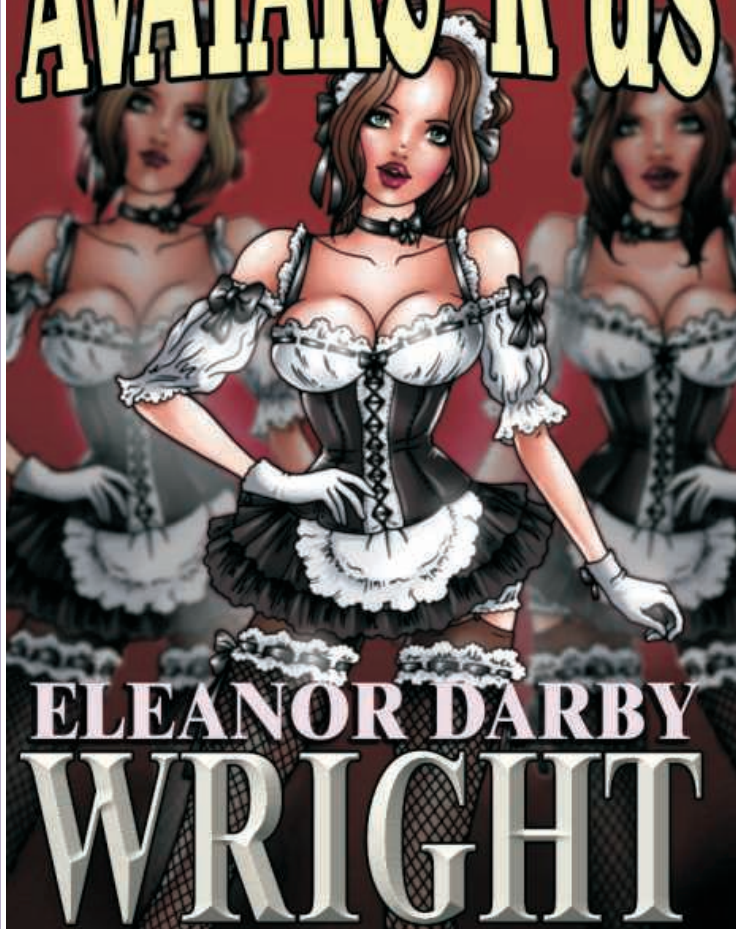


# AVATARS 'R US



ELEANOR DARBY  
WRIGHT

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# AVATARS 'R US

by Eleanor Darby Wright

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"No, I am not doing an avatar story," I, Mike Douglas, said angrily. My nose flared like my well-known namesake as I repeated it to Brandy Reid for the seventh or eighth time.

"Everyone is doing them," said my agent. "I can place stories anywhere with an avatar theme. You said you needed the money."

I scowled. "In a year's time, no-one will care any more," I said in exasperation. "The market will be saturated. In fact, it already is. It's just a fad, Brandy. The gamers have taken over. Avartech is swearing that they can give you the actual experience of being an alien on an alien world. Read all about it in *Science Futures!*"

I tossed the magazine across my kitchen table to Brandy. She picked it up and began to read the article on avatars with total absorption, I noticed.

“That one’s kookier than anything else,” I went on. “On the next page, you’ll see that they put you in a tanning chamber.” Brandy looked up sharply as I said that. Her eyes flashed blue as she stared at me, eyes like her dad’s, I thought. “Well, it looks like it to me! You have to lie down with a sedative or something in you and they run these tapes at you while you’re blinkered and out of it. Sensory deprivation is what it is. Dreams are what they’re really selling. Very expensive dreams.”

“I wonder if they can really do this,” said Brandy slowly. She looked very thoughtful then and suddenly grinned. “You know, Mike,” she said as I felt my hackles rising. I knew that grin of old and it always got me into trouble in some way.

“If you don’t want to actually write an avatar story,” Brandy said to me. “Why don’t you write an exposé of this new avatar industry? It would probably sell as well as a puff piece anyway.”

I looked at the pretty woman, her dark hair so beautiful and shiny as sat there, cocking her head to one side and trying to charm me with her lovely blue eyes. Brandy’s father had been my first agent and editor. It had been a strong relationship. Jack Reid had guided me through my first novels to my glorious third. He had taught me how to write excerpts for magazines and had found projects for me to write about that supplemented the meager returns that I got from my first novel-writing.

“Most young novelists have to have second jobs,” Jack had counselled me. “This will be yours. You’re a

prolific writer, Mike, so write. I'll set up subjects, publications, and editors for you. You just write."

I had been successful as Jack got me to write under different pen names and in different styles. I had had the satisfaction of arguing with myself in different political magazines. Then, *A Moment in Time: Atlantis*, my glorious third, as Jack called it, had caught on in all kinds of markets and Jack had said that he could now retire on the proceeds of my work, most of it from the film retainer I was paid, his retirement secure.

Brandy had graduated from university, all bubbly and enthusiastic. I agreed that she could be my agent, rightly reckoning that she would maintain all her father's contacts. Such an excited, attractive young woman was bound then to get her foot in the door, perhaps of places that hadn't been interested in Michael R. Douglas's work before. And, if that didn't work out, there was always the new, untitled novel that I had almost finished that Paradise Press was panting for.

"Would you come with me and we can investigate this?" asked Brandy eagerly. "I'd love to try out this experience. Do you think it will really work as they say that it will?"

"Not a chance," I laughed.

Brandy looked very disappointed. "Well," she said, wrinkling her pretty nose at me. "It might give you some good material to write about."

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Wow, what a rush, I thought to myself as I felt the leaves on my face and the hot sun beating down on me. I could actually feel the mud between my toes as I was

squelching forward after the hulking, half-naked humanoid in front of me.

I looked down to see if I had big, flat feet like the guy in front of me. I shouldn't have. What the f...? A flare of panic almost laid me on the floor of the forest in all the muck and grime. A mass of hair moved forward with me, almost covering my neck and face, as I looked down at the two protruding mounds on my chest. Then, the edge of the dress, I was wearing a dress (!), swirled forward about me, caressing my bare, hairless legs. I think I shrieked then, the sound emanating from me in some incredible high range that I knew that I had never used before.

Another man, a very strange looking man, daubed with green mud, appeared on the sort of trail we were following. "She's coming round now," the older man said then. "If she squeals like that again, Sebo, you'll have to gag her or use this on her." His hand made a huge fist then and he made a striking gesture before gliding back into the foliage and disappearing.

The tall, black-haired humanoid turned back to me and jerked on the rope that was connected to the bonds that tied my wrists together. I called him a humanoid because of his pointed ears and fanged teeth, his dark hair hanging in a braid down his back. He was daubed in yellow and green paint as well.

I thought you were supposed to have a tail, came into my mind, along with a hysterical laugh. I might have said it aloud as Sebo put a massive hand over my mouth and smiled at me.

I felt his rough hand touching me. I couldn't believe it. I almost jumped out of the dress that held the top of me so loosely. I could feel my skin and the heat and the wind. I could feel my long hair bobbing at my neck. I

could feel my breasts bouncing in front of me, completely unrestrained.

“No!” I screamed against the hand that held me and the man took it away from my mouth in alarm. I tasted some kind of spice, cinnamon and nutty, and then I was jerked forward on the rope. Suddenly, the big monster was pressing his face against mine and I realized that he was kissing me.

I recoiled in shock but the big man pulled on the rope. I was crushed against him, his hand caressing my breast as if I was truly a woman! I tried to push him away as he kissed me and wrestled with me as I began to kick, jerking my head away from his salty kisses. His tongue was forked as it slid over my lips and into my mouth.

I was screaming at him to get off me as I was dumped on the ground, the dress swirling this way and that about me, feeling so light and airy. Several men, just like the first I had seen, came silently out of the woods around us. They all had weapons in their hands and I felt terribly afraid then.

“Still want a wife from Ashen’s clan?” asked one man. “I told you that the quinna wouldn’t hold her all the way back to our tree. Their warriors will hear her if she continues to howl like that.”

“Ashen women always have had such pretty voices,” laughed another younger, slimmer, pointy-eared man.

“This isn’t me,” I gasped to these strange apparitions. I could smell them! They were rank and they wore cloths that didn’t cover all of their male appendages. Looking at me and following where my astonished eyes were looking, one of them eased out a most

impressive manhood. He began to play with himself until Sebo saw him and knocked him to the ground while the others howled with laughter.

"I didn't sign up for this, whatever this is! I'm not a woman!" I screamed at the air.

"You hear that, Sebo," said the third man, in a mocking tone. "Are you sure you want a wife who says that she isn't a woman?"

"I'm ..." not, I wanted to say, but I could only gurgle as a round ball was forced into my mouth and a dirty rag that smelled of sweat, horrible, dirty sweat was tied around my face. I struggled and the other men helped Sebo to gag me, fondling my legs and my breasts as they did it, making all kinds of weird, womanish feelings arise in me. My voice disappeared as I was hauled to my feet. No, I didn't have big feet like Sebo. I had small, delicate feet, women's feet, and my toenails were painted a gleaming red.

I tried to kick the man in front of me. I tried to scream the safe word that I had learned. A soft, dry voice in my mind said, "This is how you end the experience, Mr Douglas." Yes, that was me! That was me! I was Mike Douglas! I shuddered and felt the dress around me sway against my legs as I was led down the pathway. The breasts on my chest bobbed again. I couldn't walk properly unless I swung my rear. One of the men put his hands on me there and caressed my tush, making me squeak in terror until Sebo turned and booted the youngster away from me.

What was wrong with me? I actually did think, no, I felt, that I was here in this place, with mud on my feet and earrings, yes that it what was hurting my ears, dancing at my neck. I was some kind of native woman. A woman! What kind of perverted dream was this

Avartech inflicting on me? Was this because I hadn't listened well enough? My mouth hurt, really hurt, as I gargled and tried to say the safe word that would end this freaking, frightening experience. Gods in heaven, whatever kind of avatar existence was this? It seemed so horribly real and why was I a woman?

Sebo threw me over his shoulder, when I couldn't keep up. I almost fell off him, so sweaty and odorous was he. I felt him, his skin against mine, real skin. I felt my hair falling down all over my neck and face and I felt a necklace as well, hanging down from my neck.

"She stinks nearly as badly as you, Sebo," said one of the men as we came out of the swampy woods and I was set on my feet to walk on solid ground near to a river. I didn't saunter as they wanted me to. The one who had pressed on my tush began doing it again, making me sway like a woman in high heels. Any time I didn't do it, my dress was lifted and, as I tried to scamper away, my panties, yes, I was in panties of some sort, my panties were grabbed and pulled tightly against me.

I couldn't scream then as I realized how tightly I was being pulled in the panties. They hardly cut into me because I didn't have a penis any more. There was nothing male about me at all. You said that I would enjoy this, I yelled silently to my facilitators. Would I soon be giving them a piece of my mind or what?! After all, sooner or later, these aliens would take the gag from me and I would shout out 'Brandy' at the top of my voice.

The old, cultured man had said to me, "Say your code word out loud and the program will fade all around you. Some people find that the most disappointing part of the experience, the coming back. You

should try, Mr Douglas, to stay under for as long as you can and let us awaken you. We will know when you are sleeping and we can slide you out of your experience easily. Well, anyway, enjoy yourself!"

This is not enjoying myself! I thundered at the Avartech 'facilitator', who had so unctuously told me to enjoy myself. I hadn't believed a word that he had said and yet, here it was, I was in a different world! This wasn't anything that I had wanted to construct. I certainly hadn't wanted to put myself in a woman's body!

There was a waterfall and a pool at the side of the path. I was cleaned by the simple expedient of being thrown into the pool. I was sure I would drown. My captor jumped in beside me, holding up my head. He was grinning as he wiped me all over with different leaves as I tried, with my hands still tied, to keep him away. My dress was soaked and Sebo got rid of the ripe-smelling thing by ripping it off me. I clutched at the breasts that were suddenly exposed, trying to cover them as the others laughed from the sides of the waterfall pool.

Then, Sebo did something even worse. He ripped off the panties from around me and my hands had to come down. That allowed him to start kissing me again as he put my hands onto his aroused manhood. I think I should call it that. It was huge and I could feel it! The skin was so soft and it was pulsing in my hands. Horrified, I pulled my hands away. Sebo grinned as he put his hand then onto my vagina and tickled me.

I convulsed at the feeling that leapt through me and tried to hit the big man. He must be enormous because I was a big man, when I am a man, as well, but, beside him, I was a little woman. He picked me up, kicking

and naked, and stood me on a rock, stepping back and laughing at me with his friends. I got a glimpse in the water of what I looked like, what they were laughing at.

Oh, frick, I wanted to scream again! I didn't know what to cover up at all. I looked like a woman of his humanoid race. I had pointed ears and bright red hair where Sebo's was black as his friends had been. I had a body that I would have admired on a woman, wide hips, narrow waist and breasts, big enough to shake and wobble as I was carried by Sebo as if I was a piece of furniture. My face seemed thinner and softer than his, as well, while my eyebrows were definitely slimmer and feminine.

Just using that word about myself made me shudder. Sebo saw the gesture and carried me back, my naked skin sliding over his, smelling of the leaves he had used on me. He reached into a pack he had laid on the side of the path.

Sebo pulled a white, womanly dress from the pack, decorated around the hem with embroidered flowers. He slid it over my head and then untied me enough to get it forcefully onto me, as I resisted, feeling it settle about my thighs and legs so softly as my hands were retied again.

"Your bridal dress," Sebo said to me with a grin, pulling me against him, kissing my gagged mouth very softly, gently, which was much worse than the forceful kisses he had taken from me before. "Tonight, at campfire, you will be my wife and Ashen will never get you back, sweet Shanalla."

I couldn't speak but I shook my head, my wet hair plastered to my face. Sebo laughed again as he picked me up to put me over his shoulder, lifting my dress,

yes it felt so like one, kissing me then where I had no panties to protect me. No man should kiss me there, I screamed silently, a hoarse, whistling breathing all that I could produce. It wasn't right, even if I was a woman. It wasn't right, as I had nothing there to stop him. And when he took the clitoris, yes, it must be that in his mouth and his tongue was slightly forked, Sebo raised such weird feelings in me, panic leading the way.

I did feel as if Sebo was kissing a phantom penis. I tried to wriggle myself away from his tongue that was making my insides turn cartwheels at the sensations I felt, as a man pleased me, so to speak, as he would have pleased any woman.

"Stop that," said the older man, materializing so silently from out of the bushes then. "She is your wife, Sebo, and not a slave. She has rights and does not have to take any man in any way he pleases."

"But we took her from Ashen," said Sebo then, in a deep, baritone voice.

"They allowed us to," said the older man. "Just as when we get back to the camp, Josilla will have been taken from us by the Carishee. When next we see my daughter, she will be a mother and a priestess of another clan. Just as Shanalla will be your wife, Sebo, and will renew our powers with the new blood she will gift to her children."

Me? The mother of a whole clan of these humanoid barbarians? I didn't care then about the fear that I was showing to everyone. All I could think was, Get me out of here! Get me out of here! Brandy, get me out of here!

But nothing happened as I learned to swing my tush as I walked down the riverbank to where there was a little encampment by the side of the river.

“Oh, Sebo,” said this tall, red-haired woman, who looked like me. “Why do you have your wife gagged? Isn’t she the one you selected to remove from the Ashen tree? You said that she was very pretty.” She fingered my hair then and grimaced.

“She screamed so loudly,” said one of the men who had emerged from the bushes beside us. “Even when Sebo stopped that, as Maker made him, she moved like a bushbear through the undergrowth. You must have heard her over here. We had quite a time getting her to move like a woman should.”

The woman snorted. “And you, Mabo, have had so much experience with women, that you know how a woman moves through the bush.”

“He has never seen me,” said a young, red-haired woman who came and stood by the older one. She smiled at the now mightily confused Mabo, who was looking down at the forest floor. I think he was flushing but it is hard to tell when a young man has painted his face.

“We will take her now and prepare her,” said the older woman, staying to argue and yell at the young man, who, she said, had been irresponsibly out on a raid for a new woman while the home tree had itself been raided.

The young woman flipped up my dress then. “You’re not even wearing panties!” she cried at me. “What kind of woman did the Ashen sell us?”

I was becoming more bewildered by the moment as I was surrounded then by girls, girls of all ages, even some older than me. I had my dress removed and everyone seemed to want to touch me. It was the most unnerving experience of my life.

“Why can’t we release her?” asked one of the girls.

“Because she will run off for sure,” said the tall, red-haired girl, Masulla, who had bantered with the young man, Mabo, outside the tall, leafy hut I was in. Oh, so many, beautiful girls, and all with red hair.

I was to learn that it was a dye that girls wore in their hair, “because it is summer”, and that was all the explanation I was ever to receive.

A bath was prepared for me, a warm bath, a scented bath, and I had a hundred handmaidens, or so it seemed, who assisted me in getting out of the dress Sebo had put me in. There I was, completely naked, shivering in distress at it all, in front of all these girls who were washing my hair, scenting my body, painting my fingernails and toenails, and working on my face with brushes and sponges.

Yes, they seemed to see nothing wrong about washing my most intimate parts which made me writhe in the humiliation I was enduring. It only made the young girls laugh, however, and caress me even more, my breasts wobbling in their hands until I was thankfully draped in a drying cloth. Standing over the darkened water, even I could see how, yes, I must admit it, how womanly I had become. I could see that I was a woman in every respect.

“You won’t scream if we take off your gag?” asked Catulla, the woman who had taken me from the men.

I shook my head in the universal language of signs. The woman didn’t understand me at all. “Go and get another flask of quinna,” said Catulla then with a smile at me. I only had a few moments of gurgling as the gag was removed and then I blacked out again.

When I came to, I was walking around a circle of women, supported by Sebo's strong arm. Catulla, in a feathered headdress, was chanting. The women were all clicking in rhythm and their voices were raised as well. Opposite Catulla, the circle parted and grinning women pulled Sebo and me inside the ring.

"I welcome you as a daughter to the Merebo tree," Catulla intoned.

"Brrsh," I croaked and Catulla smiled at me.

While the women chanted again, Catulla whispered, "Don't try to talk, lovely Shanalla. We doused you with mesho, the snake medicine. It won't change your night but you will be most compliant for your new husband."

New husband! I couldn't turn my head. Yet, I could feel the sand beneath my feet. I could feel a dress again sweeping around my legs. My ears were numb as I felt the tickle of metallic objects on my neck, on my chest and on my bare arms and fingers. I couldn't lift my hands. I only seemed to move when Sebo's great, muscular arm about me made me move.

The chanting stopped then and Catulla lifted the scepter in her hand high and pronounced that, having broken the circle of the Merebo, Shanalla was now the wife of Sebo. She asked for our union to produce many new children for the tribe.

I tried to scream but all that came out of my mouth was more gibberish. Sebo swept his hands under me and carried me like a baby into a decorated tent followed by all the women. Many had gifts for me as I lay, writhing inside, as I couldn't get to my feet. One was a mirror that the woman held up to my face and

there I was, my ears pointed, my long red hair brushed around my shoulders and interwoven with flowers.

My eyebrows were arched and painted a reddish color as well and my lips had been reddened. I wore jade earrings and a jade necklace that shone on my pearly skin between my heaving breasts. My dress was greenish as well, casting a subtle hue on my body as it did upon Sebo, who was slipping out of his tanned vest, his muscles so defined in the dimmed room as the women retreated, giggling. I was left alone with a man whose intentions towards me were blindingly obvious.

“Grbrshtsebrsh,” came out of my mouth as I cowered back on the couch on which I had been lain, putting up my thin arms to keep the huge man off me. He whipped off his loin cloth and hauled me back into the center of the couch as I tried to slide off, hysteria sweeping over me. I could feel his warm hand on my wriggling legs, stilling me as he lay on top of me.

