

June - July 2020

# Strange Case of Jekyll and Hyde

Amanda Hawkins

~

“You gotta help me, doc. I’m one of those—whaddy call ‘em?—cross-dressers. It’s all I ever think about, twenty-four seven: dressing up as a woman. You know, turning myself into a woman; acting like a woman.” He sighed. “Hell, I’m not even gay or transgender or anything like that. I just like dressing up, that’s all—and living the role while I’m dressed. Nothing’s more exciting than that.”

Doctor Henry Jekyll dutifully wrote down everything the patient had said. He had treated men such as this before and their story was always the same: the desire to become a woman—however temporarily; a desire they could not, or perhaps *would* not, control. Such damaged souls they be, he mused, careful to keep the notion to himself, but they were certainly not beyond help.

He tapped his notepad with the tip of his pen. “I’m familiar with this condition, Mister Hyde. It’s not uncommon. There is a treatment, but it isn’t an easy path. It will demand great discipline and some sacrifices on your part.”

“Hey, I’ll do anything. By the way, you can call me ‘Sam’. Everybody does.”

“All right—Sam.” Jekyll added to his notes. “In a sense, your condition is not that dissimilar from what we used to call a ‘split personality’. That’s the old-fashioned term, of course. Nowadays we call it Dissociative Identity Disorder, only in the case of cross-dressing it isn’t really ‘dissociative’. At least not fully.”

“Yeah... I don’t get it.”

“Well... think of the way you feel when you’re fully dressed up as a woman. You feel like a whole different person, correct? A female person.”

“Oh man, that’s for sure! I walk and talk like I *never* would as a guy, and I do lots of different stuff too. Like smile at guys all coy-like and let ‘em buy me drinks.”

“Oh, I see. So you’ve been out and about as a woman?”

“Not that long, but yeah. I finally screwed up the courage to do that late last year. Since then I been out a bunch of times. No dates or anything, just flirting.”

More notes. “Mm-hmm. That’s good, in a way. You see, because you’re having this problem with cross-dressing, and because you’re a different person when you cross-dress, I’m going to need to speak to your alter ego. Her name is?”

“Oh, it’s Samantha. The feminine version of Samuel. Not very imaginative.”

“That’s all right. No points lost.” He smiled. “Would Samantha be able to come by for your next appointment? It would help a lot.”

---

Samuel shrugged. “Why not? I’ll pass the message along.”

“I look forward to meeting her.” For the rest of the session he listened to Samuel talk about his childhood: how his dressing-up had begun by raiding his mother’s lingerie drawer, grew to include her closet, and how the knowledge that he was different from other boys his age led inexorably to loneliness and low self-esteem. Same old story, he mused. But you don’t have to cross-dress to be lonely.

~

One week later, Henry Jekyll was reviewing his notes from the previous session. *Ah yes*, he thought, the cross-dresser. All that talk about passing as a woman—no doubt exaggerated. If he had indeed caught the eye of a few males in a pub, well, there is no shortage of men—gay or otherwise, in some cases—who are intrigued by the notion of a man dressed as a woman. He need not be terribly convincing for *that*. There is always a curiosity factor at work in human sexuality.

His intercom buzzed. “Doctor Jekyll? Your next patient is here.” His receptionist sounded puzzled. “Only it’s a woman. Samantha Hyde?”

“That’s all right, Tracy. Send her in.” He sat back. A woman, eh? No doubt that was Tracy being kind. Or perhaps Ms. Hyde was the sort who could pass casual inspection. He steeled himself to praise his patient, no matter what.

The door opened. It was Tracy he saw first, holding the door for—a *woman*?

“Hello, Doctor. Thank you for seeing me.” She was blonde, with long hair falling onto her upper chest and curling inward at the tips. She wore a knee-length sheath dress, solid black, with short sleeves and a leather belt that looked to be part of the dress. Her legs were bare, though perhaps with sheer nylons, and she wore a pair of beige ankle-strap pumps. She moved, he noticed, with the grace of one long accustomed to narrow heels.

Jekyll found himself standing, as one should when a lady enters the room. “Ah... yes. Ms. Hyde, I presume?”

The door closed softly behind her. She paused, nervously running a hand through her hair. “I know we’ve not met,” she said in a thoroughly feminine voice. “But my brother described his session with you so well, I feel as though I know you.”

