The New You

Meet the New You: Think of it as the ultimate in organ donation...

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After spiking Helena’s customary post-lunch glass of Chablis, Clark had retreated to his own room to remove his loose clothing, fix his face, free his long hair from the thick ponytail he’d been hiding under his collar, and dress himself from his own stash of lingerie, including nude pantyhose and a tight panty girdle, a brassiere with custom-made breast forms, and a black slip. Then he strolled over to the master bedroom where his mother lay flat on her back on the bed, staring up at the ceiling. Her eyes shifted to stare at her lingerie-clad son.

Clark was in no hurry. He browsed through the dresses on offer in her closet before choosing the one he knew to be Helena’s favorite. He opened the back and stepped inside, pulling it over his hips and slipping his arms into the narrow sleeves. Then he moved toward the bed, reaching behind his back to straighten and close the tiny zipper.

* Dark curls tumbled over the faux mink stole that accented the dress’s neckline. Clark ran his fingers through the froth of brunette hair. “I just adore this hair, don’t you? It’s too bad yours won’t be around much longer, but at least you’ll be able to admire it on me. The ladies at the salon did a wonderful job of matching our styles, don’t you think?”

“Oh God… is that why you let it get this long?”

“No duh. But I couldn’t wait, like, years to do this, so I still needed extensions—as much for volume as length.” He swept his thick tresses out from under the collar. “It’s real human hair though. Yours, to be exact. From when you had it bobbed a few years ago. Told you it was for a good cause. In fact, you’re looking at it. Who could possibly refuse a poor boy who only wants to become his mother?”

“That… that’s just sick.”

“Maybe so. But here’s the good news: there is a cure for what ails me. It involves a lengthy stay in a rather expensive clinic, but it’s guaranteed to fix me up right—once and for all. And you as well.”

“What on earth… are you talking about?”
“Simple. We’re both going under the knife in a few hours. Adjoining tables in the same operating theater. A team of surgeons will open us up and switch some stuff around. I got dibs on your breasts and all the other thingamabobs that make you female, and you get to keep all the male doodads they carve out of me.”

“You can’t… that’s utterly insane!”

“On the face of it… perhaps. But in principle, it’s no different than any other kind of organ donation. If I gave you a kidney, would that be weird and insane? Of course not.” He turned his back to the mirror and peered at himself over one shoulder. “It is unusual, I’ll grant you that. It isn’t every day that a mother and her son both get sex change operations at the same time. But if they did, wouldn’t it make sense to re-use the organs taken from one of them and put them in the other person? I’m pretty sure it would.”

The paralyzed woman gazed at the ceiling. “No. Nothing makes… any sense,” she muttered.

“I hear ya. There’s kind of an ‘ick-factor’ at work here. Some people might think it’s well into the forbidden zone. As in, no way should a mother and son have anything to do with each other’s privates. I get that.” Clark tilted his head back, gave his hair a shake, and reached behind his neck to pull the zipper tight. He returned to the closet. “But really, it isn’t like that at all. After the surgery, they’ll be my breasts, not yours. Nothing wrong with a woman touching her own chest, is there? Same goes for all the other stuff.”

“It’s still just… wrong.”

“I must disagree. If a mother can donate a womb to her daughter so she can have a baby, then there’s no reason not to do the same for your son. It would be sexist to claim otherwise.” Clark stepped into a pair of black suede pumps from his mother’s well-stocked shoe tree. They were open at the toe, with narrow heels and a bow atop the vamp. “What’s really cool is how alike we are, in genetic terms. We won’t even have to take retroviral drugs to prevent tissue rejection. Once we heal up, and our new hormone systems kick in, it’ll be as if you grew up male. By the time we leave the clinic you’ll be sporting that wispy little beard I had last week.”

Her breath was labored. “Don’t want… beard.”

“As for me, it’ll be like I’ve been female my whole life. I’ll even have your periods, if you can imagine that.” He paced toward the bed, utterly at ease in high heels. “The doctors say I’ll probably start menstruating in a few months, once my estrogen levels settle down. And there’s a good chance I’ll be fertile. We shan’t know for sure until…” He smiled grimly. “Until my period stops, I suppose.”

“No… no… you won’t—”

“Get away with it? Oh, I think I will. This is the same clinic I was at three months ago, when you thought I was in France. I got a nose job, a cheek lift and a trachea shave. I’ve been hiding the changes under a latex prosthetic and a fake beard. Oh, and I got a ton of electrolysis, over my entire body. Believe me, those guys will do whatever it takes to earn hard cash. I had to sign over most of my trust fund, but it was money well spent. You’ll see.”

