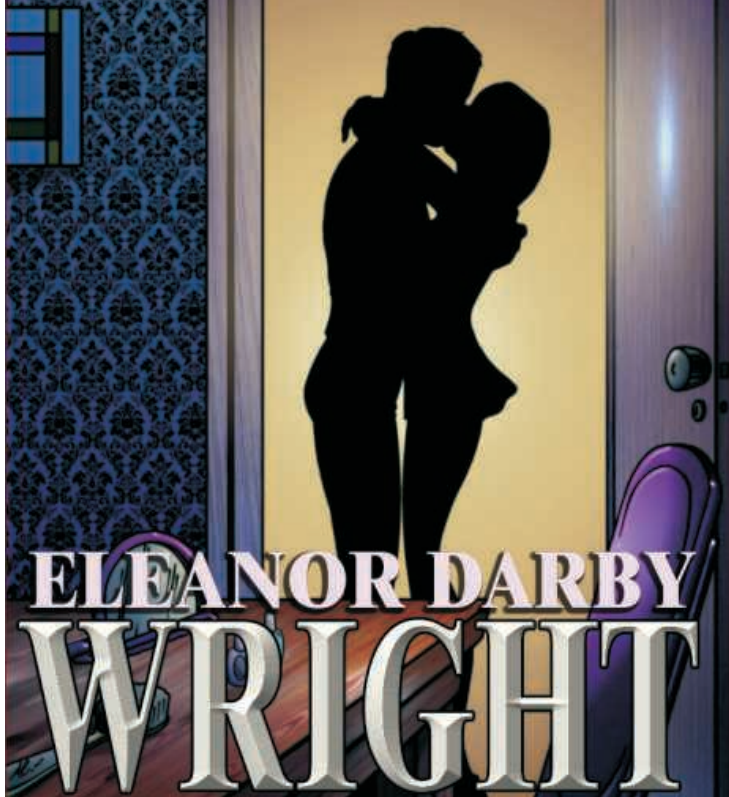


Avatars Three



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Avatars Three

by Eleanor Darby Wright

“Really, you fooled me,” I said weakly, shivers running through me as I looked at the pretty girls in front of me. I just couldn’t believe that either of them was a boy. I had no time to ask more about how they knew I was as Amy and Barb wanted me to get into the thong bikini.

I was persuaded to go into my bathroom and try it on, the bra having a revealing sweetheart neckline. “I, I don’t have the bust ...” I began as I came out and there were two girls like me, in thongs as well.

“Neither do I,” grinned Amy reaching into her purse. “That’s why I have to carry these.” She brought out breast pads that she showed me how to put inside

my new bra. She came to me and adjusted the padding at the sides of my breasts, making them stand out even more perkily than before.

"You were putting us on," said Barbara then tossing her blonde hair again. "You had these thongs in your closet, Wendy."

"This stuff was all bought for me," I protested. "I haven't had a chance yet to even look in the closet at what there is! I've never worn a thong like those. Honestly!"

"Oh, but you look so good in them," said Amy then, making a female shape with her hands to suggest how girlie I was. "Your figure is so great! I wish I could look as slim and girlie in a swimsuit as you do, Wendy."

"I can't let the other girls see me like this," I whispered then. "L-Look how I bulge."

"The duct tape," said Amelia then to her stepsister. "We're both wearing it! Let us show you how."

The tape was so thin. I was sure it wouldn't hide anything of me at all. "We use ice cubes to shrink us when we have to," said Amy when I protested that I couldn't get all that I had in the little tape.

I tried that. I ferociously tucked, not wanting to disappoint the other girls about what I was. The thong fitted to the thin tape and I tied up the sides tightly, almost sobbing as I looked at myself in the mirror, so girlish with my vivid makeup and the ribbons binding back my hair to show off my earrings.

It was so hard to swish without a dress on me at all. Amelia and Barbara, in dark high heels and black thongs just like mine, were waiting for me. We had to sashay then like models into the tearoom. There were

all the girls, waiting for me and applauding me and saying things like, "Way to go, Gwendolyn!"

That was when it really hit me. All of the girls I was looking at weren't girls at all. That is, they were pseudo-girls, wannabes, like me. They welcomed me as if I really was one of them, applauding the sisters and me as we kept our chins up and modelled our thongs for them, the freezing being released more and more with every step. My genitals were on fire as I swayed after Amelia, keeping the same rhythm as her as we strutted, our breasts jutting forward before the combined seniors' class.

The other girls, who would later have to wear the same thing that we were, watched us without comment as we had to learn to dance to the music being played by Danielle on her CD player. We had to smile as we pretended to show off our thongs to women who would never be wearing such uncomfortable swimwear. They would probably be applauding us as our friends were. Oh, I felt so giddy, so weird and so much at home as a girlie boy then for just a little while.

I had tried every possible word that I knew to release myself from the ordeal I was going through. Nothing worked. No word, no combination seemed to be correct. Days went by. I realized, as I was being taught to model and to be a young lady according to Devonhill's expectations, that I was really going to have to go through with this fashion show. I was going to have to attend the Black and White Ball in my diamond jewellery. Like the other girls, I was going to meet a man and probably bring him back to my room

for a shagging session, as they called it. How the heck could I get out of this unholy mess that I was in?

Barbara unwittingly showed me how. We waited until Storm went to bed after her four in the morning stroll around our rooms and went out to pick up the paper from the boy who drove up in an old van to deliver it. I promised to keep watch while Barbara and Keith had it off, in the doorway of the kitchen garden entrance, to which we girls had the key. I waited until I saw them slip into the kitchen as Barbara said they would.

It was much warmer there, she said. I watched as they got onto the old sofa and Barbara's panties came down and, no, she wasn't limp. She was erect and Keith loved it. He clamped his mouth on it as Barbara clutched his head with her legs and began to writhe in ecstasy as the boy had her like a Lady that I had learned that she was.

I didn't stay to watch it all. I took off my high heels and slipped into the van then. Of course, Keith had left his keys inside. I tossed out the papers and took off the brake. I rolled the van just a little, around the side of the school. Then, I jumped in and started the van. I sailed along the long driveway and out the iron grill gates. There were no lights and no-one running down the road behind me.

It took me a day and a half, by van, train and taxi to get to my apartment. What a shock that was to see Cindy, the sissy-boy-girl made from me, coming out of there with a man on her arm. They stopped and she gave him a blissful kiss, clinging to the man's lips. I was so stunned, wanting to run over and demand that she give me back my avatar right away. Whoever was possessing me, I had signed it away I remembered bit-

terly, had her hand on the man's tush, laughing at him so prettily. She went off in the taxi that had just deposited me at the end of the street.

I had a few bills left in my purse. Daddy Darcy had been good in that respect. It was early afternoon. So, I took a bus, walked and finally made it to the café across the road from Avartech.

There it was, with people going in and out of the place. I was still in my schoolgirl skirt but I had a coat to cover that. I plucked up my courage, tucked my purse under my arm and went in.

"Yes, miss," said a pretty girl at the reception desk.

"Is, is Grant working today?" I asked her.

"Can I tell him who is here?" asked the girl then with a big smile on her face.

"Douglas, Michelle Douglas," I said, a lump in my throat. I never expected then to come face to face with me, with Cindy, me, the sissy me.

"Oh, darling, so good to see you," said Cindy, taking my hand, squeezing it and hugging me. "Come in, come in. It's fine, Audrey, fine. Michelle Douglas is an old and valued customer of ours!"

"Grant?" I gasped as I walked into a familiar room and a white-haired man arose from a desk.

"Here she is," said the image of Cindy in front of me and Mr Smith smiled.

"Well, you were right, my dear," the old man said, heading forward and kissing Cindy, Cindy the sissy, made out of me. It was obscene to see her like that, kissing a man who had marooned me in the body that I was in.

"She did come home to where her avatar is tethered," said an exquisitely madeup 'Cindy'. I couldn't believe that it was Grant inside that lovely body in front of me. The way she was stroking the man when she knew that he knew very well that she wasn't a man at all, not as Cindy ... unless, oh gods no, they wouldn't have had her operated on, would they?

"Your avatar is quite safe, Miss Hart," said the white-haired man I knew as 'Smith'. "Now, I am prepared to let you see that Mike Douglas is sound and is still connected in every way to you. But you do have to return to Devonhill Girls' School, Gwendolyn. Your experience is not yet finished which is why your release code is not yet activated."

"I'm not going back," I said through gritted teeth.

"Wonderful," said Mr Smith with a pleased smile. "The press will just eat up a new story about the tranny who was Mickey Stone's girl. They've been probing everywhere to find you since we whisked you away from there."

"The real William Hart," I began.

"Is currently the delightful new wife of a very rich sheikh," said Mr Smith. "Oh, and not as an avatar. He only has one and you occupy it now, Wendy. You can go on doing that as your new Daddy wishes you to or you can face a press conference and expose us all, even the redoubtable novelist, Mike Douglas, to the world. Your choice, Miss Hart."

I raged all the way back to Devonhill in Daddy's car. He knew it wasn't his son in Wendy's body. Mr Smith and he had acted like old friends when I was picked up at Avartech. So I kissed Daddy passionately for luck before I went back to being a schoolgirl. He re-

acted to me, I swear that he did. And, when he let me go, he did so most reluctantly.

Oh, he hadn't seen the end of me, I promised 'Mr Darcy' as I blew him a last kiss and became again Wendy Hart, his schoolgirl daughter, at Devonhill Preparatory School for Would-be Girls. It took me the rest of the school year to get out of that place.

"We'll just keep the money from your father in the school safe," said Ms Knight, her fingers tapping on the desk in front of her. "Just in case you decide to run away again."

You don't know the threats that Avartech has made to me, do you? I asked her silently. Their threats were to expose Wendy Hart, pillorying her in the press as the he-she who had been a rock star's girlie friend. Mickey was still the butt of jokes about it all. Avartech would also pillory me, Mike Douglas, author of three books, one still on the hard cover best sellers.

It was a Mexican standoff really. I could expose Avartech. The sexual side of their 'avatar experiences' would be titillating fodder for the tabloid press. But they could expose me as well. They could let the world know that Mike Douglas, me, a thirty-two year old man, was out in the world in the body of an eighteen year old 'he-she', as the tabs had labelled the boy whose avatar I had been dumped in.

My threats had meant nothing to 'Smith', the white-haired, older man who seemed to run the part of Avartech that dealt with me. His counter-threats of ex-

posing me to ridicule, leaving any kind of reputation I had in tatters, had terrified me.

“Avartech will only grow on the kind of publicity you will give to us, Mr Douglas,” Smith had said to me as I sat there in front of him in my schoolgirl uniform of short, red miniskirt and white blouse, through which my bra straps were clearly visible. I filled the bra as well. The pills I was being given, at Devonhill Girls’ Preparatory School, ensured that the development continued that William Hart, the real Gwendolyn, now some sheikh’s plaything in a secluded harem, according to Smith, had started.

I had actually not realized that I had no padding in my bra as I fled from Devonhill in the newspaper boy’s van. It didn’t matter as I was filling the soft bra completely as it was. My tush, in pretty panties, was also rounded like a girl’s. My thighs, a garter belt and stockings on my legs, were round and hairless. My blonde hair was now dyed black and re-styled in page-boy fashion so that, with different makeup, I looked like a different girl from the notorious Gwendolyn who had had sex with Mickey Stone and all his Stoned Def band.

No, Ms Knight, I thought, you don’t know it but I have to come back here with my Daddy. Smith had insisted, refusing me access to my own body. I had been allowed to see it and there I was. I appeared to be totally asleep. I didn’t know, and neither Smith nor Grant, still in the avatar that I had originated as the sissy, Cindy, would tell me, how it worked. Was I, Mike, dreaming all this? It really did seem so real.

Each time I had been having an ‘experience’, I had always had a release word, something I could use to get me back to my own body. What had Smith said to me when I had complained that nothing worked?

“Your release code is not yet activated.” There was something that he expected me to do as the new Wendy Hart that I hadn’t done up to then.

So, no, Ms Knight. Take away all my privileges as a senior girl at Dunghill School for Would-be Girls, the name given to the school by members of the senior girls’ classes. I wasn’t going to be going anywhere until I did what Smith wanted and got my release code activated. Then, I would be Mike Douglas again, and never, ever again, would I see the inside of Avartech and its stupid experiences that always made me into some kind of girl or transvestite.

“My heroine!” mocked Lady Barbara Hendon as I entered the common room for senior girls on the second floor of Devonhill School. The last time I had seen her was on the sofa in the cooks’ kitchen, her legs wrapped around Keith’s head, the newspaper boy, a man really, the two of them engaged in a sex act that Barbara’s ‘stepsister’, Amelia Lacourt, had said that Barbara, with all the hormones she took, wasn’t capable of. Well, she was. I could attest to that if the subject ever came up again. And it probably would as the senior girls of Devonhill were sex-starved and boy-crazy.

“How is the future Duchess?” I asked her. ‘Lady’ Barbara grinned at me. She was really a Lord, as she was the son of a Duke, but of course, in Devonhill, that had become ‘Lady’ and it was sometimes used for her.

“You really left me in the lurch with Keith when you went off in his van,” Barbara said.

"I'm sorry about that," I said, accepting the tea from Danielle, sitting primly on a chair, crossing my legs as all of us girls had to do when we sat. We all had to do it as we were all constantly to practice being young ladies. We had to, as all of us at the Girls' Preparatory School were not female at all. There were over two hundred of us at all levels in the school and all of us had to present ourselves as girls all of the time or, by the rules, we could be expelled.

"You should have seen him," laughed Amy. She had the room with the best view of the park and driveway at the front of the school. "He looked so funny on Allison's bike, trying to pedal it with all the papers in the pink baskets she has on it! And the ribbons kept streaming back on his face as well! So, where did you go, Wendy? And why didn't you stay there? At least, we all got to see you snogging with Mr Darcy again! He looked like he was enjoying it this time!"

Wendy Hart's father wasn't mine, of course. I don't know if Mr Hart knew that. He definitely knew Mr Smith from Avartech. Mr John Hart had a striking facial similarity to the actor who had played Mr Darcy in *Pride and Prejudice*. The other girls all had crushes on my 'father' and seemed to think it the most decadent thing in the world that I kissed him as passionately as I did. I couldn't tell them that he wasn't really my father without getting myself into a real mess of explaining what I really was.

"I had to see an old flame," I said haughtily to Amy. "He was worried that he had made me pregnant. I had to go and reassure him that he hadn't."

"Reasonable explanation," said Danielle brightly then while several of the other girls giggled at me.

“Oh yes,” said Charlotte, seizing a cushion and shoving it under her skirt. “Oh, Keith, darling, look what you’ve done to me!”

Lady Barbara threw a cushion at Charlotte.

“Ooo, let’s do that for the Ladies’ Guild!” shouted Samantha. “Let’s do the first parade with buns in the oven!”

“We should have the bride do it!” cut in Allison. “You know what poor Richard would be like then. He goes bright red any time one of us girls just puts her arm about him.”

“If he’s the groom, who’s the bride this year?” asked Charlotte. It was a tradition at the fashion parade that the senior girls of Devonhill presented for the Farwell Ladies’ Annual Fashion Show that one girl had to be a bride. Some boy was bribed or shanghaied into being the groom. All the rest of the girls had to be bridesmaids.

“You haven’t been in Wendy’s room?” asked Amy. “She has the bridal gown.”

All the girls began squealing, some putting it on and trying to be more girlish than the next, I thought.

“Sorry to tell you,” I had to admit. “But Midnight,” that was Ms Knight, “has grounded me. It will be someone else and not me who’s the bride.”

“Who has the least demerits against them?” asked Barbara. There was a hilarious discussion then on who had committed the least infractions of the School’s rules on being proper young ladies, not having sex with other students, or staff.

“I didn’t know the gardener counted!” complained an aggrieved Danielle.

“He’s definitely the best staff member ...” began Charlotte and she was assailed with cushions again. I gathered that it was an old joke.

After the litany of offenses that the girls confessed to, Amy turned to me and said, “See, Wendy, you’re still in the lead. You didn’t have sex with anyone in the School. You haven’t shown the juniors your battle scars or shown them how to do it. Your daddy’s made a big donation to get you back here. I’ll bet that they’ll find some way of making you the bride this year. You wait and see.”

Amelia was quite right. In the finale of showing off the Daniel Miletta collection at the Sorrento Hotel in Farwell, I was the fluttery, beautiful bride, and yes, I did have to embarrass Poor Richard by kissing him over and over again for the cameras. The ladies couldn’t seem to get enough of that. It made me wonder if they actually knew just who the models were who put on such a show for them. Poor Richard, of course, had to take the garter from my leg. All the old biddies wanted a picture of that, me with my dress hiked up, showing off my lovely, frilly underwear, my white garter belt and my panties.

It had been quite a sight in the dressing room when we ‘girls’ changed into the swimwear. We all had more than one bikini to show off. That meant that we girls did have to strip down to the buff. I didn’t have a stitch of clothing on at all several times and the other girls had much more to do than me. It was amazing what duct tape can do as that was all I could see when a girl slipped from one thong and put on another. We were supposed to be secluded but some mother, I suppose, could have seen us some time at rehearsals or in the

rush to get ready for the show, some one of us 'girls' forgetting where we were.

It was funny how I was dreading it all beforehand when Ms Storm told me that I was going to the Annual. I was a bundle of nerves all the way into Farwell and into the hotel. I was sure that I would fall off my high heels or that my tight skirt would trip me on the stairs or something. I was almost certain that I would be recognized, that all of us would be exposed. But nothing like that happened at all.

I was part of a smiling, beautiful group of girls and we were treated as that. No one had an accident. No-one exposed themselves. We were photographed a million times and referred to as the 'girls of Devonhill' in the papers and on the local news stations that carried the show. I felt so wonderful at being the bride as I was shown a lot. The kisses I gave Poor Richard were the cause of much oohing and aahing by all the girls in the school as they were allowed to watch us on the news.

"You watch," whispered Amy to me as we were in the common room. Storm, Berry and Derring were there to watch the television with us. "Every girl in school is going to be asking what it was like to kiss Richard and want to know exactly how you and he did it. Did you open your lips to him, and how much tongue, all of the real details!"

"Say what you like," I murmured back to her. "You've kissed a boy before." I got a few shakes in me as I thought of me doing that with the boy that I had. "You know what it's like."

"Tingles or fireworks with Richard?" asked Amy.

"Tingles," I said as it had been that way.

“Poor Richard,” whispered Amy back to me. The girls in front of us turned and smiled at us.

“Care to let the rest of us know, Miss Hart, what it’s like to kiss Richard Thompson?” asked Ms Storm then nastily.

“It was very, very pleasant,” I said, trying to make my eyes open wider, feigning an innocence that I didn’t really feel. The girls didn’t dare to giggle at me.

After, when the television was off, we girls had to prepare for bed and present ourselves without our makeup, creamed and lotioned, our hair in braids, in our nighties and sleeper earrings. I got to talk to Amy again.

“Are our teachers women?” I asked Amy. “We never seem to see anyone leaving or visiting them? Are they all lesbians or do you think they’re all he-shes like us?”

Amy hadn’t heard the word I used and thought it was just great. She had no idea about the teachers. She didn’t want to know if Ms Bullard, the headmistress, was a man. “Whatever she is, she terrifies me,” said Amy. I had only seen Miss Bullard with my ‘father’ and at the Annual Fashion Show where she had been thanked in flowery speeches for the usual magnificent show that her girls had put on. Miss Bullard had smiled and made equally fatuous remarks about how we girls loved doing the show. It was an honor to come in each year and show off our talents to the ladies of the guild.