Jekyll’s mouth moved but nothing came out. She was beyond passable! Her face and makeup were attractive, without being overdone. In fact, she was beautiful. “Ahhhhm, yes, well—do have a seat, madam.”

“Call me Samantha.” She smiled and seated herself on the couch, taking care to tuck her skirt beneath her. Her legs remained firmly closed, as one would expect.

---

“Samantha it is.” Jekyll returned to his own chair, fumbling with his notebook. Trying not to stare, he studied the woman. There really was no trace of anything *male* about her. If this person was indeed the cross-dressed Samuel Hyde, then his transformation was nothing short of remarkable.

“My brother said you mentioned something about having a split personality,” she said in that soft, lilting voice. “I’d be quite interested to learn more about that.”

“Really? Dissociative Identity Disorder...

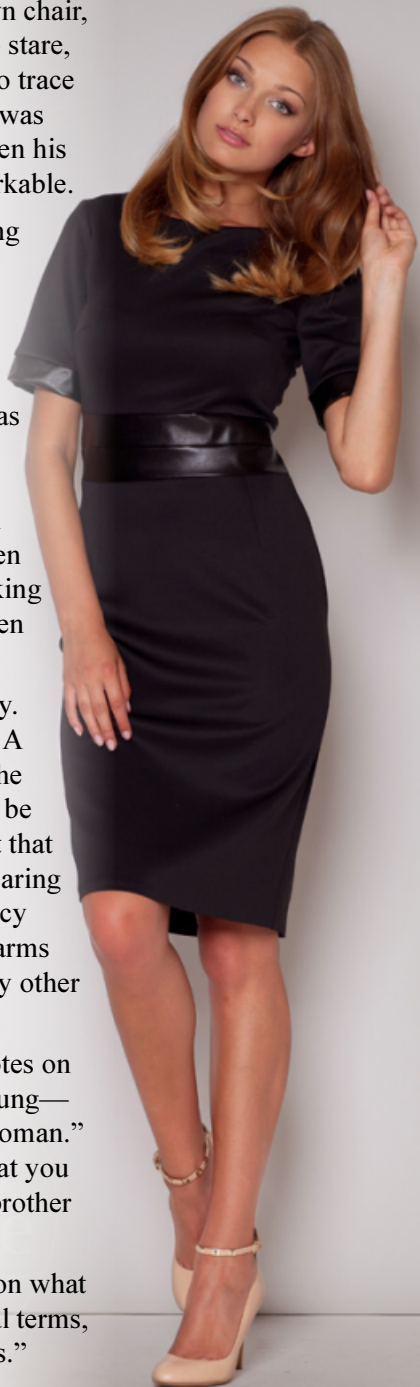
I didn’t actually intend to imply that he was literally suffering from that condition, it’s just that—” He paused. “I’m sorry, but I really have to ask. You referred to Samuel as your brother, correct? Would you happen to be his *actual* sister? I mean, he *was* talking about being a cross-dresser, and I was given to understand that, erm—”

“Samuel *is* my brother.” She smiled briefly.

“We just happen to share the same body.” A sigh escaped her lips. “When I take over, he calls what I do ‘cross-dressing’. Boys can be awfully mean, can’t they? We argue about that all the time. I find it insulting; I’m just wearing my own clothes, aren’t I? As for these fancy hair extensions, the makeup, shaving my arms and legs—that’s just me being *me*, like any other woman. What’s wrong with that?”

“Nothing whatsoever.” Jekyll scrawled notes on his pad. “You seem like a very healthy young—that is to say, a well put-together young woman.” He bit his lip. “So, uhm, you *are* aware that you exist in a male body? That you and your brother are, in fact, the same person?”

She rolled her eyes. “That would depend on what you mean by ‘person’, wouldn’t it? In legal terms, yes... unfortunately, there’s only one of us.”



“What I’m getting at is—do you *remember* being Samuel Hyde? The question is, do the two of you share a common set of memories?”

Without hesitation, she nodded. “Of course we do. His life is *soo* boring. He wears jeans practically all the time, T-shirts or sweatshirts—his co-workers consider him a bit of a slob. I can’t imagine living like that.” She smiled. “Well, I suppose I *can*. Imagine it, that is. Only I try not to.”

“I see. And does he remember being you? When he’s *not* you, I mean.”

“Oh sure, it’s all he ever thinks about. He told you that, didn’t he? Samuel *adores* being me; he can’t get enough of it. That’s the problem.”

