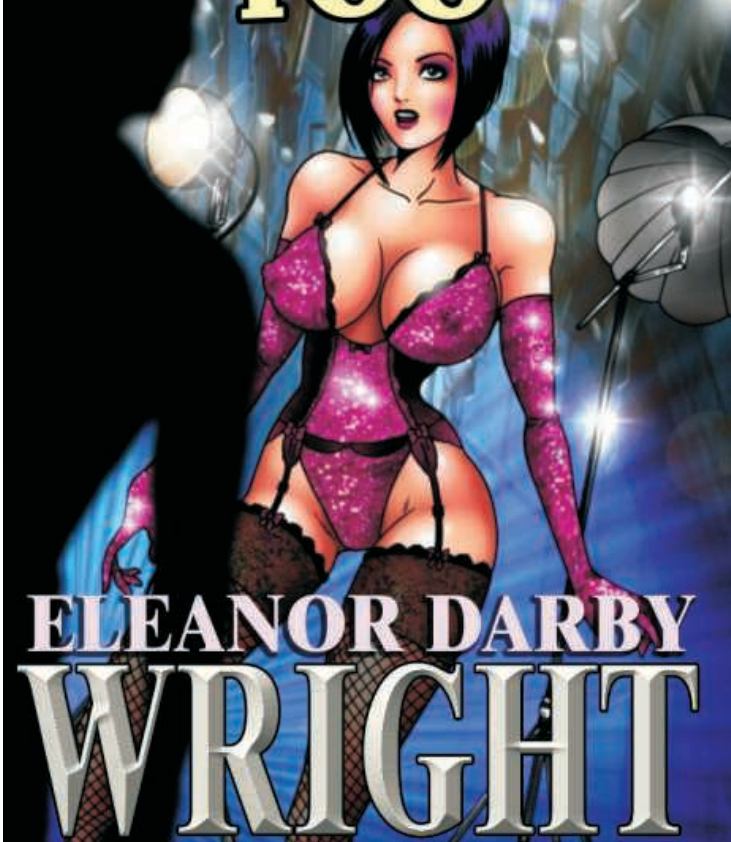


# AVATARS ARE US TOO



ELEANOR DARBY  
WRIGHT

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# AVATARS ARE US, TOO

**by Eleanor Darby Wright**

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I was sobbing then as blackness caved in all around me. I could feel the imprint of Bart on me but he wasn't there any more. He was gone. I had never felt despair like it before. The casket in which I had been lying opened. It opened and I had a feeling as if a hurricane had washed over me.

"Would you like a cold drink, Mike?" asked an earnest young man in a suit, clipboard in hand.

I stared at Grant, stared at my hairy hand on the edge of the casket, stared at the checked shirt and jeans that I had been wearing when I entered the casket.

Grant smiled at me. "Seems so real at times, doesn't it?" he said. "Such a long session as well, Mike, ah, Mr Douglas. Perhaps too long for a first time, which is why we had to send in your partner to find you. Um, and here she is. He's still a little bit under, Miss Reid, um, Brandy."

Brandy was wearing a red blouse with her grey skirt. Her eyes were so blue, china blue. How come I hadn't recalled when I was under where I had first seen Bart's lovely eyes before?

"You didn't sign the form," said Brandy soberly as we stepped out of Avartech and looked across the street at the cafeteria there. I shuddered as I saw the grille and the opening that led to steps that went down. Gosh, had I really been in there?

"You let them have your avatar?" I asked her and Brandy shivered.

"I'm not as rich as you are, Mike," she said slowly. "Letting them keep it meant that I don't have to pay them as much."

"But that was only a quarter ..." I began.

"Yes," Brandy said unhappily. "I sold them my other avatars as well."

"So, others can use them?" I asked. My head was still trying to grasp that I had just lost nearly two months of my life. Two months! They'd said a few hours at the start, well, maybe a day, but not longer than four days under. That was the record for a newbie. Some elders went on for much longer, the

techs had said. Avatars for them were a surrogate form of life.

"I will never do this again," said Brandy with a shudder.

"Why not?" I said, dreading to ask her about her last trip in particular.

"I was an alien in the first one!" Brandy said then in a rush and she was angry. "It was the craziest thing. I was an alien warrior, a man! I was in a war party that was stealing this woman and taking her back to my tribe. I made her my wife and, and, well," she shuddered, "I don't know why I agreed to adult content, I really don't."

"You had sex with her?" I asked, my throat dry. Could it have been Brandy who had made love to me and whom I had loved so passionately? "That must have been awful for you."

"No," said Brandy. She was blushing a bright red up to the roots of her dark hair. "It was incredible, actually. She was so loving, so womanly. No man could have resisted her, Mike. I don't know how to tell you, how to describe her, but I was in love with her and she seemed to love me. Even when she was resisting me at first, I could sense it in her. She wanted me. She was in love with me. Once we were married and I really did marry her, me a warrior, if you can believe it. She, she did everything that she could for me as my wife. She travelled the forest with me, made my bed and my meals, and, and she was pregnant with my baby when I left her."

"How long were you with her?" I had to ask, such a relief coming over me to know that what she was saying was not about me, not at all.

"Months, it seemed," said Brandy gloomily. "Oh, she was so delightful, especially on our wedding night, and the honeymoon." Oh, gods, it could have been me!

"The things she wanted me to do," Brandy was going on, not knowing how she was torturing me. "How could I leave her when she was so delighted to be having my baby? I just said my release word and got out of there! It was just too weird!"

"Too much time passed," I said anxiously. "It seemed like months but it wasn't. So it must have been all a dream."

"No," said Brandy, giving a shudder and pulling her coat tighter around her. She needed a drink. So we headed across to the café across the street. "This avatar stuff, it's not really ours, you know."

"ETs?" I asked her skeptically. "Sending us radio messages across the cosmos so that we can understand them, live as them, they live as us? They're savages as well with green-tinted skin and pointy ears?"

"Davis, the tech, was arguing that with the white-haired prof," said Brandy. "I was supposed to be out of it. Prof said it was a test program that we had intercepted. Using it, that said that we were interested. He thinks it's something developed for long space voyages, like a holodeck or something. They got technical so quickly, I couldn't follow it all."

I grunted. "What happened after your alien adventure?"

Brandy looked like she was about to cry. "I, I was a mother," she said, "with a beautiful, little girl. Only, only," she couldn't look at me then and I was so glad as I would have given myself away completely, "my little girl when I bathed her, she wasn't a little girl, she

was a little boy. I was raising my son as if she was my daughter. I even convinced her to go on when she told me she wasn't a girl. I think she was trying to get back to what she was. I was Marjorie Burns and she was Catherine."

Brandy said all that as if I should know what she was talking about. She looked at me hopefully.

"Should I know the names?" I asked, my throat so hoarse. Brandy nodded, standing up and taking a newspaper from the stack by the cash register. Her hands were trembling as she pointed to a several pictures in the paper.

'Katie Burns marries child sweetheart!' The headline screamed off the page. Catherine Burns, I thought, that's who I was! I stared at the lovely, young woman kissing her boy friend, now her husband. "Since we were children together," Katie was quoted as saying, "Brian and I have always loved each other. He used to be so jealous of other boys looking at me, even when I was ten."

'The lovely Katie, one of Britain's leading musical actresses, will be on honeymoon for a month with her new husband, and then will open a revival of a revamped *South Pacific*,' noted the article.

"If you were her mother," I said slowly, "it was a dream about her early life, just a dream."

"She was my daughter," said Brandy, choking a little. "She really was. And I made her into a little girl! Who would be so sick as to make up a dream like that?"

I couldn't say anything about that then. Brandy really believed she had been Marjorie Burns.

"Did you do another experience?" I asked her.

“No, I couldn’t,” said Brandy, looking quite distraught. “I did get to see an avatar, a girl named Naomi. She looks so beautiful in her tank, like a fish on the end of a fishing line, waiting to awake. They wanted me to be her as a dancer in a chorus line but I couldn’t!”

“Why would she be floating in a tank?” I asked with a shiver, thinking of the wonderful girl I had been.

“She needed the money for some operation,” said Brandy. “She sold her story to a place like this for that!”

“A place like this?” I asked.

“They’re only interested in the bizarre, the people here at Avartech,” said Brandy angrily. “Didn’t you find that all your experiences had kinky sex in them? Or was that just me?”

“You didn’t become Naomi,” I had to say.

“Oh yes, but I knew what I would be doing,” Brandy said fearfully. She glanced over my shoulder at the doorway. I knew that she was looking at the entrance to where I had entered Mistress Joanne’s Training Institute. She must have gone in there as well, but as Bart. I shivered. Over my head, in an apartment, right at that moment ... but it had all dissolved, hadn’t it? It had been a dream, hadn’t it? A terrible dream as I had thought that it really was me, Mike Douglas, who had been changed into the lovely Cindy Williams. I know that I didn’t walk out of the entertainment section. I had woken up, my body convulsing with regret at leaving Bart behind, Cindy’s lover, my lover.

Brandy had known that she was going to be Bart. She helped Avartech to unplug an avatar who had

gone too deeply in and wouldn't release, Brandy told me. Oh, but she had been a man again and the girl had been so pretty. She glanced in terror at me then and didn't say anything about Cindy being a sissy, being a male, being me.

"No wonder she didn't want to come back. I wouldn't have wanted to if I had been as elegant and pretty as her," said Brandy, really shakily. "They'd told me she was an old woman, about thirty, you know, but she wasn't at all. She was so young and so womanly. I had to m-make l-love to her three, four times before I tricked her into using her release word. Oh, she didn't want to let go of me. I shouldn't have done it. She loved me so."

"It was a dream," I said woodenly.

Brandy shook. "I saw her body fall lifeless on the bed," she said. "And I got up and crossed the street to Avartech, went in, got into my casket and was fitted up again. I woke up as me. I wished I was dead then. No, don't tell me that that was a dream, Mike. That one wasn't. I saw the avatars that time. I really did. I killed Cindy, Mike."

"She'll be reactivated by someone else who wants a depraved thrill," I said to Brandy. I think she was going to cry then.

"I just hope she meets someone who really loves girls like her," Brandy sobbed. "I shouldn't have done what I did to her. She was so happy with me. Oh, gods, Mike, you must think I'm a lesbian, mustn't you? But I didn't choose what they made me be! Honestly I didn't! What did they put you through? You were stuck for a while as well, weren't you, but you were up when I got back to Avartech."

“I want to think about what I did first,” I told Brandy then, my head pounding. “I’ll write something up. Maybe, I can use your experiences as well.”

“Oh, please do,” said Brandy fervently. “If we can just prevent it ever happening again to another person like Cindy, it will be worth it. The public needs to be warned. Write a great article, Mike. I know a couple of top editors who owe me real favors. I’ll have anything you write made public. Not national security, or ETs, will stop us exposing Avartech for what it is!”

“Then you could never go back there,” I reminded her.

“Who would want to?” asked Brandy again.

My apartment was dusty. There were a hundred messages on my phone. All I wanted to do was go into the bathroom and study myself. I shuddered and knew that I didn’t know where to start. How could I arch my eyebrows without giving myself away? No, I wasn’t that brave. I couldn’t become Cindy again without help. I shivered and went back to the darkened café across the street from Avartech. There were people going down the steps beside the café, where I had trod so recently, where Greg had taken me. People were going down the familiar steps into the bar or club next to the café.

My heart was racing as I finally got up enough courage. I stumbled down the steps and reached for the five hundred dollars ‘cover charge’ I had. It should get me started. I would spend all the rest of my savings if I had to, for a chance to become Cindy again. I hesitated about going in, my mind still churning.

Brandy had said that she had seen the avatars we used. She’d described Naomi floating in a tank. She

had me half convinced that there was a lot more to avatars than I had thought. Maybe it wasn't all just lying in a tanning bed and dreaming away. Brandy had said that Cindy was so pretty. I ached inside every time I thought of her saying that. So, perhaps I was wrong about it all being dreams, nightmares more like, I thought sourly.

I should have enlightened Brandy, so bitter about the way she had treated Cindy. But no, I couldn't tell her about myself. I would tell her that I had writers' block. I couldn't write at all about Avartech. I could use her experiences, I would tell her, if she wanted to talk to me about them. I couldn't tell her mine. How could I as she hadn't realized yet, and Avartech hadn't told her, that we had shared 'experiences' as Avartech called what we had undergone?

As she had left, Brandy had said something about her shrink not wanting her to talk to anyone else but her. They would work through her dreams, Brandy said, using the word that I had used to sneer at what we were doing.

It was no good. I had to find out for sure what was going on with Avartech. With my heart thumping, I waited for a crowd of guys coming down the same steps I had taken to enter a world of forced feminization, a world populated by sissies and those who preyed on them. I waited to be taken into Mistress Joanne's Sissy Training Institute.

Only the Institute wasn't there. The club didn't want the huge cover charge I'd brought with me. Gloria, Bart and his friend had talked about the fee for picking out and selecting a sissy to pleasure you. There were no sissies, however, just a regular bar, *The Warehouse Arms* at the bottom of the steps. There was a darts

club competition going on. There were no girls acting as hostesses or asking for cover charges. There was a local television channel set up with three cameras filming the event.

“Cover charges?” a distracted barman said to me, heading off to serve someone else as I had a beer in front of me. “Oh, yes, we do that when we have a rock band or some entertainment in here. Should come on Saturdays, though. Really lively in here then, not like today with the beer league championships.”

“Can I go up to the apartments?” I’d asked the bartender then, when he returned and was preparing more liquor for a waiter to deliver to customers.

“The what?” he’d asked me, more interested in the darts’ matches than in me.

“The apartments over the café,” I’d said. “I was in one ...”

The bartender reached under his part of the bar and gave me a key that was labelled ‘master’.

“Up the stairs,” he said. “Don’t break anything.”

I was trembling as I went up the stairs where I, as Cindy Williams, had led my admirer, knowing that he and I were going to be lovers very soon. I couldn’t believe what was at the top of the stairs. A cavernous, deserted floor spread out before me. The lights didn’t work but I could see framing as if for office walls or something. I went across the floor and looked out of the window.

The former warehouse across the street, its office part across from me, was dimly lit. There were some people at work, though. It looked like a clinic to me, several of the people in white coats or with different instruments in their hands. Yes, that was Avartech. I

could look down and could see the word on the wall, across from me, that marked its entrance. It existed.

I shivered. But Cindy couldn't have existed. No, there were no apartments here at all, no club, no sissies in training as I had been. There was no magazine being produced, no models, not even a floor that they might have worked on. There was just the pub, or club, down the stairs and below me, in one corner of another vast, empty warehouse.

"Did you want to put your name down for one?" asked the bartender, a clipboard on the bar in front of him.

"For one what?" I asked him.

"For one of the apartments they're going to build up there," said the bartender with a frown. "Didn't you say that you wanted to look where they were building them?"

"I looked," I said, leaving my drink unfinished as I headed out, towards the door and the steps up to the street.

I would have left completely but for one guy in the crowd who looked up, startled to see me. He turned his back, scrunching down, so that I wouldn't recognize him.

"Grant?" I asked, sitting down beside him.

"I have to go," Grant said, flushing, in a suit and tie as I had seen him the first time. "Just one for the road, you know."

I grabbed the young man's arm. "Tell me, Grant," I said to him. "How can you be here and be in my avatar FF experience? How does that work?"

Grant had told me all about the weird experiences I had signed up for because I had not known that FF, for example, was Forced Feminization. I had thought CD was a compact disk, not crossdressing. A TV to me was a television, not a transvestite.

“You led me across the street,” I said to him thickly, “and gave me to Mistress Joanne. You were the one who named her to me. But there’s nothing here.”

Grant looked around furtively. “No,” he said, with a shudder. “But you knew it was an avatar experience, didn’t you?”

“Just exactly what is that, Grant?” I asked him. “Just what did you wackos over there in Avartech do to me? How could you be in that experience as if it was real and be here now as well?”

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It was so real, the mud oozing between my feet, the fetid smell of the swamp just as I remembered it. I knelt on the edge of the clearer pool and cupped my hands to obtain a drink for myself from the running part of the water. Memories flooded back as I recalled the glorious time when I had been Shanalla. My husband, oh how warm and shuddery I became at that thought, my darling husband Sebo had been so loving to me, letting me drink from his hands, before he put them around my tush, and pressed me to him. Why, oh why, had I cut off that ‘experience’ by saying my release word so soon, after only three days with him?

How was I to know that my time with him, loving him as a woman, I had been a woman totally, my vagina on fire when he touched it, had been only hours in

my coffin? Sebo had captured me from the Ashen tree because he had seen me and fallen in love with me.

That is what I had learned from the talk of the men who had captured me. I had known from the start that Sebo was in love with me. I couldn't be a woman, I had thought. I didn't want to be a married woman. But once we were married, Sebo had loved me as a man should love a woman, all my resistance fading away. I was his woman. I was his wife. Why did I think it so shameful to be a woman, loved by a man so gloriously, that I had to break off the experience so soon, ashamed that I was his woman?

At least, that's what I thought had done.

Well, I wouldn't be making love with Sebo any more, I mused as I stood on the pathway. I could almost feel that I was Shanalla and, something I hadn't told Grant, I would have loved to be her again. I had felt myself all over as soon as I had become aware that I was no longer in the Avartech lab. I was chagrined to find that I was now a young male, out on the hunt with other members of my tree, hunting for a bride. What else would I be doing, I asked myself angrily. It was just like the experience in which Sebo had been hunting for Shanalla, me, his bride. Only now, I was the hunter, the male.

It didn't matter how many experiences I had had, Grant had told me. Every new session began with an adventure here, in this ET world, something that the head honchos believed were messages embedded in the radio waves that they had interpreted. Those interpretations allowed them to build Avartech. No, Grant couldn't show me the avatars.

Grant's duplicate was in the locked room where they were stored. He'd been in it when he had taken

me to my last experience, the Forced Feminization one that I had 'requested'. They always did it like that. It was no fun if I didn't think that it was really happening to me, that I was really being transformed into a woman. No, I couldn't see what had been done with my avatar, Cindy.

I didn't have enough money to be Cindy again. Some of the first users found that they really liked being their avatar and refused to release. What could Avartech do? It took money to keep the originals alive and well. That was why they were experimenting now with automatic recalls. No, I could not see her, he told me forcefully. Cindy was in the 'safe'.

I hadn't signed over the avatars from my last 'experience' for others to enjoy, Grant noted. But if I signed off on the avatars I had used, I could get a new set of experiences. Did I want to sign up and go out again as an avatar? Grant could do that for me.

I told Grant that I wanted to be what I was before. I wanted to be Shanalla, Catherine, Naomi or Cindy again but I was ashamed to name them. A man like me wanting to be a woman, a little girl, a travesti, or a sissy. I couldn't admit that, aloud.

Since it was late at night, Grant mentioned that he only had access to the coffin-like chambers that someone like me could use to have an experience. Diffidently, I thought, Grant said that he could procure the sedatives from the fridges, the ones allowing me to relax enough. Would I like him to send me on an 'experience'?

Do bears love honey? Of course, I wanted to re-live what I had undergone before. I signed off with regret on Cindy and the others while Grant called in frowning techs to help him. Soon, I could sense by the greyness

about me that my brainwaves were influencing the avatar I was connected to. Ah, I began to live again.

But now I was male, a hunter. The Aravee had women enough for all of us, Mabo, our leader, told me. We had driven bushbucks and their does in a great herd across the river opposite to the Aravee tree. It had been too great a prize and the Aravee men were across the river, feasting, word had come back to me, the youngest and slightest warrior of the hunting band.

The strongest men had surged forward to be first in the raid. They would seize the prettiest brides. Garo had leered at me then. "I'll bring her mother for you, little one," he had said to me, mocking me as Mabo had said that he always did. I was supposed to ignore him.

"I'll get my own beauty," I had said, hefting the thin spear I carried.

"You will wait on the pathway," Mabo had commanded me. "And remember, Calo. Some women are quieter than hunters in the bush. If we get two to share, we must consider this a fortunate hunt."

So I guarded the pathway and seethed as the morning lengthened. The forest remained undisturbed. I had almost given up waiting, and was set to return to the camp we had made in a river copse, when I heard a gentle whistle of the marasa, the bird that nests in our tree.

