

“Please Pinch Me” (2011) [ADULT CONTENT] R: AS, AL, X, F/F

A UFO story – It seems the aliens may have designed a strange gender-changing weapon that threatens to disrupt operations at SHADO HQ.

A sort of sequel to *“What the Hey?”* – same story told from a different point of view.

“Please Pinch Me”

A UFO Story

by Yuchtar

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Author's Note:

Usual Disclaimer - they're not mine, I'm just
borrowing them.

(And you can still blame Matt {grin})

ADULT CONTENT

The trip from Moonbase was completely routine - just like the dozen or so previous shuttle missions I had commanded. Nothing out of the ordinary occurred and my passenger was quite pleasant company.

When we got in, the debriefing went quickly and the Colonel and I parted ways. It can take a while to readjust to Earth's atmosphere, so I usually crash in one of the crew quarters at HQ my first night back and that is what I did.

I wasn't scheduled for duty the following day, so I didn't set an alarm. Still, it was unusual for me to sleep as late as I did. It was almost noon before I dragged myself out of bed. I stumbled into the shower, hoping the water spray would help revive me. It did and I started to feel a bit better.

As I started to soap myself up, however, I discovered ... well, *boobs!* I mean, *obviously*, I was dreaming, right? It was kind of funny. I

admit, I had a bit of fun fondling my new breasts, but the dream wouldn't end. Ever have a dream that wouldn't end? It's annoying.

I got out of the shower and wrapped a towel around my waist. I had to wipe the steam off the mirror, but the face that stared back at me was definitely that of a woman. I peered closely at it and it did sort of look like me - feminized. It was weird. Why would I have such an odd dream? And how could I force myself to wake up already?

I wandered back out to the room only to confront Gay Ellis. I had forgotten she was going to meet me for lunch. Well, if I was still asleep, how could I remember? But she took one look at me and screeched. One long and loud screech and then she put one hand over her mouth and stared.

"Oh, my bloody God," she finally said. "It really *is* you, isn't it, Mark?"

Okay, if this was a dream, wouldn't she just go with it? I stared back at her a moment and then said, "Please pinch me."

She did. It hurt. I sat down hard on the edge of the bed. "This isn't a dream, then?"

"What ...? How ...? Oh, Mark - we have to *tell* someone."

"*Tell* someone? Like who?"

"Well, Commander Straker, Doctor Schroeder - *someone*."

I mimed holding a phone and said, "Hello, Straker? Bradley here - just wanted to let you know I'm now a woman - hope that won't be a problem, sir." I pretended to hang up and then looked up at Gay. I was about to say something more, but a thought struck me and I ran into the bathroom to see ...

I opened the towel and looked down. I bet they heard my girlish scream up top at the studio. Gay came rushing in.

"What is it?" she said, looking pale.

"It's gone," I said in despair. "I'm really a ... a woman."

"It's gone? What's ...? Ooooooh." She took a step back and glanced down at the towel I held clutched around my waist. "Well, first thing you need to do is get dressed."

She said it in such an off-hand way - as if we were planning a shopping trip.

"Put some clothes on and we'll go get you something proper to wear."

She *was* planning a shopping trip! "Gay, do you not understand that I have somehow - overnight,

mind you - become a woman? And - I feel I must stress this point because you seem to have forgotten - that last night I was a MAN!"

"I understand, darling, but weird things happen at SHADO and we just have to, you know, roll with the flow, so to speak. Just keep calm and one of the big SHADO brains will figure it out and fix things. They always do."

I went back and flopped down on the bed again. "This is just too much, Gay," I said. "How could this happen and *why* would it happen to *me*?"

She sat down next to me. "Did anything odd happen during the shuttle flight last night?"

"No, it was completely ..." When I didn't finish, Gay nudged me and I looked down at her. "Colonel Lake," I said. "She was with me. If something during that flight caused this, then she could be ... oh, no."

