A Monster of the Id

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It was coming. I could feel it inside me, growing stronger by the minute. I lay on the couch, idly stroking the curve of my hip where it flared out from a waist no longer capable of holding up my old jeans. I was wearing a pair of Mrs. Ralston’s yoga pants, which were more than just comfortable; given that I was smaller than I had been, not to mention female, they fit me perfectly. Thus far I’d still been able to pass in public as male, so I was still getting to classes, but that seemed likely to change. Any moment now, in fact.

Outside, in the gathering dark, sparks flew from a transformer on the power pole at the end of the block. The Krell device needed energy, and lots of it. I shouldn’t have turned out the lights. I knew better, but I did it anyway.

When you’re alone in the dark, monsters will come. It’s in their nature.

I’d been house-sitting the Ralstons’ condo for nearly a week, while they wintered in the south of France. Lucky bastards; I could barely afford college. But staying here meant that I could pretend to live the lifestyle of—if not the rich and famous, at least the well-off and well-known. I might even have enjoyed myself, if I hadn’t been sidetracked by certain alterations to my physiology.

The Ralstons’ home had one thing going for it that most houses don’t, rich or not; at least not yet. The Krell Facilitator was meant to scan the mind of its owner and carry out his or her instructions—like Alexa on the old Amazon Echo, but without having to speak out loud. Mr. Ralston had reset it to interface with my brain before he and Marilyn left.

At first it was pretty neat: I could switch the lights on and off with a thought, turn on the TV, change channels. I could open and close windows and curtains, lock and unlock the doors, and even order pizza. But then things got weird.

One night, a few days ago, I was lying in bed trying not to think about the stuff I often do think about when I’m alone in the dark—when I heard a high-pitched whine outside. Turns out, it was the transformer down the block sucking power in ways it wasn’t designed to do—or so I assumed, because a minute later the grid crashed and everything went, well, darker. Streetlights blinked off and the neighbors’ houses went black, although to be honest I was too preoccupied at the time to notice much. My whole body was tingling, but the epicenter lay squarely between my legs. I felt so weak I could barely move.

My initial guess was that I’d been electrocuted—although how that could happen while I was lying in bed, I had no idea. I was just thankful to be alive.
When I was able, I pulled myself upright. The tingling was gone and nothing felt fried, but a quick check of my groin region revealed—or rather failed to reveal something rather significant: Mister Happy was nowhere to be found, and neither were my nads. My first thought was that these items had been fried, as in ‘to a crisp’, but I couldn’t locate any charred flesh—and the fleshy slit I found instead suggested a very different explanation.

Naturally, I freaked the hell out. I leapt out of bed and tried to turn on the light—no luck there, so I grabbed a flashlight and pulled down my PJs. Insofar as I could tell, what I discovered nestled between my legs was a perfectly normal vagina. Without the benefit of an MRI I couldn’t tell if the opening led to a uterus and whatever other stuff women keep in there, but it certainly looked female.

The next day, a crew from Edison Electric replaced the transformer. The power came on, as did the Krell Facilitator. Life returned to normal, except for the minor issue that I was no longer male. In all other respects I still looked like my old self, but of course that didn’t last. The same events recurred that evening, only this time the transformer didn’t explode. When the tingling stopped, I found that my body was again altered: my waist was slimmer and my hips were wider. That left me with a reasonably feminine figure, below the rib cage at least, and the extra-roomy pelvis was solid evidence that I was anatomically female.

How could this happen? I was pretty rattled, but nonetheless I cinched my pants extra tight and attended my classes. What else could I do? No one would ever believe what had happened. My parents might have, but my old man had left us years before and my mom and I weren’t on the best of terms.

In any case, it got worse. The next night I lost a couple of ribs and possibly part of my spinal column, because I felt shorter—to be specific, the ceiling looked higher. I also gained a pretty sweet pair of legs: lean and curvaceous, satiny-smooth and utterly devoid of hair. That’s when I started wearing the yoga pants.

Another night, another blown transformer. The power company’s hardware might not be doing much transforming, but I certainly was. I awoke with a teenage bust, slender arms and delicate hands tipped with fingernails that would have looked quite elegant had they been tinted a fashionable shade of red. I resisted a passing urge to raid Marilyn’s vanity—to paint my nails—but I didn’t bother to clip them either. What would be the point?

The next night I lost my Adam’s apple, and everything below my neck got either larger (my chest and hips), smaller (my waist), or smoother (my entire body). No classes that day, so I didn’t have to venture out in public. That was just as well, because I wasn’t so sure I could pull it off anymore—passing as male, that is. You take that sort of thing for granted until all of a sudden it’s gone.
By this time I’d figured out that the Krell device had to have something to do with these changes. I did consider getting the hell out of there, but I didn’t. True, I had nowhere else to stay, but that wasn’t why I hung around. Also true, it would be awfully hard to explain my now-female body—and for all I knew, my fingerprints might’ve changed or my DNA might’ve been rewritten. But that wasn’t the reason either. Truthfully, I’d become resigned to what was happening to me. That’s why I simply lay there on the couch that night, and let it come.

