

Mars Domination

***A New Life
Ruling Men***

Mars Book 2

Alex Rissini

MARS DOMINATION

A New Life Ruling Men

(Mars Book 2)

Alex Rissini

Kindle edition

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A suggestion: This novel can be read as is, but you'll perhaps get more out of it if you first read "Mars Reversal".

Also by Alex Rissini

MARS REVERSAL (MARS BOOK 1)

Where Women Rule and Men Obey

MILLIONAIRE DREAM HOUSE

Where women take control, and men have to seek new pleasures

FROM SUBMISSION TO DOMINANCE

A journey of obsession and sexual deviation

BAPTISM OF FIRE

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AN UNEXPECTED ROMANCE

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Table of Contents

[PROLOGUE](#)

[UTOPIA – A WOMAN'S WORLD](#)

[MY ARRIVAL IN UTOPIA](#)

[I MAKE GREG KISS ME](#)

[TIM'S BEEN CASTRATED](#)

[WE'RE GETTING A EUNUCH](#)

[SEX WITH GREG](#)

[MY ARRANGEMENT WITH GREG](#)

[A THREESOME WITH DALE](#)

[I MEET STEPHANIE](#)

[GREG DISAPPEARS](#)

[ROMANCING STEPHANIE](#)

[GREG'S ESCAPED TO CASSINI](#)

[Also from this author](#)

PROLOGUE

Greg knelt in front of Rebecca, and looked up at her, trembling as he spoke his words.

“I promise to love you and obey you, as your devoted husband.”

She smiled at him, and gave her reply.

“From now on, you belong to me ...”

Greg barely heard the rest of it.

He was now Rebecca’s property, to do with as she wished.

UTOPIA – A WOMAN’S WORLD

I’m in bed, after the most exciting day ever, writing the first page of this diary.

I’d been ready to go to bed, when Mom called me and Tim to join her and Greg in the living room.

That’s when she told us about her job in Utopia, going for a month to do some special computer work, and taking Greg with her.

To have my own mother leave Cassini, and go to another city was pretty exciting. And Utopia of all places! Cassini may be the biggest city on Mars, but Utopia’s the most fascinating. A city where women run everything.

I said, “It’s a long way to go. Is it for more money?”

Mom said, “A hell of a lot. More than ten times what I’m earning here.”

“And what’s Greg going to be doing there? Sitting around?”

Greg laughed. “That’s about it. Just keeping Nicole company.”

Tim said, “What about me and Rebecca? Are we coming too?”

Mom said, “No, you’ll be staying with my friend Carol. It’s all arranged.”

Tim scowled. “I don’t like her. Can’t I come too?”

“No, you’ve your schooling to keep up with. You’re falling behind as it is.”

I said, “From what I know about Utopia, women are in control there, aren’t they?”

Mom smiled. “They are, and that’ll make a nice change from Cassini.”

“I like the sound of that, being able to boss men around. I wish I was coming ... So when are you going?”

“They want me as soon as possible, but there’s a visa to arrange, and that takes time. But if all goes well, Greg and I will be on the train a couple of weeks from now.”

Tim and I went off to our bedrooms, with him grumbling, which is nothing new. He grumbles about everything.

I couldn't wait to tell the other trainees at the office. At eighteen, I'm the youngest, and I'm sure I'm the smartest too. I do struggle occasionally with assignments, but the others seem to find every one of them difficult.

If Dad was still alive, he'd probably help me, but Greg's pretty well useless in that regard. I really don't know what Mom sees in him, as he's no genius, that's for sure, and he's not particularly attractive. He's not even as tall as me. Of course, he might be good in bed ...

I had to smile. If Mom ever found out about that man I had sex with, she'd probably wonder what I'd seen in him too. And the answer is nothing in particular. He wanted sex, and I thought it was time I tried it. Not that I was that impressed with his performance.

I'm sure Greg gives Mom better sex than that.

Role Reversal

Today, I have to admit that I didn't do as much work as I should have. Whenever I got the chance, I searched the internet to find out all I could about Utopia.

From the business viewpoint, they do very well, selling drugs to the other cities, and as far as I can make out, people there are generally more affluent than they are here.

Socially, things are totally different. I knew that women are in control, but I hadn't realized just how far that goes. All the government people are female, and nearly all the senior staff in offices and retail. Men only do menial or physical jobs that the women don't want.

But what I found really interesting was that roles are reversed in another way too. Women wear dull loose tops and pants, have shaved heads, and no makeup, but men wear figure-hugging, colorful clothes, and have their hair long, and some even put on makeup. The pictures made me smile, thinking that Greg was going to have to look so feminine. I'd love to see what he looks like over there.

I don't think I'd want to have my hair shaved off, but I could care less about wearing dull clothes, and I don't wear much makeup anyway. And if it meant I was in a position where I could boss the men around, then I'd be all for it.

In the evening, I overheard Greg saying something about castration. So as soon as I could, I got on the computer, and I could hardly believe what I found. Here in Cassini, men are always castrated, if convicted of sexual crimes, but in Utopia, it seems that it's done quite frequently, even on young boys. But I can't work out who decides on such a thing and what justification is needed. It's not a punishment for sexual crime, as that doesn't seem to happen there. In fact, I've a feeling that the women who decide such things don't see it as punishment, but more a way of improving behavior.

So, who does decide?

I embarrass Greg

It's been a couple of days since Mom told us of the move, and it's been hectic, sorting out things for each of us to pack, and Mom starting the process of getting a visa.

If the Utopia embassy is as inefficient as the tax office where I work, then she could be in for a long wait. I've only been there a few months, since leaving school, but I've seen a hundred ways they could improve things. Not that they'd listen to me, a trainee, and female at that.

Mom's really excited about going there, but Greg isn't looking forward to it at all. When I asked him how he felt, he didn't want to discuss it, other than that he'll have nothing to do there. But I think it may be more because of what he'll have to wear.

I regularly end up in arguments with Greg, admittedly mostly started by me. After my father died, I'd got used to life with Mom and Tim, so I was never really comfortable when Mom brought him into our lives. We had another argument yesterday, where he said I ought to worry less about work and get more of a social life, and even suggested I should get a boyfriend. Well, I can do without his advice, and anyway, I'm taller than most of the young men in the office, so that rules them out, both from my viewpoint and theirs. But it doesn't bother me. I've some good friends to go out with, and we have a great time together without needing boys.

This evening, we had another family meeting, with Mom letting us know a bit more about the arrangements for her and Greg and also for me and Tim.

We're going to be with a different friend from the one Mom first talked about, and I know why, although Mom made up some story. Tim's not exactly a model fourteen-year-old, and he's been disruptive again at school, throwing things around in a tantrum. The other Moms soon pass on that kind of news, and who'd want a boy like that in the apartment for a month?

Mom finished her little talk by asking if we had any questions.

Tim just wanted to get back to his games, but it seemed a good opportunity to find out more about what it was going to be like for them in Utopia.

“So do I understand it right? Over there, Mom, you’ll have to shave your hair off, and wear dark clothes? I don’t know if I’d like that or not. And women are in charge?”

“That’s about it. It was generations ago that they switched roles, to cut down on crime and corruption, or something like that. So all the senior jobs are held by women.”

I turned to Greg. “So you’ll have to do what you’re told. And you’ll have to wear pretty clothes like a girl. Don’t you think you’ll feel foolish?”

“I’ll be no different than the other men, so I won’t feel anything.”

“But the clothes will embarrass you, won’t they?”

“I told you —”

I laughed. “You’re embarrassed now, just talking about it. Will you email me a photo, to show my friends?”

“I don’t think so.”

Mom said, “Why not? If she wants to see what you look like, what’s the harm in that?”

I said, “Anyway, when you’re over there, you’ll have to do what you’re told. And you will make him send a photo, won’t you, Mom?”

“Yes darling, of course I will.”

I went to bed pleased that I’d got my own back on Greg, for arguing with me yesterday.

But it took me a while to get to sleep, wondering what he was going to look like in those skin-tight clothes.

I’ll have to remind Mom to send that photo as soon as he’s dressed up.

Men and eunuchs

Mom and Greg had to have a day off work to go to the embassy, for the visa.

When I got home, they were both moaning about it, but I have to say I was surprised that it all got done in a day. If it had been Cassini employees doing the job, you'd be lucky to get something like that in a week.

Greg went off to the bedroom to watch some sporting event, which was handy, as it gave me a chance to talk to Mom without him.

She told me that it was very secure to get into the embassy, but fairly relaxed inside. All the people working there were from Utopia, and dressed in their fashion.

I said, "So you and Greg must have looked a bit odd to them."

"I suppose so, but nothing was said."

"And the women were bald?"

"Almost ... I'd say close-cropped rather than bald. It didn't look as bad as I expected."

"Well, it'll be you like that before long, won't it?"

Mom laughed. "I don't mind, but Greg's not at all happy about it. He says the men didn't look as effeminate as he expected, but he's still not looking forward to it, especially having skin-tight pants."

"They'll show everything, won't they?"

"True. But it's only for a month, so he'll have to put up with it. Here, I'll show you our clothes."

She got out a couple of bags, and we spread the clothes and shoes out, and then some hair extensions, which got me laughing.

Mom said, "What's so funny?"

"I can't imagine him with the extensions. Are you going to put them on him before you leave?"

"Yes, but otherwise we'll be getting ready on the train, before we arrive there. That's soon enough from both our viewpoints. I'd hate to be seen here with my hair shaved off."

"And do you know any more about how things will be? I mean this business of women being in charge?"

"I learned a lot there. God knows what they told Greg, but from what they told me, I can make him do anything I want, and there's nothing he can do about it."

"And if he refuses?"

"That's a crime, and they get pretty rough with male criminals. In serious cases, they even castrate them."

"So if you got really annoyed with him, could you have him castrated?"

"I've told him he'd better behave while we're there, so it's hardly likely things would get to that point."

"But if he didn't behave, and made your life a total misery, could you do it?"

Mom said, "You've got a strange mind, Rebecca. I suppose the answer's yes, but then he wouldn't be much of a man for me, would he?"

Then Mom giggled.

"He'd be a eunuch. And they always do what they're told."

And that got me thinking about all sorts of things about men, and about Greg.

I wish I was going to Utopia too.

Mom and Greg take the train

This afternoon, we waved off Mom and Greg at the station.

I've got mixed feelings about all this, as I'm proud of Mom for getting this assignment, but annoyed that I've not been able to go too. She says they'll only issue a visa for her and Greg, but I do wonder if she even tried.

I don't really know how Tim feels, as he says nothing to me. I just hope he behaves himself when we're staying with Mom's friend. He really embarrasses me sometimes, and if he causes damage it's going to make things difficult for me as well as him.

Greg had the hair extensions put on him earlier in the day, and at the station he had it in a ponytail. A bit feminine, but I quite liked it like that.

When we said goodbye, I reminded Mom about that photo. I'm dying to see what he looks like, with his skin-tight clothes and his hair down. I asked Mom if she'd make him wear makeup, but she's not going to do that, sad to say.

Mom's in Utopia

It's been a few days since they left, and finally Mom phoned me from Utopia. Private citizens can't normally make calls to other cities, but as an exception, they're allowing her one short call each week. She's not allowed email either, but they did let her send me the photo.

I said, "How's the job? Is it what you expected?"

"More or less, yes. It's a tricky piece of software they've got me working on, but I should finish it okay within the month."

"And what's Greg doing? Lazing around?"

She laughed. "You could say that, but it's not his fault. The only work he knows is fixing air conditioners, and they don't want someone like that just for a month. And I have asked. But did you get the photo?"

"I did, and it does look strange seeing you both like that. But I like Greg's hair. I wouldn't mind if mine was like that. Does he have to look like that all the time?"

"When we're out, yes, but at home he slouches around in his Cassini clothes."

"But you could make him wear the Utopia clothes at home if you wanted to, couldn't you?"

"I suppose I could. I hadn't even thought about it."

While I was talking, I was looking at the photo, and at the bulge in his pants. I daren't say so to Mom, but if it was me, I'd make my man wear those pants all the time.

"Mom, on the photo, Greg's lips look shiny. Has he got lipstick on?"

"No, it's just lip balm, but it's tinted."

"So why don't you wear that too?"

"Women aren't allowed anything like that. They're very strict about it, and I'm certainly not going to flaunt the rules. The women I work with would soon put me right."

"Is it just women there?"

"Oh, there are a few men, not many, and they all seem scared of the women. And there's a eunuch too. He's very charming, and quite

good looking.”

“Gosh, so he’s been castrated. Did he commit a crime or something?”

“No, nothing like that. His mother had him operated on when he was just a boy, aged eight, so it’s the only life he knows.”

“Why would a mother do that?”

“I’m not really sure, but as I understand it, the authorities sometimes judge that boys shouldn’t be allowed to grow up as normal men, so she probably had no choice.”

I had to laugh at that. “Just as well Tim’s not there. They’d have made him into a little girl by now.”

Greg has to wear makeup

It's a week since the call from Mom, and I waited by the phone today for nearly an hour, before it buzzed.

"Hi, Rebecca, how are you?"

"Okay, Mom, but I've been waiting here ages for the call."

"I'm sorry. I got stuck in traffic getting home. And how is Tim?"

"Do you really want to know? You're not going to like it."

"Oh dear, what has he done now?"

"It was at the school yesterday. He wouldn't stop talking in class, so the teacher took him to the school head, for a telling off. And instead of apologizing, he started swearing at both of them. So they've suspended him, and now he's staying at home here. I don't think they're going to let him return, until they talk to you when you get back."

"Oh that's a real nuisance. Can I have a word with him?"

"Unfortunately, no. I told him an hour ago that you'd probably want to talk to him, and he just put his jacket on, and left. He said he was going to visit one of his friends, and wouldn't be back until late."

"Oh, I hope he'll be all right ..."

I said, "I'm sure he will. But how's Greg getting on? Still wearing lipstick?"

"It's not really lipstick, it's ... well, never mind. He's coping with it all, but we had a problem at one restaurant where they said he wasn't properly dressed. What we didn't realize was that when you go out to somewhere special, the man is supposed to do a lot more than put on lip balm. People were quite hostile, so we've had to get him smartened up."

"What? Like better clothes?"

"Exactly. We had to buy some more fashionable clothes and shoes, and some more jewelry."

"More?"

Mom laughed. "I'd heard beforehand that men have to be a bit dressy, so I'd got him a necklace, but it turned out that it just wasn't enough. The other men had bracelets too. And plenty of what you'd call makeup, although they don't call it that here."

“So what exactly did you buy?”

“Blouses, one with sequins, a lovely pair of satin pants, jewelry, and a pair of strappy silver shoes.”

“And makeup too?”

“Not too much. Just some tinted moisturizer, and some more colorful lip balm.”

“So like proper lipstick?”

“No, not really. The truth is, Rebecca, that there are men here who are prostitutes. I’ve seen a couple on the bus, and they dress up in jewelry and makeup even in the daytime. And they really do wear lipstick. Bright red.”

“Gosh, and women pay them for sex?”

“So I understand. It’s a reversal of roles, isn’t it?”

“And have you gone out with Greg since you got all these clothes?”

“I did. We went to the same restaurant, and this time Greg fitted in perfectly, so we had a lovely evening. He had the right clothes, as well as the jewelry. And before we went, I spent over an hour on his makeup, and I styled his hair too. He looked lovely. I was quite proud of him.”

“I wish I could have seen him. But doesn’t it make him look effeminate?”

“I suppose so, but that’s the way men are here. They’re all nervous about what their wives can do, and they’ll make every effort to please them.”

“And is Greg like that?”

Mom laughed again.

“Not yet. But after we came back from the restaurant, I said I wanted him to keep the clothes on, and touch up his makeup, and he agreed, without any argument. I’ve decided I quite like him like that.”

“Can you send me a picture of him, when he’s dressed up?”

“I’m not sure. They’re quite restrictive over any communications with Cassini, but I will try.”

After the call, I went onto my computer, and pulled up the first photo. I can’t help looking at it every now and then, especially that shiny bulge, so I do hope she sends me another one. The whole thing is fascinating.

Euthanasia

They're two weeks into their stay and Mom phoned me on schedule this time.

"Hi Rebecca. How are you both? I hope there's not more bad news about Tim."

"No, nothing new. He spends all his time in his bedroom playing games, and just coming out for meals, so he's not been a problem, for once."

"And you?"

"Oh, I'm fine, although I'm losing patience with some of the people at work. I really don't think I'll stay there, once I'm through the training."

"Well, it'll be your decision. And I can understand how you feel. I've worked in places like that, and I've moved on when I had to."

"But you're fine over there, are you?"

"Oh, it's marvelous. We all get on well together, the women that is, and I've started socializing with a couple of them. Kelly's my boss, and she threw a party a couple of days ago, partly for her birthday and partly to welcome me. And we had so much fun, you wouldn't believe it."

"Did Greg go too?"

"Yes, and he looked fabulous, much better than the other husbands. We got him a shiny pink jumpsuit, and it was quite revealing. He's a bit taller than the other men, and that's not in his favor, but I think the other wives were quite envious. None of the women have ever met a man from outside Utopia, you know, so he was a bit of a celebrity."

"And what's Kelly like?"

"She's really nice. It was her forty fifth birthday, but she doesn't look a day over thirty. She's had some work done, for sure. She was so looking forward to seeing Greg, and she took every opportunity to talk with him."

"What were the other men like?"

"Oh, they were okay. Mostly they do manual jobs, like Greg, or else some routine office work. And some look after their young

children at home. It's the man's responsibility here to bring up the children. So all in all, they don't have a lot to say that's interesting, at least to me."

"Nor to Greg, I imagine."

Mom laughed. "You're right there. Greg said they talked to each other a bit about work, but mostly about fashions and childcare, and about their wives. A couple of them have eunuchs helping at home too, and when they started discussing how nice they were, I think that's when Greg was happy to leave them and spend time with Kelly. Of course, he had to avoid answering some of her questions about Cassini. We've been given firm guidance on that."

"Didn't you feel a bit jealous that she was showing so much interest in him?"

"Well, I didn't, until she gave him a long kiss on the lips. She called it a birthday kiss. But I can't blame Greg. She's taller than him, and strong, so she just took hold of him and kissed him, before walking off to chat with some others. Not that he minded. He couldn't stop smiling afterwards."

"Was her husband there?"

"Yes, that's Joe, and he's really nice. Greg spent some time with him, and told me about it later. Joe works at the laboratory that makes specialist drugs, including the anti-cancer drugs that they sell to Cassini for a small fortune. For a man, he seems to have a fairly important role. I was quite relieved that Greg finally found someone he doesn't feel he has to criticize."

"Those drugs cost us a fortune. It's scandalous, really."

"Greg tried to ask about how they're made, but Joe wouldn't say. He told Greg that disclosing that sort of detail to an outsider would be treated as espionage, and there's an automatic death penalty for that."

"It sounds like the men are happy enough with what they have. Do none of them want anything better?"

"Not as far as I know. And they certainly don't want to be dumped by their wives. Did you read about euthanasia here?"

"It's when you get to seventy isn't it?"

"Yes, in general, but if a man's single, the age is fifty. So you can see why they want to stay married."

“That’s a bit of a harsh policy, isn’t it?”

“Not really. They can’t get jobs easily if they’re not married, and who would want to marry a man over fifty if you can get one that’s thirty?”

Now it was my turn to laugh.

“How old is Greg?”

I learn about castration

When Mom phoned, as usual she asked how we were, and I had to tell her the bad news.

"Tim's broken one of your friend's little ornaments, and it created one hell of a scene."

"Oh no! Was it valuable?"

"Not at all, and I wondered what all the fuss was about, but it turned out that it had belonged to her grandmother, and had a lot of sentimental value. Believe me, they want Tim out of here the minute you get back."

"You'll have to pass on my apologies. Is it something that can be repaired?"

"It's ceramic, so I suppose so."

"Then tell her that I'll pay for the restoration. Hopefully that'll help."

I said, "Anyway, how's it with you? Only a week to go now isn't it?"

"Well, it's all been fine at work. I've done most of what they wanted me for, and there's just a bit of tidying left, and documentation. I think they're surprised how fast I got it done. So my boss, Kelly, is trying to get me to stay in Utopia. She says that if I was to stay here, she'd employ me on the spot. It's a nice compliment."

"And what about Greg?"

"He seems to have made a few friends now, but he's still anxious to get back. Every day he hears something else that he doesn't like."

"Such as?"

"Well, like yesterday, he heard more about how it is for single men. They can hold cash, but can't save or invest, and can't own or rent property, so they end up in sleazy hostels, doing menial work. They've no real rights at all."

"I suppose that's good from a woman's viewpoint, isn't it? I mean a husband's not likely to make trouble for his wife."

Mom laughed. "I didn't help by telling him about one of the women I work with. She was going to kick her husband out, but then decided he could stay, but you'll never guess ..."

"What?"

"She's having him castrated. He's going to be a eunuch, and the doctor's told her that it'll make him a lot more amenable. She's quite looking forward to it."

"And he's going to let them do that to him?"

"In Utopia, a married man has no choice over that sort of thing. What you've got to understand, Rebecca, is that a husband is viewed as the property of the wife, and it's solely for her to make decisions like that."

"Wow! No wonder Greg wants to get back here."

"That's true, but for my part, I love it here. Less crime, interesting work, husbands who support their wives, and a much better lifestyle. I'll be sad to leave all this behind. I'm really not looking forward to going back to Cassini."

Mom decides to stay

I was ready for the call from Mom, but it was well over an hour before the phone buzzed.

"Hi Mom, I wondered what was happening. You're late again."

"I'm sorry, Rebecca, but things have been a bit hectic here with Greg. I've something very important to tell you, and I wanted him out of the way when I called you. I hope you're going to be okay about it."

"What is it? Have you got to stay on a bit longer?"

"No, not that ... The fact is, Rebecca, that I've decided to stay here permanently."

I was momentarily lost for words, trying to understand the implications.

"But what about me and Tim?"

"I want you to come and join me here in Utopia. I've made inquiries, and we can get you visas very quickly. So you could come here as soon as a month from now."

"Gosh, I don't know what to say. It sounds exciting. But what about a job there?"

"There are plenty of openings in the government offices, and I've passed on your details to the job center. You'll get training here too, but just for a short while, and then you'll be straight into a professional role."

"That sounds so much better than what I have here. But what about Tim and his schooling?"

"All arranged. There's a boy's school not far from my apartment, and I've already got him a place."

"Do they know about his behavior?"

"Well, I'm hoping that a new school will sort that out. I've always felt that his school could have done more to guide him."

"Maybe so ... And what about Greg? I presume he's not staying there with you. Is he coming back soon?"

"It's not as simple as that, Rebecca. He wants to go back to Cassini, but I'm not allowing it. I've told him he's to stay with us as a family."

“And he’s accepted that? I thought he didn’t like wearing those clothes and all that.”

“He’s had to accept it, but I did have some trouble with him. We had a terrible argument in the restaurant after I told him I wasn’t letting him go, and in a temper, I slapped him, and then he slapped me really hard. It was awful, and I was so embarrassed.”

“Well, I hope he’s apologized since.”

“It’s not that simple. The police were told that he’d hit me, and arrested him. That same evening, he was tried and punished, and then he came back to me next day, very unhappy.”

“How was he punished?”

Mom laughed. “He was awkward about talking about it, but what he didn’t know is that I was sent a summary of the trial and his punishment. He was taken to a jail cell, and secured to the wall, and then flogged ten times across his back. Then he had to spend the night in jail, before they let him go back home.”

“Did they hurt him?”

“Yes, they did. His back was in a terrible state, absolutely covered in red marks, and a couple of strokes had even broken the skin and made it bleed.”

I said, “It sounds awful, but he shouldn’t have hit you. I don’t suppose he’ll ever do that again in public.”

“Nor in private. The authorities have installed cameras in every room in the apartment. They’re intelligent, and if they detect any signs of aggression from him, they’ll trigger and call the police.”

“Gosh, I don’t know if I’d want a camera in my bedroom, but I suppose they must think it’s necessary. But what if I get angry about something. Will that trigger them?”

“No, it’s only Greg that they’re monitoring. You and I can do what we want.”

“So you can slap Greg, but he can’t slap you?”

“That’s about it. But I have to go now. I don’t know when I can call you next, as Kelly has got to get permissions for me again, and it could take a while. But I’ll call you when I can, and by then I should have made the arrangements for you and Tim.”

After Mom rang off, I did a lot of thinking. It was a bit scary to think of leaving Cassini, to go to a city that I knew very little about. But on the positive side, it sounded like my job would have more scope and more prospects. It would be sad to leave my friends behind, but I'm sure to make new ones over there.

