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BEST OF TWO WORLDS

By Stella Satin

PROLOGUE

Some years before.

Mrs. Kerr was shown into my office. "Hold all calls," I told my secretary. Then I motioned to a chair in front of my desk. Smiled. "Have a chair?"

She was attractively dressed and coiffed – as befitted the ex-CEO of a company I'd just acquired, but the dislike that shone from her eyes negated any attraction she had for me. "I'd rather stand," she said. "What I have to say won't take long."

"If that's the case, you've had all of MY time you're going to get. Either sit – there? Or don't let the door hit you on your ass as you leave."

She wasn't used to be talked to in that manner and a flash of hatred shone in her eyes as she sat. "You are a rude, despicable, little man" she spat. "It was you that created the need for this meeting, not I. . ."

"I called NO meeting!" I snapped. "You want to talk to me. Say your piece and then get out!"

I was delighted with my own performance. She had always intimidated me with her height, her good looks, and her obvious athleticism. Now? She was mine – and I was just about to put the hammer down! I saw her take in a deep breath in an effort to compose herself.

"Mr. Dean? You have swallowed Kerr Industries whole. A company that my husband put his very soul into before he died – with one of the most advanced, and generous, pension plans in the country."

I sneered at her. "If you hadn't had so much money tied into that ridiculous plan, I could never have done it. You two had one of the greatest cash cows ever – and yet you didn't milk it. Not my fault!"

"But you intend to plunder it, don't you? In fact you've already started, haven't you?"

I grinned at her. "Just taking some minor withdrawals – at least so far. By the way? I admire your sense of honor! To sink most of your fortune into it – to try and shore up the assets? Silly girl! I think your husband might have been most offended – but it was a nice thing to do." I put a lot of sarcasm into the word nice.

"Mr. Dean?" she said. "I'm probably wasting my time. But I've come to plead with you to leave the pension plan alone. Kerr Industries is the major employer in our small town. If to plunder the pension plan? You'll ruin a whole lot of people – destroy the town!"

"So?" I asked, pulling a folder towards me and pulling out a sheet of paper. "Says here that the plan has holdings worth – what – three hundred and twenty-one million? You want me to leave that alone?"

"Yes! Sir? You are one of the richest men in the world – that's pocket change to you! Surely you don't need to ruin those poor people. Surely?"

I put the paper back in the folder. "Perhaps we can come to some arrangement?" I said.

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Mrs. Kerr, my housekeeper opened the door to let me in. Her smile of welcome was, as usual, distant and cold – ask me if I give a shit. "You're early." she said coldly. "I was under the impression you wouldn't be arriving until later this evening. I may have a problem getting dinner ready for you."

"Your concern for my welfare warms my heart," I said sarcastically, walking past her into the house. "Claudia get here okay?"

"Yes sir. She arrived two days ago."

"Good! Then I'll have dinner with her. I assume that it will be possible for you to stretch out what you intended for her – to include me?"

She drew herself up indignantly. "I resent that tone, sir. Miss Marston eats very little and at odd hours. She has been very busy with your computer system, working night and day and rather than disturb me, or the rest of the household staff she takes care of her own meals. As of this moment, I don't know if she's eaten or not. The maids will be eating dinner in an hour – would you like me to stretch a meal out from theirs?" she asked, matching my sarcasm.

"That might be an idea. Time I met the girls anyway. Let them meet the boss."

"You want to eat with the girls, sir?"

"Not particularly, but it would be a nice change to see some friendly faces around here."

"I wouldn't bet on that – sir. Shall I have one of the girls show you to your suite?"

"Nah. I want to speak to Claudia. Have your girls get my luggage from the car. I left the keys in my trunk. They can unpack for me and move the car. Call me when dinner is ready."

"Yes sir."

I nodded curtly. Left her and crossed the large hallway to the stairs, then went up and soon found myself in the vast computer area that Claudia had created per my specifications – what promised to be the most spectacular Virtual Reality capability in the world.

Claudia, apart from being a most attractive woman, always seems pre-occupied. She's quite tall and blonde – towers over me – something I dislike intensely. But, at the same time, she's accepted as being the leading expert in the field of Virtual Realism Displays in the world. She sensed someone was in the room and looked up with a pleasant smile, until she saw who it was. Her nice blue eyes frosted immediately. "Oh. I thought you were supposed to arrive later tonight." she said.

I should explain. I am very rich. Didn't start out that way and I've been accused of some nefarious dealings by some of the weaklings and sissies who got in my way. I may have twisted a few things as I went along - but what the hell, I never pretended to be a nice guy.

But now? Now I was on the point of realizing my lifelong ambition. I was going to be master of my real world – the huge house located in the middle of a huge estate, staffed by an army of women. And? The FUN part! I was also going to be master of a Virtual world, staffed also by nothing but women! There? I intended to rule the roost in a way that would never be accepted in our namby pamby world of today – with all the frigging lawyers running around protecting every goddam weakling!

I won't go into details, but I'd acquired the services of two outstanding women to set this up. Mrs. Kerr had been the CEO of a large company I'd taken over. The stupid bitch had wanted to protect her employees from losing their jobs and pensions and had made a deal with me. I'd laid off the peons of course but left their idiotic pension plan alone – as long as she came to work for me as my personal housekeeper and administrator. Being a woman of high morals she'd agreed and had basically hired my household staff – and the army of landscapers – to my specifications. Of course I hadn't told her what was on my mind regarding my Virtual kingdom. None of her goddam business!

Claudia had come under my rule in an entirely different manner, but was as effectively under my thumb as Mrs. Kerr. Honestly, it constantly amazes me how stupid people are. Get themselves in shit and promise to do anything – ANYTHING – for you if you'll extricate them. Then, when you do what you say, and ask for payment, they look down their noses at you as if you were some kind of freak. Hey! She knew she'd done nothing that merited any prison term – but a little blackmail isn't any good without a realistic threat to back it up, is it? She, of course, was well aware of my desires with respect to the women who would staff my virtual world and, naturally, despised me for the level of power I wanted to hold there.

Why surround myself with women, you may ask? Why not? Bunch of emotional wrecks that I've nothing but contempt for – but a damn sight easier to control than men.

And, though I'm a man – ALL man – I can't say I like the male sex very much. I mean, it's not my fault that I'm small – and I was too damn busy making money to build up my muscles. But I knew that if I brought men into my little empire, the women working for me would have something to compare to me – and I didn't want that.

So, in my house – the servants are all pretty, small, and very feminine. Outside I have the workers – big strong women. Now, you must wonder how I have any hope of keeping them here. Easy. All the accommodations are first class. Golf courses, tennis courts, amusement centers, theater. Cost me well over a billion – and guess what? All of the women, both outside and inside, are lesbians! This way, I keep them all happy and interested. Naturally, I pay them far more than they're worth, but what the hell – I can afford it. As I said, I'm rich.

To tell the truth, this is an experiment. I'm ashamed to admit it, but I've been afraid of most people all my life. Could never make my way in a male society – they just instinctively seem to hate me. I've stayed away from them all my life and, as I acquired more and more wealth hired nothing but small, pretty women. Now, as I was smart enough to realize that I needed predatory instincts in my staff, these small women were almost as nasty as I am – and they scared me too. I just rewarded them so well that they HAD to kiss my ass.

Big women actually terrify me for some reason. Why, I don't truly know – but think it's because I tend to despise the smaller editions of the female sex – their stupid bitching about equality with males, when all they can think about is their goddam hair – or makeup – or clothes. I mean, they're practically begging to be bossed about. They just won't admit it.

But I look at big women. See their confidence – and their muscles, and they're not the same thing at all. I couldn't avoid working with some as I worked my way up the ladder and learned that I seemed to generate the same sort of response in almost every one, a sort of need to dominate and denigrate me. What made this worse was the very strong feeling I had that they could. I mean, I'm a MAN for God's sake and the thought of being dominated by a woman – just because she's bigger than me is particularly humiliating.

And something else was at the back of my mind, I'll admit it. I'm not a monster. Or at least don't think I am. But I've never lain with a woman, large or small. Am certainly not gay so there's absolutely no interest in cohabitating with a male. I was sort of hoping that maybe, just maybe, I can attract one of the prettier maids? Tempt her away from her 'boy' friend? I mean, I look very young. Have very little hair – lots on my head, but practically none anywhere else. On top of that I'm often taken to be someone in his early twenties – when I'm actually much older. I've never told Claudia about this though. After all, if I'm going to attract a partner, I want it to be as real a person as possible, not some kind of goddam computer robot.

I slid into a chair beside her. "Aren't you finished this goddam thing yet?" I barked.

She glared at me. "Michael? This 'thing' as you call it has been in a working mode for weeks! It's been your bells and goddam whistles that have caused any delays. Want to try it just now? See what your money has bought you?"

She's bigger than me, and I felt the old feeling of being intimidated. At the same time an incredible excitement ran through my entire body. I licked my lips. "You're kidding!" I said, and even I could hear the fear in my voice.

She relaxed. "No. I'm not. See that headset there? Put it on."

"Nothing else? Just this?" I said, picking it up.

"That's all. And you'll only need it for this once, so that I can get your model created. After this, you'll simply put your forefinger into that pod there and you'll be in the virtual world. Go ahead. Don't be frightened."

Normally, I'd have chewed on her. Frightened indeed! But I was too curious. Put the headset on carefully. Nothing happened! She was doing something at the computer, so impatiently, I waited for her to finish. After about thirty seconds she smiled and looked up at me. "Okay Mike. What do you think?"

"Think of what?" I snarled, disappointed and angry.

"Your virtual world. What do you think I meant?" she replied.

"Doesn't work! Something wrong! You spent all my money for this? Jesus H. Christ! You goddam phony bitch!"

I was astonished by the speed with which she reached across and slapped me! My head rang with the force of the blow. "You ARE in the virtual world you stupid prick! And here? Don't talk to me like that! You can't put me in prison here – this world ends at the Guytown border."

I rubbed my stinging cheek, almost in tears. She'd hurt me! "What are you talking about? I'm not in any kind of world but the kind I live in! You've cheated me!"

She made another move as if to slap me, and I cowered back in my chair. She shook her head contemptuously. "Little sissy!" she sneered. "Touch your head!"

"Why?" I asked, but did as she'd told me.

"Where's the headset you just put on?"

"It's not here." I said puzzled, then figured it out. "You must have knocked it off when you hit me.

That's what happened."

"Okay. Where is it?" she asked. "Shouldn't it be lying on the floor somewhere?"

That made sense, so I looked around. Couldn't see it.

"Put your finger in the pod!" she said.

I did. Nothing happened. "Touch your head again." She said.

The headset was there! "Put your finger in the pod." She said.

Slowly, I did – then felt my head – the headset was gone!

"This is it?" I said in wonderment. "I can't tell the difference!"

"Oh, there's differences alright," she said. "The inside of the house is an exact duplicate and all your staff have been read into the machine. The outside I've changed a little.

Around the outside of the house is Girltown – It's got all the kind of things that girls like – beauty salons, dress shops, that kind of thing. Then bordering that is Guytown. You and the girls can go anywhere – though I'd suggest that you make sure that you stay the hell out of Guytown. But the guys can't leave their place. They'd raise too much havoc if we let them. You're the only one with access to this room though. You're the only one who can re-enter the real world. All the people you meet in the virtual world are basically models of themselves. I'd like to be able to say that the 'virtuals' have no way of transmitting what happens in their world to the 'reals' but I've had a few anomalies that I can't explain. That's one of the things I'm working on."

"You mean that I won't remember what happens in the virtual world?"

"No. You will remember everything that goes on there. To tell the truth, that's where I think the problem comes from."

"How come?"

"It's in the emotional mapping I do for everyone. It's a very complicated piece of programming – but to keep your virtual memory intact, while trying to constrain or eliminate everyone else's? That's where the problem seems to lie."

"You mean, you can't remember what goes on in here?"

She shook her head. "Uh Uh. I can remember what goes on in here. Same goes for Evelyn."

"Evelyn? Who's . . .?" Then I remembered. "Mrs. Kerr. I forgot her first name." Then I thought.

"Don't think I care for that." I said after a moment.

"Tough! Michael? I don't know exactly what you have in mind for how you'll treat women in here but I have a feeling that it won't be with love and respect. There is no way in hell I'll let you do anything to me or Evelyn that we won't know all about, even if it is only our computer images. I don't trust you. If you don't like it, cancel the program. That's how strongly I feel about it."

I wanted to change the subject as quickly as I could. "Another thing? I don't think I like the idea of not being able to go into Guytown. I feel I should be able to go anywhere I want to in a world I paid to have made." I said coldly. "But other than that? I must admit that I'm impressed." I added.

"She stared at me. "I should slap you more often!" she said. "That's the nicest thing you've ever said to me."

"That's damned impudent!" I snapped before I thought of what I was saying.

She leered at me, a her lips in a contemptuous sneer. "Sweetie? This is the virtual world you and I are in right now. People here seem to have less inhibitions. Are more inclined to say what's on their minds. You want me to change the programming for that? It'll probably take me about six or seven months. And if you don't start behaving yourself? I'll put you over my knee and paddle the shit out of you!"

"Let's not fight," I said in a placating tone. "Why not show me around?"

“Okay. I guess I could do that.” She answered, mildly enough. Then she added. “Look Michael, I can’t see why you have to be nasty all the time. I know that you’re hated in the real world, but in here, the only people you’ll know is me and Evelyn. Why don’t you start being nice to the girls? They really are sweet – will reciprocate, of that I’m sure - and it might open your eyes how nice it is to be loved and respected.”

“Yeah. Yeah! Why don’t you can it?” I sneered.

“Don’t know why I bother,” she sighed, and led me out of the room.

I couldn’t see one iota of difference as we walked back down the stairs to the entrance way. We passed a few pretty maids who shot me shy smiles but they didn’t say anything – I guess they’re trained not to speak until spoken to – something like that. A few times, I thought I saw a window sill shake – or shiver – as if in an earthquake, but other than that, there was no way to differentiate the house I was in, from what I’d seen coming in.

Outside was different though. Instead of the gardens and open spaces, there was what seemed to be a small, quaint old village, with lots of little boutiques – dressmakers, beauty shops, that kind of thing. Some of the girls were wandering around shopping, eating ice cream at an outside patio and that sort of thing. Some of them yelled “Hi’s” to Claudia – obviously girls who were not on a work shift – because I noticed that none of them wore the maid uniforms that they wore in the house. She responded with a wave and a smile.

At the far end of the village, we came to an old stone wall – seemed very high. There was a gate set in it and I could see girls going in and out, but all the ones coming in were checked by three girls before they were allowed to come through.

“What’s going on there?” I asked.

“That’s the one and only portal to Guytown. The three girls are checking to make sure that there’s only girls trying to get back in here. Like I told you? We don’t want any guys in here.”

“Couldn’t they tell just by looking at the height? I thought all of the guys were big?”

“Not necessarily. There’s some that are pretty small. Tougher than nails, but they’d just love to get into Girltown.” Claudia laughed. “Talk about foxes in the henhouse!”

“But they ARE girls!” I insisted. “Surely all they’d have to do is put a dress on? Act a little?”

“Michael? These guys are about the most macho things you’ll ever SEE! For them to dress up in skirts? Almost impossible! They’d probably rather die first!”

“Aren’t you gonna show me Guytown?” I asked truculently, more than a little angry at being lectured.

“It’s a bad idea Michael. That’s a rough place – I’m a LOT bigger than you – and I’m scared of going in there! But if you want? Maybe for a few minutes?”

“Okay. I only have a few minutes anyway. Said I’d have dinner with the maids.” I replied.

She sighed. “Okay. But let me check something first.”

She led me to the three girls. "Hi girls," she said. "Gonna be here for half an hour or so?"

"Yeah Claudia," a tiny blonde smiled. "We still have an hour left on the shift."

"Good!" Claudia responded. "This is Mike. He is NOT a girl, but he must be allowed back in here when I bring him back." She pointed at me.

To my surprise, all of the girls looked doubtful. The blonde spoke up. "We're only allowed to let girls back in here Claudia, you know that! He's not dressed right."

"Why don't you just shut up, you stupid bitch!" I yelled. "I'm the owner here! I can go any goddam place I want!"

All three – and Claudia, looked indignant. "Michael?" she said. "I thought you might listen to reason and not go in to Guytown. All the girls who have been identified as guards are only programmed to let feminine girls back in here. If they even suspect you're not? They won't let you in! I just want to make sure that they'll be on guard when we get back? If not? You'll have a helluva time getting back – and believe me, I don't think you want to spend any time in Guytown that you don't have to!"