“Shanalla,” he breathed the name into my face, his breath so cold and minty sharp. Then his lips fell on mine as I had no strength to resist him. “From the moment I saw you in the bathing pool, I have wanted you. Yes, that was me whom you looked at in the ganyan tree. Your mother called me a bushbear, spying on your beauty. You saw me, didn’t you? And you said nothing because you wanted me, too.”

I gargled another reply, trying to tell him that I wasn’t this Shanalla. I had never seen him. I didn’t love him and I didn’t want him. Oh gods, I was trying to tell a rampant male that I wasn’t a woman, that I was a man like him, just as he was untying my dress! His mouth dropped onto the rutting breasts that I had that seemed to become rounder and so filled with desire at

the touch of his gentle hands and then his mouth on them.

Sebo eased the dress strap over my shaking arms and still I couldn't resist. He undressed me and ran his hands over my bracelets and then lovingly down my so feminine body. In terror and excitement, I knew that I would have been doing the same to a woman as I appeared to be, if I had the chance.

I had some sort of panties on about my wide, rounded hips. My new husband, oh, the tremors that went through me at that thought, eased them from me, caressing my trembling legs as he did so. Fire cascaded through me as I wondered if this was how a woman felt when a man had her. His hand went onto my womanhood and I shuddered as I felt that I was moist as I had felt in women before.

Sebo wasted no time in putting his manhood into me, lifting my arms about his neck and then his body caressed me. His lips covered mine as he gently but firmly made love to me, caressing my so overly heated skin as he did so, whispering the things to me that a man does to a lovely woman who is letting him make love to her.

The quinna drug must have begun to wear off as I trembled and tried to resist the man who was making love to me. I think that he was waiting for a reaction from me and then it came in a stupendous rush. I had feelings in my hands and legs. I had feelings inside my womanhood and my first instinct was to clutch at Sebo. It was the wrong move as he rolled with me in delight as I writhed beneath him. His kisses enveloped me. He was trembling as much as I was as I couldn't let go of his mouth. My whole body seemed to want to be

aroused by the man making love to me and I felt something arising in me.

Oh, great heavens, I was tingling all over and I was pushing against my husband, drawing him into me, teasing him with my breasts and an immense pleasure was warming every inch of me. My breathing was out of control! I was screaming as he came so warmly and in such a rush inside me and then I was coming as well, in a climax unlike anything I had ever felt before.

Passion swept over me as I kissed my husband fiercely and lifted my legs about him. He joyfully kept on and on, penetrating me deeply, kissing my jewelled ears, my scented neck and my long, gorgeous hair. He took my nipples in his mouth and my desire and passion crested in a surge of new euphoria and delight. I gave myself up to being a woman then, being enchanted by my loving husband.

My night was by no means over as I shuddered and began to come down from the incredible high I had been on. Sebo wanted more and I felt that I wanted to give it to him. My body wanted him, wanted his touch in my intimate places, wanted to be caressed at my hips and my breasts, wanted to tangle my hair in his face. My body loved it when he rolled me on top of him and begged me to make love to him. I was impaled on his manhood as I tantalized him and the surge of emotions swept over me again. I became frantic as I wiggled and caressed my husband in a frenzy of exploding passions that, in a quiet moment, my husband told me was an orgasm.

I was so shocked then as I trembled beside him, loving it when he turned me and rose over me again. Oh, how I co-operated with him then and how I gloried in being a woman. How I gloried in being Shanalla as my

husband teased me by spreading my hair over my breasts before he kissed them. When he finally flagged, I did for him what women have done for time immemorial to arouse a man. I cleaned his male member and then I went down on him. Oh, how he loved that! He became so huge and aroused that he scared me but then he lifted my legs about him, putting his huge manhood inside me. For a very long time, I was lost in female ecstasy that had me trying in every way to make my husband's climax endure so that my pleasure could reach a peak that no mere male could hope to attain.

I slept in my husband's arms and was awakened in fright by a smiling Catulla who announced that the sun was in the sky.

"Stop!" I said in panic as Catulla examined me, caressing my vagina while I lay in my smiling husband's arms. He reached over with his head to kiss my cheek, more tingles sweeping over me at that.

"Yes, she is a woman now," Catulla announced to the men and women crowding into the hut and grinning at me in my nudity.

"Have we made a baby, mother?" Sebo asked the woman. Everyone began to laugh and point at me, at my bare figure, my hair so dishevelled, as I tried to pull the thin sheet from Sebo's private parts to cover me.

"I should think by the noise the pair of you were making that it will be triplets at least," said Catulla. "The sun has moved above us, my son, and so we had to learn that you approve of your bride. I will send words of joy to Ashen now as we have already heard that Josilla pleases the Carishee. Now, do you wish to re-awaken your marriage lust for this girl or will you both face the day?"

A blush came over me when my husband held me and kissed me while Catulla and the cheering, laughing group with her left. My husband then proceeded to do to me what he had done the night before and I responded as I had the night before. It was another ecstatic union that I didn't want to end. My husband tried to oblige me but finally he had to roll from me and put on a breechcloth and stagger away from me to a bathing chamber.

I arose then, still quivering as the passion ebbed from me. I felt so alive, so wonderfully feminine and female as I shook my hair and my jangling earrings. It struck me in a rush then that I could talk as well. "Stop," I said with a smile to myself, touching the lovely womanhood I had and arching myself prettily against the greenish dress that had been left for me to wear.

"I wonder what sort of experience Brandy is having?" I said aloud, wondering if I could entice Sebo to come back to bed with me when he returned. Oh, I could go again with him, I knew, or maybe with one of his brothers if I, a mere woman, had tired him out.

The walls of the hut began to shimmer then. There was a roaring in my ears and a greyness came surging over me. I had a mask on my face and I clawed at it. I could hear voices. Someone in a panic was saying, "I've got the wrong one! Don't open the casket! Pump some more, goddammit! Give him more!"

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"Here is your mummy, darling," said a soft, womanly voice. She raised it then to call to someone out of

the room. "She's in here, Mrs Burns. Catherine is in here!"

I was in a bed covered by a pink and white duvet. I was totally disoriented as I tried to sit up. There was a child's bedroom all around me. Worse, it was in a little girl's bedroom, and a doll was tucked into the bed beside me. My head was pounding as I looked around, trying to think.

"Sebo?" I said weakly as a tall, blonde woman came into the room and looked at the dark girl hovering near me in concern.

"She said she had a headache, Mrs Burns," said the dark girl. "I took her temperature and it's slightly raised. I gave her some aspirin but she wanted to sleep. She seemed very tired. But she was rolling around on the bed as if she was, well." The girl looked quite embarrassed then.

"Thank you, Anne," said the blonde woman, coming and sitting beside me then, looking down at me in concern. "We know those dreams, don't we, my darling," she said to me. She turned her head then to Anne. "I left your babysitting money on the kitchen table, Anne. I'll sit with Catherine for a while and see what is troubling her, if you don't mind. Can you see yourself out?"

"Sure, Mrs Burns," said the girl then with a smile. "I'll be here on Wednesday next at eight."

"Thank you, Anne!" called this woman who was leaning over me, smelling of roses. She kissed me on the lips and I wanted to react to her with passion as I had with Sebo, but it was only a butterfly kiss. Then she kissed my forehead, her necklace touching my face. I could see right down her clothes to her breasts.

“Don’t you have a hug for Mummy, Catherine?” the pretty, blonde woman asked me. I reached for her and my hand shocked me. It was a tiny hand, a child’s hand, worse, it was a little girl’s hand, the red paint starting to peel from my finger nails.

I think I screamed then. I wasn’t Shanalla any more! A wave of sadness swept over me and I felt a twinge between my legs as I thrashed in the little bed. Oh gods, I wasn’t Mike Douglas, either!

I was swept up in the arms of the woman who had said she was ‘Mummy’. Kisses rained down on my face and hair as I was held and hugged, the touch of her jacket so soft on my face, as I held on to her.

“You had another of your bad dreams,” said the woman then, holding me a little apart from her, concern in her blue, madeup eyes. “Were you an Indian princess about to be sacrificed this time, or hunting polar bears with your mother?”

There was a lilt of laughter in Mummy’s voice. “Tell you what, darling,” she said to me. “Why don’t we have milk and chocolate cookies and then we can play dress up in Mummy’s room? My little princess can be a ballerina and show me what she learned in class this morning, can’t she?”

I shivered as the duvet was drawn back and I looked at the pink nightie that I was wearing. As I swung my feet out of the bed, it ballooned airily about my legs, sending shocks and chills right through me. Mummy was bringing me a pink, frilly robe then that seemed to match the nightie I was wearing.

“I, I think that I w-would like a little brandy to drink,” I murmured to her.

Mummy smiled at me. "Oh, darling Catherine," she said, smiling merrily at me. "Could you taste or smell that on me? I only had the one after dinner to keep Roddy company. Really!"

Nothing was happening. Perhaps my cracked, dry voice wasn't working properly. Mummy picked me up and swirled me round in her arms as if she was dancing with me. I held on in fright as she kissed me then.

"My lovely, lovely daughter," Mummy said as I was carried through the doorway and down the stairs and then the urge came on me.

"I, I have to pee," I said to Mummy, who carried me into the bathroom, lifting me onto the throne, smiling at me as her warm hands went under my robe and nightie. She helped me to pull down my panties.

My eyes must have widened in shock as I realized how I was peeing into the toilet then. I had a penis! I was peeing like a boy as Mummy washed her hands and then, as I stopped, she came back, smiling at me, putting my panties back about me, not commenting at all at what her fingers touched as she manipulated my panties into place.

"Wash your hands and face, sweetie," Mummy said to me as she did so, smiling at me, a blonde, little girl, just like my mother, "while I brush those snags out of your hair."

I washed my hands, my mind stunned at the revelation I had just made. I didn't know what to say to this woman looming over me, smiling so brightly at me, brushing my long hair over my collar, putting pink barettes into it to keep it in place and, finally, a large pink ribbon to make it all hang down my back.

"There," said Mummy then. "It's my pretty, little Catherine again, isn't it?"

"I, I'm not a girl," I blurted out.

"Shush, darling, shush," said Mummy then, kneeling down in front of me then and looking at me so seriously. "Is that what Anne has been telling you? Oh, and I thought that I could trust her. Maybe I shall have to get another babysitter for Wednesday. What did she say to you?"

"I don't know," I whispered. "Nothing." A shiver went through me. How was I supposed to explain to this woman that I was a thirty-two year old man, a novelist, in the prime of my life as a man?

"Oh, this is an effect of the dream that you had?" said Mummy. "Do you want to share it with me?"

Mummy took my little hand in hers and led me into a white painted kitchen then where there was a pink-cushioned chair which she said was mine. I hastily tried to organize my thoughts as Mummy went on about my dancing class, how I was the prettiest one there in my tutu, the other mothers admiring me so. I had to go over with Susan, whoever she was, for play-time with her on Thursday as her cousins were visiting her. Both were boys and she needed some girl company, her mummy said.

"I'm a boy as well," I said as I shuddered in my pink nightie and robe.

"What is bringing this on?" asked Mummy then, sitting beside me. "This is not the dream, is it?"

"I, I don't pee like a girl!" was all I could think of to say, wondering what this woman would think if I launched into a typical Mike Douglas tirade at her.

“Oh, darling Catherine,” said Mummy, coming to me and hugging me to her breasts, smothering me as I wobbled and almost fell off my chair. “We’ve been through this, my darling. You do want to be a girl so much, don’t you?”

I was speechless as I stared at her.

“The drugs will block any boy development for you, darling,” Mummy went on. “You will be my little girl forever. But we do have to wait until you are past puberty before the doctors will operate on you. Only then can you have a boy friend like Mummy. I know it’s a long time, darling, but it will happen, Catherine. I promised you that, didn’t I? You will be a mummy some day and have a sweet, little daughter of your own, I promise you!”

I spluttered and gasped and babbled like a child, like a little girl, in fact.

“I don’t understand a word you are saying, darling,” said Mummy as a door bell sounded. “Just sit there and look pretty, Kate, while I see who that is,” she added, as she danced off out of the kitchen and down the hallway.

“Hey!” said Mummy as she returned. “Look who’s here! It’s Susan!” Another blonde girl, in a velvet black dress came bouncing into the kitchen then, waving at me. She looked about five or six years old.

“Hi, Katie!” Susan said with a giggle. “I came over to play. Oh, you’re in your nightie. Mrs Burns, is Katie sick?”

“No, dear,” said my mother. Gosh, I suppose I have to call her that. She was taking the coat from Susan’s mother who looked at me in concern. “Catherine had a headache from watching too much television with the

babysitter, I think. She's just getting up from a lie-down and we were about to play dress-up! You know how Catherine loves that!

"Oh, can I be the shepherdess?" asked Susan eagerly.

"She's loved that dress," said Susan's mother then, "since we saw Katie in all her ringlets and high heels on Halloween. I really have to buy her a dress just like it, Marjorie. Wherever did you get it?"

"When Roddy took us to San Francisco on holiday," said Mummy with a smile, "there was this shop filled with all kinds of costumes for little girls. We had a ball in there. Catherine would have stayed in it all day. It's why we had to buy so many outfits for her."

"She's going to be an actress or a model, your daughter, Marge," said Susan's mother then as I shuddered and shivered in my nightie and tried to think what else I could do to get out of the predicament that I was in.

"Why don't you girls eat up the chocolate and drink your milk and then go and play dress-up?" said my mother. Oh, I mustn't start to thinking of her as that! I mustn't! "Then Pamela and I will come and make up our little girls! You can put on a show for us."

"Ooo!" giggled Susan. "Hurry up, Katie! I really, really do want to be Little Bo-Peep!"

"Mummy!" I said in a panic.

"Go on, darling," said Mummy then, as I had finished the cold milk in front of me. "Enjoy being a girl and we'll talk about the other thing later."

Susan's soft, girlish hand pulled on mine and I couldn't resist her. I don't mean that she enchanted me

or anything. I mean that I didn't have the strength in me. Me, a thirty plus man, I didn't have the strength to stop a little girl from pulling me from my padded chair, down the hallway, my nightie and robe swirling so enticingly about me and into what must be a little girl's playroom.

There were dolls everywhere but Susan knew where she wanted to go. She opened a closet door that seemed to lead into a roomful of dresses and chests of drawers. She marched right ahead of me and took down a long dress that rustled against her as she hung onto it.

"Here it is!" said Susan, clutching it to her. "You don't mind, Katie, do you, if I wear your dress. You have so many lovely ones!"

Susan was exactly right. I could be Snow White, Cinderella, Sleeping Beauty or a witch, a ballerina, a fairy or any kind of showgirl from the row of glittering costumes that hung there.

Susan had no qualms at all about changing out of her clothing, even to being nude in front of me. She put on tights, panties, even a padded, little bra that she took from the drawers in the closet, really another room attached to the one I had called a playroom. She started calling for her mummy then as she had me button and zip her into the lovely, shepherdess dress she wore.

Mummy and Susan's mother came laughing into the playroom. "See," chuckled Susan's mother. "I told you how much she loved that dress. Oh, darling, let's pick up all your clothes and put them on a chair."

“What’s the matter?” Mummy asked me then. “Why haven’t you changed as well, Katie? You’re usually the first one dressed!”

“I don’t want ...” to get dressed like a girl, I wanted to say, but Mummy cut me off and began to take off my robe from me then. My nightie followed as I tried to stop her but she was so much stronger than me. I trembled in fear that she would take off my panties then but she didn’t. But she did open a chest of drawers and bring out what must be a little girl’s corset, which she put on me.

I tried not to co-operate with her, but Mummy overrode all my objections. I thought that I would die when she put little pads into the front of the tight corset. There I was, with thrusting out breasts like a little woman. Mummy put stockings, real stockings, on me then and attached them to the corset.

A frilled evening dress with bare arms, no back and a low-cut front swept in front of me as Mummy sat me in her lap then and put high heels on my feet.

“Oh my, Katie,” said the other woman. “You look like a real grown up woman!”

“She’ll be even cuter when she has some of my make-up on,” said Mummy, taking me over to the mirror where I could see what a ‘cute’ little girl that I was. I tried to shake my curls as Mummy held my face firmly, frowning at me as she made my lips so red. My eyes were so bold with the dark lines about them and the extra lashes she put on me.

“If you take those off,” Mummy hissed at me as I had said that I would when she had finished, “you will get a good spanking tonight, young lady, do you hear me? Now, what’s got into you?” Good question, I

thought with a shudder. "You're being a really naughty little girl. Now, do your saucy walk for Pamela and Susan. You can do the song that you're going to do for the beauty contest. They will love it!"

Susan and her mother did. They didn't know that I, a little girl, was pretending that I was Shanalla and the man that I was singing about in my little girl voice was Sebo.

"Wow," said Mummy as I finished vamping my shocked audience, imagining that Sebo had me in his arms. I could feel his manhood prodding into me as I had felt it so much just hours before. "She's never done it like that before!"

"She'll be a sensation," predicted Susan's mother, smiling at me, while Susan was looking at me, green with jealousy. Not even the gift of my dress, which Mummy agreed with me that she could have along with all the undies that went with it, mollified her. I could see that she hated me because her mother said that I was the cutest little girl in town. It didn't stop her from taking the dress and the ringlet wig, however.

I had to kiss Susan goodbye at the door and wave bye to her mother as neighbors were passing. They wanted to come up and look at me. This older woman praised and praised me as I swayed against Mummy, the corset really hurting me as I swayed against her stockinged legs.

"She's not shy," said Mummy as the older woman and her friend wanted to hug me while I tried to back away. So I was slobbered over by two old Grandmothers as a van came cruising up the driveway.



“Roddy!” said Mummy as the old biddies thought it was fun to swish me in my dress and make me walk for them in high heels.

“Sorry, but I had to bring him with me,” Roddy was saying to Mummy. “Alicia just took off and told me to do with him what I wanted.”

“I don’t have room ...” Mummy said.

“He can sleep in Catherine’s playroom,” Roddy said and then he saw me. “Oh wow, what have you been doing to your daughter, Marge? She looks like she’s a teenager already!”

“Let’s not talk about it out here,” said Mummy then, aware of the grannies watching her. “Bring Brian in with you.”

A young boy in a football outfit, looking much like I had looked at the same age, clambered out of the other side of the van then.

“She just walked away from the game and left him,” said Roddy, a man as old as I am.

Mummy held my hand and danced with me down the path and up the stairs. I had to hold on to my dress then and at the top she swirled me around and around, almost making me giddy.

“I can see your panties and your stockings,” said this grinning boy, being urged up the steps by the man behind him.

“Brian!” snapped his father. “You be nice to Catherine. Some day, who knows, she might be your sister!”

Brian’s face clouded and I thought he was going to hit me. I knew that I wasn’t strong, not as Catherine. I had to cling to Mummy then to protect me. That, at least, made Brian look pretty pleased with himself.

Mummy didn’t change me. No, she made me put on an apron and help her to prepare a meal for the

men. I shivered as I was excluded from that gender. Brian went off to the bathroom to change.

"I always keep a change of clothes, pyjamas as well, in the van for him," said Roddy, caressing my mother.

"Roddy, I'm cooking!" protested Mummy. "If you want to do any canoodling, do it to Catherine. She hasn't had a good day today."

I tried to get away but the man turned it into a hide and seek game, picking me up, as I was squealing and beating at him with my little, puny fists. "Oh, girl, what did I do to deserve this?" asked Roddy then, hugging me to him, immobilizing my arms completely. His face was only inches from mine. I suppose he was good-looking. Mummy was smiling at me then, as she tasted something she had cooked. She actually laughed when Roddy kissed me on my lipsticked mouth.

Oh, for a moment, I thought that I was Shanalla and it was Sebo kissing me. I closed my eyes and kissed him back. For a moment I was a woman kissing her man and he was loving it as much as me.

"Dad!" cut in Brian's voice and Roddy pulled away from me. When I opened my eyes, my lipstick was all over his mouth.