I suppose if I had a boyfriend, that would have been a real complication, but that's not the case, and I've not met anyone at work that I'd be sorry to say goodbye to.

So all in all, I think it's something to look forward to.

Tim will be another matter entirely. He's quite close to his friends, and won't be happy about leaving them. He'll be glad to leave that school, and they'll be just as glad that he's going, but I hope for his sake that he's not as badly behaved when he gets to Utopia.

Being a boy, I think they'll be a lot less tolerant than the school here. Heaven knows what that could mean.

Preparing for my move

It's been fairly hectic since Mom's last phone call. I've got everything ready for the move, including some of our clothing, but mostly it's been about working with an agent from the Utopia embassy to clear the apartment, and sell off or throw away our goods. We can take a certain amount on the train, so there's no problem with personal items, but as for clothing and shoes, there's no point in taking much, as we'll have new clothes anyway.

I don't think Tim fully understands the situation, as all he seems to be concerned about is whether his computer games will work over there. It suited him and the school to terminate as soon as the school got official notice, and Tim's happy about that.

When I got Mom's call, I had Tim ready. He hasn't spoken to her since she left, and I was determined not to let him get out of it.

"Hi Mom, I've got Tim here this time, and we're on speaker."

"Oh, lovely. How are you, Tim?"

"I'm okay, I suppose. I finished school, you know."

"So I understand. And are you looking forward to the trip?"

"Not really. I still don't know why we have to go there."

Mom sighed. "It's a better life, Tim. For all of us. You'll see when you're here."

"I suppose so ... Do you know if my computer games will work there?"

"I'm afraid I don't. But I know they have games here too. Probably much the same as what you're used to."

"Okay. I'll let you talk to Rebecca now. Goodbye, Mom."

Before I could do anything, he ran out of the room to get to his damned computer. I took the phone off speaker.

"He's gone now, Mom."

"He seems to be taking it well enough, doesn't he?"

"It could be worse, I suppose. But I know there's going to be trouble when he has to change to Utopia clothes."

"Oh dear, that'll be your problem, won't it."

"Only partly. They're sending a guardian on the train with us, and it's her responsibility to make sure we're ready. I've met her at the

embassy, and she won't take any nonsense from Tim, I can tell you."

"Have you got the visa yet?"

"No, but it's not their fault. As it's a permanent emigration, and Tim's so young, there's a lot of checking being done by the social services. I think it'll be another month before we can travel."

"That's a shame. And have you told them at work that you're leaving?"

"Yes, that's all done, and I can more or less leave when I want to. But how are you and Greg?"

"Oh, well enough. My job keeps me busy, and Greg's got a job now too. The same sort of work he had in Cassini, fixing air conditioning. He has to work for a woman now, but he doesn't seem to mind."

"So has he got used to the situation?"

"More or less. He did get into trouble one time, and had to spend a day at an education center, learning about loyalty to Utopia and its laws and customs. I don't know what he said to bring that upon him, but no doubt he'll be more careful in future."

"And what about his clothes?"

"Oh, we're doing quite well. I choose them and he doesn't object any more, even though some are really skin-tight. I make him wear them at home sometimes too, when I'm in the mood."

"It's a shame you can't have nice clothes yourself."

"True, but there's a lot of choice of materials, and designs, even with the constraints, so women have a certain amount of fashion here too. Not like the men, of course. But that does bring me to something, and I hope you'll be okay about it."

"Something about Greg?"

"Actually, Rebecca, it's about me and Greg. We're getting married."

I nearly dropped the phone.

"Why?"

"It's what people do here. It's pretty well unknown for a woman my age to be living with a man without getting married, and I feel at times I'm the odd one out. Like sometimes we miss on a couples invitation, because we're seen as two separate people. Anyway, I

don't mind getting married. It'll be fun getting Greg an all-white wedding outfit."

"Oh, really? I wish I was going to be there. Can it wait till I come?"

"No, it's all arranged. In two weeks time he'll be my husband."

"Well, take some pictures, won't you? I'll want to see them when I come."

"I'll do that. Now I've got to finish, so love to you and Tim, and if I can, I'll call you again before you leave. Otherwise, I'll see you here in Utopia."

After the call, I'm updating my diary, but it's hard to concentrate. The prospect of going to Utopia is getting closer, and that's exciting, but I've mixed feelings about Mom's marriage to Greg. I can understand her logic, but it's annoying that she won't wait for me. I've only ever been to one wedding, and I'd love to see what it's like in Utopia.

And there's a part of me that wishes they weren't getting married at all. I ought to feel happy for them, but somehow I don't.

The train to Utopia

The visa came through finally, and by the time we were ready to travel, I'd cleared the apartment, and got everything packed. Mom never called again, although I did get a couple of brief messages from her via the embassy.

So, this morning Tim and I boarded the train. We've each got a tiny cabin, and next door along is our guardian from the embassy.

She's quite strict, which doesn't give me any problems, but there have been a couple of arguments with Tim already. As the train pulled out of the city into the open planet surface, his games all stopped working, and he threw a terrible tantrum. No amount of her arguing would pacify him, and in the end she gave him an almighty slap on the face, which sent him to his room crying.

I was quite pleased really. It's a pity Mom's not allowed to do that back in Cassini.

I settled down to read more about Utopia, and that whiled away the hours. I'm determined not to look ignorant about things, and the guardian has been quite helpful about what topics would be most useful. Anyway, I've got three days with nothing else to do. It's cold in the cabins, so I spend most of my time in the communal areas, which are nice and warm. I just feel a bit out of place in my Cassini clothes.

Tim doesn't like it in the communal areas, as it's nearly all women, and no other children, so he stays most of the time in his cabin.

The guardian says that when we get close, Tim and I'll be changing into Utopian clothes, but I might do that sooner. I've tried mine on already, and they're what I expected, but Tim hasn't even seen his. The guardian and I agreed that it would be best to leave that until we have to.

I meet Utopia women

It's our second day on the train. I've changed into Utopia clothes and I feel much better now mixing with the other women. I thought I'd feel odd having my hair shaved off to a stubble, but I think I look fine like this, and everyone else is the same.

I'm tall by Cassini standards, but about average compared to these Utopia women, so I fit in easily, and I've had some interesting conversations. Some of the women work for government departments, and the others work for companies that do business with Cassini. If they are the sort of people I'll be mixing with, then it's something else to look forward to.

Tim's still moping in his cabin, only coming out to use the bathroom and get his meal. I think he's got some rubbishy comic books on his computer, but I could care less if that keeps him occupied.

Tim's pretty now, like a girl

Our third and final day on the train. We get to Utopia this evening, and I'm beginning to get excited. It'll be so good to see Mom again, and I can't wait to see what Greg looks like now.

I'd read a fair amount before we left, but on the train there's a lot of material that doesn't seem to get to Cassini, about their laws and customs. I've learned so much in the last couple of days, that I feel ready for a conversation on any topic.

I don't know what job I'll be doing, after my training, but it's clear I'll be in a superior position to the men in the office. Be nice to boss them around, rather than what I'm used to.

At mid-afternoon, the guardian decided it was time to dress Tim, and that was one hell of a scene. There's a larger cabin down the corridor that was free, so the guardian dragged Tim along there, crying and moaning, to get him dressed. The guardian didn't really want me there, but I insisted, as I was quite excited to see how he looked.

She told him to strip off, and he refused, so then she grabbed hold of him and slapped him over and over until he gave in, and started undressing. He was sobbing continuously, but by the time he was naked, the crying had stopped, and he'd changed from looking upset to furious. I could see hate for the guardian in his eyes, but he said nothing.

Then out came the new clothes. All pink, and really nice, but definitely not what Tim would want to wear. But he'd learned enough not to cross the guardian again.

Once he was dressed, she got to work on gluing in shoulder-length hair extensions. It took over an hour, and then she finished off by brushing his hair and trimming a little off. I have to say he looked prettier than some of the girls in his class in Cassini. In fact, if he'd been seen in Cassini like this, people would have been sure he was a girl. It felt like I'd replaced my brother with a little sister, and I can't say that's a bad thing.

If only they could change his personality to suit, that would be perfect.

If they use the same sort of discipline that I've seen with the guardian, I suppose anything's possible.

MY ARRIVAL IN UTOPIA

When we arrived at the station, we were taken straight to immigration. Some form filling, but they had most of our details already on their system. The only problem was Tim. He was awkward about answering questions, and it wasted a lot of time. Then when they wanted to insert a chip in his neck, he said they couldn't. That caused more delays, as in the end they had to go and get a security officer.

He had no idea beforehand that they were going to do that, and I was surprised too. I knew they chipped all the men here, but I didn't know they did boys too. Anyway, Tim didn't have any choice in the matter, and after a long wait, a security officer arrived to hold him firm while the job was done. I really don't know why he made such a fuss, as with a touch of anesthetic, I don't think it hurt him at all.

It was lovely to see Mom again, and funnily enough, I felt quite glad to be seeing Greg too. I've decided he's not that bad, really, and if it makes Mom happy, so be it. I'm going to make a real effort not to start arguments with him.

His clothes are gorgeous, and his hair long, like Tim's. They both look effeminate, but looking around the station, that's the way all the men were. I'd read about it, but it's another thing to experience it.

I was sorry to say goodbye to the guardian. We'd become good friends and I knew I'd probably not see her again. That put me in a sad mood, but by the time we were at the apartment, I'd got over that, and was just so happy to have arrived.

Tim was not so pleased. There was nothing he could do about the extensions, but he soon took his pink outfit off, and got back into his Cassini clothes, before going to his room.

Mom said, "Greg, why don't you go and prepare the meal, while I show Rebecca the wedding photos?"

Greg nodded an okay, and disappeared off to the kitchen, leaving me with Mom.

She said, "You do want to see the wedding photos, don't you?"

"I've been looking forward to it."

She fiddled with the tablet, and set the photos going.

First the entrance to the office, then the marriage room, which looked a little dull, and then the photos I really wanted to see.

The star was Greg. He looked beautiful in his white wedding outfit, and Mom had had his hair styled in lovely flowing curls. In a couple of pictures, you could see the bulge in his pants. It was one of those things where you can't help looking again, however much you try not to.

One picture was a bit odd. It was of Mom's name on a pale background.

I asked, "What's that?"

"It's his tattoo, on the back of his neck. That's the custom here."

"What a lovely idea. How did he feel about that?"

"He wasn't enthusiastic, but he's getting more malleable these days. I don't have much trouble with him at all now. Of course, the chastiser might be a factor."

"The chastiser? I read about that. Can I see it?"

Mom went and got it, and let me hold it.

"Does it really hurt?"

She giggled. "I can try it on you, on a low setting, if you want."

I was a bit wary of letting her try that thing on me, but I was curious too. I really wanted to know what it would be like for the men being chastised.

"Okay, then, but only for an instant."

She put the metal end against my skin and pressed the button. I jumped up with the shock of it.

"Are you sure that's the lowest setting?"

"Quite sure. Did it hurt a lot?"

"I wouldn't say a lot, but I wouldn't want that again for a while. Would you really use it on Greg?"

"I'd have to, if he deserved it. Now we're married, I'm responsible for his actions, and if he causes a problem, then I have to deal with it. If I don't, then I'll be committing an offense."

Now I giggled. "If you do ever use it on him, can I watch?"

"No you can't. It'll be humiliating enough for him, without you there laughing."

"If you do use it on him, what's to stop him leaving you and going back to Cassini?"

"He can leave me, and go to the station, but he won't get near the train without his passport, and that's held at immigration along with yours and mine. But they won't release it to him without my approval."

"But what if he leaves you to go somewhere else in Utopia?"

"I suppose he could do that, but men on their own don't do too well here. He'd certainly lose his job for a start."

I said, "He looks as pretty as a bride back home. Don't you agree?"

"Yes, he does, and that's the way I want him when we're at social events. I want him to look better than any of the other husbands. But he does look especially pretty in white."

Mom was never timid, but she's so strong now, and almost a different person, and so self-confident about her position relative to Greg, that she's definitely a role model for me. I want to feel just as strong as she is.

She asked if I was sorry to have left the other job behind. I told her I wasn't sorry at all. I mentioned the man who'd been pestering me there, and Mom assured me that no man would dare to try that sort of thing here.

What I didn't tell her was that in the end I'd had sex with him. He's not bad looking, and unlike most of the girls in the office, I'd never had sex before, so I thought, why not? I didn't much like it when he was on top of me, as he was so heavy and strong that I didn't have much choice in the matter. But I did enjoy the sex itself.

Looking through the photos, there was a really attractive woman in several of them.

"Who's that, Mom?"

"That's Kelly, my boss at work. She's a good manager, but a good friend too. That's her husband Joe."

"He looks quite nice. Maybe a bit timid?"

"The men generally are. Even Greg's beginning to be that way when we're in company."

Then we got to talking about what I might be doing. It'll be in a government office, but I have to go to a job center first for aptitude

tests, and then they'll decide where to assign me.

Mom had been sent some documents for me to read before the tests, and I'll be going through them and memorizing absolutely everything before I get tested. I'm really looking forward to it.

Over dinner, we talked about the rail journey and the wedding, and then a thought occurred to me.

"I like the tattoo on Greg's neck, Mom, but what does it signify, having your name on him?"

Nicole smiled, "Now we are married, it's Greg's way of telling the world that he belongs to me, and no one else."

"Belongs?"

Greg laughed. "Don't read too much into it all. Women do have the stronger position in society, so it's their custom to use words like 'belong'."

I said, "Maybe so, but I like the word anyway. It's kind of romantic that a man would belong to a woman. It's the same with what I read about the wedding vows, where you say you will obey mom. So what does that mean? Do you have to do anything she tells you to do?"

"It's just the old-fashioned language they use. It probably dates from generations ago."

I suddenly had an idea.

"Greg, can I see you in your wedding outfit?"

He tried to argue against it, that it was packed away, but Mom said it was only fair, as I'd not been able to attend the ceremony.

So reluctantly, he went off to change.

When he came back into the room, I couldn't believe how lovely he looked. His jumpsuit was smooth like satin, and followed every contour of his body.

"You look so smart. And those strappy shoes are so elegant. Almost like high heels."

"They're not high heels, it's just the design."

"And your outfit's so smooth and silky. It really reveals your body shape. It makes you look a little vulnerable. Don't you agree, Mom?"

She smiled. "I think he looks perfect like that. Now I'd better check on Tim. He's been very quiet in there."

After Mom left the room, I walked around him.

His bulge was a lovely shape, with the light reflecting off the satin.

I whispered, "I like the pants, especially where they're shaped. Is that just you, or have they put padding in?"

"It's just me, but stop asking that kind of question, will you? So have you seen enough?"

I got really close to him, and realized that I was making him nervous. Quite a nice feeling.

It helps to be a bit taller than him, but in any case, as a woman, I was the dominant one in this room now. He must have been feeling vulnerable, knowing I could do things that he couldn't.

I touched his hair. "For now, yes."

Aptitude testing

Today was my first day at the place where I'll work, and I was all day in the job center, doing aptitude tests and being interviewed.

It'll be the same again for the rest of the week, to determine my future career possibilities. I enjoyed it today, and I'm looking forward to the rest of it. I was right to do some studying, as they also gave me some tests of my general knowledge, and that included things about Utopia government and laws. I'm pretty sure I got a hundred per cent on that.

Mom got me a dark green outfit, loosely fitting, with black socks and shoes. Even though it's not like Cassini fashions, I think I look quite good in it, and very professional.

Mom had got Tim his school uniform, but he initially refused to wear it. A pale green blouse and pants, with white socks and shoes. He wouldn't listen to Mom, but Greg had a long chat with him, that all the boys would look the same, so in the end he did put them on.

In these clothes, and with his long hair, he looked quite the little girl, and I just couldn't resist telling him he would look even prettier with a bracelet. That got him annoyed, and then I had Mom telling me off. Greg said nothing, but when I looked at him, I'm sure he was amused by it all.

Mom works not far from where I take the tests, so at the end of the day, she came to meet me, and we went home together.

She told me about her day, but mostly I talked about mine, especially as I've made some friends already.

At home, Greg and Tim were already there, and Tim was obviously in a bad mood.

He'd got into a fight at school, and his lovely clothes were all marked. Greg's going to get those cleaned ready for tomorrow, or else Tim would be in more trouble.

Greg asked me about the tests I did. I told them that the supervisor was impressed, as I was in the top few per cent. They assumed I'd score low, coming from elsewhere, so I'd been a surprise for them.

Greg said, "Was it just women?"

"No, there were men too, but not many. The funny thing is that to start with, the young men ignored me, but once my scores were showing up, they started showing interest. So I think I'm going to fit in here very well."

Mom said, "So no problems?"

"Well, there was one incident. One man, a bit older than me, was really rude about me coming from another city. In the end, I got so angry, I slapped him hard, and he tripped over."

"And are you in trouble for that?"

"No. Why should I be? He was in the wrong, and he got what he deserved. They took him away and put him in what they call the reflection room. It's completely dark, and he had to go in there for an hour, to think about his bad behavior. Then he had to apologize to me."

"Well, you'd better behave in future, or you might end up in there yourself."

"Oh, it's only for the men."

Later on, while Greg was cleaning Tim's clothes, I got chatting with Mom again. She wanted to know more about the reflection room.

I said, "It's not really a room. You'd touch the walls if you stretched your arms out, and there's no furniture or windows. It's just a bare room, almost like a big cupboard."

She said, "I don't think I'd like to be locked up like that. Not in the dark."

"I agree. But actually that man was lucky. Apparently there's a more severe punishment than that, and I heard that he only just avoided it. I'm sure I'll find out more tomorrow."

Intelligent cameras

Yesterday was my fourth and last day of testing. It normally takes five days, but I've whizzed through them. It's the first time anyone has completed them in four days, and even the head of the center came to congratulate me.

I think I've done well, but I won't know officially until I go with Mom to the center next week to find out my final results, and what sort of job I'll be doing.

There haven't been any more punishments for the men. The next level of punishment is for the man to be stripped off down to his briefs, and have to stand in the corner for an hour before going into the reflection room. I was just a little disappointed to hear this, having had all sorts of thoughts about chastisers and castration. But humiliating them like that is probably enough of a lesson.

Today, Mom had a day off, and we did a little shopping. I bought a new pair of shoes, but Mom spent much of the time looking for things for Greg. I think she's treating him like a doll to dress up. She's bought some different shades of moisturizer and lip balm for him, which I'd say is not far from what we'd call makeup back in Cassini.

At home, after lunch, we got chatting about life in Utopia.

Mom's been here about three months now, and she's much happier than when we were back home, with more friends, a better job, and her changed relationship with Greg.

"Mom, Greg's quite submissive when we're out, which I guess he has to be, but I'm surprised he's that way too when he's at home."

"It didn't start that way. When he got home, he wanted to change into his old clothes and behave a little the way he was. But I stopped all that. I threw away his old clothes for a start."

"I bet that caused an argument."

"Yes, but so what? After a few days, it was forgotten, and he'd got used to being in his new clothes. He looks quite sexy in them, doesn't he?"

I wasn't sure whether to agree or not. I dreamed last night of touching that bulge of his, and I woke up sweating. But that's not something to tell Mom about.

"Yes, he does look nice ... But Mom, I've been wondering about those cameras."

"What about them?"

"Are they on all the time? Like when we're getting undressed."

"They're monitoring all the time, but there's no recording unless Greg's in the room and acting badly. So long as he doesn't shout or swear, or try any violence, the cameras might as well not be there."

"And they're here for a year?"

"Yes, unless he causes trouble, in which case, they'll leave them in."

"I suppose it's to protect us, isn't it? But if they extend after a year, it could feel a little bit intrusive."

"Don't worry about that. If he causes you or me any trouble like that, I'll throw him out. There are plenty of other men ready to take his place."

"But don't you love him?"

"Yes, but only the way he is now. Obedient and supportive. If he changes, then he'll find out what it's like to be on his own here, and that's not nice, I can tell you."

She laughed. "Of course, I could have him castrated."

"Gosh ... That's a bit drastic, isn't it?"

"One of the women at work had her husband done, and it solved a lot of problems. She's happy now, but actually he is too. He's not so good for sex, but she's attractive, and there's no shortage of young men when she really wants that. And she can always hire a prostitute."

"So you can do anything with Greg, and he has no choice in the matter?"

"No choice at all. He's my husband, and that means he's my responsibility, and in a way my property."

"Property? So you could sell him?"

Mom burst out laughing.

"I don't think so. But I can do pretty well anything else."

Later on, I was reading a history book, but my mind was on other things.

Mom's so powerful now, but what does it mean for me?

Can I be as powerful as her? The men at the test center seem as subdued with me as with any of the other women, so I suppose that's my first taste of my position as a woman.

I think Greg's already nervous when he's with me, and I rather like that, even though he's perhaps that way with any woman now.

I'd read about male prostitutes, but it was still a surprise to hear Mom talk about them so casually. It makes me wonder if I should go with one, to get some sex.

Then I thought of Greg, in that lovely skin-tight outfit. If I had him on his own, would he be able to refuse me?

I nearly laughed out loud. Mom would go crazy if I ever tried that.

Tim's causing problems

Today I went with Mom and Greg, to see the supervisor at the job center, to find out my results.

As I expected, the supervisor gave me a glowing report. I'd got top marks on nearly every test, and my interviews all got top ratings too.

They're going to start me on Monday as a trainee in the civil service, and I'll get time off to study for a qualification too. They're fast-tracking me, so it sounds like I'm going to progress much more quickly than in Cassini.

What was best of all was that the supervisor commented on how well I get on with the other women, and how the men are attracted to me. Tall and clever seems to be a magnet to them. That's just about the opposite of the way it was in Cassini.

We went back home, and then Mom and Greg went off to Tim's school. They weren't that happy, as they knew it was about some sort of problem.

Later on, all three of them came back home together, and Tim as usual went straight to his room.

I said, "What's happened? Has he caused trouble again?"

Mom looked at Greg, then back at me.

"There have been quite a few problems, and he's been so disruptive that the principal has had teachers complaining as well as other parents."

"Does that mean they're suspending him?"

"Not quite. He's to have a week-long stay in a care facility, where he'll get counseling and guidance to better behavior. The principal says that it nearly always resolves matters, so she's ready for him to be back the following week."

"I can't see that's going to change anything. He won't listen to them."

Mom hesitated. "They'll use some drugs initially, until he becomes receptive."

"Gosh, I hope he'll be all right."

“He’ll be fine, and I’m sure he’ll be a happier person, if they do manage to change his behavior. He’s certainly not happy right now.”

“Can I talk to him about it?”

Greg said, “I think it’s better if you didn’t. They’ll be coming to collect him soon, and it’s best if we don’t aggravate the situation.”

“Okay, whatever you say. Let’s hope for the best.”

But I’m not optimistic.

Tim’s been the same awkward boy ever since he was old enough to talk, and he’s really obnoxious some of the time. I’d love to see an improvement, but I can’t think a week anywhere is going to change anything.

And then what?

I MAKE GREG KISS ME

I've made a good start at the office. Some of what I have to do is a bit boring, but I'm doing it well, and making sure my manager knows that, by pestering for extra jobs. I had my first day of training yesterday, and I got through two modules, when normally people only manage one in a day. Today, I was put onto some more interesting work, and I'm feeling good about that.

After dinner, I told Mom and Greg that I understood things a lot better now about marriage. My friends at work have explained what's really meant by the word 'obey' in the marriage ceremony.

Greg had tried to say it was just old-fashioned language, but he was wrong.

I said, "'Obey' really means what it says. If Mom tells you to do something, then you have to do it. It's the law."

Greg laughed. "She's always telling me to do things, so what's the difference?"

"You don't understand. For example, she could tell you to eat something horrible, just for the fun of it, and you'd have to do it, even if you found it disgusting."

Mom said, "That may be the law, but we're in a loving relationship, so I won't be asking him to eat horrible things or anything else like that."

"Well, I'm definitely going to get married one day, and have my own man to obey me. I'd make him do all sorts of things to please me. And if I was in a bad mood, I'd make him suffer too."

"So what sort of man would you look for?"

"Oh, I don't know. Maybe someone like Greg."

Mom smiled, and headed off to her study to do some work.

I sat down on the sofa next to Greg.

"If you were my husband, I'd expect plenty of affection."

"Well, you have to meet the right man first."

I gave him a sweet smile. "I could practice with you."

"Hey, stop talking like that. Your mother will hear you."

“No she won’t. Now give me a hug, that’s all. It’s not much to ask.”

“And if I don’t?”

“Then I’ll tell Mom you tried to kiss me.”

I wondered if he was going to refuse, but he put his arm around me.

“There, are you satisfied?”

“Now look at me and tell me you love me.”