"Seems like a bunch of bullshit to me!" I grumbled. "But it should be okay, huh? I just want to see what you've done for a few minutes! Okay?"

Claudia smiled at the girls. "Look at Michael, will you? Try to remember that I just brought him through? Let us both back in, okay?"

"I don't know, Miss Claudia." The blonde said. "We'll try? Is that okay?"

I felt like punching the stupid bitch, but Claudia must have guessed what was on my mind. "Okay! Just don't forget! Please?"

The girls nodded in unison and we walked through the gateway – into nighttime!

"What in hell's name was that all about?" I asked, staring at an incomprehensible sight.

"My fault!" she snapped. "I never thought you'd be so goddam stupid and want to come here! Now, for Christ's sake? Don't open your mouth if you can help it! Say the wrong word in here and you can get into some serious – and I mean SERIOUS trouble!"

We were standing in what appeared to be a desert, western, town. Gangs of tall women stood at corners, under bright neon lights, up and down the street – many of them drunk to all intents and purposes. They were whistling and propositioning groups of girls who walked past them – maids from the house I guessed, though now dressed very provocatively in tight skirts and dresses, wiggling their backsides.

Cars roared up and down the streets – models from the 50's it looked like, with tough, muscled young women hanging all over them, howling like wolves and drinking beer from bottles. It was a scene from hell! I couldn't believe it! "You spent MY money making something like this?" I hissed at Claudia.

"You wanted the studs kept happy – AND their girlfriends. This is what they want. This will keep them in your employ – being able to enjoy this type of relaxation. Remember, it's not REAL!"

She was talking sense – but by god, it LOOKED real. “Yeah. Let’s get outta here” I whispered, actually frightened at what I was seeing.

But one of the cars had spotted us. Came to a screeching halt. “Lookee here!” a dark haired muscled girl in a tank top and jeans yelled. “A girl! Howdy Claudia! Who’s that pretty little guy with you? Wanna be my sweet thing honey?” she shouted at me, beckoning with her finger.

With that, she and her companions exploded out of the car and came running drunkenly towards us! And the terrifying thing? They were all focusing on ME! As if I was some kind of prize!

“Run Michael! We have to get back!” Claudia whispered frantically.

“I’m not scared of them!” I shouted, lying in my teeth.

“Come ON!” she yelled and pulled me back to the portal, the female hoodlums not too far from us now. Then she pushed me ahead through the portal. “You first!”

The blonde guard blocked my way. “You’re not a girl! You’re not wearing proper clothes. Sorry. Go back to Guytown!”

“He’s the person I just brought through here a few minutes ago!” Claudia screamed. “He IS a girl! Let her through!” With that, she pushed me hard, through the portal.

“Oh yeah, the girl guards chorused, though still obviously confused.” That’s right Claudia, we almost forgot!”

I couldn’t see through the portal, and maybe it was my imagination, but I thought I heard frenzied howls of frustration coming from the other side?

I tried to recover my composure. “What in hell was that all about Claudia? I can’t say I appreciate being called a girl! Don’t ever pull that shit again!”

She shook her head disbelievingly. “Michael? Want me to tell the three guards there that you are NOT a girl? I guarantee that you’ll be back in Guytown, talking to your new fan club there in about thirty seconds. Would you like that?”

I was almost positive that she was trying to intimidate me, but thought better of testing this hypothesis. “Enough of this bullshit!” I snorted. “I want something to eat! Let’s get back to reality!”

“Showing some sense – finally?” was all she said, but a few minutes later, I was back in the room, putting my forefinger into the pod. Again, except for what felt like a flutter in time, there was no way for me to know where I was, although I was now sitting in the chair – but it DID seem real, so I thanked her brusquely and headed downstairs again to meet Mrs. Kerr – and the maids.

I’ll admit it. The visit to Guytown had been frightening. The raunchy lifestyle there had scared the wits out of me and the interest that these masculine girls had shown only added to my discomfiture. That probably explained why I felt so comfortable amongst the pretty girls who were all lined up waiting for me to be introduced when I finally arrived in the dining area.

They were all dressed in pretty satin and velvet uniforms and, without doubt, were as pretty a group of young women as you’d find anywhere. Beautifully made up. Flashing

eyes, and the whitest of teeth all shining with delight at (finally) meeting their new master. It was a pleasant thrill for me when Mrs. Kerr saw me coming and said "Girls? Please meet Mr. Michael Dean, your master in this estate. Curtsey nicely now!"

My breath actually caught in my throat at the pretty spectacle of almost thirty beautiful young ladies curtseying in unison – and to me! Quite honestly, it was one of the nicest things that had ever happened in my life, and I actually felt quite emotional – then I remembered that all the money needed for all those pretty dresses and all the food going into those pretty mouths was coming out of MY pocket – and some of my common sense returned.

Nevertheless, I saw Mrs. Kerr look at me in surprise a few times as I started to enjoy myself in amongst the girls. It felt nice to be the master of all I surveyed – and the fact that all those lovely young women were obviously trying to impress me made it extremely pleasurable. Of course I knew that it was all playacting – my companions were all avowed lesbians, - but my instincts told me that they wouldn't be averse to a little dalliance with one of the richest men in the world.

The meal was first class and the service was, naturally, at the same level. The girls who were serving seemed a little on the sulky side but when I asked why, I was told that both they and the cooks had wanted to eat with me – there had been such a commotion when they found out that the "master" was going to be eating in their dining room, that jealousy had run rampant between the ones who were on shift to serve – and those who had the 'honor' of eating alongside me I was puffed with conceit by the time that the meal ended – and might have spent more time with my new companions, if I hadn't wanted to get back to my new toy. This time – I was going to spend a LOT more time in Girltown!

Before I went back into the virtual world, Claudia explained something to me. Only she, Mrs. Kerr, and myself were the only ones who existed in one 'world' at a time. Okay, when I was in the virtual world, my body was in the real world – but when I returned, ALL of me was back. No part of me remained in the Virtual one. All of the other employees had 'selves' wandering about in the virtual world – AND the real one at the same time – with neither of the 'selves' having any idea of what the other was up to.

"It's not perfect yet," she explained. "What I'm trying to get is a complete divorce from both sides of the personalities. In other words, you could talk to anyone there, then come back here and meet the same girl ten seconds later – and she'd have no recall of you and her just meeting at all."

"Is it that important?" I said. "Seems like a waste of your time to me?"

Her eyes met mine. "You want to have any people here remember what kind of shit you pull in the virtual world? Bring possible resentments back here with them?"

"Aah!" I said, finally understanding. "Not particularly."

"That's what I'm so busy on," she said worriedly. "There seems to be a glitch somewhere and I can't put my finger on it."

"How can you tell?" I asked.

“Can’t really explain it. It’s just sometimes? I’ve maybe been talking to someone in the VW and meet them back here within an hour or so – and they’ll look at me with a puzzled look as if they know we’ve just had a conversation. That’s about all I have.”

I sighed in relief. “Okay. I see what you’re getting at. But it’s just like an intermittent thing?”

“Yes. Exactly! That’s why it’s so difficult to pin down.”

“Okay. I’m glad you’re working on it. But it’s okay if I take another trip?”

“Sure. You’re the boss. You’re not thinking of Guytown, are you?” She grinned.

I shook my head. “No way. Just look around the house and Girltown.” Then I paused. “By the way? How’ll I know when you or Mrs. Kerr are there?”

“Damn!” she said. “I figured you might want to know that. Forgot to give you this. Here’s a ring that is adjustable to your finger size. If this green stone lights up? I’m there. If the yellow one lights, it’s Evelyn that’ll be there.”

“Thanks” I said, putting the ring on and admiring it. “You really have thought of everything. Is it safe for me to go now?”

“Absolutely. Just don’t forget the way back!” She said this, her mind already on something else. This time, when I sat down in the chair and put my finger into the pod, she disappeared immediately.

It was fantastic! I walked through the house, introducing myself as the new master to just about all of the maids and other servants I met – and the deference with which they treated me! The curtsying. The shy smiles. I even hugged one or two in a friendly embrace and they didn’t take it amiss! Then I walked out into Girltown and discovered something even better. Out of their uniforms, the girls were just as pretty. Not as deferential perhaps, but just as friendly.

To my amazement, I found I could walk through the boutiques and see those nubile young women in all states of undress – trying on their new clothes. Some even posed for me and asked my opinion – had me touch the materials and express my thoughts on them too. I stood at their shoulders and watched them apply their makeup. It was the closest I’d ever been to any female and it was very, very, sexual to me. I could touch their silken bodies in the most intimate way and they’d turn and give me warm, welcoming, smiles.

I couldn’t figure all of this out, then it dawned on me. Claudia had left nothing to chance. The girls had had their virtual selves brainwashed. I didn’t know just how far I’d be able to go, but as it stood, they seemed to have no fear of me at all – they liked me! They gave me the impression that they knew I was male – but accepted my presence as if I were a close female companion!

For some reason, although I was highly charged sexually, I didn’t attempt any sexual advances on any of the pretty things. Found that I was totally entranced by going into the shops and chatting with them while they’d be getting makeovers, having their hair one, or getting deep massages. It was strange too when they’d invite me to join them – asked me if I’d like my hair done – would I like to try a dress on? Naturally, being as masculine as I am, I backed away from that sort of thing – but enclosed in a totally feminine world, amidst the satins and laces, the perfumes and the soft voices? A major turn on!

I bumped into one of the girls I'd chatted to at dinner – Rose by name. She seemed to have no memory of me whatsoever. Pretty and vivacious. Long dark hair and an Asiatic cast to her yes. Petite, with marvelously tiny hands – and immaculate fingernails. I plucked up the courage to ask her to join me for coffee – and she accepted! As we finished, she told me that she was just on the point of buying a dress. Would I like to keep her company? I was surprised at this, but agreed immediately, and we left for the boutique a few minutes later.

There, she picked out the dress she'd picked out earlier, and led me into the changing room with her. Undressing rapidly, she handed me her dress and stood there in her slip, smiling seductively at me. "Am I pretty?" she asked quietly.

"Oh yes, Rose. Very pretty," I said, my mouth dry.

"Well then? Don't you want to make love to me?"

"Well . . . kinda . . . yes. I'd like to do that." I stammered, stunned at her suggestion.

"Then how come, you're not making a play for me?" she pouted. "You're not gay, are you?"

She was advancing on me now, and I was backing away from her. "No Rose, I'm not gay!" I protested.

"Well you certainly act that way. My guy Toni? She'd have jumped me already! Maybe you should get some lessons in how to act like a man from her?"



By this time, she'd backed me up against a couch. Gave me a gentle shove and I sat. Then, she straddled me and smiled downwards. "You a little sissy boy then? That what you are? Here, let Rose help you to be her little man."

Naturally, I wanted to take offense at what she was saying, but what she was doing was so wonderful that I couldn't speak. Gently, she spread her slip about me, then slowly pulled my pants and underpants down – then mounted me. I made weak noises, but she just giggled and forced me onto my back then rode up and down on me until I came, bucking and squealing underneath her. She didn't seem disappointed at my hasty ejaculation, just smiled kindly at me. "Why don't you go and clean up in there?" she said, pointing to a door.

"But it says 'ladies' Rose." I murmured. "I can't use that!"

She got up from me. "Of course you can – you little silly! Come along!"

And half complaining – half concerned about my underpants around my knees and trying to hold my pants up with one hand while she pulled me into the toilet with the other, I actually found myself in a ladies toilet – having to wash myself under the hawklike gaze of a young woman who was dominating my every move!

I was exhausted when we exited from there and blushed furiously when I found some other young girls had come into the changing room. They giggled at me, but otherwise made no comments until Rose tried on her new dress. Again, I seemed to be encased in a totally female world as she strutted and pirouetted – and it was obvious that I had to exclaim at how nicely the dress fitted – and how it enhanced her coloring – comments like that – just as if I was a member of the group. She bought the dress and then, linking arms with mine, led me back to the house as her shift was just about to start.

I was sorry to leave her, but desperate to get back to the real world at the same time. She looked at her wristwatch. Spoke firmly to me. "Michael? I'll expect you here tomorrow night at this time. I may need you for assistance! Understand?"

"I don't know if I can . . ."

"Michael! Don't be naughty! You're Rose's little sissy! Be here, understand?"

"Oh Rose! Please don't call me a sissy! I'm not . . ."

She pouted and stamped her pretty little foot. "When I see you acting like a guy? Then I'll think differently. Until then? You'd better be here!"

I looked at the fiery little spitfire. Realized that she was quite serious, but had to grin. "Okay Rose. I'll show you I'm a man. I'll be here!"

She surprised me by pulling me suddenly into her embrace and kissing me soundly. Then she smiled, released me – and gave me a fond, possessive, pat on the backside. "Tomorrow then, sissy Michael! Adieu!" With that, she left.

I made my way to the computer room, walked in and was back in the real world in seconds. Was quite glad to find no signs of Claudia – I needed to think – badly! Made my way to my bedroom. Showered and put on my pajamas. Slid into bed – and so much for 'thinking' – it was morning before I knew it.

But my world had turned upside down, and although I fought the idea, I was helpless against it. I was in love! I wanted to be beside Rose. Touch her, smell her, have her make love to me – boss me around! I puzzled and worried over my behavior of the previous day. I mean – hanging around in women’s stores and beauty salons? Being one of the ‘girls’? I mean – for GOD’S sake! I am a MAN! What did all of this shit mean? Did living in the virtual world do something to my genetic identity?

I spent most of that day on my own. Settled in to my suite and made some business calls. Had a solitary lunch – and then an early dinner. Wanted to make sure that I wouldn’t be late for Rose.

I did take a break in the afternoon. Wandered about the house and, to my great pleasure, passed the ‘real’ Rose in a hallway. She curtsied as I passed her, but about ten feet further on, I looked back. She was looking back at me – with a puzzled look on her face! I blushed, and walked away from her quickly. Before I went back into the computer room, I seriously thought about breaking this romance off. Good grief! Suppose she was one of the ones who were able to bring back memories into the real world? Told everyone how I had acted in the other?

But I shook my head violently to clear it of such nonsense. I was linked romantically with a girl for the first time in my life. Okay, my behavior hadn’t been the most masculine – but at least I wasn’t a virgin any more! I had a date – like any other guy! I was going to give all of this up because a girl had looked puzzled when she passed me? Bullshit!

I was exactly on time when I passed into the VW. Rose was waiting for me with two other girls, one blonde and the other with tawny reddish hair. I went forward to give Rose a kiss. She didn’t look too happy to see me. “Thought you wanted to be a guy, huh?” she snapped.

I stared at her, intimidated again. “Yeah. I do . . . I mean . . . I AM.” I stammered.

“Well GIRLS are always the last to arrive for a date! Next time we meet, you’d better be waiting for ME! Got it?”

“Yes Rose. I’m sorry” I said meekly.

“That’s a good little sissy!” she said and came and kissed me. “Meet two of my friends.”

There was no doubt about it. Her friends were pretty as well – but not at her level I thought. The blonde was Elizabeth – Bette for short. The redhead was called Trix – I never heard her called anything else, so if it was a nickname, I couldn’t say.

I blushed at being called a sissy. Tried to explain haltingly to the two of them that I wasn’t really one – Rose just liked to tease me. The girls just shrugged – it didn’t matter to them one way or other was the impression they conveyed. Rose linked one arm in mine and Bette got on the other side between me and Trix and the four of us took off walking, all linked together the way that many of the girls seemed to do. It felt strange to me, but that sneaky kind of enjoyment filled me again. Hastily, I checked my ring and made sure that neither Mrs. Kerr or Claudia were in the VW. What would they think if they saw me like this?

We seemed to be walking with somewhere in mind, not window shopping or anything. Then, nervously I saw that we were approaching the portal to Guytown. "Where are we going Rose?" I asked nervously.

"Guytown! Where'd you think, silly?"

I shrank back. "I can't go in there!" I said.

The three women stopped and gazed at me incredulously. "Why not? I thought you were a guy?" Trix asked.

"I am . . . but . . . these are big women in there – they're not guys . . ." I stammered.

"Can't go into Guytown because they're too girlish for you?" Rose teased. "Want to stay here in Girltown? Have tea with us girls? Do some shopping for pretty undies, huh? Thought you wanted to be my guy?"

"I do Rose. Honest." I mumbled. "I just don't want to go in there."

"Oh Rose, come ON!" Bette said impatiently. "We don't have all night! Leave the little sissy here in Girltown! I want to have some fun – and the guys will be waiting . . ."

"Okay Bette. Hold on." Rose said, then turned to me. "But don't be waiting here for me little sissy. I'll probably be a while." She said not unkindly, letting go of my arm. "See you around some time."