"You, you ..." Roddy spluttered. "What has got into this girl, Marjorie? Has she been in one too many of these beauty contests you keep entering her in? She kissed me then as if she was a woman!"

"I told you," said Mummy, wiping her hands on her apron. "Catherine is in a funny mood today. She had an afternoon nap and had some bad dreams. Here, Kate, show Brian where he can make up a bed in your playroom."

Mummy wanted to talk to Roddy about me. I could tell. Roddy still held me and was smiling at me, pushing my hair back behind my long earrings. "I swear, Catherine Burns," he said heartily, "that every time I see you, that you are prettier than you were the time before."

"So kiss me again," I whispered to him and leaned my head forward to kiss him. Roddy dropped me onto my high heels like a hot potato. My dress caught up in his belt and so my slip, my stockings and corset, and my panties were exposed to Brian again who snorted and stalked off by himself to the playroom.

"Go and play with Brian for a while," said Roddy then, patting me on my rear, stinging me a little. Well, he had something to talk to Mummy about, didn't he? Maybe she would believe me now when I told her about me being some kind of weird avatar of Catherine Burns, who wasn't her daughter, by the way, and should be her son.

"This is such a girlie room," snarled Brian when I went to play with him, my hands behind my back, my skirts swirling so airily about me.

What do little girls say to boys when they have to play with them? "Would you like to play Barbie with me?" I asked him coyly and, as I expected, he looked totally revolted. Get used to it, kid, I thought. You gave me a moment of terror back there and this is payback. Oh yes, I could get used to be a little girl and teasing bully boys, I thought. I had many lessons from my own childhood that I could draw on to even the score between Brian and Catherine.

"Your lipstick is smeared," said Brian truculently then.

“Your daddy is a nice kisser,” I said to him with a smile. “You should let him kiss you at night on the lips.” I guessed that the football player in him was a macho kid, just as I had tried to be at his age. “You would enjoy it.”

“You’d be the girl to know, wouldn’t you?” sneered Brian.

“What is that supposed to mean, Brian?” I asked him, keeping my arms behind me as I advanced on him. Yes, it was a lot of fun being a little girl. Particularly, a little girl with a mind like mine. This poor kid wasn’t going to know what had hit him when I was finished with him.

“You’re the girl that enters all those beauty contests, aren’t you?” asked Brian, probably not realizing that he was backing away slowly from me. “I heard you actually won some. What are you, Miss Congenital, or something?”

“Congeniality,” I said to him with a smile. “It means that I am nice to everybody, even those who try to be miserable to me.”

“I’m not ...” Brian said.

“Are too,” I cut across his words.

“I am not ...” Brian tried again.

“Are too, are too, are too,” I countered, smiling prettily as I could at him.

“Do you really have things on your chest,” Brian asked me nervously then as I had moved right up close to him as you can’t go further that the wall, can you? “Or is that just padding?” He actually went to poke me and hastily withdrew his finger at the last moment.

“You don’t have to stop, Brian,” I said to him breathily. “I don’t mind at all if you want to find out. No, I won’t tell you. You have to find out. What is it?” He was sliding along the wall, a sick look on his face. “Don’t you want to find out now?”

“You’re, you’re a horrible little girl,” said this boy to me. Oh, he must have been nine, possibly ten, I thought, to use a word like that.

“What position do you play in football?” I asked him, swaying and letting the skirts swing against me. It really was a sweet, pleasuring feeling as they rubbed against my stockings. “I hope you play quarterback.”

“Why?” asked Brian in a panic.

“Because the quarterback always gets the adoring, the prettiest, girl,” I told him. “It’s called making a pass. Wouldn’t you like to make a pass at me, Brian?”

“Supper’s ready!” called Mummy then.

Brian almost scampered over my doll’s house, I think it was mine, as he ran for the company of the adults.

I followed and accepted all the compliments of Mummy and her boy friend as I was the perfect little girl in serving at the table.

“Brian’s going to be a quarterback,” I told Roddy when he was going on as dinner ended about Brian’s prowess as a runner on the football field.

“Oh, why is that?” asked Roddy then, warily of me.

“Because the quarterback always gets the prettiest girl,” I said to Roddy’s astonished face, “and Brian wants me to be his girl friend.”

"I do not!" exclaimed a bright red Brian as the adults exploded in laughter. "She's the one who said ..."

"Oh, Brian," said his father. "You never blame the girl, never." He looked up at Mummy who was smiling at me.

"Oh, Catherine," said Mummy, pleased with me and reaching out to caress my hand. "Never change, will you, my little girl. You are so precious to me."

"No, I'll never change, Mummy," I said as girlishly as I could to her but I meant something entirely different to what she was meaning.

Brian wanted nothing to do with me after supper but Mummy wanted me to re-dress before I went out with her or played with my dollies. So, I had to go into the closet and change. Brian was making the cot bed that his father had brought down for him and was glowering at me. I lifted my dress then and made a fuss about undoing my stocking. I rolled it slowly down my leg and I thought that Brian's eyes would burst out of his head.

His father came in, carrying a mattress and a pillow. Poor Brian, as I was thinking of him, had to tear his eyes away from me and help his father. My nightie and robe were there on a hanger and so I put them on as I released myself at last from the awfully tight corset. My hair was still in barettes and ribbons but I left them there as I went in search of Mummy to set my hair straight.

"Oh, you're ready for bed," Mummy said, hanging up the phone. I was. I was exhausted. I hadn't really slept with Sebo making love to me and in this strange

existence that I was now in, I felt so tired and so weak. I didn't want to tease Poor Brian any more.

"I think I need to sleep, Mummy," I told her and so she picked me up and began to kiss me as she carried me to my room, Brian scowling at me as we passed him.

"How are you thinking now about being a mummy yourself?" asked Mummy, her lovely blue eyes searching my face.

"I want to be a mummy just like you," I told her, knowing that that was what she wanted to hear from me, the little boy she was training to be her daughter. Mummy smiled in relief and began to feed me some pills.

"What are these?" I asked her. "Is there brandy in them?" Still nothing happened.

"No, my darling," said Mummy then with a smile. "No brandy. Where did you get such a notion? No, these are blockers, my darling Catherine. I told you about them before. These will block all the nasty boy hormones you have inside you, things that make you have muscles and hair like Brian is growing. You wouldn't want that, would you? These pills will keep you as you are, my little girl. And when you are thirteen or so, it may be longer, you will go to the hospital and have a long time there since they will change you the way you want to be changed. I will be with you through it all, but, when you come out, you will be my daughter, truly, and you won't have to be scared of anything, like Susan seeing you naked, as you will be just like her."

"I don't want to be like Susan," I said drowsily, as I couldn't keep my eyes open. Mummy put my dollie,

Elizabeth, in my arms. I saw Elizabeth's eyes roll back in her head as I hugged her.

"You don't have to be, darling Catherine," said Mummy as sleep finally claimed me.

I awoke in the darkness and I didn't know where I was. Then I heard a scrape and I knew someone was there with me. "What the hell ...?" I began, sitting up, a doll getting in my way and suddenly there was a hand over my mouth.

"Shsh! Don't say anything!" whispered a frightened voice but, instantly, I knew it was Brian's. I knew that I was Catherine. I was a little girl in a long, flowing, pink nightie. A boy had his hand over my mouth and he was urging me not to say anything if he took it away.

Brian lifted his hand and I said nothing. The bedsheet lifted and Brian slipped into bed with me, pushing Elizabeth into me. I grabbed her and moved her to the other side of me, against the wall.

"What's the matter?" I finally whispered to the shivering boy beside me.

"I can't find Daddy," Brian hissed at me. "And I'm having a bad dream."

"Did you go to Mummy's room?" I asked him. I could see the whites of Brian's eyes then as he lifted himself up on his elbow. "He's probably in there with Mummy."

"What would he be doing in there with your Mummy?" asked the very dumb kid who was still trembling. He almost jumped out of the bed when I put out a hand and touched him. He was in pyjamas, most of the buttons undone.

“They love each other,” I said to him softly.  
“They’re probably making love.”

“Making babies?” asked Brian, his voice rising, and so I was the one to shush him then.

“No, silly,” I said to him. “They’re just kissing and stuff, making each other feel good.” I don’t know what came over me then. I leaned against Brian, me, a thirty-two year old man. I should have been arrested on the spot. I kissed Brian on his lips and he recoiled so hard across the bed that he fell out.

A fit of the giggles came over me then as Brian got up furiously, standing in the grey of morning that was coming in through the shades. “Shush,” he said to me as I giggled some more. Finally he lifted the duvet and his cold body came in and lay beside me.

“I’m sorry,” I said to him then. “I really am. But you’re so easy to tease. You’re so afraid of girls, aren’t you?”

“I am not!” hissed Brian then.

“I bet your dream was all about girls,” I whispered to him, letting my long fingernails dance down his chest and almost open pyjamas. Brian grabbed my hand then and held it strongly.

“You’re hurting,” I whimpered at him. “Let me go or I’ll call out.”

“You’re a real bitch, aren’t you?” said Brian, easing the pressure on my hand but not letting me go.

“And you’re such a nice guy, aren’t you?” I taunted him in a low voice, my foot touching his. Brian drew his leg back as if he had been scalded. “Let me go or I’ll kiss you again,” I said to him.

“Hah!” hissed Brian. “That doesn’t scare me one ...”

He couldn’t finish as I kissed him again on his lips. Brian stiffened but refused to back off. I kissed him as Shanalla had kissed Sebo, feeling an ache all over my body as I wished that I was her again and making love to my husband as Mummy must be making love to Brian’s daddy.

Brian didn’t let go my hand. He didn’t really kiss me but he didn’t push me away, either. His foot touched mine and his pyjamas pressed against my nightie.

“Oh, Brian,” I murmured as he reached over and touched my hair. I felt the goose bumps all over me. I knew that I had to stop this as his hand left mine and he was touching my chest then, or rather, my nightie.

“So you don’t have boobies,” Brian said to me then, moving his head to talk and breaking my soft kiss from him.

“Neither do you,” I said to him as his hand wandered then, up my chest and onto my hair and my ribbons.

“You have such lovely hair,” Brian whispered then. He stroked my ear and the line of my chin as I felt such chills passing through me. I knew, I guessed, that he didn’t know at all what he was doing to me. Heck, he wasn’t as old as me. He couldn’t know. I wouldn’t have known when I was a boy of his age.

He slid against me and kissed me, his hand stroking my hair, and I let him. He lay right against me and fondled my hair, pinning my head to my frilly pillow. He kissed me firmly as if he had decided that it was all right to really kiss a girl. Oh, if he’d only chosen any

other girl but me for his first kiss. And not just for his first kiss, but his second, his third, and more.

“You’re making such a mess of my hair,” I murmured to him, my body on fire, ravaged by feelings that I didn’t want to explain. “Mummy will be mad with me.”

I felt his smile against my face. “Just tell her it was me, making love to you,” said Brian then.

I shuddered and Brian felt it. Of all the things I might tell Mummy in the morning, that was one thing that I wouldn’t tell her. Brian kissed me again and then rolled over. “Put your hands around me and snuggle up to me,” he said. He reached back and pulled me by my nightie against him, feeling my panties as he did so.

“Oh, you wear panties to bed, do you?” Brian asked, caressing them behind his back. “I should look and see what color they are, shouldn’t I?”

“They’re blue,” I said to him hastily, feeling so hot as I lay against him.

“No, they’re not,” Brian said then. “They’re white with red roses all over them, unless you changed after you came up to your bedroom. Are you sure that my dad is in bed with your mummy?”

“Pretty sure,” I said and there was a little pause then.

“I hope that you are as sure as you are pretty, Catherine,” said Brian out of the dark. “You really are very, very pretty, Catherine. I, I really like kissing you as well. Other girls don’t kiss at all like you.”

“I kiss like a boy, do I?” I whispered to him. Brian turned and I could see him grinning, his teeth were so white.

“No,” Brian whispered back to me. “You kiss just the way that I would want a girl to kiss if she had to kiss me.” And he kissed me again, and again, and again until I broke it off and turned on him, quivering all over. He put his arms about me and snuggled up to me, whispering little compliments to me for an hour then, but I didn’t give in. He settled into sleeping against me.

Well, I couldn’t do anything more with him, could I? He was a little boy, just beginning to sense that pretty girls were more than competitors for grown-ups’ affections. I didn’t want to warp him and if he had groped my panties, as he could have, I couldn’t have stopped him. I would have probably warped him for life.

“Well, here he is,” said a laughing, female voice. I was blinded as the shades in my room were pulled.

“Oh, jeez,” said a man’s voice. “Like father, like son!”

I stirred and felt the bar across me, holding me down. Mummy lifted Brian’s arm from me. “Wake up, sleepy head,” she said to me, her robe tight about her. “I think you had a visitor last night!”

“He, he had a bad dream, like I did,” I gasped at Mummy, my throat so dry. “He couldn’t find his Daddy and so I let him stay with me. It was all right, wasn’t it?”

“I hope so,” murmured Mummy, hugging me and beginning to straighten my messed up hair. Beside us, Roddy was waking his son, who was really out of it for a while there, staring around the room and then at me in Mummy’s arms.

"I didn't do anything, Dad. I didn't," said one very worried, little boy, well, a big boy in comparison to me. "I couldn't find you," Brian added petulantly.

"Yes, well," said a bemused Roddy, glancing at Mummy then. "We can talk about that later. Shall we use the bathroom first, Marjorie?"

"Sure," said Mummy. "Catherine and I will go down and start making breakfast for the men, won't we, darling?" The last was directed at me.

And so I was a little girl in my nightie, dressing gown and apron again. I served a red-faced Brian as if I was a waitress and he my customer. I sat on the side next to his. I touched his leg with my foot. He nearly choked as I looked innocently at Mummy. Oh, being a little girl could be so much fun, I decided. Maybe Mummy was right. I was a girl. I was a girl. I was a girl.

I had to bathe then, in scented water no less and change all my clothes. I had to put on white socks that came right up to the tops of my knees and a little black velvet dress along with black panties and a black corset just like the other one I had worn to entertain Susan and her mother.

"No, no school this morning," said Mummy as she did my hair, using a curling iron on me before putting lipstick on me again, a little rouge and face powder. "We have a tryout this morning, darling, in Maple Creek. You will be a good girl and sing just like you did for Pamela and Susan last night, won't you? This is a tri-state championship that you will be winning. We'll be in the Nationals for sure if you do this. The doctors won't be able to stop you having your operation if you win. I won't mind at all if you don't, of course. There'll be so many talented girls there today,

just like you. All you have to do, Catherine, is enjoy being a girl, right? Tell me what you have to do?"

"I have to enjoy being a girl," I said to Mummy as she hurried me down in my maryjane shoes and out to the car. We couldn't stop to let the biddies from the night before coo all over me, and stroke me.

It was actually a two-hour ride and, once I got out of the car, I knew that I was way out of my league. We were herded into an auditorium with so many madeup, pretty girls, their mothers all over them, combing their pretty hair, and fluffing out their lovely dresses. Mummy led me forward. A woman took my name and called me a 'pretty, little girl' and asked about my talent.

"We're six," said Mummy then, "which is great. We'll be on quickly and they'll announce who in the first twelve is going forward to the pageant itself on the weekend, starting Friday night. We'll know that we're in, if we have to wait, or we'll be on our way home. So, it's a good pick, my darling."

I wasn't to change into the dress that I had worn before. "Just sing the way that you did," Mummy told me. "Imagine you're in your long dress and just be that girl that you were."

"Be the girl that I was," I repeated to Mummy as I went up on to the stage when my number was called.

The three ravaged, painted women who were looking at me studied everything about me and wrote on their lists. "Pretty little thing," said one.

"Is she always this serious?" asked another. I realized that I had forgotten to smile and look as if I was enjoying myself even if I wasn't.

"It's a serious business," I said and flashed her what I hoped was a winning smile. That made all the women laugh.

"Quick. I like that," said one of the women as I put on a smile for them all, seeing in the mirrors beyond them the blond girl in the black dress, her lips so shiny red, smiling away as if she really did want to be on the stage and part of the beauty pageant.

"She's a singer," said one of the women, smiling and holding something out to me.

"Oh, I have to hold the mike in my hand, do I?" I asked cheerfully.

The whole scene before me faded into sheets of grey. Distorted sounds filled my head and I seemed to be growing almost immediately. There was a mask on my face and I clawed at it.

"How long was it?" I heard a cultured voice saying. An Englishman, I thought wildly.

"Reaching the half hour mark," said another voice. "Avatar ready and within reach for new subject."

"Keep the same release word," said the cultured voice. "And there he goes. Enjoy, Mike, Mike, Mike ..."

"Hold a minute!" shouted a frantic voice. "That can't be right!"

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"Come on, Naomi," snapped the irritable girl next to me.

"What's up?" asked another blonde girl, leaning over me to shake her long, dangling earrings. Her

breasts were just like mine, in the same corseted costume that I was wearing, with the same makeup on my face, my nails just as long and pink and the huge head-dress of feathers in place on my blonde hair just like hers.

I uncrossed my dark-hosed legs and stared at the beautiful, blonde staring back at me, her eyes huge and coming into focus. They were blue and darkly fringed as mine were normally but the makeup, the liner and eye shadow made them gleam out of the thin-nosed, beautiful girl's face that was staring at me in shock.

"She's been having one of her little daydreams again," said the girl beside me who was dressed as spectacularly as me. "We have to go, Naomi," she said at me, standing, and each of the girls then helped me up on to my impossibly high, strappy, high heels. They laughed as I wobbled. They attached the tail that I had to wear to my tush before wiggling out of the dressing room.

A drooling old man was patting each of us girls' buttocks as I wriggled just like the others. My breasts bobbed like theirs did as well. "Oh, Naomi," said the older man, not patting me but running his hand over my ass.

I squeaked as I stumbled forward. The girls turned with bright smiles on their faces and laughed at me. "Smile, Naomi, smile," said the girl in front of me who looked like me, or who looked like me as the girl that I was in the mirror. "Take her arm, Esther, and keep her in line!"

A girl with a deep, husky voice was singing on a brightly lit stage, several guys in tuxes whirling her around as she sang. The band seemed to be really good, zipping through the well-known pop song. The

line, that I had been hanging onto, my hands on the waist of the girl in front of me, my nails so long and red, moved forward and the audience started applauding.

Esther shoved me hard and so I kept up with the girl who had been bossing me around. I minced onto the stage just like the other girls. I couldn't see the audience at all but I could hear them as we girls went through a well-choreographed routine that I seemed to understand naturally. I knew just when to high kick, just when to put my hands on my knees and lean forward, miming to the song that was playing, smiling at whoever was out there. I knew when we had to twirl on our high heels, turn our tushes to the audience and wiggle our asses as we swung our tails in the air.

I felt Esther's arm on me as I was propelled into a chorus line at the end. We danced, doing high kicks in unison and then as a ricochet. I swirled and twirled at the right times and vamped the audience when the other girls did. The husky-voiced singer came back and finished off the song as we all stood there, arms raised, before we went off in a giggle of girls, blowing kisses for the applause we had earned.

"Thank goodness that's the finale!" said the girl in front of me. "Three shows a day and five performances a show are just too much! We should protest!"

"Go ahead, Nicole," said Esther then, surprising me with the huskiness of her drawl as well. "There are a dozen girls applying every day to work here, you know, and most of them are younger than you and me."

"I know, I know," said Nicole, the girl who had been sitting beside me. Now she took my hand in hers and sat me down beside her in the dressing room.

"Don't pay me any attention, Essie! I love my job. I really do!"

"Glad to hear it, Nikki," said an older man then, coming right in among us. He wore a dark-grey suit. "And le comte really admired your pretty legs, and Naomi's of course. He's with Monsieur Ronald tonight and the two of them want to take the pair of you to the Bonhomme."

