



Reluctant Press presents:

The New Era Girls

Monica James



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The New Era Girls

By Monica James

Double Trouble

Colin and Merle first saw each other as they sat on opposite sides of Dean Stapleton's reception room. Both boys, looking forward to achieving their letters as Rogue Academy graduates, were understandably nervous at the unexpected summons.

Finally, the secretary came out and called for Colin Foote.

"This way, Master Foote," the secretary said in a voice tinged with disdain. He was a diminutive man, slightly stooped due to his tenure, but walked and

spoke with the supposed authority of his office which comprised very little.

Colin followed the secretary into the opulent office. Dean Stapleton sat at his desk but turned around to gaze out the wide English windows to the gardens of the Rogue Academy. He spun in his chair when Colin was announced.

Colin shifted his weight from one foot. The dean was a slender man, angular and tall enough to duck when going through most doorways. His brows were bushy so it appeared they topped the steely blue eyes like a mantle.

“Ah, young Master Foote, come in.” He directed Colin to a leather covered ottoman next to the wide desk. As the youngster sat rigidly on the low stool, the dean watched him with a quick eye. “You are all grown up now, Master Foote,” he said quietly while he surveyed the boy’s lithe frame. “Your sprinting ability, I noticed, served you well during the football season.”

“Thank you, sir,” Colin answered. He was angry with himself when his voice faltered giving away his nervousness. “Was there something I can help you with?”

Dean Stapleton leaned forward and rested one hand on Colin’s knee. “Yes, to business; you are a bright lad. Two issues that have been brought to my attention give me concern. First and foremost, your grades in the ending terms have taken a nosedive. This has to have a deeper meaning but I merely wanted to point out that the credentials you bring to the workplace reflect on your academy. Perhaps you can elucidate?”

The resolute stare was disconcerting. “Correct, sir; I have to confess to more play and less work as my time

here nears the end. Your comment regarding my grade point average is accurate. I shall try to do better as the finals approach."

Dean Stapleton moved his hand a few inches higher on Colin's leg. He pressed with his fingers. "I can feel your strong sinuous body. You do have an attractive frame. I have arranged for tutors, one in each of the subjects in which you have fallen behind." He cleared his throat. "Secondly; our swim coach reports you have been more than your usual gregarious self with some other boys. Coach has mentioned warnings in the past. Do you like boys, Master Foote?"

Colin's face turned a deep crimson. "In my defense, sir, I can only repeat what I said to our coach. I was just fooling around; a camaraderie with the team, sir."

The dean stood up slowly, his face clouded in thought. "Um, I see. Again, in some circles gay behavior is seen as a detriment." He stalked the young lad until he was directly behind him.

"I understand that sir. If I am to be disciplined, I've no complaint."

There was a long tense moment. Colin could feel the high anxiety. His breathing deepened. The dean began massaging his neck and shoulders with the long fingers with demonstrable strength.

"I had that in mind but I'm uncertain it will be of benefit. If you have grown up to become a screaming homosexual, there is little anyone can do about it. I therefore want to caution you to be more discreet lest our school get a reputation for harboring degenerates. Pardon me, son, if my words are direct. You are a very handsome boy with a great future. That has to be tempered with good judgment on your part."

Colin sighed in relief; it seemed the dean was letting him off easy with a warning and a couple tutors. It was not to be. "Thank you, sir for taking such an interest in me. I shall make a positive effort to avoid any discredit on our school."

The strong massage the dean was applying to his body lightened to a comfortable fondling. He ran his hand inside Colin's shirt and traced his youthful torso. "You are certain to have an interesting life," he whispered in a hoarse, lusty voice. "Have you had sex relations with a boy? A man? There are many men of your, ahem!, persuasion that have aspired to higher levels. It is a lesson you might consider important." He touched Colin's lips with his fingers and pressed until Colin parted his lips.

It was an erotic moment and, in that flash of insight, he realized the dean that came with a lofty title, education and stated ideals was making a play for him. He turned to face his tormentor. The man was so tall it seemed his head was in the clouds. "I am not the aggressive type, sir," he answered. "Because of that, I've very little experience to relate."

The man standing tall behind him exhaled a deep breath. "Come with me, Colin," he said and led the unnerved lad across the room to the leather settee. "Some people think this is a psychiatrist's bench," he said with a moment of levity. "I suppose it does have something to do with head."

Colin blinked; the move was barely comprehensible and he sat nimbly in the center of the wide cushions. "Pardon me, sir," he said lightly, "I've no cause to be impudent but it occurs to me the couch seems to fit the head man."

The dean roared with laughter. "You are a clever one, you are." He sat next to Colin and again dropped his hand onto Colin's leg. He moved higher an inch at a time. "Do you mind me doing this?" he asked.

The 'frog' in his throat would not go away. "No, sir," he croaked.

Emboldened by the lad's receptive attitude, the older man began stroking Colin's crotch. He pushed Colin back against the cushions and reached for his belt buckle. Once that was loose, he continued with the gentle hand motion. "Ah, I see you do like me doing this. You are getting hard. Do you know what it is like to have your hot cock in a warm, knowing mouth?"

Colin gulped. "No, sir. It has not happened to me."

"But, you think of it, no doubt or you would not have come to the attention of the swim coach. You are very popular; all athletes have a following. Do you admire anyone particularly in your group? Who would you prefer to take liberties like this with you?" He slid the zipper down until Colin's slacks were wide apart. He explored with his finger to grasp and free the semi-erection.

"Not a single guy comes to mind," he answered. "Sir," he began with a stronger voice than he thought he had, "I don't think you should be doing this."

"You agreed a moment ago that you deserved some discipline. This is it!" He leaned to go down on the small lad until his tall frame looked bent to a sharp angle. His lips came closer and his busy hand stroking the naked cock made a firm prize to satisfy his secret longing. "Shall I go on? Do you want it? You are certainly hard enough. Tell me why you are so terrified."

"I'm afraid, sir. Yes, I've no argument; I know I need discipline but I did not think it would be like this." He began to feel a growing tantalizing tingle in his loins as the experienced man aroused him further. "I want you to do it."

Of the many sexual experiences he had achieved in his young life, fantasizing, masturbating with a guy in mind, dreaming of conquest, when the authoritative man sucked him it all came together. "Oh, sir, wonderful; marvelous."

He tilted his head and licked the shank up one side, down the other and along the ventral vein. "You almost came a moment ago. Are you ready to do that now?"

"Yes, sir; please, do not think ill of me. I'll do what you say; just don't stop."

It was the dean's magic moment. He deftly opened his trousers and pulled out a long, thick cock which he forced into Colin's hand. "Feel this, young man," he ordered. "Wet your lips, you said you were ready but you didn't know what I meant." He caught Colin's head at the nape of his neck and pushed him down.

Colin resisted; an error of magnitude. "I can't do this, sir," he said, his voice choked with emotion. "I've never done this before though I've known for a long time it would happen. I can't; sorry, sir."

The tall man obviously in full control raised his hand high in the air and came down on Colin's face with a roundhouse slap. Colin yelped. Watching the agitated man carefully, he reached again for the dean's cock and began jacking the shank with his small fingers wrapped tightly around it. It was a frantic move and

entirely without merit. His fingers slid and he lost touch a few times.

“Don’t be a fool, Colin,” the dean said in a stern voice. He raised his hand to bring another brutal hit.

“No sir, don’t do that again. Please; I’ll suck you.”

The distraught lad sank the huge cock into his mouth and worked it with his lips and tongue. A busy hand caught his cock and continued to work it while he intently studied the task at hand. When the horny man began ejaculating, Colin

pumped his passion at the same time.

After a long break, the dean stood up and closed his trousers. He strode purposefully over to his desk and clicked the intercom. The secretary answered promptly.

“Ask that other young man to come back tomorrow; same time. Thank you.”

Emotional Hangover.

Colin stretched out on his bunk with his eyes tightly shut. Both arms covered his face.

“Hi, can I come in?” Merle Clark said.

“Sure, it’s dollar day at the freak circus,” he answered. “Didn’t I see you at Dean Stapleton’s office today? Who did you kill?”

Merle pulled up a chair. He grinned. “Nobody yet. I have a bad report card; nothing new, I’m not much of a scholar. Anyhow, I guess that’s what the dean wanted to see me about.”

Colin’s mind was racing. He debated telling Merle to be sure to change his underwear before any meeting

with the dean. The experience was still on his mind and the elation at ejaculating like a fountain while licking and swallowing all the older man could give was nagging him. "So, why this visit? Do you expect to be disciplined? That's what happened to me."



"I heard you cry out after a sharp smack or slap. Does he have a paddle?"

Colin swung out of bed and put his feet on the floor. "We graduated from that along about the sixth grade. He seduced me and when I tried to get away he smacked me really hard." He waited to see what effect that would have on Merle Clark.

Merle sat down heavily on the chair next to Colin's desk. "Is the guy a mind-reader? I've never done that but I think about it all the time."

"You are more honest than I am. I've tried my best to hide my feelings but I got caught by, of all people, the swim coach."

Merle's voice was strained. "I know who you are. Everybody knows you; top athlete and all that. I hesitated coming here into your king's court. I say that because I hold you in very high esteem."

Colin cracked open two cans of cola and offered one to Merle. "Have you had sex with a guy?"

"Only in my mind. You?"

"Not before today. The old goat really worked me over. We both came all over the psychiatrist's couch."

"Psychiatrist?"

"Private joke, sorry. I'm not too proud of myself at the moment."

"Perhaps a lesson to be learned. Is that what we go to school for?"

Colin sipped his drink. "Would you like to increase your grade point average across the board? I've been thinking up a plan. We can't go screaming all over campus that the dean is abusing his students. There

would be a homicide, I do believe. But, suppose we document it?"

Merle was interested. "How do we do that? We can't call in the photo op team from the annual."

"It has to be something simple. That's what I've been thinking about. When you came in I finally figured something we can do. You are going to see the dean tomorrow. Right? You are a nice looking guy; clean, upright, all that. He will want sex with you. Carry a recorder sewn in your clothes someplace. He is smooth as brushed velvet. When he seduces you, get it on tape. Don't cringe; he isn't that bad. In fact, I learned a lot about myself at the man's hand. I want to do it again. You've no idea the feeling of elation when he comes in your mouth. Incredible."

"They have mini-recorders at the canteen. Guys carry them a lot to record lectures, like that. I learned to sew for a merit badge in scouts."

Colin grinned and they did the hand contact ritual crunching their fists to each other. "Just get it recorded; I'll do the rest. Deal? There is very little risk you might get caught."

The next afternoon, Merle Clark arrived promptly for his appointment with Dean Stapleton. The secretary whom Merle considered a 'dork' asked him in.

The dean was friendly, outgoing to a degree. He went over Merle's grades. They discussed each topic in a frank give-and-take planned to inspire young Merle to study. Merle summoned his courage.

"Sir, thank you for taking an interest in me. Was there anything else?" For emphasis and to be certain the dean did not miss his meaning, he wet his lips with his tongue and smiled fully with a knowing grin.

“No, Merle. That will be all. You seem hesitant. Was there something on your mind you wished to discuss?”

“No, sir,” he answered as disappointment set in. “Colin mentioned you liked a physical approach to discipline.”

“I’ve no idea what you have in mind, young sir,” the dean answered suavely.

The interview was concluded when the tall man stood. He saw Merle to the door, they shook hands and he was gone.

Walking across the quad, Merle replayed in his mind what the dean said, what he did to offer his body by crossing and opening his legs, tongue wetting his lips, smiles, nods, all of it. Next he went over what Colin Foote had said; it did not go together.

In Colin’s room after dinner, Colin listened to the tape. He agreed with Merle nothing had been said that could be used as coercive evidence.

Next day, after free swim, the coach cornered Colin in the locker room.

“Didn’t Dean Stapleton call you in? I gave him a damaging report on you and your antics.”

Colin was immediately on guard. “Yes, he did. We had a nice chat. He arranged a couple tutoring sessions for me.”

“He must have something to add because he wants to see you now in his office. I told him I would send you right on over.”

Colin was perplexed. “Oh? Well, thanks; I’ll go now.”

Dean Stapleton's secretary was attentive as usual. When Colin came into the office lobby, he was escorted directly into the dean's office. Dean Stapleton was on the phone. Colin listened to the conversation.

"Captain Hawser, thank you for returning my call. Just in the last couple days I have two candidates for your award-winning cruise. Take the names; Colin Foote and Merle Clark. ... Cherbourg Friday; yes, they'll be there. Both very fine lads willing to help out on the cruise. ... All right, Hal. Thanks again."

He turned to face Colin. "I learned today from your friend, Merle, that you had some plan distinctly not to my benefit. I just arranged an answer to your juvenile subterfuge."

Colin's face blanched. "Merle said you were a mind-reader. What exactly is coming down?"

"Couple items of interest. In a way I admire your efforts to discredit me. I suspected Merle was 'packing' a device of some kind. It didn't take a nuclear physicist to put it together. As of this moment, you and Merle are under lockdown. You leave early tomorrow morning for the Chunnel crossing. French authorities will escort you to a handsome cruising yacht named the *Tempest*. The captain will welcome you on board and assign you your duties. He appreciates some help along the way. Any questions?"

"We are being shanghaied because our sexual preference might bring your academy a bad name? We aren't the only gay boys. Of that I'm certain."

"Just the foolish ones." He tapped his buzzer. "Answer this, young

man. Since you like the masculine form so much and have such difficulty coming to terms with your

new life, would you rather be a girl?" A huge uniformed campus 'rent-a-cop' came in and gently led Colin out.

Without comment, Colin let his new life unfold in his mind. Next the deep thought hit him. 'What did the dean mean by being a girl to stay out of trouble?'

Sail On, Sail On

Colin and Merle were welcomed by Captain Hal Hawser. He showed the lads through the boat, assigned them staterooms and introduced them to other crew members.

The boys took to the sea-going life with alacrity. They readily accepted duties assigned to them. They were friendly to the passengers when they came on board. It was a 'grad trip' from a Parisian finishing school. They jumped at the chance to strike up friendships with the students. They joked with other crew about the girls being 'finished'.

Leaving Fado near the Portuguese southern coast, the cruiser went dead in the water. Captain Hawser was out of his cabin and up to the wheelhouse at top speed.

He came on the loudspeaker to alert the passengers. "We've hit something in the water which has apparently damaged the hull. We are taking on very little water so there is no danger of sinking. Bilge pumps can handle it. The *Tempest* is a sturdy craft but, in case there is some critical factor we cannot see at this time, we will be moving more slowly until we can put in to assess any risk. Please, accept my invitation for free drinks all around. Enjoy your cruise."

Merle looked at Colin and shrugged his shoulders. "Did you hear or feel anything, like, hitting us in the water?"

"Maybe a whale. Don't worry about it. The captain is being cautious is all."

On the rugged coast of Algiers, the *Tempest* put in at a small marina.

After securing the boat to a wide cargo dock, passengers and crew were free to go ashore and test their land legs. There were lights and power tools in use forward but Colin and Merle had not been asked to help.

They walked along the wharf to a small English style pub. Going in they saw a dart game in progress. Two elderly gents were in a chess game but did take a moment to look up as the boys came in. They ordered beer. The pretty barmaid was friendly so they had several more.

Colin challenged some girls in a dart game and quickly lost. He was good natured about it but wandered back to the cruiser to go to his bunk. The many beers were having an effect on his brain. He was aware Merle remained on the beach talking to some of the students. He did not feel anything amiss when Merle and a guy came back and went directly to a private stateroom. After a cold shower, Colin was quickly in the bed and asleep.

Several hours into a sound sleep, Colin was awakened by someone shaking him. "Colin; wake up."

He rubbed sleep from his eyes and pushed himself up on his elbows. "Oh, Cassandra; hello. What 's happening?" It was one of the girls he had befriended when they left Cherbourg.

“Come on deck, please,” Cass pleaded. “Merle sent me to get you.”

