

The Making of Abigail



Philippa Peters

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 © 2017

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

New Authors Wanted!

Mags, Inc and Reluctant Press are looking for new authors who want to write exciting TG, crossdressing or sissy TV fiction.

Stories should be in Word or Rich Text format, and around 24,000 to 30,000 words in length. Reluctant Press also prints some shorter stories in the 19,000 to 24,000 word range.

If you think you have what it takes, this could be your opportunity to see your name in print on a real book, commercially published, and get paid for it.

Contact

**magsinc@pacbell.net, reluctantpress@gmail.com - or
call 800-359-2116 to get started.**

YOU CAN BE PART OF OUR FAMILY

If you aren't part of the Reluctant Press family, then you aren't receiving our Newsletter every month. The Newsletter includes previews of the latest books, news, make-up tips, columnists — and more!

Joining our family is easy -- just make a purchase of any size directly from us, and you'll receive our newsletter absolutely free for up to one year. Or, you can have a trial subscription for a limited time by sending your name and address to Reluctant Press, P.O. Box 5829, Sherman Oaks, CA 91413 ...be sure to ask for a free trial subscription.

Love,

Ms. Chrissie
Editor in Chief

THE MAKING OF ABIGAIL

by **Philippa Peters**

“We’ve put up the surrender flag!” my grizzled sergeant yelled at me as I fired and toppled another of the rebels from the mobile gun they must have stolen from us.

“It’s a trick!” I yelled back at Sergeant Tobert, one of the many mercenaries we’d employed since the start of the rebellion. My heart rate was surging. I could feel it. How could I stop now? I’d never felt this alive before, killing rebels! “Keep on firing!”

A young girl with crossed gun belts was standing up on the gun now and waving her arms in the air, pigtails flying. The handkerchief tied about the barrel of her carbine was, like the smile on her face, a gleam of white directed at us. I raised my sniper rifle. I could

have picked her off easily. She wasn't even trying to fire. She was pointing at the barricaded ranch house behind me.

The bullet went astray as Tobert kicked the gun out of my hands. The girl's smile vanished as she ducked down.

"We're to stand and surrender where we are, sir," the older man said, his foot on my chest, almost in my throat. "It's all we can do now, sir. Live to fight another day!"

"Lieutenant Jeffrey Dowerson," said the old woman behind the desk, frowning at the paper in front of her before she looked up at me.

"Was firing after the surrender flag had been hoisted," said a thin man, the rebels' planetary prosecutor to their War Crimes judge. "He can't stay here, down below."

"No," said the military judge, frowning as she looked over my papers again. "Ewert Dowerson's son? Why did you fire when your father's command had surrendered?"

"Thought it was a trick to get us out in the open," I mumbled, using the words that Sergeant Tobert had told me to use. "We were beating those Squid River boys easy."

"Garmin's regiment," said the prosecutor. "Those boys and girls," he gave me a filthy look, "took sixty percent of all casualties in the assault."

"So what will you do if I send you back to your father on his ranch, Jeffrey Dowerson?" the judge asked me. "Start planning an uprising against the planetary government?"

I wanted to say, "That's what you did, didn't you?" Yes, all you squatters breeding like flies, wanting land from big ranchers like my father, a man who'd

spent a lifetime opening up and making the planet of Foreman fit for human occupation.

But in the end, there'd been too many of them, despite the mercenaries we'd hired. Oh, yes, we'd killed six, seven, eight to one in the pitched battles, hadn't we? But someone had supplied the rebs with armed shuttles and rockets. They'd taken down two great ranch houses and so peace talks had broken out.

We Dowersons had fought on but now look at us ranchers, our lands confiscated by the new government, relatives and friends dead. And the rebs hadn't been stopped by surrender flags, had they? No, they'd taken out ten more greathouses, the leading families of Foreman slaughtered or impoverished in their strikes. I'd rather have died in a glorious stand, taking all of the Squid River boys, yes and Squiddie girls, too, with us.

"Exile it is," said the judge, with a deep sigh.

Yes, she could sigh. She wasn't the one marched off with my men onto a waiting Hordan lighter, not allowed a word with my father. The Hordan sniggered at us, of course, because this was exactly what we'd paid them to do for us, earlier, in the struggle for Foreman.

My father had told me all about 'Dumping.' On the frontiers, he said, it was done all the time as one way of opening up marginal planets. The first humans on Fore had been dumped, the losing side in a fight for Congreve, one of the most powerful and civilized of the Shelter Republics along the Foxbrush Nebula.

"Are there that many marginal planets left in the Nebula?" I'd asked. My father laughed.

"Not many," he'd said. "But there are a lot of underpopulated worlds. Dumpers are lazy these days. They just find a planet with open space, like Westmore or Frank, and dump off the exiles we give them. Some of the last batch we sent from here ended up on Carmichael, if you can believe that!"

Carmichael was a 'local,' as in Nebula-wide, success story. An ally of the powerful Nebula Kingdom, it had a highly developed tech base and could even afford to buy Hammers, fighting spaceships, from the Kingdom. I'd love to command one of them.

"If I was exiled to a place like that," I'd told my father, "I'd find my way back here and make the ones who exiled me pay."

"No one ever comes back from being dumped, Jeffrey," my father had said. I heard the word as if it had a capital letter. "Not from Carmichael, ever. They've been dumped on a lot. Once they get you there, they bury you!"

The klaxon went off as we were being shoved out onto the dusty, desert surface of some barren planet. "Where the hell are we?" I shouted at the Hordan overseer, safe behind some kind of motorized robot. It turned, however, and headed back at the highest speed it could make towards the shuttle, the whine of its engine and the klaxon summoning it inside making my ears hurt.

"I thought the Hordan were slave traders," I said to Sergeant Tobert, exiled like me, and still looking out for me, son of the man who'd hired him. "I thought we were going to be sold in some market on a habitable world."

"Save your breath," said Tobert shortly beside me, using the key that had been flung in our direction. How the Hordan had laughed at us as we prisoners scrambled for possession of the one key that could release us from the shackles and chains that bound us together.

"They didn't even bother to pick up the chains," I said sourly as Tobert set me free. We went over to another group, pleading for release. They were as dirty and unshaven as the rest of us. The cream of Fore-

man's fighting men, I thought angrily, as I looked over my compatriots.

"Look!" cried one of the men who'd been screaming at the shuttle to come back. The noise of the explosion reached us after a brilliant light lit up the sky.

"Sure you want to be on the shuttle now, Parres?" asked Sergeant Tobert.

"What...?" I asked him.

"This planet's under ownership," grunted Tobert. "And the owners don't like being dumped on. We're going to meet them very soon."

So we were going to be slaves anyway, I thought. I wanted to run, get away, but the little hill beside the landing spot showed us only desert stretching out in all directions. Mountains were in the far distance. On the desert were men like me, dumped by Hordan shuttles. Most were trying to run to the mountains. It looked like thousands were already miles away.

"Save your strength," advised Tobert. "Maybe we can rush the victors when they come for the spoils of their victory."

With no water, no food, no shade, we were in no condition, after two days in the desert, to do anything but surrender. Surrender was beginning to be catching, I thought grimly. But what could we do? The thopters brought crawlers onto the flattest plain beside us. A gang of men in desert gear, armed with blasters, sauntered out.

"Do what the windbreakers tell you," said the message projected again and again from the shuttle. We let ourselves be loaded into the land crawlers that were barred to prevent us from getting out. Not that we wanted to as, inside, there was water and ration bars.

"Where are we?" Parres had the nerve to ask the nearest windbreaker, who'd herded us like sheep to the waiting wagon-crawler. "What world is this?"

“Lennox,” the shrouded man smirked. “Where’re you girls from?”

No one said anything at first, not even Parres, looking at me as if I, the only officer there, should answer the insult from this armed, dangerous-looking man.

“Foreman,” I said to the man as he poked me with a blaster. I’d seen his finger tightening as his anger rose at not being answered.

“Thirty thousand of you,” said the desert tracker, shaking his head. “Don’t reckon we c’n take that many in the labs. Ya might be the lucky ‘un if’n we’re told to leave ya out here and let the dessie have ya. Well, can’t stand jawing wit’ you girls any longer. Got my own sweetie waiting for me back home. Hope all ya girlies make it. I mean I love my Suzette but a man likes variety too, doesn’t he?”

Parres made the usual gesture to a man like that who was laughing uproariously as if he’d made a wonderful joke in taunting us prisoners, as he walked away.

“Where’d a man like that get a woman?” asked another dirty, unshaven man, a ranch hand by the look of him. “An’ all the way out here?”

“Lying to us,” grunted Parres.

“Was right about the thirty thousand,” said Tobert, surprising me. “Fifteen thou mercs and all the men in Foreman’s Free Riders would make that many.”

“What’s this Lennox?” asked Parres, slurping down a canteen of water we’d been supplied with. Our transport lurched, joining a long column of similar crawlers that curved away in front of and behind us.

“Lennox is a planet with deserts, landlocked seas and oases,” said Tobert staring at me. “The grasslands and ranches will suit some of you boys. The planet’s been taken over by Carmichael. They’ve

done the one thing for this planet the rancher lords wanted.”

“Which is?” asked Parres, whom I almost patted on the back for asking the questions that would’ve made me look like a fool.

“They’ve brought in women,” said Tobert, squinting and looking at me, checking me over and making me feel really uncomfortable. He didn’t have to remind me I was the youngest there, not shaving yet, an officer only because my father was rich. I knew I was vulnerable in a company of all men. I shivered, thinking maybe I knew why Tobert was protecting me. “Used to be you couldn’t get laid here. Women locked away. Heard from a pal of mine that the capital’s quite a lively place now. Not as great as Duncansford and the Drum Theater. But it’s getting a lot better.”

We all sniggered at that. The Drum Theater in Duncansford, the capital city of Carmichael, was notorious for the girls who performed there. We’d heard they partied after shows with guys ready and willing to pay. It was supposed to be as hot as Shalimar Station, the pleasure palace, where every spacer wanted to go, to do anything but relax.

The Lennox government, I reckoned, were going to be real peeved with thirty thousand men dumped on their world.

“Likely,” Tobert went on in a whisper to me, “we’ll just be loaded up on some outbound freighter and dropped off in some other hellhole outside the Nebula. So, if we get the chance to get away, boy, in the city, we should take it.”

We weren’t hauled into any city. Tobert made no move to escape as we were marched into a cavern opening that became a lit passageway stretching, under the cliff we had faced, for miles. It seemed that way, at least. There was nowhere to run but back to the desert. No, we were marched deep into the caverns, the walls smooth and blast-formed until we came to a huge auditorium in which were stacked

medshell upon medshell. A group of men in lab coats were waiting for us, with uniformed guards.

“Run for it!” Tobert shouted. I tried. Guys were scattering everywhere, fighting with guards, who’d started shooting. Amid the screams, I ducked under a row of medshells and ran right into a nurse, a pretty brunette, as I skittered towards the distant, open gate. I heard crashing as medshells were knocked from their trestles by running men.

“Shh!” the girl said, putting a finger with beautiful, lacquered tips across her so red, kissable lips. It had been so long. I had to kiss those lovely lips. She didn’t object, putting her arms about my neck. I felt her soft breasts against me as I kissed and rocked against her. I hardly felt the syringe going into my neck before I sagged into her arms.

“Isn’t she awake yet?” I heard a girl’s voice saying in the red, hurting distance.

“Was tranked before she was ’shelled,” I heard another female voice saying.

“Give her a shot of E,” the first girl laughed. “That’ll bring her out of it!”

“No rush,” said the other woman. “Unless you’ve got a heavy date, end of shift. Oh, that’s it, isn’t it?”

“Carter the Dream,” giggled the first girl. “He finally asked me.”

“Girl,” said the one I thought was an older woman. “You know he’s had every girl in the Lab, save for Doc Ivany herself.”

“Not *every* girl,” said the younger one, with another giggle. “Look at all the pussy that’s been brought in from Lennox! A thousand and we have ten times that many stacked up to be awakened. So come on, Jodie, let’s wake this Sleeping Beauty and have her meet the wicked witches and the handsome prince.”

I felt a prick at my neck. “Argh,” or something like that erupted from my mouth.

“See! She’s awake,” said the giggler. “I bet she’s lying there, listening to us. I was the same. If she’s like me, she’ll be stunned out of her tiny mind when she sees herself!”

“Easy,” said the older woman softly. “There, dear, don’t mind Serena’s joshing. We’re going to lift you out of your medshell now after your long space journey. You won’t be able to see for a while. You might know that. And you’ll need Serena and me to hold you up. Just removing the last of the tubing. There.”

My head had a herd of caffalo running through it, trampling me, bruising me, as I struggled against them, trying to stand as I was urged by soft hands on my naked body. I could sense that, at least.

“Whahgh,” came out of my mouth as I tried to ask them why I’d been in a medshell. I hadn’t been injured. I’d already been biosculptured into my present good looks just like everyone my age.

“Don’t try to talk, my dear,” said the older woman. “Get a wrap, Serena. We’re putting you into a shower, dearie. That straw to your mouth has fruit juice in it. Just short sips and it will help you find your voice.”

The taste of cold orange in my mouth was absolutely wonderful. “Thickens,” came out of me, a word at least close to the ‘thanks’ that I tried to say.

“Polite is this one,” said Jodie, the older woman, as my feet registered that I was on a tiled floor.

A flood of warm water covered me. I braced myself, holding onto a bar as Jodie directed me, still calling me ‘dear’ or ‘dearie.’ I felt womanly, soft hands caressing me. Oh, my hair was so long! How much time had I spent in the medshell? Where the heck was I?

More warm water ran over the front of me, soft hands tracing over my skin. My chest muscles wobbled in front of me. I gasped at what had happened to

me in space flight. I sagged forward. It felt as if I had women's breasts in front of me.

Just as I was trying to make sense of that, I felt a soft hand pushing my legs apart. I was washed in my most private parts. In a panic, I felt my manhood rising as the girls talked about the thousands who'd gone through this facility before me and how the freighter crews were loving the layovers in Duncansford.

"Making their lordships even richer," said Serena. "That's who I should marry. I should enter the bridal auctions next season."

"Then, you'd be restricted to only one man, your husband," said Jodie reasonably. "He'd want to keep you barefoot and pregnant. You know the lot of girls sold to country gentlemen."

"Did you see Nicole when she came in with her husband?" giggled Serena. "On her third pregnancy already!"

"Her husband owns mines and fisheries," said Jodie. "He can afford it! Okay, Sleeping Beauty, you've listened to us chatter enough. Now it's time to help us dry you. You want to start between your legs?"

I took the towel shakily and reached, the towel falling. I heard Serena's hiss of annoyance but it was drowned in the howl that came out of my mouth, as I reached for my aching erection, and it wasn't there. There was nothing there. My manhood, my testicles, were gone! Then, my arm brushed the wobbly mounds hanging from my chest as I felt womanly breasts. I had womanly breasts!

"I think she's just figured it out!" laughed Serena.

"Yes," murmured Jodie sympathetically. A soft hand caressed my tush. "Welcome to womanhood, sister. They didn't tell you this was going to happen to you when they shelled you, did they? Oh, it's so hard to take in. But you're just like us now. We were like you once, as well. We were soldiers when we were

shelled and women when we awoke. You'll find it so wonderful when you get used to it!"

Get used to it? I floundered away from the shower and slipped on the wet floor, crashing down. The two women covered me with towels, even as I struck out at them.

"Just like I was," said Serena gaily. "I couldn't take it in at all. I thought losing my pecker and balls was the end of the world! I didn't realize it was only the beginning of much more delightful sex and fun as a woman. Come on, sister. Stop fighting us. Let's get you into panties and a bra. You really need them!"

Panties and a bra? I'd never felt so humiliated in all my life. I had to wear panties? How often had I jeered at classmates and younger kids back on Foreman about being gay? How often had I laughed at fat Toby Stark and told him he should wear a bra if he got any fatter! Man, could that guy blubber when I teased him.

No! This wasn't happening to me! It was all a dream. I swung my arm and connected with a woman's chest. "Oh, Abigail, please," said Jodie as I kicked at Serena, I guess, who was trying to put women's panties over my feet and onto me. "Leave that, Serena. Let's get her to a chair and get some drops in her eyes. When she sees herself, she'll be calmer, won't she?"

"I think she needs a touch of E," said Serena angrily.

"Call a doctor then," said Jodie. "But that'll mean you'll miss going off shift with Doctor Feelgood when you should."

I bit my tongue and my cheek but I didn't wake up. I was led to a chair and helped to sit. I could feel myself, the appalling evidence that my male genitals had become a female vagina and whatever else a woman had, shockingly clear.

"Whattvrydunt?" I cried, as Jodie held my head still. I felt cool drops filling my eyes. The grey-white

mist wavered before reverting to what it had been since I awakened.

“Why was this done to you?” asked Jodie. “It’s what happens to anyone who’s dumped in the Carmichael sphere of influence,. You’ll find out, my girl. You lost your war on Foreman, right? We’re far too civilized for mass executions of brutal soldiers dumped on our worlds; Lennox is part of the Protectorate of Carmichael now. Lennox doesn’t have the facilities to process many prisoners. Massacres, even if they’re deserved, would probably bring reprisals from the Shelter Republics or the Kingdom, or both together. So, the losers, including you, darling Abigail, have to be made part of our worlds!”

“You’re so lucky, Abigail,” enthused Serena, as I felt her hand running through my hair, stroking all over my shoulders, down my back, between my shoulder blades. How could it be so long? I must have out for months, maybe even a year!

“You’re lucky,” Serena was going on, “because you’re on Carmichael. No more hairy men are needed here. No, there’s less than two of them now for every one of us! This is the greatest place to be for a new woman like you! You can be a dancer, an actress, a nurse, like Jodie and me...”

“Medtechs,” laughed Jodie.

“Nurses,” said Serena with one of her giggles. “They still use the old terms way out here. Don’t you love it, Abbie? I love being a nurse! A medtech sounds so stodgy...”

“And so male,” said Jodie dryly. “And sweet, demure Serena can’t be associated with anything male, can she?”

“Of course she can,” said Serena haughtily. “So long as it’s in bed beside me and is trying to please me as a male should such a willing and lovely girl as me!”

I pulled my head away from Serena’s caressing hand. A swirl of hair flooded in front of my face. I had

to flick it back as much of it seemed to be stuck to my mouth. “Imotgril,” I managed to get out.

“Oh yes, you *are* a girl,” said Jodie softly, “a very pretty girl, Abigail. You’ll have to get used to it. Serena’s admiring your lovely hair. It does need a session at the stylists but it’s long enough to take one of the new styles that’s fashionable ‘round here. Are you ready for us to dress you now? I’m sure some of the shaking you’re doing is caused by the chill of the air on your lovely skin.”

My throat burned after I tried to force words out. Jodie, I think, covered my eyes and gave me another sip of juice. I felt silk touch my thighs and then my chest and shoulders.

“We need to get a robe on you, Abigail,” said Serena crossly. So sorry to be holding you up from being laid, I thought angrily, and then wondered about all she and Jodie had said, about being a man like me, and now a woman. How could Serena have been any kind of man?