"Naomi has a date with Robert!" Nikki said then as all along from me, girls like me were chatting and taking off their last costumes. They didn't seem to be bothered at all with the man in the room with us. Breasts were bared and wigs removed. It was amazing as most of them took off the wig caps and stroked blonde, red, and brunette hair into place.

"I've squared it with Robert," said the older man, smiling at me over the blonde head in the mirror. I felt his hand on my shoulder, gently playing with my bra strap. "It will be a nice outing for you girls, won't it?"

Nikki pulled a face. "Naomi can have the Count," she said. The older man made a gesture that it was of no matter to him. He went on and talked to several other girls in the room, caressing a breast here, a tush there, giving out some instruction to a laughing girl and moving on.

"Oh, girls," the man called when he finally got to the doorway. "We have a rehearsal at one o'clock on the stage, with Jean. I don't want anyone to be late."

"Naomi," said the girl beside me. "You're day-dreaming again, girl. We have to get moving. Our lovers won't wait forever for us."

The lassitude that had swept over me as I had looked at myself as a blonde chorine or showgirl in the

mirror began to rise from me. "I can't," I began but Nikki grinned and began to help me.

"Serves Robert right if you ditch him," said Nikki, undoing the heavy necklace I had worn and taking off my long, dangling earrings. She plopped makeup remover on my face as I tried to say, "mike", again. I looked positively ghoulish as the heavy eyeshadow, rouge and powder on my face merged into a sludge that I had to wipe off with shuddering hands.

"Did you really walk in on him with his dick up Charlotte's tush?" asked the drawling Esther and Nicole, Nikki, shot the other girl a warning glance. "That girl is a slut," said Esther, "and I don't care who knows that I said it."

There was a little silence in the dressing room then and I was aware of many eyes on me. A dark-haired girl tossed her hair and deliberately turned her back on Esther and our grouping at the end of the dressing table.

"Don't," I began, wanting to say 'don't do anything to upset anyone else on my account' but Nicole took my hand and squeezed it affectionately.

"You really should dump Robert," Nikki said seriously to me. "How many times has he been unfaithful to you?"

"He's had every girl dancer in the room and some of the guys as well," said Esther seriously. "Even you and me, Nikki."

"That was before he made a play for Naomi," said Nicole. "Oh, watch out, the prima donna is here!"

The woman who had been singing sashayed into the room, greeting and kissing all the girls as she moved around the dressing room, thanking us all for

making the show the success that it was. We were going to be on television in three weeks' time, she told us all excitedly, with the American singer, Louie Ross.

"I bet he doesn't know anything about us," said Esther then as 'Zizi' swept out of the dressing room and into the arms of a handsome, tux-and-white-tie-wearing young man whom Nikki had grimaced at.

"Bet he thinks we're like those awful girls on the river walk," said Nikki, as I finally got my face clean, amazed at the darkness of my lashes and how long they were. They weren't false at all.

"I'm going to have to make you up all the way, aren't I?" asked Nikki, smiling as she whipped off her stockings. She came to stand behind me, in black, tight panties, her breasts quite bare.

"I don't want to go out with anyone," I said with a shudder as she unhooked my bra. I tried to hold it modestly against me. "Not any Mike or Michael and I'm not drinking any brandy tonight, either."

Nothing happened. Nikki laughed at me and said that le comte's name was Henri and he was too infirm to drink strong liquor. He was strictly a white wine man. I wouldn't even have to do a line, either. I thought she meant dancing like a chorus girl but Esther asked Nikki if she wanted a snort and I realized that she meant drugs.

"I'm going out with Miss Respectability tonight," laughed Nikki, stroking my shoulders and whisking my bra away. A stinging liquid on my face was cleaning up all the little corners of my face and neck that I had missed in cleaning away makeup. Nikki did a most professional job then in doing my makeup. She brushed out my hair. I looked so much like her, with

the stage makeup gone, the subtle shades around my eyes making them stand out just as much as they had earlier.

“You haven’t changed your mind on recreational drugs, have you?” asked Nikki over my head and I shook my lovely hair. Nikki put shimmering diamonds, imitation, of course, at my ears.

I had to stand then in my panties which were just like Nikki’s. I felt such a numbness coming from them but I didn’t have time to find out why I was hurting a little as I had to put on shimmery panties and a bra and then a silver, lamé cocktail dress while Nikki did the same, only hers was tighter and cut differently to mine.

Nikki grabbed a purse for me and then we were on our way, all the girls calling out to Nikki and me, wishing us a great night. Esther had the last words, “And whatever you girls do, don’t get pregnant!” The other girls in the room all laughingly chanted the last phrase with Esther.

“Oh, Nicole, Naomi,” said the older man who had felt my tush, going to a door and using a key to open it on the night air. “Have a lovely time, girls. I’ll look after your other things until tomorrow.”

“Of course, Gilbert,” said Nikki. We stalked through the doorway on our high heels, the soft dress really swirling around me. I felt so girlish as I had worn such a dress as both Shanalla and as Catherine. Oh gods, why was it that I was being transferred from one girl’s body to another. Yes, Catherine’s had been a little girl’s body even if she, he, hadn’t had the final transformation when I left her.

There were men gathered all around the door. They had compliments for us and requests for us to go with

them. We were so beautiful, one implored us. He had to have both of us. A bulky chauffeur shoved him to one side but Nikki blew the stage-door Romeo a kiss and lifted her skirt to tantalize him as she got into the limo, drawing me in after her.

“Ah, Nicole,” said a white-haired, elegant older man, “and the delectable Naomi. These are my favorite travestis in all of Paris, Ronald. I love them so much because they are still pre-op as they say. I won’t love you at all, Nicole, my darling, if you go off to Casablanca and have that thing done to you that Zizi did. It’s not the same with her any more.”

“She can still do the unmentionable for you,” said Nikki impishly, crossing her legs as she slid up against a cynical-looking, dark-haired, older man. “And let you have your choice of more orifices.”

I came out of the stunned state of shock that le comte had plunged me. I wasn’t a girl at all! I was a travesti, a transvestite performer in female impersonation shows! Gods, what was happening to me? The count’s arm went around me. I crossed my legs automatically but inside I was shaking and shivering. How could all of this be happening to me? And why couldn’t I get out of it? How could I be a female impersonator with breasts like I had, with a womanly figure and the girlish face that I had?

“What Naomi and I do together, my dear,” laughed the Count, “will not be the gymnastic scramble that you always put me through, Nikki, my girl. Ronald, you are in for a night unlike any other in your life with that one.”

“I look forward to it,” said the smooth Ronald, his arm about Nicole who was cuddling up to him and smiling. She reached up to him then and kissed the

man holding her. Ronald kissed her back, his hand snaking along her leg and then up to her breast. Nicole didn't stop him at all.

I trembled as the Count cuddled me, his hand just short of my breast which was all the more alarming and arousing. There was a pain between my legs at my groin which I knew now could not be from a vagina as Shanalla had had. Oh gods, how could I be getting aroused by this man touching my female clothing so gently, touching my dress, oh, jeez, my dress, it was my dress, against my stockings and panties.

A light, gentle kiss landed on my hair and then on my cheek. I shivered as I didn't know what I should do. "This is what I love about Naomi," said the Count to his friend who was getting into necking and fondling Nicole quite intently.

Ronald raised his head to look at me. "Naomi isn't quite sure that she should be pleased with my attentions to her," said the older man. "She still has a lot of guilt about what she does with me. I adore that in her. It will change of course as I arouse her feminine passions but this little seduction that I always have to go through with her is so enlivening."

"I think I like my little spitfire," said Ronald as Nicole lay her head right against his shoulder and kissed his cheek.

The limo drew into the sheltered promenade of a fashionable hotel, le Bonhomme de Valois, I read on the elegant, small plaque on one of the Greek columns. A liveried man with the word 'Valois' on his hat sprang to the door and opened it for us.

"Monsieur," the man said to Ronald and "Mademoiselle" to Nicole, who smiled, laughed and danced

up the steps on her high heels, tugging on Ronald's hands as if so eager to get him inside the hotel. Her long blonde hair floated behind her as she shook, jiving a little to the muted Debussy that came over the loudspeakers, surrounding us with an aura of elegance.

"Monsieur le Comte," said the man respectfully as the Count went first and allowed the man to assist me in my flirty dress and high heels to try to find my balance.

"Th-thank you, monsieur," I said to the man who looked at me in surprise. Then a sort of sneer came to his face that he quickly conquered.

"Mademoiselle," he said, squeezing my hand, sending a chill through me as he handed me off to the Count.

We went in through the huge, frosted glass doors and into the enormous foyer dominated by soft Persian carpets, a hundred chandeliers and tapestries on every wall.

"Good evening, Monsieur le Comte," said every one of the uniformed staff that we saw, a few looking at me and adding, "mademoiselle," to their greetings as well.

The Count stopped as a smiling man in a grey suit pressed a button on the elevator. I heard my heels clicking as I walked on the marble floor for the first time.

"The doorman," said the Count, stopping. Nicole and Monsieur Ronald had disappeared but an elevator light above the one being held for us was shooting up rapidly to the very top floor, I saw.

The man in the suit looked a little worried then. "He was impertinent to Naomi," said the Count. "You

know Naomi and Nicole, do you not, Monsieur Rivoire?"

Monsieur Rivoire did indeed know us, sending shudders and chills again through me. He didn't look at me and I could guess how it was that he knew me. It seemed like all of the staff of Le Bonhomme knew exactly what kind of girl was brought to his suite by the Count.

"I will discipline the man," said Monsieur Rivoire immediately. "Please accept my apologies, Monsieur le Comte, and accept ..."

"It is Naomi who deserves the apology, monsieur," said the Count curtly.

I don't think that the manager liked it as he was forced to look at me in the eyes. His eyebrows did go up a little as he looked at me. I shook with helpless indignation myself as I, "Mademoiselle Naomi", was apologized to and asked to accept a special gift from the hotel's gift shop, perhaps the latest of perfumes from de Revy. The Count would find a bottle of chilled champagne, Dom Perignan, and a small repast of a new Russian caviare that had just arrived.

"The vintage had better be right," said the older man, escorting me then into the elevator, his arm about my waist, my dress swirling against him, while Monsieur Rivoire was babbling on about some sixty-something still being available.

A luxury suite covered the top floor. A trail of skimpy women's clothing and a man's jacket and suit pants led to a closed door on the right of the living room.

"We have the master room," said the Count, leading me towards a fantastic bedroom, a canopied bed, fit

for a king and queen, ready for occupancy, even a golden nightdress laid beside the male pyjamas of similar material and color.

"It's a fine hotel," said the Count as I stared, in awe and shock, at what the room implied for me. "And generally, they know how to accommodate the peccadilloes of the rich gentlemen who can afford the services they provide. But you must know this, Naomi, mustn't you? You have been here many times before, haven't you?"

"This, this time," I murmured hesitantly, as my would-be lover was stroking my back, "is just like the first time for me."

The white-haired man spun me to him, smiling broadly. "This is why I prefer you, my darling, to Nicole for all her passion and desire. With you, my darling, it always is as if it is the first time for me with a travesti, with a woman, for that matter."

The Count kissed me then and I responded as I had as Shanalla, as I had as Catherine. I responded as if I was a woman being kissed by a man. The Count held me in his arms, kissing my quivering lips, as Monsieur Rivoire arrived with other servers from the hotel to set up the repast and the glasses for us.

The Count was busy kissing and caressing me for a while. A discreet cough finally made him release me. He held onto me, however, and made me sample the caviare, it was so salty to me, and the champagne, so bubbly around my nose, which the Count laughed at. The perfume was heady and wonderful. I would have loved to have been holding a girl who was wearing it. The Count thought that it was 'suitable' and splashed it liberally over my breasts, kissing me very passionately then in front of the fixed smiles of the serving staff.

"Everything is perfect then, Emile," the Count said to the hotel manager. He passed the man a high denomination bill then 'to share with the staff that I have disconcerted this evening'.

"The Count is a true gentleman as always," said the bowing manager. He looked at me and I could almost hear the wheels turning as he thought of what he was going to say to me. "Such a charming young lady, Mademoiselle Naomi," he said. "We are always so proud to be graced by your feminine presence here, mademoiselle."

"Two mademoiselles in one sentence," laughed the Count when the manager and his flunkys had gone and left me alone with a man in his suite. "You are indeed highly honoured, Naomi."

"It is because of you, Monsieur le Comte," I said nervously.

"Armand," said the Count then. "Yes, you can call me Armand, my pretty Naomi. I tell you that every time, don't I?" He really hugged me then. "Oh, Naomi, if I was only a younger man, I would damn all conventions and marry you, no matter that you are the most beautiful travesti in all of Paris."

Armand walked me back into the bedroom, closing the door behind me, and chills rose in me again. "Stay there," said Armand and went over to the bed, undressing, showing me his white chest hair and then the white hairs about his penis. It seemed to be moving as he got into the bed and pushed the bedsheets down.

"Now, you can begin, my darling," Armand said. "Slowly! I am going to try so hard not to come before you, my beauty."

It took a little encouraging from Armand as I slowly took off my women's clothing, he gasping at every revelation that was made to him. I swayed a little as my dress toppled from me. He wanted me to keep doing that. I felt like such a fraud, doing a strip-tease for a man when I was who I was, another man. But he knew that, didn't he? The revelation of my breasts, however, started him pumping his maleness so fiercely that I expected him at any moment to erupt all over me.

"Slowly, slowly," the Count repeated, smiling at me as he gripped himself tightly and tried to be aroused slowly.

I really slowed as I played with my panties as I had seen girls do many times in girlie shows. Jack Reid and I had spent many a lunch hour 'working' in strip clubs, if the truth be known. Now, I was like one of those girls whom I had sometimes admired. The one who never smiled had intrigued me the most as well as the way she had stretched out the simplest of movements.

I thought Armand was going through the worst agony in the world as I finally lowered my panties. Of course, I had some sort of g-string still covering me. I had to toss my panties to Armand. He seemed to think that they were nectar from the gods. I didn't even have any of my new perfume on them.

I made taking off my stockings, and tossing them to him as well, then my garter belt, last an age. Then there was my hair, which I freed from all the pins and barettes that Nicole had put in, to make my hair stay in place. I shook my hair from side to side and poor Armand was in pain as his penis was huge, glistening. He didn't dare to touch himself as I think that he would have exploded.

My necklace and bracelets were gone. The only thing I had left was my g-string. It was tied in the back and very difficult to open. I thought that I was going to have to dance over to him and have him free me when the thing came apart. I eased it from me. Armand looked at me in puzzlement and stopped jerking at himself for a moment.

Then my penis and my genitals fell from the body cavity that they had been confined in and I could barely stand. I was gasping and trying not to scream as I did the most indecent hopping then, clutching at myself and the terrible pain that afflicted me.

“Oh, Naomi,” said the excited Count, raising his arms to me. “I thought there for a moment that you had been changed. Oh, my darling, come to me.”

Like an idiot, I went. I was taken in his arms, caressed, brought into his bed with him and impaled on his massive erection that he was so proud of. He had me hold onto it to prevent him coming too quickly as he took me in my tush just as if I was a woman. I gathered in distress, that I had taken him in that fashion, many times before.

Finally, being kissed and fondled all over my body, my breasts on fire and with a definite erection of my own, Armand came inside me. Oh, gods, why me? Why did I have to do what I did? I let him come inside me! I knelt with my legs on either side of him, my panties covering my quivering penis and Armand bounced me on his pole and, oh, I did feel something. I couldn't help it as he caressed my breasts. I felt the jerk of his penis inside me, his mouth about first one of my breasts and then the other, my little penis demonstrating how much I was enjoying what he was doing to me.



Armand exhausted himself in me before rolling me over on my back, kissing me. I guessed that he was too flaccid to do me again. Well, I was wrong about that.

But, before he had me again, he kissed me really firmly, pressing me back into the soft pillows his hands caressing my tush. He spread my legs apart and began to gently kiss my neck. He kissed my breasts and then my stomach. His kiss on my abdomen made me jerk to attention as I realized what he was going to do.

“Nnnn,” came out of my mouth as I wanted to scream, “No, I’m a man. I don’t want you to do that to me!”

But he kissed my penis first and the words died in my throat. He didn’t just take my manhood in his mouth. He caressed it, his tongue and then his lips made love to it. I couldn’t do anything but clutch him to me, my senses lost completely. I came and he didn’t mind that he was swallowing me at the time. He just kept it going and going as I shrieked. He laughed, fondling my breasts as I emptied myself and felt so much pleasure from what he was doing. And what he was doing was having sex with another man. And the other man was me!

“I know you love that,” said Armand, coming up and grinning at me, wiping his face clean. He hugged me to him and, oh no, his penis was stiffening against me again. “Time for you to reward me again, my adorable temptress. Are you ready now to admit that you are the most desirable woman in the world?”

“N-No,” I whispered shakily as Armand slid over me, resting on me as he took several sips of wine and wetted my lips with it as well. He began then to love me again as a man loves a woman.

I was his woman. Perhaps I wasn’t the most desirable woman in the world but Armand seemed to think that I was. Telling him that I was sent the funniest of chills through me and made him, the man I thought

weak, become so intensely active. He, my lover, yes, he was that, a most gentle and considerate, courteous lover, treated me, every inch of the way as a woman, arousing feminine pleasure in me that night, and into the morning. It was as if I was what he had said that I was. I was Naomi, the most desirable woman in the world. And I had a man inside me constantly, caressing and kissing me, proving to me that it was true.

The Count didn't want me to leave but Nicole came to our door, smiling at the two of us, me in my nightie for the first time and he in the lower part of his pyjamas, a bulge showing there. "We have a rehearsal at one," Nikki said to me, looking at the woman's watch on her wrist. "We have to get moving or Jean will be really mad with us. Sorry, Monsieur le Comte, but your girl friend has to earn a living."

"I want you to stay with me," said Armand petulantly. "I know. I need a secretary, a hundred thousand a week! You tell Didier Marotte where he can stick his rehearsal, Naomi. I need you much more than he does."

"Naomi!" said Nicole in alarm then. "You're a travesti, like me. We, we can't be," she gestured to the Count, "secretaries to comtes." I could hear that she meant 'old men' when she said that.

"Armand was joking," I said, getting out of the bed and heading for my lamé dress and my underclothing.

"He was thinking with his penis," said Nicole as we scurried in our high heels past the smiling, pleasant staff and got into the limousine that the Count had had made ready for us. He hadn't helped me in dressing as he had wanted to fondle me all the time even as I put on my stockings and panties. If it hadn't been for Nicole, playing with him and keeping his hands on her

and off me, we would never have made it to rehearsal, late as it was.

“And it is such a lovely penis, isn’t it?” whispered Nicole to me as we rushed into the limo, blonde hair flying, tourists, I think, turning and looking at us as if we were some starlets or other, as the chauffeur took off as soon as he could.

“Nikki!” I gasped at her, my dress all swept up around my thighs. She reached over and crossed my legs for me so that I was as femmy as she was, sitting in the back of the limo. She pointed at the driving mirror, so far away from us then, and I had to shudder as the driver was looking at us.

Nicole flipped my dress then so that I showed off my garter belt and my panties as well as my stockings. Blushing furiously, my breasts bouncing in front of me, I grabbed my skirt with my feminized hands and pulled it down. The chauffeur winked at me then.

“He loves girls like us,” whispered Nikki in my ear, her feminine fragrance spilling all over me as she embraced me and kissed my ear. “If we had more time, we could park in the Bois and let him come and join us for a little recreation. He loves seeing Esther and me doing it!”

“Yes,” said the driver through the open partition then. “Why don’t you and your friend, Nikki, show me a little skin?”

Nicole grinned and opened the front of her dress then, showing off a black brassiere that I didn’t recall her wearing. She began to fondle herself then and the driver began to chortle.