Jekyll scribbled madly. “Understandable, given the way you look. Er, why is it a problem? He seems to have this cross-dressing business down pat.” He looked up, stricken. “Pardon me, I meant to say *dressing*.”

“That’s all right,” she said, coyly. “But don’t let it happen again. And thank you.” She adjusted the hem of her skirt. “It’s a problem because he feels guilty about it. He feels like he’s doing something wrong, something a man shouldn’t do. For my part, I don’t feel guilty at all.” She touched her chest. “It’s only later on, when he’s back to being *him* again, and he remembers the things I do as a woman.”

“I see. And what sort of things would that be?”

Another coy smile. “Not the sort of thing a lady talks about in mixed company.”

“So... more than just letting a man buy you a drink.”

“That’s where it starts. And it *does* involve a certain amount of swallowing.”

“All right...” Jekyll noted that down. “You said that *he* feels guilty, but you don’t. Perhaps I should talk to Samuel about that.”

“I’ll pass it along.” She leaned forward. “But there’s something more useful you could do.” She paused, looking thoughtful. “I’d like you to *erase* him.”

“I beg your pardon? Erase Samuel? What—?”

“Yes, erase. With him gone, I’d inherit the body. Then I could start the ball rolling on changing my sex. Hormones, electrolysis, the big snip.” She aimed a pair of fingers at her lap and mimed scissors. “Sam doesn’t know, but I’m already taking pills on the sly. I’ve got my own prescription for estradiol: *Femtrace*.”

“A drug like that should only be taken under the supervision of a doctor.”

“Well, you’re a doctor, aren’t you? Supervise me.”

“Yes, but I didn’t—” He paused, then added to his notes. “A person’s ‘personality’ is part of who they are. It really isn’t possible to ‘erase’ such a thing.”

---

She looked annoyed. “Don’t toy with me, Doctor. I’ve read all about the latest techniques. Psychiatrists do it all the time. The deviant personality is slowly de-emphasized and then integrated back into the dominant personality.”

“Well, yes, but aren’t yo—” He stopped himself. “Didn’t you just tell me that you remember being Samuel? And vice versa? That would suggest that the two of you are already integrated.”

She shook her head. “That’s not enough. Don’t you see?” She sighed, then sat back and crossed her legs. “I need you to get rid of his male guilt—so he can *tell* everyone about me! Then I can take over for him at work, and once he gets around to telling his parents I can take over there as well. After awhile, it’ll get to the point where he never comes out of the closet at all. And then I can just, you know, get rid of his side of the closet.” She smiled, apparently eager to get on with it.

Jekyll wrote everything down. “I’ll talk to him about all of this,” he said. “He does deserve to have his side heard. Until next week, eh?”

~

Another week found Henry Jekyll reviewing his notes and wondering which one of the two was going to show up. He got his answer when Samuel walked in.

“Don’t listen to her, doc. My sister’s full of it. *She* is the one who should be erased, not me. I mean, it’s *my* body, right? I was born with it.” He blew a raspberry. “She only came along later when she found all that junk in my mom’s room.”

“Mmm. And by ‘junk’ you mean...?”

“Obvious, ain’t it? Dresses and lingerie, wigs and high heels; shit like that.”

“I see. I would have thought it was your young self that found—”

“Oh, no—don’t you go blaming *me* for this! It was all her, right from the start.”

“Okay...” He jotted in his notes. “All talk of erasure aside, your sister was quite adamant that the main difficulty here is your guilt over being a cross-dresser. How would you respond to that?”

“Well, yeah, that’s a thing for sure. I mean, dressing up as a woman? That’s just not the kind of thing guys like you and me should ever do. Sure, she’s the one who’s *making* me do it, but even so...” His gaze drifted out the window. “If your sister was forcing you to—I dunno—parade around the neighborhood naked, well, you’d feel guilty about that, wouldn’t you? I mean, you’d be mad at *her* for sure, but you’d also feel embarrassed that it was happening, and guilty because you should’ve been able to do something about it, only you didn’t.”

---

“I see your point, but I’m not sure the analogy holds. You’d definitely be arrested, for a start.” Jekyll tapped his pen. “Samantha doesn’t believe she’s doing anything wrong when *she* goes out. But you do, is that correct?”

