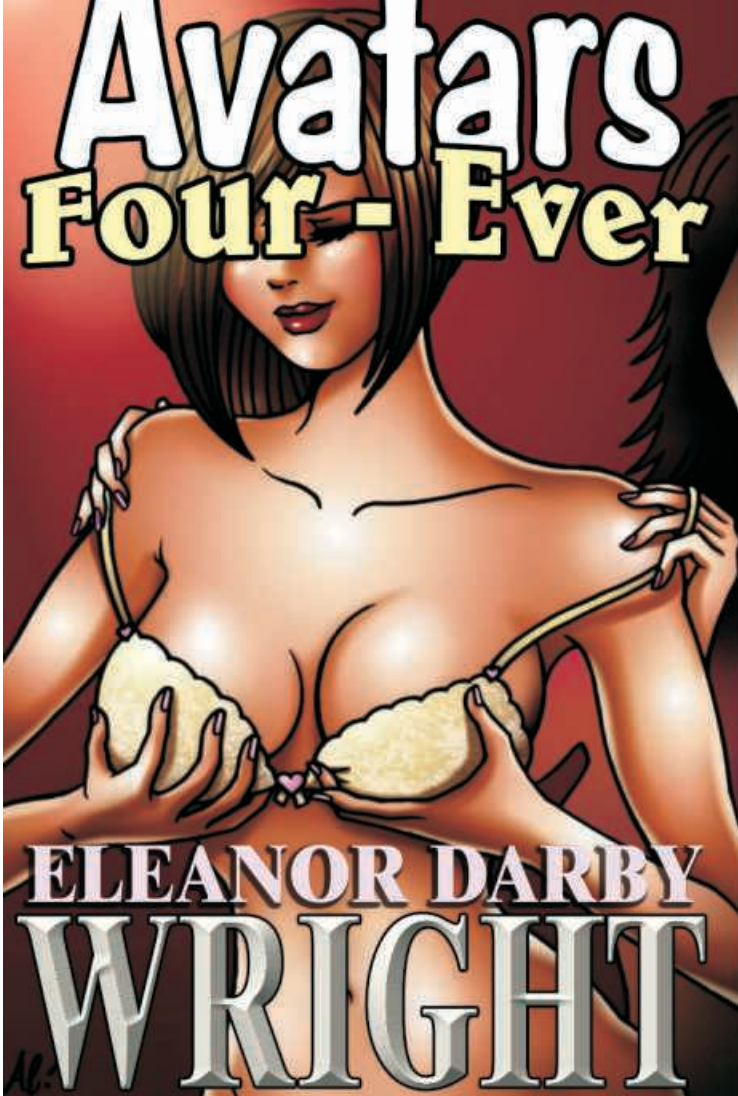


Avatars Four - Ever



ELEANOR DARBY
WRIGHT

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AVATARS FOUR-EVER!

by Eleanor Darby Wright

Why does every effing avatar experience have to begin here? Curse words flowed out of my mouth as I smelled the fetid swamp again. The young man, roped into the line in front of me, fell, dragging down a couple of the men in front of him and almost pulling me down as well.

A tall, pointy-eared warrior appeared as if from nowhere from the foliage making a couple of the men, also pointy-eared and green-tinged like me, men whom I was roped to, jerk fearfully and retreat. Having been through this 'paradise' a couple of times in other avatar 'experiences', I didn't try to back off. The young warrior just grinned at me. He cut loose the fallen youth,

looped another rope through my bonds and linked me to a fearful, sweating man, one of those who had been dragged down.

Another almost nude, painted warrior appeared on the pathway, a firestick in his hands, and quite a surprise to me. I must have shown that surprise because the blue and red painted warrior pointed at me. The second warrior reached into the thin belt about his loins and took out a paint stick. I was daubed with a red color as the two almost naked warriors laughed at me. I cringed back but cursed them at the same time.

"She's dead?" asked the second man after he had marked me. He pointed at the male figure lying face down in the mud. The green-tinted warrior drove the point of his long, thin spear, the throwing spear of these savages, through the back of the neck of the man on the ground. There was very little blood.

"Is now," laughed the young killer, seeming to revel in the fear that the other men were showing.

The warrior who had tagged me looked a little annoyed with his young companion. "Catch them up," he snapped at the younger man, jerking the fallen men to their feet. They had been trying to rest a little against grassy, muddy hummocks beside the path.

We left the body of our dead companion to sink into the mud, the men behind complaining as they had to tread on him as we were all made to run to catch up to others who were further ahead than I was.

I recognized the clothing of the men I was with. I'd seen the 'stranger' tribe after I had been captured by the Aravee. I shivered as I thought about that. I had been captured and all captives, Perella and her brothers had let me know, were women as far as the Aravee

were concerned. So, I had been dressed and treated as a woman. I had been Aralla, the husband of two men, Perella's brothers.

The strangers had also captured me, thinking me a woman. When the captain, making love to me as his 'lady', had found out that I was a man, it hadn't bothered him at all. He had called me a 'hourie', and said that he'd had many a hourie on a long sea voyage when he was 'below decks'. I took that to mean that the captain was a man who had risen through the ranks.

All that had been in the past, on one of the other two visits I had been forced to make in an avatar experience on this world, wherever it was. Smith had said that they couldn't control these experiences as they could others. Who knew what would happen to me? A new avatar had to start here on the ET 'holodeck', if that was what it was. Perhaps the ETs who had sent out the transmissions that had led to successful avatar research were trying to teach us their history. I'd heard techs discussing it but Smith wouldn't deny or confirm that was what it was.

It might seem like days but it would only be hours back in the Avartech facility in London where I was really lying, I knew, in a casket, connected to the machines that allowed me into an avatar. Just why did we have to start here all the time? And why was I a bare-footed captive, the mud oozing between my toes, wondering what I had done to deserve this again?

It was as bad as I feared it was going to be. There must have been six trees of warriors in the encampment into which we were marched and all were holding firesticks, a kind of rifle, that they must have stolen from the stranger tribes. I could remember Perella's brothers helping to offload cannons, ammunition, and

firesticks from the ship we had allowed to run aground, the ship I had been the 'lady' on.

Perella, supposedly my maid, had poisoned all of the crew. Her reward had been to have me, even though I was dressed as a woman, impregnate her so that she could stay with the Aravee as a woman of that tribe and not be traded off or sold to another tree. A pregnant woman could not be stolen. Theft of women was the way that the southern trees obtained their new wives.

It all made sense in a convoluted way. Genes got spread around and so the tribes were all genetically healthy. I had also overheard that the 'thefts' weren't as terrible as I had first thought. They were 'arranged' so that while I, as a woman in one avatar experience, was being captured and married to a strong warrior, the tribe that took me was also raided and one of its daughters taken off to some other tree as I replaced her.

What was happening in the rough encampment where several tribes were meeting was nothing like that genteel capture at all. It was nothing like the changing of me into a woman, either, by the Aravee, who had massacred, so I gathered, the men of the Merebo raiding party I had been with, leaving me the lone captive and a 'woman'.

The thirty men who had been taken with me this time were being divided up into groups and handed over to the women, armed with short firesticks similar to those that the men possessed. The women were laughing as they stripped the stranger men of their clothing, casting it on an evil-smelling, smoking fire.

The men I had been with seemed dazed. One tried to talk to me and it all came out as gibberish. A woman

was coming down the line of captives, forcing us all to drink from her pail. "Quinna!" I gasped and the woman nodded as she made me drink as well.

I should have used my release word right then when the thought hit me. I tried but only craziness came from my mouth.

"That one must have been captured by one of the Trees before," said the young, grinning warrior, coming down the line and cutting me loose. "I claim her for the Perisho."

"You should have told me," said the girl, swinging her tush suggestively in the skirt wrapped about her as she went back down the line, marking each of the men with me with a color. "I wouldn't have doused her with so much quinna."

An older warrior, a group of other warriors gathered alertly about him as if he was an important leader, was helping a couple of red-haired girls; all the girls had red hair, of course, as it was a custom of all the trees that only women dyed their hair that way. "Too many captured women," the old man complained to the younger who was prodding me to follow the other men who had red paint marks on their faces.

"They only fired their weapons once and they surrendered," said the young Perisho warrior. "We killed enough of them to sate even you, Brash. I even killed a straggler on the trail. I couldn't kill any more. If you want to take over and change the law, you have my support!"

The older man snorted, taking a knife. I thought he was going to begin killing all of us prisoners. But all that he did was to cut the clothing away from each of

us so that we were as naked as the enja lizard, and frankly, just as ugly.

“Chassa!” called Brash then. A woman appeared at the entrance to a huge tent. “Six more women for the tree!” he called. One of the younger men with me, a stranger to this land like us all in the lines, had been trying to get his hands down to conceal his manhood. Now he keeled over in a faint which brought a crowd of women out to look him over, to make ribald comments about his manhood, and to cart him off into the communal women’s tent. There, the women prepare themselves as women and no men are allowed at all.

I was fifth of the six to be brought in, knowing from what had happened to me before what was going to happen to me again. I would become a woman, sort of. The scented, scalding mud was spread all over me by young girls, so much younger than the avatar I was occupying.

Ahead of me, the girls were all laughing and pointing at whoever it was who was trying to fight back at the way he was being womanized. Suddenly, there was a crash as whoever it was, landed in the wide bath tubs that the northern tribes used. Whoever it was began to struggle and then the struggles abated. Quinna will do that, making you lose control of your limbs as well as your tongue when given in a large dose. I could see a panicked face reaching up above the surface of the water. I remembered being thrown into an outside pool by my future husband and fearing exactly the same thing, that I was going to drown.

“We should let that one stay under,” said one of the red-haired women, her necklaces and bracelets proclaiming her status as a priestess of some kind.

“Or save her for the Garithee,” murmured the younger woman, with herb pouches attached to the belt of her dress. “They like feisty women, or so they are always saying.”

The older woman smiled and looked me over. “So,” she began. “What do we have next, another feisty woman?”

I tried to say that I wasn’t any kind of a woman but my tongue didn’t work. I had really only been lightly dosed. I was pushed into the warm waters as the man in front of me was hauled out, coughing and half-drowned, several of the younger women covering him with cloths and hauling him further into the dim interior of the tents.

I knew what was going to happen and there was no use fighting against it. My body hair and facial hair were removed. A kind of strap was lashed around my genitals to hold them back and padded panties were placed about me. I had to lie then in front of a sink while my hair was dyed and what might have been called hair extensions were added to my locks, creating a mass of waved hair at my neck.

I lay as quietly as I could while a breast band, padded again, was put about my squeezed, taped chest. Finally, I was wrapped into a woman’s dress, dark red in color. Young girls came to me and laughed as they painted my toenails and then shaped and painted my fingernails. I received many arch comments on my womanliness but I think that they were only teasing me. I couldn’t have reverted back to femininity that quickly, could I? Only women painted their nails as was being done to me as they were shaped femininely as well. Only women had their earlobes pierced and had tasselled earrings placed in them.

I had five companions, four of whom I could hear, their voices so full of fear. They only spoke in gibberish which showed that there was no point in talking anyway. We were women now as far as these Perisho were concerned. As soon as I could get my voice back, I intended to whisper my key release words and get the hell out of this new ET 'avatar' experience.

I tried to ignore the sobbing of the last captive, the one who had fainted. She, looking at my companion, I had used the female pronoun, had been dressed in a golden dress, her hair festooned with flowers and her face already made up. A Perisho woman talked to 'her' and called 'her' Balanya, or something like that. I had been dressed in gold when I had been married to my husbands. Both had made love to me that very night in the back of a wagon. It looked like the same fate awaited Balanya.

The Perisho woman got up and gracefully glided over to where the one of the captives lay as if dead. She and another woman rolled over the red-haired figure and began to paint the masculine face that looked up at them.

"Egry!" whispered an agonized voice to me then and I looked back at the golden dressed figure, who had been the lad who had fainted. Whoever had chosen this one to be his bride had chosen well. The full, wavy, red hair and the painted face, in a padded dress just like mine, made me believe that this was a female figure roped to the bed just as I was. "What have they done to me? What they have done to you?"

"Yebbrutohnm," I said to the bride, the quinna having worn off me enough that the 'yes' at least communicated to her.

Panic spread over the feminized features across from me. "You, you're an officer," hissed the bride at me. "Tell me what to do."

What was that old message that Queen Victoria was supposed to have been given about her wedding bed and the consummation of her marriage? Lie back and think of England? I tried to say it to whoever knew me and called me Egry, whoever that was, but I still didn't have control of my tongue.

The Perisho women worked their way around the tent, the man on the other side of me completely unconscious as they giggled and painted his face, making his lips a bright, bright red as I had seen that the bride wore as well.

"This one didn't fight us," said the woman who might have been the one who had poured the scalding mud all over me.

"She knows what's best for her," laughed the other woman.

"Let her sit up," said the first woman, staring at me. She drew out one of the firesticks while the other woman untied me. I was able to sit up, the dress tight around my legs and making me feel so feminine. It wasn't, of course, a feeling that I didn't enjoy and wasn't used to.

"You've done this before," said the woman as she applied the makeup to my face, arching my now non-existent eyebrows.

I babbled back at her, feeling my tongue sort of unlocking then. Oh, I wasn't going to let them know that. I didn't want another dose of quinna and find myself as helpless as two of my companions obviously were.

“Marinya has done this before,” said the woman, naming herself then as Chassa and her companion as Davanya. “Were you ever a bride before, Marinya, like our pretty Balanya is going to be in a very short time?”

I could have nodded my head, “yes”, to the women, but it would have been the wrong gesture. I had my hands free and so I clasped them in front of me and the woman behind me gasped.

“Don’t give this woman any more quinna,” said Chassa. “We must find out the tree she belongs to and the name of her husband. She must join us in the women’s circle as well as she is a woman. That is true, is it not, Marinya?”

I clasped my hands properly in assent and tossed my long, red hair back over my shoulders. I heard the bride beside me begin to gasp.

“Egry, help me!” exclaimed the ‘girl’ beside me and Chassa sighed.

“Give a little quinna to that one,” she said to her companion. “I will send guards to bring this lovely pair out to the ritual. I can hear that the Morikee have already begun to marry off their new women.”

There was no point in not trying to merge in with the women of the Perisho. Several looked at me in astonishment as I swayed in the dance circle just like them, the familiar perfume they had flicked all over my chest and shoulders bringing back so many memories of me being forced, as Balanya was, to swing her hips and tush as a woman should and dance, in high-heeled slippers that women of all the northern tribes seemed to wear.

Balanya looked absolutely terrified as she was swished around the circle. I could see her looking fran-

tically for me, but I had been garlanded with flowers when I left the women's hut and so I was indistinguishable from all the red-haired women, their earrings, necklaces and bracelets swinging about them just like mine were.

The warrior who seized Balanya then was the muscled, younger warrior who had marked me along the trail. Poor Balanya didn't know what to do when this ardent young man seized her about her waist, stroked her tush with a strong hand and then lifted her up to kiss her fiercely before the priestess of the tree. Chassa intoned a brief ritual that I had heard before when I was married to Sebo and then to Nothan and Grish.

"Egry!" cried Balanya, trying to fight off her would-be husband. "Help me!"

There was nothing I could do. The muscled warrior lifted his bride easily, swirling her and showing us all that she wore the gold panties of a bride beneath the noisy, golden petticoats of her bridal dress. She was sobbing as she was hauled off to a small tent, the marriage tent where she was about to be made into a woman and a wife. Chassa would soon go in with chosen companions and would witness that consummation had taken place. Then Balanya would be welcomed into the Perisho tree and fed the drugs that would slowly change her into more of a woman, with breasts, legs and hips like a girl so that she could please her husband more and be indistinguishable from the rest of us women.

"What about her?" asked one of the older women, pointing to me when the bride and groom had left us.

"Marinya is a woman of another tree," said Chassa. "When she can talk again, Brash and I will find out who she is and what we can do with her. We won't

give her over to the young men and visitors, not just yet.”

I hadn't been a woman of the Merebo, nor of the Aravee, long enough to be a comfort woman. Perella had told me that I should have been one, not a bride. I had gathered that women who broke the rules and had to be punished were sent to certain tents where any man could visit. Young men, like the warrior who had claimed Balanya, learned how to make love by visiting such tents. Guests, visiting emissaries from different trees, a great practice in the north, had access to such women to 'give them comfort' when they were away from their own wives and women. The only way out of such tents was to become pregnant, Perella had told me, laughing at me as I realized then that a prisoner, considered to be a woman like me, could never be pregnant, never stop being a comfort woman.

Four ugly, graceless women were introduced to the Perisho then. “Who'd want to lie with her?” asked a slim, busty woman beside me, indicating a stunned woman with scars that not even makeup had hidden.

“Give her a year,” said an older woman. “Chassa will change her face and figure. You see the women in the comfort tent when the Morikee came to visit yesterday. Remember how they looked a year ago and more. The Morikee did not object at all, did they? And you enjoyed the party as well, Ranyassa.”

“The one who danced the pleasure dance really was pleasing to the eye,” murmured another woman, smiling at me. “Did you not see the Morikee fighting over who was going to sleep with her?”

An arm took mine. “Come,” said Chassa to me. “Walk in front of me, woman, to that tent.”

I knew that Chassa wanted to check me out. She wanted to see me walk like a woman in high heels on the boardwalks that the northern tribes lay down for their women. Little did she know how short a time it had been that I had been sashaying down the runway for Yuri and his fellow players at a charity event put on by soccer wives and girl friends.

I sashayed in front of her towards where Brash was standing, a firestick cradled in his arms. I heard the grunting and babbling as my four companions, Balanya otherwise engaged, were herded past us into the comfort women's tent. The woman who opened the flap to them looked so graceful and shapely as she welcomed them in.

That couldn't be the one that they were just talking about in the woman's circle, could she? She looked so astonishingly real, her breasts definitely wobbling in her red dress as she put her arm about the shortest prisoner. She was looking past him at Brash as she kissed the short prisoner's cheeks, looking avidly at me as she led the others into the comfort tent. The poor, short sap looked so pleased and relieved, even in his long, wrap-around dress. He had a lot to learn about being the captive of the Perisho.

"Seen enough?" asked Brash, reaching out and taking my chin in his hand. I was forced to look at him, which, as a woman, I should have done automatically.

"Marinya has been a woman before," Chassa said from behind me. "She knows how to walk in high heels and how to move her tush as you men like."

Brash smiled, not taking his eyes off me. "The quinna must have worn off by now," he said. "Speak to me, woman."

“Mike, Michael, Douglas,” I said huskily. “Michelle, Dee, Yuri, Smith, Cindy, Grant.”

Brash’s eyebrows went up. I stood there, in front of the comfort tent, listening to the shrieks and laughter, a revel clearly going on inside, and shivered. Nothing happened to me. Nothing worked.

“What is it?” asked Chassa sharply. “A stranger language?”

“I think it’s magic words, a spell,” said Brash, staring at me. “She’s supposed to fall down and not even seem to breathe. Then, in a while, even weeks from now, she revives but she isn’t who she was any more. The Morikee think it is the gods and goddesses at play with us! You’ll see. She’ll seem like another woman entirely when she awakens from her time with the goddess.”

