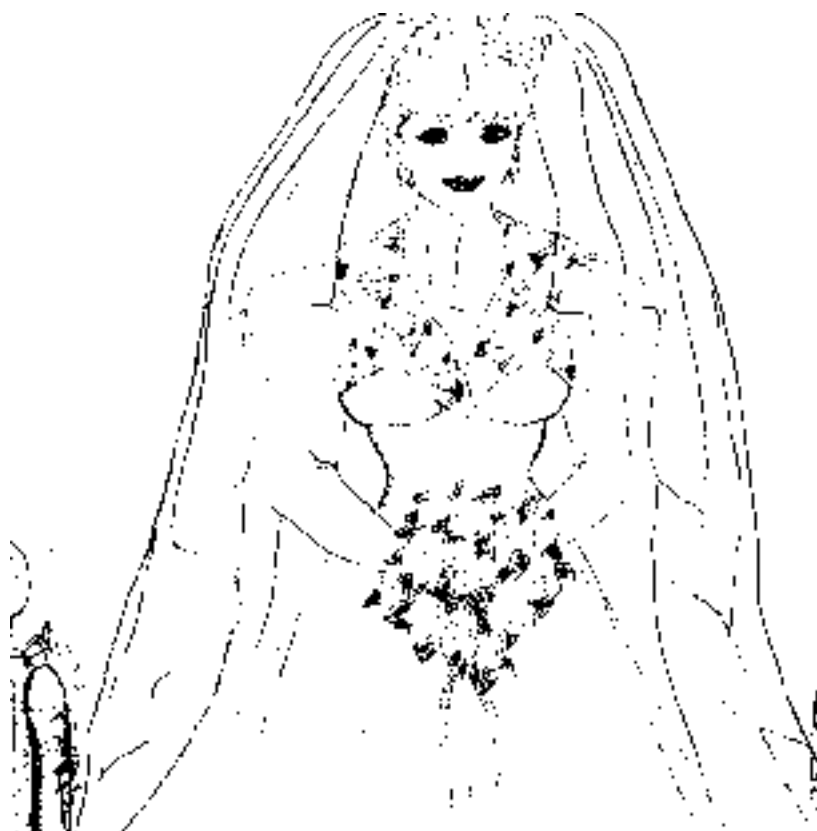




Reluctant Press

The Author

Olivia Evans



ILLUSTRATIONS BY BRIAN DUKEHART

AN 'ADULT TV' NOVEL

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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“THE AUTHOR”

By Olivia Evans

It must have been about 6:30 in the morning when I was rudely awakened by the door to our bedroom slamming shut.

“Damn it Elaine, can't you show a little consideration and let me sleep,” I complained as I squinted at the clock on the night stand. I'd gone to bed not more than an hour before after having put the finishing touches on the next to the last chapter of my latest Science Fiction novel.

There was blessed silence..., for a few seconds. I figured that the noise had been Elaine slamming the door on the way out of the bedroom. Mad at me again probably. For what, I had no idea. Just one of those women's things I supposed.

I rolled over to go back to sleep. I was just about to drift off again when I realized that someone else was in the room. Judging from the heavy breathing, it wasn't Elaine.

“Mr. Smith? Mr. Eric Smith?” a soft woman's voice asked close to my ear.

Instantly awake, I turned over, ready to defend myself from God only knew what. Standing next to the bed was a tall good looking blonde woman in a gray business suit. Behind her, standing next to the closed bedroom door was another woman, also tall, but with red hair. She too was dressed entirely in a woman's stark gray business suit.

“Who are you and what the hell are you doing in my bedroom?” I demanded, trying to sit up.

The woman standing next to the bed reached down and effortlessly pushed me back.

I'm no 98 pound weakling by any stretch of the imagination, but that woman's casual movement made me feel like one. I got the message real quick — she didn't want me to move until she was through.

“I'm not going to have any problems now, am I Mr. Smith?” the woman said softly. There was nothing really threatening in either her manner or speech, but suddenly I became terribly frightened.

“Who are you?” I demanded, although a little less forcefully than my original reaction. “You ladies cops or something?”

They didn't look like cops, and I knew that I hadn't done anything even mildly illegal, but still... Out of the traditional blue uniform, what does a cop look like, really?