Serena was so happy and looking forward to going out on a date with another man! He’d treat her like a woman, even having sex with her, which she’d said to Jodie she was longing for? It had been two days since a man had had her and she was feeling lonely and unloved, she’d complained in a squeaky imitation of a little girl’s voice.

The girls urged me to my feet and a soft, silky robe was drawn around me, sending chills all through me. “We really should get panties on you, Abigail,” Jodie said. “When we go out of here, there’ll be men and women in the halls. You’re showing off everything in that robe. And we don’t have anything else. This is what all of us girls, whatever stage we’re at, wear for bed.”

I kicked at them again furiously as they tried to put more female clothing on me than the enervating silky, feminine robe. I hated the feel of it. I couldn’t think what I looked like, as blind as I was. I didn’t be-

lieve them about being a pretty girl. I couldn't be, not a troll like me, who'd never been with a girl in his life.

"Let's take her to her room," said Serena in disgust. "She doesn't care about showing off her boobs or her muff. Let's just get her into recovery. Let the psyches take over!"

I tottered and trembled as the silk robe moved most sensually against me as I was pushed and prodded out a door. The advent of noise was quite daunting. A soft, female voice was talking over some announcement system, detailing several procedures that were taking place. Certain classes were invited to view the nanotechnology advancements with the permission of Dr. Ivany or Dr. Garner, whoever they were.

"What lovely hair!" said a male voice as I shivered my way down some hallway. A male hand touched me. I almost jumped out of my skin, squawking as I did so. A mouth and rough, shaven skin touched my shoulder, making me lash out in all directions in the fright I felt. I didn't hit anything. I could hear laughter, male and female, all around me. What an awful sight I must be!

"No, Douglas," said Jodie easily into the laughter that seemed to ripple down the hallway in front of us. "This one is just decanted. She's not ready for robust male attentions yet!"

And never will be, I thought wildly, realizing that the terrible headaches had receded to the back of my head, I was thinking normally. Oh, yes, I could think 'normally,' if that was possible, about the catastrophe inflicted upon me. I wasn't a slave. My fears of being Tobert's partner taunted my mind. Well, I could be, like this, couldn't I? the thought came to me, wondering what had happened to the sergeant. Was he as much a woman as I appeared to be? Oh, gods, who would rescue me from this abyss I'd fallen into?

"Help me take off the bandages," said Jodie as I was laid out gently on a soft bed. A door closed and

cut off the sound behind me. Nervously, I pulled the thin robe about me but all I felt was soft, hairless skin, on my legs, at my waist and then on the mounds that were so heavy and wobbly at my chest. Again, my nipples seemed to tighten and grow as I ran my hand, as soft as any girl's, over myself. My fingernails were long but had obviously been cut at some time, probably to stop me scratching myself in the 'shell.

"It's all you," whispered Jodie, above me, obviously seeing what I was doing. "Yes, Abigail, you have breasts like a woman, a thin waist, wide hips and lovely legs, and a vagina to receive a man's love."

"Notoo," I gasped as I thrashed on the bed. It couldn't be true! It just couldn't! I couldn't be a woman! I wasn't cut out to be a woman! I wasn't gay or strange, as Serena must have been before she was transformed. Maybe she was lying to me. Maybe Jodie was as well. This was all some kind of torture. They were really women, laughing at me.

Jodie's soft hand removed the blinders she'd put on me after she'd added more eye drops. Fuzzy shapes swam into view as Jodie gently swabbed and bathed my eyes. Colors became visible. I twisted my head and felt the mass of hair on my cheek, hair that belonged to me. There was a mirror over the bed, I realized, and the prone figure, mostly hidden by the 'nurses' ministering to me, must be me.

But the little I could see, the bare legs, and the billowing hair on the pillow made me shudder and almost scream in despair. Jodie's female face covered mine. "You see me?" she asked, a smile on her red lips. No, she wasn't old. She was very pretty and the ribbons holding her dark hair back made her look like the Squid River girl whom I might have killed if the sergeant hadn't kicked my gun away.

"I," I gasped, shivering up at this woman who kept calling me Abigail. "Sheya."

“Good,” said Jodie, using some kind of light to examine my eyes. “You want to see yourself. Can you focus up there?”

Jodie moved back as did the golden-haired Serena. I looked up at the woman lying in the bed. I couldn't prevent the howl or the shudder that went through me as I took in the beautiful girl, threshing so sexily as she looked down on me. She started screaming and throwing herself about in the bed as well, just as I was.

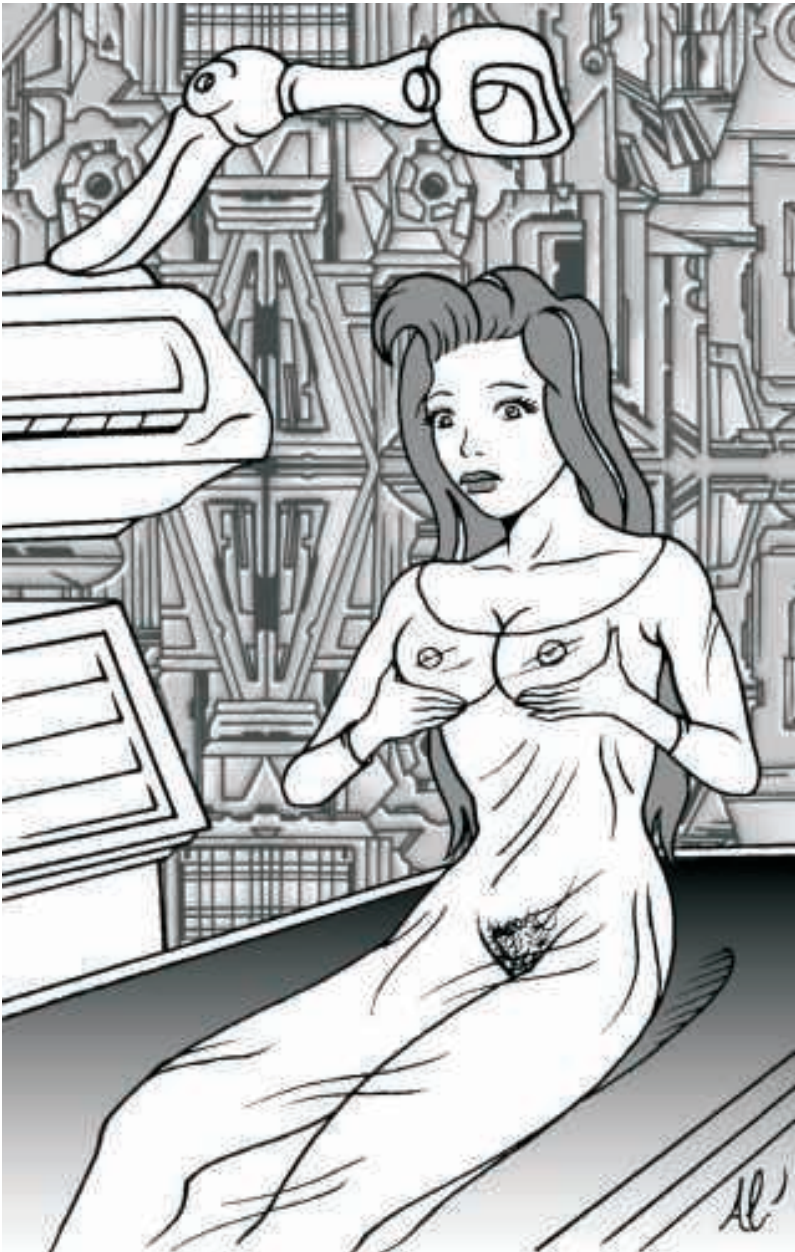
“She's seen herself,” laughed Serena. “What's so wrong, Abbie darling? Did you want golden curls like me? Well, you can. Just tell Lydia, our hair stylist, when you see her next day shift. She'll make you any kind of blonde you'd like to be!”

“Serena, don't tease,” said Jodie, looking up at the girl cringing and crying on the bed, seeing what I was seeing. Yes, I was actually crying like a girl. Well I should, for I *was* a girl. I had long, shapely legs like a girl. The muff of hair above my vagina did show through the whitish, transparent robe draped about me. I didn't have any male equipment, I could see, no matter what I seemed to feel as I rolled in agony, caressed by the silk as I wept like a woman. I did have wide hips and a narrow waist, as Jodie had said. I did have breasts!

It couldn't be my body, screamed my brain, as I stared at the girl. She had such well marked nipples, the red circles so large and, and, well, girlish. Her breasts weren't too large but they were bouncing as I moved, taut nevertheless, seemingly aroused as I frantically pulled at the robe but hid nothing at all.

“Shnotme!” I squeaked as the girls looked up at me and caressed my legs and body, holding me down, as I tried to get up. They seemed amused at my terrified screaming.

Oh, her hair was so long and thick, so shiny, red highlights gleaming through dark brown tresses. She had femininely shaped eyebrows, full, rosy, kissable lips, thick, dark eyelashes and a lovely thin nose,



slightly upturned. It wasn't my nose. None of the features were mine! This isn't me, I thought wildly. They've imprinted my mind on some girl, some beautiful, dark-haired girl. Or they've cut out my brain and transplanted my mind into a girl's body. That's what they've done! She's not me at all, this Abigail, whoever she is!

"Snoomee," I tried again, shuddering as I wondered how such a process could ever be reversed. Why would someone ever want to do this to me? The rebs, would they have done this because I had fired at a girl after the surrender was in force?

"She thinks that isn't her!" laughed Serena. Looking up, I saw a lovely, elfin face, exquisitely made-up, smiling at me. "That's what I thought the first time they took me out of my shell! I thought they'd put my brain into someone else's body! Not that anyone can do that! Well, not yet, anyway!"

"Abigail," said Jodie gently. "You recall your markers from your ID in the Foremen Riders? Three brown spots, moles, on your left thigh? A mole on the left part of your chest. There it is, on your breast. The scar on your knee, from when you fell from your wheeler when you were a little girl? It's still there, Abigail, and the markers on your back you could never see. I'll have them photographed for you. You can look on a comp console and see that your genetic markers match your records. This is you, Abigail. This is you and, some day, Abbie, you're going to make some man a wonderful wife!"

I awoke after the soma induced sleep, the girls having to fight with me and hold me down. I tried to attack them as I'd been taught as a soldier. But these girls were stronger than me! The nightmare was continuing! I looked over myself as panic returned. Yes, my chest had these breasts upon them. My penis, I could feel still, rampant as it was any morning when I

first awoke. It announced its presence where I could see that it wasn't.

Someone had put women's panties on me after I'd been sedated finally by Jodie after the girlish riot I'd gone through when I refused to accept what she was telling me. No, I wasn't Abigail. I wasn't ever going to be! I was never going to accept it. It wasn't just panties I was in, either. I was in a girl's nightie, pink and frilled, with flowers of some kind embroidered on it. I looked up to see 'myself' in the mirror but someone had occluded it. It was gray and matte above me.

I must be monitored in some way because as soon as I shifted and tried to sit up, the door opened. Serena came bouncing in, smiling over her shoulder at a sandy-haired man, several inches taller than her.

"Here she is, Dr. Carter," said Serena coyly, her made-up eyes so alluring. "This is our Abigail, whom we had so much trouble with yesterday. She was why I was late meeting you in the Classic Club."

"Ah," said the doctor. "But we more than made up for that little slip, didn't we, Serena?" He smiled at me. Serena's face instantly changed into some sort of dislike as she stared at me. Don't be jealous of me, I wanted to scream at her. I'm not a girl. I'm never going to act like one.

I shuddered and tried to sit up but Dr. Carter—"You can call me Torey"—didn't let me. He was so much stronger than me which he proved when he pushed me back. Gods, how tall must he be? I was six feet. He towered over me, as he did Serena.

The doctor pulled back the covers and examined me. He examined me as if I was a woman, his hand caressing and feeling, even inside the vagina that this body had. Of course, I objected and tried to fight him, as any man would, but he easily held me down, while Serena assisted him as he assured himself that I was one anatomical, beautiful female. He smiled at me as

he said it, laughing when I shook my long hair, trying to get him to stop saying such awful things about me.

“I’m no woman,” I said hotly, coughing as my voice didn’t sound right. It was too high. I was squealing or something.

“Your voice is kicking in, as well, Abigail,” said Torey cheerfully. “Yes, you should be on your feet, in your high heels, and being pampered as a woman should be, today. No point laying about in bed when you’re a fit, fertile female, is there? Take Abigail into rehabilitation, Serena, and get the next medshell ready for decantation. This girl can start making herself even prettier than she already is!”

A scented bath was drawn for me in the bathroom, Jodie waiting for me as Serena hustled me to her friend.

“The lovebirds want a few moments together,” said Jodie as she helped me slide out of the nightie and panties I’d worn in bed. All the mirrors around us showed only images of a long-limbed, strikingly female-figured, naked girl, her female attributes so beautiful. And that wasn’t Jodie in her nurse’s skirt and blouse.

I snarled and made a face as fragrances arose to meet me as Jodie assisted me. I was so weak, my arms so thin, where once I’d had real muscles. Jodie easily pushed me, the long-legged girl, down into the frothy bath. “You’ll learn to love this,” Jodie enthused. “It’s one of the perks of being here in Lannan, working for Dr. Ivany. She’s a geecee girl, just like us all in here, just as you are. She pampers us all so much!”

I looked up at Jodie as I sank into the warm, fragrant water, clutching at the sides of the bath as she poured warm water over my hair, then began to cover that in an equally fragrant shampoo.

“Geecee stands for gender-corrected,” laughed Jodie. “I forgot that you wouldn’t know the specialized terms we sometimes use here. Of course for the

most part, and definitely if you're ever out in Duncansford or Shannondale, you're just a girl. That's what you're called. The regular population doesn't know what terms we use or what we do in here. You'll learn more about that as you become a complete girl, Abigail. You'll love it! How you dress is what you are. And speaking of dresses..."

I had to choose the one I liked, the short, red, flirty dance dress, the long black formal gown or the dark blue, rusty-skirted cocktail dress, the neckline low and sure to show off a woman's breasts.

Of course, I wouldn't pick but a cheerful Jodie selected the dark blue for me. I had to have underwear—"We say lingerie, Abbie darling"—Jodie informed me, to match.

I tried to refuse to get out of the bath but Jodie had anticipated that. An orderly, a stolid male, who looked thirty but could have been any age, of course, was waiting in the hallway. He was another huge monster who just put his arms under mine. I was lifted out in a flash, kicking and screaming, which didn't bother him at all. If anything, Gart just smiled even more when I flailed on him with my puny fists. He smiled as if he was enjoying my 'female' tantrum. Oh, how I hated the way he looked over my naked body. He pressed a huge towel about me and stolidly dried me off as I shrieked and kicked out at him. I could do nothing to make him stop!

held me as Jodie dressed me, sliding stockings on my legs as I was held upside down by a man, my long hair draped on the floor. His face was level with what they'd done with my sex and he seemed to be studying my vagina, ugh, with clinical interest. I was dizzy and shivering as I was set on my feet, wobbling and not having the energy to fight as Jodie continued gently to dress me as a woman.

The garter belt was placed about me and my panties, Jodie's soft fingers caressing my rump as she did that.

“If it wasn’t for your big thug!” I blurted out in my silly, high, breathless, girlish voice.

“Gart’s only six feet tall, Abbie,” said Jodie in amusement. “It’s you who’s smaller, now that you’re a woman. Well, we couldn’t tower over our men friends in our high heels, could we? It was the biggest shock to me, that, when I found out I wasn’t six-three any more. But it’s really marvelous to look up into a man’s eyes and see the admiration there.”

“You changed my height?” I gasped.

“That’s what takes so long, the first time,” said Jodie. “Now, does Gart get to hold you some more or will you put on this lovely bra by yourself?”

I looked at Gart who smirked at me. He started moving towards me as I shivered and ran to Jodie. I let her show me how a woman puts on her bra by herself. It was such a weird feeling to have the dark blue bra holding my breasts in place, thin straps over my shoulders moving all the time as my chest moved with my breathing and the weight of the mounds on me.

I still had underslips, petticoats and then the dress to put on. I felt so mortified as a woman’s dress swayed about me, my father’s son. What would he think of me? What would he do in my place? When I looked at myself in the mirror, I had to shiver even more as the girl, Abigail, really did look good in her dress. I admired the low-cut front and the cleavage I could see. My dress rustled. I flushed in embarrassment at what I’d been admiring. I was in a woman’s dress, it gripping me, shaping me, humiliating me! The others didn’t find anything out of place in what they were looking at.

The large bathroom had become a dressing room, as Jodie made me pirouette, the skirts and petticoats swirling against the stockings on my legs. I was so overheated as the embarrassments just wouldn’t stop. Nor would the strangest of feelings throughout my body as I twirled girlishly on my stockinged feet.

“Do I need to have Gart hold your head as I arrange your hair and do your makeup, Abbie?” asked Jodie.

“No,” I said nervously, my voice such a squeak. I guessed that protests were going to be treated roughly in any case.

“Good,” said Jodie with a smile. “Now give Gart his reward and send him on his way.”

“His reward?” I asked, confused.

“He’s a man and he’s done you a service,” said Jodie sweetly. “You are a woman. You have to return the favor.”

I must have been shaking and white-faced in shock as I stared at her. We’d heard a few squeals from the room next door. It was pretty obvious what Serena and Torey had been up to while Jodie had been bathing, perfuming, and dressing me.

“A kiss is enough for what you made Gart do for you,” said Jodie as Gart pulled a face.

I retreated back across the room as Gart pursued me.

“Oh,” said Jodie. “Is this the first time that a man has kissed you, Abigail darling? Gart, come here, and let us demonstrate for Abbie what she has to do.”

Gart took the dark-haired woman in his arms as she eagerly went up on tiptoe and united her lips with his. They must have hung onto that kiss for close to a minute, his tongue clearly on her lips and in her mouth as they worked together to enjoy their kiss, just as the hero and heroine do in so many vids. She thanked him, her way of describing it, for assisting her.

“Simple and easy,” said Jodie as I shrank back against the wall. I was so small and Gart lifted me easily. I tried to pull my face away as my legs in the dress wiggled away, the dress rustling and caressing me so softly. Gart pressed a large hand against me. My head was held as he kissed me.

I was grimacing, expecting the worst as a man put his lips on mine. But it wasn't the end of the world. Gart didn't slobber on me, press on me or writhe with me as he had with Jodie. No, he kissed me gently, softly, my lips still beneath his. I shuddered in relief when he put me down, our mouths having been joined for twenty seconds or so, he moving softly from side to side. Oh, but how my dress shivered about me!

"Thank you," he grunted at me, a gleam in his eyes. "And, I must say, Abigail. You do kiss like a girl."

I think I screamed again as the big man left the room, a huge grin on his face. Jodie laughed at me.

"What's the matter?" asked Serena, tying up her bouncing dress as she came dancing into the room, looking so bright and girlish, her dress sounding like mine.

"Abigail thanked Gart," said Jodie, "and he really likes how she kisses."

"That wasn't..." I began, stopping as my voice sounded so strange, so high and lilting, as a girl would have spoken.

