

Lady Of the House



Elizabeth Anne Nelson

An "Adult TV" Novel

Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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LADY OF THE HOUSE

by Elizabeth Anne Nelson

"You promised me that you would dress up for me this morning," Jane Richards called to her husband, who was taking a morning shower.

"I even have a darling suit for you that I bought for your trousseau."

She took a slim pink-tinted lady's flight suitcase from the group by the door, along with a matching vanity case into the suite dressing room to place them on the vanity seat. "I'll put them here on the vanity seat for you."

"Ah, it's too early in the morning to dress up," Joyce complained, rinsing his modishly long hair.

"You promised me," she reminded, returning to the motel bedroom to quickly pack her own vanity before hanging a coat she had removed from one of her travel bags.

On the shelf above the coat she set a hat box and a purse, then turned to smile thoughtfully over her little plan.

"Now, don't disappoint me!"

"Okay," Joyce responded, stepping from the shower to wipe his lithe form with a large towel, noting a bit vainly his flawlessly soft, feminine body thinking that he should try to reduce despite the fact that the few pounds gave his form girlish curves. "Just to put my clothes on."

"No," she demanded, "I made the bargain that if I allowed you to dress as a girl in my presence, you would do so completely. No burlesque was our deal. And you promised..."

"I guess so," he mused, wondering at his luck in finding a woman who understood his secret pleasures in dressing as a woman. And a rich wife too. "It could take a while."

"Goodness, any woman understands that," she laughed, picking up the room key, "I think I'll put some things that I don't need in the car. And since you will be my lady fair this morning, I think I will take your suit to the motel valet. I have the key."

"What if the maid..."

"She wouldn't know the difference," Jane laughed, gathering his clothes and dumping them into a laundry bag furnished by the valet service. Then she thought better of her taunt, not wanting to worry him.

"I'll put up a do not disturb sign. I'm sure that they won't storm in on a honeymoon couple, darling."

She opened the door and carried their bags out to the car to lock them in the trunk before returning to pick up the valet bag which she took with her, closing

the front door so that her husband would be secure in his private amusements...

Joyce opened the vanity box to place his cosmetics out on the vanity so that they would be available. Deciding to see what was in the pink suitcase before going into the bed room to fetch his green case that contained his feminine lingerie, he snapped open the locks to lift the lid. There, neatly packed, was all that he really needed, as he soon discovered when he unpacked each item with growing delight!

Shaving himself with intimate care to assure femininity from face to toes, he delicately adjusted his privates into his groin. With care he applied clear skin-toned tape over the resulting skin fold, creating a feminine illusion that permitted womanly toilet. Satisfied with the slight mons effect, he turned his attention to slipping on a pair of soft beige pantyhose, amused by the female look that resulted and remembering his wife's shocked disbelief when she first saw how womanly Joyce could be when so close to nakedness...

Joyce completed applying his favorite cologne to freshen up before slipping into a pair of lilac colored panties, knowing all-too-well how darling short skirts might reveal more than a girl might care to even hint at.

Taking from the vanity box a pair of perfectly life-like falsies filled with a jelly-like fluid that gave them a womanly texture and bounce, Joyce applied them in place, feathering the adhesive edges with a powder puff so that flesh blended into the illusion undetected.

The slip-bra was light lilac tinted nylon with lace hem line as a match to the panties. Joyce half-wondered who had helped Jane select such dainties, for she tended to be somewhat severe in her conservative

businesslike dress, which suited her profession of law.

Putting on a makeup cape from the vanity box, Joyce applied a facial foundation and conservative daytime false eyelashes, finished with eye makeup suitable for daylight and taste, knowing that overstated eyes and make-up were a dead giveaway to pretense. He then gently used a complexion brush to soften the face and clear away any blemish.

A quick part through the center of the rich black hair with a slight spray of hair spray created a natural heart-shaped face effect with brushed back slight sideburns converted into a feminine hairline. The shoulder-length mod hair was quickly styled from an appearance of escapism which Joyce affected as an artist. Joyce used a lilac-colored silk sash ribbon tied in a large back-bow to gather the hair into a forward roll about the back of the neck.

The white satin blouse had frothy lace jabot with a circular collar, smooth bodice, and long sleeves cuffed with matching lace. The suit skirt was full, from a fitted waist hidden by a matching light lilac long sleeved jacket made of a shantung silken weave.

