

MELISSA'S TALES

By Melissa Anne Rogan



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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FORBIDDEN PLANET.

By MELISSA ANNE ROGAN.

The space ship “Restless” approached the planet and placed itself in a parking orbit.

“OK,” the pilot, Mike Jones, said, “we are now in a standard orbit around the planet.”

“Where are we?” asked Fred Dawson, the only other person aboard.

“According to the navigation charts the planet is unnamed. It is the fourth planet around the star GX12-5021K, a Sol type yellow main sequence star. The planet is very earth-like in both size, gravity and climate. It would appear to be ripe for colonization. I wonder why it hasn't been snapped up centuries since.”

“Will we be safe?”

Mike and Fred were modern day traders - entrepreneurs, as they liked to refer to themselves. They would ship any cargo their medium sized freighter could carry to any location in known (or sometimes unknown) space.

Their concept of law was flexible. They were not out and out baddies, but were not averse to a little bit of smuggling, though they drew the line at running drugs. It was this white stain on their otherwise gray character which had landed them in this little difficulty with the interstellar Mafiosi.

They had unwittingly been hired to run some seriously bad drugs and when they realized that they had been tricked they went back on the deal. This had inconvenienced and slightly miffed the Dons, who now wanted compensation (pain, not finance).

What they needed was a nice, out of the way place to lie low for a few months until the Don's tempers had cooled a little.

“According to the computer's archive files, the planet was colonized, shortly after it was discovered, some three hundred and seventy years ago,” Mike mused, scanning his computer screen. “The planet is now interdicted, full prohibition, no contact allowed, no reason given.”

“That usually means native intelligent life being allowed to develop unsullied by human contact until they reach a technological level compatible with contact,” Fred observed.

“If we land in an out of the way area it should be an ideal hiding place for a few months.” Mike used his instruments to scan the surface. “There is evidence of technological civilization in several areas,” he said, after scanning for several minutes.

“How high a level of technology?”

“Impossible to say with the fairly crude instruments on this rust bucket, but I detect radio waves and nuclear fusion plants.” He continued to scan, looking for a remote site suitable for landing and camping out for a few months. “There,” he said, pointing to an area in the northern hemisphere of the planet, “that looks ideal.”

The area selected was in the foot hills of a remote, mountainous area, well wooded with good water sources to supplement their ship's supply, and the promise of hunting to improve their ship's eternal, but bland larder. All the evidence from the scans said that native life was edible, and both men would be happy not to have to eat a synthesized, nutritious gray blob for a while.

Their landing site agreed, Mike activated all the anti-detection gear he had installed to aid in their business activities, and commenced landing maneuvers.

The ship was landed in an isolated clearing in a thickly wooded region in the area they had selected and made secure. Scans showed plenty of game but no sentient life that they could recognize within a hundred mile area. They relaxed, secure in the knowledge that they were safely away from the prying gaze of the Mafia and could handle anything the inhabitants of the planet could throw at them if they were unfortunate enough to be detected.

By the time three days had passed since their landing, they were sure that they had not been detected, either by the planet's inhabitants, or by anyone or anything else that may be interested in them. They were able to relax for the first time in many months, content to camp out under the stars, where they could breathe fresh air instead of the continuously recycled stuff aboard ship.

Growing in confidence, they started to experiment with the local flora and fauna, in an attempt to improve their rather bland diet. They were secure in the knowledge that if necessary, there was sufficient provision of food on board to feed them for over a year. The instrumentation they carried was able to analyze local foodstuff for nutrition content to ensure a balanced diet, as well as being able to detect any chemical or microbial content that might render them harm.

After a week, they managed to trap their first local animal, a small rodent-like creature not unlike a rabbit in taste once cooked.

“Ah, this is the life,” Mike sighed contentedly, as he gulped down the last of the meal and lay back by the camp fire, hands behind his head, staring at the night sky. The forest around them was full of interesting night noises, but their instruments detected no potentially harmful creatures.

“We should have done something like this a long time ago. Our batteries sure needed recharging. You can only live on adrenalin for so long before the body demands payment,” Fred noted as he finished off his cup of coffee.

Mike smiled in agreement, thinking of the many scrapes they had managed to escape from in the nick of time, hearts in mouths, pulses surging. Now was the time to relax and unwind, and, enforced though this little break may be, he was determined to make the most of it.

It was in the third week that things started to go wrong.

Oh, the camping was fine, the food great, the peace undisturbed by the presence of any other sentient being. However, something was amiss. Neither man could put a finger on it but both felt out of sorts.

Two days later and they were decidedly ill.

The computer automedic showed them to have fever, malaise, loss of appetite, nausea, vomiting, sore throat; in fact all the symptoms of a viral infection. Its diagnosis was precisely that, but no virus could be isolated from the samples of blood, urine, faeces and throat swab that the machine obtained.

Two days later, Fred roused himself from stupor. Shaking off the blinding headache he staggered to see how Mike was. Mike was in a coma. He was obviously far more seriously ill than was Fred. Fred managed to drag the dead weight of Mike's body across to the automedic and plug him in once again, before collapsing, exhausted, onto the nearest seat while the machine repeated its investigations. Again it could find no cause but the outlook for Mike was bleak - he was dying!

Fred pondered for many hours before coming to the inevitable conclusion. The only beings likely to have knowledge of this obviously local disease were the natives. He must attempt to contact them. He couldn't fly the ship - Mike was the pilot, so he would have to get them to come to him.

If they were friendly, there was hope. If they weren't...well, they had nothing to lose now. His decision made, he activated the distress beacon before struggling back to Mike and making him as comfortable as possible. Then he waited, wondering what form the natives would take.

Over the years, he had encountered many intelligent species throughout the galaxy. Xenophobia was not one of his weaknesses. Still, he was always interested in encountering a new species. When they finally arrived, several hours later, their shape was quite a shock. They were as human as he was, something for him to ponder as they assessed the situation and injected him with something which thankfully relieved him of all pain, as well as consciousness.

When Mike finally awoke, it was several weeks later, though of course he was not aware of that. He was only aware of the fact that he was free of pain. He felt quite well but when he moved, he felt totally without energy.

It was obvious to Fred, observing his friend through a one way mirror, that he was very, very weak, hardly surprising, considering he had lost almost half of his body weight, and his muscle tone was virtually gone. Watching Mike slip back into an exhausted, but restorative sleep, Fred knew that his road to recovery was sure, but long. He turned to the young lady doctor sitting next to him.

"It seems that we owe you everything," he quietly stated.

"When will you tell him?" The doctor smiled. "If you had observed the interstellar prohibition notice and stayed away from this planet you wouldn't have needed our help. Now, you can never leave. The risk to the galaxy is too great. Still, at least we can offer you a congenial and cultured existence, especially as you are a male.

“Your friend? He is still far too weak to be in a position to learn the truth. We will refrain from telling him until he is somewhat stronger. We can't leave it too long however. Now he has broken the fever, he will have increasing periods of consciousness as his convalescence begins and he will eventually become aware of the changes his body has already undergone, and will continue to undergo, due both to his illness and to the treatment.

“However. You are due for your own check up. Come.”

They left the observation room and walked down the bright, sterile corridor of the hospital to an examination room where Fred was fully examined and his final recovery confirmed.

“You were very lucky,” observed the physician, “very few adults suffer as mild a dose as you had.”

“It's a pity Mike wasn't so lucky,” Fred replied.

“Still, he's alive at least, and will eventually make a full recovery. That's something to be thankful for.”

Mike was full of a sense of anticipation as he dried off after his morning shower.

Today was the day that Dr. Adams had promised to explain all about his illness and its consequences. The long weeks of being confined to one room were coming to an end. He had spent many hours with his close and only friend, Fred. It had slowly become obvious that Fred knew at least part of the story, but when questioned just clammed up, saying that Dr. Adams had sworn him to silence for Mike's own good.

Oh well, he'd soon know. Standing in front of the full length mirror on the wall, he surveyed the massive damage to his body. He had lost almost twelve inches in height and about half of his body weight. His new measurements were five feet four inches and just over one hundred and ten pounds.

Mostly, he bemoaned the lack of muscle tone; - he had been a fitness fanatic before, and was very proud of his muscular and athletic frame. Now, muscular was the last word that could be used to describe him.

His illness, whatever it was, had left him with little muscle tone, so his body appeared rounded, especially at the hips and rear. His pectorals, oddly enough, didn't seem to be affected so much. As his body shrunk, they didn't, giving the appearance of small, but definite, breasts. His nipples were larger, and very sensitive, in a pleasant sort of way. Unconsciously, he stroked them, enjoying the sensual feelings.

He did not become sexually aroused however; he couldn't.

His penis, the pride of his manhood, and the scourge of many girls in many space ports, had shrunk also, and more so. It was no bigger than a little boy's, and his testicles had ascended into his body, leaving his scrotal sac empty, the skin tight and smooth. He was not sure if he imagined it, but when he carefully felt behind his scrotum, he was sure he could feel a gentle channel, a groove along his groin.

His bodily hair was affected also. His hairy chest was now hairless, as were his belly, back and arms. He could not remember shaving since he regained consciousness. The hair on his legs was very light, soft and downy. Even the pubic hair under

his arms and at his crotch was silky soft. His crotch hair now only covered a small, inverted triangle, instead of the lush expanse of wiry hair he had once owned. Even his head hair was different, silky soft again, and growing at a rate of knots. It was already down to his shoulders:- he had kept it cropped for convenience and neatness when in space, so either it was growing at an abnormal rate, or he'd been here a lot longer than he was being led to believe.

Sighing, he donned a clean robe and lay on his bed. He would dearly like to start an exercise regime so he could begin to rebuild his muscles, but when he had broached the subject, the doctor had forbidden it in the most forceful of tones, saying that it would be extremely dangerous for him to indulge in strenuous exercise at this stage of his convalescence and they would tell him when, and how, he could exercise, in due course.

Left with nothing else to occupy his mind, he turned on the holovision set. This had been the mainstay of his entertainment during the months of confinement. (He'd tried to explore, but the locked door defeated even his great mechanical skills, left as he was, without tools). He was now an expert in the mindless drivel all planets seemed to screen in the daytime; soaps, hospital dramas, cookery and domestic shows, inane game shows. As for the soaps and dramas, he was becoming quite addicted, and looked forward to the daily episode of 'Neighborhood Friends' and 'District Infirmary'.

What was disconcerting was the mood swings he suffered. Gone was the cold, rational pilot. He found that he could get quite emotional over a crisis in the plots. He even, to his embarrassment, found himself weeping uncontrollably when one of the local heroes died in a car crash.

Mike was sitting in a small but reasonably well appointed office of the type seen in hospitals throughout known space. Next to him sat Fred, who had given him a hug of greeting and reassurance when he had been brought to the room.

Behind them sat a nurse. At her desk, facing them, sat Dr. Adams, the very pretty young doctor who had been his physician.

'Funny,' he thought, 'all the staff are very pretty women, I don't recall seeing a single man, even as a porter.'

He dismissed the thought, putting it down to his lack of human contact due to his confined state. He turned his attention to Dr. Adams, determined to hear, and absorb every word she said.

"My story is a long and complicated one, taking in basic genetics, and the history of this planet," began Dr. Adams, "I would ask you not to interrupt me unless I ask a question as some of the concepts are difficult to grasp. When I've finished, you will be free to ask any questions you like, and if I cannot answer them, I will personally ensure that you are put in touch with someone who can. Agreed?"

Both men nodded their heads, looking at each other nervously.

"Very well. Then I'll begin. First a question. Do you know, at least in principle, the genetic basis of the difference between the two sexes?"

Fred answered first. "I got a smattering of genetics in biology, way back in my college days."

"That should be enough," Dr. Adams noted, "how about you, Mike?"

Mike shook his head sideways. "No, I was never interested in biology. I was always going to be a pilot and mechanical technician, so I specialized in maths and physics."

"At least you appear to be intelligent enough to understand what I have to say," the good doctor countered with a bright smile before she continued. "As you are no doubt aware, every characteristic that we have, from eye color, to height, is determined by genes. These genes are arranged in strands on huge molecules in bodies called chromosomes, found in almost every cell in the body. Humans have forty six chromosomes, arranged in twenty three pairs. Each parent donates one chromosome of each pair, in egg or sperm, so that any individual inherits characteristics of both parents.

"One pair of chromosomes is different from the others. These are the sex chromosomes, and as the name implies, they control the sex of an individual. A female has two identical chromosomes, called X chromosomes. The X chromosome is essential for life but you only need one. In female embryos, one is switched off shortly after conception, but it has been active long enough to set the embryo on a path of development to a female.

"A male has only one X chromosome. The other is called a Y chromosome. This is thought to be a degenerate X chromosome, with a little bit missing. This determines a male development for the embryo. From this, you can see that as only the male has both X and Y chromosomes, it is the male parent who will determine the sex of his offspring. If his sperm contains X, his child is female, if it contains Y, his child is male. The female parent can only donate X so cannot influence the outcome. That's the end of the biology lesson. Do you follow me so far?"

Both men nodded and shrugged, indicating that they were still with her.

She then took her explanation off on a different tack.

"This planet was first discovered by the interstellar exploration corps, over five hundred years ago. They stopped only briefly, but sent back a report that indicated a class one planet, compatible with earth life in all major areas, without detectable indigenous intelligent life forms and with no harmful local micro-organisms:- ripe for colonization.

"The first colonists arrived slightly less than four hundred years ago, and quickly confirmed the earlier report, establishing several colonies in this Paradise. The colonies thrived for ten years, exceeding all expectations, until the day that disaster struck; in the form of a plague, the like of which had never been seen before in known space. The plague was unique for it specifically attacked the Y chromosome. It only attacked males, females were totally unaffected. The effect on men was devastating, for the organism was attacking that which was fundamental to their masculinity.

"Over 99% of our men folk died in extreme pain. Less than 1% survived. Those that did survive, once they had recovered, were perfectly normal, and apparently immune from further attacks.

“All the medical and scientific resources of the young colony were not enough to solve the problem, especially as our best scientists were male, and therefore dead. The Interstellar Colonization Authority backed us with their considerable resources. The best scientific minds of the galaxy were called upon, to no avail. We thought, and still think, that the causative organism is a virus. It transmits like one. If it is a virus, it is like no other virus ever before seen. We could not isolate it, or grow it in the laboratory. No antiserum could be made from the blood of the males fortunate enough to survive, no vaccine was successful in preventing infection.

“Finally, after years of fruitless research, the Authorities acted in protection of the galaxy at large. A Class one indictment order was placed on the planet:- no one on the surface, including any of the top female scientists which had been brought here, were to be allowed to leave - ever. No one was allowed to land. Satellite beacons were placed in orbit to warn visitors of the order. Any that did land were condemned to stay here for ever.

“From what you say, those satellites are not now functioning. That will be rectified. You are now subject to that order, your ship is confiscated and you will spend the rest of your lives on this planet, happily, we hope.”

Mike stirred, but a nudge from Fred kept him from opening his mouth.

“Because we have never, even now, been able to isolate the agent responsible,” Dr. Adams continued, “we cannot tell if women, though not affected, may be carriers, which is why they also were forbidden to leave. The colony was left to it's fate. The Authorities maintained only hyper radio contact. If we required goods they were sent in by unmanned drone ship. But as we could not export goods we could not trade, so we were eventually forgotten.

“It was expected that the colony would die out in time. As you see, we not only did not die out, but actually thrived, after many years of struggle. We were able to father offspring from our surviving males, mainly by artificial insemination.

“Our men were prizes indeed. Many was the fight over them between horny women. Eventually we had to act in defence of the colony and place them off limits to all but the chosen few. Be assured,” she smiled, noting the look of glee in Fred's eye, “it was not the male paradise you imagine. We were hoping that the immunity of the recovered males would be passed on to the next generations. Alas, this was not to be, though a higher proportion survived, presumably due to the resilience of youth. Of all male babies born, only 10% survived. Many decades later, studies of our local animals showed that they too are susceptible, the female to male ratio of all our higher animals is 9:1. You probably condemned yourselves as soon as you made contact with a native animal.