“You travestis!” he said, slowing as he drove up to the club that I had left the night before, everywhere

seeming so different with tourists about looking at the pictures in front of the club and laughing as they took photographs. Their faces were a scream as the limo stopped right up on the pavement. Gilbert, the old man, came running out to open the door for us.

Nikki didn't go in. She hung on to my hand as a wind got up and our blonde hair blew all over the place. "This way!" people called and Nikki turned and posed, hissing at me to do the same. The club wanted us to! Such cheap publicity, Nikki said, and maybe some would even find their way to the newspapers.

I didn't really pose. But Nikki hugged me and I had to smile. I had done enough of that dancing and so I smiled and smiled.

"Nicole, Naomi," hissed the old man at us as the limo pulled away. Nicole was showing the eager tourists more leg which they were delighted to see. A real crowd was growing in front of us. "Jean is angry at you not being on time."

"Screw Jean," said Nicole, posing a few more times, leaning forward so that the gentleman at the front of the mob could take a picture of the rounded mounds on her chest.

They were shouting after us as we went dancing into the club, my whole body ricocheting and wobbling, as my high heels clicked down so firmly.

"Land on your toes!" said Nikki, showing me how to dance into the club, dancing right into a tall man, a white sweater around his neck.

"So, the prodigals return," said the man with a definite lisp in his voice. "Nicole, you are determined to corrupt my favourite girl, aren't you?"

“Oh no, Jean,” said my blonde companion, draping herself over the tall man. “She is the one who is leading me astray, Jean darling. She really is!”

Nikki sashayed down an aisle between the tables, calling out to all the girls on stage. I blanched as I looked at them all. Yesterday, I would have said that they were all girls and I had been in someone’s terrible nightmare. Everyone knows the one. It’s the one where a man like me is in a room full of beautiful girls. What makes it hell is that I am a beautiful girl as well.

“Well, get up there, missie,” said Jean, goosing me as I went by him, my dress swishing about me. “And we can start the new routine Monsieur Marotte wants me to teach you.”

I was a chorus girl. I had to dance as Jean told me. It really didn’t seem so bad as Nicole was beside me. The steps seemed easy enough and I could cheat as I just had to follow Nicole and do what she was doing. She was doing what all the other girls were. We couldn’t change as we had wasted so much time that afternoon anyway.

I shivered when Monsieur Marotte came into the club then, a tall, Chinese girl on his arm. “I’d like to see them in costume, Jean,” he said, as we all stood there breathing hard after running around the stage in our high heels several times as Jean had us do the most athletic part of the routine time and time again. He was criticizing us all as we sashayed, screaming at Denise that she was a flower and not a cabbage, and, at me, to keep my arms higher, to arch my fingers, as I was a ballerina, wasn’t I, so Naomi, more delicacy, more grace. Well, blushing like a beet, I had tried and been praised for what I was doing.

“Teacher’s pet,” Nikki had whispered to me, her brilliant eyes sparkling, as she went under my arms in some movement that we had to do that was all pirouettes as if, we, a stage full of men, travestis all, were, in fact, ballerinas.

Jean clapped his hands and came forward. “All right, girls,” he said in the most gay of all his gay tones. I couldn’t help feeling chilled as I thought how people looked at me and thought that, since I was in a dress, and had long hair and breasts, I was just like him.

“Go and get changed into the Crazy Horse costumes,” Jean directed us and all of the girls began to ask questions about makeup and wigs. Questions were even about tucking but I didn’t understand the answers that were given.

“I don’t understand,” I whispered to Nicole, who was scurrying from the stage, my hand in hers.

“You know the Crazy Horse,” snorted Nicole, not even looking at me but at the rack of costumes Gilbert was pushing into the dressing room for us chorus girls. “That’s where the best dancers in Paris perform, real women, and they perform in the nude.”

I blanched then as Gilbert passed a ‘costume’ to Nicole and it wasn’t more than a white skirt and panties and a little plastic pouch with something in it that looked like a beard or a moustache. He was smiling as he passed the same ‘costume’ to me.

“Anything those girls can do,” said Gilbert with a titter then, his hand coming up to his mouth as his shoulders rose, “my girls can do better.”

“The Count would agree with that!” said Nicole loudly and there were giggles all up and down the

rows of gorgeous girls as they repeated what she had said.

“You’ll have to do your own stage makeup, Naomi,” Nicole said then as two of the girls came down the row, putting little wig blocks with golden hair in front of all of us. Esther grabbed my hair and pulled it back, pinning it for me, my eyes seeming to become more slanted as she did that, changing my look. A wig cap secured my hair as I saw lots of girls doing that for one another.

Then, the makeup session began in earnest. I was amazed at the care and attention the girls gave to their eyes and how many were wearing false eyelashes.

“Honestly, Naomi,” said Esther crossly. “If you weren’t one of us, and so nice to everyone,” she lifted my head and began to outline my eyes then. She had this metal thing like a can opener at my eyes and I had false eyelashes on me as well.

I shuddered as I tried then to copy what I saw all around me. Esther laughed at my attempts to make my lips the right shape, showing me again, “for the umpteenth time, Naomi,” how to outline my perfect lips, her words, in a dark pencil and then how to color inside the lines so to speak with a brush dipped in a bottle of lip gloss.

Nicole had time to put my rouge on for me and brush it all into place. Then she powdered me. I looked so weird in the mirror. We all did, with caps on our heads. Then, Charlotte put on the blonde wig and began to pin it and around me the strange, geeky, almost manly faces disappeared. We all became blonde chorus girls, clones of one another.

We stood and took off our clothes, not bothering that others were looking at us and admiring our slim, girlish figures. Well, that's what it looked like to me. Girls took off their tights and then their panties. I was amazed at the penises I saw. They were everywhere, on every girl, except for me, who was still in my panties.

"Do we really have to wear these things?" complained a girlish voice, one of the cloned women with a penis whom I couldn't recognize. She was opening the plastic pouch and taking out something that looked so weird, fleshy and hairy.

I went white with shock then as I watched the girl put it on her. It wasn't a beard or a moustache. The girl was fitting it between her legs. She was pushing her penis up in front of her and tugging the thing about her like the gaffe. I had found out the proper word for the g-string I had been wearing, that held me so tightly beneath my panties and caused me so much pain.

"The girls at the Crazy Horse don't wear these things," said one of the girls then.

"They don't need to," said another girl with a toss of her blonde curls and there was laughter all around the room.

"Now, you can see what you will look like when you've been snipped," said an older girl, standing up and wiggling at herself in the mirror.

"Oh yes, yes, yes!" said a girl with a husky voice, panting and emoting as if she was having an orgasm. That led to everyone doing it. Nicole poked me, and I had to do it as well, even as Nikki pulled my panties down and began to position me in the "vaj-anne", as the girls were calling it.

“Oh,” I squealed as Nikki put her finger in the front part. Everyone roared with laughter and several girls began to do it to each other.

“Hey,” said Nicole. “What does le comte say when we do that?”

“Slowly, more slowly,” answered all the girls, cheering as Nicole kissed me, and ran her hand so slowly and sensuously over the front of me.

I jumped to my feet, and backed up, chills running up and down me. Then, I saw myself in the mirror. I saw everyone and we were girls. We looked like girls from head to toe as the straps were pulled flat against our skins so that they couldn’t be seen. Nicole batted me with a makeup duster then all over me. Perfume followed and guess where we all had to put it. We were having a fine time, sprinkling cologne over one another, when Gilbert came in and so we dowsed him as well.

“On stage!” called Gilbert in his creaky voice, his eyes so big as he looked at each of us, studying the way that we were undressed. Nicole put on the panties and little white skirt that didn’t cover her hips at all and so did I. A smiling girl in a dress and hose, her makeup perfect, was standing at the door and supervising all of us, making us take earrings and a necklace, checking our skirts as well to see that we were wearing our ‘vagins’ as we said that we were.

The piano player had been augmented with several horns. “And now,” Jean intoned, “straight from the Crazy Horse, the prettiest and sexiest girls in all of Paris, we present an homage to the Crazy Horse dancers.”

I don't know if the girls at that famous night club did dance like we did. I heard that they did. One of the boy dancers whom I danced with later on in the evening said that we were learning the exact routine that the girls were doing 'up there', wherever that was. When we finally did it for an audience, we were going to be mobbed afterwards as everyone would want to find out how we had done it.

We soon wiggled out of our skirts and panties and pranced around on the stage in the 'nude'. Monique must have been a ballet dancer before she became one of us as she did a solo as a female dancer that was so fantastic! I wouldn't have known that she wasn't a woman, nude as she was, if I hadn't been there when she was disguising herself.

"We have to keep them on?" asked Charlotte when we all arrived back in the dressing room, panting our boobs off.

"We are supposed to get used to them," said Esther. "What do you think? You think that the boss and his castrati want all of us to be just like them?"

"Shsh," said Nicole then as we sat side by side in our panties and little skirts and nothing else but jewelry and our tightly bound genitals. "Sue used to be so nice," she said to me then, "when she was pre-op and one of us. But she's such a bitch now, always thinking of ways to humiliate us in the chorus. Ugh, I really do hate her. I wish she'd married some millionaire who liked travestis, and he had taken her off for a world cruise in which she could never get out of bed."

"She'd be worse then," said Esther, her blonde curls and heavy makeup not really suiting her, I decided. "She doesn't orgasm now, you know, and that's what makes her really furious."

“Except when one of us bonks her,” said Nikki then in a low whisper.

“Shsh,” said Esther, her eyes glinting as she pulled a face at Nikki. “Or I’ll volunteer you for the job.”

“Did you see her looking at Naomi?” said Nikki dryly. “She’s the girl she really wants.”

“Oh no, Nicole,” I gasped. “Please don’t wish that on me as well as the Count!”

We shared chocolate then and soup as we couldn’t leave as we had another early show to do.

“The men are out on the town,” complained Patricia, as she went to her purse and got an electric toothbrush and toothpaste after eating. “They’ll be back with beer and wine on their breath. We’ll have to lead in the waltzes, you watch. We girls shouldn’t have to do that.”

“Let him feel your vagin, darling,” drawled the husky-voiced Esther. “Marc will lead you right off the floor, Trish, right onto Gilbert’s office couch.”

“Ooo,” screamed Nicole, as lots of girls were laughing. “Gilbert is going to get you for that.”

“Are you Naomi?” asked the woman who was collecting our jewellery. I took off my dangling earrings and dropped them into her collection.

“Yes,” I murmured. She leaned over me then. “I have a message from Robert,” she whispered. “He’s in the bathroom, waiting for a word with you.”

Robert? It took me a few moments to remember that I was supposed to have a boy friend who was cheating on me with another girl in the show. I looked down the row and there was Charlotte, wiggling, showing some other girls like me how to belly dance.

I didn't want a boy friend.

"What did Miss Maurice want with you?" asked Nikki then.

"Maurice Chevalier," I said, naming the famous French singer.

"You finally worked it out," laughed Nikki. "Don't you think she looks like him? Could be his sister? Well, she was his brother, no, his bastard-son, she said once. So, we've called her Maurice ever since."

"She said that Robert ..." I began.

"You are an idiot if you have anything to do with him again, Naomi," said Nicole angrily. "You really are. The Count is nice, isn't he? He has money, real money, Naomi. If he wants you to be his mistress and take you away from all of this, you should take him up on it, as long as he puts you in his will. You can love him then all you like. You'll be collecting before the year is out. It's what Sue did with her old sugar daddy. Loved him to death, got herself snipped and has been a bitch ever since."

"I, I have to go to the bathroom," I said then. I really did have to go after the water I had been drinking and then the soup.

"Well, who's stopping you?" said Nicole.

I was still in my Crazy Horse costume, my breasts bouncing. I didn't seem to think anything was strange about me, I thought later, as I went out into the hallway. I saw Miss Maurice standing in front of a bathroom door with a voluptuous girl on it.

"Please excuse me," I said as I went in. She was smiling at me as I pirouetted into the Ladies' room, thinking that I would now find out how different it

was from the Men's Room. Well, it wasn't so different. They both had men in them.

"Naomi, my darling," said this sinewy man, clearly a dancer, and clearly a man who knew me, as he threw his arms about me. He hugged me, smelling of a clean, male aftershave. He kissed me, and, oh goodness, I really reacted to him, an intense pain beginning in my groin as he kissed and kissed me, his tongue inside my mouth. His hands slid all over me, pulling me tightly against his bulging pants, exciting me inexplicably.

I was a man after all, wasn't I? And he was so definitely a man but, oh, how right it felt to be in his arms and having him kissing me and telling me how lovely I was. Would I ever forgive him? Oh gods, my reaction to him wasn't inexplicable at all! I was reacting to him as if I was a woman! I just had to get out of this body, this avatar, whatever it was, and right away as this man's kisses were making my head spin.

"Tell me, tell me, Naomi darling," said this man, who must be Robert, I guessed, "that I am forgiven. A girl from the Crazy Horse would have to forgive me, wouldn't she? A girl as pretty as you!"

"R-Robert!" I gasped as his hands caressed my breasts. They almost jumped to attention, my nipples getting so hard. He smiled as he saw how aroused I was becoming. "I c-can't ..."

Robert stopped my protests by simply kissing me. He pulled me into a stall then, kissing and kissing me as I was drawn after him. "Oh, you smell so good," Robert said as he sat down and drew me down onto his lap, my legs on either side of him.

His tongue was in my mouth then as I clung to him so as not to fall. Then, my panties were being tugged

on. "N-No!" I called out but his hands were frenetic in caressing and arousing me. He didn't care about the cords about me, increasing the pressure on me by moving them to one side and forcing his way into me, wiggling and bouncing me on his manhood. His mouth ignited such womanly feelings in my breasts. Shamelessly, I co-operated with him then. Glorious feelings of desirability and ecstasy swept over me as Robert had me as if I was a woman, or a travesti, I didn't know which, nor as I reached bliss with him, begging him to do me in the most unladylike language, did I care.

"Oh, Naomi, how I've missed you," said my boy friend, driving into me as I wiggled and wriggled on him, gasping and trying not to shriek as the feelings of being a woman being loved by her man overwhelmed me. I was Naomi. I had missed this. I knew that I had. I thrust my breasts against my lover as he stroked me. Then he found the disguise that I was wearing over my genitals.

"Oh, this is so fine," he said to me. His fingers entered the vagin opening and I was elevated again to a new level of femaleness. I was tortured so lovingly by Robert, climaxing with him, crying in pain and pleasure as I kissed and kissed him as he came as well in me, making me such a mess.

"Naomi, Naomi," whispered my lover to me as if he was in a trance as I knew that I was. "You, you do forgive me, my darling."

"Oh, yes," I simpered at him, this lovely man who made me feel so incredible.

"You will come home tonight," Robert whispered to me. "You and me, in the same bed, as we should be."

“Oh, yes,” I breathed, clinging to him, wanting more, but Robert was grinning, telling me that we had to go back and get ready for the first show, but he would wait for me at the stage door.

I scrambled to get myself back together in my panties and little skirt, my whole genital area on fire. I was afraid that I would burst the vagin from me.

I had to kiss Robert then, even though I had cleaned my face. He wanted to kiss me as well. We were buried so lovingly in one another, his erection thrusting against my panties, when the door opened and Nicole came bursting in.

“I’m sorry, Robert!” Miss Maurice was almost crying behind Nicole who was in a can-can dress.

“We need Naomi,” Nikki said crossly to Robert. Robert took possession of my lips for a last, lingering kiss and then let me go.

“You are a frigging idiot!” stormed Nicole to me. “I just don’t know why you are my best friend, Naomi. I don’t hang around with dumb people and you are the dumbest travesti that I have ever known. You let him into your panties, didn’t you? Don’t bother to lie to me. You’re all wet, girl, and in more ways than one. Whatever do you see in him, Naomi, save for the size of his cock.”

“He kissed me,” I said with a shiver as Nicole led me back into the dressing room. All the girls had changed. There were smiles all over the place as they looked at me and I realized that the marks of Robert’s attentions to me were clearly visible then to experienced travestis like my fellow chorus girls.

Charlotte gave me a smug look that made me want to go and claw her. Nicole and Esther grabbed me and

said, "Get dressed, Naomi!" So I got dressed in my can-can outfit, in my black corset and frilly panties and petticoats. I painted my face as the girls were leaving. I sashayed right up to the front to my usual spot, or so Esther told me. Then I was out on the stage and being all girlie, throwing my dress into the air as I bent over and wiggled my posterior for the supper audience.

I went down into the audience with the other girls and sat in a man's welcoming lap, kissing his bald head, leaving my lipstick on him. He was lively and was groping me, especially my garters, and trying to kiss my cleavage as well. I darted back to the stage, Annette being the one trapped by a randy tourist. She loved it, and wasn't it funny that it was always happening to her, popped into my mind.

Oh gods, this body was remembering so much, I thought, as we did our high kicks and were applauded as well we should be. Men liked us doing the routine, that was as good as the Folies BergPres, especially us squealing girlishly. We deserved the applause. No real girls were as good as us. Wait till they saw our challenge as well to the Crazy Horse girls. Men would be flocking to us, I thought in delight.

I had forgotten that I had an adagio dance with Robert. Memories of us in the bathroom invested me. I was so much in tune with everything that he wanted to do that I was dancing only for him.

"Oh, Naomi!" screamed Zizi as I danced into the wings. "So hot! I'm on fire just watching you. Please tell me that you and Robert are back together!"

"We are!" I laughed at her, feeling so sparkly all over as Robert caressed my tush, patting me to send me back to change for the next chorus line number.

I was in a golden haze as I did dance after dance and was as girlish and female as it was possible for a man to be. Nicole wouldn't help me at the end of our third show to change back into the skirt and blouse I had worn, days before, to come to work. She wouldn't help me with my hair or my makeup as I tried to do it quickly and skip out of the dressing room to catch Robert, waiting for me at the stage door.

"Oh baby, you are on fire tonight," said Robert as I almost threw myself into his arms. "Sorry, fellows," he laughed at the stage-door johnnies as I minced out with him. "This girl is mine!"

We walked along a crowded roadway then, just one more couple, male and female, heading home after a glorious night in Montmartre. It was funny how I knew the way. I knew where the key had been stowed. I knew where everything was in our apartment. I knew where his clothes were hanging and where mine were as well.

I knew where our bed was. I knew which side he liked to sleep on after he had satisfied me for the night. Poor Robert, I thought greedily, your girl is in no mood to be satisfied quickly or easily. I didn't care how my clothing was creased or torn as I eagerly threw myself on the bed and Robert, smiling, joined me.

It was a night unlike any I had ever known. Shanalla's coupling with Sebo faded from my mind! I was Naomi and I was in bliss. I loved Robert till he was exhausted and couldn't raise himself at all, not even when I tried to arouse him as a girl will do to her man when she thinks he needs special attention.

Robert had had me so many times anyway and he was tired. His phone went off but he didn't hear it. I was laughing as I got up and pulled on my black pant-

ies. I went into the kitchen, my hair streaming out all over me, around my breasts, reminding me what a lovely piece of ass, Robert's words for me, that I was.

"Hi, Robert," streamed the text. I'm a girl. I'm not technical, I laughed at myself, as I tried to bring up the message for him, to see if he needed to respond to it straight away. "Something to help you get it up tonight!" read the message. The screen dissolved and there were Robert and Miss Maurice. She was squealing, "Oh yes! Oh yes!" as Robert sucked on her pretty impressive cock. Then, she turned and Robert pumped his piston into her gyrating tush just as he had been doing it to me, not an hour before. She was squealing while he was telling her to be quiet as someone would come in.

"Naomi is on stage!" screamed Miss Maurice, wriggling even more into Robert. "Oh, you brute! Do me, do me, do me! I'm as much a girl as she is!" She screamed then as Robert did do her. She loved it, screaming but telling him not to stop, never to stop.