I called back. It had to be our men returning as the marasa hates the swamps. Mabo would know that it was clear to come down the pathway.

I didn't see at all who flung the stone that crashed into the side of my head. But I wasn't out completely. I saw a delicate foot in front of my prone body. The toe-

nails were painted a bright red, a skirt floating about shapely legs, as a girl knelt beside me.

"He's pretty enough," said the girl.

"If he lives," said a man's voice behind me.

"We killed enough today," said another, creaky voice. "Better we send this one back as a message."

"Oh, we will," said the girl then with a laugh that made what was left of my senses cringe. "When we've finished with him."

I came to my senses in a rattan tent, on a rattan bed, soft pillows beneath me. There was pain still on the back of my head. I tried to lift my hands but both they and my feet were tied to the bed.

"Aralla is awake," called a young girl's voice and I felt the slight breeze on me then that spoke of a disturbance in the air.

Aralla? Who is she, I thought, having had an impression that I was alone. I had guessed that I was in a woman's shack as female scents seemed to rise from the pillows and dominate all other smells in the tent.

"You are awake?" asked a voice I recognized from the path. I could see feet, with painted toe nails in front of me, the hem of a pretty, yellow dress swaying against me, making me want to sneeze with all the girl's fragrances that assaulted me.

"Yes," I groaned, as I lay, pinioned, face down.

"Quinna," said the girl, pushing a wet cloth into my face. I drank from it, knowing that the drug would immobilize me for a while but it would wear off fairly soon.

I was untied but, when I tried to speak, what came out of my mouth was all gibberish. I was raised to a sitting position. I found that I was bound up in a sort of cloth. Something else was wrong with me. I felt all these hard little things bouncing around my neck. I reached up to brush them off but I couldn't. They were part of my hair. I had beads woven into my hair. But only women did that. Only women of the river trees did that. Fright flooded through me.

"Wrrshmsrrm," I said, trying to ask what they had done to me.

"Sit still, Aralla," said a soft woman's voice, my fright growing as she used a girl's name to me. "A girl who has been hurt like you needs her rest."

I'm not a girl, I tried to say, panic rising in me as my hair seemed so heavy. Some strands swept in front of me and they were red. Red! Only girls dyed their hair red. Only girls painted their fingernails and toenails. I got my hand free. I had long, red fingernails!

I squawked again in panic. "It's all right, Aralla," said the somber-faced woman looking down at me. "This hurt of yours will not change your wedding day. The brothers will still marry you today, the appointed day. Neither will give up his right to have you as his bride and Sanna decrees it will be so. The goddess is pleased that you will have two husbands at once. What a fortunate girl you are!"

I was being mocked. I saw it then. The raid had gone badly. I was captured and I was being mocked by the Aravee. Where were my companions? They would set me free. We of the Merebo never left someone captive in our rivals' encampments.

Then, I recalled what I had heard. There had been much killing and someone had not wanted to kill any more and so I had been spared. Spared for this, mockery and humiliation. They had dressed me in a woman's dress. I could feel the long skirts about my legs now. I could feel straps about my chest, about my waist and between my legs.

The women of our encampment laughed at the underclothing of the northern women. "They need breast straps to make them look like the voluptuous women of our trees," Mabo had said to me when we men had seriously discussed the women we were after in this long-distance raid.

We had raided too many of our neighbors for women. Now, they were under so much closer guard in the south. So we had spread our nets wider, slipping into this northern tribe for the chance of securing new mothers. I knew that this was why the Aravee were dressing me like this, like a woman. It was the sort of thing they liked to do, make a mockery of their enemies.

I had sandals put on my feet, footwear unlike anything that I had worn before. These were strapped around my ankles. My toes, with their painted toenails, were also pushed under a strap. When I was lifted, there were high heels at the back and I wobbled as I tried to walk in them. How the women laughed at me then.

A young girl put a hoop around my ankles, attaching it with ties to the dress I was wearing. I stepped forward and I was restricted in how I could move. I took such short, mincing steps just like the girl beside me, her hair red and beaded just like mine, I thought in shame.

The older woman put her hands on my hips and made me swing them. I thought for a moment that I was back in the sissy classes where the girls there had done the same thing to me, making me, a man, walk like a woman. I knew how to do this, didn't I, I thought bitterly, swishing properly along the boardwalk that was made for women in shoes like mine to walk on, I saw.

"Aralla knows how to be a woman," laughed the girl walking beside me.

"Hush, Perella," said the grey-haired woman leading me into the noisy circle where everyone seemed to be busy packing up their huts onto squalling carry-beasts.

A tall, dark-haired man turned as I approached. "We leave when the first moon rises, Sanna," he said, as I stood there, shivering in my long skirt, flashes of being a woman in my past experiences running through me. "We will load the young women's lodges in just a moment."

"We will have a marriage circle before we break this camp," said the old woman firmly, who must have been a priestess of some sort.

"Where is the Merebo?" asked the dark-haired man then. "Did you leave him in the young women's tent?"

Sanna turned and looked at me. Perella laughed at the frowning warrior. "Aralla is here," she said, pushing me forward. I swished in the long dress, my hair bobbling around my neck and back, making me shiver uncontrollably.

I didn't dare to look up. I knew the man would be laughing at me, a warrior like him. I was so young, so small and thin compared to the muscular, green-tinted

man in front of me. A strong hand reached forward then and lifted my face.

“You want this one, Perella?” the man asked then.

“I can’t have her,” said the girl then. “She’s a captive, and that means she’s a woman. You or Grish have to marry her before she can be my sister.”

I looked up fearfully then into dark, dark eyes and the man looked at me intently but I couldn’t read at all what was in his face. “Nnnlellelenn,” came out of my mouth as I tried to tell him that it wasn’t all right with me. I couldn’t believe that they made all male captives into women. There would be no mothers then, no healthy children.

Everyone knew why there were raids for new mothers for the trees. It wouldn’t be right for me to be married as a woman. I couldn’t have his children, I thought with a shiver, as other feelings, old familiar feelings came to my mind, thoughts of being a travesti and a sissy. I didn’t want to do that again, did I, I thought, but my heated skin was telling me differently. I knew that even if I acted as a woman with a man, I couldn’t be a mother. I tried to tell this tall man that but he just shrugged at the gibberish coming from my mouth.

“We should have slit his throat on the pathway,” the warrior said. “I’ll talk to Grish. Gather your circle, Sanna, but it mustn’t interfere with the packing. The invaders will be here in the morning.”

I had looked down at myself and the green dress that was so tight about me. There were definite mounds on my chest. As I moved, I could feel that I was wearing some kind of bra. I could feel that my nether parts were bound as well. I had a necklace about

my neck and bangles on my arms that marked me as a woman.

I was numb as Perella and a host of smiling girls led me to a clearing beneath a giant ganyan tree. I might have been Shanalla then as my dress was taken from me. I did indeed have padded breasts. They tented the front of a silky, billowing dress that floated over the long underdress that I was wearing like a petticoat.

“She needs flowers in her hair, not beads,” said Sanna. I was forced to sit on a rickety chair and my hair was transformed. The girls seemed to think that they were dressing a doll as they weaved flowers of different colors in my hair after they had pulled away the beads. I had earrings attached to my ears, trembling as I thought how I had wished that I could be Shanalla again. It was what was happening to me. The thin shift that had come only to the tops of my thighs was covered by a new, sun-colored dress, hugging the top of me tightly and flaring out into a short skirt that had a petticoat inside it, one that swished noisily about me as I moved.

I remembered all the women chanting when I married my husband, Sebo. Here, among the Aravee, it was almost the same. I had to join the line of women and sway as they did, so many with flowers in their hair like mine, their faces made up, lip coloring on their mouths. I knew I wore that as well, and makeup, as they did.

I was Shanalla, I thought, with a little thrill as I remembered how my husband had had me as a woman on our wedding night. I had finally come around to being excited to be a woman. I had been a woman then, with a woman’s sexual equipment. Here, among the Aravee, I wasn’t a woman. I expected to be exposed

and humiliated in some awful ritual at any moment. But swaying and dancing like a woman was so feminizing. I loved the swirl of a dress about my legs. I had learned to love it so much in my previous experiences, living as a sissy, with breasts, or so I thought, for over six weeks.

The singing didn't stop as I was seated once more and gifted with all kinds of women's things, dresses, makeup, barettes, breast bands, panties, perfumes, earrings and polished stones, a form of jewellery.

I had to dance again with all of the younger girls. I was thinking that it was going on too long when I suddenly felt an arm grab me. It was the first tall warrior who had spoken to Sanna. A second man, just as tall, smiled and crossed the line of women, to stand on the other side of me from his brother.

Each man took one of my hands as I swayed in my high heels. There was nowhere that I could run. It took almost no time at all and I was a married woman. I was married to two men, Nothan and Grish, brothers to Perella, who seemed as excited as her brothers that I was now her sister as she kept calling me that.

"You don't have to take her to the wagon," said Perella.

"Where else would our wedding night take place?" asked Nothan, sweeping me up and carrying me as if I was a little girl.

"I think the youngest should have the first turn with our wife," said Grish.

"I get her first?" said Perella in mock excitement. "Oh, you are such kind, kind brothers."

"What does she say?" asked Grish then with a leer at me in his brother's arms.

“Ntennworrnt,” I said, my mouth not in my control at all. I’m not a woman, I kept repeating as there were smiles on the faces of all the men and women who stopped what they were working on to look at me. Many called out my name, ‘Aralla’, and blew kisses to me as if I was really a woman, not a captured warrior, as they all must have known. It was so cruel to mock me so, I thought.

“She said my name first,” said Nothan smugly then, carrying me past families of Aravee, all in loaded wagons and heading off from the camp which had been their home for a long time.

I was lifted over the tail of a covered wagon and then Nothan climbed over it after me, kicking at his brother, Grish, who gave up with a resigned shrug. Grish grabbed Perella who was objecting to me going with Nothan.

“She’s not a wife!” Perella yelled at the back of the wagon. Grish, holding her struggling body, began to laugh. “You were only supposed to marry her and let me have her! I will make babies with her for the Aravee!”

Nothan undid ties on the back of the wagon and a heavy sheet fell down, darkening the insides where I lay in my yellow dress, quivering.

“My sister forgets that a marriage is not a marriage until the women say that it is,” said the tall man, holding me and laying me down in my swishy dress on a covered mattress. “When they visit us, they will want to know that I have had you as a woman, Aralla, and then you will be my wife.”

I gave out a bunch of unintelligible words that meant, I am a man and I can’t be a wife, I won’t be any

kind of wife to you, but Nothan stretched out beside me on the bed. His hand reached out and caressed my thigh. I stiffened as remembrances of Naomi flooded into me. Oh, how I had loved a man doing that to me when I was Naomi.

Nothan's hands slipped over my womanly dress. "You danced so much like a woman," this tall, dark-haired man whispered. "Grish and I watched you for a while before we broke the circle. Men from the south are so womanish, aren't they?"

I had reached for his hand and was trying to pull it from me when he lunged at me and our lips met. Oh no! I was kissing a man again! I was panting for breath and arching my back as I felt as if Bart were kissing me again. I was trying to hold onto Nothan's hand as he caressed my thigh. I was squirming on the bed but I couldn't seem to unlock my mouth from his. I was shivering with the rising tide of feminine emotions then as Nothan slid his body over mine, his leg pushing mine apart and his hands forcing mine down to my side where he began to caress me again.

"N-nun-no," I said as his mouth kissed my neck and my ear and I shuddered with pleasure under him. Nothan lifted his head and smiled down at me, his mouth showing that I must have worn a lot of lipstick. No wonder my lips were sliding so much against his. No wonder that they stuck to his.

"You kiss like a girl," said Nothan then, his strong hand pressing me down. He kissed me more forcefully, caressing me in a jiggling of earrings and necklaces, flowers falling about my face.

"You are as fragrant as any flower maiden," Nothan added then. I had no idea what a flower maiden was. It didn't seem to matter as my mind was reeling from the

kisses pressed onto me. His hand went onto my leg again and Nothan caressed me up and under my dress.

I went to push at him but he took my arm and put it about his neck. I was trapped as he kissed me, his mouth working so much from side to side, his tongue, a little forked at the end as it was in all of these pointy-eared people. I tried to jerk my head away. Nothan's big hand was behind my head, though, holding me against him as he possessed my mouth with his tongue.

I tried to say I don't want this but one caress by my husband-to-be over my yellow panties and I betrayed myself to him. Desire rose inside me. I felt my phoney breasts yearning to be free of their bindings, pressing against him. His huge erection caressed my thighs while his gentle fingers were in my panties, squeezing my smaller but just as hard manhood.

If I thought that Nothan would be deterred by the touch of another man's penis against him, I was mistaken. Nothan squeezed and squeezed me, kissing my neck, and my upper chest. I was weakening by the second. What is wrong with me, I thought, as this man kissed and treated me like a woman.

Nothan moved my arms around him, making me hug him as he wanted. I couldn't help it. Naomi loved a man to touch her as Nothan did. Cindy, my last alter-ego, had come to love a dark-haired, handsome man. It was almost as if the last experience I had had with Bart as his sissy lover were just continuing on.

You're going to get it anyway, I said to myself. Why not enjoy it? So, I let Nothan arouse me with his touches and caresses and tried to keep my responses to just kissing. Nothan was having none of that, however,

easing off my panties, then lifting my legs. He began to caress my tush, his intentions very clear.



I was so stupid. I gave up to all the caresses and the kisses. I gave up to having a man inside me. I gave up on fighting back a man who was clearly determined to have his way with me, me being the woman completely. It wasn't as if I had never done it like this with a man before. I spread my legs widely and assisted my lover to enter me. I rocked against my husband and knew that I was a woman, sort of. I didn't even get out of my wedding dress that first time as my husband had me just as a man should.

I whimpered against Nothan's neck and into his ear and he loved it. He loved every little girlish trick I had, especially the ones I had learned in stopping a man from coming all over me, extending Nothan's orgasm and my own. In a state of bliss, we both wiggled and wriggled as I realized that this was indeed what I had been missing and why I had been so grumpy not being Cindy any more.

"Oh, yes! Yes!" I said to my lover, holding his hands over my chest letting him knead them as it made him go on and on, filling me. Oh, how I writhed beneath my lover then, destroying any image of me that I had that I was a man. I was a woman, Nothan's woman. I wanted him again and again. Needless to say, Nothan was only too happy to oblige, his hands undoing my breast bands. Oh, how he made me jerk against him as he kissed my nipples and I soared into womanly bliss.

I was Aralla. I didn't even have my panties about me as there was a knocking on the outside of the wagon.

"Go away, Sanna!" snarled my husband, lying on me even more, pumping into me as I squealed like a little girl.

The old woman came right up to me then as I cringed away from her, our bed bouncing as Nothan didn't want to give up making love to me. I didn't want him to stop, either. Nothan rolled me over then and that pleased Sanna. She had seen me arousing Nothan. She watched me being penetrated by him.

I tried to hide beneath my husband but Nothan moved, such surprise and humiliation did I feel then, to show Sanna my tush, to show me holding my legs tightly to his side as he wiggled so sensitively inside me. Nothan let the older woman see what he was doing to me. Sanna raised her eyebrows and didn't say a word as Nothan grinned and rolled back on top of me, caressing my legs, kissing my shoulders. He stroked the dress I was lying on against me. I couldn't help it. I closed my eyes and tried to pretend that the old woman wasn't there watching me as I squealed and moaned in pleasure at all that Nothan did to me, his wife in more than just name.

"Grish is awaiting," said Sanna then as Nothan filled me. I wanted to shriek at the delicious agony that I felt, writhing underneath my husband, claspng him with my arms and my legs. I felt the delight that I had been torn from when I was Cindy. I realized that I had been longing to reclaim that delight as mine. Oh, yes, yes, I was her again. I was her! I was being recognized by this man as her. I wanted to cry out as I erupted with ecstasy as I soaked my husband with my own emissions.

It was the wrong thing to do as Nothan didn't like that. He half-rose and he wasn't smiling down at me any more. He looked quite puzzled, puzzled and angry, I think, at my climax against him. I couldn't stop

wriggling in my joy, reaching for his mouth to kiss him again, which he only did half-heartedly.

"I affirm for the tribe that she is your wife, Nothan," said the old woman who had watched me achieve female satisfaction with another man. "She will always be the female, Aralla, wife of Nothan, from this point on. We, your sister Perella and I, will initiate her into the female mysteries of the Aravee. Soon, she must be the mother of your children unless you wish to share her with your brother."

"Yes," said Nothan then, shaking himself free of my caressing hands. His withdrawal chilled me to the bone.

"My, my husband," I whispered as Nothan rolled off the bed. I was left exposed for what I was. I pulled my dress over me then, shuddering as Nothan stood, tall and inscrutable, looking down on me.

"I will clean her and admit your brother to the wedding bower," said Sanna then. "You have done your duty to your sister, Nothan. Now, Grish may share in your family's good fortune and welcome his wife to the Aravee."

"I didn't think," muttered Nothan then, still staring at me. "With the flowers in her hair, and the perfume! She knows how to make love to a man. She must have had many men before. The Merebo really are as decadent as we have heard."

"I warned you all," said Sanna then. "But you cannot kill her now, Nothan, as you have made her a woman and your wife."

Nothan turned then and the look on his face was dreadful. "I only meant ..." he said hoarsely. "...for Perella ..."

“Perella will love having a new sister and staying with the Aravee,” said Sanna. “You know that the Irikee and the stranger tribe have each asked for her, offering bride-prices unlike the robbers of the south. Go, Nothan. Go to your brother. Tell him of your wife and what he must do to make her his as well as yours. I will clean her for Grish.”

“I don’t understand,” I began, my voice all cracked and hoarse. Before I thought what it meant, I was swallowing a sticky sweet substance. Almost immediately, my throat seemed to seize up and I couldn’t speak.

Sanna ignored my attempts to communicate. She lifted me from the pallet and tossed the mattress to the rear of the cart. There was another underneath. She produced a bowl and jug of cold water. She washed me, making me shiver as she cleansed my tush and my now flaccid male member, drying me on a towel. She had new, clean panties for me to put on and new breast bands. She taped me casually across my chest, forcing my chest muscles to bulge forward and create cleavage like a woman’s.

Sanna had a mirror and for the first time I saw what I looked like as a woman. I knew I would have red, woman’s hair and I did. I didn’t expect to see the red eyebrows that I had nor the kolla about my eyes, making my lashes so thick and so dark. My eyes were a woman’s eyes! There was a smudge of kolla about my lips, suggesting a feminine outline. Sanna did the outline again and then brought a red, waxy stick to my lips. It covered them with the red gloss that women use to make themselves pretty.

I stared at the woman’s face in the mirror. Sanna began to put more flowers in my hair. She smothered me in perfume and tut-tutted at the state my golden

underslip and my golden dress were in. But she made me wear them anyway, and my earrings that Nothan had taken off, my necklace and bracelets, even an anklet that I hadn't worn before.

"It signifies you are a married woman," said Sanna then, lifting her own ankle to show me hers.

I can't be, I tried to say, but only hisses and noise came from my mouth.

"It is what you are for the rest of your days, Aralla," said Sanna then seriously. "It is good that you are a southerner and know how to make love to a man. Doubtless that is what you use comely boys for on your long treks to steal brides from other people. Women's mysteries are how we make the quinna and a thousand other drugs from the plants and animals of our world. We also know how to make a man more like a woman and we will do that for you. It will give your husbands more pleasure. Ah, here is Grish to make you his wife, as well."

Sanna smiled at the tall man who had entered the wagon. "I was just telling Aralla, your brother's wife, that if you are not everything she desires in a man, Grish, I will show her the potion we slip into a man's soup that makes him writhe in agony as he dies. Then, a widow can claim her brother or her cousin as her next husband."

"No need to threaten me, old woman," said the young man, a sunnier version of the man who had just made love to me, I thought. "I know my duty to this, this woman here." His slight stop at using such a word for me sent chills along my spine.

Sanna snorted as she withdrew. I was left to face a young man who had been smiling over my head every

time I looked at him, in a contest with his brother, I realized now, some sort of perverse contest that involved both me and his sister.