“Back to our story. Although we had years of failure, we never gave up looking for a cause, and a cure, for the plague. We still look today, centuries later. Just over a hundred years ago, however, one of our leading bio-engineers, the famous professor Nadia Gromeko, came upon a solution which was as radical as it was unexpected. Using her bio techniques she was able to create a harmless bacterium which carried a very special, tailored virus. When a male animal was infected with the bacterium, it multiplied

and released the virus when the body's natural defenses attacked the bugs. This virus attacked the Y chromosome just like the plague.

“However, and here's the amazing bit, instead of destroying the chromosome, it altered it by adding some of it's own nucleic acid. The very clever professor Gromeko tailored the virus so that the bit it added on was the bit that was missing from the Y chromosome that made it different from an X chromosome. In other words it changes Y chromosomes to X chromosomes. If this organism is given to a child in the terminal stages of plague, it changes their beleaguered Y chromosomes to immune X chromosomes. It has the obvious side effect of making them genetically female but it saves their lives. Although it could not boost our male population, it meant that 90% of our male babies were no longer condemned to die, a great breakthrough.”

Mike felt rather uneasy. He most definitely did not like the direction this lecture was taking.

Dr. Adams continued.

“When we received your distress call we were surprised, to say the least. Nevertheless, we mounted an immediate air rescue operation. Finding a spaceship and two sick young men, we were able, very quickly, to establish what had happened. You,” she said, indicating Fred, “were semiconscious, but not seriously ill. Though from the way you must have felt, you probably wouldn't have agreed with us at the time. All you needed was bed rest and good quality nursing care to bring you round. You were one of the very, very few adult males to survive this infection. You however,” she said, indicating Mike, “were a very different story. You were completely comatose, and already entering the terminal stages of the illness.”

She stopped, gathering herself for the final part. The atmosphere of the room was electric.

Finally she spoke again.

“I'm very sorry to have to tell you this, Mike, but in order to save your life, we had to administer our tailored virus. Even then, you were so ill, and we have so little experience in treating adults, that it was touch and go for a very long time whether you would live. I'm glad to see that you did, and your recovery, though slow, is assured.” Again she paused, looking to Mike for comment. Although he said nothing, his eyes held a thousand questions, were full of horror, of fear. “You are cured, but genetically each and every one of your body's cells is now female. You are already experiencing some of the changes your body is undergoing as that essential femaleness pervades your body. Your blood hormones are already entirely those of a young woman. In time, your physical self will catch up. You will be a woman, and I think, a very attractive one.”

Finally, the horror of what he was hearing became too much for Mike.

“Don't be stupid,” he exploded, “you can't just calmly sit there and tell me you've changed me into a girl! You're talking nonsense. It's impossible, some kind of tasteless joke.”

He was obviously becoming hysterical.

At a signal from the doctor, the nurse quietly got up, and, exposing the injector she had been hiding, quickly administered a fast acting sedative to Mike's neck. As he slumped to the floor, she quickly fetched an orderly and between them, they loaded his recumbent form onto a trolley and wheeled him back to his room.

“Whew,” Fred exhaled, slowly. “That was pretty bad, wasn't it?”

“Actually,” replied the doctor, “given the extraordinary circumstances, it went rather more smoothly than I expected.”

Fred gave her a very shrewd look. “There's more, isn't there? What haven't you told us?”

“You men may not realize it, immersed as you are in your own egos, but women are driven by their emotions, their feelings, as much as their intellect. We are very sensual and sexual beings. It's probably due to our biological, animal urge to reproduce, even despite our veneer of civilization. The whole reason for the way we bring up our young girls is to provide them with the psychological armory to control those urges. Mike does not have that upbringing. She is going to experience feelings and urges that she has no idea how to deal with.”

“Don't you have drugs, analysts, that can help him? Hypnosis even?” he asked.

“Assuredly, we do, and we will use them in due course. They will take time, however, and until they are effective, Mike will be a very vulnerable young lady. We cannot even consider using them until Mike makes the first step herself. She must accept her new femininity. Until she does then nothing we can do will be effective. You are her closest and only friend. She will need your strength and support in the coming months. Notice that I am already using female adjectives when referring to her. You will be doing your friend no favors by using words like 'He' and 'Him'. They will serve only to remind her of her past, a past to which she can never return. You might wish to consider a more feminine name for her also; perhaps a female version of her own name.”

Fred thought on this for a time.

“Very well,” he replied, “I'll do all I can. After all, there but for the grace of God..... I've always liked the name Michelle, but I will have to introduce it very carefully. Now, what else do you have to say?”

“My final comments are for you,” replied the doctor. “As I explained, our males are very precious to us. Left in our society, the massive excess of females exposes them to tremendous sexual pressures, as women try to get them to give them babies in the 'natural way'. Most of our women never experience the joys of sex with a man. Very few males can withstand this pressure for any but the briefest of times. Most of our males live in a separate part of the cities, in communes where women are forbidden. They are content with this. After all, they have been raised to it.

“You, however, have not. Having been used to so much freedom, you will almost certainly find the tedium of such an existence unbearable. It is your choice and your right to choose, but as I said, living in a world of women, where you may be the only man in the neighborhood, is not a male paradise. Few men have the physical or men-

tal constitution to survive it. We will find you work suited to your talents. Where you live is up to you.”

“Once I make my choice, is it reversible?” asked Fred.

“No, why?”

“Is there anything to stop me from spending part of my life in each setting, using one as a refuge from the other when it gets too much for me?”

Dr. Adams smiled.

“You see,” she said, “already, your fresh mind gives new insights to our problems. We would never have thought of such an obvious solution. I wonder if any of our own men might like to try it?”

As she walked off, absent mindedly thinking to herself, it was obvious that the meeting was over.

Fred too had much to think over, so he slowly returned to his own quarters to digest all this new knowledge. He had been told about Mike's impending change long ago but he hadn't really thought through the consequences. Now was the time to do so.

Several months later found Mike staring again at his naked figure, in the mirror. The view was markedly changed from the previous occasion. The change was now completed; physically at least.

Before the mirror stood a beautiful young lady, perfect in every way. Height five feet four inches, weight one hundred and twenty pounds. She had filled out very nicely as she regained the weight lost to the ravages of illness. Not all of it of course, only enough to fit her new body. Legs were long and slender, covered with a light down of hair. Waist was narrow and hips and ass broad, giving the feminine roundness so loved by men; perfect for carrying babies. The inverted V of the crotch sported a triangle of pubic hair, soft and silky. The chest bore a pair of marvelously proportioned breasts, ripe and firm; size 36C. Arms were slender and elegant, under arm hair was again soft and silky. The neck was slim and long, even graceful; the face beautiful, lips red and pouting, cheek bones high and delicately sculpted, eyes a deep brown, framed by long dark lashes and topped by a slim arch of eye brows. The crowning glory was a tousled mane of auburn hair, thick and by now grown half way down her back.

The vision was not, however, particularly pleasing to the eye. If all the physical changes had occurred, not so the mental ones. Mike had steadfastly refused to accept his fate, and let his appearance show it. He would make no concession to his new found femaleness, whether by thought or deed.

He had become morose, introverted, depressed. No activity would interest him, so he lay on his bed watching the holovid all the hours of the day and far into the night.

Although he would deny it vehemently however, there were subconscious urges that he could not deny. If a particularly handsome guy appeared on screen he would find himself gently caressing his sensitive nipples to erection. On more than one occasion he had been startled to find himself with his hand between his legs playing with his clitoris (though he didn't know it was called that) or sliding his fingers into the moist slit of his vagina. When he became conscious of this he immediately stopped,

filled as he was with an overpowering feeling of revulsion at the exquisitely feminine action.

The doctor and Fred looked through the viewing mirror, filled with concern; the one for her patient, the other for his friend.

Fred had tried very hard over the months, at first from a sense of guilt and relief (after all their positions could so easily had been reversed), later out of a deep sense of compassion. Fred had always been very close to his companion. After all, they spent prolonged periods of time in space when the only company they had was each other's. His heart ached to see Mike in such distress. They had spent many, many hours together, talking, describing their feelings, listening. Fred knew Mike's inner thoughts, but try as he might he could not break Mike's stubborn resistance and persuade him to accept the inevitable. Lately, he had been seeing less and less of Mike as the sense of helplessness, of futility, threatened to overwhelm him.

This sent Mike into ever deeper depression.

"I have to admit, I'm now seriously worried," stated Dr. Adams, "she has not assimilated at all well and her depression is sufficient to lead us to believe she may do herself harm. We are feeding her tranquilizers and anti-depressant drugs in her drink, but that can only be a short term measure."

"What do you suggest?" asked Fred.

"I have consulted at length with our top psycho-therapists. They assure me that direct intervention on their part would not only be useless at this point, but may serve to worsen the situation. Our considered opinion is that we must force Michelle to accept her situation."

"How will you do that?"

"Watch!" she replied.

Mike had flopped down on his bed and was just about to turn on the perennial holovid when the door to his room opened. As he looked up, in walked the most impressive female he had ever seen. She was blonde, strikingly beautiful, and over six feet tall. Her body was obviously well maintained; it exuded an aura of raw power.

"Who are you, what do you want?" asked Mike.

"I am Sheena, Michelle, and I am your masseuse," the blonde replied, smiling.

"I don't need a masseuse and don't call me Michelle," shouted Mike.

"OK, OK, Mike," Sheena said, "I've been sent by the doctors because they feel that you are now ready to start rebuilding your muscle tone. Massage is gentle enough to achieve that without straining your still fragile system over much."

"Oh, OK, what the heck," he grumbled, "Do what you want."

Sheena told him to relax and arranged him on the bed, face down. She then proceeded to massage his neck, back and legs.

He crooned in pleasure, she had a wonderful touch. Soon, his tensions started to lift and he relaxed. The combination of the massage and the tranquilizers united to send him into a deep, restorative sleep.

When he awoke, Sheena had left. He immediately sensed something different about himself. Pulling off the bed clothes, he immediately noticed that he was clad in a long white night gown of some satiny material. Although not particular frilly, there was no doubt that it was a feminine garment. Strangely, although startled, he did not feel the horror that he expected in seeing himself dressed in this way.

Slipping off the gown he noted that he was wearing white panties, sheer with a delicate lace hem around the elasticated legs. A matching brassiere hugged his breasts. He had to admit that the support it gave his full breasts made him feel far more comfortable than he had in some time. At least they weren't bouncing and flopping all over the place.

Sighing, he arose and went to the full length mirror to examine himself.

He immediately noticed that he had been subjected to several changes. His legs were now hairless and silky smooth, as were under his arms. His hair had been permed, into a feminine style, full of tight curls. His finger and toe nails had been manicured and painted a gentle shade of pink. His face was made up, with eyes enhanced by green and light brown shadows, and black liner to make them look large and expressive under the long curled lashes and finely arched brows. His cheeks were delicately blushed and his lips painted cherry red. Gold studs were in his pierced ears.

Although annoyed at this intrusion, he subconsciously found the effect pleasing, and he stroked and caressed his body. Even after a thorough shower failed to so much as smudge his make up he could not seem to arouse himself to overt anger. This lack of emotion was a puzzle in itself.

Again he was observed through the one way glass.

"I must say," spoke Fred, "that I expected a much more explosive response to those overtly feminine changes than I've just seen. What did you do to her?"

Dr. Adams replied. "Firstly, we replaced the sedative in her last drink with a mild psychotropic drug."

"What is that?"

"It induces a kind of hypnotic state. It heightens his suggestibility."

"Like brainwashing?"

"Crudely put, but yes," replied the doctor. "While she was sleeping, we fitted her with a special head set. This is a neural net which allows us to feed signals directly into a patient's brain, or read responses to stimuli. We can feed in suggestions in this way. As they come from Michelle's own brain, she will not violently oppose them in the same way as if we had directly and openly intervened. We have started by mildly conditioning her to the idea that she likes looking feminine. We must go very slowly, or even with the neural net, she will detect interference and break the conditioning. Each night we will attach the head set to her and feed in ideas to reinforce her femininity."

"What kind of ideas?" asked Fred, fascinated at the sheer power the doctor was demonstrating.

“We have found the most effective, and least traumatic, way is to feed in fantasies. These will appear to Michelle to be dreams which she will remember vividly, when she awakes. Each fantasy will emphasize one or more aspects of her feminine state by presenting her with a scenario where she is the girl involved. In this way we can get ideas into her subconscious which will give her a basis, like memories, on which to develop her own reality on.”

The toddler waddled across the floor. She had only recently started to walk and like other babies of her age was very unsteady on her pins. With typical babyish determination she managed to totter across without once falling on her well padded rear. Reaching her target, she squealed in delight as she was swung high into the air.

“There,” laughed the man, “aren't you clever? You're daddy's most favorite little girl.”

Michelle wriggled happily as her father straightened the frilly panties she wore over her nappy (still dry as well), before straightening her pretty little baby frock.

Sitting her on his, to her, massive lap, he cooed at her and made her gurgle in pleasure as he tickled her tummy and played 'This little Piggy..' on her pudgy little fingers. Finally, he calmed her and gave her her favorite soft toy to play with.

Mike awoke from the dream and lay there remembering his infancy with fondness. Noticing that he was wearing a frilly, yellow baby doll nightie, he checked and found that he was also wearing matching panties. This didn't bother him any more. In fact, he rather liked the caress of the silky material against his soft skin.

He thought back to the previous night and the massage that Sheena had given him. This was now a regular occurrence, last thing at night, and he found himself looking forward to it increasingly. Sure, it was already helping in toning up his muscles, though he suspected that the light, but increasingly strenuous exercise regime he followed each day had more to do with that. More importantly, the massages were the most relaxing things he had ever encountered. Never had he slept so well, nor awoke more refreshed. Of course, he didn't know that this was actually due to the psychotropic drug and the neural conditioning that he was receiving, but he felt the effects and certainly appreciated the benefits.

“Hello, darling,” said her mummy. “Are you looking forward to your birthday party? You'll be Mummy's big girl now you are five. Come, we must get you ready. Into the bath with you.”

Michelle happily striped off her clothes and climbed into the tub her mother had prepared. It was full of bubbles and smelled lovely. She washed herself until she was squeaky clean and her skin glowed pink. Then Mummy dried her in a big fluffy towel and dusted her off with sweet smelling talcum powder.

Then, to the dressing room, to dress and don her gorgeous new party frock. First the underwear:- satin rumba panties, white with pink lace trim, and rows of pink frills on her bottom. A matching vest and full petticoat. The bodice was adorned with lace and the full skirts had three layers of net to make sure her dress stood out nicely. White lacy ankle socks with pink bows were next, and pink, patent Mary Jane shoes. Then the dress: pink taffeta, with Peter Pan collar and pretty puff sleeves. The lace

covered skirt covered her petticoats just right, while round her waist was a wide, pink satin ribbon, fastened at the back in a large picture bow. Her hair was arranged with a bunch at each side, caught in pink ribbon bows, to match her dress.

“There you are, pretty as a picture, Mummy's favorite little girl,” cooed her mother, handing her a little white leather bag with a strap to fit over her shoulder.

It was the best birthday party ever, with all her friends from her primary school class, dressed in their best party dresses and bringing her such nice presents. Even the boys were on their best behavior, dressed in sissy velvet suits.

Oh, the presents she received: a great big baby doll, which wet itself so she could feed and change it like a proper little mother; and the baby carriage to walk it in. A Barbie doll clothes set was just what she wanted as were the pretty hair clips and the play make up.

When Mike awoke the next day, he was cuddling a large Raggedy Anne doll.

“I wonder why I dreamed of my fifth birthday party,” he mused. *“Still, it was a great party and I did love that party dress so. What and odd thought to have,”* he pondered, getting out of bed for his morning shower, and carefully placing the doll, which he'd christened Lucy, on his pillow, next to his nightie.