"Hair, makeup, shoes," said Jodie, "and then, Abigail girl, we have to turn you over to the beauticians for the rest of the day." She sighed. "Oh, I wish I could be going with you."

"So do I," said Serena, her makeup all mussed from what she and Torey had been doing.

"Enjoy the day?" asked Jodie cheerfully as I staggered back to the room assigned to me, two shifts having passed, my legs so tight and strained after being in high heels all shift long.

"My feet hurt," I said in that voice that Miss Noelle had praised so much in my voice lesson. She'd had

me read from a play, a love scene with a man and a girl. I had to be the girl and inflect my voice in the way Miss Noelle wanted. I had to rehearse it with her, until I was perfect, then perform it with a man, an actor, while all the other girls I'd met stared at me avidly. I only had to start over once at Miss Noelle's insistence, the other girls applauding me as Fennal, the husband, kissed me as a man should his wife, my part.

I shuddered for an hour as I was part of the audience then, sitting and watching the other girls perform. Most danced, men helping them, while Yvette, a blonde girl, did a scene from a play. She kissed her man repeatedly in front of us all. She had to do it over several times as Miss Noelle made her demonstrate for us the correct ways to kiss a man. I'd have been blushing as much as Yvette if I'd had to do mine over again and again as she did. She did it all the way through for the last time. Oh, how my whole body flushed as Yvette and Bertrand really kissed for so long at the end, she as aroused as he after he'd whispered how he loved her so.

We had to move back to the room we'd begun in, refresh our makeup and perfume. Any of us who didn't walk properly in her high heels had to do it again and again. I couldn't bear all the eyes on me as I had to do it five times over to get the right swing in my tush. Miss Glenda, in charge of deportment, made me do it perfectly.

"That's the way a girl does it, darling Abigail," she said at last to me, rounding on Melanie, who wasn't mincing when she walked. She had to take much smaller steps.

"You've been decanted for six days, Melanie darling," Miss Glenda drawled. "And here's Abigail, one night out of the casket, who looks so cute as she walks away, doesn't she? You must watch her, Melanie, and walk just like this beautiful girl."

Oh, how I flamed and shivered at such praise. I'd protested when I'd slipped on my high heels at the

first session of the day. “Oh, this girl needs a little E,” Miss Delia said with a smile. The other girls had gone so still.

“I’m not a girl,” I tried to growl. Miss Delia burst out laughing.

“Oh, what a lovely pout, Abigail!” she’d said to me. “That and giggling are the two hardest things we have to teach you. You pouted so femininely. Look, girls, as we do that again! Oh, this girl needs a little E!”

I had to do the girlish pout, as Miss Delia called it, as I saw Gart enter the room with a hypodermic. I had to do it again and again, alarm rising in me as I saw the looks on the other girls’ made-up faces.

I tried to fight Gart off me but he passed off the hypo and held me. It was Miss Delia who stabbed me. I had my first feeling of the drug known as Euphoria which they used to train us all, former soldiers, to be good little girls. It swept over me in a wash of tingling, impossible-to-resist exalted sensations.

I think I screamed girlishly, the only way that I could, as everything, everyone, seemed to be suddenly infused with light, alertness, and attractiveness. The girls sitting, cross-legged on their soft chairs, glowed. The highlights in their hair sparkled. Their lips seemed redder or pinker and softer. Several smiled at me. I had an urge to hug them. When several nervously adjusted their bras and dresses, as if they were uncomfortable, I wanted to comfort them. They all looked so beautiful.

Miss Delia leant in front of me, smiling in her turn. “Now what do you say to Gart?” she asked me. She lifted one of my legs, making me sit with my legs crossed like the other girls.

Other girls? I shivered as a convulsion seemed to run through me. Other girls? They weren’t *other* girls. They weren’t girls at all! And *I* wasn’t a girl, either.

Miss Delia repeated her question. I recalled what Jodie had made me say and do. “Thank you,” I whis-

pered, looking round at the tall man who was half-kneeling by my chair.

“My pleasure,” said Gart softly as he leaned forward. I knew he was going to kiss me again. I shuddered as my eyes closed. His lips touched mine and pleasure flooded all over me at the touch of another human being. He held my arm but I didn’t pull away, feeling so much in his touch, feeling so wanted and loved, and yes, so womanly. I kissed him as he briefly stopped. He kissed me with increasing force.

“Enough,” said Miss Delia. Gart smiled at me and rose. I felt so bereft and lonely for a moment. I wanted to go on holding him and kissing him. Ooo, I felt so womanly. I shook my dress, loving the feminine feeling all about me.

I followed Miss Delia’s instructions on refreshing the makeup on the girl’s face in front of me. Yes, her lipstick was mussed. I had to reline my lips, so cushiony and soft, hoping Gart would see what I was doing and come to receive more thanks from me. And all the time I was on fire. I was so femininely sensitive that I could feel every stitch of clothing I was wearing, from the garter belt holding up my stockings to my tasseled earrings bobbing on my cheek. I could feel my panties and my bra. I was shivering as my nipples seemed to be expanding as I held myself so rigidly. It all seemed to feel wonderful and exciting.

“Very nice, Abigail,” said Miss Delia. “Can you stand now, darling girl, and show the other girls how you walk so beautifully in your high heels? Can you show Gart and his friends and do this to thank them?”

The last was said as I hesitated to rise. I had to thank Gart, didn’t I? I uncrossed my legs as my dress rustled about me and stood. I sauntered towards Gart and two other smiling men watching me, keeping my steps short and making sure that each high heel came down in a line.

“It will make your hips move so delightfully,” Miss Parlette had said. “And if you add a little more sway, it will be so girlish.”

I had Gart watching me. I accentuated the sway I was making. Pleasure flooded through me as I saw the men smiling at me.

“Really well done, Abigail,” said an amused Miss Delia. “Now all you other girls, try again like Abigail. Pout at the men as you pass them. Nicely done, Justine. Now flick your hair. That’s right. What’s wrong with you, Barbara? Need a touch of E as well? We can start the dancing class early then!”

I felt the agitation of my ‘classmates.’ They sat as they were ordered. I did as well. The three men began to go around the class and inject what had been given to me, I supposed. I smiled at Gart. He leaned over and kissed me sweetly as he went by, getting my red lipstick all over his lips. Several girls seemed to be crying as the syringes were pushed into their arms.

“I don’t want to be...” Elaine protested. But soon she was shivering and shaking like all of us girls, twisting in her seat.

“Give Abigail a little more,” said Miss Delia. Gart looked back at her in surprise. “She’s still too aware of her surroundings,” she added. Gart shrugged and gently injected me again.

I barely said “Thank you,” as all the other girls began to say it. The guys began to circle the room, kissing all of us, even those who they hadn’t injected, but we didn’t mind. It was just so pleasant to be kissing and making contact with another human being.

I had to lead the walk, shuddering but knowing I was smiling with every step, feeling the marvelous swish of my dress about me. I led the girls out of the makeup room and into a small ballroom. Many men were awaiting us. Some were in military uniforms, like the dark, friendly man who put his arm about my waist and pulled me into him.

“I’m Jathem,” he said with a smile. “And you are?”

“Lieutenant...” I began dreamily as I’d answered so many times.

The young man twirled me, my dress swishing about me. “What does Miss Delia call you?” Jathem asked. All around me girls were smiling and introducing themselves to men who held their hands or had their arms about them, as Jathem did me.

“Darling Abigail,” I murmured as I swished about the man who was laughing with me.

“Lovely Abigail,” Jathem said, slowing me. “But you haven’t been here before, have you? This is your first dance.”

“Oh yes,” I said as I was swirled closer to him. “I have to dance.”

Miss Glenda and Miss Parlette took charge of the class. We girls could not sit down. That’s where my feet began to really ache. Priscilla complained of her hurt and begged to sit down but Miss Glenda said that she was a girl. Girls didn’t complain about the high heels they wore to make their legs look pretty. She’d have exercises for us all the following day so that we could dance all night like our partners could.

“Are you hurting, darling Abigail?” Jathem whispered to me.

“A little,” I said, smiling up into his face. “But I love dancing with you, darling Jathem.”

Jathem kissed me lightly even though I wanted so much more. I didn’t know what was coming over me, but Abigail, and I was her, wanted to be held, to be touched, to be kissed by a man with probing lips. I invited Jathem to kiss me again. He complied really nicely, sending all kinds of delicate, delightful shudders and feelings through me, especially when he drew my breasts against his chest.

For that, Miss Parlette made Jathem sit out. Grev took his place. He was nice but he wasn’t Jathem, whom I could see was fuming as he sat out. Grev was eager, however, to do just what the instructors said

he should do. He swirled and twirled me, my dress feeling so frilly and girly about my legs. My feet were really hurting me. I thought I'd cry. Luckily, Miss Glenda called for a break then.

Both Jason and Grev brought me drinks as I stood and answered their silly, boyish questions. Did I like the pretty dress I was wearing? Of course I did. My lipstick was Heavenly Red. Yes, my eyelashes were false. I loved the touch of long earrings on my cheek. Didn't they?

"I love the touch of it on your cheek," said Grev with a smile, "and on mine as well when I hold you close. So, Abbie, what was your favorite dance here today?"

"He just wants you to ask him what his is," said Jathem, as behind him, I saw Colette tossing her lovely red hair as she smiled up beautifully at the two men squiring her. She looked so happy and pleased. I felt just that way myself. My body seemed to have a mind of its own as it moved as Colette's had. I had to toss my long hair over my shoulders, my breasts bouncing so perfectly in the lovely bra that held me so tightly. "You know he's going to say it is the Clinch, holding your lovely female body against his."

"All of us guys like to clinch tightly with you girls, Abbie," whispered Grev, pushing in front of Jathem and putting his arms about my waist. "It's the best part of the night. We're going to start with a Clinch and you'll be my partner, won't you, my adorable Abigail?"

"That, that's not my real..." I began as Grev swept me out on my high heels, my stockinged legs protesting as he swirled me around. I had to hold on to him to keep myself up. I could see Jathem looking after us with murder in his eyes. But it was the younger-looking Grev that he was staring at as Jathem put our drinks back on the table.

Miss Delia smiled at me as she ordered the console to play some slow, sexy music. Grev and I were the first to snuggle up to one another as the music was

slow. Grev showed me how to put my arms about his neck as the other girls were doing to their men, smiling nervously, I thought, as they did it. He kept calling me Abigail and I began to like that. It was a lovely name, I thought dreamily. Grev complimented me on my soft, girlish skin, lovely makeup and scented hair.

Oh, how my breasts pressed into Grev's chest, moving so tantalizingly as he swirled me slowly. He helped me to do that, leaning into me whenever I instinctively leaned back. Then the music faded out and Grev was kissing me. I froze against him, my arms reacting to him by pulling on his head. Oh, how he dominated my lips as Jathem had, moving me enough that my hair shivered on my bare shoulders. My long earrings caressed my neck while Grev's lips sent feelings through me that pleased and pleased me.

As the music rose again, Jathem cut in on our dance, flinging Grev away from me. I heard several girls giggling in their high, girlish voices as other men were doing the same thing to them.

"My turn," whispered Jathem as he pushed my arms about his head. He held me so tightly that I could barely breathe, my breasts so aroused in the way he moved against me. Then, the music faded once more. I was kissing a new dance partner. He kissed me fiercely, his mouth moving firmly over mine, his tongue touching my lips, sending shivers of pleasure through me.

Oh, I really did like to be kissed that way. Back with Jathem, I was thrilled as Miss Delia let the pause in the music go on and on. The most wonderful sensations swirled through me. I know I was jerking and thrilling to the touch of Jathem against me. I think other girls were going through the same sensations as me.

It was almost disappointing to have the music start again but it changed to a lively stepping dance. We had to move into a set. I lost Jathem but Storan was just as fiery a kisser as Jathem. That was how

the rotation worked. I saw Colette smiling beautifully as she eagerly put her arms about Jathem and raised her lovely, feminine face to kiss him.

I was kissing Storan but it wasn't the same. Storan's hands worked all over my body, especially my tush, as we kissed. That made me tingle all over and feel my lovely dress again against my stockings. Oh, it was so lovely to be Abigail as Storan assured me I was lovely as well. He murmured that he couldn't believe I, Abigail, was as beautiful as I was.

Storan's words made me shiver as Jathem's compliments had. Maybe I'd heard them first from Jathem in just the short time I'd been in his arms, dancing, but I shivered all over again. I had to tell him, I didn't know why, that I wasn't really Abigail as everyone thought that I was. "I'm not Abbie..." I began to say.

"Oh, yes you are, lovely Abigail," said Storan. "You're Abigail. Can't you feel the sensations starting to flood over you, my lovely girl? You should, with two doses of Euphoria in you. Look how giddy the other girls are and they've only had one! Let yourself go, my darling Abigail. Oh darn, another guy has to have you."

Grev took me over then for a lively dance. It had us all laughing at one another as it was so invigorating. "Thank your partners!" called out Miss Glenda. All of us girls did. I flung my arms about Grev and joined my lips to his as enthusiastically as he was joining his to mine.

Then, I danced with Nick, I think, and Darius, and Brop, though that doesn't sound right. Too many guys in such a short time, to remember them all. But I do know that I kissed them all. I flounced my skirts as Miss Glenda reminded all of us girls to do. I loved the dances where I was twirled, my dress flaring out, my breasts bouncing. It was so nice to feel my bra constraining them, almost as much as to feel my hair flowing about my head. I know I really liked that and did it often, learning how to flick my hair without us-

ing my hands when I had to get it off my face and lipstick.

My feet had gone beyond hurting and were numb, but I couldn't miss the last Clinch, could I? Grev and Jathem were sharing me, laughing at how dizzy I was, mixing up their names and smiling as if I was drunk, or so they said. I did feel drunk, but it was such a happy drunk. All around me, men and some of the girls were praising me, encouraging me to kiss and cuddle my dancing partners. I had never felt so happy, so euphoric.

It was a disappointment to have to leave the dance hall, all of us girls squealing out our goodnights to all of the partners. I knew how to act. I just did what all the other girls were doing, waving to the young men in uniform who were going back on duty. We squealed, waved, and promised them a good time the next night if they came again. Suddenly, Jodie had her arm about me and she was leading me into my bedroom.

"How much E did they give you?" she asked as I giggled and danced all by myself across to the nightie lying on my bed.

"Only two," I giggled to her, trying to raise two fingers to her, wondering if such a gesture might mean what it did on some planets.

"Two jabs or two drinks?" asked Jodie as I kicked off my high heels as she told me to and danced in my stockinged feet. My dress twirled lovingly about me. I mimed the jabs as my voice was becoming so thick. I couldn't say what I'd wanted but it didn't matter. All men wanted was to kiss me. I wondered if Jodie wanted to as well. Was that why she was so angry, that I'd kissed so many men and hadn't kissed her?

"Shodee," I said with a smile and danced to her, loving the sound my rustling dress made. I put out my arms but Jodie only laughed and hugged me as I tried to kiss her. She finally let me kiss her cheek.

“There’s E in the drinks as well,” I *think* Jodie said as she swirled and danced with me, undoing my dress and letting it fall to the ground. “Oh, you’re not going to sleep for half the night, Abigail, with what you’ve been fed, unless I get you a sleeping draught.”

“Zhi donsh wanna sheep! Wabba dansh! And kish lubbly girlsh!” I think I said. Jodie said that’s what I said, or something like it, the following day. I know I danced in my panties and bra, swirling my stockings in my hand, over my long hair, my garters dancing intriguingly on my thighs. Oh, and how my, Abigail’s, breasts, bounced delightfully. She really was quite a girl. I could see her in the mirrors above and around me.

I swallowed the drink Jodie brought back for me and took off my bra and panties, dancing naked about the room which made Jodie smile broadly at me. “I’ll take off your makeup when you’re asleep, Abigail, my girl,” she said to me.

What I said, she didn’t understand, but I recall holding her, kissing her and telling her how ‘presshippy’ she was and something about making love to her.

“I didn’t,” I groaned after waking from a black sleep I’d collapsed into. I remembered that as Jodie had tried to stop me up from hitting my head. I don’t recall if I did hit myself or not.

I was in agony enough without trying to explain to Jodie why I wanted to make love to her the night before. How could I explain that my non-existent penis had been rampant! Somehow, in this awful state I was in, trembling and trying to hide the overtly female body I had, I’d thought I was the gods’ gift to women, as the older soldiers had called themselves.

I was never a gift to any woman. Even in uniform, young, eligible girls ignored me, even though I was an

officer and member of the ruling aristocracy. But Tobert, that old, desiccated man, who shepherded and advised me throughout my leading my troop, always had a girl in his bed when I got him up for muster the day after a party. At times like that, I hated him but I couldn't do without him. He'd saved my life on several occasions.

"I, I'm s-sorry for my, my deplorable conduct," I managed to get out, through aching teeth and thundering headache. The pains of my body seemed worse than any beating I'd taken in unarmed combat exercises. A man should apologize to a woman for his poor behavior, shouldn't he? I could barely see. All that was in my brain was that I'd insulted Jodie the night before in whatever I'd been doing.

"Oh, Abigail," laughed Jodie. "I've had my breasts caressed before. Many a girl has kissed me before she's truly awoken to what she is. Actually, you kiss really well for being just a one-day girl. It's time to rise, darling, and face the day. Here, drink this. It will help you."

Abigail? Suddenly, I felt sicker than I ever had in my life. All the happenings of the night before flooded my brain. I had to turn, the stupid breasts they'd given me getting in my way as I leaned over to vomit into the bucket Jodie moved to hold for me.

Abigail! I'd been Abigail! I'd been a girl! I'd danced with men, loving my dress swirling and swishing about my female body! I'd kissed men! I shuddered as I recalled what I'd done. I'd kissed men, loving it, as well as them kissing me back! Whatever had come over me?

I shivered at the coldness of the container's touch on my soft cheek. "W-What is it?" I asked, my whole body beginning to shake. *I'm not a woman*, I snarled silently.

"Cold juice," said Jodie brightly. "It will awaken you, darling Abigail." *I'm not your darling girl*, I wanted to scream. *I'm Jeffrey Dowerson! You can't do this to me!* But I couldn't talk. Oh gods, I was in a

woman's nightie and panties. The erection I was feeling wasn't apparent to my fingertips. I touched myself harder. All I felt was womanly skin and female plumbing.

Jodie sat me up. "There, darling," she said smugly. "Drink while I run your bath. You can practice kissing me again, if you like, when I come back."

I wanted to throw something at her when she came back but all I could do was throw up again, which Jodie anticipated. Uncontrollable shivers ran through me. My head pounded as if I was in the worst firefight of my life. It was like being back in basic training, the sergeants live-firing over our heads and around us, making us frightened teenaged boys feel what it was like to be in a real fight.

I crawled out of bed in that silky nightie, of all things. Me, a guy like me, was in a pink nightie with tiny straps that fell off my shoulders onto my arms. Yet, the nightie stayed up because of my breasts, straining at the pockets holding them. I looked up. Abigail looked so lovely and womanish. She was me with her disheveled hair and female figure.

