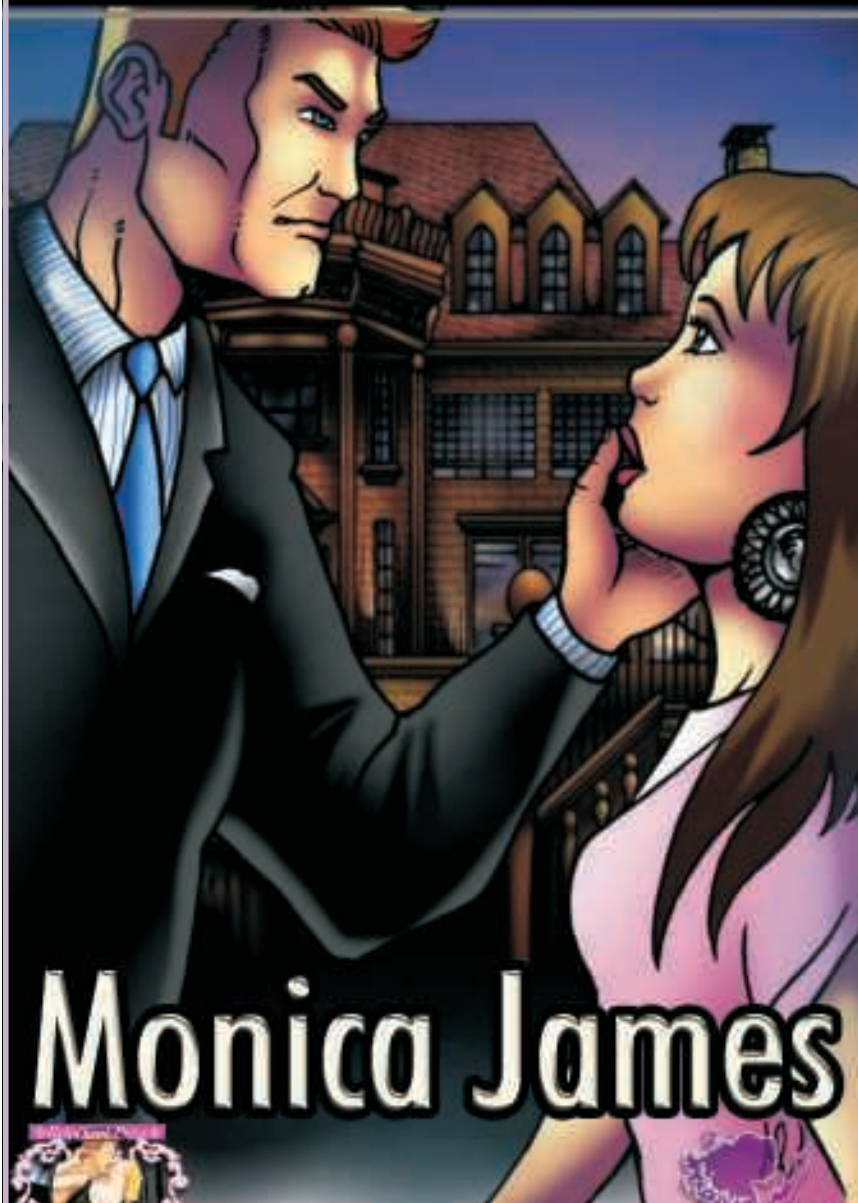


Fraternal Twins



Monica James



A "New Woman" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

This story (including all images) 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.

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder. This material is intended for persons over the age of 18 only.



Copyright © 2016

Published by Reluctant Press
in association with Mags, Inc.
All Rights Reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced without the written permission of the publisher, except for brief quotes contained within a critical review.

For information address
Reluctant Press
P.O. Box 5829
Sherman Oaks, CA 91413
USA

Call toll free (800) 359-2116

reluctantpress.com & magsinc.com

Prologue

Sybil stared at her brother, “Do you want to talk about it?”

“What about?”

She sighed. “Crossdressing. You’ve been into my undies again, I had hoped, with Mom and Dad gone, that you would grow up.”

“Is this why you promoted this trip to France? You want an argument?”

Sybil bit nervously at her lower lip. “Can you tell me what it means? Do you want to seduce girls with that ridiculous apparel? Or boys? Honestly, Seth, I wonder if all fraternal twins have such off-the-wall concerns.”

His wan smile meant to his sister that something more mysterious was on his mind. “You’re badgering because you’re older than me.”

“Ten minutes! Don’t say stupid stuff like that.”

“Maybe some new friends will clear up the confusion. In my defense, I’d like to point out that I do not criticize your choice of friends. Therefore I ask you to give me the same benefit.”

“OK, truce then. I admit I’ve been close to some girls in my little circle, The university sorority helped me see myself as I would like to be. That make any sense?”

He pounced on her so swiftly it made her come alert. “Would you rather be a boy? We would be the same.”

“Conversely, if I was a girl, uh, that too.” He blushed in spite of the hostile glare from his sister.

After a long pause, Sybil giggled. “The idea is intriguing, Would you like to be a girl to wear the lingerie you steal from me? And get unnoticed in the girl’s locker room? What? Tell me.” Her tone of voice was back to teasing mode.

Seth considered the end of the discussion but the thought nagged him. “Is it good with a girl?” he asked slowly.

She rested against the seat cushions. “Just forget you ever asked that.”

“You don’t want to talk about oral sex, do you? Does it bother you that we are so different?”

“The same but different. Yes, I can see how that could add to your confusion.”

FRATERNAL TWINNS

by **Monica James**

One

Seth sat up and leaned toward the window. The sleek jumbo jet slipped out of cloud cover; Sybil moved aside so her brother could see.

“It’s the coast of France,” Seth said laconically.

“This is so exciting,” Sybil answered. She couldn’t hide her enthusiasm.

The usual cabin chatter silenced them. The steward predicted landing at the Paris International Airport and asked for seat belts to be fastened and the service trays secure. After that he stood next to the twins and smiled.

“First Class passengers can leave as soon as the forward ports are open,” he said in an automatic monotone. His eyes flicked interest in Sybil’s luscious body curves but he was able to hide his feelings.

“Your luggage will be forwarded to your hotel as soon as we land, Hopefully no delay by the customs. Your behavior has been a pleasure. Thank you for flying Air France.”

“Maybe we will meet again,” Sybil said as they made ready to exit.

She forwarded her hand which he grasped lightly and smiled. “It is my hope,” he said, then attended quickly to the exit procedures,

Sybil turned and looked behind them as they left the terminal, Other passengers were milling around waiting for their customs checks. Soon the taxi zoomed down the busy highway to the hotel,

“That steward was about to eat you alive,” Seth said in a controlled whisper, “Good that I was there to protect you.”

She giggled, “If he had asked for just a tiny taste, I’d still be on the aircraft with my legs spread for him. He is so cute.”

Seth frowned, “Don’t be gross. At least pretend we are personable.”

She slapped his leg. “You are no fun. Oh look, there is the Sorbonne. Appears just like the brochure.”

As they turned onto the street to their destination, Sybil was sitting on the edge of her seat/ “Look for number 71 Avenue du Bosquet,” she said, quickly scanning the myriad signs. “Yes there it is-The American University.”

“It even looks expensive. I know we have the money our parents left us but at least be grateful.”

“It was destiny, Mom begged Dad to avoid flying together in case of trouble. Dad would have none of it. It’s comforting that their last thoughts were for our mutual benefit.”

Seth squinted at the busy pathways in the shadows of the later afternoon. “We have to make the best of a bad situation when we remember them.” He was thoughtful as he gazed onto the manicured campus. “It looks like I might have been too hasty trying to dis-

courage you on this educational adventure, This place is full of girls, like a platoon on each corner.”

Sybil jabbed him in the ribs. “Calm down brother dear; we are told the boy students are the minority, Girls: eighty percent, Guys: twenty percent. What think ye of that?” She burst out laughing, “You can be the pirate leader running off with the pretty girls.”

Seth sat back and took her hand. Next he whispered, “Smorgasbord.”

She slapped him lightly on the shoulder. “And you say I’m bad, Are you ever going to grow up?”

He grinned. “We are the same age but the gender might be confusing.”

“Blame it on the DNA; the plan was for us to be the same sex but the XY and XX chromosomes won out.”

“Yeah yeah, cCool it. Wait until these hot French chicks get a look at your figure, You will be the gal in the candy store with a credit card.”

The taxi jerked to a stop as the front tire hit the curb. The driver collected his fare and abruptly left them standing on the sidewalk,

A uniformed man approached them.

Seth blinked, “I think we’re on our way; here comes a rent-a-cop.”

Sybil chuckled, “*Gendarme* to you. Where were you when they handed out curriculum for High School French class?”

He stepped toward the security guard and extended his hand. “Could you...” he asked but was interrupted.

The guard motioned them to follow him, “This way,” he said in accented English.

Two

Sybil jumped up off her bunk when she heard Seth come in.

“Where have you been?” she said. Her tone was laced with an accusation that he had committed a mortal sin.

He laughed. “I know the plan was for me to return to the States when you were settled, in class and all that. I didn’t feel right about leaving you to the mercy of these adventuresome students and your roommate takes offense at me being here most of the time so I decided to find a place of my own. Come on, I’ll show you, It’s perfect for the free-lancing lover in Paris.”

“I’m in shock. We could have discussed whatever it was that prompted all this.”

They walked across the campus past the AMEX Café. “You need to spend more time here. Many interesting folks, like a cross-culture survey each minute.”

Sybil ignored him as they strolled hand-in-hand along the wide boulevard. “At home the student union was for the younger set,” she said as if she was laying a problem to rest. “Where is this room you are so excited about?”

Finally they turned the corner and stepped through a tall gate hiding a lush garden.

“See? Three floors, six mini apartments, A guy on the first floor is graduating this term so I bought in to get his place. That having been done, my generous resident left with his parents. Voila!”

Sybil glanced around. “Your partner is a student too? Why did you drag me over here when all you had to do was tell me instead of keeping me in suspense with an anxiety fit? Good-looking guy all alone in Paris; worth worrying, I say.”

They walked out between the tall, shuttered doors onto the garden. Seth pressed a key into her hand, “This is yours for as long as needed. It should help,

seems to me, to know where to go when you are as lost as I am.” They sat on a low wooden bench,

“What happened to your desire to return home?”

“Right, I wanted to come here with you to be sure you are settled, bills paid, courses lined up, all of that. You are doing fine unless you say otherwise.”

“So, now you are holed up in a bachelor pad in Paris, walking distance to the Latin Quarter. You make me feel like you should get an allowance.” She grinned and took his hand. “I’m glad you are happy and, honestly, I really feel better now that you are close by.” She leaned her head on his shoulder. “Not too close, you understand. We have to live our own lives.”

He turned and kissed her on the forehead. “Maybe I’m not ready for the avuncular role.”

She stood up. Acting indignant, she said, “Uncle Seth? I’m not even pregnant yet!”

They both laughed.

“You very nearly raped that cute airline steward. Poor fellow, he was so taken with you that he’s now a weekly wanker.”

She turned to go inside. “So, do you or not?”

“What?”

“Have some wine to offer a parched sister?”

He found the usual pleasure at hearing the cork pop out of the bottle. “Mouton Cadet. Red,” he said with authority, “Count the gurgles.”

Later, after they finished the wine, Sybil and Seth exchanged hugs as she headed back to her sorority house. On the way out the gate she was blocked by a muscular man carrying a passel of books. He smiled showing even teeth but his eyes did not betray any interest.

“Well, who was that?” he said, coming in. “You move in one day and a gorgeous creature is visiting already.”

Seth laughed. "My sister; her name is Sybil, You could have introduced yourself. I promise she is self-sufficient. Just don't get too close. She studied karate for a while." He laughed. "I brought some wine if you need some encouragement on the rigors of the class schedule."

#

The end of a relatively quiet week was upon them. Seth was curled up on his bunk engrossed in conversational French lessons based on a lusty romance novel. The evening silence was abruptly broken with a crash. That was followed by the front door opening with a loud bang as it slammed against the wall.

Damian fell across the threshold with a groan and appeared semi-conscious.

Seth swiftly went to him and helped him through the doorway. He closed the door after checking to see if Damian had any helpers or followers. Outside, the bedlam of an impending riot struck him. That was when he felt the onset of dread, a mood new to him,

Sybil was on the cell phone. "Seth; it looks bad. Stay inside, some lunatic just threw a full can of beer through our window."

He tried to be his usual laconic self. It was difficult. "That someone just has no couth; might have at least opened it."

"Oh, be serious for once. This might be the start of a war of some kind."

Perhaps. In this case, the winner gets control of your mind."

Sybil calmed enough to drop her voice a decibel or two. "You would have us man the Bastille."

"Not until the fourteenth of July." He chuckled at using the history tidbit he had just learned.

Sybil snapped her phone shut after one shriek. "Oh, you are impossible!"

Seth's amused reply was lost on her. He went to help Damian when he saw the lad struggling to get to his bunk,

He tugged Damian's shirt off and searched for any cause of trauma. Nothing. "You better get to the clinic when this dies down," he said still looking for bruises. "What happened?"

Damian felt it when Seth pressed his rib cage, clavicle and back. "Our regular Friday night poker game was shamelessly interrupted. They were milling around looking for a fight. I decided to make a run for it but didn't get far. Several of them stopped me and took their leisure to use me for a punching bag. I was giving them some response until one of them kicked me, hard enough to crunch my ribs I think. That hurt."

"Others will be injured, as well," Seth said as he removed Damian's shoes and tugged off his soiled trousers. "When it appears the trouble is over, we can go look for your friends. Did you grab the poker pot on the way out?"

"Wise guy. No, there wasn't time. I think I was the only one dumb enough to try such a brazen escape. The rest of them sprinted down the alley and were gone. Hope so, anyhow."

"My sister called to tell me to stay in as the rioters were aiming at them. Probably for the terrorist publicity."

Damian grumbled as he tried to get comfortable. "The clinic awaits," he said with an unsteady voice.

"Try for some rest. You can go in the morning, How about a hot bath? That should help. Also, I have some pain killers that might let you sleep."

Damian's facial expression changed to benign instead of pain. "I didn't know you cared." His lips curled to a smile until he groaned again,

"Well, I do care, You would do the same for me."

As Damian sank into a hot bath, Seth picked up his cell phone and handed it to him. Damian took several calls and was thankful he was the only one injured in the mllée. Seth switched on the TV but

didn't make much sense of the commentary until Damian explained it.

They discussed the social unrest until Seth saw Damian's eyes blink. "Enough of this," he said and turned over in the bed.

"You seem improved," Seth said, "Maybe those pain killers from Sybil did their job."

Damien closed his eyes. "I must remember to thank her, Must be nice to have a beautiful sister; looks and brains don't usually come as a package."

Face-to-face with his pillow, Seth was awakened as Damien journeyed to the WC. He sat up and swung his legs out until his bare feet rested on the carpet. "Hey guy, let me give you a lift." He caught Damien by the elbow and held him upright until he made it to the small bathroom. He waited until Damien came out and assisted him to bed. "Those sure are sexy boxer shorts," he said lightly. "Didn't they have any pink?"

"No, wise ass, These are just fine, Are you commenting about my near-nakedness?"

Seth puffed up some pillows and held Damien until he groaned some more and rested. "I remember your physical body. You are all muscle, Do you work out?"

Damian turned until his shoulders were straight up. "I was more athletic in school, Some muscle tissue must have taken residence. Now I wish I could have at least landed a telling punch on one of those rioters. Maybe the gendarmes with their English billy-style clubs did some good." He glanced at Seth who stood at the side of his bunk dressed only in pajama briefs, no shirt. He chuckled. "You should be a girl with that light build. Do you and Sybil compare?"

Seth laughed. "No, she is the better of the two of us. Of course, I'm younger so that might have an influence."

"After seeing her yesterday, I wondered about age. How much older is she?"

"About ten minutes, we have been advised."

Damian grinned, “Now that you mention it, I can see a resemblance. You are both beautiful. But how can you be twins?”

Seth sat on the side of the bunk, “The word is dizygotic; both born at the same time but with different genders. We are close friends as well as family.”

“Fraternal twins; I’ve heard of that.” Damian squinted in the early morning gloom. “Don’t tell me your parents were the same. That would be incest.”

They both laughed. “Neither of us are experienced in the sensual arts. Our parents kept us closely tethered though we did manage sex-ed classes at school, some random porno at overnight sleepovers, like that,” Seth said in an easy tone.

“So you’ve managed some freedom now, They might show up any moment to check on you.”

Seth was silent for a long moment before he answered. “They were both killed in an airliner crash. We are here on the insurance proceeds. Sybil is determined to further her education. I can’t answer for her sexual adventures, if any.”

Damian coughed and touched his chest with his fist. “I’m sorry, Seth. That was really awkward; I might have guessed. There seems little I can do or say.”

Seth impulsively caught the edge of Damian’s blanket and tucked it under his chin, “Please; it’s not a problem unless we make it one.”

“You are generous.” Damian moved over on the bunk to make space. “You’ve been comforting me all evening. I should do the same for you since I brought up such a personal topic. Climb under these covers and you can go to sleep. Maybe you will forgive my crass comments.”

Seth shrugged and, remembering that Damian had only the boxer shorts on, stretched out on the bed. He sighed when Damian moved one knee over Seth’s reclining body.

The fleshy contact sent waves of erotic feeling through him. “Damian, I’ve never been this close to a guy before. Nor a woman, for that matter.”

“Are you complaining? Maybe you are feeling inferior because you are not a girl.”

Seth chuckled. “No complaint, I like the closeness. I may be short on experience but I’m informed.”

“I can’t believe this; an American virgin in Paris, And Sybil?”

She has never mentioned one way or the other. She is aware, however, that her looks attract attention.”

Damian moved his knee higher on Seth’s thighs. When he heard Seth suck in his breath, he relaxed the contact. “One of these days she might look down to see her favorite girlfriend lapping between her legs, After that we can only guess what will happen.”

“The thought makes me wish I could be a girl. Think of the thrill.”