Michelle was excited. She had turned eleven last birthday, and started big school when the new term began. She had already been fitted for the new uniform and she loved it. Fitted white cotton blouse, and pleated bottle green skirt, bottle green and yellow striped tie, bottle green blazer with the school badge on the pocket on her left breast (not that she had any yet, but soon), straw boater hat with bottle green and yellow ribbon around the rim. White knee high socks and black T strapped shoes completed the ensemble. The only downer was the underwear. The official garments were very plain: bottle green flannel briefs, white vest and half slip with the minimum of lace ornamentation possible.

The wearing of these was rigidly enforced by the nuns who ran the school. They were strict and saw such feminine ornamentation as frivolous and provocative. Michelle had always liked pretty, dainty undies, so this was a definite minus.

Still, she could change as soon as she got home.

The sheer range of activities the school offered more than made up for it. She already had the gym kit (yellow T shirt and maroon gym skirt - pleated and very short), the tennis whites, the leotards for dance classes. (She had always enjoyed her ballet classes.) All was laid out ready for her; the white apron for her domestic science classes, the pink gingham dress for summer wear, the culottes for playing netball, the hockey kit and stick.

It had cost her mother a small fortune to get her favorite daughter into the exclusive girl's school, but it was well worth it. The quality of education was superb, and the school was renowned for turning out polite and well mannered young ladies.

Mike reminisced about his school days with a wistful fondness. Some children hated school. Not him. His memories were nearly all fond ones.

He lay, cuddling Lucy, a dreamy smile on his face as he remembered the joy of hanging out with the other girls, watching the older boys go by with adolescent longing in his eyes.

Oh well, better get up, or Dr. Adams would give him some stick. She had been progressively increasing his activities until his days were becoming increasingly full. No time for brooding now!

"I've had a thought," stated Fred, looking through the one way window as Michelle attended to her make up.

"And what might that be?" asked the doctor. "It's about the population problem of this planet; you know, the fact that there are hardly any men."

"Go on," invited Dr. Adams.

"Well, you saved Mike's life by infecting him with a virus which changed his Y chromosome to an X chromosome, right?"

"Yes, that is correct."

"And this virus was artificial, right?"

"It was tailored from a natural virus, so in that sense it was artificial," she averred.

"Well why don't you make one that will turn X chromosomes into Y chromosomes? If you give it to women, you'd convert them to men. When they got the plague, if their life was threatened, you could give them the first virus, and convert them back to females. If they survive, then you've got extra men."

The doctor paused in thought.

"You haven't really thought this through," she replied. "Firstly, such viruses stay in the infected cells forever. If you tried to infect some one with one virus when they were already infected with the other, the two opposing viruses would destroy the cells and kill the patient. Therefore, if your proposed virus got loose, every one of our women who was born male would be at risk.

"Second, women have two X chromosomes. Both would be converted. Instead of male XY, you would get YY. If you remember that I told you that the X chromosome is the basic chromosome of life, you should quickly realize that YY is not compatible with life.

"Finally, you are making the assumption that a woman would want to become a man. I think you would have a great deal of difficulty finding such a woman. We are far more happy than you mere males. Being able to feel and express our emotions makes us much happier than you lot. No, I think we will stay as we are!"

"Oh! Just a thought," mumbled Fred, feeling properly put in his place. He continued to watch his erstwhile pilot in silence. He could not avoid her much longer. Soon, he would have to resume their friendship. They were too close to allow the strain of recent events to come between them.

She was thirteen, and terrified. She lay on her bed, her cotton nightie pulled up to her waist, blood on her hands and on the sheets.

Her mother heard her cries of anguish and came running into her bedroom. Taking in the scene at a glance, she helped her sobbing young daughter into the bathroom, where she proceeded to help her clean up. Then she proceeded to show her how to use sanitary towels and explained again why women underwent menstruation, how it was essential if the woman's womb was to be prepared to accept a fertilized egg so it could grow into a baby. Michelle was pleased to be initiated into womanhood, but the blood had frightened her, and she did not like the cramps one little bit.

As Mike cleaned himself up and inserted a fresh tampon, he remembered his first period. He still didn't like the cramps, but was used to them by now. It was the price he had to pay for womanhood.

Michelle was looking forward to her first school dance. At sixteen years of age, it was the first time she had been allowed out on a date unchaperoned. Not that she would be alone with her escort at the dance of course, but when he walked her home, for just a few brief moments...

Tommy Parsons had asked her if he could take her, and she had almost swooned; he was such a dream. He was in the next year above her and was fancied by all her school chums. He was an athletic type, with a wonderfully developed body. The girls often watched him training on the track. The teachers thought they were just being loyal to the school, but they weren't, they were ogling the beefcake on display.

Needless to say, all of Michelle's girlfriends were green with envy when they heard just exactly who was taking her! She was so excited that her knees trembled and her tummy did flip flops, Luckily, her mother gave her a great deal of help in getting ready, allowing her to borrow some classy jewelry and use just a little of her make up and perfume.

She had been very careful in selecting her attire, from the sheer, lacy underwear to the dress, which was elegant without being tarty. It was the dress which every modern miss had a version of in her wardrobe; - the little black dress. Made of a crushed velvet material, the round neckline was demure, as were the short sleeves. The hem line was, however, halfway up her slender, shapely thighs, clad as they were in sheer black pantyhose. The dress clung to her body like a second skin, emphasizing and hugging her young and shapely curves. Shoes were matching black pumps with three inch heels. Across her shoulders was a lacy white shawl in case the evening was cool. With her long dark hair arranged down her back and held in place with a black velvet Alice band, she was a vision of teenage loveliness.

Mike woke with a dreamy expression in his eyes. He remembered his first dance well. It had been one of the high points of his teenage school years. Tommy Parsons had been quite a conquest, quite a feather in his cap. He remembered fondly the energetic disco dancing, and being held in Tommy's arms when the music was slow and smoochy. Not too tightly held of course, the teachers were watching.

He remembered particularly the walk home. The evening was pleasantly balmy so they had strolled hand in hand in the moonlight. Mike's heart flipped even now when he thought of that first sweet kiss. Michelle was young and innocent but Tommy was older and more experienced. His probing tongue and caressing hands had introduced Michelle into the sweet delights of necking with a good looking boy.

They had been an item for a couple of months until their different interests led them to part, amicably, it must be said.

Fred watched fascinated through the one way glass as Michelle sat at her mirror, primping herself and adjusting the seam of her stockings. She appeared to be perfectly at home dressed in sexy woman's clothing.

"I never thought you would achieve this in so short a time. What exactly does that head set thing do? Are you wiping out Mike's memories and replacing them with artificial ones?"

"No, we most definitely are not!" Shouted Dr. Adams, obviously horrified that he could think such a thing. "If we did that then Mike would cease to exist. We may as well have let him die in the first place. Everything we have done has been done to help poor Mike adjust so he can be at least content, if not exactly happy, in his new situation."

"OK, OK," soothed Fred, "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to offend you. I'm just curious, that's all. After all, Mike has been my closest companion for many years."

Dr. Adams was mollified. "The memories we are giving Michelle add to Mike's. They don't replace them. They are designed to reinforce the feminine side of his nature. Don't look at me like that. Every man has some feminine aspects, even you, macho man. Conversely, every woman has some masculine traits. In some cases they may be more developed than others. In Mike's case they were fairly average so we have to bring them out so he can feel comfortable. We are giving him suitably feminine experiences from childhood right through to womanhood so he has some 'experiences' to help him cope as a woman with the situations he will inevitably encounter in life."

The dressing room was a frenetic hive of activity.

"What on earth possessed me? Why oh why did I want to be a model?" wailed Michelle, "I will never be ready on time."



She and the other models were in various states of undress and surrounded by rack upon rack of dresses.

“Don't worry,” smiled Andrea, the supervisor, reassuringly. “This pandemonium is quite normal before a show. You'll be just fine.”

And, of course, she was right. Despite appearances, the timing of the show approached military precision. Although it was Michelle's first show, and at eighteen she was feeling very vulnerable, the older and more experienced girls put her at her ease.

“Just remember what you were taught at modeling school and take your time.”

Finally, she was decked in her first outfit, a stunning evening gown in deep green velvet with full skirts and strapless bodice showing ample cleavage. She most certainly had the figure to carry it and with the professional help she had had with her make up she was every inch the elegant and sophisticated lady she looked.

Gliding onto the catwalk, her long black nylon clad legs on four inch stiletto heels gave her a wiggle that exuded femininity. Pausing to twirl, she allowed the audience to view the garment from every angle. Of course, she was selling herself also.

The loud, appreciative applause thundered in her ears, making her almost dizzy in her success. Knowing that she had passed this first test she relaxed into her role. Soon she was totally immersed in the job at hand, modeling dress after dress:—clinging sexy micro minis, demure floral summer frocks, severe business suits, scanty swimming costumes, everything for the feminine wardrobe, from the sexy and elegant, to the downright bizarre. Like fashion designers everywhere, the one whose garments they were modeling mixed clothes that were practical with those that no one in their right mind would ever buy. Still, they were fun to model.

Fred looked through the one way mirror at his erstwhile pilot and felt, yet again, the sheer amazement at what had occurred in the twelve months or so since they had first landed on this planet of women.

He was now settled into his own life, having been found an apartment with suitable levels of privacy, and a job commensurate with his skills. He hoped that his friend would be able to integrate as well and felt, perhaps for the first time, that this could be a possibility.

Michelle was now a vision of elegance and beauty, concerned and expert in her appearance, her dress and make up. Her every attribute exuded woman but when he talked to her, there were still traces of the old resistance, like, for example, her stubborn refusal to answer to any name but Mike.

Dr. Adams watched intently as Sheena entered the room and uttered the command word that caused Michelle to go immediately to her bed and lie down, assuming the trance-like state necessary for her next lesson. Once this post hypnotic command had been established the requirement for late night processing and psychotropic drugs had been removed.

As Sheena fitted the neural cap, Dr. Adams turned to Mike. “If all goes according to plan, this will be the final treatment. We hope that after this, Michelle will finally ac-

cept that she is now irrevocably a woman. Unfortunately, the lesson will be hard on her.”

“Why?” asked Fred, concerned for this vulnerable young woman who he had once saw as friend, but now as dependent. He would not willingly admit the very deep feelings he held for her.

“I cannot go into specifics but she will be experiencing a very traumatic emotional situation. It is one that most young men and women experience in one way or another. She will have been through it as a man. Now she must live it as a woman. At the end she will be very upset. I ask that you be on hand, as her long time friend, to offer sympathy and reassurance. Her confidence will be at a low ebb and it is essential that it is quickly rebuilt.”

“Of course,” demurred Fred, “whatever I can do.”

“Just be there for her,” replied Dr. Adams.

Michelle was sobbing.

“Why?” she asked Robert, her lover of six months. “I thought we had something good, something special.”

Robert laughed. To him, Michelle was just another piece of tail. An exceptional one, to be sure, or he would not have stayed with her for so long. But just like all girls before her, he had soon become bored with her. He was the lady killer supreme, never content with just one woman.

Michelle, bless her innocent and trusting heart, had just found out what a two timing rat he was. She had refused to believe all her friends had told her, accusing them of being jealous. Finally, confronted with overwhelming evidence, she had plucked up the courage to confront him. She expected denial, even remorse. She had not expected laughter, or the cruel taunts.

“You said you loved me,” she wept, “I gave you everything, my heart, my money, my virginity, everything..”

“Oh, grow up, little girl,” Robert sneered. “You're just another pretty face, and a pretty naive one at that. Of course I said I loved you. You would never have let me near that sweet little pussy of yours otherwise. But there's plenty of pussy around; I'll not stick with just one. And if you don't like it, then Haste La Vista baby.”

His laugh as he sauntered arrogantly out of the door and of her life pierced her body like a physical blow. Never had she felt so abused, so sordid, so dirty. To him she was not a person, just an object for his own gratification, and that hurt most of all, because she had thought the world of him.

Her pain was without end, her depression bottomless, her tears, rivers of agony which could not assuage her emotional hell. The feeling of rejection was so bad. She would never get over it, never trust anyone again.

When Fred entered the little suite that had been Michelle's home for so long, it was in darkness. Despite the setting of the sun, there was no light on, yet he knew Michelle was at home. Allowing his eyes time to adjust, he scanned the room but could see nothing. He checked the bedroom but she was not there.

Then he heard it. A low moan, so soft as to be almost inaudible. He found her huddled up behind the sofa, grasping her knees between her arms and sobbing gently. From the look of her mascara, she had been crying for some time. The last dream she had experienced had triggered all the fears that she had kept bottled up for so long. She felt worthless, helpless, hopeless.

“What is it, Mike?” asked Fred, softly, “What's wrong?”

She ignored him. Perhaps she hadn't heard. He repeated the question.

“Please, just leave me alone,” she sobbed.

Now, in the face of so much anguish, it was Fred's turn to feel helpless. Not knowing what to say, he gently drew her up by the shoulders and led her to the sofa. Sitting, he drew her to his knee, surrounding her with his strong arms, he comforted her as you would a child.

She buried her face to his chest, wetting his shirt with her salty tears.

Gently, he stroked her head, crooning meaningless sounds of comfort. Slowly, her sobbing subsided as she felt the security of his arms and relaxed into his strong, masculine chest.

There was no particular point when their attitudes to each other actually changed, but gradually, they did. He was aware of the femininity of the body he held in his enfolding arms. He could feel the trembling, fragile form in his caressing hands, smell the sweet scent of her perfume in his nostrils. Almost without realizing it he started to get aroused. For her turn, she could hear the deep rhythmic beat of his heart, feel the heat of his body through the thin material of his shirt, the gentle caress of his hands on her head and back. Feelings started to awaken which she had never before encountered.

Both looked into the others eyes at the same time, each seeing questions and doubt in the other.

Timidly, Fred put his lips to Michelle's in the briefest of kisses. Feeling her return the kiss he pressed his lips to hers, gaining in confidence as he felt the gentle probing of her tongue. He continued to caress her gently, not wishing to frighten her. As he gently kneaded her soft breast through her blouse, he felt her soft breath on his neck as she nibbled his ear. Opening her blouse, he massaged her erect nipple through the silkiness of her lacy pink teddy. Slowly, he moved his hand to her nylon clad thigh feeling the smoothness of the material. Working his hand up her leg, he felt the bareness of her skin above her stocking top, and heard her gentle moan as her legs fell slightly open.

None of this had been planned, had entered his conscious thought, but he relaxed and allowed his body and heart to rule, not his mind. Finally, unable to resist any longer, he placed his arms under her and scooped her up. Remembering a time in their previous life when Mike had been shot by some rival smugglers and he had carried him to safety, Fred was surprised at how much lighter Michelle was. As she clung to him he carried her to the bedroom and lay her gently on the bed, taking up position beside her.

The outcome was inevitable. Gently, they undressed each other, timidly exploring each other's body by touch, by smell, by taste. Finally, Fred judged that she was ready.

Remember, dear readers, that Fred was an experienced lover and so was Mike, but for Michelle, this was her first time. Slowly, he positioned himself between her widely parted legs, guiding his turgid member to the entrance to her vagina. She moved her hips and guided it in, so deeply engrossed in her emotions that she barely felt the breaking of her virginity, as she felt the amazing feeling of him filling her inside. She also let her body lead the way as, sighing in contentment, she wrapped her legs around his torso, locking her feet together behind his back, pulling him in to her even more. His rocking steadily increased in tempo, becoming a penetrating pulse that caused waves of pleasure to explode in her head as orgasm approached. Both came together in a crescendo of sexual release that acted as a catharsis for both of their emotions. Gently coming down from their high, both caressed the other.

"I didn't mean for that to happen, Mike" apologized Fred.

Michelle smiled. "Call me Michelle," she replied.

"You don't mind not being called Mike?"

"Under the circumstances, it seems a bit pointless. Female, I most definitely am, and calling myself Mike won't change that. I realize that for better or worse, that is what I am. I've finally accepted that it's up to me to make sure it's better. I couldn't have made that decision without your support. Thank you."

"I never thought I'd say this to a woman, but I think I love you, Michelle," whispered Fred.

Again, Michelle smiled.