I sort of wondered if that was what I was supposed to find out for Avartech, about the teachers. Was that why they wanted me in Devonhill? But soon such thoughts went on the back burner as I got swept up in

the preparations for the Black and White Ball where all of us girls were told that we were to wear strapless gowns. We had sessions with beauticians and hair-dressers as we had to know how to repair our makeup and our hair if it became messed.

All of the school was involved in the Ball but only we senior girls were to go strapless. The assembly hall where I had never seen a school assembly was turned into a ballroom and all of us girls had to take a hand in decorating. That was where I met the younger girls in the school for the first time. I found that they were in awe of me. I saw several girls whispering as we placed glasses in the right places for the punch that would be served to everyone.

Finally, Rhonda, a blonde girl with braided hair, about thirteen, managed to ask me the question that all of one group crowded around me to hear her ask. "What is it like to kiss a boy for real?" Rhonda asked me.

"It's the most perfect thing in the world," I said lightly. They were clearly disappointed in what I said. The thirteen year old boy-girls really wanted to know. "How many of you have kissed other girls?" I asked them. Several brave ones admitted to doing that, including Rhonda.

"You remember the trembling that you felt when you decided that you wanted to do it?" I asked them and they all nodded. "It will be even more nerve-wracking when you decide that you want a boy to kiss you," I told them. "He, if he's your age, is going to be more terrified of kissing a girl than you were. You are a girl and he wants to get it right. So don't be surprised if some of them chicken out on you. The thing is, too, to be firm and clingy. Make your lips into cushions

for his. Always put your arms around his neck and don't worry about what his hands are doing to the rest of you. The more he caresses and touches you, the better the kiss will be."

"It's not fair that we can't take a boy back to our dorm," complained one girl. "We have to stay in the lighted gardens where the chaperones can see us."

"There are a lot of corners to the bushes and there is the maze," I pointed out to them.

"But we get demerits if we get grass stains on our dresses," said a red-haired girl. "Oh, I wish I was a senior girl and could take a man back to my room."

"You will," I had to say to her with a smile. "Enjoy being a girl. It's hard being a senior and having to make so many decisions as a woman."

The first part of the ball was one in which the younger girls of Devonhill got to dance with the boys who were brought from neighboring private schools to dance with them. I almost envied them as some of the guys were kind of cute. The boys all seemed to know why they had been invited as well. The girls didn't lack for partners of the right age and right inclinations. It was almost as if they had been prepped as much as we girls were about how to behave at the Black and White Ball.

Of course, we senior girls in our long, flowing black and white gowns, our hair so glorious after spending almost the whole day before the ball getting ready, were the belles of the ball. We'd spent hours getting our makeup perfect. We were femininely fragrant from head to toe. We sashayed into the ball on the arms of men, not boys. Our breasts bounced a little or a lot, de-

pending upon whether we had been augmented or not. I wasn't one of the augmented ones.

We all had long, dangling diamond earrings, as well as bracelets and necklaces that glittered with every movement we made. We were each specially introduced as we came down the main, circular staircase to where the teachers and the men who had brought the boys over to the ball, as well as sundry males who were there for our entertainment, the other girls told me, waited to admire and applaud each of us.

I was totally surprised when I came out of my room, checking my lips to see that they were perfect to meet the man who was to squire me at the ball. I was powdered carefully so that I was the black-haired temptress, Wendy Hart, my tiny purse with condoms inside it, plus a few touch-up makeup items, in my hand.

I was so surprised because the man waiting for me was my father, John Hart. "Wendy, you look so beautiful tonight," murmured my father to me. I could see then the hunger in his eyes as he looked at me. Was this the task that Smith wanted me to do? Avartech wanted me to seduce my own 'father'? I was to do something incestuous? Well, it wouldn't bother me, that part, as I knew that John Hart wasn't my father. He wasn't even Mr Darcy to me any more, I thought, as the constant smile on his face, I could see was painted on. The man was faking good humour as he put my arm around his and led me down to the Great Hall where the younger girls were all applauding us, sighing over the way we looked in our strapless gowns.

More surprise, Daddy didn't let his big girl go. No, I had to dance with him in the opening waltz, holding up my long skirts as he twirled me a faster tempo than

most while the smiling, excited, older men were twirling all my 'girl' friends from Devonhill. After the introduction of the senior girls, all of us having to make curtseys, holding on to our partners, to Miss Bullard, so elegant in her black dress as well, we were presented with flowers to put into our hair, mine a huge orchid that looked so colorful.

Still, Daddy did not let go of me. I was quivering a little as we went out on the floor again to dance with junior girls, teachers and their men friends, and us senior girls all together. We made a huge crush on the floor, the band/orchestra in fine form, while above us the chandeliers rotated but very slowly. A flowery fragrance swept over the dance floor as well. We had to stop, all of us, and drink champagne, our arms hooked through our partners as we did that. The younger girls got sparkling apple juice, I heard, for the champagne dances. The way that they giggled and glowed, however, you would have thought that they had been served the real wine as we senior girls were.

"Well, Daddy," I said coyly to the man who was pretending to be my father. "Why am I still here in your arms tonight? Are you warning off everyone that they can't have me or am I going to be warming your bed tonight?"

"So sweet, William," Daddy Hart whispered then to me, swirling me as the band picked up the tempo, our champagne glasses already whisked off by the older waiters and waitresses who served us at such functions. It had been drubbed into me that these workers did not know anything about the aberrations that Devonhill was really an institution for. I would do nothing, say nothing, that could be misconstrued by

them or by any of the junior girls or their partners at the evening's ball.

I was a girl, a young lady. I must behave as one all night long, however it turned out. I didn't mind but it seemed to me that all the fun that I could have as a young lady was being seriously taken away from me by the actions of my father. Why should he call me 'William' unless, and suddenly a huge tremble went through me that I couldn't control, unless he really didn't know that I was an avatar of his son. He didn't know that another man was his he-she son, his prettily dressed and madeup son, whom he was treating as if he approved of my womanliness.

"Daddy, you're spoiling my fun," I said to him in the high, lilting voice that I understood that William, the Wendy before me, had not always used.

Daddy laughed at me. "Not quite, my darling daughter," he said, the look in his eyes making me quiver down through my panties to the tips of my stockings. It wasn't a quiver of anticipation, either, as he held me and swirled me. "Isn't this the time when the juniors leave and the ball becomes more serious for all the senior girls, one of your last as girls at this school?"

"You would know better than me, Daddy," I whispered in his ear. He pulled me tightly against him. My lips brushed his ear which he really seemed to like, giving me a special squeeze for that, his hand on my panties beneath my dress. It was as if he knew exactly where the high-cut panties would meet my garter belt and where his touch would awaken the most intense, feminine feelings in me.

I trembled in Daddy's arms as the champagne was returned to us. The band broke into a march and the ju-

nior girls had to leave. It isn't fair, mouthed the very pretty Rhonda, to me, the boy she was with looking pretty dazed. Like all the boys, I noticed, he had lipstick not just on his lips but on his collar as well. The girls escorted the boys outside where they were allowed to kiss their dates goodnight.

So there never was a chance that the girls wouldn't be kissed by boys that night, even though Rhonda and her friends had feared that they wouldn't be kissed at all. Oh, they were well on their way to becoming girls totally, I thought with a shiver. But if they were scheduled for that surgery to finish off their transformations, they would be gone from Devonhill, Amy had told me, and a lot of juniors did go missing in the later years. That was why the senior classes were so small.

The Great Hall was quite empty with the youngest girls gone. Some of the teachers had gone outside with their men friends and were supervising the boys getting away with no-one left behind, I supposed. The band began another waltz but Daddy didn't want to dance. He was still holding me when he smiled suddenly, leading me over to where a little group of men had assembled.

"Your Highness," Daddy said. A tall, dark-haired man turned, someone whom I recognized right away. I almost gasped and gave it away. My goodness, I had given money to the British prince's humanitarian campaign. I, Mike Douglas, had chatted with him at his fund raiser about politics in Britain and America. I had sent him another donation and one from Brandy Reid, my agent.

"Your Highness, as I promised you," Daddy said. "I would like to introduce you to my beautiful daughter, Wendy."

The keen, blue eyes, I remembered, looking into before, appraising me. I remembered him clapping me on the shoulder and telling me that we would get together for golf when he was back in town. The keen eyes looked at me now and the expression in them was not at all like the one I had admired before. His new look at me made me quiver and get hot all over my femmy body.

“And I thought that you and Maude just had the one child, William,” said Prince Albert George Edward, ‘but I’m always called Stephen inside the family,’ looking me over, his eyes settling on my chest then,

Well, my chest was rising and falling in my agitation as my father passed my hand to Prince Albert, as the world knew him, as all the junior girls would have called him, if he had danced with me before. The Prince smiled lasciviously down at me.

“Well, you know how things are,” said Daddy, smirking at me as he moved on to talk to some of the other men. I was left with a British Royal Prince, a cousin of the Queen’s, to dance with.

“What a lovely dress!” said ‘Stephen’, twirling me and making my lower skirts swirl out and brush against him. He drew me right in against his chest, pushing my breasts against him. That was the way he wanted to dance with me. The music got slower and the couples got slower. Stephen put his arms about me. I had nowhere to put mine but around his neck as the other girls were doing with their men.

His hands were on my tush as Stephen kissed me on my neck, complimenting me on what a gorgeous girl that I was. He caressed my high-cut panties just as Daddy had, holding me so tightly, our cheeks brushing one another’s in the clinch that he was inflicting on me.

“What is Your Highness doing here?” I gasped at him.

“Stephen,” said the prince then with a huge smile, his face just inches from mine. “No-one here will recognize me ...”

I gasped at that as I could see Lady Barbara Hendon looking at me intently. She opened her heavily lipsticked mouth at me to show her surprise, and her recognition of whom I was dancing with.

“And if they do, I came here and danced with a few girls,” Stephen said with a big smile, “as a friend of your father’s. If necessary, I will have to admit that he had a very beautiful daughter, who is so delectable that I don’t think I can hire her as a nanny and au pair girl for my sister. If you were in London, I wouldn’t be able to leave you alone, Wendy Hart, I wouldn’t. What a scandal that could turn out to be some day! But here, in this setting ...”

“But everybody knows you,” I whispered to him. “My friend, Lady Barbara Hendon and her stepsister, Amelia Acourt, are looking at us now.”

“I hate to be goggled at by the hoi polloi,” said the Prince with a big smile, letting me go just a little. “What do you say, Miss Wendy Hart? We don’t have to stay here at this ball, though I must say that everything about it is perfect in my estimation. So many old school chums on both sides of the fence here. I feel quite safe but if you would prefer to head somewhere more private ...”

I think that my hair must have stood on end then as I realized what this man, this Prince, this man I had admired, was saying to me.

“What, what did you mean a-about both sides of the fence?” I gasped at him as the band sped up a little though it was still playing very romantic music. I saw some of the percussion unit moving over to the marimbas and conga drums and knew that they would switch to Latin American music soon. That meant the lambada, even though our dresses weren’t really conducive to that close dancing. Maybe we would have to tango as we had seriously practiced both dances to be ready for this particular evening, Ms Storm loving to partner me and making me behave so girlishly for her.

Stephen grinned at me. “There’s several school chums here tonight. Oh, that must be the Hendon heir.” He smiled at Barbara who batted her dark eyelashes at the prince. She shuddered as the man she was with put his hands on her hips and pulled her strongly into him saying something that clearly meant to pay attention to him and not to the Prince.

“My friend, Rupert, is dancing with her,” said the Prince then. “On the other side of the fence, Andrew Fitzroy went to school with me. Now he looks spell-binding in that pink dress, doesn’t he?”

Miss Berry, in her pink, low-cut dress, was smiling and dancing with a young man who seemed really affectionate with her.

“Andrew and Graham Furlong always did get along,” said Prince Albert, I mean, Stephen. “Andrew was Graham’s fag at ‘Chester when I was fagging for Domenick, who is with that lively, little redheaded girl.”

Danielle looked as if she was thoroughly enjoying herself and was teaching Domenick, the man indicated, the lambada, as the music underwent a complete

change. As I expected, the Prince knew the tango well and wanted to do that with me. So I had to oblige him.

We left the floor for drinks, and to cool down, said the Prince, his arm around my waist. "Show me the foyer, would you, Wendy," he said to me as soon as we had drinks in our hands. "I had to come in from the back. Everyone was telling me what I had missed. I'd love to see the Auguste statuette as well!"

So, I was maneuvered out of the Great Hall and into the dimly lit foyer with the staircase I had descended an hour before. Amazing, wasn't it, that the doors closed and there was no-one but the Prince and me in the foyer. My glass was taken from me and joined his on a table beneath a portrait that he didn't want to look at.

No, what the royal prince wanted to do was to kiss me. He wanted to hold me to him and squash my breasts against him, admiring so much how lovely they were. He took my flower out of my hair and drew it over my lips, following that with his own. Oh, I felt the fever rising inside me as his lips held onto mine. I did what I had told Rhonda to do. I kept mine firm. I yielded only a little as a cushion would do, drawing the prince more deeply into pleasuring both him and me.

Stephen swept me up in his arms then, lifting me as if I was as light as a feather, which I was, of course. He ran up the stairs with me in his arms, clinging to him. He was breathing a little harder as he headed directly to my room as if he knew the way, stopping in front of the door to kiss me passionately while I was held in his arms. I could feel his hand under my thighs caressing me.

Stephen took my purse from me. He smiled at the condoms I had. "Only ten?" he asked as he kissed me, pressing me back against the door while he inserted the computer card into the key slot. "Not enough, darling Wendy, by a long shot, not enough!"

The door opened. I almost fell in as Stephen lifted me up again. He carried me into my own bedroom, laying me on the bed and following me down. He wouldn't let me touch anything about me. He removed my makeup for me, very gently, and kissed each part of me as it became clean. He removed my jewellery and then kissed every part of my chest until I was on fire beneath him and he knew it.

Fleeting thoughts that I was Mike Douglas went through my mind. Even more fleeting were the thoughts that I was a man. Prince Albert didn't treat me as if I was in any way masculine. He removed my dress so slowly that I was shuddering and aching for him to have the huge thing he possessed inside me but he wanted to tantalize and tease me.

My mouth was his, my breasts were his and I was caressing his body in every way that I could with my so rounded and feminine body. Oh, how he enjoyed it. He ignored the taping on my most private parts and did me as I wanted him to, from the front, with our bodies aching with desire as we got them as close together as was humanly possible. With him inside me, I bounced and squeezed him. Soon he was as much of an emotional wreck as I was, frantically caressing and kissing me as we united and became one, a man and woman coupling, that was intense and orgasmic.

I went into spectacular convulsions, laughing hysterically, assuring the worried prince that it was all right, that it was just him doing it so well to me, mak-

ing me into the woman that I so much wanted to be with a man. That puffed him up of course. He flooded me not just that first time but several times as I lost more and more of my lingerie to him. Even my taping went until he got to see me as the he-she that I was. He wasn't displeased at all.

"I don't think I've ever been so satisfied in my life," said the Prince, his legs over mine as I lay back after the umpteenth time that we had come, smiling up at him. He tweaked my nipples. He shouldn't have done that as I began to harden between his thighs.

Stephen liked that. He liked taking our penises together in his hand and caressing them at the same time, crushed in his hand. Oh, how, I had to kiss him then, keeping my hands away from what he was doing as I used my breasts to entice him into growing more and more, my legs squeezing his as I arched against him.

"When John told me that he had a daughter who was quite a woman, I couldn't believe it," the Prince went on. "When he told me about Avartech, I was really intrigued. He never knows who is going to be occupying William's avatar, he tells me. But Avartech had you on its highest rating, I'm told, a twelve on a ten-point scale. Oh, now don't go all womanly on me."

"Womanly!" I almost shrieked at him. "What do you think that I've been doing with you for the last three hours and more!"

"Poor choice of words, Wendy," said a laughing Prince Albert. "I was just trying to compliment you on how girlish you are. I know that you are a man, not William, but another man occupying this body. I really would love to have you, Wendy, again and again. Have you thought about being in a different avatar, a blonde or a redhead? Or an Asian girl, or Arabic? I'd

love to make love to you as any and all of those types of girls. It's hellishly expensive to have an avatar made and not have just the right type of person inside to give you the time of your life. Your father said that, at Avartech, they regard you as a star performer. I have to agree.

"So don't get all huffy like a real girl, Wendy. I want to do you again and I'm going to. You were getting into it, weren't you? So, let's enjoy it again. You tell me exactly what I have to do to get you bucking me into the air as you did on that glorious shag that we had at the beginning. Jeez, Wendy, I never had a girl, or a drag queen, like that before. You really are a star, Wendy!"

I was a star all night long. I thought that I was going to have Stephen in my room right through the next day but he got a call in the early afternoon. So we had one last, glorious ride together. Stephen decided that he didn't care about me being a series of other women. He just wanted me to stay as Wendy Hart. He wanted to buy a casket for me at Avartech and have me permanently assigned to Wendy Hart. He wanted to take me back to England with him. He was in love with me. Oh, how I purred and stretched and became even more womanly at such marvellous praise. And, yes, I made him so late that he missed his flight to London and that was a minor scandal.

But after that, I tried to have it out with Daddy about all that he had told the Prince about me. Daddy came up to my room where I was still getting the ravages of the Prince off my body. I was so spent that I just put on two pairs of panties and hadn't bothered to tuck when Daddy came in.



I was doing my nails in a negligee and a nightie, having kissed my prince to the door. No matter how hard I kissed him, I couldn't get him to change into a

frog. He wasn't going to be back in the States for a month, Stephen said, holding me to him, my legs up around his waist as he supported me, letting me kiss him goodbye as his erection was into my tush. We could easily have gone all the way again. But he had to go or he would miss his plane. I wriggled and he missed his plane. I was very pleased with myself.

I was brushing my hair when Daddy first knocked on my door. At least I was in panties and the negligee when he came in, me flapping my hands to get my new fingernail paint to dry.

"I want to go back to being a blonde," I pouted at Daddy. "Stephen would love to see me as a blonde the next time he's here. Or as a Chinese girl. How come, Daddy dearest, that he knows all about me and about avatars? Shouldn't you be telling your darling daughter everything?"

"Daughter," snarled Daddy then. "You're not even a woman, whoever you are inside there. Who are you really?"

"My real name is Grant," I said sweetly. The whole scene around me went grey. I heard Daddy Hart saying that that wasn't true at all. But the scene darkened and blackness filled my mind, though I was alert.

I heard the noises on the casket first as it opened. Smith, the white-haired man, was standing there with Cindy, who reached over and began to stroke my hand with her so soft, feminized one.

"Another stellar performance," smirked Cindy, Grant I supposed, in that avatar of me.

"You can monitor what I am doing when I'm an avatar?" I asked bitterly.

“Not quite true,” said Mr Smith, from behind me, freeing me from whatever leads and IVs that I had been connected to, to keep going as Wendy Hart. “We gave you several release words, didn’t we?”

“But Grant wasn’t one of them,” I said to Smith. He and the beautiful-looking girl beside him exchanged knowing smiles. “You imprinted me with more than I knew?”

“You were drowsy,” said Cindy, and I looked into eyes that were so familiar to me, my own eyes. She was me, my avatar. I just couldn’t believe it. She looked so young, so beautiful. She didn’t look like me at all and yet I had gone into the Sissy Training Institute as me. I had ended my time there as Cindy. I remembered Bart and how I had so loved the way I was initiated into womanhood, even though I was still technically, down below, a male.

It had been training, in a way, for when I was Wendy Hart. I shuddered as Cindy smiled provocatively at me. She swished away from me, turning to give me cute little glances over her shoulder as Smith asked me the normal questions that they put to me, when I finished the avatar ‘experiences’ I had signed up for.

