

The Countess Of Monte Cristo

2



Philippa Peters



An "Adult Tv" Novel



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THE COUNTESS OF MONTE CRISTO 2

By Philippa Peters

——-*Welcome the homecoming queen*——-

The hard-faced older man turned the wad of money over again in his hands and then turned it back. "Let's go over again, lady," he said to me in his New York accent, "what I have to do to earn this money."

"I want my own security, loyal to me," I said sweetly, holding my elbows in very firmly, being as ladylike as possible, "to protect my sister and me. If Marilyn wasn't there in our suite at the Gardiner, holding the fort," I

managed to fake a feminine shiver, and even got my eyes to sparkle a little with unshed tears, “pretending that I’m still there, having a long bath and facial, there’d be men already surrounding me here in your office, Mr Clarke. I’d be carried off and you’d be threatened with so many law suits you’d be tied up forever in court. You’d be glad to see me frogmarched off by the men in Gestapo boots.”

The man my father had called his right arm stared at the woman, me, across the desk from him. My father had told me that Del Clarke’s weak spot was that he wanted to be the knight in shining armor to every woman in distress. The opposition knew it and had played on his emotions with lovely women so often that Del no longer wanted to work with women, not even for a quarter of a million dollars that I had dropped on his desk, as a retainer for him.

“Tell me again who recommended me to you,” asked the pockmarked, older man, pushing the wad of bills away from him as if he had decided not to take me up on my offer.

“The son of an old friend of yours,” I told him coyly, wondering if at any moment he was going to jump up and ask me why his old friend’s son was sitting in his office dolled up like a girl.

Del Clarke’s eyes narrowed. “I have no old friends,” he snarled at me and the wad of bills almost landed between my crossed, nyloned legs as I stopped the banknotes being propelled back across the scarred desk top.

“Patrick O’Brien would be sorry to hear that,” I murmured, feeling the lipstick sliding over my mouth as I watched him for his reaction. He was good but the dart of his eyes at me was enough. “His father, Conor, counted you as his friend, the only honest man in Afghanistan,

when you were his point man there, so he said to Patrick.”

“Patrick O’Brien is dead, my girl,” said the man across the desk from me, his voice clipped. “I went to his funeral with Conor.”

I shook my long, blonde hair and put my finger on my bright red lips.

Del Clarke stared at me, at the woman he thought that I was, mouth agape. “I was there,” he gasped, sitting stiffly at his desk. “Conor saw the body ...”

“A body,” I whispered to him. “While Patrick’s name was being expunged from the world, he was in what you would have called a rendition program, Mr Clarke. You know what they are and how they’re set up. I want you to make sure that my sister and I do not end up in a place like that, not like Hell where Patrick O’Brien ended up, not knowing that his father thought him dead and, then,” I paused, “is reported to have died himself.”

Del Clarke stared at me silently as I opened my femmy purse and took out a wad of bills that equalled the first that I’d set upon the desk. “This is what you would call walking around money,” I said to him. His eyebrows went up before he reverted to the poker face that my father had admired about him so much.

I shivered under the gaze of the man who should have known me. He should have been able to recognize me as Patrick O’Brien, not as Hayley Madonna Russell, as my passport identified me. He had played with me enough when I was a boy. He had taught me the ropes when I was a young man and just about to inherit the business from my father. He had taught me several of the languages that I’d mastered to travel anywhere I wanted in the Middle East.

But he didn't recognize me, of course. How could he with all the female hormones that had been injected into me in Huwara Prison? They'd given me the cleavage and woman's breasts that I had. They'd widened the fleshy parts of my hips and tush and changed my skin totally. I had no hair in places where girls don't have hair. I had long, smooth legs that Del had smiled at as I minced into his office. His gaze had travelled up my nylons and my skirt to my blouse and then to my madeup face.

I think, now, that my nose had been broken deliberately so that the doc could work on me and change the looks of my face. I had a thin, bobbed, slightly upturned woman's nose now, which Raja had always called cute as he kissed it when we were sated from sex and just lying in one another's arms.

"What can I do for you, doll?" the old, white-haired man had asked me when I had sashayed nervously into his office in my tight skirt and top, my breasts as perky as a high schooler's. I'd almost asked the man with the so-familiar voice why he didn't recognize me.

I'd put my money on the table and he'd looked at me quizzically as I said, "I want you to work for me, Mr Clarke. Is a quarter of a million a good retainer?"

By the look of his dusty office in a backwater in Brooklyn, Del Clarke had fallen on tough times since my father had died. There was no pretty girl secretary that he always had. There was no coffee machine. The office was as bare as it could be. If he had paper files, he didn't have many clients at all. The only filing cabinet was open and empty save for his radio and a bottle of scotch.

The two wads of money sat together on his desk but Del didn't reach for them. His eyes were on me, studying me, trying to think where he might have seen me before,

whose daughter I might be. I shivered, hoping he wouldn't start to think whose son I could be.

"I could do a lot of walking with that money," said Del Clarke stiffly, still not reaching for either wad at all. "I could walk with it all the way to Florida."

"Conor O'Brien would turn right over in his grave if you did that," I told him and he stared fiercely at me. I'd had men stare at me before, and more than that. I'd had men measure me for sex, take me off with them and have me in any way that they wanted. And though I might have fought back on occasion, what could I do in the end when I was in the lowest level of Hell where there were no women and so those who wanted to have a woman had to manufacture their own.

I couldn't say any of that to Del Clarke, not then, I thought with a shudder.

"Whom do I have to kill for all this money?" asked Del, his eyes like slits.

"Protect," I murmured to him, keeping the girlish lilt in my voice. I thought, for a terrified moment, that Del had recognized me but he hadn't.

"Can't do it any more," he snapped at me. "Too old."

"Not too old to organize and recruit the men I need," I said to him. I was too tense. I had to relax the legs I had been holding so firmly crossed for so long. No, I wasn't bothered with a pain in my groin. I'd taped myself as I did every day now. So did Marilyn. If the goons that Malcolm Johnson employed had hidden cameras in our bathrooms, I'm sure by now that they were all laughing like crazy at the things we 'sisters' did to try to keep them from seeing what sex we really were.

"I need someone to secure my residence, my phone, my computer and my car," I told him. "I need someone who is the best in his field, someone like Garvey Sutton."

Del had been just sitting there, trying to be a stone, but he couldn't help blinking at me then. He knew he had given himself away. "I know Garvey," he said slowly.

"Garvey would never work for a woman," I said to Del, "not after the thing in Istanbul."

Del's eyebrows were streaking up again. "Conor told Patrick," I said, giving in and uncrossing my legs, watching Del look at them as I crossed them the other way. "Patrick told me."

Del shrugged. "Garvey don't work no more," he said.

"For you, he will," I said with a shiver at Del's almost unconscious parroting of the way Garvey spoke.

"What I want you to do, Mr Clarke, is to find me a new residence, preferably out of town but an easy commute, with new, secure phones, computers, cars, all unbugged, courtesy of Garvey Sutton," I told his frowning face. I brought out what looked like an ordinary credit card and gave it to Del. I had protected it from Johnson's stooges all the way from Monte Carlo, in places I would be embarrassed to tell where I'd hidden it.

"You've got fifty million dollars there," I said to him. Del had the grace to be startled. "Enough for you to recruit and equip the best security force New York has ever seen. Once I have security, I'll transfer another couple of hundred million over to accounts you can tap into to do whatever is needed to make me really secure."

"Another couple of hundred million?" choked Del.

"Enough for a coffee machine and a pretty secretary," I said to him. Del looked at me very sharply then. He'd al-

ways said that they were the two essentials of any business, and I, Patrick, shouldn't forget it.

"I want to talk to you, doll," said Del Clarke abruptly, "about Patrick O'Brien."

"I'm out of time," I said to him, swaying onto my high-heeled feet, my skirt sliding back from my thighs to my knees. "We should talk, yes, of course, but when I'm not being spied upon and when I'm not being hunted as I shall be if I don't scoot back to the Gardiner."

"I'll walk you and we can talk," said Del gruffly.

"Better I go alone," I said to him. "The people hemming me in can tap into any camera they want. If they see you walking along with me, you'll be under investigation as well. Find a place for me and move into it yourself. You're going to need just as much protection as me for a while."

"This job is quite illegal, isn't it?" said Del as I minced to the door, my tight skirt restricting how I could move and making my tush sway so suggestively. I didn't really want to feel as womanly as I did in such a skirt, or to behave as girlishly as I was, with Del. But sometimes, it just came over me, particularly with snappy guys like Malcolm Johnson and Del Clarke.

"What you will do and what I shall do ..." I said, shaking my long blonde hair, my earrings swirling as well. I took out my scarf to disguise myself a little but I knew how girlish I really looked and no scarf could disguise that. "No."

"Pity," said Del ironically. Well, I wanted to tell him. What I shall be doing won't be illegal but it won't necessarily be the right thing to do, either.

—-*Success breeds*—-

“And who are these outstandingly beautiful young ladies?” asked Senator John Morse as I kept my arm tight around Marilyn’s so that she couldn’t go off and flirt with the Senator’s aides, not yet any way. It was the Senator I wanted to notice her, not his phalanx of aides.

“I’ll bet he says that to all the girls,” I said, tossing my golden hair back, as Marilyn giggled at me, not the least masculinity in that laugh. There shouldn’t be as I had made her practice and practice her voice until she mastered, well, mistressed, the feminine giggle as I had.

“Miss Hayley and Miss Marilyn Russell,” said the aide, beaming at us, “and they are making fifty thousand dollar donations to the charity, Senator!”

John Morse, silver-haired and distinguished, rose to shake our hands. His hand was strong and hard, ours were feminine and very weak. We’d practiced it as well, being all limp-wristed which had made Marilyn laugh at such a description.

“It would be so much more if the law allowed us,” I said to him, smiling and posing for the photographs, Marilyn a little uneasy but smiling as well, her ash-blond hair swaying just like mine. “But now that I have bought out Howland, Senator, I will make sure that we set up a proper political action committee. I’m sure my new employees will be able to come up with significant numbers of contributions to your re-election. We need men like you in government.”

Senator John Morse staggered at first at what I’d just said, but he recovered with amazing speed. He preened as the cameramen wanted to take more pictures of us, on either side of him. Well, we were definitely worth taking pictures of, Marilyn and I. I don’t think that there were

any prettier women than us at the auction. Well, in one way, they were all prettier than us, the women, as we weren't women at all, of course.

"How kind of you to say so, Miss Russell," murmured the beaming Senator. "A political action committee for me at Howland Tech? Well, well, well, your, your father, I suppose," he asked, trying to grasp what I'd just said to him, "has bought out that pillar of stable employment in my home state? I don't think ..."

"Not my father, Senator," I said sweetly to the politician who'd been meant to be the recipient of the letter I'd reluctantly taken from a man who'd become a named enemy of America. "Me, Senator," I said as Marilyn smiled beautifully, her makeup exquisite as she jiggled, as I had told her to, and the photo ops guys took advantage of her. "I'm the one with the business head. My sister is an actress."

Marilyn sparkled as I described her like that.

"You and your sister are both so beautiful," said the Senator, his tongue hanging out, I would have said, as I put my arm around him as he had his around me. I spelled my name for the enterprising reporter who asked and told him that, yes, my family had made a business acquisition in Senator Morse's state. My sister and I were looking forward to buying a new home there.

"I look forward to further meetings with the lovely Miss Russells," said the senator gallantly as I joined arms with my sister. "I, I must talk to you, um, Hayley, my dear, about your acquisition of Howland Tech."

Of course you do, I said silently, smiling and posing with the distinguished looking senator as girlishly provocative as someone blonde and feminine like me in a dress and long hair can. The deep-cut front, showing off my cleavage left no doubt that I was ready to talk fashion

more than business, as I said sweetly to the man I must call John now.

My 'sister' and I went on to join other celebrities at the charity auction, Marilyn acting as if she was in seventh heaven, with all the men smiling and coming on to both of us. We bought many of the items on display, paying top dollars for the privilege, it was for a charity after all. We had our photographs taken with many grinning young men. I knew few of them but my sister knew them all, having become a devotee of celebrity shows in the short time we had been in America.

Of course, there was one man who came out of the crowd and slid his arm under mine whom I had to chat to and flirt with, as Marilyn was doing with the actor who was holding her and fondling her. That's what I would have called what he was doing with his hands. But she was giggling in pleasure, of course.

"Now, what brought you to this charity auction, loading up on goodies this afternoon?" Malcolm Johnson asked me.

I smiled and hugged the man who was supposed, I believed, to be monitoring me and my activities in America. I kissed his cheek, leaving the mark of my lipstick there. He stiffened as he always did when I did something or said something really girlish to him. He knew that I was a man who had been renditioned to Huwara Prison as he'd been the governor at its end.

Malcolm Johnson knew that I'd been made into a woman there and had been entertainment for all the men who had money to pay for my affections as a woman. I acted more femininely than I did with anyone else when I saw Malcolm and the frown on his face. I don't know what I'd really have done if he'd taken me up on one of my offers for a sexual tryst with him.

"It's a charity, Malcolm," I said to him as he hugged me awkwardly, not the way Troy Proctor was clinging to Marilyn, the cameras going off like crazy all around the laughing pair. "Malcolm," I went on, leaning over and kissing each of his cheeks in French style. "So formal, isn't it? I think I'll call you Mal in the future. You know, it suits you. After all, it is the French word for 'evil', isn't it?"

"As pretty and as sassy as ever, Rowena," said the new Mal, using the girl's name that had been hung on me when I was in Huwara Prison, "when here I am bringing you a response to your request of me."

"So you are going to sleep with me tonight after all," I teased the uptight last governor of the hellhole I'd been imprisoned in.

Mal Johnson stiffened again. "You know, Miss Hayley Russell," he said to me, finally using the name that was on the American passport that he'd procured for me. It wasn't the perfect gift as I didn't doubt that it was one of the subtle strategies he was using to keep close tabs on me.

"The French," went on the man, finally squeezing me to him, rocking my skirts against me, "have an appropriate word for a person like you." He wouldn't call me a girl as he knew, no matter how gorgeous I looked, that I wasn't one. "They would call you 'une coquette'."

"Why Mal," I giggled to him, feeling a shudder inside me as I knew he was right. I was a tease, a sexual tease. I had to be. I had to give him the wrong impression to keep him off base as I did what I had to do to my enemies in America. "What a lovely thing to say to a girl like me! You know," I twirled and gave him a flashing smile that a photographer took a photo of right away, causing Mal to frown.

Mal glanced at another photographer who immediately moved in on the one who had flashed us, clearly to

get the picture he'd taken of Mal. Ah, Mal's bodyguards were so easy to spot at times. "I do have hopes for you, Mr Evil," I said coquettishly to Malcolm Johnson. "I really do think that you have a sense of humor beneath that grim, masculine exterior after all."

"I do need to talk to you," said Mal, easing me from the throng of teenaged girls and paparazzi who wanted to talk to Troy Proctor and to take pictures of my sister, the actress.

"You've found Mr Lewis for me," I said. "Did your stooges tell you that I was watching CNN this morning, the announcement from the Pentagon?"

"You saw him?" growled Mal. "And here you are, at a charity auction, with a certain senator who heads up a committee that deals with the affairs conducted by a one-star general whose middle name is Lewis."

I tried not to shiver as Malcolm Johnson said the hated name that I had given him. "Just a massive coincidence all round, isn't it?" I asked my new interrogator who grunted at me.

I looked over at Marilyn and waved to her and she reluctantly said good-bye to Troy Proctor, weaving her way through the crowd of paparazzi towards me. I felt Mal shifting away from me as Marilyn came towards us.

"I do need to know where you went last week when she was covering for you in the bath tub," Mal said to me. "No one saw you go out but there you were, in that pink, flowered headscarf, coming in to the Gardiner."

"Just out for a walk to meet with a lover," I said lightly to him, flicking my hair girlishly back behind my neck. "Your surveillance of me must be getting really sloppy, Mal."

"Our surveillance is state-of-the-art, Miss Russell," said my minder. "We have to talk some more about Lewis and what it cost me to find out who he was, for you. You owe me more than Senator Morse's name."

"Then you'll have to do another little job for me, Mal," I said to him sweetly. "I did show you mine but you really didn't show me yours. I looked at it all by myself."

Mal grimaced at me but with the circus arriving, he went off, scowling into the crowd. I let myself be greeted by my 'sister', Marilyn, who hugged me and minced with me out to the limo waiting for us.

"Oh, that was so wonderful!" my sister enthused. "Troy Proctor! Oh, isn't he so good-looking! I never thought in my wildest dreams that I'd be kissing and hugging a man like that. Thank you so much, darling Rowena, oops, darling Hayley, for bringing me here today. Are we going to do this again in the future? Oh, it's so much fun!"

"Of course, we will, darling," I said to her as we set off back to the Gardiner and the watchful eyes of Malcolm Johnson and his stooges. It was easy to forget that Leanne, I still had to think of her that way, as we had lived and loved together for a long time in the same cell with the Raja. He was the one who had encouraged us to make love together for his amusement.

We still did. Marilyn, there, got her name right, initiated it all the time as I couldn't allow her to bring strange men into our room, men from the bar downstairs, men from the elevator whom she made eyes at or men from the sidewalk who whistled at us as we swayed femininely into the hotel. Sex settled her down, she said. For me, making love to her was like making love to another woman. She said the same thing about me and made fun of me for being a lesbian, like her.

Of course, that wasn't anatomically possible, for either of us, but seeing us together as I sometimes did with the mirrors that Marilyn strategically placed, it was like watching two very pretty, femininely shaped girls making out together. I suppose I shouldn't be afraid of Mal Johnson seeing me on camera, if he was recording us. We kept a frilly slip or nightie about ourselves when we were penetrating one another. I made a reference or two as well to dildos which, I hoped, would explain a lot of what we were doing. One thing was certain, though, I knew, as I danced through the foyer of the Gardiner with my flirtatious sister, we weren't going to stop what we were doing to one another very soon.

Marilyn knew about the possibility of cameras, of course, and so she had to kiss me and grope me in the elevator as we went up to our suite. It helped me to ease my tension which always seemed to return to me whenever I was in contact with Mal. There was something about him, the way he looked down at me, that made my hackles rise when he was near me. I had to bait him each time he looked at me as if I was something strange and weird, like something the dog had dragged in.

"Why do you flirt with that Johnson guy," asked Marilyn as we wiggled out of our dresses and bras and put on a show for the hidden cameras, if they existed. "Do you do that because you like him?"

"No, the opposite," I said to her, as I wiggled out of my garter belt and stockings, moving against her. I was in just my purple, frilly panties and she still had her black garter belt on. I teased her while we kissed. "You can flirt with him if you like, save him coming on to me all the time."

Marilyn looked a little astonished as she should. Mal didn't really come on to me much in front of her. He was a gentleman or he knew who and what she was.

“No thanks,” she said, pulling a face between kisses and hugs. “He’s really not my type.” We fell on the bed in a tangle of legs which she loved doing with me.

“You have a type?” I asked her and she let out a giggle in the middle of kissing me passionately.

“Oh, I’d take him to bed if he was here now,” Marilyn confessed as I thought of her type of man as one who was living and breathing. “Any man’s better than a woman.”

Despite the fact that she didn’t want a sex change, Marilyn was fixated on making love to men. She referred to herself as a woman or as a girl. Listening to her talk, she seemed to have completely ‘gone over’ into being a woman which was why I’d offered to pay for her trip to Trinidad, Thailand or somewhere else to have sexual reassignment surgery.