"I've loved you for a long time, Freddie, though not in quite this way, before. I certainly didn't think I'd ever tell a man I loved him."

Contented that all would be well, they relaxed into companionable silence, secure in the certain knowledge that they had a lifetime to explore each other's minds, happy now, to explore each other's bodies.

Dr. Stephanie Adams and nurse Rachel Stephenson, who had over the months been involved deeply in Michelle's treatment, watched the couple through the one way mirror.

"Well," said the doctor, "It was touch and go, but I think, finally, that success is ours. Michelle is beginning to integrate her femininity into her personality, to accept what she now is. The future looks optimistic for her."

"Humph," replied the nurse, "she doesn't realize just how lucky she is."

Surprised at the unusual jaundice in Rachel's comment, Dr. Adams turned to the nurse.

"How so?" she asked.

"Well," replied the nurse, "most of us were born female. Even those who weren't have never known any different. How many of us have been lucky enough to have even

one of our own pampered males thrusting between our legs, much less a rampant stallion like Fred? With due respect, a syringe may be an effective way of getting pregnant, but it's hardly as much fun as that!"

She indicated the mirror, where Fred and Michelle were again going at it like a train.

Dr. Adams smiled, recognizing the little hint of jealousy in her nurses voice. Walking up behind her, she reached her arms around her.

"It's not all bad. Women can do things to each other that no man can," she replied, cupping Rachel's breast.

TO FIT THE CRIME!

By Melissa Anne Rogan.

The jury of six men and six women solemnly filed back into the court room and took their places in the jury box. The clerk of the court looked at them and cleared his throat.

“Will your foreman please rise?” he asked. The man at the end of the front row stood up. “In the matter of William Rex versus Stephen John Morgan have you reached a verdict? Answer yes or no.”

“Yes,” replied the foreman.

“Is the verdict one on which you all agree? Answer yes or no.”

“Yes,” replied the foreman.

The court room was oppressive with the tension. This had been a long and emotional case. The judge looked to the jury. Despite the year being 2050, the English courts of law still clung to their centuries old traditions and she was dressed in the red robes and wig of a King's Silk, a high court judge.

“What is your verdict?” asked the clerk.

The foreman took a deep breath.

“To the charges of rape, indecent assault and greivous bodily harm of Miss Sarah Robins, we find for the Crown. To the charges of Rape, and actual bodily harm of Miss Helen Jones, we find for the Crown. To the charges of rape and attempted murder of Miss Melany Smith, we find for the Crown.”

Concluding, the foreman retook his seat.

“Stephen John Morgan, Stand up,” said the judge, turning her hard, cold stare on the man in the dock.

Defiantly, he stood up, staring in turn at his victims and then the judge. He was a mere five foot six inches, and slightly built, with a scraggly beard and greasy, long, blond hair, which made him look scruffy and did little to impress the court.

“You have been found guilty of the most serious crimes of violence against women. You have played on their vulnerability and fears to give you power over them, to force your evil and callous way on them with the most brutal of consequences. Your victims will suffer the psychological consequences of your nefarious actions for some time to come. Justice would not be served if you were to suffer less. You have declined to speak in your behalf, and medical reports confirm your sanity. You will be remanded to the custody of the new Department of Corrections. There you will undergo what ever treatment they consider necessary to rehabilitate you into a useful and safe member of

society. If they fail, you will be remanded to Pilton high security prison for the rest of your life. There is no parole on a crime of this kind.”

The defendant was ashen, shaken at the severity of the sentence. Still, he remained quiet.

“Think yourself lucky, young man,” continued the judge, “in other times you would have been hanged by the neck until you were dead! Take him down.”

The prison guards grabbed his arms and led him down the stairs to the court cells from whence he would be transferred to the Department of Corrections high security facility. Finally, he seemed to become aware of his fate and burst into tears. Sobbing, he tried to wrest himself free of his jailers, but his diminutive frame was no match for them and they grimly absorbed his struggles and dragged him away.

Stephen was bored. He had been at this so called Department of Corrections for a week and so far, there was little, if any, difference between it and a regular prison. He was incarcerated in a plain room. The walls were painted white, the ceiling was painted white, the sheets on the small, bunk like bed were white, the toilet paper in his private closet was white, the towels were white, the tiles in the shower were white. At least the vinyl on the floor and the furniture were not white.

It was true that the presence of his own shower was a luxury not found in the average jail cell but the fact remained that he had been locked up for twenty three hours of the day, with no one to talk to.

A Tri-Vee set was in his room but he was only allowed to use it for three hours in the evenings. Even then, the number of programs to which he had access was severely limited. No films of sex or violence, no programs which in any way glorified male dominance over females.

The only respite was his one hour exercise period when he was allowed to walk in the nice, but very secure grounds, with only a very untalkative guard for company. He sincerely hoped he was not to spend the rest of his life in solitary. So much for the vaunted rehabilitation program the judge had talked of. Had he known what lay ahead for him, he may not have been so quick to condemn his present conditions.

On the eighth day he was summoned to appear before the clinical director of the establishment, Dr. Renata Burroughs. In her forties, she was still trim for her age and her dress was neat, tidy and feminine, if not exactly the height of fashion. She had pioneered the rehabilitation system and had applied her unconventional methods with some very impressive results. Sitting at her desk she looked at the inmate standing before her with an appraising gaze.

He in his turn gave her an evaluating look. His thoughts were obvious from the expressions on his face. Surly from his recent treatment and defiant, he obviously found her attractive and would relish the opportunity to add her to his tally of 'conquests'.

“Take a seat, Mr. Morgan,” she indicated, smiling. There was little warmth in her smile. Of all convicts, rapists were the one type she truly loathed. “As you are aware, our job is not just to punish you for your crimes but to rehabilitate you into a useful member of society. This is only possible if we can make the inmate appreciate the effect of his actions on the victim. In the case of rape this has previously proved to be

impossible. How could a man ever experience the degradation and revulsion a woman feels when raped. To him it is just sex. To her it is a violation of her most secret self, not just physically, but spiritually. But we think we have a way. You are the guinea pig we need to prove it works.”

“And how exactly are you going to do that?” he sneered. “Do a sex change on me?”

“Oh, nothing so crude or immoral as enforced surgery. We have a much better way.”

Again she smiled. Again it was a cold, emotionless smile. For a moment, he felt a shiver of apprehension.

“Have you ever heard of Sensodyne?” she asked.

“No,” replied Stephen, perplexed.

“Well, do you know what Feelies are?”

“Yes, I think so,” he replied, thoughtfully.

“Aren't they those new movie houses which allow you to feel what the characters are doing?”

“That's right,” she smiled. “Feelies allow you to select the character you want to be associated with. Then, when the film runs, you don't just see and hear it, you experience it - touch, smell, everything. I'm told that some raunchy films can be quite erotic. More importantly, one sex can experience a character of the opposite sex.

“Sensodyne is the method used to capture the experiences of the actor and transmit them to the spectator. But Feelies are a very watered down version. The full thing allows you to experience far more than superficial senses. You experience everything, emotions, thoughts, the lot.

“Effectively, you become the person for the duration of the film. We have used genuine people, not actors, so we can use Sensodyne to allow us to let any one of our inmates experience anything we consider appropriate. We are going to let you experience just a little of what it is like to be a woman in today's world, to give you an insight into why rape is such a devastating crime to a woman. Then, perhaps, when you understand, you may be fit to retake your place in society.”

Stephen jumped from his seat, but the two warders, who had accompanied him, quickly grabbed him and pinned him down while doctor Burroughs slipped a hypodermic needle under the skin of his bare forearm and deftly administered the drug in the syringe she had been hiding. Within a minute Stephen was calm, though his wild eyes showed the inner turmoil he was feeling.

“That's better, Stephen,” said the doctor. “That was a fairly large dose of Tembutanil, a new drug I've been experimenting with. It's a psychotropic drug which enforces a kind of hypnotic trance, making you both submissive and very receptive to my suggestions once it takes full affect. And that should be...,” she looked at the watch on her wrist, “about now.”

The anger that Stephen had felt against society most of his adult life filled him with hatred. Jumping from his chair he launched himself at the doctor.

“You'll not do anything to me, you bitch,” he screamed.

Yet again, she smiled that cold, calm smile.

“You will sit down, now!” she said, forcefully.

To his amazement, he did just that. His mind said rebel, his body said obey.

“An interesting little drug, don't you agree?” she asked. “Now, you will not show such violence again. You will always show me the utmost curtesy. You will regard my simplest request as the most important thing. You will obey me.”

Helplessly, he felt her words drill into his mind. The drug had stripped all resistance from him. He knew what she said would be so. Slowly, the need to resist drained away and as he became more passive, the thought that he wanted to do what she said became fixed strongly in his mind.

She motioned to the warders.

“Take him to the Sensodyne room.” She turned to him. “Go with them, and do not try to misbehave.”

Docilely, he stood and walked out with the warders. Such was the power of the drug that their presence was now a formality. He would have quietly gone where he was told, even in their absence.

Five minutes later, he found himself seated in a large comfortable chair. In front of him was a large holovision screen. Electrodes led from his chest and ankles to a computer terminal, as did the myriad of wires leading from the metallic helmet they had placed on his head.

Dr. Burroughs carefully checked all the connections.

“We are ready,” she said to the technician at the console. “This will not hurt you,” she said to Stephen, “that is not our intent, at least not at the moment.”

His placid, trance-like state did not allow him to react to the ominous note of her voice. Finally satisfied that all was well she signaled to the technician.

“Begin with tape 14.”

The technician started to depress switches and buttons on the computer terminal. As he did so patterns of swirling colors filled the screen.

Stephen's eyes stared unseeingly as the machine took control of his senses, feeding its pre-programmed sensations directly into the appropriate parts of his mind. For a time, he became the subject in the Sensodyne program.

Cathy was surrounded by chaos. Organized chaos, but chaos nevertheless. Her mood swung between high excitement and extreme panic.

This was the biggest day of her life: - her wedding day. Today was the day when she would finally become the wife of her fiance, David Deacon.

She felt weak just thinking of him. He was gorgeous, kind, gentle, hunky; the words could not be found to describe him or the love she felt, and tonight, he would claim her.

She pulled herself from her daydream at the sound of her mother's voice chiding her for not getting ready. Sighing, she continued her preparations, aided by her best friend, and her younger sister, who would also be two of her bridesmaids.

She had already bathed, and her hair and make up had been done by professionals. She donned first the lingerie, purest white silk panties, underwired bra to enhance and support her pert breasts, suspender belt to hold up the white, silk stockings, a saucy garter with blue ribbon, on her right thigh, donated by her friend. (Something old, something new, something borrowed, something blue, went the old adage.) Next the silk camisole and the voluminous petticoat, layer upon layer of snow white net. Shoes were white, silk court shoes with a moderate heel. Finally the dress; a positive work of art. The full skirts flounced over the petticoats to the floor, the tightly fitting bodice covered with hundreds of tiny seed pearls, the low cut neck showing the creamy white skin of her lovely shoulders. The train was carefully arranged behind her to be held by her two young nieces, the other bridesmaids. Pearl necklace and drop earrings completed the outfit, a pearl tiara in her hair to hold the veil in place.

Finally she was ready and led out to the waiting car.

Her father gave her a good luck kiss before lowering the veil over her face and taking her arm. He was the proudest father in the world for that brief moment.

The best day in this girl's life went in a blurr. Although fully aware of all that occurred, she seemed somehow detached, as if all was happening without her involvement. It all seemed so fast, the ceremony where she replied "I do!" to the priest's question, to the wedding breakfast and the toasts and good luck telegrams.

Finally, they were alone in the bridal suite of a top class hotel. They would spend two days here before jetting off to their honeymoon in the sun.

She sat at the dressing table brushing her hair, which fell in long golden tresses over her shoulders, covering the lacy white negligee. David was in the bathroom, cleaning his teeth. Although no stranger to love, she felt quite shy. She removed the negligee and climbed under the covers to await her husband's pleasure. It was a short wait.

Smiling, he also climbed into bed.

"Are you all right, darling?" he asked.

"Yes, dear," she replied, snuggling into his open arms. The conversation from that point on was muted.

Gently, he stroked her, not wanting to rush her, treating her like a skittish young maiden, caressing here, whispering words of comfort there, slowly, but surely, arousing her passions. She in her turn was not passive as she kissed his neck, stroked the hairs of his chest. Gently, he lifted her lacy nightdress from her before slipping out of his pajamas to hold the heat of his body against hers.

She felt the arousal of her nipples as he kissed them, the warm, liquid sensations in her tummy as he stroked her sweet pussy, slipping fingers into her eager vagina, flicking her sensitive clitoris.

Finally, he judged her to be ready and laid her on her back, legs wide apart as he positioned himself between them. Lifting her hips, she took his fully erect penis in her hands to guide it into her love nest. Sighing in contentment at the fullness she felt, she wrapped her legs around him as he thrust deep into her, only to withdraw and then thrust again. The waves of pleasure threatened to engulf her as he took her to the highest levels of ecstasy. Finally, neither could hold back and as he ejected his seed deep into her, wave upon wave of orgasms hit her until she thought that she must die of pleasure.

She had never imagined that she could feel so happy, safely wrapped in the protecting arms of her lover, her husband.

When Stephen became aware of himself he was momentarily disoriented. The all too real experiences of the Sensodyne were very fresh in his mind. He was not aware of the amount of time that had passed, though it was in fact several hours.

The warders led the dazed and docile inmate back to his cell where he offered no resistance as he was fed and put to bed. Sleep came quickly and his dreams were taken up by those most feminine of experiences he had shared with Cathy, aided, though not to his knowledge, by the small dosage of Tembutanil they had laced his food and drink with, and the hidden speakers which issued softly spoken subliminal commands to his sleeping but receptive subconscious.

Again he lived the sensations of female orgasm, far more intense than his own pathetic male experiences. So real and intense were the images that he had the first wet dream since his teens, ejaculating as strongly as his puny penis would allow into his pajamas.

When he awoke the following morning he noticed the stain and remembered the dream, again becoming aroused at the memories. Equally, he remembered the feeling of security in being wrapped in the strong, protective arms of a strong, virile man. This disturbed him most of all. He was puny, yes, a woman hater, yes, but he had never had any homosexual tendencies. Mortified, when he again ejaculated, almost without volition, he threw off his pajamas in disgust and immersed himself in a hot, cleansing shower, allowing the needle jets of water to roughly massage his body for twenty minutes.

Again, Stephen was left to his own devices for a week.

Aided by his nightly brainwashing, the experiences he had undergone in the Sensodyne did not, however fade with time. Rather they intensified so that the mere thought of a strong man's arms around him aroused him greatly, to his shame.

Finally, he was summoned to Dr. Burrough's office and again sat in the chair opposite her desk. There was no defiance this time, no question that he would obey her every command.

"How are you feeling today?" she asked, though she knew exactly what was happening to him.

"OK, I guess," he mumbled. "What do you think of these Stephen?" she asked, passing him an envelope. He opened it to find in it a set of photographs. As he exam-

ined them he was surprised to see they were nude and very provocative snaps of David, Cathy's husband, the man of his drug induced dreams.

Stephen was instantly aroused, and to his horror, found himself ejaculating almost instantly. Squirming with embarrassment, he handed the photographs back to the laughing doctor.

“Well, I see you enjoyed your female experiences. They were however, the best. Being a woman is not all like that. There are disadvantages; like curtailing a promising career to bring up children, being treated like a brainless bimbo by an idiot male with half your IQ, and being subjected to violent attacks by monsters like you. Which brings us to the subject of the day's lesson. As you've enjoyed the best, we feel that it is only fair that you should experience the worst.”

Again she indicated to the warders,

“Take him.” Stephen, knew with horror exactly what they intended, but his new submissiveness would not allow him to resist as he was again led to the Sensodyne room and attached to the various electrodes and wires, before being given an injection of that accursed drug.

Dr. Burroughs checked that everything was correct before indicating to the technician,

“You can begin now, use tape 76.”

