



*Reluctant Press*

# Elixir Of Youth

Dee Dee



*ILLUSTRATIONS BY BRIAN DUKEHART*

**A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL**

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## *Reluctant Press TG Publishers*

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# ELIXIR OF YOUTH

**By Dee Dee**

## **Chapter 1**

Adam breathed a sigh of relief. “The seal's unbroken, THANK GOD.” He muttered out loud as he gingerly removed the specimen jar from its heavily reinforced cardboard box. That had been his biggest worry. After all that he had done to acquire this glob of plant sap, to think that it could have gotten hung up at customs! Adam wiped his handkerchief across his brow as a small, thin smile finally emerged on his lips.

That little blob, about the size of a baby's fist, had cost him dearly. The old native, a full blooded Maya, had finally settled for a new jeep but not until Adam had also offered to throw in an expensive hunting rifle, with scope, and several hundred rounds of ammunition. But after nearly three months in the Yucatan jungle hunting down the “elixir of youth”, the fabulous Qat-Ka Quir as the locals called it, he just couldn't come home without it. Sadly, he mused, his NIH grant wouldn't cover that “particular” purchase. Folk medicine was supposed to be free or at least cheap. Of course the political hacks back in D.C. had never dealt with the Jecsoos and certainly not that crafty old fellow...Adam's meditation was interrupted when the laboratory door behind him opened.

“Rich?”

“Hey Adam! So you're back! How was Mexico?”

Richard Perkins, the Chair of the Anthropology Department, extended his large, meaty hand. His thick mop of black hair stopped just short of covering the extraordinarily heavy eyebrows that were poised on the edge of his massive brow. Adam winced in pain as his smaller hand was crushed in the formal greeting offered by his boss. In spite of Rich's Ph.D. from Berkeley and his impeccable publication record, Adam still continued to think of his thirty-something Chairperson as some kind of genetic throw-back, a lout, a Neanderthal. But the man was dedicated and had the energy of three normal men, just exactly what was needed in the chairmanship.

Before Adam could answer, Rich pointed a massive finger at the specimen jar. “I suppose that's the latest cancer cure...” A light smile broke across his craggy face.

Adam opened his mouth and then thought better of it. It wouldn't do to tell Rich what he thought he had found, not yet at least. “Just a witch doctor's cure for old age.” He grimaced. That was just too close to the truth. I must be more tired than I

thought, jet lag. Adam forced a sheepish grin and shrugged his shoulders as if to say “nothing really”.

In an attempt to change the subject, Adam continued: “Sunday! I mean my God! Rich, you already got tenure, who you trying to impress. Besides, classes don't begin for another week yet.”

“Yeah!” Retorted the younger man. “And tomorrow's Monday. So? The Dean's got me reshuffling the teaching schedule, again!” With that, Dr. Richard Perkins withdrew a pack of cheroots and lit up. Shrugging his massive shoulders he turned and walked to the door. As he opened the door he called out without looking back, “Adam, you might want to drop by my office sometime tomorrow morning. Seems like you might lose that graduate seminar. Hummmmm... How does a section of Intro. sound?” Adam's groan followed instantly. “Ciao!” Rich called out cheerily before drawing the door closed.

Adam's fingers worried their way into his thin head of hair. Reality! He mused. So much to do and so little time in which to do it. He'd better make this last week of vacation count. When school starts...He let his current train of thought die as he finally opened the specimen jar.

A vivid recollection was triggered in which a terribly old man, bent almost double by age, was walking, ever so slowly and in obvious pain, into the mouth of a cave only to be met by a vibrant young woman. As these memories unfolded, Adam saw the woman feed the ancient one a potion of Qat-Ka Quir before taking the withered creature by the hand and leading him from view. Adam had waited hours for the couple to reappear. But it had been worth the wait! For in time, the same young woman scampered out, arm in arm, hand in hand, with a handsome and obviously very vigorous adult male. This was Qat-Ka Quir!

Dr. Adam Smith continued to stare at the greenish glob that now rested on his laboratory table. Gemlike flashes emerged as he turned it from side to side. He was a skeptic, a trained observer of human nature and human culture. The young man had returned to his family and money had been accepted a great wad of pesos. The exchange of so much wealth among these exceptionally poor people was an event of great importance. And his people had accepted the changeling, the rejuvenated. This was not done for Adam's benefit. “How is this possible?” Adam had demanded of the old man. But the old man only gave him a toothless smile. “The woman, what is her part in this wondrous process?” He had asked but again no answer. Over a period of weeks and what seemed an endless quantity of local beer Adam had finally gotten the old man to promise him a small quantity of the precious Qat-Ka Quir...at a price. It wasn't just the jeep and other material objects that the old man wanted. No, he demanded a promise. “Do not eat of the Qat-Ka Quir unless you first return here. Only I and my Dakada, the young woman, can guide you through the change.” Hummmmm.