Buttoning the front of the jacket, Joyce straightened the skirt with feminine attention, seeing that the lovely suit had been worn recently. Probably Jane had tried it on at the store where she bought it.

Sitting in front of the vanity, Joyce decided that bangs would look prettier than a heart-shaped effect. Taking a brush and comb, the alteration was quickly made to Joyce's pleasure.

Satisfied with the hairstyle, Joyce turned to put on two button pearl earrings, soft pinkish red lipstick, and matching nail polish to complete the image.

“Oh, darling,” Jane’s voice called from the bedroom as she reentered the motel suite to walk into the dressing room. “I just can’t believe how really lovely you look, Joyce. It’s simply amazing.”

“Thank you, darling,” Joyce sighed, caught up with the mirrored reflection of a beautiful young lady, “It’s an adorable suit dress. Thank you, dearest.”

“I think you should wear this,” Jane suggested, taking an engagement ring from her suit jacket pocket to slip it onto his finger next to his wedding band, “There, the image is complete. When we go out to breakfast, it will keep the men away. They say Mexican men are very amorous and we wouldn’t want to...”

“Go out for breakfast? You mean dressed like this?” He trembled at the thought of being detected, “I couldn’t do that.. I.. ”

“You are a beautiful woman and if you think I am going to stay hidden in this room, you’re crazy,” Jane argued, taking a glass from the bathroom shelf and placing some ice into it before she half-filled it with Mexican whiskey they had purchased the night before, “Here, for courage, darling.”

“Well, if you want me to,” he mused, accepting the drink, “And I really do look like a girl, Don’t I?”

She laughed at his timid fears, bending over to help him into a pair of wine-colored patent pumps. Standing up, she straightened her suit skirt to see that Joyce looked exactly as she desired. Waiting until he finished the potent drink, she then took him by the hand to lead him into the bedroom. She took the short white car coat from the closet with the little clutch purse.

“I have it all planned,” she urged, helping Joyce into the coat and a pair of lace gloves that she had

taken from the purse, “We will go to breakfast and then to the market square for souvenirs. A real adventure for two tourists. Won’t that be nice?”

“Well, Jane, I’m afraid...”

“I really don’t understand you,” she complained, opening the hat box to produce a dainty floral hat which complemented the lilac hair bow, “I went out with you in San Francisco, darling, remember?”

“That was the Artists Ball, and...”

“Well, I don’t see any difference,” she noted with a mock pout, “I thought you were cute then, just as you are now.”

Jane remembered how she had discovered him at the Ball when she mistook him for someone else. A stunning double! At that very moment she saw his real potential.

“You’re acting like a school girl. I really think you should have been born a girl.”

She glanced at her watch as if she had an appointment.

“Look, it’s perfectly safe. Nobody saw you check in here. In fact I registered us. We will just walk in like two old friends who have just met up. It might be fun to pretend to meet in the bar,” she nodded. “That’s it. You’ll use my maiden name, Knapp. Mrs. Knapp.”

Joyce shrugged. “Okay, if you want to.”

“Fine,” she exclaimed, happily clapping her hands, “I’ll see if the coast is clear.”

She opened the front door to see if the court yard was empty. It was.

“Now, you go to the bar and I will be there in a minute. Just act natural.”

Joyce stepped into the morning sunlight to hear the door close!

He was on his own, feeling the soft warm air play about his taunt nylons and teasing his skirts to make him realize how exposed he really was.

Taking a deep breath, he walked towards the entranceway and the main building, thinking that a million knowing eyes were watching his every step as the harsh feminine click of his pumps sounded with each step on the stone walkway.

“Buenos dias,” a man’s friendly voice greeted as he stepped from his motel room to look at Joyce with appreciative eyes.

Joyce tried to smile and managed a simple, “Hi”, before flashing his wedding ring and rushing on in panic!

The bar was empty except for a waitress and the bartender, so Joyce took a copy of a fashion magazine placed on a lobby coffee table and headed for a booth, seeing the bartender flash a smile as if he knew the pretty customer.

The waitress quickly came to see if Joyce wanted anything.

“Buenos dias, would senora like the usual?”

Joyce nodded without thinking what the `usual’ might be, thanking the heavens that he didn’t have to involve himself more then he had.