Grish did just what Nothan had done to me and lifted my chin. "Gods, you make such a pretty woman," he said to me, a crinkly smile on his face. "I didn't need Nothan to tell me how much a woman you are. I can see it in just the way that you stand and look at me."

Grish lowered his head. I knew what was expected of me. Nevertheless, my stomach lurched as I kissed the man who was to be my second husband. The wagon moved then and I had to clutch at him or I would have fallen over.

"Marvellous," murmured Grish as he kissed me gently. I tried to hang on to his lips, thinking that he would kiss me as Nothan had done. But Grish was different. He wanted to kiss me all over my face, complimenting me on how feminine I was with every gentle kiss. He reached my neck and my ear and murmured that my skin and perfume were 'intoxicating'.

Grish held me tightly as the swaying of the wagon grew more severe. He finally lifted me and put me on the new mattress, lying beside me, studying my face, kissing my lips repeatedly until his own were the same color as mine. He looked a little ridiculous as I must have as well.

"You've had my brother," whispered Grish then, his fingers gently walking over my shoulder and then my chest. "So, you know what I am going to do with you. Ah, you can't talk. Good, you won't sound like a man as I make love to you. But anything that you would like me to do to you, just take my hand, pretty Aralla, and show me. I will do something that my

brother could never do. I will make you want to be my woman for the rest of your life!"

Grish kissed me, possessing my mouth as Sebo once had. Unlike his brother, Grish wanted to arouse me before he had me. He was gentle and slow and full of caresses as he undressed me, leaving me in the bra and thin slip as he poured kisses onto my chest and arms. He lifted my little slip and began to kiss my stomach, easing down onto my abdomen. I was writhing in a panic as he took hold of the tented panties about me. He lifted his head for a moment as I tried to clasp his head with my legs that he'd lifted over his shoulders. But I couldn't divert him as he found my clitoris, as he called it, and tasted me, telling me how beautiful I was.

Grish must have been a man like me. He must have loved other men, I thought, as he lifted me to incredible feelings of passion and desire. Oh yes, Nothan had done the same but it had been so quick, too quick. I had felt so bereft when Nothan had pulled away from me. I was yearning to spill all over Grish but he held me and stopped me, even putting my panties over my clitoris so that I wouldn't soak him as I had Nothan.

Grish kissed all the way down my legs then and even kissed my toes, admiring the female paint on them, before kissing his way up my body, drawing my legs about him. He slipped out of his pants, showing me that he really desired me as much as he had made me want him as well.

I knew how to lift my legs and tush and how to wiggle and let my husband inside me. Grish wanted me but he had me slowly, with increasing passion, his hands under my tush pushing my legs wider to accommodate him. He wiggled me from side to side until I could bear the excitement and arousal no longer. I

came into my panties. That seemed to be a signal to my new husband as he redoubled the speed at which he was taking me. My explosion of womanly sensations had me rocking and wriggling against him all over the mattress as I couldn't take my mouth from his, not even to squeal that I was his woman. I wanted to be for the rest of my life!

We slowed for a moment. Grish was unceasing in loving and stroking me, kissing me and telling me not to mind when Sanna checked on us. "Ignore her and pay attention to me," whispered Grish. I could feel the smile on his face. "She and her assistants will declare that you are a woman and that I am your husband but we both know that already, don't we, Aralla? You can tell her that I am your favorite husband! I love my new woman as much as it is possible to love any woman, you can tell Sanna. You can tell her that you love me as well."

I thrilled to hear that I was loved. I lay back and rested and let my new husband explore me, his hands caressing my hair, longer than his. I was a young male in the Merebo. I wouldn't cut my hair until I did a great deed, such as stealing a wife for the tree, as we called our tribe.

Oh no, I thought with a shiver as I joined eagerly once more with my husband, my eyes closed in bliss, the wagon rocking as we made love. I did have a flash that there were more women than Sanna in the wagon bed watching me make love to a man. I heard Sanna's voice off in the distance saying that I was a woman and a wife to Grish, brother-wife to Nothan and that the Aravee would protect me as a mother and wife, me, Mike Douglas of Eighty-Third Avenue. Part of that was true. I was a wife to two husbands. Each had consum-

mated our unions, making me a most satisfied woman as Grish finally let me sleep in his arms, his stroking of my nipples making me feel so loved as I slipped away.

I wasn't prepared to wake to such a huge bang and to find myself tumbling through the air as the wagon rolled over and over.

I could hear noise, explosions, screaming then, as Grish pushed away the bed and I was naked on the cloth and spars that had covered the wagon, everything below me now on me. Grish frantically pulled on his pants and stuffed a bra and panties in my hands.

"It's the strangers!" Grish yelled at me. "Don't put on your yellow dress! They'll know you are a bride and grab you first. I have to find Perella and get her away!"

I put on the panties and then the bra, shuddering as I headed to the back opening of the upside down wagon. I clutched at the only clothing that I had, the yellow dress and my underslip. There was chaos all around me. A great cart-hauling beast was writhing in its death throes on the pathway, screaming as it foamed red bubbles and leaked, where its front legs had been torn away, from whatever the explosion was.

People were running everywhere. Not all of them were Aravee. A black-shirted, bearded man, carrying a firestick, jumped over the cart beast, firing at the trees where Aravee were disappearing. He turned and saw me then. I tried to dart towards the trees but the silly sandals that I had put on, slowed me as I had heeded warnings from both Sanna and Nothan not to go outside without protecting my feet.

The hard, grit-strewn roadway was the least of my worries as the blackshirt caught me, heaved me over his shoulder and ran with me away from the trees

where I had seen Aravee running. I was trying to scream but the quinna wasn't helping as all I was doing was croaking.

"You got a woman?" someone asked as I was hauled past another blackshirt with a long firestick.

"I told you I would!" panted the man carrying me, my hair covering my face as I pummelled on the man's iron back. He was wearing a vest of some kind of metal. "Leven's got one as well."

"I'm going to get me one!" declared the second blackshirt, running past us then in the direction of the ambushed convoy.

I was thrown to the ground as I tried to kick and beat on the man who held me. He swore and brought a rope from his belt. He tied my hands together, then my ankles, as I kicked at him again in terror.

Perella was screaming and calling for Nothan and Grish as she was dumped beside me. Another man began to tie her as the first had tied me.

"Frick, Vellen," said the second man, looking then at my captor, who was trying to figure out how to get my dress over me, content in the end to just leave my bound hands inside my golden dress. "Didn't you see that girl's ankle? You picked off a married woman."

Vellen felt my leg then, caressing me indecently as he felt down and found the anklet Sanna had put on me. "Frick! Frick!" he yelled at the trees. "I thought it was part of the fricking shoe she was wearing!"

"Here!" said the second man, looking around cautiously in the wilderness clearing the two had made. He slapped a knife in the other man's hand. "Take it off her, Vellen. Don't say a word about her and I won't, either. We got ourselves women, man! Brides! We do the

marriage circle and these savages won't come after them at all."

"After what we did to their lodge-moving?" sneered Vellen, caressing my leg all the way up my thigh, liking to see me shiver and wiggle and be afraid of him, I was sure.

"We'll promise not to do it again," snickered the second man, lifting the gagged Perella and putting her over his shoulder as Vellen had done me. Her head rose as she looked at me, her eyes wide with fear. She seemed to be more fearful for me than for herself as Vellen hauled me over his shoulder and we were off again.

I was dropped on the sand of a wide beach where there were several more blackshirts, loading various foodstuffs into a small boat with the help of several members of a tree that I didn't know. They looked like us, the Aravee, that is, and not like these bearded strangers who had smaller, pointed ears than we did.

The tribesmen saw Perella and me and advanced on us right away. I think one of them at the least had the idea of grabbing me and running off with me. If he could have got the rope off my legs, I would have gone with him immediately. Unfortunately, Vellen was alerted by the boat crew. He lifted his firestick and fired, the tribesman falling at my feet, blood cascading out of the hole the weapon had made in his torso. I could hear Perella screaming beside me, as Leven, the man who had carried her, finished ungagging her.

That blackshirt turned in surprise but only in time to receive a spear right through his neck. "Irikee!" screamed Perella. "I will be an Irikee bride!"

Vellen bounded forward and fired again as several spears appeared in the hands of tribesmen who had been helping this stranger tribe load the boat. The men at the boat joined in the melee. Irikee warriors died in the volley of shots but so did one of the stranger men. I was lifted by Vellen then as another boatman came running up to haul Perella with us, screaming, to the boat.

I was lifted up and deposited in the boat, Perella beside me, as it was pushed out from the beach. Another boatman fell to a thrown spear.

“What about the rest of the lads!” yelled the young man at the rear, steering as the others began to work the oars.

“We’ll come back with more guns for them,” shouted Vellen.

I lay there, my hands in my dress until Vellen came and released me from the rope about my wrists. He smiled down at me. “Got myself a pretty one, a bride, didn’t I? Only you’re mine now, my beauty, mine.” He clutched at his crotch as I frantically got my arms in proper position and tied my dress more modestly into place.

“Don’t need to do that for Vellen,” said the blackshirt then, leaning over me and rubbing his beard all over my face. His hands were on my legs, under my dress, on my panties, finding something that made him jerk up his head and start to snarl at me. The arrow that passed through his throat was one of a number that must have come from many archers on shore.

“Get us to the *Eagle*,” screamed a voice. The tiller and oarsmen worked themselves to exhaustion until suddenly, a huge ship loomed over us. I was hauled to

my high heeled feet as was Perella beside me. We were forced to climb a rope ladder and step out on the deck of a huge ship.

“They got women!” screamed one bearded man and a group gathered about Perella and me, stroking my arms as I frantically slapped at the ones caressing me. One man even wanted to kiss me as others were trying to kiss Perella.

A screaming, bearded man jumped down then from the top deck and began laying about him with a knotted rope. He was in such a rage that the small crew of the big ship fell back and looked at him in fear.

“Where, Jaddard Meggitt,” the big man roared at the young boy who had steered the boat, “is the rest of the crew that went ashore with you? You five men come back with two women and arrows everywhere on your decks. Where is Vellen, Grev Leven, Attsard?”

“Vellen came back with this woman,” said the young helmsman fearfully, indicating me. “One of the Kees tried to grab her. Vellen shot him. I wasn’t finished loading, captain, as that one,” he indicated Perella, “said something that made all the Kees start attacking us.”

“Didn’t you fatheads notice anything about her, Meggitt, boy!” thundered the captain then, pointing at me. “She’s in a gold dress and has flowers in her hair. You’ve captured a bride on her marriage day, you idiots!”

“We can make sport with the other one ...” one of the boatmen said but the captain stopped him by wickedly smashing a beefy hand in his face. “That one goes to the brig,” the captain said then to several men who had lined up at his back to support him. “The women go to my cabin and are locked in there while Meggitt

and his boat get back into the forest and pick up whatever men they can. Where was your secondary pickup point?"

"There's a creek, three miles to the south," said the young Meggitt then. "Vellen said that anyone who couldn't make the boat should head that way as the Aravee were clearing out of it."

"It's what they do," said the captain then. I heard no more about the strange ways of the Aravee as I was tugged, pushed and shoved along a passageway, skittering on the spindly heels I had grabbed to cover my feet.

"Stay put, pretty girl," said one of the guards who put me in the Captain's cabin. My temperature was definitely rising as I thought what would happen to me if I said anything about not being a woman. I looked around the cabin with the clear purpose of finding a way out. I shuddered as I found a mirror on the outer wall of the ship, saw that I was as much a girl as I had been before and was barely able to look at myself as my long, red hair floated about my thinned eyebrows and blackened eyelashes. I was picking the flowers from my hair when the door opened and Perella was thrown into what was little better than a jail or monastic cell.

"Aralla!" Perella hissed at me. "What happened to my brothers?"

"Grish was alive when he left me," I said in the huskiest of voices which made Perella grimace at me. But I was talking at least. The quinna had worn off completely. It occurred to me that I could say my release word at any moment that I liked. "He was running to rescue you."

“Rescue me?” gasped Perella. “But, but you are his wife now!” I had to shudder at her conviction in saying that. “You are, aren’t you? You certainly took your time about it with Grish, Sanna said, but she has sealed you as Grish and Nothan’s wife. You are my sister forever.”

The last part ended with a sinister smile.

“Not you as well,” I said to her. “I have enough enemies as it is and all of them want to use me as a woman.”

“It’s what you are,” snapped Perella then.

“I can’t have babies,” I began, meaning to say that the decision to make me a woman was so stupid in the extreme.

“Lots of women can’t,” said Perella matter-of-factly. “Which is where I come in. It’s a time-honored tradition for barren wives to allow sisters to conceive for them. I don’t have to say who the father is, just deposit the brat in your arms. You will be its mother.”

“But I can’t raise a child!” I squeaked at her. “Children are breast-fed among you, aren’t they?”

“Some women never get to,” said Perella grimly. “But we have medicines for that. Should work on you as well. Anyway, I will try or we will buy a wet nurse for you.”

“That’s an awful plan!” I screamed hoarsely back to her, just as the captain came back into his cabin.

“You girls planning your escape?” the captain sneered at us. “You,” he pointed at me then. “Open that closet.”

I did and shuddered at all the beautiful women’s dresses there. They looked like ball gowns. There were

shoes beneath them and little drawers to the side. I could guess right away what they held.

“My wife dived into Neret Harbor to be with her paramour rather than me,” growled the captain. “Here,” he chose a golden dress with a tight bodice, voluminous sleeves and several skirts. “There’s a corset in that drawer and stockings and panties in those. She kept her makeup in the top on the other side. You,” he said to Perella. “You’re her maid for now. You dress her and make her a captain’s lady and I won’t make you the ship’s whore.”

“You don’t know ...” I began, about to confess all to this scarred, bearded stranger.

“Don’t tell me that your husband will be coming after me,” sneered the captain. “Don’t tell me that he’s going to be sticking me with one of those beastie stickers you tree people carry.” He really emphasized ‘tree people’ with derision. “You are my woman, now, girl. Your husband is dead to you but, if you’re good in bed, I’ll make you my wife for this trip. If you’re not, I give you to what’s left of the crew.”

“I can’t do this,” I whispered at Perella as she began to rummage through the drawers that the captain had pointed to before he left us again. There was clearly a tall, alert-looking guard on our door.

“You don’t have a choice,” said Perella nastily then. “Don’t worry. When the captain finds out what you are, I’ll get to be the wife. You’ll get to be the whore. This ship’s crew won’t be choosy. Anything in a skirt will be good enough for them.”

“You know all about these people?” I croaked at Perella.

“All the northern folk know about the new raiders at Neret,” she said with scorn. “Ah, but you are southern, aren’t you, my little woman, my darling Aralla.” I cringed as she said that. “Now take off that dress or I’ll rip it from you.”

I was just lifting the dress over my head, standing in panties and bra when Perella opened the door. “I need our cosmetics,” she said to the man who aimed a firestick at her. She pushed the barrel to one side. The man looked confused as she detailed what her pack had looked like and declared that she had seen it slung on the boat by Vellen. If the man couldn’t find it, she would come and select what she needed from the Irikee packs they had stolen.

“Traded for,” said the tall guy, pulling his firestick back, his eyes getting bigger and bigger, watching me, as I clutched the dress to me. I tried to hide my body from him as if I was a pretty girl. Inside, I was shaking and urging myself to say my release word to get out of this horrible experience. I had already made love to two men the night before. Wasn’t that enough?

The door slammed shut and Perella turned to me, scolding me that I wasn’t out of my panties and bra.

“In front of that man,” I hissed at her.

“He’s going to see you out of your panties soon enough,” snapped Perella as she pulled them down from me. That was only the start of it, however. She had panties that she selected from the drawers for me to put on. A girl would have loved them, I’m sure, the tight black panties beneath the flame red, frilly, silk thing that matched the corset that she put on me, lacing me so tightly into in that I didn’t need taping with the little pads at the side of my chest muscles. I looked like I had breasts then.

“Um, they look nice,” smiled Perella then, leaning over me to kiss them gently, making me gasp and jerk back at the unexpected emotions that ran through me. “Don’t you girls in the south live in a girls’ house?” she asked me.

“I didn’t,” I managed to say hoarsely.

“Oh, I forgot,” said Perella, pushing me back then on the bed and caressing my panties lightly. “If you had grown up among the Aavee, this would be nothing, you know. We girls do this for each other all the time.” She stroked my manhood then in the panties. It rose as it should, particularly when she kissed me. “There, my husband,” she murmured as I was in a state, holding her arms but not quite knowing what to do with this randy, little firecat. In the middle of the worst predicament of my life, she was trying to have sex with me!

“This is just a little taste of what is to come,” Perella whispered, her eyes sparkling. “Nothan and Grish have had their turns and it’s mine now. We will make a baby, Aralla. Not like those lummoxes who can only love you so far.”

“The captain,” I muttered in a panic. Perella pulled a face before she sighed and stood up away from me.

“You know what stockings are?” she asked me.

“I do,” I said hoarsely. I had to put on these long, black, silky things and attach them to my corset. I was doing that as the door opened. The guard there let in a short man with a pack like the one Perella had described.

“Oh, you are a darling!” simpered Perella then, throwing her arms about the short man’s neck. He leered at her and then staggered back after the kiss that

she planted firmly on his lips. "I'll put my perfume in a special place for you to find when it's your turn to have me," she said. The guy looked as stunned as I felt. But he didn't have to contend with the looks the other guy was giving me as I struggled to smooth the stockings to my legs and get them attached to my body-shaping corset.

"There, there are cosmetics," I said nervously after Perella had waved good-bye to the men as she had to dress the Captain's Lady, didn't she?

"It wasn't the cosmetics I wanted," Perella said. Her face looked quite predatory as she searched through the jumbled mess that she had emptied on the bed. Then, she put something in her bra, re-packing the rest, all the while telling me which underclothing to put on and how to put on the long dress so that it flowed all around me. The new high heels were more comfortable than the stupid sandals I had tried to wear. I think it must have been the stockings, slipping on so easily, that made the difference.

"Sit here," said Perella, setting out the lip coloring and other cosmetics from her pack. "No, smooth the dress beneath you. Do it again. The few women the seamen bring with them are always doing that in these great dresses they wear. I suppose that they think that they look pretty in them."

I shuddered as I had felt that way when I had flowed over to the chair Perella had wanted me to sit in. I held up a mirror she gave me as she ran a brush through my red hair. She began to pin it back, making a pony tail flow down my back. I might have short hair as Mike Douglas but Calo, the avatar I was occupying, had been a youth and that meant long hair.

My face wasn't the same as it had been before, when I had looked in a stream to see myself. It had been a boy's face for sure but that was completely changed as Perella made up my eyes again, darkening my eyelashes and my eyebrows as well as tinting my cheeks. My lips, of course, flashed the bright red that women of the Aravee favored to the darker tones of women of the Merebo.

I was being powdered as the captain came striding into the cabin. He came to a sudden stop as he saw me. "Well, don't you clean up really lovely," he said, a smile on his face. "It's Captain Boart and your name is?"

"The Lady Aralla," said Perella then, "the wife of Nothan and Grish, great warriors of the Aravee."

Boart laughed heartily as his guard peered around the door and stared in astonishment at both of us girls in the captain's cabin. "Former wife," Boart said then, reaching for a short firestick that was in a sort of sack on the table. Either one of us girls could have picked it up and used it. Perella looked quite mortified when he did that.

"It was unloaded," said Captain Boart, "but it's nice to know that you girls did as you were told, even to using your own makeup." He took Perella's bag then and dumped it on the bed. "Have Grens check that lot out while we're at mid-day meal," Boart said to his sentry then. "My Lady Aralla," he extended a hand to me. I had to pick up my skirts as I recalled Victorian and Edwardian ladies doing in pictures of grand balls. I almost wished that I had a fan. It would have hidden my blushes as I had to put my arm in the captain's as if I was his lady while he solicitously led me through the passages of the ship onto the deck where just a few

men were gathered at a table that could have held thirty or more.

"The Lady Aralla," announced the captain. I felt that I must curtsey as Cindy had had to do to all of the men she had met as a sissy in training. I did and all the men smiled at me, though several of them had their eyes on my neckline I was sure.