Damian pressured higher, far enough to again engage Seth’s genitals. “It can be done, you know. Uh, being a girl, I mean.” He raised one arm high enough so he could touch Seth’s lips with his finger. The soft fingertip caressed the fine line of his jaw and onto his lips again. “Do you know what you would be doing right now if you were in fact a girl?”

“Yes, but I don’t think I could be good for you. I’ve never been in such a situation.”

Damian removed his knee and deftly clawed gently on Seth’s flat tummy. “Nice figure for a guy,” he said, teasing. “Would you like it?”

“Like what? I’m afraid of what you are going to say.”

Damian laughed, “You may have wondered about it. Do you like me? My looks? Being with me as a friend? As a lover?”

“Omigod, Damian, Take it easy, please. This is all too fast for me. You are supposed to be injured. The pills from Sybil can’t be that good.” He knew he was running his words together. Next he was aware of Damian’s hand creeping over his naked torso, lower onto his stomach. He knew he couldn’t hide the dull throb signaling his erection.

Damian touched lightly at the soft flesh. After going lower, he felt Seth's raging erection. "Yes, we should talk, I don't want to rush you; not my style."

"Thanks. I don't want you to know how dumb I am."

Damian giggled as if self-conscious. "A bit of experience lacking here and there doesn't make you dumb. You are thinking about it now, aren't you?"

In a labored breath, Seth whispered, "The answer to all your questions is 'yes.' I do like you. You are my friend. I was in a panic when you had such chaos this evening. You are very handsome, as you know. But being easily aroused by appearance doesn't cover what I see. You are hot. I'm not doing this well, am I?"

"You don't seem in a panic. Let me help." Damian began a tantalizing touch along the length of Seth's cock.

"Do you want a gentle hand job? I can do that."

"So can I."

Damian laughed lightly. "On me or you? Both?"

"You are confusing me. I've known a long time that it would happen. Of course, my interests went to some very attractive girls in my life. Now, I'm on the edge of a new experience." Seth closed his eyes to enjoy the ecstatic moment.

Damian turned his hand, palm down, to slip beneath Seth's shorts. "Take this off," he demanded. "I don't care that you've not had it. Think, Seth. I'm going to take you so that you can feel my warm, lush, wet mouth sucking you until you explode."

Seth removed his shorts. He almost fainted with the torment Damian caused. He closed his eyes as the muscular 'hunk' began an exciting, soothing, jacking back and forth.

Later, Damian quietly left the bed. The morning sun peeking through the blinds awoke him. He reflected on what had happened in those early hours of the day.

He found a note on the kitchen table. "Went to the clinic. There is to be a subsidy for anybody injured last night. Later. Call your sister."

Three

Sybil walked swiftly along the Champs-Élysée. She was to meet Seth at Montmartre but the events of the prior evening had so thoroughly frightened her that she was unsure of her step. Finally, she saw him seated near the exit, back to the crowd, reading.

They embraced. "It's a marvel you aren't hurt," she said to him,

He looked furtively around as if expecting armed conflict. Though the luncheon crowd was subdued, there was still talking, laughing and music flowing from the inside. He watched the waiter drop menus on other tables before reaching them.

"Your phone call alerted me. Actually, when you called I was going to go out for a stroll. No more of that, for certain." He took her hand. "I hope nobody was hurt at your place. I could see no purpose in running headlong through that mob to reach you. It's quiet now.

"For how long?" she said with disdain. "Well, as long as you are not injured, we can be grateful."

Damian, the chap you saw at the garden gate, was assaulted when he tried to get from his Friday night poker game to the street and home. He is at the clinic now. I gave him some of your pain pills. They worked fine. Thank you."

She smiled ruefully. "So, did you two hide like children being scolded?"

"Not so; I helped him into a hot bath and then to bed. He didn't have any visible injuries but I suspect some cracked ribs due to being kicked while he was down."

"They are monsters." She observed him with her original, severe inquiring look. "You better tell me, Seth. You know you can't keep carnal secrets from me after all our confidences."

His lips turned down in a brief smile. "We had sex." He raised his eyes to confront her stare. "Well, sort of."

"You mean not all the way? What does that cover-sort of?"

"Just a hand job but I loved it. It wouldn't have happened without your pain pills."

She gazed at the luncheon crowd as if in fear everyone could overhear. Of course they could not but she was ready to break and run if her brother's confession might cause an uprising. "So," she replied in her best icy tone, "it's my fault. Explain that."

"Darling, you are over-reacting. You have to understand. He had been victimized by some political movement none of us know about. It was a high-tension moment. Reviewing how it happened, I realize he wanted it but it took that assault, the unrest, and the uncertainty of his friends to lower his caution. I did not object."

She pointed at some menu item for the attentive waiter and said, "Vino. Red," in her practiced French. After hesitating, she watched him with a wary eye. "Are you going to object?"

Seth squirmed in his chair and sipped his wine. "No, I liked it. I want more."

She slammed her hand, face down, on the table. The sharp crack caused several heads to turn toward them .

"Are you aware of what he wants from you?"

"Not exactly, What are you asking?"

"After he goes down on you, he will ask the same in return. Did you two talk about it even though he was in pain? Seth, this is weird."

"He wanted a girl but I was a replacement of a kind. He was very gentle with me, Just before he fell asleep—passed out more like it—he asked me if I was jealous of you and further inquired if I would rather be a girl."

She drained her wine glass and motioned the waiter for another. "Why would you possibly even consider being a girl? This is really lame."

Seth was quick. "He asked if I had any experience with girls. I told him the truth, that I had none. Also, I admitted I'd never had a gay experience."

"And after that?"

"I see how easily you charm your girlfriends. If I could do that, I could enjoy sex with girls. Are we really birds of a feather, sister dear?"

A cloud of uncertainty hung over them. They finished their meal in abject silence. Finally, after Seth paid the check, she stood up. "Take me home, Any more talk like this and I'll need an analyst."

Late that evening, Yvette came in to find Sybil with her head buried in her pillow sobbing. When she looked up at her roommate, tears streaked her face.

Yvette hastily took her in her arms; they embraced. "Darling, what in the world?"

"I think Seth is gay. It happened last night when everyone was so frightened."

Yvette sighed and patted her back for comfort. "If it was going to happen, why delay it? Are you sure just one night of a riot forced him to change his lifestyle?"

"He said I was over-reacting. We have both seen some tough times recently. Our parents were killed in an airline crash. That was totally bad except that the income from insurance paid for this trip to France with some left over." She broke from her sobs and forced a smile. "Thank you for being my friend. I'm not experienced in sexuality but, even so, I considered Seth and I settled in our attitudes. Now I realize I was mistaken."

Yvette loosened her embrace. "Honey, you are both hot and are meeting the sexy city with innocent honesty. If you want to get laid, go to the AMEX café, Sex, all kinds and flavors, is rampant on this campus. You are your own person, uh, with a great figure I might add, so just stand up, wave your finger and pick from the line." She laughed as if it was a private joke.

“I’m not ready for any of that though I have wondered when I see two girls happily just being together. What can I say to Seth? Right now I’m afraid he feels alienated and I don’t want that to go on for very long. We need each other to stay straight.”

Yvette was sympathetic. “To begin with, Seth has wisdom in that he considered you over-reacting. It seems to me that a random hand job does not make a lifestyle. Like you, he may have been wondering from time-to-time. If his friend continues to satisfy him, well, it may get serious. As for a sex change, that too would fall into the curiosity mode. Getting wigged out won’t help him. What he might not have considered is the simple fact that us girls in a lot of situations are asked to give head to satisfy or gain some advantage. Boy-on-girl; girl-on-girl or boy-on-boy. It isn’t essential, just possible.”

She stood up and went to the sideboard to pour them both some wine, “Give it some thought, You each have a great body to give so use it wisely.”

Sybil followed Yvette across the room to get some wine. “You have encyclopedic knowledge at your fingertips. How does that happen when we are near the same age?”

Yvette handed Sybil the glass of wine. “Simple to ponder of but not easy to explain. I know me better than you know you.”

Sybil giggled. She was closer to Evette in the quiet moment. “Seth explained another issue that he apparently thinks supports his sex-change theory. Having had more than one failure with girls he admired, he has convinced himself that, as a girl, he could seduce girls, I don’t think he has extended that very far.”

Yvette sipped her wine and gazed with serious eyes over the rim of the glass. “I see you,” she said playfully. “We have a lot to discuss to get you two through all this. I have a suggestion; think about this. There are professionals that might help your perspective. In selecting one, be certain she is a qualified therapist that follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity. It should help.”

"If I mention that to Seth, he will think I'm calling him crazy and will object to every topic after that."

"You have to handle it in a casual way. Don't mention the gender crisis subject up front but dwell on his curiosity. That might work."

Yvette went to her desk to answer a phone call, She listened, was thoughtful a moment, then put the phone down,

"Can I help?" Sybil asked, seeing that Yvette was deep in thought, "School problem?"

Yvette brightened. "No but thanks. Just a sometime girlfriend asking a favor. I really don't want to get involved right now. Class demands would suffer and one low grade would swiftly send me back sniffing lavender in Provence."

Sybil stood next to Yvette. She was dressed in her Terrycloth robe, heading for the shower. She stopped, finished the glass of wine and stared directly at Yvette as if an important thought needed explaining.

"Yvette, is the reason you are so well informed because you have had sex with a girl? Tell me to shut up if I'm prying, please."

"Um, a few, It would be more if I had learned to be aggressive, Some girls seem willing to jump into any bed for a round of tantalizing ecstasy, I'm short on experience because I am very particular about who I enlist for sex. We probably would not be discussing this if Seth hadn't opened the door for us."

"I know you respect my concern for my brother. Have I offended you? Not intended except, uh, well, you know."

"No, I don't know any of it. Does Seth's interest in gay sex cause you curiosity as well? I mean, uh, twins and all."

"I can't answer that right now but I am thinking about sex with a girl, Perhaps it is because Seth is thinking about sex with a guy, Lopsided, right?"

In one impulsive move, Yvette held the door open for Sybil. "Into the bath for you, pretty girl," she said with a wide smile.

By the time Sybil came out of her bath, Yvette had left for a lab class. The loneliness of the room closed in on her so she put on her Bermuda shorts and walking shoes. The pedestrian path along the water was a magnet for physical fitness enthusiasts.

The summer green scents mingled with the banks of flowers, bushes and some art-nouveau sculptures of varying themes. She kept up a lively step until reaching the 'pont neuf,' stopped for a rest and to start the return trip. It was a beautiful early evening in the City of Light.

"Hello, I'm Destra."

Sybil spun around to face a beautiful young girl with the complexion of coffee toffee. Surprised, she blurted out, "Oh! I'm Sybil, Sorry to be so withdrawn; just random thoughts."

Destra laughed. "I could tell. My apologies if I'm disturbing you. I've seen you on the campus at the American University. I'm going back there now; shall we walk together?"

Sybil nodded 'yes' and they started out together. She realized she was scantily dressed with bare legs and a loose halter keeping her breasts in place. The thought of her white skin against Destra's olive tone made her blush. "Thank you for suggesting the company. It is getting late and I'm told there are girl-eating monsters loose in these parts." She giggled and hustled to keep up.

"When they reached Sybil's sorority, Destra touched her arm gently. She smiled and said, "That was a real treat meeting you on the grand esplanade. Shall we do it again?"

OMG, Sybil thought. This gorgeous creature just asked me for a date, well, sort of. "That would be nice, If we set a time we can avoid skipping the opportunity. Tomorrow; here about six, then?" She watched in suspended amazement as the lovely girl walked firmly away, She didn't look back.

Seth looked up when Damian came in. "That's a better entrance than the one I recall from last night. What's the news from the clinic?"

Damian busily cracked a tray of ice cubes, filled a tall glass and uncorked some white wine. "Thirsty?" he asked.

"I'll join you. Glad to see you feeling better."

"Thanks, later you get to change the bandages around my chest. That doctor's aide wound 'em really tight."

"Doctor Seth at your service."

Damian sat heavily on his bunk and kicked off his dusty shoes. "I was right; damaged ribs but not broken. Maybe that guy who kicked me had other issues on his mind. Otherwise I might have expected a more thorough assault."

Seth sipped his wine cooler and looked away, distracted momentarily. "I had lunch with Sybil today," he began. "We had a chat, I told her what happened to you during the riots, She was interested and hopes you aren't seriously injured."

"And? And what did you tell her or did you chicken out?"

Seth was nervous. "We discussed gender reassignment, Not a lot of detail."

"What was her comment? She is certainly intelligent enough to think that through."

"We are direct; honest with each other, All she said was 'naVve'."

Seth took a deep breath and waited for Damian's opinion. "She's correct, of course, To make a major life changing event based on one very tentative sex contact is obviously juvenile."

"I told her you were going to teach me what I would need to know as a young girl going out with boys."

"I doubt she believed any of that. As we say in philosophy class, how did you leave it with her?"



"It's still in the air, I plan to meet her again tomorrow after I've learned more."

Damian sighed, "I like you, Seth; really, a lot. After I made the appointment at the clinic today I hiked across the block to that office building. They advertised medical specialties, laboratory services, psychologists, like that. A career counselor gave me a moment and when I explained your feeling she urged you to see a professional who has knowledge of the law, the physical changes to expect, that sort of issue. So, in the meantime, we are left to our own devices. I have classes to attend but you have time to learn as much as you can. As I see it, once the procedure is complete there is no going back. There has to be an immense amount in the archives, periodicals and all. Up to you, chum."

After struggling with Damian's bandages, Seth let the water run until fully hot. "This should help," he called out. "I can wrap you again after your bath."

When Damian came out of the bath he found Seth concentrating on the information he had found on the internet. He touched Seth on the shoulder. "Anything?"

"Yes; for once I'm not alone like I thought. There is a lot of transgender interest. Also, an interesting essay on birth abnormalities like trannies and so on. One seriously illustration on fellatio and cunnilingus that went into detail on procedures, hygiene, all that. Yesterday, after the riot, I was wondering about these issues, Now I'm getting excited."

Damian gathered his bandage kit. "I'll look like an Egyptian mummy when you've finished wrapping me. Right now I don't feel the need but probably will when the medicine wears off. Get dressed; we're going for a walk."

As they walked with purposeful steps down the wide avenue, Seth shook off the feeling of doom from the night before. "Where are you leading me?"

"Astray, if no place else. There is a singles bar around the corner. It's where the fugitive poker players made their escape down the alley."

"Yes, you told me."

"Don't be uptight; I'm buying you a drink and, with some luck, will introduce you around. It's about time they had the pleasure of a new face to admire."

Once inside, Seth was in a new world as a fresh ambiance caught his senses. The old-fashioned strobe light flashed on shadowy figures on the narrow dance floor. The display behind the bar blended colors with attractive bottles from all over creation. He accepted Damian's hand and they sat at a cocktail table to soak up the atmosphere,

"What is this place? I'm mesmerized."

Damian laughed and motioned for a friend to join them. "This is one of the lucky poker players." He stood and offered his hand. Before long the table was full of jovial friends bent on their joy of the moment fortified with drink. Damian accepted one dance partner, winked at Seth and disappeared in the shadows. Another guy quickly took the seat next to Seth.

"Hope you like it here," he said, "Did Damian kidnap you from somewhere or are we just lucky?"

Seth was suddenly on guard. "I had just started sharing the rooms with Damian when he was assaulted. He went to the clinic today."

"Good report, I hope. I sure wouldn't like it if he took a swing at me. Those shoulders are a power house." He dropped one hand onto Seth's leg just above the knee. It was very casual but Seth was immediately uncomfortable. "By the way," he said softly, "I visit here from Samoa so everyone call me Sami."

With Sami's hand creeping up his leg, Seth looked up to search for Damian for a rescue attempt. "Did you know Gauguin?" he asked. He tried to move from the table. "Oh, no; that must have been at Bali or Tahiti."

As Damian approached holding two glasses filled to the brim, Sami furtively removed his hand and laughed. "You are so clever."

"Can we leave now?" Seth said, slightly exasperated.

Damian flashed a hostile glance and nodded. "Sure, let's go. Bring your drink." Next he turned toward Sami. "Cool it, OK Sami?"

The slight Samoan shrugged and slinked away soon to be seen on the dance floor with someone else.

"Are you disappointed in me? Seth asked. "I was all right until that guy, Sami they call him, embarrassed me. I don't want to run into him again."

"My fault," Damian answered. "I didn't realize Sami was on the prowl, Horny is as horny does, I guess."

"He is well known? Seems everyone, including you, were paying homage of some kind."

Damian sighed. "There is more than you realize. I am not disappointed in you just because you acted like the self-respecting human you are. Sami has firm connections politically. He may well have been involved in the riots last night. When you wonder at his interest, it only remains that his minions were stirring up trouble for publicity centered on the sorority. Best that he not know Sybil's identity since you so deftly rejected him."

"Wow! He hides it, doesn't he?" Seth was thoughtful. "A little guy on the make; fugitive from the islands."

"Actually, Sami is more than that. His family in the Samoan Islands are very comfortable, having been quick to make lucrative deals after the war. Sami is well educated, uh, Eton for one, and has money invested in political venues here. It isn't likely he will be thrown out of that bar. He all but owns it."

"So I innocently offended the big power. Just my luck."

"Well, not entirely bad luck. Your good looks carry most of the blame. He wants you and now, having considered how he may have reacted, he wants you even more."

"But you stood up to him. Did I involve you in some way?"

Damian exhaled, exasperated. “We’ve known each other for a long time. I was a lot like you when I first came to Paris. Sami took me under his wing and I was OK with that. After his version of seduction, he moved on and we have been even with each other since. I refused to attend his political meetings. He draws support from different political parties. We will never know how much nor the when-or-where of such events.”

On the well-worn path back home, Seth and Damian carried their drinks and occasionally touched one to the other in a brief ‘toast.’ Out of breath, Damian stopped, leaned against a wrought iron gateway and grinned. He first heard singing off key then saw three revelers walking toward them.

“You know these guys?” Seth asked, apprehensive.

“Don’t think so; maybe, Let them pass.”