Adam drew a scalpel across the Qat-Ka Quir, cutting and removing a small section from the main mass. This small fragment coiled as if it were something alive and gradually formed itself into a small sphere. The larger mass, likewise, gradually regained its rounded contour and then lay there, quietly once again. “Curious stuff.” Mumbled Adam as he returned the larger mass to its container. He palmed the small

orphan before placing it into a small, plastic bag which, in turn, went into his shirt pocket. He noted, as he had previously, that the mass was slightly warm to the touch. Although it looked wet, it felt as dry as leather. "Curious stuff." He muttered again as he placed the specimen jar into his locker in the rear of the laboratory.

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Adam hadn't really planned to ingest the small sphere of Qat-Ka Quir that he had brought home with him from the laboratory. At least, not until he had given the material a careful laboratory analysis, an activity which might have taken months to complete. Maybe it was just because the long trip had screwed up his judgment. Certainly, as he posed there before his bathroom mirror, the image of an exhausted middle aged man stared back. The idea of a revitalized self held an obvious attraction. The thinning gray hair that clung to his ever balding dome complimented rather strongly the baggy, hang dog face. Where had his youth gone? Jowls where only cheeks had been. The crisp mat of curly brown hair appeared to be suffering from blight and the abs...a cute round tummy enclosed his ever retreating bellybutton. Mostly though, if he were really honest with himself, it was just plain curiosity. After all this time, why not find out if it really would work!

It was really just a small piece, a very insignificant morsel, he thought to himself as he placed it on his tongue. A hint of ancient Maya dirt, slightly sweet. He closed his mouth. He could always spit it out of course! It began to melt, if indeed it were really melting. The now sticky and oily spittle was all that remained. Swallow or spit it out, he mused. It was at that moment that Dr. Adam Smith's life changed forever.

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NOTHING HAD HAPPENED! That was the observation the tired professor made after waiting several hours before finally going to bed. And this conclusion was equally valid the following morning as he dressed to go into the laboratory. Had the old witch doctor and the others in the remote Sayaxche enclave pulled off a clever switch on the "overly gullible" American Professor? On the other hand, he had, after all, only ingested a small quantity of the Qat-Ka Quir. Adam hoped that it was the latter that was true. So much for a quick "fix". He had given in to his curiosity and survived, now it was time to put on his science cap, so to speak.

It was already midmorning that bright October Monday when Adam arrived at the Anthropology building. He went straight to Rich's office on the third floor. Better to get that unpleasantness out of the way before beginning his laboratory work he reasoned. None of the staff were there, of course, but the door to the main departmental office suite was, as he expected, ajar. Even before he reached the door, the pungent odor of Rich's ever present cheroot struck his nose. "Rich?" He called out as he pushed through the front door. "About that Intro. course..."

Adam's eyes widened abruptly as he wrinkled his nose in annoyance. An overpowering odor of musk emanated from the rear office. "Rich?" He called out again as he

pushed through the front office toward the rear. It was like the man hadn't showered in months. Ghastly odor that!

All of a sudden Adam felt his guts move, like his intestines had been replaced by a living snake. He would have yelped out or something but in another instant, that weird fluttery feeling had pretty much taken over his whole body. His forward momentum carried him through the opening door and into Rich's arms. The resulting collision only staggered Rich but it knocked Adam to the floor in a confused heap. "OOP!" He gasped as the air was knocked out of him.

Rich extended a helping hand down to his fallen colleague. Adam, who looked dazed and disoriented didn't respond. Now with both hands, extended, Rich waited.

The smell! All that Adam could think of was the smell. In an instant, the overpowering ripe odor had become somehow intoxicatingly wonderful. Confused, he looked up at the source towering above him. He tried to speak but his head was in a whirl of confusion not unlike that time he had tried LSD many years ago. All of his senses were literally screaming with the vivid intensity of the world around him. But dominating it all was RICH. He suddenly looked so huge and powerful yet...strangely...Adam's consciousness recoiled at the thoughts that were sweeping through him: A huge, hairy "TEDDY BEAR"! OH! to be crushed in that delightful musky embrace!

"You all right?" queried Rich. An expression of concern had replaced the startled look that had occurred at their unexpected collision.

