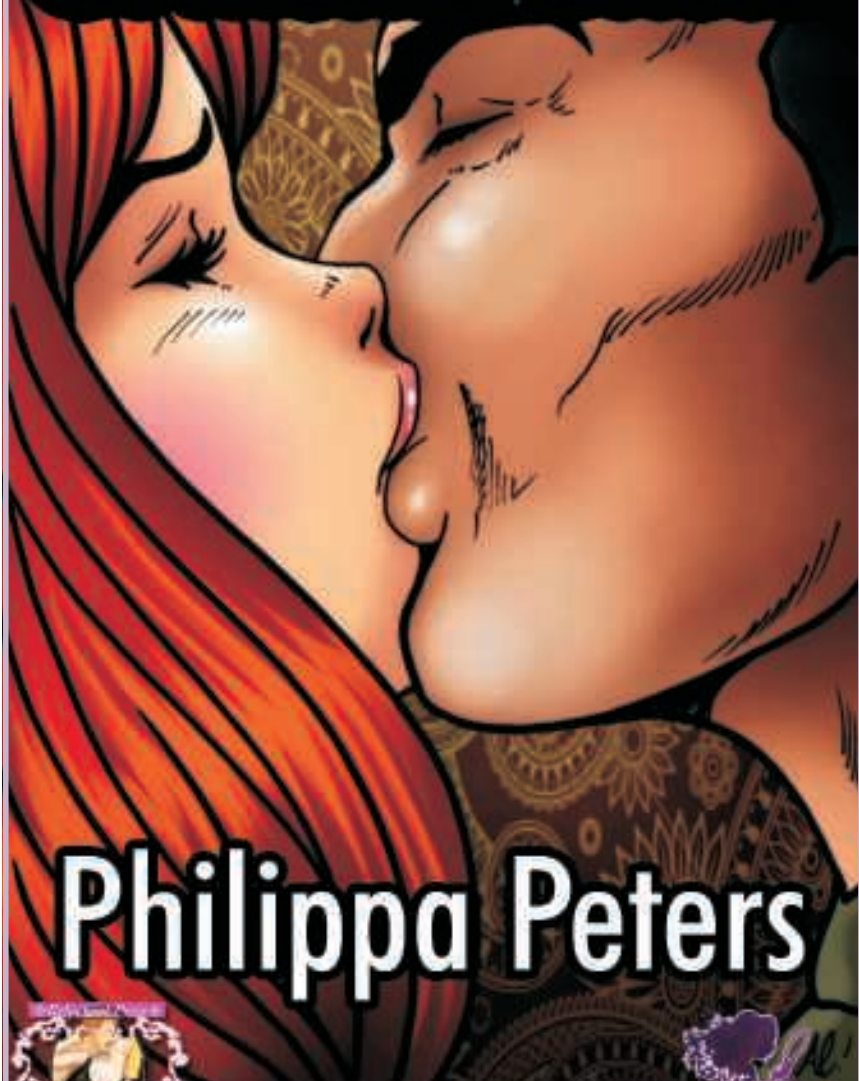


The Countess Of Monte Cristo



Philippa Peters



An "Adult Tv" Novel



Mags, Inc/Reluctant Press TG Publishers

This story is a work of fiction; any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

For more, visit reluctantpress.com or magsinc.com.

Protect Professional Fiction on the Internet

We need *your* help! We spend several hundred dollars to edit, illustrate and typeset *each story*. It is important, therefore, that everyone works to help keep professional fiction alive on the Net.

The civil penalties for copyright infringement can be severe, including substantial monetary damages, injunctive relief, and liability for attorneys' fees incurred in prosecuting a case. In addition, criminal penalties may be imposed if someone willfully infringes a copyrighted work for commercial advantage or private financial gain.

Mostly, though, we just want to be able to keep offering this service to our authors and our readers.

Report stolen books by using the contact form at reluctantpress.com or call us at 800-359-2116

Thank you.

THE COUNTESS OF MONTE CRISTO

By Philippa Peters

——-*Betrayed*——-

“Enemy combatants don’t get trials,” smirked the guard I’d appealed to. By the expression on his and his friends’ faces, there was only one thing left for me to do. I raced for the side of the boat and would have hurled myself over into the water, despite the fact that my hands were manacled behind me.

A gun fired and I was hurled sideways by the force of the blow from the bullet as it hit me. The pain in my

shoulder was nothing compared to the pain in my heart as I thought about what the interrogator, Lewis, had told me. He'd lied to me! I wasn't going back to the woman I loved! What was happening to me, rendition, I'd only heard talked about on television. I wasn't getting a day in court; I wasn't going to be able to explain that they had it all wrong; I wasn't going to see Abby ever again. I might as well take my chances in the water no matter how I was manacled.

"It was only a rubber bullet," said the second guard, leaning over me. "Told you he'd run for it, didn't I? Guilty as charged."

"No," I whimpered and a powerful fist connected with my jaw. I saw stars and blackness before I swam up to the light, thinking that I was in the peaceful ocean at last.

"Gag and bag this one," said the guard who'd fired at me to his companion. "Had enough of listening to crap from goddamned traitors!"

"I'm not ..." I screamed. And that was when I was gagged, my legs were tied together and I was hauled into Hell.

——-The First Level——-

"You've been everywhere in the Middle East, Mr O'Brien," said the interrogator, looking at all the stampings on my passport.

"It's my business!" I exclaimed. Well, it was my father's really but I was trying to prove that I was worthy of taking over from him. "You must have heard of him," I said eagerly to the guy who talked American like me. He was probably CIA which was why he was interested in my travels. "He used to supply you guys in Pakistan and Afghanistan. OBN Overseas! That was him!"

“O’Brien? OBN?” asked Lewis, the interrogator, in genuine surprise, or so I thought. “That was your father?”

“That’s why I have so many letters of introduction to leaders and merchants all over the Middle East,” I explained in a rush. “Dad knew everyone. He made me learn all the Arabic languages, and Farsi, Urdu, Punjabi, Afghan dialects, Tadjik, Uzbek ...”

“So you could sell guns to anyone,” said Lewis with a smile.

I gaped at him. “No!” I gasped. “You’ve got my order book, haven’t you? It was in my briefcase.” I had built up an inventory of goods from all over the Middle East, being stored even as I spoke, awaiting my commands to send them to the depots I’d set up across Europe and America.

I had orders, too, for Western goods in return. With just the slim service charges that OBN, that was me now, would put on all the orders, both ways, I figured that I would be a millionaire in two years if I could keep the trade going. I’d be much more than that, much more, in ten years’ time.

“Yes, we’ve read that,” Lewis said with a smile but, later, as I worked it out, I don’t think he had my books at that time at all. “Now, this letter you have from the man in Karachi to the man in Washington?” Lewis asked me. “Where is that one?”

“How, how did you know ...?” I gasped. “It, it was just a letter of friendship!” hadn’t wanted to accept it when Ali came up to me in the airport lounge. On the airplane to Beirut, after I’d confided in him, Ted Graham said I should tear it up. It would only get me in trouble. How prophetic his words had been.

“Friendship?” asked Lewis, smiling at me. “Then you read the letters you carried from one Arab leader to others?”

“This was the only one!” I gasped. “And I thought that Senator Morse wouldn’t mind”

“Senator Morse?” Lewis interrupted me, his mouth remaining open in astonishment as I used the name of someone I didn’t know, save by reputation.

“It’s inside my order book,” I said. “When I get to Washington, I was going to send it on to the Senator. His name was on the envelope!”

“A letter from a Taliban leader to an American Senator?” asked Lewis, staring at me as if I was a gullible fool, as I was to learn, in anguish and pain, that I was.

“Ali, he’s on our side,” I stammered in surprise to Lewis. “He was educated at Penn State. Ali just wanted me to convey his respect to an old friend in the American government, as he called the Senator. He, he let me read it. It was just a reminiscence of the great times the two of them had, fighting the Russians.”

“That was all?” asked Lewis, seeming quite relieved.

“Yes,” I said. “Just the usual things, wishing the Senator well and thanking him for the gift for his daughter’s wedding.”

Lewis was very still. “His daughter’s wedding?” he asked.

“Sohara,” I said, even managing a smile. “I asked Ali how long she’d been married.”

“And he said ...” asked Lewis tautly.

“It was all in the letter,” I babbled at him. “Earlier this year. Ali doesn’t like his new relatives and is thinking of breaking the marriage. He hoped the Senator liked his fu-

ture in-laws when his daughter was married. He wished he could be there to see her all dressed in white! He would think of her on her special day, things like that. His gift to her was what the Senator had always wanted and was being sent to Dubai to be shipped to America, or anywhere else if the Senator thought that was best."

Lewis stared at me. "You got this letter in August and it's now October and you haven't delivered it?" he asked me, his eyebrows going up incredulously.

"I, I got delayed," I had to tell him in a rush. "My b-business, travel is upset everywhere."

"And you're supposed to be back in New York to be married yourself?" asked Lewis with a smile.

"Yes," I said hesitantly.

"Well, we can arrange that," said Lewis with another friendly smile at me. "Let me just make a note to your guards. You'll have to be held for a little while longer, but, be calm about the way the guards treat you. They want to keep this place secure; but I promise you, Patrick O'Brien, that we'll have you back to see your bride in absolutely no time at all!"

——-In the deepest levels of Hell——-

"Put her in here with me!" babbled some old, slobbery guy as I was frogmarched through the bowels of Hell.

"I'll treat her right!" yelled another from behind different bars, grabbing his crotch.

The guards laughed at the terror on my face as I wrestled with them. "So, Patrick," sneered the man who had gagged me. "Who do you fancy? They all fancy you, a brand new piece of peckerwood to play with."

"P-Perverts!" I screamed at him as I was dragged deeper into Huwara, a prison from which there is no escape, the Turkish-speaking guards had told me.

"Give him to Lanarka," said a new guard coming out of the gloom to speak to the guard who had almost let me fling myself to my death off the boat. "She'll end up there anyway and Lanarka knows how to treat new additions to the harem."

"I want to talk to the interrogator!" I pleaded and all the guards laughed.

"Busy," laughed the first guard, "with real traitors."

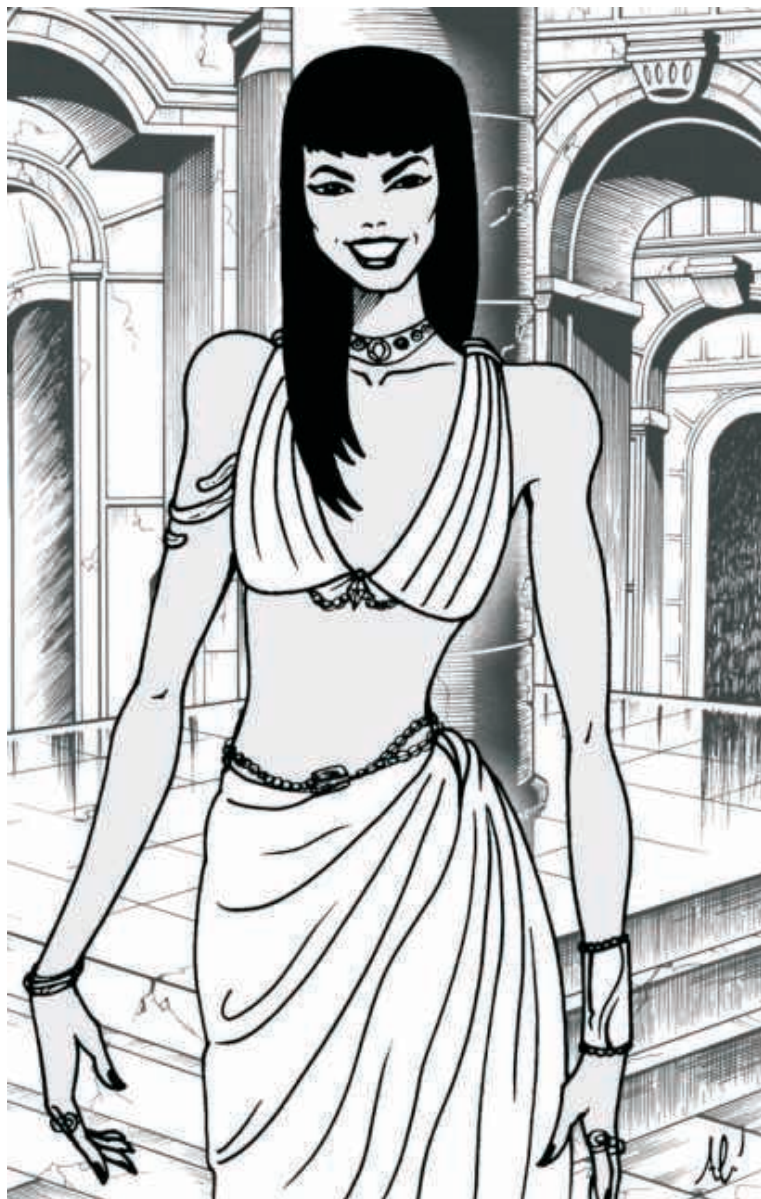
That was when I realized in terror that it didn't matter what I had to say. They didn't even care if I was guilty or not. Lewis had told me he'd believed me, that the letter I'd carried would convince his superiors. I was fluent in several Middle Eastern languages and dialects and did favors all the time for my father's customers, just as Papa had. Was there something cryptic in the letter that I hadn't seen? I wasn't a gunrunner as my guards said to each other that I was. I didn't sell guns to the enemies of America! That was all a lie! I didn't sell such things to terrorists. I don't know who'd told my captors that I had. I hadn't.

I didn't believe that there could be women down in the depths of Huwara. Two heavily painted raven-haired women arched their backs and pouted at us, over smooth-skinned shoulders, as the guards brought me at last to an iron grill. It closed off the passage, making a long room ahead of us. A line of dark-haired women in glittering dresses and gleaming makeup got up and strutted in front of the grilled doorway as the guards drooled.

"Lanarka!" yelled one of the guards huskily to the group. A tall woman, in a white dress, jewellery glittering everywhere, from her hair to her ankles, swayed to the

front of the cell as the first two women smiled, pouted and moved off.

“One more for you,” sneered one of the guards, reaching in his pocket for keys. “Just lose this one.”



“Only if you come and pay me a special visit,” said the woman named Lanarka in a most masculine voice, though she did seem to be trying to be sultry and sexy. ‘Her’ voice jarred me to my core. I couldn’t help staring at her madeup, woman’s face in shock at the way she sounded.

The guard smiled as he opened the gate and Lanarka flowed out, her walk willowy and tantalizing. “Now, now,” said the bigger guard, as she floated into his arms and kissed his neck as he hung on to her. “The yard,” he added as she caressed his blocky uniformed body with hers, “is extended for an extra hour for the next week. You should make a nice reward from that.”

“Oh, but sugar,” drawled Lanarka and suddenly, shockingly, I saw an Adam’s apple bobbing in ‘her’ throat. Gods! She was a man! A man who looked like a sexy woman in a form-fitting dress. She even had breasts! “It’s you I really want, a big, handsome man like you. I want you inside me all night. I’ll do anything you want, baby.”

The shorter guard was laughing at the first. “Okay, Earl,” he said in English, though he had only spoken Turkish until then. He unlocked my manacled hands and shoved me through the opened bars. “The last cell we passed is open and unused. You got a date for mid-shift!”

“Perfect,” purred the heavily madeup woman in a bass rumble. “I’ll be looking forward to it.”

The grill was locked and I stood there, stunned at the women smiling so knowingly all about me. I rubbed at my wrists where the handcuffs had marked me. I stared disbelievingly at Lanarka. “You’re a man!” I exclaimed to ‘her’.

“Down here,” rumbled Lanarka, sashaying away from me towards the line of smiling girls. Her long, red finger-

nail was gesturing for me to follow her, "we were! Now we're women, as is everyone who is assigned to this beautiful boudoir."

I almost threw up on the spot as the slim, busty, shapely 'women' smiled at me, one giggling like a little girl. "You're one of us now," she said in her high-pitched, girlish voice.

——*The seventh level of Hell*——

It didn't take a day and I was dressed just like the other glittering creatures in the special cells that I was forced into. I lost my shirt, my pants, my underpants and vest. I lost my socks and my shoes, even my handkerchief. I gained frilled panties, a bra, a corset, stockings and garter belts, dresses and glass, tinkling jewellery. I had to wear a wig and makeup, tons of makeup, every day.

From that day forward, and every day I spent in Huwara, I was dressed in women's clothing. And every day, I was someone's girlie pet. Miri and Buna were assigned to take me over and make me like them, a pervert. I screamed and fought until Lanarka brought in a loaded syringe and the 'girls' laughingly held me down, held my arm straight and Lanarka injected me with something that made me blessedly pass out.

"Is she available?" someone asked as I swam to consciousness. A cold compress woke me and I tried to sit up but I was constricted all over. I tried to move but my limbs were all firmly held. Worse, as I tried to move, I felt and heard the swishing of some soft and silky material.

"If you want a fight," said another man's voice from behind my head. I twisted and something at my ears moved with me. Something cold and metallic seemed to pull across my collarbone. Earrings! I gasped inside as I twisted enough to look up at Miri, who was smiling down at me.

"Is our little girl awake now?" asked Miri in lisping French. "Don't try to move, Rowena. Don't tug on your bindings." She moved and her scented skirts drifted right over my face. I looked up, shuddering, at a woman's stockings, garter belt and panties on smooth, shapely women's legs.

"Come and do that to me, Miri," called the first man's voice I'd heard. He was speaking in Arabic, a Saudi, I thought.

Miri swirled her skirts and laughingly went away from me. "Lower the end of the bed frame so that she can see us," Miri lisped in Arabic.

I'd made jokes about gays in a voice just like that. I rose a little and looked at a well-muscled man in rags, holding onto Miri about the waist as he changed the angle at which I was being pinned to a mattress and bed frame.

"She's a pretty one now," said the man as the silky coverings shivered all over me. I had the impression of long hair falling about my neck and ears and earrings moving again as I felt as if I couldn't fall. I was like a fly pinned to a specimen chart in science class.

"You say that to all of us girls," lisped Miri, lifting the man's head and kissing him on the lips ardently. Only when she had to come up for breath, her lipstick covering the man's lower face did Miri's Adam's apple bobble as well. I screamed in horror as loudly as I could. I would never let a man treat me as she was being treated. I would never enjoy it as she obviously did.

"What's the matter with her?" asked the big man, opening Miri's dress and exposing her womanly breasts.

"I don't think that she wants to be one of us," said Miri, giving a very masculine laugh.

A nasty smile crossed the muscular man's face. "I'll teach her to love being a travesti," the man said with a leer at me that made my skin crawl.

"Oh, Jofty!" simpered Miri, in her close imitation of a woman's drawl. "I'm sure that you would. If you could afford her. You know that Lanarka will be charging top money for the newest girl, once we've tamed her so that she doesn't scratch or bite you."

"Knock out her teeth. Cut her fingernails," said Jofty, moving his head to Miri's breasts, kissing her with abandonment as 'she' squealed girlishly and hugged him to her. I had to watch then as Jofty's rags disappeared and a huge, rampant male member appeared that Miri stroked with apparent pleasure before sinking to her knees and caressing it first between her breasts before taking it into her mouth.

I shut my eyes as they both groaned. Miri committed the unnatural act on Jofty at the end of my bed. I felt a sudden pain in my foot then as Jofty pinched me. "Watch and see how it's done, Rowena," he said to me as he eased a trembling Miri's dress to the floor. Miri's panties followed and then the firm tape that disguised her sex.

I suppose I shouldn't say 'her' any more as the exposure revealed Miri as a man and told me, in undisguised panic, just what must have been done between the tightly bound parts between my legs as well.

"Oh, oh," gasped Miri as Jofty turned her and her rounded tush was soon gyrating on Jofty's so aroused male member. The 'oh' became 'oooo, that's so-o-o good' as Jofty's huge penis was buried into the opening provided. She wriggled to lean her head back and rapturously kiss the man who was pervertedly assaulting her. One of his hands snaked about her and took hold of her penis. She touched and caressed that hand but didn't re-

move it as she closed her eyes, jiggling her breasts, gods, she had real, womanly breasts, bouncing as women's breasts do, and her own hands met Jofty's meeting to fondle and arouse her until ...