Colin pulled on his denims and went out with the stunning girl. He didn't see Merle but that did not disturb him. Cass disappeared and after a few minutes came back with Merle.

Next, Cass introduced a masculine looking woman that they did not recognize. “This is Tori Jax,” she said. “She lives at the top of the tramway leading to that abandoned monastery up on the point.” Cass directed their attention to the old mosque.

“Come with me, please,” Tori Jax said in a pleasant voice.

“Hey; wait just a minute. We are crew members on this scow,” he said trying for some levity. “It's not right to go wandering off like tourists.”

Tori Jax looked at Cass with an appeal. Cass reacted quickly. “Oh, come on guys. The *Tempest* is going to be here for awhile.”

The boys shrugged and went with Cass to the single rail tram that went from the small town to the top of the hill. “*Tempest in a Teapot*, I say,” Colin said disgruntled at being deprived of sleep.

At the top, the four trudged into the old mosque to meet the resident in charge. “This is Jacob Sluyh,” Tori Jax said and went directly to the bar. Another girl yelped and quickly embraced Cassandra. Colin recognized her as Brean; another of the students on the cruise. Then it hit him. ‘Something isn't right here,’ he thought carefully. Merle was in a friendly discussion with the Jacob fellow. They were sampling some weed stuffed into a meerschaum pipe. He pulled Cassandra

aside. "What's going on here? I'm getting really bad vibes."

Cass sighed and glanced with a speculative eye focused on Colin Foote. "As near as I can figure it, we are in the hands of sex traffickers. They are rampant in this part of the world. They like young, healthy, educated, white girls. I don't like it either but it isn't likely we can get out of here without a fight."

"Camel crap!" Colin said. "I don't fit the criteria; I'm just a guy."

Cass smiled. "For all I know you and your friend are special orders. We can guess all night. Do you play 'what if'? That game will apply before this is over."

Journey to the Casbah

After a long trip along the coast in a windowless panel truck, Colin and Merle were led to a 'safe room' in a bungalow near the ocean. Their room was sparse, only bedrolls, a few blankets and another door to the toilet. Merle shivered in fright.

"What the hell, Colin? What is this place? Why build a house on stilts half way up the mountainside? When do we eat?"

Surveying the room, Colin saw some other bedrolls which meant to him they were in transient quarters somewhere. Eventually a very pretty Eurasian girl came in with mint tea and scones.

"Your arrival in middle of night surprise us," she said sweetly. "There be breakfast a few hours. Please do not ask questions; I am work to make you comfortable."

Colin ignored that. "Who are you? Why are we here? We are U.K. Citizens, you've no right to detain us. We would like to see our diplomatic counsel." He rambled on while the girl just stood and smiled grimly at him.

"Perhaps learn at time later," she said and left.

Colin sat cross-legged on the floor. He pounded the palm of one hand with the fist of his other hand. "We have to get out of here," he whispered to Merle. "I do not like this one bit. One of those girls back at that monastery mosque place told me there were sex-traffickers. She suggested we were prisoners of some kind. She knew very little, she admitted, but came up with some frightful conclusions."

Merle began to shake with fear. "How can anyone do this to us? We didn't hurt anyone. Oh, no! Dean Stapleton is on the take; how can it be otherwise?"

Colin nodded 'yes'. "I came to the same conclusion. We are going to have to stay alert and remain together. If this is indeed what it appears, they will have super security in place so we don't run off. Incredible!"

The young girl served breakfast in a small dining room which opened onto the long hallway. The boys looked for signs of other prisoners but saw nothing. The meal of couscous, eggs and a few vegetables served with mint tea helped calm their nerves.

"They want to keep us alive," Colin said trying to be conversational while he looked at every item of any possible interest.

After breakfast they were served more tea and told to wait. Eventually, a tall woman came in. Stern features commanded attention. She was possibly thirtyish, Colin judged. She wore a severe black and white busi-

ness suit. She smiled with such effort the boys looked askance at each other. They both had the same thought; the smile will break her face like shattered crystal.

“My name is Mari Frayme,” the lady said. “Thank you for being cooperative while on this first leg of your journey. I suppose you have some questions but before you voice them, I’ll orient you so you will better comprehend your situation. Please, do not be frightened. We need to keep you intact. As for your origins, I am from Glasgow so I have some understanding of English Law.”

Colin spoke first. “Thank you for coming. We need to talk to someone; your Scottish accent is convincing.”

She spoke quickly as if the tumble of words were routine. “This city you saw as you came in last night is known all over the world as the Algiers ‘Casbah’. It is a clearing house for all fans and fanciers of Peter Lorre, Humphrey Bogart and Sydney Greenstreet. Alas, there is no Maltese Falcon and no American bar named ‘Rick’s’ in Casablanca.” She tried to be pleasant; it was an obvious effort to the boys. “There are no leftover Nazi or NKVD agents snooping around; you are quite safe. So, you see, the world has changed from your perceptions of history to the wild and raucous present. Your travel plans are being set as we speak. Your flight is to the West Indies, the Island of Martinique. There you will be escorted to the Middlesex Clinic that offers some much sought after services. Before we launch all this, I have some questions.”

“So do we,” Colin said gulping to control a nervous stomach.

“Good; I can see you both are rational. Yes or no! Are either of you or both homosexuals?”

She waited tapping her foot on the cheap linoleum.

Colin winced. "Affirmative!" he managed to say. "However, we are both inexperienced. The status is anticipation rather than realization." He checked with Merle and saw his friend was ready to bolt and run. "We wish to know if we will be treated well. Oh, do the rules of the Geneva Convention apply to sexual misfits?" He tried a wan smile but failed.

Mari Frayme frowned then grinned. "All right; you have retained your sense of humor. You shall need it." She stared hard at Colin and next to Merle. "Have either of you had sex with a girl? Do you want to? How do you feel when a sexy girl walks past? Would you like to ball that pretty Eurasian girl keeping house for us?"

Colin looked at Merle and nodded to encourage him. "Miss Frayme, you are asking if we can be trusted in a harem or such as the like. We both are socially acceptable with other boys, girls, adults, straights, gays, and so on. We are also sexually inept at initiating social contact with anyone other than our own kind. I speak for myself here." He looked at Merle for agreement.

Merle nodded 'yes' and said, "I agree. Why is this so important to you?"

Mari Frayme stood up. "I am satisfied you both are candidates for a full and luxurious life. All you need to do is cooperate. I cannot delve into the many freaks and fetishists you may encounter but that is no different to your future than the streets of London, New York or Paris." She hesitated still staring at the two frightened lads. "If you go quietly and with a stout heart, you will be well kept. Give us trouble and you will get it back in triplicate. Do I make myself clear?"

“Omigod, yes,” Colin said out of breath. “Why go to a clinic halfway around the world? We are not sick.”

“You will be when I tell you what awaits you. You are both to enter the expanded ranks of transsexuals; a gender reassignment will be performed on you. After that, well, boys will be girls; you will wear skirts, curtsy and check your lipstick. Are you at all familiar with what I’ve said?”

Colin sank down into the chair. “We are now. I am not in favor of this. I like the pleasure my body gives me. Why should I favor that kind of change? Aren’t you afraid we will start a riot, an insurrection, revolution or something?”

She put on her shiny kid gloves and tugged them into place. As she picked up her purse, she turned to speak to them. “I wish you the best of luck in your new adventure. As for your threat; you do have a choice. Do as you are told or spend most of your short life in chains.” She stepped smartly out the door. Her high heel spikes punctuated the hallway parquet floor.

Merle broke down in tears. Colin put his arm around him for comfort but felt entirely inadequate to the task.

They spent the rest of the day in the ‘transient room’. It was easy, they told each other, to just lazy-about, plenty to eat and drink, and wait whatever fate had decreed.

Late in the afternoon, the two girls from the *Tempest* were escorted into the room. They remembered they were the girls that betrayed them and led them to the mosque and thus into captivity.

“Do you remember us or are you drugged? Cass asked. Brean stood beside her.

Colin stood up. "Why are you here? Haven't you done enough damage?"

Cass sank to the floor and hugged her knees. "It is natural if you resent what is happening to all of us. Maybe it will make you feel better but we did not single you guys out. We were forced into this dilemma. There was no way we could have escaped with our skins as the native American Indians would say."

Merle perked up and smiled. "We were blaming you for our troubles. It is nice to know we are in the same flock after all."

"Have you learned any more?" Colin asked.

"An attractive gal met us. Her name is Mari Frayme. She told us up-front precisely what is going on. Now that the fear of uncertainty is removed, we have come to terms with it. Like you and Merle, we have to stick together to see this through. Did she visit you, as well?"

"Yes," Colin answered in a low voice. "This is a disaster, likely just as deep as yours. We are going to have a gender change; we will be girls. After that we will be assigned to a family that feels secure in that we won't mess with their women and, by inference, will be available to the men for sexual entertainment. It doesn't look good. We should all remain alert for some means to escape."

They continued to chat until the pretty Eurasian girl came for Cass and Brean. Colin and Merle were again alone and cursing the memory of Dean Stapleton.

"Look at it from his point of view," Colin said. "If word gets out he is seducing his young charges at the school, it will not go well. He sure worked me over but with, I think, an elegance I did not expect. To protect

himself, he shipped us off to this place and, well, what next?"

The two guys slept in each other's arms. Shortly after midnight, they were awakened by two burly brutes intent on transporting them. Where, they were not told.

The leader was well over six feet tall with a muscular body and, Colin noticed right away, beefy hands that could do lots of damage. He grabbed Colin with one hand behind his head, the other hand beneath his arm. Colin was quickly on his feet.

The other fellow was gruff. He just grunted and pulled Merle up. His gravel-voice seemed to Merle to infer some threat.

"Take it easy," Colin complained. "We were asleep and you came in here like a typhoon and started pushing us around. We will cooperate."

They were soon hustled to the black sedan which was waiting just outside with the engine running. They were taken to another safe house where they could bathe and put on fresh clothes.

"Where are you taking us?" Merle asked. The tremors of terror snapped across his body. The brute had not for one moment taken his eyes off him.

"Quiet!" he demanded.

Before Merle had a chance to dress in the travel clothes furnished, the savage that had been dogging him since early on, reached down and began stroking his crotch. "Hey, I didn't ask for this," Merle said, his voice high in panic.

"Just pay attention," the guy said. There was menace in his tone of voice.

Colin and the leader had left to select some clothes of more proper size. Merle could see he was at the mercy of the rough-and-tumble man interested in his body.

"Please, don't," he pleaded.

The man grunted and shoved one hand inside Merle's briefs. He fingered the flaccid cock. "Get on all fours," he ordered. Before Merle could escape the man's arms, his assailant wrapped his strong fingers around Merle's throat and squeezed. Next he released his hold and pulled back with his fist raised ready to smash into Merle's face.

"Omigod, no," Merle cried out. He quickly jumped onto the position, hands and elbows in front plus knees parted behind. He felt the strong hands grab his briefs and they tore like tissue paper. Firm fingers, suddenly gentle, fondled his lower cleavage and tapped his tiny sphincter. Merle braced himself knowing what was coming but unable to adjust. "Don't, no." His words dropped uselessly. As the firm cock made ready to invade him, Merle panicked. He started screaming and trying to run away. Again, the man raised his fist and intended, Merle thought, to smash him in the back of the head.

That was when the leader and Colin came into the room.

One look told the leader what was happening. He spoke sharply in a language Colin and Merle couldn't understand. He ran over to Merle and lifted him to his feet. The would-be rapist stood aside.

Merle saw the open door through which Colin and the leader had come. On his feet like an athlete, he bolted. Before anyone could stop him, Merle was out of

the room, down the hall and through the door to the porch. He vaulted the porch railing and dashed down the streets into the darkness.

Within the hour, Merle was back in captivity. Hand cuffs had to be used to attach him to the cast iron ring on the wall. Colin tried without success to calm the panic stricken lad.

Finally, a medic arrived and with one quick shot, Merle collapsed onto the floor. He was still naked so Colin covered him with a small blanket.

Frying Pan into the Fire

The huge jumbo jet screamed through the clouds and the long landing strip came into view. Colin watched through the window as the land came rushing up.

“Merle, look; we’ve arrived,” Colin said shaking Merle awake.

Customs officials had been informed of their arrival so they were quickly processed through the lines with only a cursory inspection. Each boy carried a small ditty bag with their few personal items. Outside the terminal they looked askance for anyone expecting them when a station wagon pulled to a stop.

The stencil on the door of the wagon said, “Middlesex Clinic” and beneath that in smaller letters, “Fort de France, Martinique.” The boys waited.

An attractive blonde which Colin guessed at ‘twenty something’ came around to greet them. “Hello,” she gushed. “I’m DeDe Devine, welcome to Martinique.”

Colin looked shocked. "DeDe what?" he asked. "Incredible. You can't be French with a name like that."

The girl laughed. "It got your attention, didn't it?"

Not happy with their circumstances, Colin and Merle climbed into the station wagon. Once in with the doors locked, they saw three security guards turn and go back into the terminal. 'They take no chances,' Colin thought. He turned to speak to DeDe. "So, where are you from? We're English, uh, from England." He was silent. 'I wonder if that sounded as dumb to her as it did to me,' he considered.

DeDe wheeled the wagon onto a paved road that led up the side of the mountain. It was their first view of the clinic complex; white stucco with tile roofs.

"Ashtabula, Ohio," she answered. Her voice had a pleasant, lyric tone.

Merle frowned. "Up by New York someplace," he said with a sarcastic turn.

DeDe did not take kindly to Merle's attitude. "I'm bringing you to our courtesy cottage which we reserve for new guests. If you have any thoughts about running away, forget it. You are in a strange country without passports and listed on the immigration as mental patients. Ill-advised behavior will find you in our jail cell in the basement of the admin building."

"Thanks for the warning, I think," Colin said trying to keep an even voice. "If you go to all that trouble, you must place a high value on our untried vices."

She giggled. "Very perceptive."

The courtesy cottage DeDe had described was a three bedroom 'rancher' but with all windows barred. The kitchen was well supplied. It appeared secure.

As they came in, DeDe checked all the doors to be certain there was no risk. She went merrily about her duties but seemed to be waiting for some event.

"This is very nice," Colin ventured to say. "I don't think it is five-star but certainly comfortable."

Finally, what DeDe had been waiting for finally happened. A tall man reminiscent of Dean Stapleton came in, smiled benignly and sat opposite the two boys in the living room area. DeDe discreetly let herself out.

"I am the Chief of Administration here," he began with a voice of authority. "You are to be known as the 'New Era' Girls." He smiled and relaxed back in his chair. "I suppose you are wondering about our pretty DeDe Devine. She came here a number of years ago for a gender reassignment. Sex change to you. The girl you both admired was once a guy. We don't ask a lot of questions but when she asked to remain here on staff we were delighted. She will be an immense help in getting you through the orientation."

"What's a 'New Era' Girl?" Merle asked.

He stared at both boys with an intensity that made them uncomfortable. "We are sensitive to the market like any successful business. Many of our graduates here, charming girls that came here for a sex change, decline to accept offers of wealthy sponsors or clients to become domestics or some such. The girls accept their roles as much preferred over their former life but seldom agree to employment elsewhere. They usually have other concerns as you can well understand."

Colin gasped. "So you are going to alter our bodies and sell us into some sort of servitude. That, sir, is slavery. There are laws protecting individuals like us. We did not come across the middle passage in some full

rigged sailing ship to be exploited. What is 'new era' about that?"

The man crossed his legs and lit a cigarette. "To meet the demand for the likes of you two, we've decided on an experiment. In brief, you are it. Much depends on your future with us and later on in your various assignments. I hope this is all clear to you."

Merle sank into the cushions as if trying to hide. "I like my body and, with that, I like who and what I am. I do not want to change to be a sex toy in some harem or whatever. If you force such sexual mutilation on us, you will always run the risk of being exposed."