"Virginia Lake might be a man?" She actually smiled.

"Why are you smiling?"

"I'd like to see that."

I gawked at her for a moment, but had to smile back at her. It was all so ludicrous!

She slapped my knee and said, "Get dressed, luv - we need to tell someone."

I sighed heavily and climbed into one of my jump suits. It was a bit big on me, so I pulled the belt a bit tighter. My shoes fit alright, though. Gay started for the door, but I stopped her.

"I don't want to walk through HQ like this. Call Straker from here."

"Mark, don't be ..."

"Call Straker from here," I demanded, suddenly feeling slightly panicked and on the verge of tears.

She got a look of concern in her eyes and started to say something else, but I blurted out in a high screeching voice, "Call Straker from 'ere!" And then I ran into the bathroom and locked the door. Whereupon I blubbered like a baby. Like a big, huge, six foot tall baby. This really sucked.

I heard Gay's voice mumbling on the phone, but I couldn't hear what she was saying. After a few moments, she knocked softly at the door. "Mark, darling, are you okay?"

I sighed and opened the door. "No," I said simply. I gestured with my arms in a futile way and asked, "Is it always like this?"

"What, dear?"

"Being a woman?"

"Well, I've never changed genders before, so I don't know what that's like."

I blinked. "I can't do this, Gay. I have such an urge to ... to ... I don't know, jump back into bed and sob all day."

She grinned and that pissed me off, but before I could tell her so, she put her hand on my chest and shushed me.

"You just have to get a grip on all the conflicting emotions, darling. You're used to your hormones pumping you up and getting you ready for action, but now they're telling you to ... to go find a mate and have babies. As a man, you have to reign in your urges, but as a woman, you must overcome them."

I blinked down at her again. "How do you know so much about being a man?"

"Four brothers."

The knock on the door made me jump back ten feet and I swear, I almost fainted.

"Sit down before you fall down," she told me with a slight shove so that I sat heavily on the bed while she opened the door a crack and peered through. I heard a muffled conversation before she opened the door wider and Commander Straker walked in.

"What is this all about?" He stopped and stared at me a moment before running his hand over the non-existent stubble on his chin. He took a step closer and peered at me intently another moment, started to speak, then stood back with hands on hips a moment. He started to speak once more, but again, chose not to.

Then he squared his shoulders as if he'd come to some conclusion and stepped purposefully to the

phone. "Ford?" he said into the receiver. "Send Doctors Jackson and Schroeder to Crew Quarters 24 and then get me Colonel Virginia Lake on the phone - she should be at home." He hung up without waiting for a reply and then crossed his arms, stared off at nothing a moment.

"Are you in any pain, Lieutenant?" he finally asked.

"Not really, sir," I answered. I cringed at the sound of my own voice, for the first time realizing just how feminine I sounded.

"I'm going to leave you in the hands of the doctors when they arrive, Lieutenant," Straker began. "If they give you a clean bill of health, I see no reason why you won't be able to return to your duties with SHADO." His features softened somewhat when he added, "I can't guarantee we'll be able to reverse, this, Mark, but we're sure as hell gonna try."

I felt very moved by this and felt I might cry. "Thank you, Sir," I managed to say without blubbering. I was saved from having to respond any further when there came a knock at the door.

"Come!" barked Straker.

Jackson and Schroeder entered and they both stopped short when they saw me. Schroeder tried unsuccessfully to suppress a snicker, but Jackson didn't show any reaction other than a raised eyebrow.

"When did this happen?" Jackson asked.

"Sometime during the night," I replied.

I knew what would come next, so I was not surprised when they asked that I accompany them over to Mayland for some tests. Once again, though, I was on the verge of tears.

The examination was routine, but I found some of the physical tests more difficult than usual. Afterwards, I was sitting in the exam room with Gay, waiting for a verdict, trying not to cry again.

"I'm sure everything will check out normal, hon," she said.

"The treadmill test was a disaster."