Adam continued to lie there mesmerized. This can't be happening to me, Adam silently screamed to himself. HE'S A MAN!. GADS! Reflexively he reached out to take the offered hands. The contact...the touch of Rich's flesh on his own was electric. In horror he suddenly realized that his reactions were no longer just perceptual. The surge of energy which was being triggered by this tactile stimulus was causing his flesh to literally crawl. With a groan he jerked away from Rich. Scurrying on his hands and knees he fled to the relative safety of the outer office. Finally staggering to his feet, his knees knocking together he gasped, "Rich." He covered his nose with his hand. The odor from the man standing in the doorway was simply too distracting. "Sorry..." He stammered as he fought the almost overwhelming urge to cross the room and leap into Rich's arms. Covering his nose was working, some semblance of control was growing along with the horror of his lustful impulse. "Some kind of bug...I guess. Mexico." He said as if that were all the explanation needed. And then with all the will he could muster, he turned and fled.

Rich was still scratching his head thoughtfully as he turned and went back to his work. "Old man Adams." He mumbled. "What a twit!"

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Dr. Adam Smith, stumbling awkwardly down the long hallway, grimaced in pain as he bit down on his lower lip, so strong was the compulsion to return to Richard. As he rattled down the stairwell he could begin to feel the demon inside subside. As he finally exited the building his maniacal state was all that was left of the encounter. Five minutes later he was home, though exactly how he got there was a mystery. Still shak-

ing, but now only from fear of what he would see, he entered his bathroom to stand before the full length mirror.

Now leaning forward while tightly gripping the marble countertop for support he studied his face. The vestige that returned his gaze was himself, yet not himself. A small kernel of hope formed. Gone were the wrinkles and the bags around his eyes. The smooth, unblemished skin made his face remarkably younger looking. But there was something not right. Something fundamentally wrong, but what? It wasn't just a younger version of his face! A curious sense of dread welled up inside. Androgynous, not exactly feminine but...his nose! That was it! Even as a young man, his nose had always been prominent. The now slender and slightly upturned feature mocked him. As he turned to the side to study his altered profile, his gaze dropped from the nose to his chin. Again, less prominent. The knots of anxiety began to unwind as he realized that the changes were generally minor. The slight effeminization of his features was a small price to pay for his reclaimed youth.

Adam stood there for the longest time studying his face and considering the enormity of his discovery. Qat-Ka Quir...was no quackery! The reaction to Rich? Now the role of the young woman in the cavern seemed to become clearer. To guide or direct the process. Surely the reaction was innate. My body must have responded to the presence of the burly man in a fashion parallel to what it would have done in the presence of a young, attractive female. The awareness of how close he had come to really screwing up brought beads of sweat to his brow. "Christ!" He exclaimed. I need someone to guide me through the process of transformation. He should have listened to the old man. What to do?

There was so much to consider, he thought to himself as he left his bedroom and headed toward his study. The process may have run its course by now. I could live with that, he concluded. But on the other hand...Gads! What if I should react to the next person I meet? Whoever they are, they should be female! "Must be!" He muttered out loud as he reached for his old black book. An old girl friend maybe, he mused as he began to search the list starting with "A". The problem was, he hadn't dated anyone for a long time now.

Adam's search came to an abrupt halt as his eyes locked onto the hands, his hands, holding the book. Small, slender fingers were attached to delicate and hairless hands. As he pushed his shirt sleeve back, he could see the soft white and hairless skin extended up his arm. He had been so focused upon the transformation of his face that it had not dawned upon him that more than that had been affected. His chair fell to the floor with a crash as he jumped to his feet.

"My God! My God!" He began to moan as he struggled with his shirt. His new fingers pulled ineffectively at the buttons. Finally, desperately, he ripped it open. Buttons clattered to the floor as he jerked his gaze down. "Noooo..." He whimpered pitifully. "Little titties..." he gasped. Indeed they were tiny, little more than crab apples, but totally inappropriate nestled there among the thick, curly chest hair. As his hands reached up to explore the anomalous tits, his mind raced into high gear. Ripping open his pants, he let them drop to the floor. Fearfully he began to pull his under shorts down. "Jesus." He said with a sigh. He was still all there.

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Adam made quite a few phone calls that morning but to no avail. It was almost noon now and few of his old girl friends were home. And the ones that were...apparently he had burned more bridges than he had been aware of over the last several years. Certainly none had expressed even the slightest interest in seeing him- well at least not on such short notice. The still hostile tone in Karen Vogler's voice was ringing in his ear as he hung up. Volgler...Hummmmm. He was coming to the end of his list.