Out of the corner of my eye, I watched the redhead walk over to a chair in the corner of the bedroom and pick up my robe. In one smooth motion she tossed it to me.

“No, we're not from the police. We're from Mo...” The red head shot a warning glance at the blonde. “Never mind where we're from. Please put your robe on and come with us,” the blonde commanded, calmly.

Growing even more frightened, I slid out of bed and pulled my robe on. As I stood another thought crossed my mind.

“Where's Elaine? So help me if you've harmed her in anyway...” I allowed my voice to trail off, knowing that the threat unspoken sometimes had a greater effect than blustering.

“Your wife is in the other room. No harm will come to her. It's you we want and you will do as I say,” the blonde stated.

The redhead nodded silently.

The blonde turned and motioned me toward the door.

Seeing little recourse, I obeyed her unspoken command. When I reached the door, the redhead stepped aside and allowed me to open it. I turned left and walked down the short hallway toward the living room.

Both women followed close behind.

When I reached the living room, I was astonished to see Elaine dressed entirely in black and looking sad. She was wearing what she called her mourning dress, as though she were going to a funeral.

For a brief second I wondered who's?

Mine! I thought just a split second before everything went black.

-0-0-0-

I awoke with a splitting headache lying on a bed covered by a sheet to my neck.

Three walls of the room were painted a stark white, which seemed to amplify the bright overhead lights. The forth wall was an enormous machine with hundreds of dials and gauges on it.

I blinked a few times under the bright lights and looked around, wondering what the hell was going on.

The throbbing in the back of my skull convinced me that I wasn't among the dearly departed... at least not yet. I tried to sit up and discovered that I was securely strapped down, all that I could move was my head, and not much at that.

I struggled a few minutes, trying to work my way free from the wide leather straps that bound me to the bed. After a few minutes, I gave up. They were just too strong.

“Mr. Smith? I know that you're awake, so there's no sense pretending. Ah, that's better,” she said pleasantly as I turned my eyes toward the source of the sound. “How are you feeling? You have a headache, I would imagine.”

The speaker moved into my line of vision. It was one of the goons in gray, I had ceased to think of them as women, that had invaded my bedroom.

“Would you mind telling me what in the Hell you're doing with me. There are laws against kidnapping in this state you know,” I protested more bravely than I felt.

There was no doubt either in my mind or *his*, that I was totally at *his* mercy.

“Please Mr. Smith, calm down,” a second voice urged from above my head. The voice came from another woman I hadn't seen or heard before. She must have be an attractive one if her voice had been any indication. I tried to twist my head around to see her. She saved me the trouble as she too stepped into my line of vision.

I had been right, she was very attractive. I could feel my penis stirring.

It was at that instant that I realized that I was naked under the sheet.

“Would someone please tell me what is going on here?”

Goon number one, the blonde, glanced at the attractive woman. It was obvious from the way she was deferring to the other blonde, that the newcomer would provide the answers.

She smiled down at me and in one quick motion whipped the sheet away from my body.

Before I could react, the goon had stuffed a balllike gag into my mouth and fastened its strap around my head.

“Now that you will be unable to interrupt me, I will tell you who I am and what I am going to do to you.” She ran a sharp fingernail from just below my neck down to below my belly button sending chills through my body.

I could feel cold sweat break out all over my naked body as she smiled and nodded to the goon.

The blonde stepped out of my line of vision and did something that caused the bed I was lying on to move.

I watched in horror as my legs were slowly elevated and spread apart until my groin was fully exposed. I felt as helpless as a woman must when she receives a pelvic exam or delivers a baby, and why not? I was in the exact same awkward and very exposed position.

What the hell was going on? I knew, beyond a shadow of a doubt that, whatever it was, I wouldn't like it! Not one bit.

Unable to talk, I was screaming, “**No! Don't!**” in my mind when the woman walked to the end of the bed and positioned herself between my legs.

The faint smile on her face was almost as terrifying as the position I'd found myself in.

“I can see by the look in your eyes that you are frightened, Mr. Smith. Please don't be. You are about to be allowed to receive the greatest gift that any man could ever hope to receive.”

She held up a strange looking device that reminded me a little of a hi lai racket with an electric cord attached to the handle. It glittered with a strange mechanical evil in the bright lights as though it was alive with some strange force.

And what “gift” is that? my mind screamed, the chance to become a eunuch?

