polish there and handed it to me.

"You seem to be a natural for this sort of thing. I never would have suspected it. Well, there's the polish. You know where the silverware is. Hop to it. How nice to have a maid again! By the way, in about half an hour I'd like to take tea. Serve it in my room, thank you."

She moved regally out of the kitchen leaving me with a bottle of polish in my hand and a swelling, proud, sexually excited feeling in my stomach. I polished silverware until it was time to make tea. I prepared a tray with her tea, a little pitcher of milk, a plate of cookies and a little vase with a pink tea rose from the bush outside the door. I carried it into her room and placed it on the table. She stared at it as I poured.

"I know that you don't take sugar. Will that be all, Ma'am?" I tried a little curtsy. A rather sweet touch that!

"But you're absolutely a perfect little maid, Juliana! I can't wait to show you off in your maid's outfit serving my dinner party this weekend."

"Show me off? But everyone will be there!"

"Yes! That's the wonderful part. Just everyone will be able to admire my new daughter, Juliana. Don't look so startled, sweetheart. If you want to be taken seriously about becoming a girl, then I'll take it very seriously. I will back you up 100% as long as you feel able to do your part. Do you understand?"

"I believe that I do, Madam."

"Good! By the way, you are doing marvelously well. I have high hopes that you've finally found your calling. There's one thing. You must get a bit more of a swing into your hips when walking. Try it."

I walked back and forth in front of her.

"Uh-huh. Don't exaggerate too much, honey. Let it come naturally. You'll feel your skirt swing just so. Yes, that's better. Practice that as you walk around. If you try to do it all the time it soon will become habit. When I take you to my hairdresser tomorrow, you'll have plenty of chance to practice in public. I'll give you a pretty new dress for every whistle you get. Agreed?"

She was trying to push me too fast to see if I'd break. Ah, no, mother dear, you won't catch me that way!

"Of course. You may have to buy me the store!"

“Very good, Juliana. Back to your work.”

As I walked (Being careful to wiggle just right!) back toward the kitchen, I thought about what Mom was doing. She wasn't dumb. Rather than fight what she felt was a phase of mine which wouldn't last, she was going to push me into it as fast as she could, to the point where I'd have to stop it or I couldn't easily return to acting like a male. In other words, that I'd draw the line at announcing my new found femininity in front of all her friends, etc. Little did she know that it was to be a permanent condition and I welcomed this chance. Onward and forward!

That evening I prepared dinner and served the same flawlessly to my mother. She showed no signs of lessening enthusiasm for my new sex. She just commented how wonderful it was to have such a charming little maid and how very few signs of being other than a cute girl I showed. I slept in the maid's room, my old one being forbidden to me.

TWO

I woke early, showered and slipped into a fresh uniform. This one had little puffed sleeves with big white cuffs and a big white collar. I did not brush nor prepare my hair well at all. After making breakfast for Mom, I went to her room to serve it. She was awake and happily enjoyed breakfast in bed. I drew her bath and laid out the clothes that I was instructed to lay out. She looked at me and frowned.

“Your hair is not all that well brushed, Juliana.”

“Probably not Madam. I am so excited about being taken to your hairdresser that I did not take care of it as well as...”

“You want to go to my hairdresser?”

“Oh, but of course. It was so wonderful of you to offer.”

“Ah, yes. Do you have something else to wear other than a maid's dress?”

“Oh, yes. I have a darling little two piece outfit in fuchsia that I haven't had a chance to show off yet. May I change now?”

“Yes. As soon as you've got the breakfast things put away.”

“Thank you.”

Mom looked just a bit pensive as I left. The outfit I was talking about had a knee-length straight skirt with a split in the back. I changed my slip to a white half slip with more lace at the bottom because of how nice it looks in the back with the lace flashing as I walk. The top buttoned in front and had 3/4 sleeves. I glued on artificial nails which I already had prepared. I redid my make-up, put on a massive gold necklace and matching clip-on earrings. I wore medium heeled white pumps, carried a white purse and dabbed on a bit of a floral scent. I was ready to go! And so nervous that... but I must not show it!

I presented myself to my mother in the living room. She stared at me for some 30 seconds.

“Mom?”

“Ah, you look quite pretty.”

“Thank you.”