He had no way of knowing whether or not the process had run its course. It was, after all, more than 12 hours since he had taken the Qat-Ka Quir. The more he thought about it the more he HOPED that it was not done. He had taken a shower a few minutes ago. Standing there, naked and wet, his feminization was far more complete than he had realized at first. It was true that he still had his male plumbing but the hot spray of water had swept away all traces of his masculine hair. The tiny, immature breasts that swelled from his chest were no longer masked by body hair. The nipples swelled into erect little cones at the slightest stimulation. If that wasn't bad enough, they didn't just pucker up. Touching them produced a voluptuous sensation, deep inside his groin. INSIDE, my God!, he thought. What in the hell was there? In the pit of his stomach, Adam was sure that the feminization was not restricted to his external features. He rubbed his cheeks and chin looking for the stubble that should be there by now. Muttering to himself as he turned the page, "Lets see who is under W."

"Tracy Wright!" He scrunched up his face as he tried to recall why "her" name was there. Hummmmm. A slight smile flickered across his face at the recollection. Dr. Wright. It had been years since he had first met her. It wasn't so surprising that he had her phone number, they had been colleagues and good friends for years, but why in his "date book"? Because, he concluded, he had been strongly attracted to her, at least when they had first met. But she had never shown the slightest interest in him as a male, but as a friend, well that had just evolved hadn't it over the years. Maybe he had been going about this all wrong. What he really needed was a confidant, a friend, someone to whom he could confess his plight. Yes!

"Tracy?"

"Yes?" Her voice sounded guarded.

"It's me. Adam...Adam Smith."

"Adam? Sorry, I...I didn't recognize your voice. So how was the Yucatan?"

Adam's features visibly relaxed as he held the phone to his ear. Yes, this was going to work. "Tracy. I really need to see you today. It's...it's important. More important than you can realize. I made an amazing discovery down there."

"You need me?" Her voice carried her growing confusion. "Now Adam, what possible use could I be...I'm not an anthropologist and I certainly don't know anything about folk medicine..." "Yeah, see you in 10 minutes. Tracy? Is that OK?"



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Adam heard Tracy's large German shepherd barking from inside the house as he walked up to the door. Even before he touched the door bell the front door opened. "Hi!" He chirped.

Her smile dissolved into a frown as her greeting froze in her mouth. The dog's barking swelled into a frenzy. She jerked her head around and in a commanding voice ordered: "Jakeo! Down!" As she turned back to face Adam, her body still firmly planted so as to block the doorway she finally replied, "Yes?"

"It's me." Adam's voice trilled into a higher octave. His eyes pleaded with her as he tried to continue, "Adam. I called..."

The middle aged woman folded her arms across her chest as one eye brow raised in disbelief. "You are NOT..." Her voice shifted to the same command mode that she had just used on her dog. "Dr. Adam Smith, young lady!" Now she squinted as if trying to see into this stranger's head. "Who put you up to this?"

Adam extended his hands, palms up, in a gesture of helplessness. Shrugging his shoulders he stuttered, "Tra...Tra...Tracy, it's the effect of..."

"Really!" Interrupted the older woman. Her voice hissed with suspicion as she continued, "Precisely WHO put you up to this!" Now she was glaring.

"I told you." Adam whined. Now he was wringing his hands in anguish. "Its the effect of the Qat-Ka Quir. I took some yesterday." He said breathlessly. "Please? Tracy can I come in?"

Dr. Wright squared her shoulders before moving aside. "Mind you, no funny business." As if to reinforce her position, Jakeo's hackles raised as a no nonsense growl rumbled from his chest. "DOWN!" she ordered her dog and then, with a jerk of her head, signaled Adam to enter.

Normally Adam and Jakeo were the best of friends, but not this morning. The large dog tracked him as he entered, growling with unrequited malice until Adam was seated at the couch. It was like having a loaded gun directed at his head. Adam winced as he tried to redirect his attention to his long time friend who had taken a seat on the opposite end of the couch. The momentary silence became uncomfortable for both of them. Before Adam could begin to speak, Tracy interrupted his train of thought.

"It's Barbara, isn't it!" And then she muttered under her breath, "That BITCH!"

"Huh?" Adam hadn't the slimmest clue as to what she was referring to.

Squinting her eyes again she examined her visitor more closely. "You could pass for Adam's daughter, if he had one you know. I can see a family resemblance."

"Tracy, I don't know what you are talking about but believe me there is MORE than just a family resemblance here. I am Adam...DAMN IT!"

"Don't use that tone of voice on me young lady!" Tracy interrupted. The anger in her voice triggered a threatening growl from across the room. As if to increase the threat,

Jakeo stood up and stalked on stiff legs several steps closer. Adam was terrified as he choked out an apology.