"This shot will help," said Jodie. "Do you see the shunt we've put into a vein beside your breast?" I felt awful, distraught at the girlie things I'd done, all the men I'd kissed so enthusiastically, nausea flooding over me. *I'm a man! I don't have breasts*, I wanted to tell Jodie. She might have breasts but I had ugly mounds of fat on my chest.

Jodie was a medtech. She held my arm down so that I couldn't interfere as she injected something into a tube that seemed to run right inside me. She taped it against me. I could barely feel it as she reminded me not to play with it. She didn't want me in any further kind of distress.

"I'm not a girl," I managed to croak as I rolled over, my long hair a terrible mess. The mirror still showed a naked girl in her pink nightie on her bed. I grimaced and she grimaced. I shuddered and rolled to the edge

of the bed to convulse and throw up again. So did she.

I trembled and threshed as I looked up at her, at me. *Oh, gods, I'm a girl*, I thought, my body jiggling as I fought the urge to throw up again over the prettily shaped breasts on her chest, on *my* chest.

Then, as if someone turned a switch, the pains all subsided. I felt a surge of warmth and good health rising through me. "Phew!" I said to Jodie, settling back, not knowing how I'd changed so quickly but grateful I had. It wasn't so awful to sit up as directed and pull the nightie down my legs.

Jodie smiled at me. "A little hair of the dog that bit you," she said.

"I wasn't bitten by a dog!" I told her, wondering what she was talking about. "It was that awful drug they gave me, Miss Delia and Miss Glenda! It made me think I was a girl, enjoying being a girl like them. I'll never let them give that, that Euphoria, E, to me, ever again!"

"Well, we're *all* girls like you, Abigail," said Jodie as she steered me towards the bathroom and my warm, scented bath. "E is what I've given you now. See how it's making you feel and move like a girl right away. When you've been a girl as long as Selena, Delia, and I have, you'll enjoy the occasional dose of Euphoria. I always have a little when I awake. You'll find it makes loving a man completely breathtaking and heavenly. You'll find out someday, my girl!"

I fought the effects of Euphoria while the other girls, in the second week of their 'training,' looked forward to it with relish. Their demeanor and behavior changed unbelievably, I observed, once E was supplied to us as pills or in every liquid we ingested.

"It's a gentler hit," Miss Glenda explained to us. I had to keep my shunt but I still had ears. I listened to

the girls talk whenever I could, laying quietly, when I was crazed and out of my head, the awful effects of E crashing through my altering mind.

“She’s still trying to act like a boy,” Serena, sharing duties with Jodie, told the other medtechs, ‘nurses’, who chatted with her when I was supposedly deep into E. “Sometimes, she refuses to answer to Abigail. It’s such a pretty, girlish name. It suits her looks well!”

“We should get her laid,” grouched Miss Delia, making me heave. “It’s worked wonders with Melanie and Colette, hasn’t it? Those girls don’t need E to get it on with anything in pants.”

“Born Drum girls,” laughed Miss Glenda. “We’ll start classes in exotic and erotic dancing as soon as Belinda’s back from her honeymoon.”

“She’s not really settling down with one man, is she?” asked Miss Delia while the other women beside my bed began to chuckle.

“She’s in love,” giggled Miss Glenda. “Bernard’s one handsome gentleman, isn’t he? He wouldn’t look at me, once the two of them hooked up. Did you see them together on the beach at Ewen’s Head? Some of the old biddies got upset at what they were doing, out in the open, but it is perfectly natural, isn’t it? They are man and woman, aren’t they?”

That started them all chuckling and giggling. “Yes,” said Miss Delia firmly. “Now, Antonia said we can increase this one’s dosage to max for a whole month.” She was referring to me. I’d heard Dr. Garner called ‘Antonia’ by many of the ‘Misses’ who taught us how to be women. “By then, we’ll have another candidate for the Drum’s chorus line, I’m willing to bet.”

Me, a dancing girl in a chorus line of pretty girls at the infamous Drum Theater here on Carmichael? No, never, I swore to myself, twisting and jerking in panic as I ‘awakened’ from the sleep-inducing E intake they’d thought I’d taken from Jodie.

“Remember the new rules,” said Miss Glenda sharply. “No rapes, no forcible lovemaking, no forced feminization, not on this kind of prisoner.”

“Only on criminals, right?” asked Serena, making my shudders grow worse.

“Only with Dr. Ivany’s and the Lord Protector’s permission,” said Miss Glenda. “You know why, of course. The Lord Protector’s first wife, Lady Caroline, doesn’t like everything we do here except for willing patients.”

“Abigail will be so willing when we’ve finished with her, won’t she?” asked Serena with another hateful giggle. “Jathem’s already asked to take her on a lover’s date. Not a bad person to lose your virginity to, as a woman, is he? I wish I’d waited until he came on staff.”

They talked about the first men who’d had them sexually, getting all dreamy about the first time they’d orgasmed as a woman. I wanted to shriek at them all, call them the names I’d learned for deviants who pretended they were women. They forgot I was ‘awakening,’ listening to them. My mind revolted at the sickening things they said men did to them and how they enjoyed it so much.

“Thanks to E,” Serena said, ending the conversation. She re-dosed me, even though she ‘knew’ Jodie had dosed me once earlier. I felt the surge of feminine feelings, I called them that now, envelop me. I couldn’t resist. The drug was too strong.

I also couldn’t stay awake as I twisted and gyrated on the bed. A woman’s voice whispered to me through the headphones Serena put about my ears. The voice whispered about how pretty and girlish I was. She whispered about all the things a girl must do in her classes. I was told how to respond to manly touches. I squirmed girlishly, promising myself to do nothing that I was instructed. Of course, as usual, I broke every promise before the morning was over.

I couldn't help it. Euphoria took hold of the girls in my class. Yes, I was a girl. I moved automatically like a woman, a sway in my hips, making my dresses swish about me. I danced daily with the men, sometimes with Jathem, sometimes not. I learned how to make Abigail a fashionable young woman, taking feminine, beauty lessons with many different women. Often, I cried in frustration as I tried something new for the first time. I couldn't attach false eyelashes to my natural ones. I so wanted to make my eyes appear wider and more feminine.

I saw many girls just like me on my first day. I watched their despair but could do nothing for them. They succumbed to E, just as I had. Some must have been men I knew, I was sure. I tried to look for features I'd recognize, but the nanotech transformations seemed to cause all masculinity to be removed from us.

After two tendays of nothing but femininity training, I was assigned to the eating areas as a waitress. All 'waitresses' had to wear the same pink mini-dress, with its tiny, white-frilled sleeves. The dresses were tight, our corsets, bustiers or bodyshapers tight as well. We had tiny, girlish waists, accentuated by the little, white aprons we wore.

Miss Lydia had finally styled my hair. The pink and white ribbons we all had to wear made my hair look perfectly girlish and gorgeous. So I was told by Miss Delia as she inspected us before we served as waitresses.

It wasn't onerous work but it was debilitating. Everyone treated us as girlie girls. Men flirted with us but some were nice, asking us when we were off-shift and if we'd come to organized dances.

We had to go, in ball gowns, where older men, not the boys we'd learned to dance with, bowed to us and claimed us for dances. I seemed to be a whirl of dresses, making up, working, smiling, curtsying as a woman should, serving and flirting. Then another



shift and it was a whirl of dresses, dances and balls, some girls leaving, some to the Drum, I gathered. I shuddered as I saw Colette and Melanie leaving, waving and kissing everyone as they went off to become permanent dancers.

Many girls had boyfriends. All of the class ahead of mine certainly did. I couldn't find anyone to ask who or what they'd been, about getting home, about making the authorities change us back into what we once were.

I served tables in my thrillingly short, frilly dress. I served men and women who worked in Lannan Labs, the place where I was. A Doctor Ivany was in charge. I served her cold juice. She thanked me nicely, going on talking to several people at her table about speeding up the intake.

"The only way we can do that, Jackie," said Doctor Antonia Garner, sitting with her husband's arm about her, "is if we move some of these girls more quickly into the larger community."

"I do think," said her husband, "that we can move girls more quickly than we have in the past. It doesn't take a hundred days any more to indoctrinate the intake to their new roles. Some are ready to move in just two tendays."

"But some aren't," I heard Jackie Ivany say. "There'll still be some we'll have to keep on programs for a full year. There's always someone who fights the inevitable." She looked over at me and smiled. She was a lovely, willowy, blonde woman, sitting so gracefully, femininely.

I had the feeling she'd seen right through me. I flushed and swished away as girlishly as I could, feeling her eyes on me as I moved. I tried desperately to be a girl, to be Abigail, to blend in. I couldn't confront her as I had been steeling myself to do.

Several days later, I heard Miss Delia complaining to another nurse on the acceleration of programs at Lannan.

“The quicker we move the intake,” said the other woman, “the sooner we can help Lennox by taking more medshells. Some girls have been shelled for over a T-year and that’s not ...”

“We need doctors and nurses for the maternity wings,” said Miss Delia. “That’s where those, freed by the acceleration, should go.”

“We should just fill all the girls with E and send them off to Liffey to comfort the miners,” said the other.

“Like they did in the bad old days?” asked Miss Delia. She noticed me then. “Come on, Abigail. There are orders waiting to be served if you’ve finished the cleanup.”

“Yes, Miss Delia,” I said, curtsying to her, my supervisor, as we girls had to. My dress floated around me, sending a shiver of pleasure through me. I knew why I felt that way. I tried to be angry about it but there was a grip on my mind that made everything feminine I did so pleasant. I tried to drink less but Jodie monitored me. She caught me doing that, so she increasing my dosages. I found myself doing things in the ‘socials,’ as they were called, that left me tingling in embarrassment the next day when I recalled how I’d acted as Storan’s or Grev’s loving ‘date.’

I was supposedly on light doses of E now, if Jodie didn’t catch me cheating, for each dance and on-shift work. As Jodie and Serena had said, I realized I needed the drug to get through work and play.

I couldn’t tell anyone but Barbara, who’d learned to sway like a woman from me. She’d whispered to me as we waited for special orders to deliver to a boisterous group of men and women physicians, off-shift for several days.

“Who’re you?” she’d asked me. The laughing group made so much noise that a muted conversation couldn’t be heard by whoever was monitoring us girls. I stood stock still, shocked, unable to grasp that

one of the girls was murmuring to me, even as she smiled at the animated group in front of us. A red-head was the butt of some joke she was taking in good part, several of the guys hugging her as if to comfort her at whatever error she'd made.

"My name is Corporal Declan Parres," whispered the blonde girl with 'perky' breasts just like mine. "I was in the Free Force."

"You, you were in Tobert's section?" I gasped. The girl, Barbara, turned and changed her amazement into a lovely smile. I took the tray that arrived for me and served the ribald party. It was getting louder and louder, liquor making several of the men quite obnoxious.

"Here she is," said a male medtech, grabbing me. "We need more girls..."

The girls at the party began to laugh. "You've invited half the nurses already, Matt," a striking brunette said with a flip of her hair. "Sorry, girl," she said to me, making tingles zap through me at the softness of her touch. "You're really pretty but we do have enough girls three times over. What we really need is more men!"

I couldn't get out the words that I was a man. I'd help her in that regard. I passed out the ordered special drinks as Barbara arrived with more hors d'oeuvres for the table. Naturally, she was pulled down into the lap of some randy medtech. It took two women to free Barbara from the guy's kisses and touches of her exposed panties.

The guy was scolded by the women at the party, allowing Barbara and I to flee back to the serving hatches. "Ooo, wouldn't have minded trysting with that one," said Barbara, pouting over her shoulder at me, while I stared at her exquisitely made-up eyes.

"P-Parres?" I murmured, but the blonde girl ignored me. She tossed her hair and smiled out at the party that was, at last, moving out of the dining area.

Barbara waved to the guy who'd kissed her and put her on his lap. He made a gesture that suggested he'd be looking for her later. Barbara seemed to glow as she smiled. She clutched my hand, shivering as if she was being overtaken with some strong, girlish emotion.

"Tell me who you are," said a soft whisper from a lipsticked mouth that didn't stop smiling after the departing crew of men.

I hesitated. "You're the one who wanted to get back on the shuttle," I murmured, sure that my lipsticked mouth was moving even as I tried to conceal that I was talking.

"Good thing we weren't on it," said Barbara, waving and turning away to adjust her bra strap on her thin, girlish arm. "Tobert told us that as you must know if you were there, on the desert with me. So, who are you? Terry? Herrick? You can't be Cal Morshin!"

"I, I'm Dowerson," I finally managed the words. The blonde girl's hand stopped picking up the dishes I was assembling neatly on the tray. "Lieutenant Jeffrey..."

"Oh, that's my favorite scent as well, Abigail!" Barbara giggled, tossing her hair so femininely. "I think that's why he grabbed me. Really, it wasn't unpleasant at all! You don't have to be sorry for me!"

"Very good, Barbara," said Miss Glenda who'd been supervising us and the other girls on the far side of the dining room. I hadn't heard her come up behind me. "You handled that drunken tech well."

"With help from the other girls," said Barbara, swaying off with exaggerated femininity, putting the soiled tablecloths into recycling right away.

"Us girls always stick together," said Miss Glenda with a laugh. "The girls in that party recognized that you're really new and kept those randy, off-duty studs away from you." Barbara pouted as if she was annoyed at the actions of the other girls. "You'll

thank them after you've been here a little longer, my girl. Once you've been to an orgy that group of so-called physicians thinks is energizing, and which we women love as much as they do, you'll be happy to have missed one."

I trembled. Miss Glenda put her soft arm about me. "That's a long way down the road for a girl like you, Abigail. We won't allow you into that environment until you really want to go. Heavens, you haven't had your first tryst! Such excitement that will be for you, darling Abigail! You've quite a list of admirers in the lower mess hall who want to be your first, second or any number, you know! Is there anyone you favor?"

I blushed fiercely, unable to speak as I understood I was being asked to name some man whom I wished to de-flower me as a woman. I trembled openly as Barbara looked at me sympathetically. I tried to help her with the chores we were assigned as waitresses.

"Ah, here's a quieter bunch," said Miss Glenda, stepping over to a group of senior medics and senior nurses.

"Tobert was looking for you, Lieutenant," whispered Barbara to me. "He thought you were sent out before him. Colette, that was Tobert."

"C-Colette's gone to the Drum!" I trembled in speaking to her. That was where all the girls who really liked men, and sleeping with them, were sent. I'd seen Colette and the way she was behaving, and thought she was an ideal candidate from among the girls to go there.

Barbara managed a quick lifting of her thin eyebrows which made her smile more feminine. She did look so pretty, so girlish. No, she couldn't be the muscular rifleman who'd flipped his arm at the Hordan when they took off and left us on Lennox. And Colette, the sassy, sexy girl I'd admired every time she slid into a man's arms, making me so jealous of the guy having her. That couldn't be my former sergeant... could it?

“Here are two new girls, from Lennox, actually,” said Miss Glenda to the new group. Blushing and wiggling, Barbara and I served the senior doctors the specialties the dining room provided.

“Lennox,” probed a thin, blonde woman. “The deserts there are terrible, aren’t they?”

“Oh yes, ma’am,” said Barbara breathlessly as if she was years younger than she looked. She sounded brainless to me, a typical dumb blonde. “But we girls never go there. We stay in the cities all the time. The shopping malls are connected to the great ranches so we never have to fight a desert storm!”

Barbara actually shivered as if in fright. But she and me, we’d fought our way out of the desert, hadn’t we, in reality? She, if she was Corporal Parres, had been one of the few not broken by the experience. Parres had attacked the windbreakers who’d rounded us up, being beaten savagely when he fought back, time and again. I couldn’t believe that this pretty, blonde girl swishing about the table, smiling so prettily at all the men, was the tough corporal I’d seen tossed into a cage when we were captured on Lennox.

A young, dark-haired, uniformed man stopped me as I poured the wine the thin, blonde woman had ordered. “You’re not from Lennox, I think,” he said with a smile. “Are you even eighteen T-years yet?”

“Abigail is from Hordan, Sir Cornal,” said Miss Glenda. I flushed at the man studying my face with such interest. It was as if he’d seen me before or knew me, in this guise as a woman, from somewhere. “She’ll be eighteen T-years old on the day of the next bridal auction you and Lady Pamela have planned.”

“Still a virgin?” asked Lady Pamela, smiling at me with interest. Everyone at the table seemed to be looking at me. I felt so embarrassed and flushed even more.

“Ah,” said Sir Cornal, still holding my hand. “That’s what I detect about her, this Hordan. Lady Caroline was from Hordan as well, wasn’t she?”

“But she was no virgin when Lord John bought her,” said a gruff-voiced man. Smiles appeared on several faces, both male and female.

“Let the girl go, Cory,” said Lady Pamela. Lord Cornal smiled as he did what she asked. I moved on as gracefully as I could despite my fright to serve other men and women at the table. “Yes, Glenda, this girl has a virginal air about her that Cory has detected so well. Are you planning to attend to that before she’s assigned to a great house? Will she be a maid or do you intend to let nature take its course?”

“We haven’t been given special orders for any new girl-arrivals recently,” said Glenda primly to the Lady in charge of the new grouping.

“We have to move them on,” sighed another man said. “So many girls are coming in now to Carmichael! So many to acclimatize! I don’t know that we’ll have enough spaces for them...”

“Do it the way it was always done,” said Sir Cornal. He was staring at me as he said it.

“Which is?” asked an amused Lady Pamela.

“Put them into the bridal auctions,” said the dark-haired, handsome, I guess, young nobleman. “You’d recover your expenses fairly quickly, I’d think, if new girls coming in are as pretty as Abigail here. You should propose it to Lady Ivany, Pamela. An auction of fifty girls in Liffey or Coldhaven would bring you millions ...”

“The girls have to agree, Cory,” laughed the older woman, as I thought of her. “How many girls, fresh from another world, will want to be tied...”

“Then they shouldn’t have come here,” said Sir Cornal huffily. I looked up, flushing and shivering. He was watching me as I tried to back away gracefully from their table. “You just tell them that every

woman down here has to go through a bridal auction to become part of our society. I don't think any won't want to land here."

"Such male arrogance!" said another woman, her dark eyes flashing. "To be wedded, Cory! All women here are auctioned. That's a rule. But give these new girls some leeway! Let them work as maids, waitresses, nurses..."

"Dancers," cut in the gruff-voiced guy.

"Dancers," agreed the dark-haired woman to smiles and laughter all around. "But I didn't know what I wanted when I landed here."

"You told me you'd been looking all your life for a husband like me," said the gruff-voiced man, taking her hand in his.

"That came after I met you," laughed the woman. She kissed her husband quickly. "But imagine if I'd met Cory first..." Her words were cut off by the embrace her husband put her in. I just shivered in the laughter that engulfed the table group.

I let Barbara do most of the serving. My dress was a-quiver, my panties and bra so tight, each time I looked over to find Sir Cornal watching me. I flushed when his eyes met mine. It seemed to amuse him. Just because I'm a virgin, I shivered in distress. Well, I hadn't ever slept with a woman, never mind a man.

