

Self-respect: R-E-S-P-E-C-T, I got to have (just a little bit)

(SELF)-R-E-S-P-E-C-T

Yes, do it. Whatever it takes... I don't care if it never comes off. You have to make me even more of a woman. I want to be so much of a woman that no one will even be able to imagine I was ever a man.

I want people to look at me and think: That there's a real woman. The kind of woman a woman should be. The kind of woman other women aspire to be, if only they were as pretty and sexy as you're gonna make me. Can ya do that?

It's working... for the first time since it happened, I feel like a real person again.

I was never much of a man... the accident just made it official.

But just maybe... I can turn myself into the kind of woman I can be proud of.

Self-respect for a change. I wonder what that might feel like...

All right, hold your horsies. These things take time, ya?

Take all the time you need. I sure as hell ain't walking out that door until I look like the last word in womanhood.

Sure thing. Done this before, you know. Never a complaint yet. Only most of my clients aren't quite so... determined.

Most of your clients aren't me. I want to look like more of a woman than pretty near any other woman you'll ever meet. Can you manage that?

I guess. As long as you aren't fussy about ever looking like the dude that marched in here three hours ago. Could be five or six months before you ca--

Is that all? Lady, I ain't ever gonna go back to being that dweeb again. Can't you make this last a little longer? Like maybe forever and a day?

You might want to talk to a clinic about that. But I can offer you a preferred salon membership, and a bulk rate on future makeovers. Buy ten, get one at half the price.

Already been. I'm all healed up, thanks, with a slow-release estrogen pellet in my butt, implants in my chest, and a closet full of dresses at home. As for that bulk rate you mentioned... where do I sign?