He stared at me, and then shrugged. “All right, ... I love you.”

I couldn’t believe it. He was obeying me just like he has to obey Mom. And he was looking right into my eyes when he said it.

I smiled. “Now kiss me.”

That night it took me ages to get to sleep. I’d made Greg hold me and kiss me, and tell me he loves me. And it was so easy, that it makes me wonder what else I can make him do.

I wondered if he was having trouble sleeping too. He gave the impression that he was reluctant to kiss me, but I’ve a feeling he enjoyed it as much as I did.

I’m so happy here, and Mom is too, and I think Greg’s happy enough, now he’s got used to things. The only person not happy is Tim. He’s due back tomorrow, and we’ve no idea how well things have gone at the care facility.

Drastic measures for Tim

Tim was brought back this evening from the care facility, and it wasn't good news. He went off to his room, and the social worker settled down to discuss things with Mom and Greg.

I had to go to my room, but I left the door open and could hear most of the conversation.

The social worker said that Tim hadn't responded to the treatment, which was no surprise to me. But the upshot was that the school wouldn't take him back, and no other school would take him now.

I had to smile, as I could have guessed this would be the outcome. I got close to the door to hear better what they planned to do with him next, and that was a shock.

The social worker said, "Unless something drastic is done, he'll never go to school."

Greg said, "What do you mean by drastic?"

"I'm sorry, but there's only one way forward that my people can think of. It may seem extreme, but we're talking about castration."

There was silence and then Mom spoke.

"That's terrible. Why on earth do you even suggest it?"

"Because I can't see any other way. It's not uncommon here, and it's always very effective. His aggression will disappear, and he'll be so much happier. I think it's best for him. Otherwise he won't be able to attend school, and well, ... his future would be very uncertain."

Greg said, "So he'll become a eunuch?"

"Exactly. And life as a eunuch can be very satisfying. He'll be happier at school, and soon get used to having a new personality. Within a short while, he'll be thanking you for agreeing to it."

Greg said, "Nicole, I'm against it. He was born a man, and it's wrong to take that away from him. Isn't this the time to think whether we should go back?"

"But Greg, I love it here, and so does Rebecca, and maybe Tim would be better off having the operation. He was never that happy

back home anyway. We're staying, and we should do what's best for all of us, Tim included."

I didn't want to hear the rest, so I closed my door.

I always knew Tim wouldn't fit in here, but it was a bit scary to think of what the social worker was proposing.

It's Tim's own fault, so if anyone has to suffer for the way he's behaved, then it should be him, not the rest of us. I only wish I could think of some other way of dealing with his issues, but I can't, short of us all going back to Cassini. And for me that's out of the question. I'll never go back there, for Tim or anyone else.

But there surely has to be some other option for him?

I remind Greg about the cameras

I was watching TV on my own after I got home, when Greg got back. He took off his jacket, and sat down on the sofa opposite me.

"You like it here, Rebecca, don't you?"

"I love it."

"I wish Tim felt the same. He's going to be different when he comes back you know."

"For the better, presumably. He was always an irritation."

"That's a bit unkind, about your brother. But you've no thoughts about wanting to go back home?"

"Not at all. I can do all sorts of things here that I couldn't back home. I never want to go back."

"What sort of things?"

"For a start, entering the civil service at this level. I might be a trainee, but I've already got responsibilities, and the opportunities are wide open."

"I suppose so, at least for women. But is that it?"

I had to laugh. "No, it's all sorts of things. For example, I can do what I want with the men in the office. They can't retaliate, as they know they'll get the blame."

"Oh, yes, and what can you do with them?"

I went over to sit next to him. "Do you see the camera?"

He looked up. "Yes. So what?"

I slapped him on the face.

I knew he wanted to respond, but then he looked up again. He was scared stiff the surveillance camera was going to trigger.

I said, "I can do things like that. Now kiss me, or I'll do it again."

He hesitated. "If I kiss you, will you —"

"Kiss me, Greg. You know you want to. Or do you want another —"

I heard the outer door opening, and jumped to my feet, just as Mom came into the room.

She said, "Greg, we're going out to dinner tonight, with my boss, Kelly, and her husband Joe. Rebecca, you'll be all right on your own, won't you?"

“I’ll be fine. What time will you be back?”

“Not late. We’ve all got work tomorrow.”

By the time they got back, I’d caught up with some office work, and watched TV for a while. Their drama is okay to watch, but it’s as trashy as in Cassini. The lead characters are always women, and I think it’s quite good for me in getting used to life here, and what I can do.

There was even one episode where a mother seduces her daughter’s boyfriend, and they end up sharing him. I watched that twice over.

Mom said they had a good evening out, but Greg was a bit subdued. I’d love to know why, but no doubt he’s experienced a little more of life for the male here. I’ll have to find out from Mom.

Mom's pet waiter

I went shopping with Mom today, and we had lunch at the same restaurant that she'd been to the other evening with Kelly and their husbands. The waiter was very attentive to her, and when I commented on it, she started giggling.

It seems that when they were at dinner, this waiter had kissed Kelly, and then asked Mom if she'd like a kiss too, and she said yes.

I said, "On the lips?"

"Naturally."

"No wonder Greg wasn't looking so happy when you got back."

"Well, he'll have to get used to it. If a man wants to kiss me, and he's attractive, I'm not going to refuse. Would you?"

"I suppose not. But a waiter? That's hardly part of his job, is it?"

"His job is to provide a service that makes the customer happy and satisfied."

Now I giggled. "So how far do you take that argument?"

"As far as I want, Rebecca."

"Sex too?"

She smiled a yes.

"And spend the night at his place?"

"You've got quite an imagination, haven't you? Between you and me, I'd happily spend the night with him, but I wouldn't want to go to any man's apartment. I'd book a hotel room. Are you shocked?"

I'm so enjoying it here. I'm learning something every day about the way of life, and it's exciting to see how Mom has changed since being here. Then a wicked thought occurred to me. If Mom was away all night with the waiter, then I'd be the one in charge. That made me smile.

"Mom, this is a new and different life for us all, so how can I be shocked? If you want to spend the night with him, then you should do it."

TIM'S BEEN CASTRATED

We were all a bit nervous this morning, waiting for Tim to be brought back from the clinic. They operated a week ago, so we were hoping he'd got over any trauma.

From what I've read, aside from losing his testicles, he'll be on female hormones, so I expected some sort of change. But all the same, it was a surprise when he came through the door and straight away wanted to hug Mom. The last time he wanted to do that was years ago.

Mom sent me and Tim off so that she and Greg could talk to the social worker. I thought Tim would go to his room, but he wanted to stay with me, even wanting to sit next to me on the bed. And he was smiling more than I can ever remember.

I've decided that I much prefer the new Tim. I didn't ask about the operation, but told him a little about what I was doing at work, and he seemed happy to listen to me.

After the social worker left, Mom got us back in.

I said, "Tim's so much nicer now. I think I'm going to be very proud of him. And for once he's keen to get back to school."

Mom smiled. "Is that right, Tim?"

"I can't wait. I know I've got to apologize for the way I was, but I'm sure they'll forgive me. There is one thing though. Can I borrow one of Greg's bracelets? Most of the other boys wear one, and I don't want to be the odd one out, especially on my first day back."

"Of course you can."

Tim went to her and hugged her, and then went to Greg and hugged him. "I'm so happy to be back. I won't let you down again."

Then he burst into tears of happiness, and I went over to comfort him and hug him.

I'm so happy for him. Finally we can all settle down to life here.

I make Greg strip for me

This morning, Mom and Greg had a big argument.

From what I heard, Mom's going out this evening with her boss Kelly, and two waiters from their favorite restaurant. And they're all staying at a hotel together tonight! Greg was protesting about her having sex with other men, but got nowhere. She wouldn't deny it or confirm it, but it's obvious that's going to happen.

She looked really smart when she left for work, carrying her overnight bag, and I was quite envious. Part of me wished that it was me going out on this overnight date, but part of me also was thinking about having her out of the way for a while.

In the evening, Greg was miserable, but nothing could be said while Tim was there, so I got him off to bed early, and went back into the living room.

I sat down next to Greg on the sofa.

"Are you annoyed with Mom?"

"What do you think? We're supposed to be married, and she's spending the night with another man."

"But women do that here all the time."

"That may be, but it's not the way I was brought up. Back home, it would be reason enough to split up."

"But you're here now, and you have to forget the past. It's stupid to make yourself miserable about something as trivial as her having a night away."

"It's not trivial. It's important to me."

"Then you're stupid. And you're getting me annoyed talking like this. If you carry on, I might slap you again. Harder this time."

Greg sighed. "You're not being very nice are you?"

I said, "I can be nice when I feel like it."

"Well, I haven't seen much of that."

All day long at the office, I'd been thinking about what I might do later. I'd have him with me alone all evening, with no chance of Mom coming back.

It was time to make my move.

"I'll show you then."

I got close to him, and he winced, as if I was going to slap him. But that wasn't on my mind at all.

I stroked his hair, then put my hands either side of his head, and held him tight. Then I kissed him on the lips, putting the tip of my tongue between them.

He jerked away. "Rebecca, you shouldn't be doing that. Not with me."

"Would you rather I slapped you?"

"No, ... but you shouldn't kiss me like that. I'm your mother's husband."

"Listen, Greg, I'll do whatever I want. That's why I like it here. And tonight you're not her husband anyway. You more or less said that. And when we're alone, I don't think of her as my mother. She's just another woman. Anyway, now it's your turn. I want you to kiss me, like you kiss Nicole."

"I told you it was wrong. Let's leave things be."

I raised my hand to slap him.

"Do I have to force you? I liked it when we kissed, and I know that you did too, even though you won't admit it."

"I'm not —"

I slapped him really hard, and he groaned in pain, holding his cheek.

I said, "Now give me a long, passionate kiss, or I'll have to slap you again, or do worse."

He was staring at me, I suppose wondering if I would keep hitting him. I stared back, not giving anything away. He glanced up at the cameras, and then back at me, and shrugged.

He came closer to me, and kissed me gently. But I wanted more than that. I grabbed hold of his head and kissed him so hard that my teeth were pressing into his lips. When I let go, he was gasping for breath.

"So Greg, admit it, that was something different, wasn't it?"

"Of course it was. You're very intense. But it's still not right. I'm married to Nicole, not you."

"If she's happy enough to be romancing other men, why shouldn't you be having your own fun? Anyway, when she's not

here, I'm the woman in charge, and I can do whatever I want, with those cameras there. If you retaliate, they'll know, and then you'll be punished."

"Hell, Rebecca, stop talking like that. I'm going to my bedroom to read, and I've got a headache, so you'll have to leave me alone."

He stood up, and went to his bedroom, but I followed him in, and sat on the bed.

I said, "Are you naked when you sleep with Nicole?"

"Yes, what of it?"

"I'd like to see you naked."

"No way."

I stood up, and then slapped him on the cheek.

"Greg, take your clothes off, or I'll hit you again. And don't forget there's a camera in here too."

"You can slap me all you want. I'm not stripping off in front of you."

"Very well."

I left him, and went to my own room. I wasn't going to let him win like that. I was the woman in charge tonight, and he's a man, so he has to do what I want. But my hand was getting sore from slapping him.

Back in his room, I showed him my leather belt.

I said, "I'll use this on you if you don't do what I say."

"I told you, I'm not going —"

"You're beginning to annoy me. Aren't you scared what I might do?"

"You're crazy. Now —"

I whipped the belt around, to hit him in the face.

He shouted, "Stop it, Rebecca! That really hurt me. Just leave me alone and go to bed."

I swung the belt again, but he put up his arm to protect his face, so his forearm took the impact.

Staring at me, he put up his hand for me to stop, and then started to take off his shirt. I stood watching him take off his clothes, down to his briefs. Then he stopped.

I raised the belt.

"Take them off."

He slipped off his briefs without a word.

"I can see why Nicole likes you. You've a beautiful body."

I went close and lowered my hand to touch him, and it stiffened.

"Greg, why is it doing that? Do you want to make love to me?"

"It's not something I can control. Please stop this, and leave me alone."

I touched it again. "All right, I'll leave you alone. And by the way, you'd better not tell Nicole about this. If you do, I'll make your life a misery."

I went back to the living room, and watched TV for a while. It had been quite an evening, getting him to kiss me and then having him strip off. Maybe I should have done more, but I was excited enough as it was.

And anyway, there'll be another time. If Mom has a good evening with the waiters, she's bound to do it again. And then I'll have some real fun with Greg, just as if he's my husband, not hers.

Greg's date with Kelly

This evening, after dinner, something unexpected. I was with Mom in the living room, watching TV, but Greg was in their bedroom getting dressed up to go out. He popped into the living room a couple of times to get Mom's advice, and he was beginning to look fashionable, and very sexy.

When he went away, I said, "Why's he all dressed up like that?"

Mom smiled. "He's got a date with Kelly. Don't you think he looks nice?"

"Really nice. I like the studs in his ears too. They're so pretty. Expensive looking too ... I haven't seen them before, have I?"

"You couldn't have. He only just had his ears pierced today. The studs are a present from Kelly, so we had to have the piercings done."

Greg came back in, and stood ready for inspection.

Mom looked him over. "You're fine. Now you'd better call a taxi. You don't want to be late."

I went to my room and left them to it, until I heard the sound of the door closing. I went back to the living room and sat down.

"Is he really having a date with Kelly?"

"Yes. She's wanted it since she met him."

"And does that mean ... you know ...?"

"Sex? I should think so. He'll be staying the night with her."

"And you're happy with that?"

"Why shouldn't I be? It's no great loss to sleep on my own for one night. And I told Greg it's only fair, after I had my own overnight date with that waiter."

"Dare I ask how Greg feels about it?"

"Oh, he was awkward about it, but he made more of a fuss about having his ears pierced, so I'm pretty sure he's looking forward to the date. She's an attractive woman, after all."

"It's quite different here, then, isn't it? I mean back in Cassini you wouldn't have allowed that, would you?"

"No, but that was there."

"So you wouldn't mind who had sex with Greg?"

“I suppose not, but only if I approved it.”

I nodded understanding, but secretly was smiling. There's one person she certainly wouldn't approve of, and that's me. But it's not really logical of her. Now she's allowed Greg to have sex with someone else, she's set a precedent.

“And what if Greg prefers sex with Kelly to you?”

Mom laughed. “I don't suppose he'd tell me if he did.”

We watched TV after that, but I was thinking of Greg. By now he might be having sex with Kelly, and I'd love to know what she's doing with him.

I'm so envious.

I hear about Greg's date

It's been a couple of days since Greg had his date, and I was dying to know more, so it worked out well that Mom went out this evening with some friends.

I said, "Greg, how did it go the other evening, with Kelly?"

"You are nosy, aren't you?"

"I was just interested, that's all."

"Well, it was okay. I still don't get this business of swapping around, given that we're married, but I can't say it was bad."

"And you slept all night with her?"

He laughed. "Yes, when she let me sleep. She's very demanding. Quite a woman ..."

"Gosh, things are certainly different here. And was Joe there?"

"Yes, and that was a bit embarrassing. For me, I mean. He seemed to treat the whole thing as routine."

"And will you be having another date sometime?"

"I don't know. It's up to the women, isn't it? A woman here can do what she wants."

"Then maybe I'll have a date with you sometime."

He looked at me, frowning.

"Shouldn't you be thinking of dates with younger men?"

"I have been thinking about that, but I don't want to come over as inexperienced. Of course, if I had sex with you, I'd feel a lot more confident."

I thought he'd object, but he just looked thoughtful.

That was a bit of a surprise.

Was it because his date with Kelly had freed his mind for sex outside marriage? Or was he just accepting the inevitable, that I could force him if I wanted to? Either way, it's working out nicely. The only thing now is that if we have sex, he'll be comparing me to Kelly as well as Nicole.

I think I can compete with Nicole, but Kelly's tall and strong, and probably a lot more experienced.

Just for a moment, I imagined what it would be like to be Greg, with Kelly holding me down for sex. It made me shiver.

I'm actually quite in awe of her.

WE'RE GETTING A EUNUCH

A new development, and I'm really excited about it.

Mom told me that Kelly's got a eunuch living with them now, and that we might be getting one to live here with us too.

I said, "Is that why you want one? Because Kelly's got one?"

"I'd been thinking about it anyway, but it's true that Kelly got me into action. There's a site you can view them on, and I chose a really nice-looking one called Brad. Well, actually I was down to two, and I made Greg make the final choice."

"I bet he loved that."

We both started giggling.

Mom said, "He doesn't want another man in the apartment, even a eunuch. But what do you think?"

"I can't see a problem. Will he have jobs to do in the apartment?"

"He'll only be working part-time, so yes. He can look after the household for us all."

"So when is he coming?"

"I'm not sure yet. He's already with a family, and they're replacing him, so it'll be as soon as they get their replacement. It should be fairly soon though."

"And will I be able to tell him what to do?"

"That's what he's here for."

I smiled, thinking about that.

I can't have proper sex with him, but I could still have a lot of fun, and if he's good-looking in clothes, he's probably good-looking naked. Although I probably won't do anything like that. I'd always be worrying that he might tell Mom.

I'm better off having my games with Greg. He won't say a word, whatever I do with him. And I know what I'm going to do next.

Something I can't do with a eunuch.

I give Greg an orgasm

Mom and Tim went out early, before I got up. They're off to do some shopping in a far part of the city. It seems a lot of hassle to me, but there are some new fashions there, and she's determined to go and see them, if not to buy something.

I walked into the living room, still in my nightie, and sat on the sofa next to Greg, watching the TV news.

I said, "Nicole and Tim are out all day, so what shall we do?"

"You can watch TV. Haven't you a book to read?"

"I think I'd rather do something with you, like we did before."

Greg switched off the TV.

"Look, Rebecca, you shouldn't be talking that way. Do you think the young women you work with are like that?"

"Most are. Some have had sex with more than one man already, and they're the same age as me."

"Good grief, no wonder you get these ideas."

"Never mind them. Let's have some fun. I know, why don't you get undressed again?"

"Please, Rebecca, find something else to do. I had a rough day yesterday, and today I just want to relax and watch TV."

I sat quietly for a while, then, "All right, then how about this? Put your arm around me, and tell me you love me. Then you can give me a really nice kiss."

He started to protest, but I said, "And don't make me have to use that belt, will you?"

He put his arm around me. "Okay, I love you."

Then he leaned towards me for the kiss.

I said, "No, that's no good. You've got to say it like you mean it, and use my name. And pull me close when you kiss me."

He hesitated, and then really nicely, "I love you, Rebecca."

Then he kissed me. And not just a brief kiss. It was several seconds before he backed away.

I said, "Oh, Greg, that was lovely."

I cuddled up to him, and switched on the TV.

He was tense to start with, but then he relaxed, and I knew he was happy having me close like this. Today he was going to be my husband.

When the program finished, I switched off the TV again.

"You've been so good, I've decided to give you a little reward. Let's go to the bedroom."

"I thought the kiss was enough."

"Don't argue. I don't want to have to hurt you. So come on, let's go to your bedroom and you can take your clothes off."

I led him by the hand, and in the bedroom watched him strip off. He may be older than me, but he's quite handsome, and he's sexier than the timid men I work with.

Living here, I can do so much. Back home, something like this would be a fantasy, but here I can make it reality. I could have had sex with him, and one day I will, but I'd already decided on something else.

I said, "Now lie down on your back, with your hands above you."

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to tie your wrists to the bed. But I won't hurt you, if you do what I say."

He put his hands up, and I tied his wrists tight. Then I stood at the foot of the bed, and took my nightie off.

I'm not the perfect shape of woman, but I think I'm not bad looking, and I'm young. And Greg's not seen any young woman naked for years. As far as I know anyway.

I said, "Don't you think I look nice?"

He smiled, "Better than nice. So what now?"

"I'm still not sure how to start. I've never imagined what it would be really like, having you here like this. It's kind of scary knowing I can do what I want."

I touched his foot and he jumped.

"That's ticklish."

I took hold of his foot, and smoothed my hand over it.

"You've got nice feet. Nice to touch. And I have to start somewhere."

As I stroked his feet, he relaxed back, still smiling. I progressed to his ankles, and then to his calves. Each time I changed position,

he tensed, but as I worked on him, he relaxed again. I knew he was enjoying it.

I said, "I'm going to work on your thighs now, and you know where I'm going after that. So lie back and enjoy it."

I stroked and kneaded his thighs, moving gradually upwards, until my hand was just under his testicles. When I wrapped my hand around them, that really got him tense. His penis was already starting to go erect, and when I stroked it with my other hand it stiffened and lengthened.

I jumped away, to get the condom. Then back on the bed, I slipped it on him, taking my time.

"Now I'm going to make you ejaculate. That's your reward."

I took hold of his penis again, and started on him, sliding my fingertips along it, and around the base and the tip.

I think the delay had calmed him down, but everything was soon back to the way it was.

I slid on top of him, still holding him, and lowered myself to kiss him. I was excited, and I could tell he was too. Whenever Nicole's not here, Greg's going to belong to me.

I kissed him on the lips, then whispered, "I wonder if it would fit into me? I think it would probably feel like this."

I squeezed it. Then relaxed, and squeezed it again.

He started shaking, and I kissed him again and again, until his whole body convulsed. I could feel his penis pulse with the ejaculation, and I held it tight until it was over.

I shouted out, "I've done it. I've made you ejaculate. I told you I would."

He was breathing so heavily that he couldn't talk, so I slumped down on the bed next to him.

I said, "You know, Greg, I was scared to start with, thinking about doing that to you, but I'm not scared now. I can do anything I want, and no one can stop me. Whenever Nicole's not here, you'll be my man, not hers."

I leaned over him and untied his wrists. Then I kissed him again.

I said, "Come on, a bit more passion. We're almost lovers."

I kissed him, and this time he responded, and we kissed for ages. Passionately. It was the most erotic thing to be naked on him,

kissing like that, after what I'd done to him. I kissed him and kissed him, with him responding more strongly every time, until I could do no more.

Finally I lay back again at his side.

"Greg, will you tell me you love me again?"

He smiled.

"I love you, Rebecca."

And I knew he meant it.

I've never had a man say he loves me, and I felt wonderful. It shows I'm just as much a woman as Nicole or Kelly.

I could have done more, but I'd had enough for today. Next time, maybe I'll have sex with him. But there's no need to rush things. Now he's mine, as much as Nicole's, I can take my time ...

Chastisement

I'd been away, staying with a friend, and had only just got back home, when Mom arrived back with Greg.

Her face was red with anger, and when she ordered me and Tim to go to our rooms, we didn't hesitate.

I left my door open a fraction, so could hear a little of what was going on. Mom was shouting at him about something he'd said when they were shopping, that had embarrassed her. I heard the word "humiliation", so it must have been serious, whatever he did.

I could hear him apologizing, which sounded really pathetic, and then she stormed off to their bedroom and slammed the door. I stayed where I was. With something like this, I didn't want to get involved.

A quarter hour later, I heard her go back to the living room, so I opened my door again, this time a bit wider to hear better.

Mom said, "I've realized what I've got to do. It's what I committed to in the marriage. I've got to punish you for the way you've behaved."

"What do you mean by that?"

"You remember your vows. Mine was that if you do wrong I would chastise you, and your vow was that you would accept it. That's what we'll have to do, Greg. My friends will ask me what I've done about your behavior, and I'm sure that they'll expect me to have punished you."

"You mean with that electronic thing?"

"Yes, the chastiser. I know it might hurt you a little, but I've got to do it. You have to be punished."

I've never been so excited. I knew about the chastiser, but I thought that it was more a symbol, than something you'd use, at least for something like being embarrassed.

Greg tried to talk her out of it, but she wouldn't budge.

He said, "Suppose I refuse?"

"You can't. It's the law that you've got to fulfill your vows. So I'd have to call the police."

Mom had told me that he'd already spent a night in jail before we came, and had been beaten quite badly. So he wouldn't want that again.

Next thing I knew, they were heading for their bedroom, and I closed my door.

But once they were in there, I couldn't resist coming out and listening at their door, which was just slightly open. But the voices were muffled, so I took a chance and pushed it a little further, and looked through.

The scene was unreal, or at least it would have been in Cassini. Greg was standing facing the wall, naked, and Mom was behind him holding the chastiser against his back. She really was going to punish him. I held my breath, waiting for what she was going to do to him.

When she pressed the button, he jumped, and cried out in pain.

She said, "That's the first one. I'm going to give you six of them altogether."

"Six? Does it have to be that many?"

"Yes. That's what other women talk of. Six for something like this."

She put it against his back again, and gave him another shock. He didn't shout this time, but he jumped again, and I'm sure it was just as painful. And then she gave him another of the same.