I felt as if I had been struck by a bolt of lightning as I stared at the older man in front of me. He bowed mockingly to me.

“You were speaking words,” said Brash, reaching out and caressing the earrings that stretched down onto my shoulders. I don’t know which was worse, the casual way he treated me as if I was a woman or the casual way that he revealed how much he knew about avatars in this ‘savage’ encampment.

“Such lovely tassels,” Brash murmured. “They really suit a woman as lovely as you, Marinya.” He indicated for me to sit on a plank bench in front of the comfort tent. Completely flustered, I did so, only to receive a smack on the back of my head from Chassa.

Chassa smiled at me as I turned to protest. “You sat like a man,” she said. “Now, show the Hunt Leader that you know how to sit like a woman, Marinya.”

I knew that I was being mocked. I knew that I was being taught my place by these two. My heart was beating furiously as I tried to calm down then and smooth what there was of my skirts beneath me and sit gracefully. I knew that I had to cross my legs in the skirt as well, as women did, but never the men. At least, that had been the custom among the Aravee.

"That was prettily done, sweet Marinya," said Brash. "So speak to us in a woman's voice, and tell us how you come to be free of the tree that trained you to be a woman."

"Smith, Grant, Michelle Dee, Yuri Kuznetsov," I babbled, praying for greyness to descend about me, followed by the relief of blackness as I found myself in the casket in which I knew that I was encased.

"She doesn't learn," said Chassa, touching me, snapping the breast band around my chest.

"No," said Brash with a smile. "I always love teaching a new comfort woman the role she must now play for the males of the Perisho." He undid his belt then, smiling at me, reaching down to squeeze the maleness in his long pants. I could almost see it beginning to bulge outward by the second.

"I, I was taken by the Aravee," I gasped. Chassa clouted me again.

"You didn't speak like that among the Aravee, whoever they are," Chassa said from behind me still, Brash putting his hands on either side of my face. His fingers were like steel bars pressing down on me. I knew that I would soon be doing whatever he wanted me to do for him, so strong and hurtful were his fingers.

“Now you must have me,” sighed Brash, leaning forward and pressing his lips on mine, his mouth quickly all red with my lipstick. “Mmm, I liked that, Marinya. Yes, Chassa, this woman has been kissed by a man before and she knows how to respond. If she doesn’t convince us that she is a wife to an Aravee warrior, I think that we should put her in a golden dress and I shall marry her myself at the circle tomorrow.”

“You old hanga,” snorted Chassa, referring to an animal that I thought resembled a goat. “You’re too much of a leader to take this one. All of your strikers have been looking at this one already, you know that. She won’t be short of partners from now until we break camp. Every man, married or single, wants to try out pretty Marinya.”

I know it was said to intimidate me and it did. I only had Perella’s words to go by but she had told me how lucky I was that I had married her brothers. I only had two men making love to me on my wedding night, after all. And on the following day, I just had the captain inside me! Oh, how lucky I had been!

You should be fucked all night long as I was, I thought angrily at Perella, and see how lucky you think that you are. But didn’t dare to say it, as she was the sister of my husbands. I knew that they would believe any story, true or not, that she told them rather than the words of the captive wife whom they shared.

“If you had gone to the comfort tent,” Perella had laughed at me, fondling the manhood so long ago, her hands in my panties until I could stand it no longer. I had had to roll her over, in the lean-to we had made to await my husbands, and drive my throbbing erection into the moist cavity between her legs, “you could have had all the men who massacred your hunting party.

You really aren't good for much else, are you, Aralla, except taking a big, strong man inside you!"

The only way that I had been able to stop all Perella's mockery had been by kissing her, which of course she loved me to do, saying how much she always loved kissing other girls in the women's tent. I tasted and smelled just like a girl, of course, as she had to point out constantly, demanding her turn on top of me, as if she was the man as she pulled so strongly on my breast bands and kissed my tiny nipples as if I was a girl.

"The first ship I was on sailed along the coast from Neret," I said, speaking to Brash and Chassa as if I was Michelle Dee, the feminine person I had become in London. I wasn't supposed to tell them anything about my previous incursions as an avatar into this world. I knew that. But that was when I was told that these 'primitives' knew nothing about avatars and visitors from other worlds here in this one.

"The Aravee woman we captured poisoned all the crew except for me and she took me as a captive," I told them. "Her name was Perella and she called me Aralla and made me marry her brothers."

There was no response from the older man in front of me. I would have thought that the capture of a great ship by the Aravee and their allies, the first I had heard of the trees ever co-operating, would have been a story known to everyone. The Aravee and the Irikee, a neighboring tree, had used throwing spears and bows and arrows as their main weapons at the time. Now Brash and even the women had firearms and seemed to know how to use them as well.

"What's a Neret?" Brash wanted to know.

I'd only heard that it was a settlement of some kind. I had thought that it was a port and a base for the stranger tribe. I envisioned that they had crossed some ocean to trade with the Aravee and the Irikee for drugs and precious stones. They'd been the ones to have fire-sticks, cannons, huge ships, elaborate clothing with lingerie and cosmetics for women.

I was no help at all to the Hunt Leader, who stroked me and fondled me the whole time as he sat beside me and questioned me in my long dress and beaded hair. I couldn't tell him anything about the ship I had supposedly been on this time, what we had been doing in Truce Lands, as he called them, or why we fought so poorly. "These women let themselves be captured," complained Brash to the woman who had covered me with her short pistol all the time.

"It's because they have heard of the magnificent cocks that the Perisho have," said Chassa, so deadpan then that I thought she was serious. "These women want a taste of you, Brash my love. They surrender so easily because they want to lie under you while you fill their insides with your honeyed essence. I think that they are disappointed that they haven't yet been able to become mothers of the tree."

"Is that right, Marinya?" asked Brash with a quick grin. "Well, feel this, darling woman. Isn't that what a woman like you has been longing for all of her life?"

Chassa insisted that Brash take me inside the comfort tent if he was going to have me. She waited outside while terror closed in on me again as Brash did just that, angry, he said, that I wasn't telling him anything at all that he could understand.

We entered the long tent to an incredible sight. There seemed to be every possible luxury I had ever

seen on this world before. The lamps throughout the long tent were being dimmed by striking looking women in shimmering dresses and long-flowing hair. They were smiling as they were drawing men into alcoves, separate tents where curtains, real curtains, and tables of food and liquor were set out. Whatever laughing events had caused such mirth at the far end of the huge, main tent had subsided as the sounds we heard now were of girlish giggling, curtains being drawn and the creaking of beds as men and women drew closely together, indulging themselves in whatever fantasy worked for them.

The most beautiful woman we had seen before came sashaying to the front curtains that Brash had lifted to push me into the tent. "Oh, darling Ebo," the woman cooed to the man holding me in his iron grip. "You promised me that I could comfort you on your next visit here. And, just for you, my love, I am already fragrant with the Garithee scent that you liked so much on your visit to their tent!"

"A new comfort woman, Marinya," said Brash, introducing me to the stunning woman. "Some day, Surassa, she might be your equal."

Surassa pouted girlishly while I quivered and felt the blood pounding through my veins as I looked at this so lovely woman. "I will enjoy teaching her all the tricks that she must know if she is to rival me as a woman, darling Ebo," she said, actually batting her eyelashes at the warrior, sliding her arms around his neck and pressing her bouncy, womanly body into his. No wonder that Brash let go of my hand and went off with her to one of the canopied beds that had curtains on the sides that could be let down for privacy.

Not that many of the men and women in the dimly lit tent availed themselves completely of the privacy curtains of the comfort tent. And I could see why as two men got up, stretched and then changed places to go with new partners who reacted with delight as if they really wanted to have a new man to be instantly on top of them, demanding to be fondled and awakened to another round of lovemaking. Then, it occurred to me, slow learner that I am, that the smiling, submissive girls, opening their legs for the men who lay on them, by what I could see, weren't girls at all.

An old woman came forward and took my hand, leading me to one of the empty canopied bed areas where she had me sit on a soft, cushioned sofa while she looked critically at my hair and my makeup.

"A rush job?" she asked while I could look over at a laughing girl whose man twisted her so that he could ride her as he would have ridden a riding mount. She had a full, rounded tush, so white against her black panties. Her rider lowered the panties slowly as she wiggled and laughed. Then I could see that she had a penis as well, at least the same size as the warrior who was leaning over her to stroke her breasts as he really tried to ride her as if she was a bucking bronc.

I couldn't believe how she was laughing and calling for him not to stop and go harder, harder, harder. Ugh, I didn't think that I could do that. I didn't want to do that. I just wanted to get out of this place, on with what Smith wanted from me, and then get back to my love, Yuri. I shivered, watching the comfort 'woman' and her man.

Well, yes, I would let Yuri do me like that if he wanted to do me like that. I hadn't ever stopped my darling Yuri doing me in any way that he wanted. And

I don't think that I ever would. Hmm, that girl had started shrieking just like so many others up and down this huge, long tent. She really seemed to be enjoying herself and her man was as well.

"Jumilla," said the old woman with her grey hair in braids about her neck. "Yes, you should study her, my girl. She really knows how to get into it with a man, doesn't she? They fight over her, you know."

"I don't want to be like," I didn't have to say 'her' as we watched Jumilla roll under her partner and begin to kiss him, hugging him tight to her body, her legs lifting about him and crossing tightly to hold the young man down. He buried his head between Jumilla's ample breasts.

"That's what they think we are," said the old woman, leaning forward to whisper to me. "They call us the stranger tribe and make us all into houries but they call us women. Is that what you want to spend your life as, Marinya? It can be glorious when you are young and pretty and the drugs take over and change you, making you even more pretty and desirable until you end up like Jumilla, or even better, Surassa."

"I, I want to get out of here," I whispered to the old woman. She smiled at me, her red-painted lips turning down in a sad grimace.

"Here," she said and, in a sleight-of-hand trick, a knife appeared between her hands. "Here is the only sure way out, Marinya. I've been here for forty years since the trees overran Neret and extinguished five thousand souls. I was a lucky one. I was small. I was dosed with fellaya and lady's grief and became a prize of the Chelladee. I've been traded ten times from tree to tree when I have pleased a visitor and they have bought me. Till here I am, watching Brash, who prom-

ised me he'd be my husband and that his sister would have children for me and make me a mother. Now, I just wait until he notices his Preesha again and comes close to me one day. Then, Neret and *Sunspawn* will be avenged."



The knife was held there for a while as my heart beat faster and faster. Jumilla was giggling in the background and her bed began to bounce as the young man she had with her began to bark like a dog. She giggled some more but I couldn't see any humor in what he was doing to her then, making her manhood get firmer and straighter as he lifted her legs over his shoulder.

"Oh, don't drop me," giggled Jumilla, twisting this way and that as the young man gobbled on her male-ness, his hands caressing her tush. Then he was penetrating her again as she gasped and panted heavily as I had always done when I was faking it as I'm sure she was.

"You were captured on the plains?" murmured Preesha, the old woman. "Don't tell me that the Kings have finally realized that the only way to beat the savages is by cutting off their trading for grain across the grasslands. How many foragers are there on the flat lands?"

"The others have been talking," I muttered, covering up I hoped that I didn't know what this old woman was talking about.

"Not just your companions," murmured the old 'woman', flicking back her hair, so pink and lovely in the dim light. "Troden, a Garithee, came by. He loves making it with Surassa and I heard him telling Chassa that they let their new women watch the older comfort women of Morikee serving Morikee warriors in their daintiest roles. The Garithee promised their new women that they wouldn't do that to any of them who told them all about the new stranger forts and settlements, and why they were there."

"You can't blame them for telling all," I said with a shudder, feeling my earrings shaking along my shoul-

ders then. I went to uncross my legs but Preesha stopped me. A naked man bounded past us and took a large earthenware jug from a stack near the front of the tent into his hands. He stopped when he saw me.

“A new woman?” he asked, leering at me, making me shudder all over. He took a deep swig from the jug, the smell of liquor almost turning my stomach.

“Brash’s,” said the old woman. “He’s enjoying Surassa before Marinya will be his.”

The drinker pulled a face. “Brash will have nothing left after trysting Surassa,” he laughed. “Send Marinya down to the new women’s quarter, Preesha. Corro and me are turning that big, ugly woman into a girl. She’s learning to like taking us, and to have us take her in both directions at one time.”

“Does she have any choice?” asked Preesha quietly and the man laughed.

“None at all,” laughed the naked man. “Marinya makes a prettier woman from the start, so send her to me, Preesha. Brash is old and she’ll enjoy two young men much better than an old hanga like him!” He bounded off down the aisle, slapping at women’s bare legs and tushes where he could as he was yelled at and threatened by different men as he disappeared into the gloom of the far tent.

What am I supposed to do here, Smith? I thought, the hysteria rising in me, but then a graceful figure came down the tent, clinging to an older man. Only when she came into our lighted spot could I see that Surassa wore only skimpy, tight panties that didn’t cover much of her wide hips. But my eyes nearly popped out of my head as I couldn’t see where ‘she’ was hiding what she must have been hiding.

“Brash says that you were talking names,” said Surassa directly to me as she sat beside me on the sofa. Brash leaned over her caressing her, kissing her, her breasts taut, her nipples aroused as his fingers brushed over them.

“Names?” I gasped, staring at ‘her’.

“He remembers Mike, Michael, Grant,” Surassa hissed at me. “Your release words didn’t work for you, Sub-Leader Egry.”

“You,” I said fearfully, staring at this beautiful woman in front of me, almost purring as the man leaning over her stroked her, kissing her jewelled ears and making her pout. She turned her head, long hair drifting so beautifully over her shoulders, to receive the French kiss he wanted to give her. “Who ...?”

It was silly of me to ask her who she was. She couldn’t tell me or she might have been released right away back to whatever casket her user possessed.

“Look at my ankle,” said Surassa in her lovely woman’s contralto. I did and there was a wife’s anklet in place about her shapely, smooth, feminine leg. “Chassa has already confirmed me as a woman. I will be presented to the women in my golden dress tomorrow. I will be a bride for a whole day. Poor Troden is going to be so annoyed to see me among the women, selecting my sister who will have my child for me. So you can tell the professor that I am not coming back, not ever, and his holodeck theories are all wet, Miss Mike or Miss Grant, whoever you are.

“I’ll give the Perisho the Gatling gun as a wedding present and the exploding shell for their cannon. No King of Kings will rule this continent or change the captive laws, not while I am the wife of the most im-

portant leader of the Perisho tree! I shall be the Queen!"

Surassa laughed in delight at the look on my face and sarcastic words stuck in my throat that would have told her that, yes, she really was a queen, wasn't she? Preesha gasped and her knife whipped out. I don't know what I was thinking as I grabbed her hand and the knife trembled in her fingers. Surassa reacted as quickly as I did, the knife not reaching the floor as she caught it. She jumped up then, a furious look on her face and slashed. Preesha gurgled and grasped at her neck. Blood flowed between her fingers.

I caught the old 'woman' as she fell and lowered her to the floor of the tent, Brash swearing, trying to intervene as well. I knelt beside the pink-haired old woman, my dress tightening about me. I was the only one to hear her final words before she died.

"Don't let them make me into a woman for all eternity!" whispered Preesha as she clung to me and bled all over me.

Somehow, Brash had found a spear like the one I had seen kill the boy on the path when I had become aware of where I was. He impaled Preesha with it as there was pandemonium behind him and other men, mostly naked, came to his support, their bare-bosomed lovers following behind.

"It's only Preesha!" exclaimed Surassa imperiously, pulling Brash back as he stabbed the old woman several times until she didn't move any more. "She didn't want me to marry the man I love!"

There were gasps from the 'women' and expressions of delight and congratulations. Preesha wasn't even afforded a second look. Brash looked at me and

grinned. "My woman," he said, with a proud glance at Surassa. "You can take her place here, Marinya. It doesn't make any difference. You'll be like Preesha anyway who deserved to live and die as a woman. Now, she's one for all eternity!"

"She didn't ..." I began as one of the women danced to a cupboard opposite us and opened it. She took out a golden dress that rustled as she and other woman began to put over Surassa's head while the beautiful future bride only smiled and wiggled in delight, seeming to ignore what was going on between Brash and me as well as the dead woman on the floor.

Surassa spun around as she was hugged and caressed by all the men and women massing around to kiss and warmly congratulate her on being a bride. The men were all fondling her as far as I could tell and she seemed to really love it. She twirled in front of me as I stood up.

"Take my message to the professor as he'll never hear it from me," Surassa whispered to me as I was overwhelmed with the fragrance of mountain flowers. "Say the name of your first lover, Marinya."

"Sebo?" I asked, "but that's not ..."

I was going to say my release word. But my words disappeared into the greying of the world around me. Blackness swirled through my mind. The scene before me with the body of the old, ignored woman in a pool of blood beside an ornate bed disappeared and the casket in which I had lain appeared above me, cracking open where a furious Yuri Kuznetsov lunged forward to take me, his woman, into his arms as I lifted my golden hair from the pillow on which I had lain.

"I thought we had a deal!" screamed my irate 'husband' at me. "You are my woman," by which he meant that he considered me to be his wife and lover even though we were not legally married anywhere, "and I forbid you to avatar again. You are my woman and only I will make love to my Michelle!"

"Oh, darling, I love you so!" I had to tell the man who held me, hugging me to him as a worried tech was checking me over while 'Professor' Smith stood with his arms folded, a slight smile on his face, as he watched Yuri and I kiss so romantically, knowing full well, if the tech didn't, that he was watching two men kissing one another.

One of us, of course, was dressed not just in a dark blue, silk dress but also the very latest of silky, lacy, female lingerie from Victoria's Secret. One of us also wore stockings, a frilly garter belt, a bra, and parts of a matching set. One of us had mounds of rounded flesh on her chest that were identical to women's breasts on a woman. One of us wore earrings and a necklace and makeup. One of us had been surgically altered to look like a woman and carried a passport that described her as a woman but was really that of a transsexual allowed to travel abroad, dressed as a woman.

It had caused me no end of embarrassment as the security authorities at airports always took extra time to identify me as 'Miss Michelle Dee', never saying anything as I didn't, either, but the implication was there all the time. They knew exactly who and what I was and they were dieing to strip search me if I would only give them cause to do it.

“So why are you visiting this country?” I was always asked.

“To be with my boy friend for a little while,” I would say, a smile on my shiny, pink lips, knowing how to femininely shake my long, golden hair prettily. I tried to be careful and not meet and greet Yuri too ecstatically but, the moment he saw me, he usually had to sweep me off my high-heeled feet and bury my mouth in his, our bodies crushed together to the endless entertainment of all the people who saw us in airports across Europe.

I had had to come to London after Yuri. I had promised him. He loved me and wanted me to be with him all of the time and I wanted to be with him. But he was a soccer star and had to play in Europe and so I had to be able to travel with him in Europe. I had endured the embarrassment of pursuing a passport as a transsexual, even though I didn't really know if that description fitted me.