She smiled. "I'm sure not."

I looked her square in the eye and informed her, "I almost died from mamamular flutter."

She blinked at me a moment and then burst out laughing. "Is that a medical term?" she asked when she could finally breathe again.

I grinned. "Yes. Yes, it is."

"Mamamular flutter. Okay, we still need to do some shopping - you obviously need a bra."

"This is just ... just too much, Gay. How could this happen?"

She shrugged. "Obviously, the aliens are up to something."

"What advantage could they possibly see in a gender changing weapon?"

"Dunno. It distracted you from your duties, though, didn't it?"

I shook my head. "They could not possibly have devised a gender changing weapon just to distract us."

"I dunno, Mark - well, can't very well call you Mark anymore, though, can we?" She placed a finger over her lips and studied me a moment. "How bout Marcia?" she finally said.

I sighed heavily. "As good a name as any, I suppose."

"It's a pretty name."

"Yes, it is. It was my mother's name."

"Really? You never talk about your mother."

"And I've no intention of starting right now, Gay."

"Okay, okay, when can we go do some shopping?"

"I suppose you can go shopping right now, Lieutenants." The voice of Doctor Jackson startled me a bit. I had never really thought twice about him before, but now Jackson kind of gave me the creeps.

"Do I get to know the results of the tests, Doctor?"

"Well, you seem to be a normal and healthy woman, Lieutenant. The blood tests will take a while, but I see no reason you can't go shopping. Stay with Lieutenant Ellis just in case there are any complications and keep a powered cell phone nearby. You are both relieved of duty until the Commander says otherwise."

"Hey, why should Gay have to ...?"

"Shush, Marcia," Gay said. "Don't second guess the Commander - let's just get while the gettin' is good." She dragged me out of there so fast I almost tripped over my own feet.

"What's with you?" I asked when we were out in the hall.

"We just got a vacation and we've been *ordered* to spend it *together*, darling. Let's *enjoy*."

"Vacation?"

"Hey, I know you're all hyped up about this change, but there's nothing we can do about it just now, so why shouldn't we enjoy it?"

I shook my head in dismay. "You just don't seem to understand ..." I stopped and peered into her happy-go-lucky face and just melted. I sighed. "Okay, let's go shopping."

She actually squealed with delight. I couldn't help but grin.

The shopping trip was humiliating. Most women are not over six foot tall, so finding anything in my size was difficult. And trying things on - well man is not meant to wear pantyhose, corsets or ... well, lets just say that the under-wire bra is a torture device spawned in Hell.

My figure wasn't bad if I do say so myself, but I refused to wear a dress of any kind. I agreed to a feminine pant suit only if I could get a man-cut suit as well. My feet were pretty big for a woman too, so I just stuck with my own loafers.

Gay sighed forlornly, but let me get away with it. Probably because she knew she was going to go nuts at the cosmetics counter. What the hell was all this stuff and did women really need it all?

I spent the rest of the day in a chair while Gay smeared unguents and creams and pigments all over me. She hummed and danced and giggled while I *died* a little with each passing moment.

Then we went out to dinner and I have to admit, it was kind of nice seeing other guys look us up and down with appreciation.

"You're enjoying this, aren't you?" she asked me over the vichyssoise .

I grinned. "Sure, why not?" I answered. I fluttered my eyelids and added in my poshest accent, "I feel like a lady."

She snickered and almost snorted soup through her nose.

As we devoured a sinfully decadent dessert, she leaned across the table and whispered, "Shall we pick up a couple cute guys and make a night of it?"

I was genuinely shocked. She wanted to cheat on me! I narrowed my eyes at her and simply said, "No."

"Good," she squealed. She popped the last bite of her chocolate mousse into her mouth and, with her mouth full, said, "Lets go home and make a night of it by ourselves."

I was quiet on the drive over to her flat. Did she mean what I was thinking she meant? Surely not.