I watched, unable to tear my eyes away from the instrument in her slender hand.

She slowly brought it closer to my manhood, still watching my eyes intently.

Oh, God! If you're going to cut me up, at least have the decency to give me some anesthesia or something! It was then my fear numbed mind realized that she wasn't even wearing a mask or gloves. If I wasn't to die from the pain, it would be from the infection that was sure to follow.

My body jerked as the cold metal instrument was touched gently against my skin. The device cupped my genitals and I felt an intense numbing vibration slowly expand from my groin through my entire body. The sensation continued for a few minutes until the gray clad blonde goon woman flipped a switch and the sensation abruptly abated.

“There now, all better,” the woman cooed as though I had been a very sick child. “I need to do one more thing and then we're done with you Mr. Smith.”

I watched with mounting horror as she moved around the table with yet another strange looking device that looked like a small hand held black light lamp. “Tell me Mr. Smith, do you like large breasted women?”

What kind of question was that? I thought as I shook my head.

“No? Perhaps a 'B' cup or maybe a small 'C'. Yes, that's it, a small but firm 'C' cup,” she mused more to herself than to me.

I followed her with my eyes as far as I could as she walked around my head and down my other side.

When she had made a complete circuit with the device pointing at me she turned it off and nodded to her blonde underling.

Once again the bed under my body began to move, this time back to its original position.

The woman waited patiently until I was lying fully prone on the bed before she leaned over and kissed me on the forehead.

“Good night, Mr. Smith. I promise you, it will be fun.”

What would be fun? I thought.

Darkness descended upon me as she laughed softly.

This time it was without the accompanying pain of being thumped on the head.

-0-0-0-

I awoke in my own bed, wearing my own pajamas, and feeling as rested as if I'd had a full eight hours sleep. I looked at the clock on the night stand, the red digital numbers read 1:30. P.M.?

I grabbed my crotch, then quickly released it when I realized two things, there was nothing wrong down there and I wasn't alone.

“Well, about time you woke up,” Elaine said as she walked into the bedroom with an armful of clean clothing.

I turned on my side and watched for a moment as she placed a stack of clean underwear in my dresser drawer.

“I just had the weirdest dream.”

Elaine turned to look at me expectantly. She knew from years of experience that my strangest dreams often developed into best selling plots.

“I dreamt that two attractive women dressed entirely in gray kidnapped me...”

I went on to tell her what had occurred in my dream. Including what my first impression had been when the woman had stuck the device against my groin.

Elaine sat on the edge of the bed and listened with an amused smile on her face.

“Well,” she said when I ended my story with my awakening. “I'm not surprised. After all, that sounds like about half of your plots. In fact that room sounds like the one in Chapter Three of Last Train to Alpha Four.”

I started to protest, but stopped. Maybe Elaine was right, it was a reoccurring theme in most of my stories. The hero is confronted with an advisory who forces some kind of strange procedure upon him. About half the time my hero ended up being a woman. He, she, usually ends up loving being a woman by the end of the story and won't change back.

I liked to think that the “gender bending” was a simple yet effective plot twist, and nothing more. It was a novel way of increasing the difficulty that the hero, or heroine, had to go through to save the world, galaxy, princess or what ever by the end of the book.

I know that the majority of my readers probably thought that I was a cross dresser, or even worse, but I'm not. I'm just a normal everyday writer who like to turn my characters outside in, so to speak, to add a little excitement to my books. I must have been right, my books have hit the New York Times Best Seller List at least six times in the last three years.

“Come on honey, get out of bed and get dressed.” Elaine rose from the edge of the bed. “I'll have lunch ready for you in a few minutes.”

“I'd like to take a shower first,” I said slipping out of bed. I really didn't want to take a shower, but I needed to inspect my body more thoroughly.

It looked perfectly normal, of course.

-0-0-0-

I was wearing my usual Sunday afternoon apparel, a pair of old threadbare sweat pants, which I had to keep pulling up because of the shot elastic waistband, a sweat shirt that was one size too large, socks and jogging shoes, when I walked into the kitchen half an hour later.

Elaine had a small salad and half a sandwich waiting for me. She had decided that I needed to go on a diet again. Of course, I didn't necessarily agree, being about two twenty on a six foot frame isn't fat. Not really.