“Show me the way to go home,

Tired and I wanna go to bed.

Wherever we may perambulate

On land or sea or real estate

Show me the way to go home”

Seth smiled. “Right amusing, those three,” he said as the three songsters passed them. “They have their genders mixed but it’s adding a new dimension to the street noises.”

Damian sat heavily on the bunk and unbuttoned his shirt. “Help me out of these restraints,” he said, tugging at the bandages. He watched as Seth’s busy fingers worked the stays. “Did that Samoan upset you? You are a magnet in some ways, you know.”

Seth frowned. “I wasn’t ready, It’s fair to say he did not turn me on.”

“Considering the success of his riot action last night, I would guess he was ‘on a roll’ as you Americans often say.”

“That is a comment I can explain, It started on the gaming tables and crept into our language.”

"If he sees us coming again it's easy to predict he might take the other side of the street." Damian bundled up the bandages and set them aside. "Much better to have a little freedom. I'll celebrate with a hot shower, That seems to help."

As Damian stepped out of his slacks and headed for the shower, Seth took easy notice of the athletic body. 'Just what the Samoan said,' he mused. 'Powerhouse.' Later he was awakened when Damian sat on the edge of his bunk. Seth had dozed off leaving the open book on his lap, "Oops," he said quickly. "You leave me one minute; the next moment I'm sound asleep."

Damian chuckled and gently caressed Seth's naked leg. "Don't worry about Sami the Samoan," he said pressing with his fingers on Seth's fleshy thighs. "By now he is on his knees, unzipping some horny creature while they try to hide in that short hallway to the men's room. I'm pleased that sordid tale is not for you."

Seth leaned back on his elbows. "Have you done that? Uh, I mean, sex in the hallway?"

Damian laughed and brought one knee up to rest against Seth's leg. "Not my escapade, for sure. But, an issue for you to think about. Answer this: When you are aroused with no place to go and not a soul around to help, would you rather be watching some lover giving you head? The bobbing in-and-out tantalizing your feelings as you stand there wondering why?"

"You have shown me I can have such feelings but, even so, I hope I never get that far gone. It would have to be with someone I know or care about. Maybe I'm naVve."

He grinned at Seth as the younger boy shuddered. "Decidedly. You like this, don't you?" He moved one hand over Seth's shoulder, fondled his torso and, as if by accident, brushed against Seth's partially erect cock.

Seth closed his eyes and sucked in his breath. "Yes, I like it."

"Want more? I know you do. You had to notice all those people hanging around the bar drinking, They

were soaking up sex like a damp cloth. It's a game often played but, it has been my experience, not likely anyone will force you unless you camp on Sami's doorstep." Damian chuckled.

"I wasn't aroused by Sami's advances. I was shocked at first, then horrified. Sure was happy to see you arriving with the drinks."

Without further mention, Damian stroked Seth's bone-hard cock using just three fingers. "OK with this?"

"Yes, I feel all out of breath, What shall I do?"

"In return for your excellent services as my live-in nurse, you can do as you wish." Saying nothing more, Damian released the slight knot holding his towel together. "Give me your hand. It's time you quit thinking about me." He pushed Seth's hand down until the tingling fingers found his erection. "Take it, cute boy, get used to the touch. Fleshy, I know. Exciting, that too. Uh, yes; back and forth. Oh, I believe you really do like me."

In the flash of an erotic adventure, both men were jacking each other with the evident goal in mind. Seth was on the edge of control as he stroked, pressed and pushed to give Damian the ecstasy he seemed to need. The hand of nature took over. He threw himself into the sensual kiss; lips exploring and licking, sighs, squeals and moans. "You're ready, aren't you?" Damian asked.

"Yes, no, maybe, I don't know," Seth responded.

Damian leaned into him, shoulders tilted until his warm lips nibbled the flesh of Seth's flat stomach. "I'm coming closer. If you want more, now is the time, If not, you have this last chance to push me away. No argument."

"What are you going to do?"

"I told you already, I'm ready to take you the way Sami would like."

"Which is, uh, what?"

Damian inched lower and wet Seth's burgeoning cock with the flat of his tongue. Next, he parted his

lips and Seth's untried sex was history. The firm lips, tongue and mouth engaged with a tormenting thrust. Deeper and back, in and out, Damian was bringing young Seth to new heights. He looked up to see if Seth was getting the passion he intended. Seth was a sight-hands clamped against Damian's head, mouth agape, and tongue snapping back and forth, eyes closed, then open with the onrush of lust.

Damian moaned in pleasure and worked it deeper into his throat. "Cum, damn you," he said with force. Deeper and he swallowed.

Seth called out his craving. He shoved his body up to meet Damian's busy mouth. "Yes, yes; I will. Can't stop. It's so good."

Damian took all he could, It was the gallant prize he had wanted since first seeing the innocent American lad. He rolled away and reached his arm across Seth's body. He was already planning to invade Seth's lush mouth and ultimately to find satisfaction between the cute, firm buns awaiting his pleasure.

Four

Long shadows cast by the late afternoon sun reminded that Sybil time was near for her meeting with Destra. She glanced at her watch and searched the sea of faces busily keeping schedules to and from class.

"Hello, there; glad you decided to wait. Sorry to be fashionably late as I've heard denizens from the States use for an excuse." Destra grinned and took Sybil's hand. "Marvelous to see you, I think about you. In a pleasant way, of course."

Sybil grinned and they set out along the path to the bridge where they had met the previous day. "Nice that someone thinks of me," she said softly, more to herself than to Destra.

"I know you are joking. That cute, sexy figure you carry with you everywhere must attract admirers in legion strength."

They laughed. Sybil admitted the truth as Destra walked along beside her. She wore her Bermuda shorts, halter and decorative cap. With bare legs flashing health and toned muscles, she told herself she had dressed for comfort. Yet, she considered, glancing at Destra, she knew she wanted to appear enticing in the company of such a mature woman.

Destra caught her watching. "There is a bench up here a ways. Want to rest for a moment? Am I correct? You want to talk? Whatever is on your mind, I'm the perfect listener, I don't carry tales."

The rough wooden bench was easy to miss because of nature's growth all around it. Destra brushed off some leaves and they sat down,

After going into a brief litany of the Penrod family tragedies, the airline crash and growing sexuality, she began to shake with sobs of grief. Destra nimbly embraced her. They remained silent, hesitating for several minutes.

Sybil contained herself and blurted out, "My brother Seth is a closet gay. I don't know what to make of it."

Destra was pensive. "Can you answer some questions? Like, how long has this been going on? Is he going to 'come out' and adopt the gay lifestyle? There are gray areas. Of course, sex on the University campus is rampant so this was perhaps not the right place to bring your brother. He has to be sensitive to the many advances, boys as well as girls. In some parts of the planet his life's interest is severely curtailed. How do you see all this? A few answers without the innuendo might show a possible escape if indeed there is one needed."

"You are wonderful to take me under your wing like this. The lifestyle you mentioned is now in contention. He is very jealous of me, as he tells it, and wants to change his gender to feminine. Whatever that might mean as far as surgery, transvestite, whatever, is still unanswered."

Destra sighed. "I see a risk you may not have considered." She touched Sybil's arm for emphasis.

"I often think I've missed it all. You seem well informed, How do you handle these blank pages in

your life? You are very attractive, worldly as well. Is there something I should know about you, about us?"

"Have you, uh, had sex with a girl? It might be true that your confusion about your brother stems from your inexperience. Am I wrong?"

"I look at you and see an attractive, sensitive modern woman destined for a future. If I was to decide to get better oriented, I think someone like you would be acceptable, I've heard of some aggressive women who would scare me to distraction. But you mentioned some risk?"

Destra chuckled at the turn the discussion had taken, "They are called dykes or, sometimes, diesel dykes. I agree with you they are to be avoided." She took Sybil's hand. "The risk I mentioned is the one of stability. Consider both sides. Your brother may right now be finding his way through the jungle of emotions. He may have legitimate reasons to want to reflect a woman's lifestyle. If it is his yearning and he follows the lead like the carrot and the donkey, well, he might discover some feelings wholly acceptable. Or wholly unacceptable in which case he ought to be able to put all the sensitive thoughts behind him." She was watching Sybil's expression change with each thought she posed.

"I believe history in your country includes the influence of suffragettes. You would be hard pressed to make me believe those gals sat around doing their knitting through such an upheaval in their lives. Pressure, tension, anxiety, and sexual coming out all add to paths of behavior not usually encountered. The usual, as you know, is husband, mortgage, babies, diapers, and so on. Do you agree?"

Sybil sobbed again and pressed a tissue to her nose. "You are scaring me, One would think fraternal twins of suitable resources would be able to confront complications in their life. Right now I'm considering joining the suffragettes." She forced a smile.

Destra was still holding Sybil's hand as she stood up. "Come on; let's finish our walk. I don't think that bridge will wash away but, in the light of these heavy topics and issues, it just might."

Sybil increased her stride to keep up but the obvious was on her mind when she glanced aside at Destra, 'Does this girl want me in her bed?'

"You seem deep in thought," Destra said softly. They were on the span of the bridge. "Did I frighten you with my words? Unless I'm mistaken, you asked for information."

Sybil pretended to be fascinated by some water fowl swooping near them. Then, "What was all the rioting about? Never have I been that close to random mob violence."

Destra took her hand and pressed the nimble fingers together. "I can see why you are concerned. Do you know about Sami the Samoan?"

"I think Seth mentioned that name, What are you asking?"

Destra frowned. "You have a saying to cover Sami's activity. It's called 'big man on campus,' I believe. That mob carrying the signs that few people can read were responding to Sami's instructions. It is a political posturing and, for many of us, we can safely ignore him."

Sybil sighed but did not remove her hand from Destra's grasp. "Tell me, please."

"All right. Sami saw us together yesterday. He called me to ask who you were. I soon learned he already knew about the new twins on campus. He so thoroughly frightened your brother at the gay bar that apparently he felt deeply offended by what he felt was rejection. Sami is not the man to accept rejection graciously. Part of the riot, he suggested to me, was to get Seth's attention. He mentioned someone named Damian as well."

Sybil's chin quivered as she worked to control the sobs growing inside her. "It is obvious Sami was not aware of Seth's fragile nature. He was wrong to so quickly take offense"

"No doubt but that changes nothing. Sami is determined which means he will stop at nothing. To get his way, I can see little but grief for your gentle bro. It is a sort of code of behavior he brings from the Samoan

culture. In his home islands, he is high-born and nobody refuses his advances, boy or girl.”

Sybil sniffed and touched her nose with a tissue. “Damian is Seth’s roommate. I’m not very well-informed, it seems.” She plunged her face into Destra’s shoulder. “This is awful.”

“Do you want me to intercede on your behalf? I can talk to Sami; I’ve known him a long time. I can tell him I think he is King of the islands and he will calm down. Well; probably.”

“Would you do that for me? I realize we’ve just met. Sami may have his ethics but Seth and I have ours, too. We take care of each other. If I can be assured Seth is safe from this man’s advances, I can be very grateful.”

Destra was pensive. “The easiest would be for Seth to allow Sami to seduce him. That might be complicated if he and Damian are fledgling lovers. Sami knows Damian from early on and would probably delight in ‘running away’ with Seth to show Damian he is boss.”

“Am I being too sensitive? Is there a real danger?”

“Precisely what I’m trying to avoid. Shall I try talking to Sami? Sometimes he listens and will play the martyr, so to speak.” She tightened the embrace and gently kissed Sybil’s forehead. “If I’m unable to help, maybe the more direct suggestion will be all that’s left. We can, as you say, cross that bridge later.”

Sybil looked up at Destra. Her face glowed with interest and her mascara was making slight outlines on her face. Her eyes glistened. Sybil sniffed and relaxed in Destra’s arms. “How can I ever thank you?”

“We can discuss that later. We have to keep our wits about us. Sami is accustomed to winning all and diverse but certainly not each and every one. I have one issue on my mind and I’ll stop tormenting you.”

Sybil kept staring into Destra’s eyes. “What is that?”

Destra lifted her chin with a light touch of two fingers. “This!” she said and kissed Sybil’s waiting lips with outrageous insistence.

Five

Restless and lonely with Damian in class followed by physical fitness on the soccer field, Seth decided to buy an early dinner at the AMEX café. He found a remote table overlooking the gardens.

"May I sit here?" The stunning young woman plunked her stack of books on a chair.

Seth looked up. He made no effort to hide his appreciation of her good looks. "Of course; plenty of room. Can I help you with all that loot?" he asked, pointing at her collection of notes, text books and the bulging purse.

She put her tray down and sat gingerly opposite him. "My name is Yvette," she said, smiling. Her eyes twinkled, friendly but shy.

"I'm Seth Penrod," he said, looking out the window as if it was important.

"I know," she said with an audacious touch. "I met you during intro-week. I can understand if you don't remember me. Do other girls stalk you, as well?"

He grinned. "You have caught me unawares. But, no, not even one girl. Well, perhaps you. Can you explain?"

"You are my roommate's brother."

"With so few guys on the campus that could be interesting. You are very pretty."

Finally she broke out laughing. "We are discussing a girl named Sybil Penrod? American."

Seth blushed. "It appears we have a topic in common, First, if you are rooming with Sybil, life must be very agreeable. She is a nice person."

"Besides her natural charm, she is beautiful."

"It's in the genetics," he answered and laughed. "Sorry, I couldn't resist, I don't get to talk to remarkable girls like you."

After finishing the meal, they went to the student lounge, ordered a pitcher of beer and settled on a comfortable settee,

Yvette danced all around the subject of transgender interest. Later, finally, she started to collect her belongings to leave. "Time for me to scoot," she said, "if that is an American cliché."

"I can't get over the feeling you have an issue you want to discuss with me, Shall we plan to meet later?"

"Sure, right here, Same time?"

As quickly as she had appeared, she was gone.

#

Yvette slipped into an alcove to answer her cell phone. "Yes, Sami," she said somewhat breathless. "I can hear you fine. What is it? I thought we settled our differences. Am I wrong?"

Sami hesitated for effect. "Something new and, ah, lucrative, has come up. Am I to be sure you are still in need of some ready cash? How much?"

Yvette was immediately wary. "Just give me some idea of what you want, Sami."

He chuckled. "I'm interested in your friend, Sybil Penrod."

"Get serious, Sami, You are not into girls now, is that it? There are lots of 'em around just, as you say, for the taking. Why pick on me?"

"Couple reasons, I can trust you, Secondly; the brother, Seth, fits a new order I have for the likes of him."

"Why bother me? You want the guy, go take him."

"Can't do that with Damian involved. I need young Seth Penrod to volunteer without argument. You can do it, I know."

Yvette was impatient. "I knew coming to a campus that has only one guy to every four girls was too good to be true. OK, what do you want me to do and how much do I get paid?"

#

Again, loneliness closed in from the four walls and Seth decided to 'chance' a walk toward the gay bar. He promised himself he would not go in; just for a brief outing in the early evening.

Passing the signature wrought-iron gate, he sighed remembering the evening he had helped Damian to get home. Damian was doing fine until the pain killers wore off,

A voice from the shadows: "Monsieur Penrod, I presume?"

He stopped dead still. The mysterious night visitor stepped from the shadows. "Yes," Seth answered in his unsteady voice, "Who is it?"

Coming closer, the light caught his features-Sami the Samoan. "We need to have a chat," Sami said moving against the taller guy.

"Not that I'm aware of," Seth replied. "If I offended you the other night at the club, I apologize. It was unintentional and I was completely uninformed about you."

Seth turned to walk away. Sami fell in beside him. As they approached the corner, Sami took Seth's arm and shoved him into a darkened garden. Seth obediently sat where Sami pushed him.

"You seem a nice lad, Seth," Sami began with sugary words. "But assuming you merely offended me is far from the mark. You made people laugh at me in an apparent effort to appear more in control than you were. I was embarrassed. When you implored Damian to leave with you, well, it made matters worse."

Seth looked quickly down to see Sami move one hand onto his inner thigh. "There is nothing I can do about history, Sami. Please understand."

"I've thought it over and decided to give you a chance to be right with me. Does that interest you?"

Seth sucked in his breath. The roaming hand on his thighs was distracting. "Would whatever you have in mind involve a public display of some kind?"

"You are too clever. I understand from chatting with Damian that you are learning more about the transgender procedures. Are you aware what wealthy, free-loving young girls with provocative lips are asked to do in this world?"

"I have a hunch you are about to tell me. How might that make us even in the eyes of the guys at the club?"

Sami sat back and rocked gently, still holding Seth close. He cupped Seth's crotch and pressed it in, then back, then encircled. "I know you have enjoyed Damian's touch or, if not, it's certainly a dark mark of mystery. You are very difficult to arouse, it seems."

Seth's mind grasped pictures of risk-coercion, compelling, gang-bang, the narrow hallway outside the restroom door. He was frightened. "You give me credit for more experience than is true."

Sami touched Seth's lips with one finger and next drew a tantalizing line all around. "Did you go down on Damian? He is a very attractive and a well accomplished man."

"I did not!"

Sami chuckled. "Then you have never, uh, done it?"

"Correct; I told you I'm inexperienced."

"Does the act of fellatio disgust you? Are you the kind that enjoys your friend's mouth but not offering your own?" He waved his finger. "Bad, bad, Seth Penrod."

Seth was on the verge of running but knew there was no place to hide. He knew from Damian that

Sami would find him quickly enough. "What are you going to do to me?"

"I am going to assist you in getting a sex change. You have all the valuable features. There is no escape if that is what you are thinking."

"You are bluffing, I'm aware of how expensive such an undertaking would be."

Sami sighed happily. "True but, as the word has it out on the street, I own the clinic. Well, a good bit of it. That doesn't matter. What I would like from you now is your promise of cooperation."

"You can forget that, Sami," Seth answered with a touch of anger.

"Really? You are the one that is bluffing, Are you not aware that my, uh, influence around here will put your beautiful sister in danger? She will be a fetching sight stretched on her back, don't you think?"

Seth exhaled loudly. "If possible, let's keep Sybil out of whatever plans you have. She did not ask for this complication."