She looked at the device and did something with the controls, and zapped him a fourth time. That made him jump, and he made a kind of whimper.

The way I understood it, you're supposed to use that thing out of necessity, not because you enjoy it, but she was smiling.

She fiddled with the device again, and then I realized what she was doing.

She went close to him, and stroked his hair, whispering something. Then she put it against the back of his thigh, and pressed the button.

His whole body shook, nearly falling over, and he gave that pathetic whimper again.

He shouted out. "Nicole, please stop now. You've done enough, surely."

“Darling, it’s just one more, and then it’ll be over.”

She whispered something again. I wished I could have heard what she said to him.

He said, “But you’re really hurting me. Can’t you stop now? I promise I won’t say things like that again.”

“But I have to hurt you, to be sure you learn to behave. And it’s not just that incident in the shop. You’re supposed to be submissive to me, and you’ve had long enough to get used to it, but your arguments and disagreements prove otherwise. My darling, you have to forget the past, and accept the way things are now. I’ve a responsibility to look after you, and you’ve a responsibility to obey me and make me happy.”

She put the thing against his buttock and pressed the button.

He screamed out, and collapsed to the floor, with his whole body shaking. It was awful to see, and I could smell burning. As he lay there moaning, Mom knelt down next to him.

“I’m sorry, darling. I’m sorry it had to be done. But it’s all over now.”

It was bad enough watching him suffer, but that burning smell was sickening, and the scariest thing of all was that Mom was still smiling.

I crept back to my bedroom. It was a lot to take in.

I know I can do all sorts of things here, and I’ll surely use a chastiser myself some day, in fact I’m looking forward to it. But I don’t think I’ll ever treat a man that badly.

Well, ... unless I have to.

Greg said he loves me, and no doubt he’s said the same to Nicole. But next time I’m with him, I think I’ll have a little conversation, and then we’ll see who he prefers.

I tell Greg about the chastiser

This evening, Mom was out with friends, and Tim had gone to bed, so Greg was on his own with me.

Since I gave him that massage, we hadn't been alone like this very often.

And this time, I had something in mind.

I sat next to him, and waited to see what he'd do if I said nothing.

After a while, he said, "Do you want me to kiss you?"

That's exactly what I wanted him to say.

Up to now, each time we were alone, I'd asked him to kiss me, and it had become routine. Now it was him asking me, and that's a world of difference.

I gave him a smile.

"Only if you want to."

He put his arm around me and gave me a lovely long kiss. When he sat back, he was smiling too.

I waited a couple of minutes while we watched TV, and then I was ready to bring up the subject.

"Did it hurt a lot?"

"What do you mean?"

"What Nicole did to you with that electronic thing. It hurt you a lot didn't it?"

"How do you know what we were doing?"

"I was watching you. Nicole left the door open a fraction, and I pushed it open a little bit more, so I could see what was going on. It looked like it really hurt you."

"Well, it did. But it was something that had to be done."

"I know you'd been disrespectful, and I understand why she had to do it, but I thought she was really harsh on you."

"It wasn't her choice. She had to use that thing because of what her friends would be saying. Neither of us wanted it."

I paused before continuing, relishing the moment.

I said, "She was enjoying it, you know."

"No she wasn't. She was sorry she had to do it, and she was upset by the whole thing."

"Then why was she smiling while she was doing it, especially before she did that last one? I know my mother better than you do, and I tell you she was enjoying it."

Greg was silent. Now I knew I had his attention.

"She was fiddling with that gadget before she did the last two. I think she was turning the power up."

He said, "It did hurt me, but I want to forget it now. So I really don't want to talk about it any more."

"All right. If that's the way you feel, ... but to be honest, if I was doing that to a naked man, I think I might have enjoyed it too."

"How could you enjoy hurting someone?"

"I'm not saying I would. But it must be exciting to use that thing and watch the reaction. So I might enjoy doing it, but you never know. One day I'll be married, and I suppose I'll find out then whether I like it or not. I won't know until I try."

He stood up. "You're certainly an unusual girl, and it's always interesting to talk to you, but I'm tired and have to go to bed."

I let him go to his bedroom, and stretched out on the sofa.

I knew he was going to check the settings on the chastiser. I'd done that already, the day after she zapped him, and saw it was set to the maximum, marked as dangerous. No wonder he was writhing around.

I've done a lot of thinking since it happened, and I'm looking forward to trying that thing myself someday. But I don't want to get married, just yet anyway, so I suppose I'll have to wait.

Anyway, I'm glad I had my conversation with Greg. I view myself in a bit of a competition with Nicole, and that can't have done her any good.

Brad, our own eunuch

Mom finally completed the arrangements, and we now have our own eunuch, Brad. He's not very tall, with long blonde hair, and quite slim, and pretty, and I took an immediate liking to him.

It was a weekend when he moved in. He didn't have a lot of belongings, other than clothing and jewelry, so his room was a bit bare to start with.

But Mom soon sorted that out, with some bits of furniture, and soon she was pampering him, with new clothes, makeup and jewelry, even though she pays him a salary anyway.

He takes Tim shopping, and Tim loves it. So all in all, Brad's quite a nice addition to the household. Even Greg seems to have got to like him, which was a bit unexpected. I think it's because Brad is so effeminate in his behavior, but also, Brad does all the housework, which means fewer jobs for Greg.

When Mom's not around, I'm in charge, and I boss Brad around endlessly. It doesn't matter how much I do so, but he always seems happy to be taking orders. He's actually quite intelligent, and we have some interesting discussions about how things are here.

In the evenings, to start with, he sat in his room watching TV, but Mom insisted that he join us in the living room. Before long, she had him sitting with her as often as not, with her arm around him and stroking his hair.

I'm sure that Greg wasn't enthusiastic about that, as I could see him frowning occasionally when he looked at them, but in the end it all settled down, and I think he just got used to it.

But what stirred things up was when Mom decided to have Brad spend the night with her.

Greg was really annoyed about it, and also having to sleep alone in Brad's room. When Mom got up and pulled Brad to his feet, she wished us goodnight, and off they went. It was a bit embarrassing, as I didn't know what to say, and I did feel sorry for him, although in a way it suited me as yet another negative for Nicole.

Later on, lying in bed, and after everything had gone quiet, I did wonder about creeping in to see Greg. Although it was a risky thing to do, I knew he'd be more than ready now to have sex with me.

And I know I'm ready.

SEX WITH GREG

It's been a month since Mom first slept with Brad.

Now she sleeps with him every weekday, and with Greg at weekends. I'm quite envious, not having had any sex at all! I know Brad's no use for regular sex, but I suspect Mom still has a lot of fun with him. I'd even been wondering if I might ask her if I can have Brad for the night, one weekend, but she's become quite possessive, and every day that goes by, I'm less sure it's worth asking.

Today's Saturday, and Mom went off for another of her overnight hotel parties with Kelly, so Greg was in a bad mood, because of missing one of his nights.

After Tim had gone to bed, I was left with Greg and Brad watching TV, and wondering what else to do.

I said, "I'm bored."

Brad came to attention. "I'm sorry. Is there anything I can do?"

"Yes, there is one thing you can do. Go to your room, and stay there."

He jumped to his feet and was off.

Greg said, "You're very harsh, the way you talk to him."

"He doesn't mind. He's used to it. So what can we do, now he's gone?"

Greg was quiet for a moment.

"Can't we just sit together and watch TV?"

"I want us to have some fun again. Come on, let's go to your bedroom."

It looked like he was going to argue, but he backed off, and stood up, with a resigned expression.

In the bedroom, I watched him strip off, and got him to lie back on the bed.

I said, "Did you like it last time? My special massage?"

"Is that what you're planning today?"

"Tell me you liked it. You did, didn't you?"

"It was okay."

I stripped to my underwear, and looked down at him. Then I took the last items off and stood there naked.

In Cassini, they'd say I was too tall and skinny, but here I'm an ideal height. I wish I wasn't quite as thin, as then maybe I'd have an ideal figure too. But I doubted that Greg was thinking about that sort of detail.

He's not had much sex lately, and he'd want it with any naked woman by now, whatever he says.

I leaned over him and took hold of his penis. It was erect almost immediately, and I could see his body tensing.

I had the condom ready, and rolled it on.

I said, "Now doesn't that feel nice. Aren't I getting good at it?"

"You can do all that, and I can't help reacting, but we shouldn't —"

I leaned down and kissed him.

"Why not?"

"You know why not. I'm in a relationship with your mother, not you."

I laughed. "You're fooling yourself. What sort of relationship is it where she nearly kills you for speaking out of turn, and now spends more time in bed with Brad?"

"I'm still her husband, ..."

"You're expecting a special massage now, aren't you?"

I kissed him again, touching his lips with my tongue, and after just a brief delay, he started responding.

I whispered, "You know what I want you to say, but add some more words to show you really mean it."

He looked up at me, and I could tell from his eyes that he had real feelings for me. It's what I always wanted.

He said, "Rebecca, my darling, I love you."

I kissed him, then giggled. "Then maybe we should move on and have a relationship like you occasionally have with Nicole. Maybe it's time we had sex."

"No, Rebecca. Leave that for the future, when you meet someone you want to marry."

I reached down to the bedside cupboard and got the lubricant. Greg watched me in silence, as I applied it to myself.

I looked down at him. "I want to get you really excited, if I'm going to have sex with you."

I went to the bottom of the bed, and stood astride, with my arms outstretched to the side.

"Look at me. You're my man, and I'm going to make love to you. Tell me that's what you want."

He hesitated, but only for a couple of seconds.

"I want you, Rebecca. I want you desperately."

I put my fingers on my breasts. "Keep talking. Say nice things, ... how you feel about me."

"You're beautiful, and sexual. I love you and I want you, ... I want you more than anything... Please, Rebecca, come and make love to me."

I crept onto the bed, and slid on top of him. Then I had hold of his penis, and pushed myself onto it. Suddenly it slipped right into me, and I couldn't help gasp.

"Greg, I can feel it inside me. It's wonderful. That's my first sex in Utopia. And you're the man that did it with me. You're my lover now."

I started moving around on him, and he closed his eyes, smiling with the enjoyment of it, and starting a rhythm to match me. My nipples were erect, and every time I touched them against his chest, it made me shiver a little.

As I kissed him, he put the tip of his tongue between my lips. I responded to that by pushing my hips hard onto him. And then I knew it was coming. His shaking body reverberated through me, so I stopped pushing so hard, and just enjoyed the feeling as his body got to orgasm. That sex I'd had in Cassini was nowhere as good as this.

As Greg climaxed, he gasped, "I love you, Rebecca. I love you, ..."

I kissed him over and over again, and he responded to all of it, until we'd both had enough.

Lying next to him afterwards, I said, "You're my lover now, and that makes you mine as much as Nicole's. Greg, tell me you desire me as your lover."

"Yes, I desire you."

"And do you desire me more than Nicole?"

“Rebecca, you’re a beautiful woman, and you’ve just made love to me, so how do you think I feel? Right now, I desire you more than any other woman.”

We lay there for a long time in silence.

Greg said, “Just now, you said it was your first sex in Utopia. Does that mean you had sex back home?”

“I had it twice with a man in the office. But it was a bit dull. Not like with you. So really this was my first proper sex.”

“Nicole doesn’t know, does she?”

“No. Why should I tell her?”

Then silence again.

“Greg, tell me again how you desire me.”

He laughed. “Rebecca, I desire you more than anything.”

“Then I want you to make love to me. Can you do that?”

He looked at me with gooey eyes. He doesn’t look at Nicole like that any more, so now I’m sure he loves me more than her.

This time, I lay back, and let him do the work, as if we were back in Cassini. It was nice and relaxing, to do it that way, but not as exciting as the Utopia way. But the best of it was that as I lay there, with him striving to please me, I realized he was mine, totally mine.

I think he’d do anything for me now.

Afterwards, we lay together a while, and then I got up from the bed, and got dressed. A kiss on his cheek and I crept to my bedroom.

Lying there, I thought I heard a faint sound of footsteps, so I got out of bed, and looked down the corridor. But all was quiet.

Repercussions

I slept well after my sex with Greg, and after breakfast, when Brad had gone to his room with Tim to play video games, I sat myself opposite Greg.

“That was exciting last night, wasn’t it? Or are you feeling guilty?”

“I love you, Rebecca. Of course it was exciting.”

“Better than with Nicole?”

He looked around to double-check that Brad or Tim hadn’t come back.

“Better than with anyone. You’ve so much energy, and you’re so passionate, I can’t stop thinking about it.”

“Then we’ll do it again sometime. Now I’d better get on with my project. I’ve had some ideas and I’m going to write them up before I’m back at the office. That’ll impress them. Nobody else does work at home.”

I blew him a kiss, then slid off the chair, and headed for my room, leaving Greg watching TV.

When Mom returned, I went back to the living room to say hello. She was still in her evening wear, looking very stylish. The jumpsuits are all supposed to be sexless, but this one fitted her a bit closer than some others, and had a nice silky sheen. I might get something like that for myself sometime.

She went to her bedroom, and I got back to working on my project. I was quite occupied, when suddenly I heard shouting from the living room.

I opened my door a little to listen. Then what I heard really scared me.

Mom asked Greg, “Is it true? Have you been having sex with my daughter?”

Silence, then Mom said, “Well? Aren’t you going to answer?”

I walked into the room, feeling pretty tense. Mom looked at me and Brad, and then back to Greg.

He said, “Rebecca was upset about something, and came to my room to chat, that’s all. I hugged her and comforted her, but that’s

all.”

“So how come Brad says he saw you both naked on the bed together?”

Mom burst into tears. “How could you? With my own daughter?”

I tried to interrupt, “Mom, it was —”

“Shut up, and go to your room. I’ll talk to you later.”

I left the living room and closed the door behind me loudly. Then when they started talking, I opened it again just a fraction to listen.

I couldn’t hear much, as now they were talking quietly. But I could tell that Greg was confessing.

Then Mom said, “You’re disgusting, taking advantage of her. Well, one thing for sure, that finishes our relationship.”

“But Nicole, —”

“How could we carry on, now this has happened? And how could I trust that you wouldn’t do it again? No. It’s over between us, and you’ll have to leave.”

“But where would I go? I can’t leave Utopia on my own. Please, Nicole —”

The door buzzer sounded, and Brad rushed off to answer it.

Mom said, “That’ll be the police.”

“What? Why did you call them?”

“Because I’m sure that you forced yourself on Rebecca. And that’s a crime.”

I closed my door, and lay down on my bed.

I wanted to defend him, but Mom was in no mood to listen to me.

She should realize that I’m just as much a woman as her. Maybe more of a woman, and I’m no more a blood relative of Greg than she is.

I’ve no regrets about having sex, but it’s all a terrible mess with Nicole bringing in the police. I suppose it’s only fair that I do something to save him from prosecution. But I’ll have to be careful, for my own sake.

Mom throws Greg out

This morning, I used my privileged access to get to the court proceedings, and located the case against Greg. Mom's statement was a complete lie, saying that I was weak-willed, and that Greg had seduced and confused me into having sex. How dare she say this about me? It made me sound like I was some silly, stupid naive little girl.

So I typed out my own statement, and submitted it into the court papers.

I said that it wasn't just consensual, but that I was the one who'd pressured Greg into sex, even though he was unwilling initially. I said that my mother still thought of me as a girl who could be manipulated, but I am a woman with my own mind, empowered by being in Utopia, and no man will ever be able to manipulate or influence me to do anything I don't want to.

When Mom came back from the court, she was furious about my statement, throwing her hands in the air and marching around the apartment, and ranting on for ages. But I didn't care. I'd got the case dismissed and Greg was a free man. And more to the point, the magistrate believed me, not Nicole.

Greg was back at the apartment late morning, but by then she had packed his belongings, and had a suitcase ready for him by the door. I was in the living room, and ready to get involved if needed, but mainly was intrigued as to what was going to happen next.

She said, "Here, take your belongings and go. I've put some money on your cash card, although heaven knows you don't deserve it."

Greg said. "But I've nowhere to go."

"That's your problem. You'll have to find a hostel. Now go, and never come back."

She slammed the door, and came back into the living room, without a word.

After a while, I said, "What's going to happen to him now?"

"He'll end up in a hostel I suppose. That's what he deserves."

"But it wasn't his fault."

“He belongs to me, and if he’s to have sex with anyone else, then it’s entirely my decision. And I’d never allow him to have sex with you.”

“Why not?”

“Because you’re my daughter, and that’s the end of it.”

I would have argued, but I knew it was pointless. So for now my only option for sex at home would be Brad, and that’s not a great prospect. And I’m not really supposed to have relations with the men in my office, so my sex life’s definitely on hold for a while.

Not that bad a thing, as I’ve got some serious studying to do in the coming weeks. There’s a management position becoming vacant, two levels above where I am now in the hierarchy. I can manage any interview, but there’s a written examination too, on economics and administration, so I do need to study.

But once that’s out of the way, one way or the other, I’ll definitely do something about my social life again. And particularly my sex life.

Fun with Brad

I've not been keeping up with my diary, largely because I've been so busy at work, since Greg left two months ago. I asked Nicole whether she knew what was happening with him, but all I got was that he'd lost his job, and she didn't care where he was now. She's in process of having the marriage annulled.

At work, things have been going better than expected. I've received a big promotion, and I've now a section of my own, with two women and two men. I've been told I'm being fast-tracked for management, because of my performance. My salary has doubled, and I don't dare tell Nicole that I'm earning a lot more than her now.

At home, nothing new, until yesterday evening.

Nicole left with her overnight bag, for another hotel date with Kelly and the waiters from the restaurant, and it was finally my chance to play with Brad.

It couldn't be the same as with Greg, or a proper man, but I was desperate to do something sexual at last.

Tim had already gone to bed, and we were watching TV. I turned down the volume.

"Brad, there's something I want you to do for me."

"Yes?"

"I want you to go and have a shower, and then come to my bedroom naked."

He went bright red, and started stuttering something about Nicole not approving.

I let him ramble on, until he'd said what he wanted to say, and then I got up from the sofa and stood over him.

"You'll do what I say, or I'll make it hell for you. I've still not forgiven you for ratting on Greg and me. Do you really want to find out what I might do to you if I get angry?"

He jumped up, muttering "I'm sorry, I'm sorry, ..." and dashed away to his room.

After a while, I switched off the TV, and went to my bedroom, and stripped off.

Then I dimmed the lights, and sat in the chair opposite the door, and waited.

The door opened slowly, and he shuffled in, staying close to the wall. He's a man all right, but as I expected, there's not so much equipment down below.

"Are you ready to play with me, Brad?"

"Yes ... I suppose so."

I got up and walked over to face him.

He looked nervous already, but when I took hold of his penis, he looked positively frightened.

"I'm not going to hurt you, Brad, so long as you do what I want. Now kiss my nipples."

He gave each nipple a gentle kiss.

I said, "Now that wasn't so bad, was it?"

He smiled. "No, that was all right."

I went over to the bed, and lay on my back.

"Now Brad, come and kiss me and let me feel your tongue inside my lips."

He did exactly what I asked. This was beginning to be fun.

"Now kiss my nipples again, until I tell you to stop."

I lay there, luxuriating. He may not be capable of regular sex, but he's certainly capable of making a woman feel comfortable and stimulated. He even had a bit of an erection.

"Further down, now, Brad. I want to feel your tongue inside me, and don't come out until I say so."

He slid down my body very smoothly, and then I felt his tongue at the entrance. This was so erotic, I couldn't believe it. I don't know how long his tongue is, but once it was in me, and moving, it was almost better than sex. I could have gone on for ages like this, but I did have to think of poor Brad, so after a few minutes I gave him the word to come up and lie alongside me.

"That was lovely, Brad. You belong to me as much as to Nicole now. And I've decided to forgive you for what you did."

He was in tears.

"Oh, thank you, Rebecca. I've been so worried all this time. I never thought about the implications of telling Nicole about Greg. I

thought she'd admonish him and that would be the end of it. But you've really forgiven me?"

"Absolutely. Now let's get into bed, and relax together a little, before we go to sleep. Would you like that?"

"More than anything."

As I lay there, his hand moved to my vulva, barely resting on it, I suppose waiting to see whether I was going to stop him. But I said nothing, and gradually I felt the weight of his hand, as his delicate fingers wrapped around me, almost like a glove. It was quite a comforting feeling.

So finally a little bit of sexual activity, and not bad at all, so I could see why Nicole used to like interspersing Brad with Greg.

But if I want more substantial sex than this, it can't be with Brad, and ideally I shouldn't be doing it with a co-worker, albeit I've been tempted.

Two months is a long time without real sex, and I'll have to do something about it.

I locate Greg

It's been a week since my little bit of fun with Brad, and I'd been wondering what to do next about my sex life. One of the men working for me is really cute, and he's hinted that he's willing to see me outside the office. But regulations forbid intimacy with subordinates, and I really shouldn't take the risk of being found out. It's quite frustrating.

Next time Nicole's away, I'll have my games with Brad again, and I'll see if spraying him gets that erection a bit stronger. But it's never going to be like sex with a real man.

So I decided to try out some dating websites, even though they're all designed for men looking for wives. I only wanted casual sex, and I had no intention of marrying right now, but I'd nothing to lose by meeting a couple of these men. It's a lot better than using prostitutes, as I can check their profile before getting together.

I'd been skimming through a couple of sites, and checked half a dozen men as suitable, and then got a big surprise. I found Greg listed on one of the sites.

To start with, I found it hard to believe it was him, and had to look again at the picture and the profile to reassure myself. His profile was sketchy, and there was no mention of Cassini, but that was only to be expected. I clicked to set up a meeting.

Meeting with Greg

At the agency, I paid my fee, and then they pointed me to the door where Greg was waiting. I was a bit nervous, but determined not to show it, and anyway I knew he'd be more nervous than me. The big difference was that he had no prior knowledge, so had no idea what sort of woman would be coming through the door. I'd put up a very sketchy profile on the site, with no photo, just in case one of the office staff might see it.

I opened the door, with my back to him, and as I closed the door, I turned to face him.

He looked a little trashy, with his hair styled, and too much jewelry and makeup, but in a way I quite liked that.

He stuttered, "What are you doing here?"

"I've come to meet you. Aren't you pleased to see me again?"

"But why are you here? Don't you know I'm looking for a woman to take me on?"

I smiled and sat down. "I'm a woman, if you recall. Maybe I'll take you on."

He hesitated, but I knew I'd got him hooked.

He said, "But you don't have your own apartment, do you?"

"No, but your details said you have a job. If you provide the money, I can rent a small apartment for you. Then I can visit you, and we could have fun together again. I think that would be perfect."

"What about your mother? She's sure to find out."

"How would she do that? My bank account's private, and I never tell her where I am anyway."

He frowned momentarily, and then gave me the biggest smile.

"All right, Rebecca. If that's what you want, let's do it."

I left him looking like the old Greg again, smiling and positive. I'd get the apartment organized, and get him out of whatever dump he was living in, and then it would be up to him. So long as he did what I wanted when I visited him, there was every reason for the arrangement to continue.

I'd have a real man on tap whenever I wanted, and I know Greg won't be complaining either.

It couldn't have worked out better.

MY ARRANGEMENT WITH GREG

The apartment I got for Greg is tiny, and it costs no more than what he was paying at the hostel. He pays me and I pay the landlord, and there's been no problem at all. It's just one room for living, dining and sleeping, with a tiny bathroom off in one corner. But it's clean, and Greg couldn't be happier with it, so heaven knows what the hostel is like.

I've been visiting one or two evenings each week, and that's been getting me all the sex I could want. I love it too that I've finally got my own man, ready and willing to do whatever I feel in the mood for. It's a world apart from fooling around with Brad.

Greg works at a bar, and I've seen him getting ready for night work a couple of times, with pink clothes and plenty of makeup. He said that's how he has to dress, but I think he looks a bit like a prostitute.

Nicole marries Frank

The big event came and went. Nicole's got married again, to a wimpy little guy called Frank. So now, after Tim goes to bed, there are four of us sitting around. Frank's not so bad, but apart from having more useful equipment, he's not a lot different from Brad. And as Nicole still spends more time in bed with Brad, I'm not sure why she bothered marrying again. She gets regular sex on her overnights with Kelly anyway.

Frank's got her name tattooed on his neck, and that got me thinking about Greg. He's still got her name on his neck, which makes no sense, now he's no longer married to her. I've said I wanted my name there instead, and I'm willing to pay for it, but he keeps putting me off about how painful it will be. I've had to remind him that this arrangement is only acceptable to me if he does what he's told, and I've made it clear that it's beginning to annoy me.