"Rose!" I wailed. "Hold on! Maybe I could? Just for a little while?"

She looked at me impatiently. "For goodness sake! Make up your mind!"

I stood there indecisively, trembling with fear, yet totally incapable of letting her leave me. Then she was beside me, linking her arm in mine – and, right behind Trix and Bette, leading me past the guards and through the portal into the darkness of Guytown!

Our appearance was noticed immediately and yells of delight greeted us from the cars idling up and down the street. I was thankful not to see the gang of young women who had terrified me the time before, but the groups in the cars just looked like identical counterparts, all whistling and yelling obscene comments. I must have clung onto Rose's arm a little tighter than I intended.

"Don't be scared of these guys. They're just kids. Toni would kick some serious ass if they really bothered us. Let's go!"

I was reassured by her confidence but couldn't help myself. Clung to her arm tightly, terrified of being separated from her. She sensed this and kept whispering little supporting comments to me – not to be afraid, she'd take care of me and suchlike – as if I were a frightened little girl under her protection! I was humiliated by this, but comforted at the same time, so didn't object.

Then, we seemed to have left the main drag. Were walking down a street, still brightly lit, but not so glaring. Went into the foyer of a small hotel, then nodding to the desk clerk who seemed to know them, the three girls and me went upstairs – and were going into a suite where a bunch of older, more mature, women were standing around drinking and smoking. What was scary though was their size. They were HUGE! I don't think one of them was under six feet two!

They greeted the girls cheerfully – but when they saw me, an electric tension filled the room. “What’s this Rose?” A tough looking brunette with spiked hair had joined us.

“Hi Toni! Missed you, you big lug!” Rose smiled broadly and gave the woman a big kiss, then broke off. “His name is Michael. I just met him yesterday. I think he’s a sissy – but he says he’s a guy.” Rose explained. “Thought I’d bring him here, let you all get acquainted. Have a drink Michael. Me, Trix and Bette will just be a minute. Have to go change. Party time!”

I stared at her in horror as the three girls all waved happily and headed for a door to an adjoining room. Helplessly, I watched them close it behind them. Found myself being surrounded by Toni and three other huge women – guys.

“What’ll you have to drink – Michael?” Toni asked.

“Nothing thanks – I don’t drink, but thanks anyway!” I mumbled.

Toni came up and put an arm around my shoulder. “Oh, you gotta have something! Hey, over there! A Shirley Temple for our guest – Michael!”

“Oh, I don’t think . . .” I started, but was stopped by her huge hand taking my upper arm and squeezing! It hurt! “You DID say that you’d just love a Shirley Temple?” Toni was whispering in my ear.

The pain was incredible! “Please stop Toni! Please! Yes, YES! I’d love a Shirley Temple! Is this one? I said, taking a frothy pink drink from an outstretched hand. Took a sip. “Ohh! Lovely!”

“Really like that little sissy drink? We normally find that just girls like it. Sure you DO like it?” she said, the pressure on my arm again.

“Well – not really . . .” I began, then let out a small squeal as she increased the pressure again.

“Drink it all up . . . like a good girl!” she urged me.

Almost weeping with the pain, I swallowed the whole drink. Gaspd with relief when she cut back on the pressure. Put the empty glass down on a side table.

“Thought you were a guy?” One of the huge women was saying. “Guys don’t drink that shit! Here! take a drink of my Scotch!” And, before I knew it, her big hand had a hold of my face and was opening my mouth and was pouring alcohol down into me, the fiery liquid making me cough and splutter.

“A guy? Don’t think so. Let’s see!” Another of the women – guys – was saying. “Lift her up Toni!”

“Nah! You do it!” Toni laughed, lifting me effortlessly and tossing me over to the woman who’d spoken. “She’s mine!”

Squalling incoherently, I was lifted well into the air and, before I knew it, my shoes and socks had been peeled off, my pants and underpants had been tugged off, and my privates were being examined by a bunch of jeering women, then the rest of my clothes were torn off me and nude, I found myself being held face down and horizontally. “Look what Geri’s got for you!” A voice shouted and the crowd around me parted – and a big, dark

haired woman was standing in front of me – a huge dildo straining upwards and outwards from under groin, her pants down about her ankles.

“Here you go, sweetie, the voice of the person who was carrying me came from above, and I was being carried towards the dildo in front of me. “Nice BIG lollypop for Michael!” The dark haired woman was saying as my mouth was being lowered into position.

“NO!” I screamed, but too late. Seconds later, after a few heavy cuffs on the ears, I was sucking away on that dildo as if my life depended on it, surrounded by cheering women.

Then, my legs were being spread and some gel-like substance was being inserted up my backside and, despite my garbled pleas for mercy, I was then forcibly entered from the rear. Squealing with pain and indignation I felt myself being humped vigorously. Knew I was being raped by a dildo-wearing woman! Knew it was Toni when I heard her voice coming from close behind me.

“Thought you said this was a guy Rose?”

And, to my horror, I saw Rose, now in a tight skirt and sexy blouse standing close to me, looking down at me. “Oh Michelle! Can’t leave you for a minute, can I?” she giggled. “Little sissy slut, trying to steal my boyfriend!”

At almost the same moment, something exploded in the back of my throat and up inside my back passage. Sobbing hysterically, I felt the dildos being withdrawn from my mouth and back passage and I was then put down and allowed to stand. “Why don’t you take Michelle and get her made up and dressed properly!” Toni ordered Rose.

“Oh Michelle! Look how you embarrassed me!” Rose chided me as she led me through into the room – the girl’s changing room as it was called. “If I’d known you’d behave like that? I’d have had you look pretty before we got here! Now I’ll have to see if I’ve got something nice for you to wear! Lucky we got some clothing changes in here!”

I followed her into the room, still weeping a little. Trix and Bette were there, both sitting at a bench in front of a mirror, putting on their makeup. Both were dressed only in lingerie. Trix looked at us over the tip of her lipstick. “What was all the noise about? And how come he’s nude?”

“Oh, he was sucking Geri off and had Toni banging his ass at the same time – though maybe I should call him ‘she’ now. Toni calls him Michelle. Wants me to get him dressed properly.” She paused. “I was wondering Bette? That red satin thing of yours?”

“No problem,” Bette said and giggled – “though it IS kinda slutty.”

“By the sound of it – that’s what he needs.” Trix said, going back to painting her lips.

Rose held something out to me. “Here. Get these on. We’re about the same size so they should fit okay. Once you get them on, we’ll see how Bette’s dress looks on you.”

I looked at the black satin lingerie that had, almost magically, transferred from Rose’s hand to mine. “But these are your clothes Rose. I can’t wear them.”

“That’s what friends are for,” Rose said. “Someday? You can lend me some of yours. No big deal.”

“That’s not what I meant though Rose. These are girls clothes!”

She turned and stared at me. Blew air out through her nostrils, exasperated. "For CHRIST'S sake! You back on this kick again? You're a guy? LOOK! Put your panties and bra and slip on – now! Either that, or leave us girls here alone – go back out there and tell Toni that you're a guy – and guys don't wear bras and panties and suchlike. That what you want to do?"

"I don't know Rose. Can't you help me?" I said miserably.

She shook her head and made an impatient tutting noise, but came over and took the lingerie back, then knelt down and spread the panties out in front of me. "Here. Step into these. Come on. You may not realize it sweetie, but I'm helping you the only way I know how. Now let's get your bra on. Gimme your arm . . ."

Dazed and confused, about five minutes later I was sitting on the bench, just vacated by Trix and Bette. I was now resplendent in matching lingerie – black satin with lace trim. Bra, panties, slip, garter belt and black nylons. Rose was applying makeup to my face while Trix and Bette were fussing with my hair. I'd had false nails adhered over the top of my own, my eyebrows had been plucked and all three girls were arguing as whether I should be wearing a wig or not. It was finally decided that there wasn't enough time to do my hair properly – so a shoulder length, platinum, wig was produced from nowhere and fitted to me.

Then Bette produced the dress I was to wear. Slack jawed with embarrassment I saw the scarlet satin tube, enhanced with black lace ruffles. "I'll never get into that!" I gasped.

But I did. After being squeezed and pushed and kneaded, I was in it – barely able to move perhaps, but wearing it. The hem of its skirt was so high above my knees that the clips of my garter belt that held up my stockings were almost visible. It was strapless and damn near topless – with some sort of special uplift built into the bustline that raised my breasts (breast forms, naturally) upwards and outwards at a most provocative angle.

I could wear Trix's shoes and luckily, she had a pair that weren't too high in the heel, so I could wear them comfortably and at least walk reasonably well in them.

Finally, Rose took my hands in hers and sat me down on the sofa, facing her. "Okay Michelle. I'm sure that there's a few things you don't understand, so let me explain. Okay?"

I nodded, feeling the silky softness of my wig touch my cheeks lightly as I did so.

"Maybe? Somewhere else in this world, you're a man. That's probably because of the thing between your legs – and having to use forms to make you look like you have breasts up here," and saying this, she lightly caressed my right breast. "But here, in Guytown? You're not. You're a woman. Back in that room, a bunch of guys made you act like a woman and treated you like one. Now, if you go back in there and say you're a man? They're liable to hurt you. Maybe even kill you. That what you want, huh? Or will you admit that you're frightened now?"

I swallowed. "I'm frightened Rose. I'm scared of being hurt."

"I figured that out already," she smiled. "Nobody with any sense wants to be hurt. If you do go back in there with a dress on – and act like a girl? They'll abuse you probably – maybe make you suck dildos and take them up the ass – but they won't kill you. I'd even

bet that if you act like a girl as much as you can? Smile and flirt? You might not even get abused that much."

"I couldn't do that! I'm a man!" I blurted out.

"You hide it pretty well, honey" Trix giggled her hips swinging as she walked to the door. "Coming Rose? Coming Bette?" She paused for a moment then smiled at me. "Coming Michelle?"

"Please don't leave me, Rose." I asked her desperately, ignoring Bette. "Stay with me for just a minute longer? Show me what to do?"

Rose sighed. "Bette. I'll be there in five minutes. Tell Toni I'm helping Michelle. Okay?"

Bette nodded. Trix waved us a tiny goodbye, and then we were left by ourselves.

Filled to the brim with humiliation, five minutes later I went back into the room, mincing in a feminine provocative manner carrying a small clutch bag with my makeup and trying to wiggle my hips as best I could. Toni was right outside the door. Gave me a leer. "Hi girlie! What would you like to drink?"

I smiled as best I could and batted my eyelashes at this huge masculine woman. "Hi Toni! May I have a Shirley Temple?"

"Sure!" She looked across the room. "Hey Dallas! Your date's here. She wants a Shirley Temple!"

To my dismay, I saw another huge woman in jeans and a tank top weaving across the room towards her. Short blond hair, wide shoulders and slim waist. Over six feet tall. All of this intimidated me as it was, but her arm were like slabs of muscle straining at the sleeves of her top.

She held the fizzy concoction out to my left hand and I took it. Her right hand took mine and swamped it. "Hi!" she said in a deep voice. "Michelle is it? I'm Dallas."

I could feel Toni's eyes on me and knew I'd better answer correctly. "Hi Dallas," I said softly. "Yes, I'm Michelle. You're very strong."

"Toni tells me that you were claiming to be a man a while ago?" she asked.

Rose had taught me some stock answers in the short training session we'd had, but neither of us had foreseen this.

"No. I didn't." I said desperately.

"You calling me a liar?" Toni said aggressively.

"No Toni! I'm sorry! Dallas. Yes, I did – but I was confused. I didn't mean it!" I stammered.

"There's an easy way to find out," Dallas laughed. "Michelle? Hike your dress up. Let's see!" Her eyes went from friendly to hard as I paused. Then, slowly, I picked at the hem of my dress and raised it, with the guys around us cheering me on and drawing even more attention to us.

"Don't forget your slip now, honey." Dallas said, smiling again. "Nice and slow."

I could only look down at the carpet as I slid my dress and slip up over my thighs. "MUST be a girl!" somebody said. "Look at that pretty pair of legs – and that garter belt. Wow!"

"And those lacy panties!" somebody else yelled.

"Hey! We can't see!" somebody yelled at the back of the crowd.

"Hold onto your glass Michelle! Can't be disappointing your fan club, can we now?" Dallas said "And keep holding your clothes up," she added.

Not knowing what she had in mind, I picked my glass up from the table where I'd put it and, before I knew it, Dallas had put her hands around my waist and hoisted me up into the air. I squealed in surprise, which gave everyone a laugh, but then she carried me across the room and sat me down on the high bar counter, my legs dangling over the side. Then, she pushed my dress and slip up until my legs were completely exposed – my erection straining against my panties and visible to everybody.

"Well! Lookee here!" Dallas drawled. "Michelle's a boy after all!"

"Not much of one! My first dildo was bigger than that!" a tough looking redhead jeered.

"Well. May as well get rid of it, huh?" Dallas laughed and, to my horror, hooked her fingers into the waistband of my panties and pulled them down around my knees. Helplessly, I looked around. Surrounded by the huge women, I couldn't see any sign of the girls I'd come with – but had a feeling of relief. Perhaps, if I couldn't see them, they couldn't see me? Then I gasped in fright! Because Dallas had leaned over and surprised me by fitting her mouth over my erection, engulfing it.

I gasped again, I had never felt anything like it before. Her firm tongue was licking the underside of my prick and her lips were softly sucking on it. Her hands had slid up my sides and were now fondling my breasts. In less than a minute or so, I felt as if my eyes were rolling in my head. and I slid my arms around Dallas's neck and practically collapsed in ecstasy as I came into her mouth.

"Mmmm!" Dallas hummed as she lifted her head. "Was that good for you Michelle?"

Stunned, I could only tell the truth. I had been treated like a chattel in front of a jeering audience, but it had been quite a novel sexual experience. "Yes Dallas." I said shyly.

"I liked it too," she said jovially. "But know what else I'd like?" As she spoke, she was fumbling down about her waist.

"No. Can I help?" I said.

The crowd hooted as she snorted. "Sure can, honey!" and lightning fast, she reached for me and simply twirled me about so that I was now lying face down over one of the bar stools. Dazed, I started to try and raise myself, but found one of her large meaty hands in the middle of my back, holding me down. Then, quickly, my panties were pulled down and off and my legs were spread. Lubricant was spread over and into my back passage – and I was raped again, the crowd shouting "UH! UH! UH!" with every thrust of the dildo into my back passage.

This time, perhaps because it was of longer duration, I started feeling a very strange pressure build up inside me then, with a strange numb sensation, I could feel myself start to ejaculate! As I had just come a few minutes before, there was very little semen to worry about, but very conscious of the mess I'd make of my dress, I managed to get my hand down and catch it in my palm. Not caring, I wiped it on the fabric underside of the stool I was lying over.

Then, I felt something gush inside me! I thought for a moment I'd been assaulted by a male – and then it struck me – I'd heard Bette and Trix discussing a new type of dildo that would do this, so that accounted for it.

Dallas pulled out from me, then helped me to my feet. She was grinning. "Now that we've been formally introduced Michelle? Why don't you go to the Ladies and get yourself cleaned up. Then on your way back here, get me a Jack Daniels on the rocks. Will you do that for Dallas, sweetie?"

I realized that now we were finished entertaining them, the audience had dissipated. Though I knew that this monster had just violated me, she was speaking kindly to me – something that made me almost weep with gratitude – and I certainly was not in the mood to protest at what she'd done. Knew that the best course of action I could take was to follow the advice that Rose had given me earlier on. Act the part of a girl.

"Sure Dallas," I said meekly. "Just give me a few minutes, okay?"

I minced my way to the bathroom that had been provided for the girls and washed myself off, using paper towels to dry myself. Put my panties back on. Freshened my makeup as well as I could, then combed my hair. Went and got



Dallas her drink. She was sitting talking to Toni, the pair of them sitting opposite each other. Rose was perched on Toni's knee and smiled as I approached with the drink for Dallas. "Here's Michelle now, Dallas. Told you she wouldn't be long!"

Dallas reached for the drink. "Thanks honey. Here, sit on my knee. I brought your Shirley Temple for you, you'd hardly touched it."

I was embarrassed. She was treating me like her girl! And in front of Rose!

But I was well aware that Rose was watching to see how I'd react. See if I'd follow her advice. She gave me a smile as I thanked Dallas for being 'such a gentleman' and sat down onto his knee, and let his arm come around my shoulder and pull me into his embrace. I got a mental alarm – 'You're thinking of yourself as a girl – and Dallas as a man! Have some pride! Stand up for yourself!"