I had legally changed my name to Michelle, from Michael, and my last name to Dee, instead of Douglas. Not that anyone would any more have confused me with the film star of the same name or the novelist whom I had once been, an age before. I hated seeing my novels in stores now, where once I had eagerly checked them out. It was the picture of Michael Douglas that I hated most. No, I didn't want to be reminded. I was Michelle now, and my poor agent was pulling her hair out, wondering why I wouldn't contact her with my latest novel. No, all I could write now were romances, if I could write any thing at all.

I'd thought that obtaining a passport to travel as a woman would be the hardest thing in my life after I had changed myself into Michelle and found Yuri wait-

ing for me at my apartment building to claim me as his woman and lover. I had played the role of Elena, the woman he had really loved. Trust Avartech to commission my cosmetic surgery to make me look like the woman whom Yuri had loved, and who had loved him, when I had occupied her in two avatar experiences.

No, it wasn't hard, just excruciatingly embarrassing to travel as a tranny. What was hard was to live for the first time of my life with a man, another man, to live with him as a woman and to be his woman for him all the time. It wasn't the sex that was hard. No, that was fantastic, for both of us, I knew. It was the rest of living together that was hard.

Yuri expected me to be his woman and to do for him all the things that any woman would do. I was his cook, his servant, his maid, his washerwoman, his apartment cleaner, his secretary, as well as his mistress, the only role in which I had lots of practice.

It hadn't even been easy in my own apartment. I knew where everything was when I was Michael Douglas. I didn't know what was going to be in any drawer when I opened it after Avartech had sent in the designers to make my apartment fit the new body that I had. Well, I knew it wouldn't be anything masculine in any drawer, cupboard or closet that I opened. Smith had at least lived up to his end of the bargain in that regard.

I had been transformed into a woman because I had asked for it, wanted it, and bargained for it. Not completely, of course. I did have visions that someday I would be Mike again but not until the thrill of being Michelle had worn off. Say, in thirty years or so. I'd never expected that the man I had loved so much when

I had been the avatar of a woman would be there outside my apartment building to take control of me as Michelle, to love me, and teach me all about being a woman in love.

What Yuri couldn't teach me was all the daily routines of being a woman. I had to go to the hairdresser's regularly. I had to visit the spa. I had to have my nails done, my skin, my makeup as well as my hair. I had to shop for women's things and talk to other women about fragrances and cosmetics. I had to buy dresses, shoes, lingerie but none of that was the worst of it.

No, I had to shop for the house, simple grocery shopping as a woman. I had to decorate the apartment we moved to in London and deal with all the salesmen and saleswomen who wanted me to choose their products. Yuri was no help. He only laughed and told me that I was the woman and anything I wanted was all right with him.

I had used those words to women before in my life. I found myself saying other things that I had never thought that I would say, such as that I had nothing to wear for a party Yuri wanted to take me to, even though I had several closets full of clothes in my size. I found that I shopped like a woman, unable at times to make up my mind what I really wanted.

Yuri loved that about me or said that he did. "You shop like a woman," he would tell me as he showered me with gifts, rings, necklaces and earrings that I had so many of, and perfumes that pampered me, my bathroom range of lotions and womanly creams worse than that of any woman I had laughed at before when I was the man.

Simple things were difficult, like knowing the makeup I should wear to the store, or the right skirt

and dress. Then there were the wives and girl friends of Yuri's friends in soccer. They were always arranging parties and charity 'events', usually an excuse for all of us to dress up as fashion models and parade in front of some woman's group, showing off how graceful and beautiful soccer wives were. I had to reciprocate and arrange for parties as well in our apartment, having to learn how to fend off all the luses that seemed to think that I must be in love them since I wasn't married to Yuri.

I had to be the one to arrange hors d'oeuvres or to cook, being complimented by Yuri's friends and their picky, predatory wives and girl friends. And what would Yuri do when I complained? Laugh. He'd just laugh and roll about on the bed with me as he ripped his clothes off. Then he'd tell me how wonderful I was and how I sounded so much like a woman. And then we would have sex, lots of sex, in which I never got to do one iota of the things that I had done before I had become Michelle. No, I was the woman in our relationship and I had to be the submissive, subservient one.

Oh, that was the part that I loved best. I loved the days that we spent in bed together, getting up naked and padding about the apartment. Well, naked for me included panties, which were off me as much as they were on me. Yuri loved me being all domestic, laughing as I tried to get him to admire curtains I had bought and put up. He loved shopping with me, showing me off. He encouraged me to be friends with several of the women who were the Better Halves of the team. I had to be friends with real women, women who conversed easily about things when they were a little girl and were curious about my experiences as a little girl and a sweet sixteen teenager in America.

I was constantly asked my opinion about various men, men who had once been one had to give my take on men of all sizes, shapes and colorings. I was so embarrassed most of the time but it did change my views on men, what women liked and disliked and so I found all my opinions changing as well. Even Yuri, when we were playing cards with his Russian friends, seriously asked me for a woman's opinion on everyday things. It made me shiver as I began with, "As a woman," and sometimes, I saw the smile appear and vanish right away from Yuri's mouth.

I got him back of course. "As a woman, I would rate that a three out of ten," I would say to him when he had been trying to be so amorous when he had come home, loaded to the gills with vodka, while I had been studying women's programs on television, delighting when my choices of what to wear were approved by the stylish women I was watching.

"This is a ten," Yuri would say, trying to rouse me with a kiss.

"If I was another wet fish," I would say to him and he would get the message.

"You say that as a woman," he would say.

"Of course," I would agree with him. "Let me show you how a woman would do that."

Yuri would never let me get up or assume any power over him, though. No, I was a woman and, no matter how drunk he was, he decided what I could do for him and the lingerie I could leave on to arouse him. I was just as much a prisoner as Surassa was, I thought with a shiver. I didn't want to leave my new life as she didn't. I was Yuri's woman and it was getting to be so much more delicious to be a woman as I was offered

work as a model which Yuri, of course, couldn't find any real reason that I shouldn't do, not with the Better Halves all so jealous of me.

"You're not supposed to be here!" I had to say to Yuri as he assisted me from my casket even though I was hugging and kissing him just as much as he was hugging and kissing me.

"The game in Greece was postponed because of the street riots," Yuri said, sitting me astride him as if I was going to give him a frontal lap dance. "I sent you all these messages but I couldn't get in touch with you! I thought you had a modelling session that you hadn't told me about."

"Yuri still wouldn't know where you were if I hadn't contacted him," put in Smith. That woke me up a little as I had almost forgotten that he was there as I pressed myself against my lover, a surge of female emotions surging through me. Oh, I really wanted him to take me and make love to me. Even if Smith was there to watch us, I wouldn't have cared.

"He just wanted to keep the police away from his precious Avartech," murmured Yuri as he drew my head against his and began to kiss me so firmly again as I loved him doing.

"We have a contract with your woman, Yuri," said Smith pointedly. Woman? I tingled all over as Smith, who had known me for over a year and all through my transformation, called me that. I could tell by his tone that he must have explained it to Yuri before I had awakened back in my casket. "There is a report that she has to make."

"So, you didn't have to make love to anyone," said Yuri in relieved tones, pulling me tightly against him. I

could feel his erection through my thin panties and I wished that we could just be alone so that we could consummate our love as we were both burning to do.

“Even if she had,” Smith said patiently as if he had said it many times before, “Michelle wouldn’t have had sexual relations really with anyone. It would have been the avatar which she was using.”

“But you don’t have to do this any more, darling,” murmured Yuri, kissing me so gently and tenderly, trying to control his urges, I knew. It wasn’t going to work anyway.

“We have more influence than you could guess at these days, Yuri,” said Smith with one of his thin smiles. “Michelle will do something for us and we will do something for her. And, no, it’s not the operation that you know that she doesn’t want, not yet, anyway. We can obtain for her a legal birth certificate and a legal passport that will proclaim her as what she is, a woman, to the whole world. But she has to do a service for all of us in this business of avatars as well.”

“What kind of service?” asked Yuri bluntly.

“A righteous service,” said Smith with his usual bland smile.

“Well, aren’t you the athlete?” purred Elizabeth, running her hand over the bicep that I now possessed in a male body unlike anything I had ever been as a man. I had seen the muscle-builders in the gym from time to time but had never thought that I could ever be like one of them. Now I was.

The blonde woman I had met in the hotel bar fitted the description that Smith had given me. "She'll meet you by herself first," Smith had said. "And if she likes the look of you, she'll take you home to meet her family."

"Not much of an athlete, I'm afraid," I said, almost with a feminine shiver as I heard the low, baritone voice that rumbled out of my throat. "Didn't play football or any really male pursuits. Save for making money, that is."

"You did it the old-fashioned way?" asked Elizabeth, sliding onto the seat that I held for her and moving it closer to mine so that her leg could touch mine most seductively.

"I did inherit some," I said with a laugh. "But I have increased what my parents handed me a hundred thousand times over."

I let her figure out that that made me a billionaire. Smith had told me that my bona fides would stand up and that the Remingtons had already enquired about me in several monetary circles. But it wasn't Linda who was meeting me at the Hilton. No, this blonde had smiled at me and said that she was Elizabeth Remington. I'd meet Linda later. I was supposed to be a secretive, workaholic billionaire who had frightened those who depended on me by collapsing at work. Now, I was on a schedule of slowing down and having some fun for a change. Fun that this really beautiful woman could provide for me, if she considered me to be reliable enough to draw into her circle of special friends.

I bought Elizabeth several drinks and danced with her, almost giving myself away in not leading right away. I had been a woman for so long that some things

womanly and feminine came to me right away. I had to force myself back into male habits that I had tried so hard to lose. And no, I wouldn't copy Yuri. I didn't want to think of another man when, strangely, I was one for a while.

I couldn't think of Yuri and how we had made love on the couch in Smith's office; the exasperated scientist and administrator, as Smith called himself, had fretted that my being away from the casket for so long might break my connection to it. I could have ended up back as Marinya again or some other ET pointy-eared savage.

But I didn't. I was back in Avartech's main headquarters after the most desperate and wrenching, feminine parting from Yuri. He was spent, of course, after all the times he had had me on Smith's couch and I wasn't much better. All the orgasms I had had, we called them that, rather than spasms or convulsions, lifted me so much in feminine passion and bliss that all I wanted to do was go home with my future husband and let him love me as he did for a week. I wanted him to dress me in my stockings and my frilly bra and panties as he loved to. I wanted him to fondle my breasts and kiss me, spoiling my lipstick while he said lovely things about how girlie I was for him.

But he had athletic things to do, training and games to play, his job. Yuri wanted me with him and only reluctantly agreed that what I was going to do was as important, possibly, as running around a field in shorts and kicking a round ball every now and then in front of fifty thousand screaming fans.

"You can take me home now," said Elizabeth Remington, a sexy smile on her face. She was supposed to be a middle-aged woman, forty-five by the report I

had read before I left Avartech's main building. She looked to be in her mid-twenties, however, her figure trim and girlish in her little, black dress. "I want you to meet my spouse."

"I'd love to meet him," I said to her, tucking her arm under mine, letting her feel my biceps again. "I, I have a lot of apologizing to do to him. I think I threatened to kill him last time we met."

"Ooo," Elizabeth murmured as my chauffeur brought up the Rolls to take us back to her house in the suburbs. It was a most interesting ride back as I found that all the things that I had learned that I loved to have done to me as a woman really aided me in rousing Elizabeth. I know that I could have had her in the car. I think that she might have been a little miffed with me that I didn't go that far.

"I prefer more comfort," I said to the blonde woman, letting her sway against me all the way up into the house.

Another blonde woman rose from a white sofa as we entered, arm in arm. She might have been Elizabeth's twin as she was dressed in a short black dress that emphasized her trim, feminine figure.

"And this is Linda," said Elizabeth, sweeping off her fashionable coat and leading me by the hand. She greeted the other woman with kisses to her soft, powdered cheeks and I stood there dumbfounded as I realized that I had got the 'women' mixed up. Linda was chic but older, in her late thirties by looks, easily the forty-five year old who was married to Alistair Remington.

"The children went to sleep at eight?" asked Elizabeth in her soft, little-girlish voice as I stared at her,

amazed that not a gesture had given her away as Alistair. It must be 'him', I thought with a gulp as Linda looked at me, her mouth twisted in a superior smile. "Teresa came home at ten and is asleep as well in her room?" 'Beth' smiled at me. "So the evening is ours, Linda, and this is ..."

"James Bennett," I said to her, shaking her lovely, manicured hand, admiring her gleaming pink nails, the color matching that of the lipstick and earrings she had chosen to wear, exactly the same as Elizabeth's.

Elizabeth didn't release my hand as she eased forward with me. "Mmm, you're so strong, Jim," she murmured, the stirring in my groin still there. I didn't get any vibe like that from Linda. Maybe it was the Chanel perfume that Beth was wearing. "I do so like strong, athletic men."

"Now, now, Elizabeth," Linda said with a laugh. "You didn't just bring James home for you alone. I want my fair share as well."

Elizabeth lifted up on her high heels and offered me her mouth. What could I do? I had to kiss Elizabeth properly, knowing that she was a man, though she might not have known that I knew. She put her thin, feminine arms about my neck and opened her mouth to me even as I felt her breasts bouncing slightly against me. Oh, the way her nipples felt! I guessed that she wasn't wearing a bra at all. Oh yes, that was the kiss that I had been missing in not being a man, I thought, as Elizabeth's soft, girlish kissing scattered all my thoughts.

"You're supposed to ask, Mr Bennett," Linda put in as I caressed the other blonde's back and no, she wasn't wearing a bra at all, "where my husband is."

I should have said that I already knew where her husband was, in my arms and pressed up against me, making an erection rise so magnificently in this avatar body that I was wearing. I suppose, if I asked about Elizabeth, she would say that Beth was her daughter. She could have been.

"Y-Yes," I managed to gasp, my hands stroking the thin, womanly arms of the person kissing me so avidly. "I, I have to meet him, don't I?"

Elizabeth kissed my neck and my ear as Linda confirmed what I had been told by Smith. "You've just met him, Jim," she said with a laugh, "and you are kissing him so much that you are wearing his lipstick now."

I tried to act surprised. "Oh my," I gasped again, holding the smiling Elizabeth away from me for a moment or so, taking in once more the thin, bobbed nose, the thin eyebrows and thick eyelashes and the generally feminized features of the woman who swished her dress against me while her wife looked on.

"Yes, I availed myself of my own product," said Linda with a smile. "I bought Elizabeth from the sales just three years ago."

That wasn't what Smith had told me. He had told me that Linda's husband had been the one who set up the slave trade sales. Linda had joined him as his partner when they had married. A latent tranny, or a man with a crossdressing habit, Smith had said, Alistair Remington had sold women across Europe in sales that attracted only the richest men but then he had diversified and sold also to those who were interested in 'special' women. The woman he'd married had encouraged his habit so much that Alistair was now living full-time as a woman, Smith had added.

“Elizabeth is not Alistair?” I asked as Elizabeth lap-danced against me as I put my arms about her. I steered her over to Linda so that I could draw her against me as well.

Elizabeth giggled, giving the game away as she looked so demurely at me, her beautifully madeup eyes so feminine and expertly done as I, as Michelle, was only now learning to do.

“I hear now that you have been doing your homework, Mr Bennett,” said Linda, rising on her tiptoes to kiss me. “No, Elizabeth hasn’t been the other person you mentioned for quite some time.”

“She wasn’t Elizabeth when you first met her,” I murmured as Linda began to touch me and push against me in ways that I found that I wasn’t sure I really liked. My goodness, I had been a man for thirty-two years and never thought of wanting to kiss another man. Now I was wishing that Linda had been Len or something, and wanted to see me in a dress.

“No,” agreed Linda, drawing Elizabeth back into our threesome. I had an arm about each womanly figure in front of me, kissing each in succession.

“I was going through a messy divorce once upon a time,” Linda murmured.

“Dan Bradley?” I asked between kisses as Elizabeth kissed Linda almost as passionately as she had kissed me.

“You mean Katrina,” said Linda. “Oh, I divorced her the new way, with Elizabeth’s help.” She smiled impishly up at me. “I sold her to a Lebanese escort service. She swore that she would come back and get me but I think she must be thanking me now. She’s femmier each time I see her, always with a handsome

guy leaning all over her. She's turned out to be a real money-maker for my friend, Marcel Besnel. He'll be coming to the same sales where you said that you wish to make a purchase, Jim."

"If, if, you're selling off your husbands, Linda," I mumbled to her shakily, "h-how about this one?" I held onto a smiling Elizabeth as she opened my pants and began to caress with me with her slim hand. "H-How much would you take for her?"

Linda laughed. "Oh, I haven't finished with Elizabeth yet, Jim. And really, how could I ever sell her? It's her business that I've taken over, after all. And she is the father of my children!"

The father of Linda's children freed my massive erection from the confines of my pants, bending her knees then so that her pink lips could run along my manhood, her tongue caressing me as well. While Elizabeth awoke the sexual tension inside me that was bringing me out in goose bumps, Linda kissed my lips and her tongue was between them as she wanted to be hugged and caressed as I had just hugged Elizabeth.

In no time at all, I was erect and naked and hauled into the bedroom by two overheated nymphomaniacs. The two of them together worked on my manhood as their masses of blonde hair swirled over my abdomen. I couldn't help the premature ejaculation that came out of me. The two women were so gentle, so consistent in what they were doing, that I couldn't hold back at all.

I couldn't get away with just having that done to me. I had to have each girl lying on me and cuddling up to me, kissing me as I undressed Elizabeth, her breasts so gorgeously soft and womanly, her tush just as soft and rounded as I released her garters and garter belt and then her panties and gaff. Yes, the delectable,

delightful, dainty Elizabeth was as much a man as I, Jim Bennett, was. It was so weird to have her as if I was Yuri and she was me.



Elizabeth was like the sandwich filler as I had her in her lovely, wiggly tush as Linda had Elizabeth's hard, little pecker inside her as I was bouncing two scented women on me. Oh, could those two women move and wriggle! I was hardly needed even though Elizabeth leaned back and let me kiss her mouth as well as her neck and shoulders, my hands continuously on her breasts and on Linda's who pressed down for her share of fondling and tweaking.

I had to have Linda as well, while Elizabeth snuggled up to me and kissed me, arousing me with her hands as Linda began to move as if there was an earthquake in the bed. I did my duty, so to speak, for her, even as Elizabeth took my hand and pressed it between her legs. I think it was touching and squeezing her as I did that made me come so much more strongly with Linda. She was moaning and screaming as I brought her to a climax that drained me as well.

"Oh, it is so fantastic," said Linda, staring at me as I lay across her, "to have a real man inside me. Elizabeth tries but with all the hormones she takes, sometimes we need all kinds of devices to get us off."

"I'm sure Elizabeth tries," I said as the tranny leaned over her wife and kissed her on her still sticky lips.

"Oh, she does," murmured Linda as I got to be the odd man out. I got to watch two girls get it on. I think Linda's words and reaction to me must have challenged Elizabeth because she ignored me completely as she caressed Linda's breasts with her own and soon the two were suckling on one another and rolling together. I stroked lovely buttocks and legs and breasts without thinking whom I was caressing. Whatever presented itself, I fondled, and the girls seemed to like it. It didn't

stop them from linking together and for a while, with mostly blonde hair and smooth skin and rounded, female parts presented to me, I didn't know whom I was caressing and encouraging. It didn't seem to matter, either, as they both went into convulsions together.