Grunting in disappointment at the small meal, I took a beer from the refrigerator and sat down.

Elaine looked at my beer in disapproval as I started to eat my lunch, but didn't say anything.

The last meal I had eaten was breakfast the day before. It wasn't a part of my diet, as if I'd been fasting, just that once I get started in my writing, food, drink and almost everything else goes by the wayside.

Elaine even complained once that we don't even have sex for months at a time when I'm writing.

That may be, like I said, when the creative urge hits me everything else, even sex, is of little importance.

I had eaten about half of my meal and drunk about two thirds of the beer, before my stomach said "enough".

I got up and after depositing my dishes in the sink, retired to my work room, a converted bedroom lined with floor to ceiling bookcases, (mostly empty except for bric-a-brac and the first edition of each of my books). The floor was covered by a worn Oriental rug that I think was actually made in New York City, (New York City!).

In the center of all this was The DESK.

The DESK, I always thought of it in capital letters, was a relic of years long gone, when I was a student at Denver U. Government surplus from when they remodeled the Capitol Building, it was double sided so that two people could work across from each other. Built when craftsmen still worked for a dollar a day, made things to last and had never heard of the words "particle board" or "laminated plastic". It was more a work of art than a functional piece of furniture. It was one of my most prized possessions.

Sitting on the cigarette scared and coffee cup ringed top was a top of the line 486DX2 60 Mhz computer with all the goodies and the latest word processing software. Beside this modern miracle of technology was a Laser printer, also top of the line capable of 15 pages a minute and in color if I wished.

Next to the desk, on a typewriter stand with three and a half legs, (the half leg was supported by a huge dictionary that someone, I think it was one of my publishers, had given me as a gift), was the real tool of my trade. A manual typewriter, Underwood model 15.

The Underwood upright typewriter was as old, if not older than the desk, and more reliable than any ten computers. Why not use the computer? Simple. I was terrified

of the damned thing. Afraid I'd break it or something. Pretty funny for an author who writes SCI-FI isn't it.

Elaine had thoughtfully placed a fresh stack of fool's scrap next to the Underwood. Eventually, each sheet would be filled with double spaced, hunt and peck typing that created whole new worlds.

As each sheet was filled, I would hand number it and lay it face down next to the computer. The last one would be pulled from the typewriter in the early hours of the morning.

I'd always been a night person, comfortable working late into the night, with only the steady and methodical click- clack of the keys to keep me company.

Elaine on the other hand, was definitely a morning person. She would rise early, usually just as I was going to bed, and transcribe my poorly typed words into a readable story on a disk which was ultimately sent off to my publisher.

I thought that our working relationship was almost as comfortable as our marriage.

This particular afternoon I had just started to rewrite the final chapter of Last Train to Alpha Four, a story about a family (the standard Father, Mother and three teenage sons type family) that emigrated to the planet Alpha Four and what happens to them after they arrive.

In case you're wondering, the "train" in the title is an interstellar space ship that is really a series of canisters attached by a huge cable to a Hyper-Space drive (whatever the Hell that is). The drive and cable device never leaves space, merely dropping off each canister at its correct destination and picking new ones up on its circular journey through the galaxy. I got the idea watching a freight train dropping boxcars off on sidings.

The family, after surviving unimaginable hardships just to get to Alpha Four, discover that there is a desperate need to have a population large enough to qualify for membership in the Galactic Empire.

They meet with the planet's local reception committee, the mother is forcefully impregnated by a huge machine, the father and the three sons are sex changed and given the same treatment.

Like most of my stories, the plot revolves around the changing relationship of the ex-male members of the family as they struggle to cope with their abrupt change in status from carefree males to females and human incubators.

Shit!

I just realized that I've given away for almost nothing the entire plot of Last Train to Alpha Four.

No matter, I've been told that one of the main reasons that my books sell so well are the illustrations. They're so realistic that even I get turned on just looking at them. And I get to see them all, even the ones that aren't used.

Some of the best one's are never published, like the painting that hangs over the mantel. It is incredibly lifelike, and graphically chronicles, in a series of four smaller paintings the transformation of one of my characters.

Elaine should look so good. She hates it by the way.

I also just realized that you probably aren't the least bit interested in what my place of work looks like. If you're like most of my readers, you're saying, "Enough already, Smith! Get to the point! What happened to you after you left the room?"