I wasn’t asked this time to allow Avartech to use my experiences as Wendy with the avatar I had occupied. Probably because Wendy was really an avatar of William, I supposed. I wondered if he could transport himself back into Wendy’s body. I hoped he liked what I had done with her, him, he-she.

It was too difficult to sort out what to call William. My head began to spin as I wondered if William could in fact be accessed from where he was as some Arabian princess. I had caught the implication that he, she, was

out of touch. No, it would be someone else who would meet Prince Albert on his next visit to America. I looked at Cindy and she smiled coquettishly at me. Yes, Grant would be as good to the Prince as I had been, I was sure.

Maybe, if I collected that advance from Paradise, I could get my own avatar, Cindy, back again. I started to feel really warm as I thought of all the things I had gone through to become Cindy. I wanted to reach up to my nose just to assure myself that I didn't have the thin, bobbed, feminine nose that Cindy now had. I think she must have had some other work done to her face as she seemed so female and adorable, her features so soft and glowing, not a trace of masculinity about her.

She just couldn't have been me, I thought miserably. It was something in the avatar, the ability to mould its thoughts to its operator. It must be the same with the physical as well, taking on the attributes that the operator desired so much. And that was a terrifying thought as I had to think how Cindy had come about, how I had willed her into what she was. Me, Mike Douglas, I had wanted to be the woman, well, the he-she, that Cindy, flirting with me by the way she stood and smiled coyly, had become.

"I'm owed one other avatar experience," I said, interrupting Smith's questions about my connecting to Wendy Hart while she was actually in motion. I didn't see that it was important as it had happened that way to me every time. Each person I had been had been in the process of doing something, Caitlyn had been making love to Charles Maguire, when I had come to sentience and realized what I was doing.

"How do you reckon that?" asked Smith sharply.

“The forest humanoids set the template, don’t they?” I said to him. “Then, it’s three experiences before I am done. I’ve only done two, as Caitlyn and as Wendy.”

Smith gave me a thin smile. “Seeing that you and Grant came back in here after hours and fired up our machines without authorization,” he said, “I think that you’ve had enough free experiences, Mr Douglas. And you did come back here as Wendy Hart, didn’t you? Consider that as your second and then the seduction of your handsome prince as your third.”

I stared at him as I was led out of the room where my body had lain while I was Wendy for so long. Despite all that, I felt only a little shaky. The orange juice and muffin that Cindy had brought me made me feel as if I was walking out of a hospital ward after having a small procedure, like the tonsillectomy I remembered having a few years ago.

I stared at Smith because he hadn’t seemed to know at all what I had been and done that first time. I had been too ashamed to talk about them, about the first time I had come for the ‘experience of a lifetime.’ Now, Smith was talking to me as if it was perfectly normal to be talking to a man about his romantic dalliances as a woman.

“You wouldn’t let me out of being Wendy until she had been shagged by the Prince, would you?” I asked him bitterly. “It wasn’t a random thing. You did it to me deliberately. You can control what I am now and what I do as an avatar. It’s not a game at all. Prince Albert wanted a reward. You supplied it with me as the operator. I don’t owe you, Mr Smith. You owe me one pleasant, joyful experience.”

“Leave us,” said Smith curtly to Cindy, watching her as she walked away from us, such a sway in her pretty, female figure. He sighed and shook his head.

“No,” Smith said, looking up and figuring out very quickly what I was thinking. “You can’t be Cindy again. She, I think, will be Grant until his dieing day. He loves being her. I can’t control you now, either, though I must admit that I really would like to. You made such an elegant woman of that Cindy avatar, Mr Douglas. But Grant, well, between you and me, he is a girlish slut. Still, sluts do have their place in our world, don’t they? Come into my office, Mr Douglas. I have a proposition for you.”

“Tamara, come and see me in my office,” Sergei Andreyevich said angrily to me.

I stood up in my straight, dark blue skirt and sensible high heels, picked up my note pad and pencil, and swayed on my stiletto heels down between the lines of girls who were busy with the new computers that we had just received.

Olga looked up and winked at me but I kept a very straight face as the door marked ‘S. A. Volchenkov, Director of Operations’ was held open for me. Sergei closed the door firmly, took the pad and pencil from me and put them on his desk. His hands went around my slim waist, as I put my arms about his neck and smiled at him as well. Sergei did what he always did when we were alone and caressed the prominent mounds on my chest immediately as if they belonged to him.

“Tamara, Tamara,” my superior and lover said to me, smiling as he ran his hands through my blonde

hair, releasing the combs that I had in place to keep it in a bun, before kissing my neck and then my mouth.

The things I do for my company, I thought, my long hair swirling about Sergei's face. He was grunting in pleasure as I let him undo my blouse and caress my soft, lovely breasts. I wasn't wearing a bra beneath my slip, as Sergei didn't like that. I had been told that many times by Olga and the other women before I had stopped wearing a bra. Sergei had noticed. I had become his woman exclusively from that point on. Not that I really wanted to be his woman. But I did have a job to do and the reward that Smith had promised me was going to make it all worthwhile.

"Better he's fixated on you," Olga said with a grin. "Before you came, he was having us in, one by one, all hours of the day. We couldn't get anything done. Don't worry about your workload, love. We'll share it out. But this keeps our boy friends from picking up a Kalashnikov and pumping Rasputin there full of bullets. Better that he fills you up than the rest of us."

Sergei guided me to his sofa. He wouldn't wear a condom when I went down on him. That was his favorite form of entertainment while we were at work. And work at the secret Baryshnikov Institute went on, twenty-four hours a day.

"Sounds like a ballet school," I had said to Smith when he told me where I was going.

"Anything but that," Smith had said as he nodded to his assistants and they began the process of sending me to the apartment where the avatar awaited me. The young Russian who had opened the casket, so far away from where I had been prepped, had stepped back several paces when I sat up and spoke to him. Vyacheslav had my papers ready for me, however, but he was so

nervous with me, calling me Tamara Ivanova, as my papers said that I was. I don't think that he really knew who I was, Tamara's operator, but he knew I was some kind of spy, an industrial spy, actually.

I couldn't discuss my assignment with Vyacheslav. I had impeccable credentials, as a computer operator, he, "call me Slava", babbled at me, and I had a job interview at ten o'clock that night. Was I ready for it? Of course I was. I changed my clothes in the small apartment and he watched me hungrily as I stroked the French lingerie about me, purring all the time in ecstasy, thanking Slava for buying what he had for me. He didn't try to touch me, even though I put on my stockings in front of him and swished my little black dress about my garter belt before I lowered it. Finally, I had to take the initiative and kiss my reluctant lover, whispering to him that I couldn't wait to get back with him as soon as my assignment was complete.

The home office, I told him, had promised us a few days together to get really close. I planned to use every moment that I could with such a handsome, sensitive man. I think it was enough to keep Vyacheslav Dmitriyevich panting and waiting for his tryst with his Tamara. He certainly seemed to keep his mouth shut about losing his girl friend to a lout like Sergei Andreyevich.

Sergei had barely looked at my credentials after I walked into his office and he helped me out of my coat and smelled the perfume I was wearing. "Mmm," he'd said with a smile. "Do you often come to work, Miss Ivanova, wearing such an expensive perfume?"

"I had to cut short the ballet," I told him sweetly, letting him take in my little black dress and my pearls then. "My boy friend is really miffed at me. It cost him

a month's pay to get the tickets to correspond to his leave."

"The perfume is French," said Sergei, holding my chair for me and admiring my legs as I crossed them.

"My boy friend is a diplomat," I said to him with a smile, declining the cigarette he offered me. I knew it was a trap. Sergei might have made an exception in my case but no-one in the Institute was allowed to smoke and smokers wouldn't be hired. He would have regretfully have had to let me go.

I knew that Sergei would have had a background check made on me already. He would know that the man whose apartment I lived in, Vyacheslav Dimitriyevich Kutin was a diplomat. Sergei would know that I was unmarried. There was a deeper background involving oligarchs and a tempestuous wife which was why I was looking around for a job. Just at the time that Sergei was building his non-governmental department of computer programmers.

"Wine from France," murmured Sergei between kisses, now that I had been his mistress for over two weeks.

"If it's cold and white, I'd love some," I murmured, kissing his muscular, hairy chest, hating myself as I did it. Oh, it was such a good thing that I didn't have a penis for this work that I had undertaken for Avartech. I wouldn't ever have been able to get it up for Sergei. I could abide his kisses but his crudity in lovemaking was a real turn-off. No, if I had been Wendy Hart still, I wouldn't have been rampant against my lover, indicating to him that I was aroused and excited by him as he was by me. There are some advantages to being a he-she after all.

One great advantage to being just a she was that I could fake it with Sergei. I knew exactly how I had to sound and how I had to act in an orgasm with a man. In Sergei's office, however, I scarcely had to fake anything at all as Sergei could not be off-line for too long. So most of our assignations had to be quickies; mostly, they consisted of me going down on my lover as his hands felt me and caressed me. He enjoyed the touch and feel of the French lingerie that somehow Sergei could procure for me as I liked silk so much while my idiot of a boy friend, who now couldn't, had managed to get himself transferred to the Ukraine.

While the other women in the office could wear pantyhose, I couldn't. Sergei liked me in frilly garter belts and silky stockings. So, getting dressed to go to work was always the most pleasurable time of my day. That and the time I spent at the beautician's. I spent nearly all of the money I made at Baryshnikov on beautifying myself. It paid off as I was definitely the Director of Operations' girl friend.

It was a pity that this man had so much to hide and I was so far down in the pecking order. I couldn't see how I could be expected to do what Smith and Avartech wanted me to do, not until a bleary-eyed Sergei, struggling to get an erection, asked me if I would like a little holiday, say a week on the beach.

"I can't be away," I said with a sorrowful smile, kissing him and hugging his thick waist. "Vyacheslav comes back next week and travel from here to Sochi, well, it would mean that I wasn't around for him. I can't let him throw me out of his apartment. Unless ..."

Sergei hadn't told me but he had a wife and kids, four of them, the girls in the office said, though some said two, no, three, but he definitely had an apartment

in the upscale, secure part of the 'secret' town that he rarely went to.

"We've got a way of getting around that," said Sergei, ignoring my suggestion that I move in with him, as he had before. He was looking up at the ceiling and pointing. "Upstairs." I realized that he was serious about the holiday in the Crimea.

"A helicopter flight?" I asked. "Well, if it's just for a day or two."

"No, we get a week," said Sergei stubbornly. "Don't pack a thing as we'll be leaving in an hour or two."

"What's she doing here?" asked one of the casket operators as Sergei held my hand and led me through the 'Positively no admittance: security clearance needed' door on the top floor of the institute.

"I have permission," said Sergei stiffly. "She's my girl friend."

"You are not supposed to discuss ..." said one of the white coats.

"She doesn't know a thing," snapped Sergei. "Now, I'm signed up for two for a week on the beach. Send us there and I'll explain it to her on the other end."

"If Gennady or Ramazov find out," said the nervous white coat then.

"I've earned this," said Sergei harshly. "Just as you will have, Alexei, Mikhail, after you send us on our way."

"What, what is happening?" I asked, hardly faking the alarm that I felt, as I was escorted to a primitive casket. It was easy to act scared. I was. This wasn't Avartech. Smith was quite right. I was going to be transported to a new experience and it wasn't going to

be by Avartech. Someone else had the technology that Avartech had possessed. I had no idea where I was going or where I was going to end up.

“We’ll be in Sochi in seconds,” said a smiling Sergei then, hugging me and kissing me before he lifted me and put me into the casket, caressing me, especially my breasts as he had me lie down. Alexei and Mikhail began attaching familiar IVs and monitors to me. “Good night, my lovely! You’re going to fall in love with me all over again when you see the body that I am going to be occupying!” were Sergei’s last words to me.

You wanted to know if it was true what the Baryshnikov Institute was peddling, I thought, as blackness engulfed me. And it was as simple as that. Sex tours for the employees and, undoubtedly, other paying customers. Now for the release word.

I stirred as the sand was warm beneath my bare breasts. I shouldn’t be lying face down as I was. I felt a cushion beneath my head then as I struggled to think about what I had just been thinking about that was so important.

“I think you’ve had too much sun, darling,” said a nice, tenor voice beside me, totally unlike Sergei’s.

I rolled over and gasped as a man I had never seen before was looking down on me and dropping cold lotion on my bare breasts. “Don’t, Sergei!” I gasped.

“Sergei?” asked the fair-haired man, lifting his sunglasses and frowning at me. “Who the heck is Sergei, Elena?”

In a fright, I sat up, looking out on a crowded beach of sunbathers. A teenaged boy turned and looked at me, grinning. I guess he had never seen a woman’s breasts before.

The fair-haired man pulled me back on the blanket then. "Elena, your bra," he hissed at me. "What's got into you? Did you have a bad dream or something? Elena, are you there? It's Yuri calling Elena. Are you there, woman?"

"I'm here," I gasped, staring at this frowning, handsome man beside me. "I, I think I should get out of the sun!"

Yuri was all solicitude then, helping me into my bra and a short robe that only covered me as far as the tops of my legs. My shadow on the ground showed me that I was definitely a shapely female. I could see my breasts, larger than Tamara's, in silhouette. I could see my long, windswept hair blowing in the shadow of the new woman that was me. I could feel my lovely hair about my shoulders. Yuri put his arm around me and held me as he walked me back up the beach and into the welcome shade of an older hotel. So many people crowded the bars and walkways that I had to hold onto Yuri's hand firmly. I let him lead me back to wherever he was going. I was definitely going with him.

Our room was dominated by a large double bed. Yuri insisted that I lie down on it. He smiled as he lay beside me. "Sergei?" he asked lightly. "The name of one of your boy friends in Moscow, one of the men who comes to watch you in the club?"

"I don't know any Sergei," I told him then, touching his arm with my hand, admiring my long, feminine fingers and the very professional job that had been done on shaping and lacquering my nails. I had only caught glimpses of myself, Elena, in the mirrors but I had looked like quite a babe, my face dominated by darkly outlined eyes. "Unless you are really Sergei, that is."

Yuri crushed me with his body and kissed me. Unlike Sergei, he kissed me to arouse me. He wanted me to feel his pleasure. His stroking of me and removing the top of my bikini was as much to arouse me as to please him. He was succeeding as well as I felt the feminine libido rise inside me.

Oh, sure, I had the usual tremors about what I was doing, me Mike Douglas, but they were swept aside as I began to react to the strong, masculine body of the man beside me, kissing and fondling my feminine assets.

“You like that?” asked Yuri with a grin as I shivered as he caressed my tush and pulled on the lower part of my bikini. He lowered his pants. His erection stroked between my thighs. I welcomed him by squeezing hard on him and kissing him with all the passion that I could muster. Oh, I needed someone like Yuri, someone who understood a woman’s needs, to drive out all the thoughts of what I had been doing to entice Sergei to draw me into this competitor organization to Avartech.

“Do it again,” I whispered as Yuri finally undid the bottom part of my bikini and his hand didn’t leave me as he stroked the blonde triangle of hair that I had.

“Gently, gently,” whispered Yuri, smiling down at me. “Isn’t that what you said to me last night? You called me Ivan then, didn’t you?”

I put his hand on my breast and caressed myself with his strong, uncalloused hand, making him squeeze my large nipples. Soon, he had his mouth on one of them at a time as I wiggled just a little beneath my attentive lover.

“Oh, Georgi, do that again!” I wailed at him as he began to lower his head to my stomach, his hands really caressing my tush then. “Oh! Ooo!” I squealed as he parted my legs then and his mouth descended on my clitoris. I didn’t have to fake at all how much I loved what Yuri was doing to me.

“Who am I?” Yuri asked, laughing at me.

“Joseph Stalin?” I asked, writhing in pleasure as his mouth and tongue descended from my clit. I had a mini-orgasm right there and then which he knew I was having as he started on my clit again. “Vladimir Putin?”

I could barely get the last name out as the man on top of me, his woman, parted my legs and drove his manhood into me, stopping and retracting, only doing it again as I clutched at him and made him take me. I was frantic with desire as I met his fierce, pumping actions with my own. Oh, it was so wonderful to be a real woman with a real man, I thought excitedly, feeling the orgasm inside me rising in intensity. No, I couldn’t wait for him. I spasmed beneath him and I worried him. I don’t think that he had had a woman like me before reacting in such rapture to what must be such simple lovemaking of his.

“Don’t stop!” I screamed at him. “Oh, great heavens, my darling Yuri, don’t stop! Don’t ever stop!”

Then I could say no more. All I could do was squeal as every nerve ending in my body seemed to be exploding in excitement. I wriggled and wriggled and pressed myself everywhere against my lover’s so wonderful male body. I delighted in how the touch of him made me feel so feminine everywhere from my mass of long, blonde hair shaking all around our faces, to the painted toes of my tingling feet, clasped behind Yuri’s

back as I tried to draw his penetration so deeply inside me, my orgasm finally reaching an ecstasy I had forgotten that I could reach as woman or as a man who was being treated as a woman.

“You called me Yuri,” whispered the man on the bed with me, showing no inclination, as I didn’t, either, to let me go, or to dress. I kissed his neck and his face, his wonderful lips and had a little laugh to myself. Well, Sergei had said that he would have a wonderful body, hadn’t he?

Yuri had that wonderful male body. I giggled as I thought of Sergei suddenly. I knew that he would never have treated me as Yuri had, making me desire him as a female would because, unlike Sergei, Yuri clearly desired me as much as I did him. He wanted me to feel the pleasure that he felt in making love to me. Oh, if I ever had to be myself again and I could entice a female into bed with me, say, pretty Brandy Reid, my agent, well, I would know how to treat her from the very start as Yuri had treated me.

“Oh, you are definitely Yuri,” I whispered back to him, thinking then that my squealing and panting, as well as the squeaking and bouncing of the bed springs, must have been heard by people in the rooms all around us. “How many times can you do that to me in one night? Six, ten times?”

“You must think that I am on that American pill. What is it called?” Yuri asked me with a smile.

“Viagra, Cialis, Levitra?” I asked him.

“Yes, the second one,” said Yuri, sitting up then and turning me over. “If I was taking that, this would be so easy.”

I had to help Yuri become as firm as before. I let him take me doggie-style, his kissing of my tush before he roused my clit and vagina with his warm, firmly rolled tongue, driving me to new heights of threshing around. I had to bury my head in the pillow as I squealed and squealed as Yuri came, grunting so fiercely as well, before he pulled me back onto him, kissing my neck and mouth. I bounced willingly on him, all thought of Sergei and what I could do to find him or he to find me, driven right out of my mind. No, I wanted Yuri. I was not the slightest bit interested in being Sergei's girl friend again.

I wondered momentarily if Sergei had been supposed to be in Yuri's body as I was in Elena's. I imagined with glee the rage that he would be inflicting on Mikhail and Alexei back at the Baryshnikov Institute. Or perhaps, Sergei was somewhere else. Wouldn't it have been just delightful if he could have ended up as Elena, instead of me? Oh, that would have been so wonderful!

Oh, but no, it wouldn't. If Sergei had been Elena, I wouldn't have met my wonderful Yuri. I wouldn't have been loved by him. Yuri was rolling me over again and preparing to make me such a thrilled and satisfied woman.

"Why did you ever agree to come here with me?" asked Yuri, snuggling me beside him, his kisses so gentle, lingering over my lips, sending thrills and chills all over me.

"The, the sun, the, the sand, my, my bikini," I whispered as our bed began to rock again as he set to work on me. I loved every second of him being on me as my lord and master.

“Your bosses don’t let you out of Moscow?” asked Yuri in surprise. “I thought that they always took the prettiest girls in the club with them for their winter vacation. Isn’t that why I haven’t seen you much since November? Where has my darling girl been all that time? Off with Sergei?”