As the technician depressed buttons and flicked switches, Stephen again encountered the swirling patterns as his mind was immersed into the persona selected by the doctor.

Pamela huddled her coat around her shoulders to keep out the cold and the wet. Silently, she cursed herself for missing the last bus. She couldn't afford a cab so found herself walking home from her evening class in the rain and cold at ten in the evening. She enjoyed her class and it would definitely help her career, but on a night like tonight she wondered if it was worth it.

Eventually, she came to the park and stopped at the gate, uncertain what to do. Did she go through the park, with its isolated paths or walk around on the well lit road but add a mile to her journey?

She hesitated, but a sudden flurry of icy wind made up her mind. Purposefully she strode into the park, head down, walking as fast as she could, wondering what had possessed her to wear a skirt and heels on such a night.

The next time Brad Smedley offered her a lift she was going to take it, even if he was a lech. In time she reached the center of the park, again uncertain of the wisdom of her decision. The path led through a copse of trees which while offering some shelter from the wind and rain, blocked almost all light.

She stopped, cocking an ear. Had she heard something?

No, it was just the wind surely. She started to walk slowly, listening intently. Spooked, she increased her pace. As she again thought she heard something, she was practically running, until she stumbled in the dark. Shaken, she pulled herself to her feet, willing herself to remain calm.

Suddenly she felt a blow in the small of her back. An arm snaked around her neck lifting her off her feet, hand clamped over her mouth to stifle her screams. As she was dragged into the trees she felt the pricking sharpness of a knife blade at her throat.

A voice whispered into her ear.

“If you want to live through this night, don't struggle, don't try to escape. If you scream, I'll cut your whorish throat.”

She allowed her body to go limp as she was thrown to the ground, hands pawing at her clothes, ripping her dress as it sought her breasts. She could smell the fetid breath of her assailant as he clamped his mouth over hers. It was a struggle not to throw up as the tongue snaked into her mouth, hand up her skirt, painfully ripping through her tights and panties. Feeling the agony of his forced entry, she tried to make her mind go blank, all the time feeling the trickle of blood where the knife had sliced the skin of her neck.

As the ordeal went on and on, she wished he would kill her and release her from the agony. Finally, he was finished. As he got off her to fix his clothes she attempted to get up.

His fist smashed into her face loosening teeth and splitting her lip. “Stay were you are, slag,” he snarled. She was sobbing uncontrollably. “And remember this. I know you, and where you live. If you tell anyone, I'll be around, and I won't be so gentle. I'll cut you to little pieces.”

As he turned to go he gave her one last kick in the stomach. When her parents reported her missing, they sent out a search party, but by then it was far too late. When they found her, bruised and bloody, she was practically catatonic with terror. The physical scars would fade but the emotional ones would always be there.

When Stephen regained awareness he was terrified. The experience was so real to him, he could remember every blow, every indignity.

They led him, sobbing, back to his cell. He wouldn't eat, he couldn't sleep. When he did, the subliminal messages amplified his dreams again. No wet dreams this time, only nightmares from which he awoke screaming.

By the time a week had passed, he looked awful, unwashed, gaunt, haunted. Again he sat before Dr. Burroughs. There was no trace of the cocky man of two weeks ago.

Again, she showed him photographs of a man:- his tormentor. No embarrassing arousal this time. Instead they had to physically pull him from the corner of the room where he cowered. Taking pity, the doctor administered a strong dose of Tembutanil and used her wiles to calm him, ordering him to forget the worst of the pain, while retaining the memories of what had occurred.

“This is what you did to those women,” she said, “but you only suffered half of the nightmare.” Seeing his look of puzzlement, she explained, “Going to the police is the second half, being accused of lying, of leading him on, having all your most private thoughts dissected by some smart ass lawyer trying to make out that you are the guilty one, that it is all your fault. That's what rape is: two assaults, one by the rapist, one by the system which is supposed to protect us!”

The bitterness in her voice spoke of personal experience.

Stephen sobbed. He was filled with remorse.

"I'm sorry!" he cried, over and over.

Finally, Dr. Burroughs was satisfied that he meant what he said. The first part of the treatment was complete. Faced with the victim's experience of his crime, he now knew and understood the extent of that crime, and could therefore truly show remorse.

"Very well," she replied, "you now have two choices. You can either be transferred to Pilton prison to serve your life sentence or you can undergo a re-education program here with a view to your eventual rehabilitation. No pressure will be put on you. The choice is yours alone to make. If you choose prison, so be it. If you choose re education, well I warn you that this is not an easy option. You will obey my every command. If we start, there is no turning back. You have until tomorrow to decide. Take him away."

The warders led the docile and thoughtful man back to his cell.

For the first time in two weeks, Stephen's food was drug free, no subliminal messages were fed through secret speakers. His mind was his own, as were his thoughts. All of his recent experiences were, however, still very real to him. Nothing short of mind wipe could change that. For the first time in his life he was ashamed of himself, deeply regretting the harm he had inflicted on his innocent and vulnerable victims in his efforts to prove to himself that he had power.

For the first time his anger was at himself, not at the world at large. Deep in thought, he realized that all the wrongs that Society had inflicted on him were imaginary; he was captain of his own ship, responsible for his own mistakes. In this very realization, was his rehabilitation started. Eager at last to face the world on his own terms he knew he couldn't face a life sentence in prison with no prospect of parole. Equally, he knew he deserved punishment so would take whatever Dr. burroughs offered.

This was the answer he gave her the following day.

"Very well," she replied on hearing his decision. Your education will begin tomorrow. You will obey me implicitly. Failure to do so will lead to punishment. Each morning you will spend one or two hours in the Sensodyne. The lesson will be reinforced through practical and physical experience for the remainder of the day. Clothing appropriate to the lesson will be provided each morning. You will wear it without question. Where I consider it to be appropriate, doses of Tembutanil will be administered to fix a new mode of behavior. You are free to go. The warders will show you to your new quarters."

Stephen was led to a new part of the building where he was shown to his new room. Like his previous cell it was utilitarian though there was more space and its furnishings were rather more comfortable. Though he didn't know it, the hidden speakers were still there, and his food and drink were again laced with small doses of Tembutanil.

That night while he was sleeping, he received several instructions and was primed with a special key word. If Dr. Burroughs gave him an instruction followed by this key word, his behavior would be permanently changed until she gave a countermanding order.

When morning came, he breakfasted before taking his shower. Responding to the night's instructions he placed the shower cap over his head and slipped the protective goggles over his eyes. Standing under the hot shower, he smelt a pungent odor and felt a stinging sensation. Leaving the shower stall, he removed the goggles to immediately notice that all of his body hair, including his weak excuse for a beard were gone, leaving his skin pink and soft, just like a child's. Then he carefully washed his hair with the shampoo and conditioner provided, only to notice how soft and silky it became when he dried it and brushed it out.

Going to the closet, he removed the clothing placed there for him.

It was immediately obvious what it was: a school uniform: for his new education. But why a girl's uniform?

Unable to resist, he quickly donned the odd feeling clothes: white cotton panties, vest and full petticoat, all trimmed with lace, White knee length socks, white cotton blouse, blue and yellow striped tie, navy blue gymslip, tied with a sash around the waist, and black T-strapped shoes. Finally he fixed his long hair into a pony tail with a navy blue ribbon. He felt ridiculous though when he caught sight of himself in the full length mirror on the wall he was very surprised to see how well he fit the image of a perfect little schoolgirl.

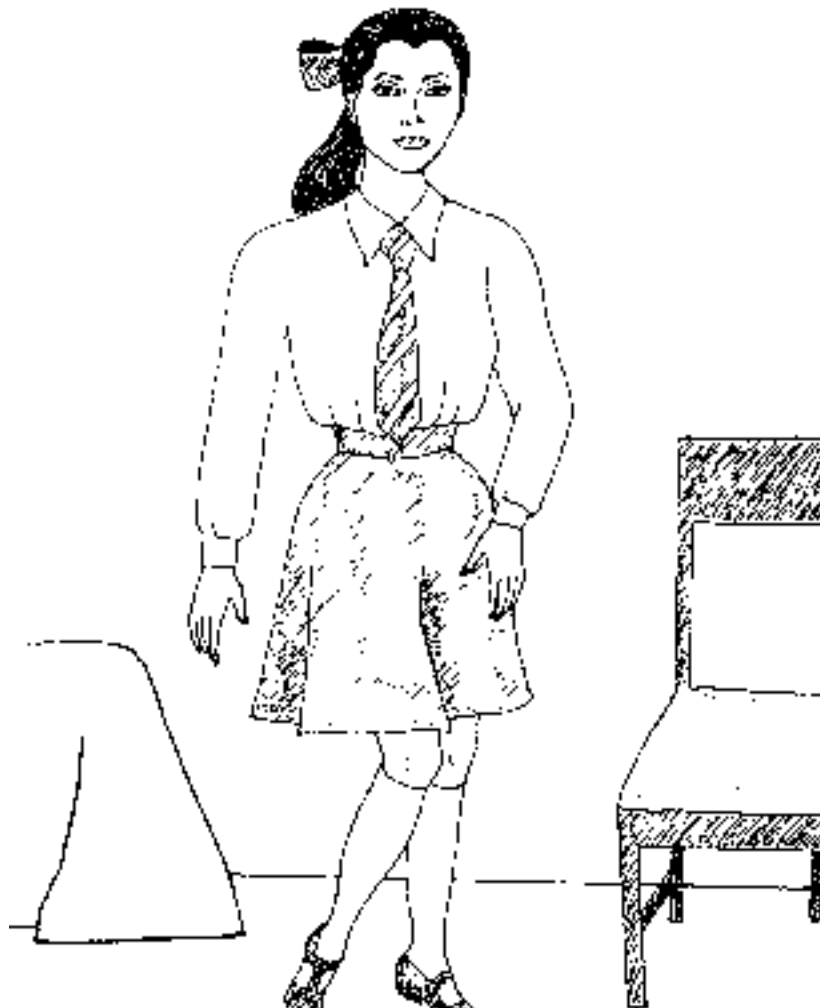
In due course he was collected by the warder who was not entirely successful in hiding his amusement at Stephen's appearance.

Again he was taken to Dr. Burrough's office where he was invited to be seated.

She also showed her amusement.

"Why has my body hair been removed?" asked Stephen, puzzled at his treatment.

"It's for hygiene reasons," Dr. Burroughs lied. "We've had some



trouble with fungal infections in that wing. It's more easily controllable if bodily hair is removed.”

“Will it grow back?”

“Oh yes. It's only a temporary measure. The treatment inhibits hair growth for about six months. That's why you protected your hair and your eyes, otherwise you would be as bald as an egg.”

“Why the girl's school uniform? I feel totally stupid. And the warders are laughing at me.”

Dr. Burroughs was not smiling now.

“Firstly,” she said, “as your crimes were against women, we decided that your re-education should have a girlish slant so you could better appreciate the position of women in society. Secondly, you were told that I require absolute obedience. I will not be interrogated in this way. Now bend over that chair and lift your skirts, You Naughty Girl.”

The phrase 'You Naughty Girl' was one of the post hypnotic keys that compelled instant and unthinking obedience. Stephen immediately complied, bending over and lifting his skirts, showing his lacy panties to the smirking warder.

The doctor opened a cupboard and removed a thin cane, before proceeding to administer six strokes to the surprised Stephen's rump. The cotton briefs offered little protection and the stinging sensation caused him to cry out. However, the blows were not hard, serving to humiliate rather than physically harm him.

“Now sit down,” she barked. “As a further punishment, you will forget your name is Stephen John. Your name is now Stephanie Joanna. It has always been Stephanie Joanna. You will answer to no other name, will you, My Pretty Young Maid” The phrase 'My Pretty Young Maid' was the second post hypnotic key, and caused permanent alteration of his behavior.

“Now,” she said, “what is your name?”

“Stephanie. Stephanie Joanna Morgan.” He was puzzled. Why was the doctor asking his name? She knew his name. He had been here long enough. Maybe she was just forgetful.

“Now, to your education,” she continued. “Each day you will be given an experience lesson in the Sensodyne and will spend the rest of the day practicing what you have learned. The lesson may be truly educational, your own education was very deficient in many areas. It may also include social and domestic skills. After six months we will review your progress and see what further action is required. You are dismissed, Stephanie.”

As soon as he was immersed in the persona of the Sensodyne, he understood the reason for the schoolgirl uniform, for that was what he was: a five year old schoolgirl sitting at her desk in a class of children of similar age.

She was very excited to be starting 'Proper' school, for she was much too grown up for kindergarten. Soon, the teacher had introduced herself, and asked each pupil to stand and announce their name to the rest of the class, most of whom were strangers.

Stephanie felt both important and self conscious as she stood to shyly announce her name.

“My name is Stephanie Joanna Roberts,” she lisped. Dr. Burroughs had ensured total empathy with the Sensodyne subject by giving the character the same name as her inmate. Throughout the day Stephanie was immersed in the life of a schoolgirl, making new friends, girls of course, and staying firmly away from the boys and their rough play, at break. In class she practiced her rudimentary reading, writing and counting skills. When he was detached from the machine he had spent a whole day at school, though only two hours had passed in reality. True to her promise, Dr. burrough's plans for him meant that he spent the rest of the day practicing his basic literacy skills. He wasn't quite illiterate, but his own schooling had been minimal so this aspect of his training was designed to make him more productive if and when he was finally released.

Thus was the pattern of Stephanie's existence set for the the immediate future. He spent the next six months totally wrapped in the world of the young schoolgirl, learning both scholastic and social skills. The latter were, of course, totally geared to the upbringing of a young girl as a proper young lady, demure, well behaved and domesticated.

If he was naughty, either in the machine, or in real life, he was summarily punished in exactly the way a young girl would be punished; with grounding, being sent to her room, or in more severe cases by caning.

Slowly, his psychology was molded into that of a young girl, the subliminal commands forcing him to act in the way required, and to accept it as natural. Included in his training was how to relate with other children, especially girls. To this end he was taught to play; with dolls, skip rope, mummies and daddies, children's tea parties. He was even given a party to celebrate his birthday. The first inkling of this was when Stephanie woke on his twenty third birthday to find cards and presents appropriate to that of a six year old girl; large 'wetty' baby doll, a doll's house, a baby set so he could attend to his new baby properly, ribbons and slides for his hair, a cuddly toy which was a case for his nightdress.

After breakfasting and showering, he opened the wardrobe expecting to find his schoolgirl uniform. To his surprise he found instead a deliciously pretty pink party dress.

As he took out the finery, in walked Mrs. Cooper.

Mrs. Cooper was the female warder who had been given charge of Stephanie's training once he had accepted the retraining program. She was quite the biggest woman he had ever seen. Standing well over six feet tall and weighing 250 pounds, she was more than big enough to handle him like the child he had become, in his mind.

Although all children are naughty from time to time, he had only seriously crossed her on one occasion. The resultant spanking, unlike the little love taps of Dr. Burroughs, sent waves of agony through his body. He resolved to avoid a repeat at all costs and so took pains to ensure that he was always a very good little girl for his teacher. The imperative to always curtsy when she or Dr. Burroughs entered the room also served to humiliate him.

“Ah, I see you have found your birthday pretties,” She smiled.

Stephanie, on hearing her, immediately turned and curtsied demurely, wishing her a good morning and thanking her for her birthday greetings in his best little girl voice. “Here, let me help you dress,” she said, taking the pink, satin rumba panties and holding them as he slipped his smooth legs into the elasticated leg holes, and pulling them up to fit snugly around his waist. Months of training had removed any trace of self consciousness when she dressed him. Next, the matching vest which she tucked into the waist of his panties, followed by the full petticoats with the lace trimmed, opera top bodice and full skirts, with several layers of net. White ankle socks with pink bows and pink patent Mary Jane shoes followed. Finally, she lowered the dress over his head, flouncing the skirt over the petticoats before fastening the tiny mother of pearl buttons up the back and tying the wide waist sash into a large pretty bow at the small of his back.

Even had he wanted to, he could never remove the dress unaided. Finally, she combed his long hair and arranged it into two braids, held with pink bows at the end.