I stroked the nearer one to me and she pushed her tush back into me. She half turned with her eyes half-shut, still showing the ecstasy she was riding after having made love to her wife. "Go on," said Linda, pushing Elizabeth onto me. "See what a man in our bed does to us as well."

"A strong man," whispered Elizabeth, turning so that she could caress me with her lovely breasts and bury her mouth into mine.

"A lovely woman," I muttered and I could feel the smile in her kiss. Linda occasionally moved against us for a kiss or a touch but that time it was really all me and Elizabeth, me taking her from the front as I loved Yuri doing to me. She would have turned and wriggled into the doggie position for me but that wasn't how I liked it, even if she did.

"Oh! Oh!" she began to gasp and her kisses became so frantic. It was lucky that I had doubled the pills that I was supposed to take for that evening because Elizabeth, I think, wasn't used to many of the tricks I taught her. She loved coming from the front, her lovely legs around me so that I could reach her tush with my manhood. She didn't stop after I had come inside her, urging me on to have her again and again, which I did while Linda dozed beside us.

"That, that was so wonderful," whispered Elizabeth as we kissed slowly and gently, my genitals sore. I was wet as well where Elizabeth had squirted all over me. She'd tried to divert my hand from assisting her to cli-

max with me but I was so much stronger than her and she'd finally given up and just gone with it. "Our other gentleman friends turn me over, but this way," her legs were tight about my waist. "It's, it's really wonderful ...!"

"Womanly," I murmured to her and she nodded, glancing almost fearfully at the dozing Linda.

"Would you like to be my woman again?" I asked Elizabeth and she smiled, shivered and nodded.

We sort of had a silent agreement not to waken Linda and so it was slow and excruciatingly delightful as I worked my way so gently into her, my hands and mouth all over a woman's breasts. No, I didn't think that I was abusing Yuri's trust in me. He could have me as I was having Elizabeth any time. Oh, the way that girl could use her nipples and breasts was so marvelous. I was the one who was groaning as I lifted her tush and finally penetrated her with all the slowness and soft movement that we had agreed upon. She came so ferociously as she clutched me and kissed and caressed me that we did wake Linda.

Linda then joined in with me in kissing and caressing her femininely scented, womanly husband until Elizabeth couldn't help the squealing and frantic kisses she poured onto me, finally shuddering out of control with the spasms that ran through her while Linda looked at her with shocked admiration.

"You like it like that?" Linda asked her husband and a shiny-eyed Elizabeth, clinging to me, her arms about my neck, nodded to her wife that she did, as she poured kiss after kiss onto my bruised lips.

I wasn't much use to Linda after that until Elizabeth recovered enough to join us, putting her breasts, one by

one, into my mouth and then it got lively for Linda as well.

I got very little sleep as first one woman and then the other wanted me. But they did work together to awaken me and fire me up so that I could perform just enough for them to get some kind of orgasm out of me.

“You were very gentlemanly, Jim,” said Linda as we lay together in the bed as a bright dawn shone in through the curtains. Elizabeth had gone off to check on the children, or so she said. “It was Beth who was turning you on, wasn’t it? But you came with me enough times that I am quite sated as it is.”

“I liked both of you,” I began.

“I don’t mind,” said Linda then, stretching herself out and expecting me to stroke her and kiss her female parts. “But now I know why you want to be at our special sale in Venice.”

Venice? Smith had thought that maybe Linda and Alistair, as he called them, wouldn’t invite me in to the sales right away.

“I could stay here with the pair of you,” I said gallantly.

“And if I did, I would lose Elizabeth to you, I think,” said Linda with a smile as she lifted my head to her breasts. “I’ve never known her to let a man inside her as many times as she did you. I’m usually the one who has our boy friend through the end of the night. And she never has the man in the morning first as she did today with you. No, she is your woman now, isn’t she, and not mine.”

“If you want to sell her ...” I began, thinking it was what the Jim Bennett I was would have said.

“Never,” said Linda.

“You sold your first husband,” I said.

“He was such an idiot,” Linda said, lying back in the bed, encouraging me to mount her which, as sore as I was, I did anyway. “I was already planning to divorce him when he introduced me to one of the girls in his transvestite club. Elizabeth wasn’t full time and she was really embarrassed when I first saw her in a dress. But she was quite pretty, prettier than Danielle, as I called my first.

“I got both of them to explore their feminine sides so much. I got them dates and lovers even though I had them both, if they were dressed as women. I found out about Elizabeth’s sideline, she had to be making money in a way that I didn’t know and I blackmailed her to get in on it. Her friends wouldn’t have liked to be dealing with a tranny, you see. A real woman, like me, was different, of course, when I took over, and Elizabeth became known as my lesbian slave-girl. You should have seen her face when I had Katrina shipped out to Athens, which is where I sold her.

“The funny thing is that I love Elizabeth. I have since I met her. But I’ve known that one day, one of the guys we date, is really going to reach her and I’m going to lose her. So, I have to get you away from her, Jimmy boy. Come to Venice. I’ll arrange the buyers and Elizabeth and her friends will arrange who’s for sale. I’ll find you a really nice sissy and make sure the others don’t bid too highly on her. I have to make a profit. After all, I’ve two children to raise, don’t I?”

It took us a while but finally we went down for brunch and there was Elizabeth, playing with the little children, who looked at me with big blue eyes, just like hers.

“Who’s that, Mummy?” asked the older girl, about four as far as I could tell. She was addressing Elizabeth as she spoke.

“That’s Mummy’s friend, Jim,” said Elizabeth, not at all perturbed at describing herself as ‘Mummy’ to her children.

“He’s my friend, too,” said Linda, lifting my hand and kissing it. Then she turned and kissed me properly on my lips. I didn’t mind reciprocating as Linda had such lovely lips.

“You have to kiss Mummy as well as Mummy Linda,” said the older girl as I released Linda. Elizabeth was stacking dishes as she prepared to leave and change.

“I think he’s leaving us,” said Elizabeth, trying to divert the little girl with stickers and a book, but the little girl was having none of it. I had to kiss her mummy as I had just kissed her other mummy.

So I did, my arms about the feminine figure in her robe. Elizabeth still wasn’t wearing a bra as I held her against me. I felt her arousal against me as I swayed her in her long negligee and nightie that she’d put on before leaving to find out what was going on with her children. It was amazing after a night of making love to me and her wife how feminine she appeared to be, her fragrance still so flowery and girlish. I kissed her and her mouth opened to me, just as I did it to Yuri. I could feel the same response in me as I felt from Yuri and Elizabeth must have felt from me. She was smiling as she moved even more tightly against me, all her softness and femininity against me, scattering my mind.

Linda had to look after the kids then, which she seemed to resent, as Elizabeth and I had to go off and

play. I made love to her urgently as she smilingly tried to slow me down. "I love you," I whispered to her and she whispered it back and didn't slow me any more as we were gloriously united. I wanted to see her again, I really did, my male body really aroused by the feminine, delicate Elizabeth. I had to find a way to pry her from Linda, I said to her. She kissed me and hugged me. Linda intervened then as it was time for me to go and catch the flight arranged for me.

Once Elizabeth was off for her bath and a nanny, Teresa, appeared to take the children for a walk, Linda said her goodbyes to me.

"But I'll see you in Venice. When and how ...?" I began.

"I'll send you the date in a week's time when it's finalized," said Linda with a smile. "You managed to find me. I'll contact you and tell you where to find me in Venice. When you do that, I'll tell you where the sales take place. You won't be interested in the first two sales, anyway, since they involve real girls, not the kind you are interested in, right, Mr Bennett?"

"I guess so," I began, meaning to tell her that she knew what I wanted when she had sent Elizabeth to meet me.

"You'll find the third sale the interesting one to men like you, Jim," said Linda with a crooked smile. "But I have to tell you that Elizabeth isn't going to be on the purchase list. Not for a long time yet."

"Venice," I croaked to Smith as I returned to consciousness. I had half hoped that Yuri would be there

but he wasn't. I sat up, half expecting it to be as it used to be, with me as a very hairy Mike Douglas in the casket.

But I wasn't Mike Douglas. I was Michelle Dee, in my wide black skirt and my blue, silky top. I had earrings at my ears and makeup on my face. I moved and felt my bra cossetting my breasts. It was definitely a thrill to be me again, me, Michelle Dee, a strange thrill, nonetheless, as all I could think of at first was kissing Elizabeth Remington and her cuddling into me as we made love.

I gave Smith all the information that he wanted. "I have to contact Linda Remington again," I said with a shiver as I thought what that might mean.

"Not you," said Smith with his sly smile. "Jim Bennett does."

I got it. I wasn't going to be Jim Bennett the next time that Linda met him. I was glad as Michelle Dee in her pretty dress and stockings took over me. I really didn't want to be a man again, not as an avatar, not for the rest of my life, either.

"You won't be a man this time," said Smith with a grin as he interpreted the look on my face correctly.

"Is Jim Bennett really that rich?" I asked him, thinking of the chauffeur and security that had been around me all the time I was with Elizabeth.

"He's a partner here," said Smith, "and really angry at me right now for using his avatar as I did. He doesn't like the reputation that I've given him. He'll probably want to be himself in Venice."

"He won't know what I did with Linda, or with Elizabeth," I said anxiously as I saw the tech approach-

ing and nodding towards the padded bed on which I was to lie.

“All he has to know is the right girl to bid on,” said Smith with another sly smile.

“Wait!” I said but the casket closed and the grey-ness around me began to whirl.

Smith was right. I wasn't a man this time.

“I think she's coming round, mistress,” said a very girlish voice as I struggled back to consciousness and control of the body that I was in.

“Where ...? What ...?” I gasped, lifting a hand to my head and almost scratching myself as I felt the long, pointed fingernails that I had. I pulled my hand down and, yes, I shivered in pleasure, my fingernails were a dark, shiny pink, and very feminine. I sat up and felt the bra holding my breasts in place with satisfaction. I focussed in on a blonde girl in front of me who seemed to be talking to someone off to one side.

“I think she fainted, mistress,” said the blonde girl, smiling at me. “I shouldn't have been telling her all about my sister and how much she fetched at the sale she was in, should I, Emma?” The last was said archly as if the girl was trying to ingratiate herself with whoever else was in this expensively furnished, naggingly familiar room.

Emma, I was Emma, I gathered. I took the proffered glass of red liquid thrust at me by the blonde, smiling girl and tasted it. Ugh! Red wine! I was a girl, wasn't I? I didn't drink heavy spirits or dark wines, did I? I drank white wines, or spritzers, maybe. It woke me up

in a hurry as my charm bracelet jiggled on my arm. I could look over the really short, white dress that I was wearing and the pantyhose that I had on my nice-looking, feminine legs.

I turned to see who was beside me in this modern, luxuriously decorated room and almost fainted to see Mistress Joanne, the head of the Sissy Training Institute, the woman who had made me into a woman twice, once as an avatar, which I hadn't known, and then as myself, as the new Michelle. She'd named me and told me that if I ever came back to her Institute again that I would belong to her.

Mistress had promised me that my next visit wouldn't be as pleasant as my first two. Well, the first time I had been here as Cindy, I had been terrorized by her staff into being a woman. In a way, that had been most unpleasant, until I had decided that I had to co-operate as my only way of getting out of her Institute. And I had learned to love being Cindy.

"Why did you faint, Emma?" asked Mistress Joanne, seizing my arm and pinching me. "There's not something wrong with you, is there? You couldn't have fainted just because Helen told you all about her sister, Olivia?"

"No, mistress," I gasped. "I, I think that I needed something to eat, perhaps."

"Emma's anorexic," sneered the blonde girl. She was Helen and I saw in her a slight resemblance to a sissy I had known whom we had to call Olivia. She had been so nice to me the first time I went through the Institute. She had mentioned that she had a brother named Harold. Olivia had hoped that her sale price would be enough for her brothers not to have to follow

in her footsteps, her high-heeled footsteps, of course, in the Institute.

I had never told her, Olivia, that I had heard her mother, I think it was, talking about her Oliver and the brothers she would have sissified after her eldest. The sale prices she would get for those transformations would allow her to maintain herself in the life style to which she was accustomed. The other women she had been talking to had envied her that she had such assets that she could use when they had only one male child as a rule. Oh, I was so glad that Smith and Avartech were at last moving against this whole idea of white slavery, as it used to be called. So, the girls weren't all white and perhaps not even girls but I was so glad to be part of the Avartech team that was going to end this selling of sissies once and for all.

"You've not been throwing up the little food that we allow you, have you, Emma?" asked Mistress Joanne as I knew that I had to sit up straighter in her presence, push my breasts up and out and cross my legs as a young lady should. It was what I had been taught when I was transformed from Michael to Michelle.

"No, mistress," I said as a gloved hand took my chin and Mistress Joanne leaned over me with a frown on her face.

"What did you tell this scaredy, little kitten, Helen?" asked Mistress Joanne, her heavily made up face just inches from my own, staring into my eyes as if she was trying to read my character.

"Nothing much," said Helen with a sassy grin on her face. "I told her how Olivia was sold to this fat, old, Arab sheikh, who keeps her in his harem. It's a special harem with half the girls like us, his concubines."

“That wasn’t all,” said Mistress Joanne, smiling cynically into my eyes, hers exquisitely, femininely madeup. Don’t, Helen, I implored her silently. When Mistress spoke so liltngly like that, it was a trap, not womanly encouragement.

“Sheikh Khalid likes to have Olivia making love to him,” Helen went on as if I had heard this story while I hadn’t. I would have stopped her telling me how a girl, well a sissy boy, had been humiliated, debased by some despot, “while a pair of us, a she and a he-she, make out together on a little stage in front of him as he’s doing Olivia, doggy-style.

“Sheikh Khalid loves watching Olivia getting it, too, in her tush from all the other girls with their strap-on dildos. Khalid never makes love to his shes, Olivia says, only the he-shes, and he won’t let the he-shes put their manhoods into the shes at all. The shes have to dominate the he-shes and penetrate them until they squeal until they go hoarse. And when some he-she displeases him, he has all his men, the eunuchs as well, fuck her until the he-she can’t walk at all!”

Strangely, Mistress Joanne began to laugh. “No wonder this made Emma faint,” she murmured. She let go my chin as I shuddered. Ugh, what an ugly, little story. I had to wonder if the Avartech overseer had been able to listen to that and had switched out whoever was ‘riding’ Emma and switched me in. Or did Emma just faint naturally and provide the opportunity for a switch. She must have been really glad to get out of this avatar. I would have but I had a job to do.

I tried to keep my elbows in as I knew a sissy should do. I had to sit daintily in front of the Mistress as Miss Rita and Josie, the leather dominatrix and her

lesbian assistant, had taught me to do, way back when, in the Institute.

“Yes, that, or the throwing up, or both,” giggled Helen excitedly in her very girlish voice. “She does it all the time! She’s really scared about what’s going to happen to her at the sales! That’s why she’s trying to be thinner, so that a charming man will want her!”

“And how would you know,” asked the Mistress, turning on Helen, “what your sister, Olivia, has been enduring out in the real world since she was sold? You haven’t spoken to her ...”

“Miss Diane told me!” exclaimed Helen, doing the unforgivable as a sissy, interrupting the mistress. She deserved the slap she took across her face. She was screaming as Josie grasped her and hauled her out of the room. Josie! I hadn’t even noticed her until she moved from the doorway and seized the sassy, blonde girl. Josie dragged her by her blonde hair and was saying something about the stocks to the Mistress who nodded. I shuddered as I knew what that was all about.

“This is what, the third time that you’ve fainted in the last month,” Mistress Joanne said to me. “Stand up, Emma, and let me look at you! Lift your dress, miss, and don’t lower it until I tell you to.”

I shuddered and did as I was told. Mistress Joanne moved behind me, out of sight, and I stared at the street scene through the window in front of me, a Parisian scene, dark greys and light blues, splashes of orange and yellow for windows and street lights. Mistress Joanne must have removed her glove for it was a soft hand that slid over my pantyhose and made me shiver terribly as she caressed between my legs and gently pulled on my panties.

I wanted desperately not to react to the soft caress that the Mistress made. It must be some kind of test and I didn't know how to react to pass it. She had never done this to me before. I didn't know why she was doing it to me at all. "Bend over, Emma," my Mistress told me and so I did. I was too frightened to do anything else. Long hair cascaded about my face, my necklace and earrings falling in front of me. I felt Mistress Joanne's riding crop, yes, I remembered a few strokes from that when I had been Cindy. The crop traced out my panties from behind me, lifting my short dress over my back.

I swallowed hard as the crop eased over my hip and hooked the lacy top of my panties and pulled them down, over my hip. The Mistress unhooked the other side of my panties then and did the same thing, her crop making me spread my legs. Slowly, my panties fell about my legs and down to the floor.

I wanted to scream and run but I knew that that would be the worst thing that I could do. I would end up in the stocks beside Helen and have to accommodate every man, or woman, in any and every sexual desire that they had, while anyone who wanted to watch, could do so. They could even eat their lunches and chat with a sissy, who couldn't leave unless they did, and watch the strange display that taught all of us sissies that we had to obey completely.

"You know what is going to happen?" asked the Mistress sharply as I felt the end of the crop tracing out my pantyhose and the opening in the hose.

"Y-Yes, Mistress," I said with a shiver as honeyed, blonde-streaked hair fell around my face.

I'd once heard Josie saying that she liked using her strap-on dildo on girls like me in just the position that I was in.

"Let's see if Mr Smith's new girl is going to faint at this one," said the Mistress, shocking me as she named me for what I was. Suddenly, I was touched by pantyhose like my own. No, darker than my own, as I could see the hose and the black, high-heeled boots of the woman pressing against me. The Mistress slapped my hips and I felt a watery spray on my tush and into my tush.

"Oh!" I squealed as I tried to process what the Mistress was saying to me. Mr Smith's new girl? She and Smith knew one another. I knew that. He sent girls like me to her for forced feminization! I knew that! I'd even heard her refer to Smith as 'Toby'. Rita had told me once that the Institute was full of girls from Avartech. I knew, too, that a place across the street from Avartech's home offices was being readied as apartments for girls like me, or our avatars, to meet and mingle with men who liked and wanted girls like me.

Now I was Emma Jenkins. I was going to be introduced to life as a sissy in Miss Joanne's Sissy Training Institute.

I felt her hands on my hips rocking me back into her. I thought that I would feel the touch of a dildo on my tush. A hard, moist stick pushed into me, only it wasn't the end of a riding crop, and it wasn't a dildo.

What pressed into me, working its way into my tush as I screamed in shock, trying to rise and being struck then across the back of my head with the riding crop, was a real, male penis. Mistress Joanne had a male penis! Not just that, she had male genitals as well! I was so slow on the uptake. How many times had I

seen and obeyed the Mistress thinking her to be a most dominant woman. But she wasn't. She was a dominant male, with breasts and a female figure, lovely legs in black stockings and a black garter belt I could see from underneath as I wobbled and almost blacked out as she thrust her manhood into me, Emma.