The girl was back in a minute with a cocktail.

“Alice, I have been looking all over for you,” a man’s voice boomed a bit angrily, “Aren’t you hitting the sauce kind of early?”

Joyce looked up from the fashion magazine with a stroke of terror, seeing that the dark-haired man dressed in a light brown business suit was looking straight at him!

With the man stood two women who were studying poor Joyce with tolerant interest mixed with slight disapproval.

“Mrs. Dutton, this is my wife, Alice,” he continued with a shrug, turning towards the older of the two women. “Mrs. Dutton is from the beauty spa we went to yesterday. She and Miss Gomez have kindly offered to take you with them back to the beauty spa.”

“Good morning, Mrs. Knapp,” she greeted, extending her hand politely.

Joyce’s poor heart raced in wonderment over what was happening and then he thought it must be some elaborate joke Jane had sprung. Hadn’t she called him Mrs. Knapp?

“Good morning,” he managed in feminine tones as he stood up, seeing the man who claimed to be his husband place some money on the table to pay for the drink.

“We really should be on our way if you are to see the doctor this morning,” Mrs. Dutton suggested with a knowing smile, nodding to her assistant, “Your things are already in our car, Mrs. Knapp.”

“You look great,” he observed, suddenly taking Joyce into his arms and kissing “her.” Joyce almost fainted from the sudden embrace, thinking that Jane was going a bit far with the joke.

“Let’s check out,” he urged, ignoring his `wife’s’ cold reception to the kiss and taking Joyce by the hand to lead the way into the lobby to the front desk.

“My wife is going up to the clinic now, so we’re checking out.”

“Si, Senor Knapp,” the clerk acknowledged, presenting the bill and accepting the money with a broad smile. “I hope your wife enjoyed her stay here. I am sorry we couldn’t find the earring you lost last night, I looked all over where you told me you thought it was lost by the pool, Senora Knapp.”

Earring! Pool! Last night! Joyce saw clearly that the clerk thought he knew a Mrs. Knapp that obviously looked like Joyce!

“You are always losing things,” Mr. Knapp swore, “I hope they cure you of that at least at the clinic, not to mention your drinking all the time.”

“Look, I think there must be some mistake,” Joyce suddenly blurted out, “I know I must look like your wife, but I’m not, I...”

Now there was the problem. What could Joyce say? Then he thought of Jane.

“You can check with Mrs. Richards in 310.”

“Look, darling, if this is some kind of scheme to avoid going to the clinic, forget it,” Mr. Knapp insisted, “I paid them ten thousand dollars with that check we gave them yesterday afternoon and that settles it. You’re going for a complete cure!”

“I’m really not your wife. It’s all a mistake, Mrs. Dutton, please help me.”

“Well,” Mrs. Dutton mused uncertainly, looking at the clerk.

“Senora, she is not telling the truth,” he answered her unasked question, “I know you take loco people at the clinic and she is mucho loco.” He shook his head, spinning his finger by it. “She tried the same

story last night, saying her name was Joyce but her Express card is made out to Mrs. Alice Knapp, senora, She used it to pay for her drinks when she ran out of money. And I personally checked them in.”

“I tell you...” Joyce grew anxious seeing some sort of trap.

The man took Joyce’s purse and handed it to Mrs. Dutton without a word.

“Call Mrs. Richards, please,” he begged, seeing her open the wallet and thumb through the credit cards to pause at a snap shot, “She will...”

“Senora Richards checked out with her husband just a few minutes ago,” he answered with a shrug as if to dismiss the crazy woman.

“Isn’t this your picture, dear?” Mrs. Dutton asked, handing him the wallet snapshot that showed a woman that looked exactly like Joyce standing by the man who claimed to be Joyce’s husband!

“I think we understand,” she commented, turning towards Mr. Knapp, “Sometimes our patients are a bit nervous. But we will help her to adjust, Mr. Knapp.”

“I certainly hope so,” he sighed worriedly before taking Joyce’s hand and towing the visibly frightened and shocked Joyce from the lobby.

A chauffeured car waited in the driveway for them.

“I’ll say my good-byes here...”

“Look...” Joyce began to protest only to find himself again in the strange man’s arms, held in a long kiss that all but took his breath away in its passion!