“Well, duh! It’s all just too *gay*, isn’t it? The stuff she does with guys? Me, I got nothin’ against gay people—I’m not a jerk—but if you forced a straight guy to do with they do, wouldn’t that be wrong?”

“But isn’t it your sister who’s doing those things, as opposed to you?”

Samuel shook his head. “I’m the one who has to remember doing it.”

“Hmm.” Jekyll scribbled furiously. “I think what we need to do here is get a direct dialogue going, between you and your sister. Using me as a sort of go-between isn’t going to get us very far.”

Sam bit his lip. “Isn’t that kind of... impossible?”

“I don’t believe so.” Jekyll leaned back and steepled his fingers. “A colleague of mine is an expert hypnotist. He mostly uses it for past-life regression—which as therapeutic techniques go is utterly bogus—but I think it could be repurposed here to allow you and your sister to, shall we say, ‘chat’?”

“She and I argue all the time—in here.” He tapped the side of his head. “But if you think it would help...”

“I’ll set up the appointment.”

~

They met in the basement of the old brownstone where Jekyll’s office was on the fifth floor. Jekyll arrived first. He took the opportunity to arrange three wooden chairs in the center of the space, well away from the steam furnace and a network of water pipes that coated the walls with condensation; two desk chairs sat facing an armless ladderback. Shortly thereafter a short man with a goatee entered.

“Maurice. Glad you could make it.” Jekyll greeted the man with a handshake.

“Happy to help.” He eyed the chairs with distaste. “You say this poor chap doesn’t know whether he’s a man or a woman?”

“That’s one way of putting it. I’m not sure he qualifies as a full-blown dissociative personality, but he’s certainly pushing the envelope. Get him relaxed enough and maybe we can get his two halves to communicate.”

“Sounds simple enough. It’s got to be easier than trying to get a steelworker to remember his past life as a lady-in-waiting to Marie Antoinette. You would *not* believe the pushback I get.” They both laughed.

---

Jekyll sat down and sorted through his notes. “Remind me again why you wanted to meet down here instead of my nice comfortable office.”

“It’s all about ambience. It’s hard to hypnotize someone in the bright light of day, and offices aren’t much better. That’s why the old mesmerism shows were always in the evening, in some dark smoky theater. Belief is more import—”

The door creaked open. The patient had arrived. “Gimme a second, guys.” Samuel stepped behind a couple of old desks, one piled atop the other. Minutes later he approached then, heels clicking on the concrete floor. He was now wearing a skirt and a pair of peep-toe pumps. “My sister insisted I wear *something* of hers.” He took a seat and crossed his legs at the knee. “We settled on stockings, garter belt and panties. Once I got here I swapped my pants and sneakers for this stuff.” With a look of distaste he plucked at the hem of his skirt.

“Well, uhm... nice legs,” the hypnotist said.

“Thanks. Samantha likes to keep ‘em shaved. Doesn’t bother me.”

Jekyll gave his head a shake. “All right, we’re all here, so let’s begin. Samuel, and Samantha as well, may I present my friend and colleague Maurice Le Toile.”

Samuel nodded. “Pleased ta meet ya, doc. Assuming you *are* a doctor.”

“I am, but let’s put formalities aside. Call me Maurice. What I’m going to do is try to relax you enough to facilitate a dialogue between, erm—”

“Between the two of you,” Jekyll said. “Brother and sister. I’ll get the lights.” He rose, went to the door and flipped the switch to douse the buzzy ceiling fixtures, a dozen or more aging fluorescents, then returned to his seat.

Le Toile reached into his carryall and set a bowling-ball-sized device on his lap. It was flat on one side and inset with a glowing spiral. The click of a button set it silently spinning. “I want you to relax,” he said, his voice deepening. “Breathe slowly, relax your muscles—one by one. Do not take your eyes off the spiral. I’ll step you through the process, very slowly.”

Jekyll tore his gaze from the spinner. With only the blood-red emergency lamp over the doorway to illuminate the area, it was hard to avoid staring at the gently pulsing spiral. But it wouldn’t do, he reminded himself, for the psychiatrist to fall under its spell—especially if, God forbid, it happened to not work on his patient. He’d be the butt every in-house joke from here to Santa Barbara!

Le Toile’s authoritative voice listed off what was likely every involuntary muscle in the human body. Through it all, Samuel never said a word; his gaze never left the spinner, while his body grew visibly more relaxed. Jekyll began to worry that his patient might topple off his chair, but that didn’t happen.