"Then it is done, Easy, wasn't it? You just released her by agreeing to give me what I want."

Again, the impulse to cut-and-run was in Seth's mind. Sami's hand was exploring his crotch and the gentle touch on his lips seemed to burn there. "Whatever! How can I be certain no harm will come to my sister?"

"Still easy," Sami said in a sly tone. "You will do as you are told until you are on the loose." He stood up and with one hand caught Seth under an arm and pulled him to standing. "Come with me, please."

Behavior involving murder was in Seth's mind, He furtively looked around for anything that could be used as a weapon. Finding nothing, he followed Sami along a side street and up a flight of stairs to a private room. He kept thinking of putting up a fatal fight until Sami shoved him into the room. "In here will be fine, young American. You have golden prospects for a future."

“Did it cross your mind that I’d rather fight than surrender to you? I don’t want any of what you offer. Just don’t forget that one day, one year maybe, you will be caught. You can’t always watch your back.”

Sami laughed. “I love it! What an imagination. I just told you Sybil is at risk and you go right on playing some silly game of wits.” He sat on a stuffed love seat and pulled Seth down next to him. “Give me your hand,” he said simply.

“I can’t do this, Sami,” Seth said with a voice he hoped was convincing,

“Nonsense, my ticklish man-child. When this night is over you will not be able to tell anyone that unless, of course, it might seem to your advantage to lie. Open my belt. Yes, that’s right.”

With trembling fingers, Seth caught Sami’s zipper and tugged it down. “I want to be sure Sybil will not in any way be harmed,” he said. “May I phone her now?”

“You can call her later as often as you like. Now is not the time to negotiate a losing hand of poker.”

When Sami felt Seth’s nimble fingers grasp his rigid cock, he moaned and threw his legs apart. “What a wonderful touch you have. Now be a sport and take off your shirt. Yes. Next your slacks. Um, nice legs. Very feminine.”

“I sometimes cross dress starting with my sister’s lingerie.” Seth’s voice was low but the menace was gone. It was disconcerting to stand naked, all but his briefs, in front of the powerful man who had so outwitted him.

“Tell me you liked it when I touched your lips. Did you know then what pleasure this very evening might be?”

At that, Sami reached and with one hand on each hip pulled Seth toward him. After a final brief hesitation, he touched his shirt and indicated to Seth to open his torso to view. He watched in fascination as Seth tugged the shirt off his shoulders. “I was not annoyed when you touched my lips.”

“Marvelous.” He stood up and the slacks fell to the floor so he could step out of them, “Go ahead, start, You know you want to feel it with your tongue.”

Seth closed his eyes in an effort to think of something, anything, to take his mind off the impending sex act of invading the inner reaches of his mouth. It was all very extraordinary and he fought to keep from fainting. Thoughts of any harm coming to Sybil snapped at his consciousness. “All right, Sami,” he said after some thought. “I’ll suck you.”

At that, Sami nearly lost control. He grabbed Seth’s head in both hands and lined him up so the untried lips were inches from his corona. With one knee on the cushion, he held his cock in one hand and moved the tip along Seth’s lips, alternately pushing and moving back. “Lick the tip; do it!”

Nearly out of his mind with lust, Sami pressed until he could watch Seth open the desirable lips and in the form of a large “O,” take the cock into his mouth. “Oh, yes; what a lovely girl you are going to be.”

Completely sated, Sami fell back on the sofa cushions as if out of breath.

Seth knew a deep depression as he sat, apparently dumbfounded, looking at his assailant. “May I call my sister now?” he asked as if it was a solemn occasion.

Sami blinked and allowed a drawn smile. “Yes, of course. I’ve arranged to have her kept in her room until you and I finish our business here.”

Seth was shocked beyond what he could manage. “Finished! You dumped your South Pacific spunk in my mouth. What more is there; please, tell me.” He punched Sybil’s name into his cell phone and was relieved when she answered.

Sami was rapidly gaining consciousness of sorts. He waved his hand as if resigned for the moment in some entertaining expectation. “Go on, enjoy.” Sami’s sudden burst of energy surprised Seth but he was eager to warn Sybil.

“Yvette and I are working on our lab manuals.” Her voice, always so pure and innocent, disarmed him.

"Listen, darling. You have to trust me on this. We have fallen into a trap but I've yet to fathom how deep. I want you to grab your passport and debit card. Head for the Normandy coast without attracting attention. When you get to Scotland, stay at the little hotel we enjoyed. I'll get in touch when I can." He paused, out of breath. "Sybil! Listen! This is serious. As long as you are in their clutches, I'm forced to do as asked. This is not a game. No, don't hang up. Oh..."

Sami was grinning. "So you see; I was right all along. Get control of yourself. Theatrics will not serve you. From this moment, you are in bondage held by the most difficult kind; your emotions."

Seth was busy trying to reconnect to Sybil but there was no reply. He stopped and stared at Sami with a malevolence even Sami had not seen before. "If you hurt that girl you will be in deep trouble so abysmal it will take all your influence to dig you out."

Sami was unmoved. "Take it easy, lover. Which of the two of us do you think knows what is happening here? Yvette has been instructed to be certain your sister is kept hostage. You said it earlier; this is not a game." He pulled Seth to his feet. "Now, there is more to be done, Drop your drawers, please." He grabbed Seth's partially erect cock and worked it until he could get it in his mouth, "Um; you get more feminine every moment we're together."

Seth was swiftly entering a cloud of distress. With eyes glazed over he said, "I can't satisfy you, Sami, Give it up."

"You are a marvel, truly, Now, get on the bed, face on the pillows, there is more to my pleasure which I've fully earned. One day you will thank me because, in the final curtain, before it comes down, you will be the beautiful girl you wanted to be. There will be many adventures; this is just the beginning. Raise your cute buns high in the air. Right, very fetching."

#

Sybil looked up to see Yvette calmly sitting at her desk thumbing workbook pages, making calcula-



tions and advising the computer screen with thoughtful entries.

At that juncture she had to decide on Seth's clarity. She knew him to be practical, more so than she, but a certain panic in his voice had alerted her. She walked casually to her backpack and fished out her passport. The debit card was in place where she had last left it.

Yvette looked up and smiled. "Going someplace?" she asked and approached Sybil. "You look upset; was it the phone call?"

Sybil forced a chuckle. "That was Seth, The foolish lad is at the AMEX buffet and he has left his card at his room. I'm going to go rescue him."

Yvette blocked her way. "Not so fast, sweetie. I know where he is and why."

The true danger, elusive at first, burst on Sybil. She shoved Yvette out of the way only to find the door locked from the outside. Yvette caught her balance and as if in a show of pride, held up the door key that would open from inside the room. "You have some explaining to do," Sybil said with confidence.

"You already know as much as I do. I'm charged with keeping you here with me like a hostage. Not bad duty in either event. We are stuck here until told otherwise. Now, can you calm down and perhaps we can find something to do other than lab manuals."

"I need to make a call," Sybil said testily. She was not able to reach Seth so she quickly entered Destra's number. Voice mail. "Destra, this is Sybil. Something is terribly wrong. At the moment I am being held prisoner in my room. Can you help?" She closed the call when she heard the remote beep.

Yvette moved behind her and held their bodies close. "So, it's Destra, is it? I saw you with her; very svelte. You have good taste. You haven't reached first exams yet and you have a lover. Class, I say."

"Which is none of your concern. I realize you find me attractive but my sex life is my own. Don't shove. Open the door."

With a coy smile and a shrug of her shoulders, Yvette kept a firm grip. "I'd like to sample your nice body. Did this girl, Destra, go down on you? That must have been beautiful."

Sybil struggled. "It was if you must know. Now, I've no desire to play games with you. Let me out or you will be a sorry suitor for sure."

Yvette giggled but kept her hold firm enough to free one hand to fondle Sybil's breasts. "I've dreamed of getting you in a compromising position like this. No doubt there are many others but right now, I want it." She relaxed her hold slightly to await Sybil's reply.

"OK, then, How much time will I waste trying to satisfy you before you will let me out so I can go find Seth?" She felt Yvette's hand drop from fondling her breast to pressing her stomach. "Do you really want me enough to ruin the life we have here? It appears true so I guess I should be flattered. You are very pretty, I've noticed you scampering about the room in your all-together to get my attention. Do we have a deal?"

Yvette stepped away and made the phone call Sami was expecting. "This is Yvette. Your pigeon is still with me. How much time do I have before I get word from you? Oh? No, I'm not going to tell you what is on my mind. She is not only gorgeous but 'hot.'" She closed the conversation. Next she patted the bed as she sat down. "You are in luck and so am I. We both get what we want. Come here."

After what Sybil considered the performance of the century, she untangled herself from Yvette's long legs and went to the WC to freshen up. She spotted the key on the way. At the same time she picked up the glass paperweight which she wrapped in her school uniform skirt.

Yvette was bewildered. "That wasn't just a sexual exploit," she said approaching Sybil. "It was inspired, You really did desire me, You are so cool."

"I have the key and I'm leaving," Sybil said in a firm tone.

"Can you please allow me a small taste? I'm quite taken with you. Like you said; we have changed our life together here but at least I have the memory."

Sybil nodded 'yes' and let Yvette remove her panties. As Yvette went down on her knees to explore the mystery of her lust, Sybil raised her arm high, holding the paperweight. The connection was like cracking a brittle bone. Yvette was out cold.

Sybil dressed quickly and without a backwards glance grabbed her backpack and headed for the elevator. She heard the tone announcing the floor and instinct told her to disappear. She stepped into the utility closet just as two rough-looking thugs ran past her to the room. She only caught a brief glance but it was just one more clue that trouble was in her future.

Rather than chance the elevator, she hustled down the stairway. The lower exit was to the outside. Running steps kept her alert and she hid several times before turning the corner to Seth's bachelor pad. She had the key in hand but the door was already open.

"Is Seth here?" she asked, still out of breath from running. "I need to talk to him." With that she fell into Damian's arms, unconscious in a faint.

When she awoke, she was on Seth's bunk. Damian sat across the room in the easy chair. He was reading while sipping Scotch whiskey. "So, our roving twin awakes," Damian said smoothly. "I have not seen your wandering brother but that is in the hopes he is getting laid," he said laughing.

Sybil was immediately aware that her pleaded school uniform skirt was hiked up, showing a generous display of naked thigh. He was staring at her with interest. She again tried to contact Seth but without success.

"I talked to him a while ago. He was in a panic or so it sounded, He asked me to meet him in Scotland; a hotel we know. Do you have any idea what this is all about?"

"Sounds serious to me," Damian said and walked toward her. "Do you think you are in danger of some kind? This used to be a peaceful street until Sami stirred up so much tension."

She shifted to one side when Damian sat on the bed next to her. She furtively tugged at her skirt. "I

don't know but I now think it best to comply. Can you get me safely to the TGV station?"

"Seth and I are friends, uh, intimate friends, I fear, like you, some mishap has fallen that will affect us all. I would be very happy to see you on the train for London. I know Seth would appreciate it." Damian moved one hand on her leg above the knee. The hem of her skirt was on his fingers.

"I am aware you two have enjoyed sex with each other. Therefore, your interest in me I find confusing."

"Well, that's true but I consider myself a man of the world and you are one desirable woman. We can let nature take the course." He raised his hand higher.

Sybil pushed his hand away and sat up. "You can offer me some of that whiskey now, I can scent the odor all across the room. I've had enough sex for one day, honestly. I hope you can understand."

He returned with two glasses and blocked her from getting off the bed. "Here, this may help, To answer your question, I'm not much different than most men. First, it is tempting to take advantage of a pretty damsel in distress. It would be an affront to my masculinity to do otherwise. Secondly; you already know how attractive you are."

She sighed. "Not my day, I can tell that. I had to go down on Yvette just to get out of her clutches. After that I spent a lot of energy dodging some unlikely types calling my name. Now, you show yourself with whiskey in hand and gleam in your eyes. You fancy my lips?"

He handed her the glass and she took a deep swallow. It soothed her anxiety,

"If that is the price of a guided tour to the TGV station, I really have become a fallen woman. Could you feel some compassion if I admit to having an affair or two but with women?"

He again slid one hand beneath her skirt. The other hand was busily unbuttoning her blouse.

"You want it; so do I, What shall it be?"

"I'll go for some empathy; you seem to personify the man of the world you claim. If my brother is really in serious danger, this tomfoolery you are playing will backlash."

Damian showed his impatience. "Look and listen, I can make it clear to you. Seth is destined to visit a famous hospital in the Swiss Alps called 'Middlesex Clinic.' When he leaves there he will be a girl with all the same equipment you have. It is what he has wanted. The difference is that he will be in bondage and to keep in good standing will be asked to, uh, perform to satisfy paying customers. There is nothing you or I can do to help. The men you saw chasing you were real. You will be the victim of sex trafficking. Twins are at a premium or so I'm told."

Sybil sat heavily on the easy chair Damian had kept for her. "What do you want of me?"

His tone was direct but friendly, gentle in a quick change of demeanor. "Just your cooperation. I want to let you feel a man's touch. Duplicating what you've had with the girl friends might be different. Can we get started? It's true I loved sex with your brother. Now, it's your turn."

"And if I refuse? Am I really the target? It's not affection, is it? How many notches are on your jock strap?"

He slapped his leg and roared in laughter. "That's good; thanks." Resigned, he picked up his cell phone and punched a name.

"Who are you calling? What's going on?"

"Sami. Those thugs that worried you are paid by him. Seth will be so far in debt to him that he will turn a handsome profit. As a side issue, I can see you will be warmly welcomed at some brothel or other overlooking the Levant. I'm calling to tell him to come get you. And, by the way, Sami wants the same from you that he's getting from your brother. Lots of head and if the inspiration moves him, some anal to satisfy his longing."

Sybil started to cry. "I don't know why I thought I could trust you. Now I seem to be in worse trouble for this mild indiscretion."

He opened her blouse and whistled in appreciation when the bra cups were removed. “Shall I put the phone down? How about that guided tour to the train bound for England? It seems your future is in your own hand.”

“Never mind making that call. I’m glad you like my body. It’s is apparently all I have to bargain with. If this is a dream, it is a nightmare. How could I have known Seth’s constant running off with my underwear would end like this?”

Damian released the narrow belt and next caught the zipper with his fingers. “Lift up,” he said calmly. When the skirt was removed, he pushed her down onto the bed on her back. Without histrionics he pushed her panties aside and plunged his lips onto her sexual center. His tongue, she soon realized, was practiced. “Very good,” he said coming up to stretch next to her. “You can take this in your hand now.”

“What is the cost of a ticket to London?”

“Same as Sami the Samoan. Lots of head, an elastic hymen and some anal. You’re going to be a very busy girl.”

Six

Sybil finished her last class of the day and, feeling near exhaustion, made her way to the wooden bench so real in memory. It was silent there except for some rustling of the leaves agitated by the late afternoon breeze off the water. Very few students strolled by but she remained unseen away from the walkway.

“What a mess,” she thought, trying to sort out her feelings. ‘My lips still burn from Destra’s kiss. Wow, what a gal!’ She slid forward on the bench, elbows on her knees and chin cupped by her hands. Being alone for the moment, she didn’t mind that the hem of her skirt had hiked up, displaying her naked legs. She was quiet for a long moment. The late sun winked at her through the flutter of leaves, ‘OK,’ she thought finally. ‘It’s Destra, I have to admit it, How could I not know? I want her. She smiled at her diffidence. Next she took a deep breath and exhaled, feel-

ing free though slightly exasperated. She stood up, shook some leaves off her skirt and turned to find the path to the walkway.

"Hello, Sybil." A familiar voice.

She spun around and was pleasantly surprised to find herself in Destra's embrace. "Oh, you startled me," she said with a wide smile. "I was just resting a while before heading back to my room."

Destra allowed a slight giggle. "I apologize for sneaking up on you. When I saw you sitting there alone with those gorgeous legs uncovered, well, what else could I do?"

Sybil sat down again and settled into Destra's arms. "No need for an apology, You can surprise me any time like that."

"Are you upset because I kissed you?"

"Upset? A little. Distraught? Not at all. I liked it but, truly, you did take my breath away."

Destra let one hand rest on Sybil's naked thigh. "Then you are agreeable?"

"Yes but what am I agreeing to?"

"More of the same," Destra said quickly and engaged the younger girl in a lengthy kiss-tender and gentle at first, demanding after a long assault with her tongue. Holding the kiss, she fondled Sybil's legs until she felt them relax, open to the touch. Next, she fumbled with the buttons of her blouse until she could put her hand in and beneath the flimsy bra cups. Sybil's moan was Destra's thrill; acceptance.

"Please, Destra," Sybil whispered, her voice deep and crisp. "I've been thinking about this and am not sure what you want of me."

"But you're willing, right? Or did I read you wrong?"

"Willing to what? Oh, yes; I'm OK with this. There is no other girl that interests me as much as you do."

Destra guided the girl's hand lower to press the pliant body. "Um, that feels good, I hope you like doing that to me."

Sybil closed her eyes. "How is this going to end? Oh, I don't care. Just hold me."

Destra touched her soft lips with one finger. Sybil opened to let her explore. "You have something I want," Destra said after an extended French kiss. "You will have to think it over."

Sybil was aroused more than she had ever been. "Anything; just don't stop what you are doing. What do you want that has you so enamored of me?"

Destra touched her hair and let her finger tips ride the soft flesh along Sybil's cheek onto her throat and creamy white shoulders. Leaning closer, she whispered in Sybil's ear. "I want your mouth."

#

Damian came in and dropped his books in one pile and hauled the groceries to the kitchen.

"Oh, hi," Seth said with a smile. He looked up from the book he was reading and methodically slipped a bookmark in place. "Any news?"

"Clinic results all good and, miracle mile, paid in full. Are you OK with what happened to you in your bed last night?"

Seth stood up and they embraced. "More than just OK. It was an amazing experience; shock and awe, I might say."

"Good; we can rejoice, if you wish." Damian pulled a bottle of Scotch whiskey from his grocery bag. "We might start with this."