And what did she think that I was? I asked myself with a shudder. I was the only person she was making love to and so ‘Any man is better than a woman’ referred to me. I didn’t think that I was that bad of a lover. Indeed, she had wonderful orgasms with me, as good as those any woman I’d made love to, many years ago.

—-*Moving On*—-

It was fantastic to shop with Marilyn as she was just like women who had exasperated me in stores so many times before. She had to try everything on, seek the advice of the salesgirls who attended us, and generally take hours to buy anything. She made me feel as if I was a woman as she turned to me for advice so often. Of course, with the credit cards we both carried, we could have bought anything that we wanted but I didn’t want to spoil Marilyn’s girlish fun.

Besides, her fun meant that Mal's stooges were getting sloppier and sloppier in their surveillance of us girls. When we ducked into the bras and panties section of the huge department store, they were miles away from us when we minced right out of the change rooms, out the nearest exit and into the 'special' cab that Del had waiting for us.

"I thought you girls were never going to come out," said Del from the front seat with a grin as the driver he had hired did some nifty moves through traffic and through an alley and a parking lot. Several guys slapped at the sides of the cab, one apparently taking off with the sign from the top.

"Just changing the numbers and signs," I murmured to a nervous Marilyn, clinging to my hand and looking femininely alarmed.

Del grinned at me. "Your sister's right, an old trick," he assured Marilyn, looking at me too as if he wondered how I knew that. I watched behind us as well but I didn't see anyone following us anyway.

In an underground parking lot, to be on the safe side, Del reassured us again, we switched cars, still inside one with darkened windows. We headed out in the opposite direction to where we went in.

The estate and house Del had purchased for us were just perfect. So were the electronic fences and the men with machine guns, all with permits to carry them, Del proudly told a nervous Marilyn and me.

It was such a relief to use the laptop computer and not have to worry about who was spying with me. "Bets on how long it will take Malcolm Johnson and his cohorts to find me?" I asked Del who then looked at me sharply.

"Lieutenant-Colonel Malcolm Johnson?" he asked me. "Hayley, he's one of the good guys." I did feel a tickle go-

ing up and down my spine as Del called me by a woman's name. I should have insisted on a neutral name like Pat. But what a giveaway that would have been.

"Yes," I said to Del and Garvey Sutton, another of my father's 'main men', who'd come silently into the office prepared for me. "But Johnson's bosses aren't. He's following his orders and trying to keep tabs on my sister and me for now. Garvey, this setup is great. How close to the fence do they have to be for you to detect surveillance from outside?"

"Anything directly on any part of the house and estate, I got," said Garvey soberly, staring at me. "And four days, tops. Likely tonight if'n they really works at it."

"I think Del's pickup process is better than that," I said, unconsciously moving my shoulders girlishly and tossing my hair femininely as I chatted in my most lilting tones. "I'd say three days. We don't have to go out for anything for a while."

I'd left my sister in one of the rooms farther along on the upper floor. Marilyn had shrieked when she'd seen it and said that Bloomingdale's had dropped a whole fashion department on us. The ten-room upper floor was mostly for just the two of us, with a room just for ball gowns where I'd left her in ecstasy while I chatted to the men who'd made this possible with the money I'd given them.

"We want to know about Patrick," said Del, not joining in the game of guessing when Mal Johnson would find me. "What happened to him?"

"And I want to know how, how," I had almost said 'my' and that would have given it all away, "how Patrick O'Brien's father died. The Internet isn't showing cause of death, anywhere."

The two men exchanged glances in front of me. "Starved himself to death," Garvey finally grunted. Del gave him a disgusted look..

"What?!" I gasped, the blood draining right out of my face, I'm sure, in the shock I felt at hearing such horrible words.

"What?" Garvey repeated. "So she's going to cry. She's a girl. They're like that."

"Patrick was gone," said Del quickly. "Conor locked himself up in the brownstone the O'Briens lived in. Like what we've done here, it was always one of the most secure houses in all of New York."

"But someone must have seen him," I said, unable to stop the trembling and shock that I felt. Yes, I was going to cry. My father had starved to death! How could that happen in this day and age! Someone should have been able to save him.

"We seen him at Patrick's funeral," said Garvey bluntly, staring right through me, daring me to be girlish in front of him. I shuddered even more as I was terrified that he saw the real me, the real Patrick O'Brien, seated at 'her' keyboard, swinging around on her high heels, her dress swishing about her. And he was looking at my cleavage, I thought in distress. Well, why not? I said bitterly to myself. Everybody else was doing it these days.

I drew in a deep breath and my breasts rose accordingly and Garvey's eyes followed the pretty picture of womanhood that I must have presented him with. Yes, I am a woman, I thought to him. Get used to it.

"We knew he took it hard," said Del gruffly, getting up and looking through the window overlooking the estate. There was a lawn and open ground all about the house. No spook could creep up unknown on me here. "But we thought he was just not eating for a while. He

said he was going to take care of his grief. He promised us he'd start eating again now that Patrick was in the ground."

"But he didn't," I said, choking and beginning to cry as I thought about my father, knowing his inflexible will and how he would have made a decision and lived and died with it.

"Don't take long if'n you don't drink," said Garvey grimly. "Took me two days to work round the locks I set for him. That's how we found him. Dehydration and starvation said Doc Travers." I remembered him but I couldn't possibly see him. He was far too acute and another old friend of Dad's. He would definitely have seen right through me to whom I really was.

"Now we've answered your questions," said Del hoarsely, eyes as shiny as mine. "You, young lady, answer ours."

They waited, assessing me, as I had to use a tissue. I knew that I was going to cry. I was going to be all girlie and cry for these men who had been so close to my father. I couldn't tell them the whole truth. I couldn't tell them that they were looking at the real Patrick O'Brien, crossing his nyloned legs in front of them, arranging his skirts with a feminized hand, his bracelet caressing his wrist, his matching earrings in motion at his pierced ears, a motion so familiar to 'her' now that he never noticed how girlie he was any more.

I couldn't tell them the whole truth. I'd have to lie, in places anyway. It was so important, if I was to do what Louis Danton had planned for me to do to get my Countess of Monte Cristo revenge, that I be a woman for a while. They mustn't know that I was a man doing the feminine things. They could know what I planned to do to

the worst betrayer of all of Patrick's enemies, well, in time.

"They swam aboard my yacht in the Gulf," I lied to them and they stared at me, hooked immediately, I think, "an old man, Louis, with Patrick and a man they called the Raja. The captain and his men would have pushed them under the sea with the oars and other things we had on board. The men were so awful, bearded, in rags.

"Patrick called to us in English and begged us to help a fellow American. He said later, that he'd seen us take down the US flag. We did that heading into the Gulf in case we met trouble."

The two men were staring at my face avidly, trying, I'm sure, to read if or how much of the truth I, a mere girl, was telling them. "When was this?" Garvey wanted to know.

They were stunned when I said, "Three weeks ago." I told them all about Hell, the way that I said Patrick related it to me, and how the others confirmed it. I didn't tell them about Lanarka and how Patrick had become a woman. I didn't tell them about my sister, Marilyn. I'd have to tell her to keep her mouth shut as well. That would be easy for her. She'd have hated it if I'd started telling people about us, that we'd once been men.

"He was abused in that place?" asked Del, hardly able to get the words out, his face thunderous.

"Physically, mentally and sexually, I believe," I said to him, shivering as I thought of what my father had been doing while I was being 'taught' how to be a woman to a man like Jofty by Miri and Buna. "I couldn't ask him but I only had to look at his face to see that he'd been tortured there."

I shivered as I wondered how much to tell them. Garvey frowned as Del looked away into the garden

again, his eyes hard. "Patrick was part of a rendition program," I told them the truth about that. "When we got to Monte Carlo, your Malcolm Johnson came after him to take him back and rendition him again to some place in the middle of Asia."

That really stunned them. Garvey hurtled up from his chair and began to pace the small office before finally returning to sit and listen.

"Back in the Indian Ocean," I went on, making all the female gestures I could to convince them that I was a woman. I crossed my legs. I pushed my hair back several times and wiggled as I sat. I began to feel that I was Hayley, in my feminine, stylish dark skirt and pink blouse as I told them what Patrick supposedly had told me.

"He told me too how dangerous this Raja was," I said. "He was the leader of the prison revolt that Louis planned. Both had to get out as they knew, if the renditions ended, people like them would end up being rendered to Bagram or somewhere worse.

"For Patrick, the worst was that he wasn't on any list or register in the prison. Malcolm Johnson was the governor appointed to close the prison and he didn't know, at first, that Patrick was in his prison. There were more inmates on undocumented renditions like Patrick and the rumor was that they were all to be dropped into a well which would be sealed up as the prison was closed. That's why he joined the mad plot to get out."

I told them of the fight for the trucks, which I made sound a lot bloodier. I told them that it was accidental that 'they' got away, more than it was. Then, they came too far east, I said, reaching the coast after fights with patrols in which others were killed. One fight was terrible but the result of all the killing was that there were just the three of them left on a barren stretch of coast.

I shivered in my dress, moving in my stockings as I talked about Patrick as if he wasn't me at all.

"Where is our Patrick now?" asked Del doggedly. "Is he dead?"

"What makes you think ...?" I asked nervously.

"He's not here," snarled Garvey Sutton. "And with the news we've given you about his father, he'd be here asking us how he died, as you are, if he was alive."

I still had visions of my father slowly wasting away and I wasn't there to help him. A great rage flooded through me. If any of my enemies, the Senator, Lewis, or Ted Graham had appeared in front of me, I would have cheerfully revealed who I was as I mowed all three of them down with the Kalashnikov that I had once possessed, if only for a short time.

But the import of what Garvey was saying came to me slowly. "We've hidden Patrick and denied we ever picked him up," I finally told them in my lilting, feminine voice. I should have told them that I was Patrick then. But I didn't. I just didn't want to see the way that they would look at me. No amount of money could have changed the contempt that they would have had for me if I'd revealed that I was a man like they were; because, now, I wasn't like them. I had breasts. I had a feminine waist and tush. I had lovely legs. How many men do you know with lovely legs? I had a cute, thin, feminine nose. I had long, blonde hair, styled like a woman's. I was most beautifully madeup to look like a glamorous woman. I was a woman. That's how I felt at times like this. No, I had to continue on and lie about Patrick.

I could see that they were listening intently and believing everything that I was saying. So I gave them a little truth. "Raja got drunk and hurt Louis in a fight he picked over money. Patrick tried to protect Marilyn and me," I

went on. "We had to call for a doctor in Monte Carlo as Louis was in and out of consciousness. He died the next day. Patrick was hurt pretty badly, too, but, as we reached Monte Carlo, we found the doctor came with Johnson, who was looking for the three of them.

"The captain and I knew Patrick was going to be renditioned again and so we hid him. They took the Raja and Louis's body with them and tried to arrest me."

"So where is Patrick now?" asked Del hoarsely.

"I don't know," I said, tears in my eyes as I remembered the tragedy of Louis while my father had been dead for so long, unmourned by me. I hated my enemies then, most fervently. "On an island, perhaps, guarded by my money, somewhere."

"Don't tell us," said Garvey hoarsely. "As far as we're concerned, Del, he's dead and gone. That's the best way to protect him."

I should have known then that Garvey had read me at last in some indefinable way that I didn't know. But I didn't catch on and went on chattering like a girl as I embellished Patrick's story and the revenge we could help him with.

"I didn't tell Johnson that Patrick had told me his name and his history," I told the two men listening to me, wiping away the tears and mascara tracks that had come when I thought about my father and how he'd died. "I didn't tell him that I'd promised Patrick I'd help with the scheme that Louis laid out for Patrick to revenge himself on his enemies who put him to that place he called Hell, even though one is a powerful senator and another a high-ranking officer."

"You're going to kill an American Senator?" asked Garvey, staring at me, shaking his head in disbelief as if he would have no part of such a mad idea.



“No,” I told him, shaking my own mane of long, blonde hair, finally having to stand on my high heels and saunter femininely about the room, knowing that they would be studying my female figure intently, as they did. “That wasn’t Patrick’s plan. But he did want the men who

had interred him to suffer, to be exposed for what they'd done.

"Louis, I think, convinced him that his enemies had conspired to put him into Huwara to be lost, as he called it, to protect the Senator's reputation for some reason. Mal Johnson seems to know I'm not telling him the whole truth about Patrick and Louis which is why he's gone to such lengths to keep me under surveillance. He'd have me in jail if he could."

"This isn't going to be easy," growled Garvey to Del. Typical man, I thought with a shiver. Now that I was a woman, they'd talk to each other and not to me.

"Malcolm Johnson," I told the pair of them, "though he doesn't know it, is going to help me. He arrested me in Monte Carlo. I thought he was going to rendition me, as Patrick had been. But my sister got my lawyers on the phone. A few million dollars can do a lot to keeping a girl out of jail.

"But, I had to make a deal with Johnson's superiors. I think they realized that they couldn't just render me to a bottomless jail, not with the wealth I have at my disposal. But I have been under a sort of house arrest. Now, you've broken me out of that, Del, and I want to kick some serious butt, not just for Patrick, but for myself."

That made them both stare at me intensely. I could almost see that they were thinking that a woman like me didn't have the balls, to put it in their terms, to do such a thing.

"I have to wait until I've done something for Patrick," I said, feeling weird as I stood there in my female clothing. It really felt alien to me, perverted alien, to be swaying girlishly in a dress in front of two other men, feeling the sexy woman's figure that I had. "I want to have the

body in the grave with Patrick's name exhumed. It won't be a match to the DNA of Patrick or Patrick's father."

There was a long silence in the room as the older men looked at me, looked at a young woman, in their eyes, who had just told them an incredible story and was sitting there, shaking and crying; but not crying for the incidents of the story, as they must feel, but for the death of a lonely, despairing old man who had killed himself when his only son did not return to him.

"First," I went on, brushing my dress about me, forcing myself to be Hayley. Yes, she was me now. I was Hayley, femininely sashaying on my high heels to the window to watch one of the patrols Del had set up circling the estate, "I must visit the girl whom Patrick talked about incessantly. He loved Abigail Clemons and I have to find her to tell her that he's still alive and wants to marry her."

As I expected, there was an inhalation of breath by both men.

"What is it?" I asked anxiously.

From the two of them, I 'learned' that Abby had married Ted Graham before it was even confirmed that I, Patrick, had 'died' in some accident after being held in a Lebanese jail incommunicado. My father was informed that I was alive and free and then that I was dead, all in the space of a day. Just another vile cruelty that had to be avenged, I thought.

"Patrick was head of a large company, I thought," I said and there were more glances between the two men.

"When he didn't come back, someone had to take over and Ted volunteered," said Del. "Then, he married Abby and we thought that really strange until she had her baby so soon. Well, we thought at first it must be Patrick's but we did some counting and it couldn't have been his un-

less he mailed her his sperm from the Middle East. It was no preemie baby, not at eight pounds plus, and seven months after Patrick was gone. Ted might have married her to give the kid a name," Garvey nodded at that one, "but it wasn't Patrick's kid; he'd been gone for ten months. He was on his way home when he disappeared."

My father dead and who should wind up the affairs of the company but Ted. He did such a good job that he was taken into another trading company and was managing director within months, Del noted. Needed the money for the kids that he and Abby had started to have. Done so well had Ted that he'd stopped calling Del and Garvey. Went with some other security company afterwards, one that made him a director.

"A girl like you," said Garvey suddenly, "is gonna need a whole lotta help in finding those who done Patrick wrong, Missy. Seems to me that you need some special friends, Miss Russell, in this revenge business of Patrick's." In his voice, I heard that he seriously doubted that I could find and punish Patrick O'Brien's enemies. Well, I'd needed Del and him to get myself 'free', hadn't I?

"And whom would you recommend, Mr Sutton?" I asked him in the highest, most lilting, female voice that I could manage.

Garvey's gleaming white teeth seemed to light up the room with a ferocious smile. He pointed to Del and himself.

"Hold on," began Del. "This isn't your fight, missy!"

I had to smile girlishly at him. A tremor went through me as I gloried in his acceptance of me as a woman. And yes, as my Dad had said of him so many times, a damsel in distress. I felt like I was always going to be cosseted by a man like Del.

“Go for DNA and it’s gonna be a tip-off to the bad guys,” said Garvey, studying me with unnerving intensity. I felt that he could see that very special part of me that I’d bound away so tightly. I shook myself internally as I smiled back at Garvey and let him hug me, as if I was a girl, when I came close to him.

“You’re in, Del,” Garvey went on with a grin as he held onto me, seeming to enjoy my perfume and the bounce of my you-know-whats against him. “You could hear and see her, Del, when she talked to us. No way a chick makes up that story. No way a chick pulls off Patrick’s revenge, our revenge for Conor, either.” He glared at Del Clarke who stared at him with a wide open mouth. “We’re gonna teach those fuckers who did what they did to Patrick that they messed with the wrong guy. Excuse my French, Missy. This cutie, Del, needs all the help she can get!”

So I was a doll and a chick, I thought with a shudder. Worst performance of my life, and they bought it, I thought with another girlish shiver as I recalled a line from *Ferris Buehler*. I thought about how I looked with my mascara ruined, my eyes not so feminine as I liked them to be. I was glad that my father wasn’t alive to see me swaying and swishing in a lovely dress, repairing the ravages of my grief for him, with a woman’s compact mirror, a woman’s makeup and fragrant with a woman’s perfume.

——-*Wife and Mother*——-

I shivered again at seeing the older, even more beautiful Abigail Clemons Graham. The bodyguards assigned to me by Del sat there stolidly in the limousine as I watched her enter the fashion show doorway, presenting her invitation. I clutched mine in my gloved hand and fought

with the compulsion to turn and run away. I could not do this, walk in my high heels in front of the woman I'd loved for so long. No, I couldn't. She'd see right through me. No matter my makeup and my new nose, she'd know me, I was certain. What a kerfuffle there'd be then at the 'women only' fashion show.

"I'll be awhile," I murmured shakily to the driver and his friend as we eased up to the door. Jim got out assisting me, a woman, from the black, town car. I could see a few attractively dressed women, smiling and greeting one another, look at me, as if wondering who it was who could make such a fashionably rich entrance to Heather Portillo's fashion show.

I heard my heels on the pavement, reminding me that I had to sway as had Abby in front of me as she went in. She still had such beautiful red hair, shorter than mine, but styled by hair stylist Gerard Finley, as I'd found out from her e-mails about attending Heather Portillo's secondary summer showing. So, I'd been to Gerard's as well, and had my hair styled with Marilyn, who didn't like Gerard very much as he was too gay for her, so she said.

I swayed up to the entrance with my Gerard Finley hair style, my makeup just done at Angelique's, and wearing my Yves St Laurent suit. The woman taking the invitations looked me over and smiled at me.

"Ah, Miss Russell," she said, as I felt a twinge inside me, inside my Revy de Brasseur lingerie. The fashionable woman smiled in approval at my designer suit and let another assistant take over as she escorted me into the almost full hall where the fashion show would take place.

"We reserved a front row place for you, Miss Russell," 'Andrea', according to her name tag, said to me.

"Hayley, please," I whispered, fright threatening to overcome me as I moved into the throng of beautiful,

well-dressed women. 'What do you think you are doing here?' screamed through my mind as I smiled and tried to pretend that I was a woman and as interested in fashion as all the women around me seemed to be.