'SHUT UP!" I told it. "Just Shut up!"

And over the next five or six hours, I learned a simple fact of life. When you are small and weak and someone large and strong expects you to behave in a certain manner – and punches or hurts you for the smallest deviation? You learn to behave in the expected manner – and quickly as well!

I discovered that, as long as I was shy, quiet, and very girlish? No harm came my way. Naturally, I was treated as if I were some sort of possession – but as long as I acted as if I liked this – expected it? – I was okay. That gradual mind set that I built up may have led to my next embarrassment.

Trix and Bette had joined us with their dates and we all sat around drinking and chatting. We danced sometimes – not with the guys of course – dancing's a girl thing to their way of thinking – but Rose got a big kick in having me take the girl's part so I actually got to enjoying that. I also learned to go to the bathroom in a group – the way that girls do. Got some valuable tips on keeping my makeup fresh from Bette and Trix. Naturally, my little inner voice was yelling the most scornful insults imaginable, but I just ignored it.

There had been other girls floating in and out all evening, but we had pretty well stayed by ourselves as one group. There was one girl who looked familiar to me. She was a blonde and quite feminine. I could see that she was looking at me with a puzzled expression on her face. I smiled at her once or twice, but she didn't respond. I wondered if she was another of Claudia's anomalies – someone who could remember some things from both the real and virtual worlds, but didn't pay it too much mind.

And then it started. I was up dancing with Trix and we were both giggling about a dirty joke that one of the guys had told us a few minutes before. Not paying much attention to anything. Then I felt someone tap me on the shoulder. It was the blonde, and she didn't appear friendly – not in the slightest! "Do I know you?" she asked belligerently.

I was still giggling. "Don't think so. This is my first night here." Turned my back to her, saying "Sorry." over my shoulder.

Then I squealed as she nipped me! On the soft underside of my bicep!

"I don't like you!" she said nastily.

"Oh Ursula! Piss off!" Trix said. "Michelle doesn't know you from Eve. Just go away and pick a fight with somebody else!" She took my arm. "Let's get away from this nut case," she said.

Rubbing my sore arm, I was grateful to leave the dance floor. "I don't know what's the matter with her!" I said tearfully.

When we got back to our group, it turned out that Rose and Bette had both seen what had happened on the floor. "Don't pay Ursula any attention, she's not a bad girl when she's sober – but let her take ONE drink? She thinks she's Mike Tyson – wants to fight everybody!" Bette said.

Rose laughed. "Ever see her beat anybody? I certainly haven't!"

"I saw her start a fight with that tiny little girl – what was her name? Marie?" Rose said, laughing. "Got her ass kicked, if I remember correctly. Marie kept backing off and backing off, saying she didn't like to fight . . ."

"Yeah! And Ursula kept pushing her and calling her names . . ." Trix said.

"And then Marie just whacked her! Knocked her right on her ass. Never laughed so hard!" Bette chimed in.

But then we all fell silent because Ursula was standing at our table – pointing at me. "I remembered! You called me a bitch yesterday! When I was a guard at the portal – and you were pretending to be some kind of man – or something! Say you're sorry! NOW!"

I recognized her. She was the one I'd yelled at when I'd been with Claudia. I licked my lips nervously. "I'm sorry Ursula. Honest."

"Yeah? Well words are cheap! Now?" She turned her back and lifted her skirts, high enough to show her buttocks. "Come and kiss my ass!"

Until this point, the guys had been half ignoring what we girls were doing, but at the antagonistic tone in Ursula's voice, they started paying attention. Dallas leaned forward, grinning. Pointed at Ursula. "Hey girlie! Michelle is MY girl! The only ass she kisses is MINE!"

Ursula leered back ferociously. "Well she's not much of a girl then, is she? Doesn't say much for your taste, does it?"

Dallas reddened. "Ursula? You're all mouth! Shut up – or I'll sic Michelle on you! She'd beat you to a pulp!"

"Oh yeah?" Ursula sneered. "Let me see her try!"

"Michelle?" Dallas growled. "Go and kick her ass. NOW!"

Let's face it. I hadn't been in any kind of physical strength or competitive action since kindergarten – and if memory serves, I didn't do too well at that time. Nevertheless, buoyed by my opponents track record and her physical appearance, I set out for the middle of the dance floor with a certain amount of confidence – with yells from the guys and whispered comments from Rose, Trix, and Bette. "Go kick her ass, Michelle. THUMP her!"

But it was no contest. To my supporters consternation, she overcame me with her initial attack and had me backing away from her from the start.. I think that even she was amazed at how easily she beat me – nipped my arms and made me cry, grabbed a hold of my arm and pulled me this way and that all over the dance floor. Then, to culminate the first phase of her victory, she took my ear lobe between two fingers and led me over to the side of the dance area. There, she sat down on a chair close to my friends. Made me stand in front of her.

“Michelle?” she sneered. “You’ve been a naughty girl, haven’t you? And call me mistress from now on – and curtsy when you speak to me. Now, answer my question!”

“Yes mistress.” I said, snuffling.

“Curtsey to me - you silly bitch!” she snarled, eyes gleaming.

I took the sides of my dress in my hands and curtseyed, “Sorry mistress.” I said softly.

A sound like a sigh came from my companions, but I didn’t look in their direction. Ursula was speaking again. “What happens to naughty girls, Michelle?”

I curtsied. “I don’t know, mistress.”

“Well? I think they should be punished, so that they’ll be nice, obedient, little girls. Don’t you agree?”

“Yes mistress.” Another curtsy.

“Maybe get spanked on their panties?”

I could only gaze at her. Knew that fear was written all over my face.

“I can see that you agree Michelle,” she gloated. “So why not come over here and lie down over my knees, huh? And girlie? Don’t keep your mistress waiting!”

Some giggling was coming from the other girls scattered throughout the audience – and some shouted suggestions to Ursula as to what she should do to a naughty girl as I took a few steps towards her and laid down over her knees.

“Kick your feet a little!” she commanded me, even though she hadn’t hit me yet “And squeal – like a girl!”

Then, slowly, she slid my dress hem back to bare my panty-clad buttocks. Then, using her hand, she spanked me until I cried, squealing and kicking.

Then, glorying in her total domination, she had me go into the Ladies room and wash my face. When I returned, she gave me a bright red lipstick and made me apply it to my lips. Then, she borrowed a dildo and harness from someone and there, in the middle of the floor, made me put it on her and then, on my knees, give her a blow job! For a finale, she made me take the dildo in my hand and suck on it avidly, while she led me around the floor – again pulling me along by my ear lobe.

When I returned to my group, the embarrassment was total. Not just mine – I’d gone beyond mere embarrassment – but I think that Rose, Bette, and Trix, just hated to be associated with anyone as gutless as I’d just demonstrated myself to be. Dallas just stared at me, speechless and Toni shook her head - slowly. “Good god! Letting that tiny little broad do that to you? Jesus!”

Rose was probably the most sympathetic of the group. "Oh Toni, get off her back! Sis-sies are really pretty hopeless at fighting. Give her a break!" Then she looked at her watch. "Anyway? It's time to be getting back to the house, huh girls?"

Trix and Bette nodded. "Yeah. We'd better get changed." With that, they all stood up, and despite protests from their dates waited until I stood up with them and we all headed back to the change room.

Once there, a new problem evidenced itself immediately – most of my male clothes had vanished. "Trix pointed out sarcastically, that it was just as well. "If she'd gone back out amongst those guys with male clothing on? God knows what they'd have done to her!" The other two nodded thoughtfully in agreement.

"Well, I don't know what to tell you Michelle," Rose said. "Looks like you'll have to get back into Girltown, dressed the way you are."

"The guards might not like it. Kinda slutty looking." Trix said.

"Hey! It's about all we can do!" Bette said. "And I don't want to be standing around here arguing about it! Let's go!"

"Yeah. Okay." Rose said, unwillingly. "But let's get you cleaned up a little bit Michelle – your makeup's a mess!"

A little while later the four of us were walking back to the portal. Rose had made my face up in much more subdued fashion and had loaned me a Hermes-style scarf that covered my neckline a little better. The other three chattered quite gaily now, laughing about some of the events of the evening, though they were tactful enough not to cover my activities too much. Naturally, we were whistled at and propositioned by the guys in the cars, but both Trix and Bette just laughed at them, calling them a bunch of young kids and telling them to piss off.

I almost made it through the portal – as a matter of fact I was actually at the light barrier and could see Girltown – it was late afternoon there, a pleasant change from the garish darkness of Guytown..

"Hey you!" A voice came from behind us. "You! The girl in the red dress! Hold on a second!"

I wanted to run, but knew I didn't have a hope in getting away. I was used to my heels now, but not enough to get involved in a foot race. I tried to smile and turned back. "Yes?" I said softly.

The guard was a stranger to me, but she didn't look angry. "Hate to tell you dear?" she started off conversationally. "But that's no way to dress in Girltown. Does your boss know you're wandering about looking like this?"

"No. I was just having some fun in Guytown and didn't have time to change back."

I'd either said something wrong – or my voice wasn't right. But something had aroused her suspicion. "What's your name?"

"Michelle."

"Michelle what?"

"Dean. Michelle Dean"

"You work at the house?"

"Yes. I'm a maid."

"Who hired you. Who'd you report to?"

"Mrs. Kerr."

Her face changed with surprise. "Mrs. Kerr! And you're dressed like this? This doesn't make sense!" She pulled a hand computer from her uniform pocket. "How'd you spell Dean?"

Helplessly, I watched as she entered my personal data. "Nobody here by that name. Sorry honey. There's something not kosher here. You'll have to get back into Guytown!"

"Oh c'mon! Let Michelle go! She'll get nothing but trouble if you hold her here. Mrs. Kerr will roast her ass." Rose pleaded.

"Hey – better her ass than mine!" the guard laughed. She spoke to me. "But I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll fax Mrs. Kerr's office a note and explain. Maybe that'll get you off the hook Michelle – okay? Also give you time to go back and change into more ladylike clothes, huh?"

"Please! Can't I stay here?" I asked desperately.

"No way, honey," she replied, her attitude beginning to harden.

"Michelle? Looks like you won't be able to stay here. So go back to the hotel where Toni is." Rose suggested quickly. "Stay there until Mrs. Kerr gets to you. This way, she'll at least know where you are. Sorry sweetie, that's all I can come up with."

She turned to the guard. Tell Mrs. Kerr that Michelle is at the Cattle Inn on State street, would you? That way she'll know how to find her."

"Sure. No problem." The guard said. Then she turned to me. "Okay honey – just go back through the portal and I'll send the fax."

"Promise?" I asked, tearfully.

"Promise!"

Rose came and gave me a sympathetic kiss. In tears, I then did as the guard had told me, stepping back into the darkness of Guytown. This time, all on my own. Nobody to protect me.

And, just my luck, I got the attention of the car driven by the kid who'd hit on me and Claudia the night before as soon as I appeared on the street. This time, he didn't have to do any fancy moves, just came up level with me and dropped down to match my walking pace. He and his pals all started in on me right away. Terrified I made a blunder, forgetting that he probably wouldn't recognize me in my dress and makeup – the last time he'd seen me, I was dressed like a man.

I tried a smile, even though I knew it was a travesty. "Look! I'm sorry about last night." I said. "But I had to leave. Okay? Didn't mean any offense. Honest."

He looked puzzled. "Last night . . ? What are you talking . ." Then the realization of who was shone on his face like a beacon. "Weren't you dressed like a man?"

"Yes." I mumbled.

"I've never had a man!" One of his companions said. "Not a real man anyway!"

"Hey! How much for a blow job?" another asked.

"I'm not a girl. I know it sounds hard to believe, but honest guys? I'm a man."

The driver put on a phony look of wide-eyed surprise. "Oh gosh, sir! We're sorry! Anything we can do for you, - sir?"

I saw that we had drawn a lot of attention as many of the other cars that had been trolling for girls were approaching rapidly, many of the occupants already whistling and shouting to get my attention. I didn't want to go through any more quizzes like this if I could avoid it.

"Could you perhaps drive me to the Cattle Inn? I'd really appreciate it guys," I said in as deep a voice as I could muster in an effort to get them thinking it was a male they were assisting.

"Sure, sweetie" the driver said. Here Butch, get out and let the lady – I mean the gentleman - in beside me."

Nervously, I slid into the front seat beside the driver. I wasn't re-assured by the way that Butch crushed in beside me and shut the door – particularly as his hand was already up my dress snapping my suspender straps. Then it found my erect penis!

"Guys! It IS a male! Tiny little pecker – but Honest to god, she has one!" He shouted.

I tried to push him away, but he was too strong. "Please guys. Let me explain. I'm really a guy . Honest . . "

But Butch had now taken me into her arms and was kissing me, her tongue halfway down my throat!"

I managed to tear myself away. "Please stop! Please! I'm a guy – just like . . well, I'm a guy!"

The driver looked at me, his "innocent" look plastered all over his face again. "Wanna stop doll? So's you can get comfortable? Sure we'll stop! Nice quiet little park down here. Nice and dark. You'll be able to squeal and yell all you want!"

"No! Please! I was asking him to stop molesting me! I didn't mean stop the car!"

But the driver just smiled at me. "It's okay doll. We're gonna show you a real good time!"

I started to cry as he turned the car in through a park entrance and switched off his lights.

All four of them raped me and I ended up being grateful because, as they informed me, they could have ridden me dry – without using a gel. Naturally, they suggested that because I was so grateful, I had to offer them each a blow job. Naturally, they all took me up on it. They tore my panties – and got Bette's nice dress all muddy and dirty. Finally, they dropped me off at the door to the Cattle Inn, my lips all bruised – and the flesh surround-

ing my ass torn and scarred. I would have gone somewhere else – but I didn't know where else to go.

I thought I was in luck. The suite was in semi-darkness and fairly quiet, although both Toni and Dallas were still there, but were sprawled out on their backs, the two of them snoring loudly. I started tip-toeing towards the changing room. By this time, I knew that lots of girls kept outfits there. Maybe I could beg, borrow, or steal something cleaner.

“Maid Michelle! Where have you been! I've been looking all over for you! Come here at once!”

At that point, any pretensions I had remaining of masculinity evaporated – I had taken too much punishment. I was broken. I stumbled across the floor and stood in front of her – and wept as I curtsied.

“Please Mistress Ursula? Please be kind? I have been used, and abused. Raped, sodomized, and forced to perform oral sexual acts that do not appeal to me. I do not think I can take much more abuse. Am losing my mind! Please be kind.”

I think I surprised her, Said things that she did not expect. Then, as somebody had said, her true nature came out – at least to some extent.

“Oh, Michelle! You really are a pain! Yowling about being a man – yet the minute someone takes you up on it, you collapse! And your dress? It's filthy!”

“I don't have any other clothes. This dress is Bette's.”

“Well,” she said sympathetically. “This is my day off and I'm spending it here. I can get you a clean dress – but it's a maids dress – and I'll expect you to be my maid for the rest of the day. I won't beat up on you any more – but I'll want you to get your hair done properly. Deal?”

“Yes mistress.” I said, curtsying. “Thank you very much.”

She looked at me shrewdly. “No more bullshit, huh? You're my maid?”

“Yes mistress. No more bullshit.: I said this, meaning every word.

There were some girls who frequented Guytown that made themselves available to provide cosmetic assistance to other girls in need – perform hairdressing tasks and such-like. After my hair had been given a quick perm, my eyebrows plucked down to even finer arcs and my ears pierced, Mistress Ursula allowed me to get a few hours sleep. When I awoke, I was provided with a very pretty maids uniform. Like most of the uniforms I'd seen, it was satin – black. Had a very full skirt, supported by a layered petticoat. Naturally, I was also given a white apron and maids cap.

The guys were waking up again which scared me at first though I quickly discovered that though they would proposition me and pat my backside – that was about as far as they would go – it was a sort of unwritten law that maids could be used as such, but were otherwise inviolate. Of course it was assumed by the other girls that as I was dressed in this fashion, I was their servant as well – but although a few of them were bossy, most of them were quite nice.

I was a little scared when Ursula had to go back to the house as her time off had run out, but by this time was a lot more comfortable. Was sitting, quite happily, on Dallas's

knees, necking softly when I suddenly noticed that the yellow stone on my ring was lit. Mrs. Kerr was in Guytown!

It must have been on for some time, because she walked through the door less than a minute later!

Dallas took me off her knee and along with everyone else in the room stood respectfully. "Hi Mrs. Kerr!" they all called out respectfully.

"Hello guys. Michelle? May I talk to you a minute?"