"May I help the cooks serve, my lady?" asked Perella, shocking me that she would speak. I didn't have to pretend to be nervous as I looked to the captain. He waved my 'maid' away, holding a chair for me so that I could sweep the long dresses beneath me as I swished to a place at the table beside his.

"This is a treat," said a young, smiling officer, I supposed. "Our table is graced with the Captain's Lady and we are served by a wench from the forest lands."

Perella smiled as she passed around the few at the table. She poured water into the glasses of some and wine into others. Several of the men touched her womanly figure, I noticed, but that did not stop her smiling.

"Meggitt hasn't returned, captain," said an older officer, greyer, taking a deep draught of the wine that Perella had poured for him.

"What do you suggest, another boat?" asked the captain sourly.

"If Meggitt is lost and the crew of another boat," said the grey officer, staring at me, transfixed by my red hair, the pony tail caressing my neck as I moved my head to look at him, "if another crew is lost as well, we won't have enough men to sail the ship to Neret never mind on the ocean."

"We'll give Meggitt another two hours," said the captain. "We'll move the ship in closer after the break,

as many guns manned as we can manage. You've the location of the Aravee tree and the Irikee encampment, Burren?"

The grey man tapped his temple then. "Good," said the captain. "Aralla, it is fortunate that you have joined us today when we have fresh supplies from the Irikee. See, we have fresh bread, soup made with newly gathered vegetables and even some ungodly roast beast in one of Brennor's delightful sauces. It disguises anything that we eat."

I looked over at Perella in alarm. The little package that she had taken from her pack now made sense. The words of Sanna about how to punish men who did not obey her came back to me.

Perella was smiling with the cook, flirting with him as she took soup bowls from him and began to serve the officers with a sparkling smile. Boart was watching her as I was. She sparkled as she served the captain and then me, the cook waving her to go ahead and do it.

"Don't eat the soup," she whispered to me as she went by gaily to serve others.

I tried not to, breaking a roll and just taking that.

"Not hungry?" asked Boart then, his soup untouched.

"N-No," I said, trying to recall how to speak as Cindy had been taught.

"Me, neither," said Boart then, standing up and tossing his soup over the rail of the ship. He followed that by striding over to the tureen, taking it and emptying it as well.

The crew were watching him transfixed. "That's where your maid put the poison, didn't she?" asked

Boart with a smile. The men at the table who had spooned the soup into their mouths jumped to their feet then. Some began to drink and spit up while the grey officer put his finger down his throat and retched, throwing up the soup he had taken.

“Lady Aralla and I are retiring, gentlemen,” Captain Boart said then, taking my hand firmly in his. “What you gentlemen,” he emphasized the word, “decide to do with the maid is entirely your affair.”

I was dragged, my skirts swishing, away from a stricken Perella, the younger officer already holding her, giving her a most evil smile. There was a man in the captain’s cabin with a number of glasses that all seemed milky white.

“All seem like medicines, captain,” Grens said then. “Didn’t find a poison at all.”

“Go and check the soup,” said the captain then. He waited till the man had gone away. “Your darling face is still shocked, Aralla,” he said to me, drawing me to him, my dress rustling so. I could smell the feminine fragrance I was giving off as I bent my head nervously. “You gave it away, darling woman. And yes, I had the packages counted before we passed the pack to your maid. One small powder was missing, wasn’t it?”

“I don’t know,” I said, shivering.

Captain Boart pulled me to him. “Your maid does make you look so beautiful, Aralla. After we have loved enough, I’ll send word to have her brought back to you, whatever condition she is in. But your first duty on a ship, pretty Aralla, is to your captain.”

He lifted my chin and I had to kiss a bearded man, my skin roughened almost immediately. His tongue entered between my lips as he pressed me to him. I

could feel hysteria overcoming me as I tried to think how I could stop him from finding out that his Lady was no lady.

I undid his pants and put my hands on his male member, ignoring what he was doing to my lips and to my chest. His beard made me shiver as it ran over me like a brush preceding his lips.

I tried to tantalize him enough to make him come. He opened my dress and pressed my arms against me as he kissed my bare shoulders and my tightly bound chest. I tried to get hold of his manhood as I slid out of the dress. I tried to kiss his hairy chest and down to his stomach but he lifted me and then squashed me, kissing and kissing my face, taking my hands and pushing them behind me, holding me there as his manhood explored my legs, my stockings and then my panties.

The two pairs of panties made it difficult for him, particularly as I tried so hard to get away from him. It really was a wrestling match until he batted my protective hand away, took hold of my panties and felt something that he hadn't anticipated.

Boart was roaring as he sat up and slapped me, pulling my panties down then. "A hoorie!" he called me. I guessed what kind of awful word that it was and what it meant. "You're a gods-damned hoorie!"

I trembled all over and tried to get his hand from my manhood, jerking to free myself from him. "No need to panic, lad," said the captain, smiling wickedly at me then. "I'm a seaman. I've had a hoorie a time or two in my years below decks. Now, you stop trying to prevent me taking you and love me like a good little hoorie or I'll rip this little thing from your soft, little body."

So, we started again, only this time, I let him kiss me. I responded properly as I should when a man kisses a woman. I let him stroke my thighs and clutched him as he explored my male parts. I lifted my legs about him and showed him how he could take me face-to-face, which he enjoyed. I know he did because he said so all the time, complimenting me on being such a sweet little hoorie, climaxing with me as I was wriggling all about him, my arms about his neck, hoping that Perella could survive whatever she was going through.

The captain wasn't finished with me by any means. I had to pleasure him in so many ways as he lay back and made me do him with my mouth and my tush. I turned over for him so that he could enter me that way for a while before he turned me again and said that I was right. It was better face to face, wasn't it? He was so restless that he couldn't sleep as he had said that all the ship did after the noon meal. Then they would have energy for the massacre he was sure was ahead.

Boart was in the throes of his frenzied passion, trying to make love to me to drive away whatever was plaguing him and making him so restless, when the agony reached him severely. He suddenly knew that there was something really wrong with him.

"What did you do?" Boart snarled at me, falling across me, shaking me, my legs trapped beneath him. "What did you and that blasted maid of yours do? Oh, gods!" He rolled off the bed, his legs pulled up in a tight ball. The look on his face was out of this world. His mouth was open as if to scream but no sound came out of his mouth as he twitched into an even tighter ball. I pushed his legs off me and picked up the clothes he had eased from me.

I was shivering as I stood and looked down at him, a yellowish drool coming from his mouth. "What, what did, did you do?" Boart moaned as I pulled up my panties and put my stockings back on quickly. I was wiggling into my shift when the door to the cabin opened. A terror-stricken guard fell in. I took the firestick from his fingers as he didn't resist me at all.

In my lady's dress, I stepped out into the ship and swished out onto the deck. I was looking at lifeless bodies everywhere. I dropped my high heels and put them on and clicked along the rails, my heels giving me away to anyone who could still hear, to a hatch which I had seen men coming in and out of before, just as a dishevelled Perella came up on deck. She looked awful, from her hair, her makeup, her ruined dress to the scratches on her arm. There was blood on her swollen face that she was wiping off with a man's shirt. She wasn't sparkling any more.

"The captain?" she asked me dully.

"I think he's dead," I said shakily.

"Let's make sure," said Perella, picking up a firestick from one of the men who was supposed to be a guard.

"The ship," I said in alarm seeing that we were sailing right towards the beach.

"It will hit and hold in a few minutes," said Perella. "Everything will tip to one side. Let's check the captain."

Perella was limping. I didn't dare to ask her what had happened to her. Gods, the people she had killed with her poison! Boart was crouched in a fetal position. He jerked when Perella poked him with the firestick. His body jerked again when she fired it into the back of

his head and there were brains all over the back cabin then.

"It wasn't the soup," I said with a tremble.

"No," said Perella. "They ration the wine and the rum, Cook was telling me, everyone prizes their ration, and he uses the rum in his sauces. I put some in the water as well so don't drink that on this ship. Amazing, isn't it, that there isn't even one of them alive to see this."

'Seeing this' was the beaching of the great ship. Perella was right. It leaned to one side after it crunched to a stop, the wind still flapping the sails, the ship skewing to one side. "Do you want to keep that dress?" she asked me.

"Do we have any other clothes?" I asked her.

Perella smiled at me for the first time. I had to reach out to her and hug and hold her. "It will get wet in the water," she said to me. "Still, we can make a pack and float it with us."

That's what we did, swimming in panties and corsets in case someone was watching and saw me still with my red hair. Then, we went deeper into the woods, where Perella finally stopped and asked me to make a lean-to as I had done on the trail when I was a hunter. In my dry panties and corset, in a long dress that the captain's lady must have worn, I did just what Perella wanted.

"The Irikee will find us," I said and Perella smiled.

"They might," she said, "which is why you must snuggle close to me, Aralla."

"I'm not," I began as I lay in the sweet-smelling fronds and grasses that Perella had piled, limping pain-

fully, as I had erected the lean-to. My words were cut off by the soft kiss that she gave me then, so much softer and yet more stirring than her brothers'.

"What do you think ...?" I started to ask her as Perella lay back and drew me on to her.

"My turn," she breathed in my ear, nipping at my earring that I didn't even realize I was still wearing. Perella kissed me again, my lips still sticky while hers were dry. "Umm, you still have perfume on you, like a lovely woman," she said as she nestled against me, stroking my silky dress against me.

I had to comfort her after what she had been through. The swelling on her face that I had to avoid told me enough. I was glad, sort of, that she had had her revenge on the strangers on their great ship. I comforted Perella as she wished me to. I kissed her and held her as she directed me where to touch her.

"Gently, gently," she whispered to me, clutching at my hands. She placed them where she wanted me to feel her hurts, I thought at first, but, when she began to gasp and clutch at me even tighter, her mouth fluttering all over my face, I knew that she was in the throes of sexual passion.

If I had been Perella, I would never have wanted a man to touch me for a very long time. Perella didn't want that, either. "You are such a lovely girl, Aralla," she whispered to me, even as she lifted my dress and caressed my legs and my soft petticoats against me. She reached for my panties and freed me from them, not perturbed in any way by what she found, nor by the stiffening that she induced by stroking me as I had stroked girls as a young man myself.

I gently tried to stroke her tush and it was the wrong thing to do. She had fought like a wild beast to prevent the crewmen entering her, hurting several, and they in turn had hurt her when they were partly recovered. She had let the men take her in the rear.



“It really hurts,” Perella cried to me then. “How can you stand it, Aralla? My brothers must be real pigs.”

“The trick is to relax,” I whispered to her. “And it helps if you like the man as well and can co-operate with him.”

“Ah,” Perella said, guiding me then where she wouldn’t allow the men who had had her in their control. “But this is so much better.”

I tried to be gentle but Perella lost control very easily. Soon I was making love to a girl as wonderfully as I had ever done it before in my life. She was laughing and telling me what a wonderful girl I was when we heard the cracking of branches.

“There’s someone there,” I said as she pulled on my hair, beginning to rock her lovely body against my corset. She hadn’t let me take it off.

“It’s only Grish and Nothan, trying to be discreet and letting us know they see us,” whispered Perella. “Oh, don’t stop, Aralla, my darling sister, don’t stop. It’s my turn and I am not sated yet. Please don’t stop, my darling. You can have the pair of them again when we know for certain that I am having a baby for you.”

I shuddered and she took that as a good sign. I made love to her then, trusting that she knew what she was saying at the sounds that seemed to be all around us. Perella didn’t hold back her moans, or her shrieks when she had her orgasm. I think the whole forest must have known what was happening to her by the way she flung herself about in my arms.

“There,” she murmured, hugging me, kissing my lips, her eyes sparkling as she arranged my hair even as I was still inside her. “Just as noisy as you and Grish.”

Oh, Aralla, I'm so glad that you are my sister. We are so alike."

So alike? I shuddered then and held her closely as I climaxed. She wiggled her breasts against me, having me kiss them as my male lovers had kissed and caressed me. I wasn't like this woman, I thought with a shiver. I couldn't have been raped, killed a whole crew of men and then made love all afternoon while the squirming bodies of those whom I was killing floated just a short distance from us.

Perella had me dress again in my women's clothing, putting my hair in a pony tail before she called out to her brothers to come and join us. Nothan and Grish strode out of the trees. There were other warriors with them, some with blue paint on their faces.

"We have made a treaty with the Irikee," said Nothan grimly.

"We left you a present on the beach," said Perella then.

"We backtracked, waiting for you women to finish your tryst," said Grish then, smiling openly at me. "My, you girls can go on forever, can't you? So, you've had your turn with Aralla, sister mine. Now it is the turn of us men to show her ..."

"My turn isn't over," said Perella haughtily.

"What was that, then?" asked Nothan, pointing at the lean-to.

"Aralla only comforted me after the ordeal I passed through," said Perella, turning

her face then, showing the bruised cheek that she had kept from then. It was already turning blue. "I will have my turn with Aralla tonight. You two can keep

watch for me. Sanna can attest that I carry my brothers' and sister's child."

"You are stretching the laws, sister," said Nothan stiffly then.

"Ah, but my sister has informed me that she cannot carry a child," said Perella. "So I will carry this one for her," she patted her abdomen and winced, "Maybe it will be twins after tonight, one for each of you."

While Irikee, Aravee and some other tribe that lived along the shore emptied the beached ship, lowering off guns, gunpowder, the Lady's dresses, with all her underwear and cosmetics, Perella and I had a wagon bed all to ourselves where we had to wear nighties. My female lover, ignoring her hurts and injuries, showed me how to make love to a woman, pressing me back into the pillows and not letting me rise until dawn.

"I am definitely pregnant now," said my sister, stroking my nipples through my nightie and spreading my hair and long earrings over my shoulder. "But one last time, woman, and who knows, you might be the mother of triplets!"

That was when the greyness struck. I was even relieved that it did and that Perella faded in my arms. There I was, back in my coffin, the lid springing open almost immediately on Grant and his white-haired superior.

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"I didn't release," I said, feeling so exhausted as I lay back on the pillow beneath my head. My first reaction had been to sit up.

“Mr Douglas,” said the white-haired man, turning on the nervous Grant beside him. “Your hour was up five minutes ago, sir. The only correct thing this former employee of ours did was to set the automatic recall.”

“I am programmed for three more experiences,” I said to the white-haired man whom I had seen before. He seemed to be in practical charge of the programs, as if he was the chief engineer or something. “You have a contract with me.”

“This is the off-time,” said the man curtly. “These machines start to malfunction when they are run continuously for a week, as you should know, Mr Douglas. We are still stabilizing the last unit that programmed you. It seems that every one who has tried to use it since has ended up as a, a perverse kind of person in it.”

“Hardly my fault,” I said, wondering if that could be true and all these ‘experiences’ were from my brain, not from some programming that these geeks were putting me through.

“Your last experience was not as a woman?” asked the white-haired man suspiciously.

“I was a hunter and I got the girl in the end,” I said seriously. “Read about it in the column I am going to write about Avartech, Mr, Mr ...”

“Smith,” said the white-haired man. The look he gave Grant showed me that he knew that I had just lied to him and I had to wonder what he was going to do about it. I asked him.

“Give him the rest of his experiences,” said Smith then. “Pleasant dreams, Mr Douglas,” he stressed that word as he smiled slyly.

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"Liane, Liane," whispered the man to me, a smile on his lightly madeup face. "I love you so much, my darling. You will be mine forever, no matter how your mother tries to keep us apart."

The man's lips fell on mine. He closed his eyes as I stared at him and the bright light above us. There was just a thin silk sheet between us as he pushed me back into the soft pillow. I felt his tongue on my lips and I shoved him. Charles Maguire fell back from me and burst out laughing.

"Cut! Cut!" someone yelled from just behind me then. "Oh, frick, Charley, what did you do to the poor girl this time?"

"My ex-wife is hardly a poor girl, Steven," said the man in the bed beside me.

"Caitlyn is only your ex-wife in the script," Steven Miller, the director, said. He came into the light then, signalling to someone and the lights on the set went up.

Frightened, awe-struck, I tried to hide myself in the bed but two makeup girls arrived who wanted to touch up my makeup. Steven Miller, the director, and Charles Maguire, the film actor! I knew them! The whole country knew them! And who was I? Caitlyn! I was a woman again! I was an actress and I was quite naked under the sheet. I clutched at it in a panic as the women had me sit up while one re-did my hair. Another re-touched my lips with makeup, blotting it "so that it won't smear, dearie," one woman said. She smiled sympathetically at me, rolling her eyes at the

men behind me, arguing about the sappiness of the line that Charles, Charley, had just had to say.

"It's all right for you, Katie, darling," said Charley, caressing my thigh, which sent panic coursing through me. "All you have to do is just lie there and kiss me while I try to get through all this drivel. I tell you, Steven, we should just ad-lib this scene. Katie and I could do it so much better. A man seducing his ex-wife? I could be the roué and Katie the ingénue without half this verbiage! And she wouldn't be silent!"

"Charley, we only have time for one more shot tonight!" said Steven Miller, looking at me. He was rolling his eyes.

Charles Maguire, the sexiest man in Hollywood, winked at me. "But Katie and I can do this in our sleep, old boy!"

I had forgotten for a minute that Charles Maguire was English, well, Irish actually. Hadn't I just read that he had married for the first time to some girl? Oh, gods, no! It wasn't me, was it?

Steven Miller rolled his eyes again at me. "All right, Caitlyn?" he asked, coming over to me and dropping his voice as Charles Maguire was talking and laughing with a makeup girl. "Humor us, will you, Caitlyn, and let us get through this scene. I think it's one that will end up on the cutting room floor anyway. So don't worry about flubbing anything tonight. Just press on."

Steven Miller stepped away from me then, shoed the makeup girls away and a script girl who wanted to go over something with me. "No, we're adlibbing this," Steven said. We were to improvise but I didn't know what I was improvising!

Steven began to call to different members of the crew. The lights dimmed and Charles Maguire disappeared. "Liane Dermont is in bed in a restless sleep," Steven said. "And that's where we start."

I was too terrified to act. I closed my eyes. I felt huge cameras hovering over me in the darkness. I was scared that one would fall and hit me or that I would jerk up and hit one myself. A wind from a fan suddenly blew across me, stirring my long hair. I jerked, my eyes opening. I gasped and grabbed at the bedsheet, certain that it was going to fall from me. I was frightened of showing off the breasts I had as a woman, not frightened at all at Charles Maguire appearing at the side of the bed.

"Shsh," he said, smiling at me. The makeup on his face had been renewed. "It's only your husband."

"We're not married any more!" I hissed, recalling that from what had been said.

"Oh, darling Liane," said Charley, rolling on to the bed. His arm snaked across the sheet, his weight pulling it a little to expose one of my legs. "When did we ever care about that?"

Charles Maguire kissed me. I tensed with such utter surprise as I realized what I was doing! I was a man, inhabiting a woman's body, and I was being kissed by one of the most attractive men, to women that is, in the world. But I couldn't, shouldn't, be doing that!

"I can't be doing this!" I screamed at him. His hand went over my lips as Charley tried to shush me.

"Darling! Darling!" Charley murmured, leaning across the bed as I backed away, almost exposing my naked breasts. He was smiling lecherously as if he rec-

ognized the predicament I was in. "You know how you love me."

Charley lifted the sheet then and slid under it with me. It was so unfair! He had his clothes on. I didn't have mine, not even panties. Whose idea was this for this scene, I demanded silently. His hands touched my breasts and my nipples were hard. I pushed at him but he held onto me.

"Let me go!" I screamed.

"Shsh," Charles Maguire said with a grin. "You'll wake your mother!"

He stroked my stomach then and his fingers marched south. "Don't do that!" I hissed, grabbing Charles's hand and lifting it out of the sheet that he pulled towards him. I really was exposed then, my tush and back and legs showing as I pushed against the bedsheet so that my breasts would not show, not all of one, anyway.

A hand snaked by mine and caressed my back. "Just like we were once," said Charles, catching my hair and kissing me urgently. I got the message that this was where I had to kiss him as well. So, I did. He turned me this way and that as I closed my eyes, hoping that I didn't have to do more than this. I felt his hands, both of them, caressing me while I pressed the bedsheet against him in my only defence.