Greg's new tattoo

I nearly wasn't going to visit Greg this evening, as yesterday I had a heavy lunchtime session with one of my co-workers. I booked a hotel room near the office, and we got in nearly an hour of whatever I wanted. It's common knowledge that promotions for men depend somewhat on their cooperation away from the office, so there's no problem arranging this kind of thing, now I'm more senior. Officially I'm not supposed to get involved with men at the office, but the only thing they take seriously is if it's with a subordinate, which he isn't.

Technically I'm still completing my training, but everyone knows I'm already way beyond that, and I've become very popular with the men, especially as I'm young, successful, and not married.

But I decided I'd visit Greg after all, even though I didn't want sex. He's good company anyway.

I told him all about the office, and my conquest, and he appeared to find it quite amusing. Actually I think he might have been a bit sad about it, but I cheered him up when I said the man wasn't nearly as athletic as him.

He said, "Rebecca, has Nicole's new husband ever tried it on with you? Or have you suggested anything to him?"

"No, he's not my type. He's hardly different from Brad, so I don't see why she wanted him. She still usually sleeps with Brad, you know. Actually, I did think of trying, but after what happened to us, I don't totally trust Brad, and I don't want to go through all that again."

"You know, I never thanked you for owning up about our sex together when I was at Nicole's. I shudder to think what they would have done with me if you hadn't."

"There's no doubt about that. You'd have been castrated. And that didn't fit with my plans at all. That's why I took the blame."

He laughed at that. I'm not sure why.

He said, "Well, thanks anyway, whatever your reasoning. And you got what you wanted, didn't you? Me as your man to order around and have sex with?"

"Exactly. But I've not been too bossy, have I?"

"I suppose not. Apart from your insistence on the tattoo."

"Because I was in the right. I'm the one that's looking after you, so why should you carry on with her name on your neck?"

"But did you have to get so angry about it?"

"It was because you weren't doing what I said, and it wasn't much to ask."

"It was painful having the old one removed, and the new one on top. I was sore for days afterwards."

"You'd have been a lot more sore if we'd been married. I'd have used the chastiser, and then you wouldn't have been arguing."

"Well, don't get emotional about it now. I did it, didn't I?"

I looked at the tattoo again. "Yes, you did, and that shows that you're mine."

"The tattoo doesn't really make any difference, Rebecca. I'm yours anyway, and I like it like that."

I kissed him. "In a year or so, when I've finished my so-called training, I'll be making a lot more money, and I'll get my own place. I've decided to have two husbands, and if you stay well-behaved, you can be one of them."

"Why two husbands?"

"I think it would be a lot more interesting. I could choose who I sleep with each night, and it would be fun deciding. Maybe I'd set you both a task to do, and see who wins."

"What sort of task?"

I had to giggle. "Oh, I don't know. Something physical though, maybe with you both naked, ..."

Greg laughed. "You're crazy."

Maybe he's a little bit right. Every time I daydream about having two men to command, I find I'm thinking of new ways for them to entertain me. And nearly always with them naked.

Mom's dumping Frank

This morning, Nicole dropped a bombshell.

She was already getting bored with Frank, but last night she caught him kissing Brad, and she went berserk. In my room, even with the door closed, I could hear her shouting abuse at him. Heaven knows how he avoided the chastiser.

So this morning she told me that she was going to get rid of him.

All day long at work, I was wondering about the consequences of this, and couldn't wait to get to see Greg in the evening.

I told him what had happened, and that I was worried that it could mess up everything for us.

Greg said, "Why are you upset about it? Does it matter to you what she does with him?"

"I'll tell you why it matters. Because if she throws him out, she said she might get you back, and then where does that leave me?"

"You mean as a husband? But we haven't even spoken since we broke up."

"She doesn't need to speak to you. She can go to the court and resume the marriage, and then you'll have to go back to her."

"Permanently?"

I laughed. "No, not permanently. She wants a younger man, but I think you're handy in the meantime until she finds the right one. She wants to take her time on choosing the next one, and she quite likes you still. That's why she might have you back for a while. But that messes everything up for us, doesn't it? Once you're back with her, I'll hardly have a chance to kiss you, never mind having sex, with Brad around. Mind you, these days he does what I tell him."

"How come?"

"Oh, Nicole was away one night, and the two men slept in her room together. I heard them creeping around in the middle of the night, and I listened outside the door, so I know what they were doing. I haven't told Nicole, but I told them that I knew about it. Now Brad will do anything I want."

Greg said, "Suppose I refuse to go back to her?"

“It’s the law. You have no choice. She can resume the marriage any time she wants, unless you’re already married. So as long as you’re single, she can get you back any time. It’s infuriating, isn’t it?”

Back home, Frank was in hiding, in their bedroom. But until he leaves, he’s to sleep on the sofa in the living room.

Nicole was sulking, and stamping around, and Brad was keeping a low profile, busying himself in the kitchen. So I went to bed early.

Lying in bed, I tried to think of the options for stopping her taking Greg back, but nothing seemed to provide a solution. I love my arrangement with him, and it seems Nicole’s in a position to spoil it whenever she chooses.

My best plan would be to find her another new husband, but how to arrange that?

Greg, the part-time prostitute

I'd been fretting about the situation with Greg at work, and got a bad headache, so I left early to go and see him.

And that gave us both quite a surprise.

As I arrived at his door, it opened, and a middle-aged woman was facing me, about to leave.

I let her walk away, then went in and slammed the door shut.

I shouted at him, "Who the hell is that? A girlfriend?"

"I don't have girlfriends. She's —"

"She's paid you for sex, hasn't she? Or do you always paint your lips red now?"

"So what if she paid me? I have to earn money the best way I can."

"Well, I don't like it, and I certainly don't want to have to see these women."

"But I wasn't expecting you. You didn't tell me you were coming."

"I only decided an hour or so ago. I thought it would be a nice surprise for you to have sex with me, but you're probably worn out now."

Greg smiled. "I can recover fast. I'll just go and get my face cleaned up, and we'll have a drink."

He turned to go, but I grabbed his shoulder.

"Just a moment. I haven't seen you like this before. When you have sex with them, do you keep the jewelry on?"

"Yes. They expect it."

"Then I want to pretend to be one of your clients. I'll sit down, and you can bring me a drink, like you would with them. Then I'll give you some money, and you can show me what you do for them."

He smiled. "All right, but I must warn you, I don't come cheap."

"And I must warn you that I'll expect a lot for my money. You're not to stop until I tell you."

We had the most marvelous sex ever. I don't know if it's because he changes his approach when he's in that makeup and jewelry, or whether it's more my own psychology, forgetting it was

Greg at times, and feeling that I was having my first sex with a prostitute. Maybe it was a bit of both.

Afterwards, I put some cash at the bedside, and we got dressed.

Over a glass of wine, I told him of my ideas for dealing with Nicole, but he wasn't impressed. My big idea was to suggest she looked at the dating sites. But Greg said that, knowing her, he thought that if I tried anything, it might just have the opposite effect.

Greg topped up the drinks.

"Rebecca, there's something I've been wanting to ask you. I know this little apartment is satisfactory enough, but there's a much bigger apartment available now, two floors up, and it's not a lot more expensive than this one. What do you think?"

"Can you afford it?"

"Well, actually, it's a bit more than I can handle, but I was wondering if you could top up what I can afford?"

I was in a good mood, and I'd begun to weary of his tiny little bathroom, so I agreed to the move, and after that he couldn't stop smiling.

A little bit later, I headed back home, pleased enough about the prospect of a bigger apartment, but still thinking over the problem with Nicole. All this would come to nothing if she took Greg back.

Greg and I get married

During the day, Nicole phoned with the news I expected, although it still annoyed me to hear it. But now I had a plan. I phoned Greg to finish work early, and meet me at the apartment.

I said, "She's thrown him out, and she's talking about you. I've decided there's only one way out of this. We've got to get married, this evening, before she goes to the court tomorrow."

Greg sat down, his face flushed, and his breathing so fast, it was like he was having a heart attack. I let him sit in silence, for nearly a minute, calming down.

"Well, what do you think?"

He shook his head.

"I don't think that's a good idea. Nicole would never talk to you again if you did that."

"Maybe so, but at least I'd have you, wouldn't I?"

My mind was swirling. I hadn't even contemplated marriage until today, but now it seemed not just logical, but exciting too. Greg would be mine absolutely. Of course, he knew that, and maybe that's why he was hesitating.

He said, "Maybe you're wrong about Nicole. Why not wait to be sure what she's going to do?"

"I am sure. We have to get married straight away. Then she can't get you back. Let's phone for an appointment."

Then he smiled.

"Rebecca, I can go along with this, but I'll never be happy until I'm back home. I'll marry you on one condition. That within a year, you'll take me back to Cassini. As my wife, you can do that."

"But suppose we're happy here. Why would you want it to end then?"

"If I change my mind, fine, but otherwise I want your solemn promise."

"All right, if that's so important to you, I promise to take you back within a year. Now can I make the call?"

After I booked the appointment, we both had a drink to celebrate, and talk it over.

I think he'd agreed mainly because he liked this life in the new apartment, and didn't want Nicole messing it up. And what clinched it was my making that little promise to take him back to Cassini, a promise that costs me nothing.

I was excited about the prospect of having a husband. He'd have to do anything I wanted, and I could punish him if he ever didn't behave. When Nicole chastised him, she went too far, much too far. But there's nothing wrong with using the low settings as a way of ensuring obedience. Greg would have to expect that.

The marriage ceremony was pretty basic, with the officer racing through her lines, obviously keen to be finished with us. We gave our vows, and really, the only interesting bit was where I was handed the chastiser. Thankfully it was soon over with, and before long we were in a bar celebrating.

I said, "So how does it feel, now we're married?"

"Much the same. But it's going to be different living together."

"I know. It's a new phase of my life, and it's quite exciting. The girls at the office will be so envious. I've told them all about you."

"Are you going to phone Nicole?"

"I suppose so. I wanted a drink first, but now I'd better get on with it."

I went off to a dark corner to make the call. It wasn't the most pleasant of experiences, with her shouting at me, and me shouting back.

Back at the bar, I finished my drink, and smiled.

"I knew it. She was annoyed with me getting married, and specifically to you, but what made her furious was that she was going to get you back tomorrow. So we did it just in time."

Greg ordered more drinks. "Let's have these, and go back to the apartment. It's our wedding night after all."

"Then we ought to do something special, now that we're married. Something we'll always remember."

At the apartment, we had another drink, and then another.

Greg said, "I don't know what you have in mind, but if we don't start soon, I'm going to fall asleep."

"Don't you worry. I'm wide awake, and I know what we're going to do. And it's something really different, ... a night to remember. A wedding night like no one else has had."

I didn't say much after that, while we tidied up, ready for going to bed. And in the bedroom, I was quiet too, until we were both undressed.

I turned down the lights, and lay on my back on the bed.

Greg smiled, "Well, Rebecca, lying spread out like that means you've something in mind. What do you want me to do?"

I said, "Kneel over me, and kiss me."

He complied, kissing me gently. But I knew he was excited. His penis was erect and ready for action.

I said, "Now put your finger where I'm most sensitive, and tell me what you feel there."

He reached down. "It's something sticky."

He put his finger to his lips. "It's syrup."

I said, "In the ceremony, you promised to obey me. Well, this will be a test of your obedience. I want you to lick that syrup off me, every scrap."

He moved down the bed, and I lifted my knees up for him. I watched him start, and then I lay back, humming a tune while he worked.

I'd put plenty on, and it took him maybe five minutes, before he moved back up. That was five minutes of pure joy.

"All the syrup's gone now, Rebecca."

"Did you like the way I tasted?"

"I did. You're very sweet."

"That's good, because you haven't finished yet. I've put some inside me too. So make sure you get all of it, Greg. You'll have to go really deep to find it. Now, prove your obedience."

And so he slid down again, and then another few minutes, where I could feel his tongue exploring every little space inside me. I was getting more and more excited, and I was getting close to orgasm, when finally he came back up to sit on the edge of the bed.

He said, "You enjoyed that, didn't you?"

"It was lovely. It was just what I imagined. Now we're married, we'll have lots of new things to try."

"So what now, are you ready to make love?"

"Mmm... that all depends."

I put my finger down between my legs, and brought it up to taste it. "Greg, I can still taste the sweetness. That means you didn't get it all like I asked you to."

"Do you want me to do it again?"

"No, I don't. Once is enough. Now what should I do with you, as you've failed to obey me?"

"Hell, Rebecca, I tried my best. I thought I did pretty well."

I jumped off the bed.

"Lie down, Greg, face down on the bed."

"Why, what are you going to do?"

I gave him my sternest expression. "Quickly, please."

He got back on the bed and lay face down.

I pulled his hair aside from his ear, and whispered, "I'm going to make love to you, my darling. Wonderful love, all night long."

Then I kissed his neck and giggled.

"But first, I'm going to chastise you."

I took the chastiser from the side cupboard. He didn't say a word, but I could see his body tensing. I really only said it to frighten him, and up to that point I had no intention of actually using it, but now it was in my hand, I wasn't sure what to do.

He's got to understand that I'll be insisting on total obedience, so perhaps I should use this little thing?

But I wanted him to be receptive for sex afterwards, so if I did use it, I couldn't be too harsh with him.

I switched it to the lowest setting.

Married Life

I've been married to Greg for three months now, and it's been the best three months of my life.

It's not always gone smoothly, and like any married couple, we've had arguments. Sometimes about sex, sometimes about the clothes he wears, and then sometimes my suspicions about what he might be getting up to with the women he works with.

I've had to use the chastiser a couple of times. I still think he doesn't fully accept the concept of obeying me, and that his wants must always come second to mine.

All the same, I do like married life, and I can't think of anyone but Greg that I'd want to be married to.

At the office, I work faster and better than anyone else, and I've been promoted once again. I've now a much larger section, with ten staff reporting to me, mostly women older than me. I think there's a bit of resentment sometimes, but they don't dare voice it too loudly. I had an argument with one of the women a month ago about the quality of her work, and afterwards decided that the only sensible solution was to fire her. She was popular with the others, and so I'm sure it caused some surreptitious conversations about my style, but I really don't care. All I want is the work doing well and on time, and I know that's what my superiors want too.

Last night, I looked down on Greg's naked body, ready to get started.

I whispered, "I'm going to fuck you really hard tonight, my darling."

I knew he was excited, but he seemed nervous too. More so than usual.

He said, "Can't we just have regular sex for once?"

I ignored him, and proceeded to use the spray. He jumped slightly and gave a quick intake of breath. It would be better if it didn't sting him, but that's the way it is, and the discomfort soon passes. I often have sex without spraying him, but it's sometimes

disappointing. He gets to orgasm too quickly, and then that's the end of it, however much I want more.

I watched his penis grow and stiffen. It would be like that now for an hour or so. Long enough.

I got onto the bed, and mounted him.

I love that first feeling, as I push myself onto him. It feels so good, and it reminds me that he belongs to me now, not Nicole.

For several minutes I took it easy. As I started getting more excited, it dawned on me that he wasn't making much of an effort to respond to me. So, I touched the electrodes of the chastiser against his hips. That got him responding more actively, but it still wasn't enough. I clicked the button, on low intensity, and that finally got him into action, and behaving as a man should.

I kept kissing him, and pushing my hips into him, while giving him the occasional little shock, whenever he slackened.

It didn't take long before his breathing got stronger, and his frown became a smile, and I knew he was finally enjoying it as much as I was. From that point, there was no need for the chastiser.

The spray had done its job, and as he finally climaxed, his penis was as strong as ever inside me. I collapsed onto him, and lay there, with him inside me and still pulsing slightly. That was sex just the way I like it.

After a few minutes, I rolled off to the side of him, and we both lay there, breathing deeply together, while my thoughts wandered.

Three months of lovely sex, whenever I want it, and so I've no regrets about getting married. I don't say much about such things to other women at work, but some of them tell everything. It sounds like many of them are frustrated that their husbands can't perform, and having met some of the men socially, I'm not surprised. I'd have Greg any time rather than one of them.

Having said that, I have thought about having sex again with a co-worker, even though it's not really something we're supposed to do. I've even thought of asking one of the women in my team if I could have sex with her husband. I think she'd say yes, just to keep in well with me, but I do wonder why my mind's been drifting to these ideas. Maybe sex with Greg is getting too routine?

He seemed to be falling asleep.

I said, "We need to do something new to spice things up."

His eyes opened wide. "Good grief, it couldn't get more intense."

"That's not what I mean. I just think it's time we tried something different. Wouldn't you like that too?"

He frowned, and I could see he was thinking things over.

He said, "How different?"

"I don't know. But I'll think of something interesting, you'll see."

"Am I going to like it?"

"Maybe ... or maybe not. Anyway, it's what I like that matters, isn't it?"

I saw him give a quick glance at the chastiser, on the bedside cupboard, and I almost had to smile. This man will do anything I want, even without the chastiser, but it's handy to have it there in the background.

But what sort of sex can we have that's different?

A THREESOME WITH DALE

This evening, I invited Dale to come back home early with me. He's young and attractive, and he knows I like him, so he was under no illusion that there was going to be sex. But he couldn't have guessed what I had in mind.

At home, Dale freshened up while I got some wine out. He's not much older than me, and looks good enough in the office, but he was obviously making an extra effort for me. He'd brushed his hair, so it was nice and fluffy, and he'd got some lovely perfume on him. I took hold of him and kissed him. If Greg hadn't been due back soon, I think I'd have dragged him to the bedroom there and then.

Anyway, kissing over, we sat down and sipped our wine.

It wasn't long before Greg arrived. He stopped at the living room doorway when he saw Dale.

I said, "Come in, Greg, and meet Dale. He's going to spend the evening with us."

I held out a glass, and Greg accepted it, looking suspiciously at Dale. I could only guess what he was thinking ...

Greg took hold of my arm, and tried to pull me away.

"Rebecca, we need to talk."

But I resisted, and shook his hand off.

"I know what you want to say, so it's a waste of time having little discussions. Dale's one of my office team and I've invited him here, so be polite. Now let's all go through to the dining area. The food's been delivered, so let's eat and you two boys can get to know each other."

At the table, things went well enough, but then Greg started asking Dale questions, and it got a little bit annoying.

"So Dale, what's Rebecca like at the office?"

Dale glanced at me, and muttered, "Fine ... Rebecca's a good manager."

"A bit bossy though?"

Dale went pink. "No ... Not at all ..."

I said, "Dale's one of my best people. He's got every chance of promotion."

When Dale looked across at me, I added, "So long as he does what I want."

I turned to Greg. "Dale will do whatever I tell him to do, just like you. I just wonder what fun we can have together."

We carried on eating in silence, while Greg and Dale looked furtively at each other.

Finally I said, "Greg, don't you think Dale is attractive?"

"I suppose so ..."

I smiled. "I think we've had enough to eat. Greg, let's see if we can make him really pretty. Take him to the bedroom, and put some lip balm on him. Bright pink will be nice."

"Then do we come back here?"

"Oh, no. We're going to have some fun in the bedroom. You boys get undressed, and have Dale looking pretty, and I'll come and join you."

Dale stuttered, "But Rebecca, I —"

My stare shut him up.

Greg stood up. "Come on, Dale."

I left them a few minutes to get ready, and then went to the bedroom, pretty excited about the thought of having two men for sex.

When I walked in, first impressions were good. They were both naked, with Dale standing by the doorway, and Greg sitting on the bed, looking quite relaxed.

But Dale didn't have the lip balm on.

"Dale, why haven't you made yourself pretty for me?"

He stuttered, "I can't do it, Rebecca. It'll make me look cheap and horrible."

I shrugged, and went to the dresser, and picked up the chastiser. "Greg, take hold of him."

Greg got up, and approached Dale.

Dale backed to the wall. "Leave me alone. I want to go home."

But Greg took hold of him, and held him tight, even though he struggled. I found that so erotic, like two men wrestling for me.

I put the chastiser against Dale's body and pressed the button. He shouted out and his body shook. There were tears in his eyes, and he stopped struggling.

Greg led him back to the bed and they both sat down. I handed the pink lip balm to Greg. "Put plenty of it on him, and make him look pretty."

This time Dale didn't object or resist. He looked so angelic now, with his fluffy hair and pink lips.

I smiled. "Now let's have some fun. Get onto the bed, and lie on your backs next to each other."

When they were in position, I sprayed them both. Greg was used to it, but I'm sure that for poor Dale it was a total surprise. He whimpered a little, but then relaxed back like Greg.

I stood at the foot of the bed, and started taking my clothes off, while they watched and their penises got bigger.

"Do you like what you see, Dale?"

"I do. You're very beautiful. I could tell that even in your work clothes."

"Then I'll start with you. But you two hold hands."

Without any objection, they joined hands. And that looked so nice, that it was already giving me ideas.

I got onto Dale, and let his penis slide into me as I lowered myself. Then I started on him, while Greg watched. I couldn't have asked for better from Dale. I'm not sure he's had much sex before, and if he has, it's not been anything like I was doing to him. He got more and more excited, breathing deeply and moaning louder each time I pushed down on him.

He was well on his way to orgasm, but I didn't want to spend too much time on him, so I came off, and then got straight onto Greg.

I'd always wondered about threesomes, and here I was with a second penis in me. Even Nicole had never had that experience, I'm sure of it. So that's another accomplishment for me. The only thing was that it didn't feel as dramatic a moment as I was expecting. I think I fantasize too much sometimes.

I usually start slow with Greg, but I was already half-way there, so I put everything into it from the start. Greg responded with enthusiasm, and by the time my orgasm came, I was absolutely exhausted.

I came off him, and pushed myself between them. Greg didn't get to orgasm himself, but I don't think he minded, as I'd pretty well

tired him out.

And Dale must have enjoyed watching us, as his penis was still erect, and he had the broadest lipstick smile.

We lay there for several minutes, recovering.

I whispered, "Dale, you can go now. I'll see you at the office, and not a word, you understand?"

He slid off the bed, and within minutes was dressed, and had gone.

Greg said, "Now I know what you mean by different. Did you enjoy that?"

It was a good question. "Yes, but not as much as I expected. But I liked having Dale here, did you?"

"If it's what you want, then it's okay with me."

"And you don't mind that he works for me?"

Greg laughed. "No, not at all. I thought to start with that he was a prostitute."

"You were a prostitute once. What's wrong with that?"

"I don't think you could call me that. I was just making a little extra cash, that's all."

"If a client had paid enough, would you do anything she wanted?"

"I don't know ..."

"I think Dale will do whatever I want him to do, and I don't have to pay him."

"He didn't want to wear pink lip balm."

"Oh, he won't object next time. He knows now what will happen if he's awkward about it."

"So there's to be a next time?"

"Of course. But now we've got to know one another, next time we can try something more adventurous."

Another threesome

Greg's been asking about my promise of taking him back to Cassini, which has rather irritated me. We've not been married that long, and I've told him it's something to discuss when the year is up.

I really don't understand why he's so persistent about going back there. It can't be the work, as he could go back to his air conditioners here if he wanted to. And it can hardly be because he's tired of the sex. And anyway, I'm not sure I want him to go back. He's the best man I'm likely to find in Utopia, so I really don't want to lose him.

At the office, Dale's been extra attentive since our little game at home with Greg, and I've decided it's time to take it to the next level. I've been quite excited just thinking about it.

So today, I left the office early, and had the apartment ready for when Dale came. I subdued the lighting a little, and had a bottle of wine ready for our little party. When Dale arrived, I sent him off to the bedroom to get himself ready. So by the time Greg got home, Dale and I were in the living room, drinking wine. Dale had put on perfume, and fluffed his hair up again, and was wearing a white frilly blouse and pink skin-tight leggings. He looked unbelievably pretty.

Greg's expression indicated that he knew what was coming. But how little he knew really!

We all chatted a while, eating snack food and drinking the wine, until I thought we were ready. I put my drink down, and smiled at them.

"Come on, boys."

I followed them to the bedroom, and put the lights down low, while they stripped off.

Dale picked up the pink lip balm, and went over to the mirror to apply it himself. He looked perfect, even beautiful.

I said, "Now we're going to do something different this time, boys. Are you ready for some excitement?"

Dale smiled. "Of course."

Greg mumbled a yes. He knows me too well.

“Okay, now both stand still for your spray. I don’t want you slackening off half way.”

They stood still while I sprayed them both generously. Dale was already hard anyway, but Greg soon caught up.

I picked up the chastiser and went close to them. “Good. Now boys, do exactly what I say or I’ll have to use this on you, and we don’t want that, do we?”

I pulled them around to face each other.

“Now Dale, take hold of Greg’s penis, and Greg, you take hold of Dale’s.”

Greg glanced at the chastiser, and then took hold of Dale’s penis, and Dale’s delicate fingers closed onto Greg’s.