She wasn't looking at me as she said it, and it was a while before it dawned on me – she hadn't recognized me. And, though I was trembling with embarrassment, I knew I had to go to her. Luckily, I curtsied."

"Hello dear." She said. "I'm sorry to disturb your time off, but something has come up and I need you to help me. If I ask you to come with me, will that be alright? I must tell you though that if you wish, you can stay here?"

"Oh no, mistress! I'll be glad to come back with you." I breathed.

"Very good. Come along." She looked at Dallas. "Sorry Dallas. But I'll let her come back and see you again. Though it may be a while. Okay?"

"Sure Mrs. Kerr. Thanks." Dallas replied.

"Let's go then Michelle," Mrs. Kerr said then led me out of the room and down into the street, where a car was waiting for us.

She smiled at me. "Before we go? You really want to get back to the real world? I'm in half a mind to have you stay here in Guytown."

"Please Mrs. Kerr. Please?" was all I could say.

"Perhaps we could come to some arrangement?" she said

* * * * *

EPILOG some months after . . .

"Come in," I heard Claudia's voice respond to my knock.

I knew she didn't recognize me. She'd never paid that much attention to me before, so the fact that I was changed considerably didn't matter. "Yes dear?" she asked kindly.

"I wanted to ask you something Miss Claudia." I said, curtsying.

Her mouth opened in delight and I knew she recognized me. "Why, it's Michelle! What a pretty girl you've become! Evelyn being good to you?"

I curtsied again. "She's a wonderful mistress, Miss Claudia."

"She speaks very highly of you too dear. Says that you're a wonderful personal maid!"

I blushed. "She's very kind ma'am. I'm still just learning."

"Oh, I'm sure she'd punish you if you weren't."

I blushed even more, remembering the few times that my mistress had spanked me, but didn't reply.

Claudia saw my discomfiture. "But I'm sure you came to ask me something important. What is it dear?"

Nervously, I took my lace apron in my hands. "Well miss? I've had quite a lot of surgery over the last few months. I have breast implants, and hip enhancement. Had my Adam's apple planed and had my larynx adjusted."

"They did a nice job." She said, smiling. "What size bra do you use now?"

"A 34B ma'am" I said, unable to hide the pride in my voice. Then I paused, uncertain of what to say.

"Yes Michelle?" she prompted me.

"But ma'am? I'm still a man – you know, down there?"

"Hasn't she got you on medication?"

"Oh yes ma'am. It doesn't work too well now, if you know what I mean?"

A sympathetic look came into her eyes. "I'm afraid I can't help you in that respect dear."

"Oh no ma'am. It has nothing to do with that."

"Well girl? What are you here for?"

My last blush put the others to shame. "I was just wondering ma'am? Will I have any troubles getting out of Guytown? I'd like to go and visit some old friends there?"

The End

Like Father

By Stella Satin

"Aw Mom!" I complained. "I'm starving!"

"My little snookums hungry?" she said, smiling over at me.

"Mom? Please? Not that again!. I'm starving!"

"You complaining little baby? When all mummy wants is to keep you slim and beautiful instead of a great big monstrosity like her?"

I paused but knew I should say the words she loved to hear. "That's not true mummy! You're big, but you're certainly not overweight." Then couldn't help but add on "But you only let me have that tiny salad at lunch time and that package of potato chips you've been eating look awfully good. Please may I have one? Just one?"

"Is your seat belt on tight? You all secure in your chair? Jangle those little bells for me"

"Yes mummy." I said meekly, "The belts are just the way you set them when you buckled me in." Shame faced I rang the little bells on the modified kiddy seat she'd had made for me.

"That's lovely!" She smiled. "You going to be a good little baby if I give you one?"

"Please Mom"

"Ask me properly then!"

I looked at her helplessly, practically drooling at the thought of food. Stifled my instincts to yell angrily. "Goo Goo. Weah Wah?" I asked. "Pwease Mummy? May baby have a chip?" I looked at her pleadingly, making my eyes as big and soft as possible.

She slowed the car down and waited until we were on a straight piece of the road, then took a chip from the potato chip bag and gave me one. "That's mummy's little baby!" she said putting it in my mouth. I tried to make it last, savoring the salt and the crispness of it, but it didn't take long to disappear in my mouth.

I knew it was a mistake, but couldn't help myself. Was it possible that she might have a little mercy? Like Oliver Twist, I had to try. "Pwease mummy? Another?" I squeaked babyishly. When I saw her pull over to the side of the road because I immediately knew what she had in mind. "Please don't! I'm almost seventeen!"

"All the more reason for you to learn manners darling! Now pout those pretty lips for me please?"

I knew better than to argue. From past experience, I pouted my lips and smiled as best I could. She took the large pacifier that was pinned to my satin romper suit with the pink ribbon and placed the teat between my teeth. I started to cry though when she took the pink silk and satin baby bonnet from between us where it lay on the seat and carefully put it on my head. Tied it with a large pretty bow. "That's what baby wants. Isn't it?" she asked pleasantly as she finished.

I tried to smile through my tears as I nodded which brought a pleased smile to her mouth.

Mom is actually my step mom. My dad married her and then disappeared. She's very large and a brassy blonde, whereas I am small like him – dainty perhaps – and she's dominated me from day one. She constantly reminds me about what a weak example of a man he was and I suppose compared to her, he was. I



remembered him well, his face flushed as he wore pretty aprons around the house and do all the feminine tasks she had him do. How he'd cry when she'd make him up as if he was a woman – then spank him for being such a sissy! I think that he'd only stayed around to try and protect me – maybe even help me escape, but she was too cagey for him. She'd bought us both little gold anklets that looked to be slave bracelets. But once you got beyond a certain distance from something she'd set up, it hurt like hell. Apologetically one night he'd come and given me a kiss. "I found a weakness in my bracelet son," he'd said. And I gotta break out of here. Doris is talking about taking away all of my manhood, period. She's had lipstick and eye shadow tattooed on me and is more and more making me into her woman. I hope you don't mind. But I MUST get out of here! Please forgive me. I KNOW I should say that I'm going to help you, but that woman scares me so – and there's no sense in me lying about it. I need to get away as far as I can."

* * *

That was the last I saw of my poor womanish father. Doris made an immediate move to pull me from school. I couldn't stop her as she'd drench me with perfume which, dainty as I am, made me an immediate target of the jocks – even the more masculine girls. I was thus only too glad then to back her up when she maintained that that I needed 'home schooling'. The overcrowded schools were delighted too and, at that point, she attached my 'slave' anklet almost permanently. To tell the truth, I wasn't that sure I wanted to escape. Let's face it, the treatment I got at her hands was demeaning – she'd spank me for the most minor offense –but she'd often be gone for periods of time while she worked and I usually got fed three meals a day.

On top of that? I was getting home schooled every day – with practical overtones. Okay it was in laundry, ironing, cleaning hose and cooking – knitting, sewing and embroidery for relaxation. Now I knew that these weren't masculine things to be good at – but as Doris pointed out gently, housekeeping DID run in my family. On top of that? What other kind of employment was open to a soft, dainty little thing like me? That did sting, naturally, but after a while it made a lot of sense. I even started to feel at home sitting in the evenings sewing and making repairs on Doris's lingerie – she DID like nice stuff – while she'd have a beer or watch sports on the TV.

I didn't like it that much when she'd buy me something feminine like a blouse or an apron – one time for my birthday, she bought me a set of satin lace edged panties. It took me quite a while, but I finally discovered that she could get quite nasty if I didn't use her gifts on a regular basis. Even spanked me a few times. Sure, she'd tease me when I did wear her presents. Laugh and call me a little girly-boy or a sissy. Often would spank me on my panties – but not sore at all. I discovered how much she liked it when I got all flirty – sighed and she'd say dreamily how much she missed my father.

She wouldn't make love to me of course – said I was far too young – and that I wouldn't know how to handle a real woman because I was such a sissy. I tried to tell her that I wasn't of course, but she'd laugh and take me on her knee.

"What was that you were just doing – Michelle?"

"My name's Michael!" I'd say. "M I C H A E L!"

"Of COURSE it is!" she'd say disbelievingly. And what was that you were just doing?"

"You made me!" I'd say defensively.

"Michelle! Now I asked you a question. Want to displease me?" And she'd give me a slight cuff on the head as a warning.

"Embroidery." I'd mumble.

"All that pretty stuff with the elegant ladies and flowers and stuff?"

"Yes."

"Isn't that what ladies and sissy's love to do?"

"Yes but . . ."

And she'd stroke my long hair. "Isn't this like girl's hair – Michael?"

"Yes – but . . ."

"Bet you'd just LOVE to get it styled properly. Wouldn't you just adore me to do that for you some day? Come along now. Admit it!" Her hand would tighten painfully around my small weak upper arms.

"Please don't hurt me Doris," I'd mew.

"You sound just like a little girl. Know that?" And I'd feel her hand tighten more. "Wouldn't you like me to do your hair some day?"

"Yes Doris." And the tension would ease a little.

"All nicely blonde and done up in rollers, huh? Just like a girl?"

Near crying now, I'd admit that was just what I wanted. Then she'd remind me that I was wearing a blouse – or an apron – or panties, and get me to admit that I was just a little girl at heart and have me cuddle in to her.

This, or something similar happened a lot. Given that my day consisted of woman's work – and that I often wore women's clothes for long periods, it's easy to see that I was beginning to become more feminine as the months went by. I fought it all the time naturally, but there were times that it got to me. Gradually my cupboard filled up with more and more girl stuff. I gulped when I saw the skirts and dresses given to me, but she didn't seem to mind that I didn't wear them all the time – just now and then. I knew better than throw them out, but would often get an awful fright when I saw what was collecting. My chest of drawers was the same thing. Gradually I filled drawers with all items of feminine lingerie and sweaters – shoes too. Again she seemed pleased that I stuck to only a few items worn and not all the time at that, but I could feel the tension build.

I guess I was silly when I complained about loneliness and said how I missed the play reading group at school. She didn't seem interested at all, but then she woke up when I admitted to being the only boy in the group. They were hungry for any member and I was often pressed into minor male roles – though for major male roles, it was usually a girl – with me sometimes – quite often – given a girls part. We had met once a month and I must admit to being initially overjoyed with surprise when one evening the old group descended on us at the house.

I was in an apron when the door bell rang. "Go get it – and hurry!" Doris said. I ripped off the apron and hoped that the buttons on my blouse didn't show it for what it was. It was on the plain side although the sleeves were a little capped and puffed more than a guys would be. I wore it to open the door with some trepidation, but not too much. Figured that it was just someone there at the door by mistake – we didn't get too many callers at that time of night – and we sure wouldn't be letting them into the light.

Imagine my surprise – fright – when a group of eight girls that I knew from school are standing at my doorstep. I simply froze then heard Doris at my back. "Don't mind him girls! He's been complaining about just doing housework and having nobody to talk to. That's why I called you. Come in, come in!"

And the girls all bundled in, smiling their hellos and kissing me and Doris. I knew immediately that some of them caught my blouse but was helpless. I wanted to go change my clothes but was well aware that Doris wouldn't let me. One of the big girls – Anna – actually took the material through her fingers and commented how 'unusual' it was.

"Oh! That's just him!" Doris said. "Hated school but loved looking after the house. Feels that that kind of clothes go with the job. Know what I mean?"

"Yes! I remember. The boys used to tease him so!" Anna put a big meaty arm around me. "But you're amongst us girls now dear. We won't tease you at all." She turned around to the others. "Will we girls?"

The others all nodded cheerful assent.

"Michael! Where are your manners!" Doris said suddenly, coming to me with the apron. "Why don't you take the girl's handbags and stuff? Then see if they want anything?" Then she spoke to the girls. "He was doing some last minute clean up – just before he settled down with his embroidery for tonight." She put it over my head and turned me around so that she could tie me in with a nice bow as I just stood there, practically incapable of moving..

"What a lovely apron!" One of the girls said. "All frilled and nice like that. Sort of retro? Kind of fiftyish? You don't see girls wear them like that any more."

"Oh," Doris said carelessly, fluffing up some of the frills at my bodice daintily. "He has a nice collection of them. Likes to keep neat around the house." She laughed as she put a big muscled arm around me. "You know? He just puts me to shame at times – looks SO nice."

I put my red face to the floor so couldn't identify the girls that added "Oh yes! We can SEE how nice he might look" and then there was "Some boys are SO lucky – have all the advantages of pretty girls – and just don't know it! Long curly eyelashes, pouting lips, nice hair – all that stuff."

Suddenly, I thought that that was Carol's voice I heard, the girl I had such a crush on at school. I'd seen her in the crowd but was much too shy to give her special attention – knowing that Doris would latch on pretty quickly if I did anything, and make my life a bloody misery. Shook the feeling that it was Carol that had spoken – she was far too nice to make any kind of mockery about me. But shame faced, kissed each girl – at Doris's in-

stigation, took their handbags and settled them down with soft drinks and cookies – a proverbial hostess – before taking off my apron.

Anna was the sort of leader. Assigned roles and stuff. Once she was settled on the couch, she waved me over to her. I found her reaching out a hand and looking up at me with a smile. "I hope you don't mind Michael? But Doris's call came just a little too late, and I had to do some role-switching to get you in. You have a very small part, but do appear often. It's a bedroom farce. You're Rosebud, the maid. Actually? If you think it might help you to get into character? You might want to put that nice apron on again?" her hand was raised in my direction. Stupidly, I put my small hand in hers.

"No. No Anna. I don't think . ." I mumbled, then faltered as her big hand enclosed mine.

"And I'm one script short, but you won't mind sharing with me? What lovely small hands you have, Michael!" she said, starting to pull.

And, to Doris tittering – and some amused glances from the other girls I was easily pulled down into her lap with her putting and arm around my shoulders. "Now, I know that you're out of practice," Anna said. "So would it be okay if you read a few lines before we start? I want to make sure that you get the maids voice just right." She turned to a page where I had a few lines, then with just a few practices made me read until I satisfied her. "Don't know why I bothered," she announced. "Now that I hear it? You have a natural girlish voice – all soft and pretty." She squeezed me hard in warning. "You won't forget, will you?"

"No Anna," I said in my girl's voice, much to everyone's amusement, and we settled down to the play with Doris sitting listening and applauding at the funny lines. Naturally, I changed back into my apron at break time – with more than one comment being made about how naturally I played the part of the maid – both in the play – and in real life. This time, when we were about to settle down again, Anna suggested I keep my apron on. Made no secret as she fondled my frills throughout the rest of the play. I saw the look on Carol's face a number of times – a strange one. Managed to whisper to her during our farewells that I was not as effeminate as I seemed. She didn't seem convinced, but it was all I could do.

Doris laughed so hard when everyone had left. "Can't believe it!" she giggled. "In your apron? You were about the prettiest there, know that? Carol was nicer – but not by much! Maybe you could get some tips from her on being good looking?" She giggled more when she saw my face. "I think that Anna fancies you too!"

"Aw c'mon Doris!" I made the mistake of arguing. "I'm pretty sure she likes girls – not boys!"

Doris looked at me and her eyebrows raised. "And you think she doesn't fancy you? Had you sitting on her lap – if I remember rightly. And didn't I see her fondling those nice little frills at your bodice? You all blushing like a young bride as she did so?"

A few days later, a knock came to the door. I was doing some ironing and took my apron off. Much to my surprise it was Anna and Carol together.

“Hello my little sweetie!” Anna crowed, coming forward and giving me a peck on the cheek. “Going to ask us in?” She pushed by me gently in a way that brooked no refusal. Not that I could have refused her anyway. I greeted Carol in the same fashion, loving the touch and scent of her. She gave me a bemused look as she kissed me on the cheek.

“What are you doing sweetie?” Anna asked as I closed the door behind us.

“Ironing,” I said though it was obvious as the board and iron were in full sight.

Anna picked up my pretty apron from where I’d thrown it. Came towards me. “Now what’s this pretty apron doing over here, huh? Shouldn’t you be wearing it?” She started putting it over my head.

Blushing, I answered. “Well, opening the door – you know?”

“Can’t say I do,” she answered, tying the bows behind me. “But there again? I can’t remember the last time I wore an apron. Doesn’t suit me for some reason.” She looked around. “Now why don’t you turn off the iron dearie.” Then she saw what I was ironing Doris’s lingerie, then smiled broadly. “I want to ask a favor of you and don’t want to interfere – so why don’t you just continue with your ironing instead. We’ll make ourselves comfortable. Go ahead now with your chores now – please?” There wasn’t any doubt that there was going to be no arguing with her. A small smile crossed her lips as I picked up a lacy slip and started to iron it slowly. “What a lovely domestic picture! Isn’t that Carol?” she asked with a grin.