"Baby, I'm coming," whispered Miri shakily. Jofty immediately began to grunt. He threw Miri against the gatepost of the cell I'd been lying in and the two began to gasp furiously as I saw Miri spurt. I gathered by her squealing and her endearments to Jofty not to stop, never to stop, as her tush gyrated wildly, that she loved a man treating her as he did.

Jofty finally withdrew and Miri turned to him. The two kissed and kissed, their manhoods flickering together, Jofty finally holding on to each and making them each manly hard again as Miri giggled as if she was enjoying what a manly man was doing to a feminine man.

"This is just one way that I'm going to take my Rowena," sneered Jofty at me.

"Never," I thought in fear. Only when the other two laughed and laughed at me before they sank out of my sight to engage in some other sex act, did I realize that I'd spoken the word aloud.

Jofty was of course quite correct. He had me that way and many other ways in the months ahead as I became the most requested 'girl' in the lower levels of Hell. Lanarka was the one most pleased with me, with all the money she made selling my services to every guard and inmate in Huwara.

Then, while I went slowly crazy, my breasts started to grow, my tush and legs began to round and my own hair grew enough to be permed into a feminine hair style. Even though there were two new 'girls' like me, crying and demented about what was being done to them, I was

still the one in most demand until, at last, the Raja decided that I would be his and his alone.

I was taken from the deepest dungeon level to one far above. I was never paraded on the exercise yard again, where the prisoners and guards were allowed to look down on us, the female-dressed prisoners, and comment on our female attributes as we swayed and sashayed on the board walk. Our high heels made us click, and the short steps made us sway as the men liked. We wore frilly dresses that we had to rustle and swish with our manicured, painted fingernails and hands. It was such a relief, after being sold to the highest bidder so many times, to become a wife for the very first time.

———*The Raja's Wife*———

“How much did he pay Lanarka for this one?” asked Mankoor, the guard who had told the Turks to take me to Lanarka.

“More than you and I make in a year,” Jodda, the second guard with the ring of keys, grunted to his partner.

Mankoor pulled me to him as we swung around a turn in the hallway and his lips closed on mine as his hands caressed my hips, tugging me into him, his hard manhood thrusting between my legs. I'd felt a man like that so many times over my first century in Hell that I thought nothing of it. I let him kiss me, gyrated a little, making his boner fit between my thighs and waited for his head to descend to my breasts.

“Yey!” shouted someone down the hallway. Out of the gloom came another guard, pointing his heavy truncheon, as I thought of it, at Mankoor and me, his girl.

“Get off her!” snarled the man who was striding to us.

“Oh, it's Beshen,” said Jodda in a low voice to his partner.

“Might have known it was you,” snarled Beshen, pushing at Mankoor to pry him off me. “Can’t resist anything in a dress, can you? You know what she is, don’t you, that thing that you’re dipping your wick into?”

“Hey, Beshen,” said a leering Mankoor. “Look at this.” He ripped down the front of the flimsy dress that Lanarka had said that I should wear to impress the Raja. I wasn’t wearing a bra. I didn’t really have much, not like Buna or Lanarka or one of my other ‘sisters’, as I had to call all of the ‘girls’ like me.

But there in the hallway, with Mankoor, so ugly, his face deformed by his lust, touching me, I don’t know why but my breasts reacted, standing forth in female arousal, my huge nipples, that I’d been trying to hide in a bra before this trip to the Raja, sticking forward.

Beshen’s eyes bulged as he looked at me. He stared at me, his mouth open as Mankoor jabbered beside him. A sudden elbow smashed into Mankoor’s face and he went down, groaning in the dust of the passage.

“I’ll take her the rest of the way,” said Beshen grimly as he took my arm. Jodda made as if to come after us but Beshen waved his night stick at him and dragged me forward, only slowing when he realized that I wasn’t dawdling deliberately. I had to take very small steps in the high heels I was wearing. I hadn’t had to walk so far in them before even though I wore them all the time. Mostly I just stood or sat in them as they made my legs look so pretty, according to Lanarka.

“Pin your dress together,” said Beshen, stopping me a short distance from where muted light streamed from a covered cell. Covered with what I couldn’t tell. I did my best but it was a makeshift repair. At least, my breasts weren’t hanging out for all to see. I wasn’t ever going to

get used to them, as all the girls told me that I would, I promised myself.

It was a curtain drawn across the front bars that dimmed the lights of the cell we approached. Beshen coughed and the curtain was drawn back to show an older man in a clean, white shirt, and dark pants. A grimace flickered at his mouth that I later realized was a smile.

"You can take this one back and let the others have her for a while," said the Raja, lifting up a thin-armed 'girl' from the cushioned bed behind him.

"Raja, please," she said softly in Arabic, her voice the most girlish I had ever heard in Huwara. Her mascara and eyeliner was moist and ran from her face as she stood there in a long dress which showed off a most feminine figure. I would have thought her a woman if I had not seen the place where she was, in a prison where there were no women, despite what we had to call ourselves.

"Ashara," said Beshen, standing stiffly in the opened doorway. The girl sighed and elegantly walked forward. She stopped in the entrance and turned to the man called the Raja.

"You should not cast me out," Ashara said in her so real, feminine voice. "She," she indicated me and I froze as I always did when I was spoken of as if I was a female. I always wanted to rebel at the term but I didn't have the nerve to do it, not after the first cruelties and indignities inflicted on me to make me behave like a girl. "She will never love you as a woman as I have loved you," Ashara said. "As I do still love you."

Ashara turned on her high heels then and swished away down the hallway. Beshen had to shove me into the cell, hastily lock it and run to catch up with the lovely,

dark-haired girl who was wiggling away from him so rapidly.

“You don’t love me now,” said the Raja, taking my hand gently. That sent chills through me as I wasn’t used to anyone doing that. “But you will learn to, Rowena,” he said, drawing me into a further cell that was arranged and decorated like a living space, chairs, sofas, even paintings, rugs and tapestries scattered about the place. “You have such gorgeous, blonde hair. It is so real, all the guards have told me. They all wish that they had the money to buy you from Lanarka. What luck was it that had you given to her?”

I stood mute for a little while and, when I turned back to the Raja, I realized that he was actually waiting for me to answer him.

“I, I was brought here and dumped into the depths by the men who guarded me,” I murmured.

“And never accounted for on the register,” murmured the Raja. “Yes, that is the way to speak, Rowena, softly, from the head. I will put the tapes on the player for you that Ashara used. You heard her, didn’t you? It was the best part of her, the way she learned to speak. But she bored me. I need a different kind of girl. I need one like you, exotic, a blonde, not a bottle one. I love blue eyes, as almost all of us are brown and look black in dim lights.

“But I want more than looks and sex,” went on the Raja. “Though it will come to that in due course. I noticed that you understood me and answered in Punjabi as I spoke to you. You apparently respond to Kurdish, French, Arabic, Farsi, German, English; do I need to go on?”

“I did travel a lot before I got here,” I said with a tremble as the Raja guided me to a sofa and had me sit in my long, swirling dress, the pin that Beshen had given me

holding my cleavage back, as I sat in front of the man whom Miri had said so enviously had bought me.

"I told you that you are not on the register for this place, this Huwara," said the Raja with a smile, taking my hand and caressing it while I shuddered at being treated so gently. "I love your manicured hands and nails. You girls do such a good job on all womanly needs and fashions, do you not?"

"Not being on the register isn't such a terrible thing, really, Rowena. I'm not listed there, either, though Lanarka, surprisingly, I think, is. She would have such a time matching herself to the identity that's in the vestigial records that this place keeps on her. You and I, lovely Rowena, have been deliberately forgotten. No prison officials visit, save to complain that supplies are provided for twice the prisoners that there are here. I don't think that anyone ever whispers in their ear about prisoners whom they are never to see."

I shivered as the Raja stood up, raising me as well, and led me forward suddenly. He swept aside a quilt from an easel and suddenly I was looking into a full-length mirror. The Raja smiled and pointed. "Yes, darling Rowena, this is you," he said. I gasped in fright as I saw the woman in the mirror beside him.

"No!" I gasped and the pretty girl's lipsticked mouth moved exactly in the word that I spoke. Her facial expression showed her fear, as I felt it so terribly.

The Raja let me look at the girl I'd become. I stared in horror at my long, golden hair, at the earrings dangling from my ears, but it was my face that first had me in such consternation.

The blonde girl didn't look like me. She had blue eyes, as I did, but they were vividly outlined in eyeliner with eye shadows of different hues. My eyelashes were curled

and black where once they had been fair like the rest of me. My eyebrows seemed to have disappeared to become the thinnest of lines while my cheeks, thinner because I'd lost weight, were blushed with rouge. A gentle foundation and face powder covered me.

My nose was so different. I'd fought off the advances of Jofty who'd wanted me to act as Miri had for him. He'd punched me so hard in the face when I bit the thing that he was trying to put in my mouth. It had taken six girls to get him off me. I'd been screaming then, spitting his essence from me, as they were all laughing at me.

The doc had 'fixed' my face. I hadn't seen what he'd done before the Raja held me in front of his mirror. The thin, bobbed nose changed my looks entirely. I didn't look anything like Patrick. It was at that moment that I was stricken with the notion that Patrick was gone completely. I wasn't him any more. I was her, Rowena, and I always would be.

Each day, Buna or Miri had done my makeup for me. We girls, yes, I had to call them and myself by that term or risk a smack of the heavy nightstick, had no mirrors down in the depths of Hell. The others never said to me how my looks had changed, how girlish I'd become.

Only under Buna's strict guidance was I allowed to apply anything to Miri's face, even lipstick. I could never do anything to my own. I'd thought it was because I had scars that had to be hidden. Buna loved painting my lips because they were so full, she said. I hadn't understood what she meant until I looked at myself in the mirror. My lips weren't thin like many of the girls' lips. Mine were definitely girlish lips.

The Raja came behind me, touching the necklace at my throat, as I stared at the girl in the mirror. He was patient and gentle, kissing the girl in the mirror softly, romanti-

cally, making the girl, me, shiver all over with the strange emotion of femaleness that swept over her.

Raja was kind to me but he did slide my ruined dress from me. I stood there, stunned, horrified, as I looked at the thin, curvaceous girl in her panties, nothing at all about her suggesting anything other than femininity. I swallowed and looked at my throat expectantly. There was no sign of an Adam's apple, I could see in alarm, as I began to wonder about me, Rowena. Was I still really me, Patrick, at all? I looked and felt like a Rowena. I wasn't Patrick, not with the rounded, feminine tush and shapely legs that I had.

"Let's change you all the way," murmured the Raja, leaning forward and caressing my shoulder with his soft, warm lips. A nervous shaking went through me but he was just referring to the way that I was dressed and putting on new, female clothing to make him admire me more. "I think a new bra and pantie set, in black, will suit you fine, Rowena, and help you to overcome the reaction you must be having to seeing yourself as the beautiful young woman that you are."

"I'm not ..." I whispered with a shudder but the Raja turned me away from the mirror and put his arms about me. He smiled at my arms protecting my breasts. Even so, he lowered his head and kissed me, my long, lovely hair swirling over my bare shoulders. It was so unlike any of the men who had kissed me before. I was used to being mauled when I was kissed. I was used to having my lips assaulted first before my body was, as well. I wasn't used to being treated like a girl, expected to react as a girl did, and feeling as if I was a girl when a man touched me and kissed me.

I was forced to take men orally. Often I never saw their faces as, when they wanted to ravage me, they turned me over and did me from the rear. I wept and

raged for the longest time while they just laughed as they put their peckers back in their pants. I promised the first men horrible deaths for the ways that they'd dishonoured me. That occasioned greater laughs, from the men and from the girls, like Buna and Miri, who were supposed to be tutoring me on being a 'Huwaran girl'.

The Raja's lips gently touched mine and I started in fear at the feather-like touch of lips on mine. The Raja squeezed my waist. "You were too long with Lanarka," he murmured, pressing my head and hair against him. "I should have brought you to me sooner. But I had Ashara." He gave a delicate shrug of his shoulders. "And she was so fine for such a long time."

I reeled as he let me go before gesturing for me to go to a wardrobe and chest of drawers that contained only women's clothing. The Raja chose a black bra for me and helped me to put it on, even adjusting it for me. Oh, how I tingled to have a man dressing me. He produced black panties from another drawer. I had to change my red for the black while he watched me and saw how I was taped to hide what I really was.

"You don't really need to do that," said the Raja with a smile, moving in on me, my nerves about to make me scream. But he only wanted to stroke my hair and run his hands over my soft, girlish skin. "Think about it. Everyone in this place knows exactly what you are, pretty Rowena; so that taping is completely unnecessary. Tomorrow, if you want a flat, feminine front, you can wear a gaff. You know what they are, don't you?"

I did. The other girls, yes, I had to say that I was a girl when anyone asked me, as they did all the time when I was first consigned to Hell, talked occasionally about them. I'd seen girls taking off their pretty panties to change costumes after being soaked by whatever man they'd had. The gaffs looked like tight bikinis, holding

their private parts back, the ties over their hips often in such tight knots that their hips were marked with red lines.

“With a gaff,” said the Raja with a smile. He made me shiver all over by just reaching out and stroking my arm and not grabbing me at all, “you don’t have to remove every hair on your lovely sex organs.” My temperature rose as he said that. I’m sure my face was scarlet that a man would be talking to me about such a subject.

I would talk about such things with the other girls, like Miri, who primped and preened so much like a normal girl that I found it difficult to think of her as a man in a dress. She had such lovely breasts, just as I did, I thought in distress, flushing again as I glanced away from the Raja’s laughing eyes.

“I like a girl with a little muff about her clit-or-is,” murmured the Raja, slowly pronouncing the last word and laughing at me, because of my embarrassment and confusion, I supposed. “I know you are clean because you have to wear tape and being hairless makes everything easier to take off. But you don’t have to do that for me. Wear a gaff if you must but I like a little blonde stubble at times that I can bury my nose in.”

Oh, how the Raja laughed as he saw the shivers that I made in my shame at a man talking to me about what he was. He touched me lightly and gently, as if I was a woman, and would like what he was saying.

“Please,” I begged of him. “I, I will do as you say.” Anything, I could have added, if you will just stop talking to me as if I am indeed a real woman and had a choice about any of the things I was saying to him.

The Raja didn’t want me to wear stockings, not with the light, loose dress that he chose for me. He stood me in front of the mirror, ordering me to smile over my shoul-

der, lifting my head so that I could look at my flushed, feminized face. He kissed my neck and shoulder softly while I shuddered openly at such a female way to be treated. I think I would have preferred him to treat me as other men did, mauling and beating me, not all this gentle caressing that made me break out in tingling goose bumps.

I stared at myself, the Raja's arm so lightly around my bare shoulders and the dress that flowed about me. I couldn't believe how bright my eyes became as I remembered Abby in a summer dress with her hair all loose like mine, now under the gentle hands of my lord and master, as Lanarka had said that the Raja would become for me. Oh, I couldn't be made into a woman like my beloved, could I, I cried inside to myself?

For the answer, of course, was 'Yes'. In Hell, anything a man wanted would be provided for him, if he had the money. He could have a girl like Abigail if he wanted her. He could have me, dressed like her, acting like her, swishing my skirts and smiling in enjoyment at doing that, as Abby did, if he learned what a girl like me could do and what she was thinking of, when she cried.

"There," said the Raja, drawing me over to the sofa. He sat and I had to sit in contact with him as he arranged me, my legs crossed so femininely beside him, allowing me to watch myself behaving girlishly with a man.

No, a girl doesn't do that, the Raja would say when I did or said something that was me, Patrick O'Brien, and not Rowena, the mistress of an important man. That's what he said that I was and that I must act as if that was what I was.

We sat together and he had me put on a garter belt and stockings so that I could wear high-heeled shoes for him. He had me do it all so slowly as he watched me,

stopping me and having me repeat it and repeat it, lifting my shoulder, flicking my hair like a woman, turning my body and faintly smiling at him as I attached the garter belt to the top of my stockings, exposing my smooth-skinned, shapely, feminine legs. And each time I did it, I shivered inside and my temperature seemed to zoom upwards as he made me watch myself. I could see myself, Rowena, quaking inwardly, and I knew how much like a woman I was becoming in doing what he asked of me.

I had to serve him tea properly, daintily, as if I was a geisha, I thought. He had me join him and had me watch myself in the mirrors time and again until I got it right, demure as a girl should be, delicate in every movement that I made.

"I'd promised myself that I would wait for nightfall," murmured my lord and master as I knelt in front of him and placed another cup beside him where he had indicated that I should.

I was shuddering. My dress was spread out femininely, my breasts exposed just a little, as he stopped me from obtaining a cup for myself. He drew me onto the sofa beside him and I wiggled under his arm against him as he had made me sit beside him. This time, however, his arm about me wasn't light like a feather. He actually pulled me to him and I looked up at him in alarm.

"My lord," I murmured to him from my pink, gleaming lips, as one hand eased about my waist while the other gently held onto my jaw and my heart really began to race as he lowered his head and kissed me. The Raja had no beard, I realized, just like the guardsmen who roamed the passages and took us girls away from men who had paid Lanarka well for the time that they had us with them.

"I must do this, Rowena," whispered the Raja, and his mouth closed so gently on mine. The Raja kissed me so softly, so sweetly, that I felt an answering surge of emotion all through me. The Raja kissed me more urgently and his hand touched my breast so lightly.

But it was as if I had had a current of electricity pass through me. I clutched his arms as the Raja didn't stop gently kissing me. "Lovely Rowena," he murmured and I felt myself kissing him back just as gently, my body shivering in distress. I was kissing a man back on the lips, moving mine from side to side, my breathing coming in short, snatched pauses. I kissed a man, matching his gentleness.

I shook against the Raja as he put his hand on my crossed legs, stroking me. His hand ran over my dress and my stockings and I felt genuine, feminine feelings surge through me. Everything about me was female, from my hair to my high heels. I felt that I was a woman. I was! I was Rowena and I wanted to be loved by such a kind, romantic man.

"Rowena, tell me to wait," begged my lord and master but I couldn't. Through slitted eyes, I watched the long-legged, slim blonde encourage her lord and master to cover her body with his. I caught glimpses of her in the mirrors, her arms passionately about the gentle man's neck, not minding in the slightest how he kissed her face, her neck, her lips, and finally her bared chest and breasts. I stood to wiggle out of my dress and there I was, a girl in a girl's lingerie. The Raja gently touched my stockings and garter belt, easing his hands so lightly over my panties and tush. I rebounded immediately into his arms, ferociously taking his arms and hands and putting them about me. I went into spasms of desire as I almost demanded that he make love to me. So easy was it to make

me what he wanted just by being kind, gentle and friendly to me!

The Raja obliged my every desire. I was Rowena, his woman. I clasped my legs about his waist as he rose over me, trying to be light and delicate in his kisses and caresses. It was so different from how other men had made love to me. They were like ignorant gorillas compared to my darling Raja.

We united as man and woman, he lubricating me so softly and preparing the resting place of his manhood inside me so gently and seductively that I welcome his first penetration in bliss. I cried and exulted to the world in the extreme pleasure of it all as my considerate, kind, passionate lover made me feel what no other man had been able to do, that I was different from him. I was a woman.

With our clothing removed, I was carried to my lover's bed, kissing his face scandalously. The Raja showed me the mirror over his bed and I was able to observe him, and his blonde girl friend, make torrid love once more, she so feminine and so demanding of her lover to transfix her. Oh, how she shrieked with joy when her lover increased his passion in taking her as his woman, even ejaculating herself, in her intense pleasure at giving and receiving so much stimulation and enjoyment that she seemed sure no woman had ever enjoyed before her.

——-I am a woman——-

I think it was the ejaculation on my part that did it. At one moment, I was Rowena, imploring my handsome, manly lover to stroke my breasts and my thighs so that I could infuse myself with the pleasure of making love to him, my lord and master. And, in the next, as I reached a messy, nerve-tingling climax of my own, sanity overcame

feminine emotion. I quaked with shame and degradation as I realized what I had done.

I had made love to a man and entered into it wholeheartedly as if he was the object of all my affections. A man I had scarcely heard of a day before lay between my legs and was holding them in his hands, or worse, cupping and caressing my male sex organs without the slightest objection from me.