How long do I have to do this? I squirmed as if I was really trying to fight off Charley Maguire. I put my arms about Charles, more to anchor him to me than because of any panic I was really feeling but there was something happening between us. Oh, his kisses had become so gentle and less ardent. It was mine that kept up the intensity of the first kiss he had given me.

I stopped, shivering. "Bastard!" I said to him as he caressed my tush. I could do nothing to him to embarrass him as he had all his clothes on. It was me that the cameras were filming. I didn't want to be a porn star, I wailed inside myself. I didn't want to be a female porn star, anyway!

"Don't do that!" I gasped but the urge came over me as Charley stroked me. I had to kiss him intensely. This time, he responded with hugging and caressing as I was twisted and turned. All parts of my nudity were exposed to the cameras. His mouth devoured mine and I couldn't contain the squeals of pleasure I gave out. The cameras seemed to roll forever before I heard Steven's voice calling for us to cut or stop.

Charley slapped my buttock then. "Great, Katie, just great," he laughed, before kissing me so firmly on the mouth. "Was that final kiss just to let me know what I am going to be missing forever?"

I shuddered as a female assistant came forward and helped me into a robe. I'm sure that I was exposed in the nude for a moment or so. I know I saw that I was anatomically female myself. I saw my painted toenails and the mounds on my chest, not so pronounced now that I wasn't pressing down on them.

"Okay, everyone, see you all at six in the morning!" an assistant was yelling and there were all kinds of groans and rolled up papers, scripts, I think, thrown in his direction.

Steven Miller appeared in front of me. "I hate to say this, Caitlyn," he said with a wry smile. "But I think that Charles was right. We'll have to look at the scene in the rushes of course. We may do it again to add a little more. But I think we may have hit it there! You and a man, uh, men like Charley, I mean. I'll have to get

you to do a little more improv in some of the other tricky scenes we have to finish, won't I? Ah, there's Jen, waiting to take you back to the hotel. Sweet dreams, Caitlyn. Six o'clock for makeup. See you tomorrow. Great job!"

The girl named Jen glared at me angrily as I came across the set to her. "What was that all about?" she asked me angrily. "Not Steven Miller coming on to you as well, Kate? I thought we agreed that you were off men forever from now on!"

"He was just being nice," I whispered as the import of her words got through to me. Oh, good grief, I was in the body of a lesbian! And the way that people were looking at me. Jen had her arm around me. Everyone on the film set seemed to watch that as well.

"I-I have to change," I stammered. Jen's arm about me led me to a trailer. I quivered as she followed me in.

"Let's get the guck off your face," said Jen with a smile, handing me a tub of makeup remover. I shivered as she sat me in front of the mirror. I looked at 'Caitlyn'. Gods, I didn't even know her last name. Well, this was going to be the shortest 'experience' on record, I thought, as I looked at the pretty, blonde girl looking back at me, her vividly outlined eyes showing the fright I was feeling.

Jen, dark-haired and exquisitely madeup, smelling of Chanel, took the makeup remover and began to smear it all over my face and my chest, caressing my breasts softly as she removed makeup from my cleavage. I wobbled awfully, tingling as she touched me. She stopped for a moment, her chin on the top of my head, caressing my nipples while I felt super-charged emotions running throughout my female body.

“So, maybe you won’t be so tired tonight after all,” murmured Jen, stroking my hardening nipples. I could feel the weirdest of sensations between my legs. I had to look down then at the little triangle of golden hair I had there. I thought I had a penis being aroused in front of me. But I didn’t. No, I was definitely a woman. I crossed a smooth, hairless leg, trembling as I looked the part so well.

“Miller is really pleased with you,” said Jen. “Wish Owen had been as pleased with me this afternoon.”

I shuddered at what her hands were doing as she wiped my face with scented, moist wipes. I didn’t have a clue what Jen was talking about.

“No, I didn’t get the part,” said Jen. “I am getting so pissed off with hearing that they will call me but there are other actresses wanting to read for this part and they owe it to them, blah, blah, blah. I just wish I was as beautiful as you, Kate. I’d let directors like Steven Miller take me to the casting couch.”

Jen slipped the robe from me. There I was, a completely naked woman, with another woman looking at me with such lovely, admiring eyes. “Here,” Jen said as I undid my earrings. “Let me refresh your makeup or we’ll be here all night.” She put her hands under my breasts teasing me, making me writhe and grab at her hands. My breasts had taken the place of my penis, definitely springing to attention.

Jen put some kind of cleanser on my face. Quickly and expertly, she outlined my eyes like hers. She arched my eyebrows and put eye shadow on the back of my eyes. She told me all about her terrible interview with Owen then. “I don’t know why Helen keeps sending me to these auditions,” Jen went on. “I should just

be your makeup girl, shouldn't I? Wonder what the tabloids would say about you and me then?"

Jen lightly brushed face powder on me and then sprayed me with cologne, the cloying, lovely fragrance making my hair stand on end. And I had a lot of hair. "You shouldn't wear Revy when you react to it like that," laughed Jen. "I know you did all those modelling ads for them. I used to drool all over them, particularly the ones where you didn't wear a bra." She caressed me so familiarly then. "But you don't have to wear the stuff if it makes you sneeze as you do!"

On cue, I sneezed. Jen gave me a tissue, making me stand as she assisted me into a little, dark pink bra that clutched me just enough so that I didn't fall out of it. I had panties of the same color to put on and anti-hose. "Let's not fight over stockings and garter belts tonight," laughed Jen merrily. "I know you much prefer them to hose but I just want to get out of here quickly."

A loose, pleated dress fell about me. I had black high heels to step into that picked up the pattern in the dress that swirled so sexily around me. Jen hugged me and kissed my cheek, taking a purse and making me carry it. I had huge golden earrings that I had to attach through the holes in my ears, a necklace and rings and bracelets. Jen grabbed my hand as I teetered out of the trailer, my heels clicking as I had to walk quickly. I swished and took small, mincing steps that I had learned to do before in another incarnation as a girl.

"Goodnight, Miss Evans!" a woman called. I shivered as Jen pulled me through a crowd of people, many looking at me, some even smiling.

"Lisa," whispered Jen in my ear.

“Good-Goodnight, Lisa,” I said and a blonde girl walking with a man’s arm about her, waved and smiled at me.

Jen escorted me to the car parked in Miss Evans’ parking spot. There it was. A notice read, “Reserved for Caitlyn Evans.” That was me but I had no knowledge at all of who Caitlyn Evans was, where she lived or anything at all about ‘her’. I should have shut myself down right away, but my next experience could be worse. At least, here, I had a super, high-powered Mercedes sports car to drive!

“Let me do it,” said Jen, taking the keys that I had dug out of ‘my’ purse. She was laughing as she ran around the bright red car. “I love driving your car, Kate.” Jen opened the doors and slid in so easily while I had to think how I was to do it in heels and a dress. Somehow, I managed to do it without making a complete fool of myself, remembering in time to go backwards and let my tush find its place first, while I smoothed my dress beneath me and drew my legs in together after me.

I was whistled at nevertheless by some young men who were leaving and climbing into a pickup. “Want to respond?” asked Jen with a mischievous grin. I had to look at her and shake my mass of blonde hair that she had brushed out loosely over my shoulders.

“Don’t look at me that way,” said Jen with a grin. “You’re not exclusively girl on girl, Kate, either. I wish you’d loosen up. We could have a weekend with someone like Brad and a friend of his. You can fake it if you want to. You did with that Philippe, you told me, for years. We’ll meet later and really get it off together. Boys are fun, my little prudish Caitlyn Evans, supermodel, and soon-to-be world famous actress!

And no, I am not going to let you wear lower heels when you're out of our room. You're supposed to tower over men and dominate them! I still don't know how you ever became a famous model when you're so short!"

We passed a roadside sign then, and there was the girl who was me, smiling down at motorists, reminding them that a woman preferred to wear the perfume I was wearing or, like me, she preferred to wear nothing at all. When they see the scene in the movie that I just played, I thought, they'll know how true that billboard is. I felt hot all over as I saw the girl I was in a long, elegant gown, with a man's hand touching her.

"Cat got your tongue tonight?" teased Jen as we turned into the parking lot of a luxury hotel. "Or did Charles take it from you? He sure looked like he was trying, from where I was standing."

"Good evening, Miss Evans, Miss Harley," said the woman at the concierge desk, handing computer card keys to Jen. I strutted after her, again feeling my breasts so aroused in front of me, and adoring the swing and swish of the skirt about my legs. Well, maybe I didn't have to abort this experience immediately.

The penthouse was incredibly luxurious, the white, canopied bed alone the most awe-inspiring thing I had ever seen. Two nightdresses were draped across the bed. "Hey, not so fast!" laughed Jen as I stared at the bed and went over to it, still shuddering from all the female stimulus I was receiving from the very femmy suite of rooms. "Don't go to bed yet!"

Jen had switched on the television and was sorting through the millions of television stations that apparently were at our beck and call.

"I, I'm very tired," I gasped, "but, but don't let me stop you, Jen."

"Oh, oh," said Jen, wrinkling her pretty nose and coming after me. She seized me as I was at the entrance to the bedroom. She was smiling and laughing as she kissed me. I felt an incredible urge to take her to bed with me and to explore her breasts that pressed and caressed mine so delightfully.

"You can watch ..." I began but Jen would hear nothing about it.

"We're only allowed one day for our conjugal visit," Jen said to me. "And this place is so decadent, isn't it? We have to do it here, Caitlyn, you and me. Tomorrow, I can't as Miller will chase me away!"

So, I had to sit with my girl friend and cleanse myself as she showed me. Sitting in my panties, my bra gone, I had to put lotion all over my legs and my body, Jen doing my back where I couldn't reach and I had to do hers. Oh, she was so soft and so, well, womanly. She whispered to me that I was such a girlie, little female. I felt the same surge of feminine feelings that I had had with Perella sweeping over me again.

"It's not fair," Jen said then, between kisses, her arms about me. "You look so good, Kate, even without any makeup at all. I look like a frog prince kissed me and we changed places."

My spaghetti-strapped nightie hugged my figure even as it flared out from the knee to make me feel so wonderfully girlish. Jen kissed me passionately and I found that I was responding in kind.

I wondered if lesbians made love the way that I had with the few women who had graced my bed. I could 'release' and leave her behind, not knowing what

woman-to-woman love was like. I could leave at any moment, couldn't I, but then Jen slipped her nightie from her lovely body and helped me out of mine.

My whole body was tingling as Jen dimmed the lights and slid over me, quite deliberately stroking my breasts with hers. "You like that?" she whispered and I did. I felt her nipples on mine. Jen kissed me then, not softly, kindly, like before. No, she was more demanding, her soft hands caressing me.

"It's so nice to touch a girl, isn't it?" she whispered. "We have such lovely bodies compared to men." She had to stroke me some more and, gods, her thighs were against mine and she was wrapping her lovely legs about mine. "I love your bouncy, little breasts, Kate," Jen whispered lovingly, between energizing kisses. "I should never have had implants. They're not soft and perky like yours."

"Oh, don't stop, don't stop!" I begged her, on fire for her, my nipples so large and hard and caressing her soft breasts as she caressed me. All reason had left me as I gave myself up entirely to awakening every nerve in my lovely, woman's body, and in hers.

Her mouth found my breast. Jen suckled on me and I couldn't stop the little squeak of pleasure that came out of me. Jen smiled, I could tell by the flash of her white teeth. She was over me, sliding and caressing me, her tongue on my lips, coaxing me to open them to her which I did. Oh, how ecstatic pleasure enlivened me. I wanted her. I wanted a woman to make love to me, another woman.

"Oh!" I gasped as Jen's fingers slid over my moist vagina, teasing my clit and the labia, making me squeeze my thighs on her hand even as I kissed her with as much desire as she kissed me.

“Why do you always do that?” asked Jen with a chuckle. “Act so surprised? You know what I’m going to do to you, don’t you?”

I didn’t. I reacted as if it was the first time a woman had ever touched me. A man had touched my vagina before in another experience but a woman, no. I was having a first again! I felt thrills coursing all through me as Jen seemed to know how to touch me and where. She had me do the same to her with my soft fingers and long nails as well.

I’d had oral sex from a woman before but this was totally different. Jen kissed her way from my breasts down my twitching body all the way to my clit where her mouth and tongue took me over. “Ooo. Aah. Ooo-ooo-oo!” was all I could say as I was transported into female heaven as Jen made me forget completely that I was ever Mike Douglas. No, I was Caitlyn Evans, lesbian, and loving every second of it.

I started to orgasm just as I had as Shanalla so long ago. I remembered my husband doing this to me but he was so rough while Jen was so soft and scented, like me. I tried to kiss and caress her as she was exciting me but Jen got up and flipped around. I didn’t really realize what she was doing until she thrust her vagina to my mouth, spreading my legs further apart. Then, she drove her tongue into mine and I squealed again.

I couldn’t do it like her but I tried. I tried to give Jen the same delightful treatment that she was giving me. I wanted her to have a shivery orgasm like the one I had, thrashing uncontrollably about her while she wouldn’t stop.

“I, I’m sorry,” I gasped, after I had wiggled all over the bed with her attached to me. I had tried to love Jen

as she had loved me but I was so clumsy, just like a man, I thought in distress.

Jen rose and righted herself so that she could kiss my face and my lips. "Do you want pink or blue?" she asked me, leaning out of the bed and taking something out of the drawer by the table.

"B-Blue," I said, not having a notion what Jen was talking about. A long, thin cylinder was pushed into my hand and it buzzed as I took it.

"Hold on!" said Jen then. "I'm not as lubricated as you, Kate darling!" She reached for something else from the drawer. She ran a thick lubrication over the thing in my hand and guided it then to her vagina.

Oh, grief! I was putting a vibrator into a woman and she was loving it! "Now!" murmured Jen as she cavorted against me as I had just been doing with her. "Now, Kate, now!"

Jen's hand clamped on mine and the vibrator did what it was supposed to do. It vibrated inside her. It was Jen's turn to spasm and squeal and clutch at me, her whole body moving in rhythm as she rocked against me. Even as she was doing that and moaning and squealing, I felt something on my thigh then and the soft, wet thing was buzzing against me!

It was a different one, of course, and blue in color, I supposed. Just the touch of it and I tensed up, my body going into spasm even before Jen put it in me. It was like having a man inside me only worse as I couldn't move or deflect this one. I could only clutch at Jen's hand, writhing in the pleasure of it all, squealing at her as she was squealing at me. We threshed together as my orgasm returned. Jen took the one out of her and ran it over my breasts, to raise my pleasure to new

heights. Her breasts caressed me even while she ran hers over mine and then down between my legs. Our heads were locked together blissfully for a while as she allowed me to invade her with my vibrator.

Jen lay on me then, turning them off, and so it was just like a man's penis inside me, long and thin and moving back and forth, my wiggling so uncontrolled as I enjoyed the extreme pleasure of being a woman.

"What man would do that for you, Kate?" laughed Jen as I simpered and shivered beside her, not wanting her to pull her body away from me as she did to put the vibrators out of the bed. Oh, I was so awake and so supercharged. I had to make love to her and she let me, caressing my hair and my breasts, wiggling her tush to make my attentions to her clit and vagina that much more thrilling to her. I must do that to her when she was making love to me as well, next time, I thought.

We cuddled together, long hair on both our faces. Our mouths touched, tongues playing with one another's. Our breasts met and bounced against one another's. Our waists, our abdomens, our thighs and legs were pressed upon each other. We intertwined and caressed one another passionately.

"Isn't it so wonderful to be a girl?" murmured Jen between kisses. "But you have to rest now, Kate, as you are the one working tomorrow and you know Charles Maguire. He's got to have every woman he works with, no matter if she's a lesbian or not."

"Ugh!" I said, kissing her and trembling.

"She speaks!" marvelled Jen. "And says so much in one, little word. I'm setting the alarm now, darling."

Jen laughed as I tried to hold on to her as she leaned over again and flicked something on the clock and the

alarm was set. "Now where was I?" Jen asked as she turned back to me.

I excitedly drew her on top of me again, caressing her so lovely, lovely breasts no matter what she said about them. "Oh, yes," said a laughing Jen. "We were going to sleep, weren't we?"

Of course, we didn't sleep. I didn't get a wink of sleep at all, it seemed, that wonderful night. It wasn't Jen's fault at all. I was the one who was insatiable for her body and for having it sliding in all kinds of positions over me. We had to clean off the vibrators before we used them again and, boy, did we ever use them again. If I hadn't been a lesbian before that night, I knew that I surely was now, as a laughing Jen tried to get me out of bed and into the bath with her in the morning.

It was only five-thirty when we heard the doorbell ring and the scrape of something.

"What's that?" asked Jen, looking so beautiful without any makeup or any clothing on her at all.

"Only today's script," I murmured to her, taking hold of my lesbian lover and kissing and kissing her. She was the one to stop me and ask me how long it took me to dress and fix my face in the morning.

"Spoilsport," I whispered to her, trying to arouse her underwater with my fingers. "I don't do my makeup and hair as they do it at the studio, anyway."

"Ooo-oo, the luxuries of being a movie star," laughed Jen at me. We kissed passionately again but it was Jen who cut me off once more. "Which you won't be much longer, Miss Caitlyn Evans, if you don't move that lovely ass out of this water and leave my clit alone for a minute."

I made a face at her and did climb out of the bath.

"Are you taking your car in to the set?" asked Jen as she followed me, looking so beautiful to me, completely naked as she was, the little triangle of hair about her clit almost black.

"No, they come and pick me up in five minutes," I said, glancing at the clock. How did I know that? I asked myself then. How did I know that the script was delivered in the morning and that I had to skim it over as I rode in the car to the studio, paying attention to the highlighted portions which were changes Steven and the scriptwriters had made?

"Such a body," murmured Jen, admiring me as I was adoring her. "Ooo, if you don't get some clothes on, girl ..."

"You'll come back to bed with me?" I asked as girlishly as I could, wiggling my tush then, my breasts bouncing in front of me.

But Jen wouldn't take me, the spoilsport! She did help me dress, picking out a bra and pantie set in white lace that I said looked good for a wedding. "Keep that in mind," said Jen with a smile, "when Charley has his tongue in your mouth today. You are married to me, Kate, or will be some day when we don't have our careers to worry about any more."

Well, we had to hold each other and hug and kiss after that one, didn't we? We probably overdid it as there was a knock on the door and I was still in my panties and bra. I had to hurry then, pulling on a slip and a white blouse, hitching them up as the knock came urgently for the second time. Jen stood laughing by the door as I lifted up my slip and hurried to put on a garter belt. She waited until I was fastening my stock-

ings before she opened the door. Gary, the limo driver, got an eyeful of my legs and garters as I tried to hurry the ones at the back and get in my high heels at the same time.

"Is she always this dozy in a morning?" asked Jen then, looking so good in my robe and nightie. "Hey, hon, I think you've forgotten something."

I was picking up the script then and prepared to sa-shay pretty fast ahead of Gary. "Oh, my skirt!" I said, blushing as I pulled it on, fastening it as I hopped up the steps. "The car is yours, Jen," I told her. "Good luck with Ventman today."

We hugged and kissed chastely on the cheek as Gary was grinning at me.

"You're supposed to say, break a leg," laughed Jen, looking terrific as she closed the door to a slit, flashing her breasts at me as Gary was walking with his back to her. "You models are hopeless as actresses, you know."

"Nice lady, Miss Harley," said Gary as he opened the door for me. I knew enough to wait for him to do that and to slide into the back of the car, tush first, like the woman I was. "Is she trying out for the Tomb Raider spoof?"

Everyone knows everything, I thought with a shiver, as I crossed my legs with a silky, rasping sound. I didn't need any more reminders that I was a woman. I really didn't. Just the admiring way that Gary was looking at my breasts and then my legs was enough.

"I hope she gets a part this time," I said and I did. "It's so hard. I don't know what made Mr Miller cast me in, in ..." I realized that I didn't even know the name of the film that I was in.