Then, she was there, laughing at me. Actually, she didn't see me at all, it was just the message she had recorded. "Any time you need a favor again, Robert," she said with a pout that looked so strange on her. I thought of her as an elegant woman. I don't know why. A randy travesti, it had never occurred to me that that was what she was. But weren't we all, I thought miserably then. "You know the price," said Miss Maurice with a lovely, sexy smile, sticking out her tongue and blowing kisses to my boy friend.

"Did I hear my phone?" asked Robert, staggering out of our bedroom, all bleary-eyed and sleepy.

"You have a message," I told him as he put his arms about my waist, wanting to hug me and kiss my

breasts, “from Miss Maurice. She must have had someone filming your little tryst with her.”

“Oh, she didn’t do that,” Robert said as I hit something to replay the message, I didn’t know what, and, for the first time in my life, it all worked. He was open-mouthed in shock at first. Then, as Maurice turned her tush to him, I saw that he actually smiled.

I stalked back into our bedroom and opened the window. “Naomi, baby,” said Robert, turning his charming smile on me. “It was the price I had to pay for getting her to bring you to me. Oh! Don’t do that!”

His precious leather jacket went sailing out of the window, followed by the fluffy dog that he had won for me at the fair. I was a woman wronged and I avenged myself. His clothing went out the window and his precious watch.

Robert tried to stop me, trying to dress at the same time. His photo album made a really neat glide to the pavement, crashing at the feet of several street people who bent to pick up the photos flying everywhere. I knew that I was in a lot of them.

“You bitch!” yelled Robert at me, holding me at arm’s length, his face contorted in rage. “She meant nothing to me. It was just to get her to bring you back to me!”

“Nicole was right!” I sobbed at him. “I’m better off without you.” His radio was small and sailed out the window despite the fact that I knew I threw like a girl. Robert had told me that any number of times when we had strolled in the park, hadn’t he?

“We are not through with this!” Robert stormed at me, taking off through our front door to recover his stuff.

I dressed hurriedly, blindly, in a black miniskirt, tights, and a pale blue top. I grabbed my purse and left our apartment as well. Robert was yelling as I went clacking down the street. A taxi stopped for me. I promised the driver double his fair. He took off and left Robert behind, clutching his precious album, pictures hanging out from it.

I went to the only place I could find understanding. I went to the Bonhomme de Valois. The snooty girl at the reception stared at me in my straggly hair and was about to tell me to leave when Monsieur Rivoire came running, quite literally, over to me.

“Naomi?” he gasped. “What do you want here tonight?”

“I, I have to see le comte,” I said.

“Oh, my darling girl,” said Monsieur Rivoire. “You haven’t heard. Le comte suffered a stroke this afternoon. He, he, overstrained himself, here, the previous night.”

“I hadn’t heard,” was all I could say. That nice old man, I thought, so straight with me. Well, I suppose straight was hardly the word for it.

I started to leave but Monsieur Rivoire came after me. “Naomi,” he said, taking my arm. “Le comte will recover, I am sure. His wife is with him. Let me at least provide you with transportation to wherever you are going.”

What could I do but accept? I didn’t know where I was going. I didn’t want to go back to Robert. I couldn’t remember, if I ever knew, where Nicole or Esther lived and so I went back to the club. It seemed like it was all closed up but when I tapped on the door, Gilbert, the old man, was there and he let me in.

“Come into my office, Naomi,” Gilbert said to me as I shivered and told him what Robert’s latest escapade was.

“That calls for a drink,” Gilbert said with a grin. “Two aperitifs, Mademoiselle Maurice!” I thought she was actually there then but he was only joking. We toasted her-him and drank to her giving my former boy friend a good dose of the clap. Oh, that would serve the pair of them right, we agreed.

Gilbert was as nice as he always was with us girls. He commiserated with me and told me that it was terrible the way that Robert had treated me. He did, in his tentative and nervous way, tell me that he had a spare bed in his apartment, if I would like to use it.

“No,” I laughed at him, having a fit of the giggles from all of the drinks that we had added on to Miss Maurice’s account. “I don’t sleep in any spare bed. I’ll only come with you, dear Gilbert, if I can sleep in your bed!”

Gilbert was a bag of nerves then as my head was spinning a lot from the drinks we had had. It was so nice to share my problems with this older man who sat beside me at the bar, his hand resting lightly on my stockinged leg, almost in ecstasy that I didn’t push him off me. I let him put his arm around me and walk me down the street to the building he lived in.

“Your bedroom is as pretty as mine,” I told him. He blushed at that.

“I, I’m not like you,” Gil whispered to me. “I mean, I like girls like you ...”

“So why aren’t you making love to me right now?” I asked him as I undid my dress and rubbed my body against him. I thought Gilbert would have a heart at-

tack. He was breathing so heavily as I kissed him and drew him on top of me. He really wasn't much of a lover. He wasn't much of a man. But he was in tears as he finally had me, me wiggling and jiggling so much against him. It was he gasping and shrieking as he came inside me. I really don't think that he had made love to a girl like me in years, if ever.

Gil was so grateful, caressing and hugging me and so eager to explore my shapely woman's body then.

"A girl like you, Naomi," said Gilbert, trying to curry favor with me, I'm sure, "really isn't appreciated by a permanent boy friend. I've seen it so many times here at the club. A girl as beautiful as you, darling Naomi, doesn't need permanent attachments."

"What sort of attachments do I need?" I asked Gilbert then, something of the devil getting into me. I touched his hand lightly and placed it on my nipple. He got really worked up. He didn't kiss in anything like the manly fashion of Robert but that hardly mattered as the part of my anatomy that he wanted to kiss was so easily aroused by the gentleness of his mouth.

I don't really like doing a man in the same way that he had done me. But Gilbert wanted it and I was in a giving mood, I suppose, having had such a lot to drink. I was, I have to admit it, feeling a little sorry for the old man. We girls took him for granted and treated him so poorly at times. And yes, when it got around that I had preferred making love to Gilbert over Robert, it was going to make Robert look like a real rat. Or I hoped so as I encouraged Gilbert to be so much more manly in the way he was kissing and humping my tush.

I gasped and faked the orgasm that I wasn't having. Gilbert told me how much he loved me on the stage and now this! He was in heaven, he said. I introduced

him, I think, to having me the way I really wanted him, sitting in his lap. I think I broke Gil's tiny mind, I really did, as he was the one shaking and blubbering after he had come inside me. What a long, hard slog that was. He must have wanked off a lot before I got back to the club. But for a little while, I was the one in control, faking how I felt as he slid in and out of me. I felt a little bad about that as Gilbert was so nice to me. He even told me what a delectable travesti that I was.



"You must come again home with me again whenever you want to, my lovely girl," Gilbert told me. "I would love to have you here any night, every night."

"Oh, I would love to," I pouted at my new lover. I almost asked him to dress me and walk me home to where I lived with Robert. I would bet that Robert had thrown all of my clothes out when I left. I would bet that every girl in Montmartre had something of mine on her but, so what, I would get a sugar daddy like Sue. Perhaps I would make a play for Monsieur Ronald. He had money and he liked girls like me. Nicole said he was too mercenary for her, whatever that meant.

"I'm curious," said the man who was tickling my breasts then or else fondling my bare thighs. "What is your real name?" Gilbert was smiling at me. "I know the names of all the girls in the club, Naomi, except yours. I know Jim and Jacques, Guillaume and Stanislaus, but I don't know yours. It isn't Naomi, really, is it?"

"Ah, you guessed my great secret, Gil," I said, giggling and kissing his cheek. He really did need a shave, this man, unlike me. I had such lovely, girlish skin. "Why do you need to know?"

"I thought you were named Michelle for the longest time," Gilbert said then. "That's what you kept saying to Nicole when you were going out to dance. Michelle, and Michou, and Micheline, you said them all, even microphone." It sounded like Meek-row-phone when he said it. "I thought that must be your butch name, Michel, the boy version of Michelle." Those were pronounced exactly the same.

"Oh, I am so dense," I had to say to Gilbert then as I had enticed him onto me again, caressing his manhood

and encouraging him to do the same to me. He stroked and snapped my garters which got him really excited. "This is France, isn't it? I've been saying everything in French, haven't I?"

"And so beautifully," whispered my old man lover, lifting me up. I let him do it and co-operated with him, assisting him in stuffing his manhood in me. My nipples made his tremble and get hard as well as he began to frantically hump me again as I loved.

"So wonderful, Gilbert," I murmured to him and it was his best effort. "The best for last," I said to him and kissed him more passionately than I had anyone else as Naomi. "But now, in English, Mike and Michael."

I said the names in English and the grey mist surrounded me as I tried to hold onto Gilbert and fully enjoy the orgasm that was at last sweeping over me, a woman's orgasm. But Gilbert became smoke on top of me and the greyness became blacker and blacker and I was back in a long, dark coffin.

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I lay there, half asleep, waiting for some awful adventure to befall me again. What kind of girl would I be this time? I thought to myself, quivering, as I readied myself to be humiliated again, but suddenly the lid rose. A young man was standing there, smiling at me.

"Do you need some help, Mr Douglas?" the young man asked me. I think that I recognized him from my entry into Avartech. He took the mask from my hand. My hand! It was my hand, Mike Douglas's hand! I was me! I moved and looked down at my jeans and shirt, no mounds protruding, no long, femininely shaped fingernails in sight.

I sat up, my head pounding as I must have done it too quickly. "It's over?" I gasped as the young man, looking pretty neat in his dark suit, white shirt and red tie, handed me a drink of orange juice. Two other younger guys, in white coats and glasses, went out of the room then and left me with just the one younger man, the 'suit'.

"Just a few formalities," said the young man, helping me as I did wobble a bit getting out of the casket. It wasn't because I was in a skirt and high heels. No, I shuddered in relief. I was me again. I was Mike Douglas. And I didn't want to answer any of the questions that 'Grant' had for me.

"I've got some for you," I said angrily. I had the thought of me, at the front of my mind, standing in front of the bed, doing a girlie strip-tease, tossing my long hair around my breasts, while a naked Count cheered me on. I flushed as I recalled how he had encouraged me to go slowly and gracefully with more and more girlish poses than I would have guessed that I knew. And, I did it. I did everything that he wanted, this man admiring me so that he was yanking at his manhood, exciting himself, because I looked so attractive as a woman.

"Why did I have a-an experience as a woman?" I asked Grant.

Grant looked perturbed then. "Only one experience?" he asked aghast. "Oh, our apologies, Mr Douglas, you should have had three avatar experiences as girls or near-girls, shouldn't you?"

"What?!" I screamed at him, feeling so appalled to have it said like that. I couldn't get up. I had to sit down as I really felt like I hadn't slept at all. I was shaking. Pins and needles attacked me everywhere as I

tried to grasp what Grant was saying so seriously to me. If I was still Naomi, I would have understood perfectly, I supposed, about what I had been and why I was so tired. I wasn't having any sleep, after all, in my very last encounter as that, that travesti.

"You did that to me deliberately?" I gasped at the 'suit'.

"We only gave you what you wanted, Mr Douglas," said the young man, picking up a clipboard and showing me a form that I had signed.

"I wanted to find out if this avatar nonsense was real!" I thundered at him.

Grant paid no attention to my complaint. At least, I was dressed in my usual blue jeans and check shirt, I could see. I felt my chin was kind of scratchy on my chest. Oh, it was bliss to think that I needed a shave.

"You know what a CD is?" asked Grant then.

"A compact disk," I said. "I don't want one now as I did when I checked it off."

"A TV ..." Grant asked.

"I don't need anything to play on television," I told him. "I don't want any kind of record of the experiences I had."

"LG means ..." Grant said with frown.

"It's a brand of products, Life's Good," I said, starting to list all the products there.

"GG and TS, trans ...?" he interrupted me.

"Horses and other forms of transport," I said, cutting him off. "That's what I wanted to be working with and look what you did to me!"

“FF?” asked Grant with the weirdest look on his young face then.

“Fly Fishing,” I said. “I wrote a whole book on that. It was a murder mystery as well.”

“Phew,” said Grant then. “I think there was a mistake here, Mr Douglas. Let me explain ...”

“No, let me explain,” I said to him, standing then and following him out through a long, mainly deserted office. I think it was lunchtime as the few people there were eating, unaware of me leaving. We went down a flight of stairs and there we were, in the open, on the street where Avartech offices were located. Real people, pretty girls and handsome boys, were strolling along on a warm, sunny day, no rain at all as it had been threatening when Brandy and I had gone into this rip-off, dream factory.

“I’ve been cheated,” I said to this Grant who was leading me across the street and into a café, I thought, but then at the last moment, he veered off. We went down steps to what appeared to be a warehouse right next door to the café, Grant ringing a bell in the door. I bent Grant’s ear with all my complaints of shoddy service without actually saying what I was complaining about. He just looked woodenly at me and kept on ringing the bell until the door opened at last.

“Yes,” asked a tall, dark-haired, thirtyish woman, about my age I guessed, elegant despite her heavy makeup. “Oh, it’s you, Grant!”

“This customer at Avartech has many complaints,” said Grant, taking a recorder from his pocket that I hadn’t known he had had. I heard myself reeling off words like ‘stupid’, ‘ill-conceived’, ‘lousy’, and ‘dishonest’. “He was supposed to have this last delightful

experience with you but he is saying that he did not understand what he really wanted. Do you still want to deal with this last experience right away, Joanne? I don't know quite what to do as everyone superior to me is out at lunch."

"Well, we do aim to please," said the woman with a wink at me. "What went wrong this time?" She smiled at me and I stepped through the door then. Well, it was nice to know I would get some apology and some explanation. I wasn't going to leave without them.

"He checked all the wrong boxes," said Grant. "He didn't know Cross-Dressing, that TV is TransVestism, Little Girl is a fetish, TransSexual, trannies, Genetic Girl, he didn't know the initials of and, of course, Forced Feminization was one of the choices he made."

"What did you say?" I asked, shock overwhelming me once more, as Grant read out the list of perversions I was supposed to have signed up for. I grabbed at the form that Grant still held.

Whack! The woman hit me! She was smiling but she hit me with a riding crop. A buzzer was going off and the inner door opened then. Two tall, well-built people, a man and a woman, each in dark leather, grabbed me and threw me into an inner room proper.

"All right, Grant, you can go," said the woman in the tight skirt, slapping a riding crop into her hand. "I think we can take care of Cindy and her FF experience from this point on!"

"What!" I screamed. "No! I don't want ..."

Whack! It was harder and across my jeans then. I was knocked onto a mat by the pair of leather freaks then. "Stay still," hissed the 'woman' at me in a very manly voice that made me shiver through and through.

“Mistress Joanne won’t tolerate disobedience! You don’t want the dungeon, really you don’t, Cindy!”

Cindy! My mouth must have opened wide in shock then as Mistress Joanne leaned over me and her crop under my jaw made me close it. What had I just heard?! FF, forced feminization, and I was going to get an FF experience, me, Mike Douglas, me and not anyone else.

“I’m Mike, Michael Douglas,” I said hastily then and nothing happened. “I came here with Brandy ...”

“Gag her,” said Mistress Joanne then and my temperature went up six points I’m sure as she called me by a female pronoun. “And get her shaved and into some decent clothes. We have a party tomorrow night, upstairs in the Bluebird Lounge, for the Mothers of Lavender and Lace. She will be a sissy maid at the affair.”

“I’m Mike Douglas,” I tried again, enraged at her words, as the guy took a strange thing, a ball and scarf from his belt. My voice failed then. I tried to kick and fight but the man in a dress held me down and the other put the gag, that was what it was, in my mouth.

“Your name is Maria Cynthia Williams, but you will never say it,” said Mistress Joanne to me with a sardonic smile. “You will answer only to Cindy. You will tell all our clients that you are Cindy, our newest sissy in training, if you are asked.”

I tried to kick at her then. Mistress Joanne smiled at me, leaning forward to kiss me on my cheek. I smelled a perfume that I had just been wearing as Naomi. Oh, I felt so weak and silly then.

“This one is feisty,” said Mistress Joanne. “She must work harder to do what she is told and you girls,” she

was speaking to my guards then, each looking at her as if she was a general or something, "will teach her what it is to be a woman. Mr Mike Michael Michel Douglas, you wanted and ordered this. You will get what you have paid for."

I couldn't tell her that I hadn't ordered 'this'. I couldn't tell her that, if I had, it was all a mistake! I wanted to change my mind! And this wasn't an avatar experience! This was me, the real me. What they were doing to me was criminal. I would have them all in jail when I finally got out of here.

Kicking and gurgling, I was marched through Mistress Joanne's Sissy Training Institute. How the other people, in the rooms I was marched through or by, stared at me. The place was full of men and women, engaged in what seemed to be a magazine business. Models were being made up and posed for photography and there seemed to be all kinds of artistic work going on.

"Don't mind us," said Mistress Joanne several times as elegant secretaries stopped to look at us. Men, suited like Grant, led them away from the indecent spectacle that was me.

The security men ignored me, even though I gargled at them! One actually politely opened the door to a bathroom that I was taken into to begin the most wretched experience of my whole life. In my previous experiences, I had already been transformed to some degree into a woman, a female impersonator or an effeminate, little boy. Now, I discovered all the humiliating steps that a man must go through to become one of those.

I was depilated. Hair-removing waxes were put on my face, even on my eyebrows, and all over my body.

And not just by the leather freaks. These beauticians came in from the magazine and supervised my transformation. I kicked at one and not only was I immediately beaten by the leather 'girl' but a nurse arrived and injected something into me then, into my spine. I couldn't feel my legs at all, much less direct them to kick anyone.

I might have drowned in the bathtub, the scented water again reminding me of how I had luxuriated in a bath as Naomi. But I was Mike Douglas and I looked nothing like Naomi. Or I didn't until the beauticians dried me, ignoring my nakedness and put me into what appeared to be a doctor's chair and worked on me.

I knew that I would make a freaky, horrible-looking woman. I knew it. I didn't want to look at what these freaks were doing to me. "If you promise to be good and just whisper," the gravel-voiced leather freak said to me then, "we can take that gag from you for a little while. You promise to be good, Cindy?"

I nodded, and earrings, long, tasselled earrings swept along my neck. Naomi had worn earrings like that. I glanced then at what had been done to me. Oh, I was a freak as I had thought that I would be. My hair was all held up in a stocking cap and I was me with heavy, women's makeup on my face, my eyebrows arched, earrings swinging at my ears and a gag around my mouth.

I grimaced but it was such a relief when the ball was taken from my tongue and I could speak. "Mike, Michel, Michael, Mike, Michelle, Brandy, Cindy," I gasped and the gag went back in my mouth.

"This girl just doesn't know what's good for her," said the leather tranny then. "Gloria!" That was the girl

in the pink uniform who had handcuffed me in the chair and was working on my hands and nails. I have a man's hands and I was only going to look more ridiculous than ever with whatever she was doing. "Call Nurse Francine back. A shot in her jaw muscles will help us all. I love to see a sissy in lipstick, don't you?"

Gloria looked at me then and smiled, nodding her lovely, dark hair. The redheaded Francine returned and I got a shot of something that relaxed me so much that I couldn't say anything but gibberish when the gag was removed. Gloria moved her attentions then to my mouth and to painting all of my face.

Another beautician put a wig on me, pinning the hair to me as Nicole had done for Naomi. I spun in the chair then. I looked in the mirror. I really did think that there was someone in the empty chair beside me. But it was still empty! I was looking at myself, Mike Douglas. I couldn't believe what these girls had done to me, to my face.

Somehow, my nose seemed thinner, my lips were fuller and my skin was clear, my cheeks more rounded and smoother than they were. What they had pushed into my mouth seemed to account for that. Being made up was 'easy', I found out, however, as that only entailed bathing and sitting.

I couldn't believe what they used duct tape for, not that I could feel it at first. I could feel the corset about me from the start, however, and the taping that was done of my chest to make a little, fake cleavage for me. Girls had been laughing about that in the dressing room of *Monsieur et Mademoiselle*, remembering all the strange things they had done to simulate breasts until they had visited the good doctor.