I squealed and squealed as she was really huge and she did hurt me. It was all right to squeal like a woman. In fact, in the Institute, it was expected. I kept my head down as I remained bent over and Mistress Joanne emptied herself into me, quivering and rocking me against her. I didn't dare to object nor try to stop her at all.

Mistress finished and jerked herself out of me. She spun me around then, hitting the backs of my knees with her riding crop and I fell onto them, my hands going out to clutch at her thighs and the black garter belt she was wearing.

"What does a pretty sissy say after that?" asked Mistress Joanne, towering over me in her opened, black leather skirt, her maleness still erect and in front of me, pressing against my cleavage.

"Th-Thank you, Mistress," I babbled like a lunatic. "That was so wonderful! I would love you to do that to me again, and again, Mistress. Oh, please, Mistress Joanne, make love to me again."

"That wasn't making love!" snapped Mistress Joanne, one of her hands closing about my mouth. The other slid inside my loose top and worked its way into my bra to squeeze my breast and nipple. "Is that what Smith calls it? Or haven't you done it with him yet? Don't worry, my little flower, you soon will. He's really partial to Emma, isn't he, Peter? I suppose that since you are here, he will be soon. Only this time, he's going

to be disappointed, isn't he? Linda and Elizabeth want more girls for the special sale, like the one Olivia went through. And I've chosen you to be one of those girls. Don't you want to try to babble some special release word, Emma? Or is what I am doing to you a special fantasy of yours? Cat got your tongue? Not an avatar at all? Pity for you. Open wide and let me see!"

I had to open my mouth and anyone could have guessed why. I had to clean my Mistress, her outflow a bitter taste of aloes. But I didn't say that to her. I told her that she tasted of cinnamon and honey when she asked. She rewarded me for my compliment by letting me arouse her again. It felt like it took me an hour, to take her into my mouth and work and work on her manhood with my lips and tongue until she came.

"Aaaah!" Mistress Joanne declared as she spurted time and again into me. "That's what I call making love, Emma. Have you ever done it this way before? Of course you have or you wouldn't be here, would you? What does Smith call the girls he fucks? Oh yes, avatars! Such adventures he plans for you, doesn't he? But this time, you, Emma Jenkins, you are going to see it through as yourself to the very end!"

I tried to protest. I tried to get free and call out my release word but I couldn't. Josie had entered quietly again and was jabbing something into my arm. The last words I heard as darkness surrounded me was, "Keep this sissy on ice, Josie, for the sale in Athens."

A cold ice cube was being run over my lips as I struggled to come awake from all the strange and dis-

turbing nightmares I had been having. I was in a bed, in a nightdress, and I was hooked up to an IV.

“You can wake up, Emma,” said a woman’s voice but, when I opened my eyes, there was Josie looking down at me, her head devoid of hair and makeup. She tossed the ice cube away.

“Try to say something,” said Josie with a smile.

“Ugglenamwanser,” I said, my tongue seeming to be twice the size that it normally was.

“Good,” said Josie. “Wouldn’t want to miss the show, would you, Sleeping Beauty?”

I babbled again, trying to ask how long I had been asleep. Somehow, I felt thinner than I had ever been, in any of the female or sissy bodies I had inhabited.

“If that is asking where and when you are,” grinned Josie, “you are currently in the city of Athens and you’ve been totally unconscious for ten days!”

Ten days! No, it couldn’t be. No, Yuri was only going to be away for five days! He’d be tearing Avartech to pieces when he found me there and I was completely unconscious. Explain that, Mr Smith, I thought, beginning to weep inside.

“Get dressed and join the other girls, Emma,” said Josie, releasing me from the IV drip, a skin-colored bandaid covering the needle marks at my elbow. “We have a walk through tonight before the show and the bidding begins in earnest. Now don’t try to tell me what a bastard Joanne is by crossing up your boss. You didn’t think that the Remingtons would give you the right information, do you?”

I swung out the lovely, feminine legs I had as Emma out of the bed and wobbled to my feet. My toe-

nails were a different pink shade to what they had been before. Emma's legs, my legs, were long, rounded like a woman's and completely hairless. The nightie clung to me until Josie spread the thin shoulder straps over my arms and then it cascaded sensuously right down my naked body to the stark, white bedroom's floor.

"You've had a blanket bath twice daily," said Josie as I was wondering where to put my hands, over my male appendages or my female ones. There was a mocking grin on her face as she handed me white duct tape, not saying anything as she kept the scissors in her hand and waited for me to use it on myself.

I had to go to the bathroom, however, and, in there, I got a look for the first time at Emma Jenkins, the sissy whose avatar I was occupying. Emma, me, had long hair, blonde streaked in several colors of honey brown and blonde. She had a cute, girlish face, her nose so thin and small that I didn't think she could have been born with it. Gosh, was she thin! I mean, was I thin! My waist could have been no more than eighteen inches around but my hips were wide and my breasts were quite large. If it wasn't for the thing between my legs which I had to conceal, I would look entirely like a woman.

I applied the tape as a gaff and there I was, a woman, panties helping to make the illusion even more real. Josie didn't help me at all after that, not with my hair, my makeup, nor with adjusting any of the clothes I had to wear. I dressed in my white panties, bra, stockings and garter belt. I had to adjust the high-heeled sandals myself as Josie just sat on my bed and watched me.

She watched me, a man in reality, put foundation on my face and neck. I trembled as I did my eyes so

femininely and my eyebrows, painting the lids in grey and white and outlining my lips, all things Josie, a woman in reality, never did. I added pink to my lips as it was the only lipstick on the tray for me. I covered myself with cologne and brushed my long hair back, pinning it away from my ears.

The long, white sundress and the pink ribboned sunhat fitted me exactly as they should. The ribbons swept over my neck and hair, falling so tantalizingly over my back. My earrings were large, golden and on show as my hair was pulled back so femininely. My nails must have been painted while I was asleep as they were the same color as my lipstick. Oh, it was so delightful to be in a pretty dress, to feel it swirl about my legs, especially after all the dreams I had had of being Mike Douglas again and some other guy, making it with a slim, pretty blonde girl, replaying the scenes as if from a book that I had written in my mind.

Josie made me take the white purse with me and led me through what I began to see was a long, spread-out villa, overlooking the sea, a sea so blue that it hurt my eyes, even with the sunglasses over them that Josie gave to me. But it was so lovely to walk in my wide, flowing dress and feel it so womanly about me. I loved the bounce of my hair at my neck and the bounce of my boobs in front of me. Oh yes, I was going to be the belle of the ball wherever Josie was leading me.

“Ah,” said Linda Remington, stunning me that she should be greeting me, taking my hand from Josie most affectionately and bringing me out onto a wide patio where several beautiful girls dressed just like me were seated, all with their legs crossed. “Here’s Emma, the last of the girls that you gentlemen will want to meet

and converse with. Except that, I'm afraid that you can't talk to her right now. She'll tell you why if you purchase her."

There were ten or more men around the patio, all with sunglasses on and under the shade of umbrellas. One of them I noticed immediately, and tried not to notice, was Jim Bennett, looking most uncomfortable.

One of the men got up from his chair and moved up to me, extending his hand to take mine from Linda. "Emma," the swarthy, dark-skinned man said. "Such a pretty, English flower." He lifted my hand and kissed it, making a fuss as he drew in the scent of me. "I have taken a few such as you from Mrs Remington or Alistair before but they all seem to wilt in the sun. So, as you see, lovely Emma, I am back at the well, looking to draw out another angel. What do you think of that?" What could I think? I shivered, feeling my dress shivering against my stockings as well. Was this the infamous Khalid whom Helen had spoken of? Oh, I would hate it if Olivia, who had been as much of a friend as she could be as I was transformed into a sissy like her, had been taken by this oily, smarmy creature. I think he knew that he frightened me and he looked as if he enjoyed it.

"Now, Ahmed," said another, thin man, wisps of hair across his high-domed head. "You're frightening this pretty one just as you did the others." He unfurled from his deck chair and towered over both 'Ahmed' and me.

"Now, I, Emma, as an Englishman, would preserve your delicate beauty if I should choose you, unlike this crass oil prospector," the thin man went on, easing my fingers from Ahmed's tight grip. "Or our grumpy American friend over there."

A nod of his head indicated the uncomfortable, tense Jim Bennett who was watching me, Emma that is, with a stunned expression. I fluffed out my dress and whirled a little so that he could see my lovely, stockinged legs and both the men in front of me laughed.

"I don't think Emma thinks too much of you, Yank," said the swarthy man, his manner suddenly changing completely as his voice became English and aristocratic. He grinned at me and I realized that he had been putting me on before. I wanted to tell him girlishly that it wasn't nice to do that to a girl like me.

"Ahmed and I went to the same public school," said the tall man. "For the moment, my dear Emma, I am David and what Ahmed has been doing is playing the stereotype of the worst that all you girls must think of this experience."

I nodded my long, streaked hair and wished I had the voice to tell him that he had played his part well and that I was indeed really scared of him.

"All right, girls," said Linda Remington. "Bikini time. Down to the pool," she indicated an area down stairs that led away from the patio and off to one side. "Gentlemen, the changing cabins for you, if you wish to indulge, are off to the right. The girls will change on the left."

"No freebies, Linda?" asked another man, getting up and helping two of the pretty girls to get to their feet, both of them smiling at him.

"No freebies, Guy," said Linda with a smile. "All the girls you purchase from us will be virgins."

There was general laughter among the men and several of the girls smiled as well. "Virgins as far as

you are concerned," declared a laughing Linda. "When you have purchased a companion from us and taken responsibility for her, she will come to you for your first tryst with her. So, she will be a virgin with you, won't she?"

"Whew," said David, wiping his forehead as if in relief. "I thought you really meant it, Linda my girl. I really need a girl who is experienced, you know. I am such a shy and laidback wallflower myself."

That made many of the men hoot and holler at him. Linda took my hand again and led me first, my high heels clicking on the stone steps down to a walk through a lovely garden and to change cabins. There were bikinis waiting for us all, we were told, the chattering girls coming down behind me.

Linda followed me into the change room, watching me as I undid my dress, slipped it off and put it on the padded hanger waiting for it. Her eyes seemed to gleam a little as she saw how thin and shapely that I was.

"Don't untuck unless you have to use the bathroom," Linda said to me as I recalled how I had made love to her as Jim Bennett. She seemed to be most condescending and cool to him, the real Jim, I supposed, in this new place.

I tried to tell her that I didn't have to go as I undid my garter belt and slid my stockings down my legs. "You girls all love doing that for an audience, don't you?" asked Linda, sliding a soft hand over my shoulders, helping me take off my bra, making my temperature rise as she caressed me.

"Were you the one who was Jim Bennett's avatar?" Linda asked me and I shuddered in shock that she

could even ask that of me, looking as girly as I did, so unlike Jim Bennett.



“You can nod if it was you who had Elizabeth and me on that glorious night that I still remember. Mistress Joanne,” she pulled a face at those words, “says that Toby Smith sent us an avatar. And she says that you are an avatar of his, sent to spy on us. Well, the other time, it certainly wasn’t the real Jim Bennett, was it?”

“If it was you, I wouldn’t mind holding you back from the sale. Elizabeth suggested I do that if I found you and not do what Joanne wants me to do and sell you off where even Toby can’t find you. Elizabeth’s afraid of Avartech. That’s why I’ve left her home to suckle the babies. She’s a better mother than I am, anyway.”

I tried to be vacant-eyed as if I didn’t understand but Linda was just smirking at me as she watched me slip the bikini panties over my legs. “Elizabeth lactated and breastfed them as she will our third whenever, if, she can get me pregnant again. She’s so proud of herself when she does that, as she really is motherly and I’m not. But she can’t get it up for me during that period, which is a drag. I should take you home, shouldn’t I, and you could be the one to fill in for her. You didn’t have too much trouble getting it up for me when you were Jim Bennett, did you?”

I frowned and shook my head vehemently, trying to convince her that I wasn’t Jim Bennett. I felt my earrings bobble and my long, loose hair sway around my face and neck.

“That’s a no to being Jim Bennett?” murmured Linda as she helped me with the black bikini, tying the strings at my hips and my breasts in large loops that would make the parts fall from me with just one tug. “Well, you’d have to say that, wouldn’t you? We have

to keep the lovely voice Joanne trained you to have from the men today as Josie will be along to give you another shot to keep you from complete control of your voice. Can't have you zapping out of here and bringing back Smith and his goon squads, can we? Still, let's hope that they're all enjoying the gondolas in sunny Venice. I wish I could talk to you more, Emma, as I think you know me well."

Linda cupped my face in her hands and kissed me strongly just as she had when I had been Jim Bennett. I debated furiously with myself with what I should do as her lips pressed urgently against mine. I finally pressed back just a little and put my hands on the hips of her red dress, trying to kiss differently from the way that I had when I was Jim Bennett and a man.

"Mmm, I liked that," said Linda. "You understand that a lot of the men will want to kiss you over the next two days. Press back as you did with me, Emma, and they will take it as a sign that you are aroused by them and they will bid on you. Oh, I think Elizabeth was right that I should take you out of this sale. I would if I could be sure that you were once Jim Bennett!"

I tried to look back at her blankly as she handed me the high heeled mules to walk in, out to the pool. She stroked and patted my tush as I moved, she carrying the towel for me. "Enjoy yourself, Emma," said Linda as I swayed with the walk that I had learned in the modelling classes at Mistress Joanne's Institute, "but not too much."

A blonde girl with vivid scarlet lipstick tossed a huge beach ball to me as I walked along the side of the pool. The men were bare-chested and more than one leered at me as I sashayed to a lounge where I kicked off my heels and turned to the steps of the pool.

I would have loved to have dived into the water, which was warm on my legs, but I knew that that would be giveaway that I was still an aggressive male beneath the little slips of fabric and the thongs that held them to me. I tossed the beach ball back to the blonde and entered the water gently, trying to keep my hair from getting too wet.

"I'm Daniela," said the blonde. "And you're Emma, aren't you? From Mistress Joanne's?"

I nodded twice and the blonde smiled at me. "I talked to a lot of girls who came from the Sissy Institute the first time I was in the sales. They were all so scared of being sold to some sheikh and ending up in a harem as a slave with no way out. It's so silly, isn't it, when you think about it. What man would want to spend the amount of money on us that they do and then lock us away so that no-one could see us?"

I was dieing to ask Daniela about why she was back at the sales and where she had been and what had happened to her.

"The worst thing is not to be chosen by one of the big buyers," whispered Daniela prettily to me then as I spread my hands and tried to show that I had questions to ask. "I nearly wasn't but we had five men then looking to buy one of two girls, Patricia and Olivia. Once they were gone, I was sort of a consolation prize for Emile. Emile Herbert," she added as if I should have known the name.

She laughed when I shook my wet hair, the water feeling so cool as it ran over my breasts and we tossed beach balls to other girls like us in the pool, the men just watching us and smiling whenever a girl shrieked, her voice high-pitched and womanly.

“L’auteur du cinéma?” asked Daniela with a beautiful smile on her lips. “He died last month and his widow, that vengeful bitch, sent me back here to recoup what Emile paid for me. I thought I’d be in the top three but you walked in and what happens, the top buyers, David, Ahmed and the gloomy American, can’t take their eyes off you! I really don’t want to be bought by Marcel from Beirut, the thin, hairy guy at the end there, talking to Linda.

“He’s a pimp, really, who runs a high-class escort service, high-class she-males like us, refined and trained to be women, not drag queens. He takes anyone who isn’t bought up by the big guys and puts you out for hire. Not that I mind the sex with lots of different men. I met Charisse, a girl from Mistress Joanne’s, in Madrid when Emile was there for an exhibition, and she said that she loved it.

“The only thing was that Charisse likes older men, the daddy she never had. She can say Daddy in fifty-six languages, she says, and that really turns on the men she has fuck her. She knows Marcel has made back the buying price for her and so she negotiated a share of all the money she makes. She even gets weeks off now and then to be with her boy friend. Oh well, if that happens to me, it won’t be so bad, will it? Far better than being in a harem in the desert, waiting and waiting for the cruel sheikh finally to call for me and then having me whipped if I don’t please him.”

Daniela laughed at the image she had scared me with. “I’m only kidding,” she whispered to me. “That doesn’t happen! Let’s join the volleyball game and take off our bras. Give the men something jiggly to look at. I bet that David and Ahmed will come and join us, especially if we giggle a lot!”

So, we took off our bras and Daniela approved of my large, feminine nipples. "I bet you had those done at the Institute," she said, pulling a face. "I didn't even think of it which is why I have such small, masculine nips on my boobies." She smiled. "But the men don't seem to notice when I jiggle. I love to jiggle! Come on, Emma!"

So, I played volleyball, jiggling, giggling and shrieking like the other girls as we dove for shots and got our hair completely wet. I hoped that my mascara didn't run as some of the makeup on other girls did. But it was fun even when, as Daniela had predicted, David and Ahmed joined us. But then, Marcel and Lars joined us as well and finally all the men but Jim Bennett, I think. It was so delightful then to be a hot girl and have lots of male attention, even though I couldn't still form words.

I could have played longer, kissing David as he insisted when we won over Ahmed's team. That didn't stop Ahmed from following suit and kissing Daniela and then every member of his team to 'console' them on their loss.

"All the girls out of the pool!" called Linda, a big smile on her face. She gave Jim Bennett a derisive look before she went on, "Girls, dry your hair and put on your sun screen. We don't want to have anyone burned and unable to take part in the show!"

"Yes, Mistress," said Alexis, a petite brunette, smiling at me. That let me know that she was from Mistress Joanne's.

I raised my thin eyebrows to her and tried to croak Mistress Joanne's name. What came out was at least with the right beginnings. "Mislelly Jandabbos," I think

came out of my mouth but Alexis understood and nodded.

I tried to ask her then about Helen and where she was as she wasn't in the group but Alexis thought I was talking about her. She told me, with no embarrassment at all, how she had always wanted to be a girl since she was a little boy. She didn't look like a little boy at all but neither did Emma Jenkins.

"I had such horrible high school years," Alexis told me. "I was raped half a dozen times by boys who called me all sorts of horrible names. When I met them at shopping and things like that, they would sweet-talk me into walking with them, kiss me, but then call me a bitch and rape me. I used to tell them that they didn't need to do that. All they had to do was ask me for a date and I would have loved to go out with them and given them what they wanted. I didn't have my real first date till my sixth month at Mistress Joanne's. Oh, that was so heavenly. This boy, Bart, was so cute and had been with lots of sissy girls like us so he knew exactly what he wanted from me. Oh, I was in love with him for so long. But I saw him with other sissy girls like Gloria and Helen. I guess I wasn't enough of a girl for him."

She sounded quite sad about that. I wanted to ask her how she had come to be at the sales and how she's ever got to the Sissy Institute in the first place. "Will you put the sun block on me?" Alexis giggled then, glancing over at the somber Jim Bennett who was the nearest man to us. "We girls have such gentle hands, not that I mind a boy's hands on me if he wants to have sex with me."

So I oiled Alexis and she oiled me, Jim Bennett watching us avidly as we did it. He shifted his chair right up beside me.