"My but you are eloquent. Please, think this through. Once you are a ravishing young girl schooled in the arts of feminine allure, there will be no reason for you to complain. The surgery is non reversible. That isn't all; your natural inclination to be on demand for services will become part of your lifestyle. There is psychology to all this. Your attitude will complement your behavior."

Colin spoke up. "You didn't come here to frighten us. That must be obvious. What are our options? If we cooperate fully, what may we expect? DeDe Devine already told us about the lockup in the basement."

"Very sensible," he answered and exhaled a large cloud of smoke. "By the time all this is concluded, we will have learned how to proceed, what needs to be altered, and so on. If you consider all this, you will come to the logical conclusion. Take what life is offered. You are both well-built for our purposes. As well, you are educated and exhibit sensible breeding. That you have little or no experience in sexual escapades is of no interest to us. We will let you travel that road with reasonable expectations. Also, there will be tolerable pain as

you convalesce. After that, the only anguish will be what you bring on yourself."

His cell phone buzzed and he winced when he saw the display.

Colin stood up and motioned to Merle to do the same. "We don't want to cause you any trouble. We do want to go on record as objecting to all this. Our request at this time is to be returned to London and our former life. This may seem redundant but I believe laws of civilized behavior should be followed."

The man seemed even taller when he stood up. "Your point is well taken," he said sniffing as if he had just inhaled some snuff. "Good day, gentlemen. You are on the way to test our 'new era'." He left the two boys standing, open mouth, in the center of the living room.

Colin was first to regain his composure. He went to the refrigerator and came out with a tall slim bottle of white wine. He crushed some ice and handed one glass to Merle. "We have some thinking and talking to do," he said without a smile.

Merle sipped his wine cooler. "Do you think I'm attractive? As a guy, I mean."

Colin set his glass on the kitchenette counter. "Yes; you know you are. But I don't see you in the same way as that jock who almost raped you before our timely rescue."

"It's anal sex; that's what he was going to do. I was petrified."

"It may be in our future but we don't have to be concerned now. Were you unhappy because Dean Stapleton didn't suck you off? I would guess you were ready for it by what I told you."

Merle sighed. "I was really curious and, from what you said, felt no threat particularly. Is that the first sex you ever had, uh, with a guy I mean?"

Colin drained his glass and went for another. "Yes and no experience whatever with a girl. Girls scare hell out of me because I'm not confident I can give them what they want whatever that is. In this situation, as we've been given to understand, I can see a whole new world of adventure, not all of it good."

Merle gulped. "Can you imagine going down on a girl or a guy? With this sex change, I guess we might be in demand because we are not a threat; available for sex and all that."

"I only have that one time, ah, with the dean, but I can only imagine where we might end up."

Merle was pensive. Finally, "Omgod! They are going to chop off our cocks to make us into girls. This is so unfair. I've barely adjusted to enjoying the idea of having a guy and, pow!, it will be gone."

Colin found the linen closet and pulled down a towel. "I'm taking a shower. What really worries me is that front door. Who will be next?" He trudged down the short hall to the bath.

Later, Merle came out of the bath. A cloud of steam escaped from the open door into the hallway. He found Colin sitting up on the king sized bed reading a brochure on the Middlesex Clinic. "What's that all about?" he asked.

"They do all kinds of body services here. We know about sex change but they also do plastic surgery, assist in obesity control, psychiatry, like that."

Merle slid into bed. He wore only his boxer briefs. "I think about it, too."

“What?”

“The next visitor through that front door. We can be hauled off to the operating theatre at any minutes. It’s terrifying.”

“I think we were about to get a glimpse of our agenda when the boss had to leave. He acted like he had not yet finished talking to us.” He set the brochure booklet aside and clicked off the lamp. Merle had left the bathroom door open so that was the only light. “There is enough wine if you want to indulge.”

“Indulge, yes. Wine, no. Uh, are you in the mood to give me a detailed lesson based on your experience with the dean? If I am to lose this part of my body that has given me such pleasure, albeit alone, I want to at least know what all the fuss is about.”

Colin stretched out with his head on the pillow. He moved one knee between Merle’s legs. “I’ve been thinking the same as you. Sometimes when you have a certain expression, I’m attracted. In short, I think you are ‘hot’.”

Merle put one arm across Colin’s shoulders and pulled him closer. The other hand he ran along Colin’s leg going up from the knee.

“Do you like this?” Merle asked moving his hand closer to Colin’s sex.

“Yes, we have wasted too much time talking and thinking. The end will justify the means.” He began a steady stroking of Merle’s genitals; the cock was quickly standing firm.

“That takes my breath away. Tell me what it was like to take that great educator in your mouth. Were you attracted to him?”

“No; I was scared witless while at the same time there was a fascination when his thick knob pressed against my lips. I tried to think of anything else but soon was licking and sucking like my life was dependent some way on my actions.”

“Did you swallow when he came?”

“Yes; not an event to relish particularly but somehow, down deep inside me, I knew it was what I wanted to do.”

Merle was stroking Colin with renewed vigor, bold moves he could never have contemplated outside his imagination. “Do you like my mouth?” he asked.

“Yes; I want it. Simple as it is, it will be different with you. Do you want to do it?”

Merle tugged until Colin’s erection was out of the flimsy shorts. He leaned over and began kissing, then fondling and licking.

“Do it now,” Colin said out of breath from the emotional impact.

From that moment on, Merle was lost in the erotic moment. He kept up the intense contact with his lips and tongue until Colin exploded streams of semen into his mouth. He continued working, licking and swallowing, until Colin pushed him away.

“Wow,” Merle said. “When we are girls, we can still do that. I’m wondering now how it might have been if that goon had torn my tail apart. I guess we will both find out one of these days.”

Saying nothing, Colin deftly held Merle’s cock in his hand and began jacking back and forth, up and down, all the while looking with strange fascination into Merle’s eyes.

“Like it?” he asked.

“Oh, quick,” Merle called out and pushed Colin’s head down. “Take me in your mouth; I’m going to...oh, yes.”

Next morning Colin fixed breakfast while Merle fussed with the French press coffee maker. After a leisure meal, they showered, shaved and made ready for whatever the day might bring. They didn’t have long to wait.

DeDe came in showing a wide smile. A ‘junior mister America’ complete with biceps and abs to match was behind her.

“This is Bren,” she said.

Bren shook hands and gave the boys an affable smile. “We have some time to discuss procedures here,” he said looking at each boy with fervent circumspection. There was no doubt in the boy’s minds that Bren was indeed a man of action. The bulge in his crotch left little to the imagination.

As the four of them sipped coffee and munched on some oatmeal cookies,

Bren and DeDe outlined the plan in place the boys would follow.

Plan of Action

Bren quickly distributed two printed pages. It was apparent to both Colin and Merle that many hands had read them before. They were worn from erasures and handling.

“This is the procedure,” he said with an air of importance. “Let me say up-front that you two are not the

first ones here, nor will you be the last. The difference now is that we have a marketing approach called "New Era Girls". Once this is established we will be able to advertise, like a personals ad, girls that are sexually adept, well educated, companionable and attractive. You will learn to walk, talk, dance, write and flirt. The physical changes are merely a means of making you presentable. The training is the important part."

DeDe smiled. "Bren will help you to understand what men want from girls should you find yourselves in a master-slave situation. I will demonstrate and instruct how to seduce and satisfy a woman. You already are thinking about lovely young girls, daughters, whatever and whomever, but it might be any woman at any station at any stage of life that turns to you for erotic attention."

Bren cleared his throat. "We have reports that some very wealthy men will purchase you for your services and, in time, trade them out to others in their social set. Life will be very comfortable if, and only if, you please the authority figures in your life."

Merle frowned. "We are to be fuck toys. Is that it?"

"Don't be gross," DeDe said with a grin. "You can begin right now to be proper, courteous, sensitive young ladies. This brings us to your wardrobe which is first on the list."

Colin glanced at the paragraph outlining accepted apparel for the 'girl of someone's dreams'. Hats, scarves, jackets, blouses, lingerie, stockings, shoes; the list seemed endless. "At least I don't need a corset," he said slyly and glanced at Merle. "I can hope we will be well fed."

“Of this you may be assured,” Bren said slightly amused like he had some other quip in mind. “Once the purchase is made you become an expensive piece of property. Some men love automobiles and cruising yachts; your employers love pretty girls that don’t mess with their daughters or disrupt their households.”

“How do you know that?” Colin interrupted.
“About the daughters, I mean.”

DeDe was quick. “Every young guy in this program had to be accepted according to certain criteria. You have to be educated, slight of build, intelligent, all with an acceptable attitude. Foremost, you are both homosexuals. As such, you are certainly guaranteed you won’t fall prey to the wiles and wonders of young daughters in the household. Is that clear?”

Both boys nodded. “Transparently,” Merle voiced with disdain.

“We are trying to make the best of a future that to most men would amount to a running disaster,” Colin said with a sincere tone.

Bren seemed impatient to finish the plan. “We make it clear at the outset that you will be easily led to satisfying women in the household. If this is not satisfactory, we will withdraw you and hopefully find someone else more to their liking.”

“Does that go for the men as well?” Merle asked.

Bren was quick to answer. “Yes; you both have exquisite oral features which will be in demand. In addition, some men need anal penetration. In short, without the surgery which is now being scheduled, you are both very likely candidates. If it is any comfort, we have entered into some very satisfactory agreements

such as these we are now discussing. That the customer clients require a sex change is only incidental."

DeDe chuckled. "As long as they pay the bill, of course."

Bren stood up. "That about covers what you need to know. I caution you to remain here as acceptable surgical candidates. You will meet many folks of many walks of life. Forget any desires of escape. You will not be happy with the way you are handled when you are caught and returned here by the authorities."

He stormed out of the room as if in anger but the boys knew it was just an act.

Colin and Merle saw the months ahead of them as a challenge and tried to adjust without being hostile. Several weeks passed and they finally came to terms with their future.

Vanquished

As lingerie class was breaking up, Merle hurriedly stuffed his study materials into his backpack and left the room.

Colin was doing the same but taking more time to carefully organize what he needed to do.

"Colin," DeDe called to him. "Please be a dear and help me put up all this projection stuff." She tugged at some cords and wound them into the overhead power point unit for storage.

Colin dutifully went through the procedures until DeDe was satisfied.

“That should be all right until next time,” Colin said hoping his efforts had been appreciated. “If you need an assistant, I’ll volunteer.”

She moved on him. With one arm around his waist she pulled until his body brushed hers. “You have been really neat these past months. It’s time for us to go for a walk,” she said with an air of mystery. After securing the equipment locker, they went out into the early evening. The lights on the harbor gave dimension to the night. “See the sailing ship? It’s there on the right side just unfurling about a ton of wet sails. It’s the ‘*Shanghai Joe*’, the schooner that knocks around the Caribbean from port-to-port hustling passengers, cargo and all. Beautiful to watch it under full sail.”

“Elegant,” Colin said absently. He stared at her until she caught him.

She cleared her throat. “Have you thought up a name yet?”

“Oh, maybe; I have a few ideas. I thought it best to keep at least the first initial, “C”. I am thinking ‘Coly’ or ‘Cowly’ or ‘Cory’; like that. Why do you ask? Merle has already decided on ‘Merry’ which I said was wishful thinking.” He smiled. “You know, DeDe, you have made a lot of people happy with their individual tasks here just by being you. We all appreciate you.”

DeDe was quiet for a long moment as they walked along the ridge overlooking the panoramic harbor scene. She grasped his hand and they walked quietly for several more yards. “Your comment is well taken, young Mister Foote. What you and the others don’t seem to realize is that I’ve taken your needs to heart without asking anything in return. Are you perhaps curious about that?”

He glanced at her and back to the sights of the harbor. Little boats were scurrying across the port like water bugs. "Merle and I agree you are very pretty, DeDe. Do you perhaps have a lover stashed in this huge complex of buildings? It would make sense. Maybe one of the doctors sees through your act to who you really are."

She giggled and they stopped, still holding hands. "And, tell me Colin, who do you think I really am?"

He chuckled. "You mean other than the girl from Ashtabula, Ohio, don't you?"

"Yes," she laughed and resumed the walk. "Were you interested in the lecture series on sexual deviations?"

"Of course; everyone was fascinated. You made so many things clear. I notice you say deviation rather than degenerate or perversion. If a girl does something to satisfy some sexual itch, it can be called a delightful fetish or some such. If a guy does the same thing, he is a 'perv' or worse. Tell me how you resolve that."

"I don't because the act, whatever you had in mind, is in the eye of the beholder. For that reason, further thought, legislation or weak tradition is not valid. There are many examples in everyday newscasts. All very subtle with a naughty twist of the terms."

He laughed. "You are delightful, DeDe Devine. Where are you going with all this?"

They turned onto a shaded path leading away from the overlook. She led him until they came to a log cabin. "This is my home. Everyone needs someplace to escape the daily tensions. Do you agree?"

He suppressed a faint tremor of anxiety. "Why did you bring me here? Are you fixing dinner or opening

the beer?" he asked with an effort at light-hearted levity.

They went onto the porch. He waited while she unlocked the door. "Unless you object, we are going to have some private lessons. First of all, with the drugs and medications over the past months you have no doubt begun to feel some changes in your body. They are gradual so you may not be particularly aware of them. Eventually you will not have male sex organs. You will be obliged to use your fingers, lips and tongue to satisfy the object of your desire. Have you had sex with a girl?"

"I knew it!" he exclaimed. "You didn't bring me all this way to play tiddlywinks."

She grinned. "You didn't answer my question, young Colin Foote. You were saying some lover is near that understand the real me. I'd like your opinion."

"About a lover or my perceptions? Wait! I like to believe you escaped from wherever you came from because of some deep anguish, a debilitating pain that refused to be resolved. That makes you a guy; oh, sorry, a gal with a past."

She burst out laughing. "You are indeed a dear," she said as she brought two frozen globes of beer from the kitchen. "You do tend to think the worst. It was an affair of the heart. My high school girlfriend was my super support. I was active in intramural sports, took her to dances, concerts, guest lectures, all of it. Yet, even being such an important part of life, she was not sexually attracted to me. That's not easy for a guy; rejection is a big lump in the throat even for a young man. I wanted her in the worst way and, naturally, as time went on my desire for her turned to an unrequited passion."

“That’s no reason to go dashing off to this foreign French state for a sex change.”

“Correct again, my top student. I finally mustered enough courage to confront her which involved a threat to break up with her. In my super-ego mind I thought that would make her agreeable. Wrong! She admitted she has had an on-going love affair with her best friend at school, an attractive redhead we both knew. To rub salt in my wounded ego, she gave me a detailed picture of how they made love, the girl-to-girl ecstasy; all of it.”

“Ouch! I can see it. You agreed to be a girl and do all those rapturous moves if she would just allow it.”

“Correct again. The worst thing happened. She laughed at me and told me not to let the door slam me on the behind on the way out. It was a dismal end but a new awakening. You see the result. One footnote; I am happy here but once in awhile when I go down on some pretty girl, that old wound opens up and I abandon myself to a fantasy so physical it sometimes scares me.”

Colin was pensive. “I owe you an apology. I’d no right to dredge up so much pain. I admire you and in lots of ways I want to be like you. Am I forgiven?”

She leaned closer and kissed him. “One does not apologize for being honest. You asked; I answered. Let it go; I did.”

He blinked back some tears. “I only want what’s best for you.”

Their first really impassioned kiss was next and they both held it until Colin parted his lips to let her tongue explore.

She pulled him closer and dropped her hand onto his lap. "We are told here that any TG can respond in dozens of different ways. It so happens I'm extremely attracted to you. I don't feel that way about many men, or women either for that matter. You have a special spark which is probably why you are here contemplating your future."

He accepted her hand fondling the bulge between his legs. "When you were a big locker room hero, did you watch the guys; admire their bodies, like that?"