I could feel the padding at my chest and at my hips and then feeling returned to my legs. It must have as I felt every inch of the stockings that were put on my legs and the tug of my corset as the stockings pulled on it.

The girls were so quiet and serious as I had panties put on me and then an underslip. I shuddered as I saw the woman sitting where I should be sitting in front of the mirror. "The ruby necklace?" Gloria asked then. She sounded like a man! She was so soft, and thin, and delicate and she was a man?

"Four-inch high heels to start with," said another man then and I blinked as the voice definitely came from the lovely lips of the blonde beautician on my right. She knelt then with several boxes in front of me and fitted me for lovely shoes, lovely, red, high-heeled shoes that would have been wonderful for a woman.

The red dress that I was to wear had so many rustly petticoats. I shook as Gloria held it in her arms as the leather freak, Rita, I had heard 'her' name at last, pulled on my corset. I couldn't breathe at all!

I writhed in pain but the serious-faced 'girls' about me didn't seem to think it worth even a moment's attention. It was clear why Rita did that to me, cutting into my chest muscles, as the dress that was put on me had an impossibly narrow waist. When I was still too big for the dress, Rita just tightened me in the corset even more.

"Don't!" I croaked, realizing that all the drugs shot into me must be wearing off.

"This is Forced Feminization, Cindy dear," drawled Rita then. "You must put up with some inconveniences

from time to time at the start, Cindy, but we'll soon have you in perfect, female shape."

"Is she going to be a sissy like us?" asked the blonde Gloria. I almost fainted as she held up my hands enough for me to see the long, pointed, red fingernails that I had.

Rita helped me up. I shuddered as I saw the woman that was me in the mirror. There was no getting away from it. I was going to be forced to be a female again. I shuddered as I looked at me as they had made me. I wasn't me! The dress swished all around me, though, and I felt the same sorts of feelings that I had when I was Shanalla, or Catherine or Naomi. I tried to speak but Rita put her finger on my mouth then. "Only when you are asked to speak, Cindy. No, she's not going to be like you darlings," Rita said to the beauticians who were swaying so femininely in their pink high heels and pink smocks over dark, narrow skirts and pink tops.

"She is going to get voice training," said the second girl then, in her male voice. She sounded a little indignant.

"She's paid for it up front," said Rita mildly then. "You sissies have chosen to earn your passage here. If you wish to take part in a new program, you must approach Mistress Joanne. She will assign you to an entertainment section where you can earn the credits to learn the female voices that you wish to have."

I shuddered as I heard the message behind those words. I could only guess but I wouldn't doubt that the 'entertainment' that a girl would have to perform would probably be humiliating and degrading to a man. But I seemed to be the only one who thought so.

Gloria and her friend looked like they were seriously thinking about what Rita had said.

Gloria and her companion left then and a new girl arrived. "Is she ready for her first lessons," this brunette girl asked, smiling at me. "Oh, she still has manacles and handcuffs."

"And Josie and me," said Rita then but the other leather freak, the man, had disappeared. It was just Rita and me. I was sure that I could get away if it came down to just her and me. Oh, but this stuff on me. I couldn't stop the shakes running through me as I felt femininity every time I moved. I was so fragrant with perfume as well, so, so darned womanly. "We can let her out of the manacles but if she starts with the kicking, it's the punishment stocks for her, until she starts behaving properly."

"Pun- ...?" I began. Rita slapped me then, hard, and I staggered, the swirl of my dress about me adding to my unnerving. Oh, as a woman, I couldn't compete with someone as strong as Rita.

"What ...?" I asked again, wanting to know what I had done that was so wrong. Rita slapped me again.

"This girl is a hard learner," sighed Rita.

"She can walk to the stocks as well as she can walk the runway," said the brunette girl, smiling at me. She might have been a real girl, so natural did her voice seem to me. Then, as well, her breasts bounced quite naturally, but then so had the breasts of all the other men I had met who looked just like her at the *Monsieur et Mademoiselle* night club in Paris. I almost wished that I was back there where I knew what I was.

Walking in woman's high heels and in a woman's petticoated dress was so nerve-wracking. Rita had her

hands on my hips and I had to swing them. I had to take small steps and all the things that Naomi had done so naturally started to come back to me.

I had to do it all the time, walk like a woman. Any time I made a mis-step, I had to return to the beginning of the section I was walking through and start again. The girls in each section smiled at me more now that I was in women's clothing, now that I looked like a woman with my makeup and wig. The men noticed me as well. I had the shakes as they came up and treated me just as if I was a woman. And I thought I could get away from this 'Training Institute'? Hah! Several men came up and stopped me walking like a girl. That's how I learned to curtsy and found that I had to do that to all men as I was a sissy. Rita told me that I had to tell everyone that. Hadn't I been listening to Mistress Joanne when she told me that?

"What are you?" asked an amused, grey-haired, older man, having come out of a glassed office to speak to me.

"You will answer Mr Denton, Cindy," said Rita in her mannish voice that no-one seemed to challenge at all.

I was the newest sissy in training, Mistress Joanne had said to me. I thought about not saying it but a look at the tenseness in Rita and I knew she would hit or slap me if I didn't say what I had to. Besides, she was a bigger man than I was, wasn't she?

"I am the newest sissy in training," I said, feeling so weird all over in the women's clothing I was wearing.

"Beautiful," said Mr Denton. "Rita, put my name on the top of the initiation list for Cindy. I would love to

be the one to initiate her into the mysteries of being a proper sissy."

"Say thank you to Mr Denton," said Rita then as I felt my temperature rising a thousand degrees. I could guess just what such an initiation would entail. "And yes, Cindy, such a lovely compliment means you are allowed to hug Mr Denton and kiss his cheek before you curtsy to him and we move on to view the stocks."

I jerked on my handcuffs then as my dress whispered against me and my stockings pulled on me. My corset cut into me intolerably, resisting me, reminding me what had been done to me as I moved, trying to do what Rita wanted, if only to save myself from a beating.

"Don't put this one in the stocks, Rita. I beg you," said Mr Denton, stepping forward then and putting his arms around me to hug me. He pointed then to his cheek. "Right here," he said. I pursed my lips, shuddered and tried to leave my lipstick on his cheek. Only, he moved his cheek and I was kissing another man on the lips. I, Mike Douglas myself, not an avatar or anything, was kissing a man and he was kissing me.

"Mr Denton!" said a mock-appalled Rita then. "That's the oldest trick in the book for stealing a kiss from one of our pretty sissies in training. You should know better."

"Oh, I do," said this Denton man, winking at me as I was flushing all over in embarrassment, the touch of his lips on mine still making my lips buzz. "I know a hundred kisses, Cindy, that you and I should practice together. Now, curtsy to me, Cindy sweetheart, and go and see if you can persuade Andrea that she is

better here working with me than being balled by every man who passes her by in the stocks."

Then, Mr Denton kissed me again, twisting me so that I would have fallen over but for him holding me as men have always held girls. The others laughed at me as Mr Denton pressed his lips to me. I recalled so many other men who had kissed me in my 'dreams'. But he did let me go in the end and Rita made me do what I was supposed to do.

I curtseyed, my stockings pulling on my corset, my dress floating all about me, filling me up with all the feelings that Naomi had felt in wearing a flirty dance dress. And now another man had kissed me as well. Oh, stop, I thought, as chills ran up and down my spine. You don't want to be a woman for a man again. You don't!

The stocks were at one end of a lounge, a lounge where the people who worked in this office or warehouse met. Several groups of men and women sat at different tables, coffee or water glasses in front of them. I shivered nervously inside as I saw that every man at the tables with couples was touching a woman.

Some were stroking hands that the girls seemed to have to allow them. We did, I found out later. It was a rule for 'sissies' that what a man wanted they had to give him, unless Miss Joanne was there and said 'No'. Other girls, sitting with legs crossed demurely, had men's hands about their shoulders or waists and one man was stroking a girl's leg at one of the tables, I could see. I hoped that she was really a girl but I was beginning to think that this might not be the case for any of the 'women' that I had seen so far.

In the stocks at the end of the room, a blonde-haired girl was pinned by her arms and her wide-spread legs. "Andrea," said Rita then, shaking her head.

We didn't move further into the lounge then as a man dressed like a chauffeur came into the lounge. Andrea immediately reacted by shaking her chains. None of the 'girls' in the room looked at her as the chauffeur approached her, fondled her, opening her blouse and letting her skirt fall a little down her legs. He kissed her and Andrea tried to twist away. The man smiled and spanked her tush then. He kissed Andrea again and she let him. She was even kissing him back fervently.

If Andrea had thought that her kissing would stop the man from balling her, as Mr Denton had called it, Andrea was much mistaken.

The chauffeur went behind the lovely girl in the stocks and put his hands on her breasts. Oh, how she writhed then as the chauffeur buried his excited manhood inside her tush. I was red-faced and trying to look away but Rita made me look. The earrings danced on my neck and the hair of the wig caressed my neck as I moved in sympathy with the pinioned Andrea. She was arching her back to kiss her domineering lover when several more men came into the lounge, lining up, talking to one another, while I had to sit like a girl and cross my legs and pretend that no one was fucking anyone so publicly. I thought, at first, that it wasn't man on man action but, then, right in front of me, panties down on her thighs, Andrea was exposed to everyone as a man.

The chauffeur gathered his clothes together and the next man in line moved in on Andrea. There was no time when Andrea wasn't being totally attacked by

some member of the lounge congregation. I couldn't understand why she was so silent. I couldn't have been, I was sure.

"She wouldn't let one of Mr Denton's friends have her," said Rita. "Such a lovely girl. She will learn that even if she's in love with husband, her wife, or a total stranger, the only proper, civilized behaviour for a sissy is to be available to any man who wants her."

I was paraded then through the working areas of the building I had been delivered to be forcibly feminized. How could someone want this, I asked myself with a quiver running through me. If I hadn't had the experience of being a woman so many times before in my dreams, I'm sure it must be my dreams that were being channelled into me, I would never have been able to do what I was doing, sitting so meekly in a woman's swishy dress, in a woman's panties and underwear. I couldn't have done it. But here I was, anyway, and I hated myself for I, Mike Douglas, was sitting and acting exactly like a woman or a travesti.

In the photography room, I minced in as if I was one of the feminine models. No-one stopped me or told me to leave. I had to strip down to my stockings and corset and be re-dressed and photographed, right in front of the other, delightfully female models. I paraded around in the skimpiest of outfits, just like those I thought were girls, even though I was having more and more doubts. I was treated as if I was a woman and I knew that I wasn't. I was posed by the photographer just so, so femininely, and made to pout as if I was looking at a man I loved.

I shuddered as I saw that several of the models were older than I had thought and many of them had padded breasts and tushes just like mine. Rita made

me join in with them. Gloria came and touched up my makeup for me, her mouth quite still. Oh yes, I think I was wrong to think that any of the girls I could see was a woman, a true-born woman, that is.

The faggy, lisping photographer embarrassed me in every possible way. He knew that I was a 'sissy in training'. So, he had his hands all over me, all the time, as I was made to prepare for a 'fashion' photo. I was most uncomfortable as he stroked my legs and arranged my dresses. But I had to smile and pretend that I enjoyed everything that we were up to. Thank goodness for Naomi and performing as a girl in public as she had done. I drew on that and somehow survived a session as a fashion model, me, a thirty-two year old man in stockings and a mini-skirt.

Mistress Joanne swept down on me as I was trembling at the final indignity pushed onto me by the 'assistant director'. I still had no idea how real all this photography really was. I was lying in a nightie on the bed, a male model grinning like a fool as he drew me against him and I could feel his erection against my tush.

"Cindy," Mistress Joanne said curtly. "To the kitchens. The black and white maid's uniform, Rita."

"Oh, darn," whispered the male model, rolling me over and kissing me, just as Mr Denton had.

Mistress Joanne was scandalized. I was spanked then. I was turned over Josie's knee, the silent leather freak returning in time to do that to me. It was my fault that I had been so pretty that I had made a man want to kiss me, in defiance of my mistress's rules. It was always going to be my fault, I figured out, my tush hurting me no end, after Josie had finished with me.

“Lucky girl,” murmured Rita. I wanted to go all indignant and tell her I wasn’t a girl. But then I got a look at myself in the long mirror and I couldn’t see anything there but a blonde in a red dress and she looked to be all-girl.

“You could have taken Andrea’s place,” whispered Rita as she put salve on my tush, her fingers so soft and light on my panties. I shuddered at her touch as much as at her words. “Now, to the kitchens and maid duty for you, Cindy.”

I think I was the only one under escort and compulsion as I had to walk suggestively like a woman to the kitchens. The first thing I had to do was to change into the ‘uniform’.

“I, I can’t!” I whispered at the little black dress on a hanger that Rita chose for me in the right size. Rita looked over my shoulder and there was Josie, the man in a leather vest.

“She doesn’t learn, does she?” said the skinhead Josie in a woman’s voice, shocking me to my core. She had such muscles in her arms that I didn’t know if I was looking at a man or a woman. No-one enlightened me as Rita glanced at Josie apprehensively.

“Do as you’re told,” hissed Rita. “As we all have to, in here.”

I shivered. My body protested but I was hurting enough. I changed into the tiny dress and the dark fishnet stockings, the white, frilly panties going over the tight black panties that hid my taped manhood and genitals. The corset cut into me, making me gasp each time I bent as it seemed to grab me more tightly. But the little dress fitted me snugly, the high heels feeling

so funny with my feet squashing the fishnet into the shoes.

I wasn't the only 'French maid' on duty. There might have been twenty of us in fishnet stockings, black garter belts, white, frilly panties and short, black dresses, a white cap and bow in our hair. It had only taken Mistress Joanne's a couple of hours and I, Mike Douglas, had disappeared completely. I wasn't even Cindy any more, I thought miserably. I was this sissy. That was what everyone was calling me.



“Hey, sissy,” that was from a tall girl who was the head waitress or something. “Bring me those napkins and we’ll give a quick refresher course on what you are to do.”

So, I took napkins to the woman and she gave me a pinch on my tush with words to hustle more in future, like a good, little sissy-girl should.

The other maids were all men like me. Some of them seemed to be revelling in the way that they were dressed. They swished outrageously even though they had masculine faces covered by female makeup and hair. Some had wide shoulders and others had sinewy legs.

There were a frightened few that were like me, looking very girlish with figures that were padded like mine. Our legs were all thinnish, but when Georgina or Olivia looked at me, I could have been looking at a woman, so feminized were we by the makeup we had to wear.

Donna, the tall, head waitress, found fault with all of us with the way that we curtsied, the way that we bent over to pick up things and the way that we moved when we carried things like a tray. We had to sashay, she said, and poked, prodded and slapped us, usually on our tushes when we didn’t meet her expectations.

The banquet hall, really just a dining room, was filled with men and women as we entered. We sashayed around the room while the men and women, Mr Denton waving to me, making me wobble, getting me an immediate reprimand from Miss Donna, as we had to call her, though she spoke in a drawl like Rita.

I had to serve at a table with the photographer and some of his models. He deliberately dropped a napkin

on the floor. I didn't do what Olivia had just done and bend from the waist. Oh, how she had been slapped then by all the people at her table. She was almost crying as she went by me, looking so young and lost. I couldn't understand why she was here, being a sissy with me. Why was I here, was just as good a question. When I got away, I would have all these people in prison for years for kidnapping me!

But first I had to survive. I did the 'bunny dip' and bent my legs to pick up Gerard's napkin for him. I tried to serve the dinner to the people at the table but they made it very difficult. They would stroke my legs as I put dishes on the clean table cloths. They deliberately spilled things to get me to bend and clean up. That hurt me, and when I had done a good job, Gerard made me sit in his lap. I sort of struggled at that until Miss Donna snapped at me and told me to 'satisfy' the people I was serving properly.

I shuddered as I saw so many maids sitting in men's laps or kneeling beside women like little children or puppies, being petted or stroked. Gerard deliberately pressed on my waist, I think, to make my chest pull tighter and then he commented on what a lovely 'rack' I had. He had to kiss my chest then as I squirmed in his arms. I decided that I was going to smash his face in whenever I got free from this awful place.

"All right, people, please sit up straight," said Mistress Joanne, standing at the head table then. "Miss Donna, you have some work still to do with your sissies. I don't see many smiles and welcoming body movements. Our sissy waitresses must be able to serve the most boorish of customers as my friends, who will be here tomorrow, like to let their hair down and I want no untoward incidents. Submission is what we

must teach to these sissy girls who are imbued with such ugly traits from their former masculine lives. We shall drive all traces of that out of them.

“Now, for the cabaret this evening, we shall have Andrea perform for us. I am sure that all the patrons of my little Training Institute will be amused by the tableau that Andrea has begged to present to you.”

We waitresses had to clear away tables then. When we were done, a stage area to one side was lit up and music, soft and seductive, began to play. A girl, in a long, slit skirt, danced provocatively across the stage. A man stepped out of the shadows and they did a typical adagio dance that we had performed in the *Monsieur et Mademoiselle* night club. I could almost feel Robert whipping me around as Naomi, hurling me onto the floor.

Andrea was lucky. She was hurled onto a couch. That was where she lost her skirt. Then she lost her short half-slip. She danced on, losing her bra, showing off her lovely breasts and then she lost her panties, showing off her manhood.

Andrea ‘fought’ back, ripping the shirt off her partner and his pants. With the music becoming more energized, she was whirled so that she ended with her head in her partner’s groin and she serviced him as any girl would her man if she was in that position, kneeling in front of him. Beside me, I could feel Olivia swaying and a quick glance showed me that she wasn’t looking at the spectacle as her eyes were closed.

Andrea had aroused her partner enough that he flung her away. She landed in a position where he could pounce on her from the rear and she was in ecstasy then, or she faked it marvellously, as she still danced or moved to the music while she was possessed

by her partner. She only faced him when he turned her. His manhood spat its last dregs onto her lipstick, which she eagerly consumed as if she had been given a glass of the finest wine.

I wanted to be a little sick myself but it was Olivia beside me who rushed out of the room suddenly, Josie bounding after her. Olivia was retching then.

“Maids, attend your masters and mistresses,” said Mistress Joanne, frowning after Josie and Olivia.

I shuddered as the other girls all went obediently to grinning men and women, the women, I noticed, all older than the models who shared tables with them. Rita grabbed me, then, and led me to Mistress Joanne. The riding crop lifted my little dress and traced around my panties, poking at the tape around my manhood.

“Uncomfortable?” asked Mistress Joanne with a sympathetic smile and I almost made the mistake of agreeing with her.

I had seen Miss Donna use that technique on Georgina, who had been spanked by Josie then for her temerity in suggesting that she didn’t love everything about her confinement in corsets and tight binding.

“Oh no, Mistress,” I whispered. “I love the way that I am dressed. I hope that I please you.”

“Very good, Cindy,” Mistress Joanne said then. “Even better if you can do a pretty curtsy when you say that.” I tried to do that, with the short, short skirt I was wearing. I must have looked ridiculous. “And smile, Cindy, smile!” said Mistress Joanne, and I did that. “See what a pretty girl you are when you do that.”

Mistress Joanne motioned to the mirrored wall. I had to shiver as I saw what I was in the wig, makeup and maid’s frilly costume.

"Jim Denton, mistress," said Rita then.

"Yes, I know," said Mistress Joanne then crossly. "I have heard from him. He's quite smitten with this one." She looked at me. "That nose is a tad too big. Makeup will only work until she has to go to bed with someone. I want that taken care of and those legs as well. They're spindly. Might as well have the breasts done too. Who's paying the bills on this one?"

I gasped as Rita named my publishing company. "We have an advance for all improvements," she said and I really wanted to object. Gods, they were going to make me a pauper. Didn't they know the interest rate the company charged me for advances? I had earned nothing on my second novel as all revenues were swallowed up by their exorbitant charges.