Okay, here goes.

I was sitting at the Underwood, poised in the classic position of a master hunt and peck typist, both forefingers extended from a relaxed fist. I'd just brought my right finger down on the letter "K" key and was beginning to depress it when it happened.

It was so abrupt that I didn't realize that anything had happened for nearly a full second. One minute I had been... the next...

I've written hundreds of lines of description, each carefully intended to tease the reader into reading more about it. I sometimes started with something simple, like the sudden, (or gradual) or mechanically contrived, loss of body hair.

The transformation has started with the nipples, the hands, the feet, the head (bald into long golden tresses) and once with the navel, (you did know that a woman's navel is oval shaped from top to bottom, where as a man's is from side to side).

The changes have ranged from complete, to affecting only part of the hero's body, (See: [Little Lamb Lost](#)). For some reason that story always reminded me of the old joke about a One "L" Lama, (a monk), a Two "L" Llama (an animal found in Peru) and a Three "L" lama... which everyone knows is one hell of a fire.

Sorry about that, but it does remind me of the joke.

Other times I've had the hero awaken finding himself mysteriously transformed into (a girl, his wife, a strange woman and on one occasion into his mother-in-law — what a bitch THAT one was to write).

Elaine's mother thought it was funny, however.

But in all the lines of description in my stories, no matter how well thought out, nothing equaled the truth of what had happened to me that afternoon.

In the space of time that it took my finger to depress the "k" key to the stop, no more than a blink of an eye, I was transformed from a healthy male, into an equally healthy female.

Just like that!

There was no warning, no feelings of being submerged in a huge tub of carbonated water, no pain, no tingling, not even a feeling of helplessness.

Poof, it was done and I had the tits and big ass of a woman.

The strange thing about it was that I knew almost instantly what had happened. After all, you can't live with something for your entire life and not notice when it's missing.

It would be like suddenly losing your arm and not discovering that it was missing until you looked into a handy mirror (ever notice that there's always a mirror handy when a transformation takes place? Trust me there's always one conveniently available!) The lost arm analogy may be a bad example. Simply because of the well known phenomena of phantom nerve signals telling the amputee that the severed limb is still attached, but you understand what I mean.

Another thing that occurs in fiction (at least my fiction), is the instant, or nearly so acceptance of the change.

For all of you who actually believe such stuff, I have one word for you. "It's a bunch of rubbish!"

What I did was what any red blooded man... woman would do. I took one look at the breasts tenting out my huge sweat shirt, stood up and screamed loud enough to waken the neighbors.

Then I promptly fainted!

When I awoke minutes later I was face down on the floor, my sweat pants and under shorts were around my ankles and my breasts were painfully pinched under my chest.

I turned over and sat up, staring at my slender legs that were sticking out from under my now huge sweat shirt.

They were perfect legs. Slender, yet well shaped, nearly hairless and lightly tanned. They also looked tiny in comparison to the sweat pants and undershorts they were entangled with.

The next thing my heroes (heroines?) usually do is look at the shape of their hands. I'm sorry to admit that I did the same.

That was when I found out something interesting about the human mind. If suddenly presented with something it knows to be false, yet is undeniably true, it compensates in rather strange ways.

When I looked at the hand attached to the end of my arm, it looked perfectly normal. A little slimier, softer and with slightly longer fingers perhaps, but still perfectly normal — in relation to my arm.

When I pulled the extra six inches of sleeve over my other hand to check it, I gained a truer perspective of my size as a woman.

I was tiny!

I had just dropped my hands to feel my exposed groin when Elaine walked into the room.

"Eric? Is that you Eric?" she asked as I hastily jerked my hands away from the small patch of soft blonde hair between my legs.

I looked up at the suddenly statuesque Elaine and nodded.

She looked calmly down at me, surveying me from head to foot, and slowly shaking her head. "Well, you turned out attractive at least."

“What?” I nearly screamed. “I’m suddenly turned into a woman and all you can say is that I’m attractive?”

Elaine shrugged her shoulders, a passive look on her face.

“What did you expect me to do? Scream or rant and rave as you’re doing? Get real. At least now you’ll know what it feels like during the period before your period!”

She snorted her contempt of my behavior.

“I would at least expect you to react more than just calmly looking at me like that and saying that at least I turned out attractive!” I snapped sarcastically.