“You know who I am,” Jim Bennett said abruptly to me. I shivered as it was so odd to be talking to someone whom I had once been. It was like looking in a mirror to see myself and yet when I looked away all I could see was my bare skin on the chaise longue, my breasts and my womanish legs and thin waist.

“Ublikonyessan,” came out of my mouth which was close to ‘I know you, yes’ which I had tried to say.

“You’re one of our avatars,” said Jim Bennett, looking around to see if anyone was watching us ‘talk’. What an idiot! I thought. I could guess that all the conversations of all of us girls were being monitored from somewhere by whatever security Linda Remington had hired. Surely, a man as rich and powerful in Avartech should expect it, as I did.

I didn’t nod. I just stared at him and frowned. “If you’ve got a way out of here,” Jim Bennett snarled at me. “Take it, girl, and get Smith to find me as well. They’ve got these photographs and films of Linda and me and, and ...” Oh, dearie me, I thought with a sweet smile at the man I had been, it wasn’t only Linda I was making love to, was it, Jim, when I was you, “me making love to this other girl, Elizabeth, who’s a girl like you and the other fairies here.”

How easy to give yourself away, I thought, in this spy business. Smith hadn’t told me, if he even knew, that Jim had once been a close friend of Alistair’s. Neither had Alistair’s alter ego, the delectable, non-lactating girl, Elizabeth, whose breasts I had tasted many times.

I could see Linda drifting through the girls, most without their bras on, lying coyly on their stomachs as they got different men to apply sun lotions to them, playfully slapping hands away that moved under them to fondle their breasts. Linda was laughing at Stella, a buxom girl and she was the first to turn over. A very dark, Arabic looking guy began to apply cream to her breasts while they both laughed and giggled as he touched her. Linda looked over at Jim and me, her mouth showing off a smug smile.

“...Only it wasn’t me!” Jim Bennett was saying. “I’m not like, like Alistair or Dan Bradley. I don’t get turned on by guys like me in drag!”

Neither did your friends, I wanted to tell him. They got turned on by being guys in drag. You’re giving me every reason in the world, Jim, not to help you, I thought, as he rattled on about how Alistair’s wife was blackmailing him. He didn’t appear to know that the woman his avatar had made love to so enthusiastically, her name was Elizabeth, was once his old friend, Alistair. Gods, I hoped it was that, me as an avatar, and not just my brain overriding his in the lump of flesh he was now inhabiting. But that would have meant that Elizabeth and Linda had made love to Jim more than once. No wonder their suspicions were aroused.

“I’ve got to get out of here!” Jim hissed at me just as Linda arrived beside us.

“Roll over, Emma,” Linda laughed at me. “I’m sure that’s what Mr Bennett has been trying to sweet-talk you into doing. See, Jim, when she’s like that on her back, all you have to do is pull gently on the bow, go ahead and do it, there’s a sweet man, and look what pops out! Such a succulent treat, isn’t it?”

I think Jim Bennett was going green as he looked down on my breasts and my large nipples, definitely so when compared to Alexis. She had moved over a little and was giggling with this German guy who had arrived to 'offer his services to the charming, little girl' who had caught his eye. He was asking her about the bottom part of her bikini and touching the bow on her hip gently while a surprised, laughing Alexis was batting his hand away from completely revealing how she was tucked, I presumed that she was taped, like me.

"We'll all have to go in soon," Linda said, smiling down at me. "So, be nice to Mr Bennett, Emma. He has the resources to outbid any of the other men here at this auction for our beautiful products. What do you think, Mr Bennett? Isn't this lovely girl, totally owned by you, worth, let's say, half of your holdings in Avartech? Heck, why not all of your shares in Avartech? You've got your billions from them and we'll even throw in, quite free, the videos and photographs, and their negatives of you romping with Elizabeth."

"For that kind of money," said Jim Bennett truculently, with a show of defiance that I hadn't expected of him, "I'd want Elizabeth as well."

I glanced up at Linda. Oh, gods, she couldn't be thinking of selling her husband to this man beside me. But she did seem to be considering it. I guess everyone has a price for everything, I thought, shivering as my breasts were open to the air. All I could think of was Elizabeth with her youngest child who had been trying to suckle from her. She had let him suckle her breasts to calm him down but had been kissing the child's head, her daughter fascinated, as she watched how her 'mother' suckled the toddler.

“No, he can’t get any milk now,” Elizabeth had said to her daughter. “But if Mummy Linda has another baby next year, you’ll be able to see the new baby taking milk from me just like you and Justin have done. See, now he’s sleepy,” she had murmured and her daughter had helped her then to lie the toddler down and cover him up to sleep.

“I’m going to be a mummy someday just like you,” the little daughter had said, climbing on Elizabeth for a cuddle, her little hands running over Elizabeth’s breasts just as mine, Jim’s, had in the early hours of the morning as Elizabeth’s passion had been so intensely aroused.

“We should talk about it,” said Linda seductively, while I gulped that she could even think of selling her husband to this Jim Bennett. He wouldn’t treat her as I had done. I glance fearfully up at Linda and she was smirking at me as if she had seen the thoughts in my head. Jim Bennett, too, stared across my womanly body at her. She gave me a smiling, calculating look. I tried to be as bland as I could as if I didn’t know what she was talking about. I doubt that I fooled her.

“About thirty minutes, girls!” Linda called as she sauntered away from the pool in a dress that was a match for the one I had been wearing. “Shower all the oils off before putting on your dresses and panties!”

Linda walked off into the concrete villa behind her, the windows all so dark that I couldn’t see inside.

Alexis rolled on to her side, Dietrich making her squeal as he sprayed something cool onto her back. “You know what that means, don’t you?” Alexis asked me with a smile on her face.

I shook my drying hair as Jim looked at us and seemed to me to be shuddering inside.

“That’s the shower,” said Alexis, pointing to a tall pipe with a shower head beside the pool. It was a good fifty feet or more from the changing cabins. “We have to help one another as it’s too hard to take off our bikini bottoms, wash ourselves clean and keep our hands in place as we have to take the tape off as well. Madame,” she jerked her thumb towards the place where Linda had disappeared, “insists!

“Well, I suppose that it lets you guys,” Alexis smiled prettily and femininely at Jim, “get to know what it is that you are buying! Have you thought about buying two of us?” she asked Jim and Dietrich archly as she wriggled herself over so that Dietrich was stroking her side, her hip and her breast, while she went all girly as if delighted to be tickled that way. “I love threesomes,” she said earnestly. “And my friend, Emma, here, loves to be the middle as much as I do!”

Dietrich put his arm around her and stretched out on the chaise longue with Alexis. I could see the prominence arising in his swimming shorts. “You little minx,” he said to her, his arms all about her, pressing her breasts against his hairy chest, as he began to kiss her. Alexis’s giggling was cut off as she rolled up against her German admirer and the two were quite a distraction for Jim and me, his face almost on fire in his embarrassment at watching a man and a woman kissing so passionately.

Of course, Jim probably saw two men kissing but I don’t know how he could keep such a thought in his mind, not looking at any of us sissy girls around the pool, flirting with the men who had come to buy us. We really didn’t look like any man I had ever seen, not

with all the surgeries and enhancements we had made to ourselves. I wondered idly what Jim would look like if he became one of us. Now that, Mistress Joanne, I said silently to myself as I lay back in the sun and Jim didn't talk any more, that would be quite a challenge.

The men got quite an eyeful, I'm sure, as we girls had to take the tape off that held our genitals and penises so completely out of the way. Stella hopped around in the shower, screeching in pain, everything flopping down finally, her breasts bouncing just as much as her manly appendages. Vivien tried to cover her with a towel but the dancing Stella couldn't stand that, either, apparently.

I do think that Stella was putting it on. It wasn't that bad, particularly with a partner to help you. I washed Alexis clean while she kept her hands over her frontage, letting her breasts stand out freely and barely as water ran over her. Then, she did the same to me. I think she deliberately knocked my hands away with the large loofa she used on me, my breasts just as perky as hers with all her soft touching. I know that the guys on the front side of me must have had it confirmed that I was a sissy or a queen or a tranny, whatever word they liked to use about us.

"You should have done that to me as well," whispered an agitated Alexis as we walked, naked, into the changing area, our hands trying to cover strategically the only masculine features that we still had. "The guys do want a little proof that we are what we say we are, or at least Linda says they do. It's what all these

so-called impromptu sessions are all for! Do you think Dietrich liked me enough to bid on me, Emma?"

"Onk yish!" I exclaimed, making her laugh.

"Your voice is coming back!" the petite brunette said and then she sighed. "It will be all the blondes that go first, you know. Do you think I should dye my hair? Ah well, too late now, really, isn't it? Only Dietrich was all over Daniela when she arrived yesterday. And she's pretty lively and cute, isn't she? I'm just hoping David or Ahmed will take her as the consolation prize when they don't get you. That grump beside you is going to buy you, isn't he? I hear he's a billionaire." She shuddered. "Still doesn't make me want to have to make love to him night after night for the rest of my life! Dietrich now!" She laughed as she went into her cabane and I went into mine.

A new roll of clean, white duct tape sat obscenely on my stack of female clothing. It was perforated so that it parted in small sections. No scissors necessary and I couldn't have made a rope out of it, I thought, not a long rope anyway. No, there was no way out of continuing on as Emma Jenkins and seeing what the evening and following day, the auction, held for me.

Gods, I hoped that Smith was looking for me and sending out signals to contact me. But the one thing I hadn't felt all the time I had been on the patio and in the pool, or beside it, was a tug, a sudden headache, as I was contemplating all that I was doing. I had fought them off when it had been the Russians trying to move me from Elena's lovely body but they had persisted and got me in the end when I wasn't expecting them. Oh, I hadn't wanted to go as Yuri had loved me so wonderfully.

I'd thought that I'd lost him forever but, later, it was part of Smith's not-so-subtle plot for using me as an avatar rider on the kinky side of Avartech that my surgical plastic surgery had made me look like Elena. So, of course, Yuri had been manipulated back into my life. Just the thought of Yuri and our life together got me all hot and bothered. I could imagine him thinking that I was betraying him with my body again but Smith could show him me, the new and improved Michelle, no longer Mike Douglas, no longer dependent on avatars to be a woman.

I hoped that Yuri would know that I had been unconscious for most of my time away from him. Oh, goddesses, I hoped that I could find a way of screaming out my release word and trigger my recall to the facility in which I still lay, like Snow White, waiting for my prince, Yuri, to finally awaken me with his so sweet mouth.

We girls paraded back into the villa, being stopped by the men as we passed them. I think I kissed them all, the guys who had just been looking at me across the patio or across the pool. "I know I won't have you working for me," murmured Marcel as he gently kissed me, not trying to overpower me at all. "But I would be so delighted if you were still available when the bidding tops the half million dollar range."

"Tass mush?" I gasped and Marcel laughed as he understood what I had been trying to say.

"Well, you know what you have to do to pay it back to me, don't you?" Marcel said with a smile. "I have fifteen girls like you working for me and twelve have paid me back, Olivia being the latest. She's mainly working for herself now but I arrange her dates and trysts for her. She doesn't go with anyone she doesn't

want to, nor does anyone once they're paid out and I have made a little profit." He smiled at that and I didn't doubt that he had made a large profit from the lovely sissy I had known as Olivia.

"Ten have left me over the years to marry and so on," Marcel went on smoothly, stroking my back and waist, "and one of those has come back to me. I think they'd all tell you that it's a lovely, sexy, womanly lifestyle that you lead with me as your, your manager."

"Oshenee," I said.

"Owner?" asked Marcel, pulling a face. "A gentle owner, Miss Emma Jenkins," he said with a smile. "You'll never think of that again after two or three months with me. And there are side benefits, if you want them. Chief of them is me, of course." He smiled broadly at that. "But I have to tell you that I am not exclusive. When several of you girls are all free at once, well, let's say that I find that to be something akin to Paradise to be in my Playboy bed with you all."

"Obe bedsh youdosh," I muttered as he kissed and hugged me and passed me on to a waiting David who, of course, really wanted to kiss and overpower me and show me what a man I was going to be getting when he bid on me at the auction.

But first there was the evening ball to get through. There was a tribe of Greek beauticians, cosmeticians, hair stylists and manicurists to attend to us girls. They all spoke some English and thought that the dresses we had to wear were so beautiful. They all told me that they wished they could be at the ball as well. I had visions of slipping one into my place in this auction and taking off with the crew when they left. But Linda kept checking on me, watching over every feminine improvement made to me, particularly my hair, which

was upswept. A tiara was part of the decoration, as a decoration was the only way I could think of the strands of pearls woven into my hair.

“La bella,” said one of the women working on me and Linda smiled and agreed.

“She doesn’t know,” she murmured and I thought that Linda was talking to me but she might have been talking about me, “how much the price of the belle of the ball has risen with such a hairstyle. Elizabeth is going to be so mad with me that I didn’t bring her and let her be dressed as you are, Emma. She is going to be so jealous of you.”

Was she trying to be friendly with me, I thought in surprise. The makeup artist began to work on my face then as I sat in my silky underwear and stockings. Clearly, I was going to be in a strapless gown by the way I was nestled into a bra or should I call it a bustier? I turned to see the woman I was becoming and had a Mike Douglas attack as I looked at myself.

It wasn’t truly me, of course. It was Emma Jenkins and she was transformed into a spectacular, glamorous princess. No, not a queen, a princess, a term with no other connotations; it was a term that suited being one of the most beautiful women in the world. And that is what the team of women had made me into. I stood there and, I must admit, my eyes sparkled. I thrust images of Mike Douglas in the bustier away from me. I thanked the women who had done what they had to me as they all looked excited and so pleased themselves with me.

I still had to get into my dress, a fantastic creation that flowed out from my waist and had sort of another dark blue dress over it, accentuating my hips and tiny waist. It was strapless and so my breasts were on dis-

play. Decorative, thin, frilly sleeves went around the middle of my upper arms, stretching out my neckline. I was covered with jewels at my neck, my bosom, my wrists, around my ankle and even at the tops of my stockings where jewel encrusted garters waited to be explored. That sent a real shiver through me.

I was hugged and faux kissed by all the tribe of women, some with smiles, some like me with sparkling eyes. All wished me a wonderful evening and they were all peering around the door when I went out of my bedroom to the top of the wide staircase where both David and Ahmed, in tuxes, were waiting for me. Each took one of my hands and so a fanfare burst out, I had heard them in the distance as I was being prepared for the ball but it hadn't occurred to me that it signalled the entrance of one of the princesses, that we all were, to the ballroom itself.

The small band of men and sissies, I suppose I should call us, applauded me as I wobbled and swished, holding up my pretty dress in my newly manicured and painted fingernails, showing off my enormous high heels as I sashayed down the stairs and into a wide room, now a ballroom with a small string section ready to play for us.

I've never danced a waltz before with two men but I did then, David and Ahmed taking turns to be the one smiling at me and swirling me past his rival, my skirts brushing against him.

"We're told that we mustn't ply you with liquor," said a grinning Ahmed, holding my hand. I was as tall as him in my heels. David didn't tower over me at all, either, just enough to be suitably masculine for a girl dressed as I was.

“Getting out of that dress must take an age,” said David, his eyes twinkling. “I hope to prove that to myself later! Ah, an old-fashioned waltz. I was right, Ahmed. So I will have the pleasure of the next dance with Princess Emma!”

“I, I’m not a princess,” I murmured, astonishing myself as my voice was back exactly as I should have expected it to be, high, soprano, and femininely inflected.

David’s eyes rose. “Wow, she speaks,” he said with delight. “And so beautifully! Why did Linda and her ghouls keep you away from us for so long and rob us listening to such a beautiful voice for so long?”

“That,” I smiled, not really knowing if I could trust any of these men with any of the information that I had, “is something that you will have to ask Linda Remington herself.”

I noticed that Linda was dancing as well as were all of my fellow princesses, all in extraordinarily feminine gowns, their hair up like mine, wearing tiaras like me, and smiling and smiling as they were whisked around the dance floor by men in tuxes. I’m sure that I looked like all of them as well.

Ahmed claimed me for the quickstep and then, surprisingly, Marcel, for the foxtrot. “Such a beautiful girl,” he murmured to me. “And such a wonderful entrance, Emma. Oh, I think the first tryst I would arrange for you would be with an English prince on the Riviera. It would be so romantic, everything that a girl like you could desire!”

“Not Stephen,” I said coyly back to him as a Greek waiter brought me a cold glass of white wine. Marcel looked at me in surprise. “Prince Albert and I have

been, have been acquainted before.” As Wendy Hart, as part of a schoolgirl ball, not as glamorous as this one, I had lain, in the Biblical sense, with a Royal Prince of England. So, he wasn’t in the direct succession to the throne but Stephen, as he had preferred to be called, had sworn that he would have me again when he came back to the States.

I hoped that Prince Albert found the new Wendy, William left far behind by now, just as enthusiastic about loving him as I had been. I had been so proud of myself for making him love me one more time and causing a little scandal that he was late for his plane back to England. He’d missed it and had to wait for another. I’d heard him say that he had pressing business, yes, pressing into me and on me and against me, but it had been well worth it. I sort of smirked each time I thought of Stephen.

“Alors,” said Marcel, a genuine smile of surprise on his face. “Ma princesse has accomplishments that weren’t mentioned in her biography.”

I smiled back, kicking myself a little. If I was being monitored, and I didn’t doubt that I was, had I just confirmed to someone who I was, the person who had been an avatar of the redoubtable Wendy Hart? It was getting so hard to keep straight who I really was, who Michelle Dee was, with all of these other identities flowing over me. One identity I knew that I wasn’t. I wasn’t Mike Douglas, the novelist, any more. Oh, I still have something of his between my legs, but there was nothing else. I could go on as Emma now, I knew it, and not care at all that I wasn’t being hauled back to Avartech. I wouldn’t miss anything there, save for Yuri. Oh, Yuri, I thought in distress! If only it was him

looking at me as Marcel was. I would melt into his arms. But Marcel, I could flirt with and still resist.

After the little break, we formed sets for some old-fashioned dances which the men knew as well as Emma. I don't remember being taught many of those I danced but my feet and body seemed to know exactly where I had to be and what I had to do. I danced with a frowning Jim Bennett several times.

"I need to talk to you," Jim said to me. I recalled what I was doing in this place. I needed to get out of here. I should use my release word and be gone. But the dance was so thrilling as all the men, and my girl-ish friends, paid me so many outrageous compliments.

"I suppose you can't release, can you, when you're in here?" asked Jim when we met on a complicated progression and I had to mince daintily down the floor with him. Another man on the other side of me, with Daniela, strapless and showing off her full breasts so beautifully, made the stroll into a lively, feminine dance.

"Lead in the windows and in all the walls," Jim Bennett went on. "That's why they moved the auction here. You won't get any message out, Emma, even if you could. You're as trapped here as much as I am. I hate Alistair Remington. He said he was going to kill me a few years ago, and I said the same to him. His wife is just tormenting me until he finally gets round to it. Get to the police when you get out of here in the end," he said urgently and stopped, his words chilling me all over. "If they don't plan the same end for you as I'm sure they're planning for me."