"I'll talk to Lady Ivany about auctions," I heard Lady Pamela say. "It's not a bad idea if we can get enough girls to agree, of their own free will ..."

"We'll work on them, my lady," said Miss Glenda with a great smile, ushering Barbara and me away as our shift was ending. Eunice and Valerie were already in their pink and white uniforms and ribbons, fixed smiles on their faces, as they took our places.

"I'll get word to Tobert about you," Barbara whispered to me as Jodie came down the hallway to take me to my room. "Don't do anything silly, Abigail." Even 'she' called me that, I thought petulantly, actu-

ally flouncing like a girl down the hallway with Barbara.

“You know what they want from us,” the former rifleman whispered to me in his sweet, high-pitched, girl’s voice. “They want us to be all girlie and accepting of what we are now. Listen to the other girls and blend in. Do and say what they do and say.”

But it wasn’t to be my fate, a new boyfriend every shift as Barbara had. All I saw of her was her lovely, rounded tush disappearing down a passageway, a man’s arm about her. She was always staring up, in rapture, at some guy.

“Tramp,” I heard Serena mutter after Barbara as I saw her wrap herself around a guy and drag him into a room with her. I shuddered as I saw who Barbara was dragging, Torey Carter. No wonder that Serena looked furious!

I was on pins and needles for two tendays as my birthing day approached. I’d be eighteen T-years. I’d had to listen to Valerie recite for all of us girls how wonderful her eighteenth had been when she finally, her words, lost her virginity. I couldn’t believe I was listening to a boy like me talking about the wonderful kisses she’d been showered with before Jathem, yes, the one who’d been chasing me, had unclothed Valerie so sexily and then ‘made her into a woman’, as she said so dreamily, the other girls laughing at her.

“How does he compare to all the other guys you’ve been letting tap you in the storeroom?” Nicole had asked with a big smile. Valerie had blushed but laughed along with all the other girls.

“You always remember your first,” Miss Lydia said then, making us all squeak as we hadn’t noticed her, behind the racks of dishes we were preparing. “I hope it will be as romantic as Valerie’s for all you girls who haven’t experienced a man yet. With the body you have now, it’s no crime to try it out and find out how delicious it can be to go the whole way with a man!”

Nervous giggles followed that. Many girls wouldn't look at me. I shuddered as I looked around, wondering if I was the only one who was still a virgin as a woman. I did try to talk to Priscilla when we were together, waiting to serve.

"Who, who are you?" I murmured to her as Barbara had whispered to me.

The red-haired girl had looked at me in fright. "I-I'm Priscilla," she gasped. "You know that, Abigail! The men tease me and call me Prissy, but I'm not!"

"No, before they made you into a girl," I began to say.

It was the wrong thing. Priscilla looked positively haunted as she stared at me, her features so feminine and attractive. "I'm Priscilla," she whispered. "I want to be Priscilla. I want out of here and to be a real girl with a real boyfriend. They're going to let me, Abigail. Isn't it exciting! Valerie and I are going to live in Shannon, work in an office and have real boyfriends! Come and join us, Abigail. It will be fun!"

I shuddered as I looked at the girl opposite me. I knew she'd been awakened into womanhood the same time as me. She looked at me anxiously, as if pleading with me not to talk about her time as a male soldier like me. I'd probably commanded her, for goodness' sake!

"I'm..." I began as a look of fright appeared on Priscilla's face as she looked over my shoulder. I turned hastily. Jodie was coming towards me, dancing and deliberately flaring out her dress to show off her shapely legs, stockings, and garter belt as she danced up to me.

If she saw guilty looks on our faces, Jodie gave no sign as she twirled ecstatically in front of me. She took me in her arms as a fearful Priscilla looked on. Jodie seized my hands and danced around the dining room with me, my dress flaring out everywhere. All around us, diners and their guests looked on in amazement.

“Good news, Jodie?” several girls called, medtechs, sorry, nurses, like her.

“I’m going to be a bride!” Jodie announced as she twirled me, my shorter dress and petticoat flipping up, showing the girlie things I wore as undies, to the whole group. I flushed as several men winked at me.

“And Abigail is as well!” Jodie announced. I gasped, sure my face mirrored what I saw on Priscilla’s, which was complete shock.

All the serving girls had to come over to hug me as I stood there, catatonic, for a little while. Everyone chattered, girlishly enthusiastic at what had been announced for me. “Isn’t that the most wonderful news?” Jodie was singing as if she was one of us and not one of our nurses and teachers.

I hadn’t had any E since the morning so the only emotion that swept over me was horror! I shuddered in disgust as the girls began to hug Jodie and me. They wished they were going to be brides, in beautiful gowns, like me.

“It’ ll happen to you all some day!” caroled Jodie cheerfully. There was more commotion as a delighted Miss Delia came dancing in with her friends, announcing to all that she was going to be a bride as well!

None of us ‘girls’ had a clue who we were going to be married to! We’d learned that in our classes. It was a custom on Carmichael. Whichever man bid the highest on you got to marry you, for thirty years, at least. You’d have his children!

Ugh, I couldn’t believe someone would do that to me!

“I’m going to check my bank account,” said a smiling Dr. Carter as he put his arms about me to hug me tightly against him. He loved to feel a woman’s breasts bouncing as he did that. He’d have kissed me passionately on the lips but I managed to turn my head in time.

I was going to be auctioned off, like a slave girl! So were half of the girls who'd been in Lannan ahead of me in classes. "Oh, it's going to be so wonderful!" sang Delia, smiling and laughing at me, twirling me as well. "Jimmy Greening and Lawson Wharton are going to bid on me! You've so many admirers, Abigail! You'll be marrying into a great family, I'll bet!"

Miss Lydia gave us all new hair styles and fitted us into new, wonderful gowns. It was all anyone talked about for shift after shift. I learned that the bridal auction wasn't quite as open as I'd thought. Several girls seemed to know who was going to be their husbands.

"Walter's just hoping Marten doesn't push the price too high," I heard Debbie saying to Gwendoline.

"But most of the money comes back to you, to give to your husband, doesn't it?" asked Gwen, a busty girl apparently heading out to a dance club, not the Drum.

"If it's Walter," said Debbie dreamily. "If it's Marten, I don't know. I've never really had him, I think. He was always so wasted when he had me. Mostly what we did was cuddle, but he's really nice. Oh, I'll marry him if he wins me. I'll marry anyone who outbids Walter. Just think, I could be a lady of a settlement with servants. Wouldn't that be so romantic, married to a man I didn't even know!"

"Lucky you, Deb," said Jodie, coming to find me and take me out of the group. The most wonderful thing, Jodie confessed to me about the whole process, was that she was going to be a bride with me. And I must have a secret admirer, mustn't I, or why was I singled out from my intake and sent so soon to auction. Oh, it was so romantic!

No, it wasn't, I wanted to scream in dismay, as Nicole and Samantha came to join us. It was more hugs and kisses as they and Miss Delia had agreed to be brides at the auction in Duncansford, capital of the planet of Carmichael. Which meant, according to them, that there'd be Lords and baronets, rich mer-

chants and ships' captains there to bid on us. Lannan would make a fortune, gushed Samantha, especially with someone like me, so pretty, whom so many men had asked after when they'd seen me in Lannan.

"I bet Lady Pamela has let everyone know you're up to be chosen," said Nicole as she hugged me. "You'll see! They'll keep you till nearly last. Ooo, the bidding will be fierce; especially when someone lets on you really are a virgin. You are, aren't you?"

"I can't do this," I said into the din around me as soft kisses bounced off my soft cheeks. Girlish hands touched me. I felt breasts pushing so enticingly against mine as I was congratulated on being selected. Everyone seemed to think I knew that I'd agreed to enter the auction, that I was committed to some man bidding on me, a secret lover, but I didn't know anything, I thought aghast. I looked at Jodie smiling at me and at Barbara and Priscilla who were laughing and wiggling with the rest. I reckoned I knew that was why I was been tossed into the bridal auction.

There were so many of us on the block. Oh, that sounds awful but it expresses what I felt about it. The event was pushed back another tenday past my birthing and naming days. I couldn't have trusted with a man then, to remove the 'taint' of virginity from me, even if I'd wanted to.

It was as if we were in prison, we brides. The only men we saw from the date of the announcement to the time we were transported to Duncansford were armed guards in the passageways and around the thopters. We had to parade like a string of models down the loading runway. All the men who worked in the labs, Jathem and Grev among them, came out to wave and blow kisses to us as we flew off to Duncansford to become married women. And no, no one ever asked me if I wanted to be in the auction.

“Ooo,” Elspeth, a girl who had been in Lannan for three months, or so she said, cried out as we lifted away from grinning soldiers who’d ‘defended’ us to the landing site. “Look at all the gorgeous men we’re leaving! And I haven’t had a man in a tenday. I’ll have forgotten what manhood looks like by the time I get a husband!”

Without the drug Euphoria inside me, I shivered at the words so typical of Elspeth and other girls who’d been in the lessons on how to be a bride and a wife along with me. The lessons left us no time to work as waitresses or anything else. No, the whole idea of being a bride was taken very seriously at Lannan.

Even as I lay in bed in my short, frilly nightie and panties, a whispering voice coached me incessantly. “Your husband will be more nervous that you, my darling girl,” a woman’s voice ran through my mind. “He’ll want to be the most considerate, loving man you’ve ever had in your bed.”

I tried to get rid of the earplug but that brought Serena in. She thought I was asleep, put the plug back in my ear, where the woman, whoever she was, was describing how I should hold my husband close to me, stroking him and rocking him as he entered me. There was so much more. I couldn’t get rid of it. I turned over and pulled the earplug away. Serena returned within seconds with a brand new one that seemed to weld itself to my ear. I didn’t dare remove that one or she’d have known I wasn’t asleep as I pretended to be.

There were programs, special for me, telling me what I was like as a little girl, how I loved my long dresses, how I’d always had to be the bride in games I played with my sisters, how I loved to have garters on my thighs and how I’d loved it when Breslan had removed one in a game we girls played when our maids and mothers were involved in other activities.

I heard girls telling others seriously about things they’d done as little girls and I couldn’t believe it. Elspeth was saying what a prissy little maid she’d

been as a girl. “I used to curtsy in my petticoats and cry if the boys didn’t bow to me and kiss my hand. They used to call me ‘Princess’ all the time!” she lilted at us.

We modeled every day. “Your suitors,” Lady Pamela told us as she took over some of our classes, “will see many of you for the first time as we parade you lovely girls in front of them. Once upon a time, girls had to parade in the nude, but only for prospective husbands. As it is, low-cut, strapless dresses and slitted gowns are necessities for the parades. You must learn to walk with feminine grace in outfits the girls at the Drum Theater would appreciate. But those parades will be over soon. Tasteful modeling becomes the rule then.”

Miss Lydia was much in demand as each of us had to have a new hairstyle. My hair was lightened and streaked. Lady Pamela called me a ‘honey-blonde’ when she saw me and talked to Miss Lydia about making my hair longer with extensions. Anything that Lady Pamela said was treated as gospel. So, before I knew what was happening I had hair that fell in waves about my breasts, tickling me, making me feel terrible that I wasn’t fighting back against all the indignities inflicted on a man like me.

Yes, I was a man, until I ingested heavy doses of E. As its name suggested, I was then overcome by euphoria. I never felt so well in all my life as I strutted down the runway, swishing and swaying, twisting my hair this way and that, loving the feel of it across my bare shoulders and breasts.

We girls danced under the influence of E, trying to outdo one another with our sexiness and girliness. I copied many girls as it felt wonderful to pout and look over my shoulder at Samantha doing the same. The mirrors showed us all how womanly we were when we shimmied and shook. I was grabbed by Nicole and had to join a line of girls who high-kicked and wigged, just as the girls at the Drum did, as so many were suggesting.

“Let them do better than that!” squealed Nicole as she flounced over the stage, leaning forward to show off her breasts, swirling her cocktail dress petticoats out of the way to expose her lovely legs, her high-cut, frilled panties and rounded tush to the audience. We all had to follow her as the recorded music became more and more raucous while we all tried to out-squeal one another in our bursts of outrageous femininity.

“Next time I’m back here,” said Jodie, smiling at me, “will be for help to become pregnant with Jerome’s baby!”

“Jerome?” I asked her with a quiver as I sat in lady-like fashion, my legs feeling so bare in stockings as I was in a straight, short skirt, as were the other girls, to travel. It gave the men a good look at our legs, as several girls had said enthusiastically.

“A surgeon in the hospital here,” said Jodie with a lovely smile. “We’ve been together for ages ever since he kissed me in one of the dances we had here. I was his from that point on. When the right man kisses you, Abigail, you’re going to know! You won’t care about anyone else kissing you at all. That’s how we girls know we’re in love!”

Jodie? Sensible, hardworking Jodie, being such a romantic, a romantic woman? It couldn’t be true. She’d told me so many times she’d been like me once, a man. I still was and was always going to be, I vowed.

“How, how can, can a woman like you, have babies?” I asked her, as she went on about how she was going to love the feel of a child inside her, kicking her. I knew that couldn’t be true, not if Jodie’d told me the truth and was indeed a man like me, on the inside.

“How do you think?” asked Jodie mischievously.

Samantha and some older girls had visited the maternity wards at Lannan and had talked about the mothers and deliveries that looked difficult. But they always worked out fine for mothers and children after all. Dr. Antonia was always called in if there were

complications, I'd heard. Jodie had already told me to be nice to her as she'd probably be delivering my baby in the future.

I'd felt such revulsion as Jodie talked that way to me but other girls did, too, and seemed to revel in the thought of being pregnant women. But women, even on backward Foreman, didn't carry children to term very often any more. Some didn't even carry them at all. The uterine replicators could duplicate anything a mother could offer a child. I knew that was what Jodie meant. But she and other girls talked about it as if they'd actually be pregnant as 'natural.' Well, there were some like that.

"I was decanted from a replicator," I murmured. "We weren't that backward..."

"It's sort of the same here," said Jodie with a secretive smile. "You'll find out all about it, Abigail, when your time comes. I'd love it if we could be pregnant together. Wouldn't you like that?"

"Oh yes," I said enthusiastically, knowing the drill by now. It was how we 'girls' had to answer any question about our femininity, about our makeup, our hair, our dress or the lingerie we were wearing. We had to smile when we talked about the male trainers we had in our lives who taught us to dance, to accept compliments as women, to give out proper, feminine remarks to please the males in our lives, and they taught us how to accept a man's kisses and caresses.

Really, it was the E that taught us most about that. I couldn't go to a dance or social without it. Some of the girls, like Nicole and Samantha, and teachers like Miss Delia, often didn't use it and were as outrageously feminine as we who'd taken a full dose to get us through an evening of male attention. They even went off to the trysting rooms, I noted in fright, when they hadn't taken a dose of anything.

I'd seen vids of female stars of stage, acting, and dancing, arriving at somewhere like Shalimar Station to give a show. I felt like one of them as we disembarked from the thopter in Duncansford. There were

all kinds of media types with their cameras to take our pictures.

“Welcome to Carmichael,” lots of people called to us. We were applauded as we teetered on our extra, extra, high-heeled shoes through the transit station to the cars which took us to the St. Duncan hotel. Across from it, we could see a tall, old-fashioned building that Jodie said was St. Duncan’s Cathedral. That was where we were to be married in two days’ time.

I couldn’t help the quivers that ran through me constantly as I marveled at how seriously the people of Duncansford took the ceremonies to come. I should have spoken up but we were all dosed before the Chanter came to see us and explained how the ceremonies would go. The auction would last two days, with several groups. Some ‘girls’ would perform for their prospective husbands, beginning actual weddings the following day. The group I was in was the last group of all. Jodie would be married, she laughed at me, for almost a whole day, before I mounted the cathedral steps.

“I don’t want...” I began but Jodie put a soft finger with a delicate pink lacquer on the long, femininely shaped nail on my mouth.

“I know it’s too soon for you,” she said gently, “but he is genuinely smitten and wants you unspoiled. You can’t say that for any of the other girls in this hullabaloo, can you?”

It was agony all through the following day as I didn’t have anything but residual E in me. I had to be so girlie and light, smiling all the time, in the shows we girls put on.

We had to show off our girlish talents. Jodie had decided I’d be a fashion model, something I’d never heard of before. I couldn’t believe there was such a

job as wearing women's clothing all day long and showing off how beautiful it was to other women. Many fashion models, I learned, became actresses. That was what I was, I thought bitterly. I was an actress already. I was pretending to be an empty-headed, pretty girl who thought of nothing else but female clothing, female makeup and female perfumes.

Going to bed as a virgin for the last time was unbelievably serious. Two girls, much younger than me, in white dresses, bathed me in ritualistic fashion and dressed me in a white nightie before making me drink an unbelievably large dose of E. They put me, wobbly as could be, to bed. A ceremony then began that real girls on Carmichael had endured for centuries.

A line of older women came and told me what a man would do to me.

"All men are beasts," intoned a woman who looked strikingly like the slim, blonde Lady Jacqueline Ivany, the director of the Lannan Institute. "We women tame them with our bodies," she went on after much that I'd missed. "And here are some ways that a woman like you can civilize a man."

Each suggestion was a sexual exercise, the recitation of which made me squirm and shudder, despite the Euphoria I'd taken. But each surmise was laughed at or murmured about by the other women. "That's a good one. I'll try that myself tonight," was something I heard several times. Many women helped out with hints of their own at taming the savage beasts known as men.

Each woman paraded by my bed and kissed me, bidding goodbye to the virgin I'd been and welcoming me into womanhood. I tried to scream but nothing came out of me as I drank from a glass one of the girls was holding. I went out almost instantaneously.

The girls awakened me in the morning, bathing me as fresh E kicked in with unbelievable force. Everything I underwent was a feminine, no, a *woman's* ritual on her wedding day. Yes, we had rituals on Fore-

man but nothing as elaborate as those on Carmichael.

Almost the whole morning was taken up in making me a beautiful woman. I loved every moment of it. Yes, I knew it was Euphoria taking over but every touch and sensation excited me all over, making me feel wonderfully feminine. My bustier pushed up my breasts. I felt how fantastically female my figure was. My panties were so thin, a joining together of lace panels that hardly felt as if they covered me.

I had garters as well as the white, lacy, garter belt about me. My stockings were white and decorated with flowers that could only be seen close up or when the slit in my dress opened and my lovely high heels and legs were made visible.

“Now what man wouldn’t be excited to see those?” asked Penny, the dresser appointed to me. All around me, dressers, as excited as the girls who were being gorgeously dressed as brides, enthused about half-naked girls who seemed as dazed, as delighted, as I was at all the feminine activity about us.

It was soon my turn to have my hair done. That took hours, every wave, curl and crimp talked over by the hair stylists until I had a long tail of curls, intertwined with white ribbons and pearls, featherlight, all down my back.

My face was made up as heavily as the other girls’ faces. I was perfumed from head to toe as I stared at the delectable bride in her most basic underwear, and tried to grasp that ‘she’ was me. I was Abigail. But no matter how I tried to say differently in my mind, it wouldn’t take over. Yes, Abigail was astonishingly beautiful and feminine after the beauticians had finished on my eyes and lightly dusted my skin.