“That was just a nightmare I was having,” I murmured as I welcomed him into me and began to writhe with him, clinging to him, my arms about his neck as I poured kiss after kiss onto his lips and face. I tried to forget that a man like Sergei ever existed at all. I was a woman, completely. I exulted in the feelings that swept over me, whimpering as Yuri drove into me. He would have stopped as he thought he was hurting me. But it was such a lovely hurt that women feel sometimes. I experienced it all and begged him not to stop as I loved him so.

That made him sit up very briefly as I clung to him and gyrated my breasts and legs about him. Slowly, Yuri smiled, possessing me as totally as he had before.

“Are we going to be doing this again tonight, Elena?” Yuri asked me as he lay on me. I quivered beneath him, ecstatic at the wonderful feelings of being a woman that still overwhelmed me. Oh, yes, this was what I had signed up for, I told myself.

“Oh, yes,” I whispered to my lover. “Oh, yes, yes, yes.”

Yuri laughed and sat up a little then. “I am going to be so trashed for training tomorrow,” he said, leaning over and kissing my breasts one by one.

“Training?” I gasped, thinking only of sissies in training and the sissy, Cindy, whom I had been and loved to be so much.

“You have to put on your prettiest summer dress, a wide sunhat and bring a parasol with you,” said Yuri with a laugh. “When you sit in the stands with the other wives and girl friends, all the other players are going to be envying me so much. Why don’t you wear your black dress now and we’ll go down for a little smooching on the dance floor before we eat.”

Showering as a woman is normally pretty easy but, when your amorous boy friend joins you, it’s quite something else. “Oh, bother,” Yuri laughed at me as his maleness really rose as I clinched with him, letting him run his hands over my watery skin. “You were supposed to push me away and tell me to grow up as you did before.”

“I guess I changed my mind,” I said, doing something that astounded me about myself. I sort of jumped up into his arms, wrapping my legs around Yuri’s waist. Oh, did he ever have such a lovely body, not an ounce of fat or bulge that wasn’t a muscle anywhere on him.

Yuri easily held me as I assisted his manhood to enter me and then all the bouncing and physical activity was mine to do as a bemused Yuri was the one to beg me not to stop even when he had to lean against the wall of the shower. My rhythmic jiggling was just like a man making love to a woman, only the feelings were so different, especially when I spasmed again, just as Yuri was climaxing too.

“Oh, I’m ruined forever,” Yuri said with a delighted smile on his face as he sank to his knees as I was glued to him, kissing and caressing his chest with my mouth, tracing his lovely muscles with a long, feminine, darkly red fingernail.

It was awkward to get up and to disengage and to clean him, as he asked me to, he constantly kissing and thrilling me as I did that for him. He interfered with me all the time that I was trying to clean myself from all his emissions on me. I shivered inside as I wondered where such an idea of making love to a man like that had ever entered my mind.

We did finally manage to climb out of the shower and towel ourselves off. When I was dry, Yuri had to put his hands on me again, as his maleness was flickering. I could feel it between my thighs. It took a real effort of will, on his part, to pull away from me and go stamping off into the bedroom proper while I got to try and figure out what to do with Elena's long, blonde hair and how to put on the makeup and perfume she had worn earlier. Only it wasn't her hair and makeup any more, was it? It was mine.

Yuri called that he was going out to get ice and pops for us. I felt such a sudden headache then. It was as if something was grabbing at my brain and trying to pull it out of my skull. I'm not a genius but I could guess what was happening. Somehow, the Baryshnikov Institute had propelled me into the wrong avatar. Now they wanted their avatar back. I suppose I should have relaxed and given in. What would have been so difficult in that? I would still be a woman. I would be Tamara and I would have some information for Avartech on how this other company of avatar-users worked.

But relaxing and co-operating with the growing headache meant that I wouldn't have Yuri any more. I would be back under Sergei's control. I shuddered and braced myself mentally. It took a while but the headache seemed to recede. Through the rest of the night, I

was to feel it again and again as if someone was trying to take me by surprise and dislodge me from Elena's pretty body.

Yuri came back in as I was attaching my stockings to my garter belt. I seem to do that with men all the time, don't I? He leaned against the door with a foolish grin on his face, a packet of ice still in its wrappings in his hands.

"What's the matter?" I asked him, finding the last snap so awkward. I couldn't get it to go at all. Yuri put down the ice and came to me to do it for me.

"If you could see the view from where I was, where I am," said Yuri, making me start as he kissed my tush then.

I turned about to tell him not to start again. But Yuri was smiling at me, his teeth so even and so white, he must have had them capped. I had to kiss that lovely mouth and what did I care if he wanted to start again. I had a woman's body. I could receive anything he wanted to give me. It was he who was going to be wrecked, and forced to concede that we women were superior to men in love-making capabilities, wasn't he?

I melted into his arms, not worrying about my lipstick at all and, for a moment longer, I was in bliss as Yuri held me.

"Are you going to be like this for the rest of our time together?" Yuri asked me as he hugged me.

"Pretty much," I whispered to him, kissing him again and getting some of my lipstick back from him.

"Fantastic," Yuri breathed, letting go of me so that I could repair my makeup, slip on my high heels, collect my purse and go out with him into the night club and

restaurant with the other players and their wives and girl friends.

“Where were you two all afternoon?” was the constant question in the private dining room we were led to by a smiling waiter.

“Elena had a little sunstroke and I had to comfort her,” said Yuri to all those questions and the grins in return told me that no-one believed it at all. We had to go out of the privacy into the public part of the club to dance. Oh, it started out so wonderfully to be in Yuri’s arms and to be hugged and held. But then there were taps on his shoulder and, no, they weren’t people trying to cut in on me. It was the fans who recognized Yuri Kuznetsov, the soccer star, and wanted his autograph.

“But where?” asked Yuri of these two giggling, pretty girls and, of course, they wanted, as I whispered in his ear, to have their breasts autographed. Well, Yuri was a brick, smiling at all the interruptions we had, as we tried to dance after that but it seemed as if people were coming into the club just to see him and get his autograph.

We had to give up and go back to the private dining room. When that became besieged, we had to retreat with the other players and security to our own part of the hotel and our room, where we had to think of some other way of passing the time that night. Luckily, Yuri was very inventive and had a hundred different games that we had to play. Somehow, I always lost and so had to pay the creative forfeits that he kept coming up with.

“I think you’re cheating,” I told him after I had had to make like a little puppy and let him have me that way, gasping and groaning as his poll was so stiff. I re-

ally don't know how he managed to keep it going as he did after the time we had already spent in bed.

"No, you're the one cheating," said Yuri as he rolled me over and kissed me so passionately. "You're losing deliberately, you little pussy cat."

"Who, me?" I asked innocently.

"Yes, you," said Yuri, laughing at me. "I rigged the last card game to make you win and you threw away the winning cards deliberately, didn't you?"

"Oh no," I whimpered with a fake, girlish cry. "I'm just a dumb blonde, after all, aren't I?"

"Oh, something negative said about yourself," said Yuri with a laugh. "That's the biggest forfeit of all. I want a strip-tease, a lap dance and then a willing, naked woman in my bed."

"Oh, yes, my lord and master," I simpered to him, standing up between his legs to start the strip that he wanted. Of course, it didn't work out exactly as he wanted as Yuri couldn't wait for me to really take my time taking off my panties. He was far too energized. I didn't care at all as we made frenzied love. I do have to admit that I was falling in love with him right then and there. I forced the name, Mike Douglas, right away from me as I wiggled my tush out of my panties.

"You owe me a lap dance," were the words that I woke up to as Yuri was kissing me to wake me. He had a pass for me to get into the stadium where his team was training. I did dress the way he had asked me to, leaving my brushed hair long and loose over my shoulders. The white dress billowed a little as I was escorted by the security into the empty stadium to see a bunch of men in shorts running around the grass field, doing

all kinds of funny things with a round ball. Oh, soccer, yes.

The wives and girl friends gave me a sour look. Oh, Yuri, you knew that I was supposed to be drab for the first part of the morning.

“Well, don’t you look bright and beautiful?” asked an older woman, in the center of the group.

“Yuri told me I had to dress this way,” I said mournfully, closing up the parasol. I really didn’t need it with the pink-ribboned straw sun hat I was wearing. “He said that all of us would be dressed like, like ...”

“Fashion models,” said another, thirtyish woman, smiling at me and making room for me to sit beside her then. “Trust Yuri to say that.”

“I don’t think I’ll trust anything Yuri says again,” I said wistfully and all the women began to laugh.

“Oh, but I love you, Elena,” said one of the women. I still didn’t have a clue who she was but her hair was in curlers.

“Don’t trust that one at all,” said a thin-faced woman, rather pretty in her jeans and dyed blonde hair. She didn’t wear any makeup as I did. “He’s said that at one time or another to us all.”

There was an uncomfortable silence then for a moment or two. “He never said it to me,” said the older woman who had made room for me on the bench. That made everyone laugh. The thin-faced woman in blue jeans flushed. She flounced off for a while and I sat through a really boring session of drills that made no sense to me.

When the players came off, all of them immediately headed for me. "My girl friend," said a tall, dark-haired man.

"No, mine," said a sweaty, sandy-haired, young man.

"Mine, mine," said a bewildering number of athletic young men, blocking Yuri from coming to me at all.

A grinning Yuri had to fight his way to me. "You bastard," I said to him, holding his manly, sweating body from me with my parasol. "You, you said ..."

"But I love women from the Southern part of the United States," laughed Yuri. "Where is your plantation, darling?"

I went to swat him but he pulled the parasol from me and pulled me to him. He was gross, sweating profusely, but when he kissed me, I was able to stand all that as I found that I was reacting to him, the trembles and shakes taking over again. Oh, we had to find a room; we really did!

A flashbulb went off near to us and an older man strode past us then. "So now we know why you had no energy today, Yuri," said the coach of the team with a grin. "Young lady, you must really be in love with him if you can stand to let him hold you after the workout we had to put him through."

"Wait for me here," said Yuri with a grin. "I'll be much sweeter smelling the next time you see me, my darling Elena."

I waved to him, blushing as I realized how many people were looking at me as Yuri was the last one to run off to the dressing rooms and showers.

“Well,” said the older woman. “Guess whose picture is going to be in the paper tomorrow, Elena? Hope you like living in a fishbowl. That’s how it is when you’re with Yuri Kuznetsov, our golden boy. What’s the matter, dear? You look so deathly white. Hey, get a doctor, Nikolai! This girl is really in pain!”

I was so relieved that the intense pressure on my brain had stopped. I had sunk to the ground, my dress flowing out around me and I could distinctly hear some voices talking about and around me.

“Got a transfer this time,” said one voice that sounded like Alexei’s.

“She’s supposed to be asleep when we do this,” said another, grumpier one.

“She’ll have some king-size headache if ... What are you doing?” said a panicked third voice.

“She’s fighting transfer,” said Alexei.

“Send her on then,” said the grumpy one. “Just get her out!”

“Yeah,” said someone else sourly. “Sergei wants his turn as a transfer.”

All I could hear then was laughter. That seemed to be all around me but as suddenly as all the pressure and headache had started, it ended. It was such a relief. Such a relief to be lying on a soft bed.

“He’s coming around,” said a voice.

“What was wrong with him?” asked another anxiously.

“His girdle was too tight,” said the first voice sarcastically. The second person laughed uncertainly.

I cracked my eyes open just a shade. There were two men, both Chinese, looming over me. The dark, mustached one had spoken first. He was patting and stroking my hand and calling to me, “Xiuli, wake up!



Wake up! The old lord will be here very soon. This isn't going to get you out of doing what you have to do. Wake up! Take those pills, that the Russians gave him, right out of here, Wei. I don't want him to start taking them again. If his headaches are that bad, he can take acupuncture just like the rest of us in the lord's house."

"I'm awake," I murmured. "I can hear you." I must have spoken Russian to Yuri and now I must be speaking Chinese to the people about me but to me, inhabiting a body was as it had been when I was Naomi and spoke French. Language seemed to be part of the tool kit that the avatar came with. But was this truly an avatar? Had Elena been an avatar? I didn't think so. I think I was actually swapping bodies and minds. Oh, if only I could get back and talk to Smith at Avartech. He would surely want to know what I suspected.

"Can you sit up?" asked the man who had called me Xiuli. Oh, gods, I thought with a shiver. That's a woman's name, isn't it? It certainly sounded like Julie in English.

I tried to sit up and the room swam about me. "Oh, you can't be ill," said the second, anxious man. I think he was Wei, wringing his hands together. "The lord won't have anyone near him, Chieng, who coughs or is warm! He is afraid of being sick at his advanced age."

"Xiuli is not sick and not coughing," said Chieng. A beefy arm went around me and I was made to sit up in the bed. A four-poster, I noted as the luxurious room swam in front of me. "He has these bouts from time to time at the change of the weather or having too much sun ..."

"The barometer has been the same for a week," protested Wei.

"I'm all right," I said as the tall, beefy man helped me off the bed. A long, loose robe floated around me. "Perhaps a cool drink?"

Who the hell was I? I thought with a shudder. I was a man, that much was clear, a thin, small, sickly man. The manner in which Wei moved told me that I was a man whose wish was important as well. Chieng led me over to the sofa. Hmm, I didn't like the way that he was leading me, his arm around waist to hold me up. He sat me down as if I was a child and brought a footstool for me to rest my slippered feet on. Then the cool, fruit drink arrived. It wasn't iced, just cooled, I noted.

"Is he up to his performance ...?" began Wei.

"Of course," said Chieng. He indicated a dressing table across the room and there was a wig of black women's hair, interlaced with pearls and gold chains on a wig block. "We'll get him ready for his command performance in just a few minutes. Lord Sei-chan will not be disappointed."

Farewell, My Concubine, I thought in a panic. I've wandered into a scene of that film. I almost began to look around for the cameras but the doors opened and several very pretty, modernly dressed young Chinese women entered, bowing to the men in the room and standing beside the dressing table.

"Your color's returned, Xiuli," said Chieng. "So Wei and I will leave you in the company of your handmaidens."

The young women giggled and bowed the men out of the room. "Oh, look at this," said one of the very attractive girls. "Isn't this gorgeous! You will look wonderful as the concubine in this wig, Xiuli! You really will."

I'm a man, I thought with a shudder as two of the girls came to assist me off the sofa. I felt surprisingly strong as I stood up in the silk robe that tantalized my body. I moved gingerly over to the dressing table and got a look at Xiuli for the first time.

I had long, dark hair that was pinned back behind my ears. It was parted down the middle and so looked very feminine to me as did my thin, shaped eyebrows. No wonder I was called Xiuli. I had full lips and my facial skin was clear, flawless and as pale as the grinning girls who surrounded me. Just looking at myself in the mirror, I could have been looking at four girls, all very much the same, save that I was the one without makeup.

"It is so romantic to be here, isn't it?" asked Ling, the one who admired the wig so much. "Wasn't it here that you gave the first modern presentation of *The General's Concubine* and scandalized all the old patriarchs so much?"

"You tell me," I murmured at her as the other two were wiggling the loose robe from around me, revealing that I had a thin, masculine chest and even thinner waist, my genitals covered by loose, silky, female underpants. I shivered as Ling began to unpin, brush and then re-pin my hair into a tight bun on top of my head.

Kay began to apply a light foundation of makeup to my face, contradicting Ling's account of my first performance as the General's concubine, a tragedy of the old times but brought up to date by Chieng and the old master, Chou, which had made it all right with many in the audience.

"If you don't mind me saying, master," Kay said to me, "I heard that the audience applauded you after the performance and that you only went to Lord Sei-chan

because he outbid the others for your favors. Isn't that correct, master Xiuli?"

"It is if you say so," I murmured, numb as the girl worked on my eyes. I could see femininity emerging in me again. The third girl was holding earrings, long and wide, rafts of pearls against me. A similar pearl necklace and bracelets, for whatever it was that I was supposed to do, lay on her tray.

"There was only the one lord here," snapped Ling, as she drew all the hair from my face with deft fingers, stepping back as Kay began to paint my lips a luscious crimson. "Who would have dared to bid against a lord as powerful as him?"

"You lived with him for five years as his concubine then!" exclaimed Kay, stopping and admiring what she had done to make my eyes and mouth stand out. She began to lightly powder me then as the silent girl, Su-wei, was it, I thought, as ideas and visions seemed to pour through me. "Oh, that must have been so marvellous, to make love to such a great lord every night for five years."

"And to meet him again tonight, now that you are both free," said Ling. "And you perform the same role that made you so famous, just for him. Oh, it's so romantic! I could cry! Really I could."

So could I, I thought, but for very different reasons. Oh, where was a headache when you needed one? I hadn't a clue what these girls were talking about. Su-wei murmured something then that I barely heard.

"Yes, we should dress you now, master," Ling said to me, helping me to stand and look at this thin, feminine male in the mirror, "and then, we shall do your nails and I can attach the wig for you. I swear that it

will not come free, no matter how frolicsome the lord is with you after the play is concluded."

Su-wei eased down my underpants then and I could see immediately that I was completely hairless in that region. I had to look hard, however, and shift my legs a little to stare at the little penis in front of me as there was nothing else there with them.

I stepped out of the underpants and into frilled, white silk panties that Su-wei drew over my legs while Kay held onto my right hand, filing away at the short nails that I had. I wanted to scream, "What happened to me?" at these pretty girls who didn't seem to find anything strange in dressing and making me appear to be a woman, me a male without any testicles at all, and with the tiniest of penises that I had ever seen. No wonder that I wasn't tucked to play the part of a woman. I didn't need it.

I didn't need the bra that Su-wei fitted to my thin chest. I had nothing there. But pads filled the cups of the bra. I looked down, past the white, frilled bra to the long, acrylic nails that Kay was affixing to my newly roughened nails. They were crimson like my mouth, gleaming in the light of the chandeliers above us.

A tight waist-cinch had suspenders that reached down to the white stockings that I had to put on my legs. In the mirror, I didn't look like a wimpish, little man any more. I looked like a young girl of about fifteen or sixteen.

The dress I had to wear was slitted all the way up to the small underslip that Su-wei put on me. Yes, it was Chinese in fashion, but very modern in style and my lower legs were revealed. I had jade colored high heels to wear, matching the color of my dress. The pearls were heavy and cold at my neck and my ears.

Ling had me sit. The wig on my head transformed me completely. I wasn't any undeveloped young girl as the mirror had shown me. I was a beautiful princess, one worthy of a great lord's attention.

I stood there, admiring what I was, my nails looking so long and feminine when Chieng came back into the room. He brushed Kay aside who was adding a little more eyeliner beneath my eyes. Chieng turned my thin shoulders and leaned over me to kiss me passionately while I tried to resist but he was far too strong.

You were the one who did this to me, I thought in a rage, glaring at him when Chieng pulled himself away from me.

"You are a woman now," growled Chieng to me. "You think nothing but womanly thoughts. You are my woman, my concubine, just as you have always been. You know all your lines?"

"I can't remember them at all," I said. All the girls tittered as Chieng glowered at me.

"She always says that, master," said Ling obsequiously to Chieng. I noted with despair, a quiver running through me that I had changed genders. I was 'she' again.

Soft music came in through the room's door as Chieng took my hand and led me to the top of a long staircase. Down below us, an audience, all Chinese faces, many of them quite old, sat silently. The living room could have been Japanese as far as I was concerned.

"Wait here," whispered Chieng. "On the words, *never in my lifetime*, you may descend. Liu will turn and look up at you, and so will I, after he gasps. Don't look at my lord or the audience. This is not the provinces.

These people know how these scenes should be played and that you are my concubine in all things.”

So I waited. My three helpers moved around the long balcony so that they had an excellent view of the play. It would be performed under floodlights that illuminated the paper screens behind the furniture.