"If I did, I was not aware of it. There were the usual jock-jokes about sex but we all laughed. After I finished training in the feminine arts, I found I was admired by several men. I went on a date to Fort de France one lovely summer evening and after a superb dinner and a sail on the water, was introduced to the art of fellatio. It was my first time and, honestly, I made a mess of it but the gentleman was very tolerant. Have you gone down on a guy? Merle?"

"Uh, yes; I like it. My first experience was with the dean at school. Like you, I was a popular athlete. He wanted me and seduced me in his office. He was such an authority figure I would have done most anything to please him. All he wanted was my mouth and that was my first experience."

They kissed again. DeDe kept working his erection until it was firm. As she reached for his belt buckle, she looked up at him with a relentless stare. "Do you want me to?"

He looked longingly at her beautiful face and sensual lips. All she had come to mean to him over the months flooded his emotions. He had to quell sobs of joy while trying to keep control. Finally, he said, "Yes, do it."

She slowly unzipped his slacks and dug inside to find his hard cock. "This might be a beginning between us. Does that bother you?"

"I don't know; I just want you to do it to me. I've had to hurdle so many consequences since arriving here, yours should be the most agreeable." He watched in intense fascination as the charming girl worked with her lips and fingers to please him. The bountiful head of hair bobbing up and down with a vivid message of lust was beyond distraction.

Eventually she sat up, gulped some beer to rinse her mouth and looked longingly at the sated young man so newly linked to her own destiny. "You are wonderful," she whispered.

"May I say the same for you? That was the soul of seduction for

true." He kissed her again and toyed with her lips using a firm tongue tip. As he unbuttoned her blouse, he admitted, "I think I know why you brought me here. It's for me to find the path myself, isn't it?"

"My need is so much greater than yours," she answered. "But you have to learn for yourself what gives you the most pleasure. I did and now look at us."

"I want to do it for you. Do I need a reason?"

"Oh, you already have the desire; there is no better reason."

Though the few brief past experiences had left him temporarily impotent as well as asexual in interest, the flowing field of flesh was an invitation. He sank his chin lower until he could fondle her breasts with his lips and tongue. Her squeals of delight encouraged him.

"I didn't know," he whispered in a hoarse voice, "I've wanted to do this so much. Even the thought is intense enough to overcome me." He slid off her slacks and tugged at her thong. "I need this."

"Come along, darling boy/girl. I want to remember your lust-torn face when you look up at me."

He scrambled between her legs and began nibbling at her thigh as he approached the swollen mons. His firm tongue tip wound a path through the crinkly pubic bush. The gentle, loving and tender cunnilingus followed.

DeDe threw her hips up, reached frantically to capture Colin's head to guide him and tore at his hair with her sensitive fingers. "Yes; now," she called out. "Eat me."

Politics

Bren looked up from some data entries he was making on his computer. "Well, Mister Foote; thank you for stopping by my office."

"The proctor gave me your message," Colin said. He wore tight white shorts and a bulky sweat shirt with the red letters 'TEE GEE' emblazoned on the front.

He looked at the name plate on the desk top. "Bert Brendan" was in gold letters. Beneath that it said 'Administrative Assistant.'

Bren smiled and put his finger tips together. "You are approaching the halfway point in your time with us," he began with a friendly tone. "It has been a pleasure to monitor your progress. Should we be discuss-

ing any issues bothering you? Your perception of your future is important to success."

He was briefly in shock. "Issues? Probably more than a dozen when I came here. Some time and the marvelous DeDe Devine melted away the coldest glaciers."

Bren chuckled. "She is good at that. If you are in love with her, you can join the rest of us. A determined woman, certainly." He shifted nervously in his swivel chair. "You are the first of our efforts to provide what our marketing names 'New Era Girls'. We have several successful TGs that have followed the same pattern of change of which we now speak. The difference is that we've given it a name. Eventually, we hope your proficiency will help make this title a credit to the transgendered lifestyle."

"And, if it doesn't? What then?"

His wan smile gave away his concern. "That is exactly what concerns us. It is one task to re-invent the wheel, another to name it. DeDe reported to me, in confidence of course, that you nearly exploded with enthusiasm while performing cunnilingus. She was immensely pleased, naturally. Our concern borders on the threat of the bisexual approach. As such, we are running a risk. Can you see my point?"

Colin's mind was racing to process what Bren was telling him. "You mean, you're afraid I might like the girl's pussy too much? The master of the house might not take kindly if he catches his darling daughter bouncing on the mattress under my skilled cunnilingus. Yes, I can see that. Might that apply as any taboo house rule? Therefore, the risk would be mine, not yours."

“You are a born diplomat; eloquent,” Bren answered. “You have clarified my thoughts precisely. It is entirely possible, given our experience, that after the surgery, you will not find the same state of arousal. Give us a clue. Do you and Merle Clark exchange oral sex with each other? Do you like going down on him?”

Colin stared intently into Bren’s eyes. He did not waver. “I believe myself to be a member of the gay community. As such, consider that I might stray from that role should the mood suit me.”

“Well said, young man. We put this topic on the shelf for now. After surgery we will discuss it further. There might be other opportunities open in your future. I share DeDe’s respect for your intellect. Looking at all you’ve been through, we recognize you as an individualist.” He stood and looked down on Colin with a fierce gleam in his eyes. The height had an intimidating affect.

Colin gulped nervously as he looked up at the imposing man towering above him. “I am at your service, sir,” he managed to squeak. “Am I dismissed?”

“Yes, run along to class. It has been a pleasure.” He turned to a stack of unopened mail on his desk.

Colin let himself out and breathed a sigh of relief once out onto the corridor. ‘What was that all about?’ he asked his brain committee. ‘I have a hunch there will be more to the tall man than he lets us know. What will Merle have to say about this?’ He hurried to class arriving just as the lecture started.

That evening Colin waited patiently for Merle to get out of the shower. He decided to go into the narrow bath wrapped only in a towel damp from the escaping steam. He sat on the commode.

Finished with a sound scrubbing, Merle stood in the doorway to the shower.

“Your breasts are bigger than mine,” Colin said with an impish grin.

Merle pulled down a towel. “Think of it,” he said slowly. “I’m a chick with a dick.”

“That’s gross,” Colin answered. “Did you have the meeting with Bren yet?”

“This morning. It was routine. He wanted to know if I was happy here. I told him I was but I was not happy with what they intended to do to my new body.”

Colin stood up. He set his towel on the hook and turned to quickly embrace his friend. “I was kidnapped last evening. DeDe came by and carried me off to her love nest in the woods. She went down on me; I returned the favor. Today, Bren knew all about it and we discussed bisexuality.”

“I wondered where you had disappeared to. I fell asleep and this morning you were more distant than usual. The question remains. Were you the kidnapper or the kidnapped?”

Colin laughed. “Good question; I’ll let you know.”

After the shower, Colin told Merle he was going for a walk to think over the events of the day. He wandered to the overlook and sat on the concrete bench to watch the harbor lights. ‘I’m over believing they are picking on me,’ he thought. ‘DeDe and Bren are up to something but I cannot imagine what it might be. Their concern over the emerging marketing principle seems exaggerated to me. If it works, fine. If not, drop it.’ He stretched by grabbing one hand with the other. ‘One way to find out,’ he pondered.

The path to DeDe's log cabin was so well concealed in the bushes, he almost missed it. After several steps he was able to make out the lights winking through the shrubbery. He stopped on the porch and, before knocking, decided to sit on the swing to gather his courage.

Voices came from inside. A man and a woman could be heard in either deep discussion or an argument. He crept to the window and peeked through the blinds.

DeDe Devine and Bren were in the living room. He tried to understand what was being said but he did hear his name mentioned several times. He sat back down on the swing and wondered what he should do.

At that moment, the front door swung open and Bren stood alone. He was amazed to see Colin sitting there so quietly.

"Did you have an appointment?" he asked playfully.

"I was out for a walk," Colin stammered. "I did not intend to interrupt your, uh, meeting."

Bren took Colin by the hand and led him back into the cabin. "Look who I found sitting on your porch like a lost puppy?"

DeDe came into the room. "Oh! Colin; how nice. Do come in. Bren and I were just discussing you. Our good luck, here you are."

Colin's first thought was to bolt and run up the path to safety. He knew well enough there was no escape so he did not resist. "The reason I'm here is that I'm not all there," he repeated weakly wondering why he said that. 'Admit it, Colin,' he said to his brain committee. 'You are stupid.' He frowned.

"I talked to this young TG today," Bren said softly. "I think he came here to get laid."

DeDe embraced Colin. As they kissed, Bren stood next to them, one hand on DeDe's breast, his other hand on Colin's trim derriere. After the kiss, DeDe began to tug off Colin 'Tee Gee' shirt. Colin obediently raised his arms to allow it.

"Handsome or nubile," Bren said observing Colin's naked torso. "Take your choice."

"What are you going to do to me?" Colin said with a nervous stutter.

Without answering, Bren slipped one hand inside Colin's slacks and began a tantalizing stroking of the lad's cock. "You're right," he said to DeDe. "He does have a big one. He is far enough along in the transit regimen to be somewhat flaccid but not a concern."

"Let's go into the bedroom," DeDe said without looking directly at the frightened youngster. She led Colin to stand by the bed while she opened his trousers and tugged them until they dropped exposing his legs. Colin kicked off his shoes and stepped out of the trousers bunched around his ankles.

Wasting no time with formality, Bren grasped the waist band of his briefs with both hands and deftly tore the flimsy material away from Colin's body. He continued caressing Colin's backside. "Great firm buns," he said admiring Colin's nakedness.

The next motion was so quick it seemed practiced. Bren forced Colin's hand onto his crotch and moved it back and forth so Colin could feel his erection.

DeDe smiled. "This had to happen sooner or later," she said and kissed him on the shoulder. "As a transgendered male, the sweet young girl you will be-

come can be called on to perform. You seem to have a build for what Bren has in mind."

Colin gulped. "Please; you've both been nice to me. Why this act? Are you trying to intimidate me? I don't want to do anal; at least not yet. I'm not ready."

He shuddered as Bren ran one finger along the lower cleavage and pressed the anal sphincter gently.

"Pink and new," he said gleefully. "Some help here, Colin, get on your knees. DeDe, pillow, please."

DeDe threw a pillow off the bed onto the floor between Bren's feet. "He should be able to get you hard," she said laughing. "Patience, darling." She stroked Colin's shoulder and next pressured him to kneel in front of Bren.

"Well; go ahead," Bren said. He watched fascinated as Colin expertly released the belt buckle and unzipped the fly.

Colin blinked as the half-erect cock swung out in front of him. He took it with both hands.

She caught both shoulders and cupped his chin gently. Next she moved his

head by forcing from the back of his neck. She looked at Bren. "Are you going to go bareback or should I get a condom?"

Bren lovingly stroked Colin's flexing cheeks. "Virgins get bareback," he answered in a low lusty voice. "It's sanitary."

DeDe laughed. "Sanitary! Oh, Bren; that's funny."

Colin closed his mind to the burning reality. He continued jacking and sucking until Bren was satisfied he was not going to get any harder.



"I'm like a length of pipe now," he said. "This kid is good." He finished undressing as DeDe led the boy onto the bed.

"All fours," she said to Colin.

Colin did as asked and put his head low almost to the mattress. He raised his hips and waited. When DeDe smeared some emollient on his anus, it seemed soothing. Yet, his mind was racing. "Not me, not now," he kept repeating.

Bren wriggled into position, knees between Colin's knees, and came down with a vigorous smack on Colin's fleshy buttocks with both hands. Colin yelped and felt the first insertion. It was Bren's finger plying and exercising the entrance to the rectum. Next, he felt Bren's hard cock pushing and with one final thrust the fat knob was past the sphincter.

Colin bucked and bit his lip to keep from calling out. The hard cock was thrusting a few inches at a time, withdrawing slightly before the next push. When Colin's rectum was finally full, he knew it was an experience he would never forget. Like a virgin on her wedding night, the frantic rutting and shoving broke through physical as well as mental barriers.

Bren kept plowing until he finally moaned and gave up to the insistent tingling in his loins. He next filled Colin's squirming rear with spurts of hot semen. When he withdrew, Colin closed his eyes and fell sideways onto the bed.

It was over.

The Insanity

The time-demanding courses kept the two TGs, Colin and Merle, very busy. There were classes, bouts with the wardrobe mistress and little time for diversion.

Finally, as the surgery schedule grew closer, Merle woke up one night in a pool of perspiration and screamed. "This is insane; we have to get out of here. He hurriedly dressed and headed for the door.

By then, Colin was awake and tried to block Merle's headlong flight. "Wait, Merle. This will do no good. Rushing about in the middle of the night only exposes you to worse fate. We have to think this through. Come on; I'll open some wine."

Merle stopped at the doorway. Hesitating, he turned to speak to Colin. "I feel like prize beef being led to the slaughter."

"Yes; it is true. The treatment here is like 'brain washing'. Yet, down deep inside me, I feel the same way you do. Something is very wrong when people like DeDe and Bren do their hired work on the innocents."

Merle sobbed and raised both hands in the air. "What did we do? Nothing! Is there life after losing one's manhood? I have a better knowledge now than I had back in school but that does not change the monstrous plan to disfigure me and relegate me to some domestic service over which I've no control."

Colin coaxed him away from the door. "Come on; have something to drink. We have to talk."

Merle accepted the tumbler of wine. Ice crystals tinkled against the glass. "Talk all you want; where is the logic?"

Colin stretched. "Turn back the clock to the day you were born. This is no random fantasy. In reality, considering your preferences, you were born a girl with a guy's sexual equipment. In a way, you have been able

to enjoy the contrast but it is time to be the girl you were meant to be."

Merle remained quiet as he thought over Colin's words which, he knew full well, were meant to calm him. "Well, all right. I enjoy having sex with you so much I've come to crave it. Can I expect the same response when I am a girl? That isn't the issue, is it? As I see it, we have been sold into domestic slavery because of our preferences. Grossly unfair."

Colin put one arm around Merle's shoulders. "I know, lover friend that you are, that you gave me intense pleasure when you took me with your mouth. If such an event was satisfying for you, well, you've answered your own question. Your life will be to pleasure other men and women with your sexual talents. Keeping your body fit and ready will be your task in existence. Let that go and your pleasing recreation will go with it."

Merle frowned. "If it's all right with you, I would just as soon keep what I have. It seems manageable."

"Obviously, it isn't up to me. Look at our situation in a different light. I've learned that we are only a couple guys in a pipeline of sexual services that is continuing. The difference is that the plan has been so successful, they are willing to invest, risk is the word, in marketing our talents to get a more in-depth financial return. Not difficult to understand but, like you, I'm having difficulty accepting it."

Merle finally was ready to admit what was really torturing him. "You told me Bren reamed out your tail. I know it is going to happen but I'm terrified by the thought. The fact that thousands of other guys and gals have endured the same does not make it any easier. Did you like it? If you did, have you wanted to try it on

someone else?" He held one knee in both hands and waited.

"I think I had pain because I was expecting it. It was not as excruciating as I'd been led to believe. We both have to realize that anal sex might one day be the major attraction in our lives. DeDe told me that repeated stretching of the sphincter and lower bowel will loosen it making insertion more pleasurable. Other procedures are surgical which, she suggests, should be avoided."

"What you just said is that we should engage in as much anal as we can or they will cut us open. Wow! Is that motivation?"

Colin drained his glass. "Come on to bed. Tomorrow will be another day of adventure."

Merle crawled between the covers. "Are you going to, uh, do it to me?"

"Only if you beg for it," Colin said laughing.

"You need but three letters to spell your name and your obsession. A-S-S."

"Where does the wise part fit in there?"

Merle snuggled against his friend and sighed. "I don't know any of this stuff; not even why we are discussing it. OK, I'm begging."

"You have a new outlook," Colin said slowly. "You have accepted that you must raise your hips to encourage insertion because, if you don't, it will be the knife and nothing, but nothing, will ever work again like it is supposed to."