Elaine shrugged her shoulders again.

“What did you expect? This didn’t exactly come as a surprise, you know. I figured it was bound to happen to you sooner or later.”

“What on God’s Green Earth are you talking about, ‘bound to happen sooner or later?’” I had progressed beyond being shocked and was trying to rationalize what had happened to me.

“Just what I said. I knew that sooner or later, you would be transformed into a woman.”

“What? How did you ever get that idea?” I couldn’t determine if Elaine was also in a state of shock, or being apathetic about the whole thing, or was just being a damned smartass.

“Eric, you’ve written dozens of books and hundreds of short stories where the main character undergoes a complete physical change into a woman. Right?”

I nodded agreement, failing to see how my fiction could possibly be related to the woman sitting semi nude on the floor, who just happened to be myself.

“Just how long did you think that you could continue to insult Mother Nature with that stuff before something like this occurred?”

I almost laughed until I realized that she was dead serious about her theory of what had caused my abrupt sex change.

“At least she didn’t make you into an ugly old crone,” Elaine sighed. Her sigh almost made it sound as if she were disappointed that I hadn’t.

I thought about it a little and, in spite of the predicament I had found myself in, began to laugh, laughing until I cried, then I just cried. And damn it, crying felt so GOOD!

Wiping my eyes on the extra length of one of my sleeves, I held up my hand for Elaine to help me up.

Wordlessly she helped me stand, my huge sweat shirt that had once hit me just below the waist dropped to mid thigh.

I looked up at Elaine, (I estimated I was at most 5 foot tall, nearly six inches shorter than she), and stepped out of my sweat pants and undershorts.

I said the very next thing that popped into my mind.

“Do you have some clothing I could borrow? This sweat shirt is awfully drafty.” It was drafty AND huge.

Elaine pulled the hem of the sweat shirt up to my waist, taking me by surprise. Before I could react, she released it allowing it to fall back to mid thigh again.

“Nope, everything I've got will be too large. You're about a size five petite, I'm a 12.”

Oh, great! No clothing! First I'm changed into a woman and now it looks like I've got to wear this sweat shirt for the rest of my life.

“Maybe Karen has something you can wear until we can buy you some new things.”

I suddenly remembered our next door neighbor Karen, she was a tiny, fragile looking woman with a husband that towered over her. If I remembered correctly she had three children and had a fourth on the way. It seemed that she was always pregnant.

“Anything. Please, hurry.”

I was getting desperate to wear something other than that damned sweat shirt.

Elaine pulled up the hem of my sweat shirt again, and nodded.

“I'll be right back.”

-0-0-0-

I sat down in my chair, my feet barely touching the soft Oriental rug, trying to think of a more plausible reason for my terrifying transformation.

As I sat and thought, I ran my hands through my long hair. I discovered two things, I was blonde (what else?) and my hair fell to the middle of my back. Fascinated, I explored my face with my long slender fingers.

I concluded that nothing of my original face remained. Lacking a mirror, (where is that famous handy mirror when you need it?), I could only accept what Elaine had told me, I was attractive.

Finished with the exploration of my face, I half stood and pulled my sweat shirt out from under my broad rear and up far enough to slip my hands under it. My breasts, (never again would I call them boobs or tits) were large firm, very sensitive and heavy on my chest. I was just about to fondle my huge nipples when Elaine came back into the room.

“Here you go,” she announced holding out a stack of clothing. “Karen said she didn't need these back right away.”

I pulled the first item off the stack. The panties were brief style and made of soft pink nylon. I'd written dozens of descriptions of how the transformed hero felt as he pulled his first pair of panties snug against his featureless groin. The reactions always ranged from chagrin to horror to a sudden thrill.

I wish I could say that one, or more, of these things happened to me, but they didn't. The emotion that I felt was a pronounced feeling of relief at being covered. Not that I had anything left to cover! (Sexist?)

The upper part of my body was a much different story, however. I had a lot that needed to be covered!

The next item was of course a bra. Here, both my characters and I had something in common. I didn't really know how to put one on either, and with growing embarrassment had to allow Elaine to help me fasten the straps and adjust my breasts in the cups. And like my characters, I was astonished to find that I felt more comfortable, more secure with the well filled bra tightly fastened around my chest.