As Damian filled two tumblers with cubed ice, Seth approached him from behind. He ran one hand along Damian's shoulders, over onto his torso and held his hips tight against his body. "I am glad you fancy me," he whispered.

Damian returned the caress by searching Seth's crotch with two strong fingers. Finding a slight erection, he moved to excite the younger lad. "I think a celebration is in order. Several of my card playing friends are at the club awaiting your appearance. I believe you are a celebrity."

"You are all crazy but I know I'm just the latest excuse for a party. Let's go."

#

Damian finished his drink and began to undress. "I'm first for the shower," he said with a chuckle.

Seth watched him as he trudged off to the bath wearing only a terry cloth wrap around that covered his body from waist to hips. The firm athletic step excited him.

"Your turn," Damian announced with a grandiloquent gesture. "I'll be waiting."

Seth scrubbed his head and upper body before stepping into the living area they shared. "Oh, I thought you were getting dressed for your big outing," he said with a tilt in his voice he hoped was teasing.

"Come and sit down, We have to talk." Damian patted the cushion next to him.

"Um, OK. Anything you say."

Damian took a deep breath. "Did you know you mumble during sex? Last evening while you were humping on that mattress, I was lucky to tuck a pillow beneath your bouncing buns. To make a shorter story, you kept calling out to your sister and when I answered using her name, you had an enormous orgasm which I'm guessing is new in your experience. How long have you had the hots for your sister?"

Seth went stiff, his back ramrod straight. "How can you say that? Incest! I couldn't do that."

"Probably so but that didn't keep you from admiring her. She is beautiful, is she not?"

"Of course she is. Damian, this is going nowhere. Are we going to start a celebration?"

Damian relaxed back on the sofa cushions and took Seth's hand. "That's not what I had in mind to talk over with you but it is interesting, n'est pas? I went to that TG counselor this afternoon for another chat. It's OK if she has the time. She asked that you get in touch; gave me her card. Um, here it is."

"That's probably a good idea; thanks. I've not been completely honest with you. Perhaps because Sybil and I just broke out of our cocoon. She has caught me several times in the past when I put on her girly stuff like bras, silk skirts, such as that. When she confronted me, I admitted I liked the feeling of silks and satins against my skin. She was more tolerant after that."

"So, it's no secret to either of you that you want to be a sister instead of a brother. I can see it."

"What else did the transgender counselor say?"

"Frank, honest, up-front, brutal in a way. That was when she suggested you come in for a talk. You should be aware that the world of sex is at the feet of pretty young girls. As a guy, like now, in the closet so to speak, your escapades are limited. Once someone, boy or girl, fancies you, desires you, think of it. You will be favoring your admirer with a trip between her legs, lapping for her pleasure or, in the case of an authority figure, taking advantage of what you can do with your lips and tongue."

"What do you mean, authority figure? Maybe I just don't get it."

"You will soon enough. It's not unheard of, even in your limited past. When the person in your life, like a teacher, supervisor, anyone in a position to influence your behavior, indicated you should be allowing certain liberties with your nice body. It could be a complex calling, like who gets the big contract and how it is done. Or a promotion in the future to put you in a position to influence someone in the group you admire. You will learn."

"You are scaring me, Should I interpret this as your effort to talk me out of changing gender? Sounds like it."

Damian refilled their drinks. "I like you, a lot. Once you have committed to a new life path, there might be many hoops to jump you are now unaware of. The big event is one we've both danced with; you like oral sex. You actually rivaled a Chinese fireworks display last night. It was awesome." He reached over and gently began fondling Seth's naked thigh. His fingers reached lower beneath the fold and Seth relaxed, knees open.

Seth pulled Damian closer, closed his eyes and tried to think. "I feel so inadequate," he said finally.

For answer, Damian took Seth's hand which he was still holding and tugged. Feeling Seth's resistance, he leaned close and ran one finger along Seth's lips, around and back, pressing and lightly tickling. "There are many techniques you must learn. There will be times when you can't hide. You will have to perform. If you try to avoid a closer call, you will give away your lack of interest. That might blow the entire trip, pardon the expression."

"Are you going to do it again? Show me?"

"Do you think you can take advantage of my good nature and run away? You will cooperate for as long as you think you must but when the passion, the lust and the crush all descend on you, there is no respite. Relax your hand; I will guide you." He pulled Seth's arm until the hesitant hand rested on his rigid tool.

"Damian, please; don't, not now. Later maybe. Can we have more to drink?" He tried to remove Damian's hand.

"You love to try my patience, don't you? All it is going to benefit you is my anger. I really don't think you are ready for an intense tryst of sex. Have you nothing to say?" He passed the glass filled with whiskey to Seth. "Here, drink this, False courage probably but might help."

"I've never seen you angry."

"It's because you are keeping from me what I need."

"And if I can't do it? Or, worse, if I am not good enough."

"We shall see; you have to learn."

The intense moment hung between them like a whisper.

#

At the club, Damian sat at the head of the narrow table and orchestrated the drink service. Eventually they all toasted Seth's sex experiment with Damian and drifted next onto the dance floor.

Not wishing to join in and enjoying the slight glow from the drinks, Seth rested back and closed his eyes. He jerked his head around when he felt one strong hand on his neck, another on his thigh. "Hello, Seth. Fancy meeting you here," Sami said in a ragged voice.

Seth was immediately on alert. "Hands to yourself, Sami; please."

"As you wish, Have you talked to your sister today?"

Seth went cold. "Not recently, What are you saying?"

"Her cute roommate, Yvette, has left for Normandy to meet her family. She sometimes helps when her dad has a business meeting. I suspect she spend significant time on her back or her knees." He guffawed and slapped Seth's leg as if in jest. "I know for a fact that Yvette asked Sybil to go with her to help out. She will certainly have a story to tell when she gets back."

"If she went. I doubt that she would leave without letting me know. What has that devious mind of yours worked up now?"

"Just making conversation. Go ahead; call her."

Seth placed the call and was relieved when Sybil answered. "I hear you have a job with Yvette helping at the business luncheon. Was it a secret? You don't need the money. Oh, are you alone? I hear dishes rattling in the background."

"This is one time you did not need to snoop, Seth Penrod," Sybil said with disdain. "True, Yvette is with her family and, true, she did ask me along but I declined. Right, we do not need the money. I'm here with Destra. No more calls, please."

Seth closed his cell phone and frowned.

Sami was pleased. "Can you step out for a while? We have something to talk over."

Seth looked up, hoping to see Damian but without success, "I have nothing to say to you, Sami," he said, trying to escape Sami's searching hands.

"You try my patience," Sami said in a low tone laced with hostility. "I foresaw that you would resist me so I sent Yvette out of town. Bayeaux to be exact. The coast is beautiful this time of year. Damian has decided to leave you to your luck. He is in a card game." He glanced at his watch. "By now, your gorgeous twin sister is engaged in a demanding sex game called cunnilingus with Destra. This trifling event, I also arranged."

Seth blanched. "Yes, you have thought of each turn, Why are you doing this to me?"

Sami slid one hand closer on Seth's hip and fondled the pleasant folds there. "The first time we met, not far from this spot, you took it upon yourself to show disrespect to my person. I do not intend to let that pass lightly. Does Damian go down on you? I asked him to show you how a crashing fellatio is done."

Trying for some bravado to show impatience, Seth turned in his chair to face the insistent Samoan. "That is none of your concern," he said with determination. "Please get your hands off me, I am not your toy."

Sami cupped Seth's crotch and began working until there was an erection. "Do you object? I want very much to get this in my mouth. Or perhaps you would prefer elsewhere?"

Seth, still woozy from the liberal drinks on an empty stomach, tried to stand up. He was aware of Sami's hand bringing him alive and hated himself for

allowing it. "Quit pulling on me," he said with as much fervor as he could.

"I want you to come with me." Sami led Seth away from the dance floor and toward an exit in the rear that opened onto a narrow alley. He was more forceful when Seth objected. At that moment, Sami motioned to his driver and soon Seth was in the back seat. He realized he was not alone as he was sitting between Sami and Damian.

"Hey!" he called out. "What's up? I'm sure glad to see you," he said addressing Damian.

Sami leaned forward and gave the driver instructions. He turned to face Seth. "Damian owes me a few favors, You are one of them. Your rooms being together was an arrangement, not a coincidence. He knew all along that you would be enticed to pleasure me. It was all done to ensure your sister would survive this juncture without harm."

Seth turned over the facts in his mind. Yvette, Destra, Damian. The sham poker game. It all added it up. "Did you have to stage a riot as well?" he asked Sami.

Sami chuckled. "It was an opportunity for political posturing. More important, of course, is your virgin body. You will be tested this very evening." He turned to Damian. "This does not make us even, Damian. I've digressed on our relationship too many times. I'll have more work for you to do so don't let me down."

The car swerved at a long, winding road and came to a stop. Damian let himself out and walked back toward his origin. The sleek sedan sped into the night.

"I am in shock," Seth said as he watched Damian disappear in the distance.

Sami took Seth's hand and forced it onto his slight body. "Now," he said with satisfaction, "we have some issues to discuss."

"Like what? Where is my sister? What have you done to her? If you plan to use her safely against me for purposes of cooperation, you have won hands down."

"Oh, shut up. You are getting tiresome. You have expressed an interest in transgender procedures. You are a perfect specimen for exactly that. I am being paid to deliver you to a team that will move you along to a new life. Later you may even thank me."

"Answer my question. What have you done to my sister?"

"Nothing, really. I could not have her interfering with these plans so I asked Destra to keep her busy. She is no doubt delighted by now. Destra is a very talented and experienced lover of women. Hopefully we will be given a demonstration to satisfy all curiosity seekers." He chuckled and reached to tap the driver on the shoulder. They had arrived at a country estate of some kind. The car stopped beneath the porte cochere and was silent.

Sami led Seth inside. They remained on the main level in the den/office area. Sami moved quickly to the wet bar and soon they were sipping twelve-year-old Scotch whiskey over crushed ice.

Sami kept fondling Seth's torso and hips. Seth did not respond but that did not slow Sami down.

"Whatever you have in mind," Seth began. "I know enough to admit defeat. If I owe you an apology for the way I've acted in the past, you have it."

"Good; I can be honest with you. The reason there are so few guys on campus is that our organization controls the admission process. Girls flock to the social scene when they learn of the imbalance. The best qualified girls get introduced to the new lifestyle I mentioned. The working plan is called sex trafficking. You are now in the middle of it."

Seth took a long gulp on the whiskey and closed his eyes. 'So, that's it,' he said to his secret listening ear. 'I get a new female body. Sybil gets auctioned off on the Moroccan slave market. How did we not see this coming? It's hardly a secret that so many guys and gals, and some children we've heard, have disappeared. They can be found in the capable hands of such a flourishing business. Our only task is to survive.' His concern for Sybil overwhelmed him.

Seven

The Citroen van lurched to a stop. Gravel sounds. Shaken, Seth was wide awake. The unusual surroundings startled him. Daylight came in through the front windows.

There were three other young men with him; all held fast to the walls with small chains on wrists and ankles. One was on the bench at the far end. Also in restraints, he was curled up, eyes closed, in the fetal position. The other two were embracing; arms circled, occasional sobs.

The slide door opened with a bang.

"All right, loving lads, rest stop." The driver and one assistant stood aloof while their bonds were released. The authority was apparently, Seth reasoned, in the driver. He shuddered thinking of Sami's thin body compared to the burly driver's muscular frame.

Seth rubbed his arm absently to calm a soft itching of his forearm. In the light he could see small injectable 'tracks' showing. "What did you guys do to us?" he asked with as firm a voice he could manage.

"We don't like unruly passengers," the driver said staring at him. "This is much better, You have no hope of escape to the happy destiny in your path/ Thus we don't need arguments along the way." Before he turned to walk away, he quickly scanned Seth's body.

Realizing the man was looking at his half-nakedness, Seth tried to cover himself. His shirt was open, displaying his torso. He wore unfamiliar uniform shorts, white calf-length socks and sandals. "I will take the rest break," Seth said in a mere whisper.

He stepped from the van after the driver released the ankle chains. Returning to the van, the driver helped him up and secured him in his seat. Seth felt the man's beefy hand run recklessly along his naked leg and furtively rub his crotch. At that moment, he wondered how the others were handling being fondled.

The driver walked with the other three and waited for them to come out, led them to the van and se-

cured again. The sliding door slammed and the lock clicked.

Later, Seth could see the entrance to the Road House Elite. “We are leaving the Provence, fellow passengers,” the assistant said, Before long they were given a tasty dinner and assigned to the beds where they again were secured.

“Do you have a name?” Seth asked, “Why did you spend the entire trip curled up in the corner like that?”

“Cody,” the lad answered. “I don’t want to be here; too scary.”

Seth reached out to him from his bunk. “Well, we’re safe for the night anyhow, Do you know what is planned?”

“Yes; do you want to be a girl?”

“I’m having second thoughts, Cody,” Seth answered. “Their behavior, the methods, might be an introduction to our future, As you say, scary.”

“I’ve been told that a girl has many erotic opportunities to please a variety of clients. The final answer might be that we are to be transgender victims.”

At that moment, the driver came in and snapped out the lights. “Bedtime, boys,” he said with a chuckle. The room was in total darkness except for a shaft of light through a drapery.

Cody sat up in his bunk. The small chains rattled. “Were you forced to satisfy one of them? It happened to me when we crossed in the Chunnel into France.”

“My college roommate seduced me and I let him persuade me to go down on him. It was my first time. After some kidnapping shenanigans, I was the captive of the mob chief or whatever. He did not ask for it; he took it, raped my mouth.”

Cody reached across between the bunks and pressed Seth’s hand. “I’m sorry that had to happen. Is that when you learned what is to become of us?”

“Thanks for your concern. I know that once I’m a girl, I’ll be doing that to pay my keep. Strange enough to say, I expect to be accepted, proud in a way.”

“Lesson to be learned, I suppose.” His conversation was cut off when the door to the room rattled. The assistant came in and gently closed it, quietly slipped the bolt into place.

He carried a large bundle of clothing which he divided between them. “These are your uniforms, lads. Our papers of transit name you four as students on assignment. The outfits will make the crossing into Switzerland easy.”

He went to the other bedroom and repeated the plan. The two terrified hostages began to moan and cry. Seth and Cody heard a loud slap followed by silence.

He next sat on the side of Seth’s bunk. He took Seth’s hand and forced it onto his erection.

“Are you allowed to ravish us?” Seth asked in a strained voice.

“Not part of the procedures, pretty boy. I’ve been admiring you all day and believe you are experienced in giving head. It’s certain you will be well schooled in oral arts before much longer.” He caught Seth’s head by the back of the neck and pushed him down.

“Take it easy, sir,” Seth said, trying for an authority tone. “Aren’t you afraid I will report you?”

“Just get on with it. If you don’t, I’ll call the driver. He likes young boys as well.”

Seth parted his lips and took the man’s rigid cock in his mouth. He hoped the sucking and slurping would not alert others. It was soon over and he was allowed to go to the lavatory. “Did you try to drown me?”

“First time swallow?” the man asked with a smirk.

Seth was silent.

#

They were impressed when they first saw the Middlesex Clinic. It was white stucco, perched on the slope of a hill leading to a mountain, It appeared to Seth like a hospital which he surmised was what it was.

For their arrival, they wore pressed new uniforms. The shoes were the most strange to Seth and Cody. They were black, Oxford style, but with two-inch heels.

“I can’t walk in these,” Cody said when his ankles folded down, almost tripping him.

Seth laughed, “Can I remind you about this six months from now?”

Sitting in a private room with high windows that allowed some light but no view, the other two were led in. Seth immediately saw the signs of stress. Most noticeably their eyes, red from crying,

The authority figure, a handsome woman with hair done up in an austere bun, came in and sat down at a small desk facing the four of them. She snapped her pencil on the clip board. “So, welcome to Middlesex Clinic. I am Della Devine. You probably have some grievances about the way you were treated but rather than bore us all, just forget them and pay attention.”

Seth glanced at Cody who responded by shrugging his shoulders. “It seems,” Seth said, “that we have no other option. Is there a program? Where do we go while here and, if you are allowed to divulge secrets, what’s to become of us? I am apparently the only one of the four of us in favor of the procedures. And, that without knowledge which we all hope you will advise.”

Della Devine fixed her eyes on Seth with a severe stare. Next she scanned his body, smiled briefly, and turned her attention to the clip board. “You are Seth Penrod, obviously. I have been asked to advise you that your twin sister, Sybil, is in custody but unharmed.”



In disdain, Seth mentioned, “Only if Sami leaves her alone.”

Della smiled, showing even teeth. Her eyes sparkled in amusement. The sparse light in the room danced on her smooth coffee-colored skin. “That would be Sami the Samoan. We know him, Sybil may have a few trying hours with Sami. He is a power figure in our network. He will convince her of the importance of your role in the TG plan; boy to girl and girl to boy. You and your friends can expect, if you behave, Mister Penrod, that I will allow you to communicate with Sybil so be assured she is all right.” She paused and cleared her throat with a light growl. “I understand Sybil is not only beautiful but, as you Americans say, HOT!”

Seth was growing tired of the cat-and-mouse games. “It runs in the family,” he said abruptly. “Can we proceed?”

Della turned over the first page and began a monotone description of the clinic, its services in preparing transgender clients, obese patients, and last ditch efforts to try to save terminal cases.

The four candidates sat in stunned silence while Della turned the last page under the clip. That was when an orderly came in. He was tall, starched whites and a crop of unruly hair struggling to escape a skull cap. He looked at the four of them and spoke in a language none of the boys understood. The message was clear; they filed toward the door to follow him.

Della stopped Seth with a slight pressure on his arm. She moved one finger onto his lips, pressed and grinned. “Such a pretty mouth, Mister Penrod. If used with skill there will be times when the lips and tongue will keep you alive. Did you like going down on Sami?”

“He raped me; it was brutal. Yet, it was the last of my resistance. I cannot say I liked it and was thankful for one other escapade with my partner in the garden apartment. Damian made me realize there was only the one Sami to contend with so I survived the assault. He came in my mouth.”