Carol didn’t say much. Just nodded a little.

We all chatted for a little while with Anna making the conversation and Carol frankly looking a little bored. Finally, she asked (politely) if she could take a walk around the house. Being unable to refuse her anything, I nodded okay and she wandered away. Anna then got right to the point.

“It was SO nice visiting you the other day Michael. All of us girls saw what we were missing. Amazing how many of us commented afterwards on how nice it was to see your feminine side. And really? It’s so nice, just relaxing here and seeing you do those nice tasks normally done by women – and not letting it bother you at all.”

“Well, I wouldn’t say it doesn’t bother me!” I said, trying to make a joke out of it.

She smiled. “Oh Michael! You and I both know that that’s just your masculine pride talking! Surely you can’t take offense at being told that you’re pretty? Huh?”

I didn’t answer her, being too embarrassed. Simply hung the slip up on a hanger, and started another.

She continued. “And? Carol and I ran into a problem and just didn’t know what to do! And then I suddenly thought of you! Carol wasn’t too sure, but came around to take measurements and stuff – that is, if you agree?”

“Measurements? Agree? Agree to what, exactly!” I asked.

Looking back? I’m pretty sure that she actually was unsure of herself as the confident tone in her voice was replaced by something more on the wheedling side.

“Well? Our play reading group is merging with the drama group for the first time and put on a big musical. We had just enough people, then Melanie Watson had to move away

– and we're a girl short – and we NEED one. Her costume is all made and everything. It's really nice!"

I shook my head. "And?"

"It dawned on us! You're petite – just about Melanie's size!"

I looked at her, horrified. "Ha ha! But I can't act!"

She gained some confidence. "Doesn't matter. It's a non-speaking part!"

I made a mistake. Asked a question. "Just a small part then?"

Her voice took on additional timbre. "Well not a small part actually. On stage quite a lot." At my look of confusion, she continued.

"You see sweetie? It's a sort of musical review and in between the numbers we have this chorus line act as a sort of MC – you know? They're costumes are really pretty! Carol and I would have to check you out – see if Melanie's costumes fitted you – and?" she smiled. "You'd probably need some work on your hair and breasts – that kind of thing."

I stared at her. "You want me to take a girl's part? C'mon Anna!"

She leaned back in her chair, getting more confident as time went by. Smiled at me and was going to say something when Carol's voice came from my bedroom. "Michael? Anna? Something you might want to see here?"

Grateful for the chance to change the conversation I joined Anna and we went into my room Carol was standing there. "I hate to say this Michael," she said. "But with all the doors open I couldn't help but hear what you and Anna were saying."

I was nonplussed. "Don't get what you're saying," I said.

Anna caught on quicker than I did. "This IS your room. Right?"

I shrugged. "Last time I looked."

"And all the stuff here is yours?"

"As far as I know," I answered, getting some of my own confidence back.

Then Carol stood back and I finally saw what was sticking out of one of my own lingerie drawers – a lacy bit of cranberry nylon that stuck out.

"Isn't that yours?" Anna asked gloatingly, going over to the drawer.

"Well – not really. It's . ." I started, but she opened the drawer a little ways, then pulled the pair of panties - because that's what they were, out. Dangled them on one finger. "Panties, huh? I wonder whose they can be, huh?" She spoke to Carol. "And guess what? They're still warm – almost as if they'd just been ironed." Turned back to me. "Michael? Now tell us the truth, eh? Weren't you maybe wearing them last week and just finished ironing them?"

I lowered my head. "Anna? It's not the way it looks. It's Doris that makes me wear . . ."

She interrupted me. "Doris makes you wear the pretty things? They're certainly not any less feminine than what we'd like you to wear. Maybe we should talk to her? I wonder if she'd be mad if she found out that you didn't even try to help your friends . . ."

"And Marlene's costume might not fit you anyway!" Carol broke in.

"You think so?" I asked her helplessly.

She shrugged. "Dunno. It's close – but if you DO it for us? Who's to know, huh? We'll fix you up so that even your own mother won't know you." She shrugged again. "I just want to measure you for goodness sake!"

"Just a second of your time!" Anna wheedled, but forcefully now.

She laughed openly when I capitulated and let Carol get to me with a tape measure, checking my various measurements against some figures in a notebook she carried. We all waited expectantly as she did a final check.

"Well? I don't know," she started and my heart lifted. "His backside would need something – and his bra would need quite a bit of padding. Don't see any problem with the overblouses – but I don't think it will be any problem to take their sleeves in a little – he IS kinda dainty, you know. Maybe a tad smaller than Melanie?"

Anna held my panties out to me. "Going to need those tonight?"

"No Anna," I said, blushing.

She handed them to me. "Why don't you just fold them up nicely now – and put them back with your other lingerie?"

I tried to act jocularly, taking them from her, doing a quick fold, and putting them back – and closing the drawer. Properly, this time. "Seems that I don't come up to your expectations?" I tried to say lightly.

Anna came and put an arm around me. "Don't listen to Carol, sweetie. She's just an old fuddy-duddy. Wants everything to be perfect. But as far as I can see? A little padding at your rear end – some nice falsies – and minor alterations? Nobody will be able to tell that you aren't a born chorus girl!"

All confidence had left me now. I looked at her helplessly. "I really don't want to DO this Anna. Please?"

In answer, she took me in her arms closely and hugged me. Kissed me fondly. "You're just being a silly little thing! What's Doris's number at work?"

"Huh?" I said, but told her.

"Dial that for me, would you sweetie?" Anna asked Carol, and Carol did – holding out the phone once she did. Anna took it in one hand and held me helpless with the other. I could hear the phone buzz, then heard Doris. "Yes?"

Absolutely helpless in Anna's arms, I heard her say. "Me and Carol? Came over to ask Michael a small favor. He's just not very sure about it – and you, being his step-mom might be able to tell him what a silly little bunny he is!"

"Being silly again, is he? What do you want him to do?" Doris sounded amused on the phone.

"Well? One of our chorus girls can't make it for a big musical review we're putting on, the uniforms are all made – and he's just the perfect size."

"Perfect size?" Doris asked. "Perfect size for what?"

"Filling in for her. That's what," Anna said.

"Whooooee! As a chorus girl? What's he objecting about?" Doris laughed after a small pause..

"Want me to put him on and you can tell him how silly he's being with all that macho pride?" Here he is!" Anna said and held the phone up against me, still holding me tightly.

"Mom? I don't want to DO this!" I said.

"Don't you want to help your friends out?" she asked thoughtfully.

"Well – maybe – but as a chorus girl? Doris? Please don't! They want to pad my backside, wear falsies – and I think they want me to dye my hair!"

There was another pause, then a sigh. "But darling? Doesn't that make sense? After all, if you've to be a chorus girl – wouldn't they want to make you look like one?"

I was astonished by her logic. "Huh?" I said stupidly.

"You're just being a silly male – for NO reason. Now I want you to do as Anna tells you! Your friends want a helping hand and it's time you did! Now put Anna back in the phone – and no more nonsense from you!" Then she paused for a second "Hold on for a minute! Maybe it's time we talked? I've been pushing you a little – and this might be a wonderful test? Do this for the girls and me? We might be able to work things out later?"

"Huh?" I said again, a sense of wonderment filling me. "You saying that if I do this I might be able to . . ."

"Later dear. Later. Now put that nice girl Anna on the phone again!"

It was the very first time that Doris had ever even hinted at us having any sort of dialog and that I might have some say in what was happening to me. "Thanks very much Doris!" I said sweetly, passing the phone to Anna. Was well aware of Carol looking at me as I stood there meekly, totally helpless to move in Anna's grasp. Very conscious of her contempt as I pouted my lips nicely and turned my face up for Anna now as she hung up and leaned forward to kiss me. Yes, it was only acting on my part – but I was starting to see that maybe there might be a way out for me. Acting the woman wasn't that hard I thought as I was kissed and pretended to melt into Anna's arms.

"That's better!" she grinned, releasing me. "Going to work with me and Carol now?"

I took the chance. Batted my eyelashes. "Just as long as the costume fits, right?"

She kissed me again. Patted my backside very possessively. "Certainly! You have my promise doll!"

I smiled sweetly at her. "That's all I wanted Anna!" Sure, I was aware of Carol's mockery at my feminine behavior, but consoled myself. "Just wait until you see the real ME baby!"

When Doris got home that night I decided to be as sweet as I could be. Wore a straight skirt and a white blouse under my nicest apron. Combed my hair nicely. Gave her a sweet kiss. "Now what's this all about you not wanting to help your friends out? That's not very nice, is it?"

"Well Doris?" I simpered. "I don't really think that I'm cut out to be a girl."

She shook her head. "Must admit it. I'm starting to get the idea that you may not be entirely cut out for it. I've always liked you as a girl before. Thought that you were fighting me just out of male pride." She kissed me. "I mean – look at you now! All sparkly and pretty in your blouse and skirt?"

Nervously, I plucked at my clothes. "That's IT Doris. I put these on to show you that I may look all right in them – but I'm really a guy! Not any kind of a sissy that likes to dress up. I just don't want to dress as a woman any more!"

She shook her head. Looked a little confused for the first time. "Well? I suppose that I could be wrong in all of this. Truthfully? I thought you were really like your dad – wanted to be my girl. He loved to be dressed up and treated right. I thought you were just like him – hated to admit it, but he was just a nice sissy underneath."

I took a deep breath. "Well mom? I'm not."

She considered a minute. "Michael? I really find this hard to believe. I've said that you would join the other girls and help Anna out. Really? I felt that this would be a way for you to discover your true self! Now you tell me I'm wrong? Honestly? I'm not fully convinced yet. Kept thinking that, as a nice chorus girl you'll see the error of all that masculine nonsense – and become the pretty daughter I've always wanted!"

She looked so heart-breakingly sorry that I went and gave her a hug. "I'm sorry mom. Didn't really know you felt that way. But I want to be a guy. That's all."

"But you'll satisfy an old woman's whim? Try to be the best chorus girl you can possibly be. Then? If you discover that you don't like that? Then I won't make you dress as a woman any more. Deal?"

This was SO far beyond anything I'd ever expected of her! Overjoyed, I gave her another big hug, feeling a little strange at sensing her rippling muscles under my arms. "Deal!" I said happily.

"You promise to give it your best shot?" she asked.

"I'll be SO good, you won't even know me!" I said happily. Then I squealed as she easily picked me up and sat me in her arms! Kissed me. "I STILL think you'll make the nicest girl in the whole chorus," she said as I giggled, held up in her arms like a doll.

Then she got serious. "I promised to take you over to Donna's tonight, So immediately after dinner is cleaned up, I want you bathed and some attempt made to get that hair off you."

"But I'm CLEAN mom," I protested, wiggling my legs a little. "And I don't have much body hair. And who is this Donna?"

"Donna is the woman who's doing the chorus girls. Anna and Carol may talk a lot. But if Donna says 'no'? Then you're out! Period!" Then she added "But we can't have you going to an audition smelling like a man now, can we? You agreed to give it your best shot. Now get on with dinner or mummy'll spank you!"

She was obviously joking and I couldn't help but squeal happily as she set me down. The idea of Donna was a new thing and suddenly appealing. Maybe she would balk at the idea of a male chorus girl and set me free before all this nonsense even got underway?

Cheerfully I finished dinner then after I'd cleaned up the kitchen used a depilatory that Doris provided. I'd never really thought I'd much hair on the body and was somewhat amazed when I saw the amount collecting around the drain. I felt strangely naked – and when Doris demanded that I wear lingerie “You can't go for a chorus girl job in boxer shorts!!” she laughed and I just had to admit that it felt really sexy once I followed her advice.

She didn't ask me to pad the bra or anything, but the little straps of the cami and bra seemed to be much more significant against my smooth skin. I looked at her helplessly when she insisted that I wear a short straight skirt and blouse and medium heel shoes – but her logic was exactly the same. Luckily, she didn't demand that I wear makeup, so I didn't feel that bad – but got really shook when I discovered that Anna was coming to collect me and take me there. Up until then, I guess it was just going to be Donna and me with Doris taking me and bringing me back. Now it turned out that the rest of the chorus girls would be there too!

When Anna honked, Doris kissed me goodbye and I honestly felt like a daughter going out on a first date. She walked me down to the car- then actually warned Anna to take good care of me! It was so humiliating! Shut the door behind me. I felt strange fastening myself in the safety belt as Anna drove us away. The road was straight and she looked at me. “That's the first time I seen you dressed properly Michael. You look really nice.”

“Thanks, ” I mumbled.

“But how come you don't have any makeup on?”

“Aw c'mon Anna. That's girl's tuff and you know it!”

Her hand found the hem of my skirt. Barely paused before working it's way up under, feeling the lace of my slip and the lacy top of my thigh highs. “You don't feel like no boy to me. Or have things changed?”

“C'mon Anna,” I repeated, not knowing what else to say.

She slowed the car down and pulled into the left where it was darker and shaded by some trees. Stopped the car, but kept her big warm hand up my skirt. Unbuckled her safety belt and turned to me. “Next time we're by ourselves? You'll wear nice makeup – huh? Make your eyes all soft and alluring? Your lips all red? Nice perfume?”

“Aw Anna! Stop your fooling!” I tried to laugh. “You're a GIRL! I'm a BOY!”

“Well? Ain't boys and girls supposed to get together? Isn't that what it's all about?” She was joking in turn and pulling me into her. Her hand was fondling me now. “Or maybe it's just me?” she joked. “Thinking you're a girl? All pretty in your skirt and blouse. Soft and weak? Why don't you give Anna a nice big kiss – just to show that you're sorry?”

“Sorry for what?” I managed breathlessly.

“Doesn't matter. Just wrap those nice white arms around my neck and kiss me. Tell me how sorry you are!”

“But? I started.

“MICHELLE! Do I have to tell you again?”

I could feel her strength and was scared. "Please Anna?" I said, snaking my arms around her and pouting my lips. "I'm SO sorry!" Kissed her.

"That's better! You really sorry?"

"Oh YES Anna! Really!"

"I don't have my dildo with me right now. Does that make a difference?"

I swallowed, not really knowing what to say. "Oh NO Anna!" I mumbled.

She smirked. "Better. Lift my skirt and kiss me down there. Go ON!" With that, she leaned across and undid my seat belt.



Then she lay back in the car seat, smiling comfortably as I took my mouth from hers and had to look as she gradually pulled up the hem of her skirt to show the muscular thighs.

"Not little sissy thighs like yours, huh Michael?" she asked.

"Oh no Anna!" I said. "Nice big MUSCULAR thighs! All strong!"

"How's about a nice kiss down there, huh?" And I could see her opening her thighs. Could feel the heat from her and started to smell a musky sort of odor. With her hand she placed it behind my head and started pulling me down!

"Oh NO Anna! Please don . . ."

"That's how girls please each other at times. C'mon girlie! Kiss away – like the good little sissy you are!" She pulled my mouth right down into her crotch. "Kiss away! C'mon!"

Helplessly I kissed her tentatively then, as she

pushed me into her harder, I had no choice. Slid my tongue around her panties and into her moist vagina.

"Mmmm!" she moaned happily, "What an educated sissy you are! Lick me now! There's a girl!"

I spent the next few minutes lapping at Anna, much to her delight, then, dreamily, she pulled my hair and lifted my head. "Mmmm!" she cooed. "Who's my very best little sissy, huh?"

"Me Anna?" I whispered. I mean – she had a hold of my hair! What could I say?

She took me in her arms. Kissed me. "I'm gonna bring you some proper makeup for the next time, huh? Maybe even bring my dildo for you to suck on? How does that sound?"

"Anna? Please? I spoke to Doris and there's a chance that she'll let me stop all of this once this chorus girl thing is over. Honest."

"Mmmm?" she said in a surprised tone starting the car up again. "But for the time being? Whose little sissy are you?"

I blushed but there was no sensible answer except what I gave. "Yours?" I said meekly.

"Very good! So you don't have ANY problem in taking my arm when we go and meet the other girls. Sort of give a sign to them of who you belong to?"

"No. I guess not, Anna."

"That's my little sissy then!"

When we got to the small hall there were a few other girls arriving. She made no secret of what I was to do, so I had to sit in a maidenly manner while she got out of the driver's side of the car then come around to me – and let me out, saying her 'hi's to the people. Then I had to link to her arm after she closed the car door. Then she said. "Be a little darling for me, would you?"

"Do what Anna?" I asked submissively.

"Carry my red handbag for me. It goes better with your outfit than mine and I won't need it for anything. You can give it to me later. Now carry it properly, please. It does go okay with your outfit."