"So, quit talking," Merle said and began stroking Colin's crotch. "Maybe I'll like being a girl. Is the surgery reversible? You're right; tomorrow is more adven-

ture. The red letters on the calendar keep getting closer.”

#

A week away from the scheduled transgender surgery Colin felt a wave of apprehension. ‘This is impossible,’ he thought over and over. ‘After this much time and all the instruction, I should be mentally conditioned but I’m not.’ He continued cogitating. ‘I do like the girl’s world open to me. I like the feel of soft and silky lingerie. I like the idea of having sex with pretty girls. That thought is new. The things I like are all of a sudden a threat to me. Right! This is impossible.’

He tucked one pillow between his knees and another behind his head. Sleep claimed his body but not his mind as he slipped into a vivid dream.

Colin, now Cory, walked down a long corridor. Flickering lights sent ominous shadows from wall to wall. There were no windows. Approaching another hallway, she was grabbed by two heavy handed and muscle-bound thugs and shoved into a cubicle. The door slammed behind her. Her dress had been torn from her shoulder and she limped across the bare floor because one spiked heel had been broken. There was a tiny ‘night light’ next to a basin; hardly enough to illuminate the room.

As her eyes adjusted to the darkness, she saw a stuffed easy chair and a bunk. She sat on the edge of the bed and held still to stop the creaking box springs. Suddenly there was ominous silence until she dropped the broken shoe to the floor.

Terror claimed all her senses and she shuddered. Certain there was some physical harm impending, she

pulled the covers up to her chin. She was right. A new horror came out of the shadows. Hands grabbed her and held her down. After that she was in the dungeon with a madman in the thrall of a demon. A demented mountain goat with copious lipstick wandered in and out. She could hear maniacal laughter coming from beyond her sight.

Her dress was ripped from her body and thrown aside. Her ankles and wrists were caught in tight manacles. New multiple sexual acts were next.

A dreadful fright tore at her mind. Visions of people out of her past came crashing into the scenario. The football jock in high school that tormented

without mercy moved on her demanding fellatio. The nice girl in chem-lab deftly settled erect, her genitals covered his mouth, naked thighs holding his head. The dean was there along with Merle and DeDe Devine and Bren; all intent on drawing every vestige of sexuality out and pounding it into submission. The last in the parade of pain was Jacob Sluyh ready to ream and rant his need in her backdoor.

She screamed and tore the scene out of her mind.

Colin awoke, he saw Merle approach the bed. He was soaked in sweat and felt a new dizziness that made the room spin. He passed out.

When he regained consciousness, DeDe, Bren and Merle were attentive in their concern. Bren wanted to call the medics.

“No,” he said slowly, “I’m all right. Just a bad dream; well, no, a nightmare. It is possible all the events of the immediate future I’ve been ignoring came together in a dream. It was awful.”

“Of course, Darling,” DeDe said smoothing hair away from his forehead. “It was a reaction; not unusual. Are you determined enough now to go through to meet your destiny?”

Merle sat on the other side of the bed and let one hand rest on Colin’s shoulder. He said nothing but the tears misting his eyes declared his concern.

“Do I have an option?” Colin asked. He tried to lift himself by digging his elbows into the mattress. “No, I thought not.” He watched Bren turn to go and, wonder upon wonders, let his gaze focus on the sensual turn of Bren’s derriere.

“We can have the doctor recommend a sedative,” DeDe said as she remained next to him.

He looked at her elegant face and figure. “No, you are enough to calm the raging beast.” He tried to smile.

Alone again, he spoke to Merle. “How are you handling all this?” he asked after some thought. “Do you have nightmares, quivering thoughts about sex?”

Merle’s wan smile was the answer. “I think I’ve grown since we were brought here. The feminine way of life, the new lifestyle, is very attractive now. If we have been forced to be in some way opposed to our nature, the result appears to be a challenge. Maybe your terrible nightmare will be the end of it.”

“Hope so; get some rest. More physical therapy tomorrow,” Colin said because he didn’t want to think any more about night sweats, lost sexuality and destiny. In the middle of the night, he was still wide-eyed and consumed with thoughts. “Merle, are you awake?”

“I was but I had to make a trip to the bathroom. I tried to be quiet so as not to disturb you.”

"I had a lab partner in high school. I know now she liked me but, of course, I'd no interest in her charms then. Now I feel like calling her up and apologizing. She was nice to me and I ignored her. Maybe I was afraid of her; it's possible I still am. What do you think?"

"I think she wanted you to go down on her; nice girl or not."

"Maybe that was the reason. I would be glad to do it now; I liked her as a person. Now I remember her neat figure and the wholesome demeanor. Do you think all these chemicals they've been dumping into our systems have given us a new attitude to go with the new body?"

"Go to sleep, Colin/Cory. Time will give you some answers."

"Will you still desire me when we are both girls?"

Merle was impatient. He pounded the pillow with his fist. "How the hell do I know? I'm trying to survive the same demons that gave you the madness dream. Go to sleep."

The Isolation Room

Daily events continued as planned until Merle and Colin were both summoned by the administrator.

"Now is the time you have to go into isolation. We have some tests to run and some follow-up tasks to monitor your responses. Oh, one important caution. No sex while in the isolation room. You will be at rest most of the time but other moments may be filled with anxiety which you usually alleviate by masturbation. We

want to track some normal events in your sexuality for comparison later. It is a clinical study and nothing to worry about. Any questions?"

"I want to go home," Merle said.

The administrator smiled. "Perfectly understandable. The definition of 'home' might undergo some alterations but I am convinced you will survive. There can be no doubt you both will be very attractive girls. Think of the wide sexual horizons which will be open to you."

Colin frowned. "So you've been telling us. Can you give us any idea what our future might entail?"

"Yes, something we can hang our douche bag on?" Merle said. His voice was deep showing his emotion.

The administrator was amused. "Careful how you use that phrase. It is slang for an unsavory person; American, I think."

The stern man, an authority behind the huge desk hesitated then waved them away. That afternoon they were in isolation.

Naked in an intense field of white and light, Colin stretched out on the hospital style bed. He fluffed a linen sheet and covered himself. He was happy he had because at that moment a young girl he had never seen before came into the room wheeling a stainless steel cart containing all kinds of medical and surgical paraphernalia.

She smiled sweetly. "You have a guest, Cory Foote," she said with a teasing inflection in her voice. "I have some medications for you and later a shot to bring you to dreamland."

"I've been to that dreamland," he answered self-consciously. "Do you have anything else? Maybe some hundred proof?"

She wrinkled her nose playfully and parked the cart. She smiled fully when DeDe Devine came into the room. The two girls embraced briefly and Colin could infer they were lovers.

DeDe came to the bedside. "I'll be with you through the entire procedure," she said with conviction.

"Clue me in," Colin said quickly. "Have they scheduled a complete or partial procedure?"

DeDe kissed him on the forehead. "The time window indicates complete which means you will have a vagina. I had the same thoughts when I went through it. You probably recall from your instruction that the skin of the penis is used to form a vagina. In that way, they avoid any rejection problems. However, you can never be certain of the outcome when much of what needs to be done is discovered during the surgery. Special skills might change the result. Time will tell. Trust us; we have a lot more time and expense invested in you and Merle than you know."

Colin managed a smile. He looked around. "Is that girl gone? Is she coming back?"

DeDe chuckled. "I told her to give us a few minutes. Next you get to take some meds and, after that, a shot to put you in fanciful limbo. Why do you ask?"

"Do you know I love you?" he said smartly.

"And I love you; to be sure. What is on your horny mind, my randy friend?"

"Uh, since you were once a guy, you know what I'm thinking. In a while I will no longer be able to expe-

rience what you gave me with your marvelous and talented mouth. Oh, DeDe; come on, love. One more time?"

Even before he had started stammering, DeDe moved one hand onto his crotch and began a gentle stroking motion. "Truth be known, I'd rather have a girl but, as Will Rogers said, I can make an exception in your case."

"I'll pay you back; consider it a loan."

She tugged at the sheet and exposed his firm erection. "Well, yes; that's a deal but with interest. I want to be your first girl. Agreed?" She grasped with thumb and index finger. She gave him a last, long tantalizing look as she bent to the task and did her best to comfort him.

Part II – The New Era Girls

Cory Foote and Merry Clark

Cory led the way into Bren's office.

"So, two sweet young girls, come in," Bren said expansively. "Your initial assignment has been arranged." He hesitated while he carefully scanned both girls as they sat primly in the straight back chairs in front of his desk. "Lovely, yes; worthy as well."

"What is to become of us?" Merry broke in. "Can we remain together?"

He smiled. "For the moment, yes."

Merry squirmed in the chair and crossed her legs. The brief miniskirt rode on her thighs. Red and orange tassels on the hemline made the patterned fabric like a Scottish kilt. Her svelte figure did not escape Bren's attention. She leaned forward and hunched her shoulders to display the inviting cleavage line.

Cory spoke next. "We have learned over these many months that your time is valuable. Why are we here?"

Cory's form-fitting skirt hinted at the legs beneath.

Both girls smiled as if indulging but beneath the controlled expressions there burned a conflicted terror difficult to manage.

"DeDe will accompany you to the airport to be certain you get on the correct flight. Our transfer agent will meet the flight at Heathrow. You know him but he won't recognize either of you. It is Hal Hawser. You will get your first exposure as the modern sophisticated young ladies that you've become by assisting

Captain Hawser with his next tourist group. There is more on this but you can no doubt guess the requirements.”

“North Africa again?” Merry said nervously. “As I recall, escaping into the underworld culture there would be easier than, for example, London or New York.”

“So you have your freedom in mind. Well,” he began carefully, “I’ve made up this brief list of the most recent twenty-five TGs to process here.”

Cory and Merry slid forward on their chairs and took the pages he wanted them to see. On the left margin were very feminine names. Next, centered, their various graduation dates followed by a location of their first assignments. A ‘follow-up’ survey showed the most recent accommodations. Two ‘finalists’ were blank.”

Cory saw the missing two immediately. She noted the names. “Bren, these two, uh, Gravat and Cursey, their survey results are missing.”

He frowned and stared at the two girls. “We finally located them trying to get passage from Tunis to Rome. They had unfortunate accidents and are no longer in our happy group.” He kept the unrelenting gaze until the importance was clear.

“You murdered them,” Cory said with a shudder. “Was that necessary?”

“It is procedure. When any TG becomes, ah, unreliable they are no longer of value. Please keep that in mind. If either of you try anything foolish, remember that our search will not stop until justice is done.”

“Justice!” Merry spat out the words. “Do not speak to us about justice. You’ve made your point so don’t confuse the issue.”

He stood up to dismiss them. “As long as you understand the risk. I believe you are both intelligent enough to stay in the fold.” He walked with them to the door. “By the way, it was not an accident. Both girls died a dismal death as you can well imagine. Best of luck to you.” He closed the door behind them.

DeDe was waiting for them. She looked fresh and beautiful in a business suit with a frilly lace blouse. “Truly,” she whispered as they walked away from Bren’s office, “I shall miss both of you. Somehow I’ve convinced myself you will do well which will validate our program. Cruising on the high seas with all the usual amenities doesn’t seem so bad, does it?”

“I’ll let you know,” Merry said with a sad note.

“Of course, yes; send me a postal card from each exotic fun spot. I have this package for each of you. Your bags are in the station wagon; we are ready to go.” She handed Cory and Merry a small packet.

The girls glanced at the contents—passports, licenses, fictitious letters with visible postal references, money and a small diary with a blunt pen attached.

The two girls clambered into the back seat. DeDe drove with what seemed to the girls a smug silence as if some vengeance had been satisfied.

At the security entrance, DeDe made a show of affection with hugs and kisses as if saying farewell to dear friends or relations. She remained in visual contact until the huge access door swung shut. They were on their way.

Two Raving Beauties

Cleared easily through customs, Cory and Merry retrieved their luggage from the carousel. Hal Hawser stood smiling as he stood near the doorway. The gaggle of passengers made him uncertain which of the many girls on the flight were his two salon stewardesses.

Cory tilted her head toward the captain and winked. He looked relieved when they finally approached him to identify themselves. Within the hour they were comfortably back on the sea-going cruiser, *The Tempest*.

They were already familiar with the boat and the available equipment. In the same stateroom as a year earlier, they found their uniforms. Silent, they dressed carefully after a refreshing bath. Neither wanted to burden the other with sullen thoughts.

The matching salon outfits were highlighted by faux-brocade vests with outside slit pockets. They assisted each other with the snap on bow tie and onyx studs in the top three blouse buttonholes. The skirt, as no surprise to either of them, was mid-thigh and snug enough to emphasize shapely thighs and derriere.

"Ah, wonderful," the captain said as they entered the salon. "Come sit down, have a drink and I'll explain our mission."

They sat where they could view the roiling channel waters through the wide picture window.

"Fine, Captain Hal," Cory said with a brief smile. "What's the plan?"

Merry paid rapt attention.

“Two stops,” he began with a twinkle in his eyes. “Pas de Calais to get the passengers. Eight students on holiday bound for the Isle de Capri. We pick up two more passengers at Fado, Portugal, en route.”

“What are our duties?” Cory asked. She did the mental arithmetic, ten people; five staterooms plus crew quarters.

“They will all gather here in the salon when they come aboard. I get to give a welcome speech. After that, I ask them to select a ‘buddy’ for the cruise. This has been successful in the past. Boys-girls, boys-boys, girls-girls; you know the drill.”

“So we circulate and make sure they are comfortable, get food and drinks, like that. Right?” Merry asked.

His deep set eyes turned deadly serious. “We have a mission, as I said. The master of the mosque has asked for the prettiest pair or foursome for delivery to the clients that pay him. It is up to you two to select the likely candidates and make the early moves to get them oriented. Trafficker agents don’t care about their appearance, just the commission. Obviously, they have to be acceptable from a salable standpoint.”

“What about those two girls we met earlier? Cass and Brean by name if I recall. Where are they now or perhaps we shouldn’t ask.”

He chuckled. “They lucked out and are working at a club in Algiers. Why do you ask? Oh, I know... they are both very attractive. Does that mean your new attitude includes girls now?”

Cory opted to remain mysterious. “Time will tell,” she said softly while looking directly into his eyes.

Satisfied that the girls were going to cooperate, Captain Hawser went to the wheelhouse to check their location, speed and time to transmit to others in the network.

Cory was standing aft next to a lifeboat stanchion when the captain stopped next to her.

"Great sunset," he said. "End of a perfect day. "We should dock early in the morning, take on supplies, like that. Are you and Merry comfortable?"

Cori sighed. "Yes. We had a fine supper and enough to drink to put Merry in la-la land for the night." She became immediately aware of his hand encircling her waist. "Please, Captain," she said as if startled. "You should be aware Merry and I have not healed entirely. There seems to have been some issue at this time or we would still be in recovery."

"No offense, dear," he said looking fore and aft along the companionway. I was advised by Bren that you are the better of the two of you for an extended romp in the bunk. I've had that in mind since I learned you would be on this cruise. Were you told where you might be posted later on?"

Finally, she blocked the searching hand cupping her buttocks. "No, but tell me, Captain. Are you included in our assignment as available courtesans?"

"Does that distress you?"

"No, not particularly but somehow I believed you would be our friendly assistant rather than exploiting agent."

"You seem angry. I did not do this to you. In a way, you did it to yourself. If anyone exploited you, it was the dean at school. He likes young boys. I remember very well how you qualify."

Cori shivered as if from an ill wind. "There have been moments, Captain," she said turning her face into the wind. It pulled the chock of hair from her face.

"Good; we understand each other." He moved his hand onto her shapely buns and pressed. "You are a lovely girl. Of course, it is true you were a handsome boy as well. Do you like being a girl now?"

"Some good; some bad," she answered suavely. She did not object when he put one arm across her shoulders. She yielded and his hand moved down to capture one breast.

"This is really amazing," he said admiring her figure. "I really didn't think it would come out so well. This new concept about the 'New Era Girls' has a warm ring to it."