"Oh!" I gasped, writhing from side to side, as I felt a man's hands on my breasts, stroking them, making my manhood rise against his stomach, which he totally ignored.

"Yes, Rowena," my lover breathed in my ear, my ear-ring flickering against my neck as I crashed from the pinnacle of feeling like a woman and making love to a man, to depths of revulsion and humiliation that I had never thought humanly possible.

"Uh oh," murmured my lover. "I knew that we should have waited. I have so little self control, lovely Rowena."

"What, what is hap-happening to me?" I shivered in dismay as this man, whom I had let have me, lifted my leg to kiss my garters and the soft flesh above the tops of my stockings. I tried to grab his hand and stop him from what he was doing. No man should be doing that to me, not a man who was a man, just like me.

"We are exploring one another," said the Raja, lifting his body from my itching, quivering breasts. "And you have just realized what you really are and what a wonderful man I am to make sure you are my woman and totally satisfied as such."

"No!" I gasped, wriggling underneath him, to hide from what the mirror showed me I was doing so lovingly with a man. It was the only time on that first day that the Raja didn't let me slide away from him. He kissed me

gently, making my lips respond to his. That wasn't all that happened, of course. I tried to resist as the Raja renewed his manly seduction of me, his woman.

The Raja told me later that it was natural to think the way I did. That was in a quiet moment, of course, when we were just petting - man and woman. It wasn't when I was kissing him passionately with every iota of desire and femininity I could. It was being re-awakened inside me by his loving tenderness and then slaked in the frenzy with which I (yes, me, the woman) made love to her male lover. Oh, how I rocked and teased the Raja, he laughing in good nature at me, as I made love to a man, in defiance of everything that I'd said that I'd never do. From that first time, I wanted to be a woman. I wanted to be Rowena. I wanted to be loved by the Raja. I was actually a woman in love, if only for a moment or so, until reason returned, as it did, on occasion, to me.

It was in that moment of realization of what I was doing, not crying, not fighting back, not enduring as stoically as I could the humiliations being piled on me, that I had my greatest crisis since I'd been locked away in Hell and forgotten.

The Raja was so kind to me. He held me, caressed me as if I was a woman and let me weep like a woman. He apologized as he lay beside me and I looked up into his mirror. I shuddered as I saw the lovely, young girl, her hair a golden halo, swirling about her breasts, her lover's arm casually against hers, caressing her, his erection still blatantly obvious while she clutched her panties between her legs.

I watched him, so many times, rise up and gently lean over the blonde girl and felt him kiss her so softly on her cheek. I watched her staring at me, her madeup eyes showing the terror that she, I, felt at the feelings of passion and ecstasy overwhelming me. It was in horrible fas-

ination that I watched myself respond to the Raja's gentle caresses. I trembled at the male-female images above me, she so obviously responding with wriggling,



feminine motions as she turned her head to accept her lover's kisses with aroused, female passion.

I couldn't bear to watch her being made love to again and so I would roll over on top of the Raja and toss my panties away as I lay against him, wiggling my whole body against his in an orgy of feminine delights. My nipples caressed his as my hair wafted about us both. I would sit up and insert his male member into my tush, squirming and writhing in delight as the Raja caressed my breasts so adorably, my thin waist, rounded hips and fondled my shapely legs beside his.

I would lean over him to let him kiss my lips, my face, my neck, and my breasts as I rode my stallion as if I was his mare. And when the Raja came, jerking and quivering beneath me, I wouldn't let him stop. He had to roll me over, lift my legs up higher than ever, as I wriggled and squealed as I was rolled up like a ball. I would have to come finally again myself as my lover praised me and called me the best piece of ass he had ever had in his bed and that I would be his woman forever.

"Is it hard?" the Raja once asked me softly as I lay, shivering in his bed, slowly allowing my perverted passions to dissipate.

At first, I thought he was talking about his sex organ against the back of my thighs. Then, I thought he was referring to my own manhood. But he stroked my hair back and kissed my neck and earlobe from which he had taken my earrings, long before.

"Is it hard to acknowledge that you are my woman?" the Raja asked me, gently placing his hands on my body as only a man would do to a woman.

His tenderness only made my humiliation worse. Water ran down my face and he turned me over. I couldn't believe it when he began to kiss my tears away. I shivered

and held onto him beside me as his hand caressed my waist and hips and then my thigh, so lightly, as if in compassion and not to arouse me to be his woman again.

"Is it so hard?" the Raja asked me in a low murmur again.

"Yes," I had to tell him.

The Raja wanted to know all the indignities that had been heaped on me in the lowest depths of Hell. He kissed my cheek as I haltingly told him how I had been forced into women's clothing and forced to have sex with male prisoners. He squeezed me in sympathy when I told him about the beatings and what I was forced to do with my mouth. He kissed my nose when I explained what had happened to it and how the doctor said that he had slit it so that I could breathe.

Well, I could breathe properly now, but it had been enormous for a time until it healed. "But it is such a pretty, little, bobbed nose now," murmured my lover with a smile. He kissed it again and I stirred against him. "It is so cute, so lovely. It makes you stand out in any line of girls down here."

I cried some more against him. "But I don't want to stand out in a line of girls," I said to him. "Not as a girl, anyway."

"So you are still a boy inside," whispered the Raja to me, his woman.

"Yes," I told him as his hands caressed my tush and pulled me against his growing hardness.

"What do you think of me then?" asked my lover as he brushed his lips so enticingly over mine. I couldn't answer as my mouth was full of him. I was rolling slightly as the Raja covered me and I lifted my quivering legs

again about his waist. "Am I some perverted lover of boys? Is that what you think of me?"

"Oh no!" I gasped as I felt his manhood most between my thighs and on the point of entry into my tush. I bounced in anticipation of his entering me and feeling again the warm flood inside me.

"I only make love to the loveliest of women," my lover whispered to me as he caressed my breasts. I threw my arms about his neck as I bounced and bounced on his hard, thrusting manhood. "And so you know what that makes you, beautiful Rowena?"

"Per- ..." I began but his mouth stopped the word before I could utter it. He kissed me fiercely then and the wildest of passions flared in me as I found that I loved to be kissed that way. My moving body and wild convulsions amused my lord and master as well.

"It makes you my woman," whispered the Raja to me as I wiggled and squished my breasts and my body against his. "Say it, Rowena, and always mean it. I only make love to beautiful women and you, Rowena, are mine, the most beautiful of women."

He made as if to withdraw when I remained silent and just tried to kiss him.

"I am your woman," I told him frantically as I clung to him.

"Again, again," the Raja murmured as he pushed me down and thrust into me again and again.

"I'm your woman!" I screamed to him. "I'm a beautiful woman! I am a woman! Oh! Oh! Oh!"

I erupted but still I had to go on although disgust at myself filled me as well as my so wonderful lover. "I am a woman," I sobbed. "I am a woman."

"I always knew it," murmured my lover as he loved me more fiercely than Jofty or any of the scum in Hell had ever done. And I loved it so as the Raja made me finally accept that I was a woman at last, and I always would be.

-The queen is more important than the kings-

"So who are you today, Rowena?" my lover asked me as he had so many times when I awoke blissfully in his arms, lifting my face for my first kiss and caress of the day.

"I am your woman, Raja," I said to him as I had said it so many times before, snuggling my naked body beneath his, caressing his so hairy, male body with my female counterparts.

"If I had spoken to you in French, Rowena," said the Raja, letting me curl up with my head in his shoulder, kissing my hair and releasing it from my night-time ribbons, "do you know what I could have meant when I called you, 'ma femme'?"

I knew and it sent a tingle of pleasure through me.

"The word for 'woman' in French also means 'wife'," laughed the Raja. "Which means that I am your husband, woman, and it is time for my wife to be up and about her wifely duties! Make me my tea!"

He slapped my girlish tush as I laughingly rolled to the side of his huge bed. "But I do that every day, my lord and master," I said with a smile at him, pulling on the tiny panties that I had only worn for five minutes in bed the night before. I wiggled for him and danced away as he tried to grab me, jiggling as I hummed, my hair dancing as I did, naked but for my panties, making my husband his tea to take in bed.

"What an adorable wife you are, Rowena," said my husband as I brought him not just his hot tea but hot wa-

ter and his razors. I don't know why the guards hadn't taken them away, but he did shave before he bathed, every day. I usually joined him in his bath. He was often so amorous in the water with my naked, feminized body beside him. The day didn't really start until he'd made love to me and, of course, one of the two meals of the day, the lunch soup, was served to us with the sun shining through the high window in the 'living area' that was all the natural illumination we had.

"I want you to dress particularly sexy today, my wife," said the Raja. I left out 'the' often as he wouldn't tell me his other name even though I tried out all the Indian names that I knew. "In the French style, with underwear, stockings and high heels."

I always did what my lover, excuse me, I thought with a thrill of pleasure passing through me, what my husband wanted me to do every day. I had for the year in which he had been teaching me how to be his woman, how to wear my hair and my makeup to please him. I wore the perfumes and clothes that he purchased from guards whom I was never allowed to see.

Oh, I was such a pretty, tantalizing prick-teaser of a woman. I loved having all the guards who served us pop their eyes out at the things I did for them, rolling around on the bed, showing off my almost naked body, to the dances that I did for them, swirling my skirts to show off my panties and underwear.

The guards who came to serve us the prison gruel weren't always the ones that the Raja dealt with for contraband. "Your, your woman has a new dress," Beshen would say, salivating as if he wished to rip it from my body. I pirouetted as my husband told me that I should for Beshen and was so ultra-feminine and loving in front of him. The Raja said that he was the only honest guard in

the place and so it was hard for him to look at me, a woman. Poor Beshen knew that I wasn't.

I thought that my 'husband' wished me to tantalize Beshen again which is why he particularly wished me to wear such revealing underwear, my tiny gaff not completely hidden nor the golden triangle of hair that Raja loved to feel and touch so much.

"You've seen me leave this cell many times, Rowena, and not at exercise times," said Raja with a smile as I sat on the bed, pulling a nightie over me as he drank his tea. "You've never asked me where I go or what I do when Beshen and Jodda march me off."

"It is no business of mine," I said uneasily.

"I go to see a friend, a madman," said Raja with a smile. "He's French and that explains it all, doesn't it?"

"Of course, my husband," I said to Raja in French with a smile.

"Today, Danton will visit us," said my husband. "It means that Beshen will try to bring in a listening device that will monitor everything that passes between us and the madman."

"Is he really mad?" I asked my husband as I pulled back the sheets on the bed to re-make it as he headed for our bathroom.

Raja put a finger to his lips then as he gave me a crooked sort of smile. I didn't know what to think of that at all.

He had to bathe first as we only had enough hot water allowed for that. There were nothing but buckets of cold water in the lower parts of Hell and so I thought that this was heavenly. Raja always emptied bottles of aromatic, femininely-scented bath salts into the water as he got out

and I had the bath to myself. I was his woman and I had to smell like one.

“No, no bra,” said my new ‘husband’ as he came in and saw me staring into the mirror, my eyes so huge as I tried to paint the outlines in the same fashion as Miri. I was much better after a year of living with Raja and being his woman and having to make up every day by myself.

Lanarka still came to see me after her yard parades. She teased the guards all the time, her arms about them but her purpose in coming to me was to inject me with ‘girl juice’. And she had business to conduct with Raja which I had to ignore and sit far away. I had to listen to the Indian sitar music that Raja loved so much.

I did my makeup as well in the mirror that I used now every day. I wasn’t as good as Buna, however, but I couldn’t see her any more as she was still in Hell and I had risen to be with an angel in Heaven.

“I will jiggle,” I said as I saw the tight mini-dress that my husband wanted me to wear. I’d grown and bounced more as Lanarka still injected me, though I seemed to have reached a shapely conclusion at last that satisfied my husband. It was as if I was on a year-long honeymoon with the Raja, he making me feel as if I was an adorable woman. It was an unbelievable feeling that I didn’t want to ever go away.

“That’s what I want you to do,” said Raja with a smile. “Danton’s always talking about the girls on the boulevards of Paris with their high, jiggling breasts, darkly painted eyes and long, blonde hair.”

I felt a cold shiver run through me as I could see that my new husband had a request to make of me. He knew me as well as I knew him. “I’m not going to ask you to be unfaithful to me,” Raja said with a laugh. “You can tantalize him, however, as we do Beshen. Be a wife today.

Serve us. Come and sit in my lap and pay no attention to what we talk about. I want Danton to want to have our meetings here in the future where we can speak and exchange messages in those areas that we know have not been violated by Beshen's nasty devices."

"This is something about ..." I began, wondering as I often did about Raja's extensive contacts with the guards. He 'ran' the underside of Huwara, even to 'visiting' Danton, as he might others, in their cells. I wondered why he stayed on in such a terrible institution. If he escaped, as surely he could buy himself out one day, he could have real women, a real wife. Oh, that was a depressing thought, one that I brushed my curled hair about my shoulders to conceal how nervous my fingers were.

"They get lazy after a while," said Raja. "Who wants to listen to you, night after night, whispering sweet endearments in my ear?"

"I don't ..." I began with a shiver, flushing as I saw he was teasing me. I stood and my breasts jiggled in the tiny dress that barely covered my panties. It didn't cover my black garters and my skin-colored stockings. Oh, I felt so womanly. I wanted my husband to take me as his woman. I wanted to be the woman that I appeared to be.

"You have to start telling me how wonderful a man I am, my wife," said my husband, spoiling the lipstick I had just put on as he pulled me to him and kissed me, my breasts jiggling against him.

"I love you," I told him. "You know that I do, my husband, the most marvellous of men in the universe."

I could tell by the gleam in his eye that he was going to penetrate me before his friend arrived. Raja turned me and I spread my arms wide against the wall of the tiny cell we used as our bathroom. In a moment, he would have my hot pink panties and my gaff sliding down my

thighs and I would arch my back and let him take me from the rear, moving and gyrating to give him the pleasure that he seemed to crave from me, his woman. Oh, I loved him having me like that, spontaneously. It was as if I was a woman for the first time all over again.

“Calling the Raja!” a deep, male voice interrupted us before my lover could have me as he wished.

“Later,” murmured Raja, stepping away from me, caressing my naked tush. All the time, I purred and begged him girlishly to do me as only a man can do and satisfy a woman. And I was a woman, now. But he pulled up his pants and strode away into the cell that served as our living area. “Ah, good Beshen, early as usual!” I heard him saying loudly to the guard.

With trembling hands, I readjusted my panties where my new husband had touched me with intent but not consummated our love as I so desired. I was such a woman now, I knew. It was all that I could ever be, here in this prison. I re-did my lipstick, and made the showy, femmy entrance to the other cell that my husband liked me to make to tantalize Beshen.

There was another man there, staring goggle-eyed at me, as I minced into the arms of my lover. I raised my face in rapture to receive a long, wet, satisfying kiss from the man who said so often that he loved me, the beautiful Rowena.

“My wife, the delectable Rowena,” smiled my new husband at his mad ‘friend’, while Beshen stared at me, as he always did, as if he had never seen a woman before. A tiny part of my mind reminded me that he still wasn’t seeing a woman. “Mon ami, Danton,” Raja finished in French. “Elle est ma femme!”

“She’s English?” asked the older man in barely literate French.

"American," said Raja. "Pirouette, ma princesse. Show our mad friend, and our honest jailer, what they miss by not delving fully into the life of this showplace."

So, I smiled as prettily as I could, seeing the flash of red and white at my mouth in the mirror as I twirled as if I was dancing for Raja. He had me curtsy as he always did when we danced together in the cell. In the looking glass, I could see how my breasts bobbed and were held then so tightly, showing more girlish cleavage than I normally would. I thought in amusement that the old man's eyes would pop out of his head. It was a compliment for a woman as pretty as me, I exulted.

Beshen gargled something and Raja looked at him surprise. "Now?" he asked.

"The, the new governor wants ..." said the trembling guard, staring at me, fumbling with whatever he had in his hands. He blushed and stuffed it back in his pocket. I giggled at him, as Raja had had me practising for over two months. Raja was right. The effect of my girlish giggle on the other men in our cell was staggering.

"All right," said the Raja, turning his back and putting his hands in position for the inevitable handcuffs.

"Rowena, entertain my friend for me. I doubt that I'll be long. I'm sure you'll be next, Danton. I've taught her to play chess, monsieur; she knows how to move all the pieces now. Set up for him, Rowena, my love, and see if you can hold out against a grand master until I return."

"I'm not a grand master," snapped Danton but my husband was already on the move out of the cell. I saw Jodda, staring, his mouth wide open, at me in my little skirt and so tight dress. He closed the cell door but I think he stayed there to watch me sashay over to Raja's locker, get out his chess set and bring it back to the low table at which Danton sat, transfixed, staring at me as Beshen did.

"Want to play?" I asked him coyly. Danton came out of his trance, looked at the door, got up and went to it, pulling a screen with drying bath towels in front of it. I heard some male voice yelling from the corridor. Danton was smiling as he sat down opposite me, as I daintily set up the board. He spun it around so that the white pieces were on my side.

"You know why the Raja has left us alone," Danton said after we had moved a few pieces into the center of the board.

"Raja said ..." I began, crossing my legs with a rasp of my stockings. I looked so like a woman of the street, I thought, as my skirt did not cover any part of my stockings at all. I was going to tell Danton, I didn't ask his other name as I'd learned not to in my time in Hell, that I was there to entertain him. I would be playful and girlish in the tones I used. It would have made Raja so amorous and complimentary to me, as if I really was the girl he was training me to be.

"You are the epitome of the woman of my dreams," said Danton shakily, staring at me as he moved a chess piece. "I wondered why the Raja had dumped the adorable Ashara back into the pit. I hear she cries for him every night as she is joined to every man with the right price in his pocket."

I shuddered, not wanting to hear that. There would come a time when Raja was tired of me, when I had nothing left to learn as a woman. I would be Ashara then and some other boyish changeling would be the new Rowena.

"All the women I have loved were blondes," murmured Danton, staring into my bright blue eyes, licking his lips as if he wished me to do that as well. I moistened my pink lipstick then and he shivered in his turn, much

worse than me, as he didn't try to control his feelings at all.

"Brigitte was the last," Danton said huskily. "Eight years, six months and nineteen days ago. That's how long it has been since I saw a woman, never mind had her warm my bed."

"I, I am not going to warm your bed," I murmured as I offered my bishop for him to take with his knight. "I, I am Raja's wife."

Saying that made him smile and a queasy feeling sweep all over me. I had to change my legs then in the agitation that I felt in my body, sitting there and proclaiming myself to be a woman to a man who knew exactly what I was.

"Meant to entice me, to capture me with her feminine beauty," said Danton, leering at me. "I can see your pink silk panties from here, Rowena. You should tell Raja that I was on the point of dropping all my secrets on you, but I'm an old man. I know what is under that pink covering is not what I'm longing to see."

"Oh, no," I pouted regretfully, having played this scenario with Raja before. It usually ended with me on my knees, baring my feminine breasts at first before him, before he drove me onto my back on the floor, encouraging my legs to reach for the ceiling as he moved my panties just enough to have his inflamed manhood bury itself in me. "Whatever shall we do?" I asked him sweetly. "Play another game of chess?"

"Another ...?" asked Danton, staring down as I caressed a pawn with my lovely, shiny pink fingernails.

I moved it with delicate, arched movements of my arm and body, my breasts jiggling as I did so. "Checkmate," I said in the delicate, little girl voice that Raja loved to hear

on occasions when I dressed in my little girl costumes and he was my Daddy.

Danton stared in horror at the board. "You beat me!" he raged. "You cheated! That pawn wasn't ..."

I smiled and spun the board around so that white was on his side. "Losers go first," I said sweetly to him. "Shall we play for forfeits this time? You can have my panties to take back to your room to amuse yourself with if you beat me."

"And if you beat me?" asked Danton angrily.

"Tell me what you were talking about," I said, dropping all artifices and looking directly into his eyes.

"Tell you ...?" asked Danton, moving the white pieces back into the starting array.