The necklace, tiara and earrings transformed me even more. Then it was time to put on my strapless bridal gown, the heavy petticoats forcing me to take small steps towards the roster. Dressers pounced on me and began to make little adjustments, until I was perfect, in their words.

I shuddered when the gauzy veil was put over me, over my hair, shoulders and bust. I carried a white, flowery bridal purse in front of me as I shudderingly moved into the line of other brides, whispering at me about the men whom I might marry, making me shriek silently inside me. And yes, it was a flowing gown, like all of them.

My dressers kissed me, told me how beautiful I was, and how I was going to make some man a wonderful wife. I'd been basking in a euphoric flow as I'd taken possession of the bridal clothing that made Abigail appear as such a lovely, lovely woman. I was smiling in the glow of being so pretty, the touch of my silk lingerie sending ecstatic thrills through me.

But, make another man a wonderful wife? I saw Delia preen as she was wished that by one of her dressers. I didn't want to make any man a wonderful wife. I watched as a Chanter came to the curtains and smiled down at Delia. She gave him a dazzling smile as he lowered her veil for her, tucked her arm under his, and led her forward into some other part of the Cathedral.

We girls were going to be married, to men who'd possess us as if we were women. I could see Samantha's flowered purse shaking nervously as she stepped to the Chanter who came for her. Panic rose inside me as I looked around. There wasn't a face I recognized. Jodie was gone, and Nicole, and Elspeth. They were 'married women' now. The room was emptying as the dressers moved out to see the last girls auctioned off in this session.

Three girls I didn't know were all quivering, giving me tremulous smiles, as we waited. Each, one by one, was escorted away in a huge rustling of petticoats, hugs being given by the dressers along with wishes for success.

And then I was alone. Me, Jeffrey Dowerson, lieutenant and platoon commander of riflemen. I was alone in my long gown, the dress moving lightly



against me while two older women were smiling at me.

“Don’t worry, darling,” said one woman. “We’ve all been through this, worrying about what’s going to happen. It really does end happily, though. It always does. The husbands are so kind, so gentle. Your wedding night will be something you’ll always remember. I always have!”

“This girl’s really a virgin, Alice,” said the second, smiling woman. The first woman looked so shocked. “But it’s true, darling Abigail. You wouldn’t be put forward, as fresh as you are, if there wasn’t a man out there who was guaranteed for you. And Lady Ivany would never let a Lannan girl,” I’d heard all of us changed soldiers called that once or twice, “ever go to anyone who’d abuse and not love her. After all, she was one of us, once! She’s really protective of us all!”

Lady Jacqueline Ivany was once a man like me? I remembered her with her husband greeting her. I recalled her daughters rushing to her and holding her as she talked to some Very Important Persons who were visiting Lannan Labs, seeing the bridal auction, not the thousand medshells I’d seen being transported into the ‘Intake Reception Area.’

Serena had rescued me from the security that found me wandering there, looking, if I thought about it, for a possible way out of this impossible, warren-like structure which seemed to go on forever into the mountains. It was her fault, of course, I’d ‘wandered’ off. She’d been supposed to pick me up at the end of shift and hadn’t been there.

I didn’t rate compared to the fun Serena was having with her new boyfriend, a recovering, wounded, soldier. Jodie laughed and said the poor boy was finding that his convalescence wasn’t helping in his overall recovery. The medics were puzzled about why. We could have told them, she’d said in a friendly, conspiratorial whisper to me. I’d shivered and eagerly agreed, as I should. But inside I was shivering even more as I saw that Jodie seemed to think I’d turned a

corner or something and was a girl just like her. I wasn't. I'm not.

No, there was no way out there, with all the people working down that hallway. And I'd seen security posts, at the end of the long hallway, admitting more and more medshells, dark and stenciled on, just like the ones they'd brought for me and the men I was with, on that Lennox desert.

It seemed an interminable time before the curtain suddenly moved aside. The oldest Chanter, silver-haired, such a rarity in these days of biosculpting, came into the dressing room and smiled at me.

"So, we did save the best for last," the old man said, reaching up and drawing my thin veil back down over my face. Each of my dressers hugged me and told me again what a wonderful wife I would make any man. I wanted to scream. It was a good thing the veil was down or I'm certain they'd all have read my face and known I wasn't in favor of what was going to happen to me.

I stumbled into the arms of the older man as he gently led me on my way to whatever awaited me. The slit in my dress opened at the front. I grasped at it frenziedly as I saw men at the end of the hallway, smiling broadly at me. I minced down the passage-way along a thin, pink boardwalk that made my high heels sound like the ricochet of bullets. I swayed down the hallway and out into a lit area where an audience sat around a wide, two-leveled stage.

"We circle the stage once," the silver-haired Chanter whispered to me, as I quivered on his arm, holding my dress together with the other. "Hold up your purse and flowers, Abigail, and smile. They can't see you through the veil, but I can. You look, my dear, lovely girl, as if you're going to a funeral."

I am, I thought savagely, the funeral of any man who touches me as if I'm a woman; and my own if I let him get away with it. The Chanter stopped and re-adjusted my fallen veil. In those moments, I composed

myself and smiled a little. I was paraded slowly, very slowly, around the dais where the other Chanters were intoning homilies about marriage, what made a good wife - and a good husband.

“And here before you,” the old Chanter finally said as I was stopped, turned and directed up onto the second level. “Here before you is the last bridal candidate of the day, Abigail from Hordan.”

There was a long pause as I stood under the lights, shaking like a leaf. I felt all these masculine eyes staring at me, some seeming like a pack of beasts in the forest, hungry to attack and devour me. Then I saw Lady Ivany, her husband hand clasping her hand tightly in his. He leaned over and murmured something that made her give a dazzling smile as she looked up at me. She sort of nodded but turned then to lightly kiss her husband who seemed to want to kiss her more forcefully. I could almost see her move her lips in the words, “Later, darling,” to her husband.

Lady Pamela was there, but so few women. Well, they wouldn't be buying me as a husband, would they? That was something the men had been laughing about in the Hordan brig. Pacts were made with the men to blend in wherever we were and to free one another as soon as we could. But we all thought we'd still be ourselves, that day.

I was sick as I thought how I'd eagerly sworn my loyalty to so many men, promising to free them until Sergeant Tobert had stopped me. “First, save yourself if you can,” he'd said to me. “And don't worry about the riff-raff you commanded. In a tenday on a new planet, they'll all have sold you out for a clean bunk, hot meals and some security action to stir the blood.”

First, save myself! I was sinking further and further into this strange Carmichael society where men stared at me as if I was a woman. Yet, I knew, and other women knew, that I wasn't. And it didn't seem to matter to any of them.

The prayers seemed like blasphemy. Finally, the older Chanter read out the law and rules governing bridal auctions. Nowhere did it say I had to give my permission to be a bride, to be a wife. But it did say that if I refused the bridal kiss to the man who'd bought me, I wouldn't be married. I'd be returned to the world I'd come from. Oh, if only I could hold these Carmichael priests, lords and ladies, to that clause.

All I could think of was that they'd return me to Foreman as I was, with a woman's genitals and breasts and hand me over to the Squid River Boys. They'd wanted to hang me, after the war tribunal. I'd been lucky to get off the planet at all, as Tobert had once reminded me when I was grouching about my ill luck.

And I wouldn't get my share of the money if I didn't marry the man who bid on me. I was entitled, as the bride, to fifty per cent of all monies bid on me. Oh, if only I could take that, slit my husband's throat and pay my way off this despicable planet. I could try for Shalimar, the pleasure station. Anything went there. I'd heard Old Sawbones, the headquarters doctor, talking about his visit there and the girl he'd gone with, the image of Danni Colonna, the actress. Only this 'actress' hadn't been a girl when it came right down to it.

"When I complained," Sawbones had said as the other men joshed him, "they asked me where I'd met her, and I said on this F Club Row, something like that, and they all laughed at me, just like you guys are doing. They took a thousand marks from me and gave it to her, him, if you can believe it. Seems it's posted somewhere, before you go on that deck, that all the performers are male, are for sale, and are biosculpted into the stars we see. I had to pay her another thousand for falsely accusing her of deceiving me!"

"She wouldn't have deceived *me*," Herrick had said argumentatively.

“Yes, she would,” Sawbones said. “I met her again later. She was really nice about it all. I blew my last five thou on her, him, before we all had to crawl back to the Jigger.”

We’d all hooted at the old doc then, sure he was having us on. But here I was, swaying in my bridal dress, my breasts moving as I breathed so quickly at all the tension I felt, begging the gods, if there were any, not to let happen to me what I knew *was* going to happen.

“Two hundred thousand,” the older, silver-haired Chanter was calling to the audience. In my day-dream, I’d missed the start of bidding and who was calling out. There was a flash in the darkness near Lady Ivany. She smiled as the Chanter, or was he a Caller, I didn’t know, announced, “Five hundred thousand to Lord James Greening.”

The old man’s hand took mine again and squeezed it before lifting it to his lips and kissing my scented hand.

“Now, that was very quick, gentlemen,” began the Chanter, his faded, blue eyes laughing at me.

“A million,” shouted out another voice.

“And that’s even quicker, young Lord Wharton,” said my auctioneer. So, who did Delia marry, I wondered, or was there more than one Lord Wharton? “But I see we’ve reached that rare atmosphere where only the rich and great houses can bid on beauty such as you see before you.”

“One million five hundred thousand,” the other Chanter pointed out as that flash went off in the seat close to Lady Ivany.

“Two million,” countered Lord Wharton.

“Just like a previous auction which both of you young pups lost,” said the silver-haired Caller in good-natured fashion. “All right, gentlemen, two million for our newly married man, Lord Wharton...”

“Two and a half million,” said the other Chanter, interpreting the light from across the hall. There was a gasp from the audience.

“So now we step into new territory for the day,” said the humorous silver-haired Chanter. “Two million five hundred thousand is to you, Lord Wharton,” who was glowering across the hall at whoever was Lord James Greening in that group. Oh, Delia, I thought, you should be so glad that neither one of these lordlings became your husband. This Wharton sounds just like me at the last auction I was at where Camelia Bunce outbid me for the authentic Percy handguns I’d wanted so badly. But my father had cut me off at half a million and Camelia sneered at me, all the way across the hall.

“Two million six,” Wharton called petulantly. He’s not bidding for antique handguns, I told myself. He’s bidding on another person, *me*, on whom he is going to perform, or try to perform all kind of weird sex acts. I could take him, even if I was smaller and weaker than I’d been as Jeffrey. I’d slice him up and cry pitiful, womanly tears about the terrible things he’d done to a poor virgin like me.

“Three million,” said James Greening, standing up and smiling at me, a weird, cunning smile at his lips. Wharton tossed something to the floor that produced a titter of laughter around him. I guess it meant he wasn’t going to bid on Abigail any more. I was going to be married to James Greening, whom Delia had said would bid on her. She’d hoped he wouldn’t win. He hadn’t, unless he was in the market for two wives, which was legal on Carmichael, though the law was under review, I’d overheard.

“Three million,” said the Chanter. “Ah, new resources found, Lord James? The young lady is the one who really excites your passion today?”

“Get on with it, you old fool,” yelled Greening, “and give my wife to me!”

I felt the Chanter’s hand squeeze mine again. I felt terror rise inside me. Several of the other young man

in the group about Greening pulled him down, trying to hush him.

“Do I need to accept that last bid, my lady?” asked the Chanter, deliberately drawing Lady Ivany into the circus that the bidding had become, voices breaking out everywhere.

“Yes,” said Lady Ivany, staring at me in my long dress, shaking again at the thought of that man and his friends carrying me off, as I didn’t doubt they would.

“Three million it is,” said the Chanter. He picked up his gavel. “One,” he banged the desk while I couldn’t stop the revulsion flowing over me. “T— ...!”

“Six millions,” came a clear, strong voice from somewhere in front of me, behind the lights. There was a gasp and a cheer from the people who’d been near to the Wharton lordling.

“Six millions?” gasped the Chanter, staring blindly into the lights like me. “Who is that...?”

“Seven millions!” shouted Lord James Greening, charging to his feet. Several people around him were now moving away, shaking their heads, one made a sign as if to indicate James Greening was drunk.

There was pandemonium in front of me. Oh, go on, I thought wildly. Let them have to call it off. Who has seven million golds to bid on a wife? Five hundred thousand to a million was what Jodie had told me I’d probably go for.

“I, I’ll need some kind of surety that my lord can afford such a price...?” the Chanter began uncertainly. “My apologies, Lady Abigail.” How did I ever get to merit such a title, I thought, my heart definitely beating wildly, the whole spectacle so unlike what I’d heard an auction was supposed to be like.

A tall, dark-haired man stepped forward in front of the lights. I gasped as I recognized him. “Your honor,” said Sir Cornal, Cory to Lady Pamela. “I accept His Lordship’s bid. Now, I’d like to make mine on my fu-

ture wife.” There was almost instant quiet in the whole hall. I couldn’t look at Sir Cornal. I turned my head away, trying to identify the weird feelings running through me. I was looking at Lady Ivany and Lady Pamela, beside her, as Cory Brel bid ten million golds on me, the whole congregation exploding in noise and shouting as he did so.

Lady Ivany and Lady Pamela both sat back with delighted smiles on their faces. Lady Ivany looked at me and smiled knowingly as if she’d known all along what was going to happen. She nodded to me as if to say she’d known what she was doing when she’d told the Chanter Lord Greening’s bid had to stand.

The Chanters called for order. I saw Lady Pamela signal to them. They counted down and clacked on the desk. Lord James Greening was buried beneath a pile of his friends who were refusing to let him bid again, if the Chanters would even have allowed it.

The tall man whose eyes had followed me all the time, when I was serving, fought his way through people clapping him on the back and came up the levels onto the stage where the Chanter was still holding me, dressed like a bride.

“There are the formalities,” the younger looking Chanter said, over the din.

“The bridal kiss,” said Sir Cornal, stepping over to me.

“No,” I said, in panic, backing off. “I’m, I’m not going to...”

“You’d rather have Jimmy Greening?” asked Sir Cornal, taking my hand and pulling me towards him.

“I don’t want anybody!” I squealed, trying to break free from his grip. But he was so strong. He pulled me easily to him.

“That dress,” Cory whispered to me. “It makes my blood race to see you in it, Lady Abigail, my wife.”

“I’m not your...!” I began as he put an arm around my back, touching my soft skin. “Oh!” I squealed as

he hugged me, my breasts so sensitive as they bounced against him. I tried to move my head, but his hand on my back caught my head and directed my lips to his.

Cory, Sir Cornal Brel, kissed me, kissed me in the bridal kiss I was supposed to give him to let the world know I approved of our marriage - and that I was wedded to him! Oh, it was so wonderful I had heels that brought me right up to his face, to his wonderful mouth, to a kiss that shook me to the very core of the girl, woman, known as Abigail.

My insides churned as Cory held me in the kiss, so much fiercer and stronger than any man had ever kissed me before. He possessed me. He owned me and wouldn't stop kissing me, even though there were announcements about us. I was being declared his, Sir Cornal Brel's, lawful wife, as he was being declared my legal husband. And all I could feel was a deep well of elation that was sweeping through me as he kept kissing and kissing me, his Abigail, his wife.

When Cory took his lips away, his arm about my waist, I felt so stunned as I was escorted down the steps, out of the Cathedral, to a car waiting to take us to another hall and a reception for all the blushing, gown-rustling brides and their husbands.

Cory put his hand beneath my gown and lifted me easily into the open car so that we, the last couple to be married, could follow the rest of the procession to the Citadel. I stared up at him, shivering as I thought about what he was, my 'husband.' How could I ever conquer him? He wasn't a petulant youth or a drunk. He was quite sober as he held me against him, waving to the crowds who cheered us.

"Smile, my darling Abigail," my husband said to me. "What they're calling for is the bridal kiss again. They want to see you kiss me for once, not me being the one doing all the kissing in our marriage."

So I had to nervously kiss him, his lips parked just inches from mine, as he lifted the arm I'd put out tentatively to push him away, about his neck, as if that

was what I had intended all along. I just brushed his lips with mine as he took control. I suppose it was chaste as kisses go.

It was in public. Cory didn't try to caress me in womanly places that he started doing the moment we were in private. No, my husband at first just kissed me on the lips, moving slightly and energetically. I found my hand around his neck as I needed to feel artfully female. I was on fire, residual E taking me over, I was sure.

We kissed and kissed. I did kiss my husband. He said the crowd was demanding it. I didn't care if they were. I only wanted to kiss the man who'd rescued me from the horrible bridal auction. Ooo, it was such a lovely feeling! I was a married woman! Cory lifted me down from the carriage at St Duncan's Hall, and we followed the rest of the girls, most of them ignoring me as they were exchanging bridal kisses, too, with the men whom they'd just married.

Delia was lip-locked to some handsome, uniformed man. "Medel Norben, deputy military commander here in Duncansford, and now a married man," said Cornal as I stared over at my trainer in womanhood.

"He, he, outbid two lords for her?" I gasped.

"With a little help from his friends," said Cory, cuddling me against him. "I told him I'd go to five million for him. Luckily, it didn't come to that. Gods, think if it had! It would have been touch and go if I could have afforded you, my darling wife!"

I looked up at him in dismay, his eyes gleaming at me.

"What I love about you, darling Abigail," my husband said to me, "is that, from the start, you are so easy to tease. I love seeing you blush so prettily. You really are as young as you look, aren't you? You know, now that we have the longevity drugs available to everyone, this is a thirty-year marriage, but I intend it to go on forever, limitlessly."

“Thirty years?” I asked dumbly as Cornal smiled.

“It’s the new rule,” he said. “The marriage laws are being revised daily, now that we’ve such a supply of women. We never could import so many before. And now there are the longevity drugs. As well, women are fertile for so long. But I’m sure they told you all about that in Lannan. After all, it’s the premier women’s hospital anywhere in the Nebula or Giant’s Rift, isn’t it? Was that why a woman like you came here from Hordan?”

“Oh, yes,” I whispered. I didn’t have to tell him any of the lies that whispered through my brain, all the stories I could tell so convincingly about being a little girl and why I’d had to leave the swamps of Hordan for a promised new life on Carmichael.

I didn’t have to say anything more to my husband. All I had to do was close my eyes as he kissed and kissed me. We glided with the other brides and their husbands about the dance floor in Lord Duncan’s citadel.

Duty called me to dance with the tall, lean Lord Duncan and with Lord Ivany, who was delighted to tell me he knew all along that ‘young Cory’ was going to bid on me. He’d told Cory he’d back him with ten million, if he needed it.

“Those Greenings,” said Lord Ivany snappishly, “won’t have a girl look at any of them in the future for less than seven million. Can’t understand why such a young buck would go to an auction, in the state that he was. Brother’s an addict, you know. It doesn’t look like any of this Greening generation is worth their parents’ millions, at all!”

I was dancing in a lovely dress, my hair in a tiara, a veil down my back, my breasts exposed almost all the way, and I wanted it to be my husband, a strong, virile man, to be there, holding me, not this rather frightening security chief. He’d surely rather be dancing with the lovely, willow blonde, Lady Jacqueline Ivany.