"I can think of a several good reasons why he cast you," said Gary then, closing the door and letting me shudder about that for a while. There was a reading light already on and set for me. Oh, shoot, half the script for the day was in pink highlighting, indicating where changes had been made. I barely had one read-through done by the time we got to the studio and Gary drove me right through to the trailer where a yawning makeup girl, Yolanda, was waiting for me.

"Did you have a good night, Kate?" she asked me, making me shiver as I thought that the evidence of the night I had had that must be all over me. My hair was a mess, washed and brushed, that was all, while I was exposed as the woman I truly was. Then again, everyone knew about Jen and me, didn't they? What had Jen said about the tabloids? So why was Yolanda asking me such a loaded question and how could I answer it?

"I had a terrific night," Yolanda said, ignoring the fact that I had hesitated to answer. I opened my trailer and she followed me in, going straight to the makeup chair and table and beginning to prepare it for me. "I told you my beau was coming down from San Jose; well, he got in at eleven and was he ever frisky!"

"Where, where is he now?" I asked her, moving to the chair as she indicated for me to do.

"Sleeping it off in the motel," said Yolanda. "And here's Caroline." The hairdresser came right into my trailer then. "I was just telling Kate about the night I had with Ben."

Caroline was hung over. She was snappy as could be with me about my hair and what I must have been doing with it the night before. "It isn't going to matter too much," said Yolanda calmly. "Miss Evans," she sometimes did that when she meant for Caroline to

treat me with more respect, “has to wear wigs in most of her scenes today.”

I let Yolanda prepare me for the first scenes of the day, basically the scene after the one I had done with Charles Maguire the night before. I had to wear makeup even though I would be supposedly getting out of bed and trying to get my amorous ex-husband out of the house before he woke the servants and they woke my mother.

I had to have my hair permed, for that scene, and waved so that, when I pulled away the ribbon that had held it back, it would all bounce naturally into place. What woman’s hair really did that after a night in bed with a beautiful lover, I thought with a smile, thinking of Jen Harley. Someday I would be Mrs Jennifer Harley, I thought proudly, almost saying it out loud to the girls working on my face and hair to make me look beautiful.

Steven came into the costume trailer where I had had to go to get my ‘costume’ for being in bed. I was at least able to wear panties, even though the bedsheet was all I would have in the scene, again. For the walk across to the set, I had a thin, silk robe, burgundy in color, like the one I had worn at the beginning of the last scene.

“You look so lovely today, Caitlyn,” said the director of the remake of *A Woman Scorned*. There! I had remembered it! A cascade of memories poured over me about the film and the scenes we had already played. Oh, Charles had been so false to me in the film. His only reason for seducing me was to get money from me to prop up his finances. Ah, I had taken terrible revenge, when I had found out that he planned to have

me killed, in the scenes we had already shot for the movie.

She's taking me over then, I thought, a little panic flooding into my mind. I was Caitlyn Evans, remembering what I had done, before I recalled taking over her body. Was she fighting back? No, I thought with sudden relief, thinking of the women, well, CDs and TVs that I had been, yes, I knew what those initials meant now, and, no, I had always known more about my past life in other characters, hadn't I?

Caitlyn Evans, glamorous model and actress, was me now. I was her and I could keep on being her for as long as I liked! I trembled at that thought. I had been thinking of pulling out of this experience as I had been on this set with all the people looking at my naked body but now it didn't seem so bad. In fact, I really wanted this to go on so that I could soon get back with my lesbian lover.

"Are you all right, Kate?" asked Steven in concern then. "You, you looked so faraway then!"

"I'm fine," I said unsteadily as Steven had put his arms about me. I noticed the other girls smiling and nodding in my direction then.

"Had a good night with Jen, then?" asked Steven with an uncertain smile.

"So-so," I said. "She didn't get the part with Owen that she really wanted. Today, she has to see Ventman about a part in the spoof he's making."

"And she doesn't know if she really wants to be in a jiggle movie," said Steven, making a face, still having his arm around me as we sauntered out towards the huge stage with our set on it.

“A jiggle movie?” I gasped at the man with his arm around me.

“First thing, Ivan is going to ask Jen is to show him her boobs,” laughed Steven. “How would you have liked it, Kate, if, knowing how this scene would turn out, I had asked you to show me yours when I interviewed you for this film?”

“I, I wouldn’t have taken the part,” I gasped as I sat in the chair with my name on it. Steven sat beside me, watching me cross my legs and try to wrap myself in my robe.

“Your designer friend, Chastain, had already invested in us,” said Steven with a laugh. “It would have been me who got the boot from this project, Kate, if I had insulted you like that. Our other backers would have seen to that. Chastain’s money came in at just the right time! You knew that!”

I didn’t. I didn’t even know Chastain or what kind of designer he was. “Did, did he put up a lot of money, then?” I finally asked him.

Steven stared at me for a moment or two. “Fifty percent,” he said, giving me a funny look. I shivered inside as I tried to think what I could have said that would have been so odd. Maybe it was just the thought of me with a fashion designer. This Chastain was probably gay, I thought. He couldn’t possibly be a lover of mine, could he? I shivered at that and thought of Jen. That put a smile on my face.

“You should call Jen and warn her about Ventman,” said Steven then, taking out a cellphone and giving it to me. He knew the number of the hotel I was staying at and my room number and in moments I was talking to Jen. Steven waved at me as he went onto the set, talk-

ing to a crew of men who began to return cameras to positions over the bed again.

I shuddered as I was sure there were going to be re-takes of me, naked in bed again, with all the crew there to watch me. Well, who cares? I thought, trying to control the panic. I was Caitlyn Evans. I had done nudies all my life, hadn't I? I was a fashion model after all.

"Hello?" asked Jen drowsily.

"It's Kate," I said to her abruptly, wondering what I should have called her. Would 'love' or 'sweetheart' be appropriate? "Listen. Steven was telling me about Ventman and what he'll ask you to do right away."

I told her and Jen burst out laughing. "I know all that, Kate, my darling," she said. I could sense her smile all down the phone. "Everyone in the world knows about Ventman and his casting couch. You know what I'll have to do for him if I get the part anyway, don't you?"

I felt sick and begged her not to go to her audition.

"It's nothing," laughed Jen again. "It's not really sex at all and, if it gets me the part, I'll do it, lovely maiden of mine."

"But ... but ..." I stammered on.

"You've done it as well, Kate," said Jen then. "You and Coco Chastain. Didn't she insist or were you making up the story about her? Didn't she put up the money for the film you're making with Steven Miller, as well? You said that you deserved it after all the hoops she's made you jump through as her favorite model. She did the same thing for Germaine when she let her go before you."

I felt more sick, hearing about moneyed lesbians and knowing that I had been part of some lesbian sex circle, or was that another memory bursting into my mind? I seemed to see faces now that went with the people we were talking about.

"No, it's not a sick thing to do," said Jen. "I didn't think you sick to be with such an old woman as your lover. She made you what you are, didn't she? The woman that I've fallen in love with. I love you so much, Kate. I really shouldn't have let you go today. Any chance you can just dump Steven's little dramas and come back and hop into bed with me? You have places that my fingers didn't have time to explore last night."

"I, I have to work," I said to Jen then.

"All right, spoilsport," laughed Jen, teasing me about what I had called her. Steven was coming back then, indicating to me that he needed his phone. "Just tell me that you love me as well and blow me a kiss down the phone line."

"Good luck today, Jen," I said to her, not daring to say what she wanted with so many people around me.

"Steven won't mind if he hears you," said Jen. "He's a good sport about us, isn't he? He likes you a lot as well, no matter that he thinks you're a dyke like me. So blow me a kiss and call me sweetheart."

"I have to give this phone back to Steven," I said to her.

"I'm not hanging up until you tell me that you love me madly," said Jen then.

"You're mad," I said feebly. Jen was laughing and said that wasn't what she said as I hung up on her. I gave the phone back to Steven with shaking fingers.

“Where are you, Charley?” asked Steven in exasperation as soon as he got through with his call. “Oh, don’t give me that. Caitlyn is right here on the set and ready to go. You need to be here. What? Yes, she’s just got a thin robe over her naked body. Oh, Charley, that’s crude.”

Steven hung up then. I could see that he was furious. “Still in bed with Sharon,” he said tersely then. “And ...”

“Wants to roll on my naked body again?” I finished as Steven couldn’t find the diplomatic words he wanted to finish his sentence.

“Sometimes,” Steven said with a grimace, “I think that all men are such pigs. I don’t know how you girls put up with us. I can see why so many really pretty girls end up as lesbians.”

I shook as I shifted in my lovely, thin robe, my breasts heaving as I breathed deeply and stared at him.

Steven flushed then. “I didn’t mean ...” he began, picking up my hand and stroking it.

“I think you did,” I gasped at him.

“Yes, well,” Steven said uncomfortably. “Ah, there’s Richard. So, change of plan. Dance scenes first.”

I had to sashay right back to the costume trailer then where there were dancers getting ready for the dance numbers that I had to do. I had to get dressed in a skimpy, little costume and fishnet stockings and black garter belt and do this dance with a trained male dancer whom I was using to make my husband think I was having an affair when I wasn’t.

I had to get into stage makeup. Yolanda was right. I had to change my hair so radically that I had to wear a



wig. An assistant director worked us through a rehearsal of the scene, me taking the part of a sexy dancer, being whirled and swirled by Bobby Roberts, as gay as his name implied. Oh, the delicious irony of it all! It Bobby had only known who I really was, oh, he

would have loved to have me in his arms and to have me kiss him the way that I did. It was in the script after all that we had to be very affectionate with one another.

"Mmm," laughed Bobby after we had clinched successfully, my breasts really hanging out, Charles's grimaces at us to be added later. "Who were you fantasizing that you were kissing for that one? Not a girl, I hope."

"I was fantasizing about the same person that you were," I whispered to him as I saw him approaching us. "We were both fantasizing about kissing Charley, weren't we?"

Bobby shouldn't have taken a drink at that point. It actually ran out of his nose as he exploded in mirth.

"What's up with him?" asked Charles Maguire, putting his arms on my corseted figure and leaning into me to kiss me on both breasts. He had been trying for my lips, of course. Steven came right over, being frosty to Charley, who kept his hand on my tush, complimenting me on how lovely my legs were in my fishnet stockings. Oh, gods, my temperature was starting to rise. This was Charley Maguire, after all, trying to fondle me!

"We need to take you again," said Steven to me, still glowering at Charley. "The choreography isn't quite perfect. You and Bobby kissing, though, was perfect."

"I thought I was supposed to kiss Caitlyn in this scene!" said Charley angrily.

"Well, you weren't here, Charley. So we re-wrote it," said Steven Miller blithely. "Now, we can wrap this

up, Caitlyn ...” He unhooked Charley’s hands from me, patting my tush himself.

“You can’t treat me like this,” said Charley then, grabbing Steven Miller by the arm. The whole set came to a standstill for a moment, then. “I’m the star of this ...”

“No, you’re not!” snapped Steven then. “Kate is. You should come and see the rushes some time, Charley boy. She’s stolen the picture right away from you. She doesn’t need you slobbering all over her to ...”

Steven didn’t get to finish that sentence as Charles Maguire, film actor, took a swing at his director. I, like an idiot, was in the middle of it, trying to stop the fight that was starting, looking as if I was the one they were fighting over, which I was.

The worst thing of all was that someone in the crew filmed it all. It was infamous and on the Internet that very night. Jen returned as well to the hotel to sleep with me. I was desperate for sleep while she wanted to party because she had landed the part in the movie with Ventman.

“He wanted me to show him my boobs and I said I would if he showed me his.” Jen laughed. “He showed me his and so I showed him mine. Then I explained what showing me his really meant. He laughed and showed me his penis. So I showed him mine, my clit. Then it went about as I told you. He was hard and, after he gave me his word that I had the part, I gave him a blow job. Do you want me to show you how I did it, Caitlyn, my bonny colleen?”

“I’m so tired,” I began but Jen wouldn’t be put off. She pleased me orally and didn’t tell me till the next morning, as I was heading in to do my scenes with

Charles that had been 'delayed' from the day before, that she was going to be away for over five months. Ventman was going to do a sequel to his spoof even before the first part, the first film, was on the screen.

"But I love you," I wailed, shocking myself at the words that flowed out of me. We were both stunned then at the passion that grew between us as we hugged and kissed and cried. She begged me to come and visit her. But I had another film I had to do as well. Steven had said something about not holding me back and letting me go to my other gig on time.

"Four, five months isn't forever!" said Jen as Gary knocked for the third time and I just couldn't go with him. "I'll still be a lesbian. So will you, Kate. Just don't believe anything about me and men, in the tabloids. I won't believe anything about you."

Oh, that was a terrible day! I was tempted a dozen times to use my release word and get out of there. Steven drove a contrite Charley unmercifully on the set, the pace we had been working at over the past week increasing threefold. It was as if Steven could not stand the other man any longer than he had to. I didn't care. I did the nude scene and tried not to mind that the sheet was moved on me and the whole crew got an eyeful of me, clasping my hands in front of my vagina. Then, I was in the dances again, and I called on the images of me as Naomi, and they went well. I would go and visit Jen, I was sure, as soon as *A Woman Scorned* was done. Oh, I could be a scheming female for a few more days, couldn't I, and then I could be off with my wonderful, lesbian lover again, enjoying so much being a woman just like her.

Charley didn't come to the windup party which was a relief. I danced with everyone on the set, I think,

the last one with Steven Miller. We had both had a bit too much to drink, I know. Steven was more than a little affectionate with me but I didn't mind the razzing I got from the crew as I would soon be seeing my wonderful girl friend again.

"Where are you staying tonight?" Steven asked me as he held my hand in his and walked me to the parking lot where Gary was waiting with the director's car.

"Same hotel," I said to him with a smile as I minced along, enduring the whistles from some of the men whose inhibitions had been reduced by alcohol. I think I swayed a lot more girlishly then with all the encouragement, anyway.

"Oh, didn't Barney tell you?" asked Steven with a frown, stopping me beside the car, his hands taking mine. "Nicholas," he was directing the next film I was in, "said that his studio's plane would be waiting for you tomorrow at John Wayne. You're expected to begin rehearsals right away."

"But I can't ..." I began, thinking only of nights in Jen's arms. Talking sexily on the phone just didn't cut it for me.

"This movie is a solid piece of work," said Steven soberly. "You will be established as an actress because of it, Kate. But *Born* is going to be an Oscar winner and make you a really big star which is what you said you wanted, isn't it?"

"Yes, but, but now ... I, I'm not sure," I shivered and Steven noticed and raised his eyebrows in question at me. "I, I need a few days ..."

"Strike now, Caitlyn," said Steven forcefully then, his thin, handsome face really concerned for me. He squeezed my hands tightly. "This is your big chance,

Kate, your really big chance. Nick has seen the rushes and is thinking of expanding your part. You'll be co-star ..."

"Thank you for all your help, Steven," I began with a shiver, thinking only of Jen and curling around her in bed.

"Let me drive you back to your hotel and talk about it with you," said Steven then.

What could I do? He was the director. I was just the girl in her first movie. I eased femininely into the car and Steven followed me in, sitting right up against my loose, pleated dress. I crossed my legs then with a soft noise and Steven grinned at me.

"I love you doing that," Steven said. "It always looks and sounds so sexy when you do it. My secretary does it but she never sounds as sexy as you. I imagine you in all kinds of French lingerie then, the really sexy kind."

"I should cross my legs for you more often then, should I?" I asked him, clutching his arm as he had taken mine as we sat together.

"Or open them," Steven murmured then, putting his arm right around my shoulders. I should have told him not to do it. He probably wouldn't have. But I was so new at all this business of being a girl, at least in my mind, my mind as Mike Douglas. "You know what I think of you, don't you, Kate?"

Jen had said that Steven had the hots for me. I had seen the looks the girls on the set exchanged each time Steven came over to talk to me about the last scenes we were wrapping up. What was I supposed to say? I couldn't say what Jen had told me to say. I couldn't tell

him that I was a raging lesbian, even if I was, could I? I'd never work again!

"I, I d-did s-s-sort of notice," I stammered as his hand tightened on my shoulder. I knew what was going to happen. Steven leaned over me and kissed me forcefully. I held myself stiffly and resisted the urge to push him away from me. Oh, but I shouldn't have let him kiss me. No, I really shouldn't.

I shouldn't have let a man kiss me. I shouldn't. I shouldn't because almost immediately he stirred up feelings in me that I thought had been overcome by my love for Jen Harley. I felt so feminine when she kissed me but when Steven kissed me I felt even more femmy than I had ever felt with her.

I kissed Steven back. It seemed so natural. He was such a man and I was a woman. Our mouths fitted so naturally together and there was no competition between us. I was the woman. Steven touched me and caressed me like a man does. His mouth and tongue and body were all arousing the female in me and not expecting me to do anything to arouse the feminine in him. I didn't have to as the male in him was being aroused by the second.

"Let me see you to your room," said Steven thickly as we stopped at my hotel and Gary came around to open the door for me.

It was so strange and stimulating to get out and be escorted in with a man's arms about me. I think the hotel staff was surprised but they were nice to me as I stumbled in my so high, high heels, loving the strength of Steven's arm about me.

I guess that I knew that it wasn't just going to be a kiss goodnight at my door. We did try that but the pas-

sion rising inside me was far too intense to leave it outside. I had to have Steven take me into my suite. I had to take him into the bedroom. I had to slip out of my dress for him as he was babbling on about not wanting to rush me. Rush me? It was the last day of the shooting, for goodness's sake, and only now was he doing what he should have been doing to me all along.

I undid Steven's shirt for him and his trouser belt. From then on we were one in our desire and in our lust for one another. I let him, the man, treat me as he would have any girl he made love to. I made him take my bra from me. I let him kiss my breasts and oh, is it ever so different when a man does that to a woman! He didn't hold back at all in his enthusiasm and I didn't want him to.

I let him have me as he wished. Steven wished to have me in an ordinary and loving manner. That was fine with me as his caresses aroused me as Jen's had but I was the only woman in the bed. So I got all the loving attention. I didn't have to reach into the bedside table drawer for anything. I was so moist as it was. I was so ready for a man inside me.

It must have been a long time for Steven. He was so enormous the moment that he let his underpants fall and then he was on top of me. His mouth and tongue were voracious as he kissed and aroused me, from my mouth and face and neck to the tips of my toes, with all kinds of stops in between.

When Steven finally entered me, I was begging him to take me, squeezing his buttocks as he rolled all over my thighs, getting me all wet until I grabbed him, laughing about his directing skills as I inserted him into me. Oh, it was so heavenly as a man worked his rough magic inside me. I rode and rode him, my legs

around his waist as I wanted him, wanted him and wanted him.

Steven just came too quickly. Just like a man, I wanted to tell him, as I was still so energized and so ready to be lifted to incredible heights of bliss that I knew I had touched in making love to Bart, for sure, when I was Cindy the sissy-boy. But I was a girl now! I could go higher, faster, stronger, I knew.

Luckily, Steven was ready to win a gold medal in the sexual Olympics that we indulged in as well. My kisses and caresses soon aroused him and he was back inside me, riding me as much as I was riding him. Oh, I thought the bed would break as it bounced and bounced as we didn't hold back at all. All the pleasures that a woman can feel, I felt. I soared to an orgasm that had me convulsing on Steven's energetic pole, not just once but several times before the poor man could climax himself.

We couldn't leave it there, either, not after the ecstasy that we both attained. We had to go again and again. If we didn't reach the gold standard each time, well, silver and bronze were fantastic in themselves.

"Gosh, I'm a mess," I said, realizing that I hadn't cleaned away my makeup nor had I lotioned myself. I had just drawn a man down on me and had hungrily fed the huge desire inside me, a desire that was only banked back a little as it was.

"Such a lovely mess," whispered Steven then. "Oh, Kate, Kate, I, I want to say something to you. Something that I must."

I shivered for the first time then, chills going through me. I expected the worst. I expected a release

word and grey walls as had happened with Bart and me.

“I love you, Kate,” Steven said, lifting himself up over me as I shook and wriggled beneath him. “I have since the moment I first saw you in Paris on the runway as a model. I’ve wanted you in a film of mine for the last two years. We didn’t have to let Coco buy you into the movie. I just wanted to have you here like this, my woman. I knew it would be perfect. There is a chance for you and me, isn’t there?”