A glass of champagne hardly served to soothe my nerves as I saw the lipstick bow that I created where my lips had touched the flute. I should have brought Marilyn with me, I thought wildly, as she would have been instantly in conversation with the women in the seats all about the one in the front row to which I was shown.

"Oh, excuse me," said Abby, turning to me with a smile that made my stomach lurch. "I didn't mean to turn my back to you. I'm Abby Graham ..."

"H-Hayley Russell," I managed to say, still tempted to lift my hand and shake hers as if I was a man. I couldn't hug her as we didn't really know one another, not as two women.

"My husband is chairman of Morse, Jenner and Hutton," said Abby, as if that was an important announcement. I could have told her that I knew that. I could have told her that everything I'd built at OBN Overseas, as Patrick O'Brien, had been merged into that company with Ted Graham, her husband; while my father had died destitute, even his life insurance and pension paid into the general funds of Morse, Jenner and Hutton as 'debt re-payments'.

Thinking of business steadied me. I was able to smile at the love of my life, the lovely red-haired woman sitting so femininely beside me. I crossed my legs, as shapely as hers, as Abby had done. She admired my suit. I had to tell her that I had bought it in Paris from a memorial show for Yves. I think that impressed her. Yes, I was a lovely, fashionable woman whom she could converse easily with, her practiced smile said to me.

I couldn't believe how young she looked. Abby had a few fine wrinkles about her eyes and forehead but she was the girl I'd known and had promised to marry when I returned from the Middle East. She was still the girl I'd promised not to overcome and violate until we were at last married and on our wedding night.

"From Paris to here," Abby laughed in exactly the same way as she had as a teenager. I shivered, partly in relief, as I saw that she didn't recognize me, not immediately at any rate.

"I like this designer," I said to her, keeping my voice up and lilting, thinking of the articles that I'd read about Heather Portillo. "She makes clothes for women, real women, like you and me." Oh, the buzz that went through me as I said that to Abby. "I really do have to buy some of her designs for my sister and me."

"Oh!" said Abby, suddenly realizing who I was. "Didn't I see you in the *Times* with Senator Morse the other day? I thought that you were an actress or a model but Ted says that you are some mystery woman who just snapped up the very company that the senator and he had been planning to take over for months."

And running into the ground by cutting off all government grants, I thought. Well could Senator Morse pretend that he didn't know what was in his portfolio of businesses, maintained for when he left office. He could but, thanks to Danton, and now an aroused Garvey Sutton, I had access to a lot of data, not exactly proof, but very suggestive of what Morse was up to, weakening companies to take them over cheaply later. He and his company had done it several times, growing richer by millions each time. I had just jumped in and taken over one of his targets, Howland Tech. Clearly, Ted had told Abby about my business coup.

“Oh, my business managers did that,” I told her with a smile. “I just give them the money and they keep on making more for me.”

“Didn’t please my husband or his boss one bit,” Abby said with a fit of giggles. I realized that that was what I had taught Marilyn to do. She laughed now just as Abby did. Marilyn, through what I taught her, even copied Abby’s girlish, facial expression, her eyes twinkling, her hand coming up femininely to her mouth in just the same way as Abby did. And yet Marilyn had never met Abby. I’d been the one who had made my sister into my ex-fiancée.

By the end of the show, Abby and I were more than acquaintances. I’d been introduced to several of her friends, Joan, Margaret and Beatrice, all as beautiful and glossy as Abby and me.

“Come with us for a glass of wine at Genda’s, Hayley,” said Abby, putting her third empty champagne glass on the tray. What a name, I thought, a flicker going through me.

“Why not?” I asked lightly. I’d spent a lot of money on the fashions we had all cooed lovingly about. I’d even arranged a time to visit Heather’s boutique with Marilyn for fittings and sizings.

My car and my bodyguards were right there, outside for me. “May I give you a lift?” I asked Abby and Beatrice, the last two, as we talked about the bikinis on display on the skinny models. Abby was about to tell me she had her car, I think. “We’ll bring you back to your car,” I said to her with a smile. I nodded to a police car, just there by accident in the parking lot, I was sure. “No need to have them pulling everyone over here and using the breathalyzer on them, is it?”

"No, I've had enough of those," Abby bubbled with laughter at me.

Genda's was a Japanese restaurant where 'the girls' became loud and flirtatious. "Didn't you mention having the children to pick up?" I said to Beatrice, letting Abby overhear me.

"Oh, the nannies take care of that," said Bea, rising and wanting me to accompany her to the Ladies', which I did. Almost immediately, Abby came as well.

"Did you buy all of Heather's collection?" Abby asked me, as I adjusted my makeup that needed no work really. She and Beatrice were clearly affected by the drinks they'd taken.

"I do have a sister to buy for as well as myself," I told her prettily as Beatrice looked at me with awe as Abby recounted what she liked and I had to admit that I'd bought. "We'll meet with Heather later this week for sizing and some alterations, I think."

"Oh that's why you were talking to her after the show," said Abby. Heather's assistant had come to find me. I'd gone, as all important clients did, to meet her, I supposed. So I should have, particularly as I was one of those spending a fortune on women's clothing.

"Oh, I just love how your hair is styled," said Beatrice and so we had to talk about that as we went back into the restaurant. The other 'friends' were entertaining husbands as we re-joined them and, yes, here came Ted Graham. Abby's jaw, I noted in surprise, gritted as Ted stopped for a moment to exchange a word with a pretty Japanese 'geisha' who fluttered to another table, casting demure looks after the elegant businessman who came to us. Ted had to kiss all of the women of course while his wife, Abby, put a fixed smile on her lips as he circled the table to come to her and me last.

“Well, and who is this lovely lady?” asked Ted with a winning smile. My former assistant actually was greying at the temples, but he wasn’t that much older than me. It must make him look more handsome and distinguished, I supposed, as the women fawned all over him, and looked longingly after him.

I was no judge of male handsomeness of course. I only saw the man who had married my bride within three months of my being sent to Hell. I saw the only man to whom I had shown the letter I was carrying to Senator Morse. Danton had been convinced that here was my greatest enemy of all.

“This lovely lady has just cost you and your boss several millions of dollars, I think,” said a coolly smiling Abby. Ted frowned and stared at me. “She is much more beautiful than in her pictures, isn’t she, darling? My husband, Ted Graham, Hayley,” that made his eyes really open wide in surprise, “and this is my new friend, Hayley Russell, Ted dear.”

“Well,” said Ted Graham, showing me a row of pearly-white, Hollywood-style teeth that I hadn’t seen before when he’d worked for me. Gone too was the frowning expression that I was so used to. Now, he seemed to be very confident, very sure of himself. I watched his eyes travel over my figure, up and down the length of my body, and my skin crawled. But I smiled as he took my hand and lifted it to his lips, his eyes sparkling as he praised my soft skin and my lovely perfume.

“You must ask your new friend to join us this weekend at Dampiers,” said Ted to his wife, the fixed smile back on her face. I doubt that she really wanted me to be at their estate on the weekend, not a rich, fashionable woman as she thought that I was. “I’m sure the Senator would love to meet you again more socially and casually,

Miss Russell. I believe you have a sister as well, an actress?"

"A wannabe actress," I murmured to Ted. I had to call him that, he told me. "Marilyn has been preparing for an audition for a part in a film that requires financial backing. You can guess my part in the production process, can't you?"

"Your sister isn't your partner in your business acquisitions?" asked Ted casually. His use of the plural told me that he was researching me probably as much as I'd been researching him and the men he associated with. And some of the women.

"No," I said with a smile. "I don't have partners as you do in Senator Morse."

"That's not strictly true," said Ted Graham, lying in every word to me from then on. "The Senator, of course, resigned from the company which has his family name in the title. His money is totally in a blind trust. It is done that way to maintain the integrity of the political process."

In a pig's eye, I thought, smiling at my former assistant, who was still stroking my hand long after he really had to be doing that. Garvey Sutton had only had to do a little work to say to me that the Senator was 'dirty', his word for what the Senator and the firm with his family name on the letterhead were doing. And no, Ted couldn't make femininity rise in me, not as a touch from his wife could and did.

"I do have to go," I said sweetly, rising to my high heels and easing my skirts beneath me. "Would you like the ride that I promised you, Abby, back to your car?"

"Yes, I think so," Abby said pointedly, picking up her purse as I had. "This place is far too crowded, isn't it? And we do have a nanny and children at home."

“Hope to see you at our place on the weekend,” said Ted with a big smile at me. “I know the Senator will love to meet you again, Hayley.”

“My sister, more like,” I said, smiling back, wondering what women saw in such a creep. He really was making me feel that I was glad to be in the revenge business.

“Bring her along as well,” Ted called after us. “There’s always room for more pretty girls at Dampiers. Talk to Abigail about it. We really should meet and talk.”

“You know why he really wants you at Dampiers?” asked Abby, her arm through mine as we descended the long foyer and out to the car I’d summoned with a press of a button on my mobile.

“To entertain the Senator?” I asked, trembling at the thought of what I might hear differently.

“We have private cabins grouped around the lake at Dampiers,” said Abby. “It makes assignments so much easier to arrange. If you do come and want to remain free, I suggest you do bring your sister with you. If you are together, you may not have someone creeping into your bed in the early hours of the morning. Over a whole weekend, some of my, my closer friends have more than one coupling with important men who conveniently leave their wives behind, as my friends leave their husbands as well, when they come to us for a weekend business conference.”

“Your women friends have a conference as well?” I asked in surprised, my stomach churning at the casual way she described the promiscuity of her friends, and I supposed of her as well. Oh, that Ted had driven my Abby to this state, I thought. He deserved everything that Garvey and I would do to him.

“We call it a hen party,” Abby went on stiffly, watching me for my reaction, I’m sure. I tried to smile pleas-

antly at her as if it was the most normal thing in the world for successful women like us to be discussing. "Really, it's for us to drink like the men do, and carouse. Most of us are trophy wives, after all, who caroused with their husbands before they married them. The husbands don't stop just because they're married, you know. And Joan and Beatrice haven't, either."

"How, how can you put up with such a life style?" I asked her. Abby smiled cynically at me as we entered my guarded car and we eased through the traffic back to where she'd left her car. We chatted as girls do about her friends and she named some of the men who would always be there at Ted's and her parties.

"Do come," Abby said to me forcefully as she took out her keys as we drew up in the parkade right beside her car. "It will be interesting to see how a woman in business is treated by the Senator and my husband and his male friends. They're still buzzing about Howland Tech and something else, Armorplated, is it?"

"Its price had dropped so low compared to its value with the contracts that will have to go to it because of its patents," I said to her, testing whether Abby was in on the secret of what the others were doing. That was one of Garvey's projects, following right on what I had done with Danton's programs like Howland. Garvey had tut-tutted at what I'd done and said what I was doing on the computer was so old-fashioned, interesting but so primitive. I was lucky to have done anything with such tech as I'd used. He could do better.

"It was just begging to be taken over," I added girlishly, to the girl whom I still wanted for my own.

"Whatever," Abby said, clearly disinterested in business. "I'll call you, Hayley, and you and your sister can

come and meet some interesting guys. I'll point out the best of them, the best lays, to you both!"

I watched her get into her car. That last remark made me feel so cold. No, she wasn't like that, I wanted to say to my inner self. She couldn't think I was a woman like Beatrice and her other friends as well. I wanted to think the best of her. Maybe it was just the alcohol talking. I'd only had exotic coffees at Genda's but seeing her husband had seemed to sober Abigail up. I should go after her, I thought. I had a responsibility for her drinking and driving, didn't I? We followed her down the parkade as I thought of her and her husband.

No, it wouldn't be hard, I could see, to separate my former girl friend from my former assistant and her husband. Ted Graham seemed more than half way out of the marriage as it was. He didn't know that I intended that he leave it with not a penny to his name, not after what he'd done to me.

——-All bets are off——-

A black car like ours trapped us at the end of the parkade after Abby had driven through. Both Jim and the driver had guns in their hands and were talking in clipped tones to Del about support. We were heading backwards up the ramp when a man I recognized got out of the black car. He looked very angry as he strode up to my car and knocked on my darkened window for me to lower it or for me to open the door.

"Honk at the car in front," I said to my driver and he did so. The other car moved off.

"Scan this guy and if he's clean, he can come in," I said to Jim. Mal Johnson looked murderous as Jim got out with his electronic wand and whisked it all over him. Another black car appeared in front of us but it was one of Del's.

“Fancy meeting a guy like you here?” I purred sexily, womanly sexily, to Malcolm Johnson, moving my girlish body as flirtily as I could. I re-crossed my legs and hiked up my skirt, pulling my neckline down to show off my breasts. Mal shivered as he got into my car and sat beside me. I moved my hip against him and clutched at him girlishly as we drove quickly out of the parkade, following our other car which was just in front of us while another, I could hear, was travelling with us, checking for others in surveillance of me.

“What the hell do you think you’re doing?” Mal raged at me, unhooking me from him while I caressed his thigh and kissed his cheek as he sat there. Ooo, he actually smelled good, like a real man. I was turned on as a woman should be. It was so easy to be a woman when Mal was so miffed at me. “Do you know what my bosses want me to do with you when I find you? It isn’t to give you a front seat at a women’s fashion show!”

“You would have loved it!” I cooed to him, deliberately stretching as any seductive female would do, moving my shoulders so that I could pout at him. “The models were so lovely, especially the Exquisite Girl, Christine White. See, there she is on that billboard.” But beautiful, smiling, real girls didn’t seem to enchant the man who I was with.

“What are you really up to?” Malcolm Johnson wanted to know.

I reached over and touched his thigh again as a woman might. Wow! He was so wound up that he almost jumped up right through the car’s roof. I was going to tease him some more but the look on his face really stirred something in me, feminine emotions, I knew, as Mal always raised in me when I was with him. I was being too much of a girlish tease, I think, when he genuinely had been, and probably was, trying to bring whatever had

caused me to be a rendition case, to an end. He might have been the only one in this whole mess who actually was interested in justice.

So, I ignored all the achy, womanly feelings I had when I looked at Mal. I stopped being sassy to conceal the awkward feelings that a man, who knew what I was, aroused in me. I finally told him all about the senator and his manipulations in the market to make his portfolio grow.

“We’ve heard these smear campaigns before,” said Mal Johnson unhappily. “Where’s your proof of anything that you’ve said? And it doesn’t mean that he had anything to do with your rendition to Huwara. You can’t badmouth a United States Senator and ...”

“I don’t intend to badmouth him,” I told Mal sweetly, wondering if I could ever get Mal to connect the dots. This senator was crooked and he’d do anything to protect himself from being found out. “I intend to do what he’s been doing. Only I’m going to strip him of every dollar that he’s been diverting into his supposedly arm’s-length portfolios. When the poor man leaves office, he really will be a poor man. That’s what I call justice.”

Mal looked at me in shock. “And the woman you befriended today, what part does she have in your revenge?” No, he and I did have completely different ideas about what I was doing.

“Her husband runs the scams for the Senator,” I said to Mal. “He’s also a great womanizer. She’ll be able to take him for every penny he has in the divorce, especially when she names me as her husband’s mistress.”

“But you can’t ...” whispered Mal Johnson in anger, staring at me, not saying however what a girl like me couldn’t do.

I moved closer to him, keeping my legs crossed. I put my hand on his arm to lift it around me, the feminine feelings rising in me again. I could see, though, that he was trying to be cold towards me. As if that would keep me from behaving coquettishly with a man! I had a reputation as a woman to maintain.

“Of course I can, Mal,” I told him sweetly. “You men, you don’t have to go the whole way with us girls, you know. A few kisses and a hand job and I could put you in heaven, couldn’t I, Mal?”

I was actually getting hot myself as I said that to the sweating man sitting beside me in the car. We were out of the city and speeding along with one of our cars calling about a ‘suspicious’ helicopter. The driver was nodding at some instructions he was receiving on his cell. We entered a short block with several walkways overhead. I was looking at the car ahead of us as we pulled around it and distinctly saw its license plates rotating. It now had the number that we had. It split away from us at the next intersection and someone reported that the helicopter was now in pursuit of them.

I realized that I had become absorbed in the chase, if that was what it was, and that Mal hadn’t answered me. “Or every man’s favorite from a pretty woman ...” I began with a girlish pout, meaning to tell him that a blow job could make a man think that he was having sex with you when he never got to penetration at all.

But my dirty talk was cut off as Mal Johnson took my hand off his knee and pulled me to him. His lips descended onto mine and I almost flew up through the roof myself at the charge of electricity that passed through me. I think I squealed as his hand touched my breast in a caress as all parts of my feminized body came alive as it hadn’t since Raja had last showed me how I was to be his woman.



Only Mal wasn't gentle with me as Raja was when he wanted me to get Louis's money for him. Mal's lips possessed mine and his tongue was in my mouth as he moved his head. I kissed him right back as fiercely as he

was kissing me. Oh, it had been so long since I had kissed a man. No, Marilyn, or Leanne, didn't count. Mal had shakily taken his hand from my breast and was squeezing my shoulder. I kept on kissing him enthusiastically, wiggling my rounded hip against him. I lifted his hand from my shoulder and put it back on my breast.

Oh, gods, how I enjoyed that. My groin was on fire. I was surprised that I didn't burst right out of the tape that disguised me and push right into him as his stick was pushing against my stockings.

It couldn't last long, of course. I knew that as we were close to home. I was going to be a woman for only just a short, glorious time. I drew Mal down on me, with shaking hands and trembling lips, letting him kiss my neck. He wasn't satisfied and had to kiss my chest and, yes, I was so fantastically perky, my nipples so aroused, that I pulled the front of my dress open without even a quiver and let him, another man like me, suckle on me which made his stick grow even larger as he held me, he tightly pressing on my breasts and then stroking my legs and my stockings, through my dress.

"You are not going to commit any sex acts on Ted Graham," he said hoarsely and I wondered when I'd mentioned that name to him. I don't think I had. Oh, Mal, you're holding out on me, I thought, shivering girlishly as I loved what he had decided to do to me. I covered his trembling mouth again with mine and led his hand to feel my stockings and my garter belt through my skirt. Oh, yes, that was so wonderful to be stroked and caressed like that. I'm a woman, I exulted to myself.

"We're coming up on base, Miss Russell," the voice of the driver reached me and I waved a manicured hand at him.

"You can't come in," I murmured to Mal Johnson as he lifted the hem of my dress, wonderful thrills coursing through me as he touched me. Oh yes, I was a woman again for a few moments more. Oh, I so did not want to stop but I forced myself to sit up and put my skirts down. I was trembling as I kissed Mal Johnson. He hung onto me for a few moments, his hands on my bra as I hurriedly closed the front of my dress.

"Not until I have done what I came back to America to do," I whispered to him, thinking what a good time we could have together if ever there was some time that we could be alone. I had a sudden vision of Huwara and him as governor, coming to visit me in my cell with Raja as Danton had so often. We could cover the guard's spying at the door as Louis had done and make love, man and woman. I would be the woman.

"Leave it be," said Malcolm Johnson bitterly. "Don't do what you came to do, Rowena. There's an old Spanish proverb about revenge. The Spanish say that the only honorable revenge is the one that you don't take. Leave it be, Rowena."

"Such a nice man you are, Mal," I whispered to him as Del was approaching the car and Jim was getting out as well. "It's a pity that I'm not a nice man."

"You are much nicer woman than you think," said Mal, turning my flirtation against me. "I've heard a lot more about you in Huwara."