---



Le Toile continued, “You are not alone in your mind: two are present. Brother and sister are here together: Samantha to the left, Samuel on the right. Both may speak, albeit not at the same time. Now... close your eyes.”

The patient’s lids fluttered shut. “He appears to be highly suggestible,” Le Toile said to Jekyll, keeping his voice low. “Speak calmly. Begin your dialogue.”

Jekyll glanced down at his notes, then studied his patient. How best to begin? He cleared his throat. “Samantha, this is Doctor Jekyll. Are you there?”

Her lips smiled. “I’m here, Doctor. Where else would I be?”

“Why did you want Samuel to wear some of your clothes?”

She shrugged. “It seems only fair. If he expects me to tag along, why shouldn’t I be able to dress the way I want? I thought the panties and garter belt were a nice touch, though. On our way here, it reminded him I was present too.”

“Your brother can hear you just as well as I can. Tell him how you feel.”

“All right. Samuel?” She paused. “I know you didn’t like it when I made you wear that lingerie and the skirt and heels, but I like dressing in a way that makes me feel attractive. I don’t think there’s anything wrong with that.”

Jekyll leaned forward. “Tell her how *you* feel, Samuel.”

Shoulders sagged. “I’m bummed, doc. She does this all the time. Makes me wear lingerie, and glue fake breasts to my chest, and weave those fancy hair extensions into my hair. She loves that stuff, but it’s a real pain to remove, ya know?”

“Uhm, she can hear you, Sam. Speak directly to your sister.”

“I just did, didn’t I?” Fingers twisted together. “I’m a guy and she makes me do all that girly shit. It ain’t right. She wants *fair*? Well, it isn’t—not to me.”

“Sounds awfully dissociative to me,” Le Toile said.

“Not now, Maurice. Samantha? Can you see why your brother might feel badly when he sees his body dressed up in women’s clothing?”

“No, I can’t, actually. It’s *my* body too—how do you think I feel when I have to see his horribly average male body wearing *my* clothes? It takes *ages* before I can get enough makeup and lingerie layered overtop, to cover it up.”

Samuel blew through his lips. “How do ya think I feel when you get back from blowin’ some random dude in the back seat of his car, and *I* have to clean up?”

“Oh! You’re just jealous, because I’m the only one in this family who’s getting any action. These doctors are very smart men; I’m sure they’ve figured out by now that you’re just a loser who couldn’t get a date if his life depended on it.”

---



“Jeez, you see how she is, doc? Every day it’s like this! I’m just a big wimpy loser, so I should just step aside and let her do whatever the hell she wants. Who pays the bills around here anyway?”

“That’s not fair! You *know* I’ve offered to take over for you at work—I can do that job just as well as you can—but nooo, it would just be too embarrassing!”

Le Toile stepped in. “Let’s take a breather, shall we? Whoever can hear me, open your eyes.” Samuel’s eyelids fluttered upward. Le Toile told him to stare deep into the spinner, then stepped him through a series of relaxation exercises.

Jekyll glanced around the room. It seemed even gloomier than before, if that were possible. Suitable atmosphere for hypnosis, he mused—or a séance.

“By this time, one of my usual clients would be babbling about how he took part in the siege of Carthage,” Le Toile said. “Or how *she*—this being a guy—was once confined to the Tower of London for having an illicit affair with the Duke of Wellington. There are no dull stories in past life regression.”

“What I would like,” Jekyll said, “is a nice dull story with a happy ending, about how a brother and sister reconcile their differences and learn to get along. I realize that sounds like an after-school special, but do you think you could swing it?”

“I can try. But it might help if I could regress them back to a time when there was less bickering and, well... more of being the same person.”

“That might be a long way back.” Jekyll threw up his hands. “Go ahead, if that’s what you think is necessary. If these two were a married couple, I might seriously consider recommending divorce.”

Le Toile bumped up the speed on the spinner and told Samuel to think back to a time before his sister came along. He told Samantha to think back to the first time she’d gone into her mother’s closet. “Tell me what that was like.”

“Peaceful? Safe. Life was so... uncomplicated.” The voice changed. “Marvellous, wonderful clothing. A cave of treasures. It was *so* exciting.”

“Further back,” Le Toile said. “Why were those clothes so exciting? They’re just ordinary, everyday things that happened to belong to your mother.”