They looked erotic beyond belief.

I said, “Greg, don’t you think Dale is pretty?”

He laughed. “I suppose so.”

“Good, now I want both of you to start gently squeezing and massaging the other, but only do it very gently and softly. I just want to see you two boys get comfortable with each other.”

They both did what I wanted, and I watched them like that for a couple of minutes. Greg looked calm enough, but I think Dale was getting excited. Just as well I’d sprayed him.

I went over and put my arms around them both.

“Terrific. Now let go of each other, and Greg, lie down ready for me.”

Greg got onto the bed, and I slid right onto him, maneuvering until I was satisfied with the position.

“I think Dale’s made it bigger today. It’s going to be fun for me. But Greg, what about Dale? He needs something to do.”

I waved to Dale. “Onto the bed, next to us, so Greg can hold your penis.”

Dale leaped onto the bed, and Greg put his hand out to take hold.

Then I started, slowly at first, and gradually getting faster and more energetic. I knew Greg was getting aroused, and he must have been squeezing Dale’s penis in his excitement, as Dale was getting excited too, and looked as if he was as happy this way as having the sex himself.

I said, "Dale, kiss him, and keep kissing him until I tell you to stop."

I think Greg hadn't quite heard what I said, as he looked hellish surprised when Dale clamped his lips on.

I slowed right down. This was all so enjoyable, that I didn't want anyone having an orgasm too soon. Greg's eyes had moved from surprise to a sort of frantic look, and there was pink lip balm all over his own lips now, with Dale getting more intense with the kissing.

I was sure that Dale had moved on to French kissing, without me telling him to, and I wondered whether Greg was going to resist, and turn away, but the very opposite happened.

Greg closed his eyes, and the tension in his face seemed to fade. And then I realized that he was enjoying it, and responding to Dale's kisses. It looked so romantic to see two men getting pleasure from kissing each other, that for a short while I did nothing more energetic than watch them.

But I was getting my energy back now, and ready for a change. I pushed Dale to the side, and gave Greg a final kiss, and then I rolled over onto Dale, pulling him away from Greg, and started French kissing him as passionately as he'd kissed Greg.

Dale's penis was still nice and hard, as it went into me, and I started on him in earnest.

This time I decided I'd go all the way to an orgasm, but then I saw Greg looking across, seeming a little bit left out.

I stopped humping Dale for a moment, and smiled at Greg.

"Greg, kiss Dale like he kissed you."

He came closer, and looked down at Dale, and I could see Dale wanted it, as he parted his lips ready. Then Greg made contact, and started kissing, and Dale closed his eyes in a kind of rapture, as I carried on doing my thing.

With all that excitement, it wasn't long before I climaxed, just as Dale did. But I've a feeling that with Dale, it was as much to do with Greg as with what I was doing to him.

Those two have really bonded.

A major promotion for me

It's not often I get to meet the director of operations, and this time it was for my final interview for promotion to department head.

I had every right to be nervous, but I knew that by getting this far, the result was almost a foregone conclusion. The director wouldn't waste her time if there was any doubt.

In the interview, she asked me a couple of routine questions, and her minions asked a couple more.

Then she asked me about my marriage.

And that was unexpected. I'd rehearsed every possible question and answer, but not that.

She said, "I understand that you married the former husband of your mother. Doesn't that provide complications?"

I thought carefully what to say. The question might be innocuous, but it was just possible they suspected something specific, and were trying to trap me.

"Not at all. Greg's totally committed to me."

"And the relationship with your mother?"

"I hardly see her. We live separate lives. But she's no particular resentment that I'm aware of. She got rid of Greg, and has had new relationships and marriages since then."

"And you're committed to Greg?"

"For the time being, yes."

The panel looked at one another, and then the Director leaned forward.

"What do you know about Greg's friendships?"

So that was the point of all this preamble. They knew something I didn't.

"Nothing at all, and frankly I'm not interested. So long as he brings in an income, and obeys me as a husband should, I don't really care what he does in his free time. But why do you ask?"

"You've been rising in the grades here, and the higher you get, the more we have to ensure that we can be confident about you, not just in your work, but in your domestic state. It's routine for a promotion at this level for us to carry out some investigation of your

relatives and friends, and in Greg's case, he's been recorded as having private meetings with others."

"Is that a problem?"

"Not necessarily. The only unusual thing is that one of the people he used to meet with has died, name of Adam. Have you heard of him?"

"No, but are you saying the death was suspicious?"

"Not at all. He was ill, and died of heart failure. It's just something unusual, that's all. It's not a problem. My only opinion on the matter is that you might want to keep yourself more informed about what he does in his spare time, when you're not around."

"I'll certainly do that."

The Director smiled.

"Good, now to the matter of your promotion. It's been confirmed, and you're to make the transfer to your new department as soon as can be arranged. I hope you're pleased."

"Absolutely. But more than anything, I want to do more for the organization, and as a department head, I know I can be more productive."

I looked at the two minions, and then back to the director.

"Trust me, you won't be disappointed."

I was elated about the promotion, but I had another reason to be pleased. Once I took over the new department, there'd be no connection at work between me and Dale, and then there'll no longer be any need for such secrecy. I went back home as happy as I've ever been in my life.

When I got back home, I couldn't wait to tell Greg.

"I've got some fantastic news, and you'll be very proud of me."

"I'm proud of you already. So what's all the excitement?"

"I've been promoted, and I'm to be running a whole department myself. That's twenty staff, and a huge office for me. I'll get more money, but the great thing is that I also get a car."

"Well, you must be doing something right. And it's good to hear they reward talent. In the civil service back home, it takes a hell of a lot longer than that before you get promotion. And a car will be

handy, especially when we go out in the evening. So what are you going to do with the extra money?"

"I'm not sure. We could take a larger apartment. What do you think?"

"If that's what you want, but this one is fine really, isn't it?"

"For now, yes, but I might want an extra room sometime."

"For what?"

I hesitated. "If I want to get another husband."

Greg frowned and went silent. I'd mentioned having two husbands a long time back, but he'd either forgotten, or had shut it out of his mind.

I continued. "Actually, I'm thinking I might marry Dale. You like him, don't you?"

"He's a nice enough guy, but I'd rather it was just us two here, even if he comes over once in a while."

He paused.

"I suppose there is one advantage for you. You'd still have him, after you take me back to Cassini."

I said, "Do you still want to go back? I thought you were happy here with me."

"I am happy, but I'll never be completely happy until I'm back in Cassini. I still think of it as my real home city. In fact, the best thing of all would be if you stayed there with me, rather than return here."

I couldn't help laughing. "I'd never want to live there again. And I don't see the attraction for you either. Here you have everything you need, and with my income going up, we can plan all sorts of things."

"I do love you, Rebecca, and I am happy here with you looking after me, but I still want to go back."

He was beginning to irritate me. "I don't think this discussion is getting anywhere. Perhaps we'll talk again sometime."

"But if I want to go, you will take me won't you? You did promise me that when we married."

"That was ages ago, and anyway, I can change my mind if I want to. I like having you here as a husband, and I can't see any good reason to change the arrangement. With my extra money, we'll have some great times together, and at home we'll soon have Dale to play with whenever we feel like it."

“So are you saying you won’t take me back?”

I kissed him. “Greg, my darling, you’re mine and you’re staying here. I want no more discussion.”

Dale moves in, and wrestles Greg

I've been having the most satisfying sex life, since I had Dale move in.

We've a small guest room, and I've had a single bed put in there, so while I sleep with one of them, the other's out of the way. It's a perfect arrangement, just like Nicole used to have with her two men. A threesome is best of all, but I do find it exhausting, especially after a day at the office, so I only do that when I'm really in the mood. And last night I was in the mood.

The three of us stood naked in my bedroom, as I looked them over. How things have changed from Cassini. There it's the men who dominate, and the women who have to fit in with their desires. But here a woman's wishes are everything and the men's count for nothing. I can do what I want with these two, and they have to accept it. Even Greg has got used to the way things are, and doesn't seem to question much, although he's been a bit grumpy since I told him he wasn't going back to Cassini.

He says he's not that keen on threesomes with Dale, but I've a feeling that at times he's enjoying it as much as Dale or me. Maybe even more than me sometimes.

But last night, I made sure that I'd be the one who would enjoy it most. I took some mood enhancers, and a shot of testosterone, and I was buzzing about what was to come next.

I said, "Now what game shall we play tonight? Any ideas?"

They both looked uneasy, and shook their heads. The poor dears had no idea what was coming, and I knew that scared them a little.

I giggled. "I know, you can wrestle for me. The winner gets a treat, and the loser has to do a forfeit. What do you think of that?"

Dale looked at Greg and started trembling. I suppose it's because Greg is taller, and more muscular. although Dale's a bit timid anyway. When other men at the office are difficult with him, he ought to make a stand, but he always backs off from an argument. If

he still reported to me, I'd have done something about it, but it's not my problem now.

Greg said, "Whatever you want is fine by me, Rebecca."

I stood back.

"Right, face each other and stand apart."

Greg got into position, facing Dale.

I said, "Right. When I say go, you're to jump on each other and wrestle. The winner is the one who can get on top of the other, and hold him down and kiss him. So ... Go!"

Greg jumped forward and locked onto Dale. But Dale fought back better than I expected. They fell onto the floor, and rolled around, for a couple of minutes, until Dale started weakening. Then in one smooth movement, Greg pushed Dale's shoulders to the floor, rolled on top of him, and kissed him.

Greg looked up at me, smiling.

I said, "I didn't say you could get up. Now keep kissing him until I tell you to stop."

Greg did as he was told. He pulled Dale's lovely long hair aside, and started kissing him.

It was so erotic, and I could have watched them for ages. But it was time to move on.

I said, "That was lovely. Now it's your treat, Greg. So onto the bed, and on your back, and we'll have more fun."

Greg got onto the bed, and lay there, waiting for me, and Dale stood nervously waiting for his instructions.

I squatted on top of Greg's chest, and shuffled forward, until I felt his lips on my vagina.

"Dale, onto the bed. And put your mouth around his penis. And when we get going, make it interesting for him."

I knew when Dale had made contact, as Greg's eyes nearly popped out.

I said, "Greg, stick your tongue out. And you know what to do."

I moved forward onto his mouth, and felt his tongue slip inside me.

Then I started moving gently around on him, with him trying to keep his tongue inside, while I knew Dale was working on him.

I carried on like that for several minutes, coming away from him at times, so his tongue had to explore to find the opening again. Behind me I could hear Dale breathing heavier and heavier, doing his job on Greg.

Finally I shouted, "Open your mouth wide."

Greg's mouth opened, and I pushed down into it, feeling his teeth, and shouted, "Dale, bite him!"

Greg jumped, and I felt his mouth trying to close, but he couldn't against the pressure of my vulva. His body started shaking, and then I knew he'd ejaculated.

I got off Greg, and jumped off the bed, clapping my hands.

"That was great, wasn't it?"

Dale sat on the edge of the bed, wiping his mouth, and Greg pulled himself upright. I thought Greg might be more cheerful, after that double dose of sex, but he looked more thoughtful than anything. His penis looked a little sore, but that's hardly a big price to pay for the fun of a threesome.

And Dale looked miserable. I can't see why. He'd had a lovely man wrestling him and it was hardly a bad thing to lose, when the penalty was being kissed, quite passionately I thought. And sucking Greg's penis was no real hardship. I've done it enough myself. I suppose he just didn't like losing to Greg.

I don't think I'll ever really understand men. Dale's attitude is enough of a mystery, but Greg is the most enigmatic, more so since he realized he's got to stay here. I really do wonder if he's planning something.

Obedience training

I'd had a long, hard day at work, and, back home, all I wanted was to relax with a glass of wine. But Greg was by the door looking serious.

"Rebecca, I've something to tell you, and you won't like it. But I don't want Dale to know."

I nodded and walked past to the living room.

"Dale, to my bedroom please, just for a few minutes."

Dale jumped up and disappeared off.

"All right, Greg, what's happened?"

"I've got myself into a bit of trouble at work, Rebecca, and no doubt you'll be told before long."

I sat down and looked at him. I'd never seen him so depressed.

"What on earth did you do?"

"It's like this ... I was at the office, and there was no one around, so I thought I'd sneak a look in the supervisor's office, to see if there was anything about our salary raises."

"Oh dear, and I suppose you got caught?"

"Exactly, and they're treating it quite seriously. There's going to be punishment. Something called obedience training. I've no idea what that is."

"I'm not surprised they view it seriously, but obedience training doesn't sound that awful. When do you have to do it?"

He gave me a weak smile.

"Tomorrow."

We left it at that, and I agreed not to tell Dale. But afterwards I got to thinking, and in the morning I set off with a mission.

At the office, I told the others that I was not to be disturbed, and settled down to work my way through any links to obedience training. I found Greg's name quickly enough, and linked into the video feeds from the training center. It's good I've got seniority now, as I'd never have been able to do it as just a section leader.

I'd heard of the training, but had no real idea of what it involved, and it really held my attention.

Greg and another man were strapped in chairs, with electrodes and wires attached, watching some video. Every now and then they must have had a shock, as they both jolted with pain.

I got bored after a while, and got on with my work, just glancing every now and then, until I saw the operative come back to them.

And that was really interesting. The other man was in a terrible state, crying I think, but Greg seemed unperturbed, and I could swear he was even smiling.

I don't know how effective this training is, about ensuring obedience, but it was strange to see them react so differently.

The whole situation seems so odd. I'm not sure I believe Greg's story about looking for salary data, as that's never interested him before, and I'm baffled as to why he looked so content after such a painful experience.

I wish I could read his mind.

My first conference

I've been away for a few days at a business conference, and it's been one of the best experiences I've had. Only managers of my grade and higher are invited, so it proves to me that the promise of a fast-track really has been fulfilled. And I think I was one of the youngest women there.

I learned a lot at the lectures and seminars, but most importantly I met many senior executives, and got on well with them all. That's going to be important if I'm to progress further up the hierarchy.

And the social side was unbelievable. Every evening, they laid on a lovely dinner, served by some very attractive waiters. Like most of the others, each evening I picked one out to spend the night with me.

When I got back, I just had to tell Greg and Dale about it all, and I thought they'd be impressed and interested, but both of them seemed to have their minds elsewhere.

Actually, I think something's going on between them, but I can't work out what it is. Greg used to be so assertive, and at times even offensive, to Dale, but now there's none of that. And Dale's not at all nervous of Greg any more. They've not become friends, but they have definitely become less confrontational.

Maybe it's all because I made them kiss and be sexual with each other? Who knows?

I suppose it's not a bad thing, so long as their focus is still to please me.

Just a bit puzzling.

Dale goes missing

Yesterday evening I wasn't back until after midnight, and I crept through the apartment, so as not to wake Dale in the guest room. Or so I thought.

In bed, Greg woke, and I almost suggested sex, but he looked so tired, that I let him go back to sleep.

In the morning, Greg went off to the kitchen to make coffee, but came back unexpectedly.

He said, "Dale's not there."

"What do you mean, not there?"

"He's not in the guest room or anywhere."

"That's really strange. Was everything okay with him in the evening?"

"As far as I know, yes. Although actually, we didn't talk much. Dale just wanted to watch some garbage on TV, and I got bored and went for a little drive."

"Where to?"

"I headed for the cafe, but then I decided against it and came back. He was still watching the same garbage, so I left him to it and went to bed."

Dale had a secret

I'd reported that Dale was missing, but it was a couple of days before a police detective arrived. She asked the expected questions, making notes, and going through Dale's belongings, without any great enthusiasm. I think if a woman goes missing, it's a matter of urgency, but it seems that men go missing all the time, and often aren't even reported.

She said, "So neither of you have any further information?"

She looked at me, and then at Greg.

Greg shrugged. "Nothing I can think of. He seemed fine the last time I saw him that evening, and next morning he was gone."

"And you heard nothing at all?"

"No. But I sleep soundly anyway, so unless he started slamming doors, I wouldn't have heard him go."

I said, "Has he any relatives? Maybe they'd know something."

The detective clicked a button on her tablet, and put it in her case.

"We've checked them, but they're no great help. They know about you, but they said he'd started another relationship recently, and he was keeping the details secret from them."

I suddenly felt angry. "I didn't know about that. Are they sure?"

"That's what he told them. But whether it's a work colleague or a friend, we don't know."

"Maybe it's just some casual friendship?"

The detective smiled. "I don't think so. Whoever it was, the relationship was definitely intense, and sexual. And of course, if anything has happened to Dale, this person could be responsible."

As she was about to leave, "Well, if you do think of anything, give me a call. Otherwise, as we've nothing else to go on, we'll file as a missing person, and hope that he turns up sometime. If he does, I'll let you know."

I said, "Don't bother. After what you told me, I've no wish to have him back here."

After she left, I had a drink to calm my nerves. I'd trusted Dale, and he'd broken that trust.

My immediate thought was that it was one of the women at the office, as I know more than one of them is interested in him. But with him living with me, would they really take things further?

"Greg, did you know about Dale's relationship?"

"No. He never talked about anything like that. But there again, I suppose I never showed any interest."

"Well, package up his belongings and put them in storage. I don't ever want him back here now."

Greg nodded a yes, and smiled. I suppose I can't blame him for being happy enough without Dale. But now I've experienced what it's like to have two men living with me, I'm not about to settle for anything less. Greg's the best there is, but he's not enough on his own to satisfy me now. When things have settled down, I'll have to think about what to do next.

What I'd really like is another Dale.

I MEET STEPHANIE

I was at work when I got a very unexpected phone call, from Dale's sister, Stephanie. She wanted to come and meet me and Greg, to talk about Dale, and how he might have gone missing. I said that we'd told the police all we knew, which wasn't really that much, but she was insistent, so in the end I agreed. On the phone, her voice was soft and velvety, and she sounded really friendly, so I was a little bit intrigued to see what she looked like too.

That evening, shortly after I got home, she arrived. And my first impression was a little spooky. There's a definite family likeness to Dale but in a female form.

She's slightly taller than me, and a better figure, as far as I can make out in these clothes. Older than me or Dale, but younger than Greg, so I suppose mid-20s. She's got dark hair, very close cut, but with luscious eyebrows and eyelashes, and the most hypnotic blue eyes. They're the same color as Dale's eyes ... a sort of metallic blue.

We had a coffee together and chatted about Dale, and the disappearance. Really, neither of us had any information to pass to the other, but I enjoyed her company, and I think she found it comforting just to have someone to talk to about him. The more we talked, the more I liked her. She's so at ease with me, and chatters away in that lovely soft voice, like we've always been friends.

I have to say that I was quite attracted to her, which was a bit of a surprise, as I don't normally feel that way about other women. But I think it's only because she reminds me a little of Dale.

Greg was late to come home, and as he came into the living room, he was grumbling about his day. I know his work can be physically demanding, but I'm sure it's no worse than when he was in Cassini. He'd have carried on, but he stopped abruptly when he saw Stephanie.

I introduced her. "Greg, meet Stephanie. She's Dale's sister."

Greg smiled, but I think not that enthusiastically.

He said, "Nice to meet you. Have you some news about Dale?"

“No, and that’s what I’ve been telling Rebecca. To start with, I thought he might have gone away for some reason, but it’s been so long now that I’m certain something has happened to him.”

“You’re probably right. But what do the police think?”

“They’re a waste of time. I’ve been trying to get them to continue with the investigation, but they’re not interested. They tell me how many thousands of people go missing, and they can’t commit resources to them all, and then they say he might not want to be found.”

I said, “That’s ridiculous. Dale’s not some criminal hiding out. I think Stephanie’s right. And it might be connected with whoever else Dale was seeing.”

Stephanie shrugged. “It could be ... but can you remember anything that might help? Did he ever mention a name? Or some place he visited?”

Greg said, “He didn’t talk much about himself. We didn’t even know about you, Stephanie. I’m sorry we can’t be more help.”

“Well, I thought it was worth meeting up, just in case. Anyway, I’d better be going.”

At the door, I helped her on with her coat.

“If we think of anything, we’ll call you. And if you want us to do anything to help, just let me know.”

“Oh, thank you ... I feel so alone in this. No one seems to care about my poor Dale.”

There were tears in her eyes, and she looked so miserable, that I suddenly felt a need to be protective of her. I put my arms around her, and hugged her tight.

“Well, we care, and we’ll be here for you.”

“Oh, thank you, Rebecca. I felt so alone ...”

Her voice was so soft, her blue eyes wide, and her expression so trusting and sweet, that I was almost overwhelmed. I couldn’t resist the urge to kiss her on the lips, ever so briefly.

She smiled. “I can see why Dale was so attracted to you. That was such a delicate kiss.”

I don’t normally think much about other women, whether attractive or not, but Stephanie was different. I felt quite warm and emotional looking at her.

I pulled her close and giggled. "Do you want another one?"

Still smiling, her lips formed a slight pout, and her eyelids flickered as she closed them. This time I kissed her for a little longer.

When I let go of her, she stood at the doorway, looking at me, then Greg, then back to me.

"I'm so pleased we met. You're both really nice, and I can see why Dale was so happy here. It makes me all the more determined to find out what happened to him."

After she left, Greg went off to change, and I sipped the last of my coffee, thinking about Stephanie. When I kissed her, it was a bit like kissing Dale. It's bizarre, as in a way she's like Dale, and yet she's a woman, and completely different.

I know I shouldn't be thinking of a woman like this, but Stephanie's not like anyone I've ever met before.

I sleep with Stephanie

After Stephanie's visit, I couldn't get her out of my mind, whether at home or at the office. Then I started worrying that my initial impression was getting magnified in my imagination, and almost becoming an infatuation, without really any justification.

So, in the end, I phoned to invite her over again, this time for dinner. She asked if that meant I had news of Dale, and I had to say I hadn't. I was nervous that she might then ask why the invite, but I was ready with a story that if we all spent time together, it might throw up a new lead. Thankfully she didn't ask.

I took the afternoon off to get prepared for the evening. I ordered in the food, showered, and spent ages deciding what to wear. I settled on a gray silk jumpsuit that's more figure-hugging than anything I could be seen outside in. I'd bought it a while back to wear around the apartment, but hadn't actually worn it so far. In the mirror I checked myself. Perfect.

When she arrived, I helped her off with her coat, and we stood facing each other for a moment. She looked quite stylish too.

I giggled. "Last time we were standing here, I gave you a kiss."

She smiled. "It was a lovely kiss, really lovely."

We stood for a moment looking at each other, perhaps both a little bit embarrassed, but I could see in those eyes that it was what she wanted too.

I pulled her close and kissed her, and it was just like last time. Quite a different feeling from kissing Greg or Dale, although that could be in my mind I suppose. I wouldn't say it was definitely better than with them, but if I had to choose, I'd choose a kiss with her.

I made coffee, and we went through to the living room, and I had her sit with me on the sofa.

"I'm so glad you came, Stephanie. I miss Dale terribly, and I know it sounds silly, but having you here is a bit like having him back with me."

"It's not silly. I'm quite different in most respects, but you're not the first person to think there are similarities."

"I used to have Dale sleep with me quite regularly, you know."

“More often than with Greg?”

“Some days of the week I reserved for Greg and some for Dale. Of course, that means I sleep alone now, on Dale’s nights, and I get quite sad thinking about him.”

“But you’ve got Greg whenever you want him.”

“Greg’s fine, but I’ve got so used to having Dale sleep with me too, that it seems a failure to have Greg back all the time. I suppose I’d rather sleep alone than admit to a failure, but that’s just me. Anyway, I’m used to Dale and his expressions and mannerisms, and there’s nothing about Greg that reminds me of Dale. Nothing at all.”

I laughed. “You wouldn’t believe what I thought of, lying in bed last night.”

“What’s that?”

“No, I can’t say. You’ll think I’m totally silly.”

Stephanie turned to look at me.

“I promise I won’t think anything of the kind. So, tell me. What were you thinking?”

I drew a breath. This would be the point where things would happen one way or the other. It could be what I wanted, but even if it wasn’t, it would save all that daydreaming.

“All right then, ... I was thinking of asking you to stay the night.”

“With you? You mean sleep with you?”

Those blue eyes were wide and eyebrows raised. There was no smile, but no frown either, just an inquisitive expression. Then she smiled.

She said, “I’d like that. I get lonely too sometimes.”

My heart was beating crazily, and I felt so hot in the jumpsuit, that I’m sure my face must have gone pink. But I had to keep calm and carry on the conversation, even though all I wanted to do was take hold of her and hug and kiss her.

She looked relaxed enough, but was she feeling as excited as me too?

I said, “You don’t have a man of your own then?”