"You don't get it, Mal," I had to whisper to him then. I opened the door and Del looked in astonishment at me as I kissed Mal one more time and disentangled my dress from him, lifting his hands from my body. "I am not nice and I am not a man. No, it's a pity that I am not a nice man like you."

—-*Rules are made to be broken*—-

It wasn't Abby who called me the next day, of course, but Ted. He thought he should have a little talk to me about business, about Armorplated, specifically.

"Oh, I'd love to," I said to him, forcing myself into speaking flirtatiously. "I love talking business with handsome men. It makes me very excited. Does it do the same to you, Ted?"

"Only talking business with a beautiful woman," Ted laughed at me over the phone. "Shall we say seven, when the early crowd is gone, at the bar in Folly's hotel?"

"I'd love it," I said to my new friend.

"You can't do this," said Del harshly. "We, we're not in this business to prostitute you and Marilyn around town with every Tom, Dick and Ted!"

Sometimes, I forgot that Garvey and Del thought that Marilyn was what I said that she was, my sister. They had no idea, I hoped, that she was a man, like me. There was nothing in the way she looked and acted, vamping all of the men who were supposed to be protecting her, that gave away that she wasn't a woman. I would have loved to see her with a gun in her hands. I wonder if she would ever feel like Gunther Meissner again. She seemed to be to be slipping more and more into femininity, even when we were alone. I was the butch in our lesbian relationship now.

"He'll have a room," I said to Del and a disturbed Garvey Sutton. "You can get a master key, can't you? Better, upgrade him to a suite. Overbooked, et cetera, you know the excuses. I'll make sure he leaves his clothes outside the bedroom. You wanted access to his phone, his texts, and his Internet. I'll just give him half an hour after we go upstairs, enough to lead him on and promise him

big stuff for Abby's weekend, if I get an invite. That's enough time for you to be in and to return his equipment, right?"

Garvey looked at a very unhappy Del. "It's what the chicks can do that we can't," said Garvey somberly to his partner. "But I'm gonna git you a special phone, Miss Hayley Russell, one with a panic button. You use it, y'hear, if'n you cain't handle the mess you volunteered for."

"Aye, aye, captain," I smiled at him.

Ted was waiting for me in Folly's Bar, the white wine chilled and ready for me. I sashayed over to him and greeted him with my arms around his neck, my body against his as he hugged me as well. I'd spent the morning getting my hair and makeup made perfectly female in appearance. No, I was confident that he wouldn't know that the lovely woman kissing him was his former best friend and boss.

Ted smiled in surprised pleasure as I kissed him firmly on his cheek before slipping my hand from his neck and into his, mincing to his table, the eyes of many of the men in the room on me. Most were smiling at me in awe; it would have been all of them save for the sullen Del Clarke over in one corner.

"You know the company I work for?" asked Ted, admiring my figure in the Portillo business suit, so womanly and cute if you had a figure like mine, I guessed, as it accentuated all of the things that men wanted to see in a woman, shapely hips, narrow waist, perky breasts and long, shapely legs.

Then, I was coming as well from Gerard's, my hair exquisitely styled just for Ted, my blonde highlights pronounced. To think, I'd been called mousy or fair-haired when I was a guy. I couldn't flick my hair back over my

shoulders as well or look through a dark veil of thick eyelashes before finding the man with me, staring at me in delight.

"Sorry to tell you, Ted, but I do have another date later on tonight that my sister arranged for me," I told him girlishly, his face clouding over right away. "I have to double date with her as it's with an actor she's really interested in."

"So, you can't stay ..." began a disappointed Ted Graham, looking at me most hungrily.

"I presume you have a room here," I murmured to him, putting my feminine hand on his thigh as he had moved his chair round the little table to sit right up close to me.

"They upgraded me," said Ted with a big smile. "Some convention. So I have the Honeymoon Suite."

"Oh, marvellous!" I said, pouring on the smiles and girlishness. "I've always wanted to be a virgin bride and be carried across the threshold of a honeymoon suite."

"Then, so you shall," said my friend's husband. It was hard for me to tell him just what I thought of him, how he must be hurting the woman I had once loved to distraction. We left our drinks, however, and headed to his room. Ted had his hands all over me as we hurried me out of the bar and into the foyer. One of Del's men, dressed as a busboy, was pushing several carts of luggage into an elevator.

"Going up?" he asked but another rang and opened and Ted hauled me in that one as it was empty.

Ted didn't waste any time and I couldn't be anything but willing, could I? He had his arms about me and his lips on mine in seconds of the door closing. He was a sloppy kisser, his tongue all over my lips, trying to force

my mouth open. He put a hand on my tush and found a pantie line, squeezing me, pressing into me as I forced myself to giggle and smile, holding his head still as I bounced my breasts off him.

“Oh Ted,” I murmured as he did lift me up and carry me over the threshold into the Honeymoon Suite. I wiggled to be let down and kept him in the foyer, kissing him as if I was in a frenzy, ripping open his shirt, dropping his jacket and mine onto one of the chairs. I undid his belt and kissed his chest, kissing down his body as I got his shoes, his socks and then his pants off.

Poor Ted was putty in my hands, as the saying goes. I drew him into the canopied bed, giggling like crazy as he didn't realize that my bra opened at the front. I swept the curtains down around the bed and showed him what he had to do to make a snack of my breasts.

“This is so much nicer than sitting in a bar, isn't it?” I giggled to him again, wriggling over on top of him, releasing my hair from the barettes and pins that Gerard had put in for me. I had had him show me how to get out of them quickly. Gerard had laughed and complimented me on my heavy date, as he called it.

Who's the lucky guy, Gerard had wanted to know. I almost told him that it was Patrick O'Brien. But, of course, it wasn't true. I wasn't lucky to be faking making love to Ted Graham. I forced myself to slow down and let nature take its course as I put my legs on either side of Ted and kissed his face and chest as he grew and pressed between my legs. He wanted to kiss my breasts and nipples and so I let him, doing the same to him as well, working on his erection with one hand as the poor man rolled and writhed beneath him.

If you only knew who was mounting you, Teddy boy, I snarled inside me, as I made the bed bounce and creak.

If there was any noise of doors opening or things like that, we wouldn't have heard, not with the groans and moans we were both making.

I kissed Ted's chest and slid slowly down his body, my lips and mouth always on him until I couldn't go any further. His manhood was stiff, and he was groaning as I was rocking from side to side. The moment I touched his thing with my mouth and kissed all down one side of it, it wasn't anywhere near the size of the many I'd had to kiss while in Huwara, Ted began to convulse. Oh, he was ejaculating so quickly that I didn't have time to do more.

"Wow," I giggled at Ted. "Was it really that long for you, Ted? I hope you can still please a girl with John Willie, or whatever you call him. Wow, does he have a life of his own, or what?"

Ted laughed and hauled me back to lie on him, his stuff getting all over my panties and garter belt. "Just a minute or two," he whispered to me, "and I'll be getting it up again. With your help, of course, beautiful Hayley."

Ted began to whisper all kinds of loving compliments to me as I wiggled all over him. I even pushed his head into my scented panties and that got him on the road to recovery. I was running out of things to do, save for letting him into my panties, which I wasn't going to do, not at all, when my phone rang, loudly and clearly.

I rolled off Ted, and went for the phone in my purse. "Leave this on the table beside you," growled Garvey. "It's no good if you can't reach it quickly."

"Oh, but Marilyn, darling," I said breathily, staring at the blonde, almost naked girl in all the mirrors around me. She was smiling into her phone as she wiggled her pretty tush in her panties and stockings while, behind her, a naked man was rising to come and get her. "I need more time. He's had his but I'm still unrequited, darling!"

“Un- the what?” snarled Garvey.

“Look it up!” I laughed into the phone.

“We gots the effing stuff we need and it’s all back there,” barked Garvey. “Now get your ass off that bucking bed, girl, and get it out here where it’s safe!”

“Oh, you say the sweetest things to me,” I laughed and blew a kiss in the phone to Garvey. “All right, I’ll be with you right away, Marilyn. No, I prefer separate rooms, kiddo. I don’t need to see your tush flailing away under some hairy brute.”

“Love you too,” said Garvey with a grunt as he hung up on me.

Of course, Ted did not want me to go. He was growing as a man should just standing there as I popped my bra on again.

“Sorry it’s such a rush, darling,” I said, kissing him and wishing I could throw up in that opened mouth of his that he seemed to think so inviting. “But next time, we’ll go all night, shall we? Slowly and wonderfully?”

Ted got really sulky as I put on my slip and my lovely dress. I slipped back into my open-toed high heels. “You can’t leave me like this,” Ted groaned. “At least, you could jerk me off!”

It wasn’t a romantic invitation by any means. But I did it for him. I was even pressed down onto my knees and I knew what he wanted. I suppose I should have fought him, my former assistant. What would he think if he knew who it was who was taking his penis into ‘her’ mouth?

I left him satisfied, laughing as he still rolled about on the bed and implored me to join him. Del’s man in the hallway had the elevator door open in a second for me, not a smile on his face even when a naked Ted, having

found another erection came bounding out of the Honey-moon Suite.

“Later, darling!” I promised him, blowing a kiss to him. Well, my makeup was a mess and my hair was all over the place, the evidence all over my clothes about what we had been doing. I blew more kisses to salute Ted’s manhood as I went down to be collected and taken back to our secure home by a thunderous-looking Del Clarke.

———*Dancing with the Stars*———

Marilyn had been cooped up too long and we had to go out, hang Malcolm Johnson who seemed to be making no effort to find us.

My sister wanted to dress up. She wanted to meet famous, handsome men and the Artists’ Ball was perfect. I didn’t tell her that Senator John Morse was going to be there along with a phalanx of political types as well as celebrities.

Naturally she chose a strapless ball gown and what could I do but go in a similar style, another trip to Gerard’s for hair and Angelique’s for makeup absolutely essential. Del groused about it all until he saw us girls sweeping down the central staircase in our designer dresses, mine white and flouncy, exposing so much of me that I was quaking all over as my blonde sister, yes, she had gone all the way with her hair, swirled in the foyer for Del, exposing her lovely high-heeled slippers, a match for those I was wearing as well.

“Don’t wait up!” exulted my sister. “Or maybe I’ll bring you breakfast in bed, Del, when I get in!”

“Watch her,” Del pleaded with me. He and Garvey had tried to talk to me about Marilyn from time to time,

and all her flirting with our bodyguards but I just told them it would be no good. Had they thought about hiring gay guards for my nympho sister? One look at the laughing blonde, twirling across the foyer to allow Del to put a wrap about her shoulders, and even that man was shaking his head. She was like a happy, eager, teenaged girl going out on a first date. Her excitement was catching as even dour, old Garvey was smiling at her and helping her with her purse. Garvey even hugged her when she hugged him and smiled as he kissed her cheek.

Both men were more restrained with me but I did get hugs and kisses on my soft cheek as well as exhortations to call if I needed help with my sister. I wasn't too worried. I didn't doubt that my two godfathers had the Ball well and truly infiltrated. Marilyn couldn't get up to anything but good, female fun at such a public ball, I was sure.

I had forgotten what a media slut my sister could be. Oh, how she loved the red carpet and dragged me along with her as well. "That was actress and model sisters, Marilyn and Hayley Russell," I heard a woman, lit up for television reporting, saying about us, Marilyn having talked to her, "looking to have a great time at the Ball tonight."

The Senator's youngish aide came up to me as I tried to keep hold of Marilyn's hand. She was eagerly headed for the dance floor and the host of men in tuxes standing and looking at the pretty girls for partners. I felt reluctant about going forward but Marilyn had no inhibitions. I had to let her go.

"The Senator would love to make your acquaintance again, Miss Russell," the young man said to me. "Can I ask you to join him at his table?"

"Wouldn't you rather dance with me?" I asked him with a smile, shivering as I saw some smiling guy with his arm around Marilyn and the two of them sweeping away onto the dance floor. I would have felt much safer with this young man's arms around me.

"I, I would love to, Miss Russell," began the young man, flushing.

"Hayley," I said to him, picking up the skirts of my dress as we girls had to as we mounted the steps to the seating tables. "But the Senator has you working, doesn't he?"

"I, I'm afraid so," said the young aide, flushing as many people looked at us as we swished between tables and then over to a coterie of familiar faces.

"Miss Hayley Russell, Senator John Morse," said the young aide formally, his nervousness still there as he held my chair for me and I was able to sweep my dress beneath me and sit beside the Senator.

"Miss Russell," said the Senator.

"Hayley, Senator," I said with a smile.

"John then, Hayley," said the charming, silver-haired gentleman. "Oh, you are far too beautiful, Hayley, to be sitting here with me where no one can see you. You must dance! May I be your escort on the floor for this waltz, Hayley?"

"I would be delighted, John," I murmured with a smile, leaving my purse at his table as I let him lead me by the hand and onto the dance floor, away from the smiling Ted Graham and his pensive wife.

The Senator was a good dancer while I was taking lessons, being embarrassed every day by Garvey and others who came to dance with Marilyn and me. I could not get used to dancing backwards and having my long skirts

float around me in swirls as I was twirled by a man when I had always done the twirling before with a girl. But I was the girl now.

“You dance well, Hayley,” said John Morse.

“My anxiety is showing, is it?” I asked him as I felt flutters of nervousness in my chest. It was all the eyes watching me, I’m sure. I shouldn’t have worn such a low-cut dress. It would be horrible if one of my pert breasts were to slip out, wouldn’t it? I was saying silent prayers that I wouldn’t trip in my so lovely dress, or that it wouldn’t slip down on me. Oh, that would be worse, and so horrible!

“Ah, the old fashioned dances are the worst for young girls like you, Hayley,” said John. “Later, they play more modern music and you girls come into your own with all the moves you make. But that’s when we old fogies are on the way to bed, of course.”

“Oh, you’re no old fogey, Senator,” I said coyly, batting my eyelashes at him. He must not be a breast man as everyone else seemed to be looking there. I had always done that when a girl wore a strapless gown as I was doing. I would know better in the future.

“While I have you with me, Hayley,” said John, “perhaps I can ask you what the devil you are doing to the company that I used to be part of.”

“Me, Senator,” I gasped, trying to look as innocent and girlish as I could. “I don’t know what you are talking about!”

John Morse stared at me.

“Oh, it’s not still that Howland thing, is it?” I asked, as the Senator twirled me and my dress skirts floated out from me, just as they were doing on so many other pretty girls.

“More than Howland,” said John Morse, his eyes glittering at me. “I could laugh that one off, Miss Russell. But Armorplated? I think someone has been telling you tales out of school and I should let you know, lovely Hayley, that I am not amused.”

I looked up into his face and shuddered in fear at the expression of hatred I saw there. There was a flash as someone took our picture like that and promptly stepped back into the crowd.

“Hey!” bellowed John, turning and looking around. His young aide came darting forward as other people were looking at us. “That photographer,” John snarled at his aide. “I don’t want that picture to see the light of day. Get it whatever it costs!”

“Hey, man,” said a long-haired guy in a frilled shirt, a girl with painted butterflies on her face shaking her head at him as well. “Chill! It’s a party!” said the dude.

John Morse turned and left me standing. I had to wiggle outrageously to catch up with him. “John!” I called to him, taking his arm, and there were people all around staring at us. Well, a blonde girl does get the attention, doesn’t she? I thought to myself. Only it should be, doesn’t he? That made me tremble even more and so the photograph snapped of me then shows me looking up at John Morse in fright.

“If one of my business people had anything to do with harming your company,” I said in a very clear voice, “I apologize, John, and I will make it right to you. If you have an interest in Armorplated, I assure you that I do not. I will make it very clear to my staff!”

“I have no interest in that company!” snapped John, leaving me again and so I stood there and did my woman scorned act. Oh, Senator, you idiot, I exulted. If I just burst into tears now, it will be on every newscast from Fox to

MSNBC. And everyone would want to know what the argument was about and what the Senator's interest was in a company no-one will have heard about until now.

I felt like telling Garvey to send some lovely bits of data to help the all-day network researchers in nailing the greedy senator for his mismanagement of the supposedly inviolable trust in which his assets were being held.

Before I could do that, however, another arm swept around me and propelled me back to the dance floor. "You dance with me," said Malcolm Johnson, dragging me around in his version of a quickstep that seemed to consist of making me spin around him and my dress to flare out as he held onto my tiny waist. I had to hang on to my skirts in as womanly fashion as I could so that they didn't expose my actual underwear as well as my stockings even above my knees.

"Oh, stop!" I yelled at him. Mal did with such abruptness that my dress really did swish right around his legs and we were almost tied together. My breasts were heaving even as I tried to breathe. Sedately, as I shook my hair to get it back into a semblance of order, Malcolm danced with me, me the woman, struggling to remember which of her feet to move as she was propelled backwards into the great pack of swirling dancers. I shivered as I became just one of a bevy of glittering, smiling, dancing girls.

"You didn't leave Ted Graham alone when I told you not to make love to him," Mal said quietly into my ear, making me feel so odd, so awkward, as he always did. I think it was because, among all the men and women on the dance floor, aside from my sister, he knew what I really was. He knew that I wasn't a girl and yet he'd kissed me, hadn't he, as if I was.

"And you didn't leave Senator Morse alone, either, did you?" asked Malcolm rhetorically. "What are you hoping

to gain by making a complete fool of yourself, Hayley? Even if you reveal that you're a man, all the sympathy will be with John Morse. You clearly could trick any man to dance with you."

"I've certainly made a complete fool of you, haven't I?" I said to my dance partner, doing a girlish spin that took him completely by surprise. "Come on, Mal, and let's tango. Throw me around and get it all out of your system." And help me to get this intensity between us out of mine as well, I thought, but didn't dare to say.

"Jeez, you really need to be taught a lesson," said Malcolm savagely, dancing me right off the dance floor and into the foyer where several partygoers were scurrying out to the elevators to which Malcolm directed me to as well.

"Where are we going, my lord and master?" I asked Mal as he held me so tightly in the crowded elevator.

We swished out on the seventeenth floor and followed some partygoers down a hall, their laughter echoing along the corridor as Malcolm hauled me into what must be his hotel room.

"Yes, I would love to see your etchings, Malcolm darling," I mocked him. "Or is this where you really show me yours and I show you mine?"

I expected a harsh lecture. I didn't expect that Malcolm Johnson would take me in his arms and kiss me. It wasn't Ted kissing me, or even the Senator, which I would have endured. No, it was the man who had been so nervous and stiff around me. And I got the impression that he was kissing me so that I couldn't talk to him. Oh, but it was so different as he gently stroked my bare back and swayed my swishy, feminized body against his.

And my lips were locked to Mal's, such incredible sensations swimming through me. Oh, yes, if only Ted had

kissed me like this, he would have known what Mal already knew all about me. I wouldn't have cared. I wouldn't have cared that I was laid gently back on the bed and my gentlemanly lover gingerly laid himself on top of me, his lips not leaving mine even as I put my arms around his head and pulled him down on me, wiggling my girl's body beneath him.

Oh, but Mal didn't want to stop kissing and caressing me and I didn't want him to. When he softly petted my breasts, I purred like a kitten and eased myself over so that he could open my dress and fondle my bra.

I could have said a few pithy things. I could have reminded him what he would find when he got to my panties, but I didn't. If I'd made a joke, he would have probably come to his senses and stomped off in disgust. I wriggled in my lovely dress as he eased it from me. I didn't say anything at all, keeping my lips close to his, opening my legs wide when I could and moaning in delight when he kneaded my rounded tush and drew me even closer to him.