“I’ll write,” he promised, releasing Joyce to open the car door, “It will only be a few months and then we can have a real second honeymoon, darling.”

“Please,” Joyce complained only to be half-pulled into the car as a sharp needle slipped into his hip administered by the silent woman called Miss Gomez at a signal by Mrs. Dutton. She quickly sat on the other side with Joyce between them as she closed the door while assuring Mr. Knapp that his wife was in good hands!

Joyce tried to organize his thoughts to discover a way of escape but his mind fell down into a swirling void of blackness; he slumped against the seat as the car drove off, leaving the strange Mr. Knapp waving goodbye...

Joyce awoke with a sudden shock of realization that he was resting on a hospital cart dressed only in a sheer white nylon hospital gown and cotton panties!

Frantically, he sat up to see that he was in a small waiting room like a doctor might use.

Somebody had undressed him and had given him these to wear before leaving him there.

The door opened and a woman dressed in a tweed suit entered, carrying a stethoscope loosely as she looked at Joyce after silently studying a medical folder she held in her hand.

“Ah, Mrs. Knapp, it is nice to meet you again,” she greeted with a slight Mexican accent and a broad smile of recognition, “Please remove your clothes.”

Just like that! Joyce shook his head in disbelieving fear.

“There has been a terrible mistake, really, I’m not Mrs. Knapp. I’m Joyce Richards, honestly.”

“I see that is your maiden name,” she mused, re-checking her folder. “Well, then...take off your gown and panties, Miss Richards, I haven’t time for games.”

Trembling with fear mixed with humiliation, Joyce’s trembling hands removed the hospital gown and then panties, using his hands to shyly try to hide his sex as he sat stark naked before her!

“Your husband is a lucky man,” she noted, looking up from the folder and studying Joyce for a critical moment before making some notes, “I see that you take great care to be feminine. It is a good sign. Some come here to our clinic without much care. It is a shock to our regular patients. You see we are a general health spa for women and cases such as yours are only a side interest...”

“Health clinic,” Joyce repeated uncertainly, seeing that even naked, his trembling form very effectively concealed the truth. It was only a matter of time, however!

When she placed the stethoscope to his back he clinched his fists in his lap, sitting on the edge of the table and confessed, “I am not a woman, I’m...”

“Now, really,” the woman laughed, looking at his femininity with a knowing amusement, “Between us girls, I’d say there is room for improvement if you plan to make Mr. Knapp happy. But you are certainly going to be treated as a woman because you are soon to be a very complete one. As your loving husband requires us to make you complete to his needs.”

“Damn...” he swore in frustration pulling off one of the falsies, “See!”

“We’ll correct that. That is why we have this gender clinic,” she said matter-of-factly, making a note in her folder while Joyce stared at her in stunned disbe-



lief, realizing to his horror that she had known the truth all along!

"We are Mother Nature's little helpers. Two months and you'll be a new woman."

"Let me out of here!"

In terror, he made a dash for the door screaming at the top of his lungs, "I don't want to be a woman!"

Suddenly a nurse grabbed him as another produced a syringe to jab it into his naked rear!

"Hold her still!" the nurse ordered in Spanish as she looked at the crazy American she-male, wondering why he was shouting at the doctor until she smelled Joyce's breath. She swore in Spanish about drunken perverts to the other nurse who held the struggling terror-stricken Joyce until he slipped again into darkness.

God, he hurt all over...

Trying to move, he discovered that he was on his back with his legs held wide apart at the knees with his rear elevated on what seemed to be a pile of pillows in a position that was far from ladylike!

His arms rested at his side while over his chest the covers of his bed clothing seem to be resting on a cage-like affair. The pain radiated from between his legs to each breast with the beat of his heart seeming to urge it on.

He could see a group of wires leading into a machine that hummed by the bed as a thing alive.

Focusing his eyes, Joyce realized that his nose was in a cast of some sort as was each ear.

Mentally he pictured himself and despite the pain he smiled, thinking that it must really be a comical sight.

From what he could see he was in a small hospital room. To his right was the machine and a wall of curtains that closed out the world from this little world that was his.

To his left was a nightstand and an open door that must lead into a bathroom. The wall at the left was centered with a door.

The pile of pillows under his head allowed him to look down the length of the bed between his legs to a blank white wall that was bordered with a margin of dark green, making the white appear like a screen.