“How nice; you are indeed fortunate. So, you are telling me you are untried between your buns? That too, is in your favor as you will have that to sell when the time comes. A word of advice; anal virgins are rare. Keep it intact as long as you can.” She slapped his derriere and released his arm so he could follow the others.

“Looks like you have a friend,” Cody said in a teasing tone. “I can see your value to her, She will eventually depend on you because you are the only one that wants to be here, Well, that we know of.

Eight

After six weeks of intensive training and instruction, Della Devine sent for young Seth Penrod.

Seth stood on the threshold of Della’s opulent office. He did not know what to expect until Della came in with a warm, friendly grin.

“Ah, Seth. Thank you for coming; sit here, please. We need to have a chat.”

Seth smiled. “If it’s something bad, I didn’t do it, If good, I’ll take credit.”

Della laughed. She knew he admired her stunning good looks. It was a joy to see his eyes flicker in interest when she adjusted the hem of her skirt. The white linen suit with black piping was short above her knees. A hint of full breasts rode on the severely tailored cleavage. The expensive hosiery made a snapping sound, like leaves being gathered in the autumn, when she crossed and uncrossed her legs.

“You are a delight. I asked you here to congratulate you on your superb progress in the TG program. Any misgivings?”

“No but since you now admit I’ve behaved myself, do I get to talk to Sybil?”

She chuckled. “Yes; she is waiting for your call. You should know we’ve chatted about once a week or so to keep her fears at bay. I think she would be

happy to visit here now that you've made a name for yourself. I'm told by your friends in Paris she is very beautiful."

"Name for myself? Like, what?"

Della relaxed in her high-backed desk chair and rocked slightly. "You have excelled in three areas that put you in line for promotion. Those are 'Poise and Diction,' 'Makeup and Appearance' as well as 'Physical Training.' Which of these interests you most?"

"By promotion you mean a staff position? That's a dream, Miss Devine. If given the choice, I'd like interacting with the clients while developing the physical advantages they will need to resolve their next step. Some react positively with just minimal counseling. Fear does not disappear but by counseling any impending panic attack is more easily handled. Does that make sense? When can Sybil come to visit?"

Della burst out laughing. "You could write the book on any of those. Beginning next quarter, you can begin with the boys and girls in the orientation dorm."

"Boys AND girls? Explain, please. I haven't seen girls mixing with different classes and activities."

Della smiled and crossed her legs again. "Looks can be deceiving, as you know. Tell me, you haven't noticed? When you pass a pretty girl in the corridor, she may be a boy that has survived the surgical procedures. We also have some clients who come here as dewy-eyed college students with the hope of being a man in a man's world. To be successful, a young woman in today's fast-paced business climate requires the knowledge to keep up with the male competition as well as provide that touch a man needs from a woman. Intrigued?"

"Overwhelmed, more like it, OK, how does Sybil fit in with your activity calendar?"

"We've yet to learn about her. There are many women, too many probably, who are beautiful but too rigid; inflexible might be a word for it. Those are the ones the future needs for mothers, diaper commandos, and so on. I can see the perplexed look on your face. What is it?"

"I'm grateful to you for letting Sybil visit. You will find her charming, striking actually, and capable. I noticed the male staff have taken on the instruction in some of the classes. Is that what you are hoping to find in Sybil? Do I get credited with the halo effect?"

"You are thoughtful as usual. Yes; in my opinion it is relatively easy to indoctrinate a transgendered guy to a woman who can give head with the skill and experience to get on. But a woman who was once a guy can't as easily fit in to the woman's lifestyle. An understanding woman has the edge there." Her desk phone buzzed and she scooped it up but with an annoyed look on her face. "Yes? I told you I was not to be disturbed!"

Della listened and finally snapped the cell closed. She stood up and brushed her skirt as if there were wrinkles there,

"Is there something wrong? Can I help?"

"Yes, one of your clients in the indoctrination dorm has everyone upset. Failed suicide attempt. Sometimes the innocent ambiance is just a sham. Come along with me, please. We can finish our discussion later."

"I thought we were finished," Seth said in a desultory tone. "How do you handle a suicide attempt?"

"You may have to spend some time with him which will involve recommending a course of action. Seduce him if necessary."

"Oh, so I'm on the payroll. Did I punch in?"

"I'm pleased all the burden I've dumped on you has not dampened your attitude."

"Nor my libido," he said, teasing. They left Della's office building and hustled across the quad area. There was an ambulance, some company security officers and a small crowd of curiosity seekers.

"I watched your reaction when we were talking. Nothing wrong with you libido, you curious Casanova, you." She stopped at the doorway, signed a clipboard held for her by a rent-a-cop, and motioned Seth into the main lobby. "Come see me later," she

said and went directly to the medic from the ambulance for a conference.

“Wait a second,” Seth said standing alone in the circular lobby. “What if I’m not able to help?”

The medico looked at him and frowned. “We call the coroner,” he answered.

“Omigod, that’s murder. And I’m responsible?”

“Yes,” the medico said after a pause. “Some experience on this issue will do you good. Get with it.” He turned and walked away.

#

Seth entered the room marked “Sick Bay.” The distraught lad was sitting up in his bunk. Seth could see the boy shaking, tremors born of being so deep in despair. He sat on the bunk and gently took the boy’s hand. “You really upset a bunch of people today,” Seth said in a near whisper. Still holding the trembling hand, he raised his voice to his authority tone. “What is your name?”

“Julian. Why do you care?”

Seth smiled. At best, he considered, the client is open to dialogue. “I’m your counselor. Don’t be afraid of me. And, that attitude only displays your ignorance. Why have you done this? You tried to hang yourself and the knot slipped, right?”

Julian choked back a sob. “I don’t want to be a girl.”

“Are you gay?”

Julian sighed. “I guess so but can’t say for certain.”

“Did you want to hide from the world, do away with your youthful body, so nobody would know you are still in the closet?”

“Something like that.”

Seth moved one hand onto Julian's leg above the knees. He fingered the flesh on his thigh and slid his other arm across Julian's shoulders. "Let's stay like this for a while? Do you like being close to me?"

"Yes; you are being nice to me. Are you, uh, do you want to be a girl?"

"Yes but I have a long path to travel. I'm not inclined to try the easy way out like you just did."

"I've only experienced an affair by dreaming about it. I'm sorry everyone is so upset."

Seth tightened his arm and Julian rested his head. "Let me get this straight. You tell me you're gay but have not done anything about it. You are a nice looking guy, Julian. Come on, now; admit it. You want to feel me."

"I'm scared of being discovered. Yes, shall I?" He dropped one hand onto Seth's lap and briefly explored Seth's athletic body. "Are you hard?"

Seth chuckled. "Look, when the call came in that you were in trouble here, I was on the edge of being seduced by the CEO here. I really want her mouth; you understand that. Well, it hasn't happened yet."

"Are you saying that because you want me to do it to you?"

"Can I be your friend?"

"I'm a bit confused but I want to do it before I die. Oh, you are big. Would that lady you want be angry?"

"No; I think not. I'm really in the dark as to what was about to happen before I met you. Do you want me?"

Julian leaned away and back until his head was on the pillow. He pulled on Seth's hips until his fly was even with his head. "Have you had someone you like give you head?"

"That's a 'yes' and a 'no'. I really admired my college roommate; he takes classes. I hadn't signed up yet. He went down on me and I loved it. Next he made it clear to me that if I would be a girl, considering my

looks, I would be asked by many men-and women as well-to suck and lick. It was exciting.”

“That’s the ‘yes’ then. What about the ‘no’?”

“Without me guessing, the top procurer of guys like you and me wanted me. Maybe like you want me now. It was a bit complicated because he felt I was rejecting him. His ego couldn’t stand it. So, without too much detail, he raped me... All the way.”

Julian gasped. “By that you mean he came in your mouth? What did you do?”

“Swallowed to stay alive. I had no death wish then, or since; I’ve known most of my life that I’m a girl trapped in a man’s body, Open my slacks, I’m getting impatient.”

Julian allowed there was no time for argument, He brought both hands to the belt clasp and zipper.

“Maybe, when I get you between my lips, I’ll know I was wrong to try to kill myself. If I must be a girl, in body as well as mind, then I’ll have to take the good with the bad. I want to suck you, I need to know.”

“Let’s just say you made a mistake and not to worry about it. See; it’s already over and you feel better doing what you were so terribly afraid to do. Here, let me help.”

Julian’s ‘scared rabbit’ look in his eyes became serious. Some revival of spirit emboldened him. He felt inside until he had a firm enough hold to fondle his prize. Up and back, clasp with five fingers, poking the shank with his tongue. In one final gulp, he looked up to see Seth’s complacent expression. “I want it,” he said and accepted Seth’s tool without resisting. “Umm; yes.”

#

At the airport, stopped on the arrivals pickup lane, Della Devine watched the trickle of passengers as they came out of the International Terminal. She knew Sybil had been told to look for the station wagon with ‘Middlesex Clinic’ in dark green letters on the side,

It had been a busy, trying day and she was grateful for a moment to relax and close her eyes. Car doors slammed to wake her up. While she admired a lovely tourist-type passenger, she stopped trying to find Sybil. The tourist had a folded skirt, caught high mid-thigh, a stylish box hat with veil and starched white blouse kept at the neck with a brooch.

It was Sybil Penrod.

“Omigod,” Della exclaimed. “So sorry. I did not recognize you. I should have because you resemble Seth.” She swiftly opened the rear access and paid the porters to load Sybil’s luggage. “Welcome to Switzerland,” Della said trying to quell the urge to stutter.

Sybil laughed and settled in the passenger seat. She snapped the seat belt and looked at Della, “What?” she asked. “You are staring at me. If I’ve done something wrong, I’ll deny it, If it’s right, I take credit.” She giggled.

Della put the wagon in gear and carefully joined the line of traffic. “Your beauty took my breath away, Don’t tell me someone didn’t make an effort to keep you in Paris.”

“Sami told me you are attractive. His off-handed remark was that he regretted he didn’t know me better. By that I surmise sex, but he didn’t abuse me or try my self-respect.”

“Money is very eloquent,” Della said after a sideways glance at Sybil. “The only insight I received about you is that you have a twin brother and have been, uh, entertained by your college roommate. That means you are a rare find which raised the price.”

Sybil laughed. “You handle the finance as well as the taxi duties?”

“If you don’t quit teasing me with the way you are fingering the hem of your skirt I shall be fitful.”

“Marvelous; never has anyone, boy or girl, confessed to my appeal.”

Della was pensive for a long moment as she watched traffic demands. Then, “Middlesex Clinic is famous for transgender support. I was a boy when I

came here. It gives me a background to handle guys like Seth.”

Sybil looked out the window and marveled at the rugged scenery in the distance. “So, how is my horny brother progressing? He wrote to me that he is going forward with the surgery and has a wonderful job working with other candidates.”

“From all accounts, Seth is going to be a valued staff member. I met you today so we could have this little chat. Can it be you are qualified to teach TG clients the feminine winsome ways and wiles they will need as they move to the sex-starved world?”

“Are there other options? From what I’ve been told, I don’t think so.”

Della stopped at the entrance to the administration offices. She set the brake. “You want a frank, up-front but brutal answer?”

“Yes, if that is allowed.”

“Girls like you end up owned by flesh merchants. You spend monetary time on your back with your hips and cute figure to give pleasure. You will do as you told. That pretty mouth you use so well when you pout will be very busy. The best paying clients of your brothel will ask you to crouch on all fours and raise your hips so your adorable buns are exposed to assault. Any questions?”

“Ulp! No questions; thank you. Does experience with women have added value?”

Della tapped the horn to alert some workers to help with the luggage. She looked obliquely at Sybil. She noticed the stunning girl had finally lost her demeanor and was seriously nervous. She touched Sybil’s arm but withdrew her hand when Sybil jumped as if burned. “Your behavior touches on heroic. It takes courage to be calm in the face of a sexual apocalypse.”

“What is that supposed to mean?”

“As part of your introduction to the new life, you get to sleep with me tonight.”

“Not surprised by that,” Sybil said looking away and then down at the floor mat.

“Good; now we find Seth. He has some knowledge for you; information is the best we can do now. You are both celebrities here. Seth will explain it.”

In a moment Della was gone.

Nine

A gentle knock at the door alerted Della. “Who is it?” At first she saw only a blur through the peep hole, then it cleared.

“Sybil,” was the tense answer, “Can we talk?”

Della opened the door wide. “Welcome; how did you find me?”

“Seth brought me as far as your front porch,” Sybil said with a girlish giggle. She sat quickly on the wide couch and straightened her skirt. “We had a lengthy visit; just catching up. He is still determined to go through with the TG adjustment.”

Della smiled and touched her lips with the tip of her tongue. “Why the concern?” Seth gave me a detailed tour of the premises, the clinical concept and the ‘flesh mill’ that is so lucrative. I was so wrapped up in being in the ‘Me Generation’ that I didn’t see the whole picture. At first I sensed a real threat, then anxiety for my brother and completely misunderstood your function here. It is weird.”

Della was gracious. “Suppose we have a glass of wine and you can tell me about being weird.” She went to the wet bar and broke out some ice cubes. “Are you saying weird is evil?”

Sybil accepted the tall wine cooler. “When you forcibly make such a physical change, it seems to me it breaks every rule all the way back to the Magna Carta. How can you look at malice in the face and ignore any and all consequences?”

Della was thoughtful. She sipped her drink and next mixed it by swirling the ice with her finger. "I like your term 'Me Generation'. From my point of view, my sole defense rests on the 'You Generation'. I mean, we don't have to justify what we are doing here. Some of the effects might be illegal but it really goes deeper than just breaking some moral law." She sipped more of her drink and stared at Sybil over the rim of her glass. "The source of evil is not confined to the domain of the supernatural. There is an issue you have to recognize and resolve in your own pretty head."

"What issue?" Sybil asked but could not hide the onset of panic.

"I believe men are easily capable of every wickedness as long as the end justifies the means. I look at how stunning you are, sexy, and though my thoughts might be impure in your view, I don't think it is evil at all to want you. Perhaps it will take time. Any questions?"

Sybil gingerly held her glass by running her fingers up-and-down in a fellatio gesture. "Yes, one question. Is there any more wine?"

Della moved closer, took Sybil's glass and set it aside. "Does that mean you accept my point of view?"

Their eyes locked on one another. The eventual flicker of eyes, the focus on each other's gathering passion, was a challenge. Again, closer.

Finally, Sybil admitted in a lust-charged voice. "You just asked if I've accepted my fate. Of course, the answer is 'yes'. What I couldn't wrap my brain around was the concept that only by surrender will I learn the terms you expect."

Nearer and Della touched Sybil's chin with one finger. Next she ventured to twist some blonde hair in her soft touch. Seeing Sybil's eyes clouding over, her lips slightly parted, Della barely touched the waiting lips with a fender kiss. "True, I can be demanding but, as for your hesitation to entrap us both, I want you to know that a transgendered woman has a special charm not usually discovered in the original worldly variety. I intend to prove that to you."

“How can you do that?” Sybil asked close to catching her breath.

They stopped several times to steal kisses on their way to the bedroom. “More, much more.”

#

Brett Acton strolled through the lush garden and sat on the wide cushions to view the swimming pool. It was late afternoon and he indulged in a tall glass of Scotch whiskey.

Della and Sybil approached from one side. They were holding hands.

“Brett,” Della said softly. “This is Sybil Penrod. In the production meeting this morning you expressed a desire to be introduced.”

He quickly stood up, took a quick stride forward and grasped Sybil’s hand. “So, this is our mystery girl; my pleasure. Join me for a drink?”

“I’ll get you a refill, Mister Acton,” Della said quickly. “And one for Sybil.” She hurried away, apparently grateful to avoid getting involved in what might happen.

“Thank you,” he said and turned a half-smirk to face Sybil. “We are happy you are here,” he said selecting his words. “I think this interview is not necessary but we can enjoy each other for the moment.”

“Why unnecessary?” Sybil asked with a brief smile. She was completely disarmed by his easy manner.

He stood to accept the refreshed drink from Della. Sybil judged his age at middle to late thirties, athletic, good physique and confident in his mood. A quick breeze ruffled his dark hair onto his forehead which he impatiently brushed aside.

He began, “I’ll try to make your situation clear. We often see couples arrive here. Even some who have just met on the journey seem attached emotionally like, well, like you and Seth. It is usually an easy task to impress on one partner that he or she must behave

in order to let the other one survive. It would thus be very simple with you except Seth is already well into the progression.”

“I see the simplicity. No doubt there is some genius tucked away beneath that friendly smile and unruly hair.” Sybil chuckled and looked quickly at Della who seemed impassive.

He laughed and left his partially filled drink. He stood close enough to sweep his arms around both girls in a manly hug. “I can repeat what Sami told me about you, Sybil, but it is a total understatement. You are charming.” He kept the embrace before relaxing his hold. Sensing Della’s discomfort, he moved toward the garden away from poolside. “Della dear, could you set aside your pressing duties this evening and join Sybil and I for dinner? There might be some issues Sybil would like explored.”

“Of course, Sir,” Della answered. She watched him nod in understanding before his long stride brought him inside the living quarters.

Sybil and Della walked slowly back to Sybil’s cottage. They settled on the front porch settee to watch the sunset drop artist’s colors behind the mountains.

“Does he usually ask the help to dinner with the neophyte? What’s up?”

“It should be an interesting evening. Do you have any reservations about playing some games with our leader?”

Sybil chuckled. “As if I have a choice. Seth is well-established here so it appears I’m on my own. What should I expect?”

Della sighed. “He probably has guessed we are more than casually friendly. When that clue hit him, I noticed his eyes were all over you. He wants you but for what I’ve no idea.”

“He mentioned other couples. Does any of that recent history tell us anything?”

“Well; the ones he seems to relish are the young lovers. He separates them on some subterfuge and seduces the one of his choice. I can say for certain that he always has an eye for the needs of his busi-

ness. He will usually decide on the basis of one meeting, what is going to happen to any of his charges. This is obviously not the case. Seth is making a positive contribution. That leaves you, ah shall I say, superfluous?"