Yes, Mal was different to Ted. He didn't want my hands on his genitals, not my breasts or my mouth. He wanted me as if he really believed that I was a woman. I lost all reason when he caressed my legs and so tantalizingly took my nylons from my wriggling legs, my garter belt and then my panties.

Mal didn't touch my tape as I frantically undid his pants and released the hard, aroused manhood against me. I gurgled as he lifted my legs about him and then his moist manhood was caressing my tush. I've had a lot of men that way, my legs sometimes over a man's shoulders as he pushes himself into me as if I was a woman. I had men trying to kiss me as they did me, pillows under my back.

Mal didn't try to make me do anything really weird or stupid. He just buried himself into me and kissed and caressed me, arousing my nipples and breasts, and yes, my groin, until I could stand it no more and had to let my own little man free. Oh, I was in so much distress as my lover impaled me and yet was so gentle and loving, coaxing me to be just the same with him.

Somewhere then, in the kissing and rolling together, Mal using my panties to caress me and to drive away the hurts that my member endured when it was held back so fiercely, I found myself moving and cooperating with him just as I had with Raja when he first made love to me.

It was as if I was Raja's woman again as I swayed my tush against Mal and tried to get my lover to flood me. I put his hands on my breasts as Mal used his mouth as well to caress my nipples before I erupted all over him. As I was wriggling and writhing beneath him then, loving the womanly feelings sweeping through me, frantic to kiss him and hold him, Mal came inside me as well. My climax exploded again and we couldn't get enough of each other as we couldn't breathe properly in the ferocious way that we tried to become one united person, man and woman.

I held onto Mal like a little girl even when he would have risen from me. I didn't say anything. I just wouldn't let him go, lifting my legs higher and tighter about him and he got the idea. He did me again, much more slowly. It was so glorious to be a woman and to have what Raja had always called an orgasm. I had had to laugh at the time in my exhilaration at the way I felt. But I said that to Leanne and she said that she felt them just as I did! When she had a man she loved inside her, holding and stroking her, whispering to her how beautiful a woman she was, she was convinced that the convulsions she had were her orgasm.

I did that to her when we did our lesbian thing. It worked with Marilyn as much and as well as it had apparently with Leanne.

But I couldn't think of anything like that at the time. I was a woman and Malcolm Johnson was an incredible lover. He could do me any time like this, I thought, shocked when I thought about what we had done, both of us knowing what we were going to do right from the start.

Only when Mal let me go back into the party, me walking with a spring in my step, swishing my skirts about me, and smiling at every man I met, did I think that there were some things that I was going to regret when I became a man again.

——How to succeed without really trying——

Marilyn was in seventh heaven as she danced over to the white, canopied bed and threw herself on it, bouncing ecstatically as she closed her eyes and anticipated in joy what she was going to be doing on our weekend at Dampiers. I knew what she was going to do and I was quite resigned to it.

Marilyn was going to get laid by a man. That was it. That was her whole and complete plan. She wanted a man. She didn't want me. Me, she had excluded from the ranks of men. I was her sister. I was another woman. I made love to her as if I was a woman. She hated now the very idea of being a lesbian. I'd thought of having her locked up back with Del and Garvey but she would have driven them crazy.

"Goddamned nympho," was just one of the milder epithets that Garvey used for her in my hearing. Marilyn deserved it as she was chasing all the guards on the place. I didn't doubt that sooner or later she was going to be

found in bed with one of them. I didn't know what would happen when the men, especially Garvey or Del, found out that she wasn't quite the girl she was supposed to be.

I'd have mass desertions from my security staff if they found out about us, I was absolutely certain. If only Marilyn would have a sex change but she wouldn't. I knew that. She needed a scare, I supposed. I only hoped that it wasn't going to be this weekend. She had promised me to be good but I knew that she and I had different ideas about what 'good' meant.

I knew how Marilyn felt, of course. When I was writhing with her on the bed now, I was thinking all the time about Malcolm Johnson and how we had made love in his hotel room. I'd have stayed with him all night and done it again and again, as many times as he could manage, as I did it with Raja. But my phone had rung and he knew right away that it was my security.

Mal didn't say anything, just let me up and watched me as I did a reverse strip, quickly hiding my maleness, being a perfect Hayley Russell, a perfect Rowena, as sexy a woman as any man could expect.

Del was the one tapping on the door as I swished over to answer it. Mal was back in his jacket. "So now we know," he said as he pulled me into his arms.

"Yes," I said, shivering as I felt so womanish, so much Hayley and Rowena. I meant just to open the door and go, sorting out the emotions seething through me later. But Mal took me in his arms, opening the door at the same time. Del was able to see me kissing Mal with the same female passion that had driven my encounter with him.

I replayed the scenes again and again in my mind. I had made love to another man and I had loved being a woman, as much as I could, for him. I had been his woman, longing for and loving everything he did to me.

Marilyn kept waking me from daydreaming about Mal and he driving his manhood into me as I encouraged him with my threshing body to do.

I'd become totally a woman, after just the touch of his hand. Think you're going to become a man again, I jeered inwardly at myself. I let Marilyn try to arouse me but it wasn't the same. I'd had a man and I knew why my sister wanted someone like Mal as well. If only she'd been Abby, I tried to convince myself, as she led us to the 'cottage' Marilyn and I would share for a while. Yes, she was the woman who should be my wife. I should reveal myself to her, or, worse, see if she was amenable to a lesbian affair with a girl like me.

"Come on up to the big house when you're squared away," Abby had said with a beautiful smile to me. Her son had come running up, demanding that she make Angie, the nanny, let him water-ski. A harried looking young woman had appeared in the driveway, leading another child and with a babe in her arms.

"Now, darling, Angie has enough to do," said Abby, reaching into her pocket and pulling out a candy bar. The older boy wolfed it down while the other set up a racket for his share.

"I'll get Ernie to take me," said Edward Graham III, loping off away from the nanny who called and tried to explain that Ernie was setting up a fishing boat for the older men.

"I'll say Mum told him to take me," yelled back the older boy.

Abby looked at me in exasperation. "We should never have brought them out here this weekend," she said. "Don't have kids, Hayley. Look, I have to go. You and your sister can set up on your own, can't you?"

Of course we could. I looked out of the window to see Abby standing on a dock, her arm about her son, giving him a kiss and some other reward as he got into a motor boat with a younger man. Young Edward looked pretty good, getting up on water skis. I shivered watching the dock as Abby swished her skirts at several other men, grinning and watching her appreciatively as she wiggled off, much more sway in her walk than any other time that I'd seen her.

I would be doing the same with all the men she had invited very soon. I shivered as I thought about Malcolm Johnson. Had he satisfied his desires to find out about me? I shuddered and hoped not. Several men in Hell had been like that. They'd had me, wanting to find out what it was like to make love to a girl like me. Some of them never came back, I heard, when I was younger and just learning to be a woman.

Just before Raja took me, I was so much in demand that I couldn't always take every man who had me. All of them, first-timers as well, told me they were going to make love to me again. I quivered as I hoped I had been womanly enough for Mal, that he would want me again, as a woman.

I must admit that I was very thoughtful, daydreaming of Mal again, as I sashayed with my sister up to the 'big house.' Oh, Abby, I thought miserably. If only you'd married me, if only I'd been here, surely you wouldn't be the kind of mother, if I was your husband, that I was seeing on the boat docks.

Waiting eagerly at the door, watching Marilyn and I in our swishing, cocktail dresses, was the same aide who had introduced us to the Senator at the charity, and then at the ball. "Ah, Miss Russell and Miss Russell," he said, his eyes darting from one to the other of us, blushing as I caught him looking at our bust lines. Mine was as pushed

up as Marilyn's. I couldn't let her vamp the men all on her own, could I? "Senator Morse was wondering if you ladies would join him in the bar."

"We'd love to," said my sister as the young man flushed as she flounced by him, her perfume overpowering him, I'm sure.

"I missed your name," I said, with a pouty smile as well, to the flustered young man.

"Briggs, Miss Russell," said the Senator's aide.
"J-James B-Briggs."

"I'll remember that," I said to him, with a smile, taking pity on him as I remembered how flustered I used to get whenever a pretty woman paid any attention to me.

"Ah, the Misses Russell," said the Senator, seated on wide sofa, just over a half dozen men around him, two as old as him. "Get them some drinks, Ted, and we can begin to get to know each other."

Uh oh, alarm bells went off inside me. Just the two of us girls, in pretty cocktail dresses, and all these men in one room? It was the Inquisition. I might need the panic button on my phone, I thought in fright. Surely, they hadn't found out yet the other wicked manipulations Garvey had suggested, and I'd approved, to bring down Morse, Jenner and Hutton. The announcement on Batista wouldn't be out until Monday, the beginning of the trading week.

Senator Morse actually smiled, with the charm he exuded on television, at me. Was it the offer of a truce between us? Oh but there are two sides to any truce, I thought, exaggerating my girlish walk into the reception room. And I still had a lot more to do to bankrupt the Senator.

Danton had insisted that this must be the man behind all my troubles. There was something in the letter I'd carried that was treasonous, Danton had said. I would find that all who knew about it had been heavily rewarded for protecting the Senator. And he was right.

John patted the sofa on either side of him, smiling when I held back. It was Marilyn who eagerly swayed over to him, swishing her dress beneath her as she sat, smiling at all the lascivious faces around her. She crossed her legs and I think every man's eyes were on her stockings as she carefully arranged her dress to show off a little of a womanly thigh. Little did they know that it wasn't quite womanly at all.

Ted Graham didn't protest being the bartender, pouring glasses of white wine for us 'girls'. "So nice that you could make it, Hayley," he said to me with a smug curve of his mouth as I veered towards him at the bar as the Senator frowned. Used your wife to trap me, I railed at him in my mind. Could he know that I still would do almost anything for the woman I was sure that I still loved?

"Who are all these handsome men?" I drawled at Ted, flicking my golden hair around my back to attract their eyes. A sudden spasm of fear shockingly whipped through me as a tall, military-looking man, partly obscured from me as I'd entered, stood up from the armchair he'd been folded into. He'd been obscured by the Senator. I hadn't seen him at all! He smiled gently as he looked me over intently.

"This is General Robertson," said Ted with a smile. The soldier with dark brown hair made my long hair itch in fear. Another surge of anger and fright, in equal parts, almost overcome me. "This is Miss Hayley Russell and her sister, Marilyn, General."

“Miss Hayley Russell,” said the general whom I knew as Lewis the interrogator. Chills ran up my spine as I tried to be so girlish, holding out my limp hand for him to take and kiss, an appreciative smile for my womanliness on his face. But inside I was seething with suppressed emotion.

Here was the man who had said that I would go free if I just showed him the letter I had inadvertently agreed to carry to the Senator. He was sure it was innocuous. It appeared to be greetings about marriages. But I now knew that the Senator had no daughter nor had Ali, the man who had smiled and asked me to take a ‘note’ to the Senator because the mails were so uncertain. I could post it when I got back to the States. It had definitely been a cryptic letter. This Lewis had known it, confiscated it, and sent me off to be buried in Hell so that I could talk to no one about it.

Lewis didn’t recognize me. I don’t think that the possibility that a woman like me could have come out of Hell had ever occurred to him. But there were two of us there, my sister and me, so changed from that awful place. I could see by the look of horror on her face that she knew Lewis. I hadn’t thought to warn her as I hadn’t expected him to be there, so charming and masculine, as he ‘moved’ in on me.

Ted was going on with his introductions. The partners of Morse’s firm were there, Max Jenner, a seventy-year old, and Frank Hutton, who was a few years younger, I guessed. There were two other financial types, Lee and Allen, while a lawyer, Jake the Snake, as Ted affectionately called him, rounded out the small party.

“Hayley should sit beside me,” Senator John Morse proclaimed even as he smiled and patted my sister’s hands as she sat more demurely, controlling herself after seeing Lewis, her enemy as much as mine. “Let’s do some of the business part of the weekend first, shall we, gentle-

men? Ted can then write the expense of the weekend off on his tax returns and we can all enjoy a party for the rest of our time here."

Lewis actually stopped me from wiggling across to 'John'. His touch on my hand, as he took my wine, made me sick with humiliation. He thought that I was a woman. I felt that I was a woman, as well, and I didn't want to, not then. I could feel my dress swirl and rustle about me in my agitation as I tried to pretend that I liked his touch and the way I was being admired as a woman. All I could think of, however, was that I was Patrick O'Brien. Lewis, studying me so intensely, must soon know it.

"Now, Senator," Lewis said in his charming manner that made me shiver even more inside at the voice that filled my dreams almost every night. "You already have one devastatingly pretty girl beside you. As the only other unmarried man in this company, I insist that Miss Hayley Russell come and sit beside me!"

The Senator motioned with one hand. If he was angry or disturbed, he didn't show it as he had at the Ball. "I was hoping to be really crowded on this couch," John said with a practised smile that hid all emotion. "But it seems like it's just going to be you and I, Marilyn," he stroked my sister's thin arm, admiring her shiny, red nails and thin bracelet. "You're not going to have any competition, it seems, from your sister."

"Good," said Marilyn shakily. She smiled beautifully, however, and concentrated just on the Senator. "I really don't like to share a threesome with my sister. Though some men," she batted her long eyelashes at John, "are worth it."

There was a shocked pause for the moment. All the men began to chuckle then as the Senator raised my sister's hand to his lips and assured her that such thoughts

had never entered his head. Of course they hadn't! I could see almost every man thinking about what bimbos we were behind their smirks.

Lewis, no, General Robertson, younger than Mal Johnson, who was 'just' a colonel, directed me to sit prettily beside him on what was now his sofa. I swept my dress under me as my sister had when she'd sat. I followed her lead, putting on my dumb blonde act, cooing about the handsome men all around me, and giving them all a good look at my petticoats and stockings.

I took the wine with a smile that made me cold inside as the general leaned over me and had a good look at my cleavage and my lace-edged bra. "Business, John?" asked Lewis. I didn't feel at all well as Lewis, I'll always think of him as that, sat closer than he needed to, against my dress and stockinged thigh.

"Oh," I said with a nervous smile, a quiver in my lilted voice that even I could hear. "I should have brought my business team with me this weekend, shouldn't I, and not my randy sister?"

That made them all chuckle again. "You start, Ted," said the Senator, taking my sister's hand in his and kissing it while the others sat in armchairs, John Morse the definite focal point for the group.

"Hayley," said Ted with a smile meant to charm me. He re-freshened glasses of Johnnie Walker as he played host, talking to me at the same time. "Morse, Jenner and Hutton," it sounded like the Gospel writers the way Ted said it, "are concerned that you seem to have a source of information about the business plans of our company. You've interfered, we believe, in our affairs and we'd like to take you up on the public promise you made to the Senator to stay out of our affairs."

“Howland Tech?” I asked him, wondering if I should imitate a Valley Girl, pretending to be from California. No, that would be too much. I was breathing too heavily as well, really showing off my cleavage to this board meeting of Morse Enterprises, I guessed. “Just pure luck, Ted” I lilted on. “If I’d known the Senator was interested in that company, well,” I smiled at the pack, looking at me in various shades of contempt, or at the wide mark of the inevitable pink lipstick on my glass, “I would have taken the company anyway.”

There was forced laughter, led by the Senator. “But Armorplated, Hayley,” said the Senator. “That was you cutting in and cutting us out, wasn’t it?” He asked the question softly, even charmingly, caressing my sister’s arm while she did nothing but smile and encourage him to do more. Despite his charm, I heard the livid objection in his voice.

Oh, if only you could have half of Danton’s business insight and half of Garvey’s incredible computer skills, I thought smugly. Then, maybe you wouldn’t be committing more than petty political crimes.

“Oh, was that you as well, John?” I gasped at him as sweetly as I could, forcing myself to think and act like a woman, deliberately crossing my nylons and flicking my hair back, my earrings on my neck making me shiver more. “Oops!” I put a pink tipped finger to my lips while the Inquisition seemed bemused by my act. The younger men all seemed to be salivating as they looked at my legs, my breasts, my hair or my makeup face.

“One minute,” said the man beside me on the couch, caressing my thin, feminine arm with some force. “What the Senator is trying to tell you, Hayley, is that that’s not the way it works.”

Oh, I know how it works, I could have said to them all. "And you all came here this weekend just to tell me that?" I asked the general, my interrogator Lewis, feeling ill as I smiled into that hateful face so close to mine, patting him on his thigh, which he smiled at as if he liked that.



There was more silence in the room. I let my high-heeled slipper dangle from the end of my stocking foot, distracting Ted most of all, I noticed. I did the female thing with my hair then as well, lifting a hand to move it back behind my ear, exposing my long, diamond pendant earrings. Just touching them sent thrills through my female-shaped body.

"You're up to something else, aren't you?" asked John Morse nastily, at last. I shuddered and sipped again on my wine, my breasts rising as I thought about what I to say to that. Just so long as he thought I was merely a stock manipulator, just like him, I would get away all right from this weekend.

"I can't tell you my business secrets, John," I said to him sweetly, teasing him with a girlish pout. "Actually, I don't know any! I do have such a lovely staff, though, who work like busy little bees, even as we speak. But I have left a standing order, John, that they are not to do anything adverse to my favorite Senator and I'm sure that they're not!"

Liar, liar! Your pants are on fire! The old saw ran through my mind, only it should have been panties referring to me, shouldn't it?

"We're not accusing you of deliberately attacking our firm," said Ted, his smile trying to take the sting out of the words that meant the opposite of what he was saying.

"No," I smiled at him, rattling on girlishly and not telling the group anything that they didn't know. "On Howland, this really groovy kid, like Lee there, developed a program for me and George said," I smiled prettily at them all and did a femmy wiggle as well, "I always name all my computer programs, don't you? George said that Howland Tech and Armorplated, among others, were un-

derpriced and so I bought in on them right away!" I made myself sound all little girlish and femmy and excited.

The Morse, Jenner and Hutton types didn't share my little girl enthusiasm. "And, lo and behold, General Robertson," I cooed breathily leaning forward so that they all could see my cleavage. "The army contracts came through for me! My whiz kid says I'll make money on Howland and Armorplated, hundreds of millions, probably a billion! You must have a program like George to identify the companies you take over, don't you?"

There was a stillness in the room. They didn't have such a program and neither did I. But I did have someone who could spy on Ted's encrypted e-mails. My sister smiled at me and was quiet for once. She stared at me as I smiled at the Senator but I touched Lewis's limp hand where it lay on my dress.

"You've found a number of other companies," mused Lewis, getting to the point of all this, how much was I into what their company was doing, "which are targets of that, what did you call it, that program, George, identified?"

"None of the other prospects worked out," I said sadly. "It's a pity that George can't pick winners like Howland Tech all the time!"

There was a lessening of tension then and several men spoke at once, some actually smiling as they commiserated with me on my losses. I smiled and wished that I could do more to Senator Morse than just take away most of his considerable wealth. I wished I could get him to go to jail and suffer at the hands of brutish men as I had.

Oh, wouldn't that be wonderful to have Lanarka told to "lose this one" in Huwara, in reference to John Morse and to Lewis. With some facial reconstruction and a lot of starvation and hormone treatment, Lewis in particular

could look just like my sister Marilyn or me, I thought in heady contemplation.

“Well,” said Senator Morse at last, smiling at me, one pirate to another. “Just to prove you are a friend, Hayley, you could do us a small favor.”

“Oh, anything!” I said excitedly.