"Where am I?" I whispered to him. "Why does Raja call you a madman? How can you be here, visiting him, as if this was a hospital? If Raja has some plan for you and me, what is it? And most of all," I had his fullest, most amazed attention then, as I was whispering in my real voice, the creaking tones of Patrick O'Brien, "how can I get out of here?"

Danton moved his king's pawn forward. "The last first," he said. "No-one gets out of here. The Raja might be the first, if I help him. Be everything he needs in a woman. It's possible he'll take you with him."

I shivered at that and had to change my shapely, womanly legs again. Danton's eyes followed my movements. "If I could get out of here," he muttered, staring between my legs, "I'd take you with me, Rowena. At least," he smiled at me, "that's what I'll promise you now before we two have made love. After?" His shaky movement of his hand and deprecating smile showed me that he meant the opposite of what he said.

"At least tell me where we are," I begged him, returning to my most lilting, womanly voice.

Danton stared at my breasts. I moved my hand and slid the thin strap at the top of my dress over my shoulder, leaving it bare. I put my hand on the other shoulder and waited.

"You know this place is called Huwara," Danton croaked at me, his eyes glued to my upper chest. The feminine bobble there was arousing me as much as him, I thought, uncrossing my legs and leaning slightly forward. Oh, I did feel so much like a woman, tempting her man with her forbidden fruit.

"We call it Hell in Lanarka's dungeons," I told him, still holding my dress over my breasts.

"Ye-e-es," hissed the old man, reaching across the table and playing the black piece for me. "But for a slight, puny m-, thing, like you, Rowena, that is a description of what you must go through, isn't it? Weren't you the least bit gay before you entered here?"

I shuddered and moved two pieces on his side of the board and one on mine. "I was a, about to be married to Abigail," I said, tears welling up in my eyes as I thought of her, her lovely red hair, how she smelled, how she tasted, what she had promised me when I made her my bride.

Danton did as I had done, quickly exchanging bishops and emptying the center of the board in several pawn takes pawn moves.

"I would have married my Brigitte," said Danton softly. "But I was old, wrinkled and mad when they rendered me here." His hand pointed upward and I thought that he must be pointing to some listening device. But there was nothing on the ceiling, no fixtures or cracks and

so I think he meant the ones who held us all in their prison.

“So, I did not have to endure what you must have,” the old man went on sympathetically. “What was worst of all, the beatings, the rapes?” He grimaced at the word he had used but it was the correctly brutal word to describe what had happened to me.

“Physically, the injections,” I said to him slowly, shivering as I said it. “Such tiny pricks, like mosquitoes on my thigh. And such terrible changes that the men who had me loved so much. I tried to strangle myself with the clothing I was forced to wear. I nearly succeeded with a bra. Of course, today, I love everything I used to hate. But I have nothing else to live for, have I, but for a husband and his love for me.

“They’ve made me accept that I’m a woman. Then, I had to sleep with a companion every night, locked to me, my bed bare of sheets until I learned that was how my life was going to unfold in here. Now, I’ve a husband. For a woman like me, it’s not the same thing that I endured on the lowest level of Hell. I do enjoy it now, being a woman.”

I really meant that and I could see that Danton recognized my emotion and believed me.

“And whom do you blame for all that?” Danton asked me in the lowest of whispers.

“Lanarka, Buna, Miri, Raja ...” I began with a list of all those who had made me the woman that I seemed to be.

“Not them,” said Danton, reaching over the table and pulling my hand into his. His other hand indicated up above us. “The ones who put us all here, Miriam and Lanarka and beautiful Rowena, they’re the ones we have to revenge ourselves upon, not the poor companions who

seek only to relieve themselves of the stresses of this life we have inflicted on us, the innocent."

The last word made him grimace and distracted him into thinking about something. I let him caress my feminized hand before I slowly eased the top of my dress from my shoulders. I would have exposed myself to him but Danton stopped me. "We are in Huwara Prison," he whispered to me. "This might be Saudi, or Omani or Yemeni, who can say? Northward is the Gulf, to the south, the mountains and the Indian Ocean.

"A woman like you, unprotected, even if she could get out of here, would never make it to a place of safety. Believe me, the life you live with the Raja, no matter the, the unusual sexual demands he makes on you, lovely Rowena, are much to be preferred than what would happen to you if you ever got out, all alone into the country outside this prison."

I looked at the board and moved pieces so that the path to my king was opened. Danton took other pieces and closed the pathway, opening another to my queen. His wry smile made me shiver as well as his rough hand caressing my so stockinged leg.

"The queen not the king?" I asked him lightly, deliberately moving so that his hand slid over my stocking tops and my garters, even caressing the soft skin of my upper thigh.

Danton nodded as if not trusting himself to speak.

I lowered my dress, having to wiggle to get the tiny thing over my breasts, my nipples clearly aroused, something that made Danton groan, squeeze my hand tightly and close his eyes to tiny slits.

"Raja's plan is for you entice me, Rowena," Danton went on as if in agony, stirring in the chair in which he was sitting, stirring as I had to when I was sexually

aroused. "Entice me into assisting him to buy his way out of here."

"Can you do that?" I pouted at him and Danton seemed to wake from what was oppressing him.

"That's why the guards call me mad," Danton whispered to me. "I offered them too much to let me go. I offered Beshen ten million dollars, to be paid in Dubai, to let me go. I should have offered it to Jodda or Mankoor. One of them might have taken a chance on me. I shouldn't have raised the offer, year by year. The last one I made was fifty millions to Mankoor and I would live on what I had left.

"The Raja was here by then and let everyone know how mad I was. I know Mankoor asked him about me and my fortune. You can guess what the Raja said. He makes up all sorts of stories about me. I don't doubt that he'll be telling Jodda that I'm going to pay him ten millions for a tryst with you. As if I would ever pay that for a prostitute."

I stared at him and slipped my hand out of his. Danton's eyes widened as I glared at him, reminding him with whom he was playing chess.

"I didn't mean," he began as I stood, hearing a noise from the hallway. I let my dress fall to the floor and slipped my hands over the outside of my panties as Danton's voice faded away. I moved the pieces on the chessboard.

"The queen submits," I said and slipped my panties slowly over my rounded hips and thighs, making it last as long as I could. Danton's eyes popped as he saw my complete womanly form, the little triangle of my gaff not hiding that I was a natural blonde if it did hide that it was the king submitting, as it should be in any chess game, and not the queen.

“What’s this doing here?” growled Beshen as he pushed the rack with the towels away from the door. Then he got an eyeful of my almost nude, womanly body, in my gaff, garter belt, stockings and high heels, my hair swaying with my earrings and necklace as I gave a bemused Danton my panties.

Raja stared at me as well and, slit-eyed, at Danton.

“Sorry, darling,” I whimpered femininely to my husband. “I won and then I lost.”

——-What to do if ever I am released——-

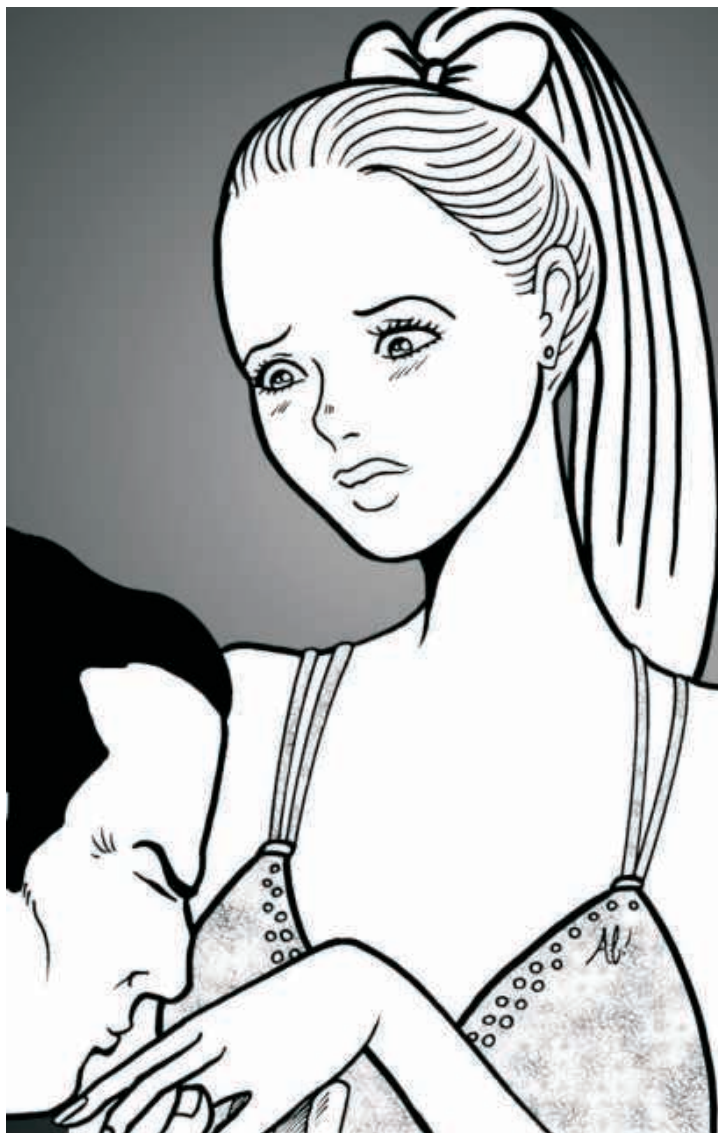
It was over two months before we entertained Danton again. He almost ignored me as he played an intense game of chess with the Raja. My new dress, my pony tail, the ribbon in my hair and my bright red lipstick seemed to have no effect on him. All the femmy little things I did that my husband wanted me to do, to tantalize Danton with my feminine body, seemed to pass him by, his eyes riveted on the chess board. Only when he was leaving did Danton even acknowledge that I was present in Raja’s cell, serving him tea throughout the contest.

Danton was about to be escorted out by Beshen when he grunted, turned and said, “Oh, my manners,” and came to me, taking my hand and kissing it. “Wherever do you procure such sublime perfumes for your wife, Devi?” he asked the Raja, who started and swore.

Raja pulled me into the next cell where our bed was neatly set up by me and shook me hard by my shoulders. “You will never call me that!” he snarled at me as the footsteps in the corridor died away. For the first time in our long ‘marriage’, I was frightened of the Raja.

“No,” I whispered to him. “I will never say to you what you do not wish to hear.”

Raja seized me then and made love to me savagely as I had once been so used to down in the pits. I whimpered and wept and kissed him as lovingly as I could but I couldn't take away the mood he was in. He didn't want to treat me as a woman even though I was as gentle and loving as I could be to him.



Raja finally pushed me away. "You are far too much a woman for me," he croaked even as he pushed me into his groin to awaken his flagging manhood. But nothing I could do pleased him.

I couldn't believe it when he called Beshen and told him, he actually told the guard (!), to let him out as he was going to visit Lanarka and her budding cuties. "I pay enough for the privilege!" he snarled at the guard, who reluctantly opened our cell. I was left alone to tidy myself and our love nest.

It was only minutes before I heard the cell door being opened again. And so I danced girlishly out of the bathroom, my lipstick restored, fresh panties about me, my red dancing dress swirling all about me so that Raja could admire my shapely woman's legs in my seamed stockings.

Only it wasn't Raja who had entered my cell. It was Danton. "That will be a million dollars," smirked Jodda from the doorway.

"Petty change," said Danton, taking a stub of a pencil and writing something in a notebook that he took and returned to the guard's top pocket. "You really do have to aim higher, Young Turk, or you will never amount to anything!"

"Well, now you owe me eleven millions," laughed Jodda. "That's a fair start on amounting to someone. And I'll take the picture you left on the easel in your cell."

Danton waved feebly as if he was a much older man than he was while the guard left with a wide grin at me. "Enjoy yourself before the Raja catches you," he laughed as Danton again blocked the view into the living area cell.

"G-Good ad-advice," I said to the older man, swishing my dress about my legs as the cell suddenly felt so much warmer. Gods, it had been a year since I'd had another

man but the Raja. This old man could never make me feel like a woman, I was sure of it.

“Calling your husband by his right name sent him off in a spat, did it?” asked the older man, with a chuckle, sitting down on the old sofa that I’d covered with some of our older bedsheets. I really was improving as a seamstress, or so the Raja told me. Danton patted the cushion I’d repaired. I swayed over to him, smoothed my dress, primed my breasts, and sat beside him.

“Now, cross your legs,” said Danton with a smile and so I did. He looked as if he was in heaven, but it was hurting him, as he listened to the sound of my nylons crossing one over the other.

His hand snaked out and he lifted the hem of my dress. “Can’t see your panties,” the old man said lecherously.

“Oh, it’s games today, is it?” I asked him, wiggling and tossing my hair in womanly fashion. “But Raja’s only stepped out for a moment ...”

I smiled as Danton eased down the sofa to sit really close to me, his nose sniffing as if in ecstasy the lovely French perfume I was wearing to make me feel girlish for my husband. Danton’s rough trouser leg touched right against my dress and stocking. My smooth legs sent me messages that they liked a man doing that to me.

“You’re wearing a bra today,” Danton said, putting an arm about my shoulders. “And the Raja is being attended to by his harem, old and new. They’ve a supply of the blue pills that he was stoking himself with, while Ashara and those new girls, Leanne and Rachel, were wiggling their growing assets in his face. He won’t be back for hours. He might even sleep down there. He’s done that before and left Petula, Barbara and Ashara lonely and

weeping for days on end. Now, he's started that with you."

"I, I'm the Raja's woman," I said anxiously to Danton, my breast rising as I spoke fearfully, so afraid that I was going to be returned, as Ashara had been, to the nightmare existence of what I still called Hell.

"You know what he wants from me," said Danton, and his whiskery face was against mine as he kissed my scented, soft, smooth-skinned cheek.

"He wants to know where and how you access the fortune you amassed," I whispered to him and Danton grinned.

"And what good would it do him," he whispered back. Danton's eyes closed, his lips trembling. I leaned back, hoping he would make me feel like a woman. I let him kiss my neck and my chin and the top of my chest, "What good if he knew the numbers of a Swiss bank account? What will he do, cut off my hand and take it with him into the vaults to claim that he is me and deserves entry to my deposits? They'd never give it to him and then they'd steal it all from me by declaring me dead."

"He knows that," I had to tell him, finally letting his quivering lips touch mine. Oh, I thought that I'd killed the man as he almost went into convulsions worse than mine when Raja and I made love so gently as man and woman. And our lips had only touched so briefly. "It, it's why you aren't dead yet."

The shuddering gripped Danton for several seconds. "So, he thinks ...?" he asked me.

"He knows," I said to him between fervent kisses that I gave him, his beard scratching and pressing uncomfortably onto my face, "that you most probably don't have your money in Switzerland. Too many watchful eyes there, anyway."

Raja had never said it to me. I was just repeating what I'd heard my father say when he was laughing at me and instructing me on where to hide my money.

I finally could stand it no longer. I wanted to be loved as a woman. I took Danton's feverish hand and stood, placed it on my tush and took him into the bathroom. He fought me but I insisted. I sat astride him, facing him, making him hold me so that I didn't fall as he sat on the only available seat in the bathroom, the lid down. I cut off his beard then as he squawked that everyone would laugh at him.

"They do me as well," I said to him. "But I'm never out of my cell. So when is it that everyone sees you to laugh at you? You never watched me when I strutted like a model with Miri and Buna on the board walk."

"The guards," Danton said hoarsely as I finally had cut off enough of his beard. I kissed him and let him tongue me before I spread the Raja's shaving soap on him and carefully, as I did for Raja, I shaved the man who wanted to make love to me. I could feel his ardor and rampant need for a woman growing as his smooth cheek touched mine.

"The guards will tell everyone," Danton groaned. "They'll know you made love to me and made me clean up to fuck you!"

"They think you're mad," I said to him as put my arms about his head and kissed him, really kissed him. "I'll say it was your idea. You wanted to be a perfect man for a perfect woman."

That made both of us get excited. Yes, I was going to be another man's woman and I wanted it to be a pleasure for him as well as for me. I assisted him out of his clothes, he frantic with desire. He wasn't as strong as he thought he was and, anyway, I took him by surprise. He hated the

water rushing over him as I pushed him into my bath, protesting that I was a dead woman as I poured some of the salts Raja bought for me to make me smell like the woman.

“Monte Carlo,” I began as I scrubbed my future lover clean, “Gibraltar, the Cayman Islands, could be Liechtenstein, all the West Indies, Bermuda, maybe Jersey in the Channel Islands, Singapore, banks like Barings who want deposits with no questions asked since you’re not moving them around a lot and ... well, a few other ideas that have occurred to me. How close did I get?”

Danton came out of the bathwater, staring at me, shivering. Well, it was rather cold. If he had told me earlier that he was coming, I could have warmed it up for him as I did for Raja and me. I stood and wiggled myself out of my dress, watching him grow with desire for the womanly body inches from his nose.

“The Raja knows this as well?” Danton squeaked at me as I clung to him, drying him, kissing his soft, much more acceptable stranger’s face. I took his hand finally and swayed femininely as I led him to the sofa, easing it into the shape and contours of a bed, making him stand there until I got to lay decorously, under the mirrors, even my high heels still on me as I pulled him down on top of me. Oh yes, the old man was making instant love to a beautiful, half-dressed, eager woman.

“The Raja knows nothing,” I simpered to this naked man as I held his rampant pecker against my soft, womanly tush and put my hands about his neck, pulling him against me. “He thinks that you might have hidden something in some one place, not Switzerland, and he wants me to find that out. I could have told him any of those places, couldn’t I, and you would have come under extreme pressure from him.”

Danton groaned. Whether it was from the awareness of what Raja had talked about to me, about Danton's reputation in the past as an arms' dealer, and his miserly payments to underlings, or about what I was doing with my hands to his manhood. I don't know. I do know that I didn't care too much. I wanted a man to love me as a woman and Danton at last was filling the bill. I was beginning to feel really passionate and pleased by the old man.

I had to show him where and how to open my bodice and slip it away from my breasts. Danton shook as I put his hand on the front of my panties and let him slide them free in wonderment. I had a cloth ready for when he spurted and spasmed on me. He clutched my breasts and kissed me while I did for him what I hadn't done for the men who had choked me so often when I was first clothed and transformed into a woman.

I kissed him and pretended to writhe in a passion that I did feel, more than a little. I let him stroke my breasts as I caressed his nipples with mine. The poor jerk. He was crying in fulfillment of his wildest dreams of making love to a woman again, telling me how much he loved me and what a lovely woman I was, as fine, no finer to him, than Brigitte had ever been.

"I, I won't come again," Danton said fearfully to me as I wiggled onto him, drawing him under me.

"Let me be the judge of that," I whispered to him as I kissed him. I did the womanly trick of working my way slowly, slowly, down his body until I gave him what every man always craves from a woman. Oh, how he wriggled in passion as I held onto him and gave him his first blow job in a decade. Yes, I am such a woman when I want to be. The way that he gasped for breath, though, had me worried, more than a little.

“Did you take a blue pill?” I had to ask him as he seemed to be going into shock.

“N-No, darling Rowena,” Danton shrieked and I realized that his breathing was as a result of the pleasure he was feeling. I shivered as I thought about what I was doing, arousing another man as I was, and deceiving him. But I was a woman, I told myself, and women have needs. He had to meet them if he was going to be my lover in this prison.

Yet, part of me was re-telling me that I wasn't a woman. I should know that even if I was kissing and possessing another man's manhood with my mouth, letting him stroke my hair, my earrings catching in his pubic hairs. Not that he minded any more what I was. When I felt him erupting, I had my cloth ready and caught most of his male essence there. I had to swallow very little unlike those horrible men who made me do them again and again in the pits of Hell. And yes, as I kissed and whispered to Danton that it was so great to make love to him, I did actually feel like a woman.

We lay together, partially naked, as Danton recovered and didn't expire as I thought he might. “How did you end up here?” he asked me, stroking and fondling me unmercifully, the old lecher. “No-one seems to know. Some say you were a traitor and sold guns to terrorists, freedom fighters as I call them, but I would have known you, wouldn't I? At least, I knew everyone on the Americans' payroll.”

“My business was just the supply side,” I murmured shakily to him, easing my breast into his mouth while he quivered as he ran his wrinkly hands about my tush, loving to feel my garter belt against me. He tugged on my gaff but I took his hand and put it between my legs, caressing my stockings and garters. That was very pleasant. “No guns.”