Elaine stepped back and nodded, obviously admiring the excellent fit of the bra and panties. It appeared that Karen and I were not close to being the same size, we were exactly the same size. It could have been worse, when she wasn't pregnant, Karen had a great looking little body.

Now dressed only in panties and bra (my panties and bra!), I reached for the next garment, which turned out to be a pair of navy blue slacks. I discovered that there was no fly, only a sailor pants type flap to distinguish the back from the front.

Satisfied that the odd flap went in the front, I slipped them on and adjusted the two slide tabs at my waist, tightening the waistband comfortably around my waist.

"How do the pants fit?" Elaine asked even though she could see that they fit me perfectly.

"Okay, I guess." I wasn't sure if they fit correctly, they seemed to, but then again I'd never worn anything remotely like them.

"Try the top on," Elaine encouraged.

I slipped the short sleeved pale blue top over my head and allowed the hem to slide down below my waist. Pulling my long hair out from under the back, I took the time to check the fit. I knew that women's tops, unlike men's shirts, were usually larger around the bottom hem than through the shoulders. Even taking that into account, I was a little surprised to see exactly how much of a difference there was.

A horrible thought crossed my mind.

"Uh, Elaine? These aren't some of Karen's maternity clothes are they?"

Elaine got a sly little grin on her face and nodded.

"Well, we'll just have to take them back as soon as I can get some other clothes, or I change back to normal, (whenever THAT would be)," I said, feeling a little uncomfortable in the highly specialized women clothing.

"Uh, you may want to keep them for a while dear." Elaine said, still wearing that silly grin on her face.

"What do you mean by that?" I demanded.

Elaine answered by taking my hands and guiding them to my stomach, just below my waistband.

I could feel a small but well defined curvature.

"So? Lot's of women have a tummy bulge. I don't see anything wrong with..."

Elaine added a raised eyebrow to her sly smile.

I stopped in mid-sentence and felt my stomach again... and again. It hadn't bulged like that when I had been sitting on the floor! **NO! I couldn't be...**

Of course, I was. My stomach continued to expand at an alarming rate until I had to let out the slide tabs an inch on each side.

Elaine estimated that I had gone from virgin to four months pregnant in ten minutes flat!

A world's record to say the least! I would have been astonished, except that I had already used that ploy in "A Starman's Luck". After the startling initial expansion, my growing dilemma slowed then stopped, much to my relief.

My relief was short lived, for a month later it was obvious that my stomach was expanding at a normal rate.

As the months wore on and I grew larger, I had time to think, which toward the end that was about all I could do, about what had caused all of this. I knew that the two women in gray and the woman in the white room had caused it all.

How, or more importantly why, I didn't really know. All I could conclude was that maybe Elaine was right, it wasn't nice to fool with Mother Nature, even if it was only in fiction. I resolved never again to mess with a man's sex organs, not even if I remained a woman.

ESPECIALLY if I remained a woman.

Elaine left me when I was about seven and a half months along. Her reasons for doing so were multiple, but boiled down to one thing. There wasn't room in our house for two women. So, since I was the one that had the greatest need, she left.

Well, there was one other reason, she was tired of living a celibate life with another woman. She missed the male me almost as much as I did.

After Elaine left, everything seemed to fall apart. No longer able to write about my customary plot twists because they were too close to home, my writing suffered.

My writing wasn't the only thing to suffer, unfortunately. My ankles were constantly swollen, my back ached, I had a great deal of difficulty going to sleep, I was constipated half the time and suffering from the runs the rest of the time. I developed hemorrhoids the size of grapefruits making it painful to sit or walk and with my constantly full bladder, it seemed that I was always sitting. I grew to realize that it isn't as easy to be a woman, especially a pregnant one, as I had so casually written.

Having little else to do I ate constantly and gained weight. I grew so huge that I was forced to wear some of Elaine's size 12 clothing.

As bad as that may sound, there were some positive things about being a pregnant woman. I had long since stopped writing about feelings, physical feeling, and had discovered emotional feelings in their place.

I had discovered a whole new facet of life that most men rarely, if ever, suspect exists. As a result, the cold dispassionate style that was my trade mark in my SCI-FI stories disappeared, and I began to write mushy romance novels.

At first I hated, then tolerated, finally loved writing the quick little books. I make no apologies for them, they paid the doctor's bills.