As soon as the door closed behind us, she grabbed me by the hand and dragged me into her bedroom. Now, don't get me wrong, I'd been there before, but, well, how was this supposed to work? I no longer, you know, had the necessary *equipment*.

She rummaged through her night table drawer a moment and came up with ... well, the necessary equipment. I guess the correct term would be a *double dildo*, but I had never actually seen one before.

"What are you planning to do with *that*?" I asked with some trepidation.

"I think you know, dear," she answered with a wicked grin.

I held my hands up and took a step back. "Oh, no, Gay - I don't ..."

"Marcia," she said in an accusing way. "I think you might be forgetting that you have a *vagina* now."

"What?" I started to tell her how ridiculous she was being, but then I realized she was right. "Oh," I just said. I guess I *had* been thinking she wanted to shove that thing up my jacksie.

She smirked at me.

"Okay, you can quit smirking at me for a start."

That just made her laugh. Then, before I knew it, she was naked.

"How do you do that?"

"How do I do what, darling?"

Before I could answer, she had *me* naked. My turn to smirk at her now. "Never mind, dear," I told her.

With a gentle shove, she had me on the bed and she climbed on top of me.

"Now, let's see just what you have, darling," she purred as she spread my legs and dove right in.

"Whoa," I exclaimed. This was ... well, pretty darned great, actually. She nibbled a bit and then stopped to spit out a hair.

"You need a shave," she told me.

I might have blushed, but hopefully my dark skin hid it well enough.

"You're so cute when you blush."

I probably blushed more deeply.

She padded away and I frowned. What now? I wondered.

When Gay returned with razor and shaving cream, I cringed and instinctively drew my legs up under myself and sat up on the bed.

"Now, wait a minute," I told her. "Just what do you plan to do with that?"

"Same thing you did to me last week."

"I don't think so." I squished myself smaller on the bed.

She grinned again. "Relax - you don't have balls to get nicked."

I moaned and squirmed. "Must you keep reminding me of that?"

"Evidently, seeing as you can't seem to remember it. Now, stretch your legs out - I'll do them first."

"Won't that dull the razor?"

"I'll get another."

"Sure you have another?"

She grew stern and demanded, "Stretch em out."

I sighed heavily and did as told.

She spread shaving cream all down one leg and then carefully dragged the safety razor down in slow, even strokes, rinsing the razor in a tub of warm water between strokes. It wasn't so bad, but I couldn't help dreading what was to come next. She hummed while she finished one leg and then the other. Then she stood back, admiring her handiwork with fists on hips.

"Okay, lay back and spread em."

I *eeped*. Really. I never would have imagined such a sound would ever come from me, but I *eeped*.

She laughed and left to fetch a new razor as promised. When she returned, I was still sitting up with my legs drawn up to my chin.

"Marcia," she warned. "You don't *really* want a spanking, do you?"

Now, I must admit, that thought intrigued me. "You ..." I smiled uncertainly. "You don't really think you *could*, do you?"

She raised one eyebrow. I had never seen her do that before. I narrowed my eyes at her. She pounced and I caught her and we thrashed around on the bed a while before we thumped onto the floor.

Darned if she didn't land on top of me. Once we stopped giggling, she looked sternly down at me and said, "Now, are you gonna sit still and get shaved like a good girl or do I have to take you over my knee?"

I would rather have had the spanking, but I would have had to suffer the shaving afterwards anyway, so I sighed and nodded resignedly.

She climbed off me and shook her rump provocatively as she sauntered back to the bed.

"Now, be gentle, Gay," I pleaded as I followed.

"If you don't squirm, hon, I won't nick you, kay?"

"Kay."

I'm sure I looked as pathetic as I felt, but she didn't tease me anymore. She positioned me on

the bed with a towel under me and smeared shaving cream all over me and then ...

I closed my eyes and tensed.

"Don't tense, dear - it really doesn't hurt."

I sighed again and tried to relax.