"I have no desire to end up on my back in some Middle East brothel somewhere. If you will please explain his organizational needs, maybe I can do or say what he wants to see in me."

Della reached and put one arm across Sybil's back. "Not only are you stunning, you are intelligent enough to steer through the maze of ideas that Brett Acton has. Like, I said, it will be interesting." She led Sybil inside.

Both girls hesitated before knocking on the mahogany doorway onto Brett Acton's patio.

Brett's oriental houseboy met them. He bowed politely and held his hands together before turning away. "This way, please," he said crisply.

Della took Sybil's arm to guide her. "Thank you, Toby," she said looking around the lavish room. They were alone. "This is Sybil Penrod." Again, Toby bowed with the typical gesture.

"Ah, two of my gorgeous dinner guests; welcome," Brett said expansively. "Toby will get you an aperitif of your choice."

Della could tell that Brett had not quit drinking since they saw him earlier by the pool. He slightly slurred his words and knocked over a water glass.

When the dessert was served, Della and Sybil could see the gourmet dinner had sobered him to a degree.

"What is on your mind, Brett?" Della said forcefully. "Like, how is business? Any changes we should help with?"

Brett frowned, finished his drink and stood up, weaving slightly. Toby dutifully cleared the table as they went into the den to sit by the hearth. Snaps and cracks came from the roaring fireplace. He again sat between them with arms spread for a hug.

Next, Brett surprised them by catching each on the palm of his hand. He pressed them together until their faces, still glowing from the fine meal and alcohol, were just inches apart. "Go together," he said holding the position. "I feel like watching."

Della relaxed in an effort to avoid his pressure but with a squeal in surrender, she brought her lips down onto Sybil's in a warm kiss. She did not struggle to break the caress.

Sybil fell back when she felt Della do the same. "What do you want of us, Brett?" she asked in her best juvenile tone. "More fun and games?"

Brett took Sybil's hand and held it in a firm grip. "Feel this, pretty girl," he said and moved her fingers onto his stiff rod. "Della!" he said quickly, "Have you felt this luscious creature's legs yet? Do it now."

Della deftly slid her hand beneath Sybil's skirt. "She has a marvelous body, Brett," she said.

He kept touching and teasing until the fire smoldered. "I have not yet had the pleasure of young Seth Penrod's company for one of these delightful evenings. Tell me, little sister; has your brother faltered in his duties for us?"

Sybil started to withdraw her hand but Brett moved instantly to stop her. She gulped, fighting a panic attack but kept calm. "Strange as it may seem, Brett, my brother found this niche in his nature when we came to Paris. Until then he only managed to exasperate me by running off with my lacy underwear. He had a few gay experiences and learned enough about Middlesex Clinic to be a willing candidate. Della has given him high grades."

"Yes, his lessons, no doubt. I must make an effort to get to know him better. But, what am I saying? After the gender assignment, he will be a different person. Della, what then?"

Della spoke up but did not remove her hand from Sybil's naked thigh. "Seth has been the topic of our planning team on several occasions. As of now the thinking is that he can stay with his present group and see them through 'finals'. It is entirely possible we will all benefit from his diligence by turning out some very profitable graduates. Time will tell."



Brett shook his head 'no' as he thought over Della's report. "My sixth sense tells me he will not do as well training his team in the niceties of feminine deportment as he has done pre-surgery. It's a matter of control, is it not?"

"As you say, time has the answer. What are you getting at, Brett?"

He was pensive at first, then turned to glare at Sybil. "How do you feel about all this, young lady? If your twin brother is enthusiastic about having a sex change, are you of similar thinking?"

Sybil was shocked. "Me? Oh, no sir. What are you suggesting?"

"In the past we have had a few double surgeries. That is, when the male client's genitals are removed, they are attached to the woman next to him. Not exactly a Doublemint gum commercial but very profitable. Surgeons with such skill are very expensive. I'm saying we think of doing both of you at the same time. Give it some thought."

Della shifted and tried to get away. "We need to get out of here; this is insane."

"Do not test my patience, Della," he said in a gruff voice. "You have been warned before about falling in love with your client. Though I cannot argue with your excellent taste in Sybil Penrod, you best back off and stay with the protocol."

Della nodded and relaxed away from Sybil. "You are right, sir. I've no desire to join the joy-help at the busy Levant centers. Still, I respectfully remind you that this girl can do us a lot of good teaching those in recovery phase about being a woman in a man's world. What do you say, sir?"

He turned to face Sybil. He could see she was swallowing repeatedly in order to keep from throwing up. He took her hand. "Calm down, pretty Miss Penrod. You might accept Della's practical view as your own. If you can stay out of the hands of the slavers, your lifestyle will be more to your liking."

Next he faced Della. Noting her face had blanched, he lowered his voice to a more gentle tone. "It seems to me that this girl can't handle her destiny by mere

suggestion. Did she go down on you? Has she admitted to willingly perform the most basic sex acts? Sami said he did not sample her talents. Did anyone else?"

"Not that I know of, sir; best wait until she can answer for herself." Della was on the verge of tears. "Let me take her to the cottage, Brett. There is nothing urgent, is there?"

"Oh all right; have it your way. We can resume this in the morning. I apologize if I upset the little prude."

Sybil let Della assist her to stand. They started to leave.

That was when Brett stood up and approached them. "Listen, little twit, we are trying to offer you a comfortable alternative to busy sexual service. If you are not eager to join us, we can import someone else."

Sybil was making the effort to throw off her 'Me Generation' persona. "I've misbehaved, sir," she said bleating. "I shall try my best to please you."

"Della, please get my file on current employees. I have one 'puta' in mind but can't recall her name."

When Della returned with the file she handed it to him. "I hope this is the one," she said.

Brett studied it briefly. "Yes, here it is. If Sybil insists on being so contrary we can import a worldly wise person from Paris. The name is Destra."

Sybil fainted and fell to the floor in a crumpled heap. Brett and Della with Toby's help moved her onto the bed. While Della fussed over her, Toby removed Sybil's shoes, unhooked her bra and loosened her belt. Brett was pacing the floor.

Della was curious. "Who is this Destra? Do you really think a stranger would fit in?"

"Sybil must realize she is not the only job seeker. I have reason to believe that Destra seduced Sybil while in Paris. We know she can perform. I'll ask Sami for an update."

"All right. May I stay with her until she feels up to going to her place? We have spoiled your evening, Brett. I apologize for that."

Brett walked over to stand by the bed. Sybil's naked legs and the exposed cleavage were a glowing attraction. "Yes, Della. There is one issue to clear up and with that I can forget the childish display here tonight." He sat on the easy chair near the exit to the deck. With legs spread apart he deftly released his belt. "Come, darling; open this zipper. Good, now kneel between my legs."

Ten

Julian set the bookmark in the periodical he was reading and headed for the door. Again, the gentle knock to get his attention.

Assuming it was Seth Penrod as promised, he threw open the door and gasped.

"Brett Acton!" The name rang like a death knell as he called it out. Julian shrank back in shock, cowered as if by an apparition.

"Good evening, Julian," Brett said as he strode into the room, looked briefly around and next sat on the wide sofa. "I can tell you were expecting someone else. As luck would have it, I met your lover on the way here and sent him off on a fool's errand." He chuckled.

With effort, Julian regained his composure. "May I get something for you, sir?"

"Just come sit here," Brett said patting the wide cushion. "I've been reading Seth Penrod's reports on your progress here and, frankly, am not impressed. I came to chat with you."

"I don't want to be a girl," Julian whimpered.

Brett patted him on his leg. "Now, now; listen to yourself. You sound like you are being sent into the boxing ring with a champ. We are not going to assault you, leave you bloodied and beaten on the exercise mat." He hesitated before staring into Julian's terrified face,

“I feel like a condemned man who has done nothing unjust.”

Brett sighed. “Let me explain; it may help. Many years past, growing up in the midst of affluence, my body was different than you see now. I was a charming, vivacious, well-educated young lady. In total, everything a man would want in a daughter. That’s as may be but my father, besides being wealthy, wanted his only offspring to have a livelihood. The rest is obvious; I was sent to this place and ‘won’ my manhood.”

“I can detect the bitterness in your voice, You want your girlhood back.” Julian began to relax. “My friend, Seth, has often commented he is secretly a woman trapped in a man’s body. You, sir, if I may say so, are of a similar persuasion. You are a woman trapped in a man’s body.”

Brett had a faraway look in his eyes. He blinked before facing Julian. The visage was changed to a frightening ferocity. “Middlesex Clinic was an abortion mill in those days. With a supercharged influx of cash it was changed to what you see today. I’ve never left but as time went on and techniques improved I am now a fully functioning man with all the benefits of my position here.”

“I’m sorry, Mister Acton, for your loss. I do not understand your interest in me, in coming here.”

“You are obviously intelligent, young man. You might have guessed my reasons. Sometimes, my feminine genes go dominant and I want the touch of a young, virile man such as you. These are like hormones that won’t quiet down until satisfied.”

“How must you do that, uh, sir?”

Brett shuddered and looked away briefly. “Has your mentor, Seth Penrod, been teaching you about sex? Does he go down on you? Do you like oral sex? You might cut him some slack; realize he is acting out the role he hopes to gain here. Did he tell you he is a twin? His sister is visiting him here now. She is on her way to a different profession: practicing the art of sex publicly.”

“I would like to meet her,” Julian said as if embarrassed.

Brett touched Julian's top button. He fingered it like some men finger a coin in hand. "Perhaps I can arrange a meeting. You should know, the young lady is as yet quite lacking in sexual experience. What she has done is rather limited; girls only as I understand the tale." He unbuttoned Julian's shirt and opened it for a full view of his torso. "Whew; very nice, young sir. Do you work out?" He ran his fingers along the musculature. "Do you like me doing this? Would you do it to me? We can satisfy each other, It's a game for beginners."

Julian gulped, nervous. "I'm in no position to object. If we get along, maybe I can have the girl as long as I'm a guy. I'd like to think that."

Brett was quickly expansive; happy for the moment. "I see no reason why you should not be so rewarded. Here, feel me." He pushed Julian's hand onto his iron-hard tool. As he reacted, Brett began fondling his genitals until he too was erect. "Um; nice, This is how the sexual marathon works. After a cleansing shower, we both get on the bed, side-by-side. We each masturbate using our own fanciful thoughts. The first to cum is the winner."

"What does the winner get?"

"A blow job by the loser."

Julian winced, "I understand and comply. Uh, Mister Acton, why the term 'blow job'?"

Brett laughed. "In old days, the courts of royalty, the king and queen would hear the desires or complaints of lowly subjects. You can see many paintings showing the mere nobleman pushing his daughter to the king's throne, head bowed and shoulders forward so the inviting cleavage is on display. With a little imagination you can see the young girl using her tongue. She is suggesting the king consider her father's complaint by her giving him a 'below job.' This was soon translated to 'blow job.' Understand?"

Were it not so bizarre, Julian would have giggled but he controlled the impulse.

"Thank you for the history lesson. We might think some court appearances nowadays are different but not really. Prisoners are mistreated, or so I've heard."

Julian looked up, startled to see Toby standing dutifully with towels and a fleece robe.

Brett grinned. "Please, Julian, Toby will help you into the bath. No arguments, I'll await you here." As Julian left with Toby, Brett poked at the fire and added some logs.

While Julian was dressing, Toby came into the room. He bowed and mentioned quickly in Korean that the guest was suitable for the evening.

As Julian came into the room, he stood by the fire. Darkness had enveloped them in the tropical shadows which allowed Brett to see through Julian's sheer robe barely gathered around his middle. He slowly stood and took Julian's hand. They went into the spacious bedroom and Julian squeezed his eyes shut until he heard the heavy door shut. The lock clicked.

Brett approached him from behind and tenderly slipped the robe off Julian's shoulders. He next started fondling the boyish body by running both hands along the arms, one hand found the ripples of Julian's torso. The other hand caught Julian's partially erect cock.

"Oh, sir," Julian whimpered but sank back into Brett's arms.

"Do you like me holding you like this?"

"Yes, sir. It is not a necessity for me to tell you how attractive you are. Too, men in authority excite me. Like, police, supervisors, professors. Anyone with the power to force me into having sex to satisfy their ready needs."

Brett led him to the bed. Before the moment was upon them to get on bed, Brett gently and lovingly brought his firm lips down on Julian's mouth. He held the kiss until Julian was shaking with desire. At that moment he began playing with Julian's lips with one finger. He slipped it in when Julian parted as if caught in an impetuous moment. "I must have it, young sir."

They stretched out on the bed. "Uh, have what?" he asked somewhat out of breath from Brett's daring handling of his growing cock.

“Your mouth, Admit you want to do that to me. Now! Tell me! When you are the gorgeous girl I used to be, there will be many sensational moments demanded of you.”

“I’ll do it but please let me confess I’m not as experienced. This may be cause for concern.”

Brett kept working Julian’s ready body. “Let me be the judge of that.”

Julian began to tear up; the seductive moment was capturing him. He turned his head away so Brett would not see tears streaming down his face. “I do not want you to think me over emotional,” he whispered,

Brett took the lad’s hand and moved it down. “Do me, silly savage,” he said in a familiar tone.

Julian took a deep breath and as he exhaled he moved his hand lower. Soft fingers grasped Brett’s iron-hard cock.

They both lay playing with each other’s bodies. Finally, Julian turned on his side and faced Brett. “I want it in my mouth,” he said simply.

Without a word, Brett pushed the terrified boy until he was on top. “So do I,” he whispered. “Do it now.”

“I don’t want to be a girl,” Julian repeated as if the simple fellatio would somehow pave the way to a more acceptable future,

“You will become the girl I would like to be. The operation is not reversible. Will this be your first time swallowing?”

Julian shifted his body for comfort and slid the tip around his open lips. “Yes,” he answered firmly and accepted Brett’s thrust.

#

“Where is Brett now?” Seth asked as Della came into the room.

“With Julian; that will be the boy’s turning event. Brett will play him like a classical violin.”

Seth and Della embraced, the familiar hug. “I admit I would like some reality time with Brett but so far he has not shown much interest.”

Della smiled. “When you are a girl, be ready for him. We need to talk.”

“About the operation?”

“Yes, Brett mentioned a double gender reassignment which upset me. I sounded off at the risk of my future here. Brett hushed me quickly enough.”

“Double? Explain; I must have missed it in the melee.”

Della sighed. “First, let me explain I objected emphatically which is why Brett and I had words. I said the idea was insane. He wants a double sex change; you and your sister are to be the stars on display.”

Eventually, Seth caught his breath. “Omigod; I can’t believe Sybil agreed to this.”

“She didn’t, not at all. It was what Brett needed to give the idea more thought. You might have guessed, Brett was a girl when his dad sent him here. She resisted but those were more brutal days or, as Brett tells it, resistance was impossible. I’ve seen Brett’s ‘before’ picture; a gorgeous girl.”

Seth shook his head in disbelief. “As I’ve heard the phrase, I can’t get my head around it.”

Della chuckled. “I could take that two ways but this is too important for word jokes.”

“Can we talk about this? You seem intense but obviously Brett could not pull this off without an act of war, so to speak. Should you be so opposed? For your own good, I mean.”

“My concern runs deep. It’s Sybil. Don’t look so surprised.”

“Is there not an unwritten rule about seducing the brothel candidates?”

“That’s what I meant by ‘deep.’ I cannot for the life of me visualize sending that beautiful girl off to a life of abuse. That’s one reason. The other is that Brett is somehow thinking he would have a valuable asset if both you and Sybil were to change. I called that insane and Brett told me to shut up. But it started me thinking.”

“Well, we have a partner if you are suggesting a revolution, Julian. He wants to go home unharmed so he can hang out with the boys,” Seth said,

“Well, that makes three. Can’t start a mutiny with just that.”

Seth blinked as the concept sunk in. “Wait! I didn’t agree to anything. I only said I’m concerned for Sybil’s safety. Getting out of Brett’s clutches is essential. This is insane. I’m torn between my future and my sister’s. Maybe I can use that to argue.”

Della shook her head, ‘no.’ “You hit it when you said I might seduce Sybil. I have a special reason to protect her.”

“Which you can now explain to me. I’m fully aware of your role here. How could I not be?”

Della sank back into the cushion. “Did Sybil have boyfriends while growing up?” She stared intently at Seth.

“Friends, yes but our parents kept us tethered tight. It was awkward for either of us to do much in the way of sexual experimentation. After burying Mom and Dad, we both sort of went crazy with lustful opportunity.”

Seth went to the bar for drinks. The intense concern was etched on his face which was plain for Della to see as he returned with the drinks. “I just caught your message; loud and clear. You know, Della, this is against the rules. Restrictions you have agree to follow. Are you telling me you want to elope?”

Della looked like she was going to cry. “Am I to ask your permission? I’ve wondered if we even have a chance.”

“And Sybil; have you questioned that too? If she agrees to let you give her a moment’s freedom, how long will that last? I can see your position.”

“We need a plan. Call it ‘first things first.’ She is not only beautiful but intelligent, Nothing can be planned until we all agree.”

“Agree to what?” Seth asked. Della could tell he was wrestling with conflict as he considered his future as opposed to her eventual loss.

“What about Julian?” Della asked. Her face was a blank as if thinking of something else. Then she brightened. “Do you think he can be trusted?”

“To do what?”

“Be a good soldier. Man the battlements, storm the Bastille, all that.” She giggled. “This would all depend, of course, on how Julian reacted to Brett’s assault. That can be tough; I know about it.”

Seth sipped his drink. “Tell me about it. Is Brett as thoughtless in the throes of passion as he appears in daily life?”

“Hard to answer. One issue not to lose sight of. He is very gay and firmly opposed to Brett’s plan. That might be all it takes to have our soldier-to-shoulder arms.”

“Would Julian fight back? Run away? Murder?”

“All good questions. Any answers?”

Seth shook his head. “It seems to me we should keep Julian on the sidelines until needed. One; you talk to Sybil and see if you can gain her trust. Cooperation, at least. I’m up next to talk to Brett and see if he will agree to dismiss you. In that way I may be able to take your place while you and Sybil do whatever.”