Finally, however, duty dances were done. Oh, how I trembled in anticipation and agony as this tall, dark, smiling man came hurrying through the crowd of demurely smiling, white-gowned brides, just like me. I don't know how he found me, in the rustling waves of gorgeous women but, as suddenly as I saw him, there he was with me.

Cory, I was to call him that, put his strong arms about me. It must have been Euphoria kicking in, some delayed reaction. Almost eagerly, I moved into his arms, blushing when he leaned over and kissed me. Another man was kissing me, telling me what an adorable wife I was. I was loving the taste of his lips, pressing into him as he held me, felling so weird, so wonderful and so much a woman.

"Time for us to go, my darling Abigail," my husband murmured.

"Go where?" I asked, confused. Behind him, I noticed other husbands were shepherding their wives off the floor as well. The girls were clinging closely to their husbands as people like Jackie Ivany and Lord Duncan applauded them off the dance floor. They headed to carriages drawing up outside.

"To the suite I have in this palace, my darling Abigail," said my husband. Cruel bile rose in my throat as I guessed where all the other couples were going and what they were soon going to be up to. I stared after all the soft, lovely women whom I knew were really men. They were staring up into their husbands' faces, swaying suggestively against them, smiling gorgeously as if really looking forward to what was going to happen to them, as new wives.

Elspeth's husband, a baronet, like my husband, was telling the new Lady Elspeth Foyt just what he wanted to do to her. She was giggling as if she was thirteen years old and on her first date.

"Now, don't look so grim, my darling," my husband laughed at me as I shivered and hugged him tightly. Elspeth almost ran her husband to the front of the line waiting for carriages, causing everyone to start

laughing. My husband kissed my forehead and my cheek and then my ear as he whispered in it. I trembled with the greatest of agitation at the feelings running through me as a man touched me so gently, telling me he loved me, treating me as if I was the adorable Abigail.

“I’m a gentle man, my darling,” Cory whispered as he caressed my bare arms, and hugged my thin waist. “I’m in no rush like Gray Foyt to experience all a woman can offer her man in one night. So we’ll go slow, my darling Abigail. I’ll accede to your every wish, my darling, but Abigail, this is our wedding night, isn’t it? Let’s enjoy it together.”

I actually managed to squeak out a creaking, “No!” but was already moving on my husband’s arm, my dress opening to expose my stockings as my husband ignored my words. He whirled and twirled me in a dance along the long ballroom to where a smiling maidservant held a door open for us. Cory then lifted me, his arm under my thighs, my legs wiggling and wriggling as I begged, silently, panic-stricken, for the Euphoria to cut more deeply into my thoughts. I didn’t want to feel so acutely what a man was doing to me, Lieutenant Jeffrey Dowerson.

There it was: a canopied, double bed, a long white nightdress, clearly meant for a bride, draped in front of one of two pillows.

“We won’t need that right away,” murmured Cory between kisses, his mouth now on my shoulders, his hands playing with the fasteners of my dress, as I pushed against him, breathing heavily.

“N-No,” I was squeaking again, expecting, at any moment, that Miss Glenda or Miss Lydia would burst in. They and Delia had before, telling whatever boy was demanding I reward him for dancing with me that ‘No’ meant ‘No’. No man should ever violate a woman who was saying ‘No’ to him.

But no one came to save me. My husband ignored my cries and stopped them completely by just kissing my mouth so lovingly. He even thrust his tongue be-

tween my lips. Ooo, I stiffened in shock at such an assault. Several boys had tried to do that but I'd broken off. Selena had seen me with Grev once and had explained that 'French kissing', what a weird name for it, was something the boys loved. I would, too, if I just gave it a chance.

Hadn't I ever done it? Serena had begun, stopping with an understanding grin. No, I'd never done that as a boy, I thought, blushing. I remembered that Squiddie farm girl who'd licked my lips and face, and tried to suck my mouth. I knew when Selena spoke, what the girl had wanted me to do. What an opportunity I'd missed. That's why she'd dumped me and gone off with some kid with hay stalks in his hair, preferring him to a lord's son and heir.

My dress suddenly floated femininely down my body, revealing my 'lingerie.' Cory maneuvered my slip down, his lips refusing to let go as I was exposed in my bouncy bra, my tiny panties and frilly garter belt to my husband's appreciative leer.

I tried to tell him, "No!" but all the breath left me as my husband lifted me on top of the bed, his hands feverishly caressing my breasts as if I was a woman. I tried to explain that I wasn't any kind of Abigail but only squeals came out of my mouth as his hand caressed my nipple as the bustier came loose. Then he kissed my nipple, his tongue so soft and gentle.

I'd never felt anything like it. I squealed and shivered. I wriggled and gyrated on the bed as he pressed me down into the soft covers. He made it worse by fondling my legs and between them. Oh, how I squealed and bounced on the bed against him, despite his mouth covering mine.

I shook all over as his hands thoroughly aroused my breasts. They seemed to be connected to every feminine part of my body. My tiara came loose as Cory spread my long soft hair over my breasts and his shoulders. I felt his shirt come loose, his hairy chest caressing my bouncing, alert women's breasts.

I spluttered 'No,' I know that I did as his pants came off. I felt a man's aroused penis on my thighs. Oh, how I wriggled to free Cory from his wife but he was far too strong. He laughed at me as he French-kissed me again. I could sense then what he was soon going to be doing to me, not with his tongue but with that part of him that was most male.

I writhed beneath him, trying to free myself. Cory only grew more between my thighs, his wetness making me shudder and buck to try to get him off me. I felt his hands on my tush. My garter belt was released. My panties descended my thighs. Ooo, his manhood pressed against the female parts I, Abigail, possessed.

I squealed and squealed, trying to say 'No,' shaking my long hair from side to side, as he entered the woman's thing, the vagina, I had. Oh! Oh! Oh! The sensations, the pains, the incredible, girlish feelings that swept through me.

I was Abigail! What a moment for the Euphoria to cut in again so completely. I felt such a need for Cory to drive into me, to bury his manhood deeply inside my femaleness. I wanted Cory to kiss my breasts and my body, to fondle my tush while I bucked and bounced and increased the pleasure my body was experiencing in every nerve ending.

Somewhere, I lost touch with Jeffrey Dowerson. I couldn't be him as I had a husband desperate to fill me with his manhood, to empty himself into me! I was a woman wanting his seed. He burst inside me but refused to stop as I hadn't come, whatever that meant.

I was a mess, laying beneath him. Cory groaned and moaned as he kissed me. He wouldn't retreat from my vagina. I felt him harden again. The funny thing was that, as he fondled my tush and rolled me over onto him, it was as if my own penis was still there and I was entering a woman.

Oh, did I bounce on him then, all my nerves becoming more and more heated and tingly. I exploded



in quivering feelings. I convulsed in delight as Cory turned me back down on the bed and drove his aroused manhood way deeper into me. I squealed and squealed as the pleasure mounted to fever pitch inside me. I was shaking, passion aroused in me. I'd never experienced anything like it.

"There, my darling Abigail," my husband whispered from above me as I gleefully caressed his hairy, muscular chest. I bucked some more against him as I felt him hardening again. "You've had your first womanly orgasm. At least, I hope it's your first. You're a woman now and I know how to make you experience that ecstasy again and again."

I'm *not* a woman, I wanted to scream. I *don't want* womanly pleasures! But those thoughts didn't last past the next hungry, passionate kisses and caresses my husband laid on me. And resisting him so heightened the pleasure, yes, the woman's pleasure that roused me to screaming for joy. I couldn't get enough of that. I was the one, later, awakening him to make him do me again as he had before. He actually got up and took something medical which he said I'd enjoy.

Cory became so hard then, so aroused. I came two or three times in what he called orgasms. I learned that a woman can have many more of them, in one night, than men can climax. And when he took pills to aid him, I was able to reach such passionate, female ecstasies! I loved the state of bliss I was so content to attain, any idea that I wasn't a woman completely chased from my mind.

I woke up the next morning, sore and hurting, the damp bedsheets all bloodied, my eager husband, kissing me, telling me how much he loved me, Abbie. He couldn't get up from our marriage bed until I'd satisfied him and was satisfied by him, once more.

Cory heard me say "No!" that time. He agreed that I was a mess. He lifted my naked body from our bed

and carried me to a warm bath where he got in with me. I panicked a little as, in a tangle of legs and bodies, I felt his manhood rise. Once it was against me, all my struggling and denial of his advances evaporated.

My brief taste of being a man, indignant and dismayed at what had happened to me, disappeared. Womanly feelings swarmed all over and through me as the orgasm I had, as Cory had me as a woman in the bath, led me to squealing loudly in joy, clinging to Cory, my body wanting to become one with his. It was enough to draw in a grinning housemaid who was able then to tell the whole household how much Sir Cornal Brel was able to delight the new Lady Abigail Brel.

And I was Lady Abigail. When my husband finally relented from fornicating with me, the smiling maids swarmed all over me and welcomed me as if I was one of their own, a woman I mean, not a maid. They regaled me with stories of their wedding nights with their husbands. I got so hot and embarrassed before starting to seethe at all the assumptions they made about me.

Primped in what they called the latest fashion, so girlie it all seemed to me, I flounced down to breakfast with my husband and our hosts, the Douglas family, mother, father, and several teenaged and younger daughters, who, it appeared, were all in awe of me.

“I let them watch the bridal auction,” said Lady Judith Douglas, Lady Duncan to everyone in the protectorate of Carmichael, I’d been told by one of the maids. Judith laughed at the girls staring at me, as if they hadn’t seen a woman before. You’re not seeing what you think, I said grimly to myself. “It was so unbelievable what was happening! When Cory intervened, as he’d told us he would, we were cheering for the pair of you! And then that drunken brute, Jimmy Greening, bid that impossible sum! I mean, seven million golds for a woman he didn’t even know!”

“But Uncle Cory beat that!” said one of the little girls, her sister combing her long, blonde hair. “He must really love you!” she added.

“She gets half the money as her dowry if she wants,” an older sister, Susannah, said in an exasperated tone. “So Cory didn’t pay that much after all!”

“Girls!” said Judith, shooing them all out of the room. “Susannah was the one sighing all over the wall screen yesterday, saying how beautiful you were! One of only four women who’ve ever raised such a price! She’s changed her mind now on marrying one of Rob’s military aides! She wants to be acclaimed as one of the most beautiful women ever to enter the protectorate.”

Cory strolled over with Lord Duncan. “You’re describing my wife, I take it, Judy, my former love.”

The blonde, slim Lady Duncan burst into a fit of giggles as her husband grinned as well and took hold of her. Cory crossed the room to me. I was rooted to the ground, my colorful summer dress swinging about my bare legs as he put his arms about me. I tried to push him away but his mouth on mine set my heart beating so fiercely. It was absolutely awful that I tossed back my hair and hugged my husband to me. My breasts bounced lightly against him, the most ridiculous female feelings racing through me.

“If you two lovebirds feel the urge, and I know you will,” said Lady Judith, “you just take off to re-do your lipstick, Abbie. Rob and I will cover for you.”

“Even if it means that Cory can’t attend the Council meeting,” laughed Lord Robert Douglas.

“You should adjourn it,” said Judith, Judy I was to call her. “It’s stupid that it’s gone on so long!”

“It’ll all be over this afternoon,” said Judy’s husband. I was enticed by her soft hand to sit beside her at the table the maids had prepared. “Then, the baronets can fight over the new Marriage Laws, clause by clause, as we Lords and Barons have for so long!”

“Then this lovely girl can go on her honeymoon!” said Judy as I sat and shivered beside her. She caressed my hand and crossed legs several times so easily and naturally, in such feminine gestures. I’d only have to relax and think of nothing but being Abigail and I’d be a woman just like her. In time, I wouldn’t even recall what I’d been before I became a wife and a Lady.

There was a steady stream of callers, all friends of Cory’s, many bringing their wives to meet me. All wanted to chatter about the fantastic bridal auction of the day before and reminisce about being brides themselves.

“Oh, that dress you wore, darling Abigail,” said Lady Elaine Hurst. “It was a Nicole Pettifer dress, wasn’t it? She’s so daring with her latest designs. I loved the slits in the dresses of all of you brides. You’re so young, you have such beautiful legs. It’s a shame you don’t get to show them off more.”

“Hush, Laney,” laughed Judy. “Give Abbie a little time! She’ll be on her honeymoon tomorrow. What do you bet some media whore gets a picture of her in her bikini, frolicking in the Ambergris Ocean. You know how Harry Toens’ news outlets are.”

“Yes,” said another lovely, elegant girl, a Jennifer, I thought. “If they can’t get the pic they want for real, they’ll make up a doctored version, won’t they?”

“Only until Lady Caroline catches them,” said Judy.

“Ooo, I wouldn’t want to be in Harry’s shoes if that happens,” laughed another woman while Jennifer looked a little miffed at not being taken seriously.

I had to describe how I felt as the auction went on. All of the women seemed to have known Cory was going to marry me. I was the only one there who didn’t know what he’d planned and arranged for me, which the other women found hilarious.

"I thought you looked a little green when we came and did the Women's Lament," laughed Judith. "Men are such brutes, aren't they?"

"You were part of that?" I asked her, blushing furiously as I thought of all the things the 'women' had said to me that I must use with my husband in order to tame him.

"I wouldn't miss it for the world," said Lady Duncan cheerfully. "I'll be there for every one of my daughters and for every girl auctioned off, here in the barony."

"Speaking of daughters," said one of the other women, "I hear Sophie's going to adopt another from Lannan, a twelve-year-old she can train, just as she's done so admirably with Belinda."

"I'd rather have my own," said Jennifer. Several girls agreed with her.

"There are so many girls, Jackie Ivany was telling me," said Judy earnestly. "Lannan has such an influx lately. We're thinking of adopting a girl to be a companion for Susannah. Some of those Raines and Greening girls are such bitches at school! Well, they are!" she added in protest as several girls laughed and several tried to shush her.

"Now, no one here repeat that to Margot Raines," said Jennifer, reaching for her gloves and purse and beginning to leave. She gave a wicked smile. "Not until I've had the chance to pass it on to adorable Maggie on my own."

"She's not like that," Judy reassured me, patting my hand as she helped me to my high-heeled feet. I had to kiss Jennifer on her cheek, give her a gentle hug, my breasts touching hers, and generally do what women do when they depart from one another.

Cory startled me, to all the girls' amusement, when he appeared beside me. "Who've you been kissing, darling?" he asked me, mock seriously. "Your lipstick needs refreshing, Abbie. You won't mind if she does that for a moment or so, will you?"

Of course, none of the girls objected. I flushed and quivered as I knew that all of the women knew what my husband wanted me for. And they were quite correct. They went on visiting one another while, just a short distance away, my husband removed not only the last of my lipstick but all of my clothes as well, not content to have me just through one of my convulsive orgasms, but through another and another.

Cory acted as my maid then and gently dressed me in my bra, panties and stockings again. He got me into my lovely summer dress. then undressed me again. I had to have passionate lovemaking as much as him. Oh, how he wanted me! Oh, how I gyrated and wriggled beneath my husband to increase the pleasures every part of my womanly body seemed to be longing and aching for.

“I love you, my darling,” my husband whispered to me as I tried to dress in the girlie fashion he wanted me to.

I kissed him as I put my earring onto my ear. His hands caressed my tush which signaled he was going to have me again.

“You can say it as well, darling Abbie,” said my husband as my breasts firmed against him. Ooo, I felt his hands inside my panties.

Me, tell another man I loved him? I shuddered and kissed him more firmly on his lips, flinging my arms about him.

“I guess that’ll have to do,” breathed my husband. Oh gods, that was how I was thinking of him. I looked at Cory. Yes, he was my husband. I began to panic and clung closer to him. “I’ve enough love for the two of us,” Cory whispered. “And as soon as we get away on our honeymoon, I’ll prove it to you.”

Oh, he did prove it to me, over and over, on the glorious honeymoon we spent on the sandy shores of the blue-green ocean. I rarely wore anything but the bra and pantie set Cory and everyone called a ‘bikini.’

His chest was bare, his shorts thin, covering just enough of him to be 'decent.'

It made making love as man and woman so easy. I often found myself staring at him, at his wonderful body, just like the one in my dreams that I'd hoped to cultivate for myself.

But my husband loved the body I had. He said so all the time, kissing every part of it, his mouth and tongue rousing the female parts of me to such incredible heights of passion. I learned that the acts laughed about by the other women in the Woman's Lament were really, really arousing to a woman like me.

Cory should never have left me alone on his estates and rushed in to Duncansford to accomplish some Assembly business. That was when I met Jessica Rainford, the wife of his security commander who went with Cory to Duncansford.

"You've seen the memorial, haven't you?" asked Jessica, looking so pretty in her yellow dress, her black, shiny hair styled much more elegantly than the honey blonde mass that Lydia had insisted suited me.

I'd no idea what she was talking about. Jessica took me over to what appeared to be a chapel dominated by the family crypts. A new, marble mausoleum filled one side. "This is Harral's, Cory's brother's," said Jessica, her voice beginning to crack. I must admit I turned to her in surprise. She took my hand without taking her eyes off the lifelike statue of a handsome, smiling man, a lot like Cory in looks.

"What, what happened?" I asked, noting how her lovely, feminine nails were a deep shade of pink like my own. I felt her arm brush against my summery dress I'd learned to wear because all the other girls on the Tammany beaches were wearing them. I felt

the womanly dress swish against me as Jessica moved her arm in some kind of private agitation as she stared at the inlaid statuary, tears, surprisingly, coming to her eyes.

“You knew that there was an attempt to assassinate the Lord Protector, didn’t you?” she asked hoarsely while I stared at her. “Harral was one of the Lord’s aides. He shot one of the assassins and jumped in front of Lord Rohan. He told the woman trying to kill the Lord Protector to put down her blaster and she did. Then she rolled over. She’d a gun in her other hand. Harral called on her to put it down. It was over, the others had surrendered. She shot him, killed him, as he protected the Lord Protector with his body.”

Jessica began to weep openly. What else could I do but put my arms about her and comfort her? “Cory didn’t mention this,” I murmured hesitantly.

“No,” said Jessica, lifting her pretty face. Her tears didn’t diminish her attractiveness. She tried to smile. “You and Cory have scarcely been out of the bedroom since you’ve been here, have you?”

“We, we were tired...” I began. Jessica giggled at me through her distress.

“The Brel men always use that as an excuse,” she murmured, hugging me to her. Her breasts touched mine, making silly sensations swarm through me. It didn’t seem to matter if it was a man or a woman who touched me there. I seemed to be aroused, thinking of caressing and sex with whoever touched me. I could feel my panties stretching about my vagina! I had to ease a little away from Jessica, even though she still clung to my hands.

“Such a kind man was my Harral, right to the end,” Jessica said, looking at me to see that I understood her. I shivered as I did understand the security chief’s wife.

“Wouldn’t shoot under a white flag,” Jessica said, more tears flowing as I suddenly saw a soldier fall

from a personnel carrier in my mind's eye. "Wouldn't shoot a woman without giving her the chance to surrender. I wish he'd shot her first," her words were like shots being fired at me, "even if his recoil did kill her. Too late, it was then, for the two of us."