Clark ran a hand under his skirt and perched on the edge of the bed. “You know, there are lots of stories about this sort of thing on the internet. Like a son becoming his mother by turning her into a skin-tight bodysuit and then wearing her. The trouble with that is the son disappears and the mother’s mind is gone, meaning she’s effectively dead. Pretty nasty, if you think it through. In other stories, mothers and sons—and sometimes other people—switch bodies using a mind-swap machine. What we’re doing is more or less a real-life version of that. It’s better than the bodysuit idea because no one goes missing and nobody’s mind gets erased.”

“No… won’t work. I’ll tell… police.”

“No, you won’t. And neither will I.” He crossed his legs at the knee and inspected his blood-red nails. “You see, at the clinic we’re both going to be mentally re-conditioned… to force us to act as our new selves. It’ll be pretty intense.” He touched her arm. “Not to worry, though. We’ll still remember who we used to be. Nothing’s going to be erased. But you’ll find you won’t be able to tell anyone what happened, and I’ll have no choice but to speak and act as though I’ve always been Helena Blackwood.”

His mother gazed up at him in horror. “Why would…?”

“I guess it’s part of that ‘sickness’ you mentioned. I just have this burning need to be trapped in my mother’s body. To be stuck being you for the rest of my life, with no hope of escape. Doesn’t make much sense, does it? But let’s look at this objectively. Fair is fair, right? We’ll both be in the same boat.”

“It’s your choice… not mine. I’m… your mother.”

“No for much longer. But don’t worry, I’ll be just as good a mother to you as you were to me. Wait and see. I can be just as loving and supportive as any woman. I’ve had good role models.”

“Dex… Dex will figure it out.”

“I seriously doubt that.” Clark rolled his mother’s head to the side and undid the clasp of her necklace. It was a gold chain with an array of small emeralds in the middle. It had been in her family for generations, passing from mother to daughter.
“You see… I’ve been studying you for as long as I can remember. Like nerds study physics, or like other guys follow sports. I know everything about you.” He looped the necklace around his own throat and centered the emeralds over his cleavage. Then he patted her hand and rose from the bed.

“I’ve got spy-cams and microphones hidden all around the house. Bedroom, kitchen, living room, in your car. There’s one behind this mirror, so I know how to pose to see how a dress fits.” He stood sideways before the full-length mirror, one hand on his hip, and smiled at his image. Then he moved to his mother’s vanity.

“There’s a camera right here in the base of the makeup mirror. I must’ve watched you fix your face a million times. Some of those videos… God, I played them over and over, hundreds of times, imitating exactly what you were doing, until every move I made, every last brush stroke was identical to yours. I must say, it’s such a relief not having to pretend anymore.” He perched on the stool, peered into the magnifying mirror and touched up his eye shadow. “Pretty soon,” he murmured as he added mascara and stroked a tiny brush through his fluttering lashes, “I won’t have any choice in the matter. I’ll have to do this exactly like you always did. Gawd, you have no idea what a turn-on that is.”

“That’s… just sick.”

Clark shook his head. “Yes, we’ve established that. I’m sick. Being you is the cure.” He added a spritz of Helena’s signature eau de toilette to his neck and wrists, then rose on his heels. Facing his mother, he stood with his hands clasped over his waist. He cleared his throat and oohed his lips. “My name… is Helena Blackwood.”

It was a woman’s voice. Her voice. The woman on the bed gasped.

“You see? Practice makes perfect. I sound exactly like you. I even know what you tend to say—whether it’s to your godawful son, who was never much of a man, or to your lover, or to the girls at the salon. I can make small talk with the ladies at your club. I can get catty with the girls in your yoga class. That’s right, I bugged your favorite purse. All six of them.” He giggled and stroked his throat. “I can talk like this now, but it’s a stretch. I have to concentrate. But once the clinic gets through with me… they’re going to shorten my vocal chords, to raise my natural pitch to match yours. Then I’ll have to say the same things you would, in the same way. No one will be able to tell the difference. Not even Dexter.”

Clark giggled. “Don’t bother trying. It’s the drug. By the time you can move again, you’ll be at the clinic and they’ll have you prepped and ready for surgery.” He bent his knees, wriggled his hips and stretched his arms. “This so blows me away. I’ve been you in my dreams for years and years, and by this time tomorrow I’ll finally be Helena Blackwood. For forever and ever.”

He smiled his mother’s coy smile. “Trust me, Dex is going to adore his new wife. The night that tall, dark and handsome gets back, it’ll be our honeymoon all over again. Only better. Because it’s me.”

When the doorbell rang, Clark smiled. “The men from the clinic are here. It’s show time, mother. There’s no turning back now.”

Helena’s eyes were closed. Clark’s were wide open.