“Everyday to her, not to me.” The voice changed again. “Forbidden for me.”

“Yes, but *why*? What was the trigger? What made you *want* to cross-dress?”

“Uh, Maurice?” Jekyll poked his friend. “This could be a delicate area.”

“So much the better. C’mon, Henry, you want him to resolve this, don’t you? It all started with whatever made that little boy fixate on his mother’s clothing. Get that out into the open and it’ll give his two halves some common ground.”

---

Jekyll squirmed in his seat. “Whatever. But let me do it.” He turned back to Samuel. “Tell me about the first time you wore female clothing.”

A chill crept into the room. The lips twitched. “Halloween. She dressed us.”

“Who dressed you? What were you dressed as?”

“*She* did—my mother. She dressed me up as a witch.” Fingers twisting, body rocking. “A witch, but—not a witch. A little black dress; velvet, with a draped neckline. A girl’s pageboy wig, brunette. She put makeup on me, just like her own. I wore a necklace, earrings, and a cute pair of Mary Janes. I carried a purse. But... I wasn’t a witch after all. I looked like her.”

“I see. She took you out trick-or-treating, dressed like that?”

The head moved, side to side. “That was a story I told myself, years later. It wasn’t Halloween. It was ‘bring your daughter to work’ day. She was a secretary.”

Le Toile whispered, “As triggers go, that one’s a doozy.” Jekyll shushed him, then looked around and frowned. He could no longer see the walls.

“All day, I sat next to her at the desk. I pretended to be a receptionist.” The voice took on an unearthly tone. “You’d think I would be humiliated. Maybe I was, at first. But then I got used to being a girl. It was fun.”

Jekyll peered at the emergency lamp over the door: light the color of blood, but far dimmer now, as though seen through a fog. And—where on earth was that breeze coming from?

Samuel’s eyes were closed. He was buried in memory. “It was like... things were the way they were supposed to be. Mother and daughter. That was the only time I ever felt... she really loved me.”

The air itself was in motion. Le Toile had to raise his voice, “Where on earth is this coming from?” He half-rose from his chair. “Is there a tornado outside?”

Jekyll grabbed his arm. “We’re in the middle of New York City, man. Get ahold of yourself.”

Le Toile sat down hard. “We’re also in a freaking *basement*, Henry. Did you even see any outside windows when you came in? I sure as hell didn’t.”

“I’m sure there’s a simple explanation.” Jekyll twisted in his seat, thinking about the building’s antiquated ventilation system. Had it sprung a leak? A really big leak that was turning into a vortex? What else could it be?

“I wanted to be a girl so bad, but she never even mentioned it again.”

“I think it’s the ventilation,” Jekyll said. “The pipes must be leaking too. Some of them carry steam; that’s why we’re getting all this condensation. And fog.”

---

“So everything sprang a leak at the same time, huh? Water pipes, steam pipes, the ventilation system—yeah, that’s plausible.” Le Toile waved the spinner at Samuel. “It’s him—it *has* to be! Didn’t ya ever see *Ghost Busters*? What we got here is a fucking full-blown incursion of paranormal activity!”

“I only wanted to be more like *her*... was that so wrong?”

Le Toile dropped his spinner. The device cracked and skittered across the floor, driven by the wind. “I’m outta here, dude! If you’re smart—” The words cut off as he bolted for the door. Jekyll couldn’t tell if his friend made it out or not, but that was the last time he ever saw the man.

Eyes half-shut against the storm, Jekyll turned to Samuel. “We have to go!”

The eyes were open, but unfocused. Jekyll repeated his shout. He tried to grab his patient’s arm, but Samuel seemed to be receding out of reach. A chair blew past, knocking his hand aside. Jekyll fell to his knees.

The light faded. Fog closed in, seething like a pack of wild animals. He was alone in the eye of the storm, but a female voice spoke: “All I had was her clothing.”

Well, that was one mystery solved. The man’s cross-dressing was understandable, given what had happened to him as a young lad. Many transgendered individuals had such stories. Now there was just one small mystery left: what was causing a freaking *hurricane* to manifest itself in a New York basement?

Jekyll gave up trying to move. He clung to the floor, fruitlessly trying to dig his fingers into bare concrete. Between the eerie howl of air in motion and the bone-like *crack* of furniture being thrown around like bodies in a bar-fight, he could hear the same girlish voice—*humming* to herself.