“And you're sure that you want to go?”

“But, of course. Why on Earth not?”

I could see Mom set herself and decide to go ahead.

“I called ahead and Sybil can take you in a few minutes. Her beauty shop is just two blocks away so we can walk there.”

“Shall we go?”

I stood on the top step while Mom locked the door behind us. My first time out in public in broad daylight. Once before I had made a furtive little excursion out at night and just about peed my panties!

“We go to the left, dear,” said Mom, misunderstanding my hesitation. I got down the steps and turned left. I was probably doing permanent damage to my poor little white bag, clamping both hands on it like it was going to save me from some horrible fate. But wait! This isn't any horrible fate! Why am I walking like I was auditioning for the part of the mummy in a horror film. I'm free! Wiggle, you stupid broad! Wiggle! So I wiggled. And even waggled a bit!

“How do you want your hair?”

“I thought that I'd listen to you on that, Mommy.”

“Mommy? Hum. Well, I think that a mass of tight curls framing your face with a few over the forehead would be stylish and rather sweet.”

“I think that I'll look just adorable that way. I knew that I could count on you, Mommy.”

“Then we'll get a pair of little gold earrings and go by Doc Pilchard's and have him pierce your ears. Would you like that?”

Now, Sybil in the beauty shop wouldn't know me from Eve so I had little problem there. But old Doc. Pichard delivered me and knew my physical sex very well. Him seeing me like this would be a point of no return so to speak. The word would get out. But no pain, no gain.

“That's a wonderful idea, Mommy.”

“It is?”

“But, of course. I'm a big girl now so I can use those nice dangly earrings that are so in style.” I held her arm to me. “I don't know why you're so nice to me! Isn't this Sybil's shop?”

“Oh! Yes, so it is.”

We went in and sat down. A fairly plump, blond woman in her 40s bustled over.

“Sylvia, my dear. You're looking well. And this is?”

“My daughter, Juliana. She hasn't been in here before. Juliana, this is Sybil, the best hairdresser in town.”

“How do you do.” I limply extended my hand.

Sybil took it and held it.

“But I would swear that you said many times that you only had a son.”

“A son? You must be remembering someone else, Sybil. Does this dainty young lady look like anyone's son?”

“No, hardly. Well then, what can I do for the very lovely Juliana?”

“Make her even more lovely of course,” Mom gushed.

I was ushered to a chair under a drier. There were other women in other chairs, absorbed in their magazines or conversation. No one paid much attention to me. There was a discussion over my head with many pokings and pappings at my hair. Then Sybil went to work. Mom shoved a magazine in my hands and went to wait out front. I looked down at the magazine. “Young Bride”. I leafed through it, then became engrossed in an article on the weeks after the honeymoon. Then I had to stop reading as a girl came over and began to pluck my eyebrows. Then she held up a mirror. My eyebrows were now high arcs just a few hairs wide. Was I committed to girlhood!

Between Sybil and her helpers I was powdered and painted, brushed and rubbed. Finally all stood back and looked at me.

“Sylvia. What do you think?” quizzed Sybil.

Mom came over and looked over her shoulder.

“You've outdone yourself this time, Sybil.”

Sybil grinned proudly. “Get up honey, and have a look at yourself.”

I stood and looked in the large mirror on one wall. I couldn't even recognize myself. My hair was done in tight ringlets sort of swept upwards but with a couple of cute little curls swinging in front of my forehead. The face in the mirror had a pair of perfectly formed, full red lips that formed a “O” of wonder. Could I live up to that beautiful face in the mirror? Of course I could, she's me!

“Oh, Sybil. You've done a marvelous job. I'll always come to you in the future.”

Mom and Sybil went over to the cash register to settle accounts while I turned this way and that in front of the mirror. I fluffed my curls a bit and generally admired myself.

“Very well, dear. If you can tear yourself away from the mirror, we have an appointment with Dr. Pichard. Remember?”

“Yes, Mommy. Shall we go?”

On the way we stopped in a little jewelry shop and bought a pair of gold earrings. Each was a tiny gold ball mounted on a pin. Very simple.

On the way to the doctor's office she kept taking sidelong glances at me, without speaking. She was quite aware that this was a difficult step for me to take, letting the cat out of the bag, so to speak. I decided to play on this a little.