"Someone lied about you," muttered Danton as his stroking began to arouse the simmering woman that had lurked just below the surface with me. "But there had to be something more than guns. You weren't into atomic secrets, were you?"

"No," I laughed at him, wiggling as he began to remove my panties, stopping to see if it was all right with me. I kissed his face, my hands around his head, wiggling and stretching so that he could ease my panties down. I clamped on his hands occasionally to make him caress my legs, ecstasy rising in me. "The worst I ever did was take marriage greetings from a man in Karachi to a man in Washington. Well, I was going to but they took the letter away. It probably didn't get to the Senator it was intended for."

Between kisses and caresses, I had to tell Danton all about Lewis, his interview with me, about Abigail, and the man she went out with in college, my subordinate and friend, Ted Graham, who had advised me to get rid of Ali's letter. And about my father, and, immediately, he knew who I really was.

"There you have it," said Danton darkly, kissing me with such unexpected finesse as I spread my legs for my lover, but he forced them together. His manhood slid between my thighs, his hands lifting my garters and stockings. He pulled and stroked them against me and I began to move beneath him. His little piston finally erupted to his blissful satisfaction between my legs, leaving me with soaked stockings, gaff, and a silk coverlet to change. It wasn't what I wanted to complete my love affair with him but it was rather nice and interesting. I snuggled like the woman I am against him.

"It's a conspiracy that's put you here," said Danton. "The American Senator must be protected. The interrogator could only know of you having a letter from Ali if

someone told him. The man who loved your wife-to-be, how odd that is to say that to you, beautiful Rowena, he could be the one who betrayed you. Those are your enemies, my darling girl. The only other thing would be someone trying to blackmail your father to take up his shipments of atomics again to the other side."

"No," I squeaked at him in distress at what he was saying as much as his stroking of my gaff between my legs. I couldn't think about what it was he was saying. I'd been trying to be so womanly and he was doing just what I had wanted him to do. It produced the reaction that Danton intended. I moved closer to him and kissed him in a flurry of passion and delight as a climax, an orgasm, I suppose, passed through me.

I sat on his manhood and made him enter me and he didn't seem to mind as he was definitely my man and I was his woman. I made him rouse my body as I bounced and writhed on him until finally we both came, a man and a woman, me most definitely the woman. My lover kissed and kissed me and I kissed him back so wonderfully, recalling all that he'd told me.

And the words that he'd said to me were all true. I felt like sobbing as I tried not to consider what he'd said to me. It wasn't as if I hadn't at times thought that as well. I knew that I must have been betrayed by someone somewhere to be here, in Hell. Yes, I was here in Hell, not even listed as being here, doing this to Danton, making frenzied love to him, a man, for being like the Raja, so kind and gentle with me. Yes, I was a woman, all I could be, and I let my new lover know that he was pleasuring me, a woman, like no other man had.

My friend, Ted Graham, and the Americans, were the ones who must have betrayed me and sentenced me to this awful existence that I was forced to live. That stayed with me as I kissed and kissed Danton.

"Rowena," murmured my lover. "I've known this story for a long time, jealousy and envy and casting the innocent into a dark prison. And the old man with a fortune at his disposal has a part to play in this story."

"What story?" I asked, unable at last to arouse his manhood, although it still was very sweet to have him affectionately kiss me and stroke me, playing all the time with my breasts or my tush, treating me as a woman.

"*The Count of Monte Cristo*," said Danton. "He escapes from a prison as hellish as this one, recovers the old man's fortune, and takes vengeance on his enemies."

"That's just a story," I said to my lover, kissing him with pleasure on his clean, unwhiskered face. "I doubt your Count had to face what I have to, being a lover to the men who could lead him out of this hellhole."

Danton smiled, looking so much younger without all the grey beard. "I don't see you as the Count, no," he murmured. "But as the Countess of Monte Cristo, oh, there's the role for you to play. Promise me, my darling, if I can work it that we might all escape from here, that you will become the Dark Lady and strike down all your enemies in vengeance."

"A dark lady?" I asked him with a smile. "With blonde hair?"

Danton pressed me down then to kiss and kiss me. "Yes," he said huskily. "In black leather skirts and tight-fitting jackets and high-heeled boots. Oh yes, promise me that you shall have your vengeance. I will write in my book that I promised you twenty, no, fifty millions, and I will see you get it, whether I perish or not."

"Well, for fifty millions," I said, kissing my newly aroused lover, "the least I can do is let you have a woman doggy-style before I become the dominatrix you want me to become."

—The Great Release—

I was asleep when the Raja returned, drunk, and carrying a very frightened brunette girl into our bed. Raja patted the girl and she immediately turned over and buried her head into Raja's pillow. She pushed her tush way up in the air and pulled her dress and petticoats way up over her back. She wiggled her tush suggestively, handing Raja a spray bottle that he used to lubricate 'her', I had a good view of her male sex organs as she wiggled and spread herself. I think that she was weeping a little but was still excited and trying desperately to please Raja in what 'she' was doing for him.

It was the first time since I had been with Raja that I had to listen to and watch, as Raja demanded, a man make love to another woman. I would have said that was what it was that I was witness to. Leanne sounded like a woman in the way she cried and cooed and pleaded with Raja not to stop. But she had the genitals of a man, like me.

The Raja was too drunk to do her properly, I could tell that. It only happened rarely with me and I usually lay him down and blew him. Once he'd come, he'd typically fall to sleep in minutes. I could lie beside him and caress him in peace.

The Raja was getting angry and hurting the poor girl he was penetrating. I rose and knelt beside her, my breasts open for his touch. I kissed him and drew his tongue into me. I caressed his member with my long fingernails while he swore at me and pulled at my hair as he began to climax.

"Too soon! Too soon, you bitch!" Raja was screaming at me as he began to spasm and come inside Leanne, who increased her wiggling as she felt his climax.

"I can't hold back!" Leanne wept, thinking that it was all her fault that Raja was climaxing too soon inside her. "I can't! Oooo! Oooo! Oh, my lord, my lord! It's so wonderful! Wonderful!"

Raja couldn't answer her because I had his mouth engaged. Finally, his quivering stopped as she kept on, praising him, wanting him never to stop. Oh, she loved him so. She loved to be his woman. He could have her any way that he wished. She would clean him if he would only let her.

Raja withdrew and jerked Leanne over, flinging himself down between her and me.

"I'm Rowena," I said to her with a smile. "His wife."

"Leanne," said the girl, pushing very long, black strands of hair from her pretty, partly madeup face. She didn't seem much over eighteen if that. Whatever could she, he, have done to end up in a place like this? "He said that I was his wife as well."

"Do you like the way he makes love to you?" I asked her, still smiling, wondering if she felt as girlie as me when she made love to a man.

"Oh yes," said the brunette, shaking her dresses about her smooth legs. She smiled at me. "Men like doing me that way more than any other. I've really like it as well. I quiver just as much as they do when they come. I wish sometimes that they would keep on forever!"

"You even sound like a teenaged girl!" I said, meaning to compliment Leanne.

"That's what I am," Leanne said defensively. "Oh, I don't mind if you're his wife, you know. I'm younger and I'll make love to him lots more than you will as I'm new. But you can have him to yourself whenever you want. I won't even look. I promise you."

“Thank you so much,” I said as sincerely as my lying mouth could get the words out. Leanne gave me a pitying smile and snuggled down on the other side of my, my, damn it, my, sleeping husband! What else could I do but lie down as well, as his wife, and try to rest?

“She’s going to stay here?” I asked the Raja in the morning as Leanne squealed like a little girl at the luxury of a bath to herself in my, our bathroom.

“You want to go back to general population?” asked Raja, goosing my femininely shaped buttocks as I leaned forward to apply mascara to my thick lashes.

“Danton’s decided he’s had enough of Huwara,” I said to my randy husband, turning to kiss him before I applied my lipstick to my mouth. Immediately, his hand was between my legs, caressing my panties and what they concealed while his eyes gleamed as he stared at me.

“He came back and told you this?” sneered my husband, seeking to arouse me, doing to me what I did to him as it always worked to arouse his manhood.

“He paid Jodda a million to bring him here,” I said to him. Raja laughed, leaning over me to kiss my lips, savoring the girlie perfume that I had liberally used on myself. He sometimes liked the cheaper, trashier brands that other girls wore rather than the refined fragrances that I’d admired so much on Abigail and which I’d had him buy for me.

“And you talked?” my husband said to me after a while.

“He doesn’t just have his fortune in one place,” I murmured to him as the Raja squeezed me to him and my breasts bounced against him. In the background, I could hear Leanne warbling an off-key version of an Italian love song, reminding her lover of all the wonderful things she did to make herself pretty for him.

“Ah,” murmured Raja, stroking my short, silky slip and the exposed skin of my buttocks and thighs. “How many stashes does he have?”

“At least twenty,” I told him. “One is in Dubai.”

“Photo recognition?” asked Raja right away.

“You can get him to Dubai,” I said confidently to my husband. He kissed me absently and I could tell that he was thinking urgently about it.

“You didn’t promise him, did you?” the Raja asked me, returning to his gentle caresses that I loved so much.

“Didn’t have to,” I murmured, not feeling at all womanly as my husband tried to excite me into loving him. I’d have to fake it, as women did all the time, if he wanted sex with me. I think that he did.

“Next time Beshen has a long furlough is in three months,” whispered my husband, steering me to our newly made bed. He pushed me down on it and we kissed with all the enthusiasm of old, the spaghetti straps of my slip no impediment to my husband sliding it from me and making a meal of my breasts. So much for faking that I was a woman, I thought, as the passion for the Raja’s love rose in me.

“Oh,” we heard Leanne say as she came in from her scented bath.

Raja and I were far to engrossed in one another to care about her. I already had my panties on one of my ankles and my legs working frantically about his waist. I think she stayed to watch us make love, seeing the pleasure my lover took from taking me face to face, as he should take a woman. I know I was girlier than I had been of late with him, making all the little sounds of lovemaking that indicated how much he was pleasing me.

My climax was quite genuine as well. I really did love my husband. I loved him for rescuing me from the pit. I loved him for the soft words and gentle caresses that he had given me, making me enjoy being a woman, having some kind of life, when I had hope of none, after all that had befallen me before and after I had arrived in this terrible place.

I bounced and bounced beneath Raja, his head buried in my breasts, his erection so hard and so penetrating, thrusting piston-like into me. He was screaming this time when he came, thanking his deities for the extreme pleasure that he was experiencing in loving me. I thought of Abigail and my little man fluttered against him, pleasing him as I finally had an emission of love similar to his own.

“Rowena, Rowena,” he murmured as we kissed so romantically in the afterglow of our searing passion for one another. “You are far too much woman for me. I have taught you too well.”

He glanced over at Leanne then. She was stricken-faced, staring at us, a robe about her, revealing her ample breasts and smooth, shapely woman’s legs, and, of course, the hard erection that had burst from her panties that she was pumping as she watched us.

“Come join us, Leanne,” said my husband, easing out of me. Poor Leanne, she didn’t quite know what to do. I didn’t want to tell her but my husband surprised me as well as he put her naked body on mine and lifted my legs high about her. Then it was his turn to jerk off as he watched Leanne make urgent love to me, kissing me so ferociously, her breasts caressing mine.

I closed my eyes and thought of Abigail. That helped me to make it with Leanne, my husband finally joining us, poking Leanne’s lovely tush even as she was bouncing on

my erection. We girls both squealed together as we came, Leanne attached to my breasts like a limpet as I caressed hers. My husband betrayed me again by releasing his essence into her as well to add to her joy and satisfaction, and his own.

“Beshen will take you, instead of me, to Danton tomorrow,” said my husband as we lay quivering together, Leanne trying to kiss me and arouse me to be a woman with her again. “While you entertain the pair of them, I will prepare Mankoor for what must be done, especially in Dubai.”

—-*The Great Escape*—-

“Take a look,” whispered Danton. I was glad I had my high heels on as I stretched up to the eye piece and looked into what appeared to be a telescope. It actually was a tube that brought the scene on an outside piece of mirror onto another so that for the first time in years I had a glimpse of the outside.

I might have been looking at the moon, so barren was the countryside. Danton shifted the mirrors and I blinked. He took advantage of me, of course, his hand caressing my tush and my panties as well as my garter belt as I tried to look at the outside world for the first time in an age.

Before me, the view was foreshortened. I could see a wall. A sentry languidly sauntered across the small piece of vision I had. I stared in shock at Jodda, smoking a cheroot and gesturing with his hands to someone else, his movements obscene as he seemed to be miming what he had done to some girl. I hoped he did that to her tush and not to her mouth.

A further adjustment to the wire that Danton was using, a few more fondlings of my underwear, a kiss and three, and I could see part of a line of trucks standing qui-

etly in the dust. They were the same color as the landscape I'd first seen.

"With the driver," Danton hissed at me, "there'll just be room for the three of us, the Raja, me, and Mankoor in a Jeep. We can outrun one of the trucks that patrol the frontiers."

I turned to him and Danton caressed my arm and breasts. "A woman in a Jeep," he murmured, "in a burka, and we would be chased and stopped and searched for sure. Any patrol would want to see how pretty the woman was that we were transporting across the wasteland."

"Raja has told Leanne that he will take her with us," I murmured as I stood away from the 'telescope' and made Danton put his arms about me, properly.

"We will be guards from the prison camp going on leave," murmured Danton as he kissed me, loving the taste of my cherry colored lipstick. "We are going out to find women, not taking them with us."

"We need a bigger, closed truck," I said, pushing my wobbly breasts against him. Pain returned again to his eyes. "What happens if that jeep breaks down? Is there a backup to the coast? Can we hide and change at Abu Dhabi or must we stay in the desert and go way east to Dubai?"

Danton kissed me, his eyes closing. I liked his close-shaven face which I knew was done for me. I felt his hand again on my thigh. He had warned me enough that anything that he said to me in pursuit of sex could not be counted on. He would do anything to get me out of my panties and to penetrate me as he said that he had his priceless Brigitte.

I guessed that Danton was on the blue pills as well as he could now maintain his erection seemingly forever

when I was writhing girlishly beneath him, impaled on his fierce erection, in his bed. Still, that wasn't something I should complain about, should I? Not with how womanly Danton was making me feel with all his attentions to my feminized body.

"I will find a way to take you with us," Danton murmured, fumbling with my bra opening and caressing me shakily. "Or I will hire an army and come back to free you."

"The Raja said that this place is to be closed," I whispered to him, taking his manhood in my hands as he loved. "The American public has heard about renditions and they have to be stopped. We'll all be separated and made to disappear into Central Asia, the old governor told Raja."

"I'm on the register," said Danton hoarsely, caressing my breasts again, before burying his tongue in my mouth, our lips locked ferociously together. "The new governor knew me. He said all the right things, that I was being held illegally, that he'd report it and have me set free."

"This Johnson seems like a good man. I asked him what he'd do about those whose names weren't in his register. He asked me how he should proceed to find out those names. He wanted to know about what he called the deviate section of Huwara. I told him I had a woman who called it Hell and he laughed at me. He knows there are no women here and he knows now that I am mad."

But, his existence was known, Danton was telling me. The Raja and I, even Leanne, I supposed, could just be dumped down some well or dry hole by this Johnson. No-one need ever know what happened to us. We were the ones that the guards could lose and I knew some of them who were looking forward to the task. They were even talking of it, the Raja had said to me, the last time

we'd made love, a so eager Leanne trying desperately and lovingly to get in on the action.

"Must it be Dubai?" I'd asked Danton, my other lover, as he spurted on me, groaning as he kissed my tasselled ears and neck, his hands about my blonde mane, the scent I had doused myself with there, especially for him, driving him wild. He deserved the belief that he was insane by the way he loved my hair, particularly as I gave him what every man wants from a woman, an extended blow job.

"The money for the escape is there, east of Abu Dhabi," Danton said with a shiver. "There, I can transfer more money in. If I have to hire an army, I will. I will free you, my darling Brigitte, and do something Raja will never do for you. I will make you my wife in name in a court of law."

Danton liked to call me Brigitte. In an odd moment, he'd confided in me that Brigitte, this love of his life, had been a prostitute in a Lebanese bar, 'bombed by terrorists', but she had loved Danton. She'd told him so even as he understood that she had to do what she did when he was away to earn money to live.

Danton had asked me if I thought that Raja was really my husband. I'd smiled at such a thought. "Raja has only used me for his pleasure," I told him with a shudder. "And to get to you."

Of course, it wasn't true. I was the Raja's woman, his wife, no matter what he did with Leanne. He kept coming back to me even though he knew that he had to let Danton have me if he wanted to get out of Hell as we all did.

"Yes," Danton had said, smothering me with kisses and caresses, making me tingle all over and feel so wonderfully girlish.

I tried to ignore Danton's saying that he'd marry me in a court. I tried to ignore all the female feelings that I felt for him as well as Raja. It was a lovely thought for him, to have me tied to his lovemaking forever. But, if I ever got free of this place, I told myself, even as I was passionately making love with a man at the time, it wasn't what I wanted to do, tie myself as a woman to another man. I wanted my Abigail. Making love to Leanne, as much a man as me, for the Raja on occasion, kept reminding me of that.

"You should have given Brigitte money to keep her out of the life she was forced to live," I whispered to poor Danton. I shouldn't have said it. It was one of the few times I actually saw him cry.

"I know," Danton told me in real pain. "I was about to do it when the bombs went off and I was grabbed and held for the Americans. They said it was the bombs that I'd purchased in what was left of Soviet Russia that were killing soldiers all across Beirut. That's why they waterboarded me ten times. I told them I'd done it, anything to get them to stop.

"I only wanted to get back to Brigitte and take her with me to the West Indies. I've so much money hidden there. I thought I'd be able to buy my way free. But the torturers told everyone I was crazy, that I didn't have billions hidden in offshore bank accounts, and that I'd betrayed jihadists to them."

I only wore a thong-like gaff as I slid all over and around my lover, being a really loving woman for him, which he appreciated, I know. Danton couldn't talk for a while as he was too preoccupied with petting and fondling every part of me, his tongue leaving me to feel as a kitten must after motherly attentions.

"I will take you with me," Danton promised me huskily, sated with sexual pleasure at last while I was trembling as I had done enough to awaken the slumbering woman in me. "I promise you, Rowena. I won't lose you as I did Brigitte."

Danton was as good as his word. All hell broke loose in Huwara on the second night of Beshen's extended leave. Something exploded not far from the cells that I inhabited with Raja and Leanne, something in the direction of Danton's cell. Jodda and Hakul, a Kurdish guard, came charging down the passageway, opening the cell doors and motioning to Leanne and me to start moving along the passage towards Hell.

"I told you we should never have brought in all those chemicals to that crazy old man," Hakul was saying, pushing a terrified Leanne, her red satin high heels snagging in a rut in the passage. Hakul grinned and went to help her as Jodda slugged him then in the back of the neck.

"Not down there," Jodda hissed at us, taking Leanne's hand and motioning me to follow him. "Your high heels, girls," he added urgently with a leer, goosing Leanne to make her move. "Take them off or someone will hear you and come after us!"

I'd seen the gallery overlooking an exercise yard for the men where we girls had paraded in full makeup and high heels and then had been selected as sexual partners. I'd never been in the gallery but it was along it that Jodda halted us as light, real light, poured into our eyes. He was smirking as he gave Leanne and me sunglasses to protect ourselves. I was able to see Jofty then, grinning at us girls. I almost went back in fear as Jofty had a gun in his arms, a Kalashnikov by the look of it. At his feet was the dead body of a guard.

“Down the stairs!” Jofty roared at us. Jodda put his arms about both of us, urging us forward in our stocking feet and flowing knee-length dresses.

There was a wild melee across the exercise yard, as a column of prisoners was running and throwing themselves against doors that led into a dark passage and into brilliant light beyond. I heard the crackle of gunfire beyond and the gunning of motor vehicles.

“You men on the wall,” I heard the Raja’s voice announce. “We have the American governor here. He’s a dead man if you kill one more prisoner.”

The firing stopped as the mob surged out into the brilliance.