The tingling crept through my body but my head was the target. The transformer blew sparks and a minute or two later it blew for real, but by that time it was all over but the whimpering. I clutched at my face, muttering “Oh God, oh God…” over and over, in a voice reminiscent of my high school English teacher. She was a pretty major babe, but it was the way she spoke that got to me at the time: sweet and breathy and overwhelmingly feminine. I did great in that class.

Faces can change, but they still tend to have two eyes, a nose and a mouth, so it can be hard to tell what’s different by touch. However, the long hair spilling onto my shoulders told its own story. My days of passing as male were over.

The power was off, but a flashlight revealed the truth: gazing back at me from the hallway mirror was a beautiful woman, her eyes wide with terror. My first thought was that she appeared somewhat older; not college-age, like me, more like early thirties. In fact, the woman strongly resembled my mother. Not her present-day self, of course, but around the time she got married. That would be about twenty years ago, about the time she was pregnant with yours truly.

What could that mean? I ran my fingers through the brunette curls that enclosed my neck. Mother’s hair was never as gorgeous as this. Similar texture, naturally, but she’d always worn her hair up and mine was decidedly down.

This was a lot to process. I poured myself a glass of wine and watched the flashing lights outside, as linemen yet again replaced the transformer. We weren’t far from a substation, so they were mercifully quick to arrive.

With power restored, I found a mirror and inspected myself. We locked eyes, she and I—and then I knew. The real me was her.

The implications were obvious. I was in the master bedroom, seated at Marilyn’s vanity, with an array of cosmetics at my fingertips. Without thinking, I picked up a tube of foundation and set to work. The rest of it followed naturally: setting powder, blusher, various liners, lipstick, mascara, eye shadow, setting spray… I wielded them all as though born to the craft.

Then I got dressed: a brassiere, panties and pantyhose, followed by a silk camisole and a half-slip, a pencil skirt—and a black turtleneck because it was cold outside.
I freed my hair and misted myself with *Elnett Satin*, then brushed volume into my upsweep, tilting my head to one side and the other, idly wondering if I’d be able to get a refund on my tuition. I certainly couldn’t go back to school and pretend to be poor old Todd Tennyson, but I might be able to submit a claim online.

I paused, then set the brush down. Todd was gone; he might as well be dead and buried. Whether this was the work of the Krell Facilitator, magic or God herself, I was a woman now and my name was… my lips parted. “Vanessa.”

I shivered. It was a lovely name, but it wasn’t I who had spoken. It was *her*. The woman inside me, the one who had grown tired of waiting in the wings.
You’ve always been a woman—you know that, don’t you?

I blinked rapidly. There was a voice in my head, speaking the language of my own thoughts. Had I always been a woman? My lips twisted into a sly smile.

I do kind of look like mom, don’t I? Same face, same figure, same kind of retro outfit she’d probably have worn to show it off. Better hairstyle, though... sexier. I guess I’m the daughter she never had. I really should look the old girl up, just to prove that I turned out all right after all. Better than all right, in fact.

I bit my lip. The idea of presenting myself to family and friends dressed like this, and in a female body to boot—it was unthinkable. How could I possibly explain what had happened? Particularly when I didn’t understand it myself.

Sure you do. That Krell thingy reads your mind, right? It does what you want it to do. In this case, it looked deep into your soul and guess what—it found me.

I gave my head a shake and fluffed out my hair, letting it settle upon my shoulders wherever it would. My crowning glory! It was true that the Krell Facilitator was designed to carry out its owner’s wishes, by interfacing with ‘smart home’ technology and the wider Internet, but editing people’s bodies certainly wasn’t on the features list. However, the device was the product of an alien technology—gleaned from the wreckage of a Krell starship that crashed on the far side of the moon eons ago—so maybe it could do more than we knew.

Do tell. Turns out, your subconscious mind was female all along—probably since you were born. Imagine that, a female id living inside you... and all the unconscious needs, wants and desires you never knew you had—even your fundamental sexuality—were female and you didn’t even realize... until now.

I ran my hands down my sides, feeling the curves of my new body. Mother had once made me wear her clothes, just for fun, and ever since then I had been—let’s say ‘interested’ in female attire. Nothing serious, of course. I’d long since written it off as a mere fetish, to be indulged in once in a while by wearing a nightgown to bed or putting on a skirt and heels to do my homework.

Uhm, yeah... that was never gonna cut it, not in the long run. You’re about to find out the hard way that you simply cannot carry a woman like me around inside you without facing the consequences. Now, let’s get a move on, shall we?

Why not? The night was young. Plenty of time for a beautiful woman to find some fun—or to let fun find her. I packed a purse and donned a faux-fur swing jacket from Marilyn’s closet; she’d never miss it. The heels of her stiletto booties raged against the terracotta tiles as I hastened out the door.

Such was the fate of the Krell: monsters of the id always destroy their creators.