Tracy continued to stare at the androgynous young woman sitting, now terrified, across from her but her thoughts were elsewhere. This had to be Barb's handiwork. After nearly 10 years, why had their relationship come to this. The woman's overwhelming jealousy, smothering possessiveness that's why she had broken off this...marriage! In the end, Barbara had suspected everyone, even poor Dr. Smith, as being her lover. Ridiculous! She had never, ever, been sexually interested in any man and certainly not the bumbling old gentleman. Adam Smith, indeed! Finally she pulled herself together. "It'll go easier if you just admit that Barbara Kolls recruited you, my dear. Probably at that nasty club she goes to right?"

"Qat-Ka Quir" squeaked Adam. He opened his mouth to continue but the warning glance from Tracy and the answering growl from Jakeo caused him to choke back his words. All he wanted to do now was run away. The presence of the massive canine however made his legs turn to water. "Whatever." He mumbled as he shrugged his shoulders. "I'm sorry that I bothered you Dr. Wright..."

Tracy leaped upon his confession like a dog on a fresh bone. "I KNEW IT!" She yelped in satisfaction. Her mind was spinning through the possibilities. She was already paid for, that was for sure. It would serve her former lover right if she took advantage of this opportunity. Not really my style, but what the hey. She patted the couch next to her. "Come a little closer, MY DEAR!" Let's see exactly what Barb bought, she thought as she contemplated her rising passion. Yes, bitch, your own worst nightmare and by your own hand.

To say the least, Adam was shocked by the sudden change in Tracy's behavior. She was motioning for him to move next to her. His distress and confusion was suddenly replaced by hope. This was, after all, the exact reason he had come wasn't it? He scooted closer.

"No dear. You can do better than that!" Commanded the older woman.

He had moved as close as he could without actually touching her. His heart was hammering in his ears when he brought his gaze up. There was something in her eyes that he had never seen before. Lust? Suddenly he was struck by the rich, musky odor that emanated from her. Once again, that queer, fluttery feeling welled up inside him. Oh my! He moaned silently, its all started again, just like with Richard. The urge to throw himself into Tracy's arms was now palatable. If there was a time to run, it was now or never. It would be never.

His arms found only empty air. In that instant of indecision, Tracy abruptly stood up and began to cross the living room. "Well?" She called out without looking back. "Are you coming or not?"

"Huh?" Adam watched as the woman of his current passion climbed the stairs. Never had a swaying backside looked so good. He pulled himself up from the couch and followed. So fixed was he on his growing lust, he didn't even notice Jakeo. But the dog did not respond. It sensed that no longer was his mistress alarmed or even angry. With one last rumbling growl, the beast flopped back on the floor and dropped its head.

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Tracy also growled as Adam entered the dimly lit bedroom, but her growl was sensuous. "Here!" She cooed as she patted the mattress beside her.

Adam stood there, awkwardly, at the side of the bed. The plume of pheromones radiating from Tracy's body was more than adequate to stimulate Adam's lagging lust but he still hesitated. "Tracy, I am Adam." Resolve had hardened his statement into finality. He felt the rising tide of lust in his own body but its effect on him was oddly incomplete. His penis...it was still flaccid.

Caught off guard, a curious expression crossed the woman's excited face. As if a light were dawning, finally, she smiled. "Of course my dear. You'll be my Adam tonight." She extended her hands, pulling him down to her. "Kiss me my sweet...Adam."

Her hand on his hand, her hand on his cheek, and then finally, her lips on his. As her tongue probed his mouth, the electric rush became too much to tolerate. A moan emanated from the center of Adam's very being. But his expressions of pain and confusion only seemed to inspire Tracy into greater passion. Adam was collapsing into a maelstrom of chaos. Within moments it became impossible for him to be the initiator any longer. Not that it mattered to Tracy. Effortlessly she rolled Adam's now passive body onto the bed. With an effort that was uncharacteristically frantic for Tracy, she ripped the shirt open and grabbed one of Adam's breasts in her mouth and began to suck.

"Eeeee! Eeeee!" Adam was desperately trying to find words to make her stop. But the stimulation was simply too intense. "Haaaaa!" He groaned as her hand finally began to worry his genitals. The fact that her fingers were slipping in and out of his body couldn't register through the sheer magnitude of the voluptuous erotic waves that were now surging through his body. Too much, he tried to scream. Please stop, he said. But all that issued from his mouth was "Toooo Mmmmm. Pleaseeeee! Eeeee."

When or how it happened, he neither knew nor, at that moment, cared, but he found himself between Tracy's legs. Adam or rather what had been Adam, was frantically licking her wet crotch. As Tracy began to cum, Adam also felt his approaching climax. Reflexively he grabbed down to find his penis even as he pushed her legs apart. A gurgling sound came from his throat as his hand frantically sought what was no longer there. Between his legs were the genitals of a woman...wet, ready and certainly not capable of penetrating Tracy's cunt. This time he began to sob in confused anguish.