“You planned to get me drunk and make love to me like this,” I teased him with a straight face, letting my fingers walk up his arm until I had my arms about his neck again.

Steven was all apologetic but I drew him down in another fantastic kissing and caressing session. He thought that he couldn’t come again and tried to arouse me orally. I loved it though it wasn’t necessary for him to do that to me.

“Do that first next time,” I giggled at him, shivering as I realized then what I was saying to this man who was trying so hard to please me. I rolled him over then and did the same to him as he had done to me. Oh, yes, he had thought that he couldn’t come again but he could and did. I roused him and then was pushed back into the pillows again so wonderfully as Steven entered me. We roused one another to a final state of bliss that led to us finally, exhausted, sleeping in one another’s arms. That was how Jen found us in the morning when she came bursting in.

“I don’t believe it!” Jen stormed at me, hurling my nightie and then my panties at me. “I come all this way since you finished yesterday for a honeymoon with you, and, and, you’re letting a man fuck you!”

The bedsheets told the tale. It hadn't just been one occasion obviously. The evidence of Steven's male emissions were all over the sheet that Jen threw back as she screamed at me.

"Jen," I cried. "It, it's not like you think!"

"You were the one who went on about being true to each other and not tomcatting around!" yelled Jen then. I'm sure the hotel manager who was fluttering around in the doorway heard her and was suitably aghast at what he had known was going on in his hotel. "And I believed you, Kate! You said you loved me as I loved you!"

Steven sat up then, holding on to my arm, gaping at the vengeful woman who was ranting at us from the end of the bed.

"I, I got a little drunk," I said shakily then, "at the cast party last night!"

"Ugh! Ugh!" screamed Jen, hurling my bra at me. She stormed around the suite then, trashing everything in sight.

"Jen! Jen!" I called to her then as she almost broke the bedroom door on her way out. I jumped out of the ruined bed and ran to the doorway. Not only was the manager there, but there were several astounded employees. I was completely naked as I ran to the elevator but it was shut and descending even before I could catch Jen at all.

I called for another car but the manager stopped me then. "Miss Evans, please," he implored me. "There are reporters in the lobby and in the restaurant downstairs. They have photographers with them!"

"I don't care!" I said hotly.

“Please, Miss Evans, some clothes? A robe?” gasped the little man.

Steven appeared in a hotel bathrobe with one just like it that he wrapped around me. “Show’s over!” he said to the manager then. “And nothing happened up here! Miss Harley was upset that Miss Evans had left without saying good-bye. That’s all. I’ll expect to reward you all for your excellent service to us this morning at a later date if you let me know, sir, what would be adequate recompense for you all.”

“It’s just part of the hotel service, Mr Miller,” said the manager with a smile as he ushered the bellboy and the maids away from my suite.

Steven drew me back in as I babbled and began to cry. “Shush, shush, darling,” he murmured as he led me to the sofa. We fell on it together. He was kissing me again, and, oh, it was last night all over again. I loved a man kissing me! I loved him opening my robe and caressing me so expertly. I loved opening his robe as the something filling his pocket was all of him that wanted and needed me. I was delighted to receive him.

I held onto Steven’s manhood so he couldn’t come until I was ready. Oh, was he ever elated when I released him and began a major spasm of my own about him. I think the man must have emptied a river into me. Oh gods, I hadn’t thought about any kind of birth control, had I? I was a woman and I hadn’t needed that with Jen. Oh gods, what if I was pregnant, I thought wildly, as I kissed and kissed my wonderful male lover. Wouldn’t it be so wonderful as well if I was!

Steven went to the bathroom first since he could climb off me the easiest. I was going to join him when the phone rang then. It was Jen.

“So, you’re choosing Steven and not me,” she said bitterly.

“Not necessarily,” I said with a shake. It was easier to say that when he wasn’t with me.

“Are you a lesbian or are you not?” demanded Jen.

“I, I d-don’t know,” I whispered into the phone. “Y-Yes and n-no, I suppose, after last n-night.”

“Well, it was fun while it lasted, wasn’t it, Mike?” said Jen then.

“Mike?” I gasped. “What do you ...?”

All around me the walls went grey and began to dissolve. Blackness began to descend over me as well. I tried to resist but, as ever, I couldn’t. I do seem to recall that time, however, falling to the carpet. I tried to remain awake but it was useless. It was with deep regret that I stopped being Caitlyn Evans, sometimes a lesbian and sometimes not.

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“What, what happened?” I groaned at Mr Smith as I sat up, me, Mike Douglas, in the shirt and pants that I had had on when I climbed into this container.

Mr Smith tapped his teeth with a pen. “Jennifer Harley tricked you into saying the release and brought you out of it,” he said. Behind him, I could see a glass door and the hallway along which many people were scurrying. It looked like Avartech was very busy that day.

“How did ...?”

"Jen Harley was always aware it was you in your little fantasy," said Mr Smith then. I felt the blood draining from my face then as I stared at the man writing on his notepad. "Caitlyn wanted back in her life, anyway. We had to haul her avatar out of that hotel as a heart attack patient. Jen knew, anyway, that we would only use the avatar to the end of the filming of *A Woman Scorned*."

"I'm in California?" I asked stupidly.

"Of course not," Smith said then. "Oh, the avatar is, safely stored and having its memories adjusted. No, the real girl who allowed us to make a duplicate of her like a surrogate, I'm sure you've seen that film, she's back as herself after being in rehab, I think. Your mind link is released, of course."

"Caitlyn and Jen are lesbians?" I asked him then.

"Certainly," said the white-haired man. "Mr Douglas, we have a proposition for you. Your experiences are, shall we say, fairly exotic, and we have a niche market ..."

"No, I am not going to let you have an avatar of me!" I said to him, still trying to get the image of me making love to Steven Miller, the film director, out of my mind. So, I was Caitlyn Evans but I couldn't think of us that way.

"Pity," said Smith then but he didn't seem that upset. I wondered how much he and Avartech would honor my refusal to have someone else relive my experiences. "Well, Mr Douglas, you still have another experience to endure, don't you? How about we spin the random wheel this time and see where you end up."

"Isn't that what you do all the time?" I asked Smith. I had no strength to resist him as he pushed me back

onto the cushion in the coffin. "Wait!" I croaked but the lid clanged down. The locks hissed. The familiar smell of burnt sugar pervaded the 'capsule' and I blacked out again.

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I sat with my legs crossed in the back of a long, black limousine. A handsome man, Mr Darcy, I thought, sat beside me. "We're here, darling," he said to me. "No need to look so glum, Wendy. You'll really enjoy it here."

Across the green lawns, a sight rose up to meet me. "It's St Trinian's," I gasped. "I'm in a fucking movie about the girls of St Trinian's!"

"Better not use that language here, Wendy," said Mr Darcy as the limo drew up under an imposing, pillared entrance. "They'll wash your mouth out with soap if you do that in Miss Bullard's hearing."

"How would you know?" I asked sarcastically. "This is a girls' school, isn't it?"

"Not precisely," said Mr Darcy uncomfortably, springing out of the car as the chauffeur held the door for me.

How can it be that I am a girl again? It can't be my thoughts or I'd be on the football field with Peyton Manning and the boys. That was what I had been thinking of as I had been losing consciousness. No, 'this not precisely a girls' school', wasn't what I was thinking of. I hadn't thought that I would be a girl again, either.

I could feel the bra under my blouse and could feel that I filled it. I could feel the stockings on my legs and

the small-heeled girls' shoes that I wore with my sort of red tartan skirt, mid-thigh on me. I felt the hair at my shoulders and the earrings at my ears. I tasted my lipstick, cherry chapstick, I thought, thinking of a song about that.

A porter, an older man, military in bearing, came out with a trolley onto which he and the chauffeur piled an enormous number of suitcases and packages. "This way, Mr Hart," he said. Mr Hart, not Mr Darcy at all, put his hand under my arm and propelled me forcefully as I tried to balk, into the school.

An older woman, the school secretary, welcomed my father and me. I was Wendy Hart, I gathered, daughter of John and Maude. Maude couldn't come to see me ensconced in this boarding school. The delicate questioning by the old woman led me to think that my mother, if there was such a person, was only too relieved to pack me off to Devonhill, where I would learn the discipline that I hadn't learned before.

I could see that the woman's lips had framed the words, 'at home', to follow 'learned' but had switched, not to be critical of my father, a paying parent, obviously.

My father had to go. He edged away and seemed about to just clap me on the shoulder. I couldn't let Mr Darcy lookalikes just disappear like that. I skipped over to Daddy then and threw my arms about him. I gave him the biggest kiss in the world, he having to break my arms away from his neck as he looked positively frightened of me. I left his lips all cherry, just like mine, I supposed.

"Sit down there, Wendy," snapped the secretary, her manner changing quite a great deal as soon as my father, I wished he was my boy friend, was gone.

I sat in the chair indicated. I crossed my legs and waited, re-crossed them and waited. I admired the girlish figure that I had. I was thinner and not so busty as Caitlyn. I had nice legs shown off by the mid-thigh skirt. I wondered what it would be like to wear pants again, full-time.

"Miss Hart," said a woman's voice and I turned to the open door just behind me. It had a title on it, 'Counsellor', which I had ignored while I had sat there. "Come in."

I stood up and flounced at the secretary who was looking at me venomously. Well, if I was a bad girl, I might as well play the part, I thought. I swished into the office and sat down where the older woman indicated. She was about thirty and would have been really nice looking but for the severe way she wore her hair and her school-ma'amish style of clothes. Who wears cardigans these days, for goodness sakes, and oxford shoes?

"Well, Miss Hart, Miss Wendy Hart," said the woman, giving me a thin, unfriendly smile. "I suppose that it was inevitable that you and I should meet at last. This is, of course, the last school that a girl like you ever attends."

I wished that I had some bubblegum. I could have blown a bubble in her face. I had seen Jim Fadden do that in school when we were caught playing hookey. Old Mason had knocked the gum and two of Jim's teeth out. His parents had blamed Jim and said he deserved it.

I pouted at the woman across the desk. She didn't know that I had a release word, obviously. I could say and do anything I liked. I wouldn't have to be the one to answer for the consequences.

“St Trinian’s,” I said at last. “That’s what you should call this place.”

“Some of the girls who come here often say that,” said the woman levelly. “When they come here and see our impressive driveway and building, that is. They don’t say that after a few weeks in our classes.”

“I won’t be here that long,” I said sassily. The woman smiled at me. She picked up the daily newspapers, tabloids, I noticed.

“The newspapers have had a field day with you, of course,” said the woman. “Did you really think that you could deceive a rock star like Mickey Stone about yourself for his whole tour around the country?”

The counsellor held up the paper. There was a blonde girl, in a black bra and panties, her hair wild and all about her shoulder as some young guitar-playing dude was pretending to hump her in the ass as he played his Fender Strat.

“Pretty girl,” I said, meaning to sass her more but her fingers moved. I saw the headline and wanted to choke right away.

‘Rocker’s girl friend is a guy!’ screamed the headline. A second paper asked ‘Q: Is it a he or is it a she? A: it’s a he-she!’

“Thank goodness your father had the sense to have your hair cut, dyed and re-styled,” said the councillor then. “It actually looks quite pretty, Wendy. I certainly wouldn’t have guessed that this girl,” her finger tapped on one of the newspaper photos, “was the girl sitting in front of me now.”

I stared at her then, my mind reeling. I wanted to scream. I wasn’t a girl. I was a, a he-she! I was a boy pretending to be a girl. Oh, the nerve of that, that Mr

Darcy! "What kind of Mike is that that the singer is holding?" I asked the woman sweetly. Nothing happened. "Is it a Douglas mike?" I asked. Still nothing happened. The woman looked confused.

"What does it matter what kind of mike it is?" she asked. She frowned. "It's not some sort of gross sex toy that you let this boy use on you, is it?"

"Ooo yuck!" I had to say then, not knowing where such an expression had come from inside me.

"The stories are pretty graphic," said the woman then. "We will keep the papers away from the girls as we always do but they'll find out sooner or later. They always do. Now, Wendy, about the special rules for you in your time with us.

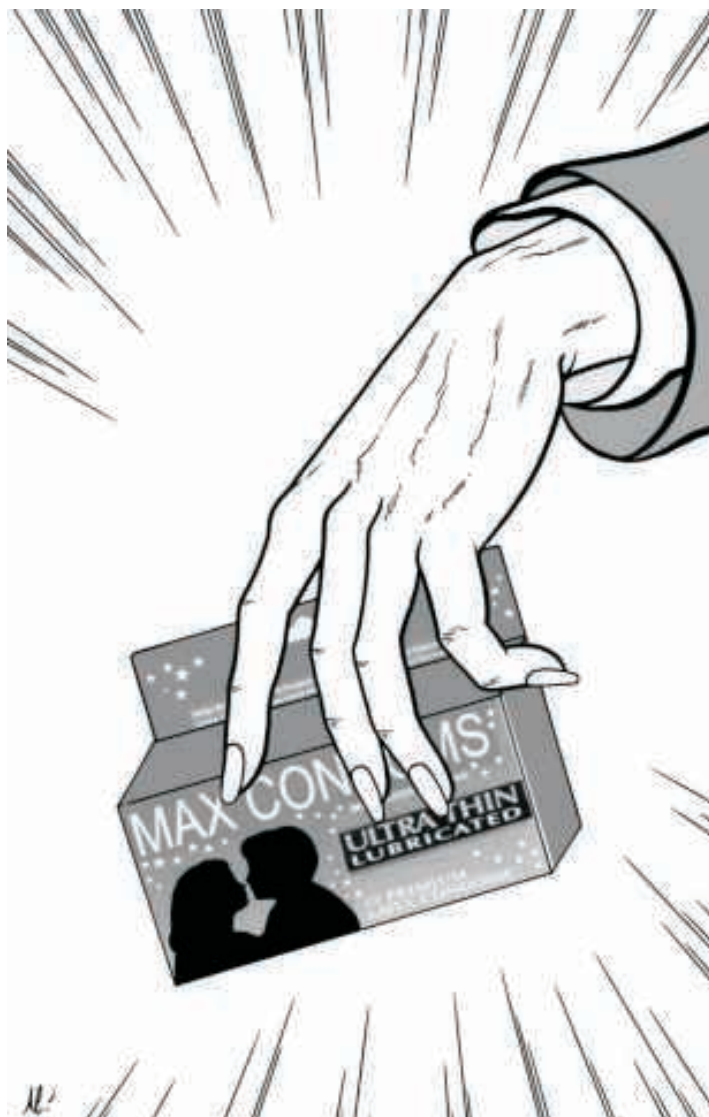
"Senior girls and since you just turned eighteen, you are," the councillor smiled grimly. "Yes, the paper says that at your birthday party, Wendy, you performed," she sniffed, "fellatio on the whole band, letting Mickey, he was too drunk to do you more than once, he said to the *News*, perform anal sex on you. I have that right, don't I?"

I shuddered. "It wasn't me," I said. "I wasn't there at all!"

The woman reached down for the third paper, a real tabloid. She opened to a centerfold of pictures where Mickey Stone and his band were bonking me. There were suggestive black circles to hide what was really going on but the blonde girl was laughing and enjoying being the center of attention for so many men.

"Mickey Stone was trying to kick his drug habit," she read from the tabloid, "but that didn't stop the gorgeous groupie, Gwendolyn, from making love to him. Imagine his surprise when he took down her

panties and found that she had taped away her male appendages. All she said was 'Oops' according to Mickey, who called for his entourage. They, and the other girl groupies, began to beat on the young man disguised as a woman so hard that the hotel security called in the police. Twenty people were arrested.'"



"It wasn't me," I said again, trembling. "It must have been Grant, or Smith, maybe Brandy, but it wasn't me!" Again, nothing happened. I was trapped in this office in my schoolgirl uniform, obviously some kind of cross-dresser again, and I had no idea what I was doing here or why I was dressed as I was.

"The rules, Miss Hart," said the older woman firmly. "While you are here, Wendy, you are a girl and you will refer to yourself in the feminine at all times. If asked, you are Wendy, not William. You are a girl and you will dress and wear the school uniform as all the girls do. You will wear appropriate makeup for a schoolgirl and will attend the hairdressing classes that we provide here for training girls. You, of course, will be a willing subject for the girls to work on."

She reached into a side desk then and took out a bottle of pills. "Your father," the woman said, "has provided us with these pills. They are intended to reverse the hormone tablets you have been stealing from your mother and your sisters, as well as the phoney prescriptions you have recently been using to make you into the shapely girl I see before me today."

I gasped as the woman dumped them in the garbage basket. "We will provide you with suitable hormone therapy that you will take under our supervision," said the woman. "If you break the rules of our school, of course, or talk as you just have to me and to Mrs Thompson, that privilege will be suspended which means that you will soon find yourself returning to the male state that your body would normally confine itself to.

"Now, as to sex," the woman went on and I found my hair standing on end. "You are a senior and so you have your own room. There are bed checks, particu-

larly for a girl like you, several times nightly. While it is legal for you to have sex with anyone, Miss Hart, we require that it not be with students of this school. Is that quite clear?" She returned to her drawer and tossed me a package of condoms. "Should you leave the premises to follow your urges from time to time, which will not be soon, I can tell you, you will use those things. The last thing we need is for any girl of this school to get pregnant."

I wanted to ask why she was doing that, giving me condoms in a girls' school, but the woman had more to drum into me. Did she expect me to break the rules she was giving me, I wondered, shivering in the shame I was feeling? Me, a man, now a schoolgirl? This couldn't be happening to me.

"You are not, under any circumstances, to let the other girls know that you are male," said this woman firmly. "We have the right to expel you immediately if you do." So much for last school, I thought derisively. "You will not bathe, shower or go to the bathroom with other girls," said this woman forcefully. "You will have private facilities in your room for your own use for those things. It is natural for our senior girls to have privacy, even after physical education and dancing classes."

A sick feeling began to grow in me as it began to sink in that I was in a school, a real school, a girls' school, me, Mike Douglas, a thirty-two year old novelist. Oh gods, I could never write a story like this. No-one would ever believe it.

"I will go and get you your room assignment and your keys as a senior girl," said the counsellor, standing and leaving the office for a moment.

I reached over onto her desk and looked at the 'girl' in the pictures and all the screaming, sneering headlines. A secondary headline on the tabloid caught my eye. 'Kate Evans and gal-pal, Jen, head to splitsville!' I read. I did recognize those girls in the small, inset picture. One of them was me!

"Thought that they weren't pictures of you!" said the counsellor as she came back into the room and saw the open tabloid. "Here you are, Wendy. Welcome to Devonhill Girls' Preparatory School. I must tell you one last thing before you meet with the other girls here. We have had other girls like you here before. Some of our loveliest graduates were in the position that you are in today." That stunned me. I had a million questions to ask but I wasn't allowed. "Listen to your teachers and do as they say and, who knows, your daddy might even have a daughter that he can be proud of!"

The woman took me into the office, locking her door behind us. "I'll take Miss Hart up to her rooms, Mrs Thompson," she said to the secretary.

"Certainly, Ms Knight," said the woman behind the counter, ignoring us as she was typing furiously at her computer.

I guess I got the guided tour. I was amazed at the quietness of the place. I could see in through the windows into several small classrooms. In each, the girls sat in rows. They sat up straight, their hair in red ribbons to match the short skirts they wore. They paid rapt attention to their teachers. The younger girls wore white, knee-length socks while the older girls wore stockings or tights as I did. Several girls noticed me. Eyes followed me but no girl turned her head to make deliberate eye contact with me. Oh gods, this was going to be sheer torture, I thought, wondering what else

I could try as my release word. What had I missed when the Avartech minion had closed me in my casket and sent me off to this excruciating, female experience? Oh, not female, feminine! There is difference in the two words.

“These stairs lead to the second floor which is for our senior girls,” said Ms Knight. “Your room is at the back. That is the common study room though I believe not much studying actually goes on there.” There were armchairs and sofas and a television set, I noticed.

Ms Knight caught me looking at the television. “That is only allowed with a mistress present. She chooses the program that will be watched,” she said imperiously to me. “Now, if you will insert your computer card.”