“I suppose it would be easier and cheaper just to let a jewelry store do it. A number of them offer to pierce ears,” I remarked.

“Surely. But then you could end up with an infection. No, I may be a bit old fashioned but I think it's best for Dr. Prichard to do it. Unless, of course, you've changed your mind.” She looked at me a little hopefully.

“Oh, no. Dr. Prichard it will be then!” I exclaimed bravely.

We were soon seated in Doc. Prichard's waiting room. Mom comfortably relaxed back into an overstuffed chair, reading a magazine. I perched stiffly on the edge of a straight backed chair, about as comfortably relaxed as a store window mannequin. I could hear my heart pounding in my ears. The nurse showed an old fellow with a cane out of the doctor's office. In a minute she gestured to me. I got up without hesitation and marched into the office. The doctor was frowning at a the piece of paper that the nurse had just handed him. I sat down which motion caught his attention. He stared at me.

“Juliana Penderson?” he questioned. “But it is you, Julian. I can only admire the very convincing disguise, but why are you rigged up that way?”

“Well one's life at times takes unexpected turns, Doc.”

“Not quite that unexpected, normally. You want to have your ears pierced? Both of them?”

“Of course, both of them. What good would it do me to only have one...”

“Boys usually only have...”

“Do I look like a boy?”

“Far from it, but I know that you are one.” He leaned back, steepled his fingers and stared at me over them with his brow all scrunched up. “Would you care to explain what all this is about?”

“No.”

“But you will, won't you?”

“It should be painfully obvious. I've taken up a different life style; a very commonplace one, but quite different from my earlier one. I feel much more comfortable in, shall we say, the female mode.”

“You do, do you? And I expect that you'll soon be back here asking for a good surgeon to carry out a supposed sex change operation?”

“No. I'll do all that in a different manner myself. Could we get on with the other major operation?”

“What? Oh, yes. You know I had almost decided not to pierce your ears. You are obviously not in a logical frame of mind. A do-it- yourself sex change indeed!”

“State law demands a waiting period before ears can be pierced?”

“Sit over here please. Do you have a pair of gold ear studs?”

I handed them to him. He took them off the card and put them in a little sterilizer machine. It soon had steam merrily escaping. All it lacked was a little teapot whistle! He tied my hair back, swabbed my ears with alcohol, sprayed icy stuff on them and then, with a little thing that I never saw clearly, did the dirty deed! The ear studs were

inserted and I was send out the door with no further ceremony. Dr. Prichard was not overly pleased with his new patient! Wait till I came to him with my first yeast infection!

On the walk home mother was about as communicative as a tombstone. I imagine she was replanning her strategy. More power to her!

THREE

I didn't get back into my maid's outfit for lunch. I told Mom that I had to go out.

“Out? Where ever to?”

“To start my sex conversion, mother.”

“You're not falling into the hands of some quack are you? How much is being charged?”

“Nothing.” “Julian, Do you...”

“Juliana, Mother.”

“Whatever. Do you expect me to believe that you're going to receive a series of complex operations for nothing?”

“No.”

“What do you mean, 'No'.”

“I don't expect you to believe anything. In any case, I said nothing about any operations, complex or not.”

“Ah-ha. It will be done by magic. A good fairy will just wave a wand and 'poof', you will.... What are you grinning at?”

“If any of the fairies that I know had a wand like that they'd more likely use it on themselves first!”

“Very funny! I've half a mind to....”

“I know you do, Mother. Well I've got to go. I'll be back soon.”

I rushed out before she caught on to my rather tasteless joke. As a girl, I'd have to resist stupid jokes like that! But first I've got to achieve that heavenly condition. So I click-clicked and wiggle-waggled my way toward Ye Olde Sex Change Shoppe.

It was some ten minutes before three when I entered. There was a rather unimpressive young man seated in one of the chairs. I primly sat myself on the edge of the other chair. There were no magazines. We studied anything but each other. Finally he spoke.

“Do you have a three o'clock appointment?”

I looked at him uncertainly. “Ah, yes. And you?”

“Me too. But I don't understand. Do you want to be a boy?”

“Hardly.”

“Oh. Well, my name's Hank, Hank Thorn.”

“So you're the one who gets my.... I'm Juliana Penderson.”