## Chapter 2

As the twilight deepened, the unfamiliar bedroom had become a monochromatic landscape painted in grays. Only the faint sound of Tracy's snores broke the stillness. The creature that had been Adam was aware of all of this for he was painfully conscious. The changeling, his head still resting between the legs of "his" mistress, was in a deep funk. He didn't need to run his hands over his transformed body to know that his male self had gone through additional feminization. The mass of hair that fell down his back, across his buttocks and, even now, was sweeping across his thighs as he lifted his head to look around, could not belong to him. Yet as he moved, it tugged at his scalp. But hair can be cut off. What was gone from below could not be so easily repaired.

This thought triggered an involuntary drawing together of his legs as his hands sought his groin. He nervously clenched his teeth as his hands reexamined the all too familiar, yet novel, female genitals. Lips that were still wet with fluids that had flowed from somewhere inside...HIM. Shifting slightly, he extended a finger tentatively into the opening between his legs. Thrusting yet deeper, the walls of "his" vagina became as familiar tactile images to his male mind. But the feeling of "his" vagina being touched...there was no existing reference. Adam lay there quietly for a few more minutes trying to take in the enormity of what had transpired in the last hour.

He eased himself carefully from the bed so as to not awaken Tracy. Groping through the now black room he found the bathroom, pulled the door shut and then, nervously, flipped on the light switch. The blaze of bright light momentarily dazzled him. Blinking furiously with long, thick eye lashes. "OH MY GOD!" He exclaimed as the Euro-Asian woman in the mirror mimicked his every word perfectly with full, pouty lips. A tiny nose sat just below heavily lidded eyes and both rested on a nearly oval face. The exceptionally long, thick, straight black hair, gave off shimmering blue highlights as it cascaded almost to his knees.

He found delicate, feminine hands with outrageously long fingernails attached to his now slender arms. He used these to push aside the flood of hair that obscured his view of his body. Feminine shoulders dropped to a shallow chest upon which were poised a modest pair of breasts, scarcely more than a handful. But the nipples reacted violently to his touch. Twisting into tight, wrinkly knobs of brownness, they lengthened to long, exceptionally sensitive points. Adam jerked his hand away but it was too late. A buzz of empty hunger erupted between his legs.

"Huh?" He reacted as the bathroom door opened.

Tracy just stood there transfixed. She made several attempts to close her mouth but finally gave up. Her pupils dilated. A deep flush gathered across her face as tears began to well up in her eyes and her lips twitched convulsively. Tentatively she extended a hand toward Adam. Adam jerked back, startled, confused by Tracy's odd behavior.

His movement away from her triggered an unexpected emotional outburst. An animal-like moan swelled in Tracy's throat. She began to weep uncontrollably.

“Huh?” Exclaimed Adam. After all it was he who had suffered the enormous trauma. Yet Tracy was acting as if the end of the world had come to her. She began to screech something entirely unintelligible to him as he pushed her aside to escape the confined space of the bathroom. He might have fled the bedroom as well, naked or not, if he had not been stopped in his tracks by a deep, menacing growl. Jakeo's massive form blocked the bedroom doorway.

“NO! NEVER AGAIN!” Tracy shrieked as she dove for Adam's legs. The older and now heavier woman wrestled Adam, now the slender Eurasian woman, to the bedroom floor and then sat on top of her. “Toko! Love of my life. Never leave me again.” She wailed pleadingly.

Tracy didn't say this once or even a few times, but over and over again. Her eyes had taken on a distant, crazy look. As terrified as Adam was now of Jakeo's white fangs that were now only inches away from his unprotected face, the ranting woman was far more frightening. Adam could sense absolutely nothing about this woman that was sane yet she had a death grip on his body. It was obvious that the evening was going to be at least as bad as the day. If only he had listened to the old man!

**XXXXX**

Man-o-man groaned Adam inwardly as Tracy continued to brush his long tresses. It was like being some human sized doll he thought. Somehow I am now the exact image of a long lost love, though considering my approximate physical age of maybe twenty, it couldn't be so long lost. Adam's rueful meditation was abruptly interrupted by Tracy's now all too familiar mating call.

“Tooooooookoooo. Tooooooookoooo baby.” She simpered. “See how mama-san do your ooh so beautiful hair? Almost done my precious.” She sat down, cross legged on the floor, and began to brush furiously the very ends of the long, blue-black hair. “Toooooookoooo...soon. We eat soon. OK?”