Chieng was an imposing presence. I couldn't imagine him playing the part years ago when I was supposed to have enticed the lord to have me as a woman. It was funny as he began to speak and rant at his underlings, other actors whom I had no knowledge of ever seeing before, but the whole play, the tragedy, unfolded before me. I knew exactly when I had to begin my descent. I heard Liu's gasp as he looked up at me and saw this heavenly woman descending.

I had worn a robe in my first performance, a nagging memory came to me, as I entered my lord's study. The lord-general then was Chou, Chieng had been the flunkey, so amazed at my beauty that he gasped in admiration. It was part of the play now. Chieng had then stared at me until 'General' Chou cuffed him and smiled at his impudence.

“She is the loveliest woman in the world, isn't she?” Chieng said as I slowed so that the audience could see the woman in all her parts that he was referring to.

“You do me too much honor, my lord,” I said, wishing that I had had the robe about me. When I had dropped that in the Chou performance, there had been a real gasp from the audience when they had first seen me, my arms bare, my skirt so short, the slit parting to reveal my legs and the black garters that I had worn. It was so daring to be on a stage like that, in a play that wasn't pornographic.

How like Chieng to change custom again and have me partly returned to traditional Chinese dress, I thought. I moved behind him as he sat at his desk. I gently stroked his shoulder, leaning my head against his, kissing him as I had Chou. Both the gesture and the kiss were such a scandal, particularly as the audience was well aware that the kiss had been given by one male actor to another.

But, by the end of the Chou play, they had stopped gasping and gently hissing at the 'pornographic' elements old Chou had introduced into the play. I was accepted, I thought, as a woman. So, it was with pride that I saw the Lady Chan weeping and clutching a silk square to her eyes as I died. And then, my Romeo found me. What else could he do but take his own life after ordering me, so falsely, put to death?

"Most disturbing," said Lord Sei-chan when he had walked through the set where we were all gathered. His eyes had twinkled at Master Chou. I remembered that from this body that I was in. But I couldn't make a face come into mind, a face that was Lord Sei-chan.

What was 'disturbing' was that I had been so convincing as a woman. "I will need some proof, old friend," His Lordship had said to Master Chou, "that this delightful, young man," he had chucked me under my chin, "has not profaned the stage on which he has performed so admirably as a woman." I had bowed to him then and not curtsied, showing that I was male, as I should be to be in a play.

As I did Chieng's new version of the modern version I had played, I noted a dark-haired, powerful man who stared at me with great intensity from the middle of the front row in the audience. Oh, yes, I thought, as I uncurled in feline imitation from my General's em-

brace, making the man's eyes widen with awe at the femininity I displayed as a concubine of a great man. What did you expect, I thought in disparagement at the expressions of amazement and lust that I saw? I was made to be this way, wasn't I? And you, I wanted to taunt the lord who had had me maimed, yes, I recalled that now, you were the one who made me this way.

The applause was warm at the end of the play. I had changed into the evening gown that I had worn to the death scene. Stage blood was still on my skirts as the strong man came up to meet the cast, saying nice things to Chieng about the way he had staged the drama in such modern fashion. "So much food for thought in the play," said the man, as tall as Chieng.

Wei, acting as some kind of facilitator, brought the lord to me. "Ah, Master Xiuli," the lord said to me, trying to keep all emotion from his face, I could see, but the shaking of his hands gave away his nervousness. "I would like to introduce you to my father, Lord Sei-chan," he said. It was my turn to be surprised as he took my hand and led me down into the audience.

An old man, white-haired, pinched of face, regarded me with a smile on his face. "Xiuli," he said softly to me, and then even softer so that only his son heard him. "The love of my life, at last."

"Go with him," ordered the son. I had to lift my skirts and daintily follow after the old lord who was carried in a sitting chair into a bedroom very similar to my own upstairs. There must have been fifteen people in attendance on Lord Sei-chan as he was put to bed. A tall chair was provided for me and, in almost an instant, the whole crowd of people was gone.

"I am in love all over again," said the man in the bed, his hand, the skin all shrunken, wrinkled, around

his bones. "How I envied Chieng tonight that he could kiss you like that, with such fire and purpose. Once, I could have done that as well, couldn't I?"

"You had me cut," were the first words out of my mouth. The old lord winced as I accused him. I crossed my legs femininely then. There were tears in his eyes.

"For your own good," Sei-chan said hoarsely. "You have become the greatest actress of your generation."

"In only one kind of play," I said bitterly. Where was all this information and bitterness coming from? Ah, it must be from the same place as the memory of the play, what to say and do at just the right moment. "An art form that is dead and dying now."

"Chou wanted to modernize all the ancient plays," said Sei-chan, patting the bed beside him. "He needed an actor who could be a real woman, not a screechy caricature. Have you seen the old theater recently? Women in the same parts that you were trained for as a boy, acting as if they were castrated men playing cartoon women. Chou was right. I should have let you be the actress that you were on that first day here. You have been a sensation, you and Chieng, since I let you go free."

"You let me free," I sneered at him.

"I couldn't get out," said the old man. "I would have been killed if I had tried. But I think that this was worse. Look what they have done to me with their hard labor. My hair is gone. My teeth aren't my own. I can't walk any more. The only thing that has kept me alive, in all the toil I have done, was the thought of you. Not of my son or the rest of the family. Only of you, my lovely Xiuli, only for you have I tried to live."

What could I say to that? Nothing. I sat there and smoothed my skirts with a long-fingered hand, my pearl earrings swinging madly against my neck. Oh, I remembered the piercing eyes so well! Sei-chan was studying me with them now as I sat there and tried to keep my trembling under control. No, I was not ever going to love this old man, no matter how he sweet-talked me.

“Chieng is your lover now, isn’t he?” Sei-chan said after a long pause in which neither of us said anything. “I won’t order him to let you go to me. He has offered to surrender you to me, you know. But my time is done. Oh, but it was so wonderful to see what a woman you have become and to see you as the concubine again. Oh, Xiuli, how it tortures me to see you sit there and refuse to touch me. It is like our first night together and you were so shy!”

“You had me cut!” was all I could think to say to him, trying to control all the seething emotions of the body I was controlling, if only just.

“All my other lovers were eunuchs,” whispered the old lord. “They became such hags in time. You haven’t, my darling Xiuli. Please don’t hold it against me. I agreed with Chou and Chieng that it was the best for you! Xiuli, it has been ten years since I saw you last!”

“Why are you here now?” I asked the old man.

“I can’t work in a work camp,” Sei-chan whispered again. I saw that he was exhausted. “They sent me back to my son so that I could die in his house, not theirs.”

What would be wrong, I thought, about sitting on the bed with this old and feeble man who had apparently once been the lover of this body that I was ‘wearing’. I slid down from my chair, hoisted my rustly

skirts and lay beside him on the bed, letting him take my hand in his. Somehow he had the strength to raise my hand to his mouth and to kiss it.

“Ah, you always were so femininely fragrant,” murmured the old man, turning towards me. He hardly had the strength to pull me against him to kiss me. I only resisted him a little and then his lips gently caressed mine. Oh no! I almost screamed at the unfairness of it all. My body completely betrayed me! I was on fire with remembered kisses and lovemaking with this old, crippled man. There were feelings of such intense desire welling up in me. I tried not to crush him as we kissed, his lips exploring mine, his tongue on mine, while I turned and let him caress my padded, shaped womanly figure with his old, bony hands.

It was funny that I knew what he was. Yet that wasn't what I experienced at all. I felt the strength of a younger man against me. He lifted my dress. I took it off so that I lay beside him in my underslip and women's underclothing. It was a younger man who turned me and ran strong, gentle hands over me as he kissed my neck and shoulders. It was a strong, gentle man who lowered my panties and guided me onto such a strong, young man's desire.

“Darling Xiuli,” my lord whispered to me. He was so moist as he lubricated me before he penetrated me. “There has been no-one, ever, since we first made love. I love you more than any of the wives or other women I have known. Oh, oh, Xiuli, forgive an old man. I talk far too much.”

I shivered and quivered as I lay against him and let him penetrate into me. My own body was screaming at me to let me pulsate with him as well even though my manhood, so small and like a child's, did nothing even

when I leaned back, letting him kiss my ears and my mouth. Oh yes, I was his Xiuli. Mike Douglas had disappeared. I was his concubine as he had made his guards and ministers call me. They had hated calling me Lady Xiuli and taking me out to shop in the Street of Seamstresses. They had hated having to carry me in the decorated seats that women were transported in. They had hated having to bow to me while I curtsayed to them.

“Oh, my darling, I knew if we touched,” whispered my lord, my real lord and master. “It is still there, isn’t it, our love. It is eternal. You will be mine forever in the Celestial Kingdom, my celestial bride. I will never have another woman but you!”

Well, I cried then, pulled up my panties and turned to lie with my old lord who kissed and cuddled me until he went to sleep. I put my dress on before I lay beside him again.

I awoke to a blinding headache. There were people all around me. “What is it?” I murmured. Suddenly, the lord’s son was staring down into my face.

“You said you would do it and you did, bitch,” he snarled at me. I turned then to look at Sei-chan but he wasn’t there beside me. “You killed him, didn’t you?” Sei-chan’s son went on. “Did you tell him that you didn’t love him any more? How could you be so cruel to him?”

A dark figure came to the son then and whispered in his ear. The man stiffened and stood up, out of my view. “It’s not possible,” said the son. “He was too old, too frail. Ah! She did kill him after all!”

I could sense the desire of someone to take me over and I had no objection. I lay back in the pillows. I knew

I was crying, quite noisily, and that everyone was moving away from me as the darkness around me became even darker.

"I've nowhere to send her!" someone was screaming. "I can't put her into Sergei's casket, can I? She's a woman!"

"So who's got hers?" someone else was asking over and over with exaggerated patience.

"Pattaya," someone else said in the blackness in which I was encased. "It's for the sex trippers!"

"She doesn't have to indulge if she doesn't want to!" said the calmer one.

I actually felt a lurch then as if I was being wrenched from one body and was physically placed somewhere else. Almost immediately, the terrible drums that had been pounding in my head receded. I was here, in a casket, a tech leaning over me, smiling as she helped me to sit up and take in a tall glass of orange juice.

"Where am I?" I managed to gasp.

"Pattaya," said the young woman whom I had thought was Chinese again. "Thailand," she added with a smile. "But who you are, you'll have to tell me. You're straight from Baryshnikov, aren't you? Or did you bounce? They shouldn't be doing that! We're going to scramble someone's brain, some day. Now wait here just a little while, Nong. I'll be back with some paperwork we need to complete."

But she wasn't back in a little while. Finally, another woman came in. I was not just sitting up. I was out of the casket, examining it as well as myself. It wasn't as interesting as me. I had heard many people say that Thai women were the most beautiful in the world and tossing back my long, black hair I would have agreed. Touching my rounded, shapely breasts in my thin, silvery top, I would have agreed some more. It was what was in my panties, under my short, black mini-skirt that made me agree only up to a point. Thai women might be the most beautiful women in the world but so were Thai men. They were also the most beautiful women in the world. I was a Thai male and I was a beautiful woman at the same time.

"You can sign here, Nong Thuramkassetha," said the second woman, a Thai, "and then you can take your check. I can guess what you might want to use it for. There will be royalties coming to you in a year's time as well, so you should be able to afford the very best."

I looked at the check. Twenty thousand dollars! "And the offer by Doctor Ramazova was genuine, Nong," the woman went on. "If you have yourself connected all through your sex change surgery so that we can have the inside and outside experiences, as the Americans call these things, we will pay all the expenses for your sexual reassignment. Then, you won't have to touch this money or your savings at all. Think about it and we will be in touch in a day or so!"

I staggered out of the clinic on my high heels then, feeling so undressed, my legs so bare. Men were looking at me and smiling. I could guess what they were thinking of me. I was the only girl on the street dressed in a sexy mini-skirt. I looked back at where I had come

from. It looked just like any other medical clinic. There was a name, the Ramazov Phuset Clinic, inset into the glass door.

I almost stumbled as someone took my arm and snapped out my name, "Nong!" furiously at me as I was turning back onto the crowded street. A hand whipped the forms and the check out of my hand. I could only squeak a protest before I was hustled into a grey, Japanese car, bouncing against a girl sitting and smiling at me as I was thrust into the back seat.

"You were in there all that time?" asked the other girl in amazement. "We've been waiting for you, Nong, since eight o'clock this morning! Whatever did you do in there?"

"Not just that," said the man who had seized my papers. "But how many of those foreigners did you fuck, Nong, to make twenty thousand dollars. You must have sucked off the whole damned medical staff, or did you have them all inside you!"

"Ugh! Your mind stinks!" I said to the driver furiously, the woman beside me patting my short skirt in a most friendly fashion. She looked just like me in her dark blue mini-skirt and lovely, nylon-clad legs. "And you can give me back my check. You can't cash it anyway as it's made out to me!"

"Cami can write like you and look like you," said the driver, looking at the girl beside me in the back seat. "What do you say, Cami? Want to split twenty thousand American dollars?"

"Oh, yes, please!" said Cami, stroking my legs below my mini-skirt then.

"So, tell us what you did to earn twenty thousand and we might cut you in on cashing it," said the driver

with a grin, entering a maze of streets, using his car horn repeatedly until, finally, he stopped outside a narrow hut that seemed to act as a garage. The man got out and used a key to open the place. Cami and I had to get out and stand there, her hand on my arm, as 'Shooter' put the car away. Not that I was going anywhere, I wanted to tell Cami, not with Shooter holding all the money in the world that I knew that I had.

Cami's long, black hair was over her shoulders like mine. We both wore hair bands to keep out parted hair behind or close to our ears. My earrings were large bangles of silvery metal while Cami had several gleaming, metallic strands. She wore a tighter top than me that showed off her lovely breasts. But I reckoned that I was bustier than she was.

Two Americans came walking by then. "You working?" the one guy said to us with a smile.

"Sure," said Cami with a smile, swaying femininely on her high heels.

"Are you men or women?" the other, younger man wanted to know as the older man grimaced.

"Forgive my friend, ladies," the older man said. "He's new around here."

The driver joined us then. "Ladyboys not working," he said then in a broken kind of English that I had just listened to and understood as well as the Thai language that Cami and Shooter had spoken. I gasped a little at that, looking at the very feminine Cami as she posed like a flirtatious girl beside me.

"Told you!" said the younger man as Shooter tried to draw us into a narrow staircase. I could see that it led up over a bar from which music was blaring even though it wasn't quite dark as it was.

“Heck, I don’t care!” shouted the older man after Cami and me. I heard him scolding the younger man, telling him not to be so picky when such pretty girls presented themselves on the street.

It was difficult in the high heels to go up such a steep staircase, particularly as Shooter, behind me, was flicking my skirt back so that he could caress my legs and see all the way up to my panties. I could see up Cami’s dress as well to the thong-like panties that she was wearing.

We entered a living room in which there were four other girls and a couple of men. All were drinking and smoking and the noise of the girls shrieking was quite deafening. In the background, the bass thump of the American music from the café below just added to the noise as one of the girls got up and came over to hug Cami and me.

“You were gone so long,” said Suzie, smiling at me. “We thought that you had gone for the snip-snip.”

“No, it’s not that,” I managed to say when one of the girls in this Westerner’s lap wanted to know how much I was paid.

“Twenty thousand dollars!” squealed Cami. That brought all the girls up, calling at me to know what I had done to earn such a fee and could they earn the same as well.

“Shooter has the check they gave me,” I said. “It will probably bounce.”

“What do you mean?” asked Shooter, checking it out before stuffing it back in the back pocket of his jeans. One of the guys grabbed the girl who had flounced over to sit in Shooter’s lap. There was a little

argument until Shooter told the girl to take the German into the bedroom.

I had to endure a barrage of questions against the noise of the bed bouncing and the German grunting. Nok's voice squealed as she faked it for the man, begging him to do that again as she loved a big man, she really did.

Phan rolled her eyes at me. She pointed then in disgust at Shooter who was standing over the blonde-streaked Mai, pushing his jeans into her face. I only saw then that Phan had an Adam's apple. I shivered as I realized that I was in a room full of ladyboys, like me. Mai reached up to the top of Shooter's pants and pulled the zip down and we all got a view of Shooter's penis as he pulled it out. Mai hummed and gurgled as if in pleasure as she gave him a blow job in front of all of us.

Cami got up in disgust, saying that she and I were going on the streets. Did Phan want to come with us? The other Westerner was rolling on top of the other girl on another sofa, kissing her heavily as he lifted up her skirt. She wasn't wearing panties and she was quite mannishly erect but that wasn't what the Westerner wanted. His jeans were coming off as he was pushing his manhood into the ladyboy's tush.

"If we stay, they'll be having us as well," said Cami, patting Shooter on the rump as if approving of his actions with the young ladyboy he was forcing himself on.

I had to change into a more decorative, red, shiny silk top and grab a big purse that Cami told me to bring with me. She and Phan had the same purses, our working purses with all the makeup, condoms, lubrications and stuff that katoeys, ladyboys, like us, needed, I

gathered. Phan asked Cami if she had any of the ribbed ones left. She really enjoyed those more than silky ones, Phan declared in such matter-of-fact fashion as if it was normal to talk about things like that. I almost stumbled down the steep stairs as we went out onto a darkening street. I thought about what I was, what these girls thought I was, and what I was most likely soon going to be doing as a katoey. The neon signs brightened as my new 'girl friends' linked arms with me, a girl just like them.

"Here," said Cami, passing me the check that had been in Shooter's jeans. "You can buy us each a clean room at a decent hotel tonight."

"Oh, thank you!" I gasped, almost stumbling on my high heels as a man whistled at us and asked me how much for a quickie. "You, you ..."

"Lifted it from him while he was otherwise engaged!" said Cami with a grin on her petite face, giving a one-finger salute to the guy who had propositioned us. "So tell us, Nong. Really, what do we have to do to earn a check like that one for ourselves?"

We went into *Fonies* where the bouncer pretended that he was going to throw us out. "No working out of here by girls like you," he threatened us.

Cami just sashayed by him with a wiggle of her ass and Phan followed. But when I did the same thing, I was assaulted by the big gorilla, his hand up my skirt and squeezing everything in my panties as if he owned me. Of course, the other ladyboys only laughed as I squealed most girlishly and complained as I sat, crossing my long, lovely legs.

"Look at Wian," said Cami. "He's got a hard on for you, Nong. Can't you see it? Do you want to blow him

or shall I? One of us should later tonight and then we can keep on coming in here."

The 'girls' on the stage were miming to foreign records as we sat at the back. Cami called to the server for bubble tea for the three of us. "I don't like the second stringers performing," said Phan, taking out her mirror and lipstick for non-existent 'repairs'.

"Then, don't watch," said Cami, pushing her hair back with her long, brightly painted fingernails. "So, spill, Nong, spill."

I told them what I had done, creating an avatar, someone who could live as my duplicate, that was what I called it, and experience everything that I did as a ladyboy. "The last month I've been walking around with a thing in my head," I told the fascinated ladyboys, as primped and as busty and feminine as me. "I went in to have it extracted. Now some guy in Russia or China can hook up and be me, really me, for what seems to be a month, but it's less in time."

"Everything you did is on record?" gasped Cami then. "You, me and all those American sailors who had us at Johnny Phat's?"

"Worse than that," I said, pulling a face. "Everything with Shooter as well."

"Eeeewww!" said both girlish faces looking at me. Each tossed their long hair and their long earrings and I saw how I had to do it girlishly. I did it as well. A Westerner at a table near to us smiled at me but the girl or ladyboy sitting with him took the drink from him, putting her lipstick brand on his glass and then on his mouth.

“That seems pretty easy,” said Cami, her thin, dark eyebrows creasing in a frown. “That’s all you did for twenty thousand.”