There was a clattering behind us as Jofty and Jodda urged Leanne and me to run across the exercise yard. I glanced back and almost started laughing as I saw a procession of ‘girls’ following us, their dresses and hair so colorful, their faces gleaming with makeup and fake jewellery.

“This is the men’s exercise yard!” screamed Jofty, waving his gun at them. I couldn’t resist his back to me. I hit him as hard as I could with my high heel and he went down. Jodda stared at me. We both grabbed for the Kalashnikov together, he lifting my long-nailed fingers, shiny with pink lacquer, with ease from the gun. Leanne only stunned him with her shoe from behind him but it was enough for me to yank the gun free.

Poor Jodda went down under a wave of brightly colored, swaying dresses. High heels rained down on him, only these had stockinged feet in them as the girls of Hell got even with one of the worst abusers of us all.

At the end of the passage, several trucks and a jeep remained with prisoners piling into each. “Girls! Girls!” went up the yell. Leanne would have run to one of the

trucks with Miri and Buna, and a dozen other femininely swaying figures; but I clasped her arm and directed her to the last truck in the line where Raja held an American in front of him. The man's eyes went wide in shock as he looked at all the girls clambering into the other trucks with their favorite men while I directed Leanne to the open door being held by a fearful Danton.

"Don't mind me!" I heard the American, it must be the new governor, Johnson, shrieking to whoever was on the walls. "Kill them all! Don't let them get away."

I heard Raja cursing as he dragged himself and the American into the back of the truck that was moving forward slowly, in line with others. A machine gun opened up and suddenly there was a wave of heat that seemed to sweep over us and the earth trembled. Rocks fell down on us in a rain of sand.

"Well done," I heard Raja say to Danton, who pulled me into the back of the closed truck, a weeping Leanne scrambling after me

We could hear groaning and screaming, male and not-so-male. "Don't stop!" shouted Raja, dumping the governor on the floor, to whoever was driving us. "You don't want that lot sharing in the money at the end of this journey anyway, do you?"

The truck accelerated violently and I was thrown forward, Leanne landing partially on top of me. The Raja and Danton were fighting with the American in the back of the truck, Leanne being the one finally to use her remaining high heel on his head. It was enough to distract him as Raja finally struck him enough times to knock the man down and the butt of Raja's gun did the rest. Danton pulled the governor's hands back and lashed them together, a wild, mad grin on his face.

"I told you I would get you out, Brigitte!" Danton cackled at me.

"Why didn't you shoot him?" Raja asked me belligerently. "You've got the Kalashnikov!"

That was what was under me, hurting me. I sat up, my dress all torn and dirty, like my stockings. I brought the gun round and Danton said, "Whoa!" as I lifted it.

Raja stood, looming over me and seized the gun. "If you wanted to shoot me and have all of Louis's treasure for yourself," he said with a grin, "you have to take the safety catch off." He motioned as if he was moving or pressing something off or on. I could never have told.

The curtain in front of us moved. Mankoor leered at me, just inches away from my face, where I crouched against the front partition. "What a lovely sight for sore eyes," he sneered at me. "Hey, Raja, you said it would be equal shares, didn't you? I'll take Blondie here first for my treat when we reach the watering hole."

Raja leered at me. "Sure you want her?" he asked. "No-one's following us, are they? And where are Jofty and Jodda who were supposed to be bringing her to Danton?"

"Who cares?" asked Mankoor. "Hey, old man, you better have been telling me the truth. You owe me a million dollars now!" He grinned back at us. "For another five millions, you can have the blonde girl first!"

"Look out for him," said Raja, pointing at the man groaning on the floor. He removed himself from the frightened Leanne, who was clutching at him, and climbed up through the small opening into the front of the truck.

There was an argument and the truck stopped for a moment. The Kalashnikov spat out a string of bullets that cut off a high-pitched scream.

“Cover the girls and gag the governor,” called Raja from the front. “Come up here, Louis, and help me to figure out where we’re headed.”

Leanne blubbered and had to hold onto me as we bumped and swayed in the hot truck. It slowed and made violent turns on two occasions. We must be throwing up quite a dust plume, I thought with a twinge of fear. Surely, if anyone was after us, they could see exactly where we were going.

I couldn’t stay beneath the hot blanket and piles of canvas that Danton had piled over me. I crawled out and found dark, brown eyes staring at me, frowning, as he, the American governor of Huwara, looked me over. I looked down and my leg, my garter belt clearly visible, showed the top of my torn stockings and my patterned white and pink panties.

I sat up while Leanne whimpered and begged me to hold her, her chest wobbling as she was exposed to the surprised, widening eyes of the American. “Do you understand me?” I asked him in Arabic. The man nodded, the blood congealed where his skull had bled into his hair. “If I remove your gag,” his breathing was really forced, “will you answer my questions quietly?”

The man nodded again.

“Are you Governor Johnson?” I asked him when I’d done that.

“For the next few days,” the man on the floor murmured. I got up and helped him into a sitting position for which he thanked me.

"What happened back there?" I went on with my interrogation.

Governor Johnson looked really surprised. "A prisoner I trusted," he said, and I could see the anger in his tanned, handsome face, "abused my good will and used chemicals I allowed him for his paintings, and to clean his and other's contaminated cells, in some kind of explosives. I think he's killed everyone who was there in Huwara, save for a few who might have run into the hills. Now a question to you."

I knew what it would be. "Was it the Raja who bought you women for the men in the prison to use?" Johnson asked me.

There were too many questions there for me to answer accurately. "No," I finally said after thinking about it.

"You should fix that left earring," said the governor. "It will scratch your pretty neck if you don't take it off."

"Thank you," I murmured in English and reached up to remove the dangling jewelled bands. The back of the clasp had disappeared somewhere.

"What's your name?" asked the governor with a frown, speaking English. "How did you women," he indicated Leanne with his head, "come to be here with all these men?"

"And why didn't you know about us?" I added softly. And that was enough for him to draw the right conclusion.

"The guards here," said Governor Johnson angrily, "were as much on their side," he indicated again with his head at the front of the truck where Raja and Danton were, "as they were on mine."

"They chose to be on the side of the angels," I said to him with a smile.

Johnson stared at me for a while and then his face softened. He actually smiled back, reminding me of Raja when he had first known me and was being so kind and considerate. "So, the one you call Danton isn't so mad after all, is he?" he said softly. "He said he knew a woman who called the lower levels of Huwara, Hell. How much of a fortune does he really have?"

"We'll find that out in Dubai, won't we?" I asked him. "I think I need to put the gag back on your mouth now, Governor Johnson."

"The rendition program is over," Johnson said urgently. "None of you, men or women, have to be afraid of me. I will see to it that ..." I gagged him and he was very annoyed. His eyes glared at me. I did it just in time as Danton, as I knew him, opened the curtain and looked in, frowning at me.

"It's too hot under all that stuff," I told him, crawling over to the front of the truck. Danton wanted a kiss from me then.

"You've lost an earring," he murmured. "I'll buy you a thousand when we get to Dubai."

"If we get there," I murmured, pointing to the truck across the roadway ahead.

I should have known better. It was a group of Mankoor's 'friends' who didn't mind that he was dead as it was one less to share in the booty he'd promised them. They were parked right on the border but I didn't know what border it was. I only know that we were part of a convoy then, that the road was very twisty, and that we turned many times. When we finally came to a stop, we were in the outskirts of Dubai.

—-Collateral Damage—-

Leanne danced across the deck, her dress billowing up about her legs, showing off her panties and stockings. She twirled on her high heels and her hands caressed her lovely tush. The front of her black dress plunged to show off her breasts, pushed up, impossibly high, by the new bra she had bought with Danton's money. Yes, she was as womanly as I had been at one time. She enjoyed the way that she looked and the way that the crew looked at her as she did her girlie act.

"Now you, my darling," said Danton. I had to get up and pirouette as well, my red dress sparkling with all the rhinestones sewn into it. Louis got up with me and it was his hands caressing my tush and my stockings.

"I wanted to take you girls to a private club," said Louis, cuddling me to him as he loved to do. I had to call him 'Louis' now, not Danton, now that we were 'free'. "But if someone suspected us, we would have been arrested and you girls would have been strip-searched!"

"I know one girl who would have loved that," sneered Raja from his cushioned chair inside the cabin, watching Leanne smiling at herself as she practised swirling her dress about her legs and exposing her stockings and panties in the dark glass of the window. Raja took a flute of champagne, his twentieth I thought, and savored it as if it was nectar.

Danton shook his head, smiling back at his 'partner'. He picked up my little purse, stuffed not only with perfume, lipstick, eyeliner and the like but also with money. Danton had put a roll of bills in my purse, and also identity cards. Raja had known just who to call in Dubai and where to go. He and Louis had come back with oodles of money in dollars, euros and rials. We had French passports now. Mine was as Rowena Charrier while Danton

was Louis Charrier, my new husband. I'd had a lovely, womanly jolt in seeing that. Louis had been rewarded with a blissful night of lovemaking to a woman who had no boundaries, as he said about me. I'd loved it as much as he did.

"One of my newer aliases," Louis had whispered to me. "I've paid Raja five million for you and some time, you and I, we are going to go through a real wedding ceremony. You will love wearing a white dress and a veil, won't you, Rowena?"

All I could think of then was Abigail and how she would have looked as my wife. She hadn't let me see her dress, of course. That was to wait until I'd got all the way back to Clemons ville, in northern Pennsylvania. She would float down the aisle of St George's on her father's arm where he would present her to me.

I was thinking of Abby floating down the aisle, smiling prettily at me, a tongue-tied me, gasping for air. "Oh yes," I managed to gasp at last as Louis hugged me and kissed me, thinking about me I'm sure in just the same way that I was thinking about Abby. "We should do that some day soon, Louis my darling."

Raja looked up at the two of us, at Louis' hands on my tush, pulling me against him, treating me as a woman. Louis now wanted to take me out and show me off to the real world as a woman. I trembled at the thought.

We'd only entered the first hotel in the dark of night. Even then, the few people who had looked at me had made me break out in goosebumps as they smiled at me, men and women. They seemed to know right away why Louis was hurrying a girl like me into his room so late at night.

I couldn't believe that I was out of Hell and I was free. Raja had arranged it all, the fixer for everything that

Louis, plying him with money, wanted to do. I had a passport, a woman's passport. I could catch a plane back to New York and go in search of Abigail Clemons.

I got hot flushes as I thought about what Abby would think of me if she saw me as I was on the boat moving steadily across the Mediterranean Sea. Oh gods, how was I ever going to be able to change back into me and face her again? What if she had married? I couldn't stand it as I knew that, with the passage of the years, Abby must have tried to forget me.

"So," said Raja to Louis. I could sense that Raja was still angry that we had let Malcolm Johnson, the governor of Huwara, go free. He'd wanted to kill him. Louis had disobeyed, releasing Johnson for me, accepting that I had no stomach for a deliberate murder. No, I couldn't do that, not even though I knew that I could never go back to Abby anyway, not with everyone looking for Patrick O'Brien, the murderer, the perverted murderer, as I would be labelled. I didn't want it to be true.

"Will I be a billionaire when we get to Monte Carlo, Monsieur Charrier?" asked a drunken Raja, his jaw jutting out, showing off his belligerent mood. "Or just a run of the mill millionaire as you have made me? Perhaps you would will tire of Rowena's lovely face and hair and pay me another million or two for Leanne? See how girlish she is becoming the more we leave the Gulf behind. I think the seamen on board this yacht," he paused and leered at us so that we'd get the awful pun, "is, are, really good for her."

Leanne had the grace to look a little chagrined. I'd caught her several times with a crewman, giving head, as she called it, once taking one grimacing black man between her breasts, laughing as she kissed the tip of his manhood until he came on her.

“One of those men is going to pull down your panties and rape you,” I told Leanne. She tried to caress me as I led her back to the deck where Raja and Louis were waiting to apply suntan lotion to our girlish figures in our bikinis.

“You make me tape myself too severely,” Leanne complained, putting her arms about my lovely girlish hips and wide tush. “It’s a wonder that I haven’t hurt myself more than I have.”

I didn’t trust her in a gaff. She’d have it off and the whole crew would have known that they had a nymphomaniac travesti on board with them.

If we did anything wrong as girls, Leanne or me, I didn’t know what it was. I tried hard to be dainty and feminine, even in my bikini, as we edged closer to our destination across the perfect, blue sea. The long voyage across the Gulfs, the Arabian Sea, the Red Sea and the Mediterranean were almost completed.

“When do we get to touch the rest of it, Danton?” Raja asked again. He eyed me balefully, seeming to not like the short dress I was wearing and all the leg I was planting over Louis as I played the part of his wife, now. “In Monte Carlo? Will you bring all the other accounts that you have scattered around the globe into one?”

“What other accounts?” began Louis doubtfully. I don’t think that he realized how fretful Raja was becoming as we travelled slowly to our destination. And Louis showering me with gifts of dresses and jewels was only making it worse. Raja, I thought, was a sore loser, even about losing a girl like me to another man. Raja would have liked to have flown out of Abu Dhabi, as the decoys had. Louis had insisted they travel on other French and English passports with pictures a little like ours.

We'd slipped aboard a yacht in Dubai, every entry to the deck clouded by curtains and veils. The captain had been somewhat offended at the money Louis had offered him to protect his passenger list from prying eyes. He was quite used to the need for privacy for his guests, the captain had told Louis coldly, eyeing Leanne and me speculatively. I thought it was because he saw that we weren't real girls but it wasn't that. It was the effect of pretty women on his randy crew that he worried about.

And, yes, as we got to know those men in the crew, I found that they were really, really good for my feminine ego, and for Leanne's, I could see. The captain was right to be worried. His men made eyes at us from the start, giving us compliments with the way they signalled to one another with their hands. We loved it because the Raja was beginning to act very weirdly, ignoring our womanly needs and drinking heavily, trying to get Louis to give him more and more money, which Louis did, in the end, with a sigh.

We were safe and secure, the captain assured us, his eyes roving over our lovely, feminine bodies, if we didn't tempt any of his crew, he warned. If any crew member spoke of any of us to people ashore, the captain told all of us, even how many of us there were, they knew that the captain would drop them over the side in a weighted bag. Monsieur Charrier had paid for privacy and it was assured. He asked Raja and Louis to keep their 'wives' under close supervision as that was the only problem that he wasn't sure about, what his men might do to possess women as lovely as Leanne and me.

I loved his compliment and wiggled against Louis as he, straight-faced, promised the captain that the women on board his ship would be perfect ladies.

On the ship's computers and entertainment outlets, Louis scoured the news every day for word about

Huwara and its governor; but there was no news that Malcolm Johnson, an American taken hostage in the Yemen, according to the only report he'd seen, had been freed by his captors.

Louis's money was good, apparently, and we were underway, almost immediately. I was his wife, with all that that entailed, our loving as wonderful as it had been since he had replaced his Brigitte with me. He was so eager to have me, trembling all the time as I performed my womanly tricks on him. It would all have been perfect if it hadn't been for Raja, who wasn't content with just fucking Leanne. No, he wanted to fuck me as well and said so in those words. It all finally came to head as we were a day out of Monte Carlo and the money Louis claimed he would have access to, at that point. I didn't tell either of them, my new husband, Louis, or my former love, the Raja. about what I intended to do, getting away from them all once we were in France.

"The Dubai accounts she told me about," said Raja, pointing at me, avarice clear on his face, as he was questioning Louis about how much money he really had. "We should talk about splitting those." Even the ten millions Louis had given him already hadn't satisfied him.

"She?" Raja asked himself rhetorically staring at my lovely legs and short cocktail dress again. "She, Louis? Don't you think that a couple of guys with over ten millions apiece from your Dubai account alone could afford to have real women in their beds now?"

I watched Leanne, who had been dancing and smiling once more at her reflection in the dark-glassed windows of our suite, spin to a stop, her short dress like mine, her hair swishing about her. She stared at Raja, her hands clutching her cheeks, as if he had just struck her.

"I want to dance with my Rowena," said Louis stiffly, edging me over to the fantastic entertainment center in the main cabin of the luxurious yacht.

"But she's a flaming drag queen," sneered Raja, getting up and turning the magnum bottle upside down. It was empty of liquor although neither Leanne nor I had consumed any. "Just like the boy who's been warming my bed with his pretty fanny these last few months."

"You don't have to be so crude, Devi," said the man we had called Danton for so long.

Raja sprang to his feet and I heard Leanne gasp. She moved as if to remonstrate with Raja, her fingernails glistening as mine were after the excruciatingly wonderful session each of us had spent being beautified at the hotel in Dubai. The incredibly glamorous women hadn't said a word to our 'spouses', not telling them that they were married to busty, long-haired men.

"Get away from me, Gunther," sneered Raja. Leanne reeled back as if she'd been slapped.

"You've had far too much to drink, Raja," said Danton. He hugged me. "Maybe we should take a turn about the deck." What that meant was a kissing session under the stars and some intense fondling until Danton could stand it no longer. He would have to rush me back to the bed we shared where he could be intimate, as he called it, with his wife, as he called me.

Raja laughed. "I'll come with you, Louis. Leave them here together," he said with a leer in his voice. "You haven't seen them together, Louis, have you? It's quite a show, each of them trying to be girlier than the other. In their panties, they really look like lesbians crawling all over one another. That's what we should do, Louis. You sit there and I'll sit here.

“Come on, girls, take your dresses off and show us your titties. Come on! Action, girls, action! Seeing one kiss the other will make any man hot and we can join in any time, can’t we, Louis. You start, Rowena. She can do a strip tease to music that you won’t believe, Louis. It takes



her forever to tease her panties off. Show Louis how you made me so hot for you, my darling Rowena."

"This is obscene," said Danton, his arm about my waist guiding me towards the doorway onto the deck. I felt rather sick as well. I know I didn't feel as girly as I had been feeling just minutes before, with Louis's hands on me, touching me.

"It is, isn't it?" said Raja, seeming to forget he had a glass in his hand. "Men dressed up as women. We can do ourselves a whole lot better, can't we, Louis?"

Raja was smiling as he bounded after Louis and me. I think it was all by accident but Louis Charrier, Danton, moved to protect me, pushing angrily at Raja. I screamed as Raja swung back with his arm, striking my new husband in the head. I screamed as Danton bounced against the opened door, striking the back of his head.

"Oh god, no," groaned Danton, sinking to the floor, a huge red stain spreading across his white shirt and dinner jacket.

Raja stared at his hand, just the stem of the glass left between finger and thumb.

I rushed on my heels as quickly as I could and lifted up the nearest phone. "We need a medic immediately!" I screamed, throwing the phone away before dropping to the floor to lift Danton's head to cradle it.

"No medic," babbled Danton, waving bloodily at me. "Help me. Bandages."

"You must have a doctor," I cried as Raja ran around the room and pulled all the phones out of the sockets they were connected to.

"Not going back," muttered Danton as if that was really a concern. "Not ever."

"You're bleeding," I sobbed at him, kneeling beside him, my dress cushioning his head as I squeezed his hand. "You have to have someone who knows how to stop this bleeding!"

"Wrap it tightly," croaked Danton. "Lots of linen into the wound. Make it congeal."

I tried. I ripped my dress and was in my panties and bra when the crewmen arrived at last.

"He'll need stitches," said the captain, who arrived with his pants and shirt undone. He blinked as he looked at my almost nude, feminine figure. "Did he hit his head twice as he fell?"

Only then did I see the gash that Louis had where he had struck the back of his head. The captain said nothing as he pulled pieces of glass out of Louis's temple.

"Madame Charrier," said the captain circumspectly to me. "Perhaps some clothes. The men, you know."

I realized what a spectacle I provided in my panties and garter belt for the men standing in the doorway gawking at me. Yes, they did see me as a woman; and I felt that I was one, Louis' wife. I had to sway past all of them, of course, to the cabin that Louis and I shared. I quickly put on a new dress, avid eyes following me as I went in. The captain had Louis carried in next, his head bandaged.

"I don't think he should sleep," murmured the captain, staring at my unbuttoned dress. "I'll call Monte Carlo for advice and to have a doctor ready when we arrive."

I sat beside my husband for most of the night. I only went once to the bar in the main cabin for ice and water. Raja didn't stop what he was doing to the squeaking, shivering Leanne as I had to pass them.