Looking up, Joyce was surprised to see that directly over his head was a shelf and he guessed that if the square of white was a screen, the shelf held a projector of some sort.

He tried not to think of what had been done to him for he was certain that he was no longer a man, at least physically male. The pain told him that.

What he wondered about was why? And who had inflicted this on him?

Three people had to be involved. A woman who looked exactly like him when he was in drag; a man, who claimed he was she; and, his wife!

It hurt so that it was hard to think but he knew that he must.

The logical connection was that he looked like a certain woman whose husband was willing to claim that Joyce was her.

Not quite, for she too had played a part that would make others believe that Joyce was her. Was she a woman? They knew *he* was not a woman.

Joyce pictured his wife getting together with the other two, for it was clear that she had to be a part of the plot.

Mr. and Mrs. Knapp. Ah, his wife's maiden name, Knapp. That would tie her with the man. Joyce had married Jane in a civil wedding chapel. She claimed she was an orphan, like Joyce. Was the marriage real?

Joyce found doubts closing in from all directions.

Oh, hell, they checked into the motel as Mr. and Mrs. Knapp. Are they really? Mr. and Mrs. Knapp go to the clinic and Mrs. Knapp tells the doctors that she isn't a woman but because she loves her husband she wants to be made into one.

Fantastic, but there you are. That might have been it.

They go back to the motel, making sure that the hospital will pick her up the next day. She makes a scene so that everybody will know her, undoubtedly dressed in the same clothes Joyce wore the following morning.

She goes with her husband to their room, Jane picks up her clothes and makes Joyce promise to dress up the next morning. He does. She plants the other woman's identification on him, then gives him a stiff drink as if he had been boozing all morning. And bingo, he winds up a girl!

Why?

"Buenos dias," a woman announced cheerfully as she entered the room, her white starched uniform rustling as she walked. "Como esta usted, senora?"

“I don’t speak Spanish,” Joyce managed, surprised by the shrill of his voice and the soreness of his throat!

“Si, Senora,” she noted, happily going about checking her patient before giving Joyce another injection that sent him into dreamland...

It was the strangest dream.

Before his eyes appeared an endless stream of pictures, like gigantic snapshots blown up from a photo album. Frame by frame the pictures appeared, tracing the life of a child into her womanhood, on through her wedding photos.

It was Joyce, or the woman that looked like Joyce!

Again the pictures started and Joyce heard a woman’s voice saying, “I was born on the ninth of July and weighed eight pounds. Mommy...”

On went the words describing her mother shown by the pictures and so on through her preschool life, school days, charm and fashion modeling school, business school, friends, relatives, likes, dislikes, how she felt about the men in her life, her work as a receptionist, her meeting of Robert Knapp, their love, wedding, honeymoon, and her life as a housewife. And then how she started to drink too much and her husband agreeing to send her to a hospital in Mexico for a cure!

It was longer than *Gone With the Wind*.

Joyce tried to wake up when the pictures started up all over again with the story repeated word for word but he discovered that he was already barely awake in a drugged state that held out the pain but kept his mind free for this strange slide show. By the tenth rerun, he found his mind saying the words before she did as if saying them for her. He tried to

count the pictures so that the tape recording in his mind would stop but it didn't. He guessed that each photo was shown for about fifteen seconds, making it close to a thousand pictures!

His life was divided between the photo parade, the nurse providing for physical needs, and a drifting drug-filled world of sleep and near-sleep.

Slowly his mind came into focus and he realized that it was thinking in her voice! He sorted out his original concept of the plot and it didn't tally with the picture show, except that the man was her husband, his wife's brother. His name was Robert Knapp and Joyce's wife was his sister, Jane Knapp! And the picture show was the life of Robert Knapp's wife, Alice.

But the rest didn't fit.

If Alice was going to the hospital for alcoholism, why was Joyce sent instead, to take her place by becoming a woman? There it was, the alcoholism was the cover story as they say in spy films.

If Joyce is to take her place, that was an idea that he might have something to say about. What was going to happen to her? Suddenly Joyce realized that it could be an elaborate murder plot.

She wasn't the intended victim so that left him as her replacement. He couldn't believe that Jane could be a part of a murder plot, but it fit...