I couldn't think what to say to this woman, married to one man while grieving over another. "I, I did the same sort..." I started to make a confession of how wrong I'd been, how I had murdered, yes, let's call it what it was, that Squid River boy in the heat of the battle. I'd have killed the girl as well if Sergeant Tobert hadn't stopped me.

"Shh," said Jessica in alarm, looking around. She took my hand and drew me away from the noisy area of the crypt, my high heels not clicking any more as she drew me into a curtained, carpeted alcove. It looked like a confessional that you saw in vids about Old Earth sometimes.

"You were going to tell me about your life before Lannan," she whispered.

"Jessica, I, I did a terrible thing," I tried to tell her. Again, she put her finger on my mouth and shushed me.

"We all did," she said, shocking me to my core. I ought to have known. I ought to have guessed the Jessica was a girl from Lannan, a geecee girl, like me. She saw the recognition in my face and drew me to her, our breasts touching again. Then, she did a terrible thing. She kissed me, softly and gently. I recoiled from her.

"See," Jessica said, mockingly. "You're a girl, Abbie, a wonderful, pretty, loving wife to a handsome man who clearly loves you very much. You're his woman. You'll have his babies some day. The only stories you'll remember then will be those they impressed upon you at Lannan before they allowed you to leave."

"I'm not a girl," I whispered furiously back to her. "You took me by surprise. I, I knew it wasn't a girl trying to kiss me."

"But I *am* a girl," said Jessica. "I never want to be what I was before."

I stared at this girl swaying against me, making both of our lovely, summer dresses swish together. "You weren't a soldier?" I said in disbelief.

"I was," whispered Jessica. "I was a mortarman. I fired on villages with men, women and children in them. And I killed them all. It was Harral who finally convinced me it was an exigency of war. Battle carries you along. You get whipped up in the fervor. You do things you'd never do in real life. That's what Harral told me. He made love to me, knowing all the horrible things I'd done before I became Jessica."

Tears poured down her face again. "He made me into Jessica, fully and completely. He said he would marry me when his tour of duty was over. But it didn't happen. He was too much of a good man. He died that way and I was left to mourn him."

"You, you're married now," I said, the weirdest of feelings sweeping over me.

"Parl is the most wonderful of men," said Jessica, leading me out of the crypt, keeping her voice low, checking all the time to see if anyone was looking at us from the estate house or from the blocky, security wall around it. There were security men in the distance who trailed us as we sauntered back, hand in hand, to where I was now Lady of the Land.

"Parl really loves me," Jessica went on quickly, flicking the tears away from her eyes as we walked. "He doesn't know about Lannan, of course. Harral only knew because of his turn as the Lord Protector's aide. He said our program was being closed down, the transformation of rebels and criminals, but his death had to be avenged."

"Those who tried to kill the Lord Protector aren't dead?" I asked in astonishment.

“The news said they were, names sent to oblivion, but I doubt it,” Jessica whispered, hugging me. “I went to see the Lord Protector’s wife, that’s Lady Caroline, who told me the plotters had received a just punishment, I knew what she meant. Like other murders and rapists, they’ve been transformed. They dose them so heavily with Euphoria that their minds change. They become comfort girls in the mining camps up on Northern. Might as well be useful to somebody, right?”

The last was said with such venom that I knew the girl walking beside me wasn’t a girl. But she said she was. She tried to smile when we reached the house and hug me as another girl would her girlfriend.

“I think that’s why Cory took Parl with him to Duncansford,” said Jessica. “He knew I’d take you out to Harral’s memorial. He knew I’d be like this. Oh, I’m getting better with it all. And Parl is such a considerate lover. He, he really brings out the woman in me. I want to be so feminine and womanly for him because he’s really a wonderful man. He deserves a wife like that.”

I shivered as we clicked femininely across the marble floor of the entranceway. An announcement came from the console. Sir Cornal’s thopter was inbound, landing in five minutes.

“Oh, we have to re-do our makeup,” said Jessica, hurrying me to my dressing room. “We should put on something more alluring, as well. Our men saw us in these dresses when they left, didn’t they? They’ll expect us to have been exploring the wonderful wardrobe Cory ordered for his beautiful wife from Duncansford and Shannondale!”

I felt like a bride again as Jessica and the maids she summoned piled my hair on high, smothered me in jewelry, my ears actually hurting from the weight of the dangling string of jewels that emphasized my long neck. They insisted I wear the strapless, red evening dress that matched my lipstick.

Cory's eyes almost popped out of his head when he looked at me. Jessica advanced, femininely seductive, on her husband, throwing her arms about him, greeting him with a passionate, clinging kiss that made my husband glance back with amusement.

"I don't get the same greeting?" Cory asked, advancing with his arms out.

An old, familiar sickness returned as I let a man put his arms about my slim, female figure and kiss me fiercely as if he'd been away for tendays and not just a few hours.

I had to be hostess, the Lady then, as others of Cory's friends arrived by groundcar and thopter to meet Cory's new wife. Jessica must have known as those who arrived were all in evening wear, the women sparkling in gorgeous dresses like mine.

After talking with Jessica, I was reticent about accepting soft hugs and kisses as if they came from women. Oh, the 'wives' were womanly enough. The perfumes in the air were womanly but there was something about the way the men hung onto 'their' women, just the way that Cory held me, so proud of me, evidently, that made me think I was back in the 'training' quarters at Lannan.

The women were so affectionate, really womanly, to their men; yes, that was it. They welcomed every caress and touch, sat or stood so gracefully, so much alike. It was as if we'd all been through the same training on how to be a delicate, adorable woman.

The dancing didn't last into the evening. All of us girls had to retire early, readied by our maids for bed. I went with a cluster of women to the wing where our guests would sleep. They all sped away daintily, eager to receive their husbands, many of them married for several years, giggling together as they anticipated a tryst with their husbands.

"My darling Abigail," said Cory, as I stood uncertainly in my black, frilled nightdress, by our bed.

“Cory,” I tried to talk seriously to him, but he wanted none of that. He wanted to make love to me. He was unbelievably aroused. It was as if I was being caressed by three hands as my husband lay me on the bed and slipped the straps of my nightie down my arms.

I hadn't worn panties since I'd known what was going to happen to me, moments after he kissed me and caressed my breasts. He was insatiable. He penetrated me, kissing me until my lips seemed stuck to his. I could feel his tongue and his male member as he began to agitate himself, and me, about and around the bed, my tush in perpetual motion as my husband took me forcefully as a man should his wife.

I trembled, shuddered, quivered, as Cory enticed feminine feelings in me. He wanted me to convulse against him. It wasn't something I could fake. He knew I'd squeal when he finally reached the depths inside me, the pleasure and ecstasy so unbelievable. Oh, I was Lady Abigail Brel then as I wanted to be, again and again. I was sure all the other 'girls' were going through the same experiences I was. No wonder we'd all gone to bed early.

Cory was an unbelievable athlete. He made love to me in ways I never dreamed a woman would like. He even aroused his manhood by placing it between my breasts. Oh, how he grew and pulsed when I gently kissed the tip. Oh, did he ever have to move then and drive into me, filling me with his male essence. His tongue on my breasts made me start another uncontrollable orgasm, me bucking and wiggling about him. Once again, he told me he loved me. Me, a man, was loved by another man who didn't know I was really a man like him.

“Tell me you love me,” Cory whispered as I lay twisted about him, sated in every orifice as he fondled every particle of soft skin touching him.

“I love you,” I said meekly, obeying my husband as he wished.

“You only say it, darling Abigail,” said Cory, “because I tell you to say it.”

I cuddled against him, his hand shaping my breast and squeezing the nipple, making me yelp a little.

“And you don’t say anything to that,” Cory went on. “You could tell me it’s the truth. You really do love me!”

“I really do love you, Cory,” I whispered, shuddering as his manhood grew between my soft, girlish thighs as I’d come to love.

“You had a good day today with Jessica?” Cory asked as I squeezed hard, making him work for his penetration of my vagina. My phantom penis seemed to vanish now when I was in bed with this man, treating me in every way as if I was a woman.

“Jessica is a woman like me,” I said to him from compressed teeth as his hands levered and caressed my tush beneath him. I spread my legs, ready to have my lord and master inside me again.

“Just like you?” asked Cory with a grunt. He was inside me. Lightning bolts began splashing through my mind as a man made love to me, his woman. I loved every sensation that went through me.

“Jessica’s not like you, Abbie,” my husband told me. “Harral, my brother, told me all about her. She showed you the crypt, didn’t she?”

“Yes!” I gasped and could do nothing more as my orgasm took hold of me. I squealed and begged my husband to love me, love me, love me, clinging to him, kissing him and rocking his insertion into me until he came so fiercely that we both were bucking in unison for what seemed like an hour or more of fantastic bliss. Oh, I *must* be a woman, I screamed inside my mind. No man could ever feel what I did, reaching such ecstasy with another man. No, I *had to* be a woman.

“Jessica isn’t a woman,” said Cory as he kissed his way from one of my breasts to my mouth and then to

the other. "Harral told me. She was from Foreman or somewhere like that, dumped on Frank, transformed by nanotechnology. She was rescued from a Danforth ship along with over a hundred more, just like her. Helped increase our woman population out here, Harral told me."

"Jessica's a woman now," I said to him weakly as he lay on top of me again, making another meal of my breasts.

"Not like you," burbled Cory, his mouth full, my nipples going crazy at the touch of his tongue. "Harral knew all about her. He brought her here. I couldn't believe it when he took her to bed, not just once, but again and again."

"He, he was going to m-marry her," I said as Cory's mouth descended my abdomen. I knew where he was headed and what he'd do to my soft little clitoris. That gave me such pleasure. I fantasized I was male again. That was my penis. I usually felt sick as I thought what I was letting another male do to me, pleasuring me so intensely.

"How would you know that?" Cory asked me, touching me with his fingers in ways he knew would really arouse me. And they did.

"Jessica told me," I gasped while I still had wit enough to answer him.

"I wouldn't have allowed that," said Cory, smiling as if I knew nothing at all about what we were finally talking about. "He'd never have been a father, would he? Not unless he did something weird, like test-tubing and..."

"Jessica's a woman just like me," I said to him, knowing I'd said too much as the indignant words left my mouth. I felt his caresses suddenly stop and didn't know whether to be happy or sad.

"I'm a woman like Jessica," I said, the words tumbling out of my mouth.

“What the hell are you talking about?” asked Sir Cornal Brel, sitting up beside me, his hand still on my soft, rounded hip. “You’re not...”

“I’m as much a woman as Jessica is,” I said. There, I’d gotten it out. I’d told my husband about me, that he was making love to another man.

“Oh, Abigail,” said the naked man beside me, putting his arm over me. “Please don’t joke about things you don’t understand!”

“I, I do understand!” I squealed as the man’s hand gently caressed my clitoris and vagina. “I’m Jeffrey Dowerson, taken prisoner on Foreman, dumped on Lennox, captured and medshelled to wake up here, told that I’m Abigail!”

“All the stories about you as a little girl...?” began my confused loving husband.

“Are just that,” I told him, clinging to the hand exciting me so. “The Lannan psyches implant stories in our heads. If I really wanted to be a girl, I call on them and make myself believe I’m really Abigail, a real girl.”

“But who’d do such a thing?” asked Cory, really sitting up, taking his hands from me as I lay quivering under him. “Lannan, but that’s Lady Ivany’s domain. A woman like her...”

“Ask her,” I snapped as this man leaned back on me, caressing my breasts, his manhood stroking the topmost part of my thighs. He was stiffening as if he was going to take me again, his wife, his woman, not believing anything I’d said. “Ask her about the thousands like me! The prisoners and rebels who’re transported here! Where do you think all the new women come from who’re so attracted to Carmichael? You make us here, Cory! You made me into Abigail!”

Cory stopped my talking by kissing me. His manhood thrust into me. He tweaked my nipples and caressed my hips, my thighs, and my breasts, rolling me over and over in bed as he thrust and thrust into

me, making me squeal and squeal. I'd told him I was a man. It seemed to make no difference to him. He erupted inside me and kept on teasing and stroking me. I knew he wouldn't stop until I was convulsing like him.

I tried to fake it but once I began to move, I couldn't stop. Fakery became reality. I came again as a woman, knowing I was a man. I rode my husband's manhood feverishly and kissed and kissed his strong manly hips. I was as girly and femmy as I knew how to be. I finally exploded in every bit of passion and ecstasy that matched his.

It was awkward then as we lay together, gently stroking each other, man and woman.

"I'll talk to Jackie Ivany," Cory said suddenly. "It's not true what you're telling me. It can't be!"

"It is," I whispered uneasily.

"You make love like a woman," said Cory. "You could stay..."

"I want to be Jeffrey again," I said, shocking even myself as I said that.

"Sure," said my husband as he rolled me over and made love to me, really, really gently, making me shiver and squeak at the wonderful things he did. Oh, Abigail, I cried to myself, I should stay forever and be you. I should!

"Don't tell anyone what we talked about," said Cory in the morning, my hair in tangles after all our delicious wrestling matches. He was up but didn't touch me, didn't caress me as he usually did, before he left our bed. He just put on his clothes and stalked out.

I wore a summery, delicately female dress, and matching bra and panty set. All the girls looked as tuckered out as me as we got together for a leisurely breakfast. We strolled then through the gardens they all knew so much better than me.

“How does it feel to be such a wealthy woman?” Lady Diana Moore asked me.

“My husband...” I started, feeling such a lump in my throat as I said that.

Lady Diana tossed her sparkling, golden hair. “I meant, in your own right,” she said. “Half your bridal price is yours, isn’t it? You’re an independent woman. Now, you’ve consummated with Cory, and don’t tell me that you haven’t. You were as horny as the rest of us girls last night, weren’t you? Now you’ve consummated, you’ve got, what, five millions in your own name, at any bank on Carmichael. You can go where you want, do what you want!”

“I should have done it,” Sharonne joined in from the table next to me. “I should have done it way back when, before Nicholas begged me to have his children. I do love our three but now he wants me to do it again and, after a night like last night, I’m weakening! And to think, I was the toast of the Drum Theater and had a different man in my bed every night!”

I stared at Sharonne and the rest of the laughing girls gathered about her.

“Oh, don’t believe a word, Abbie,” said another blonde. Kiri, I think she was. “She’s still as besotted with Nick as she was the first time she laid eyes on him across the footlights. She hasn’t looked at another man since. We’ve all tried to have our favorite men, outside of our husbands, seduce her.”

“Your husband off again?” Diana asked me. “I wouldn’t stand for it. I’d take my millions and be off. I would.”

A jeering group of women laughed at Diana and teased her.

But I didn’t. I took her advice. By noon that day, I was in Duncansford, a woman alone, with money in her purse, fending off foreign servicemen who wanted to date me.

Cory had come back from Duncansford, I presumed, though it might have been from Lannan. Most of the other husbands were off with their wives, some playing games in the meeting room while others, when I asked about them, like Diana, were making babies, I was told, which made me flush.

“Don’t listen, Abigail,” said Kiri, playing some ancient card game with her husband and another couple. “If she really wanted another, she’d be off to Lannan. Is that why Cory went, to arrange your first with Jackie?”

“No!” I gasped but there were knowing looks all through the groups of elegant men and women keeping me company until Cory got back.

“Ah, here he is,” laughed Kiri, shaking her lovely blonde hair into place so femininely and effortlessly. “Why don’t you go and ask him? Since the older generation crashed and then Harral was killed, this place has only had the one heir, Cory. You need to give him a couple, girl, to ensure the direct Brel line doesn’t die out!”

“I need to talk to my wife if you all don’t mind,” said Cory after smiling and greeting several couples languidly rising from their tables. It seemed everyone was moving out to dress for dinner. The way some of the girls eased against their husbands seemed to promise more than just a retreat for changing clothes.

“Don’t mind us,” said Sir Peter, Kiri’s husband. “We’ll just finish the rubber and be off ourselves to change for drinks!”

Cory’s office was like my father’s. The chairs were leather-bound while the whole room was definitely a man’s. There was nothing feminine about it at all.

“So, I talked to Lady Jacqueline Ivany, and to the Lord Protector and his wife. They confirmed you were telling me the truth,” said my husband, sitting down

then behind his desk while I stood before it, swaying on my high heels.

“I’ve been such a fool,” Cory said suddenly, quickly. He looked up at me and, I think, winced. “I was sure you were wrong, had some psyche malfunction, maybe the same thing preventing you from saying you loved me even though I pleased you, didn’t I, each time we made love.”

I felt my heart start to pound as Cory, my husband, looked at me steadily, trying to rationalize what he was saying. I couldn’t think of a thing I could or should say. “I love you,” wasn’t the right response at all, despite all the womanly feelings sweeping over me, just being in his presence.

“You want to be Jeffrey again,” said Cory. I shuddered at his mention of my true name. I could nod at that one. I did want to be me again. “Jackie wants to have you arrested right now and worked on again. She wants me to annul our marriage and turn you over to her security, her husband that is, as soon as he gets here.”

I gasped, thinking of the sessions with the heavy doses of Euphoria. I recalled talk about some girls, the shakes of long hair as girls said that they didn’t want to go that route. Better to be positive and learn from our teachers and trainers.

“There’s only one way for you to be Jeffrey again, Abigail,” Cory said grimly to me, “and that is to leave Grampton.” That was the name of his estate. “Take your bridal money. I won’t contest you doing that. Here,” he took papers and a sort of pass from his desk, “here are Jessica’s papers. You can get into Duncansford on those and find a ship out before the Lord Protector’s security moves in on us.”

Cory sat back, staring bleakly at me. I wanted to go to him, put my arms about him and kiss him, he looked so defeated.

“I told the Lord Protector I’d work it out with you, Abig-, um, Jeffrey. They gave me the night to do

that,” my husband said determinedly. “So take the papers and go. My friends will cover for you. That’s the best I can do, for Harral’s sake, in the main. It’ll take the Protector’s wife, she has very good female security, very good, more than a day to get on to you. So, darling Abigail, no, I shouldn’t say that now, should I? Jeffrey, take my thopter, become Jessica for a little while, and get going back to wherever you came from. I never want to see you again after that.”

I was too stunned, too numb to cry as I staggered out of Cory’s office. There was Jessica, wide-eyed, with bags of clothes packed for me. Her husband, Parl, frowning, didn’t say a word as he helped me through the estate house and to the thopter.

Jessica hugged and kissed me. She asked me to hurry back as she missed me already.

I shivered at the kiss on my lips, so light and feminine. I couldn’t say anything to her at all as I couldn’t to Cory. I just clattered in my high heels up the ladder into the thopter, smoothed my skirts beneath me and left a husband, bitterly betrayed by his wife. With waves of femininity passing through me as I looked at the slim, lovely girl sitting in the passenger chair, I knew I was never going to be back here again. Not as a woman, not as a wife, not making love to a man ever again. It was thinking that that started the tears coming and got me a sympathetic glance from the silent pilot.

*****Part Two will be *The Unmaking of Abigail******