Adam had tried, oh how he had tried, to convince his friend that “he” wasn't “she”. Finally having given up on that, he had allowed himself to suffer Tracy's compulsive attention to his every aspect. By far the worst, thus far, had been the hair. A massage had led, naturally, to a second round of lovemaking. Then a joint shower and the trimming and washing of “his” hair. While it dried, some kind of endlessly complex operation by which Toko's evening outfit, down to a black bra that was several sizes too large, was selected. He still hadn't gotten into the clothes yet. No. The hair, then the face and finally the clothes. “God knows what else.” Adam murmured as he looked at his now brilliant red “dragon lady” nails.

“What Toko? Sweet 'ems you'll have to speak up for mama-san to hear you.”

“Huh? Oh sorry Tracy I was just...” He didn't finish because he knew that it didn't matter. She talked to him but she didn't listen. A couple of times, much earlier in the evening, he thought that he was actually getting through to her. He just wasn't Toko. But then her eyes would get that misty-faraway look and she would begin to blink

back the tears. After fluttering her eyes a few times, Bingo! the tears were gone and that slightly crazy-happy look was back. Whoever Toko is, Adam concluded, Dr. Tracy Wright, a conservative, responsible, professional woman was madly in love with her. Gads! How could the original "Toko" have tolerated such excessive adoration. On second thought she wasn't here, right!

Adam had nothing better to do than stare at the woman in the mirror. The sound of the brush pulling on his hair and the meaningless babble of the woman behind him dissolved into the background. Mysterious eyes glowered back at him. Mysterious? The concept of one's own eyes being mysterious seemed silly...almost funny. Abruptly the eyes sparkled mischievously as a self-conscious grin flickered across "her" lips. Somehow seeing his own private feelings reflected in that face brought Adam back to the enormity of his present situation. The face his face, abruptly grew more sober.

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They were nearly at the club before Tracy risked giving a sidelong glance at her passenger. In spite of the fact that the Eurasian woman-child was slouched in a most unfeminine fashion, her long, slender legs encased in sheer hosiery evoked Tracy's sexual appetite. Her eyes lingered hungrily at the upper thighs that had been exposed by the woman-child's fidgeting. The hem of her skirt was almost up to her crotch. Her gaze jerked, involuntarily, up to the face. Tracy's heart stuttered momentarily. TOKO! Toko was DEAD, twenty years, no twenty-two years. She knew that! She knew that from the moment that she had found her in the bathroom. Toko was dead and now alive again...almost. She still found it hard to believe that this frail, beautiful creature of her own most dear past was the simple nebbish Adam Smith. That was the key word! Somehow her mind had created, no re-created her long lost love. Yes! This time she would not lose her. Tracy's knuckles whitened as she tightened her grip on the steering wheel. She could mold the essential fabric of this creature to her own will!

It was like going out on the town completely naked. Here in the car wasn't quite as bad as when he had paraded down the stairs at Tracy's house. Other than the firm support of the nylons across his legs, there seemed to be nothing covering his body. The dress was of the sheerest nylon, or whatever, mused Adam. Thank God she hadn't forced him to wear that bra. But now he wasn't quite so sure of the rationale for that decision. The breasts, modest in themselves, felt almost obscenely exposed with but the thin fabric of the sheer nylon between them and the world. Oh! He groaned to himself, if he should become aroused...he pictured the long hard nipples straining against the material. Gads, he thought as he felt the fabric slide lightly against his flesh, my every movement is a turn-on. One part of Adam wanted to call out to the woman beside him to go back home. But the other side, Adam grimly clenched his teeth. I have to escape this madwoman. The smell of the dog in the car brought him back to the desperate reality- this woman is insane-nuts-bonkers! I must get away! Tonight!

"Here!" Exclaimed Tracy as she turned the car into the driveway. "Hungry?" In spite of the elaborate makeup, Adam's face still looked young, naive. Well, the latter he was, most certainly noted Tracy. "Stay close to me." She cooed. "Toko, my pretty."

Adam's confusion and discomfort was evident when the valet opened his door and offered "her" his hand. Gaining purchase with his heels, he swung one leg out and planted a foot upon the pavement. The cool night air swirled up the gap created between his widely spayed legs. The valet, by now a thoroughly embarrassed young man, pulled his gaze away from the exposed, nylon encased groin. Adam hurriedly swung the other leg around and planted the second foot beside the first; all the while trying to work the sheer nylon skirt back down his exposed thighs. Ignoring the offered hand, Adam grasped the door frame and pulled himself into a standing position. His forward momentum was too great. The unfamiliar elevation of his heels caused him to pitch forward. In a series of quick, mincing steps, he regained his balance, but just barely. Now with knees locked together, toes pointed in and his lower legs spayed out, Adam waited for his tormentor.