So, like a meek little girl in my skirt and blouse, linked to Anna's arm, and with a red handbag over my arm, I joined her in getting into the hall with the other chorus girls.

The women were there – nothing but women – some scantily dressed and me. Anna took me up to a relatively heavysset woman with dark skin and piercing eyes. "Hey Donna! This is the Michael we were telling you about."

Donna didn't say hello. "You the little pansy wants to be the chorus girl?"

I tried to pass it off. "Well Donna? Some of my friends thought . . ."

She ignored me and talked to Anna. "Must admit it dear. He IS a little cutie." Then she turned to me. "You do what you're told? At least what Donna tells you to do?"

"Yes," I whispered.

"That's what I wanted to hear! Now turn around, nice and slow. You can let go of your boyfriend's arm now."

Anna grinned and stepped back, laughing a little because Donna had established my relationship to her. "Put your handbag down now dear and turn for me."

Blushing, well aware that some girls were watching me now, I did what she said.

Donna took me by the arm. "Now cutie? Let's you understand one thing. Okay?"

I nodded.

"Good! Now chorus girls are feminine – no two ways about it. When they're showing off their stuff they must overdo it a little. Make sure that nobody ever thinks of them as masculine. Understand? Kinda soft and girly. Now turn for me again – a little more oomph this time? You want to be my chorus girl? Show me!"

This time I must have made her happier. She stepped in closer and checked my teeth, my backside, and my nails. Nodded. "Not bad!" she said to Anna. "Needs a LOT of work of course – hair, ass, and tits. Nice dainty build. Should fit in with the other girls just fine." She turned to me again. "How are you in heels? The ones you have on are okay – but have you ever worn really high ones- like five or six inches?"

Wordlessly, I shook my head.

"Well, at least you've plenty of time to practice. Let Carol know and she'll get you a few pair. You'll have to make sure that walking properly is second nature to you. Now why don't you go into the changing room and try on Melanie's costume? Get on with it now!" She turned her back on me.

Helplessly, I tapped her on the shoulder. She turned around impatiently. "Yes?"

"You want me to go in there?" I quavered, pointing.

"Didn't I tell you to go and get into Melanie's costume?"

"Yes, Donna. But there's girls in that room."

She barked a short laugh. "And? Once you're in there, there won't be any difference, will there?" She put on a phonily sympathetic voice. "Or do you want to stand there all night – maybe talk about bra size – or what hairstyle I want you to have?" She was staring at me with quite a lot of intensity now so, impotent and worthless and not having anything more to say, I shook my head silently and headed towards the changing room. On the way there, Carol appeared from nowhere and I didn't have the strength of character to look her in the eyes or protest as she pushed some silvery garments and a pair of shoes at me. Took them wordlessly.

"Change into this, then let us see you out here again. Leave your clothes in with the other girls. If you have any valuables, put them in your handbag. Don't worry about anything," she said. "If the shoes give you any difficulty, we'll just have to give you a smaller heel for tonight, but it's important that we get you started. On you go now."

The shame of having to go in voluntarily to a changing room filled with nice looking young women was bad enough. Some were stretching, others working on their makeup at

congested benches in front of limited mirror space. As I made my way in, what made it worse was that some of them ignored me completely – though I heard some muttered comments about ‘sissies’ and ‘pansies’. Helplessly I put my wallet and keys into Anna’s handbag then found a small niche that offered some privacy – not much – and changed into my costume.

I had a little problem with the bra, but one of the girls saw me and came up. “I’m Mary,” she said. “You Melanie’s replacement? Like a hand with your bra? They’re kinda tricky.”

I introduced myself in a small voice and took her up on her offer. The bra was loose at the front and the short pants had room at the sides, but other than that, I was looking like the others..

“You’d better sit on that bench there to try your shoes on sweetie,” someone offered and moved over a little on the bench. And there I was, crammed in with three or four other chorus girls as we adjusted our costumes.

“All right girls! Donna wants you outside now. Shake a leg and hurry up!” Carol was speaking from the doorway. Without warning and stumbling a little in my heels, I was now part of a sweet smelling throng of giggling girls as we made our way out into the maid hall. “Line up by size,” Carol called out and there I finally was., Silver bra and short silvery spangled shorts High heeled shoes that made me totter a little.

“Put your arms around each other and let me see you!” Donna said then, as we did so started pacing down the line, making the occasional comment as she did so. Carol walked behind her, taking notes.

Finally Donna was standing in front of me. “Not bad Carol! Much better than I thought – but he’s a titless, assless girlie. Needs something done with his hair – and have it dyed like the other girls, okay?” I was looking down in shame when she stroked my cheek. “What’s your name, girlie?”

“Michael,” I said to an audible snort from everyone around me.

“Michelle,” Carol said to muttered assent.

“All right Michelle!” Donna said. “First test. Now keep linked with the other girls and strut across the stage. I want to see if you can walk properly!”

I couldn’t have been SO bad, because she nodded a little, then had us walk back. She saw immediately that I wasn’t used to the shoes. “Look darling? We can pad you in the proper places so that no one knows that you’re not a girl. But you’re going to have to get used to these shoes. I want you to take them home – and walk in them as if it’s second nature for you next time. Okay?”

At my shy nod, she smiled a little. “Now you, and these four other girls? Keep arms around each other and come over here. You other six chorus girls? Go over there!”

The five of us reported to her as she’d said. The other girls went over to Carol on the other side of the hall. “Now girls?” Donna said. “You have to understand that chorus girls are the epitome of girlishness. They’re not swish, but they show off their effeminacy in every waking and walking moment. Much more womanly than the average woman and

you must keep that in mind! . Now here's what I'd like you to do first. Hold your hands straight down at your sides – that's it! Now? Turn your hands outwards, with the palms facing down. Now? Heads up and tits thrust forward – except you Michelle – you'll have to pretend that you are properly built until we get you some – take VERY short steps over to the center there, making sure that you are all side by side and coordinated. Hips? Just a little sway – but noticeable! Starting on the left foot? And while you're at it? Make sure that each foot is placed directly in front of the other. Remember that you are GIRLS! Be proud of it – and show that! Go!"

The other girls were giggling as we moved across the floor and frankly, it was hard not to join them. Soft and nicely, we crossed the floor, our hips swaying just a little, to begin Donna's learning process. I knew that I was having some problems with the heels, but the other girls were very understanding, even Donna, and we spent the next few hours getting trained. I was SO tired when we finished that when Anna shepherded me into her car that I simply cuddled into her and put my head on her shoulder. I knew that some of the other girls saw my sissy behavior but frankly I was past caring at that point. If Anna considered me as her girl? That was HER problem! Think I fell asleep before we left the parking lot.

It was Carol who brought me my new panties the next day. Demanded that I put them on under my costume pants and checked my new rounded girlish backside. Smiled happily and patted me absent mindedly.

"Hey Carol? I'm not a girl!" I protested laughingly, making a joke out of it. Kinda relishing the day when I'd show her! And she'd be MY girl!

"I'm sorry dear!" she laughed in turn. "I keep forgetting that! But keep those panties on and change. We have to meet three other girls down at Elaine's Beauty Salon."

"Beauty Salon? What are you talking about? I'm not going to a beauty salon in broad daylight!" I said quickly.

"Dear?" she sighed. "You being difficult?" And she laid a hand on my arm. Started pulling me across the room.

"No. But what are you doing Carol?" I asked as she pulled us over to a chair. Kept a hold of my arm, but sat down.

"Michael? I have a LOT to do with the chorus girls – you especially. Now I can't have you arguing with me all the time, can I?" She was now pulling me down.

"But Carol? I'm NOT being difficult!" I yowled. "But I'm a guy and . . ."

"That's why I have to do this!" She said placidly as she undid my shorts to bare my panties and my newly rounded backside. "Now hold still!" she said. "This is for your own good!" With that, she easily pulled me face down over her knees!

And, over my girl-friend – or who I wanted to BE my girlfriend's knee – I felt a hard hand come onto my panties and knew I was being spanked! I had to laugh at first. All I had to do was break away – but then I discovered how difficult that would be, she was SO strong! "Now didn't I tell you to hold still?" She asked, pausing for a second before whacking me again – even harder this time.

"Yes?" I admitted, wriggling at this, then found myself sobbing at the shame.

"But I've hardly started yet!" She spanked me hard for a few more times. "Now are you going to come to the Beauty Salon with me – just like the other girls? Get nice little breasts put on so that your uniform fits? Get your ears pierced and your eyebrows shaved? You DO want to be a little chorus girl for me. Right? And you DO understand that I'm just spanking you for your own good?"

"Okay!" I snuffled. "But Doris said I can go back to being a guy again after I finish this." Paused. "Think you could be my girl?"

"You understand why I'm forced to spank you?"

"Yes," I mumbled.

"Tell me!"

"For my own good!" I whispered.

I was surprised at the ease with which she righted me and had me sitting on her knee. "Now tell me again. You want ME to be your girl?" she asked me in some wonderment.

"Yes," I nodded.

"You are SO cute!" she giggled then kissed me. "C'mon. Let's get you to the beauty shop!"

I must admit that I was heartened by her answer. "You agree then?" I asked almost unbelievably.

"You little silly!" she laughed and kissed me softly.. "Going to do what I say?"

I nodded.

"Well. First things first. Let's get you down to the beauty shop. Maybe you should wear a nice pleated skirt?"

Two other girls were waiting for us. Cheerful and ready to go, they introduced themselves as Margo and Cathy. I had met them at the meeting the previous meet, but this was the first time we'd spent time together. Carol stayed with us as pink capes were drawn about our shoulders. "You girls are going to have identical hairstyles during the show. You know this?"

"He's going to look even more like a girl?" Cathy giggled.

"That's not fair!" Carol laughed. "He's doing us a great big favor – and none of us should forget that – even though he's going to look like one of you and act all pretty and girlish – he's really a boy underneath! When he's finished with all of the changes that he's agreed to make he's going to go back to being a boy. Isn't that right Michelle?"

And I blushed and nodded in answer as the other two let out small disbelieving giggles.

"Now girls? Any more questions?" Carol asked seriously.

"My goodness!" Doris said when she came in that night. "My goodness! Are these the falsies you're going to wear? I almost didn't recognize you! Pretty blonde hair – earrings and those breasts! I can't believe how real they look! Now come and give Doris a nice big kiss. Come over here!" and she opened up her arms.

Blushing I walked over to her. She smiled admiringly. "And you walk SO well in those high heels of yours! MY! They're high, aren't they?"

"Yes," I admitted with a small amount of pride. "They're not so bad, really. Carol suggested that I keep them on all the time until I get really used to them."

"You've done super well!" she said, hugging me, then letting me go. "See? I said you'd look nice in that blue pleated skirt – and that white sleeveless blouse. Won't you agree that you look nice now?"

"Yes – well maybe Doris. But they're girl things – and Carol thinks I should get myself in the part as much as possible. That's why the bracelets and stuff. You really think I'm okay?"

She laughed. "You're beginning to sound like a proper girl Michelle. Now how's about a drink. I need one." With that, she gave my backside a gentle pat.

After dinner, she asked me to take off my apron and show her what I'd been practicing that day. Blushing I explained that Carol had really gone into a lot of details after she'd got me home. How Donna sought an almost robotic, perfectly consistent set of moves from her girls. She'd even showed me a few moves which I'd been practicing assiduously. Doris was SO impressed as I crossed the room in dainty little steps, one foot in front of the other – my arms down by my sides, head up and my breasts pointing forward. She was also impressed when I showed her my dramatic head turns and leg kicks – although I knew they needed work.

The following day, I went back to some of my male things. I felt so stupid when Doris stared at me pointedly in the morning. "I can see that you're trying to hold on to your maleness," she said. "And it's up to you. But don't you think you look silly? I mean, I can SEE your breasts under your sweater. On top of that? Wearing high heels? Obviously you need the practice – but you'll never get the proper movement in pants. Now why don't you go and put on a nice dress – and maybe some makeup? I won't think less of you as a man if you do that."

Anna came around to take me to practice that afternoon. She was in a bad mood. "I've ordered this special dildo – just for you. But it hasn't come here yet. On top of that, I'm late." Then she took me into her strong arms. "I'm sorry dear. I should have told you how pretty you look!"

I blushed when she let go of me. "Oh Anna! Now I'll have to fix my lipstick! And that takes me time!" I also found myself pouting and stamping my feet a little. "And anyway? I'm NOT a girl! I don't want a dildo!"

A big smile came over her face and she put an arm around me. "My little spitfire, huh?" Then she got somewhat serious. "Yes, I like girls. But don't you see dear? You're getting so pretty that some boys might start sniffing around. If they see that you belong to me – even if we're only pretending – they might leave us alone. Unless of course you want boys coming on to you?"

I looked at her, horrified. "Want boys? You crazy? I'm a guy myself. Not gay!"

She kissed me again. "That's what I like to hear darling. Now why don't you get in the car and we'll get you to practice?"

Somewhat mollified at her logic, I let her lead me into the practice hall where Donna and a lot of the girls were waiting.

“Mmmmm!” Donna said. “You look so much nicer Michelle. Why don’t you go and put on your uniform again? And when you come out? I’d like you to carry one of our Ostrich fans – it will be one of your props.

With Anna and I being late, most of the other girls had changed already, so there was a lot more room. This time, with my new shape? Everything seemed to fit MUCH better. This time, I could see the need and touched up my makeup just a little, before starting to leave. There were a bunch of large pink ostrich fans there. It felt SO light and feathery as I picked one up and went out to the main hall.

I was the last one and immediately felt all eyes on me – including Donna’s. Truthfully, I had been almost expecting some sort of negative reaction but, instead, could hear what was almost a congratulatory hum as the girls looked me over. Then, surprised because there was no outright criticism leveled at me by Donna, I heard her say sharply. “All right girls! I wanted to see what the uniforms looked like en masse – and you look nice, I must say. But now let’s line up and put the basic uniforms through their paces. I don’t want them falling apart through use on the nights of the performance! Now line up, please!”

It took me a few seconds before I realized that I was almost identical to the rest! Okay, there was a few inches of height discrepancy between all of us, and some of the girls were bigger in the bust than others – but I was now a part of a silvery group with soft feminine bodies and straw colored hair. Painted and perfumed. Lipsticked and rouged, with our soft eyes cast submissively over our audience of other cast members – whom I now noticed contained some guys - looking at us hungrily as we formed. I shuddered and looked away, but I was beginning to see Anna’s point. What on earth would I do if one of them made a play for me?

I started to see Donna’s vision. Yes, we were ragged but we were gradually growing in unison, a flash of silver and bare skin, gleaning with the oily sheen of perspiration. The occasional giggle when a lock of hair would lose its straight form and curl a little. And in straight lines, curves and circles, waving our fans on command. I got the sense of being one with the girls. By the time a few hours had passed, I was exhausted just like the others. Frankly, I was just too happy to snuggle into Anna as we made our way to her car. I saw a few boys cast eyes at me, but happily snuggled into her. I could tell already that none of them wanted to mess with her.

At my house, she wanted to neck before she let me go in. I didn’t want to, of course but I was starting so see how she could be of value to me. I didn’t really mean the little gasps of gratitude I made when she fondled me, but she seemed to enjoy my soft lips and my hands finding spots on her body that she liked as I gave in and said my goodnights to her. It was so embarrassing when the lights came on suddenly and Doris came out and caught us – me so bedraggled from Anna’s pawing. But she just smiled.

“Well! Hello girls! I thought I heard something out here!”

I was too embarrassed to say much as my clothes were in a sort of disarray, but Anna continued to hold me close to her in one arm. "Hi Doris!" she said easily. "We were just discussing Michael's new dance steps."

Doris laughed. "Seems kinda cold to me. Why don't you both come in? You can maybe discuss them better inside?"

"But I'm really tired, mom!" I said weakly.

"Just for a minute!" Anna said, and before I could argue any further, we were all inside.

There, Doris made me put on an apron and make us all some hot chocolate. Then she 'suggested' that I show her and Anna some new steps I'd learned that night. I tried to protest, but Doris simply said "Anna's been telling me how fast you're improving Michael. I'd like to see. C'mon now! Just a little."

All right, I was flattered and so there, still in my girlish apron, I demonstrated as well as I could, the prancing, primping, steps and moves I'd been learning. It was humiliating acting the part of a girl all over again, but I knew that Anna wouldn't leave until she was ready. Doris wouldn't let me go to bed either.

"Oh, that is SO nice!" Doris gushed when I'd finished. She turned to Anna. "Isn't it silly that he wants to stop being girlish when the show is over?"