“No,” I said. “There’s this other thing. It’s like a mind displacement.”

“A what?” both of them asked as I tried to explain the concept of an avatar.

“So someone could be roaming around here,” said Cami, “only it wouldn’t be you. It would be someone else in your body.”

“In my mind,” I said with a shudder. “Probably it would be a man, someone like the guy over there, someone with money, only he could be the ladyboy of his dreams, couldn’t he? He’d probably go down on anything in pants, even Shooter!”

“And where would you be when this was going on?” asked Cami suspiciously.

“I’d have the night off and probably be recording some more of my memories,” I told her. “I couldn’t be in the way of my, my duplicate. Say, you girls could earn some good money by just showing her around, fixing up some of the kinkiest dates you can find for whoever is inside me. I should suggest it at Phuset.”

That made them smile and begin to reminisce over the different guys and experiences we all had had together. They both seemed to like the times that we had been together and shared a guy, ‘wrecked’ him, as they both said so often.

More guys started to come into *Fonies* then. We all knew the type, loud and all hands. Those Westerners seemed to think that all we ladyboys, sitting there, were waiting for them and their big cocks. Well, we

were but we had other things on our minds as well, like how much money they had.

Americans always thought that we should blow them for free. So, even though we were nice to the new guys, sliding up against them as they cheered on the mimics on stage, wiggling like baby girls with their dollies, we cleared the club. Each of us hugged and kissed 'our favorite bouncer', whom we would come back for around three when his shift was over. At least Wian only pinched my tush and caressed it and my panties as if he had every right to do that.

There was a bank that I normally went to, or so Cami told me. I found the bank card in my purse. So, I deposited the check and took out a lot of baht, instead of dollars. The balance of my account showed in excess of sixty thousand dollars if you can believe it. I had to think then that it wasn't me who owned this money but the real Nong. I shivered as I thought how she had earned it as a ladyboy in the world's oldest profession.

"So," said Cami with a smile as a taxi honked at us. A couple of Americans yelled at the three of us as we sashayed femininely up through Pattaya again, scoping out foreigners with money. Several guys were assessing us as well by the way that we walked. Several even called out abysmally low prices at us for the whole body experience which we totally ignored.

"So," said Cami again, her thin, feminine arm through mine. "You must have enough now for the operation, Nong."

"If I can keep it away from Shooter," I murmured, as we stopped and made eyes at a couple of older, male tourists, who were definitely interested in us. I forced a smile. One made a fanning gesture as if hot. Cami

asked him for a hundred dollars each for the three of us for an hour.

"I can get a girl off the stage for fifty baht, for all night!" the man yelled back at her.

"Go and catch something unpleasant," said Cami under her breath as we sashayed past the guys, our tushes wiggling in our mini-skirts to show them what they were missing.

"Have you seen Rose?" asked Phan, tossing her long hair again at some Thai boy who was standing by himself, trying to look cool. "She's back, you know, and she showed us all in *Bang Keys* what her snatch looks like now that she's a woman. She looked so good. She's got some Westerner to pay for her op. He's supposed to marry her and take her home with him. Now, she's thinking she can earn just as much, as one of Ram's girls, and still enjoy life down here with all of us."

"I wish I had enough money so that I could afford to be snipped," said Cami morosely as Phan turned off to flirt with the Thai and his Chinese friend who trailed us for a little while before giving up. We went into Mogwa's then, the 'good hotel'.

"You want the rooms by the day or by the hour?" asked the well-groomed desk clerk.

"For the whole day," I said for the other girls, giving him my bank card. His eyes went up in surprise when it worked as it should.

The guy wanted to show us where our rooms were but we had all been in Mogwa's many more times than he had, as Cami said. We knew the way. Phan went into the bathroom in my room as I was looking at the overly madeup girlish face I had. While she was wait-

ing for me to be ready, she did something that I hadn't ever thought of doing as she waited for me. She used the toilet but all she did was pull down her pink panties and her panti-hose. She peed into the bowl standing up! It looked so wrong to me as I looked at the rest of her slim figure, her narrow waist, rounded hips and thighs, her perky breasts and her long hair and thick makeup.

"Let's go and enrich ourselves," said Cami as I shivered and stored my purse. Like the others, I just took a small one with me, perfume, condom and lipstick, as I



linked arms with my friends and we went swaying out onto the street to find some men to amuse us. It seemed so natural, normal, for me to do that. I hardly gave it a second thought as I swished out of the hotel, making eyes at the desk clerk as I went by him. He was kind of cute, I thought, in my so girlish persona. Eat your heart out, Mike, I thought. We only got as far as the first bar and we were on our way back to Mogwa's.

My guy was in a rush. He couldn't believe that I wasn't a girl. I did a lap dance for him in my room. He was pouring into me in no time, his arms about my breasts that I let him caress and kiss. I should have charged him extra. I faked my orgasm. That really excited him and he had to have me face to face. Only his idea of what I had to face wasn't mine. Still, I did him and he gave me a big tip, literally, a hundred American dollars, on top of all the baht I had taken from him as I had him pay me sooner, not pay me later.

I was on my third trip back to Mogwa's with Cami and Phan with more Americans when the blonde-streaked Mai came running over to us. "Oh, you're in big trouble, you, Nong, the princess," she laughed at me, tossing her hair from her face, her huge earrings dancing at her neck.

"Hey, lookee," said one of the Americans. "We got us a spare whore, boys!"

"Shooter is really mad at you," Mai went on in Thai, even as she made eyes at the Americans we had snagged at *Sisters* before the floor show started. "He says that you robbed him and he went off to see Mr Hurang about it."

"That's not good," said Cami with a look at me. "He'll want a cut and he'll want something in trade as well."

“Hey, she can come along with me and you,” said the vocal American to Cami, putting an arm about Mai, who was smiling up into his face, her lipstick vivid and pink which wasn’t her best color, I thought bitchily. “You don’t mind a threesome, little lady, do you?”

“Oh, I love threesomes!” said Cami, exaggerating her flirting and girlishness. “And so does Mai! But she costs extra, Big Mac! She doesn’t perform for free!”

I hardly remembered the sex acts that I had performed with the men I had before Ed. He insisted that I call him by his name and said that I was the best piece of ass he’d had, male or female, since he’d arrived in Bangkok. “What a wonderful name for a city!” he said admiringly as he lifted my legs high over his shoulders, lowering my panties only enough so that he could penetrate me with his scented, slippery condom.

Oh, I think I liked the ribbed and rough ones, as Phan did so much, like the guys before him had used, I thought, as I kissed and urged him on, my fakery including a few gasps and beating on the headboard of the bed as I acted like the piston of a little steam engine. I could have gone on for an age but Ed was another premature ejaculator. I had a lot of acting to do then to appear that I was a most satisfied woman with a man, so anxious was he about his performance pleasing a street girl, a ladyboy, like me.

“What do we do about Shooter?” I asked Cami as I stood in front of the mirror again, brushing my hair back to shape. Mai had taken off with the three satisfied Americans. Good luck to her in trying to leech more dollars out of that now dry well. I took out a tube of garish pink lipstick and began to apply it to my lips.

“Mr Hurang and his men are the problem,” said Cami. “We haven’t scored big tonight or we would

have heard from them. Oh, I really do wish we could get out of this town, I really do. But what else is there but here for girls like us?"

"Um, Cami," I said to her then, wondering if I really should say anything. But it all came tumbling out, about the sex change operation. Cami clutched my arm and then began to hug me as if I had just told her that there really was a Father Christmas.

"They'll pay for it?" Cami hissed at me. "You're really sure, Nong. Will they take me as well as you?"

"I was thinking of you instead of me," I said with a shiver, thinking of the mutilation I was proposing to this girl who was obviously a very good friend of Nong's, the ladyboy I was pretending to be. Oh gods, what had I been doing this night? Oh, the perversions I had performed. I was numb for a moment or two as I thought that Nong would likely have approved everything Mike had done.

"Oh, I would do it for them in a flash," said Cami with a gorgeous smile, hugging me as we heard a laughing Phan coming out of her room with her man. They smooched in front of our door before the guy went staggering off after his friends.

"Hey, girls!" said Phan then. "Guess what! That guy told me that they're filming at Choy Lay's place right now. It's a hundred and fifty American for an hour!"

"We should go and immortalize ourselves," said Cami to me with a toss of her lovely hair and earrings again. "Something to remind us of what we once were."

"What are you talking about?" asked Phan.

“Nong and me, we’re booking ourselves in for the big one, like Rosie!” said an excited Cami.

“What do you want to do that for?” asked Phan, wrinkling her small, pretty nose. “Ugh, Cami, think about it. This will be no fun for you any more!”

“We’ll be real women!” proclaimed Cami, putting her hands under her breasts and making them wiggle. “We’ll have enough money to have Shooter neutered as well. Ooo, I’ve always dreamed of being a real model, in a bikini photo shoot!”

“You do that now for Ike,” said Phan. “For twenty a time.”

“Shots of us, Phan, with our tits and peckers hanging out,” laughed Cami. “No, not for me any more! I’m going with Nong uptown and I’m coming out a real girl. I’m going to make a fortune, Phan, with my sweet, little twat!”

“You’re crazy!” said Phan, laughing as we girls giggled together. The guys had plied us all with liquor to get us more uninhibited but the only thing that was uninhibited in my room was Ed who had enough liquor in him to fall asleep, not even finishing the job on me that he had started. Of course, I hadn’t told him that. Oh baby, you were the best ever. You really know how to fuck a girl. I’m so lucky. Maybe I should pay you! All said in broken English, squeaky-voiced as if I was a little girl still playing with my dollies, which did adorn the place that I shared with Cami and the other ‘girls’.

We were heading out from Mogwa’s to troll for some more, handsomer boys when we heard some male voice yelling, “Hey! There they are!” It’s hard to run in high heels but fear works wonders. We all took off, through *Fonies* where our loving bouncer thought

we had come for him, all three of us. We dashed past the rope, leaving Wian and his friends to take care of Scooter for a while as we wiggled our way through the kitchens, shushing the cooks, letting them have kisses and hugs, and a feel or two, to get out of the back where we could blend in with all the other girls out for a night on the town.

“Look where we are!” said an excited Phan as we swayed past a string of tourist bars, girls and ladyboys mixed all over this area. “Here’s Choy Lay’s. Oh, let’s go in and see if they can use us. Please, Cami, Nong, just for me tonight. I bet they have the nicest guys to make love to us!”

They weren’t particularly nice guys and the work was hard, harder for the men. They had to keep themselves going for over an hour that it took us to do one little video, me as a girl in a maid’s outfit who had come into the hotel room to tidy up and change the sheets. Of course I fell into bed with the guy and a romp ensued in front of the cameramen, director and the ladyboy makeup girl.

I had to fight for my panties, of course, and be upset when he found out that I had a penis, bigger than his actually. Oh, how I stroked and kissed him when he gave me a blow job, something totally unexpected to me. I expected him to have me in the tush and he did later on, the two of us having to stay apart often so that the camera could record exactly what a man was doing to me. It was hard to start and stop, wait, having the cameras move and doing it all again. Only at the very end, when I sort of had a headache because of the lights, did I think at all about who I was and what I was doing. Oh, how far I had fallen from what I once was, I thought in shame, but it didn’t last long.

Cami was much better than me. She giggled and laughed all the time and the guy she had couldn't get enough of her. Her penis was as engorged and spitting as was the guy's she was making love to. Even when the director called, "Cut!" the two of them kept on going and going, until the guy shot all over her face which she didn't like at all.

Phan was cute as a cheerleader and Ike, who was directing the little videos that we did, got into the act himself as he liked her. Cami and I realized why it was that we were there.

A little richer and with the late morning wearing on, we were about to go back into *Fonies* when we were surrounded outside the film room by a circle of men.

"Well, if it isn't my rich, little bitch," said Shooter, coming out of the group and seizing me around my waist, bending me over as he kissed me.

"Get off me!" I screamed at him. So, he let me go and I fell on the ground, my skirt over my back, my panties exposed.

"Pretty panties," said one of the circle of men, as Cami and Phan helped me up. They looked as frightened as I felt.

I thought we were all going to be really hurt but vans with blue lights suddenly pulled up all around us. The toughs, and Scooter, tried to melt away into the crowd but the cops were too experienced. They quickly rounded them up for the police vans.

My pantyhose was laddered as I was drawn to one van. There was the woman I had seen at Ramazov Phuset. "Oh, Nong, it is you!" the woman, still in a white coat, appearing like a doctor again, said to me. I shuddered. "We let you go prematurely this afternoon.

I've had the hardest of times tracking you down! Do you know a girl named Mai? She said you were likely here on some kind of film-making. I didn't understand the way she spoke very well. Chinese, isn't she?"

"My friend, Cami," I said to her, Dr Ramazova, I supposed. "She wants to earn that fifty thousand that you offered me. And my friend, Phan who doesn't want that operation, ever."

"You've been talking about us, Nong," said the woman with a frown. "It was on the form that you clearly didn't read that you were not to do that, Nong, not at all."

"But Cami wants what you want to do to me," I said with a shudder. "I, I don't."

"That's not up to you, Nong," said the woman. "Or should I say, Tamara?"

Cami's head jerked and she threw back her long hair. Her expression was shocked as she looked at me. I couldn't say anything as I felt so awful at having deceived her about me all night long.

"Yes, I've been talking to Baryshnikov," said Ramazova with a sly smile, "and they want you back, Tamara. I want my beautiful Nong back as well. But this little escapade has shown that this station will work, hasn't it?"

Cami and Phan sat staring at me in the back of the minivan as we sat together, legs touching, three pretty, dark-haired ladyboys, indistinguishable from girls. "You, you aren't Nong?" Cami asked. I could see that she was horrified at the sight of me and whatever she thought that I was.

How is what I am, worse than sitting with a girl who has had her sex re-assigned, I thought miserably.

Dr Ramazova had agreed that it would be very useful to have Phan and Cami as guides for other girls who occupied the body I was in. Phan had tentatively asked about money and was happy with the answer. She still looked at me, though, as if I was a monster.

“We have to do an exchange as soon as we get in,” said the woman as we drew up at Ramazov Phuset. It might have been early in the morning but there were scads of people running about in the place, silent securitymen everywhere and watching everyone.

“You’re not Nong?” asked Cami as we clicked in our high heels into the transmitting room. I hadn’t answered her before. There was the casket in which I had been transferred. I recognized it. Now, I had to vacate this beautiful girl’s body and go back to my humdrum world, I thought.

“Oh, I really wanted you and me to be girls together,” wailed Cami as Dr Ramazova assisted me into the casket and applied the leads to my head.

“She isn’t going anywhere,” said the surprised doctor as Cami began to wail. “She’ll be back with you in just a moment.” I heard Cami crying. I was as well. Amazing how I could bond with a woman in such a short time. No, not a woman, not a woman, I thought, and I wasn’t, either.

Cami’s image wavered and greyed in front of me as all the windows suddenly began to melt. I heard someone shouting that it was too soon. I wasn’t prepped and ready. Blackness, wonderful blackness descended over me.

“Pay attention, Elena,” said a voice to me then and a pudgy hand took mine. “This young man has just flown in and come directly here to look for you.”

The pudgy hand transferred itself to the front of my chest and began to pull the ribbons that held the neckline of my top in place even more tightly about my breasts. I was still a woman, I thought in relief, recalling what I had been just moments ago. Hadn't I just been begging the techs to put me into a man's body, any man's body? But they hadn't understood me at all.

I had been a beautiful, young Thai girl. Well, that wasn't strictly true. I had been a Thai boy who looked, dressed and sounded like a real girl. I was a real enough girl, in all save for one very important department. I was a boy but I loved to dress and act like a lady.

“Girl, girl,” said the man adjusting my neckline. “Drink! I think your brain is addled again. I don't think that this device you are hooked into is as benign as our betters say that it is! Drink, girl, drink! Ah, look who is here to see you again!”

I could barely focus my eyes. I saw my white-skinned, bare arms and the white mounds cupped so tightly in front of me. My eyes saw the grey suit opposite me. I lifted my head and wondered how I was supposed to entertain a man when I was so tired and my head hurt so much.

“Elena,” said the voice of the pudgy man who was standing slightly behind me. “I want you to be a good girl to this man.”

“Is she drugged?” asked a familiar voice. I lifted my blonde-maned hair to look right into the blue eyes of Yuri Kuznetsov, staring at me as if I was ill.

“Yuri,” I gasped as he sat down beside me and his hand reached out to mine.

“Long time since I’ve seen you,” Yuri said. “You weren’t really ill, were you? You didn’t have to rush back to Moscow to get some medical treatment?”

“Is that what you were told?” I asked him fearfully, the touch of his hand on mine, and the way he was caressing my long, feminized fingernails, making the headache go away, making me tingle all over.

“I saw you last night right here,” said Yuri. His gesture took in the dance floor and the club filled with girls dressed smartly like me, dancing for the most part with older men, smiling and encouraging the men to hold them tightly. “You had no idea who I was. You didn’t recognize me at all. I told Leonid that I didn’t understand. He told me that you were a schizophrenic and that I should come back tonight. So, here I am and tonight you know me.”

“Oh, Yuri,” I said, shivering so terribly as he shifted closer to me and put his arm about my waist.

Leonid loomed over us, a fixed smile on his round face. “You young lovebirds likely need some privacy,” he said, placing a key on the table beside Yuri’s elbow.

“It won’t be necessary,” said Yuri stiffly but Leonid left it there as he withdrew. Yuri smiled at me as I shivered at the touch of him against me, the events at Sochi flooding through my mind. “Do you know how much it is costing me to have this one night with you, Elena?”

“I, I don’t know,” I said, trying to get my thoughts in order, trying to stop thinking about the crying ladyboy friend I had left behind, halfway across the world.

“Ten thousand American dollars,” snarled Yuri.
“You had better be worth it, Elena!”

Yuri hauled me to my feet to dance with me. I never felt less like dancing, and certainly not like dancing as a woman, in the short, flirty dress I was wearing. My hair swirled about my shoulders, over the neckline of my dress, which had been lowered and tightened by Leonid to make my breasts entice the man who held me. He swirled and twirled me, often quite viciously, as if we were an adagio couple. My dress swished about me, making my stockings feel so tight, so airy, so feminine.

“Enough,” said Yuri. I could only think of Cami and me, and being as girlish as I could be as Nong, pouting and posing with her. “Are you still Elena? You don’t seem to be.” He escorted me out of the main part of the club, the key in his hand gaining us entrance to a part of the club that had many rooms. Yuri found whatever room he was looking for, opened the door and I was in a bedroom with him. Where else would I be, I thought to myself.

“I’m the Elena you knew in Sochi,” I said to him.
“I’m the girl you tricked into wearing a summer dress and carrying a parasol to your soccer practice. I looked like an idiot in front of all the other women.”

“You didn’t look like an idiot,” said Yuri, with a smile for the first time. He pulled me to him. “You looked like what you are, a beautiful girl.”

Yuri kissed me. He hugged me to him and kissed me purposefully and exhaustingly. He loosened the neckline of my dress and slipped it over my shoulders and arms as I kissed and kissed him in return. The feelings that I had before in Sochi had returned in full force. Oh, this was the man that I wanted to want me.

Oh, and he did. My bra followed my dress and Yuri lifted me easily onto the bed.

I undid his shirt. He was as tanned and as muscular, as manly as I remembered him. Oh, how I wanted such a man to make love to me. I put my arms about his neck and opened my mouth a little and let him possess me. For just a few moments, I panicked as he slipped my panties away from me. I felt as if I had a penis there. But it was only a phantom thing, signalling to me how intense my ardor was.