“Get his password at the Swiss bank,” muttered Raja as Leanne grimaced, her tush wobbling frantically as Raja climaxed into her, making her squeal. The grey tape covering her genitals looked so obscene, as Louis had said. He was awake as I sashayed into the cabin, sitting beside him in a rustle of petticoats as I wetted his lips as the captain had told me to do.

“I sure would have liked to have seen you as my bride,” murmured Louis drowsily as I let him lay his head on a pillow in my lap. “I so wanted to have a wedding night with Brigitte. She wouldn’t let me into her panties ever, you know. I never told you that, beautiful Rowena. You are so much more a woman than she ever was. How sweet it has been, Rowena. I should have bought you from Raja when he first offered, a year ago.”

“Yes, you should have, my darling,” I told him, feeling my breasts tighten at thoughts of how this might all had gone differently. But still, I was Madame Charrier, Louis’s wife, his woman.

Louis did go to sleep then. The captain said he thought it was all right. I changed into a nightie and thought of Abigail Clemons as I did every night as I lay there beside my husband. Would Louis finance cosmetic surgery to have me quickly change back to Patrick O’Brien? I shivered and dreamed of making love to Abby. It had never happened between us, just as Brigitte had kept Danton at bay as well. Abby had wanted to wait until we were married. Soon, I thought, tears cascading down my face, soon, my love, I will be with you.

I couldn’t wake Louis in the morning. I put on a robe that did little to disguise my female outline and called in the captain, who could not rouse my husband, either.

“We have to get him a doctor,” I pleaded with Raja, seeing the statuesque, blonde girl, pleading with him, in

the glass tiling of the main cabin. "Pay them all the money if you must. Get a doctor, Raja. There must be someone your contacts know who'll save him for the money."

Raja glowered at me and began to work on the computer. "We'll be in Monte Carlo tonight," he said grumpily. "Let him sleep it off. We can have him revived once we're sure where the rest of the money is."

"Don't you have enough?" I asked him and the look on his face told me the answer to that. He retreated to his cabin as Leanne, in a black bikini, came sashaying along the deck, making eyes at the youngest member of the crew. He brought coffee for us all, blushing as Leanne stroked his arm.

"So you've had him too?" I asked her as Raja stomped away to see how Louis was.

"I've had them all but the captain," said Leanne, twisting her long hair coyly at her mouth. She looked radiant with a tan, so unlike the pale girl who had emerged from Huwara. I guess that I was the same. My hair had never shone so much or seemed so curly. It was just as I imagined Abby's hair to be. Only hers would have been a strawberry gold.

Leanne smiled and stroked my hand. I pulled it away and went to the computer. I trembled as I saw that it was on the main page for the search engine. I typed in Abigail Clemons. The fourth entry for that name was linked to a report of her marriage to Edward Graham, junior, of New York.

Despair swept over me as I followed the link and there she was, a beautiful bride, her arm about Ted's. He was lifting her veil and about to kiss her.

"She's lovely," said Leanne behind me. "Who is she? Wouldn't you just love to be her and marry a guy like that? Do you know her?"

"She was going to be my wife," I murmured as the date caught my eye. Three months! She hadn't even waited for me for three months. I followed the links and there was Abigail Graham, née Clemons, in an announcement about the birth of her son. Seven months only had passed after the bachelor party I'd had before leaving the States. I was to marry my virgin bride on my return.

I was numb, my mind reeling, as I closed off the computer and staggered along the deck to my cabin with Louis. He was awake, Raja, for once, being his most charming and persuasive, as he apologized to Louis for what happened.

"I'm not going to drink again this trip," Raja said, touching the older man's hand and Louis nodded, his eyelids heavy. "Here's Rowena and she'll make you feel so much better. She always does."

I smoothed my robe and nightie beneath me, trying to project as much womanliness as I could at the men. The captain lifted a shoulder in a shrug as if to say that he didn't know what was going on. Both he and Raja left, however, when Louis indicated for them to go and leave us alone.

"So it is going to be the Countess of Monte Cristo after all," whispered Danton in a mumble I could barely hear. His hand reached out to lie in my lap, to stroke my shapely legs. There was a smile on his pale, sickly face. "The old man with the treasure dies and leaves his fortune to the Countess."

Danton reached over to the bedside drawer and took out his 'lucky' paintbrush. He twisted it apart and took something out of the handle. He pressed a key into my hand. "Monte Carlo. Brigitte is the password," he whispered to me. "Beautiful Rowena. Remember that you

promised to be my Dark Lady. Add Raja to the list of your real enemies.”

“You’ll be the one to get even with him,” I said with a tremble in my voice as he closed his eyes, his breathing really shallow. “You’re awake,” I said to him with an ache in my heart for Abigail as well.

What she had done and when she had done it was searing my mind. No, she couldn’t have been an enemy of mine. She couldn’t have been involved with Ted in betraying me to Hell. She must have just been doing what she had to do in a panic at my apparent death. I didn’t even know how that had been reported to her.

But the fact had to be faced. Abby must have been pregnant before she married Ted and the baby couldn’t have been mine. I was enough of a woman to know that.

“That’s always a good sign,” I said to Danton about his breathing, trying to concentrate on him for a while and be his woman, his Brigitte for a while. She was easy to play as she was a coquette, as I, the ultra-feminine Rowena, had been. No, he couldn’t be dieing. He really hadn’t hit his head that hard and the captain had stopped the bleeding.

“I’ve been looking up wedding dresses on the Internet,” I said gaily to him, sitting beside him and squeezing his hand in my distress over Abby and other things. “I’ve seen a most fabulous one. You are going to love me even more than ever in it. Our wedding night will be so romantic.”

Louis smiled but didn’t open his eyes nor did he speak to me. I lay beside him and kissed his cheek. I babbled on girlishly about a lot of things. I didn’t mention Abigail but I thought about her.

Louis Charrier, that was the other name I knew Danton by, but he’d said it was an alias, too, didn’t say a

word more to me. The captain couldn't revive him when he came in answer to my panicked call.

"I should not have given him the stimulus," the captain said sorrowfully. "But his partner said that you both agreed that Monsieur had something important to tell you ..."

"Yes," I told him as I stared at Raja, holding a clingy Leanne, she doing it in very womanly fashion. He could look over her head at me on the deck in front of our cabin. "My husband had to tell me that he had always been faithful to me and will love me forever."

The captain's hand sympathetically stroked me as he held me in his arms as I cried like a woman for her dead husband. I really did feel that that was what I was.

——-*The Countess*——-

"Yes, we do accept that Monsieur Louis Charrier has a safety deposit here, Madame Charrier," said the officious bank employee. "With his key and the account number, Madame, we can give you access to his safety deposit box without a court order. It should be easy for you to obtain, however, Madame, if you need access to other resources of his. All you will require is your marriage certificate and a death certificate, which you have right here."

"There's a password for the box?" I asked, still extremely nervous to be out in public as a woman. I had seen my reflection enough so that I knew that I was a fashionably dressed woman with a figure that matched any other girl's on the street. My high heels clicked just as other girls' heels did. My tight skirt was as stylish as any other girl's. My earrings and necklace were pretty. I was nervous but I was a woman.

My hair was long and styled, thanks to a most enervating trip to a beauty shop that Leanne had loved and en-

tered into like a little girl in her enthusiasm. It had made her become so girlish as she glowed after it. I felt very feminine as well, trying to think of Abby, but that image wouldn't come to mind. No, I was Rowena for a while in my perfect makeup and new woman's clothing.

My makeup matched other girls' in its up-to-date softness. My blonde hair gleamed, however, in the black veil and hat that I wore as I was in mourning; I really was for my late husband. I did cry for him and I felt some relief in the captain's arms. I felt none when the Raja held me and said he was sorry that Louis was dead. I really didn't have to fake tears for Louis, Danton, at all, as I thought of the ironies of how he had died. At least, it hadn't been in Hell.

"It's a sixteen digit number, chosen by the owner of the safety box," said the grey-haired man, trying to be helpful, cutting into my private, womanly thoughts of my lovers. "Your late husband never left you a string of numbers like that?"

Raja had told me to simper all over the man, to cry if I needed to, if things did not go well. They were men. They would take pity on me and help me inherit the great fortune that was rightfully mine. Not this bank official, I thought, as I pretended to consider and leaned back to cross my stockinged legs again.

Raja had visited me in bed at our hotel, as gentle and loving and caring as he had ever been. Yes, he'd thought that penetrating me as if I was a woman was what I wanted and would make me love him again. He'd made all the arrangements for Louis's simple, private funeral. I had made my statements to the police, my story of the accident omitting anything about the wineglass and repeating, as Leanne and Raja had said, that it was all an accident.

"I should have got him to make sure you had access to his account," Raja said gloomily as he made love to me. I tried to think of Abigail. It didn't help and only made me feel weepy. Raja was surprised that I remained so flaccid, unable to be aroused by him as he expected of Leanne and me. He saw my tears and thought that I was weeping for Danton, which annoyed him, I was certain.

"I should give you the same injections I give Leanne, shouldn't I?" Raja said to me, making me understand why Leanne was so constantly aroused and wanting sex from everyone around her, even me.

"A million dollars doesn't go as far as it used to," Raja told me then. "So get me into Danton's billion, Rowena, or you and Leanne are going to have to earn it for me, on your knees, girl. Leanne will love it but you, well, get me access to my money or it will be the needle and a new job for you, one you will, in all probability, like as much as Leanne."

I crossed my legs for the bank officer and produced the key that Louis had given me. The man's eyes rose in surprise as he recognized what I handed to him.

"And the account number, Madame?" he asked me. Clearly the key was not enough.

Brigitte was the password, Danton had said. I shivered nervously as I thought how wrong I could be. Raja had been in the bank and told me what they required of me. He didn't think that I could get in at all but he had told me to try. He wasn't going to spend all his money on dresses and trips around the world for Leanne and me. If I couldn't get in to Louis' accounts, then it was prostitution for the two of us.

An eight letter word for sixteen numbers, I thought with a shudder. It couldn't be as easy as I thought that it was. B was the first letter in Brigitte, Louis's great love. B

is the second letter of the alphabet. The bank manager coughed and shielded whatever was on his computer screen from me.

“Zero two,” I began and the man’s eyebrows went up in surprise as he typed them onto his screen. “One eight,” I went on. R was the eighteenth letter. I gave him the numbers for each letter, using zero in front of single digits as I had for the B.

“Well,” said Monsieur Corriveau. “Well.” He hardly knew what to do.

I smiled sweetly at him. “Will you bring my husband’s box to me here?” I asked him, fondling a lock of my hair as Leanne would have done.

“Come this way, madame,” said Corriveau and so I stood and sashayed into a special room just for exalted customers of the bank.

I was sure that I’d been fooled as I opened the box and all that there was in it was a grubby piece of paper. I was flushing as I thought about how I would have to take Raja a piece of paper that Danton had written some joke on.

Only it wasn’t a joke. It was a list of bank accounts, the names of the banks, the passwords that would free up the moneys and the amount of money that Danton had deposited in each account ten years and more before. Yes, Louis Charrier had been a billionaire, I worked out, shivering and shifting in my straight skirt, my earrings dangling against my neck as I looked at myself, a woman, a widow, calculating her fortune in the mirrored wall of the room I was in.

I shivered as I knew how much Louis would have admired my figure and my legs if he had been with me. Why hadn’t he bought his way out of Huwara sooner? Guilt about what he should have done for the original Brigitte, I thought with a shiver? He’d been so grateful

that he had finally done it for me, broken me out of Hell. I think I did feel more like his woman than I had ever felt before. Yes, I was truly his Brigitte.

I think I was more in love with him as I clutched his money in my feminized hands. Oh, I could use all of this and soon be Patrick again! Abigail would want me with the money I would have. If only I could keep Raja's hands off it all. Dubai had been Louis's smallest account. He didn't have twenty such accounts like Dubai, with its fifty million dollars. He had forty-three.

I sat there with the list in my femininely manicured hand and prayed silently for the soul of Louis Charrier, much more fervently than I had at his grave site. Now, how to keep this money for myself and how to keep it out of Raja's hands. I didn't doubt that if Raja got his hands on this list that I, and poor Leanne, would be dead within hours.

I shuddered as I looked at the list of all the moneys I had. Yes, you are a woman, Rowena, I told myself. Time to use my feminine wiles, I thought with a shiver. Oh, Raja, if only you hadn't killed my husband. I could have forgiven you the massacre at Huwara as Louis, like the governor, was sure had occurred. But you were my enemy. I knew because Louis had told me to put you on my list.

I put the list back in the box and had it put back in the vault. I smiled at Monsieur Corriveau who called me 'Madame' and begged me to deal with him when I wished once more to visit what I had kept so privately in what was now Rowena Charrier's box. And, at once, he would bring me the package of money that I wanted. A million dollars. If I would just sign in place, the funds I had indicated would be brought electronically from the accounts with the numbers and passwords I had given to him. It

would be amassed before the beautiful Madame even left the bank in Monte Carlo.

—-**Capture-and-release**—-

I didn't see Raja or Leanne as I stepped out of the bank, the Gucci bag with the small prize I was taking to Raja in my hand. I smiled, thinking that I could stand some more of the treatment I'd just received as a beautiful, rich woman. Yes, I could live like this, I was thinking.

"Keep walking to the car, Rowena," said a pleasant American voice, speaking English, as an arm slipped through mine.

A black limousine slid in front of me and a man with a crewcut, looking like a soldier in a suit, opened the back door, his eyes lifted to Malcolm Johnson, who held onto my arm. Malcolm tried to push me into the car, but I resisted, pivoting inside his grip on my high heel and backing into the car, lifting my smooth legs in after me as a woman should.

The Governor of Huwara Prison gave me a wry smile as I slid across the seat, like a woman, and left him room to slide next to me.

"Quite the young lady, aren't we?" he said thickly to me. Just the way the prison governor phrased it told me he had been talking to Beshen, who had doubtless been very honest with the governor about me.

I crossed my shapely legs slowly. He looked down at my stockings and then up at my face. "You look a lot more," Johnson searched for a word, "healthy than you did in the back of the truck. The Mediterranean sun had done wonders for you, your, your, girl friend as well."

"I'm glad to see that you're still alive," I murmured to him, making sure that my voice was as liltingly feminine as it should be. A shiver passed through me as we seemed

to be heading out of the city, and into France itself. The car I sat in so femininely was waved through a checkpoint and we were out of Monte Carlo.

“Thank you for saving my life,” murmured Malcolm Johnson, sitting very stiffly beside me. “Beshen showed me the note he received from you.”

Louis had been the one who knew how to get a note to Beshen. He’d done that. I’d only insisted to him that Mankoor’s friends would never do what he’d told them to, go and release the Governor after seven days. They knew that Louis had only been trying to please me, his so-called woman. A call from Raja and I didn’t doubt that Malcolm Johnson would have been ‘taken care of’ just as Raja had taken care of Mankoor.

“They were about to kill me,” Malcolm Johnson had to tell me. “But Beshen broke in and divided up the money you had sent him with them all. That gave him the drop on them. He only had to kill one of them before they let him free me.”

I moved the Gucci bag and positioned it between us. Johnson took the bait and opened it. “Whew,” he whistled. “A bribe?” he asked, riffling the stacks of bills. It had been very heavy to carry out of the bank.

“A million dollars to set me free,” I said in my most girlish, lilting, seductive voice.

Malcolm Johnson stared at me, his lips quivering if he but knew. “I, I can’t do that,” he whispered to me, closing the bag and frowning at the men riding in the front seats of the limousine.

“I can give you a good time,” I murmured at him, flicking my hair and moving my shoulder suggestively. “A very good time.” Yes, I must be the Countess of Monte Cristo to a man like Malcolm Johnson. She was alive and Patrick O’Brien was dead.

“So I’ve heard lately,” muttered Malcolm Johnson, the tic still there at his lip.

“I left an account of Huwara prison with the bank,” I said slowly to Malcolm, moving my hair and upper body as if I was a woman vamping her man. “It tells all about renditions and about Hell. It has photos of Leanne and me in our bikinis to spice it up. When the bank officers get their ten million dollars apiece from Danton’s treasure, the American tabloids, the English dailies and German exposé magazines get the fullest accounts of all that happened there to all of us innocent men.”

Malcolm Johnson winced as if he had been slapped in the face. He leaned forward, tapped on the front partition and motioned the driver to pull over.

In the next tourist lookout spot, the driver pulled in, looked back at Johnson, and tapped his partner on the arm. They both got out of the limo and busied themselves with a telescope looking up and down the Riviera beaches that they could see. I didn’t know if any of them would be topless and on view from where we were.

“Who are you?” asked Malcolm Johnson. “I know about Devi Patel, who likes to be called the Raja, or just Raja now, I guess. I know about Gunther Meissner,” that made him look away from me in embarrassment, “and the man we called Danton who has so many aliases, I don’t think anyone knows his real name. Patel and Danton sold arms and materials after the breakup of the USSR to make WMDs. Meissner blew up politicians in Italy for the Red Brigades. But who are you, Rowena? There’s no paperwork and nobody knows.”

“I know who I am,” I whispered to him, hating the way that my skirt trapped my stockinged legs as I moved. I felt so feminine being next to him, sharing a car seat, feeling that he would reach out at any moment and stroke

my leg. I think I wanted him to, as well. "I was innocent of any crime and I was buried so that no-one would ever know. So that no-one would ever hear me say what I had so innocently seen, and been told, to a court."

"Tell me who you are and I'll get you your day in court," said Johnson, studying my face, looking at my hair and my earrings, at my necklace and my cleavage. I could almost hear the gears turning in his head as he looked me over and wondered, I am sure, if this was what I would look like in a court room. Or maybe he was wondering if I really was a woman, and not a man. Oh, that was a lovely thought, sending a thrill through me. If he made a move to touch me, to find out, I knew I would let him. Yes, I would be his woman, I knew, if he would be my man.

But he should know that I was a man. I knew Beshen would have told him. Raja and I had tantalized him too often. Beshen had seen me with my legs high in the air with a naked Raja pumping himself into me and with the two of us bursting out with shrieks and unrestrained joy at making love to one another. Beshen knew that I had loved being a woman for another man. At the start of my stint as Raja's wife, it had all been genuine as well as I really wanted to be Raja's woman at that time. Beshen would have held nothing back to get his revenge on me for the indignities I'd had a hand in having him witness.

"I can rendition you again, if you prefer that," Johnson said angrily as I sat there and weighed my options.

"You'd have to blow up the bank right away, right now, and the bank officers I talked to, and predicted to, that this could happen," I told him. "They'll already have seen you grabbing me in front of the bank. Should have let me wander away a little or even let me call a cab over, Malcolm."

He jerked as I used his first name. "You'll have to be very sure that one didn't slip off with a package I left there," I went on.

"Stop!" Malcolm Johnson snarled at me. He looked down at the bag I'd carried. "You found Danton's fortune?"

I nodded to him.

"So what do you want?" Malcolm Johnson asked. "If it's reasonable, the bosses will let you have it."

"You mean I can have a sex change wherever I want," I said to him, suppressing all the emotions that seethed through me as I said the opposite of what I wanted, "marry any boy who will have me, adopt a few kids and live out my life as a mother."

"It that's what you want," said Malcolm Johnson, his body as stiff as a rake, "there would be no objection"

"Save from me," I whispered to him, taking his hand and stroking it. It was so strong and manly, so unlike mine, in what I had become. I could be his woman, I thought, sneering at myself as I shivered nervously at such an awful thought.

The tic had returned to Malcolm's face.

"I could make you part of that scenario," I whispered to him. "Which would you like to be, my husband or his best friend who seduces me?"

Malcolm Johnson jerked his hand from mine. "Perverts, all of you!" he snarled.

"We know what you made us be," I told him coldly, meaning to speak like Patrick O'Brien, but my voice wouldn't go that low. "But that was last year's story. I've come up with a better one. Oh, it wasn't me who came up with this: it was Louis when he saw what you had done to me. He reminded me of it again on his deathbed."

I had tears in my eyes then as I thought of Louis, or Danton. I still used either name for him. Johnson was looking at me, disgust written all over his face. I didn't care. I felt like a woman again and I would cry like a woman if I wanted to.

"What are you talking about?" Malcolm Johnson asked me.