"Thank you."

I grunted in reply, but refused to open my eyes.

I felt the first stroke and sucked in a quick breath, but it really didn't hurt.

"Big baby," she whispered.

I smirked, but still would not open my eyes.

It was kind of a pleasant experience once I realized she wasn't going to cut me.

I opened my eyes when I felt a soft tap on my shoulder. "Hmmm?" I mumbled.

"Nice?" she asked.

"Hmmm," I mumbled. "What?"

"You fell asleep."

"Did I?" I smiled. "Guess it wasn't so bad."

"Guess not." She grinned at me. "Wanna feel?"

I wasn't sure I did, but it was all done now, so may as well. I slowly reached my hand down between my legs and felt nothing but soft, powdery skin. It was so strange having nothing to grasp in my fist. I missed my penis. I must have frowned.

"What's wrong, dear?" she asked me.

"Nothing," I answered petulantly.

She climbed on top of me and began kneading my ... breasts. (Still felt odd thinking of myself with breasts). "What is it, darling - or do I still need to take you over my knee?"

I sighed again. "I miss my penis," I explained in a tiny, sulking voice.

"Oh? We'll see about that." She turned around and raked her tongue across my newly shaved ... the term *mangina* flit across my mind and I would have smirked at that if I wasn't so busy flexing my hips and groaning. She licked, nibbled, sucked and snaked her tongue inside me and I was squirming so much I *almost* forgot to reciprocate.

The way she was crouched put her own inviting snatch right in front of my face, so there was no question of what to do. I dove in myself. It was much the same as every other time I had come down on her, yet somehow different as well. The

taste was a bit different. Not better, not worse, just somehow *different*. It was like exploring new territory with a familiar guide.

I was so involved with what I was doing to her - and enjoying what she was doing to me - that my orgasm took me by surprise. I yelped when it hit and my whole body shuddered. It was like a tiny earthquake that started at the core of my crotch and quickly rippled through the rest of my body - followed by several aftershocks.

"Whoa," I huffed once I could breathe again. Gay was lying next to me with a big shit-eating grin on her face. I probably blushed. "So, uh," I mumbled. "Is it always like that?"

She shrugged. "Probably," she answered. "What was it like?"

"Well ... kind of like the Earth moved."

She laughed. "Guess I'm pretty good, huh?"

"Oh, hey, what about you?"

"I came ages ago - you're pretty good too."

"So, do we snuggle now? I actually feel like snuggling now."

She laughed and, holding up the double dildo, she shook her head with a mad twinkle in her eye.

"Ready?" she asked.

"You bet!" I answered and she laughed again at my eagerness. Hey, if it felt this good, I was up for some more.

She spread a liberal amount of lube on me and then slowly began to insert one end of the toy. It was a little uncomfortable, which kind of surprised me. Whenever I had ... well, you know - I had always slid in with no problem. I squirmed

and then let out an involuntary little yelp when I felt a tiny, but momentarily sharp pain.

Gay stopped and frowned at me. "Did I hurt you, hon?"

"Well, a little, yeah. What was that?"

She pulled it back out. "Oh, Mark - I mean, Marcia - there's some blood."

"What?" I sat up to look. It wasn't much, but it was definitely blood. "Well, what the hell did you do to me?" I wanted to know.

She grinned.

"And what the hell are you grinning at?"

"I've never deflowered a virgin before."

"What?"

"Don't you see? You were a virgin!"

"Not bloody likely," I protested.

She laughed. "But as a woman, you were! And you're not anymore, so let's get back to it."

She shoved me back down and smothered my brief protest with a kiss as she gently re-inserted the dildo into me. Then she climbed on top of me and eased herself down over the other end.

She leaned down and kissed me, then sat back up to knead on my breasts as she gyrated her hips. This was really getting me going, but when she leaned down again and began ... well, *gnawing* on my nipples - first one and then the other, I growled and shoved her over so that I was on top.