"But this is such a lovely evening and such wonderful people," I murmured to Jim as I smiled and smiled

and demurely sashayed with him back to our places in the line dance.

“These people are white slavers,” said Jim Bennett hoarsely. “What do you think is going to happen to you, Emma, tomorrow?”

White slavers, I thought hysterically? I was going to be sold as a slave, I knew that. But it wasn't going to be so bad, was it? Look at this wonderful dance, the hall doors opening as we were being danced off the floor with our partners to the banquet. David was yipping and calling out, getting the more lively girls like Daniela to call back to him. The evening was a roaring success to them and, until I had spoken to Jim, to me as well. We didn't look like slaves at all as we girls glided from the floor into the banquet hall, smiling at the men who had their arms about us. We looked like the perfumed, spoiled, perfect objects of feminine desire that I suppose in our hearts we all longed to be.

“You look pensive, Emma,” said David as I quivered as my skirts stroked my whole lower body as I sat in my stockings and pretty garters that no-one could see.

“Just thinking about tomorrow,” I said lightly, touching his hand as women do. I smiled up as prettily as I could to him.

“You still have the rest of the night to get through,” whispered David.

“There's more dancing after we eat,” I said, tucking in my arms to my lovely dress and spreading the napkins across me so that I wouldn't spoil what I was being served to eat.

The Greek valets and waitresses, older women, served the men hearty bowls of soup and full glasses of

red or white wine. We girls had much smaller portions, cups that were barely half full. We were served small plates of salad while the men had huge pieces of steak and potatoes. We had thimble full glasses of wine while the men had huge goblets that were refuelled constantly. No wonder the men's talk got louder and more boastful as the meal went on.

A tinkling of glasses brought Linda to her feet. "In the absence of my husband," she said.

"Just like the last three years," Marcel, I think it was, called out.

"I think she's sold him," said another Middle Eastern guy, I thought, to general outbursts of laughter.

"I want to state for all of you," Linda said with a smile, "the girls who are so new to this, and the old reprobates who ought to know, the rules for tonight and tomorrow."

There were hoots and wisecracks as the waitresses and valets disappeared and the doors were shut while Linda waited until we really were a private group.

"Dancing will continue and gentlemen will propose a first engagement to a young lady," Linda went on. "At the sound of the gong, the gentleman who has drawn first choice will leave with his appointed young lady. At the sounding of the gong again, the second will depart, and so on down the list until the last young lady has retired.

"Hearing a gong in the young ladies' boudoirs," Linda went on patiently as there was catcalling and lots of advice on whether to ring it quickly or after a long time, "the gentlemen will leave the young ladies' bedrooms immediately."

There were calls as if we were in a sports team dinner. Marcel yelling, "Yeah, that means you, Ahmed. No sneaking an extra and claiming you are stuck!"

"Retreat to the top of the stairs," Linda went on against all the jocularity while we girls were looking at one another in dismay. This wasn't where the night had seemed to be leading. But we were slaves now, I thought with a shudder. We had no choices at all, "where a new gentlemen's choice will be made!"

"And we get to trade pick numbers," said Dietrich, holding Alexis about her shoulders, she looking up at him coyly with a smile.

"You cannot have again the girl that you chose first," said Linda in exasperation. Some protested. "You all know that," Linda went on testily. "Some assignments in the third round may have to be ordered so that no girl has to console the same person once more."

"Not fair!" a grinning, fair-haired guy, clutching Peggy's hand in his lap, called out.

"It's the rules," snapped Linda. She pointed to one of the men at the end of the table who went and opened the doors. The valets and waitresses came back to clean up as we rose and were escorted back to the dance floor.

David had his hand in his pocket. He took out what looked like a white marble with the number two on it. "Ahmed had better not have number one," he said with a smile at me, taking me around my narrow waist. He was so energetic after eating and drinking. He twirled me so that my dress and skirts spread out wildly about me, hugging me and burying his head on

my neck and telling me how wonderful my fragrance was.

No matter who I went with if it wasn't him, David was going to make love to me on one of the rounds that night. He'd be thinking of me as he was making love to another girl. It really thrilled me to hear him still calling me a girl. I doubted that Jim Bennett was doing that. I know he wouldn't have done all that he could to twirl me as David did to make me feel as girlie as I did.

No, Jim would want to talk to me about getting out of here again, as if I wanted to, as I switched again with Ahmed and danced with him for a while as Daniela danced with David. I only had Jim Bennett's surmise about the lead in the walls blocking signals to Avartech.

"Oh, Michael used to say that to me all the time," I gushed to David as we changed partners again, "that he'd make love to me all night. But Mike was usually asleep after just one, little contact?"

"Who's Mike?" asked David suspiciously.

"My last boy friend," I said flirtatiously to him. "You might have read one of his books, Mike Douglas. He's the one who got me into all of this, making me dress like a girl and take lessons."

David frowned a little. "You must have had more to drink than I thought," he said with a frown. "You girls don't talk like that about yourselves."

"How do girls talk about themselves?" I asked him, trying to think of the secure words that were supposed to work all the time. "Should I tell you how much that I'm looking forward to being your lover?" I asked him breathily, swinging my body into his and kissing his

lips as we did a few simple rock moves with the music. "Because I am," I whispered.

David's grin was so feral that I had to shudder as I wondered what sort of problem I was creating for myself. But I knew what was going to happen to me and there was nothing I could do to prevent it happening. Not just this man, but two others were going to have me as a woman and there was nothing I could do about it. I couldn't stop it happening to me. I was just a slave, as Jim had said.

I swished through rock music and clinched with David through a waltz, he waving off Ahmed who had wanted to cut in. Ahmed stood at the edge of the floor, glowering at him as Monica, a quiet redhead stood behind him, rolling her eyes at me as she was ignored.

The music stopped suddenly and one of the musicians tapped a gong, a quizzical expression on his face. Linda stood in front of the staircase, looking expectantly over the audience. For a moment, no-one moved. Then, Jim Bennett left the blonde girl he had been pushing around the floor and handed a marble to Linda. Linda looked at him in disgust. Jim turned and I knew what was going to happen. There was a pain deep in my stomach as he gestured at me.

David uttered the crudest of expletives beside me as Linda glared at me and mimed me running up to the front and taking Jim's hand. I didn't run but I felt David's hand and arm fall away from me. He knew the rules, I guess. I had to lift up my dress with my fingers and mince forward. Jim Bennett put his arm through mine and there was applause from the men and girls on the dance floor. I walked up the stairs as if I was going to a funeral. I don't think that Jim was walking any quicker.

The music had begun a lively gavotte or something like that behind us as Jim opened my bedroom door and ushered me in. He looked back, causing me to look and there was Linda, staring after me. One of her guards, I guess, rarely seen, was coming along the hallway and heading to our door.

"We, we don't have to do anything," I said with a shiver to this man who had professed such a dislike of women like me.

"We have to," said Jim grimly. "I had Peggy with me last night and they examined her and me. They knew I hadn't had her even though she said that I had made love to her for half the night. Linda knew we were lying and she told Peggy that before she went off with her intended after today, she was going to spend a little time with Mistress Joanne before she was sent on. Do you know what that means?"

Again, I felt so horrible inside as my intended lover went on.

"I never saw a black girl go so white and shake so much," grunted Jim then. "Is this other woman, this Mistress, really so terrible?"

I thought about what I had gone through. I remembered what Andrea, a really pretty sissy girl I had only seen and never talked to, had endured in the stocks and I had only witnessed some of it. "She's not really a she," I said to David. "And she's not a girl like us at all. She-she knows how to punish a sissy who hasn't done what she's supposed to have done."

"Don't tell me any more," snarled Jim. "You and all the people like you are so perverted, aren't you? Well, admit it, Emma. You're perverted, aren't you?"

No wonder that Linda knew all about me and probably Jim as well. This Jim, this face that had once been mine, could never have been the man who had made love to Linda and to Elizabeth for so long. Elizabeth, if she was Alistair Remington once, would have known that the loving man she had made love to continuously while her wife slept, was not the man she had threatened to kill years earlier. No wonder Smith's plan wasn't working. Lovely Beth had known I wasn't the man who'd threatened to kill her. I would have liked to kill Jim Bennett myself, as she probably would, for being such a self-absorbed ass.

"Let me get you out of that dress," said Jim then to me.

"I'll do it myself," I said to him coldly.

"What brings this on?" Jim sneered at me, taking my arm and jerking me towards him. "You know what you're supposed to do." He suddenly kissed me, right on my lips, not caring at all about my makeup. Ugh! I didn't want a man to kiss me that forcefully, that dominantly. "So you might as well do it to me, perv!" he went on, looking down and leering at my shaking breasts. "Come on, Emma. What is your real name, by the way? Jason or something?"

The funniest thing happened then. He went rigid, the leer frozen on his face, and, for a moment, I thought he was having a heart attack. Without warning, his eyes rolled back in his head and his body fell to the floor.

I stood there for a moment. Oh, you idiot, don't do this to me, I thought angrily. Don't leave me here if that's an Avartech recall! But it couldn't be, I thought in rising panic. Wasn't this supposed to be the one and

only, the original Jim Bennett? No one could be that crude and awful and not be real, original.

I did my girlish bunny dip, my dress spreading out all around me so prettily, I noticed, a little wiggle of pleasure going through me. I leaned over the fallen idiot and put my lipsticked mouth on his, even as I tried to find a pulse. There didn't seem to be one. My kiss did nothing to his stiff, unmoving mouth. I got a mirror from my purse and held it in front of his nose. There was no mark on it at all.

"Michelle," I murmured. "Michelle Dee, Mike Douglas, Yuri, Mr Smith, Jason, Emma Jenkins." I repeated my list and repeated the names of every girl and person I had seen since I had been catapulted from the body in front of me into the avatar I currently inhabited. Oh god, Jim Bennett had said that this was his one, true body. He'd known that someone else had been in a facsimile, and avatar of him, making love to Elizabeth. Could he really have been possessing his own avatar. I shuddered as I looked down at a lifeless, unbreathing man and thought the unthinkable.

I couldn't do anything else. I rustled over to the door where the skinhead security man waved at me and tried to push me back into my room. From the floor of the ballroom, I could hear laughter and cheering and there were David and Daniela, dancing up the staircase, smiles wreathing their faces as they waved to the cheering audience below.

I grabbed the security man's arm and pulled him into my room and indicated the man on the floor in my bedroom. I took his hand as he looked at me in suspicion and put it on Jim's neck where he should have felt a pulse. I held the mirror again with the same reaction, nothing.

“He’s dead?” asked the security man, looking up at me fiercely. I expected him at any moment to accuse me of killing him.

“Billionaire Jim Bennett,” I said to him sweetly, swishing my skirts about me. “Get on your mike to Linda and tell her that she has a problem. Tell her that this wasn’t a copy but the original that’s lying here dead. I think she’ll want to know right away.”

Once Linda grasped the message I was sending her, she arrived in a fury, followed by a really swift medical team with defibrillators and everything. “What did you do to him?” she screamed at me. “Did the thought of making love to you make him just croak?”

I pointed to the lipstick on his mouth and that stopped her in mid-tirade. The guys on the med team and the extra security men who had arrived were all looking at me, studying me. I could almost hear what they were saying, that they wouldn’t have flipped out like this until after they had finished making love to me.

“He was being really nasty to me, saying he didn’t want to make love any more and telling me about Peggy and what you promised her last night,” I said to Linda, who stopped me and ordered everyone to clear the room and get Jim Bennett to the med clinic. And, no, no hospital unless it was okayed by her or, she hesitated, her partner.

Linda was on the phone in seconds. “You better get here, Emma’s room,” she said to whoever she was calling. It must have been in the building. “There’s a stiff coming to the med room. Take a look at Bennett. Is this Avartech stuff? Is he really dead? Did you pick off an avatar in Venice and not the real thing?”

She listened for a moment. "Emma says it's the original and not a copy," Linda snapped, glaring at me. "I know it's not the one who came to Elizabeth and me. Beth said that was a copy for sure. She actually liked the guy she's been telling me she was going to kill. So she ought to know. She made love to him a dozen times." It wasn't that many times. I'm not Superman!

"I won't do anything here," Linda went on, glaring at me as I spun away in my lovely dress, putting on feminine airs for her, "but we have to keep the party going. You know how it is. Yes, everyone who was here tonight knows that Jim Bennett drew number one and is now in Emma's bedroom, fucking her till her tits fall off! I can't help it! What should we do? I should have listened to Elizabeth and never involved Bennett, the real one, in this at all!"

Linda got off the phone, her frustration quite clear. "Stay here and let me move the next couples along," she said bitterly, slamming the door as she departed. Was it the money she was going to lose, I wondered, that was infuriating her the most? I think that it was.

I had a lot of time to think that over as the matching of girls and guys must have gone on down below. I would love to have known if Alexis had gone with her Dietrich and whom Marcel had finally chosen. I hoped it had been Peggy as I had noticed her head on his, her arms on his shoulder, leaning against him while he had had his arm about her waist, smiling at her as she looked back at him adoringly. But then we were all doing that with our men. Peggy, I guess, could fake it better than some of us.

The door finally opened and two women came striding in, the floor almost rocking with the pounding

of their high heels. I knew Linda, of course, and I knew the other woman as well, most intimately.

“Emma, you know how to greet your Mistress when she enters a room,” said the feminine figure, smiling sardonically at me.

“Oh, yes, Mistress Joanne,” I said to her, my voice going up into the squeaky range as I looked into her hard, dark eyes, her face so exquisitely feminine, her black hair drawn back in a thick fall down her back. She didn’t wear her high-heeled, black leather boots and she wasn’t in the dark clothes that I had always seen her as a dominatrix. But she was in purple, slingback high heels that made her legs look womanly. They matched the sequined, light purple top Mistress Joanne wore, her breasts as impressive as Daniela’s, and a white, flaring skirt. Oh, and under that skirt, under her panties, I knew, she was as male as I was, perhaps even more so.

I got up and curtsayed to my mistress as all of us girls in the Sissy Institute had had to do. “You can tell us, Emma,” said Mistress Joanne. “Is he really dead or is that an avatar in a trance state, waiting to be ridden by someone else?”

“I, I think, Mistress,” I began, knowing that I couldn’t lie to that piercing gaze. All the lessons taught in the Sissy Institute surged over me. It was me in the stocks, me being assaulted by Josie and her dildo. I faltered and Mistress Joanne lifted a thin, feminine eyebrow and looked at me directly. I shuddered, knowing that she would know if I told her a lie and I would be punished, horribly, in the stocks, images of Helen and Andrea, and the gang rapes she had endured, still there in my mind.

"I think it's an avatar thing," I whispered, fright consuming me.

Mistress Joanne's smile was cold. "Why didn't you follow him?" she wanted to know. "Or are you the genuine article, not him?" She seemed so amused as she said that.

"I, I can't," I said. "I'm stuck here, Mistress!"

"Put a guard with Bennett," said Mistress Joanne to Linda who was watching the way that she dominated me so easily in fascination. "One who won't get spooked if the corpse he is guarding comes back to life. Better, the incinerator. Drop the corpse in there and it won't matter if Toby tries to use it again. No evidence. Do it. Then, go on with the next round of your evening's escapades, Linda."

"But she ..." began Linda, her hands trembling as she spoke. I was glad someone could be as appalled as I was with what Mistress Joanne was saying. "We should have disposed of her while she was sedated. We don't need the money we can make by selling her. We don't have to be this greedy! It isn't too late to get rid of her in the same way as Jim Bennett!"

"Get it set up," snapped Mistress Joanne, while the fear in me soared and I was cold in every part of the lovely body that I could sense now that I was 'wearing'! I still didn't know if, when an avatar was killed, anything happened to the partner or user inhabiting the avatar.

Linda still hovered around behind Mistress Joanne. "Let me gag her and get her out of here!" Linda demanded. I was completely helpless as Mistress Joanne continued to hold me and smile at me as if it was per-

fectly natural to caress someone you were intending to murder.

“Do what you were told, woman!” thundered the Mistress to Linda who wilted as I had not seen her do before. “Get rid of Bennett and come back. I haven’t finished with this sissy yet!”

I was struck with more fright at the look on Mistress’s face. I jerked to get away, to do something, anything, but Mistress Joanne held me easily. I don’t know why it was but that was the first time, looking at her dark, exquisite makeup that I saw her as a man, and it terrified me.

“Yes,” Linda murmured nervously. “I’ll take Etienne to help me. He’ll do anything for money.” Mistress waved dismissively and Linda scooted out of the room, leaving me alone with Mistress Joanne.

“You didn’t think that you would get out of here alive, Emma, or whoever you really are?” asked Mistress Joanne swirling me so that my lovely dress skirts caressed me and reminded me what a lovely woman that I was. “I think that it is Michelle, as I named you once, before me, here working for Toby, isn’t it?”

What could I say to that? All I could hear was that I wasn’t going to get away from this place, alive. “The, the slave trade has to stop,” I said, my soprano voice quivering in fear, even to my ears.

“Oh, Michelle, Emma,” said Mistress Joanne. “Is that how Toby conned you into working against me?” She’d referred to Smith by that name before. I had thought that they knew each other well and she kept on confirming it by the way that she referred to him so familiarly.

"It, it's not a con, Mistress," I said faintly, shifting in the skirts of my lovely dress, feminine feelings still surging through me, my breasts on fire, thrusting out to her, as she advanced upon me, a strange smile in her eyes. No, it couldn't be a con. I was being bought and sold as any slave would be, and Mistress Joanne was doing it. And that was so wrong. No, Smith was so right in stating that this awful thing must be stopped and I could help him to do it.

"You are more than pretty tonight, Emma," said the Mistress, lowering her voice to a whisper. "You are, in fact, incredibly beautiful. The security cameras don't do you justice. Now, don't run away from me, my beautiful sissy. You are so gullible, though, as are all sissy boys like you.

"You really believe that some day you'll be a real woman and a bride, don't you? And you really think that Toby wants to stop what we do, not just take it over and run it for Avartech itself. I do such good work, don't I, creating you out of what you once were, Emma. Don't you remember that, all the lovely first times that you wore panties and makeup and cried when you told me that you were a boy and I proved to you that you weren't?"

"I don't want to remember any of that, Mistress," I said fearfully to this woman who had taken my lovely hands in hers as was making me sway so femininely before her. My head began to spin as I thought about what Smith had told me. This slave trade in boys like me, and he'd called me that, was the evil that he said that it was. Avartech was going to fight it, and the trade in real girls, and tramp it down. I had to show him the way to the heart of the evil.

And here it was, in front of me, I was sure, as it was Mistress Joanne who had just agreed to having me killed. Her minion, Linda Remington, was out there setting it up even as Mistress was here, tormenting me with her body, the feminized dominatrix's body that she had created for herself, as womanly as was mine.



She raised my skirts, holding them up with her crop while she gently caressed the tops of my stockings, smiling as I reacted to her soft touch and her grip on my panties. I groaned as I felt my breasts respond to her touch as well.

“Ah, you can’t remember how I took you, Peter, and made you into Emma, can you as you’re not her?” asked Mistress Joanne, leaning against me, her ample breasts touching mine. She was so close to me that I could smell her musky scent. “You just want me to think of you as the beautiful girl that you are now, that you’re Emma, for this one last time? Well, so be it.”