"This is a revenge story," I told him and his eyes almost popped out of his head as I smiled savagely at him. "Louis called it *The Countess of Monte Cristo*." I watched the understanding and shock flood into the other man's face.

"I have three, four enemies," I purred like a glamor girl to Malcolm, walking my long, red fingernails over his arm and pouting as I arched my body femininely before him. "I promised Louis to be his Dark Lady and revenge myself on those enemies as the Count did. Oh, I'm not going to go around killing people, blowing up innocents," I told him sweetly. "No, like the Count of Monte Cristo, this Countess is going to ruin all those who tried to ruin me. It's going to be fun!" I batted my long eye lashes at the man, sitting there, stunned, and staring at me as if I was a monster. I suppose I am.

"And when it's all done," I told him in my coochy-coo, most little girlie voice that I could, "I'll claim back the wife and inheritance that was stolen from me." The look of astonishment on Johnson's face was indescribable. "Yes, and I'll be back to being the man I was before your bosses dropped me into Huwara Prison and told the men and perverts there to lose me."

Malcolm Johnson stared at me. His mouth moved several times as if he was trying to say something but nothing came out. I vamped him again, as my skirt slid up my legs. A delicious, female feeling ran through me. "Leave

me alone, Malcolm," I said as prettily as I could. "I'll rid your side of three of your own monsters and I'll set up a charity with the billion plus that Louis left me."

Again, Malcolm's eyes zoomed upwards. "Better to have that working for the good of the world," I purred again to the unfortunate man who'd never played games with a lecher like Raja, "than to have all that money working to expose you and my enemies for the scumbags that you all are."

Malcolm looked at me for a long time. "I think the perverts down there in Hell did manage to lose you," he said and there was a tremble in his voice. "I'll take your offer to my bosses."

"Don't bother," I told him sweetly, stretching out my smooth, silky legs so that he could see how really feminine I had become. "They've got it all on tape, haven't they? All they have to do is call you and we have a deal. You can let Leanne and me go. But you can do me a favor and keep the Raja. He doesn't know how to play nice any more. Give him this bag and tell him that it was all that was in the deposit box. Tell him you let Leanne and me go in an Amsterdam brothel, anything. Give him a lot of liquor and shove him into a sharp-edged cupboard. Maybe it will kill him as he killed Louis."

——-*Homecoming*——-

"We're American women now?" Leanne shrieked with delight as she looked at her new passport that proclaimed her to be Marilyn Russell.

Use it anywhere, I thought sourly and they would know, whoever the 'they' now was, where we were and in which country we had come from. I had a passport as well, I supposed, from Malcolm Johnson, as Hayley Madonna Russell.

“Are we going to America now?” asked the new Marilyn anxiously, her dark hair streaked with blonde and styled in exactly the same fashion as mine. With Raja gone, Leanne didn’t know where, and she returned to me as my ‘companion’, she wasn’t very sure of me. Not with the way Governor Johnson, as she called him, seemed to do whatever I asked him to.

Leanne said that she loved being my sister. I’d told her that that was what she was. One of Johnson’s stooges, as I thought of them, recording everything that we said, must have a real sense of humor as our passports now proclaimed that we were that, sisters. I had her secrete her new passport in her purse. I’d take it from there later when we were in America.

“We’re going to America,” I told Leanne as her so female figure bounced excitedly against mine. She hugged and kissed me enthusiastically, taking my hands and dancing me about the suite that we had in the fashionable Paris hotel. She’d been far too nervous to do anything like that when we had the bodyguards with us. I’m sure she thought that we were headed back to Huwara or to some other rendition program. Malcolm calling her ‘Fraulein Meissner’ had made her shiver and had brought tears to her eyes until I told him not to be so cruel.

Johnson had actually apologized to Leanne. She’d flicked away the tears on her lashes while staring, her pink mouth making a perfect circle, as she looked at me. She’d been really wary of me, but stayed close to me nevertheless. I had the keys for my sister and me at the elegant Parisian hotel. Johnson chose it for us. I didn’t doubt that it was bugged as well.

Now that we were alone, and she had time to collect herself, putting tentative questions to me that I answered honestly, Leanne had become more of the girlish character that she had presented to Raja and me for so long. She

was now Marilyn, my sister, but she was behaving in a most unsisterly fashion. She kissed me and caressed my tush, wrestling me onto the silk counterpane of the bed, her stockinged legs sliding between mine as she tried to persuade me to make love to her.

“Later, Marilyn, later,” I whispered to her. I would always think of her as Leanne anyway, no matter what her passport said. Later, I would take her passport, I thought, and pay some bimbos, I had the money to make them very rich, to impersonate us and leave the States. But I wouldn’t say that in a place where we were spied on. I wondered where the cameras were and how the guys would like to see two drag queens making out.

I let her go into the walk-in closet, a room really, and listened to all the squeals and shrieks as she explored the wardrobe that we shared as sisters. While Leanne explored dresses and frilly lingerie, I ordered us a private plane and paid for it, from the puny account I’d set up for such a purpose in Monte Carlo.

It was puny in the sense that I’d only put fifty million dollars in it, a fraction of the wealth that Louis had left to me. I could have gone on and sought decoys, girls it would have to be, I supposed, who would look like Leanne and me. But what was the point in deceiving Malcolm about what I was doing and where I intended to be? He knew we were headed to America. Once there, some time, I was going to have to lose him but not now, not until I was established as Hayley Russell, a pretty, very rich socialite. Oh yes, she was a woman as well.

Malcolm Johnson had admitted that the decoys who left Dubai, lookalikes of the four of us, had had his ‘friends’ running around in circles for ten days while we’d been sailing and sunbathing on a yacht. And making out a lot as men and women will. Louis had enjoyed the last journey of his life, I thought, a catch in my throat. If

I'd been faking it most of the time, faking that I was a woman, faking that I loved him, faking that I loved him making love to me, now that he was gone I wasn't faking how much I'd loved him. My grief was genuine and the men and woman, no, the men around me, knew it was.

If our captain hadn't had to call Monte Carlo for a doctor, and if some very alert stooge of Johnson's hadn't put two and two together very quickly, I would still be under Raja's thumb, rather than he being in Amsterdam, trying to find me. At least Malcolm Johnson and his bosses had done that for me, getting Raja off my back and out of my panties.

I smiled at Leanne as I told her in English that we would fly in our own private plane to the States. Leanne spoke a cautious English, very accented. She sounded like Elke Sommer, which she was surprised but delighted to hear. I ordered a film for her with Elke and Bob Hope in it.

Leanne listened and copied Elke's words throughout the viewing, leaving me to do what I wanted to do on the Internet. She was getting better as I spoke to her all the time, trying not to slip into Patrick's voice. It was easier for me to slip in English than in any other language but Leanne had to speak well if she was to become the actress that she had shyly told me that she wanted to become.

"Why are you on the computer again?" pouted my sister after the passports were brought to us by a hotel flunky with whom she flirted until I shut the door on him. "It never tells you anything new."

"That isn't quite true," I told her with a smile, smoothing my dress beneath me as I sat to read the story of the American bureaucrat, Malcolm Johnson, released for a large ransom, after being captured in the Yemen.

I wanted to but didn't call up the obituary of my father. Louis had been so tender and kind in telling me what he had found on the Internet. The writer said that he'd died from a heart attack. When he'd retired and sold me his business for a dollar, he'd laughed about my enquiries about his heart. "Sound as a bell," he'd said. "And ready to be a grandfather, Patrick. Don't be like me and just have the one kid, son. I should have married again and given you brothers and sisters. You marry this Abigail of yours and have five or six kids. You'll never regret a large family!"

I had seethed angrily when I'd been on line while Raja was out. I'd read that my father's son, Patrick, had pre-deceased him. Just that, nothing about how I was supposed to have died. I looked up myself and there were all my high school pictures. I shivered. Did I really look that dorky, that nerdish, with long hair which had come back into fashion then?

Well, I didn't look dorky now, I snarled silently at the screen. No, I definitely wasn't dorky any more, not with the boobs and hips and legs that I had. I had a girlie moment then and knew for a while that I was going to be a girl for the rest of my days. I would have any man in the world that I wanted.

There were pictures and an article on me as new boss of OBN Overseas, and then nothing. There was a brief story about OBN merging with Morse, Jenner and Hutton, whoever they were, but the company I had headed might not have existed as far as the Internet was concerned.

"We should go down to the bar," Leanne said, re-doing her lipstick as she did ten times an hour, I thought. "There were those cute airline pilots checking in when we were registering."

And you were smiling at the blonde guy, shimmying for him in your sparkly dress, I thought, as we came up in the huge elevator together. It hadn't taken her long to accept that I was in charge of her, as Raja had been. She was even starting to use her feminine wiles, wheedling at me to take her to the bar, as she would have done to Raja.

I'd thought that I would let Leanne go to a sex change clinic in Thailand or the States, given the way that she slipped so easily into her role as a boy-mad girlie; but she was the one who had balked when I'd said that to her. "I'm not finished with my willie yet!" she'd cried at me.

That was a very strange hug that I had given her then, reassuring her that I wasn't Raja. I wouldn't ever force her to do what she didn't want to do. She had seemed so relieved. She'd confided in me that she really would like to be an actress if I could arrange it for her.

When he had all his money, Raja had told her, he would make sure that she became a movie star, "For adults," Leanne had said, wide-eyed, making me choke on my soft drink. I hadn't thought that she could be that naive, but my sister never really surprised me in that department.

In the hotel room we had stayed in the night before, Leanne swore that she would be careful now with men. She would always keep herself taped when she went out on a date, she promised me, without me prompting or threatening her. Besides, she laughed nervously at me, men don't really care about going all the way, she said. It's all blow jobs they want, she said seriously, and I could hear Raja talking through her. I hoped the guys listening in to us didn't think that she was talking for me.

But now, in our luxurious hotel room, Leanne wanted to go to drag clubs in Paris, in contrast to what she had said to me just a day before, to meet guys who liked

travestis, as she described the two of us sisters. She was getting tired, she confided in me and at least one other with a headset on, with not going all the way with a guy. She'd learned to love it face-to-face after seeing me make love to Raja that way all the time.

"Come with me," begged Leanne, dancing and pirouetting in the stylish dress that swished and swirled about her feminine figure. Against my better judgement, I powdered my nose, painted my eyes and my lips, put on a flirty dance dress and went down to the Parisian hotel bar with my sister.

Of course, the first man who leaned back from the bar, a fixed smile on his face, was Malcolm Johnson.

"Ooo, there's Ronny!" giggled Leanne, dancing over to her smiling pilot, flinging her arms about him and giving him a huge kiss. The way that her body caressed the other man's made me shake my newly waved hair in dismay. Obviously some things would never change with my 'sister'.

"Not going to greet me like that?" asked Malcolm Johnson as he watched 'Marilyn's' display of girlishness along with every other male in the place, I think.

"I could," I said to his strained face. "But then you'd have to come back to my bed with me."

Malcolm grimaced at me and looked back at Leanne who was tugging her pilot out on the dance floor, embarrassing him, I was sure, by the sexy way that she danced against him.

"Let me buy you a drink," said Malcolm Johnson formally. "A Pink Lady," he called to a barman, taking my arm and guiding me to a table for just the two of us. He eyes flickered all over my face, taking in every line of my makeup, I thought. He couldn't stop and just look me in the eyes, though.

“Poor Malcolm,” I whispered to him. “Got the job of keeping an eye on the tranny and her sister tranny.” Yes, it was nice to play a bitchy woman from time to time. I’d do well in show business, wouldn’t I?

Malcolm grimaced again at me, and I would say that he was shaking a little, more than a little. “You say that to keep me off base,” he said, looking at me directly. I waited for him to shudder at being so close to a person whom he knew was a male just like he was. “I do have a serious question to ask you, however.”

I wasn’t going to get anywhere on my revenge fantasy, as I called it ironically to myself, unless I had some help from the inside of the intelligence fraternity. I didn’t doubt, with the way that I was being treated, allowed to be a smart, lovely woman, and sit here in what was, in fact, a lovely nightclub, that Malcolm Johnson was pretty high up in ‘spook’ echelons. After all, he’d been trusted with rendition-ing, if there is such a word, the rendition prison in which I’d been held.

I looked at him directly and smiled. Malcolm’s eyes flickered, embarrassed, I think, as he studied my face. He still looked haunted as if he couldn’t believe what he was seeing. I shouldn’t have worn a dress with such deep cleavage, I supposed, but then he was determinedly not looking there, nor at the slit in the side of my dress, exposing my shapely leg. He just tried to look at my girlish face and try to find some masculine reference. I could see that he couldn’t totally believe that I was what everyone from the prison told him I was.

“Are you going to use those American passports?” Malcolm asked me.

I smiled at him and put my softly manicured hand on his. “We leave for the States tomorrow,” I told him with a

smile, as if he had paid me a compliment. "Do you want to know what my serious question is?"

"You're not on any flight," Malcolm said with a frown. "You couldn't be leaving by boat? Ah! Oh!"

"My money insulates me from commercial flights," I said to him with a smile as I could see that Malcolm had got it. I leaned forward to see if he had a hearing aid in place and he did. Someone had just told him about me hiring the private plane.

"If you're going to crash a billion dollars around in the stock market, Rowena," Malcolm went on doggedly to me, his face grim, trying to give me whatever message that it was that his superiors wanted me to have, "you'll find that my bosses are not amused."

I smiled at Malcolm and lifted his strong hand, kissing it, as he stiffened and stared at me. I left a lot of lipstick on his fingers. "You can reassure your bosses that I will do no such thing," I told him as prettily as I could. Yes, being a girl is a very good idea! "I know that I'm on a short leash with you, Malcolm. I promise you that I'll be a good girl." That made him look at me terribly. I thought he would tell me several home truths.

The bartender, however, brought us fresh drinks, leaving Malcolm just to glower at me. I tasted the Pink Lady. Yes, a girl's drink, I thought sourly. "Delicious," I said to the bartender with a smile. He looked very pleased with himself as he went off to serve someone else.

"Do you and your, your, sister vamp every guy you meet?" asked Malcolm slowly, studying the way I held my glass with two hands. "I don't think I've ever met girls who were as forward as the pair of you all the time. Someone is going to take you up on all the girlie offers you are making, you know, find out what you really are

in that pretty dress and then all your dreams of revenge will come crashing down."

"I have too much money, Malcolm," I smirked girlishly at him and he wasn't impressed with me. "I'll just buy a big pillow to fall on," I said, putting down my drink. "I want to dance. Would you like to dance with me, Malcolm, or shall I go and ask one of the air crew?"

Malcolm looked a little green as he accompanied me to the crowded dance floor. Leanne was having a great time, with two pilots dancing with her, at the same time. Malcolm held me more sedately, stiffening when I put my arms about his neck and swayed my body against his as he held me tentatively.

"I know you're not gay," I murmured to him, smiling as all the women who were dancing did as I did to their men friends. "But a guy who's not gay would hold me with a lot more love and interest, Malcolm. And you have to know that any true gay guy wouldn't be attracted at all to someone dressed like me. I'm dressed after all to attract real men."

"Dressed all the way through," croaked Malcolm even as he tightened his arm about my waist.

"All the way," I purred into his ear, feeling a little tenseness entering me as I felt how hard his chest was against my own bouncy one. I hoped he'd seen the black, lacy bra and panties that I was wearing. "It's fun to have someone want to take them off me."

"That's really gay," said Malcolm, smiling wryly.

"Do something for me," I asked him as I synchronized my feet with his and we were a couple, man and woman, for a little while.

Malcolm swirled me and my dress swished marvelously against me. You'll miss that, I told myself with a

shiver, when you become Patrick again. Maybe, I really will have to become a transvestite, another voice whispered inside me.

“Lewis,” I whispered to Malcolm. “He called himself that, my interrogator. I know why he suspected me but I don’t know why I had to be dropped into Hell.”

“Why would you be suspected?” asked Malcolm as he started to twirl me as the music became quicker rock and roll. My dress really swirled about us as did my hair about my face. I wiggled and made sure that he was touched by it as well, the scent emanating from between my breasts enough to drive any man wild, my sister had told me, as she kissed and kissed me in delight as we made up together.

“The Senator had no daughter and Ali’s children were too young to marry,” I whispered to him, knowing that I was probably telling him too much. “It was on the Internet. The letter I was carrying from one to the other was a coded message but I didn’t know it.”

“Tell me the Senator’s name,” said Malcolm, holding me tightly as I clinched with him, arms about his head, lips against his cheek, in the slow waltz that followed all the exercise we had had. Oh, if I did that, I would probably be giving him enough clues on how to find me. But it could be that they already knew, anyway.

“Show me Lewis’s real identity and I’ll show you mine,” I whispered to someone really embarrassed to be holding me as he was. I glanced over at Leanne who was more than clinching the man she had started dancing with. She was lip-locked to Ronny, the pilot, I think.

“We have to go now,” I said to Malcolm, kissing his cheek gently and he reacted. He clutched my arm and so I swayed suggestively against him, taking his arm, and moving it, it was like a lead weight, around my tiny, femi-

nine waist. "Unless you'd like to come back to our room with us," I added, batting my eyelashes at him.

"If it was just one of you," said Malcolm dryly, his hand betraying him as he squeezed me and shook as I swayed a nyloned leg against him.

"Come on, Marilyn," I said to my sister with a smile. Marilyn/Leanne really didn't want to go unless Ronny came with her. "We have an early flight tomorrow and it's beauty sleep time."

Ronny didn't want to lose what he must think was an easy lay, I could see. He held Leanne in his arms all the way back up to our room in the elevator, kissing her and driving her hard against the wall of the hallway. I sa-shayed ahead of them and opened the door to our room. Johnson could have done that instead of leaving me at the elevator.

He'd only kissed my cheek when I stopped, waiting, as he more or less had to with all the other people watching a man and a woman splitting up and going off. I made myself as forlorn as I could, and kissed him quickly on his lips before skipping off with Leanne and her amorous boy friend. Yes, I could be Malcolm's girl friend if he would just loosen up a little.

In our doorway, the new Marilyn jiggled against Ronny and cried because she was going to miss him so. I would have liked to have done that with Malcolm, I thought, the shiver that had come over me when I had brushed his lips with mine still with me as I shooed Ronny away and rescued my sister from a one night stand.

When Ronny was finally gone, of course, Leanne wanted to have me instead. It was what we had done to amuse Raja. Often he wouldn't even join in. I knew what my sister wanted and I should have left her with Ronny.

She was a little scared of me but I could tell she wanted sex games, she wanted girlish satisfaction, as one womanly body aroused another. Raja would have said what a lovely pair of lesbians we were.

Well, there wasn't much else to do in Paris on a late night. And Leanne was lying on her bed, fidgeting and looking at me. It wasn't lesbian games that I wanted as I smiled at Leanne and opened my bed to her, her nightie as flimsy as mine. She took my tape away from me while keeping hers in place for a while as we joined together in girlish fun. I might have called Leanne 'Abby' as I emptied myself into her but she only called me Rowena as, later, untaped as well, she did the same to me.

"I like doing this after the men have roused me so," whispered the girl cuddling in my arms, our breasts touching and legs so deliciously intertwined. I stroked her wide hips and she leant to caress my breasts with her lips before saying, "This is so much nicer than making love to hairy men like the ones we had to rouse in prison."

"But wouldn't you like Raja to join us?" I asked Leanne as she bounced her breasts and manhood against mine and we both giggled as we caressed one another's tushes. Her erection was bigger than mine so I raised my legs about her and let her have me again. Her hair and nipples tickled me. Oh yes, it was so much better to be girls together, without Raja, her turn giving way to mine, our legs locked together for a while as we both wiggled in ecstasy at making love to another woman.

I bet you're feeling so lonely in your manly bed, I thought silently to Malcolm Johnson. This could have been you in my bed. I had to jerk myself to stop such thoughts making their way through my mind. I had to think of Abigail Clemons. I really did. I touched womanly breasts and soft skin and stroked the legs of the girl in bed with me with my own. I kissed all the spots she had per-

fumed so well and let her caress and kiss mine at the same time. Oh, yes, if you have cameras to record this performance, Malcolm Johnson, I thought, I hope you can tell where one girl begins and the other one ends.

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