“Hold on, John,” said Lewis beside me, really caressing my hand then. “I think I want you to change that little thing you were going to ask!”

John Morse smiled coldly at the man who seemed to have risen at such a young age through army ranks. Thanks to the Senator’s patronage, I was certain, as John was a member of, or headed, several important military oversight committees.

“We need the shares that you’ve been buying up in Batista,” John said and a stab of terror went through me. Oh gods, are all my plans known to him as his are to me, I wondered. Was Mal still bugging me and passing it on to this corrupt man?

“Of course, John,” I said, doing a brave thing and pulling Lewis’s arm tightly about me, smiling up at him as if I enjoyed it while the tension seemed to abate in the room.

“Good job that you weren’t taking them short,” I said as I knew that they were, doing a lot of other things to depress Batista’s stock price. I flipped open my phone and called my own answering machine. Lewis was smiling at me and so I reached up and kissed him. Yes, I kissed the man who had tormented my dreams for so long. It actually was rather nice as he was gentle in his kiss. He tasted and felt just like Malcolm Johnson, I thought with a jolt of femininity going through me.

The men relaxed and were chatting as I told myself to despatch any and all Batista shares to Morse, Jenner and

Hutton. "What!" I screamed into the phone, cutting off Lewis's caress of my waist and hips. Instantly, I had the attention of everyone in the room. "Well get them back. Cancel the transaction! Send their money back! I've promised them to Senator John Morse. Make it right and get back to me!"

"What is it?" asked Ted fearfully, glancing at the Senator, while struggling to be stonefaced.

"My busy bees have dumped Batista," I said tragically. "Some Washington broker was selling short and didn't have any shares. Now, he's buying everything at ten over in anticipation that some combine is going to take over Batista and split its health and pharma operations."

These guys had been selling short and were going to lose over five hundred millions, maybe a billion if no-one would sell to them to meet their obligations at less than twenty over. And I wasn't going to help them one bit. I was going to wipe them out. Oh, how I savored the revenge that I knew was coming.

"Sorry about that," I said to the stunned faces all around me. "Oh, Marilyn and I can't be with you handsome men by ourselves for much longer before the other ladies begin to talk. We should go and join your wives and significant others, shouldn't we? I guarantee that I won't cross paths with your business in future! I really must learn what it is that my acquisitions branch is really doing!"

———The other business of the weekend———

"What's up with them?" asked Abby, smiling at me and making my heart ache as she did so. "They look as if they've just lost a bundle of money. I hope that it was you, Hayley, who just took them to the cleaners!"

"Oh, not me," I said to her as Abby put her arm about my slim waist and dress and took me upstairs to show me all the improvements she had made to the Grahams' country estate. I wondered how long the Grahams would have it now after the little bombshell I'd just dropped. No, Jake the Snake hadn't looked as smug as he had earlier in the meeting while the Senator had been livid with rage. I wondered who was going to get the blame for the disaster that I'd just revealed was happening to them.

"Oh, what a lovely bedroom!" I had to exclaim. It was the main bedroom and looked like it could have come out of one of the palaces I'd seen all over Europe and the Middle East. Even the ceilings were decorated and painted while the canopied bed and tapestries lent it a regal air.

"Fit for a queen," said Abby sourly and I had to give her a quick glance. "Well, the king is very rarely here, after all."

I shivered a little. No, queen could be an ordinary word in conversation, couldn't it, and not loaded with other connotations. "You, you want to talk about it?" I asked her hesitantly.

"It's just men," said Abby with a sigh. "I get all this and he thinks I should be eternally grateful and ready and amorous the moment he deigns to leave his latest lover and visit me." She gave a little snort which shocked me. "Well, two can play at that game, can't they?"

Abigail Clemons linked arms with me as I shuddered. This wasn't the girl I'd lain awake so many nights in and out of Hell, thinking about. "He only married me because I was pregnant," Abby went on. "He might have got kicked out of the firm he worked for if he hadn't. The old man who ran it was really tight-assed."

That was my father, I wanted to scream at her. And you were supposed to be marrying me, remember? But

what I said out loud, the stress evident in my light, lilting voice was, "Wasn't there some other boy ...?" That caused her to look at me sharply. "Someone who wouldn't have minded that you were, were, knocked up? You are very pretty, Ab-Abigail!"

That seemed to mollify her. "No," she said and my heart really lurched into the depths. "Oh, I dallied with a few guys but it was always going to be Ted for me. We were an item way back to high school. Look, this is my dressing room. Which do you think I should wear for the party by the lake, the blue Heather Portillo or this black, slitted number?"

"You dress up that much for a party out here?" I asked, my heart really feeling like a lump of ice in my chest. She didn't even mention my name. I was just one of a few guys she'd gone out with. But I was going to marry you. We agreed, I wanted to tell her. I'm Patrick. Don't you know me?

Abby laughed. "You don't have to dress up any more than you have, Hayley, really. With that blonde hair and those diamonds," she sighed as she looked at my breasts and I had an urge to throw up my hand, hers still holding mine, and cover myself from her look, "and most of all, those perky boobies, the guys are going to be all over you, most especially Ted. I've been thinking of getting mine done like yours. You have had them lifted, haven't you?"

I had to blush and shake my head at this woman whom I'd thought I'd come back to marry as a man some day. Oh, it was too bizarre to be talking dress sizes and the kind of bra I was wearing, the name of my hairdresser and beautician and would I please go with Abby to the women's spa the next time that she went.

"The all over body massage is just so fantastic at the Lady's Secret Boutique," laughed Abby, her eyes sparkling and she came alive as I'd really remembered her.

"I, I'll see if I can fit it in," I murmured as she chattered on about her dresses and finally chose the dramatic blue evening dress. I had one just like it in a closet back at base, which Marilyn and I were calling the secure estate we lived in. "B-But what is the secret of the Lady's Secret Boutique?" I had to ask.

She shed her clothes in front of me and, flushing, I saw more of Abigail than I'd ever seen before. She even thought nothing of changing her panties to black lace right in front of me, her pubic hair so dark and black. She caught my astonished look and laughed at me. "Didn't think that this glossy red was a natural color, did you?" she asked me of her astonishing hair.

"I did," I mumbled but I don't think she heard me as we were interrupted by her son again, whom she didn't tell to leave as she was dressing. He made quite a brat of himself, trying to get her to talk to the cook and have her make pizza for him since he was at the lake.

"That's not a reason," said Abigail, finally putting a slip over her undies while the boy changed the tops to all her lipsticks, I noted. "Oh, Eddie, don't do that," Abby went on. "Leave my things alone and I'll call down to the cook." Which she did before linking my arm to hers again and shooing her son ahead of her down the long staircase we'd come up.

Ted was standing at the base of the stairs, talking to the gloomy looking younger men of Morse, Jenner and Hutton. He looked up at us, keeping his eyes on the front of my dress as it swayed up and showed him more of my legs than I would normally have wanted to. He ab-

sent-mindedly patted Edward on the head as he scooted past him, ignoring Abby as he stared at me.

"The secret of the Lady's Secret Boutique," whispered Abby to me, "is the full body massage. Choose the slow method if you come with me. But that's only part of the secret. The best part is that all the massages are carried out by men!"

I shivered, my dress feeling so alien to me again, as I saw Jake the Snake, slightly behind the others, smile suddenly, not at me, but at Abby. I'm sure that I saw a sly wink but Jake covered it by moaning and taking out a handkerchief to press to his supposedly hurting eye.

"Oh, we have to attend to that," said Abby, leaving me to her husband. "Come into the lower bathroom, Jake, and let me have a look at it." She turned to me. "Be sweet to my husband, Hayley," she whispered to me with a smile. "It's what we girls can do for each other, sweeten each others' husbands."

"Dinner will be by the lake," said Ted with a smile, as I felt as if I had entered Hell once more, here on this lovely estate, "but first we have to have drinks on the patio with the ladies."

I trembled as I slipped my arm through his, but I did manage to snare Allen to link with my other one.

"Where's Jake?" was the first question an angry-looking Max Jenner asked as we joined what looked like a very tense drinking party on the patio.

"Abigail is attending to him," said Ted smoothly. "Got something in his eye, fly, mosquito, eyelash."

"We need him on this Batista thing," said Jenner, leaving us and abruptly heading in to the interior of Dampiers.

“Stay with him, Allen,” said Ted quickly. So, I was escorted over to the bar by just one man, taking charge of me, his intentions clear, I would have said. I was introduced to several of Abby’s women friends, some of whom did not know me. I greeted them in typical girlish fashion, bouncing my breasts against theirs and fake kissing them on both cheeks.

“My, what have you done to all the men?” asked Beatrice, the last to hug me and staying twined to me but I didn’t mind. She was wearing a delightful fragrance that really stirred me inside more than a little. I had to find out its name, something new and named after some film star I hadn’t heard of. I was way out of touch. I would have to get Marilyn to fill me in. And where was my sister? And the Senator and the General? Both were missing as well.

“I don’t really know,” I answered Beatrice all innocently and girlishly, flicking my blonde hair back again which made the women look at me with narrowing eyes. I’m sure they thought of me as a bimbo, out to steal the nicest guy from under their eyes.

“Where’s John, by the way?” I asked her, hoping my dumb blonde, innocent act wasn’t too much for her. “And that general? I never did get his first name.”

“Alan Robertson,” said Ted, joining us with a white wine again for me.

“Why do I keep thinking of him as Lewis?” I asked him, taking the minutest of sips of the delicate wine.

Beatrice shook her pretty hair as she still held on to me, smiling up at Ted, whom I guessed she knew a lot more intimately than I did.

“That’s his middle name,” said Ted with a smile, taking my arm and leading us across to a dark-haired, uncomfortable looking man, who was introduced to me as Beatrice’s husband.

"Enough about other people," said Ted, putting his arm about my waist, leaving a disappointed Beatrice to her husband. "Shall we lead the parade down to the shore? It's a shame to waste one of the last warm nights of the year, isn't it?"

"They're going crazy over Batista," Ted whispered to me as if he wasn't associated with it at all. "Did you know that all trading in that stock has been suspended? Everyone has heard about the takeover. You can't buy anything of Batista, not even twenty-five points above where it was on Friday."

"Tough," I said, opening my eyes wide as I had seen Abby and her friends doing when they were about to gossip outrageously about someone else. "Someone's going to go to the cleaners over this, aren't they?" I looked so innocently into Ted's face that he did frown at me.

"Oh!" I gasped and put my hand on my red mouth, my fingernails so long and pointed and scarlet with nail polish. "That," I half-turned and wiggled against his arm pressing in on my narrow waist. "That's why everyone's so gloomy. Oh gosh, Ted, don't tell me your firm got caught ... Oh, that's why you needed my shares!"

"Worse," muttered Ted, buying my innocent act. "Senator Morse's portfolio is dead and he's furious about it. He says it's all a plot! You aren't plotting against him, are you, Hayley? He's sent Al Robertson back to the Pentagon to investigate. He's called the CIA. If you're involved in this, Hayley, he's going to find out."

"He is?" I asked and let Ted pull me to him suggestively as we were shielded from the patio by a large weeping willow. I looked up into his eyes as they narrowed. I tugged a little on his arm and kissed the man who had once been my assistant. I kissed Ted Graham, leaving my fresh, deep pink lipstick all over his mouth.

And it felt just like the last time, as I'd expected it to, really creepy.

But Ted seemed to enjoy it. "You are so beautiful, Hayley," he whispered to me. I didn't have to fake the shudder that went through me. Since I smiled and moved closer to him, touching his cheek, he seemed to think it was because of the way he was kissing me, because I was a woman who liked a man like him. So he had to do it again, more forcefully.

Ted had his arms about my bare back, caressing the back of my bra through my dress as he held onto me, hugging me to him, kissing my neck, enjoying my scent and the pressure of my 'boobies' against his chest.

"Abigail," I murmured to him as Ted wanted and sought my lips again. I really didn't need to taste ashes again.

"She understands a man's needs," said Ted thickly. "Oh damn," he claimed one more kiss, "they're all moving down here." We broke apart but he held onto my hand as if we were still in high school. I remembered him walking out with Abby all the time like that and envying him so much. Now I was being treated like Abby, my skirt moving in the cooler breeze off the lake as Abby came down the last steps onto the deck, chattering on to Beatrice and Jake.

"Everybody wants to be with Hayley the beautiful," whispered Ted as his wife was watching him, smiling thinly at the way he was holding my hand. I supposed that my mussed up lipstick must be a clue to her as well that her husband and I were readying for a tryst.

"No," I said just as Abby came with in earshot. "Don't say that!"

I think Beatrice's eyes would have shot out of her head but Abigail's laugh cut her off in sheer astonishment.

“What are you two lovebirds talking about?” asked Abby, her expression as innocent and as fake as the one I had been using earlier as well.

“I was telling Hayley how beautiful she is,” said the man who should have known me from school. “But she can’t accept a compliment!”

“I should go and get my sister to come and join us as well,” I said quickly while Abby actually took Jake’s hand as Ted was holding mine. “She can catnap so easily which I wish I could do. I should go and wake her up.”

“You shouldn’t ...” I think I heard Ted say as I dropped his hand and shimmied across the deck and off it, onto the little pathway that connected to all the cabins.

“Don’t worry. The faithful Briggs is there,” I think I heard Jake saying as there was a tinkling of female laughter then.

——-*Whatever can go wrong*——-

I walked along the pathway, deliberately swinging my tush and letting my high heels reverberate ahead of me. As I expected, James Briggs materialized on the steps that led up to the cabin, really a small house, that had been assigned to Marilyn and me.

“Wow, James,” I wiggled at him as I banged my heels on the steps and deck. “Our very own peeping tom!”

“Um, Miss Russell,” began a very flustered young man. “Your sister and, and ...” He couldn’t get the other word out.

“Don’t worry, James,” I smiled at him, sashaying up to the porch where our breakfast was supposed to be served if we didn’t want to join the gang in the ‘big house’.

“They’re not doing anything that I haven’t seen before.” I

had seen much worse displays of man on man loving in Huwara and participated in them as well.

James tried to block me with his body but I was in no mood for it. I had had enough of Ted trying to seduce me as a woman in public. I took James's hand and pulled him in the direction he was going. He went right over my leg and down the steps, squawking all the way.

"Ooo," I had to say. "I think you've laddered my stocking there, James!"

I could hear him limping up the steps behind me as I entered Marilyn's and my cabin. I did something that he should have done. I slipped the bolt across the door before I headed into the room where Marilyn had bounced on the bed so prettily. She was still bouncing, looking very pretty but John Morse looked as if he was in agony.

The Senator saw me standing in the doorway, my arms folded under my breasts. I think he tried to get Marilyn to stop what her head was doing between his legs but she only took that as a challenge. She was sort of singing as she pushed back at the Senator, her mouth imploring him, I'm sure. to give her what he must really have wanted to give her or he wouldn't have been on her bed in the first place.

I had to admire Marilyn's persistence. I also had to admire her rounded tush that was sticking up so high in the air, her black thong panties not impeding the view of her womanly rounded tush and shapely legs.

Poor Senator Morse was clutching at Marilyn's hair and so she made a gymnastic move that I'd never thought of and twirled on the bed, her panties coming down a little as she ground her tush into the rigid pole sticking out from the grey-haired Senator John Morse.

I should have brought a camera with me, I thought, as Marilyn smiled and waved at me, indicating with a lovely

woman's hand the layers of black tape about her genitals. I wondered if the Senator had bought the story that she was absolutely, most definitely, not ever going to be pregnant again. She was tired of abortion clinics and what she had to go through.

Senator John called to his deity as he penetrated my sister and she was smiling and laughing, flinging her soft hair about his face as she twisted to have him kiss her. The way she had to press on the front of her tape let me know as well what was happening inside her. She began to shriek as she climaxed or orgasmed or both.

"Coming as well, Marilyn!" screamed the old man. I left the two of them bouncing on the bed like kangaroos. Gods, did I look like that when I was doing it with her? No, we always did it face to face and we were much more tangled up than Marilyn was with John.

I went back to the front door and opened the bolt. Poor James, he fell right in on the floor in front of me, flustered as he looked right up my dress at my panties and stockings. "You don't have to do that, James," I said to him. "Just ask me for a kiss and I'm yours."

I was horrible to the poor kid who was only trying to do his job. I suggested a coffee and hardly had time to prepare it before Marilyn came flying into the kitchen area of the cabin, her hair floating around her face, her makeup gone, her thin robe not concealing her thong, the only other item of clothing she had on. She ignored the shaken young man completely.

"You don't have to come and spy on me!" my sister raged at me. "I can be trusted, you know. I said I would tape myself and I did. He loves anal and oral anyway. He doesn't want kids, either!"

I was taken aback. I couldn't tell if Marilyn was acting or if she really meant what she was saying. Oh, this

woman was a really good actress, I thought. I really did have to find her a film or theater production to be in as a girl, rather than just talking about my sister, the actress.

"I do need to talk to the Senator," I said quietly to her, pouring James a cup of black coffee, the way he had grunted that he liked it. "I need to reassure him that his difficulties over the last weeks and today were not any plan on my part. I really do intend to support him as Senator even if he is brought before the ethics committee about this mess he finds himself in."

I thought James' eyes would pop right out of his head.

"I need a few more minutes with Jack," pouted my sister at me. She turned on her bare feet, her toenails as red as her fingernails. Mine were the same.

"Come on, James," I said to my beau. "That swing on the porch is ideal for two lovers, don't you think? Let's go and give it a really good workout."

Poor James. He was really a brick, however, as he enhanced the bimbo reputation of the Russell sisters tenfold. Ted was really in a snit when he came along and saw us kissing and petting in the swing together. Oh, that James could really kiss and he was so gentle where he was touching me. I really did feel that I was a girl. I shuddered as I thought that I would always be one if all men were as soft and gentle and loving as the over-excited James.

The poor kid didn't want to drag himself off me and attend the Senator but he had to. I kissed his ear as he struggled to get his hard-on into his pants. I stroked him then with a girlish hand and invited him to hurry back to me. But, of course, he didn't.

I was so smug, however, when I woke up in my own bed, quite alone, the next morning. I knew that Marilyn had hooked up with someone else and had laughed at the girlish shrieks that came from her room as that bed was

really getting a workout. I half expected that it would be the Senator in there for breakfast but it wasn't. It was James whom Marilyn must have apprehended on his way back to tryst with me.

He looked very sheepishly at me. "Why didn't you call me?" I teased Marilyn as we strolled around the kitchen and porch area in low-cut nighties and robes, just our panties on underneath. "James wouldn't have minded a threesome."

"She, she said that you were asleep," said James, red-faced, wobbling whenever he got up to walk, clutching at his groin as well he should after a night with Marilyn.

She gave me a womanly superior smile. "You didn't deserve a threesome after coming in on John and me like that," Marilyn said, giving the flustered James a coy look. "Of course, if you insist, and you have the time, James, we could go back to Hayley's room. It's all in pink, as she's so girly, isn't she? I'm perfectly willing to share you if you'd like a little bit of my sister as well."

James was saved by the bell as his master was phoning for him, as Marilyn called it. "You are wicked!" I lilted at her.

"Always!" she said girlishly, sliding over to me and kissing me right on the lips where anyone could have seen us. "I get the bathtub first," Marilyn laughed at me then, pirouetting into the cabin, wiggling her tush and hips in delight. I guess she had finally got laid in the way that she wanted to be laid. I was glad that one of us had.