"Not like cathedral bells; right, Captain?"

He cleared his throat. "I can see we are going to get on just fine. Come with me, please." He led her to his comfortable quarters behind the wheelhouse.

Cory braced her body and her resolve for an extended escapade at her expense. 'A bloody sailor boy, horny as a toad and as likely looking.' She was turning thoughts over in her mind. 'What have I come to?' She accepted a snifter of brandy and smiled.

"You have a nice scent," he said sniffing her hair.

"I enjoyed a thorough bath, shampoo and all, just before dinner."

He moved one hand to her thigh and pressed with his fingers. When she did not object, he moved his hand higher and began lightly stroking her vagina. "Do you like it when I do that?"

“Captain, please. Understand I am yet slightly tender there. Not painful or anything like that.”

He stretched out on a red love seat. “Come here, pretty little one,” he said and pulled her next to him.

They kissed and Cory was immediately aware of the masculine magnetism. A day’s growth of his beard was only stubble but it felt like sandpaper on her neck. She realized at that moment that the aroused captain was her first real experience since the transgender procedure. “Captain,” she whispered, “this is new to me. I’ve never done this before.”

He continued stroking her between the silken legs. “Is your memory so faulty?”

“I know what you mean; yes, I had some limited sexcapades before but the hormones and the operation have changed my attitude. Do you want me to be a girl or the guy you once knew?”

For reply, he pressed her shoulder and watched in fascination as she slid to her knees on the floor. He deftly opened the front of his slacks and grasped her hand forcing her to handle his cock. It was quickly erect, firm as iron. “Come closer, Cory. I want to watch you take it in your mouth.”

That was when she brought both hands up to control his cock. She leaned in and brushed the corona with her lips. She looked up at him. “Do you want me all the way?”

Out of breath, he managed an answer. “Yes; stay with it until I coat the inside of your pretty mouth. We’ll keep your tight rear door for later. Oh, yes; that’s it. Go now.”



Kissing, sucking, caressing and fondling, his impending ejaculation was a growing tingle until he raised his hips and moaned in delight.

Cory accepted some tissues and wiped her mouth and throat. "Captain; I'm glad you are happy with me."

"I think you liked doing that. Being expert at such a delicate task will earn you raves in the future." He put one arm around her waist. "The issue now is how you will behave with the girls. I hope you are ready to seduce some sweet young student during our cruise to the Mediterranean."

"I hope to avoid disappointing you, sir."

He sighed and smiled. "Come with me for a moment. I have something to show you which might help in the long boring days on the open sea."

She was curious as she followed him through a side door into a comfortable sitting room. He switched on the indirect lights. On one wall was an extensive collection of DVDs, music and movies, all neatly cataloged. "So this is where you disappear to when your duties allow. How very nice. In what way would this room help me through the boring hours on board?"

"You have a mission. When you pick out a likely candidate, you can ask her for a date to the movies. When she accepts, bring her here."

"Generous of you, sir," she said marveling at the unexpected amenity.

He embraced her again and ran his finger tip along her lips. When she parted, she licked his finger and sucked gently when he put it in her mouth. Next he dropped one hand onto her derriere and fingered the tight buns. "Lovely; you could be a top model on the Strand."

“Thank you,” she said smiling. “I’m glad we had this moment to get acquainted. Who are the passengers we are picking up in Portugal?”

“I only know I’ve been given instructions. Two women, I’m told.”

“Ah, top secret. I’ll not pry into such sensitive matters, Captain. I think I’ll be plenty busy when the students come on board.”

He walked with her to the door. “You gave me some stimulating head, young lady. You do indeed have an interesting future.”

Her smile was bright and her eyes sparkled in amusement. “You are kind, Captain Hawser,” she said and touched his arm. “I just don’t know what kind.”

Embarkation and Revelation

The mist on the water from the morning sun was wafting in fickle breezes. The Tempest slid smartly into the small harbor. Crewmen jumped on the wharf, tied off the lines and set the narrow gangplank in place.

The students wandered up the pier tugging their suitcases. Cory and Merry stood at the ready as the passengers came on board. Cory knew she looked official with the clipboard, directions and orientation leaflet. Merry assisted by stacking the luggage on the center deck.

Cory checked off the first name and directed a young girl to the salon to meet the captain. Others followed as they came on board. She credited the lack of enthusiasm to the early hour and perhaps a hangover from late night revelry.

As they grouped in the salon, Captain Hawser came in and called out for attention.

“Welcome, everyone. I hope this will be a restful cruise for each of you. We have the ‘buddy system’ here. Staterooms are double occupancy.” He glanced around the room and was satisfied all was in order. “We will be departing after some supplies are delivered and stowed away. Thank you for your cooperation.”

Cory stepped to the center and held the clipboard roster against her chest with both hands. “I can do the stateroom assignments now. My name is Cory; this is Merry. You can settle in your rooms until breakfast. It is announced by the ring of a metal triangle. If you miss a meal, don’t fret. There is always plenty to eat and drink here in the salon. Liquor, beer and wine are on the honor system. If you get a drink, please put your name on the little board on the wall over the cooler.”

One by one, each passenger came up to get the stateroom assignments. Cory noted the names and numbers as they were assigned. There were five girls and three boys. The left over pair was the girls. All the others in the queue were even genders; one boy, one girl, rooming together.

“This is one unhappy lot,” Cory said to one of the girls. “Is there an issue we should be aware of?”

The young girl laughed. “Issue? Hardly! We haven’t been to bed yet so don’t get your hopes up for a big breakfast.” She laughed and joined her girlfriend to go look for their stateroom.

When the captain received clearance from the harbor master, he eased The Tempest away from the land before increasing the speed.

In their stateroom, Cory and Merry relaxed. “Sullen bunch,” Merry said as she stretched on her bunk. “We

still should be in the salon for breakfast. I'm hungry even if nobody else is."

Cory laughed. "I thought the captain made a good presentation. We are on our way without knowing where exactly. This isn't a bad job but I don't think it will last very long."

Merry sighed. "Just until we complete our mission to find a couple girls for the likes of that Jacob Sluyh fellow. After that, we'll probably be assigned somehow. It is kind of scary but I'm willing to take it as it comes. What did you do last night while I was in the arms of Morpheus?"

"Walked around some. The captain invited me to his suite for a drink. He has some Canadian rye whiskey hidden in there. The purple sack stuff if you recall. He said it was brandy but I didn't contradict him."

Merry stood as if waiting for more information. "Well, did he hit on you or not?"

Cory giggled. "It is the duty of the captain to take inventory when necessary so that's what he did with me. He is friendly enough so I complied when he pushed me onto my knees in front of him."

Merry's eyebrows shot up. "You are not on board one day and already the captain gets a blow job. How did it go?"

"Go? Why do you ask? I'm an expert. You said so yourself."

Merry stomped her foot as if in righteous indignation. "Braggadocio!"

"Decadence," Corry answered. They both laughed.

After dinner duties in the salon, Merry tucked a book under her arm and headed for their quarters.

Cory saw a young girl sitting alone at one of the tables. It was the same girl that was amused by admitting the group had partied all night.

Cory sat opposite her and smiled. "Why so glum, chum?" she said noting the perpetual frown. "If you have indigestion, it isn't the food. Everyone else is very complimentary."

The girl put one hand in her lap and plunked her other forearm on the table in front of her. "I think I made a mistake coming on this cruise but my girlfriend was so insistent I couldn't disappoint her."

"Time and distance change perspective. Did you two quarrel?"

The girl exhaled in a gesture of despair. "Like that, yes. Evie is very moody sometimes; well, often. I feel I have to walk on egg shells so she won't explode from my mere footsteps. Do you know how that goes?"

Cory reached across the table and touched her hand. "Listen; since this has come up numerous times, why not do now what you've done in the past?"

She smiled trying to hide her anxiety. "I go to the library or for a walk. The media center is a good place to hide. But, I always have to go back and face her. How perfect it would be if she decided to throw me out."

Cory grinned. "Maybe you should throw her out. She is the trouble maker."

"Can't do that; her dad pays for lodging and meals at the sorority where we have a nice room. My folks, well, they are happy to have me away from home. Not a happy place there, either."

“I saw Evie when you arrived on board. She is very pretty. It rather sounds like she carries a burden her dad loaded on her. She is spoiled.”

“You are careful with your words. Spoiled bitch is closer to the truth. In spite of all the confusion, I like her. She does have good qualities.”

Cory brightened. “I have to tell you what my brother told me about the chatter in the locker room after the game. If anyone is unhappy, that person needs to get laid.” She laughed again hoping to cheer up the beautiful girl.

The girl winced and tears welled in her eyes. “That is a problem as well. When she does the warrior trip, she gets horny. Yet, she won’t go out and play ‘in search of’ if you know what I mean. She hits on me. I think it is a control issue; she’s a freak.”

“Have you two had sex? Could that be the root of the problem?”

She wiped her eyes with one finger and accepted a tissue when Cory handed it over to her. “I shouldn’t be unloading all this on you. It’s not your problem. As for the sex, I know she wants me. What bothers me is that if I give in to her, I’ll be paying for it the rest of my life. I’ve thought it over; she would own me. I would be some sort of emotional slave.”

“Suppose you wait until she is asleep before you go back to your room? I’d take you to our stateroom but Merry, my roommate, wouldn’t be happy. She likes her privacy. There are no vacancies in this hotel.”

“I can’t sit here all night though there is plenty to drink. Alcohol helps to dull the ache when Evie gets like this.”

“Would you be offended if I asked you out on a date? You get to select the movie, the drinks and the music if you have a favorite. They are out of popcorn.”

“If you walk on water, you will need to carry me.”

Cory laughed. “Come on; I have a hiding place but I have to let the captain know where I’m going in case he needs something.”

“You are so formal,” she said standing up. “I’m happy you stopped to chat with me. I’m Loyce,” she said as an afterthought. “Maybe you forgot it with so many people all at once.”

“Thanks; I’ll try to remember. The Evie part, I will recall as well.”

In the mini-theater the captain had shown her, Cory led Loyce to one of the wide loveseat style chairs. “Sit here and I’ll get us something to drink,” she said and tried not to notice the distressed look on Loyce’s face.

She returned with two wine coolers. The ice chimed against the glass.

Loyce was obviously ill-at-ease. “Why did you bring me here?”

“Because you are so attractive and I really deep-down need a soft feminine woman for company for awhile. If I’m in error, say so and I’ll escort you back to the salon.”

“I’m being rude while you are trying to offer comfort. I apologize. Is that the music collection over there?” She went to the shelf and dropped some DVDs into the changer.

“Well, hello; Chopin isn’t it? You surprise me.”

“You didn’t ask but I can confess it. My instrument is the piano and I do admire these classical pieces. Your captain has good taste.”

While Loyce was standing thumbing through the music collection, Cory took the opportunity to study the unhappy girl. ‘Great figure,’ she advised her secret brain. ‘Nice legs like maybe she works out or rides a bike. Emotionally the poor girl is a time bomb. She apparently moved from a dysfunctional family unit to an abusive roommate who has the hots for her. I can understand that.’ She smiled when Loyce sat down to listen to the music.

“When you told me Evie gets moody and aroused at the same time, I suspect all you have to do is be there. I can see how one look at you would set her off. You have a great figure. Have you had sex with a girl?”

“No, not yet. I had a neat boyfriend until I left home for school. He dumped me quick.”

“So you’ve had sex with a guy but not a girl. Yet, I get the feeling you would like to give in to Evie but afraid of the consequences. There is an easy solution to that.”

Loyce was silent for a long moment until the orchestration finished. She had her head against the back sofa cushion, eyes closed, lips slightly parted. “I think my boyfriend kept me in the hopes I would thaw out but it never happened. There were a few times, like holiday gift giving, when I felt sorry for him. He was satisfied feeling me. Once he pushed my head down and I gulped to find his cock half way to my throat. It was one time only but I felt pretty good about it.”

“I see,” Cory said. “You’ve no objection to oral sex with Evie. You are only nervous about the outcome.”

Are you curious about my comment about an easy solution?"

"I heard you say that. I'm thinking it over. In a way I'm afraid you are going to suggest some event or whatever which will cause me difficulty. I have more than I can handle right now."

Cory backed off. "I didn't bring you here to intimidate you. I find you are a very pleasant person in addition to good looks. I'd like to be your friend which means I'll place no demands on you. Maybe I can help your outlook."

Loyce sighed. "Thanks; I was worried you were measuring me for a bedsheet."

Cory laughed to make light of the accurate statement. "Maybe I could do that but the laundress has it all."

Loyce relaxed. "Where are we going in this boat?"

"In a day or so we will put in to Faro, Portugal. Two more passengers."

"I thought you said there was a no-vacancy sign out."

"I did say that but the last stateroom is for the new passengers. It would not do for me to bring you there when it is so much more comfortable here."

"You know a lot about sex, don't you?" Loyce asked. "You seem so young to have such a mature view of us lesser mortals."

Cory slapped her knee with an open palm. "That's a good one. With your vivacious body, you certainly can't be a lesser mortal. What do you say we call a truce for now and spend some time together until you get to where you are going?"

She smiled. "Are you disappointed? Did you decide against it because of what I said?"

Cory slid one hand around Loyce's waist. "Against what?"

"I noticed you looking at me in a strange way; desperate even. I was ready for you to kiss me."

"Well, I didn't do it. The reason is I respect you and far be it for me to insult your sensitive self."

Loyce looked around. "How long can we stay here? I saw a movie I'd like to play if you've no objection."

"We can stay as long as we like. Do you still want me to kiss you?"

"Yes, no; I don't know." She jumped up with a burst of teenage energy and went to the movie section of the storage shelf. She came back and sat down. "The Red Shoes," she said quietly just as the overture started.

Cory was reflective. 'Nothing at Middlesex or the Rogue Academy prepared me for such a freaky chick. One thing certain, she is easily a candidate for someone like our man Jacob Sluyh. He could tame her exquisite mouth.' Cory sat back to watch but the power of the body next to her had to be denied. She removed her hand from around Loyce's waist, leaned back and closed her eyes.

She jerked awake when Loyce was poking her in the ribs. "Sorry you didn't enjoy my movie selection," she said.

"Another time, another girl, perhaps," Cory said sleepily. "Really, it has been a full day. Every minute was worthwhile with you in it."

She gave Cory that unrelenting stare that had conquered her several times.

“Another girl? I thought you said we would be together.” Her tone of voice faltered. “I accept that you like girls. It’s as it should be if that’s the way you live.” She was on the edge of the chair as she turned her shoulders to face Cory.

It was more than Cory could process. She cupped Loyce’s enchanting face in both hands and surprised her with a gentle, tender kiss. She could feel Loyce’s first response which was rigid, unyielding. She kissed again and Loyce’s breathing increased. Another kiss and Loyce’s lips parted slightly. She abruptly broke the embrace and moved away. “I think it’s time for you to go back into the arena with Evie. I just found what I want from you and there is nothing more to discuss.”

Loyce was dizzy with the sudden action. She stood up, went to the DVD player to get the disc. Once it was in the correct place, she turned to face Cory.

“Yes, let’s go,” Loyce said quietly studying her new friend. “What is it you just found out? What do you want that is such a revelation?”

Cory took her hand and they walked silently to the door. Finally, just as she reached for the door knob she looked deep into Loyce’s eyes. “I want your mouth,” she said.

Surprise Passengers

“Where have you been?” Merry asked as Cory came in. “I considered searching for you.”

“You wouldn’t have found me. I have a neat hiding place near the wheel house. I took Loyce there to seduce her. Drats! Foiled again! And dang!”

Merry laughed. "You don't like girls; what is this all about?"

"I like this girl; several reasons. First, she is beautiful, vivacious, great legs and breasts. Second, she fits the criteria hand-in-glove for the infamous Jacob Sluyh. It seems incredible that such a tender morsel is alone in this hostile world but that is the case. Well, almost; she has a girlfriend that might complicate things."