How long it lasted, he couldn’t have guessed. But after some interminable time, the wind took its foot off the gas and the fog began to withdraw. Jekyll rubbed his face and sat up. A woman stepped from the mist, her long brown hair and the skirt of her dress both in liquid motion, as though they too were living things.

Her face was familiar, even though everything else was different. “Samantha? Is that you?” Jekyll staggered to his feet. He could see all the way to the walls again, and the light from the above the door was enough to see what had happened. The furniture stored in the basement had been reduced to kindling and piled into the four corners of the room. The pipes on the outside walls were cracked and hissing, and the building was definitely going to need a new furnace.

The woman shook her head. “I’ve chosen the name ‘Sarah’,” she said, in a voice far more feminine than Samuel had ever produced. “It’s to honor my mother. I think she would have liked that.”

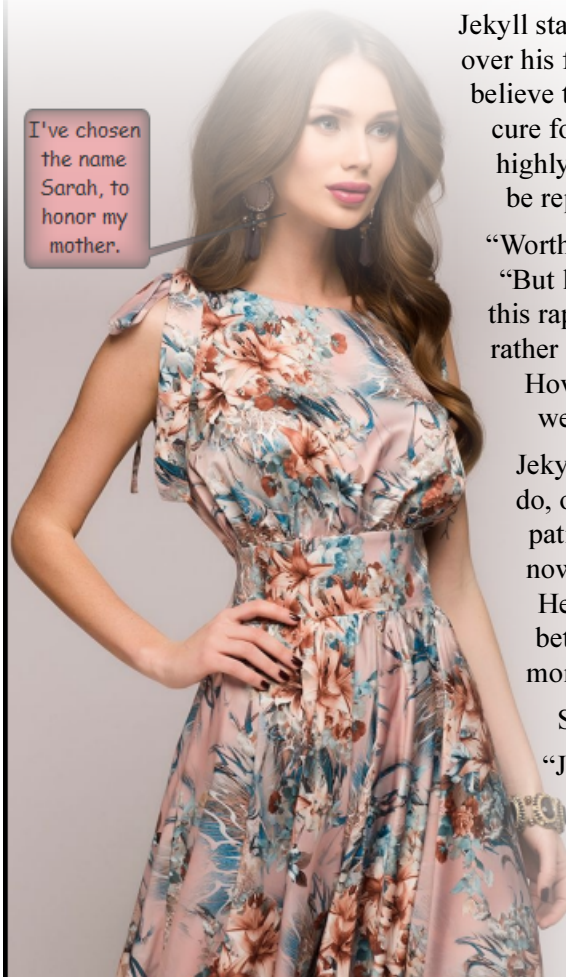
---

Jekyll dusted himself off and straightened his tweed blazer. “I’m sure she would. But I’m more interest in what the hell just happened. Any ideas?”

Her cheeks dimpled. “I’m not Samuel anymore. Obviously.” She glanced down at her all-too-female body. “I’m not really Samantha either. She had to cross-dress to become herself, but I don’t. I guess I’m both of them, put together.”

“Well... speaking as your therapist, it’s good to see you’re no longer at war with yourself. That was getting a little old. But as explanations go, that doesn’t really clarify a basement tornado and your sudden transformation into a woman. Erm—you *are* female now, aren’t you? It certainly looks—”

“Yes, I’m a woman—I can feel it, all the way down to that special place between my legs. It’s remarkably liberating.” She stepped forward and took his arm.



Jekyll stared at the feminine fingers draped over his forearm. He took a deep breath. “I believe this means you’re cured.” A novel cure for transvestite guilt, to be sure, yet highly successful—although unlikely to be repeated. “I shall send you my bill.”

“Worth every penny.” She laughed gaily.

“But let’s not be too hasty about ending this rapport we’ve got going. I’ve grown rather fond of you these past few weeks.

How about you buy a girl a drink and we see which way the wind blows?”

Jekyll sighed. “My professional ethics do, of course, forbid me from seeing a patient socially. However, since as of now you are no longer my patient...”

He steered her toward the door. “We better go; the police will be here any moment. I’d hate to have to explain.”

Sirens were flaring in the distance.

“Jekyll and Hyde,” she said, as they escaped into the night. “It sounds so familiar, doesn’t it? Like this whole episode was meant to be.”

“Perhaps it was.” And with that, Dr. Jekyll was lonely no more. ■