As I kneaded and nibbled on her nubs, I began thrusting. Each plunge drove her end deeper into her, but also drove my end deeper into me.

We ended up rolling around on the bed, caressing, nibbling, clawing, twisting, thrusting, moaning, giggling, groaning, growling until we came almost simultaneously. She collapsed across my chest with the dildo still in place and we panted together for quite a long while before she climbed off and pulled the toy out, tossing it aside as she flopped down next to me.

"I would just like to say," I told her. "Oh. My. God."

"We can definitely cuddle now," she replied as she pulled the sheet up over us and snuggled up close. I put my arm around her and snuggled back.

We awoke together, limbs entwined and tangled in the sheets. Gay stretched, yawned and then wrapped her arms around me, gazed into my eyes.

"Morning, sugar," she purred.

I grinned. "Morning, honey."

We had a pleasant breakfast and then I thought I should go into the office and see if Jackson had found anything. As agreeable as the night before had been, I did not want to remain a woman forever. Gay pouted a moment because she wanted to stay home - and in bed - all day. She brightened, though, at the idea of getting me dressed and made up.

I only had two outfits to choose from, so that wasn't hard, although, I did have to put my foot down and insist on the man-cut suit I had picked out. I just wasn't ready for a mauve pantsuit yet. Not at SHADO.

But then she started with the make-up. After a while I sighed heavily and said, "I'm not some Barbie Doll, ya know."

"Ha!" she laughed. "A six-foot Barbie Doll." She chuckled a while over that one and I sighed again. When she was done, I had to admit it looked pretty good.

"I have to admit, it looks pretty good," I told her.

"Pretty good? It's marvelous, darling." She kissed me gently so as not to smudge her creation and then she said, "Now, you need a purse."

"A purse? What for?"

"There are things you need to carry and you are NOT gonna spoil the lines of that suit by trying to stuff the pockets."

She went rummaging in her closet and came out with a box. "We should have bought you one yesterday, but I forgot." She dropped the box onto the kitchen table and opened it. "You can use one of these."

I peered inside. "I, uh ... I don't really think ..." I looked into her pouting face and sighed again. "I'll use this one," I finally said, pulling out a simple black thing.

She playfully slapped my hand, tossed the black one away, and said, "No way - use this one."

I frowned. The one she now held was smallish, which was good, but it was bright yellow and sported a picture of Hello Kitty. "Now, you can NOT be serious, Gay - there is no way I'm ..."

She placed her finger on my lips and whispered, "Shhhhhhh. Be a doll and use that one, hmm?" Then she turned and walked away.

I sighed again and put my wallet, keys and SHADO ID into the little purse and followed her out the door. All the way to the studio, I thought of what a proper spanking I would give her later that night and then of what that might lead to afterwards.

As we approached the SHADO entrance, I realized the photo on my ID was definitely that of a man and how was I supposed to explain that at the gate? I turned to Gay to speak, but she cut me off.

"You'll be my guest, darling - don't worry about it."

"How did you know what I was thinking?"

She winked at me. Honestly, sometimes she just exasperates me.

Once inside, she walked with me to Jackson's office, but then excused herself. "I need to check on some things, hon," she said. "And you know how Jackson creeps me out."

She kissed me on the cheek and went on her way, leaving me standing there with a damned Hello Kitty handbag. I sighed and went in.

The office was empty, so I sat down to wait. I had to adjust my legs several times to avoid looking like a slouching truck driver.

A short while later, Colonel Lake came in. I had to look twice to recognize her as she had changed gender as well. I had wondered if the same thing had happened to her. *He* looked pretty good in black slacks and white shirt with functional black loafers. His long blond hair was tied back in a pony tail.

He laughed at me. I sighed. "Oh, ha, ha," I said irritably.

"Sorry, but the handbag is perfect!"

I had to smirk. "You look pretty good, Colonel."

"So do you - the make-up is inspired."