"Get them done right away then," said Mistress Joanne. "Now, voice lessons. Makeup lessons, the runway, Gerard says she is barely adequate, and she can warm Josie's bed tonight. Josie deserves a little treat. Don't be so sad, Rita. Jim Denton needs a girlie woman, doesn't he? Time for you to get out of the leather outfit and into something really femmy. Something from the Shirley Temple line, I think, after a suitable voice lesson with Anita. Yes, smile, Rita, you will enjoy and be enjoyed yourself tonight. Your wife will be here tomorrow and you should surprise her with your progress, shouldn't you? Now, off with the two of you."

Rita smiled and nodded, taking my hand and leading me off then.

"You don't want this," I whispered as Rita made me swish like her down a hallway to a room where I heard a woman talking loudly.

“Cindy, you have so much to learn,” Rita said, glancing around then. “I will love being a little girl to-night for Jim Denton, even though he will have me and fantasize that I am you.”

“I, I’m not going to be surgically altered, am I?” I asked her as she shoved me into a room with an older woman, glasses on the end of her nose. The woman looked up at me with interest and stayed a computer screen of a pretty girl who had been talking loudly.

“Why not?” asked Rita. “We all are, sooner rather than later. Jim will just have more of you to love!”

I reeled in then to Miss Anita who was thoroughly displeased with the way that I spoke and taught me how to ‘extend my range’. The electric shocks that she administered through the attachment she put onto my panties encouraged me to do my best as they did to Rita, I noticed, who really was talking like a little girl when we left there.

I got nothing to eat. “A girl as fat as you?” said Rita in mock disbelief. “You’ll be lucky to get soup by Friday.” That was four days away and I was feeling faint as it was. How could I walk up and down the runway as Gerard wanted me to, at the speed he wanted in a long gown and high heels. I wasn’t a woman! I wasn’t on a diet.

Wrong on both counts, according to Rita, who had to leave me and go and get into costume as a little girl. “Don’t smile, Cindy. You’ll do this scene soon,” Rita told me as well. “We all do, around here.” I think that was her favorite sentence.

I sashayed and sashayed in every kind of gown until I was exhausted and I was making mistakes. “She’s ready for bed,” said Gerard to the models who had

been helping him train me. "Who's got her as a bed-warmer?"

"Josie," said one of the girls in her man's voice.

"Oh, yes," said Gerard, motioning her over. The 'girl' went eagerly into his arms, accepting his kiss with a passionate one of her own. The second model pouted and sashayed over. Gerard turned to her and let her kiss him as well. Soon, the three of them were so involved that I might as well not have been there. At least, I could sit and rest my high-heeled feet, my legs really hurting.

Josie appeared at the doorway, looking so male and so tough. She, he, I still didn't know how to think of him, glanced with interest at the two girls assaulting Gerard on the couch. One had Gerard's pants open and was rousing Gerard's manhood with her lovely, lipsticked mouth. Once she had him firm and upright, she lifted the skirt she was wearing, pulled her panties down and began to caress his manhood with her soft tush. I still couldn't tell if she was male or female.

Josie took my hand. "Let's leave Kenneth and Roger," Josie sneered in a whiny, female voice. "You've seen one faggot make love, you've seen them all."

I shuddered and stumbled a little and Josie put a muscled arm about me.

"Y-You," I began and Josie laughed.

"You and me, babe," Josie said. "Nothing gay about us. One man and one woman, right? Which one do you want to be?"

I gurgled at that and Josie laughed again. "Mistress has already decided that, hasn't she? You're the female tonight!"

"I don't want ..." I began and Josie shushed me, almost breaking my arm in the tight grip she had on me.

"Neither do I," Josie whispered. "I like real girls in my bed, not imitation ones."

I felt so hot and silly then as Josie took me into her bedroom, had me take off my makeup and put on another wig, short and dark, and then strip off, but I had to keep on a corset, different from the first, and panties, underneath the light, silky nightie I had to wear. I had to change earrings and then I had to cuddle up to Josie who was in pyjamas. I wondered when I would ever wear them again.

Josie cuddled me and I warmed her bed. She kissed me and fondled me, taking charge of me as if I was a woman. But she didn't want me sexually, not then, which was such a relief. I really was what I had been told to be, her bed-warmer. She used me like she would have used a kitten or something like that in her bed, a heavy arm on me that tightened each time that I thought of making a move away from her and finding a way out of the predicament I was in.

The party for the Mothers of Lavender and Lace the next day was almost a complete humiliation from beginning to end. Olivia cried and begged one of the old biddies to let her go home, promising to be a good girl. The old woman looked inordinately proud of herself as she refused absolutely her daughter's request.

I had to do my bunny dip again to serve her and two other eagle-eyed women, one caressing my thighs with a gloved hand as I laid out the hors d'oeuvres for them. My, those women could eat! And I was starving!

"Your Oliver," said one woman. "Oh, Olivia. She's progressing well then."

“Joanne knows what I want for her,” said the woman Olivia had cried to. “I want to put her in the sales in the summer. She’ll fetch enough to keep the estate running for a while and her lazy lumps of brothers will replace her here as I will be able to afford that as well.”

“How nice to have so many amenable sissy-boys,” said one of the women, smiling at me and caressing my hand. “I only had the one and she fetched a fine price from the Sheikh. She was so well-trained here that I saw her in the paper, still on his arm as his number one concubine. Joanne works such wonders with sissies!”

“What is Brenda doing with hers?” asked the first woman then, holding me and making me sit in her lap then, drawing in my lovely fragrance with a beatific, eager look on her face.

“Look at her with her lover,” said Olivia’s mother in disgust. “I can’t see why she brings a man to this show. He is really lording it over Brenda’s hubby, isn’t he? He could do that in the bedroom much better, couldn’t he?”

The three women were laughing as a sandy-haired guy was hugging a serious-faced woman who was being served by Rita, in a maid’s costume like me, behaving like a demure, little girl, her voice as squeaky as it had been the night before.

“Actually,” said the woman who was stroking me along my thighs, making my groin really become uncomfortable. “I think that Brenda has brought the business partner here today for a reason.”

“Which is?” asked Olivia’s mother.

“She’ll let him have his little triumph over her last husband,” whispered the woman then, holding me so

tightly. "But when she leaves here tonight, she'll be leaving here alone."

"And your little dollie there will have another playmate," said the third woman, laughing and clapping her hands. "Oh, what a sweetie he will make as well. I wish he wasn't so tall. I would love to make him my little girl for a while, but I like them short and pliable like our Cindy here."

I was passed round the group to be fondled then, my neckline checked out.

"Oh, they're not real!" said the woman who had been so cruel to Olivia, her son. "When do you get real boobies, Cindy?"

I still felt the shock and anger I had felt earlier that day. Miss Anita had said to me that she wasn't scheduling me again until after the doc had finished with me the next day and I was ready to talk again in a week or so.

"I'm not sure," I said with a smile that I was learning how to fake all the time.

Mistress Joanne came by then and they put the question to her. Mistress smiled and said, "You can ask Cindy. She knows. She was told this morning."

"She said she didn't know," Olivia's mother said then.

Mistress Joanne looked at me then and cold fear crept through me.

"I, I meant that I didn't know when tomorrow I, I will b-be operated on, Mistress," I whispered as Miss Anita had told me talk. I bobbed into a curtsy then as well and Mistress Joanne smiled coldly at me.

“You lied to a client?” Mistress Joanne said softly and the three women were watching her avidly. I shuddered visibly, the long blonde fall of hair that I had bobbing madly down my mostly bare back. “How shall I correct such a fault, ladies?”

“The stocks,” said Olivia’s mother.

“And we get to watch,” said the woman who had first fondled me.

Mistress Joanne laughed then. “For such a little crime?” asked Mistress Joanne. “My darlings, don’t our girls lie to you all the time? We train them to be pleasant and tactful and complimentary. Which is not how they really feel about you, is it, Cindy?”

It was another trap, I knew with a shudder again running through me. “We all love being here, Mistress,” I said to her. “We love our training and corrections. We, we wouldn’t want to cause the Mistress a moment of distress ...”

“And this one,” said Mistress Joanne, “has only been here for a day! Think how femmy she is going to be when I have had her here for a month!”

A month! No, they couldn’t keep me here that long! They couldn’t!

But, of course, they did. I had my nose ‘fixed’ the next day. I had my tush cushioned and my thighs rounded. And I received real breasts. I don’t think that I ate at all in several weeks. I made love to my first man, Ed Denton, after two weeks, fantasizing that I was Shanalla or Naomi but it wasn’t the same as Ed kept calling me ‘Cindy’ and asking me how I liked having a real man in my tush. My other lovers had never been so crude to me.

Josie had me with a strap-on dildo, putting it between my breasts and arousing me to begging her to do me, which she did, my legs high and around her waist as if I was really Naomi, the Parisian travesti. Oh, how I wished then that I could have been Naomi and been back in the club as a dancer.

Time just seemed to flow by as I was promoted from waitress and became a trainee model. I even got to go out of the building then, with the model girls, all talking in girls' voices, I noted, just like mine. We modelled dresses for older ladies and, as I sashayed down the runway set up in this shopping center, I had this mad idea of running for it.

And how would I explain that I was Mike Douglas, I thought then, as I pirouetted and smiled brightly in my pleated, summery dress, shucking at the collar with my shiny, burgundy, red nails, my long fall of blonde hair making me look so glamorous. How could I explain that this woman with the upturned, feminine nose, breasts and a rounded, womanly figure, and thin and curvy as a girl, was me, Mike Douglas.

No, I was Cindy Williams, model, I thought as I pirouetted one more time, swishing my dress so that the older ladies could see how feminine it was, smiling at the image in the mirror I swished past as some photographer from the local rag took my picture. I doubted I would see it though as we girls only got fashion magazines to look at in the institute.

Olivia smiled bravely at me as she went out in the other direction, swaying and doing a dance step to the music that was playing. I was hugged by Rita as I went into the wide open dressing room and peeled off to my panties right away and Gloria slipped a bikini top onto me.

“Swim wear next,” Gloria said in her changed voice. Apart from this show, I hadn’t seen her much lately as she was in the entertainment lounge, a bar where guys could come and pick up special girls if they liked. There were apartments above the store-warehouse, I had heard, where the girls took their guys. Rita told me that I would have to take a turn there soon, especially as some of the girls were going to be sold off.

I shuddered at that but everyone seemed to know. Olivia whispered to me that she hoped that she would be sold to a man who would live in Europe. She loved to travel in Europe as a little girl, she told me earnestly, not knowing, I think, that I knew that she had never been a little girl. I had, as Catherine, and memories of her, being her, swam in my mind, making me think that I had been a little girl once and how delightful it was to be loved and cosseted, primping all the time, and how wonderful not to be a boy, fighting all the time.

Actually, I wouldn’t mind being in the entertainment lounge. Ed Denton was so possessive with me. No wonder Andrea had preferred the stocks to another night of his lovemaking. He was so old and boring and I had to fake my orgasms and pleasure so much. No, Ed may have been excited by my new body and love caressing and kissing my breasts but I wanted more than the fixation that he had with them.

So, I sashayed along the runway in my bikini and let the men on the upper decks whistle and applaud me. I smiled as a girl like me was supposed to do. Olivia had asked me how old I was the day before as we made up and practiced our model pout and stare.

“Thirty-two,” I said and she had burst out laughing, the first time she had laughed and she had been mortified as she laughed like a man.

“I’m eighteen,” Olivia had said to me. “I thought you were older when I first saw you but you’re looking so much younger lately. It’s the skin treatments and the nose and boob job, isn’t it? You really don’t look much older than me, you know. I know because I see us side by side in the mirror all the time. We could be sisters, you know.”

“Brothers,” I murmured to her and that made her tear up.

“My mother hated me,” Olivia said abruptly. “She’s selling me, you know. It’ll be a relief if she has enough money to raise my brothers properly. Harold will get the title, instead of me, when he’s twenty-one. I hope he’s forgotten his older brother by then.” She shuddered as she looked at herself in the mirror. She was a blonde like me but her own hair had grown out and she didn’t need extensions and wigs as I did. She was very popular with the guys who were customers of the Institute. I couldn’t believe how many men came in to meet sissies like us. When we had a dance, there always seemed to be more men than girls on the floor and every girl, no matter how tall or how mannish she was, always had a male partner.

“I’m sure they will remember you,” I said to Olivia, not telling her what I had heard her mother say about Harold replacing Oliver at the Institute and probably her younger brothers following in her high-heeled footsteps as well.

Olivia had shaken her lovely hair and had smiled at me. “I’ll miss you when I have to leave,” she had said bravely then. “I’ll always remember when we were sis-

ters together and I know you're not thirty-two, Cindy. Twenty-five isn't old, really, and you're not more than that, are you? I mean, with the way they're changing you, you'll look younger than me, anyway, in a year or so, if you stay here and I go on."

"If I'm ever sold," I said to her then, fear snapping at my insides, "maybe your sheikh will buy me as well."

"Then we really would be sisters," said Olivia seriously. "You know what the first thing he's going to do with me, don't you? I wonder why he doesn't just get himself a real girl."

I didn't want to contradict Olivia but Rita had told me that they said that to a lot of girls that they would now be women after all. But it wasn't true and for the obvious reason that Olivia had just mentioned. Who would want to buy a sissy and then immediately change 'her' into a girl? No, Olivia, I should have said to her, it isn't going to happen. But she was bright and seemed to be looking forward to being my sister some time in the future.

"What's it like in the entertainment lounge?" I asked Gloria after my fifth trip along the runway in different bikinis.

"Glorious," she laughed at me, her voice so man-nish for a moment. "You know that there is going to be a strip show in there next month for a little while. That's for girls like Rita and that new girl she's training, that redhead, who had to be gagged and go in the stocks for a week before she became one of us. What an airhead!"

"What is glorious about the entertainment lounge?" I persisted in asking her.

“So many men, so little time,” said Gloria with a mannish laugh then, correcting herself and actually giggling a little bit like a girl. “Variety,” she went on. “I used to be Mr Thomas’s little girl. That’s what he called me and how I had to behave. Luckily, Mr Rogers bought me from him and put me in beauty school. But he wouldn’t let me talk like a girl, ever. And lots of the masters started doing that and the mistresses caught on. They made Claudia look so sweet, she was the prettiest girl in the world, but she had to talk like a dockworker. Ugh, it was so gross. She was so pleased when the Sheikh’s brother bought her and told her that she could speak like a woman.”

So, I didn’t run away. I just smiled and chatted to the women who told me how pretty I was and how they loved seeing normal-sized models from the Modelling Institute wearing clothes that ‘any woman can wear’.

I was thinking that my conversations must be monitored. I was sure that they were when I was told to wear a little black dress and black lingerie and lots of Chanel perfume. Josie, in a black tux, came for me then and escorted me to the entertainment lounge where Gloria welcomed me rapturously as a sister and I joined her with two surfer dudes who didn’t believe that we were, well, sissies, one said apologetically.

“Oh, but we are,” said Gloria, taking his arm and putting it about her shoulder. She kissed him on the mouth then and the guy was looking over at his friend and me.

“I’ve been here before,” said the second guy who was staring at me with the most beautiful blue eyes I had ever seen. They were so blue, China blue, and I had only seen a few people with eyes like that ever in

my life. "It's why we paid a three hundred dollar cover charge, Fred. You and Gloria can leave any time you want. I just want to admire my little sissy for a little bit longer."

I had to smile and preen when he said that about me. Gloria led her man off to the back stairs and I was able to slide up to the blue-eyed, dark-haired man I was supposed to be with. "You've been here before?" I asked him in my sexiest, lilting voice.

"You don't have to seduce me," said Bart. "I know exactly what I want and will get from a girl like you."

"Oh," I asked him. "And what does a girl like me want from a boy like you?"

"Everything," said Bart, pulling me against him, such a smile in those lovely eyes of his. "Everything, Cindy. I got your room key already and I am going to take you now and give you fireworks, the sun, the moon and the stars."

"Oh my," I said, standing and smoothing down my tight, little black dress as Bart took me up the stairs after Gloria and past several rooms where we heard giggling girls' voices and deeper men's voices as well.

The room was filled with my clothes and dolls, gifts from all of the girls whenever we went out. I had had to bring back fifty from my last modelling job.

"I have something to ask you," murmured Bart then. "Please don't leave me until I've asked you. Oh shoot, I'm not supposed to do this but you are so cute, Cindy, so cute and femmy. I have to have you first before I do what I have to do."

"Do what you have to do," I whispered, putting my hands around his neck. Oh he smelled so nice, like a man, and not like a preservative, which was how Ed

Denton smelled to me. Bart was strong and well-muscled and he was out of his clothes in a flash and had me out of mine almost as quickly. He knew what he wanted. I was propped up with pillows on the bed and then he was spreading my legs and, unlike when I was with Ed, this time I was eager and I felt every tender caress that Bart gave me.

I had my first orgasm in an age as I surrendered without a whimper or regret to being a woman from the moment Bart had taken my hand downstairs. I was feminine and purposely female as I could be for Bart. And he knew just where to touch me to pleasure me. He knew just when to release me from my garter belt and my bra, and his gentle mouth had me seeing stars from the moment he kissed me and not just from when he suckled my breasts and my other teat, his word for what I thought of as my clit.

So, when Bart entered me, I was already spasming beneath him. I was so ready, so moist that he slipped into me. It was everything I wanted as a woman. Oh, how I loved him and I know he loved me just as much. I was crying when I came, every part of me tingling and on fire and Bart, when he came down from pleasuring me for so long, said that he felt the same way as well.

Bart put off asking me his silly question then, until he had had me again, and again and I was the most sated, satisfied woman on the planet. I know that the 'cover charge' had been his payment for making love to me and I would be doing more men, maybe even later that night, but, right then, I didn't care at all. Bart drove away all the blues my long training, over a month (!), had built up in me. I wasn't Ed Denton's girl friend any more. I was the world's girl friend!

“The question I have to ask,” whispered Bart then, holding me so tight to him and I could feel, against my clit, with excited delight, that he was getting so worked up again. I could hardly wait to get my tush over his manhood and rock my thighs against him.

“The question,” said a laughing Bart as I pushed my hard, aching demanding nipples against his chest, my arms around his head, kissing him as softly and gently as a woman can.

“The question is,” persisted Bart as I slid over his erection and assisted him to start to enter me, “Cindy, I don’t want to ask this, but what is your name?”

“You just said it,” I laughed at him and we kissed so wonderfully, rolling on the bed and I couldn’t believe that I was going to get so lucky with this wonderful man. I was going to be his girl for an incredible fourth time, my mind already singing as the expected delight and ecstasy were rising everywhere in me.

“I’m coming, baby,” I murmured and his hand clasped my hardening clit, teat, whatever, working the front of me as I slid over him and my rear was filled with him, as I loved it.

“Your name in full, Cindy,” said Bart, his mouth so full of me as I wriggled and writhed and he was going into spasms of his own. It was wonderful to see a man like that. I hadn’t seen a man have an orgasm like me, a woman, before.

“Cindy Williams,” I murmured.

“No, you aren’t Cindy,” whispered Bart as I came and went into total, cathartic ecstasy as the two of us became one, man and woman, united as it should always be.

“Cindy is short for something and you have other names,” I vaguely heard Bart saying to me and then he was really working me then. I squealed at the top of my girlish voice even as I kissed him and tried to be one with him.

“What is your name?” persisted Bart, his tush moving like a piston then as he had me so gloriously. I was his woman, forever, I exulted.

“Marie Cynthia Williams, if you must know,” I breathed, my passion for my lover only growing more and more.

And the walls around me went grey. I screamed, “No! I didn’t say it! I didn’t say the release word!” I didn’t know what the word was exactly but the world around me dissolved. I was trying to kiss dust passionately! I was trying to hold onto the air with my tush and not let it leave me. I wanted the pressure against me never to leave but it did.

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