Joyce comes home as the cured wife, Alice. Is an 'accident' victim. Loving Bob sadly picks up the insurance and after some time, the real Alice returns as someone else and the two split the money. Joyce remembered that someone had mentioned that the treatment cost ten thousand dollars. The insurance policy must be a big one!

"Hello, Mrs. Knapp, I'm Dr. Peters," a tall woman announced, taking a seat on the edge of the bed, "Are you in pain?"

"Just some between the legs," Joyce admitted, hoping she might do something about it for the pain was more important than modesty. "How long will it hurt?"

"That will be for a few weeks yet," she observed, glancing over to the machine and turning some switch that started the tape and pictures going. He realized for the first time that he was wearing ear-phones in his bandaged ears. To his drugged senses, it had sounded like a loud speaker.

"How do you like the story of your life? It is really rather charming, isn't it?"

"You know that it is all a lie!"

"I suppose that if you hear it often enough, you could believe it," she countered with a shrug, reversing the machine to the starting baby picture and turning it off.

"A rather interesting machine, a Russian invention I'm told,"

"What's this all about?"

He wondered if she would tell him the truth. With that bit about the Russian invention, he began to think that the real story might be out of a *James Bond* movie.

She turned another switch.

"I believe that you are to become the real Mrs. Knapp," she replied as if talking about the weather. "It is really just that simple."

"What do you think will make me be her?" he argued, feeling that her acceptance of such a fantastic idea was really a bit much! "What if I don't want to?"

"But I was led to believe that you did?" the woman said, showing surprise, "I thought that was the whole idea. That you would take her place in exchange for being made a woman."

There was another piece, or was it?

"Not on your life. I didn't even want to become a woman."

"Well, my understanding was that you came here dressed as one," she noted, then shook her head, "I'm afraid that it's a bit academic. You're a woman now, aren't you?"

"If I get out of this place, there is going to be one hell of a law suit. I can promise that!"

"Look, I think you had better tell me all about how this happened," she asked with concerned interest. Then she went to the door, placing her finger to her lips to open it as if to check the hallway. Then she closed and locked the door.

"I'm going to have to dim the lights and turn on the tape because they have a monitor on it and I am supposed to be running you through your life story as Alice Knapp."

She began to work the dials on the machine.

"Once I start the machine, you can tell me all you know," she suggested, flipping a switch, "You might tell me your real life's story so that your mind doesn't fall into the trap of Alice's story."

"But..."

"Look, I know how this thing works. Your best bet is to match it bit by bit," she argued to make her point, "I'll be here through the whole thing for four hours. You'll have plenty time to go through the tape so that I can hear your true story and have all the facts. It's the only way I know to fool them."

"Well, okay," he agreed with a heavy sigh, seeing the first picture of baby Alice, "I was born on the 18th of October and weighed nine pounds. Mommy..."

He had heard and watched the pictures so much that his mind seemed anxious to retrieve matching information to refute the tape to the point of even recalling minute images from his life he had forgotten until then.

And so it went until the tape reached his honeymoon. Then he stared at the pictures on the screen in amazement as Alice's voice went on. The slide show had changed into a movie!

For the first time he saw in absolute detail what his mind had previously accepted without focusing on the change from single pictures to a film. And boy, what a film!

As Alice explained her fears of her bridal night the film took her through preparing for her husband; her impressions on her duty as a woman towards satisfying him; her thoughts about him as he undressed before her to display his prowess as a male and then her passionate acceptance of their lovemaking and her response!

"You blocked that out, I see," Dr. Peters noted as if amused. She stopped the machine.

"Let's see it again?"

"That is some stag movie!" he exclaimed with a laugh that showed his nervousness and realization

that a movie might be the closest thing to sex for him from then on!

"I guess it was like going to an X-rated film where there is only one sex scene in the midst of boring detail."

"Just for kicks. Why don't you tell me what a man would feel in that same situation. Your honeymoon night."

"Look, I'd rather..."

"Try it, unless of course you played the passive role. I guess you might have, wanting to be a woman and all," she prodded. "It will help to make things better if your mind has something to counter the machine. Did you have your honeymoon here in Mexico?"

"Yes. The night before I landed here," he half-swore, wondering how his wife could have done such a thing to him. To make love to a man and then have him castrated. It sounded something like a spider mating or a tale from the ancient Amazons.