"Is the girlfriend a candidate as well? It appears you've satisfied our mission. Do we get a medal?"

"The girlfriend, her name is Evie, has a rich papa who dotes on her. Locking her up in the dungeon at the mosque would likely start World War Three."

"Already there are complications. Did you kiss her?"

"Yes, just once. It came as a shock to her."

"Not nearly the shock you just gave me."

Cory opened a bottle of beer and sat on the bunk. "Honest, Merry, I've never felt like this about a girl. Her sexual attraction, I mean. I think if I ever started on her, I would eat her all night long."

Merry laughed. "You wish! Come on, get some rest. The captain says we will be in Portugal tomorrow sometime to pick up passengers. Isle of Capri, here we come."

Cory finished her beer and switched off the light. She put her hands behind her head. "Merry," she asked after a long moment to consider Loyce's attraction, "do you think I'm wrong to get involved with a pretty girl? Well, I mean, is it too soon?"

Merry snuggled into the pillow on her bunk. "One way to find out. We both know what to do. What we don't know is how the fair damsel will respond."

"Yes, you're right. Nothing ventured and all that."

Next morning, Cory and Merry took extra care to keep a sharp appearance. They both felt an interesting day was pending. In the salon, the captain was busily inventorying some packages recently delivered.

"Where did these come from?" Cory asked, curious.

"It's our order; extra booze mostly. These new young people drink like there is no tomorrow. We slid into port this morning early. No crowding with others trying to navigate at that hour. The passengers are on board and in stateroom eight as planned." He glanced at his watch. "Please bring them a breakfast tray; coffee and some scones."

Cory hurried to the task while Merry poured some fruit juice for Evie and Loyce.

When Cory tapped on the door, she saw it was already ajar. Assuming they were expecting her, she went in. That was the surprise of them all.

One tall girl was still asleep lying on her side facing the bulkhead. The other was Mari Frayme.

"Ulp!" Cory said awkwardly. "Coffee and a breakfast pastry. Uh, do I know you?"

Mari laughed at the petite girl standing pigeon-toed in the doorway balancing a tray. "Yes, we met at the Casbah transit shack before you and your friend departed for the West Indies. I wouldn't have recognized you if your captain hadn't told me how well you've adjusted to your new lifestyle. Come here, please."

“Yes, now I remember. You made an indelible impression on us. I might appear adjusted to you but, to both of us it is a new adventure.” She set the tray down. “Cream and sugar?” she asked with one eyebrow raised.

Mari sipped coffee from the steaming mug. “You might recall I told you I’m from Glasgow. That means I really appreciate your thoughtful captain sending us some French brewed coffee rather than mint tea as is the custom.”

“Yes, Miss Frayme,” Cory said as she remained standing.

Mari laughed again, a light tinkle in her throat that Cory found attractive. “Don’t be frightened of me. I think you are in shock not knowing our identity. It was best to keep security in place.” She next pointed at the reclining figure on the other bunk. “It’s all right to shake her shoulder if you like,” she said with an amused inflection in her voice. “It’s Tori Jax.”

Cory sank onto the captain-style armchair bolted to the floor. “You are courteous; thank you.” She felt her response was inept but noticed Mari Frayme didn’t mind.

The older woman set her coffee on the side table, gathered the covers around her waist and swung the long shapely legs off the bed. Her feet hit the deck with a plop and she smiled before wiping some hair away from her face.

“Come here, Colin Foote,” she said gesturing with her hand. “Oops! My bad. It’s Cory Foote now. You are lovely. I must send a note to DeDe thanking her for producing such a poised, confident woman for our marketing plan. Do you know who I mean?”



“Yes, of course. DeDe Devine. I didn’t believe that name first time I heard it. Now, looking back, it fits her status there.” She stood in front of Mari Frayme; knees inches from Mari’s legs.

Mari ran her hands along Cory's legs. "Lovely," she whispered. She pressed gently urging Cory to turn to one side.

Cory closed her eyes. Next she sensed Mari's touch cupping her firm buttocks. "Thank you, Miss," she managed to squeak out. Mari turned her fully around until Cory's back was in easy grasp. She did not object to Mari's hands encircling her waist and moving seductively up to capture both breasts.

"Good job; all the way," she whispered. "My compliments to the Middlesex team." Still holding both breasts, she pressed with her fingers. "Cute outfit for a cute girl," she said enjoying Cory's body so close to her. "Captain Hawser told me you gave him some stirring head. Was that in your curriculum at the clinic?"

"Yes; I was terrified at first but after getting over the idea of it, I was all right. Dean Stapleton was my first oral experience."

"May I assume your first girl-girl event was with DeDe Devine?"

"Correct, Miss Frayme. She was gentle with me."

Mari moved one hand away from Cory's breast and stroked the 'V' between the athletic legs. "I guess you know what it is I want from you."

Cory blinked. "No, Miss Frayme, I do not."

"You are diplomatic which becomes you. Come sit next to me."

As Cory sat on the bed with Mari Frayme, she accepted Mari's arm around her and yielded when Mari pulled her closer. "I realize my future is in your hands," she said and looked at Mari with her unrelenting stare.

“Quite correct,” Mari answered and kissed Cory on the cheek. “When we selected you and Merle to go to Middlesex, it was because we judged you would be attractive candidates for the ‘New Era Girl’ program. It was our opinion at the time that gay boys would make the best girls. What I came here to learn is how accurate we were. Since you have sampled the best of both worlds, tell me about your preferences now.”

Cory sighed and shook her head in wonder. “I do not know why I feel so close to you. Perhaps it is because you have so much authority over me. I’ll try to answer you but am uncertain my responses will remain unchanged. I resent highly what you and your team have done to my masculinity. To resolve my new self as well as the lifestyle to go with it, some changes in perspective are indeed expected.”

Mari frowned, next brightened into an accepting smile. “Answer some questions. Your introspection is refreshing. Compare your experiences with DeDe Devine and with Hal Hawser. Tell me about that.”

Cory cleared her throat. “Not sure I can but I’ll try. Please take your hand off my legs; it’s distracting. Uh, thank you. Now; there might be a slight flaw in your logic. Merle and I were not ‘full blown’ gay boys when Dean Stapleton had his way with me. When I told Merle what the dean had done, Merle was anxious to visit the dean with the same curiosity. In the meantime, we concocted a plan to discredit the dean and in so doing get better graduation credits. It did not work and Merle was the innocent.”

Mari crossed her legs and held her knee with both hands. “That’s news. We entered into the agreement with a request for headstrong graduates such as you and Merle. We were never made aware that you both

were still coming out of the closet. Perhaps this is unfortunate but changes nothing. Go on.”

“Merle is a bit high strung which is what you mean by headstrong, I suppose. When DeDe fastened my iron cock with her lips and tongue, I went crazy with lust. I know now she was testing me because her preference is girls; the same as it was when she came to Middlesex as a guy from Ohio. How the concept of bisexuality fits into your plans is a mystery to me. DeDe has a marvelous, feminine, responsive body. Yes, I enjoyed her. When she forced my head between her pretty legs, I think I reverted to some cave man genetic in my personal antiquity. I know I made her come more than once.”

Mari squirmed in delight. “How nice. Now, Captain Hawser? He gave you a glowing report.”

Cory was pensive. “All right; there were two events there. Most important, the masculine touch was pleasing to me. Well, so was the feminine with DeDe so that’s inconclusive in your view, I should think. It was satisfying for me to pleasure the good captain.”

Mari stark stare was disturbing. “Did you have an orgasm without any attention from the captain? That is, did the gay touch you just described arouse you as well?”

“Yes; it was fulfilling but I mentioned something else I believe has some bearing on your inquiry. The captain, like the dean and like DeDe, is an authority figure. It is not distressing. It is exciting to be in a sort of sexual and emotional bondage to another person. It is serious in the extreme.”

Mari stood up, crossed the room and shook the reclining girl on the other bunk. Tori Jax remained

asleep. Cory then realized the girl had probably passed out from too much to drink.

‘We all have limits to our addition,’ Cory reported to the brain committee in her head. ‘Where am I going with this one?’ She remained seated waiting for Mari Frayme to return.

“You were to select two girls suitable for our operation. Any progress on your mission?”

Cori blinked and smiled. “Yes, Miss Frayme. One girl named Loyce fits the criteria you need as regards family, looks, education and so on. I’m looking forward to getting to know her better. She has a girlfriend, Evie. She comes from wealthy stock in the south of England. There would be some problems there unless I can maneuver an agreement.”

Mari opened the stateroom door and waved Cory out. “Let me know how that works. By talking with you I’ve come to trust your judgment.” She closed the door when Cory left. Cory heard the bolt lock click.

During lunch service, Cory missed seeing Loyce. She thought that unusual and, on considering the hostile Evie, was anxious there was possibly something wrong. After the last passengers left the salon, she made her way to Loyce’s cabin. She rapped lightly on the door.

The shriek that followed was so shrill Cory was unable to identify which girl was in distress. Finally, Loyce opened the door and asked Cory in.

Evie was against the far bulkhead and dressed only in panties and bra. Her gaze as Cory came into the room was blatant malevolence. “What is it?” Cory asked. She could see Loyce was near the end of her tether suggesting an emotional meltdown any minute.

“She has been drunk since yesterday when she found out I was with you at the movies. I told you what she’s like when King Alcohol gets to her. We had a fight and she tore my sports outfit so I wouldn’t go to lunch. I’ve had episodes with her before but this time she is really unhinged.”

Cory decided against embracing Loyce which, she observed, might cause a minor volcanic eruption. “Can I talk to her?”

Loyce shook her head ‘no’ and next nodded. “You can try but I don’t know what good it will do.”

Cory carefully stepped across the floor to stand in front of Evie. She fully expected her to be frothing at the mouth like a mad animal. “Look, Evie. Can’t you see you are going about this all wrong? Loyce has told me she loves you for your many good qualities but when you get like this, it is difficult. Can we talk about it?”

Evie snarled. “Pour me a glass of ice water and we can talk.”

Cory spun around to face Loyce. “Is that a good idea? How long since she had the last series of drinks. Water can put ‘hair on the dog’ or so I’ve heard.”

“Listen, horse face,” Evie said stepping toward Cory. “You want her? Take her the hell out of my sight. I’m sick of her ‘uppity’ ways.” She turned her face away and next went to the shelf to get a bottle of water.

Cory took the initiative and grasped Loyce’s arm. “Come on, quick before she turns livid vivid.”

When the door slammed behind them, Loyce broke down in heart rendering tears. Sobs wracked her body as she slid down to sit on the deck. “I’m sorry to drag you into this,” she stammered.

Cory handed her a couple napkins she had in her patch pocket left over from the luncheon. "Don't worry; I'm glad I came along when I did. What do you want to do?"

"I'm afraid to let her alone like this. I'll go back in."

Cory shook her head in shock. "No, Darling; Ungood! Come with me to my room where you'll be safe. I have an idea that may help. Later we can take in a double feature if you are in the mood to pick out some movies." She smiled and led the distraught girl to her stateroom. She was pleased Merry was still on duty in the salon.

Next she went straight to Mari Frayme's stateroom. "Sorry to bother you, Mari," she said when Mari opened the door wide. "Can I borrow Tori Jax for a while? The spoiled girl I told you about needs some company while I care for her girlfriend."

Mari laughed. "You have an inventive mind. Tori will be delighted. She is in the shower now. Can you wait?"

"Sure; the girl has been drinking and is so horny she has frightened her roommate. Evie has been trying to get into Loyce's pants but Loyce is afraid of her."

Tori stood at the entrance to the bath and listened as Cory explained the situation. "This chick sounds custom built for me," Tori said chuckling. "Lead me to her."

Evie slowly opened the door when she saw Cory's face in the peek viewer. "What have you done with my girlfriend?" she asked.

"Loyce is safe with me. I gave her a sedative. You do have a way of upsetting her. I brought you a friend of mine to talk to, Evie. This is Tori Jax."

She tugged the door behind her until she heard the latch click. Her first thought was that she had put the entire boat in danger of a horrific explosion between Evie and Tori Jax. Shrugging her shoulders, she headed for her stateroom to find the lovely Loyce.

“What happened?” Loyce said quickly when Cori entered. “I’m so worried about Evie. This has to be awful though it is her bad, not mine.”

Cory embraced her. “She is in capable hands; uh, make that arms. I brought Tori Jax and they are now thrashing out their differences. Tori is stern, a rough, disciplinarian. She also might well find special delight in Evie’s ready body.”

That was when Loyce surprised her. “Oh, no,” she said in a low voice, highly concerned. “Now I feel awful. What did I bring down on her?”

“Your inference is correct. Tori will have her bouncing on the mattress before long. I realize you have wanted that from her all this time. I am further aware of the reason you avoided it. It was a no-win situation.”

Loyce started to cry again. “It is her fate, I guess. I’m not sure if she has had other girls. I know she is a virgin or so she claims.”

Cory held Loyce’s head against her shoulder and enjoyed letting her fingers separate the strands of hair on her neck and shoulders. “From an outsider’s point of view, I can understand Evie’s obsession. You are beautiful and, in addition, seem to have concentrated bottled-up passion in your ready body waiting to be released. Do you want to go to her now?”

“Yes, no; I don’t know.” She started sobbing again.

“You know what she wants to do to you yet you hesitate. You told me you admire her in lots of ways.

Have you thought about it? Has Evie told you in detail about her need?"

Loyce sat heavily on the bed. "Yes but I'm still afraid of her. One time when she was begging me to join her in the bed, she told me she wanted to go down on me. She promised it would be a marvelous experience. To me, at the time, I decided there was only one way she could have known that with such certainty."

Cory lifted Loyce's chin and gently kissed her on the lips. "Hush, Darling girl. You surprise me; you are smarter than this. It could be your emotions tripped up your logic. While it is true Evie wanted to enjoy you in ways she envisioned, what she really wants is for you to go down on her. No matter how long it may take, she will not stop until you make her come with your pretty mouth." Cory thought for a moment she had been too candid but when Loyce recovered from the brief shock, she nodded and put her head back on Cory's shoulder.

"I know you are right," Loyce said carefully. She looked up at Cory and a shadow of fear covered her face. Her eyes became dull as if ready to faint but she recovered. "Are you any different?"

"Different? Yes! You've no idea how different. I find no joy in forcing you to accept me or pleasure me. Consent has to be a two-way street. What are you thinking? What would you have wanted Evie to do instead of terrifying you into some erotic seduction?"

Loyce put one arm around Cory's waist and sighed. "I'm a simple girl," she began after a long pause. "I like the idea of romance, of touching and flirting and dancing. I want to laugh with the person I love without worrying about what might come of it. There is a trust issue involved. Evie did not give me any of that."

“Can it be enough to only accompany someone you trust in the hope the special connection can be built? We had that the other day. A strong relationship isn’t like winning the Irish Sweepstakes; it’s built slowly, in a fun way, one nickel at a time. The result is often, I’m told, fabulous.”

“Yes,” Loyce said with a wan smile. “You understand me.”

Saying nothing more, Cory fished her cell phone out of the shoulder bag. She punched the numbers. “I’m calling Captain Hawser,” she said with a firm tone. When the captain answered, Cory told him she could be found in the video theater behind the wheel house. Next she led Loyce by the hand along the deck and up the short ladder.

Once inside the video theater, Cory snapped the lock and threw the bolt. “We don’t need any interruptions,” she said softly.

Loyce looked longingly at the bank of DVDs and CDs. “There is so much here I’m afraid we will be on an Italian beach before I see all the labels.”

Cory laughed. “Well, go ahead; pick out whatever pleases you. We have all day to relax so you can get your sanity back. You can stay here and be safe. I’ll have to attend to my duties but I won’t leave you for very long.” She led the nervous girl to the CD section and waited.

Loyce stood in front of the shelving and braced her shoulders. She inhaled deeply and sighed. “I’m sorry to be such a baby,” she said finally. “Should I have acted differently with Evie?” She fed a disk into the player. “Wagner, Tristan and Isolde,” she said absently.