“There you are, Stephanie,” she cooed, you are the prettiest girl in your class and you will have a lovely birthday, just like a little princess.”

Once submerged into the Sensodyne he did indeed have a lovely birthday, just like a little princess. As a birthday treat, Stephanie was allowed to wear her birthday finery to school where she was the envy of her school chums. The boys were overawed with this powerful display of femininity and endeavored to flip up her skirts and expose her pretty panties at every opportunity. The demure Stephanie was very embarrassed at this and showed proper prim satisfaction when teacher punished the little brats. Finally, school was over and all the little children changed into their party best to help Stephanie enjoy her party.

The sight of twenty little girls all bedecked in their prettiest, fluffiest party dresses served to force a very powerful subliminal message of femininity into the criminal's mind. When finally released from the machine, the power of the compulsion was such that he continued to behave just like a fluffy young girl. He was thrilled when Miss Cooper announced his birthday treat; a showing of the latest Disney cartoon; 'The Rescuers in Space'.

He was taken to a small room with a large Tri Vee screen. As well as himself and Miss Cooper, Dr. Burroughs and Joe, the burly warden who had originally helped to restrain him were present for the film.

When Dr. Burroughs subliminally implanted the suggestion that sweet Stephanie would be most comfortable sitting on 'Uncle' Joe's knee, he happily complied, spreading the voluminous skirts of his dress and petticoats around his legs as he snuggled into Joe's amused arms. Although Stephanie didn't know it, Joe would play an increasing role in his rehabilitation, especially in the later stages.

After six months, Stephanie's situation was reviewed, as promised.

Dr. Burroughs was well pleased with the progress of her little experiment. His basic literacy had improved in leaps and bounds. The defiant hoodlum was now a demure, polite and helpful little creature. His training was allowed to continue for a further six

months, though the age group of his school life was now up to ten years. After that, serious thought had to be given to Stephanie's future. For one thing, there were the changes in his body to consider.

All suspected rapists, when first arrested, were given a special drug, a tailored DNA preparation, which shut down the body cells which produced the male sex hormones. This chemical castration served to remove male aggression and ensure that the suspect could not re-offend. The treatment was harmless and temporary. No harm was done if the suspect was found to be innocent. If found guilty, their punishment ensured that they could not re-offend.

In Stephanie's case, however, Dr. Burroughs had secretly administered many further doses, making the effect permanent. Stephanie was, from a chemical point of view, neuter. Moreover, the small amount of female hormones in every male were unopposed in Stephanie's body. Slowly, they had a feminising affect on him. After twelve months, these affects were becoming obvious. The lack of body hair and beard, the silky smooth skin, were no longer due to Dr. Burrough's treatments but due to Stephanie's own body. This, coupled with the strong influence of the subliminal commands, was turning his brain into a female one. The girlish voice and disappearing Adam's apple, were natural. The hormone producing glands in brain and groin were now producing more and more estrogens. Stephanie's body was starting to become rounded, little buds on his chest were the beginnings of breasts. He now had the biochemical make up of a healthy thirteen year old girl. Those female hormones were trying, and failing, to make his body undergo female puberty and have his first period.

If Dr. Burroughs wished to reverse these changes she must act now, or it would be to late. The constitution guaranteeing personal civil rights ensured that she had to seek Stephanie's opinion.

Nothing said she couldn't influence that opinion, however.

"Please sit down, Stephanie," smiled Dr. Burroughs as the demurely dressed 'young lady' entered her office.

Stephanie took the proffered chair, daintily smoothing his skirts before sitting down. If they were unduly creased due to bad posture, he would have to iron them, and Miss Cooper would punish him. He sat quietly, hands in lap, politely waiting for Dr. Burroughs to address him. The good doctor wryly reflected on the contrast between her charges behavior now and in that first interview, over a year ago.

"Now Stephanie," she continued, "you have been under training for one year. I must say that, apart form one or two incidents, you have comported yourself very well, and your scholastic, social and domestic knowledge has increased admirably. We are now at a point, however, where we must decide on your final fate."

Slowly, and in detail, the doctor explained to Stephanie exactly what was happening to his body and what would continue to happen if left unchecked.

"So you see," she continued, "we come down to one of two choices. Firstly, I can administer the antidote and restore all your masculine characteristics. In this case you will be remanded to prison to serve the rest of your sentence. Of course, this will only affect your physical make up. All the psychological training will remain. You will be a

rather effeminate young man. I'm sure that will be appreciated by those big, butch prison inmates."

Stephanie was alarmed at the thought of being abused by big brutes. He was physically small and with his new found submissiveness, he would be a prime target for their attention.

"And the other choice?" he asked, tremulously.

"Ah, that is simple," she replied. "We continue with your feminine training, though we must allow for your growing up. We will administer further treatments which will further change your body. Finally, you will be released, a fully fledged woman."

"You mean you will operate on me?" Stephanie asked, frightened again.

"No, no," replied the doctor. "We no longer have to resort to such primitive methods. Modern gene therapy allows us to tailor the body from within, naturally. You will not be some parody of a female, with a general outward appearance, but no function. You will be a true woman in every way, mentally and physically, with all female functions, including the ability to bear children, if you so desire."

Stephanie sat back speechless.

"You can take a couple of days to make your decision, Stephanie," continued the doctor. "You will be released from all compulsions, the choice is yours to make, yours alone."

Stephen lay in bed, staring at the ceiling. His mind was in turmoil, he couldn't sleep. The decision he had before him was not by any means an easy one. Although, as promised, all compulsions had been lifted from his mind, he could not ignore twelve months of living as a little girl and the feminine training that went with it.

What to do?

On the one hand, he was male, the dominant sex even in these enlightened times. But had he been happy? In his childhood and youth, he was a weedy chap who had been shunned by male and female companions alike. He was scared of men, who tended to bully him. He hated women, for laughing at him. He was a loner, and in his loneliness his inner rage had built and built until it had exploded into the violence that had landed him in his present predicament. Deep down, when he honestly analyzed it, it was himself that he hated, for being so inadequate.

Being a male had gotten him nothing but trouble. Staying as a male guaranteed him nothing but more misery at the hands of bullies, with no hope of surcease, for the rest of his life. This past year however, was different. Once he had resigned himself to the treatment he was to receive, he had been happier than ever before.

His life as a girl, even in the virtual reality of the Sensodyne, gave him a new sense of belonging, of usefulness. Could changing his sex be so bad? It was the only way he could ever hope to be released. And who knows, maybe he could attain some kind of contentment, if not outright happiness.

What about sex? Would he miss his penis?

“Hardly,” he mused, wryly. It wasn't the biggest organ in the history of man, and the recent hormone treatment had rendered it even smaller, more like a small boy's than a man's. He had never had sex with a woman until his inner rage had finally pushed him into the violence of rape. Even then, he didn't do it for the sex, but for the short lived feeling of power; of being able, for once, to dominate instead of himself being dominated. How about masturbation? In the last twelve months he had been, in his mind, a girl, so the thought of masturbation, after the first week, had not even entered his head. He would be lying to himself to say he would miss the feelings of sex, for he had never really had them.

Besides, didn't girls enjoy sex?

That was the one part that really concerned him. Despite all of his other sexual hang ups, he had never been in the slightest bit gay. The thoughts of willingly going with a man were alien to him. Perhaps he could be a Lesbian. Doubtless, Dr. Burroughs had such mundane thoughts in her plans. And so he wrestled throughout the night, running things through his mind, balancing the options, weighing the pros and cons.

When the alarm finally went off, he was a wreck and still he could not make a final decision.

Mrs. Cooper took one look at him and administered a sedative. He could not make a reasoned choice without sleep. Whatever his decision, they did not want outcries of coercion, of changing ones mind.

Once again, Stephen sat in Dr. Burrough's office. Out of habit he had dressed in some of his prettier clothing, from the floral print dress to the cream colored satin training bra and matching panties. His hair was tidied into a ponytail, caught with a white ribbon. He didn't find this in the least incongruous though Dr. Burroughs smiled to herself when she set eyes on him. At the least, the last year's training had instilled in him a pride in his appearance.

“Good morning, Stephen. I believe you have some questions you wish to ask,” she said, seating herself at her desk. “Please feel free to do so.”

Stephen squirmed uncomfortably, but screwed up his courage.

“It's about this sex change thing.” he replied. “I know you said it wouldn't be an operation, but I'd like to know some more about what will happen to me. Will it hurt? Will I have to go with men?”

Dr. Burroughs was amused with this last question. She knew full well why he asked this. Nevertheless, she kept her smile to herself and endeavored to answer his questions seriously.

“First, I'll take a sample of blood to analyze your own DNA and tailor it to the new, female form. That will be injected back into you along with special proteins which will turn off your male genes and allow the new ones to work. These will slowly change your body, first each cell, then all your organs until, in about a year, you will be totally female. It will not hurt though at times the changes will make you feel very uncomfortable. In the space of that year you will pass through all the stages of adolescence until

finally, you will be a healthy female of your proper chronological age. Effectively, you will age twelve years in the space of one.”

She neglected to tell him that unlike the independent modern young misses of the day, his training would ensure that he had an olde world femininity and submissiveness. He had to be punished after all.

“Your training will continue as before, though it will be based on the experiences of older girls and young women. Also, we will need to start a special program of exercises.”

“Exercises?” he queried.

“Yes. Your muscular development is male, far too well developed and stringy for a female body. These will be reshaped into a more shapely, curvy form by a program of female exercises.”

“What exactly are female exercises?”

“Basically, they are aerobics and dance lessons which you will do for an hour a day. As well as helping you to keep fit and improving your feminine shape, they will give you a more graceful and elegant walk. We can't have one of our young ladies walking like a docker.”

Stephen grunted.

“When we judge the time to be right, you will mix with other people, at first within this institution, then on controlled trips outside in order to prepare you for eventual release. By then your sexual orientation will be that of a healthy heterosexual female. You will find it quite natural to go with men. It's up to you whether you take advantage of this, but I think you'll like it if you do.”

Stephen remembered his first experience with the Sensodyne, and wondered if reality could be as ecstatic as the computer generated pleasure he had experienced then.

“OK,” he finally replied. “I'll do it.”

“Do what, Stephen?” asked the doctor, who for the record, had to have a statement from him explicitly stating his intentions.

“I've made my choice,” he replied, “I want the sex change, and please don't call me Stephen. My name is now Stephanie.”

Dr. burroughs smiled approvingly.

“Very well,” she replied, “I think you will find that you have made a wise decision. I can start the ball rolling immediately. Roll up your sleeve for me to take the blood sample. Then there are some forms you have to sign, so that everything is official.”

Life went on as before, for young Stephanie. He had received the promised injections and then continued with his training. All the subconscious training he had previously received had been reactivated, though this time it was made permanent. The only noticeable differences were the hour of aerobics and ballet he performed daily and the fact that the school he attended in the Sensodyne was a senior school.

The uniform included pleated skirt and blouse rather than gymslip. His breasts slowly continued to develop until they were becoming quite noticeable beneath his

blouse, enhanced no doubt by the bras he now wore continually. This was something he found alternately embarrassing and intriguing. After all they were a symbol of his new life to be, and he spent hours comparing them with those of his school chums, jealous of those girls with better development, gloating over those with less. They had itched at first and the nipples had been tender, rubbing on the cotton of his blouse, but the bra had helped there.

Slowly, almost imperceptibly, his body changed as promised, though, as Stephanie was now mentally female, she was not aware of many of them. Hips and rear started to become rounded, the dance gave her an elegant walk.

The penis, never big to start with, shrunk to a mere nub, the urethra inside atrophied to nothing, a new outlet forming just behind. Never again would she piss through it. Though it would still become aroused: it was forming into a clitoris. The testicles ascended into his body where they mutated under the influence of the new DNA to fully functional ovaries. The sperm ducts became Fallopian tubes, the sperm sac a Uterus.

By six months her genitalia were undoubtedly female, perfectly formed though immature. She was already aware of the moist tunnel of her vagina and the strangely pleasurable sensations to be had by exploring with her fingers. As yet she had not achieved orgasm, but given time, she would. At about this time she experienced her first period, proof that the treatment had worked and from this time on her development accelerated into maturity.

Concurrent with Stephanie's physical development, her mental, psychological and emotional development continued.

After six months, when she was virtually fully female, she was introduced to her new school mates; real rather than imaginary girls.

These were also inmates of the Department of Correction. Like Stephanie they had had been found guilty of crimes of violence and like Stephanie they were being re-trained as properly feminine young ladies. Unlike Stephanie, however, they had been born female, so were only being psychologically readjusted. In the modern world, women were equal to men in every way, intellectually and career-wise.

House husbands were not uncommon. It was seen as absolute common sense to encourage the most competent partner to bring home the wage, regardless of sex. If a woman was to transgress as these girls had however, the punishment was to reform them into femininity submissive young ladies who conformed to an older, more chauvinistic view of the sexes.

As the girls were brought together, less emphasis was laid on the Sensodyne and more on developing their own newly learned feminine skills. So they spent hours studying and practicing domestic sciences; housework, cookery, sewing, baby and child care. They spent days honing their skills; fashion, make up, hair styles.

Inevitably their girlish chatter turned to boys and Stephanie, despite her earlier reservations, joined in enthusiastically, such was the power of the training.

One major step was the first day trip from the institution. These outings were designed to slowly reintroduce the felon into society. This was a journey to a shopping mall, and after initial embarrassment,

Stephanie found she had a weakness for shopping. She could happily spend hours rummaging through the dresses, pretty lingerie, cosmetic shops. Her biggest problem was in deciding what to buy. She remembered going to a local pool with some of the other girls and happily wearing the skimpiest of bikinis. Her face flushed red with pleased embarrassment when she received her first wolf whistle and giggled uncontrollably at some of the highly suggestive comments made by one of her girlfriends at the physique of some of the men posing at the poolside, staring admiringly at the bulge in their tiny swimming costumes.

Her first trip to a beauty parlor was a special treat for her next birthday. She was given a complete make over from a manicure, to a facial to a full perm and set. Her ears were pierced and when she finally left, dressed in a new outfit of sexy black lingerie and stockings and black velvet cocktail dress, with jewelry and make up to match, she felt like a million dollars.

Dr. Burroughs had laid on a small cocktail party for her, both to celebrate her birthday and to introduce her to a more adult social environment.

It was here that she again met Joe the warden on whose knee she had sat at her last birthday treat. She was now able, with her adult mind, to appreciate just what a fine specimen of manhood he really was; darkly handsome, wearing a well cut Tuxedo on his broad frame like a male model. When he spoke to her she felt flustered and coy, but his smooth talk quickly relaxed her.

The more time he spent with her, the more aware she became of his sheer manliness, the more aroused she became. The end of the evening was inevitable as Joe used the key words to activate the subliminal commands previously buried in her subconscious. When he escorted her to her room, it was a foregone conclusion that he was going to make love to her.

This time when Stephanie enjoyed the pleasures of female sex it was for real, not computer induced. As she reached her first orgasm, she knew that her decision of a year ago was the correct one, that Dr. Burroughs had achieved all that she had promised; that in the near future she would be released, a happy, well balanced, and productive member of society.

M. C. P.

By **Melissa Anne Rogan.**

I remember very clearly how it all started, all those years ago.

My wife, Sue, and I had been on a very enjoyable driving holiday in Scotland. We were then driving home, but to avoid the horror of motorway driving, we had decided to take the more scenic route through the hills of Cumbria and the Lake District. We were arguing; about the one blot on the holiday, when Sue had pranged my beloved BMW.

“But it wasn't my fault,” an exasperated Sue said for the umpteenth time. “That clown in the car park reversed into me. I wasn't even moving.”

Actually, she was right, but we had gone too far. I couldn't back down.

“You should have anticipated him,” I replied. “Just like a woman not to look properly at where she is going. Women drivers shouldn't be allowed on the road.”

This, of course, was like a red rag to a bull.

“You intolerant imbecile,” she screamed, “you are nothing but an M. C. P. You always have been and you always will be. I don't know what I ever saw in you.”