"Perfect, then you can complete your story about being kidnapped," she mused, rolling back the tape to adjust the machine.

"Did you wear a nightgown, sweetheart?"

"Just lay off the taunts and I'll tell you how it was with me," he replied defensively, seeing the film start again. Soon he went through his impressions of his honeymoon night. And then he filled her in on what had happened since to counter the story Alice told to explain her coming to the hospital. When the tape ended, he asked, "Dr. Peters, can you help me?"

"Oh, I'm sure that we will all help you, Mrs. Knapp. It is quite clear that your husband was right when he

said that you had many alcoholic fantasies," was her cruel reply tinged with pity.

She turned the machine off and removed from it a metal box containing several tapes.

"I'll see you in the morning. In a few days you will be completely cured of any delusions about your past life as a male."

With that, she left.

Joyce sighed, seeing that another hope was smashed!

Just then the doctor who had originally examined him entered.

"How is our new woman feeling?" she stated, signaling for the nurse to bring the medical service cart in with her.

"We are going to take off some of your bandages, since you should be fairly healed. The tissue may be a bit tender and swollen but in a few days you will be as pretty as a picture."

"I've seen enough pictures to last a lifetime."

"The idiot box can get you down," the doctor agreed, glancing at the machine and then returning her attention to Joyce, "Let's first remove some bandages; the nose bob, ear trim, breast uplift and enhancement, and fanny builder."

"Fanny builder?" he sighed, watching her pull down the bed clothes.

"An implant underneath the gluteus muscle to give the senora female buttocks," was the doctor's amused reply to the unasked question as she used a scissors to cut away the tape that held a cage-like cast over Joyce's chest and removing the cast, reveal-

ing beneath it lovely upturned breasts with pert nipples crowning dainty full aureoles. Thoughtfully she placed her index finger on one side of a nipple and gently used her thumb to massage it until the embarrassed Joyce felt it swell tautly in female response.

“Robert will adore them.”

Joyce thought how awful it must be to be trapped by one’s own body. He swallowed hard, realizing the true meaning of the slow glow his body felt from her touching his nipples.

“Your nose will be very ugly for awhile, as if you ran into a brick wall,” the doctor commented, turning her attention to removing the bandages and casts that protected the nose and ears, making certain to replace the little earphones by taping them in place, “Do keep your hands from it.”

She quickly removed the heavy bandaging that extended from his waist to his knees using a little hammer to crack and remove the casts.

Joyce cried out in pain but, by the time the nurse had cleansed the area of residue Joyce’s screams had been reduced to tears and the pain was a dull throb.

“I will leave the groin secured until next week. By then we can take out the stitching,” the doctor commented before turning to the nurse to say something in Spanish, “I have asked her to bathe you and have you try to move about a bit in a chair. It will hurt terribly but it will speed your recovery if you do not stay in bed.”

She patted Joyce’s plump female hip, asking, “Does that hurt?”

Joyce shook his head no and the doctor nodded.

“Well, it looks as if you will be able to move about in bed. By next week you should be able to go to the

bathroom. The nurse will toilet train you by giving you a series of little exercises for the legs and tummy muscles to practice. We shouldn't want you to wet your panties for the rest of your life."

She waved the nurse and surgical cart out of the room before sitting next to Joyce.

"I'm afraid that the pain will be worse from now on since I am taking you off drugs, with the exception of tranquilizers. We are to cure you of drinking too much, not make you a drug addict."

"Can't you tell me the truth?" he begged, looking at his breasts and thinking that they were really quite pretty... for a woman!

And if he was going to be a woman, it wasn't bad to be beautiful.

"The truth?" the doctor mused, only to shrug, "I shall say that the truth is that you will be Mrs. Robert Knapp so that he will be happy with you. I can tell you that he will not know that you are not his loving wife. For when we are done, you will *be* her."

With that she arose and left Joyce with another piece to the puzzle that did not fit, for certainly Robert knew Joyce. Or was the man who claimed to be Alice's husband really Robert? Anyone could have played that part, pretending that Joyce was Alice Knapp and he was Robert Knapp.

How could these complete strangers in Mexico know different?

Joyce came to the conclusion that the doctor was only trying to confuse things and he had to admit that he was confused enough as it was.

A woman dressed in a gray silk suit entered, carrying a typewriter case and a briefcase.