“Not presently. I was married once, but I got tired of his behavior and his habits, and in the end I told him to go, and then I was on my own again. After that, I got lonely, and quite depressed, and I started

another relationship, but that was a big mistake ... I should have known better ...”

“Why do you say that? Did he disobey you?”

“Oh, nothing like that. I just shouldn’t have started it in the first place. Anyway, it’s all over now.”

“And how long ago did you finish with him?”

“Just over a year. I suppose I ought to get married again, but it’s such a bother finding the right man. You’re very lucky to have Greg.”

I would have said more, but I heard the front door open. Greg was back, and it was time for dinner.

All through the meal, we chatted about day-to-day things, but finally I thought we ought to get around to Dale.

I put down my glass of wine, and looked at Stephanie.

“As I said on the phone, I’ve heard nothing about Dale, but have you really no more news about him?”

“Nothing, other than that the police have decided to close the file.”

“Oh, I’m so sorry. But I suppose it was to be expected ...”

Greg sipped his wine. “Let’s just hope that he’s still alive somewhere. Perhaps one day he might just turn up.”

Stephanie frowned. “Just because the police have given up, doesn’t mean I have. In fact, I’ve been quite busy. There are thousands of isolated CCTV systems in the city, so wherever he went, there’s a chance that he’s visible on the footage of some of them. That’s what I’ve been pursuing.”

I said, “But do people keep the recordings?”

“Most don’t, at least for this long. But I’ve found that some keep them for a year or more, and I’ve already tracked down eight systems where they’ve still got the recordings from the day Dale went missing. They’ve all agreed not to delete, at least for the time being.”

Greg said, “So have you looked at any of this already?”

“No, I can’t. The privacy laws mean they can’t show them to me, without a court order.”

“So what value are they then?”

“I’ve spoken to a lawyer about it. Basically, if I can put together a good case, and provide the funding, I can get the courts to compel

the police to review the recordings, or at least release copies to me. It just takes time.”

I said, “I may be able to help. I’ve got contacts in the justice system, and I may be able to speed things up for you.”

“Oh, that would be wonderful.”

I stood up. “Let’s go through to the living room and have a glass of something.”

Greg said, “If you two don’t mind, I’ve got a bit of a headache, so I need to lie down. If I don’t see you before you go, Stephanie, —”

I interrupted, “Oh, didn’t I tell you? Stephanie’s staying the night.”

Greg stopped, and I could swear he trembled. Then he said his goodnights and went off to the guest room. He clearly wasn’t happy about Stephanie staying, but I can’t really see why.

Stephanie and I had a great evening after that, watching TV, and drinking wine, getting more and more giggly and tipsy.

It was nearly midnight before we went to the bedroom.

We both started undressing, and then Stephanie paused.

“I’ve got nothing to wear.”

“That’s all right, you can borrow one of my nighties.”

I got it out for her and held it up. Black and silky, and almost transparent.

She said, “Gosh, that’s gorgeous. I’ll look so sexy.”

That got us both giggling again, as we finished undressing.

I didn’t tell her that I’d had Dale wear it one time.

Finally we were both standing in our nighties. Mine white and hers black, and she was right. She did look sexy. In Utopia, we’re not supposed to think like that about other women, but I know in Cassini it happens all the time. And after all, I’m from Cassini.

I went up close to her. Really close.

She said, “What are you going to do?”

“I want to kiss you like I used to kiss Dale. Is that okay?”

She gave me that inquisitive look again, and then nodded a yes.

I put my arms around her, and kissed her for maybe a minute.

The most bizarre thing was that with my eyes closed, it could almost have been Dale. Her lips are fuller and softer, but she responded just as Dale used to.

As our lips came apart, I looked at her and ran my hands down the silky material to her thighs.

“Let’s get in bed, shall we?”

I held her hand and walked her to the bed, just like the first time with Dale. But this was even more exciting than that. This was a woman, and I’d never slept with a woman before.

In bed, we lay next to each other, and I switched the light off.

I whispered, “I’m so glad you’re staying the night. A kiss and a cuddle before we go to sleep?”

She shuffled up against me, and put her arm around my neck, and kissed me. I put my arm across her, just under her breasts.

I said, “I’m going to kiss you until you tell me to stop.”

She giggled. “That might be a long time.”

Stephanie has a plan

I'd been really busy at work for over a week, and hadn't had much time to think about anything else, but when Stephanie phoned me, the memory of that night cuddled up with her came rushing back.

She wanted to meet, to talk more about Dale. I agreed, even though I doubted that she'd really have any new information. I'd helped her get started with the court order, but that's as much as I was able to do for her, and last time I checked, it was still under review. Anyway, I did want to see her again, so I finished work early, and headed over to her apartment.

When the door opened, to welcome me, I had that rush of pleasure again at seeing her, and I did wonder about embracing her. But she looked serious, and I thought better of it. She led me through to her living room.

She said, "I'm really glad you came. I've got lots to talk about, but I'm so happy to see you again. I haven't been able to get you out of my mind, you know, since ... well, you know."

"It was lovely having a night together, wasn't it? Oh ... I didn't go to far with my kissing, did I?"

She laughed. "You didn't do anything wrong at all. I don't know if it's because I've been sleeping alone so long, but it was the nicest night possible. You're so sweet and comforting, and I needed that."

"Well, it's lovely to see you again. But where shall I sit?"

She came over to me, and stood facing me.

"First, can I have a kiss?"

That took me by surprise. Kissing and sleeping together in my own apartment was one thing, but standing here, having another woman taking the lead, and wanting to kiss me, on her territory? I felt a lot less comfortable with that.

But I wanted to kiss her anyway.

I put my arms on her waist, and looked into those lovely blue eyes.

I kissed her briefly, and we separated slightly. Then her hands were on my neck, pulling me towards her, and I couldn't resist it. I

kissed her again, delicately, but for much longer.

When we separated, she gave me the loveliest smile.

"We can both sit on the sofa, and I'll get the coffee."

I waited until she'd finished sorting out the coffee, and was sitting next to me.

"So, Stephanie, have you some news about Dale?"

"Not exactly, but things are moving. Do you recall what I said about CCTV recordings?"

"Yes, you thought there was a chance that they might show Dale that evening. But didn't you have to get the court order?"

"There was an issue with that for a while, but it looks like I'll be getting it tomorrow after all. It's cost me quite a bit, but I've been persistent too, and I suspect that the police have supported me, just to stop me pestering them."

"That's wonderful. And then you'll have the recordings?"

"With the court order, they have to make copies for me, and then they all need going through. It'll take time, but I'll be making it a priority. What else can I do for my poor Dale?"

There were tears in her eyes, and I leaned towards her and wiped the tears away. Then I gave her a little kiss.

"I do hope you find something, Stephanie. You deserve it after all the trouble you've gone to. I only wish I could help in some way."

"I don't think there's anything you can do, but thanks for the offer. Of course, Greg's another matter. I've still a feeling that he knows more than he's saying."

"It's possible, but do you want me to question him about it?"

"I don't think there's much point. He's not told you anything so far, has he?"

"No, not really. And you're right to be suspicious. He's kept secrets from me before."

She smiled. "Maybe I should question him. I might get more out of him than you have, especially if you're not around."

I laughed.

"Do you plan to seduce him?"

But she didn't even smile.

"I'd do whatever's necessary, if I can find out more. Does it bother you if I have sex with him?"

We sat in silence for a few moments.

I was sure that she wasn't looking for any sort of sexual relationship with Greg, so it showed how far she was ready to go for Dale. Surprising really. I don't think most women would do that for their brother. I certainly wouldn't.

I said, "You can do whatever you want with him, if it helps ... So what do you want me to do?"

"Let me spend an evening with him, without you present, so I can work on him, and be absolutely sure he's told me everything he knows."

Stephanie questions Greg

Greg and I had eaten, and were watching TV, when the door buzzer sounded.

I stood up. "Switch off the television. We've a visitor."

"I thought you were going out with the girls from your office?"

"I am."

I went off to the door, and as Stephanie came in, I gave her a hug and a kiss.

She whispered, "Are you sure you're okay about this?"

"Absolutely. I doubt that Greg knows anything useful, but best of luck anyway."

We kissed again, and were giggling as we entered the living room.

Greg said, "Okay, what's so amusing?"

I said, "I've a treat for you. I'm going out shortly, but I thought you might like some company. And Stephanie's often on her own, so I thought you two could have a nice evening together. And you're looking forward to it, aren't you, Stephanie?"

"I've been thinking about it all day. We can have some fun, can't we, Greg?"

"I guess so ..."

I said, "Now I must go. I don't want to be late."

Greg said. "What time will you be back?"

"Oh, past midnight. It's a meal first, and then a club, and then you never know what happens after that."

"All right. I'll see you later then."

I put on my coat, helped by Stephanie.

"By the way, Greg, I've given Stephanie my full permission and authority. You must obey her just as you obey me."

"But Rebecca —"

"And no arguing. It's the least I can do for Stephanie after all that's happened. I've told her she can do whatever she wants while I'm out, and that's final."

Greg looked at Stephanie, and frowned, even though she was smiling.

I giggled, “And you’d better be good. I’ve told her where I keep the chastiser.”

GREG DISAPPEARS

I didn't get back home until one in the morning. It had been a wild evening, and I was exhausted!

As I opened the door, the only thing on my mind was to get to bed and get some sleep. But as soon as I came through the door, I sensed something was wrong. I expected Greg to be asleep by now, but there was a feeling of deathly quiet about the place. I went straight to the bedroom, and no sign of him, so I checked the guest room just in case.

Greg had gone, but where? There was nowhere he could go. Unless ...

I picked up the phone.

"Stephanie? Hi. I'm sorry to disturb you, but Greg's not here at the apartment. Have you any idea where he might be?"

"Sorry, no. I left him at about eleven, and as far as I know he was going to go to bed."

"Did he say anything about going out?"

"No, nothing. But to tell the truth, my only concern was finding out about Dale. Not that he told me anything new."

"Oh, well, it was just a thought ... I suppose I'd better call the police. Not that they'll be that interested."

Stephanie said, "Well, they ought to be interested. They know about Dale, and to have another man go missing at the same address... They can hardly say it's a coincidence."

I phoned the police, and gave them details, but I knew the realities. If a man goes missing, then it's not treated as a priority. There are thousands of men working for cash jobs, and sometimes involved in prostitution, and no one really cares who they are, or where they are, so long as there's no crime, and no drain on the economy.

I went to bed about two o'clock, but didn't get to sleep for a long time. As much as anyone, I do love Greg, and I know he loves me passionately. And yet for some time there have been unusual things about his behavior. Like the change in his relationship with Dale, from unpleasantness to acceptance.

Could he really have gone back to living in some squalid hostel?
And if so, why?
Or has he gone to join Dale somewhere?

Stephanie's videos

At work today, I had trouble concentrating. I tried my best to force Greg out of my mind, but it was impossible. By the time I left the office, my mind was buzzing with questions.

At the apartment, Stephanie was already waiting for me, carrying an overnight bag. Once inside, just a quick hug and kiss, and then to the kitchen to microwave some food and prepare coffee.

Stephanie couldn't stop chattering about her CCTV videos. She'd already got copies of some of them, and wanted to show them to me as soon as we were back in the living room.

I had to laugh.

"Stephanie, for goodness sake, slow down. We've got all evening, so first things first. Let's eat and just talk."

"Oh, all right. But aren't you impressed that I got these recordings?"

"Very impressed. You've been persistent, and it's paid off. So once you had the court order, did they all cooperate?"

"Most of them did straight away, although a couple only did so after I got the police to give them a friendly call. I've got most of the recordings here now, and I should have the others tomorrow. There may be nothing of value, but it's something I had to do, even if there's just a chance of locating Dale."

"And your evening with Greg didn't produce anything useful?"

"Nothing at all. Although I still think he knows something."

"You should have used the chastiser."

"Actually, I did. Maybe too much ... Oh dear, I hope that's not why he left."

"I thought you were going to take a soft approach and seduce him, not torture him."

"That's what I intended, but once you mentioned the chastiser, I realized it could be more effective."

"So, what exactly did you do with him?"

"We drank together, maybe a little too much, and I thought that would soften him up, and get me in the mood too. When I was ready, I took him to the bedroom and we stripped off, and well, I had sex."

“Shouldn’t you have been asking about Dale before you got that far?”

She smiled. “That’s true, but it was too much of a temptation. He’s very good looking, after all.”

“And did you enjoy having my husband?”

“Absolutely. Although I might have got a bit too rough for his liking. I’d tied his wrists to the top of the bed, and well, I did rather get carried away. Not that he was complaining.”

“And then?”

“I was ready to use the chastiser. The fact is, Rebecca, I was suspicious that Greg and Dale were in a relationship, and that’s why Greg was saying nothing. And I think it was more than a casual relationship.”

“You mean sexual?”

“Exactly. And that’s enough reason for his silence. So that’s why I decided I’d have to use the chastiser.”

I said, “Greg’s not interested in men, I can tell you that for certain, but you might be onto something. He’s been behaving differently with Dale, and there must be a reason. But did he confess to any of this?”

“No, not even when his skin was burning. So maybe I’m wrong about their relationship, but I still think Greg’s hiding something. That’s why these videos are so important. By the way, I told Greg I’d be getting access to them today, and I don’t think he was too pleased.”

“Now that’s really interesting. I wonder if that’s why he’s gone missing?”

Stephanie put down her plate.

“I’ve eaten all I want. Can we look at them now?”

We started on the videos with some enthusiasm, but after an hour, we began to flag. It was easy enough to fast forward when nothing was happening, but even then, it took longer than we expected.

It was midnight before we came across something, and we nearly missed it. It was a traffic camera, and my car was plainly visible.

I pulled up the map of the area.

"Stephanie, we've got something here. That evening, Greg said he went to the cafe, and then came back to the apartment. But this camera is a long way from that route. He was lying to me."

"I can't see anything nearby. Go wider."

I zoomed the map out.

"There's nothing obvious as a destination. He may have been on his way somewhere, but where? I'll try a few levels up and down."

But there was nothing.

"I'm sorry, Stephanie. Wherever he was going is either further away, or it's not somewhere we'd know about. Maybe a hostel or some other apartment."

She looked so exhausted, that I gave her a hug.

She said, "Shall we look at some more?"

"Not tonight. We'll carry on tomorrow evening, but now I'm ready for bed. So come on, you look ready to drop off already."

This time, Stephanie got undressed with me, while chatting away, as if we slept together all the time. In bed, we cuddled up together, and just a goodnight kiss before we settled down to sleep.

I do miss Dale and Greg, but I'm more than happy to have Stephanie as my sleeping partner.

I miss the sex of course. As I lay in bed, my mind wandered. It's impossible to have normal sex with a woman, but it doesn't mean a relationship can't develop into something sexual. It happens often enough in Cassini.

But I've no idea how I'd broach the idea to her, or how she'd react. It would be awful if she took offense and then didn't want to see me at all. I suppose it's something that will never really happen.

Meantime, I just feel so comfortable lying with her, and I'm sure she feels the same way.

Stephanie and I investigate

I phoned Nicole this afternoon, to tell her about Greg. Actually, I'd started wondering if that's where he had gone to. I knew it was unlikely, but I'm never really sure about their relationship being completely over with.

"Hi Mom, it's Rebecca. The reason I'm calling is about Greg. You haven't seen him lately, have you?"

"Not for ages. Why? Has something happened?"

"Yes, and it's not good news. He's disappeared, and I've no idea where he's gone. I was hoping you might know something."

There was a pause, then, "Rebecca, when exactly did he leave?"

I told her, expecting a response, but instead heard a sharp intake of breath.

"What is it, Mom?"

"You're not going to believe it, but Kelly's husband Joe disappeared too, on that very same evening."

"Wow! That can hardly be a coincidence, can it?"

"Very unlikely. But they hardly know each other, do they?"

"Not as far as I know. But there's something else ... I had one of the office men staying with me, and he disappeared a little while back."

Mom started laughing. "Three men disappear, and you know them all? You weren't scaring them off, were you?"

I had to laugh too. "No, well, not Joe anyway."

But then we got serious. Dale and Greg could possibly be a coincidence, but for Greg and Joe to go missing the very same evening meant a definite connection. Nicole said she'll tell the police, although like me, she had no confidence that it would trigger any action.

When Stephanie arrived in the evening, I told her about Joe, and then after our meal, we got down to viewing the remaining videos. We're getting better at this, but it was still midnight again before we'd scanned the last of them.

I said, "Have you any more to come?"

"No, that's all of them. A lot of effort for nothing."

"Not exactly. We did spot my car a long way from where Greg said he'd been, and maybe that will be useful later on, if we get more information."

Stephanie smiled.

"Anyway, I've enjoyed working with you, and staying here. On my own I'd probably have spent each night churning things over, but with you looking after me, I've got some proper sleep. I suppose it's our last night together though, isn't it?"

"I think so. I'd love you to stay longer, but someone's going to notice before long, and then neither of our reputations are going to benefit."

In bed, with the lights off, Stephanie came close and kissed me.

"I'm going to miss these nights with you, Rebecca."

"And I'm going to miss them too."

I returned the kiss, and then hesitated before I spoke, nervous about how she might react.

"Although, perhaps it's for the best ..."

She said, "Why do you say that?"

I whispered, "Can't you guess? You're sweet and you're attractive. I might get so used to being with you like this, that I'm tempted to do more than have a goodnight kiss."

There was silence, and then she gave me a kiss on the cheek, and rolled away from me. I lay there listening to her breathing for a long time, before I fell asleep, wondering whether I'd gone too far.

A connection with Joe

I'm fortunate to be senior enough to be able to make my own discreet inquiries through the systems at work. It took some trial and error, but eventually I got to what I wanted. The cash card transactions at Greg's cafe.

I downloaded everything from the date that Greg and Nicole arrived in Utopia, and stored it on a memory card to analyze at home.

In the evening, I started sifting through it. The first step was to find all Greg's transactions, and it turned out easier and quicker than I'd expected. The list wasn't that long, and then I had some dates to focus on.

The next step took more time. For each day that Greg was at the cafe, I scanned down the list of other names looking for a pattern or any coincidences. An hour of that, and I was so bored that I took a break for a glass of wine, and watched TV for a while. Meanwhile, all these names were spinning through my head, until suddenly one name came to mind. A man called Adam.

Back at the computer, I double checked. Yes, Adam had been at the cafe several times when Greg was there.

I'd been told about Greg's meetings with him when I was up for promotion, and here was my own evidence. Not that it mattered much, as they told me that Adam had died. But it proved that my searching and matching could work, so I carried on with new enthusiasm.

It didn't take long before I found my second match. A man called Joe, and I knew without checking that it must be Kelly's husband. That proved they were connected directly, not just via Nicole and Kelly. And their last meeting at the cafe wasn't long before they both disappeared.

I went to bed pleased with myself, but troubled too. It was absolutely clear that Greg and Joe had been meeting regularly, and I could presume that they had been plotting the disappearance. So, they're together somewhere, but where? If they've gone to one of the

periphery zones of Utopia, and are living on cash, I'll never find them.

But why would Greg leave me to go back to living in those horrible hostels? I know from Nicole that Joe was worried about his future, so did Greg leave just to help Joe escape? That's hard to believe.

I wished now that I'd had Stephanie stay another night. We could have talked it through, and who knows, we might have come up with some answers together. And I really don't like sleeping alone.

It doesn't seem fair that I've lost Greg and Dale, and I can't realistically have Stephanie stay long-term.

I suppose I've got to do something about it, but I've no idea what.

Is Greg back in Cassini?

I was at the office when Nicole phoned with the news about Joe, and suddenly, everything started to make sense. I phoned Stephanie straight away, for her to come over to the apartment in the evening.

When I got home, I'd hardly had time to start making coffee, when she arrived, breathless.

"What's happened then, Rebecca?"

"I've got some news, but sit down first and get your breath back while I make the coffee."

She collapsed on the sofa, and I left her to get coffee and a couple of cookies.

When I returned, her eyes were closed, and for a moment I thought she'd fallen asleep. But when she heard me, she sat upright, with those blue eyes wide open.

"So now will you tell me?"

I sat down next to her.

"I've had a phone call today from Nicole, my mother. I told you that the husband of a friend of hers went missing too, but there's new information, and it's a bit grim."

"Joe wasn't it? And he went missing the same evening as Greg? So has he been found?"

"Yes but it's not good news. The police have heard from their counterparts in Cassini, that a body was found in the luggage compartment of the train from Utopia, and it's been identified as Joe."

"Good heavens, Rebecca! He got to Cassini? What about Greg?"

"No sign of him, apparently, or indeed of any other person, so the police there assume that Joe was attempting the journey on his own. But I don't believe that, do you?"

"Not at all. The fact that Greg disappeared the same evening, and there's no trace of him here, says that he went too. And he must have survived somehow, or they'd have his body."

I said, "I agree. It seems impossible that he could have survived the journey, and then got away from the train unnoticed, but Greg's

more tough and resourceful than anyone I know. Also, I'm sure they were plotting things together. I've been looking at the payment records at the cafe that Greg used to go to, and Joe's name popped up several times. There's no doubt in my mind that if Joe was planning to go to Cassini, so was Greg."

Stephanie's eyes were bright with tears forming.

"If Greg's in Cassini, it means I'll never be able to question him again. So, I'll never find out what he knows about Dale's disappearance."

I hugged her to provide comfort, but not just for her. Suddenly, I had my own tears to hold back. I was happier with Greg than I could be with any man I've met here, and now he'd left me forever.

He'll never willingly come back to Utopia.

We sat together like that for a while, and then Stephanie pulled away a little. She looked at me, with tears still in her eyes.

"Rebecca, can I stay the night again?"

"I'd like nothing better. Let's have something to eat, and we can watch TV together until bedtime, and put all this out of our minds."

When we went to the bedroom, I got the nighties out, but this time I gave her the white one, and I put on the black translucent one.

She said, "You look quite mysterious in black. Almost domineering."

"Hardly that with you. You're taller and stronger than me."

"That's irrelevant. It's about state of mind, not physique."

It's funny, but that little exchange made a world of difference. I'd always felt comfortable being in charge with Greg and Dale, but it was different with Stephanie, not being sure how we should relate to each other. She's taller and more muscular, and has a better figure, so logically she might be the one leading our relationship. But I can't accept anyone leading me on anything. I've had enough of that with Nicole and with the men back in Cassini.

Now her words have taken away any doubt. She's comfortable with me taking the lead in our relationship.

I went over to her and kissed her.

"Come on, Stephanie. Time for bed."

She got in first, and I switched the light off and lay down next to her, ready for a goodnight kiss.

In the dark, she whispered, "Can we kiss and cuddle?"

I put my arm around her, and pulled us together.

Then I kissed her, like I used to kiss Greg. Very, very gently to start with, sensitive to how she was responding. And then gradually becoming more intense.

And so we kissed, like lovers. It was just as I used to kiss Greg and Dale, with her responding, but never taking the lead. If I kissed gently, she was gentle too. If I moved my body, she moved hers to match, like we were in a slow intimate dance. And when our legs intertwined, I was the one who locked them together, while we embraced.

It was a long time before we lay back next to each other. It may not have been sexual, but it was the most beautiful experience I've had for a long time.

A weekend with Stephanie

Yesterday was the start of a lovely weekend. I'd met up with Stephanie, as planned, for lunch and we spent the rest of the afternoon doing a little shopping. We talked about Dale and Greg, but as neither of us had anything new, we soon tired of that and got chatting about our different jobs.

Stephanie's no real ambition for a career, and seems happy enough to go to work and do her job well. I think she has more potential, but who am I to advise? I'm always thinking about career and advancement, and I do anything I can to improve my chances at work. I learned quickly that working hard is an essential to advancement, but on its own it's not enough. You have to be a little bit political too. I like to make my boss look good, which pleases her, but I always make sure that her own boss is aware of my contribution.

Back at the apartment, we relaxed a while over coffee, and then the conversation got back to Greg and Dale.

Stephanie said, "With two men here, did you have sex regularly?"

I laughed. "Not every night, for goodness sake. I've got stamina, but there's a limit. I always slept with one of them, but I only had sex when I was in the mood."

"And was one of them better than the other?"

"Why on earth do you want to know that?"

"Oh, I'm just interested. I haven't had a lot of experience, you know. And I've generally not found it that exciting. Funnily enough, ..."

"What?"

She blushed. "It was quite good with Greg. Although as I said before, perhaps I was a little too rough with him."

"Maybe that's why you enjoyed it more. I like being rough sometimes. It's the very opposite of being in Cassini, and I love it here that I'm the one dominating the relationship, not the man."

After dinner, we watched a movie, and then headed for the bedroom.