For the uninitiated, M. C. P. stands for Male Chauvinist Pig. I suppose she was right but I couldn't help the way I was brought up, by a strong father and submissive mother, and four sisters to look after my every whim, I never had to worry about cleaning house and other woman's work.

We drove on, over a very remote hill. The strained silence in the car was palpable, the atmosphere, almost physical.

Suddenly, to the amazement of both of us, a blinding light briefly dazzled us, causing me to swerve onto the grass verge. As we looked out of the windscreen, a cigar shaped object, an actual flying saucer, wobbled slowly through the sky to come to a very bumpy rest next to a nearby hillock. Visions of little green men and monsters from space filled my mind.

Not so Sue's. She was out of the car like a shot.

“Quickly,” she called, “they may be hurt or require our assistance.”

I had commented on more than one occasion on her impulsiveness, but the ship seemed harmless enough so I reluctantly and warily followed her. As we approached, a hatch slid open and the occupant stepped out, seemingly none the worse for its little crash. Again I was amazed. This was no little green monster, far from it. The creature was identical in every way to Barbarella, the Jane Fonda character in the cult sci-fi film.

“Hi,” she called in flawless English, “sorry if I scared you but I'm not used to this particular model.”

“I don't believe it,” I groaned, “they've even got women drivers in outer space. Is nowhere safe from them?”

The alien assured my wife that she was unharmed, when asked, but frowned deeply at my chauvinistic comment.

“Please come inside and humor me with some civilized conversation. Perhaps we can enlighten each other. My name is Corwen, by the way. What's yours?”

Introductions completed, we took up her offer.

I was too shaken to continue driving anyway.

As we sat and sipped cool, refreshing drinks, she spoke again.

“In answer to your question,” she said to me, “this is a disguise, not my proper appearance, and yes I can read your thoughts. In fact I already know everything about you. I come from a planet far across the galaxy. My species is much further along the evolutionary tree than yours.

“We no longer have a physical shape, but can assume whatever one we wish, if required. I assumed a human shape to make you feel at home. I chose this one because I detected it in one of your broadcasts. I can just as easily be something else.”

The alien's body shimmered and changed into that of a very handsome male, presumably plucked from one of Sue's fantasies, from the way she blushed.

“We no longer have sexes as you know them so the gender of the body we assume is usually irrelevant.”

“How do you do that?” wondered Sue, “it's like magic.”

“Not magic,” smiled Corwen, “though it may appear so to you, but simple physics. Our minds have evolved to the point where we can manipulate the matter of our 'bodies' directly and impose any shape on it we wish, or, more usually, none at all. Actually, your brain has the necessary parts though your evolution has yet to reach the stage where they become active. For now they are merely dormant until the necessary telepathic powers are developed.”

We chatted for about an hour, or to be more precise, Corwen told us of the wonders of space and we listened.

Finally, Corwen moved. “Thank you for your company,” he smiled, “but the time has come for me to continue on my journey. Before I go however, I must reward you, Sue, for rushing to my aid, even if it was not, on this occasion, required. You, Peter, were not so generous, and from what I see in your mind you have some strange ideas about women. Sue is right, you are an M. C. P. Perhaps we can do something about that.”

He turned to Sue, and from her gleeful expression, he had communicated with her telepathically, and, whatever he had said, I wasn't going to like it.

I started to leave but suddenly felt my mind held by his, I couldn't move.

“As I was saying,” he continued, conversationally, “your brain has the necessary parts to allow you to transform your body. I am going to activate yours, Peter, but you will have no control over them, I give that power to your wife. I will establish a telepathic link so she can monitor your thoughts and experiences. Whatever suggestions she places in your mind, you will become. But beware,” he continued, turning to Sue, “you will have this power for only one thousand krells, about one year of your time. Whatever you have made of him when the power goes, he will remain. Use it well.”

With that we were on the grass, and the flying saucer was disappearing into the sky.

As we drove home in silence, I pondered what Corwen had said. It didn't make any sense, though I got a strong feeling of foreboding whenever I saw the enigmatic smile on Sue's face.

As I thought, I felt a strong urge to scratch my nose, as if a voice in my head was telling me to. Absent mindedly, I complied. A few minutes later, the same voice suggested that my bladder was extremely full, and if I didn't stop immediately, I would have an accident in my pants.

I pulled over and made a dash for the nearest hedgerow. Thankfully, we were still in the countryside so they were plentiful. As I enjoyed the relief of urinating, it suddenly came to me that the voice I had heard in my head had seemed to be that of my wife.

“*No, surely not,*” I thought. But when I looked over to her, sitting in the passenger seat of the car, with that strange smile still on her face, I wondered.... Driving home again, I put these thoughts behind me.

“Can you hear me, darling?” Sue asked.

“Of course I can. I'm not deaf,” I snapped, annoyed because she knew I hated being addressed by such soppy names. Then I realized.

She hadn't actually spoken. Her voice had again been in my mind. She had been confirming that the telepathic link that Corwen had promised was, in fact, established. Looking at her face and again seeing that irksome smile and a malicious glint in her eye I knew I was in for a rough time.

If only I knew how rough.

The first inkling of what Sue planned came to me when I woke the following morning. Sensing that something was not right, I threw off the bed clothes... and screamed!

I seemed to have the body of a toddler of two or three years of age; a girl toddler, I quickly discovered.

Hearing my scream, Sue entered the bedroom, smiling.

“Good morning, sweetheart, did you sleep well?”

I tried to shout at her, but stopped, horrified, when I heard my piping, little girl's voice.

“What have you done to me?” I asked, shrilly.

"I thought you understood, yesterday," she replied. "I'm sick of your chauvinistic attitude. So was Corwen. We decided that the best way to teach you was to let you experience femaledom at first hand. This is your first lesson. Now come, It's time to get dressed."

So saying, she held out a dainty pair of lacy pink rumba panties!

"There is no way you are getting me into girl's knickers," I shouted at the top of my little girls voice. Again I heard Sue's voice in my mind, making suggestions that drilled into my brain, battering down any resistance.

"You are a sweet little girl who loves to wear pretty and delicate things. You love lacy panties, especially satin ones. Pink is your most favorite color."

Instantly, I was climbing into the offending garment, and loving the feel of them. At her suggestion, I soon found myself adding to my attire: matching pink satin vest and petticoat, white ankle socks and Mary Jane shoes, and of course my favorite party dress, again in pink, flared over my petticoats, tied up with a sash bow, and matching ribbons in my long blonde hair.

"Where did these clothes come from?" I asked.

"They're mine," she replied. "I've kept many of my childhood clothes for the time when I had children of my own. I've always wanted a pretty little girl to mother and dress up. You wouldn't oblige as you didn't want children. Now I've got my wish: you."

I couldn't argue with her logic. The evidence was there, in the mirror. The pretty little girl was me!

"I've been giving some thought to your name," she continued.

"What do you mean? My name is Peter, always has been, always will," I replied.

"Well, babykins, Peter hardly suits the new you does it? I've always liked Biblical names. How about Sarah?"

"No way," I shouted, only to see her face cloud in anger.

Her voice drilled into my mind.

"Your name is Sarah...Sarah Jane." And she was right, it was.

After breakfast she taught me to play: with dolls. Again I resisted. Again her 'suggestions' overcame my will and when she told me this was my favorite dolly, then it was.

So my first full day as a girl was spent happily playing on the lounge carpet with my favorite dolly, willingly displaying my pretty dress and not caring if my lacy panties showed under the short skirts of the dress. After all, I was only three. What did I know of modesty?

And Sue? She got in more practice with her camera in half an hour than she had during the whole two weeks of our holiday.

It was Sue's plan to educate me out of my chauvinistic ways by allowing me to experience at first hand what it was to be a woman. Although I was not aware of it at the time, she told me many years later that my M.C.P. attitudes had so pissed her off that she was very close to leaving me at this time and seeking a divorce. The very fact that I

was so insensitive as to be ignorant of her feelings was only symptomatic of the problem. This power given to her by the alien was a golden opportunity for her to do something to save our relationship while there was still a chance.

To this end, I spent the next several months in every female guise, wearing female clothes, learning female skills, feeling female feelings, encountering anti-female prejudices in society.

In no particular order, I was a pretty young girl, a precocious young teenager (enjoying her first bra and suffering her first period), and a sexy, mature lady.

She even had me spend a week as an ugly fat, old lady with massive tits and a compulsion to clean and iron everything in sight. I struggled to put on the most massive of corsets and long line bras to support my 48DD size boobs which would have bounced off my knees, otherwise.

After this week I had learnt humility and the house was cleaner than it had ever been.

One week, Sue had a nasty dose of 'flu so I had to look after her.

God, I looked so sexy in my nurse's uniform. I spent part of the time nursing my wife, and part trying to stop the young doctor who was treating her from putting his hands up my dress every time he got within arms length. He was so cute though that once I let him succeed and we both spent a delightful hour. I gave him the best blow job he ever had.

Sue says that she did not compel me in any way but for my own peace of mind I chose to ignore her, even if I did enjoy myself.

Inevitably, Sue's training of me included sex.

"In order to understand exactly how to please a woman," she said, "you must experience for yourself the joys of female sex."

And so, she taught me.

Although she denied ever having any lesbian tendencies, I found this hard to believe while she had her tongue stuck up my pussy while I returned the complement.

She soon graduated me onto the joys of a full heterosexual (?) relationship.

The partner she arranged for me was chosen carefully. He was a handsome and experienced colleague from her work place and we were introduced at a works party. Given his reputation, it was inevitable that he would try to seduce the demure and innocent 'younger sister' of his workmate.

Despite my protestations, Sue instructed me to accept his advances. And so, after an evening of wine and dancing, I found myself in his bedroom, in his arms, on his bed. As he slowly and sensuously removed my clothing, I determined that he would not give me 'the good seeing to' that he had promised. I would keep my legs closed come what may.

"But Sarah, said the inner voice of my wife, "you must open your legs to allow him access to your love tunnel. He's very handsome. You think he's a hunk."

And I did.

She continued. "You are getting aroused at the sight of his impressive manhood. Your vagina is lubricating in anticipation."

Every comment she made brought forth the desired (by her) response in my body.

"You are so ready for it that when he caresses your breasts your nipples will erect, your legs will open and your hips will rise to allow him easy access."

As he settled next to me he brushed my left breast. My nipples immediately became rigid, an inch long. As he closed his lips about one, my legs scissored open so far I was almost T shaped. As he climbed between them, my hips raised in supplication. He then proceeded to give me 'a good seeing to'. Several times in fact.

To my surprise, once I had overcome my initial revulsion, I thoroughly enjoyed it. The female orgasm is far more intense than the male one, and with Sue's coaching I soon grew to love the feeling of male meat deep inside me.

That first time, Sue had made me act like a demure and submissive bimbo. Precisely like the stereotypical female that men fantasize about.

The second time, she decided to treat me to reality.

"Most women are not like that," she explained. "While they may wish to dress in a feminine and sexy manner, this does not mean that they are automatically bimbos nor are they begging for it. They like to make love on their terms, and not always be the submissive partner. They may wish to take the initiative. Let's try it shall we, Sarah?"

Although I hated being called by such a pretty and feminine name, it was the only one I recognized as belonging to me. At least, having already been introduced to the joys of receiving a male, I was not totally unprepared for what was to come.

This time Sue introduced her sexy young sister to the singles scene and discos.

I was dressed to suit the vampish nature she had imposed on me: black lacy basque, strapless with underwired cups to support and enhance my already considerable cleavage and suspended to hold up my sheer black seamed stockings. Panties to match of course. The dress was a black cocktail dress; strapless, with a stiffened velvet bodice to show off the creamy smooth skin of my shoulders and cleavage. The skirt was sheer, floating, tulle over layers of net, no underskirt was required. As it flared and ended above my knee, the slightest movement exposed large expanses of my leg, especially when I donned the black patent leather court shoes with four inch stiletto heels. My dark hair was permed and fell in waves over my shoulders, contrasting with the paleness of my skin. All of my jewelry was silver and diamante: hair slides, ear rings (pierced of course), necklace, jeweled wrist watch, rings and bangles. My make up was vampish:- eyes mascaraed in black, dark eye shadow to enhance my eyes, blusher, dark red lipstick and matching nail polish. I was going to cause acute discomfort to many tightly trousered men tonight.

As we walked into the disco with its brightly flashing lights, Sue's programming began to take affect. Finally, she let me off the leash.

"OK, Sarah," she grinned "Go to it! Get yourself a real hunk of a man to seduce."

I was raring to go; I had only one thing on my mind. As I sashayed to the bar, I was eyeing up the talent. I danced frenziedly for hours with every man in the place, wrig-

gling my body to the rhythms of the fast tunes, grinding my hips into their groins when slow tunes were played.

Finally, I selected my victim and turned my charms up to full power. He was putty in my hands and willingly accepted my invitation to see me home. We were in the bedroom in very short order.

This time I did all the work, all the undressing. As he lay naked on my bed I admired his athletically trim body and was most impressed at the size and thickness of his rigid member. I slowly and seductively undressed before kissing his body ALL over, not allowing him to make a move. I was totally in control, totally in charge.

Finally, I straddled him, lovingly guiding his rock hard member into my soaking vagina. As I sat down I was amazed at the depth of penetration achieved in this position. As he reached up and manipulated my nipples they stiffened in response.

I could hear Sue's laughing voice in my mind encouraging me.

"Go on girl, ride him hard." She was becoming quite the voyeur, getting more kicks from my activities than her own.

Nevertheless, as he fondled and caressed my boobs my hips started to move in an up and down motion almost of their own accord. As I established a rhythm, the ecstatic sensations caused me to increase my tempo more and more until I really was 'riding him hard'.

His moans were as loud as mine and as I built up to a crescendo I could feel his cock pulsing as it ejaculated its seed strongly into my welcoming pussy

Thankfully, Sue had explained that my hormonal balance was the same as a girl on the pill so I couldn't get pregnant.

I hoped she was telling the truth.

I say thankfully, because the pleasures of the female orgasm were so much more intense than anything I had experienced as a male that I was already becoming ad-



dicted. To his great surprise, I made my partner come four more times that night:- twice in my mouth and twice in my pussy. I was insatiable, losing count of the number of orgasms I enjoyed. By daybreak he was a wreck, and even I had to concede that some sleep was desirable.

Over the months, Sue allowed me to enjoy several more sessions of this kind, both as seductress and seducee,

“In order,” she said, “to give my education a more rounded feel.”

Although I didn't believe her I certainly enjoyed it.

My training covered all things feminine, not just sexual aspects. Thus, I soon became expert on the domestic front, learning cleaning, cooking, ironing, dressmaking, in short, all the jobs I had automatically left to my wife.

As Sue said, it's a modern world and we both work, so we should pull our weight with the house keeping. After all, she does her fair share of the decorating. I was never able to understand why she would expect a man to be able to make dresses but the sewing skills were undoubtedly useful.

One day, I was sitting in the lounge listening to a play on the radio while continuing my embroidering, which, I must admit, I found to be quite relaxing. It was getting into summer again, with fine, sunny weather, so I was dressed in a simple but pretty floral frock, with my long tresses neatly tied into a pony tail. Suddenly, the door burst open. Sue was all excited. I recognized the gleam in her eye, but by now I was used to her schemes to show me every delight of femaledom she could, so I continued with my needlework.

“Guess what!” she exclaimed. I didn't bother to reply. I knew she didn't need one. “Do you know my friend, Pam Clarke?” she asked.

“What, the primary school teacher?”

“Yes, that's the one.

Well, she has a problem, and I think you can help her.”

“Go on, I'll buy it,” I replied, in a resigned manner. I knew I would have no choice, given the total control that Sue had over both my mind and body.

“As, you know,” she continued, ignoring my patent lack of enthusiasm, “she teaches five and six year old children. Today is the last day of term before school breaks up for the summer holidays and, as is traditional, each class is putting on a little scene for the school concert, tonight. Well, at the very last minute, her leading lady has gone down with chickenpox, leaving her well and truly stranded.