"Oh, you like?" I struck a pose and batted my lashes a bit.

He laughed again and sat next to me. "Gotta laugh or cry, right?" he said.

"Did a bunch of that yesterday. Do women always feel like this? It's a wonder you ever stop crying at all."

"Hmm, you're just getting used to the hormone shift. I actually told off Jackson yesterday."

Oh, how many times had I been tempted to do *that*? "Really?" I said. "Heh, wish I could have seen that. Course, I probably would have cried about it."

We giggled a while until Doctor Jackson walked in.

"Vinny, Marcia, what can I do for you today?" he asked.

"You *could* switch us back to normal," Lake said.

"That really would be most agreeable," I seconded.

Jackson actually smiled. I tried to suppress a shudder. "I'm afraid there is really nothing I can do. You are both perfectly healthy, though, and after a week of mandatory psychological testing, you will assuredly be cleared for duty. Any other information you will have to get from the Commander."

And that was it. We were thus dismissed and further ignored. Lake looked like he was actually about to throttle the good doctor, so I had to drag him out.

"You got it bad, Colonel," I told him.

He shook his head. "Colonel Foster told me I can't go around acting on impulses."

"And I can't go around weeping all over the place either."

We headed for Straker's office, the both of us snickering like adolescents. We managed to suck it in, though, when we came to the imposing door. He knocked gently.

A muffled, but stern voice said, "Come."

The outer door swung open and the inner door was already sliding open. We both looked at each

other and took a deep breath before walking in. Commander Ed Straker was at his desk, reading a SHADO report with EYES ONLY stamped on the front.

The SHADO Commander was always a sort of bigger than life figure. Not in stature - I outweighed him by at least 50 pounds, even as a woman, but just the aura he gave off - it made him daunting. It had never really affected me before, but now I actually felt a bit uncomfortable - keenly aware of how damned attractive he was. I glanced over at the Colonel next to me and I swear, he looked about ready to pounce. I hid a slight smirk.

Straker looked up and said, "Yes? What can I do for you today?"

Such seriously blue eyes. I forgot why we were there. Luckily Lake hadn't.

"You can explain whatever you've found out about our condition because Dr. Jackson isn't talking other than to say we're *healthy*. Sir."

Straker grinned and leaned back in his chair, stretched out his endless legs. "The two of you *are* healthy," he said. "You have also changed genders. But I'm sure you've realized that by now. Okay," he sat up and picked up the report he had been reading, gestured with it as he spoke.

"This is a report from Moonbase. When you left Moonbase to come home, you passed by a Ufoe hidden from view which subsequently crash landed on the moon. This craft was unusual in that it was evidently equipped with some sort of cloaking device as well as something else - something as yet to be determined. It was this other device that apparently caused your ... condition. Research is ongoing, but we hope this same device will be able to reverse the process. Reverse engineering will take time, though."

He dropped the file back on his desk. "Still, can't be all bad, can it? You both seem to have adapted well enough."

"With all due respect, Commander," I managed to say calmly. "We'll see how well I've adapted when I get my *period*."

Straker raised his eyebrow and when Lake burst out laughing, he joined in. *Lovely*. I folded my arms and scowled. Make fun of Bradley day - great. I sighed.

"Sorry, Mark - er, Marcia, is it now? But I can't make the research go any faster."

"You could try, sir."

"I will try. Any questions?"

"Guess not, sir." What could I ask?

Lake shrugged.

"Fine, Bradley, you can go - report to Psyche for eval - Jackson wants you for a week, but I told him he can have two days. Lake, you stay - I have some questions for you."

I really wanted something done, but if there was nothing to do but wait, I didn't need to do it here. I sighed again and walked out. I was not looking forward to two days with Jackson. Looking at ink blots, watching a mish-mash of video images while electrodes are attached to my head. Been there, done that - didn't enjoy it the first time. I sighed again and headed back the way I had just come.

----- To Be Continued? -----