Yuri made love to me, almost in a fury, as if I was to blame that I had left him, apparently, so abruptly in Sochi. He kissed me mercilessly, his tongue savaging my mouth. I had to fight for every breath. His wonderful body caressed mine as he worked his hands all over me. He penetrated me. Oh, it was so wonderful to have a vagina and to feel what I did as I coupled with another man.

The surge in feelings and sensations in me seemed to be matched in him as well. I didn't have to tell him that I was coming and that I was going to convulse beneath him. Yuri seemed to recognize it. He lifted my legs high and increased his rate of plunging in and out of me until I was squealing at him to stop as the pleasure and emotion of a woman's orgasm overwhelmed me. I frantically joined with him in the dance that we were doing on the bed. Fireworks, rockets, the whole world, ignited all together as I clung to Yuri.

I said the words that were singing through me, "Oh, I love you so, my darling. I love you so! I love you so!"

Yuri, still rampant and still energized, rose over me as I spasmed beneath him. He lowered his head and kissed my breasts, tonguing my nipples. I had to grab

at his tush and his penis to join us back together again as he smiled down into my face.

“And a woman who loves me so could treat me the way that you did?” asked Yuri, slowing, and making me try to bring him to the same state that we had entered before in making such blissful love.

“I had no choice!” I babbled at him, trying to make Yuri love me again. He was so wonderfully hard and I wanted it so very, very badly. I wanted him to make me feel like the woman that I was with him, over and over again. I almost cried like a girl when he held back, deliberately arousing me but not pushing on to the final conclusion.

Yuri teased my nipples and I wiggled to get his body into the closest of contacts with mine. I knew that if I just kept going, he would surrender and we could be like one again, man and woman, united in love.

“Why did you run away?” asked Yuri aggressively, tantalizing me with his manhood.

“I didn’t,” I whispered to him. He snorted in disbelief. “I, I had to leave.”

“So Leonid owns you,” said Yuri, his face thunderous above me. “You’re a, what? A prostitute, a whore, or do you call yourself an escort?” I felt so awful. Why oh why couldn’t he just love me, love me and leave me when the time came. “Leonid or one of his pack owns you, don’t they, body and soul?”

“Just the body,” I managed to whisper. Yuri couldn’t take what he was doing as lightly as he tried, not with me kissing his neck, his body and then his lips. He was cursing as he thrust powerfully into me. I squealed which made him smile grimly. Neither of us could speak then, for the longest while, as he exorcised all his

demons, I was sure, making love to me non-stop for more than an hour which meant that I had multiple, multiple orgasms from the man who wouldn't tell me that he loved me but I had no doubt that he did.

"What's the difference?" Yuri finally managed to ask me. "Leonid owns your body. That means he owns all of you, doesn't it?"

I hesitated but then I asked him if he knew what avatars were. Yuri knew but he didn't believe that such things existed. I could almost hear him thinking that I was crazy. I was definitely a schizophrenic.

"So, sometimes I'm making love to Elena, and sometimes to Olga or Irina?" asked my very doubtful lover.

"Or sometimes Sergei," I said without thinking.

"Sergei!" Yuri shouted, sitting up and pulling the covers back then to look at my naked woman's body that was trying to cling lovingly to him. "You said that name before, on the beach, and then you changed so dramatically. I couldn't believe how loving you became. What was it? Were you dreaming you were making love to Sergei but you woke up and it was me beside you?"

"I hate making love to Sergei," I told him, just making things worse.

"You've this other lover?" Yuri began angrily. "You say you love me but you've been with him ..."

"Not since Sochi," I said miserably. "I, I had a job to do, information to find, how this all works. I had to make love to Sergei to become part of this, to become Elena!"

“What is your name when you make love to this Sergei?” asked Yuri.

“Tamara Ivanova,” I whispered to him. “He’s my boss at the Baryshnikov Institute.”

“Sounds like a ballet school,” said Yuri with a smile, lying down with me. We were coupling again, this time laughing and enjoying, the surge building inside me.

“Tell me, darling Elena. How would Sergei like being in your body and being kissed by a man like me?” Yuri had decided that I was mad, obviously. He would humor me and get what he really wanted from me and which I wanted so desperately to give him.

“He’d love it,” I whispered into his ear, really wanting to amuse him, not because I was brave enough to tell him what I really was, who it was, that was occupying Elena’s gorgeous, female body. “There are some men who only occupy girls’ bodies when they use an avatar. I don’t know that anyone could tell the difference.”

“I could,” laughed Yuri then. “I would know if it was a man trying to do what you are trying to do for me, Elena. A man could never be as sweet a girl as you are.”

It was a wonderful compliment in one way and such an indictment of me in another. “Oh, Yuri,” I gasped as he kissed me and fondled me so severely. I knew that I would have to tell him. I just couldn’t carry on being so two-faced with him. Oh gods, I screamed inside myself, as he caressed my clit. I shook and trembled beneath him, urging him to take me as a woman, while I tried to rehearse in my pretty head what I would say to tell him that I was a man, sort of.

We were coupling again in a real frenzy, me squealing and scarcely able to breathe as I clung to my so wonderful, so manly lover, when the doors burst open. A squad of men rushed in, machine guns trained on us. Yuri jumped up and was spun to the floor, a gun at the back of his neck. His leap left me totally without clothing or covers as I scrambled nakedly from the bed, try-



ing to find my dress or my panties. I knew the evidence of our lovemaking was still on me while poor Yuri was so rampant that he must have been hurting the way he was being forced down on the carpet.

“Don’t hurt him!” I screamed in a panic as I looked desperately for something to take the place of my hands in front of myself.

“Looking for this?” asked one of the men, laughing as he held my panties in his hand. I grabbed for them but he held them away from me. A man beside him took them from him and brought them to his mouth and nose and began to inhale the scent of my womanly parts.

“Beautiful,” he said to me as Yuri swore and wriggled on the floor.

“Say goodnight, beautiful,” said the first man. I screamed as he fired his gun at me but there was no bullet. Just a cloud of gas enveloped me and a very familiar blackness overcame me.

“Your friend, Kuznetsov, had some very useful information to give us,” said Smith, looking so neat in a suit and tie. “It was a good job that we were monitoring Leonid and the Arapovs as they were monitoring you. All the rooms in that club were set up for listening in. Only we realized faster that you were trying to spill the beans to this Kuznetsov.

“When you said that about finding out how the ring was organized, Teddy, our Moscow operative, pushed the buttons to get to you first before the mob realized what you knew and eliminated you. They would have

got everything about Avartech out of you as well before they finished with you. So, thank your lucky stars, Mike, that we have been tailing you all over the world and listening in on everything that you've said and done. You've really earned your reward."

"Slava sold them caskets," I said hoarsely. "The one I saw in Pattaya, at the Ramazov Phuset Institute was the one I arrived in at Slava's place."

"That's what the report from the agents we sent there tells us," said Smith with a smile.

"W-What will you do with Slava now?" I asked him. "With the whole Baryshnikov Institute?"

Smith smiled at me and touched some buttons on his desk. "I suppose you deserve to know," he said. "Some will work for us, Ramazov, for example ..."

"Ramazova?" I asked and Smith's smile broadened.

"There's only one Ramazov," Smith said, waiting until understanding swept over me. "You met his avatar, his walking around avatar. We'll be keeping him, the original, in his casket for a long time but she, the avatar, like you, can still do the work that he was doing. It is interesting, isn't it, how they did things differently, and similarly, to us. They had so few caskets since all Slava could get were the two he stole from us. They did really well with just the two; well, three, if you count the one we sent for you. That really had him in a dither. He was sure we were on to him and he was right.

"As for Slava then, Leonid, the Arapovs, Bereshvili, Kopin, those were the oligarchs who financed Baryshnikov, well, we have them all nicely stashed away in caskets, ones that we use, as you did, to control avatars. We are controlling them all, thanks to you,

Mike. Yes, we have them all in young, female bodies around the world, Leonid is only seven years' old right now, I believe. The others are what you showed us we could do. They're showgirls, models, dancers and, in the case of Sergei, it's poetic justice that she's a prostitute, a streetwalker, isn't it, with a very aggressive pimp."

"They'll be missed," I said, thinking what vengeance such men would take if ever they returned to power.

"Yes, but not in the way that you think," said Smith. "The Russian Government is most happy with what we have done in cleaning up a criminal ring as far as they are concerned. We have franchise rights there now. We have customers in the Russian government who love their holidays as glorious he-men. We have learned how to control the aberrations in random avatar experiences, thanks to our experiences with you, Mike. Hence the reward we are giving you. I hope you enjoy, Mike, and in the words of a great film actress, come up and see us sometime."

I stumbled out of Avartech and opened the envelope that Smith had given me. It had the real address, a Baltimore address of all places, that I wanted. Two days later, I was there. The cab driver didn't mind me directing him at first but, a nice guy, he didn't want to leave me in such a desolate, broken-down spot as the address I had been given by Smith. But I trusted Smith. I had to. It was the only way I would get the reward that I really wanted. I waited till the cab had disappeared and went down the steps to the door that led into the warehouse. I rang the bell.

The door was opened by an elegant woman in a black, evening gown. I think she had been waiting

there for me. Smith had probably told her that I was coming. Her makeup was flawless. "Well," she said, and there wasn't a hint of masculinity in her voice. "What is this, Mr Douglas? Déjà vu all over again?"

"Yes, mistress," I said to her humbly. Despite the male clothing I had had to wear, I curtsied to Mistress Joanne of the Sissy Training Institute. "This time, it is the real me. I promise to be a good girl if you will take me in hand again."

"Of course," said Mistress Joanne, smiling at me, her feminine fragrance enchanting me. "I must tell you that I am only doing this again for you because of my affection for a certain Mr Smith." She smiled slyly at me then and left all kinds of strange ideas whizzing around in my head about Smith and her, a woman, if she was one. "But the rules have to be followed," said Mistress Joanne, opening the inner door where familiar people were waiting for me. "Step in, my darling girl, and Josie and Rita will conduct you through the initiation. I'm sure you know how it goes."

I did. Mistress Joanne didn't have to use her riding crop on me this time. Rita and Josie didn't have to fight with me to make me remove my body hair or wear restrictive corsets. They didn't have to shackle me to a chair as my face was prepared for makeup. Gloria and Francine shaped and removed my eyebrows, giving me my first facial in months, or so it seemed.

I let them fix my hair and tie in the hair weaves after my hair had been permed and dyed a honey blonde color. I was instantly transformed by the hair weaving that they did to me, masses of thick hair pinned back, either in a pony tail, or in braids, or sometimes, just left loose over my shoulders when I had my dancing lessons.

I co-operated in every way that I could, from voice lessons with Anita to meeting Mr Denton again who wanted to be my first lover when I was available. I curtsayed to him and told him that I would love to do that as I had done it once before. I think Mr Denton had forgotten me. The faggy photographer certainly had. Well, I wasn't as pretty as Cindy had been at the end of her sissy training. I didn't have any of the female improvements made to me until Mistress Joanne had her interview with me.

"We can't have another Cindy," Joanne told me as I sat at her feet as Little Bo-Peep. It had been a nursery-rhyme party in the Romper Room. My mummy had wanted me to be a shepherdess. I had a number of sheep that I had to whack occasionally as they were so very, very bad, letting the big, bad ram impregnate them all as he did again in the middle of the party. Mummy was really annoyed with Josie, the bad ram, and her strapped-on rammy thing.

"You can play with him in your bed, darling," Mummy had said to me, "but look at my darling little lambs." They were all cowering in a corner of the playroom. Several had their frilly, lamb skirts all dishevelled where Josie had 'rammed' them. The pretty, white gloves they wore over their front hooves, as I was supposed to call them, were even dirty which would mean that I would have to take them to Miss Rita for a good spanking. It was a good job that the gags were still in place as Lucy, the lead sheep with a bell on the black velvet bow about her neck, was begging me to get her out of the playroom when Mummy wasn't looking at her. "Put the sheep in the pen, Michelle, and come and give Mummy some kisses. You're my favorite daughter, didn't I tell you?"

I didn't like kissing Mummy. Sometimes, her beard was too rough. So, when Mistress Joanne came for me and took me out to play, I was glad though I did feel a little sorry for Lucy whom Mummy put in her lap. She was the ram for Lucy, mounting her to Mistress Joanne's surprise in similar fashion to Josie, but Mummy didn't have to use any strap-on instruments.

"You're going to discipline all the flock, Cassie?" Mistress asked Mummy.

Mummy was almost sitting on Lucy's back, riding her, slapping at her to make Lucy buck up and down on the floor for her. "Don't see why not," panted Mummy. "They've all been very bad, running away like that."

"Hmm," said Mistress Joanne as she took me by the arm. "Well, Mummy knows best, doesn't she?"

Mistress Joanne made me show her how I curtsayed and how I should sit like a little girl on the floor, my crinolines spread out all around me. It was on the tip of my tongue to say that that not being Cindy wasn't the deal. Smith was paying for this experience. He had promised that I could be Cindy again. But, this time, the transformation I had thought that I had gone through would be real. If my avatar could be transformed from me, Mike Douglas, a thirty-two year old man, into the young girl that Cindy had appeared to be, then I could really be transformed into her, I thought.

"It's my rule," said Mistress Joanne to me stiffly. "I am not a cloning agency even if Toby would like me to run one for him. No, you cannot be Cindy, Mr Douglas. I think you will be Michelle from now on. It's a lovely name and it suits you. Michelle Dee, yes, that is you, I

think. Now, you are on hormone therapy, aren't you, Michelle?"

"Oh, yes, Mistress Joanne," I said, feeling most unhappy. I remembered being in the entertainment section of the Sissy Institute. How wonderful it had been, as Cindy, to finally let go with a male and to be so loved by Bart. No, I wasn't going to think about who Bart had really been, how he had tricked me into being so passionate a woman with him. So passionate a sissy, I should have said. The apartments were really here on a specially constructed top floor of the warehouse.

Gloria was a permanent inhabitant of the place now, she said, but there was some new development going on, in some new, business district. Gloria was hoping to move there, I knew it was across from Avartech. Doubtless it would enable Smith and his cohorts to park lots of avatars like mine there and sell their experiences off to 'discerning' clients who wanted to be sissies like me but not undergo all the rigors of a long training. Gloria, of course, a sissy like me, oh that thought made me tremble a lot, was dreaming of all the wonderful men she would have access to.

"I'll make all their dreams come true," she said coyly to me as she did my hair again, frowning at my face which I knew wasn't at all what I wanted it to be.

"Now," said Mistress Joanne. "Don't make that sad face at me, young lady." She checked my purse and the hormone tablets, all three of them, that I was taking to no noticeable effect.

"Michelle will not be Cindy," she said firmly. "She will be Michelle, her own woman. Yes, the nose will be thinned and a little similar but this time your face will be changed, Michelle. I can't abide looking at you any more in the pretty dresses that Miss Rita and your

Mummy have you wear. We will shave back those brows so that there is no suggestion that they ever existed. We will have that jawline re-shaped and your larynx shortened so that Miss Anita will have better material to work with. Oh, she gives me good reports on you, Michelle, but I think a radical and fundamental change must be made in you. And we shall start immediately."

"What, what will I look like, Mistress?" I gasped.

"Like a girl, you idiot," said Mistress Joanne with a smile. "Yes, we'll do your T and A as we did on Cindy, that we do on all Toby's projects. It is going to take much longer for you to recover this time, Michelle, but it does mean that I will move you from the sissy in training program to the infirm list. When you are discharged from there, it will be the showgirl program for you, unless Toby says otherwise. I have to keep him informed on your progress, you know. I understand you have some kind of contract with him?"

"Oh, yes, Mistress Joanne," I said a shade too quickly and the Mistress frowned at me. I felt a real pang of fear at her expression then. I knew that I didn't want, ever, to have the Mistress angry with me. I didn't want to end up in the stocks in the dungeon, not after seeing Andrea in there on my last visit to this place.

"But, Mistress," I told Mistress Joanne quickly, trying to be sweet and shy, but that's pretty hard when you are a man as old as me, in ringlets with a bonnet on my head, my face a painted mask, really, not hiding my masculinity as my dresses and corsets did. "I, I am only here to be guided by you, Mistress," I told her. "I am Michelle. I will do anything that you wish me to, Mistress. You always know what is best for me."

“Of course, Michelle,” said Mistress Joanne. “That goes without saying.”

Just as had happened to me before, I went into the medical center that was part of the Training Institute. Francine, the nurse, was there, still speaking in her male voice.

“Back again?” she asked me in puzzlement. “Oh, you’re Michelle, not Cindy. Are you twins? Your sister came first and now she has persuaded you to come as well?”

“Something like that,” I agreed as I felt the anaesthetic starting to take hold of me. “But I’m not like Cindy at all. She was so much prettier than me.”

“I dare say she was, after what she had done here,” laughed Francine, her manly voice so wrong in a pretty woman like her.

“No, even here,” I said drowsily. “I saw her photos. She was prettier than me.” I hadn’t seen the photos, of course. I had the memories of Cindy, me, and what I had looked like before and after I had passed through the medical center.

“I’ve sent through other sisters who’ve said that as well,” said Francine seriously as I began to doze. She began to move me in my hospital gown into a room where the masked men and women were waiting for me. “The second girls through always think that they’re not as pretty as their elder sisters but it’s not true! You’re just as pretty as Cindy was at this stage of her transformation, Michelle. But when you come out and recover, which is going to take you longer, you are going to be twice as beautiful as she was. Are you going to be a model like her?”

“Lights out, Michelle,” said a man behind a mask, huge glasses covering his eyes, a mask over his hair. I felt a cold shiver run through me and then I knew nothing more for quite a while.

My eyes were black bruises for the longest time. My face was so swollen as I had bandages everywhere. My hair weaves had been taken away for a while as my own hair got a chance to grow. It had grown quite a bit with my experiences for Mr Smith. Now, it was able to be brushed about me and look like woman’s hair, properly styled. Its brilliant gold shone so much that I was Blondie as much as I was Michelle to the other girls in Recovery with me.

One was a redhead whom Rita came in to visit all the time and tantalize. Brenda, Rita’s wife first, had tired of her new husband, Rita’s rival, and had sent him to Mistress Joanne when I was here the first time. I chatted to Rita when she had come to me to see how I was doing after I had watched her terrorizing Yvette, the redhead.

“Brenda’s annoyed with me because she thinks I made her pregnant deliberately,” Rita whispered fearfully to me. “But I didn’t do it on purpose and she can get rid of it so easily.”

I just lay there in my pink nightie, a red ribbon tracing out the line of my new breasts for me, listening to her.

“You’ve had a lot of extra procedures done to you as well, haven’t you, Michelle?” Rita went on. “You were so pretty before. When you get out of here this time, you are going to be devastatingly beautiful, not like my rival over there. She’s going to the sales, you know.”

“The sales?” I had to ask her. “Olivia, did she go to the sales as well.”

“Of course she did,” said Rita, patting my hand. “Don’t worry, Michelle. It’s not going to happen to you. You’re going back to that company that pays all your bills as well as those for half of the other girls we have in here these days. What is this Avartech? Is it some kind of computer gaming company? Brenda was telling her broker over the phone to buy shares in it but it’s still a private company, she was told. I didn’t tell her about you and the other girls but I figure Mistress Joanne has. It’s a pretty big, rich company this Avartech, isn’t it?”

“Yes,” I said to Rita with a shudder. “But don’t get involved with them, Rita. Look at me or whoever else is here from Avartech. You let them into your life and they’ll own you worse than Brenda does or Mistress Joanne. Just keep your mouth shut and you’ll live a longer, richer life.”

“You call what I do here a rich life?” asked Rita, shaking her lovely, dark hair, her thin eyebrows so precisely drawn. She looked so good in her leather skirt and white blouse. She looked so womanly as she stroked my hand with hers. She was wearing lipstick so darkly red that it was almost black.