“How can I help?” I asked, already knowing the answer.

“I told her I had a five year old niece with an eidetic memory.”

“A what?”

“You know, someone with a photographic memory, who remembers everything. This niece will be able to learn the part very quickly, and step in to save the class. In fact, it will be you.”

“What a surprise,” I muttered sarcastically, but again she ignored me.

“I can use my powers to make you learn your part very quickly. It's not very big. After all, it is suitable for a five year old.”

As she spoke she pulled out a little booklet, and I was soon immersed in the little playlet. This was followed rapidly by my conversion, after which I was dressed from her never ending suitcase of children's clothes and whisked off to final rehearsal, followed by the actual play.

I didn't mind being out in public as a little girl, I didn't even mind acting in front of all the parents. What I did mind was playing the part of a fairy princess from some nursery rhyme. I especially didn't like being dressed in a pink tutu like dress of gossamer thin material over layers of net, pink lacy tights and pink ballet shoes, with a large pair of gossamer white wings attached to my back. I looked like I had just fallen off a Christmas tree.

The most humiliating part of all was they way all the adults cooed over me afterwards.

When we finally arrived home I was totally exhausted. After all it was nearly midnight, and I was only five. All I wanted to do was collapse into bed so Sue agreed not to change me until the following day, simply throwing a pink satin nightie over me.

Immediately on awaking, the following day, I knew something was amiss. Jumping out of bed I quickly checked myself. I was still a five year old little girl, so no change there. My mind was preternaturally clear, but I didn't know why. Then I twigged. I was all alone. I couldn't sense Sue's presence. I rushed into her room, thinking she was dead or deeply unconscious. But no, there she was, wakening, wondering why I was so agitated. Then she too realized that she was no longer in my mind.

“Ohmigod,” she exclaimed, trying, and failing to re-establish contact. It slowly dawned on both of us that she had lost her power to control me, and I was stuck as a five year old girl.

“But it can't be,” I cried, panicking, the year isn't up for another two weeks. Sue thought some before replying. “Corwen didn't say a year, it said a thousand krells, approximately a year. We assumed it was exactly a year. It seems that we were wrong and now we will have to live with the consequences. We have no choice, at least you don't!”

That was eleven years ago.

I am now a sixteen year old girl. I love everything about being a girl. I love boys. Even though Sue always denied deliberately stranding me as a girl, I always remember how she told me that she had always wanted a pretty little girl to mother; so I will always have my doubts. Still, deliberate, or not, I am now a girl, period (pardon the pun). I don't know how, but Sue managed to get my birth certificate changed. She said she knew someone in the registrar's office who owed her a large favor.

I thought it best not to ask why.

Officially, I am now Sarah Jane, aged sixteen, and Sue is my mother. My 'father' died in an aircraft accident. She brought me up to be a proper young lady and enjoy

all things feminine. I am not a bimbo though. I have two more years at school, then I hope to go to university to study computers. Naturally, I have always been a top grade student. After all, I do have the benefit of a previous college education. That is not to say that I am a nerd. I have a very active social life. I have many girl friends and I love boys, with whom I appear to be quite popular. They say it's because I'm not afraid to show my femininity. In their cattier moments, my girl friends say it's because I give such good head. Mmmmm, I do love to suck a good cock. I'm not a slut though, my virginity is intact and will stay so until I meet the right boy. There are other ways of having fun though. Oh.

There's my mum calling.

David, my boyfriend, must have arrived to take me to the school dance. A final check of my make up before I go. Just right. Check my dress; yes, showing lots of leg. David's a hunk and deserves a treat. Now, where's my purse. Did I tell you I liked boys? OK, mum, I'm coming (giggle).

Got to dash. Byeese.

ALL CHANGE.

By MELISSA ANNE ROGAN.

“So this is it, is it? The new and latest wonder device? Fruit of a mind of great genius?” Johan Smidt was in the basement workshop of his great friend Marc Bevoir.

In front of him was the most amazing heap of electronic and mechanical chaos that Marc had ever put together. Although his comments had been sarcastic, the reference to a mind of great genius was true. Marc was one of the greatest physicists of his day, though the establishment may not have seen it that way. He was far too unorthodox.

“Yes, sir,” agreed his friend, “this little baby will definitely win me the innovation of the year award for 2156, you wait and see.”

Johan sighed. He seemed to have heard this claim before; in fact for most of their adult lives. They had grown up together, been friends for most of their lives, gone to college together, experimented together, before they diverged in their interests. While Marc was a physicist, Johan was a leading biochemist, not a genius like Marc, but in the top echelon, nevertheless. They both worked for the massive Intercontinental Scientific Applications Group, having been snapped up as soon as they added their PH.D. to their first class honors degrees. This suited them. The budget of ISAG was so huge that they could experiment to their heart's content. Almost any new discovery in these days of high technology could be turned to a profit.

Even so, Marc still maintained his own home workshop where he could work on ideas not completely supported by the powers at ISAG.

“OK, I give up. What the hell is this piece of junk supposed to do?”

In front of him was a large square device of dull gray metal which seemed featureless except for a small and very simple looking control panel and display. It was about eight feet high by eight feet long, and about five feet deep. At each end was what looked for all the world like shower stall doors. On the top was a most convoluted mass of pipes and wires.

“And hurry up. Don't forget the dance tonight.”

As members of the ISAG research & development team, attendance at the annual Christmas Dinner and Dance was virtually compulsory. It was as much an official as a social occasion. It gave the bosses a chance to see that the minions who spent all that money were respectable people.

“Did you manage to fix us up with partners? I'm not going unescorted again. It's just too humiliating!”

Unfortunately, the two men had spent most of their adolescence and teens in their workshops. They were hopeless when it came to relating to members of the opposite

sex, and physically, they were fairly puny. In centuries gone by they would have been called nerds and wimps. Mentally, of course, they were giants.

“Don't worry,” smiled Marc, “all is under control. Now, to my new baby. This is the ultimate in electronic valets.”

“Its a what?”

“The principle is simple. Matter transmission has been a fact of life for decades. The transmat we use to travel all around the city have been in use for twenty years. This is basically a transmat sender and receiver in one box. You go in this side and your molecules are broken down into an electronic signal which is transmitted to the other side.”

“Yeah, I understand the principle. Get to the point,” Johan grumbled, impatiently.

“OK, OK. The difference here is in the computer programming. It transmits the body but doesn't reconstitute any dirt, or excess hair, or nails. Just to go one better, it can also reconstitute clothing, jewelry, cosmetics, from a computer file so when you come out, you are not just squeaky clean, but perfectly groomed, shaved and dressed for any occasion.”

Johan looked at Marc with an expression of extreme scepticism.

“This is just a prototype so its choices are limited, but the final model will not just replace the shower and bathroom, but the wardrobe as well.

“If you think you are getting me in that then you are seriously deranged,” said Johan.

“I'm perfectly willing to put my money where my mouth is!” replied Marc. “Watch! A simple four button selector panel; casual, work, dressy, formal. You simply make your choice, walk in there, close the door, which automatically activates the transmitter, and wait. One minute later you walk out the other side, ready to go. Of course your choice of clothes is limited on this model, but it will cope with a Tuxedo. Eventually, there will be a male and female model, with full programming flexibility so you can have any clothes you like. Even furs, without killing an animal. The only limit will be your imagination!”

“Go on then,” said Johan, starting to become intrigued, “off you go.”

Marc smiled and followed his own instructions. He selected Formal on the panel, entered the machine and closed the door. The lights on the panel immediately sprung into life and the machine emitted a low hum. Just over sixty seconds later, the door at the other end opened and out walked Marc. Johan was absolutely amazed.

When Marc had entered the machine he was decidedly scruffy, dressed in dirty tea shirt, jeans and trainers, and with three days growth of beard on his chin. Now he stood before Johan, the epitome of sophistication. Clean shaven, hair neatly slicked into place, dressed immaculately in Tuxedo, dress shirt and bow tie. The polish on his shoes was so perfect that it was a danger to low flying aircraft. Finger nails were perfectly manicured, even his favorite after shave wafted subtly through the air.

“That is amazing,” gasped Johan. “I take back all my derision. This will make you rich beyond compare. If you can sort out the computer software, this will be the biggest technological breakthrough of the decade!”

Marc had a very smug grin on his face.

“Your turn,” he said, “in you go.”

“Are you absolutely sure it's safe?”

“You have just this minute witnessed me go through it, now get on with it,” said an exasperated Marc.

“OK, OK, no need to snap,” replied Johan, entering the door. As he did, he didn't see the smirk on Marc's face as he opened a hidden cover to expose another control panel. He quickly moved a lever from 'Male' to 'Female', and pressed a button to activate a program he had previously set up.

As Johan left the machine, he felt decidedly odd. The perfume that tickled his nostrils was not his usual cologne. In fact, if he didn't know better, he would have sworn it was Chanel No 5.

As he left the door, he tripped slightly. Looking down, he was horrified to see why. He was wearing black patent women's pumps with three inch heels. Worse, he could see the bottom of a dark green taffeta cocktail dress

“What the f...?” he commented, before stopping, realizing that his voice was a rich soprano.

Marc pulled him over to a holo-mirror where Johan was able to see exactly what he looked like.

He was speechless.

The image slowly rotating in front of him was of a beautiful young woman. She was dressed in a low cut green cocktail dress, the full skirts flared out over black net petticoats to just above the knee, a large fashion bow of the same material was in the small of his back, the end ribbons trailing down over his well rounded derriere. His legs were now smooth, hairless and very shapely, clad as they were in the sheerest of black, seamed stockings. The shoelace straps of the dress drew attention to the creamy skin of the bare shoulders and full cleavage. Hands were slim and elegant, with crimson nails perfectly manicured. The hair was honey blonde and down to his shoulders, perfectly coifed in a page boy style. Ears were pierced, and wearing long emerald earrings. Matching necklace, bracelet and rings adorned neck, wrist and fingers.

Johan couldn't see the underwear of course, but he gulped at the feel of taut suspenders holding up his stockings, smooth satin panties, obviously covered in lace, and the gentle support of a strapless bra under his newly acquired breasts. Finally the face; perfectly made up, lashes long and curled, with mascara and eye shadow, setting off the startlingly blue eyes. Cheeks were daintily blushed, lips, moist and inviting and lipstick in red to match the finger nails.

Johan looked closely and there was no doubt that the face was his, but a very feminine version of him.

“Oh my God,” he gasped, “what have you done to me?” (S)he turned angrily on Marc but again tripped on her heels.

Marc laughed and pulled her down onto a sofa next to him.

“I wasn't quite truthful on the capabilities of this machine,” he said. “Once the body is converted to an electronic signal, a powerful computer can reconstitute it in any form the programmer likes. Excess mass is stored in the nuclear banks as energy. If more mass is required then it is converted from energy. Einstein may be dead two hundred years but his theories still dominate physics. I programmed it to convert you to a female form. I told you I'd sorted out our partners for this evening. You are mine and I am yours. Neat eh?”

“If you think I am going out with you like this then you are seriously mistaken,” Johan hissed. “Now turn me back this instant.”

“Ah.”

“What do you mean, Ah?”

“Well that could be a problem. I haven't ironed out all the bugs yet,” Marc lied, “if you attempt to go through more than once in twenty four hours, it could be very dangerous.”

“Do you mean to say that I'm stuck like this for twenty four hours?” Johan whined.

“I'm afraid so,” Marc smirked, “now let's get going. We'll be late.”

“Male or female, there is no way I am going to that dance with you, and that's final!”

Marc smiled patiently.

“There is one final thing I have to tell you.”

“And that is?” inquired Johan.

“I am also able to impose a new mind set on you, a new set of beliefs, a kind of instant brain washing. You will have no choice but to believe anything I want you to.”

“Nonsense,” scoffed a now worried Johan, “I feel the same as I always did.”

“That's because I haven't said the activating keywords yet. When I do, you will think that you are Johanna, Johan's younger sister. Oh, and you absolutely adore me, you'll do anything I say, and be glad to do it.”

“I don't believe you, you're bluffing.”

“Smiling, Marc replied, ”Do you think so, you pretty young sex kitten?”

As the key phrase was uttered, the programming became active. Johan was Johanna, and thought it perfectly natural when she got up and kissed her beau deeply on the lips, thrusting her tongue deeply into his mouth.

“OK, my sweet young thing,” laughed Marc, “we can't keep the bosses waiting. Lets go or we'll be late.”

Taking him by the arm Johanna and her partner walked out into the night.

It was inevitable that Johanna was the belle of the ball, propositioned by every red blooded male to dance, especially to the slow dances.

She was, however, emotionally committed to Marc so politely and demurely declined all offers that Marc disapproved of. She was shocked (and not a little flattered) to be groped by the old man who was Marc's and Johan's boss.

When asked where Johan was, they said he had been forced to return to their home town on family business but she declined to go into any further detail. Everyone commented on the likeness, but all agreed that what looked weedy on Johan looked stunningly feminine on Johanna.

Marc was the hero of the hour, feted by all the men.

"You old dog," said one man in the gent's washroom, punching him playfully on the arm, "Where did you find a cracker like her? And are there any more like her at home?"

They could not understand how a gorgeous creature like Johanna could be attracted to a puny specimen of manhood like Marc, but she was obviously devoted to him; even the most handsome womanizers couldn't get her to change her mind.

Marc reveled in the lionization he was receiving. It was all he had dreamed of for years, to have the most beautiful girl at the dance on his arm, and be the envy of all the men. Finally, he had realized his dream, even if he had had to cheat along the way.

As they walked home, Marc was flushed with success, Johanna was flushed with adoration for her partner. Both considered the evening a great success, The one for his inventiveness, the other because she had no choice.

The final end to the night was a forgone conclusion. Marc had many fantasies about spending the night with a beautiful woman who adored him and would pander to his every whim. Tonight he was going to realize those fantasies. Johanna was going to spend an interesting night lovingly sucking his cock, sitting astride him, and making love to him in every way he could think of.

As morning came, Marc was exhausted, Johanna still more than willing to please. Sated, he finally persuaded her to get some sleep.

"Boy," he thought, "that programming is more powerful than I thought. I've got to build in some more controls."

It was after midday when they finally arose. Johanna lovingly prepared a late breakfast which they ate in companionable silence.

Finally, Marc stirred. "I suppose I'd better change her back. Pity, I may never persuade Johan to go through my little toy again."

As Johanna prepared to go through Marc's valeting machine Marc was feeling morose. As the door closed, almost on a whim, his hand snaked to the hidden panel and activated another program.

A minute later, out popped Johanna, the prettiest French maid you could hope to see. Dressed in the classical uniform. Short, flared black dress over frilly white panties and petticoats; seamed stockings and four inch heels. A matching, frilly white apron

was snugly tied around her waist, a matching lacy cap in her hair. Make up was done to perfection.

“Where are you going, my pretty maid?” he laughed, uttering the key phrase.

As Johanna, under her new mind set saw her reflection in the holo mirror, she squealed for joy, running to Marc and hugging and kissing him. This was how she wanted to look.

“Why don't you go and start cleaning up the house?” asked Marc.

Submissively eager to obey, she minced off, panties saucily showing at every step, as her short skirts flounced up. Within minutes she was happily throwing herself into the housework.

“It looks like Johan is going to be away for quite some time,” he chuckled, entering the valeting machine. As he walked through and closed the door to activate it, the thing on his sex starved mind was the key phrase he had used, to his amusement; “Where are you going, my pretty maid?”

Unfortunately, he was so pre-occupied with his own genius that he didn't realize that he had not yet reset the machine.

Within minutes there were two pretty, sexy French maids happily cleaning the house and wondering where their beloved Marc was. As Marc's mind was suppressed by the conditioning he himself had so carefully programmed into the machine, so was the knowledge required to reset and reprogramm the machine: for ever. The conditioning which compelled them to love Marc also made them very highly sexed, and the longer Marc was, to them, missing, the more dominant did their sexual urges grow.

Soon they would be getting more and more desperate for a good stiff prick to suck, and they would find the urge to go looking irresistible..