I was sitting there, thinking about the way that my Monte Cristo revenge was working out. I didn't even see the man who put his hand about my mouth. The second man who came up the steps had been a boatman the night before. He lashed my legs together with some kind of duct tape. More of it went on my mouth before I could

even utter a sound. A plastic tie went on my hands as I jerked and tried to scream.

I hadn't seen the boat tied to a jetty as it wasn't directly in front of the cabin I shared with Marilyn. I was pitched onto the wet floor, my nightie and thin robe not cushioning me at all from the spars across the bottom of the boat. A canvas was tossed over me. I tried to scream for help and someone kicked me just below my stomach.

"Wriggle about like that again, sister, and you'll get two kicks next time," growled one of my captors. I didn't know whether to be glad or scared that the guy who'd kidnapped me still thought that I was a girl, even though I wore no makeup and was at least half naked, my legs, my breasts, my tush and panties, exposed to him.

I think we crossed the lake. I couldn't see anything when the canvas was lifted because I was blindfolded. I was tossed into the back of a car, the carpet smelling of rubber and gasoline. I'd been through Hell and I'd come through it, I kept telling myself, trying to keep my spirits up. Perhaps I wasn't unscathed but I'd come through.

But the deep fear of what I had lived through was of no comfort at all. This was America, I kept telling myself. They couldn't do to me what had been done to me in Huwara and its deepest level that I called Hell, could they? They couldn't, I sought to reassure myself in terror, as we went on and on. But I knew they could do to me whatever they wanted. And they probably would when they found out what I was, who I was.

We stopped somewhere in a wood and the tape on my lips was pulled off. A straw was put in my mouth and I understood that I was to drink. That wasn't my most pressing concern. "I have to pee," I said to the presence I felt was in front of me as I was balanced on the back of an open hatch or boot.

The man uttered an expletive. "Do it on the rug," he snarled at me.

"No," I said.

"What the effing ...?" began the shadow in front of me.

"Forget I said anything," I screamed at him. "I can ingest my own urine and feces and be dead before we get to wherever I've been renditioned to."

"This is not an effing rendition," said the man harshly in front of me.

"Oh," I said with a shudder. "Just the run of the mill kidnapping, is that it? The Senator and the General want their billion dollars back. Put me back in the car. I may be dead when we get where you're taking me but they won't get their money back for sure this way."

They, there was definitely another man there who was helping the growler, threw me back on the carpet. I lay there, in the dark, mouth taped again, and the car didn't move. The hatch opened again and a hand touched my leg, stroking me. I tried to scream. My face must have shown what I felt but the calloused hand didn't stop, caressing my tush until, I think another hand stopped it going higher.

"Enough," said the second man. Now why would he do that, I wondered. Almost tenderly, I was lifted out of the back of the car and carried into a wood. Low branches whipped across me and I was set down against some bush.

The tape came off and I could see who had captured me. I screamed as the Raja looked down on me. "You can stand and pee against that tree," he smirked at me. "I'll even hold it up for you." Which, in revolting fashion, he did.

"You let her see you," said the growler as I was blindfolded and dumped back in the car, hardly able to breathe in any way as I tried to figure out how the Raja could be here in this wood when he was in Amsterdam, in a jail cell.

"Rich girls, spoiled brats," sneered his most charming voice that I knew so well. I shivered as I had heard it whispering to me for a year and more of being his mistress. "She isn't going anywhere any time soon, is she?"

"We're not at base yet, you stupid, effing amateur!" snarled the growler. A soldier, I thought in dismay. Oh gods, did that explain Raja? Had he spilled his guts about me? He said something angrily back to the growler and the trunk lid slammed down on me.

I heard nothing but the car until we drove into some sort of compound where I could hear shouting and rap music and lots of other cars. But when the back opened, I was still blindfolded. I was still dressed and carried as if I was a woman. No-one spoke as I was taken into a building and dumped on a bed, a blanket tossed over me. But my restraints were removed, save for the blindfold. A needle pricked my arm and real blackness overtook me.

I could barely see after I was woken and the blindfold removed. The light from a single old-fashioned light bulb hurt my eyes. A severe looking woman pointed to a bucket in the corner, the toilet roll, and the ice cream pail of scummy water.

"Thank you," I said to her with an attempt at a cheery smile. "It's more than you gave me the last time you renditioned me."

She was startled by that and looked about to speak. The meal on a tin tray was thin soup, stale bread and water to drink.

“Home, sweet, home,” I murmured to the woman watching me. “At least, I don’t have to share with anyone or do any sexual favors for the bread.” I eyed her with a suspicious look. “This isn’t your food, is it, my goddess. I don’t have to lick your penis twice for every spoonful I eat, do I?”

The woman stepped forward and the bowl was fired over my head and against the wall. I wasn’t hungry but I had to think of better insults that would help me keep my sanity if I was going to be interred for seven or eight years again. My ‘creative’ insults hadn’t worked well in Huwara.

But I was going to be beaten and raped anyway and thinking up new ways to belittle my abusers in their own native languages at least made me feel somewhat like a man, even though I soon ceased to look or be treated as one. I don’t know why but the women in this place, wherever it was, were still treating me as one of them. That wouldn’t last long. Whether I was a girl or not, men would soon be checking me out. That’s the way it is in prison.

And yes, we did have man-meat to dine on, all of us girls in Huwara called it that, before we were allowed to eat real food. How was I to know from the start, that starving myself didn’t stop what I had to do, it only made me thinner and more attractive to men who had no other examples of femininity to admire. If I’d remained husky and more mannish, I might not have been raped as often as I was.

But this was America, even though the sessions with Raja, me his woman, learning to love being that for a man, loomed in the back of my mind. Would I have an audience, I shivered, an audience of guards watching me being taken as had often happened to me as I thought about the way I’d been debased in Huwara. But here there were

real women to observe and comment, as Miri and Lanarka had, about what I had to do. I shuddered to think what my female guard would say and do if she got the chance to fondle my tush. Would she want me to be a lesbian for her, came the irrational thought in my fearful mind.

I was in a female prisoner's dress, I gathered, the next time I was awoken. I was in panties and a bra, no tape job. Someone must know what I really was. Just don't let them have figured out who I really am, I prayed, as the woman guard lifted me easily off the bed, wakening me again. I was barefooted as I was frogmarched into the interrogation room past several other locked-up cells. She said nothing about what was beneath my panties or what was filling my bra.

"Here's the girl you wanted," was all she said to the men in the room into which I was flung.

The interrogator behind his metal desk was very familiar. "And how are you being treated, Miss Russell?" asked the General from his side of the table.

"Tolerably," I said to 'Lewis' with a shaking, femmy smile. Oh, I was going to be terrified at some time in this inquisition, I knew, but not yet, not totally. I wondered what Lewis would promise me this time. But then, I desperately hoped, he really doesn't know who I am. He probably will try all his old tricks on me. He won't know that I've been through this with him once before.

Lewis smiled at me and sauntered over to a second entrance to the cell and waved to someone. Raja strode into the cell.

"Hey, baby," he said to me in Arabic. "You and me going to get it on for the man!"

I cowered in fright and both of the men in the cell with me laughed.

"We'll talk in English, Hayley," General Alan Robertson said with a charming smile at me. We might have been on the dock at Dampiers with me in my summery dress and he in an open-necked golf shirt and corduroy pants. "I love that name. Where did you get it from? Oh, and don't say mom and dad, please.

"Your passport number only goes back three months, as does your sister's, but she's not as bright as you, is she? It's no fun torturing the dull ones, you know. They don't tell interesting stories. They don't have anything to hide, as you do, and did so well, Hayley. I wouldn't have believed Raja until he showed me. Made finding out who you were so very easy when I had the right gender, didn't it ... Patrick?

"I should call you Patricia, I suppose," Lewis went on as I felt myself falling into despair as I glanced at the two grinning men, abusing me, in talk only, before, I knew, it was going to be Huwara and Hell all over again. "But Hayley," Lewis tasted the name as if it was fine wine. "That's so classy. Whoever chose it for you must really like you, Hayley. Pity that they can't help you now.

"I promised Raja that he could have both of the girls who got away from him in Monte Carlo. Well, Leanne has satisfied him for the last few days. She's quite the drag queen, isn't she? I don't go for that myself. You trannies don't know how to lie inventively. You string one absurdity onto another until the whole can no longer bear the weight of the slightest, newly invented part."

Why hadn't I seen it before? I was hearing it now. I sat on the chair that I had been assigned to, my blonde hair lank and straight about my head. I know my face was still very feminine, my eyebrows never going to grow back like they were when I was a boy. Lewis went on and on as I realized that the man loved the sound of his own voice. He really thought he was so clever. This man really be-

lieved that Senator Morse was where he was because of him.



“And what happens then?” Lewis was asking. “Why, it all falls down, of course! So, Hayley, do you want to tell me how to get back the money you stole from us. Or, I could have you waterboarded! Do you want me to have you waterboarded first and then you tell me? Or would you prefer to fuck Raja. Oh, I mean would you prefer to have Raja fuck you.”

“Don’t have the balls to do it yourself?” I asked him lightly, thinking that ‘Lewis’ didn’t see the lovely girl whom he’d caressed on the sofa any more. I must really be mannish and unattractive in the ugly, shapeless dress they were forcing me to wear.

“Well, you did make it clear at Dampiers that I didn’t attract you,” said a smiling General. “And your sister was pretty shaken up to see me as well, wasn’t she? That’s what perturbed me, Hayley. I know I would recall a woman as striking as either of your sisters if I had ever seen you before and yet your sister’s reaction was that she knew me.

“But Raja has answered all those questions about Gunther and, when I checked my own, private files for a fair-haired boy of your age, there you were, Patrick. All I wanted to know about you! Now, darling boy, if you don’t want Raja inside you, you have one thing you can do and I’ll let you loose in San Francisco on Drag Queen Street. All you have to do is hand over Louis Charrier’s hoard as well as the money you’ve stolen from us.”

“Want to split it with me?” I asked the General flip-pantly.

Lewis seemed to consider it seriously in just the manner that he had every word that Patrick O’Brien had said to him.

“I can’t,” Lewis said regretfully and really did sound sorrowful. “It’s such an interlocking set of interests that

I'm a part of. If I fail and someone, even Ted Graham, thinks he's overlooked, he can bring us all down with a well-timed revelation to the SEC or Senate Committees or even my bosses. We'd go down like a house of cards, I'm sure you'd agree, as that was what you were intending, wasn't it, Hayley, my darling. My, what a pretty girl you've become and all because of me, I suppose.

"But you can't stop being a woman and just be a man, can you, Rowena, my lovely girlish boy. Being a drag queen makes our crimes seem so normal, doesn't it? On some crusade, are we, for truth and justice, Miss Russell?" he asked, stretching that out as a sneer, chills making me shiver all over, which he smiled pleurably at. "All this nonsense about a computer program. No, we had a traitor in our midst, didn't we? I thought it was Ted but he seems the most upset of us all. That harpie of a wife of his will bury him in the divorce action, you'll see."

I hoped Lewis, I couldn't think of him as anything else, would ramble on for hours but Raja suddenly strode over to the chair I'd been made to sit on. His hands went around my shoulders and he began to stroke me.

"Mmm, nothing to say, Hayley," murmured my interrogator, while my temperature began to rise as he watched Raja fondle me, kiss me. Raja's hand went down my dress and cupped my breast, making me squirm as he caressed my nipples.

"Oh, doesn't that feel good," Lewis whispered as Raja kissed my ears and my face. I shivered but no earrings tinkled. I'd been stripped of all jewellery by the boatman who'd captured me. I felt Raja's hand then on the other side of my neck, stroking me.

"These prison bras are not like that pretty thing you were wearing to seduce young James on the swing, are they?" Lewis asked me. I could sense the tension in him

rising, just as it was in me as Raja reached for my panties and squeezed me. "Such a pretty picture, darling Hayley. Yes, a girl like you should always have a front-opening bra, shouldn't she, Hayley. Why don't you stand now, there's a good girl."

It was Huwara all over again. I was going to be raped. That was a foregone conclusion. Lewis knew all about me. He was going to humiliate me all over again and I'd be lucky to get out of this prison this time, alive. He wouldn't want me escaping again. He leered as he came forward and touched me while Raja just held me for him. I shuddered and clutched at his hands about my breasts as I thought of him not revealing to everyone that Hayley Russell was a man, a man known as Patrick O'Brien. No, I was going to be dead, and that secret should die with me, I hoped.

"How, how do you want the money returned?" I asked the man who pulled the shapeless dress over my head and then put his mouth where Raja's hands had been on my breasts. All that was between me and total nakedness were my panties that he caressed as well as my thighs. I squirmed in Raja's strong, strong grip.

"With interest," murmured the General, opening his pants and pushing me down upon my knees, Raja laughing behind me. Lewis's manhood sprang to life in front of me.

"Quite a thing, isn't it?" sneered General Alan Lewis Robertson. "I never thought I could do this, but it's just like fucking a woman, isn't it? You wouldn't expect a billionaire to do this, would you, Hayley? You'd think that she'd get her sister to do it. Oh, that's right, you already did get your sister to do this to the Senator, didn't you?" He was laughing down at me, my lips a cushion for his erection.

I tried to close my eyes and pretend that I was giving James Briggs a blow job. Oh, I could have done that. I could have imagined that it was Abby, as well endowed as my sister, but Lewis wouldn't let me. I absolutely wouldn't think of Malcolm Johnson and so he was the only one I could think about, think about Mal making love to me.

"Look at me, bitch!" Lewis snarled at me. "And if you think to hurt me in any way, I'll have a regiment lined up to fuck you, every man a convict, a pervert and diseased!"

Oh yes, his character was coming to the fore as I found myself doing what I had had to do in Huwara, Raja's hands playing with my hair and stroking my face as I used my tongue on the General, forced to do him the way that he wanted me to do him.

I'd have had to do it after a beating and so, doing it without that, was a victory for me. I just had to make him come, make him sated with the 'girl' who was having him, make him think that he'd achieved some great victory by having Hayley Russell, this lovely girl by his account, as his sex partner.

I seemed to be the only one who knew that I wasn't a Hayley. I was a Patrick. The only thing that really hurt me was that Lewis might tell the world about me and shame my father. He could have all the money but I mustn't shame the memory of my father, since everything else, the great revenge of the Countess of Monte Cristo, was turned to dust, wasn't it?

"Sir, you can't go in there!" shouted a woman's voice as the door to the interrogation room burst open. Malcolm Johnson bounded into the room while the soldiers in the doorway behind him gawked at the almost naked woman having sex with their General, her head being forced into position by another man.

I couldn't resist it. I bit down hard on what was being stuffed into my mouth. The scream of agony that followed might have been mine as my head was pummelled by Raja and the General. I was flung, bloody mouth and all, breasts bouncing, across the cell. I heard Raja yelling then as I think Mal Johnson pistol-whipped him.

The woman who'd been my guard in the cell, and had been hanging onto Mal's arm as he hauled Raja off me, had the presence of mind to pick up my dress and slip it over my head. Colonel Malcolm Johnson snapped orders at another soldier to get a doctor promptly to the cell to attend to General Robertson.

"Gag and bag that one for transport," Mal ordered the woman, pointing at the Raja. She left me, obeying the armed officer.

"Get her," Mal indicated me to another female soldier who had appeared in the interrogation room, "out to my car, the back seat." The woman hesitated to obey.

"You obey my orders, soldier!" screamed the General from the floor, clutching at his bleeding appendage. "Stick that woman back in her cell, soldier! I'll take care of that bitch!"

"Ignore him," said Malcolm Johnson to the woman who must have been an officer, though I had never seen insignia to suggest rank. "The General is out of his mind. Captain. You will have to take charge of this post and get help for the General. She," he pointed at me, and I quivered as I knew that it wasn't true at all what he was calling me. "She goes with me. I suggest, Captain, that you have a job to do dismantling this illegal facility before it becomes necessary for me to issue a report on the personnel abusing the rights of this young lady here."

The woman stared at Mal Johnson and decided. "Hank, Joe, you heard the Colonel," she snapped. "Gag

and bag that one and get him off this post. I want everything back as regular duty within the hour. Grogan, clear up the mess in this room!"

Mal Johnson put his arm about me and I clung to him like a woman, feeling so marvellously safe as he held me. General Robertson raved on about the bitch who'd attacked him but no-one tried to stop me. In fact, the women both looked at me most sympathetically and whatever was dripping from my chin. Mal hustled me into the back of a car, the men at the front wearing army uniforms, only I knew them. One was Del Clarke.

"Are you hurt?" Del asked me anxiously. "You have blood all over your mouth."

"It isn't her blood," said Colonel Malcolm Johnson grimly as the barriers at this post, wherever it was, went up in swift anticipation of our departure.

In just minutes, I was free completely of the terrible situation I'd been in. I couldn't believe the incredible feeling of lightness as if a huge weight had been lifted from me. "Well," I said nervously to the man beside me, his arm still about my shoulders, trying to comfort me. "You sure took your time about finding me, didn't you? You know what would have happened in just five more minutes in there."

"How long do you think it's been?" asked Mal Johnson as Del turned around in surprise.

"Six, seven days, eight days?" I asked him with a shudder.

"Nearly two," said Del with a big smile. "Told you they'd be popping her off and waking her up, feeding her, making her throw up. Classic interrogation. Did they threaten you with waterboarding? Yeah? All it's good for these days."

“I want us to stop for a while,” said Mal Johnson. “I want you men out of those uniforms, Del. We don’t want to have to explain that. And there’s a suitcase of clothes for you, Hayley, in the trunk of the car. We’ll all get out and you can change as well.”

“We should find a hotel,” I gasped, fright disappearing but the shakes still there. “I need a bath and a hair-dresser. And we’re days from base, aren’t we? I, I have a lot to tell you, Mal.”

“Just thirty miles,” said Del with another grin at Mal Johnson, who scowled at him. “Real pros would go to ground as soon as they could. I bet they drove around that compound a couple of hundred times to make you, Hayley, think that you were being taken out of the state.”

“I did think that,” I said shakily. I saw myself in the side mirror of the car as one security man got out and took up defensive position in the lay-by in which we had stopped. “Ugh! My hair! It looks so ugly!”

“Matches the dress you’re wearing,” said Del with a grin.

I wanted a bath. I needed a bath, scented and with lots of foam and candles and a man at the other end ...No, I didn’t. I just wanted to be clean again. There wasn’t anything erotic about taking a bath now for me. Not now the dream of Abby had soured for me.

Marilyn had sent me two sets of everything. I know that she loved choices but hers were ridiculous, especially the thong panties that she loved to wear. Of course, when I lifted up the soft lingerie, there was a wide roll of tape and a pair of scissors, her way of telling me that if she had to use it, I did as well. It hadn’t saved me from the General, had it? But I was careful and re-taped myself tightly, snugly, and put on the thong panties.

I decided on a loose skirt and conservative top. I didn't spend time in the car on makeup but on brushing out my hair. That woman captain must have had fun when they knocked me out pouring all kinds of gunk and dirt into my hair to convince me that the days were going by. It was going to take more than brushing to restore my female, magnificent, blonde hair. I hated its lack of bounce and lack of movement each time I turned my head.

The guys came back in as I shivered in my pleated skirt, thinking how used I was to all of this, the feminine underwear, and the way I styled myself so that others would see me as a girl. I glanced at Mal, he being the only one, I hoped, who knew that I was a guy like all of the other men in the car. Oh gods, I had to tell him what Lewis knew and what he would be telling the world.