“It isn’t?” I asked her, thinking how it must suit her, as she was now, a dominatrix.

“I’m not a woman,” whispered Rita, glancing around. “I want out of this whole, perverted mess, Michelle. If you could put in a word for me at this Avartech and they could get me out, I’d be eternally grateful.” Her eyes were actually shining as she spoke to me. “I’m trapped here almost as badly as you were the first time. How could you come back like you were,

by the way? Avartech did that for you, didn't they? If they get me out, I'll never get sent back here again, I promise you. I could hand over Brenda's businesses, lock, stock and barrel to them. You tell them that. I want to be me again, Richard McCluskey. You tell them that!"

I had wanted to ask Rita about Olivia and her brothers but Francine came in then to attend to the weeping Yvette.

I saw Yvette the next day, dressed in a green silk dress, her figure so slim and girlish. She had 'perky', high breasts as I did. They made the dress she had on look so sexy. Her hair was lovely and so red. Her makeup was vivid from where I lay in bed in my nightie, getting used to the gentle feel of a bra about my chest, a bra this time that wasn't padded but had something in it, me.

Yvette's earrings gleamed as she shook her head at whatever Francine was saying to her; and so Rita, in a black leather skirt and seamed stockings, and Josie, her head shaved like a man's still, had to take Yvette's arms and lead her off. Of course, it was the stocks, Francine told me. She changed the dressings on my face and told me that it would take a month before the swellings went down. I couldn't have more painkillers because they could react with the hormones I was taking.

"I could stop those," I said sourly. "They aren't doing anything for me."

"What?" asked Francine in surprise. "What's giving you such lovely skin, Michelle? Haven't you noticed how smooth the skin on your face is? Are you just looking at your bruises? You shouldn't, Michelle. Look at the hair on your head. It's getting so thick and so

healthy! Oh, you are so womanly, Michelle! Your figure, your tush and your waist. You have to wear a skirt and some proper lingerie, stockings for sure this afternoon and come for a walk in the Institute with me. We can't use makeup on you for a while but, want to bet, that Ed Denton still wants at you like he used to?"

"I'm not doing him again!" I said. Francine laughed and put her finger on her lips.

"Now be a good girl, Michelle," she said. "Ed Denton can ask and you have to treat him like a man. But what's a few kisses between old friends? You're not going to be staying here as soon as you're able to function and are well, are you?"

"I hope not," I had to admit. So I wore my skirts and practised my walk and walking in high heels. I curtsied to lots of men. I kissed Ed Denton among many others. I modelled for Gerard in some lingerie ads, my face carefully avoided as I was still bandaged so much.

Six weeks is an awfully long time. But the stitching was gone from my breasts and I was used to wearing a bra and having them sway in front of me, the real Mike Douglas, as I kept thinking of myself. I think that was why Mistress Joanne had named me 'Michelle'. It reminded me all the time that I was Mike, that I was a man, despite the Merry Widow corsets that I wore, the adorable panties and the stockings and garters that matched them.

I loved the skirts, the tight ones, the mini ones, the flirty ones that I wore. I loved modelling the gowns I had to for Gerard even though my face was still out of bounds. I loved all the girls I came into contact with, so many girls who were just like me but who couldn't say so. Their mannish voices sometimes gave them away

but mine never did. I was asked several times, by cautious, curious girls, if I was a sissy like them or was I really a girl.

I was honest with everyone, even the men, who tried to flatter me, to get into my panties, to use one of Rita's expressions. I was honest with everyone, even after my bandages came off and I could use makeup again. Oh, I had thought it would be so wonderful to look in a mirror again and look at the young woman I had become.

Well, it was wonderful, too wonderful. Because, when I looked in the mirror, what I saw wasn't me in any shape or form. I was a beautiful, young girl. I was a girl I had seen before. When I looked in the mirror, Elena Korova looked back at me.

I should have guessed that Smith wouldn't just let me walk away from Avartech. I had been warning poor Rita all about that and look, it was happening to me again.

Rita was crying when Mistress Joanne, Mistress Donna, Nurse Francine and Josie hauled her down to the medical center. "No, no, there's been some mistake," Rita kept saying. "No, No! Brenda said she was my sister. She wouldn't do this to me!"

"She ordered it," said Mistress Joanne coldly. "And you have told me, Rita, how much you love being a woman and how much you love having a man inside you!"

"I lied!" screamed Rita as I and many girls, just like me, watched in horror as Francine finally injected Rita's flailing arm with something.

“Start her on the lactation process as well as arranging the surgical option,” said Mistress Joanne as Rita collapsed into the wheelchair Francine had brought.

“But I thought it was just lactation,” said Francine.

“You heard her,” said Mistress Joanne. “Rita isn’t a sissy like the rest of us here. We’ve known that, Brenda and I, for a while. Well, since the child she impregnated Brenda with is going to need a mother, Rita is the best candidate to be Mummy. She might as well have the complete fix, mightn’t she? It will be so cute to visit Mummy and her baby in the maternity ward when Brenda passes the child over to her. If it’s a boy, we could even bring the pair back here and have Rita raise her son as a sissy, couldn’t we?”

I don’t think that I was the only one looking at Mistress Joanne in horror then. Oh, Rita, I trembled. What a pickle you’ve got yourself into! Oh gods, what could I do for her? I couldn’t talk to anyone in the Institute. We sissies were the last people to rebel against our task-mistresses.

In just moments, April, Lucy and Judy, three of my little lambs were talking to me in their lilting, girlish voices about the ‘scrumptious’ new fashions that Gerard was absolutely making them wear for a new photo shoot for the next edition of *Totally*, the girls’ magazine that was produced almost entirely at the Institute. Save for gossip columns about real, female celebrities, the models used were all from the Sissy Institute. Some were even of Cindy, the lingerie ones.

Rita was gone a week or more when Mistress Joanne called me to her office and examined my face. “You like this one as much as you liked Cindy’s?” she asked me.

I knew enough not to tell her that I didn't or that I recognized who I was supposed to be. "I love what you have done to me, mistress," I said to her, and in the main, I did. I was what I had told Smith that I wanted to be. I had played a girl enough times in my 'dreams', 'avatar experiences', 'occupations', whatever anyone wanted to call them. I had become so used to being what I was, a girl. And it was a blonde, beautiful girl that I looked like.

"You have an apartment to return to," said Mistress Joanne then. "Josie and her helpers have packed for you, Michelle, and the cab is waiting at the door. Good-bye, my girlie-boy. I ask you, I really do, not to come back to me, Michelle, or next time, I must insist that you belong to me completely. The experience will not be so ladylike and friendly on our part."

It was so odd then to walk into an airport and have people looking at me, women as well as men. In the airplane, I was lucky and sat by another girl who slept most of the way into New York. Then I had to get out of the airport in my tight skirt with men all asking me if they could help me.

It was both outlandish and so wonderful to be out into the fresh air to have a man, a cabbie, look at me, call me 'Miss', me, the real Mike Douglas, and open the door for me to slide my short-skirted suit onto the back seat, lifting my nylons and high heels into the cab after me. I was out. I was unsupervised. I was a woman on my own, just as I had asked Smith to make me. I had the reward I had asked for. Nerves surged through me as I sat in the cab and we went silently home, the cabbie looking at me in the rearview mirror from time to time.

I could feel his eyes on me as he watched me get out of the car at my apartment building. The doormen who knew me well, Ron, and his helper, Carl, came leaping down the steps to get my suitcases for me.

“We had a call that you were coming, Miss Dee,” said Ron, in his Southern accent. He looked me over most approvingly and I shuddered inside as this was a man who ought to have known me and he didn’t. I tossed my blonde hair back and clicked up the steps and headed to my apartment, anything to get off the street and all the people, neighbors out there, who were looking at me, studying me. I shivered as I knew that the people around me didn’t know what kind of weirdo had just moved back into their midst.

My apartment was through the right door, only it wasn’t my apartment.

“The decorators only finished the day before yesterday, Miss Dee,” said Ron, bringing in my suitcases and putting them in front of the glass, closet doors. Carl staggered up with more as I looked around, the image of the slim, young woman in the long mirrors almost overcoming me. I felt so strange, yet I had worn makeup for weeks, months, more if I thought of all the women and strange men I had been for Avartech. I had worn dresses and high heels. I had worn stockings. I had had long hair and earrings. I had had long fingernails and worn women’s perfume for such a long time and yet, standing in my apartment, I almost felt like an alien. I opened my purse, oh gods, my purse, and took out money and tipped the men generously.

Ron had to show where in my gorgeous, feminine bedroom he had put the other cases that had arrived. One of the female decorators had opened them and

had hung my dresses in the closets for me. He hoped that was all right.

Thank you, Avartech, I thought, close to panic. You're a woman, you're a woman, I had to remind myself. I smiled at the men and thanked them for their trouble, walked them to the door where they said it was no trouble at all, Miss Dee. Then I was really alone as I hadn't been for so long. There was no-one to tell me what I had to do, no-one to chat fearfully with about what had happened to people I had known so briefly.

I was a woman and I was on my own. I had long hair, breasts, wide hips. I wore panties and duct tape for a special purpose. I wore perfume and stockings and dresses and high heels. I had no idea what to do next with the life that I had set up for myself.

There was nothing in the fridge but a bottle of champagne with a pink ribbon about it. I debated ordering in to dine alone. I went to the window and looked down on the city, the cars moving, the people. I almost ordered in. How could I ever go down there and mingle as a woman, what I was now?

I studied the girl in the mirror and actually wished that I wasn't so pretty. Oh, did my breasts ever attract the eye in the dress I was wearing. I changed, having to look at myself in my underwear, my body so feminine. How could this be me? My hand was shaking as I readjusted my makeup and blotted my lips. I didn't look any less glamorous with a pony tail and in a straight skirt. It seemed to emphasize every curve that I now had. I could almost hear Mistress Joanne saying, "You wanted this, Cindy," when she had believed I was a real sissy. "Now you are going to get everything that you wanted and there will be no complaints."

I had everything I wanted, I thought with a tremble, putting on the little jacket that matched my skirt. I picked up my purse with a trembling hand and checked around my lovely apartment, the dolls I remembered from being Cindy, on a shelf over my bed.

Carl was on duty and rushed to open the door for 'Miss Dee', almost making me turn and head back up-stairs. I went out onto the street where people were walking by. An older woman brushed past me as I turned and heard the click of my high heels on the sidewalk.

"Elena," said a voice behind me and there was a man walking beside me, his arm through mine.

"Yuri!" I burst out in surprise as he smiled down at me. He spoke to me in Russian. I didn't understand a word.

"No speak Russian?" Yuri asked with a smile. "I speak a little English."

"No Russian," I agreed, my temperature rising as he walked me through the crowds of people then, leading me to *Marco's*, an Italian restaurant I had eaten in a million times, where everyone knew Mike Douglas well. I had been going to avoid it but Yuri knew the place.

"Is good to eat," he said seriously, heading me in, as I shuddered. Marco was right there, smiling as I had never seen him before. Was he laughing at me being dressed as a woman as I was? Oh gods no! He was actually flirting with me. He thought that I was a woman! As did the man beside me. I had never told him, I thought, a chill running through me. What the heck was he doing here anyway, in America? How had he known that *Marco's* was such a good restaurant.

I smoothed my skirt beneath me as I sat and crossed my legs, my stockings still arousing such feminine feelings in me. My hand was shaking when Yuri took it.

“For me?” Yuri asked with a wry smile.

“N-No,” I murmured as Marco went off to bring us his favorite wine, he said. I knew it would be the red Chianti. He had always brought that for me before, telling me about the vintage and vineyard it had come from.

“I will make you shake for me, later on?” Yuri asked with a smile then on his tanned, handsome face.

“What are you doing here?” I asked him. “How, how do you know this place?”

“I wait for you last week,” said Yuri seriously. “You ask Marco. I eat here whole week. I tell him I am waiting for most beautiful girl in world to come home. Am I not right, Marco?”

Marco had returned to us with his favorite wine, a white Pinot Grigio, a girl’s drink, that made me think that he was mocking me. “That is why I bring you the favorite wine of all beautiful women,” beamed Marco then, pouring a glass for me to taste. A vodka had appeared in front of Yuri.

Mistress Joanne had made us girls drink only white wine in the ‘receptions’ that we had occasionally. The men she had around the place could chat with us and make us behave constantly as women would at cocktail parties. How they loved using that word to ask us our favorite cocktail and to admire our cocktail dresses.

Yuri touched my hand. “Still you, isn’t it, Elena?” he asked me anxiously, looking into the eyes I had spent so much time on to make as femininely vivid as I could.

“Y-Yes, it’s me,” I said. I should have said that it wasn’t and that I was off on some mind adventure. Yuri would have likely walked away from me then.

“The real you,” said Yuri carefully then. “The real Elena.”

“Not the real Elena,” I had to say with a shiver. “I’m, I’m,” I was going to say Mike but Marco was hustling back to us with appetizers for us to taste. “I’m Michelle,” I said hastily as Marco proudly put his latest creations on the table, food that I once would really have dug into and gorged on for half the night.

But I was a woman. I ate sparingly and daintily. Yuri was the one who gorged. He understood that I wasn’t the original, he explained to me, using a lot of Russian and mixing himself up as he tried to explain that he knew now about what I was and what Avartech was.

He didn’t really know, I thought with a shiver. He thought that it was some kind of visual imaging in some way, that both of us had been a part of. “So real to me,” Yuri went on. I almost felt my heart stop as I thought he was referring to me and the way I looked now as a woman. “Sochi, Moscow, so real. And Leonid. Played his part so well. Was really criminal? I did not understand him well. Trying figure out why Elena wants be in such action thriller. You should have pay for longer experience.”

“Who?” I gasped. “How?”

“Very pretty girl, Cindy,” said Yuri, smiling at me. “I very attracted but she not you, Elena-Michelle. She not you.” He reached over and stroked my hand again as I shivered and shook inside and cursed Avartech.

They were still manipulating me even though they had given me everything that I wanted.

Oh, and I wanted Yuri. Yes, I did. Yuri recognized that I did in the look that I gave him. I tried to cover it up. I tried to get him to order from the main menu but Yuri wouldn't. He stood and became the imperious male with his adoring female, me. He marched me back to my apartment, brushed off Carl's inquiries about who he was, keeping his arm about me and possession of me.

"Yuri," I finally found up the courage to say to him as he took the key from my purse and let us into my apartment. "Yuri, there is something that I have to tell you. Really, I have to tell you before ..."

Yuri kissed me and all reason left me. I clung to him. He hugged me so tightly, his hand around my hair, releasing my pony tail as I really was kissing a man, really as myself, and with no excuses about being forced at all. I wanted to do it. I wanted to feel as feminine, as female as I did.

I was in such bliss just kissing Yuri, that it was so easy for him to direct me across the apartment and into my bedroom. I fell onto the bed with an active, rampant male against me, my skirt hitched up so that he could caress my thigh and play with my stocking top as Yuri had always done in the past.

But this has to stop, I screamed at myself, as I gloriied in his caresses and the way he was stroking my breasts in my uplifted bra. Yuri was too close to such a colossal disappointment! I actually began to cry as he slipped my skirt from me and began to undo my bra.

"Yuri, we can't do this," I gasped at him. "We can't." Oh, my body was on fire with longing for him.

“Why not?” Yuri asked then. “You girl like Cindy? She tell me.”

My mind swam. But she’s a real girl not like me, I wanted to say. Then it came to me. Oh, gods, I had been Cindy. I had been a sissy. And if it was Grant still in that body, well, he was a sissy like me, wasn’t he?

“Y-Yes,” I said in a shaking voice, so much unlike mine, Mike’s. “I’m a girl like Cindy, Yuri. Not a girl at all.”

“Find out,” said Yuri then, stripping off his shirt and pants as I couldn’t get away as he had one of my legs trapped all the time so that I couldn’t slide off the bed. Well, Yuri found out and he didn’t stop making love to me. He released me from my taping while I had my arms around his neck. I was kissing him with an ardor that I hadn’t used on anyone since the last time we were together.

This time, no-one burst in on us. This time, I wiggled and wriggled in joy as I didn’t have to say anything as Yuri put my tush against his manhood. We slotted together as if we had always done it that way. I felt the surge inside me. The convulsions of a woman’s orgasm swept over me.

“Oh! Oh!” I screamed, feeling sensations that I thought had just been because of the woman’s body I had occupied. But they weren’t. They were inside me! I felt like this because of the brain that I had. “Love me, love me, love me, Yuri!” I demanded of him, swaying and caressing him as the last vestige of Mike Douglas released against him and I was totally his Michelle or his Elena, whichever he wanted.

“I love you, Michelle,” Yuri stopped for a moment to say to me. I convulsed, his woman completely, un-

able to stop pouring kisses onto him, caressing his body with my breasts, with my legs, with every part of me. "Yes, you are woman that I want, Michelle, Michelle, Michelle. You love me, as well?"

"Oh, I love you, Yuri. I love you, I love you, I love you!" I cried, shedding tears knowing that my mascara and eyeliner must be running as I was ridden by my lover to new heights that left the way I had felt in Moscow so far behind.

The night had begun early but sleep didn't come until very late. Yuri explored every part of me, his woman, he called me. I pleased him in every way that I could. Mostly, however, we returned to the same position, me on my back, he on top of me, caressing and kissing my breasts or my lips. I had my legs wrapped around him and he occasionally fondled those as well. I lay back in my pillows and thrust my tush as far forward as I could, gripping him tightly as he entered me so firmly every time. We bounced and bounced together through such intense loving while he whispered to me how lovely and womanly I was and that he loved me. He was going to make me his wife.

So, I called him my husband and he loved that. And when Yuri said that he loved something, it meant that he had to emphasize that by having me, his woman, as a man should have the woman he loves. I only learned much later that to Yuri, saying I was his woman was much the same as calling me his wife. That was what he meant.

We only had the bottle of champagne in the fridge when hunger finally drove us from the bed. I padded about my changed apartment, just in panties, thinking how I had used to stalk around this room, but now I had a man with me. He was naked and he wanted me.

I could really tell. It was so decadent to be so naked and to stand in the middle of the kitchen area and be kissed, fondled, and loved by a naked man.

Oh, Michelle, you really are Michelle now, I thought.

Yuri had to go back to England to the new soccer team he had joined. He said archly that he should employ an avatar, shouldn't he? I had all the bureaucratic work to go through to have myself recognized as a transsexual and qualify for a passport. What a demeaning process it was but I would then be able to travel as Michelle Dee. The alternative of cheating or changing my sex and becoming a Russian woman again had too many dangers.

Yuri's remark about getting another avatar in his bed that I could occupy made me think a lot about myself. All he was thinking of was that he could have me while I was supposed to be waiting for all the right certificates and permissions to travel as a woman to be readied. He could have me as a woman if we got the right avatar from Avartech. That would be really great for him, wouldn't it, and he could compare having me as Michelle and as another woman. I didn't want him to do that. I was selfish and wanted him all for myself.

Perhaps I will follow Rita and Yvette into womanhood. After all, how did I know that what I was in wasn't an avatar experience, anyway? How would I, Michelle Dee, know if I was or if I wasn't?

No, don't think of that, I thought, as I lined up in the passport office with my new papers and prepared

to answer invasive questions and get funny looks at me. I wanted my passport and I wanted it fast to be with my husband. Only, I had to call him my boy friend to the goggle-eyed government clerk who processed me, his hands lingering almost passionately on my photograph.

“I can’t believe that this woman is you!” the clerk finally blurted out. I think he meant it as a compliment. I smiled sweetly at him and blew him a kiss.

“Sometimes I don’t believe it myself,” I told him. And sometimes I do, I added mentally, crossing my lovely, nyloned legs again so that he could get a better look at them.

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