As we undressed, I looked her over. She's slim and attractive, and if I was ever to have sex with a woman, I couldn't want better than her. For a moment, I thought it would be nice if we wore nighties again, but she was already getting into bed. I turned the lights off and got in with her.

In bed, I moved closer to her, feeling the warmth of her body. Then she leaned towards me and her lips just touched mine, in the briefest kiss, before she lay back down.

I did wonder whether to do more, like we did previously, but I decided against it. I was content enough to have her alongside me, with us both relaxed and happy together. One day I'll want to do more, but I need to be cautious. I still have a lot to learn about her, and I don't want to spoil things by being too hasty.

Stephanie reveals her secret

Over breakfast, we watched the news. The big story was of a new trade deal with Cassini, over mineral rights. The rail route to Cassini passes over a section of territory whose ownership has never been fully resolved, and where there was now interest in mining for minerals. The government was forming a task force for the final negotiations, and I'd applied to be on it. The payoff was that I'd be able to travel to Cassini, and then maybe find a way to meet up with Greg. But there were many others after the same position, so it was a long shot really.

Over coffee, Stephanie suddenly changed subject.

"I've got a personal question for you, Rebecca."

"Oh, yes?"

"Yesterday, when we were talking about sex, you said you liked to be the dominant person in your relationships. I know you were talking about men, but would you say we're in a relationship now?"

"Well, yes, in a way, I suppose we are."

"So if we are in a relationship, does that mean you want to be dominant in some way?"

"What a strange question. I don't think of us like that, not like it was with me and Greg. We're both women, after all."

"True, but it's an interesting question, isn't it?"

"I don't know if I've really got an answer. After all, it's not at all the same as the relationship either of us would have with a man, is it? Now, have you any more interesting questions like that?"

She laughed. "Actually, I have. But have you any questions for me?"

I thought hard. I wanted to know everything about her, but what would most interest me?

I said, "You mentioned that you had a relationship a year or so ago, but that it was a mistake. So tell me more about the man and what you found attractive in him."

Her face went bright pink.

"I'd rather not talk about that. Ask me something else."

"I've answered your question, so you have to answer mine. It's only fair. We shouldn't have secrets."

"Well, all right. But it's a bit embarrassing. The fact is that we had a cousin called Mark, who often came to stay with us, when we were young. Dale and I have always been close, as our mother died when we were young, and our father more or less had us fend for ourselves. Well, he died, and Mark moved in with us."

"But then you got married?"

"True, and I moved out. But at the time the marriage failed, Dale wanted to go and live on his own, so I moved back in with Mark."

Stephanie was looking more and more upset.

I said, "You don't have to tell me any more. Let's talk about something else."

"No, I want to tell you, and then it's done. Otherwise I'll only be worrying anyway. You deserve to know."

"All right, but stop if you want to."

"That was a difficult time for me, and I was actually in quite a bad state. Mark was wonderful, and gave me comfort, and then one evening, when I felt particularly lonely, I told him I wanted him to share my bed and keep me company. And after that he always slept with me, and one thing led to another. Eventually I had sex with him. More than once."

"But then it came to an end?"

"I realized there was no future in it, for me or for Mark, and that's when I left and rented my own apartment."

"And do you still see him?"

"Not very often. He got married not long afterwards, but his wife lets him meet up with me occasionally. He kept in touch with Dale more than with me, but again they only met rarely."

"Gosh, Stephanie, that's quite a revelation, but it's better you told me than holding back. So let's forget all that, and now it's your turn to ask me another question. That's if you have one."

She smiled.

"I was going to leave it to some other time, but as we've got this far, well, ... I'm living on my own, and so are you, and it can get boring like that can't it?"

"True, so what's the question?"

“Well, ... what about me moving in with you here?”

“I don’t think so. Two women living together would create all sorts of gossip.”

“So what?”

“For one thing, if my bosses found out at work, they’d view it as a concern, however much I tried to explain it, and I’m sure that would slow down any promotions.”

“But would you like it if I moved in?”

“I’d much rather have you here than be on my own, but it’s just not possible without a man in the apartment.”

Stephanie frowned. “Well, I don’t want some mystery man around, just to make things look respectable. Is there no other way?”

“Not really, although I suppose there’s one man you might not mind. His name is Brad, and he’s a eunuch. My mother’s got him at her place right now, but she wants someone younger, so she’s told him that he’ll have to go. He’s probably worried about his future, so I think he’d come to stay here if I invited him.”

“And what’s he like?”

“Quite handsome, and very easy going. He’s no good for full-on sex, but he’s quite nice to play around with in bed.”

“And in terms of respectability, would a eunuch be enough?”

“I don’t see why not. He’s still a man.”

Stephanie and Brad move in

It's been a busy few days. First I had to sort out the situation regarding Brad. Nicole was happy enough for him to go, but Brad wasn't as enthusiastic as I'd expected. He's a bit scared of me, so I had to have several conversations with him, and made a few promises, before he agreed.

Then Stephanie brought her things over, and we had to rearrange all the storage, as well as getting Brad's room ready. I ordered a single bed to go in my bedroom for Stephanie. Not that she'll be using it, but we'll make it seem that way to Brad.

But today it all came into place. Stephanie arrived in the morning, and we tidied away her things, just in time for Brad to arrive for lunch.

It was the first time he'd met Stephanie, and I did wonder for a moment whether they'd hit it off, but I needn't have worried. Before long, they were chatting about this and that, and then over lunch we all got on like we'd been a little family for ages.

I said, "So, Brad, are you happy now that you took up my offer?"

"Absolutely. I did wonder what I should do next, as I'd already had an offer from one of Nicole's friends. But I think I'll be happier here without another man in the apartment."

"And you like your room?"

"It's lovely. Although I might want to redecorate, if that's all right with you?"

"It's your room, so that's not a problem. Have you any other questions?"

Brad flushed, and hesitated. "There is one thing. Will you both be wanting me to ... well, you know ... sleep with you?"

"Occasionally, we will. When Stephanie or I want to sleep with you, then we'll just come to your room. How does that sound?"

"That's fine, but one more question, if you don't mind?"

"Go on ..."

"I'd prefer it if you weren't too rough with me."

"But I already promised you that. Why do you still ask?"

"I just want a little reassurance, that's all. From Stephanie too."

I laughed. "I promise you, no rough stuff ... from me at least."

Stephanie smiled. "Nor from me. You'll find me quite a gentle person."

Brad breathed in obvious relief. "Then it all sounds perfect."

Stephanie says she loves me

Last night, Stephanie had her first sex with Brad. She wasn't that interested really, but if we're going to maintain some air of respectability, then it's essential we both get sexual with him. You never know who he might talk to.

After we both got back from work today, I was anxious to find out how she got on, but had to wait until the evening when Brad had gone to his room.

"Well, Stephanie, how was it?"

"Quite fun, actually. Once I sprayed him, he got a bit of an erection quite quickly, and that was a surprise. I wasn't sure eunuchs got that far even with the spray."

"So you had sex?"

"Not really, although we did have some fun together. But he's got no passion, has he?"

I had to laugh. "What do you expect? They don't have the same desires as proper men. You have to accept Brad for what he is. He's obedient, and will do whatever you want with him, but don't expect him to get excited about it."

"So you had the same experience as me the night before?"

"It sounds like it. But that's only what I expected. It was nice to fool around, but I was a long way off from getting an orgasm. And anyway, the important thing is that if Brad talks to anyone, which I guarantee he will, we've ruled out any gossip that we might be doing more than sharing a bedroom."

After watching TV for a while, and drinking a little too much, we went to the bedroom, and undressed.

Stephanie flopped down onto the bed, lying on her back, and stretching out her arms and legs.

"Oh, this is so comfortable. I'm glad I'm back in here tonight."

She closed her eyes, smiling.

I couldn't help looking at her lovely body. I wanted so much to do more with this woman, but I was terrified that I might mess

everything up. She yawned and her eyes opened, to see me watching her.

She said, "You're giving me a strange look. Is something wrong?"

"Not at all. I just like looking at you. You really are beautiful."

She smiled. "I think you've had too much to drink. I'm not that beautiful."

I went over and sat on the side of the bed, and put my hand on her waist.

"You should have a man like Greg or Dale to live with. Not another woman and a eunuch."

"But you're not just another woman. We're in a unique kind of relationship, that I can't imagine with anyone else, whether a man or a woman."

I said, "It's unique for me too. And something I could never have imagined happening. And I ..."

I felt tears coming, and her hand came up to wipe them away.

"What's the matter, Rebecca?"

I hesitated, but I had to say something. I just couldn't carry on like this.

I said, "I want to do more than kiss, but I've no idea what you want. And I'm scared that I might do something that offends you or upsets you. I can't bear the thought of that."

She smiled, and leaned across to switch out the light, so we were in total darkness.

I felt her take hold of my hand, and I let her move it to her breast, my heart beating furiously.

She said, "Now it's up to you, Rebecca."

I moved to lie next to her, keeping my hand in place. I'd passed a barrier, and I had a new confidence.

I took my hand away, and leaned down to kiss her nipples in turn. It made me tremble a little.

Then I kissed her on the lips, and lay back next to her.

"Stephanie, I think I'm happier to be with you, than I was even with Greg or Dale. You're very special for me, do you realize that?"

"I do, and you're more than special for me. I think I've fallen in love with you."

I lay there, my heart beating madly again.

It was the most exciting moment ever. I'd got used to having loving relationships with men, but now I had a woman in love with me. A woman that could have her own men, but instead just wanted to belong to me. I do wish Greg and Dale were back here, but it seems less important now I have Stephanie. Much less important.

"Stephanie, let's get under the bedclothes, and cuddle and kiss together."

"Anything you say, my darling."

ROMANCING STEPHANIE

It's been a lovely couple of days since that night of kissing her breasts. I've felt so buoyant, that I feel anything is possible now, at work or at home. I've not done any more than kiss and cuddle since, partly savoring the experience I had, and partly taking care not to push things too far, too quickly. I'm romancing Stephanie, and romance should always proceed at a natural pace.

But last night I took one more cautious step forward.

We'd got undressed ready for bed, and I'd turned the lights low, as Stephanie was about to put on her white nightie, when I took hold of her arm.

"What is it, Rebecca?"

"I've had an idea, so just stand there, will you."

I stood in front of her, and put my hands to the side of her head, and kissed her. Then I gradually slid my hands down her neck and ever so slowly to her breasts. Her eyes were closed, and she was smiling, so I carried on, exploring every curve of her breasts and finishing with my fingertips at her nipples.

I whispered, "How does it feel, Stephanie?"

She opened her eyes. "It's a feeling I've never had before. Exciting, and sensual, but a bit scary. "

"Did a man ever stroke you this way?"

"No one's ever touched me like this. You're very gentle ..."

"I have to be gentle with you. You're mine now, so I have to take care of you. And I love the feeling I have right now, touching you like this."

"But what are you going to do next?"

"You'll see."

I put my hands on her waist, and then moved around to the back of her, and felt the shape of her waist and her hips. She has such a perfectly formed body, and I wanted to feel every curve and shape. Eventually I moved my fingertips along the front of her hips, to her vulva. And there I stopped, pulling her into me, so my body was close against her back.

I kissed the back of her neck.

“Do you like me exploring you like this?”

She must have been holding her breath, as there was a long sigh.

“I love it. I love everything about you, Rebecca.”

I stroked her vulva, and then took my hands away, and pulled her around to face me.

Then we kissed, and kissed, for ages.

I’ve never felt another woman’s body like that, and it was such a strange experience. Easy enough to know what would make Stephanie enjoy it, as Greg had explored me in much the same way, although not as tenderly and slowly as I’d been with Stephanie.

I gave her one last kiss, and went to lie on my back on the bed.

“Come here, Stephanie. I want you to explore me too. All of me.”

She got on the bed, kneeling over me, and kissed me. Then it was my turn to close my eyes.

She put her fingertips on my forehead, and slowly moved them down wards, over my eyelids, my nose, and my lips, where she hesitated long enough for me to do a kiss. Then down to my chin and neck, and I forced myself to relax, knowing what was coming.

When she reached my breasts, I had to smile. I don’t have anything like hers to explore, but they are firm and my nipples were erect, and it was exciting not just having her feel me, but knowing that she was looking at me all the while.

The fingers slid downwards, and then I held my breath when they reached my vulva, and stayed there, with just slight tremors in her fingertips.

One day I’ll want her to do more, but I’m determined to be cautious and to take things step by step with her. This was an exciting enough development as it was.

I’d never done anything like this with another woman’s body, but equally I’ve never had a woman do it to me either. Could Greg have given me that same experience? I don’t think so. I’ve not met any man who touches me as gently and softly as she did.

I said, “That’s lovely, Stephanie, and I’m feeling so relaxed now. Let’s get in bed, and cuddle up together.”

She kissed me.

“That’ll be lovely. I’m so in love with you, Rebecca.”

Tracking down Greg

The day before yesterday, I had a little session with Brad, all part of our routine, and it was enjoyable enough, but all I could think of was the previous evening with Stephanie.

I'm right about the difference between men and women. I asked Brad to stroke me very gently on my breasts, and although he did it better than Greg used to, it still wasn't as soft and gentle as with Stephanie. And if a eunuch can't match a woman's touch, then I doubt ordinary men can ever do so.

Yesterday evening, the three of us were chatting over dinner, and got onto the subject of Dale and Greg's disappearances. Stephanie seems reconciled to the belief that Dale has died, but she's as keen as ever to find out what happened. Brad was quite sympathetic, and at one point when Stephanie had a few tears, I could swear that Brad was getting tearful too.

We all agreed that Greg is almost certainly in Cassini, and if only we could make contact with him, he might give us more information about Dale, knowing he's safely away from here.

The first step would be to find out whether he's definitely there, but with their privacy laws, it's impossible to know for sure. I've made a couple of requests to the Cassini authorities, and had them both denied.

After dinner, we settled down to watch a romance on the TV. Brad loves that stuff, and Stephanie and I like it well enough.

The TV program finished, and I started telling Stephanie about a project I'm working on, while Brad topped up our wines.

Then Brad started looking excited and I broke off.

"What's the matter, Brad?"

"I've just had an idea, about finding Greg. Why don't one of you go to Cassini?"

Stephanie said, "I don't know about Rebecca, but I certainly can't go. I'd be too frightened to do anything there, with men able to do what they like."

I had to laugh. "It's not that bad. They're not roaming around looking for trouble. Well, not generally ... I wouldn't mind going, and

it's a good idea, Brad, but I'd need a visa, and I can't see them giving me one to go there searching for Greg."

Brad said, "But you're in government. Couldn't you make up an excuse to go?"

"Not really, but I have been thinking about how I might be able to go there. There's a task force being set up to sort out mineral rights with Cassini, and I've applied to join it. The problem is that I'm not involved with trade at the moment, so the odds aren't great. But if I did get to go there, I'm not sure how I might track down Greg anyway."

We sat in silence for a minute or two, sipping our drinks.

Then Stephanie looked up.

"Rebecca, do they have private investigators in Cassini?"

"That's a brilliant idea ... and I could even hire one from here. I can make phone calls to Cassini without any real restriction, and I can arrange for money transfers."

"But how would you locate a PI? Can you access the Cassini internet?"

"No, but I can phone one of my old school friends, and I'm sure they'd be willing to do a bit of research for me. Then all I need is a contact number."

Brad said, "I suppose the first thing the PI would have to do would be to find out if Greg is actually there, and then track him down. But then what?"

I recruit a PI

Today, I phoned an old friend in Cassini.

Naturally, there was a little exchange of how we both were, but I avoided all mention of the reality here, just admitting to enjoying having an advantage over men when it comes to promotions at work. Since leaving school and starting work, she got married, but she's not particularly happy with the way her job or even her marriage has worked out. I think she's quite envious.

I explained that I needed a private investigator to do a little research for me, connected with finances. She was happy enough to do some checking online while I was on the phone, and quickly identified a PI with solid client ratings, and gave me the contact details.

A bit more chatting, and a promise to visit sometime. Then a bonus. She said that if I wanted to stay with her, I'd be more than welcome. I hadn't planned ahead at all, beyond tracking Greg down, but if I did go to Cassini, it might suit me very well to be off the grid at times, rather than staying at a hotel.

Minutes later, I was in conversation with the PI, explaining what I wanted.

He was confident about finding out whether Greg was there in Cassini, but said it might not be so easy to locate him, if he didn't want to be found.

We agreed that it was best to take things a step at a time. I would make an immediate funds transfer for him to get started, with another transfer to take place if he located Greg.

When I put the phone down, I sat back in my chair and breathed to calm myself. The PI seemed to know what he was doing, and I had a feeling that however cleverly Greg might hide, this person would find him. That second transfer was substantial enough to provide a lot of motivation.

GREG'S ESCAPED TO CASSINI

At work yesterday, my mind was constantly wandering, thinking back to that night with Stephanie.

Was it better than if I'd done that sort of exploring with a man?

Any sort of touching I had like that in the past was a preamble to sex. It was never an end in itself, and was over almost as soon as it started.

So maybe a man could be capable of touching me like Stephanie did, but he'd never be patient enough to actually do it. I suppose Brad might be different, but as he's pretty well lacking in any sort of passion, I think it would feel mechanical, rather than emotional.

Was it better than sex?

No, but it really isn't a question of better or worse. It was just a different experience, just as sex with Greg is different from sex with Dale.

I decided to put all that out of my mind, and in the afternoon I called the PI in Cassini for an update. I got some exciting news. He'd established that Greg was indeed in Cassini, and had even got some of his bank details, which looked very healthy indeed. Way too healthy for what he'd be earning in such a short time.

Back at the apartment, I told Stephanie and Brad of the news.

Stephanie said, "Did he already have a lot of money before he left there?"

"Not as far as I know. His job wasn't that well paid, you know."

"So somehow in just a few weeks, he's made a lot of money."

Brad said, "Can the PI find out where it came from?"

"Apparently not. He got the balance by bribing someone at the bank, and that's all he'll be able to get without spending a fortune."

"And the PI's still working for you?"

"Yes, and he's confident now that he'll be able to locate Greg, so it won't be long before I have to make that decision as to what to do next."

That night I had trouble sleeping, with the prospect of seeing Greg again. Although Stephanie was a lovely person to sleep with, I'd give a lot to be able to have one night of sex with Greg.

Passion with Stephanie

It's a weekend, and Brad went off very early for the day visiting friends, so Stephanie and I were still in our nighties when we had breakfast.

We lounged around for a while, watching TV, and then Stephanie said, "I've had an idea. Why don't we go back to bed, and laze around today. We can watch TV in there just as well."

A few minutes later, we were sitting in bed together, like an old married couple, watching TV. It was quite a nice cozy feeling.

Stephanie said, "Did you ever sit in bed with Dale like this?"

"No, never. But why do you ask?"

"Oh, I just wondered what sort of things you did do with Dale."

"You mean in the bedroom?"

She blushed. "Yes, I suppose that's what I was thinking of."

"I had a lot of fun with Dale, and not just straightforward sex. Got him to do things that ... well, enough said."

We watched TV for some minutes after that, saying nothing.

Then she said, "What sort of thing did Dale do for you?"

I laughed. "Well, I know it sounds silly, but sometimes I had him put on pink lip balm. He looked so pretty like that."

A brief silence, then, "If I did that, I'd be like a man, wouldn't I? Like Dale."

I suddenly felt hot. What to say? I sat there wondering what she was leading up to, and for once was quite unsure of myself.

She got out of bed, and went across to the dressing table, and I knew what she was doing. I was feeling excited watching her, which was crazy. All she was doing was putting on lip balm.

Back in bed, I looked at her sitting next to me, and smiling.

She'd applied it so carefully and precisely, that it looked far more erotic than it ever did on Dale. Maybe it's because she's a woman. But maybe because it makes her look even more like Dale. She always has some of the appearance of Dale, but with pink lip balm

...

I said, "You look just like Dale now."

"And what would you do if it was Dale next to you now?"

I giggled. "You know what I'd do. I'd get on top of him and have sex."

A silence.

She whispered, "I can't be Dale, but I'd like to feel how he did when you made love to him, and have you say the same things to me that you'd say to him."

She slid down into the bed, lying on her back, waiting for an answer.

I said, "I didn't just say things. I did a lot more than that."

"Then I want as much as is possible. I want to feel like your lover, just like Dale would. And Rebecca ..."

"Yes?"

"I'm yours, just as Dale was. You can do anything you want with me."

There was silence, and I sat still, looking down at her, wondering if this was going too far too quickly. But I couldn't take my eyes off her lips.

I moved across, to get up above her, and leaned down and kissed her.

I said, "I can't make love to you, like I did with Dale, and I'm not going to try, but I do want to make you happy, and I'll do my best. I hope you won't be disappointed."

"I know it can't be exactly like Dale experienced, when you made love to him. But if I could feel a little of his pleasure then I'll be more than happy. More than anything, though, I want to give you pleasure too."

She stretched her arms out and smiled with those lovely pink lips.

I switched the lights down low, and kissed her again. Then I lifted myself up away from her, until I was kneeling. I put my hands on her breasts, feeling again that strange sensation of holding another woman. She carried on smiling as I moved them slightly, to maneuver the nipples between my fingers, and then I felt her own hands on my breasts.

That was an even stranger feeling. Dale used to hold me like that, his touch a little like hers. I closed my eyes and imagined it was Dale again, with those gentle hands on my breasts.

But it was so different, with her doing that to me, while I did the same to her.

I looked down at her, and in the dim light, her face could almost have been Dale's, with those shiny lips. But then the weirdest thing. Looking down at her body, it reminded me of Nicole. For a moment, it was as if I was making love to her, and I felt scared, but excited too.

I looked away from her body, back to her face, and this time I didn't see Dale or Nicole at all, but just my own Stephanie looking back at me.

In my enthusiasm, I almost fell onto her, and started kissing frantically. I desired this woman more than I desired any man, and she was all mine. We kissed and kissed until we couldn't kiss any more, and I slumped down, lying on top of her, with my cheek against hers.

I whispered, "One day, I will make love to you, and we'll have our own wedding night."

"That sounds wonderful. I do love you so much, Rebecca."

"And I love you too, Stephanie."

Then I realized that I'd said something that I've never said before to anyone. I've never told anyone that I loved them. Not even Greg.

After we'd lazed in bed for a while, we got dressed and went out shopping and for lunch.

At the restaurant, in a quiet corner, I took hold of Stephanie's hand under the table.

I said, "I loved what we did this morning. I hope you did too."

"I've never had another woman love me like that before, and it was a beautiful experience. Although I was nervous to start with."

"Nervous? Why?"

"I know you said you weren't going to make love like with Dale, but I really didn't know what to expect."

I had to smile. "Neither did I. But it was alright for you, wasn't it?"

"It was. In fact, everything we did was perfect."

"Does that mean you'd like to do it again sometime?"

She laughed. "Yes, please."

“Well, no rush. When the time’s right, we’ll do it again.”

Then I felt I had to ask, even though I didn’t want her to say yes.

“Maybe next time you’ll want to be on top?”

Stephanie shook her head. “No, I want it just the same way.

You’re the dominant one in our relationship, and I’ll wear lip balm every time, just to remind you. That’s what you really want, isn’t it?”

We've located Greg

It's been a couple of days since my lovely morning with Stephanie, and yet it still comes to mind even when I'm busy at the office.

But today, something happened that's more important than any of that. I made my usual call to the PI, and this time he had the answer I wanted.

He had Greg's address and phone number.

So Greg was alive and well, and in only a month from arriving back there, he'd got himself back to a better financial state than when he left, and now was living in an expensive upscale district.

In a way I was disappointed.

In my heart, I still wanted him back, and I was hoping that he'd not be enjoying being back there, even enough to be tempted to come back to me in Utopia. But there was no chance of that now.

Back home in the evening, I discussed it with Stephanie.

I still had no news about whether I'd be on that negotiating team, so for now had no prospect of actually going to Cassini to see Greg. The question was whether to do something now, or to wait.

Stephanie said, "I think you should contact him now. You've said that your chances of that assignment are negligible, so why wait? He might be willing to talk now."

"I suppose so, but what would I say? Do I come straight out and ask him about Dale?"

"That's for you to judge. You know him better than anyone."

I went to bed troubled. It had been easy enough to want to track him down, but now that I knew where he was, I had to make a decision. And it wasn't just about Dale. As much as any man, I still love Greg, and I want him back.

I phone Greg in Cassini

I stayed late at the office getting my work done. But all the time I'd been thinking about what I was going to do before I left, and what I might say.

I double checked that everyone else had left the office, and then I activated the videophone.

Slowly, carefully, I tapped the keypad.

I heard the Cassini ringing tone, and then I held my breath, waiting for Greg to answer.

* * *

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