The Mistress was strong, much stronger than me. I had briefly seen her as a man, but that image had faded. I stared at her and she didn’t look to be more than a pretty, dark-haired, older woman pulling me against her. But I knew so much better after my little stopover as Emma in the Sissy Institute and I was so frightened of her. She kissed me gently and I didn’t dare to pull my quivering mouth away from hers. Perhaps I could please her enough and she wouldn’t let Linda kill me. Would my girlish tears do anything to change her mind when I begged her to be her lover and slave girl forever?

“I don’t normally do this, make love to a woman like this,” murmured the Mistress, her soft hands touching my neck and earrings which she seemed to be admiring. “I usually have you grovelling on the floor and lifting your little tush high in the air, begging me to ride you, but for you, Princess Michelle, or should I call you Prince Michael, I shall make an exception. Now, don’t move, while I undress you.”

So I stood, a perfect model, and shook while Mistress Joanne slowly undid the jewellery from my hair

and ears, pausing to kiss me softly, lifting my pliant arms around her neck, while she made my mass of honey-blonde, streaked air float around my face and shoulders. She slid my dress from me, as I poured affectionate kisses on her face. She laughed as she took off her top as well, undoing her bra before she took away mine and I could see how aroused she was.

Mistress took my hand and put it on her breast, and, yes, her nipple was so hard. "You like that, Michelle, don't you?" Mistress murmured, holding my hand there as she began to caress my breasts with hers as well. I shook in more fright as her kissing increased in intensity as my slip and petticoats followed my lovely dress to the floor.

Mistress snapped on my garters as she caressed my panties and my tush. "Oh, you are so thin, my darling, just as a woman should be," said my Mistress as she steered me out of my clothes and onto my bed where she moved beside me. Then, she said what I was so scared to hear as I knew she was lying to me, even as I tried to hug and delight her with my caresses. "Perhaps I won't have you killed after all."

She ran her soft hands over my body, fondling and stroking me. I couldn't help the arousal, or the motivating fear, that was affecting me so deeply. Mistress's tongue slid between my lips and I shuddered as I slid beneath her, kissing her back as furiously as she was kissing me.

"When it's girls like us," Mistress said, smiling down at me, her lipstick as mused as mine probably was, "who needs a Jim Bennett, or Avartech, or even a man?"

It was on the tip of my tongue to tell her, in a last fear-driven act of defiance, what we really were, two

men together, not two women as we must have appeared. But that would have ruined the fantasy she was building for herself. Mistress Joanne wriggled out of her skirt and her black panties and dark, lined stockings caressed mine.

Oh, Yuri, I really don't want to do this, I cried silently, as I caressed Mistress's breasts and unleashed what was striving to get out of her panties. She eased my legs apart about hers and lifted them up about her waist.

"I haven't had a woman in a bed like this for an age," whispered Mistress Joanne as we caressed and fondled one another, me trembling as I felt the surge of sexual passion coursing through me, a surge that I didn't want even as I kissed and touched her as I would have kissed and touched Yuri. I wanted to tell her that she still hadn't had a woman in bed but my mouth was glued to hers, my soft hands arousing her shivering, scented skin. "I should do this more often," she said as she fondled my panties and caressed my garters. Then she eased down my panties.

Mistress Joanne had me as if I was a woman and she was the man, which she was. Oh, how I wiggled and squirmed on her thick pole as she tormented my breasts and my face with passionate kisses. She came and didn't want to rise from me, keeping me there, while she giggled, this woman who terrified me so, stroking my legs and hips as I squeezed on her, and she filled me with her maleness once more. I prayed that she had enjoyed me as much as Yuri would have done, and that I would live to see him. I would never, never, leave him ever again if I could just get out of the awful place I was in.

The cellphone in her clothing was persistent. She had to slide wetly out of me and answer it as it wouldn't stop reading. "What?" Mistress Joanne snapped into the phone. "What? Security can't hold them off? He did what? All right, I'll see him right here. Yes, bring him up!"

She tossed the cellphone back onto her clothing and turned back to me in the bed. Her face was thunderous and I had visions of her strangling me right away. I cowered back, covering myself with a bedsheet just a little. Mistress Joanne looked down at me, her female body sporting a rampant male appendage. "Now where were we?" she asked, her glare fading. She almost looked human with the way she smiled at me.

Mistress turned me over then as it was easier for her with my panties at half-mast, she said. She was pounding forcefully into my tush when the door sprang open and a man and a woman entered the room.

"Come on in, Toby," panted the Mistress as pressed my head down into the pillow and stroked my breasts as she was having me as if she was a train engine's piston driving into me. "Don't ask your girl to get up. She's enjoying herself far too much as you can see and hear."

"George, stop that," said Mr Smith calmly, as if he couldn't see her, no, him, raping me. I heard Mistress screaming then as I saw nothing but grey walls descending all around me. I think she was spurting in her orgasm but I, or rather the avatar I was in, went limp beneath her. I was suddenly in a familiar casket, thrashing around in the throes of sexual passion all by myself, in female clothing that I had worn when I lay

down. The casket opened with a rush of cooler air for my flaming cheeks.

And there was Yuri, smiling down at me, and I was lifted into his arms, far more girlishly aroused than I usually was. Leads trailed from me but I ignored them as I lifted my face to his and he kissed me so wonderfully, he being so male, and so masculine. Techs scrambled about me, detaching me from the machines that were linked to the casket. Oh, what a relief as I knew I wouldn't be going back to being the adorable Emma Jenkins.

Yuri lifted me up tenderly as he could see that I was so aroused. He had to have me, I almost screamed at him. The techs hurried with their work and ran out of the room, smiling and saying, there, we could have a little privacy. It was the couch for us, and I was Michelle again.

My Yuri had desires and passions of his own as well as, at first, I didn't take off my clothes, just got my panties down a little, which he seemed to want me to do as well. I convulsed and convulsed to my ecstatic, womanly heart's content as I drew Yuri's maleness into me and I was as feminine and female to him as I had ever been before on any occasion. Yuri told me how much he loved me and that I was never, ever, going to be an avatar again. And I told him and showed him how much I, his woman and future wife, loved him.

"You didn't tell Yuri where you were and what you were doing when we plucked you out of Greece and brought you back here?" asked Smith when I called on

him while Yuri was training again for some international match.

“No,” I said, knowing how good I looked in my Dior suit, my hair so beautiful as I had just had it done in Paris on the previous, romantic evening that Yuri had taken me on. I hadn’t expected him to get down on one knee, in front of everyone, on the boat ride we were taking on the Seine and to ask me to marry him. He even had the ring box with the kind of ring that I had admired casually when we went out shopping and he’d asked which of the rings I would like and which I would wear.

I knew it was impossible but what could I say but, “Oh, yes, Yuri, yes,” and kiss him passionately while everyone on the riverboat cheered. I had to kiss all the adults as we left the river boat then and was wished a long, long marriage with my so handsome fiancé by everyone.

“We can’t really do this,” I had said to Yuri after a glorious night in which he wouldn’t let me take my ring off, now that I was engaged to marry him. He told me that he had doubled his chemical pills and I’d better stay awake and take advantage of him. Well, I did, loving it when he called me his fiancée, even though I knew that there was no way that we would ever really be married. After all, he was adamant to me that I was not to have any kind of surgery, ever, without his express permission.

“Go and see Smith today,” Yuri had said the next morning, “while he’s still in London.” He kissed me and laughed at me, at my modesty in wearing my nightie and panties, as we cuddled together in the late morning as he slept off what had ‘killed’ him the night before.

"I don't really know how I got out of there or why," I said to Smith as he emptied an envelope of documents upon me. There it was, a genuine birth certificate for a baby girl, Michelle Mary Dee, and there was a passport application as well, minus the things that I had had to say about myself as a transsexual, and there was a passport, a new American passport, for Michelle Mary Dee, sex, female.

There were other things, social security numbers and other documents, a driving license, school pictures and reports, university co-ed and sorority papers, all proclaiming me as Michelle Mary. It was amazing the work that must have gone into producing the photographs of me, as a young girl, developing into the woman I had become. They all made me hot, just looking at them.

"Love your ring," said Smith with that smug smile he always has. "Now, you and Yuri, with what I have given you, can appear before any priest or magistrate and be married. Yuri wants to be married this month so you should scoot out of here, Michelle, and meet him at the registry office to get your marriage license."

"I want to know," I began with a shiver of femininity passing through me as I sat in my so female clothing, looking at myself as a young girl in a school uniform.

"Everything?" asked Smith with a twisted smile on his lips.

"Was it all a con?" I asked him. "Or is it that Avartech had just taken over the white slavery business?"

"Ah, Joanne tried to get you on her side, did she?" Smith asked. "What do you think?"

“I don’t know,” I whispered to him, pulling my skirt down a little. I was definitely showing him too much girlish leg. His eyes had been amused looking at me and at my prominent bust line as well.

“We haven’t ended the sex slave trade,” said Smith definitely. “You knew that we couldn’t do that. But we have crushed it a lot. Certainly, girls and sissies are no longer going to be fed into a system of enslavement, not unless they want it, of course, and some apparently do.

“Daniela belongs now to Sir David Cummings. That’s the way she describes it and he wants her that way as well. Alexis and Dietrich Maas are the same, a couple. Marcel has talked five of your companions into being part of his growing string of she-male escorts across Europe, but they’ll be earning for themselves right away as Marcel has agreed to that.

“We will keep the Sissy Institute going and we will let Marcel and some others come and make a sales pitch to some of the girls who would like that lifestyle. Of course, we have worked out arrangements for avatars as well in that group and we’ll be able to place some of our more adventurous clients out there as glamorous she-males with adoring customers to serve. We expect to make a considerable profit over time.

“We have cut off some of the supply of real girls into the slave trade. Linda and Elizabeth were into that as well, but they won’t be any more. We have enough information from them as well to identify all the major players in Europe and America engaged in that sordid business and we’re working with authorities to bring the worst and cruellest to justice.”

“Jim Bennett,” I had to say. “Was he killed?”

Smith smiled. "I could tell you not to worry your pretty, little head, Michelle, and you do get prettier every time I see you, about such little things." I felt a shiver again through me and shifted in my pretty French lingerie that I knew was beneath my Dior suit. Was Smith really trying to hit on me? I hoped not as he would have Emma, the real one, Peter somebody, somewhere, wouldn't he? But he was smiling at me as if he was checking out how I received his compliment to my femininity.

"Bennett was a real asshole, wasn't he?" Smith went on. "He didn't know anything about avatars and how they worked but he did put up a lot of money that we needed when we started all this going. He's into little boy fantasies anyway and we've put him back into one of those. We only made the avatar of him to smoke out Alistair and Linda Remington. Hmm, I should have said Elizabeth, shouldn't I? She's much more co-operative than Linda. She asked me to keep the Jim Bennett avatar and send him to her occasionally. I think she's hoping that you'll be riding it again, Michelle. Are you interested?"

I shook my head, a tingle of distaste passing through me.

"Pity," said Smith. "Elizabeth will be disappointed. Any other questions?"

"Mistress Joanne," I had to say with a shudder as the image of the powerful woman in her dark, dominatrix clothing rose in my mind and made me quiver again.

"You called her George and she calls you, Toby."

"Ah," said Smith, looking at me thoughtfully. There was a pause then as he looked at me, at the model girl

that I was now, and thought up a lie, I was sure of it, to tell a gullible girl like me.

"I could lie to you," said Smith slowly. "But I won't. Joanne, as George likes to be called, is still very useful to us as a trainer, but we can't have him in a position of power which we tolerated before, not in this department that deals with, shall we call it properly, deviant sexual behaviours.

"Mistress Rita, whom you were acquainted with once, will direct the Institute now. She and her daughter are already there as her wife got bored with her as Jessica has done with every man in her life before. She thinks it's a great game, now that she's succeeded with Rita and her other husband in having them transformed, to go on and do it again to other young men. She's a problem as she knows so much about the darker side of Avartech, shall we say? We may have to do something about her in the future. We could be calling on you again, Michelle."

The last was said with a light laugh and a smile, his attempt to charm me.

"No," I said to him, a tremor in my voice, betraying my nervousness then. "Yuri has forbidden me to enter another avatar again."

"Wise man," said Smith with a smile that belied his words. He was laughing at me and so I had to ask him about avatars again and what had bugged me all along.

"Was the Jim Bennett I met an avatar or an original?" I asked him. Again there was a long pause between us in which his eyes roved all over me, checking out all the items of femininity on me, from my earrings and styled hair to my lovely high heels and stockinged legs.

“He thought he was himself,” I said as Smith was thinking about me, or about what to tell me.

“He did and he wasn’t,” said Smith. “We linked him to his avatar, and he never noticed, the asshole that he is. We could have pulled him out at any time, and, no, lead-lined rooms didn’t stop us at all. I ordered him pulled when we realized he was going to have sexual relations with you. I do have some conscience, Michelle, and I had made a promise to you and to Yuri. So we yanked him out of there. He’s ruined two avatars in other spots for us and so we did discuss his problem here for quite a long time, too long, about whether we shouldn’t just let Linda get on and kill him as she wanted to.

“We caved, though, and let Elizabeth talk to her. She persuaded her wife to let us in without the shooting we were prepared to order. We would have made sure that Linda was dead as well as Joanne. So, Linda cut a deal with us. We are lumbered, though, with Bennett and his avatar. Still, we might be able to use them with Elizabeth and Linda but, possibly, Bennett’s personality won’t translate back to a casket this time. Terrible accident but they do sometimes happen in this business. Those girls will be pleased to have a stream of new people in Bennett’s place, controlling the money that he does.”

“He thought he was himself,” I said with the heat and chills rising inside me as this man was so casual about killing people, just as Mistress Joanne had been, “just like I do.” Smith’s eyes widened in surprise and, I think, in anticipation. “So, what am I, Mr Smith? The real and original Mike Douglas, altered as I wanted, or am I an avatar of Mike Douglas? Am I really lying somewhere back in the States, a thirty-three year old

man, dreaming my way through all of this, my mind directing me as I am, the fashion model you've been admiring as I sit here in front of you."

"What brought on this question?" asked Mr Smith. "You think that I have been conning you about the white slave trade in sissies? I didn't and your help was invaluable in ending it, as much as we could. We don't want to lose a William Hart again, you recall him, lost in some Middle Eastern harem, after he wrote a frantic note to his father to ask for his help in getting him out of there. This wasn't a con game, Michelle."

"Look at me, Mr Smith," I said, standing up in my lovely high heels in front of him. He looked at me and was perturbed as I knelt in front of him and took his hand and stroked my cheek with it.

"Soft, isn't it?" I said to him, my voice quivering as I put the questions that had danced through my brain. "I was thirty-two years' old and a man," I said to him, my voice still light and lilting. "I look ten years' younger than that, don't I? I don't know how Mistress Joanne and her helpers could make me into what I am with the dross that they had to work with. But an avatar, well, you could shape it into anything that you wanted, couldn't you? Is that what I am, an avatar, living this fantasy life, or am I the original Mike Douglas?"

Smith caressed my face and then my breasts as I put his hands against me and he stood up, lifting me up as well. His hands were around me, caressing the soft bra strap that he could feel.

"Michelle," he said with a gentle smile. "Which answer would suit you best? Do you really want the truth? And if you did want the truth, which answer would you like to be true? What is it that you want me to give you?"

How was I to know that Yuri still had a living mother and father, even sisters and cousins by the score? How was I to know that they were all Orthodox Russians and so the wedding that we had would be an enormous affair as I had to be accepted into his religion as a convert and then I could be his bride in the so traditional marriage that Yuri and his family wanted and expected.

Oh, the things that we girls have to go through to get our men. That shouldn't imply that I had anything more done to me to make me more of a girl than I had always been with Yuri since he waited for me outside my apartment. He wanted no more surgeries done to me, no more avatar experiences, though I was owed one by Avartech, I thought. I hoped that I would never get so bored that I would go back there and try to claim it.

Our wedding was totally traditional as I was a woman, a bride, all day long, thrilled by every aspect of the ceremonies I had to go through, the men I had to kiss to please my husband, the fantastic bridal dress, the train, the veil, the lingerie I had to wear, the way that I felt, like a real woman in my wonderful, swishing clothing and, especially of course, my wedding night as a married woman with my real husband.

I knew why we had to go back to Sochi on our honeymoon and to a certain beach and a certain hotel. It was there that Yuri had looked over at the stunned girl beside him and asked her why she was calling him, 'Sergei'. Now he knew that it had been me and that my personality had been injected into the girl who had

awakened beside him, her bikini top gone, wondering who and what she was.

"You still think that I am Elena," I said to him as we lay out on the beach, my bikini top chastely in place.

"No," said Yuri with a grin. "I loved her body, and yours is much the same. But she didn't have the mind that you have. And I love your girlish mind, Michelle, my darling, much more than I ever loved hers."

Oh, I had to roll over onto him then and kiss and kiss him. I heard people around us begin calling out to us.

"What does that mean?" I asked him, my Russian still non-existent for all practical purposes.

"Why don't we two get a room?" said Yuri with a grin.

So we did, waves of femininity washing over me as we headed back to the same hotel and same room at the same time of day where we had first made love, only then I had been a real girl, Elena. Now, I only looked like her. I guess my husband is just a romantic at heart.

I'd told him what I had asked Smith and my husband had been really concerned.

"What answer did he give you?" Yuri asked me.

"I have to ask you," I told him as he held me so firmly to him. "I have to ask you which answer you would like and would it make any difference if we knew the truth."

"Thank goodness," said Yuri, hugging me and kissing me furiously. "You are not to go back there, my darling Michelle, now that we have your papers and we are married. I don't want to know and, if I did, it

would make no difference. You are my wife, you hear me, my wife, and I love you.”

Oh, the loving my husband got from me inflamed both of us. We couldn't go anywhere over the weekend as we only had to look at one another and the passion would flare and we had to have one another completely.

Every time I was thinking about who or what I was, I looked at my husband and he smiled at me, making me tremble in anticipation. In Sochi, my husband took me back into our hotel honeymoon room at all times of the day, the staff giving us very knowing looks as we hastened along the hallways, hand-in-hand, hardly able to keep our mouths and bodies apart.

What does it matter after all what I am? Really, I am Michelle Kuznetsov now, a married woman, adored by my husband, who is so in love with the beautiful, submissive woman that I am. So, yes, what do I care if I am an avatar, trapped into being the woman, or rather, the sissy girl-boy, that I am? There are much worse fates in the world, aren't there, Mistress Joanne? I hope she likes being a little girl again and again as Smith said she would be. I hope she likes it that Mistress Rita is her mother as well.

Sometimes I'd like to see how that is working out. But then Yuri comes home from practice and I am his wife, aren't I? I dress in my latest Givenchy and suggest that we could go out. But Yuri is such a man. At least half my clothes have been torn in his eagerness to get at me, his wife, once he walks into our apartment. He says that from now on, I have to meet him at the door in my lingerie alone.

Being the woman that I am, I meekly obey my husband. Could I do anything else?

**** end four-ever! ****