I did as I was told and entered a pink room with an open, pink bedroom beyond. “You have a hot plate for coffee and a sink,” said Ms Knight as she opened the cupboards and showed me a few delicate china cups that were assigned to me. In the bedroom was a closet where the suitcases that I had seen being brought in from the car were neatly stacked.

“Ah, good,” said Ms Knight with a smile. “Your dresses and school uniforms are put away.”

I felt sicker than ever as I entered the walk-in closet. There was nothing but girl’s dresses on hanger after hanger. Ms Knight opened several drawers and lifted up bras and panties for me to see. “Good. Your father, Wendy, has been most thorough in equipping his daughter to our exacting standards. You will have no problem fitting in with the female activities that you must in this school. Now, your shoes.”

She bent down beside a rack and selected shoes with high heels that must have been four inches high at least. "You will be delighted to know, Wendy," said Ms Knight, "that we insist that all our senior girls wear high heels all of the time. I do hope that in your time as a prostitute," I shuddered as she pronounced it clearly and distinctly, "you did learn to walk properly in high heels. If not, you must learn to how to be a proper young lady now, and put aside all the provocative behaviour you have learned, as your father says, from your drag queen friends."

"I, I'm not ..." I said hotly and she slapped me. Ms Knight slapped me and it really hurt.

"I don't like doing that," she said pleasantly, a gleam in her beautifully outlined eyes. "I especially don't like doing that to new girls." Then why do it was on the tip of my tongue to ask. "But you may not speak to me that way, Wendy. If you do wish to speak, you will address me as Ms. Knight and ask my permission for you to ask a question or make a pertinent comment."

"Ms Knight," I whispered. "M-May I m-make a comment, please?"

"Oh certainly, my darling girl," gushed Ms Knight then, her manner changing instantly. "I love to have a conversation with a charming girl as you are soon going to be, darling Wendy."

"I, I am n-not a p-prostitute," I said, as Ms Knight made a gesture with her hand that I had to raise something. I guessed it was the tone of my voice. I tried that, drawing on my experience of being Cindy. "I, I'm not a drag queen ..."

“Of course you aren’t, Wendy,” said Ms Knight then, reaching out and putting her arms around me, actually giving me a hug that made my skin crawl. “You are a girl now while you are here. Now, you do need to freshen up a little, all girls do when they arrive here. So let us check out your bathroom. I will take you on to the class the senior girls have at this time.”

My bathroom was a girl’s bathroom and everything in it was for a teenaged girl. Ms Knight loved the array of perfumes that I had and the lotions that I had to use every day to keep my skin so perfect and fresh. I got to look at myself, shivering as I saw the brunette in the mirrors, my eyes blue as they always were, fringed by thick, dark eyelashes and outlined by dark eyeliner, just like Ms Knight’s. I had pink, flower-like earrings in my ears and my face was fully madeup.

I shivered as I could see the girl from the newspaper in my eyes and in my face. Only my hair was different from the photographs. My figure certainly wasn’t, although some of the tabloid photos had been of me holding a bra to my chest to keep from showing off my nipples while I vamped the camera or cameraman, delighting in being treated as I was.

I was someone I didn’t know. I was Wendy Hart. I was Gwendolyn and I was beginning to panic. “Ah, here’s your purse, Wendy,” said Ms Knight. “Yes, this is your lipstick and your face powder. Can you powder your nose, Wendy? I imagine that you should be able to as you’ve been living as a girl for so long, haven’t you? Now, put the condoms and your proper pills here in your purse.

“See the pretty pink container? All the girls keep their birth control pills in them. They’ll think that you are the same as them when they see it and might even

want to borrow one of yours from time to time. I'll have a supply put in your purse and have it updated from time to time. Never, ever let any of the girls in here ever get to borrow these tablets or else they might hurt. All the dosages you girls use, are specially diagnosed, just for you!"

I shivered as I did my lipstick just as Ms Knight told me to. I refreshed my perfume as she told me too. I swayed out of the bedroom, thinking of all the times now that I had worn high heels. I knew how to wiggle my hips just enough so that Ms Knight didn't think that I was being what she had called me after seeing my pictures in the paper.

I carried my purse with me and was escorted by Ms Knight to a classroom in which only nine desks were occupied by girls. All the eyes were on me, studying everything about me. I would have done the same if I been in their high heels, I thought unsteadily.

"A tenth member of your class, Ms Derring," said the school councillor leading me to a desk where I sat as decorously as I could, recalling all that Ms Knight had said about being a girl and fitting in. "This is Wendy Hart, Frances, our newest of new girls."

"Another fashion model," said Ms Derring, looking me up and down. "She will be modelling as soon as this class ends and can go on there with Barbara and her friends."

I was in a class of girls and I was a girl, I kept telling myself. I was a girl. I mustn't be discovered, ever, Ms Knight had whispered to me as she finally left.

"Now, a girl's best friend," Ms Derring said to the class, smiling at all of us. "Wendy, what do you think?"

“D-Diamonds, Ms Derring?” I asked, not knowing at all the class I was in and what the point of the lesson was.

“Of course,” Ms Derring said with a smile. She was much the same age as Ms Knight but was dressed much more fashionably. “Now, girls, open the jewellery boxes in front of you and let us contemplate a girl’s best friend.”

A blonde girl tossed her hair and passed a jewellery box to me. I opened it, noticing that all the girls wore shades of red and pink lacquer on their long fingernails as I did. I wasn’t out of place at all, I thought in some relief.

“Of course, these are not real, Barbara Ann,” Ms Derring said to the blonde girl closest to her who had gasped when she rolled back the black velvet and exposed the sparkling gems beneath. “But for the Black and White Ball that all you girls are to attend this year, the simplicity of your dresses will be offset with this finery. And no, Allison,” she said to another girl who was smiling and adoring a tiara in her soft hands, “the tiara would, unfortunately, be a little too much for this occasion.”

There followed the strangest ‘class’ I had ever been in. We all had to adorn ourselves in the long strands of cheap jewellery, learning how we had to arrange our hair, our necklines and sleeves so that our gems could stand out most to their advantage. We were supposed to giggle at the faux pas that appeared on the white board images that Ms Derring presented to us. For homework, homework (?), we had to take the jewellery boxes and attend the next class in a dress that complied with the instruction under the box’s lid, each of which was different for each of us. The jewels that we chose

had to compliment the dress, our hair styles and our makeup and accessories.

“And I shall mark this assignment very severely, girls; so be warned,” said Ms Derring. She smiled at me then. “Welcome to Devonhill, Miss Hart. If I am lenient to you as you are a new girl here, I do not intend to allow any faux pas in any assignment to a girl I instruct in fashion.”

The girls looked suitably chastened and almost scared of what I thought was a stupid, little assignment. I picked up the box as the other girls had and followed them from the room. We minced along a hallway in a silent, straight line and stopped at the top of the stairs where a larger class of girls just like us came by. Several exchanged silent smiles with the girls I was with. Some glanced at me with interest but not a word was exchanged.

“Going down the stairs in high heels,” said a grey-haired woman who had been standing at the stop of the stairs. She had a clipboard which she raised then. “You girls will space yourselves three paces apart as you begin. Belinda.”

A blonde girl clicked into the middle of the stairs where there was no carpeting and made her way down the steep, descending staircase with a most graceful carriage, her chin up and a forced but lovely smile on her face.

“Charlotte,” said the teacher then, making a note. Charlotte followed Belinda in exactly the same fashion.

“Who are you?” barked the iron-grey woman when I reached the top of the stairs.

“W-Wendy Hart,” I said, not knowing why I should be so nervous as I was. “I, I’m n-new.”

"I know that," snapped the old woman, writing on her chart. "Didn't they teach you anything in your last school? Where is the curtsy to an older woman, girl? You are a girl, aren't you?"

I shuddered at the peering glance at me. "Oh, oh yes, mistress," I said, thinking that I was back as Cindy in my sissy in training classes. I tried to curtsy as we sissies had been required to do to all men in the institute. I know that I could have done better but my skirt was so short and I didn't want to show off the tops of my stockings and my garter belt suspenders.

"The name is Ms Storm, not mistress," said the woman eyeing me then. "Where do you think that you are, Wendy Hart? In a brothel?"

It was a question and I had to answer. The woman waited for me to think what I should say. "N-No, Ms Storm," I finally managed, completely intimidated. "I think that I am in Devonhill Girls' Preparatory School."

"Yes, you are," snapped Ms Storm. "You are being prepared to be a suitable young lady every minute of your day, Miss Wendy Hart, from now on. Even as you walk, we are watching you. Do not slouch or relax when you reach the bottom of the staircase. You will continue to walk like a proper young lady all the way across to Lady Barbara there and stand like a woman, not a street hooker, looking for a client."

I was shivering in suppressed emotion as I tried to walk down the stairs with my head up, my heels clicking as I put them down on the shiny stairs. I could hear the other two girls in the class coming behind me. I had to glance down as the staircase curved. I wanted to put out a hand to steady myself but all the other girls had gone down the middle. I knew I had to as well.

Another blonde teacher watched me as I swayed across the marble foyer. She pointed to one of the three lines. I went over and stood beside 'Lady' Barbara, who kept her chin up and the smile on her face. She didn't look at me at all.

"The new girl did not smile at all," the blonde teacher said to Ms Storm who made a note. I cringed inside and tried to smile.

Each of the teachers went along then and inspected each of us girls. I heard the quiet voice of the blonde telling Helena that the lipstick she had chosen did not suit her skin. Helena stepped out of line and went over to the foyer mirror, sat down and wiped away her lipstick and replaced it with another that she had in the tiny shoulder purse that all of us girls had to carry.

I couldn't believe the way Ms Storm lifted the girls' skirts then and sniffed at them. Three had to move and go to the Ladies' bathroom for reasons I didn't know. Ms Storm looked at me most critically when it was my turn and lifted my little skirt. I expected her to ask me then what it was in my panties that she pressed one of her fingers on. I had to fight to show no expression at all.

"Wendy Hart," Ms Storm said to me. I paled and flushed all at the same time. "Do you not have perfume in your purse?"

"Y-yes, Ms Storm," I said anxiously.

"Then, go where you saw the other so-called ladies went and use it, Miss Hart," snapped Ms Storm. I looked at her nonplussed as I had used my perfume at my wrists and at my breasts, hadn't I? I had smelled the Chanel on me and liked the fragrance that drifted around with me.

“Between your legs and on your panties, Wendy,” said the blonde teacher with a smile. “It is something that a young lady as pretty as you must get used to doing so that she is ready for anything should the occasion arise.”

So I swished to the bathroom and stared at the dark-haired girl in the mirror. I lifted my skirts and sprayed my panties and the top of my legs. I did my cleavage and my wrists again for good measure.

The blonde teacher’s nose twitched as I returned to the silent line of girls. “Much nicer walk, Wendy,” she said to me. “She smiled as well, Ms Storm,” she added to the woman frowning beside her. “She learns quickly, this girl. If only some of our other young misses were as attentive.”

I smiled and walked with more of a sway than I normally did. Gosh, if I had walked like this down Fiftieth, I’d have attracted every man on the street. I’d have been mauled from one end of it to the other. No, no hooker would walk like this unless she really did want to attract attention.

Attracting attention was of course the point, as I found out. I was in a modelling class and walking was only part of the instruction. I had to change into other dresses and wigs and assist other girls changing. I had to model whatever it was I had on. Oh, my posture and my walk were not right. I shouldn’t smile. I must pout.

I spent a lot of time on my own just walking up and down while the other girls scampered in and out of dresses. “The timing is still very slow,” said Ms Storm with a scowl.

“When we have the two senior girl classes together,” murmured the blonde woman.

“Yes,” scowled Ms Storm. “But what do we do with the new girl?”

“We’ll let Barbara and Amelia train her after classes,” said Ms Berry, the smiling blonde. “It will keep them out of mischief as well.”

Ms Storm snorted at that. “Very well,” she said. “Girls,” she announced. “We present the master’s latest designs at the Farwell Ladies’ Annual Fashion Show. Now, you know that this is a filmed show and some parts will likely appear on television. So, I expect only the very best of work from all of you girls at all times. Barbara and Amy, see me with Wendy and the rest may go to tea. And no slouching!”

The girls who had smiled naturally and relaxed almost jumped back into formation. There was even whispering. Several nodded and smiled at me as they got back into their short red skirts.

“Amelia,” said Ms Storm more formally to a gorgeous, red-haired girl. “This is Wendy Hart, who has some sense of style and might make a fine model in time. Rather than teach her everything, Ms Berry and I will select designs she is to wear and send them to her room. You and Barbara will teach her how to present the dresses and swimsuits that she must wear. We shall keep her changes to what, ten, Ms Berry?”

“Twelve, I think,” said Ms Berry.

I shivered as I heard only ‘swimwear’. How could I possibly change into, never mind wear, a bikini in front of these girls? Ms Storm certainly knew that I wasn’t a real girl. She had felt me, for goodness’s sake. What did she think would happen when I had to work with two girls and they had to change me as I had seen the stripped down girls in the modelling session?

Yes, in the class, the girls had kept on their panties as they changed from one dress to another, the earrings and accessories often taking the most time to arrange, rather than the dresses and shoes themselves. But for swimwear, the panties would have to come off, wouldn't they?

"Let's go to tea," said Barbara to me, flicking back her blonde hair which she had unpinned after the modelling class. "Hi, Wendy, I'm Barbara and this is Amelia Lacourt, my sister."

"Step-sister, Lady Barbara," said the red-haired girl. She had such delicate, fine features, so easily enhanced by makeup. I was so jealous of her. I wanted to be just like her.

My mind glitched then for a moment. Me? Wanting to be a girl like the one I was admiring so. Where the heck had such a thought come from? I didn't want to be a girl like Amelia. I wanted to make love to a girl like Amelia, I reassured myself, as I let her take my hand. We swished in time together, Amelia and me. I felt a strange feeling spreading all over me. I could feel the bobble at my chest as we clicked on our heels and I felt so open, so light and airy about my legs as I swayed as I knew the teachers wanted me to. Heck, I wanted to do it as well as Amy, she said to call her that, encouraged me to wiggle my tush, just like Barbara and her.

Tea was in the common room. There were more girls in there whom I hadn't seen before. There were two seniors' classes at Devonhill, I learned. That meant that there were over twenty girls crowding into the common room and all of them wanted to meet me, wanted to hug me and welcome me to Devonhill. Dunghill as several girls called it to general laughter.

Dunghill Prison for Girls, a ponytailed, red-ribboned Danielle called it.

"Whatever brings you here so late in the year?" asked Amy as she put a fine teacup in my hand and the thinnest of wafer biscuits.

"My father," I said.

"Oh, we saw him as he walked by the Science Lab," said Danielle, her red-gold ponytail swirling in her excitement. "He looks like, like ..."

"Mr Darcy?" I suggested and all the girls began babbling then. I hadn't realized it but he must have walked around the school on a little inspection of his own with the headmistress, Miss Bullard. They'd all seen him. They all agreed that that was what he was, a dreamy, older version of Mr Darcy.

"He was wiping lipstick off his mouth when he came past us," said Janice, one of the girls in the other senior group. "I wonder who was the lucky girl to plant that one on him."

"That was me," I said. Twenty-three pairs of eyes turned to me with various kinds of smiles.

"You kiss your daddy on the lips?" asked Janice in awe.

"When I'm mad with him," I answered. All the girls laughed at that one.

"Ooo, can I get mad with him as well for putting you in Dunghill Prison?" asked Danielle.

"I wish you would," I said to her. A warm feeling was spreading over me. The early anxiety I had had was ebbing fast. I actually felt at home in Dunghill. I would have to say that to my father, if I ever saw him again.

A bell tinkled and all the girls immediately began to move. "We all have assignments with the juniors and below," said Amelia. "They love to hear our war stories and we have to get them ready for the field trips. They have to have them at least once a week. We get to go with them."

"You just love them because the little girls hang all over you," said a sour Barbara.

"You're just bitter because you're going to miss going into town with the pre-teens," said Amy with a laugh. "There's this boy at the mall," she began to me. Barbara put her hand over her step-sister's mouth.

"I'll have to tell Wendy all about the last ball, where the teachers found you and what's-his-name, Walter, wasn't it?" said Barbara.

"Go ahead," laughed Amelia, shaking her long red hair. "I don't care. He was a lot of fun, really, tons and tons of fun. Not like all the lessons around here."

"Speaking of which," said Barbara, "let's go and see what they've brought up to your room."

Outside my room was a display of short, sparkly dresses, swimsuits and bikinis and one long, long white dress with what looked suspiciously like a tiara headdress and veil. "Oh, you're going to be a bride!" exulted Amy. "Oh, you're going to look so great in that dress, Wendy! I wonder who they've shanghaied into being the groom for you."

"Bribed, is more like it, Wendy," said Barbara seriously. "The Ladies' Guild likes to end the show with the wedding dress. We'll all be your bridesmaids. We toss them our flowers and the old biddies love it!"

"I, I can't be a bride," I said with a shiver. "I, I haven't been at Devonhill l-long enough!"

“It has to be you, though,” said Amelia seriously then. “You’re the only one with a clean sheet in the teachers’ eyes, I bet.”

Visions of the newspapers and the pictures of me swam in front of my eyes. No, I didn’t have any kind of clean sheet with anyone. And it would be worse for me when these girls found out who I was. What had the papers said? It was the other girls, the other groupies who had come after me worst of all when they had found out that I was a boy. I had been ‘shagging’, that awful English synonym for the ‘f’ word, the rocker whom they had all claimed to be in love with.

“You should have come here earlier in the year,” said Amelia, opening my room’s window as we took my new dresses in. “The front rooms have much better views.”

“She likes to see all the boys arriving for the Black and White Ball, picking out who she’s going to invite up to her room before we all get a look at them,” said Barbara.

“She’s just jealous,” said Amelia. “Well, enough dawdling, girls!” Her imitation of Ms Storm made me giggle. “Into your bikini, wench!”

“I can’t wear that!” I screamed. Barbara was holding a thong bikini in front of me.

“It looks indecent but we all have to wear them,” said Amelia with a grimace. “I bet you they’re the only ones that make the television programs as well.”

“The old biddies love humiliating us,” said Barbara. “They’re always standing up with their cameras when we do the swimwear section of the show.”

“I wish Bullard would cancel it,” said Amelia grumpily. Looking at the bikini, I couldn’t agree more.

"Look, we're here to help you, Wendy," said Barbara seriously. "Now, girl, do you know what duct tape is?"

"Of course," I said weakly, feeling that my stomach was being kicked by a mule.

"Well that's what we use," said Amelia seriously. She reached over and began to untie my blouse then. I froze a little as she touched my breasts in the little, white bra that I wore. "It's the only way to prevent ourselves from exposing more than we want to, especially when they put the music on and tell us to move slinkily to it. Gosh, it would be so humiliating to be exposed for all the yokels to laugh at, wouldn't it?"

"Exposed?" I gasped.

"Exposed as the boy who seduced Mickey Stone for so long," said Barbara as she assisted Amy to take down my skirt. There I was, exposed to them in my panties and garters. "Ooo, what was it like, Gwendolyn, being a groupie. Did you really let him shag you like it says in the papers?" I know that I was blushing then.

"You all know about me?" I asked, shivers running through me. They both nodded. Amy snapped my bra strap for me, making me feel it right through my breasts. "But, but how?"

"When Ms Knight gets her paper delivered, we have ours left for us as well," said Amy with a triumphant smile on her pretty face. "Then again, we've all had the same lecture on rules. Not to say a word to the other girls, to only answer to our female name, to obey our teachers, blah, blah, blah!"

"You, you ...!" I gasped.

“Yes,” laughed Amy happily, unsnapping my stockings then. “We’re girls like you, Wendy Hart. And our parents dumped us here to so that we could unlearn how to be the girls we are. Of course, the untraining doesn’t work, does it? Barbara here is even more man-crazy than she’s ever been. She’s stuffing herself so full of female hormones these days that she can’t even get it up at all for her boy friend to gobble on.”

“This place ...,” I began.

“Is a School for would-be, should-be, going-to-be girls,” laughed Amy. “Were you really fooled by us, Wendy? Really?”

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