Mal didn't put his arm round me. In fact, he sat rather stiffly beside me as if he knew about the firestorm that was going to consume me. Yes, I thought miserably. He'd satisfied his curiosity about me in his hotel room. I didn't need to tease him any more. It wouldn't do any good.

"How, how did you find me?" I had to ask, though I sounded so timid. "I, I thought that I was being prepped for rendition ..." Del looked over at Mal and shrugged at him as if to say it was his story to tell but Mal just looked furious and stared ahead of us in the back seat. "It was Raja who grabbed me," I whispered to him.

"Rendition's a very bad word about the military establishment now," said Del from the front seat, seeming very pleased with the way things had turned out. He'd removed the uniform and was back in his dark suit, like his partner.

"Your sister saw some men in camouflage moving up on your cabin from the bathroom," said Del finally in answer to my repeated question in how I'd been found.

“Marilyn did what we’ve been telling each of you to do when you’re out of our immediate eyesight. She pressed the panic button on the phone she’d taken with her.”

Mine had been on the table right in front of me. I hadn’t thought of it at all as I’d been grabbed so quickly.

“You killed a soldier who was only doing what he was told to do,” Malcolm Johnson said angrily to Del. He looked so very military in the uniform he’d chosen to wear. He didn’t normally but it hadn’t seemed out of place where we were.

“He ought to know the difference between legal and illegal orders,” said Del in the same clipped tone. “Abducting women from a cabin by a lake isn’t a normal order to be given to any soldier or policeman.”

Del told me how Marilyn had actually been grabbed but the team he had there at Abby’s estate had responded expertly. They’d had actually taken down several of the raiders who’d tried to kidnap Marilyn as well as me. She’d screamed at the top of her voice, her girlish tones, Del said, the way he said that making me feel quite uncomfortable, her girlish voice causing the men to move faster and with greater determination than he, Del, had believed possible. The one who’d grabbed Marilyn and tried to use her as a shield had been the one killed as Marilyn had seen the mark of the laser sniper rifle on him. She’d dropped from his arms and the would-be captor had been taken out.

“It’s going to be very tough to explain away,” said Mal Johnson in a clipped voice. “There’s a whole raft of people who were at Dampiers, not just guests, but cooks, boatmen, fishermen, nannies. Someone is going to want to tell the press what they saw and heard. Some people will want to make money.”

"I don't want to be on television all day long and in every newspaper in the world," I gasped, pulling up my legs and having to cross them as I felt so silly and masculine if I didn't. And it wasn't my kidnapping that I was afraid of.

"It's going to be a standard kidnapping," said Del, staring at Mal. "Can't be anything else. Rich businesswoman as a target of kidnapers. Stand to reason that she had armed bodyguards. Now she'll have more."

"Got to bring the police in on it," said Mal with a frown, thinking hard. "Somebody called them and they won't take the argument that it's a national security concern. Neither we nor they can stonewall the media for much longer."

"But how did I get free?" I asked.

"I thought it was Malcolm here who'd grabbed you," said Del with a sigh. "Boy, was I hot when I called him. But it didn't take him ten seconds to convince me that it wasn't him."

Later, Del would tell me that Mal was like a man berserk as he raced over to Dampiers and challenged the soldiers who were stunned at being overcome by my armed security. Mal had gone into the data banks and had pulled up records on the soldiers. He'd found the base they'd come from but it had taken him a day to find out where their orders had originated. Then, it had been a territorial war, Mal not wanting to give away too many military secrets, or talk about me, and Del not wanting to give away ours, the business stuff.

"I think that you are going to have to do something about that guy, Miss Hayley Madonna Russell," Del had said to me, later, in a quiet moment. I knew, by the way he was looking at me, that he'd wanted to call me something else. "That man in my opinion has the hots for one

little blonde lady of my acquaintance. The way he blasted his way through any and all roadblocks to get to where you were was pretty impressive and way above the call of duty."

I wished that he could have said all that to me as we sped along in the car. I might have been nicer to Mal Johnson.

"Well, we got there in time, at least," Del did say cheerfully as we sped in the car towards our secure country estate.

"No, we didn't," muttered Mal to no-one in particular.

Oh, that was it, I thought with a shiver. He'd seen me committing a sex act upon another man. Mal knew that my secret was out. And someone also knew of that glorious little time we'd had at the Artists' Ball. I shivered and my skirt did as well as I thought in distress what Mal must have seen me do with Raja holding me. And Del and Garvey, they must have worked it out as well. Oh gosh, my sister! Oh no, she hadn't been there! Another lie from the interrogator!

I so badly wanted to explain to Mal that I was in prison again, for days, I believed, and I was just trying to survive. I wondered if a man like Mal Johnson would ever have survived in Hell as I had had to do.

"Th-Thank you," I whispered to him when Del looked away for a moment. "Thank you for being my knight in shining armor."

"Think nothing of it," said Mal, giving me a derisive smile, thinking I wasn't being serious, I'm sure, but I was. I wasn't trying to be all silly and girlish but I shouldn't have said that about his being a knight. He knew that I wasn't a maiden, for sure. "Well, this is where I get out."

Another car was awaiting Mal on the side of the road. I half expected that Mal would at least kiss me and wish me well in the future but he didn't. He didn't even look back at the car where my emotions had me in turmoil. Yes, his curiosity about me had been satisfied, that was clear. I had to start to think just like him. It was done and it was over. I should be what I was meant to be, a man, again.

Marilyn, beautiful, feminine, and swishing in the lovely summer dress she was wearing, greeted me with rapturous hugging and kissing. "It was that horrible Senator who did it, wasn't it?" she asked me, the scent of lilacs and flowers in my nose for the first time in an age. "I think that the next time I'm in bed with him that I'm going to carry a very sharp knife!"

"Now, Marilyn," said Del with a smile, actually putting an affectionate arm about her. "You're not ever going to have to see that man again, never mind be in his bed. Your sister will find you a much nicer boy friend than him. That aide of his, for example. I'm sure he's in love with you!"

Marilyn really blushed then as she never did. "You think ..." she asked, looking at me. "Would, would you mind if, if I called him?"

"He's been fired, already," said Del to me. "Should be okay."

"Go ahead," I said to her and, with a brilliant smile, Marilyn darted off to her room to make a private call, as she said.

Garvey stared at me as I went into his office to thank him, bringing Del in as well.

"I, I have something terrible that I have to tell you both," I said to them and they both stared at me, the slightest of smiles on their faces. "They, they had Raja

where they were holding me. He was in Huwara with, with Marilyn and me."

I couldn't believe it when both of the men were nodding.

"We have worked that out, Patrick," said Garvey with a wide smile at the stricken way I must be looking at them. "But we won't ever use that name again, Hayley ..."

"But you must," I said to him, shaking with fear and shame. "This, this was all a d-disguise so I could get m-my r-revenge." They were both smiling then, the smiles telling me that they'd probably know about me all along. "I'm going to change back ..." I tried to assure them in a faltering, but still very femmy voice.

"Look, we don't care if you do or don't change your sex," said Garvey and Del nodded as well. "And we're not saying this just to have you keep employing us, Hayley. And you are Hayley, you know. You make one beautiful girl, Patrick, and I want to go on calling you that. Seeing you as you are now made this whole operation fun for us in our old age. It's nice to see the chauvinist pigs take it on the chin from a cute, pretty girl, even if that pretty girl we knew from the start was our Patrick. No, Hayley, that's your name now. Whatever happens, Del and me will be right here for you."

I couldn't say a word. I just stood there, numb to all emotion, as I looked fearfully from one to another.

Garvey stood up then and, astonishingly, wanted to hug me as if I was a girl. Then, Del didn't want to be left out. I was hugged and kissed as if I was a girl by men who'd known me as a little boy.

"I have to tell you," I said, knowing that tears were welling up in my eyes with all the emotion that I was feeling.

"It must have been really hard to tell us," said Del sympathetically. "You girls must have really suffered in that prison. But it wasn't all bad, was it? Marilyn says that Danton, the guy with the money, was really in love with you."

That caused more tears. They knew all about her, as well as me. It was worse as I wanted to tell them that I wasn't going to be a girl any more. I was going to come back to being a boy again.

"You do need to clean up," said Garvey. "Don't you worry none about nothing else for a while, Hayley. Mal's doing noble work on your behalf with his bosses. They've got that General Robertson locked up in a hole, and your friend who was bagged and gagged is on his way to Bagram. Now, you just go and clean up. Make yourself pretty. We want to see you like that again!"

———*This wasn't in the book*———

I couldn't get clean enough. I took baths twice a day and had hairdressers and beauticians in to make me Hayley Madonna Russell at her peak.

I was out of the revenge business or so I thought. I'd made presents from all the money I had acquired to everyone I knew. So, I was buying some of them off, like the retired General, who was retired on a medical disability. Ted and Abby faced financial disaster and I rescued them, giving each of them ten millions. I didn't want to know what they would do with it.

Garvey and Del deserved fifty millions and wouldn't take more though I couldn't spend all the money I had. I did find that Raja finally had been sent to Lanarka and some of the other girls in a new institution she has set up in a city that neither grinning millionaire would tell me about. I had funded it. So I was the madam of a strange

brothel, I imagined. To all of the girls who had been with me in Hell, I also sent millions.

I only learned long after I was married that the Rane, once the Raja, was a prized girl in Lanarka's new club in Bangkok, Rane's picture there on the front cover along with the link to a video where she showed how a woman like her, a ladyboy, could make love to the hugely hung Count in the video with her. So, I guess, I didn't entirely leave the revenge business, did I? Still, it couldn't have happened to a nicer, more deserving girl, Garvey told me with a laugh, when I found out what he and Del had done. Yes, I had a lot of help in the revenge business, I found out.

Del wouldn't let me go out. The story about me as I recovered from the kidnapping was all about a botched attempt which my security force had foiled. It was Raja's male picture that appeared as the man who had led the attack on me. He'd fled the country and was being held in India, so the story went. With a name like Devi Patel, where else could he have come from? Should have picked a less obvious alias, Raja, I had thought grimly.

Pity about the Senator, wasn't it, losing his re-election bid and having to declare bankruptcy. Since he didn't know that I was anyone else but Hayley Russell, I didn't have to do anything for him when the subject came up later on. Del and Garvey would have been really mad at me if I did anything for John Morse, after all the revelations about one of his companies supplying arms to Ali which were probably used against Americans.

I had Garvey do a special search for me, as the days went by and I was so isolated from the rest of the world. I talked on the phone cautiously to a couple of film producers about money I wanted to invest in movies in which my sister appeared. I didn't care how small her part was, I let it be known. I wanted a proper, classy production. I

wanted my sister to be admired for what she really was, a very good actress.

She came and sat on my bed after James had been sent off to the shooting range as he nervously agreed that he should be able to protect Marilyn if anyone tried to abduct her again.

"I'm ready," Marilyn said shakily to me.

I didn't understand her at first.

"I'm ready to be a woman full time," said Marilyn, flushing. "I want my outie to become an innie. I want to feel James inside me, in my vagina, and not just in my tush."

"Oh, Marilyn!" I exclaimed as I jumped out of bed in my babydolls and had to hug her, our breasts bouncing off each other's. Oh, how we cried, how we hugged, just as if we were real girls and my sister had just told me that she was going to get engaged.

"Does, does James know?" I finally asked her and Marilyn nodded fearfully.

"He, he says that it's me he loves, not, not, you know what," she said with a blush. "He wants to pay for my operation and be there with me through it all. Isn't that so sweet? I think I really do love him. I really do. But you know me and men. I'm always in love with the last guy who's been sticking it in me, aren't I?"

"It's a big step," I said to her wondering if Marilyn was making her decision for the right reasons and hoping she would never regret it.

"I'll tell you all about it in detail," my sister said to me with a salacious grin, "before you follow in my footsteps, as you will when you meet the right guy." I had to laugh at her about that. No, some time now, I really did have to investigate properly how I could become me again, not

this stylish, beautifully dressed, glamorous Hayley girl whom everyone presumed that I would always want to be. "What did you want to talk to me about?"

"A movie about gangsters and showgirls," I said to her as her lovely, lipsticked mouth made a perfect pink letter 'O'. "You have to dance, high kick, I've seen you doing them, and do a love scene with one of the male leads. And the production will wait for you to have your change. I'm the finance for the movie, after all. Though you could do it yourself with what I've put into an account for you."

We had more squeals and hugs as my sister had to weep all over me. Then, James Briggs came up and greeted her, blushing at me as the two kissed so passionately before they had to dash off to his room. I didn't mind as Marilyn had so much to tell him that he would love to hear about her.

I couldn't go back to bed and so I did what I had done for quite some time and took a bath. Oh, it was so pleasant to be in such scented water, my hair resting on a dry pillow, bubbles all around me, the aromatic candles and Sinatra on the CD Player.

I was more than half asleep when something touched my legs under the water and I shot up immediately, exposing my breasts to Mal Johnson's smiling eyes. "Where ... Where did you come from?" was all the originality that went through my mind as he lowered the rest of his naked body into the water with me, crowding me terribly.

"You do know that you were muttering aloud in the car when we rescued you," said Mal. "You wanted a man in the bath with you, and then you didn't, Hayley. So which is it?" I felt his legs squeezing mine. "Do I stay or do I go?"

Sanity returned a little. "You can stay," I said haughtily, but I couldn't keep it up. I had to blush as Mal smiled so nicely at me then.

He blew out the candles and lifted me out of the bath. Even though I clutched the long bath towel around me, I was so small and thin next to his sinewy, male body. I really didn't look like the same sex as him at all. "Gar and Del won't like this," I murmured to him. He carried me, he being all male and powerful, to my bed, to our bed.

"They won't like it," Mal murmured as he kissed me lightly, my arms around his neck, my head wrapped in a towel. He ended with the old joke, "but they're not going to get it."

"And I am," I asked fearfully, a wonderful feeling of womanly anticipation rushing through me. He nodded and kissed my bare lips so gently that my whole body sparked as if I was connected to an electric generator.

"Actually," said Mal and I found out it was true later, "Del and Garvey totally approve of me. I'm here because they think it's time for you to have the right man in your life, my darling Hayley."

I called him a liar, but no-one came to my rescue when I called. I was without clothing, in my towel, as Mal carried me, as if I was a woman, to my bedroom. Mal laid me on the open bed and took my towel away. I wriggled, naked, under the sheets, and he slid in beside me, as naked as I was, his body pressed right against me.

"So how's the revenge business going, Countess?" my lover asked me as his fingers traced gently over the very aroused, female parts of my body. Oh, I wanted him so much. I wanted to be his woman and I hoped that Del and Garvey approved of that. Because that was what I was going to be in a very short time. Luckily, they did. They told

me I was a woman and deserved the best man that they could find for me.

"I've given it up," I murmured to him as his lips descended on mine. I began to quiver all over as his leg went between my thighs, levering his body, so rampantly male, over mine, so soft, rounded and feminine.

"I've been reading that book, *The Count of Monte Cristo*," murmured Mal, between kisses that made my heart rate jump a thousand times.

"I don't care," I gasped as he dried my hair and tossed my towel away, the thick mane of blonde hair cascading everywhere about us. I needed to braid it but Mal was ready to have me as a woman and I couldn't do anything then but kiss him and wiggle for him. Oh, it felt so amazingly right that he should be doing what he was to me.

I couldn't be living in any novel, I wanted to tell him. There wasn't any scene like this one in *The Count of Monte Cristo*, I wanted to tell my lover, but I couldn't as I was full of him and frantically holding him to me as we made love as man and woman.

Oh yes, I was his woman as he stroked the strange appendage I had, making me so deliriously pleased just as he, my Count if I was a Countess, proved that that was what we were. He was so active all over me and I loved it, my legs wrapped about him, bouncing with him as he didn't stop having me, not even after I spasmed and convulsed in one orgasm beneath him.

"Countesses have multiple orgasms," my lover whispered to me and he proved it on my body.

When we finally slowed and I lay under him, so sticky and sore, but not wanting to complain as I felt so wonderfully feminine. No-one had ever made me feel as I did then as he suckled my breasts and stroked my hair that got in the way of his mouth.

"How do you think the story ended?" asked Mal as I clenched my legs about him again as he slid his manhood into position to make me his woman again.

"The Count gets his woman, doesn't he?" I said, kissing him fervently which he returned with interest.

"Ah but which woman?" asked Mal. We couldn't talk any more then as I was pleased into seventh heaven having yet another orgasm as my lover whispered the most wonderful thing to me.

"I love you, Hayley," Mal whispered to me as I was rocking and jiggling against his body, helping him to caress my legs with his gentle hands, my tush wiggling in motions I didn't know that a woman could do to please a man.

"I love you, too, Malcolm," I shrieked as he emptied himself into me so wonderfully. I moaned as I went into Heaven, so far from that other place that I had always associated with what I was doing. But I was a woman in love, I exulted, I was another man's Countess and that was perfectly all right.

So the Count, in the original, doesn't get back with the girl who married another in the novel. They're friends but he marries the girl he bought as a slave. Her name was Haydee, pronounced Hayday in French.

"Oh," I gasped, as I finished the story several days later. "Hayley, Haydee," I said to the man who had made me wear his ring and was telling everyone that they must come to our wedding at Christmas when my sister would be able to walk again and would be my bridesmaid.

"You knew, before we ever left Paris," I accused him and he laughed, nodding his head, as I threw the 1400 page book at him. "That's why I have this ridiculous name!" I pouted. "I'm Hayley because that's the closest you could get to having a slave girl, isn't that it?"

"First, it isn't a ridiculous name," said Malcolm, he tracking me and catching his prey in the study as there really wasn't anywhere that I could get away from him and his terrible urges.

Mal said it was because I always wore such sexy dresses and feminine lingerie that he just had to see; and there were my wonderful perfumes, and my hair, my legs, my breasts, my tush, even my sexy, little clit, all so femmy and girlish that I was the one who turned him on. And the worst of all, didn't I love him any more, said in such a plaintive little boy voice, that I had to prove it to him every time that he saw me as the adorable woman that I was.

"Second, I love a girl named Hayley and I always will," Malcolm went on, squeezing my waist as my dress wiggled as he lifted it. He loved stroking my thighs when I was wearing a frilly garter belt, and I was always wearing a frilly garter belt. Well, a girl has to be ready for any occasion, doesn't she?

"Third," went on my lover as his fiancée put her arms about his neck and lifted her freshly painted lips to his for his so wonderful kisses.

"Your slave girl loves you," I whispered, meaning it completely as I felt his fingers removing his slave girl's panties.

"Third," said Mal, a glorious time later. "Did I mention that I love you, Hayley? In just two months, you are going to be my bride and I will love you every night and day, whenever I want!"

"But you do that already!" I protested as I slipped my panties back into place for the next time that he was aroused.

"Ah, but then you will be Mrs Hayley Johnson, my Countess," said Mal smugly.

“You should write a book,” I whispered to him, as a shiver went through me. It wasn’t the title that I had come back to America to take on. But no-one else seemed to think that it was wrong for me to be marrying Malcolm Johnson. Oh yes, for him, I gave up any thought of being anything else but his Countess.

Poor Malcolm Johnson, ex-Colonel, and one of the richest men in the world, he says, since he married my fortune, which he’ll never let me put into his name. When people ask him about his memoirs, his eyes gleam as he looks at me. He always says that with a wife like me, he would never have time to write a book, not one that anyone, anyway, would ever believe.

— — *end of the Countess of Monte Cristo* — — —