“You have a lot to think about. It can be really sticky.” Della finished her drink and laid her head on his shoulder. “One tactic we agree on; action is needed.”

Eleven

Della stood outside Sybil's door. She knew she had no reason to hesitate but, then, the stakes for a successful event with the marvelous girl were high.

"Entering?" Sybil asked with an amused lilt in her voice. "I can see the light under the door."

Della came in, silently gliding as if afraid of being overheard. "We need to talk," she said.

"I never know from one minute to the next what is to become of me. I've decided to let my destiny take free rein." Sybil chuckled as she reacted to the serious look on Della's face. "Uh-oh, is this one of those times when I run off at the mouth?"

Della stood in the middle of the room. She wore a sleeveless starched blouse, choker scarf with pin, flounce skirt and flesh colored stockings. "Sorry to intrude." She turned on one heel to make the skirt flare, flashing flesh. She closed the door and threw the bolt. "I've just come from talking to your brother."

"And what is my Artful Dodger of a brother thinking? Don't try to get him into bed. Well, at least not until he finally gets the surgical release he feels he needs."

Della smiled. "No such luck, I know. Actually, you are more my type but I did not come here to entice you."

"Ah, yes; no such luck. I've nothing to offer you to drink but we can chat. Relax; I can tell you have something going on. Are you going to ship me out to the best brothel on the Levant?"

Della sat on the sofa and gingerly settled her skirt with a swift hand. "Would that I could do that but we all have our limitations. N'est pas?" She took a deep breath and held Sybil's hand. "Seth is concerned that Brett will carry out this insane plan. We don't know why and hope you have an explanation. Any ideas?"

"I've thought it over and the only sensible part is that he has lost control, like you said. He will intimidate me until I'm so terrified I will do anything he

wants. Until now, I've only heard little lustful messages from him."

Della sighed. "I intend to confront him. Dangerous, I know but maybe something less than a cattle prod will give me a clue. But, before I do that, I want to get something from you."

Sybil held her hand to her chest. "Li'l ol' me?" she asked in a forced accent. "It seems to me that if you want something of me, well, just take it."

Della shook her head 'no.' "Not that easy, I can give you hope but in return I need your trust."

"Uh-oh; you are serious. Better tell me what to expect."

"Have you been with a woman?"

"Oh, is that idle curiosity? Yes; in Paris. Her name is Destra. Another girl, employed by the swashbuckler they call Sami, forced me but I escaped. That girl is named Yvette."

"That's all? You are very comely. It's hard to believe. Do you not like sex with a woman?"

Sybil faced Della and held the eye contact until the nervous girl blinked. "Destra I enjoyed; Yvette I did not. What is all this?"

Della held her breath as a high diver might do. "I plan to resign my position here. Usually the penalty is severe as it is a firm rule. Seth has suggested it so he can take the job. We don't think Brett can be manipulated but we have to learn his feelings before we move. We have Julian to enlist if needed. I want to take you with me but have to know if, uh, if you trust me. The second rule I've broken Brett has already noticed-you are very important to me."

"You are confusing me. The reason I'm here, from the beginning, is that Brett and the Sami in Paris both consider me of value. They are flesh peddlers; I'm the flesh. Seth and I have some resources but don't think Brett can be bought considering the amount of money he expects. Yet, how will we ever know?"

Sybil touched Della's hand and pressed it. "You flatter me, I can see you are willing to risk your life to be with me. That blows my mind."

"The concept of trust has many facets like a well-cut diamond. You liked sex with Destra. Have you admitted an interest in any other woman? Like, there are many here in various states of repair. You have to know any number of the denizens here would like to have you. Did Destra go down on you? Did she make you want more?"

Sybil's eyes filled with tears. Rivulets overflowed on her cheeks. "I've had to come to terms with inhuman behavior since then. I want to answer you but am deathly afraid that my feeling will give you hope that we might be together."

Della handed Sybil a tissue. "If I don't try; if I sit back and watch your life destroyed; if I endanger your brother in some way; if, if, if; oh!" Sybil fell into Della's open arms and the kiss that followed was warm and accepting.

"I've known all along that you want me. This is the most unlikely place in the world for a romance but, look at us, scared out of our wits."

"Not without reason. Do you remember our last meeting with Brett? He was gracious to allow me to stay with you all night to be certain you were all right. To pay him for such a privilege, I knelt between his legs and used my mouth to satisfy him. Not news, I know but, here is the crunch. When he was through with me he slapped me several times, the last one knocked me flat on the floor. We are discussing a maniac here and seeing you doing the same panics me."

"That makes two of us," Sybil said softly and tilted her chin for another kiss. "I believe we are treading on a path marked Dead End Street."

"Would you even ask me to trust you in these circumstances? I admit you are attractive and that you have a sexy countenance that fascinates me. To move on with these feelings to guide us seems to me suicide."

Della tightened her hold around Sybil's shoulders. She slid one hand inside her blouse and fondled the

untamed flesh. "What would you be willing to do with Brett to get his consent?"

"For you, anything, But, it might be a shotgun wedding."

Della smiled. "It's obvious now; the Penrod twins think alike; Seth used the word 'elope' when we discussed an in-and-out plan. How can we laugh in the face of possible disaster? Yet, you've just said you would trust me enough to try."

After another heart-felt kiss, Sybil said, "You give me hope."

#

Seth stepped behind a wide leaf bush near the pool. He could see Brett's deck across the water. He waited until the darkness descended before approaching.

Brett came in and was pacing back-and-forth holding a large snifter of brandy,

Seth rapped gently on the door. The pacing steps stopped.

"Who is there?" Brett said and opened the door. He pulled the cord of his robe to tighten it around his waist. "You are reckless, whoever you are."

"Seth Penrod," Seth said in a crisp tone. "Can we talk?"

Relieved, Brett threw the entrance wide and motioned Seth in. "We can do more than that. Or perhaps you were looking for someone else. Sybil is not here. She can't get far if she is trying to escape," he said with a chuckle,

Seth accepted a glass of Napoleon Brandy, sipped it and held it in 'salute' to Brett. "If you have time, sir, can we discuss my future here?"

Brett appraised the younger man with a brief look. Seth wore a knit polo, open at the waist and Bermuda style shorts showing his knees. The calf-length stockings gave him a collegiate look,

Brett refilled both glasses. “Actually, young sir, I anticipated asking you in for a chat. Now, here you are. Perhaps we can add mind reader to your many talents.” He sat next to Seth and casually let one hand fall on Seth’s naked knees. “My reports of your progress here do you honor. As for your future, what did you have in mind?”

“This is awkward for me, Mister Acton, as my conversations with Della lead me to believe she would like to retire her position here.” He coughed and cleared his throat. “I want the career her vacancy offers.”

Brett was pensive, shocked. “Della knew the restrictions when she took this job. Rules, my boy, can only be broken by me. It’s the way of the world, if you will.” His voice reflected a new tension, slightly angry. “What qualifies you, Seth Penrod, to even open this topic? You must have something to contribute.”

Seth knew the hand fondling his knees was an overture. “I do, sir, I am aware the chaos in Paris created by Sami is chasing away more prospects than we receive. While this may fit well into our schedule to provide candidates, it seems awkward to me.”

Leaving Seth’s comments for the moment, Brett looked out to the swimming pool as if it held a new fascination. “I want to hear your ideas. Would you take on such a bizarre career by accepting the rules? Do you want to know what they are?”

Seth looked down at the busy fingers fondling him. He relaxed his legs slightly. “If you are going into the rules, sir, does it mean you are considering me?”

“One! It is full time, no running away. Two! Obedience. Three! Honesty. On this point I want to know your terms.”

“My sister, Sybil.”

“Yes, she is lovely. I’ve observed her. Actually, I am reminded of my youth; I too was beautiful, vivacious. My father wanted a son, hence you see me now.”

Seth took a deep breath. “I understand; as for Sybil, I want her free to return home. In return for that you have my allegiance.”

“And? You call our Paris operation, uh, chaos. That may be true but the clients we receive have been pre-screened for necessary aspects. I’ve had some delightful moments with attractive boys and not required to worry about their qualifications.”

“Are the boys or girls you receive worth the cost?”

“Well of course, we get that on the other end; the finished product.” Brett began pacing the room again. “And, Della? What does she want? She has her skills; ably demonstrated in this room but, my preferences involve boys, not girls. Yet, we all get randy from time to time, n’est pas?”

“With your acceptance of my servitude, Sybil and Della will settle somewhere in the States.”

“I understand now. You will accept my rules if in so doing you protect the two malcontents.” Brett chuckled. “It must be lovely to see them in action. Girl-on-girl, so to speak. But, there are concerns. It is entirely possible for me to wake up one day to find you holding hands with one of our most attractive clients. That will not do at all. Note this as a firm and fast rule.”

Seth nodded, then, “My idea is to locate a ready-made small group and import them. At the first contact, they will have no identification, no money, but include athletic bodies toned for action.”

Brett guffawed. “Where are you to find this select group, young sir?”

“We kidnap a bus load of participants traveling to a competition, like, football, tennis, whatever. In addition to the potential of healthy, stunning girls, we benefit from lessons in social psychology. Make it ‘one-to-one.’ What do you think?”

Brett drained his drink and handed the empty glass to Seth. “Refill, please. You are on the payroll.” He laughed and belched. He watched as Seth dutifully trod to the wet bar and returned with a tall glass with ice cubes tinkling. “Do you have any idea how much money we can get for your sister and her lover? You have a high opinion of yourself.”

“The reality, a descending worry, is that you will throw me in the dungeon, sell the girls and having

thus cashed in, allow me out and keep me until years fade my body.”

“I had that in mind, exactly. But now I’m considering your recruitment idea. I like it. Here is my counter-offer. You scout the landscape and bring in some prospects as you’ve described and the girls go free. The profits will take care of the loose ends.”

“I can start immediately,” Seth said and returned Brett’s stare, a glaring lust.

“Then it is settled. Come closer; I want a preview by taking what you have that I so desire right now.”

“Which is what?”

“It is my intention to use it often. That would be, of course, other of your attractive charms. Now, your mouth.”

#

Della opened one eye and squinted at the sun’s glare coming in the window. “Oh, look at the time. I have to get to work but I so hate to leave you like this. Maybe I’ll rape your mouth.”

They kissed and Sybil sat on the edge of the mattress, feet on the floor, to watch Della dress for work. That was when a messenger rapped gently on the door.

“Who might that be?”

Della came back from the door. “Brett’s Korean house boy. We have a note.” She unfolded it, “Della: Please find me at the den overlooking the pool, Bring Sybil as well.” It was initialed by Brett Acton.

Before long both girls stood in the doorway as Brett swept toward them holding two tropical drinks.

“These are compliments of the house. Please make yourselves comfortable. We are going to be here for a while.”

Della swiftly looked around the room. Then she looked out to poolside. “Where is Seth?”

Brett smiled and handed his empty glass to Della. “Refill, please. Seth borrowed the Jeep and is out on an errand.”

Della was incredulous. “You let him escape? Brett, what’s going on?”

He laughed. “Oh, not to worry, He knows you and Sybil are here to entertain me in his absence. We discussed in detail his function in our organization. In the meantime, you are to remain here until he returns.”

He gazed approvingly at the two girls sitting side-by-side on the wide sofa. Della filled white brushed linen slacks while Sybil tugged at the hemline of her short skirt. “Are we hostages?” Della asked.

In answer, Brett stood up and went purposely into the alcove. He unlocked a door and left it open.

“Hostages? Nice word. Perhaps. Come in here, please.”

Della went in first but Sybil hesitated on the threshold. Brett pushed her into the room. While Della caught her from a possible fall, Brett slammed the door and threw the bolt. He went to the wet bar.

“What is this place?” Sybil whispered,

“It’s known as the dungeon. Time will reveal what our able leader has as a surprise.”

Brett faced the two girls. “Listen up! Seth has devised a plan to recruit guys and gals for our profit mill. To put his plan in effect, he has gone into the city to scout. If—and it’s a big IF—he is successful he will work with Della for a while to get oriented. Next, he has my word that you two gorgeous lasses will be free to roam as you wish. If not; you both can add to our profit and no-loss by cashing in as originally planned. Any questions?”

Della blinked as the certainty dawned on her. “So, I was correct. We are hostages. As I see it, our future is dependent on Seth’s roving eye? Either way, I’m not longer in your employ. Is there no other option?”

Brett's sparkling eyes showed his delight. He glanced at Sybil whose complexion had suddenly blanched. Next, walking behind her as she was seated on the sofa holding hands with Della, he touched her naked shoulder before fondling her breasts from behind. "Lovely," he whispered. "Do you realize your future is dependent on what happens in this place before the day is finished?"

Sybil nodded and tightened her hold on Della's hand. "Yes, sir," she quipped with as much strength in her tone she could manage. "I don't know why I'm so frightened."

"Would you rather be a boy?"

She gasped. "Ah, it's what you have had in mind. I understand you now. May I ask, sir, which of me would be most profitable? I mean, as I am, a girl or as you speculate my person changed to a boy?"

He chuckled and casually unbuttoned her blouse. "You are perceptive. That pleases me because it gives me some insight into your brother's usefulness here." He was pensive. Next he addressed Della. "Take this charming girl to the showers. Maybe she needs a moment to think over what her impulsive nature has blurted out." He watched Della nod and pull Sybil to standing. They went to the bath.

"What's he up to?" Sybil whispered, now apprehensive.

"Fun and games, darling. Our leader admires you. I've had the effect of his random lust. Now, maybe it is your turn."

Sybil adjusted the shower head and turned to accept Della's embrace. "I am considering escape no matter what Seth does. But I won't leave here without you."

"You should understand Brett will gladly accept Seth's service so, on those terms, we may gain some freedom. But we have to be ready to act when the opportunity shows."

Sybil was pondering, trying to make sense of her predicament. "Anything short of homicide, it seems to me," she said finally.

Della was slow to ask. “Uh, Sybil, Quick question! I can warn you in advance that he will use your mouth to get him hard. How will you receive him?”

Sybil was swiftly growing impatient. “What the hell are you talking about-receive him?”

“Anal insertion; fingers first then the hard tool you created.”

“Omigod, Della. Please, no.”

Della reached beyond Sybil and turned off the water. “I’ll get the towels, Don’t bother to get dressed.”

They strolled hand-in-hand into the room

Brett stood up and motioned them into the bedroom.

Della winced but led the terrified lover to the wide bed,

Brett approached and snapped the towel away. “On all fours, Sybil,” he said. “I’ll tell you what to do.”

“Just tell me when the ordeal is over. I don’t have the discipline you expect.”

He stretched out next to her before turning to Della. “Darling, there is a tube of gel in the top drawer. Get it for me.”

“Oh, Brett; please. Anything but that.”

He laughed. “Very well; we’ll do that as well. You will soon wish I had taken up training race horses instead of breaking in virgins with tight buns.” His deep guttural laugh sounded horror.

#

It was after dark before Seth drove to the parking circle. He led Julian past the swimming pool to the den.

“Welcome.” Brett boomed. “This is what you’ve brought me for a day’s work? It appears your mission failed.”

Seth glanced around. “Where is Sybil? What happened? You are looking very smug.”

“Wonder of marvels,” Brett drawled. “I got laid! Your sister is more beautiful than I’d expected.”

“You made me believe you would not molest her until we had a chance to discuss my mission. Can’t you be trusted?”

“Well, yes. But keep in mind, my handsome assistant, I make the rules. However, after much consideration, I’ve decided I’m sick of your two whining females. You will go through the procedure as planned. That will smooth my aching libido for now. Della has been dismissed. Sybil is promised to Julian. Any questions?”

“Has Sybil agreed to this? I know Julian is ambivalent now.”

“Either way, I would like to end this active day with some time with your friend, Julian. I need his strength.”

Seth turned to whisper to Julian. “Our leader wants you in his bed. Ask for the gel before he gets started.”

He watched as Julian’s face dropped in alarm.

“I’ve heard of anal,” he said in a trembling voice.

Seth pushed Julian toward the corridor leading to the dungeon. “Go, animal,” he said firmly.

E P I L O G U E

Della settled in a cushioned captain’s chair in the shade of the hotel awning. The sand strip of beach drew a line against the sparkling sea. She sighed and looked up as Sybil approached.

Sybil was dressed in a white summer linen frock, open at the neck, and short enough to show off her flesh above her knees. She smiled.

“How did you know about this place?” she asked. “And, why are we here taking in the clear air and blue skies?”

Della grinned. “You told me yourself we had to disappear for a while.”

“So I did. We are waiting for news from Seth. Well, Beth as she is now known.”

“Here we are in a cozy ten-room hotel in the Ionian Islands; Corfu, Greece. You should know Odysseus was once washed ashore here. Shipwreck, I suppose.”

Sybil raised one hand to call the waiter. She ordered a popular local drink, “Who was shipwrecked?”

Della laughed and pressed her hand. “Your education is neglected. This weary traveler stopped by here for a spell before ending up inside a horse in the shadow of a quiet town known as Troy. Must have been a man of adventure.”

“OK but don’t introduce him to Brett. He’ll be a girl soon enough.”

Della smiled. “Not much chance of that. Any news?”

“Yes, a letter forwarded from a favorite hotel in Scotland. Seth and I stopped there on the way to France after our parent’s funeral. Seth made arrangements to handle correspondence. Anyhow, here it is. ‘Beth’ reports the TG procedure was successful and he is happy. Brett has calmed down, he said. That’s hard to believe.”

They both giggled. “So it all ended well.” Della said. “For a while there I really didn’t think I’d be out of that lecher’s clutches.”

“We can transfer some funds now that the Scotland connection is secure. We can wander and wonder as we like,” Sybil said. “I miss my brother but I know he isn’t there. Maybe one day we can return.”

Della stood up and stretched. “Let’s go for a walk. The brochure says that church tower topped in red is interesting.”

“Sure. On the way we can stop and get me some sport clothes.”

“Oh? Like what?”

“I feel like dressing up as a boy,” Sybil said with a quick glance at her lover.

“Omigod, Sybil. You are scaring me.”

The End