“Now I get it. You are my male élan donor. Are you sure you've got any to donate?”

“Yeah,” I sighed. “I've got 40%. Much too much!”

“To look at you I'd have guessed more like 4%!”

“Don't I wish.”

At that moment Madam Kehzia came out and invited us both in. She ushered me to one of the two larger chairs and Hank to the chair in front of her desk.

“Do you have the money, Mr. Thorn?”

“Yes. Here.”

I turned slightly and saw him pass her a piece of paper.

“It's a cashier's check for \$2000. I borrowed on my car.”

“Yes, all in order. Go over to the other chair please.”

We sat there facing each other, trying not to have eye contact. Then Madam Kehzia came over and stood beside us.

I will try to do this in 8 to 10 sessions. I doubt that I can remove the male élan from Miss Penderson too fast. By the looks of things, she could handle it. You, Mr. Thorn could be a problem.”

“Why?” he asked.

“Trust me. I've experience in this. Now I'm going to pass about 5% of Juliana's male élan to you. You will feel very little. A few minor changes may take place within a few minutes. Others will take all night. We'll have a session every day at three. Very well, let's get started.”

She placed a hand on each of our heads. I flinched but really felt nothing. Hank looked puzzled. Madam Kehzia removed her hands.

“Was that it?” I asked.

“Uh-huh,” she said. “Hank, feel anything?”

“Sort of a fullness in the chest.”

“Right. You now have a 55% level of male élan. Getting up there!”

He stood, flexed his shoulder muscles. Frankly he looked more confident and seemed to stand taller.

“I don't feel any different,” I squeaked. I tried to clear my throat.

“And your voice is starting to change. Sounds like you're going to have a delightfully girlish soprano.”

“Oh?”

“Very well. You both should return tomorrow at three. We'll meet at the same time every day.”

“Day after tomorrow is Sunday,” Hank commented.

“No matter. We must maintain a fixed schedule. Right?”

“Right,” said Hank.

I just nodded, being unsure as to the control of my voice.

On the walk home it began to sink in. This wasn't just a great adventure, a few days living as a girl. This was IT! I wasn't going back to being male. Of course, I giggled to myself, I'd have to learn how to relax. I've seen girls looking prettily kittenish, snuggled back in a big chair while I tend to balance on the edge like a steel spring. I sighed. I certainly had a lot more to learn than just how to relax while sitting down!

Mom was watching TV. In spite of her assumed air of culture, her high society veneer, she loved soap operas.

“Come in, dear. This may interest you.”

“Oh?”

At the moment there was a dog food commercial on.

“Yes. In this program there's a family with five children. Well they're not children any longer. Pretty well grown up. The mother, Mable, is a very stable and protective woman. There are three boys and two girls, but one of the boys, Stephen, really wants to be a girl.” “He does?”

“Thought you'd be interested. One of the daughters, Violet, thinks he should be given every aid in his quest but the other, Joan, despises him for it. His older brother, Bill, is indifferent about it but Harold, the younger brother ridicules him constantly. Of course, Harold is actually adopted and has a club foot so Stephen cruelly... Here's the program on again. That's Mable talking to Joan.”

I had actually tried to follow the hectic explanation but my head was a whirl. The conversation between Mable and Joan seemed to deal with a man called Ben who was battling cancer. It took me 10 minutes to figure out that Ben was Mable's husband. Stephen never showed so I slipped away leaving Mom engrossed. Maybe soap operas would grow on me with time but for now they didn't grab me.

I went down to my room (that of the maid) and changed into a uniform. This one was a little black outfit that snugly zipped up the back. It was hardly an overly practical item as the apron was a dainty little thing, more for ornament than for the protection of the dress. But it sure was sweet!

I got busy in the kitchen preparing a light supper. I found that I was humming happily, comfortably immersed in a purely domestic routine. I also began to notice something else. In the past when I got dressed up and involved in feminine activities, I would become quite aroused with a hard-on that would become uncomfortable within the restrictions of feminine wear. That no longer occurred.

Mom came in.

“You didn't stay to see the program,” she accused.

“I had to get started here. Do you want a little wine with supper?”

“I suppose so.” She stared at me. “This morning your voice was a strained contralto. Now it is a very natural soprano. How did you do that?”