Anna shrugged. "Must admit it. He's said something like that to me. But I figure he'll get over it. He's GOT to realize that he's just built for the girlish way of doing things!"

Doris nodded sagely. "I can't help wanting to see him this way – all pretty and nice. Have been trying to convince him that being a girl is his best bet. Matter of fact? I got SO tired of him and his masculine nightwear that when I saw a sale on in nightwear lingerie? I couldn't resist buying him some! It's lovely!"

"Could I see it?" Anna asked coyly.

"Wouldn't take you but a minute," Doris said to me. "I didn't see much sense in wrapping it dear. I just laid it on your bed for you to see when you come in. Why don't you let us see how it fits?" Doris giggled a little. "You'll look so nice!"

I had to admit that her taste was okay. Both nightgown and negligee were in scarlet but not anything swish. Long and satin-like with matching slippers that Doris must have forgotten. Of course it was feminine and I felt stupid, but I changed and freshened my lipstick. Yes, the fuss they made over me was nice – but I tried to hide my shame. It actually helped when Anna suggested that I sit on her lap. That way I could hide my humiliated blushes. The fresh thing even fingered me a little at the back, but I don't think that Doris saw anything as I wriggled about and finally off Anna's big finger. Yes, I may have giggled a little – but it was strange and she should have known better. I'm not a girl for heaven's sake! I found that I almost drifted off to sleep when she left me alone, sitting there as the two big women discussed one thing or the other.

The following evening was an early practice and I was okay with Anna's idea that we eat afterwards. I was taken aback when Mary and Nancy called me late that morning to find out what I was wearing to rehearsal that night. I was kinda ashamed but flattered. Was this a sign that the girls on the chorus were accepting me? I felt even funnier in the

changing room that night. Anna had borrowed her folks SUV and we were a bit late getting there, but I saw Mary – in a black pleated skirt and red top almost identical to mine. But I was too busy and we just waved.

Afterwards it was really silly when I found out that Mary, Nancy, and I were almost triplets! I even giggled a bit until they – and their boyfriends – joined us in the SUV for a triple date! “Oh Anna! What are you doing?” I whispered as I cuddled into her.

“Why? Letting everybody know what kind of relationship we have, you silly little thing!” She laughed as she kissed me.

The restaurant was dark and it wasn’t too bad as I gradually got my confidence back. It WAS embarrassing when I had to join the other two girls in going to the bathroom. Of course I wasn’t a girl! – but dressed and made up the way I was, nothing else made sense. We even danced a little and Anna laughed as she made us change partners in the middle of a number, but my partner was a perfect gentleman and I even thanked him nicely when we finished.

Later, Anna drove us to this deserted park. I was kind of surprised when she suggested that she and I move into the back. “More room there,” she said. “And it stops us from looking as if we’re snobs.”

And there in the back, I realized that me and the two girls were there for a purpose. Each of us nestled in our boyfriends laps, kissing them back. Yes, Anna had forced me to behave in this manner – but what could I have done? She was FAR bigger than me and truthfully? I’d taken the girl part in so much that I’d been doing, that it felt kinda – well – natural. Know what I mean?

Then in the dark, it just seemed so natural to see my two girl companions, down on their knees, pulling out the boys members. Giggling and laughing as they kissed then took them in their mouths. Then the shock as Anna’s hands were on my shoulders and I was being forced down onto my knees! “Please don’t!” I tried to say, but my mouth was being forced down onto her groin – and there was something hard underneath her pants. “OPEN ME UP!” she whispered, panting! Then she gave me a light cuff on the ear in warning.

Then I had the thing out and pointing at me. “That’s a girl!” she said. “You know what to do now, huh?” and she was forcing that thing between my lips.

“Mmmm!” I gurgled in quiet protest, but then there was no escape as her big hand was behind my head forcing me on and back on her dildo. After a little while, I was conscious of the fact that me and the other two girls – just like straw headed triplets in our black dresses and red tops were moving in almost perfect unison as the two boys and Anna, laid back with big smiles on their faces.

“That wasn’t very nice!” I complained to Anna as she said her goodnight to me that night on the porch.

“Wasn’t it?” she laughed. “I thought you might enjoy that. You mean that all the soft noises coming out of you were just an act?”

“YES! That’s exactly what they were! I’m not some kind of pansy!” I protested.

“Shush!” she said, pulling me in for a kiss. “You’ll get used to it!”

The next few weeks simply flew by. The musical was a huge success and I must admit that by the time we had finished, I must have been able to act the part of a chorus girl completely. To say that the chorus was successful is anti-climatic – but we were. The musical was a success and Donna and Carol and other directors were given many plaudits. To be quite honest, us chorus girls came in for a lot of applause, even visiting various charity bases during the run of the play. Yes – Anna had taken me out on single and multiple dates while this was going on, but, as she pointed out, everyone KNEW that I was her girl – and left me alone. Doris saw my behavior in the house increasing femininity and got a sleepy, satisfied, cat-like air about her. Seemed absolutely assured that I would fall in with her plans as working with the chorus line seemed to make me more and more girlish..

I smiled to myself when I approached her that night following completion of the show. She looked up from the sofa where she'd been reading. "Yes?" she asked.

"Well Doris?" I said. "About that time!"

"What time dear?"

"You said that I could be a man again!"

She looked at me strangely. "What are you talking about? I didn't say that! And anyway, why do you want to change now? Nobody would ever take you for a guy – you've become the daughter I've always wanted."

I looked at her in horror. "You DID so! Said I could stop being a girl!"

She laughed. "Oh THAT? I'm sorry. I'd forgotten, and thought you had too!"

"Well, I didn't!" I said. "I want to stop all this girly bullshit! Now!"

She shook her head. "This is silly Michelle. You want to stop looking like a pretty girl? Stop being Anna's girlfriend? I know she thinks a lot of you."

"Don't care!" I said stubbornly. "I want Carol to be my girlfriend –see me as I am! That's what I want!"

"Why don't I make us some hot chocolate?" she suggested. "Let us talk about this sensibly?"

"Fine by me. Just not going to change my mind!"

"We'll see!" she said. "Let me get our drinks."

Must admit it. I felt so smug, so superior. Knew that I didn't want to anger Doris. She hadn't spanked me in a while – had even taken me shopping and to a movie one time – but I wasn't taking any chances. No sirreee!

Really enjoyed that chocolate in front of here. She asked a lot of questions – although nicely, but I was adamant. Okay, a part of me inside was scared – she was SO big and strong and might renege – but I sincerely hoped not. I felt so nice and dreamy. She was suddenly leaning over me. "Sleepy? Little baby?" she asked from what seemed like far away. I found myself nodding, and felt her big strong warm arms around me. Felt myself being lifted and cradled.

* * *

I came too, somewhat groggy.

"Ah, there he is now, Carol!" Doris was saying. "Isn't he just the nicest baby?"

I shook my head. The room was familiar, but I seemed to be inside a play pen! Not only that, but I was wearing a pink – very pink – satin romper suit! And I was all puffed out at the groin with some sort of ruffled pink, rubber panties – almost as if I had DIAPERS under them!

And Carol was looking at me. Scorn all over her face! "Well? He did say that once he finished being a chorus girl, he wanted to date me! But like that? A little overgrown baby?"

"Just to please him? Get the fantasy out of his head Carol? Why don't you take him on your knee and give him a bottle?"

"No way!" I mumbled - then "OW!" as a terrible pain shot through my ankle. Looked down and saw the anklet that Doris had put on me, just over the pink woolen booties I wore..

"He won't get me all wet?" Carol giggled.

"No! And if he does? I'll let you spank him!" Doris laughed. She came over to the playpen and unlocked it.. "Here!" she said, taking a huge pacifier that was pinned to my romper suit and sticking it in my mouth. Picked me up effortlessly and carried me to Carol's lap. I did complain once, but that stinging pain in my ankles taught me to be quiet quickly.

And there, sitting on Carol's lap I sat and drank from my bottle some awful gruel - as she giggled and went into detail about some guy she'd been with the night before – and how he'd been SO masculine and overbearing. How she'd melted in his arms.

"Something like Michael there?" Doris laughed.

"Ha ha!" Carol laughed too, fondling my diapers. Then she slipped her hand inside me. Felt my erection. "Oh this is so cute!" she laughed. "But Doris? Michelle did seem awfully sure that you were going to stop him from being a girl!"

"That's true," Doris said. "But what's he complaining about? I did, didn't I? Does he look like one now?" Both women laughed.

Then, to my shock and horror, Carol masturbated me! "This is such fun!" she laughed as she slowly stroked me. "I must admit that I like a man – but having one all soft and obedient – like you have him? It's just too much like fun!"

What made it worse was the fact that I had to smile the whole time and make baby sounds. Anything else was not what Doris wanted – and I was given a jolt. I soon learned. Slowly, sex overcame me and I leaned back in Carol's arms and had her play with me.

Carol left and Doris allowed me to talk – for a little while. "Why are you doing this Doris?" I wept.

She fiddled with my hair, putting a ribbon in amongst the baby curls I had now. "Well I just LOVE to have nice soft men do what I tell them" She paused regretfully. "You were doing SO well as a girl too! But now you're my little baby? I kinda like that too. Say Wa-Wa for mummy!"

Within a week, I learned that she wasn't kidding. She dressed and treated me just like a baby – and would not accept any other treatment from me. She even had me wet the bed a few times as a learning tool! Anna came around one time and I tried to get her to talk to Doris, but she just looked at me and shook her head. "You were SO pretty!" she sighed. "I can't figure out why you wanted this instead!" Regretfully, she left soon after.

Carol did come around a few times afterwards – she got to the point she would just get me out of the playpen and masturbate me if she was feeling low. I don't know if she enjoyed that – or having me lie on my back and be washed or have lotion rubbed into my bare skin more.

Then came our trip. Yes, I was all for it. Can you blame me? A few weeks had gone by and I was kept in babyland. Doris would rarely listen to my pleas unless I spoke in baby talk. I tried to tell her – oh believe me - I tried. But there was just no give in her at all, And? Keep this in mind. I was in that pen for many hours a day with nothing to play with but my rattle. She did take me outside to the mall once or twice – and can you imagine the shame and degradation that was involved as I'd be led along with leather reins she'd had made – my diapers and rumba panties showing, my pacifier rammed in my mouth – which I dare not take out.

Think about all that, before you criticize me for taking the chance of visiting her sister and daughters. The break in monotony alone! The chance of getting her to talk to me! Just even for a little while!

"My big sister and her twins! Oh, they're delightful. Must be getting big by now! They'll just LOVE having a little dolly like you to play with! (I gulped seriously then – but it didn't matter anyway – we were going!).

* * *

She was pulling away from the side of the road again. For some reason, she noticed the tears on my plump cheeks. "Doris been mean to her little baby?" she asked softly, reaching into the bag of chips.

I was still starving and had only one potato chip for a long time – but was I hearing something in her voice? "Dowwis not a meanie!" I gargled. "But baby awfuwwy hungwy!"

She pulled off to the side of the road again and I felt my eyes grow big as she fed me another chip. Eagerly, I demolished it. "That's a baby!" she enthused. "Baby want more?" She cooed with laughter as I eagerly nodded my head. Then as I stuffed myself with chips, she spoke quietly. "Am I wrong – or does baby not like being a baby?"

I couldn't help it. Started to cry. She undid my bonnet and let me compose myself.

"Tell me!" she said simply.

"Doris? I honestly don't like this. Honest." I said.

"But I like to dress you up! Told you this before – but you kept on complaining and complaining! Looked SO pretty. Had a nice girlfriend like Anna – but she wasn't good enough for you. You just HAD to have Carol, didn't you? Want her now?"

I was over my crush on that girl! Knew that much for a fact. Shook my head vigorously. "Don't like her any more Doris!" I said vehemently, losing babyhood by the second.

She laughed. "Don't fancy the idea of her taking your pants down on a date and wanking you?" Then she laughed even louder as I blushed a fiery red.

"But what am I to DO with you then?" she asked.

At the next motel, it was another embarrassment to be led to our suite, but I sat there in total disbelief in a towel after I showered and she went shopping for me.

She arrived. Threw a bunch of parcels large and small on the bed. "Help yourself Michelle! Very limited in stuff this place is – being in the middle of nowhere, but I was able to get you some stuff anyway. Any complaints?" She was brusque when she came in, but giggled as I made a lunge for the packages.

"Oh Doris!" I said in genuine thanks as I slid into the lacy black lingerie. "I won't complain again. Honest!"

"Get your dress and makeup on and I'll take you out to dinner," she laughed.

I felt more of my masculinity slip away as I slid into the red silk dress. Okay, okay – I was being a sissy! But at least I was an adult! Sure the dress was on the short side and showed some of my black lingerie? Ask me if I cared!

"Please help me into this dress?" I asked Doris, my hands shaking at the thought of a REAL meal. She laughed and fixed me in at the back. "Think you can fix your hair properly now?" she asked.

"In a New York second!" I boasted, already fixing my makeup.

She took me to dinner at the local hotel. I wore my satin dress and black high heel shoes. Wore a lace wrap around my shoulders and was SO happy that I kept on hugging Doris as we walked there. I knew that I looked kinda flashy – tight red dress and loud makeup, but didn't make one complaint. Ordered a BIG steak – and ate the whole thing, with all the trimmings. Sat replete facing Doris after we'd finished. Her face dropped a little.

"What's the matter mom?" I asked. "You look sad!" Then I looked down coyly at the ground. "I thought you'd be happy - having your daughter that you always wanted?"

She leaned forward and took my hand. "I'm sorry – but you did provoke me. You know that, don't you?"

"Oh yes mummy! And I won't do that again!"

She blew through her nose. "Problem is? Tomorrow we meet Traci and Toni – my sister's twins. They're just kinda young and I was hoping to give you to them . . ."

"Give me to them?" I couldn't help but ask.

She smiled. "Yes. As a little dolly. You know? Thought they'd like to play with you know – that kind of stuff?"

My mouth went dry. Thank god she had allowed me to change back before we had arrived! I didn't know the girls – but the thought of being a little dolly to them? I shuddered.

"Anyway?" she pondered. "I'll just have to think up some way to make it up to them."

Then she smiled and changed the subject. "Tonight I'm calling Anna. Have her send a whole bunch of your proper clothes down – by express – to my sisters. That way, we won't have to buy you so much and you can wear some of your pretty clothes again. Any problems?"

"Oh NO mummy!" I said.

The following day, I wore the same outfit to Doris's sisters home. It wasn't too far, which I was glad of. The dress had been a wonderful change the evening before – but scarlet satin and black lace in the early morning? Kind of tawdry, you know. Still, I certainly wasn't about to complain. Doris's sister, Deirdre met us by her front door. My God she was LARGE! Made even Doris seem rather puny. Raised her eyes at me, but spoke to her sister. "Getting old Doris? Like your pretty boys in dresses, do you?" Before taking me in her arms and leading me into her place.

Inside I was astonished to meet her daughters Tracy and Toni. Somehow, I'd got the impression that they were just young kids. Well? Young they probably were, but they were huge! And frankly, I couldn't tell them apart. Sandy hair, pale almost colorless eyes and slightly freckled complexions. "I thought you were bringing us a pretty dolly?" one of them bawled at Doris – and was pawing at me at the same time! "Not fair!" the other was yelling. "He's MINE!" and she laid hands on me too!

"Well? Neither one of you seem to be uncertain about what to do with him?" Doris laughed as one lifted my dress to show the black lace.

"Please mummy?" I said to Doris as the two girls, crowing happily and quarreling as to who would be first carried me to a sofa.

"Oh dear! I think your boyfriend's seducing my young, innocent girls!" Deirdre laughed as my panties were displayed and one large hand was inside them, pulling them down.

"Oh, Michelle is SUCH a flirt!" Doris laughed as one of the girls opened up her pants to reveal a large dildo. Aren't you Michelle?"

But I couldn't answer as my mouth was filled with a dildo, and, as I was kneeling on a sofa, something large and firm was entering my back passage. Humming a little song, both girls took their pleasure of me one at the front, the other at the rear (Not too gently I would add) - while the mother and aunt sat off to one side. "He should be a proper little girl after a week or two here. Should make me a nice housewife – just like his father!" Doris laughed. "It'll be SO nice. He had a girlfriend at home and even though I don't think he was ever a proper girl for her, he's now getting some experience in knowing how to act properly. On top of that? Your girls are learning the proper way to treat a man!"

Deirdre made agreeing noises. "When you called this morning and suggested that I get the girls ready? I must admit that I had some doubts" . She now giggled as I was getting banged thoroughly. "They ALL seem so natural now!"

Both big girls screwing me let out giggles of appreciation as I cried between them.

The end