"Come dear, take my arm," ordered Tracy. Fortunately, she observed, none of her friends had been outside to see this spectacle. Her pet would have been carefully trained. Any suspicions that she might have had about the actual case history of this child beside her were rapidly becoming resolved. It really must have been a man once. Adam Smith incredible. Well that wouldn't stop her in the creation of happiness. Her possessiveness was gratified by the force of "Toko's" grip on her upper arm. "Sweet-em's, you'll be all right. Just stay close." A proud smile played across her lips. In spite of the awkwardness of her new squeeze, she was beautiful and in time Tracy would show her how to be elegant!

Adam's hope that he would find an opportunity to escape the "smothering" grasp of Tracy Wright was quickly dispelled. The older woman simply did not leave "him" out of her sight! Tracy had forcibly demanded that they be seated at a central table. It was obvious that Dr. Wright wanted to display her beautiful, if still somewhat rough edged, new conquest. And she succeeded all too well. An almost endless stream of "friends" made their way over to the table. Toko was introduced to each in turn. But her "lover" was careful to dominate the ensuing conversations. It was clear that "Toko" was to be seen, but not heard.

By the time the salad was finally delivered, Adam was giddy from the champagne he had already consumed. The false courage engendered by the alcohol, coupled with the extension of Adam's modified bladder, prompted an escape plan. "Where's the john?" queried the slender, young woman.

But in a pact that must have been set in concrete at the beginning of civilization, Tracy offered to join him. Offered? It was really an unconditional demand. There would be no easy escape for poor Adam. "But dear," commented his mentor as she extended her hand across the table, "place your weight on the toes of your foot before you try to stand. Sometimes, my dear, you can be such a cow. Now stand up straight and hold your head high. Chin up dear. Just remember how beautiful you are."

Adam was all too conscious of the lightly clinging nylon dress that "covered" his new body. Covered was not exactly the right term he thought as he looked around the crowded room. Heads revolved in his direction as he stood up. The black nylon was not tight, in fact it was airily light, but it clung to his every feminine contour. The small but well formed breasts, unshielded by a bra, were sharply defined by the reflective black fabric. Even the complex details of his nipples were obvious. He forced his

gaze away from his own breasts as if by that act he could redirect the attention he was sure they were demanding from the others in the room, and he took Tracy's offered arm for support.

The demands of simply walking across the room were so great for Adam that he hardly noticed the polite attention he was receiving from some of the men and nearly all of the women in the room. Walk on your toes, he reminded himself as he forced his strides into smaller, unfamiliar movements. Placing one foot in front of the other seemed to give him better overall control but caused his slender, almost boyish hips to sway in a decidedly feminine way. Experimenting, he attempted to push off more from his knees than was usual. The feminine sway intensified. The effect embarrassed him. "You're doing just fine Toko." Cooed his guide.

The trip to the john or ah, powder room, as Tracy was quick to correct him, went uneventfully. Though Adam acquired a better appreciation of the relative complexities of the act of relieving himself. The absence of a fly and a penis to direct the flow of urine, well one had to half undress to do ones business. And the business of makeup, gads. A touch here and there, with Tracy's guidance. But before they were finished, several other ladies entered the room. Odd, Adam mused. Here he was in a fully functional female body and yet he still found the feminine form sexy. Adam's eyes were drawn to the voluptuous woman standing beside him as she proceeded to adjust the front of her dress. Dark brown nipples were just momentarily visible, but their brief presence was definitely felt between Adam's legs. Tracy instantly sensed what was going on. She brusquely grabbed Adam by the arm and all but dragged him from the restroom. The sudden flare of jealousy would cost Adam whatever freedom of movement he might have enjoyed over the course of the evening. Gads! what a mistake.

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It wasn't exactly late when Tracy decided to return home. She'd shown off her new possession and was probably looking forward to enjoying it. Not that Adam minded. His feet were killing him and the strain of constantly having to consciously attend to his every movement had taken its toll. They had danced in the back room surrounded by other women dancing with women and men with men. But Tracy had insisted in "leading". Gads! the awkwardness was only exceeded by the older woman's growing passion. In spite of the fact that Adam was hardly aware of the passing night landscape, it came as a shock when he noticed that they were now only a few blocks from the school. Indeed, less than a dozen from his house. He knew this immediate area surely better than Tracy. "There!" He commanded as he pointed toward a 24 hour gas station that sat, brightly lit on the adjacent corner. When it seemed as if Tracy was simply going to ignore him, Adam shrieked in a painfully shrill voice. "I'm going to PEE right here. Aaaa! I CAN'T WAIT ANY LONGER!"

Tracy swore under her breath but pulled to the side of the building, next to the women's room. Jakeo growled softly when the car came to the unexpected stop. "Jakeo! Quiet!"