Cory nodded her approval. "How many times, Loyce? How often have you survived Evie's tantrums and wished you had been, uh, more cooperative? Have you ever thought you could somehow gain control of your relationship by giving in to Evie's persistence?"

"Several but I accused myself of being illogical. Subsequently, Evie has demonstrated her need to control me. Not just sex. Maybe she believes sex is her weapon to seduce girls. I don't know." She broke down and her shoulders shook with the sobs and wailing. "Today, when you rescued me, I was on edge again. I really wanted Evie to take me just to get it over. She manipulates the people around her and I wanted an end to it."

Cory quickly embraced the distraught beauty and held her quietly. "You are correct in your thinking. You know you want a gentle, loving connection. You also know you will not likely get it from the tempestuous girl you admire. Can you transfer your need? Did you like it when I kissed you?"

Loyce sniffed and dabbed her eyes with a tissue. "You know a lot about girls, don't you?"

"Well, my background is very different from any girls you may meet in the future. Of course, I cannot predict that any more than Evie can."

Loyce was interested. "You are different; I agree. Who might I meet that is different like you?"

Cory's mind was racing. 'Well, trusted brain committee,' she began. 'Will the shock of truth bring this beauty back to earth?' She sighed and tightened her embrace. There was no answer.

She realized Loyce was grasping at any thought that might lift the anguish.

"I liked it when you kissed me," she answered after a long moment. "It meant something completely different than when Evie kisses me. Your kiss is an alternate message."

"How nice of you to be so aware. Are you ready to accept me as I am? We are two people in a milling throng of people that harbor secret needs for each other. Can that be enough?"

"I'm not sure," the young girl answered. "There is a mystery. Can I know what it is?"

Cory decided to move on that. "You think I'm feminine; I'm not. You think I'm experienced with girls because I kissed you; not true. You might believe I am what Evie is not; yes, but different." Just as she reached for the next topic, Loyce stomped her foot.

"Oh, stop! I have eyes; you are very pretty. I have a brain, you are very feminine. What is it exactly that is so different? How can you be so attuned to life in general and girls in particular? What are you doing on this cruise? Where did you come from?" She shook her head and looked away.

Cory knew the moment. She believed it was a point in time when action is the order of the day. 'Omigosh!' She rummaged around in her memory for an accurate quote. 'There comes a time when beauty looks into the soul with longing. She is ready. Pass that moment by and it will not return.' Shaking with anticipation, she turned Loyce's face toward her and raised her by the chin. The kiss was long and deep yet tender, gentle and sincere.

"Darling; I need your help which I hope you can provide." She took a deep breath and exhaled. "I was not born a girl; I'm a guy. They changed me."

Distant strains of Richard Wagner orchestration settled on them both. Cory waited. Loyce was wide-eyed with wonder.

Finally, "That's just not possible," she said with conviction. "You are making it up."

"There is little more to say. What you see is what you get. You decide; shall I kiss you again? Do you want me to give you what you really want from Evie? If I do, will you forgive yourself?"

For answer, Loyce swiftly captured Cory and they kissed again. "I don't know," she replied. "I'm thinking it over. I want to find my way. The conflict is tearing me up."

Cory buried her fingers in Loyce's hair and twisted several strands. She lightly ran her finger tips in a tickling touch along Loyce's brow; next onto her neck and gently to graze her breasts.

"We both do," Cory whispered.

"Do what?"

"Want to find our way, our space and our passion. You are beautiful, Loyce, and if there is any forgiveness in your heart, forgive me for knowingly stealing you away from your true heart's desire."

They kissed again and Cory ventured with her tongue when Loyce's lips parted. The French kiss continued with dueling tongues and light sucking noises.

The aroused girl was filled with wonder but when she felt Cory's hand move beneath her skirt onto the smooth thighs, she deftly blocked any progress.

"Please, don't," she said but there was little conviction in her tone.

“Nothing can change you now,” Cory said with a guttural voice. “You want my fingers to do what yours have done. You need to be loved, sincerely and completely. Let me.” She waited.

Loyce moved one hand along Cory’s arm and snuggled closer. They kissed again. “Yes!” she blurted out. “I want it. I don’t care about Evie or Merry or anybody in the past or future. I don’t care if you were born a guy. I want it now.”

Cory moved on Loyce’s blouse with nimble fingers. Buttons were away and she tugged the bra cups until she could bury her face in Loyce’s full breasts. At the same time, she found Loyce’s damp patch of panty and began a stirring finger wave.

“Yes, darling girl,” she said without reservation. “I want it too.”

Loyce nodded in assent and sealed the erotic pact with another kiss. Next, she watched amazed as Cory began nibbling and licking her legs coming closer.

She raised her hips to let Cory remove the silk panties.

“Do it to me,” she said as if out of breath.

“Yes, Loyce; I can make you come with my mouth.”

Labors of Deception

After the torrid moment in the privacy of the video room, Cory left Loyce in sweet sleep. She went to the girl’s stateroom to check on Evie and Tori Jax. The door was open so she went in.

‘Never will Loyce believe this,’ she thought as she viewed the incredible scene. Tori Jax and Evie were naked, locked in each other’s arms, kissing and licking,

fondling and stroking, in a love scenario Cory would never have predicted.

She closed the door gently and went to the salon.

"How did it go?" Merry asked as Cory came into the room.

"I was right; she is beautiful. A bit freaky but nothing on us, right?"

"Freaky in what way?" Merry asked with a giggle.

Cory poured a steaming coffee. "She nearly went into orbit when I finally tagged her. Merry, honestly; you need to sample some of these drunken chicks wandering around here. There is not a group of six, three couples, in this world who do not have trouble of some kind. Think of the opportunity."

Merry laughed. "I'm thinking you are crazy with lust for the centerfold beauty. Seriously, any difficulty with the transgendered body?"

"She didn't know the difference. I was able to get some tremors but nothing special. I think we will get better with time."

Merry grinned. "All right, then. Do you have a plan to escape this loveboat in miniature?"

"Yes but there are complications. Getting off and disappearing someplace without passport, money or a plausible story might be difficult. However; put us in the same place as Loyce and Evie. Bingo! They can come and go as they please once we get to the Isle of Capri. That Jacob Sluyh guy might interfere but we can't predict that."

Merry crossed her arms in front of her chest. "Are you suggesting we give Loyce and Evie to the traffickers while we steal their identity? Sounds tricky to me."

“If we get away with some bizarre plan, we will still be at risk when the traffickers go searching for us. They have to be convinced we no longer exist on this earth.”

Merry frowned. “I’m not ready to commit suicide yet.”

Cory shook her head. “No; that won’t work to advantage. It would be a permanent solution to a temporary problem. Suppose we tell the girls what is in store for them at the hands of these flesh merchants? Armed with that, they would probably gladly go with us to escape. We need a disaster so that we will be the two girls and the two girls will be us. That way, the traffickers won’t be looking for two dead girls. When we are out and free we can go our own way without looking over our shoulders.”

They both discussed the possible outcome of different plans. Cory was hesitant to see Loyce’s demise but reasoned the life she can expect otherwise won’t be acceptable at all. When some passengers came staggering in to raid the open bar, they went swiftly to their duties. “Think on it,” Cory said.

After getting the salon ready for the dinner service, Cory went to the video theater. Merry picked up a half pint of Southern Comfort and headed for their state-room.

Cory arrived to see Loyce sitting up watching a romance movie. They kissed. Just as they settled down to relax in each other’s company, two passengers, a boy and his girl, came in. “Can we interrupt?” the guy asked.

“This is private,” Cory said firmly.

The girl was a bit unsteady but apparently game for anything the guy suggested. “It can’t be very private if

we can walk in so easily," he answered. While talking, he admired Loyce's trim legs made naked by the raised skirt. He turned to his girlfriend. "Neat, huh? Would you like some of that?"

At that Loyce hurriedly covered her body and started to get up. "Let's get out of here," she said with a note of concern in her voice.

The young girl that had been silent until then spoke up. "Come on, Billie; we followed them up here. They didn't invite us."

Cory interrupted. "Yes, your girlfriend is right. Just go."

The girl pleaded again. "Let's leave them alone."

"All right; another time, perhaps," he said.

The girl was doubtful when she looked at Cory and smiled weakly. "Is she your girlfriend?"

"No; we were just talking; uh, conversation, you know." She smiled and squared her shoulders; an intimate gesture. She went to sit next to Loyce after closing and bolting the door.

They embraced and kissed again, longer and deeper this time. "I'm glad they're gone," Loyce whispered and hunched her shoulders forward when Cory slipped one hand beneath her bra.

"They will feel the tinge of conscience when they sober up. No harm done."

They kissed again. Loyce put strength into the kiss and parted her lips when Cory's tongue suggested an entry there.

"I liked it when you went down on me. Are you angry? You said you could make me come with your

mouth and you did. Should I have done the same for you?"

Cory settled one hand beneath Loyce's skirt and relished the smooth skin of the younger girl's thighs. "I can tell you a secret but don't breathe a word of it."

Loyce's smile was wide with wonder and excitement. "I promise."

"I had a pleasant orgasm when you did. I've no complaint."

Next, Cory responded when her cell phone buzzed. She answered and stood up to go. "Duty calls," she said smiling. "Always at the wrong time if you noticed. I'll need to write a codicil to Murphy's Law."

"I'll stay and finish the movie," Loyce answered.

Cory rapped on the stateroom door. Mari Frayme answered and they embraced. "I believe Tori Jax is busy at the moment," she said with a tongue-in-cheek attitude. "Was there something I can do for you? Perhaps more questions; I still feel uncertain in my answers."

Mari smiled and pulled Cory across the room so they could settle on the short sofa. "Your mission seems very satisfactory. The two girls, Evie and Loyce, will turn over some much needed cash at the moment. I am depending on you to take the leadership role. If you can bring the other three to the mosque, we'll be most grateful."

Cory leaned forward when Mari cupped both breasts. "And, what does that mean? Most grateful?"

Mari continued fondling the firm breasts so swiftly at her finger tips. "It means I'll see to it you have an easier role when we negotiate with the agents."

“Something better than nothing, I suppose,” Cory said still thinking. “Make that nothing better than something if you like.”

Mari laughed. They kissed and both were soon involved in caressing each other. At that time, they felt a riding sensation as if the cruiser had lost power but logic told them it was probably only the changing of gears. That was when the captain came on the intercom.

He came on the speaker to alert the passengers. “We’ve hit something in the water which has apparently damaged the hull. We are taking on very little water so there is no danger of sinking. Bilge pumps can handle it. The *Tempest* is a sturdy craft but, in case there is some critical factor we cannot see at this time, we will be moving more slowly until we can put in to assess any risk. Please, accept my invitation for free drinks all around. Enjoy your cruise.”

Cory swung her head around to look at Mari Frayme. “I do not believe this. Those are the exact words describing the situation we heard on the first trip. It’s a ruse to keep the passengers in line. Fool me once, shame on you; twice, shame on me.”

Mari laughed. “We’ll be putting in to the small marina you remember. It is on the coast near Rabat, North Africa. I know now Jacob Sluyh only expects the four girls. If the situation has changed, we’ll add some others to the roster. You’re not very enthusiastic about all this.”

Cory was dumbfounded. “It was all a trick! Put me down as dense and color me purple. All right; what do you want me to do?”

“There is ample time. Please, this is a rare opportunity for me.” She unbuttoned her tunic until the burgeoning breasts barely held by a loosely fitted halter, were in view. She ran her fingers through Cory’s hair and gently guided her until the luscious lips were nibbling at the flesh of Mari’s neck, shoulders and breasts. “Yes, that’s beautiful, Cory Foote. Keep going; I’m beginning to have more confidence in the lessons imparted to you by DeDe Devine.”

As Cory worked diligently to gain an element of trust from the bigwig of the agency, her mind was trying to put it all together. ‘All right, brain trust,’ take this down. ‘When we had the scam about a sinking cruiser last time, we were thankfully saved by a remote marina, next to a bar, near a small beach and with an incline to the abandoned mosque way up on the point.’ Cory hesitated as Mari Frayme lifted her hips. Cory dutifully removed the thong before moving away from the perfect breasts onto the flat tummy until her chin met the full bush of pubic hair. ‘Knowing the immediate future may be the key to our liberty. There has to be a way.’

Mari Frayme was bouncing and shuddering as Cory concentrated on the task at hand. She licked, sucked, caressed, stroked and kissed until Mari was on the edge of lust; a growing rapture. She looked up to see Mari with her head thrown back, eyes closed and parted lips wet by a darting tongue. “Shall I stop?” she asked playfully.

Mari put both hands on Cory’s head and pulled. “Don’t stop, little TeeGee slut. This is marvelous.” Eventually, Mari shuddered one last time. Her body jerked in unison with the erotic pulses going through

her nerve networks. They finally untangled each other and embraced.

Cory dressed carefully and slipped out of the state-room to search for Merry Clark.

"Where were you?" Merry said. Her tone of voice showed concern.

"Watching Mari Frayme snoozing after I put her to sleep."

"Bragging again. Everyone on board is taking advantage of the captain's free booze announcement. These kids act like they were just released from prison."

Cory was quick. "Listen; did you buy that crap about the boat being disabled? I did the first time but not this time. We'll be at the marina that has the bar very shortly. Look for Mari Frayme and Tori Jax to be the first off the boat to run to the mosque. I may look dumb but this is far too obvious."

"How do you plan to turn this around in our favor?"

"We need to swap identification with Loyce and Evie; we are close enough in age and looks. Next we need to get away from the landing as fast as we can."

Merry was thoughtful. "Maybe but there will be a lot of questions and explaining to do when two sex slaves, us, are missing."

"We will leave our papers on Loyce and Evie. That will slow down the search. At least we have a chance."

"If they catch up to us, we will wake up dead in the morning."

Cory shook her head. "You decide; do we risk the attempt or wait around until we start making our way in this world on our backs?"

Merry grinned. "You don't cut much slack, do you?"

"We are a team, right? When we come in sight of landfall, that's when we act. It should be very soon."

The two girls went out on deck and went forward toward the bow to peer into the inky darkness. They held hands and waited. Hearing some commotion amidships, they saw Tori Jax and Mari Frayme with their small luggage carriers waiting near the safety line which will be the first place from which to jump onto the wharf.

"Think of that," Cory whispered. "We have our own schedule handed to us."

They made their way to the stateroom to find Loyce and Evie asleep in total oblivion. Cory quickly retrieved Loyce's shoulder purse and went out on deck under the stanchion light to make the trade. Merry hurriedly followed. Satisfied, they went aft where they could watch Mari and Tori Jax. On schedule, as Cory had predicted, the sleek craft nosed against the dock. Sailors secured the mooring lines on the wharf cleates.

Dawn was a shadow of light on the ebb tide. There were no passengers about at such an early hour. Captain Hawser had retired after the last changing of the watch. They knew one of the sailors would wake him so, if they were to make a clear run for it, they had to move fast.

Waiting a moment to be certain Mari and Tori did not see them, the two girls dashed along the beach.

They waited to catch their breath near an old boat-house.

That was when the world changed. An aged hulk probably used as a service and freight lugger came out of the morning shadows and very quickly berthed the other side of the dock from The Tempest. The maneuver was a study in silence.

“Come on,” Merry said tugging at Cory’s sleeve. “Why wait?”

“You wait,” Cory said softly. “I smell trouble for our good captain and his neat boat.”

They watched transfixed as a half-dozen men armed with automatic weapons poured from the scow onto The Tempest. There were shouts of alarm and several shots were fired.

“Ooh,” Cory said, “that’ll wake them up.”

Before long, as Cory and Mari watched, the ‘pirates’ bent on hijacking a boat much more adaptable to their nefarious life lined up everyone on the wharf. This done, the leader stepped off the scow onto the planking. He was an obese man that waddled like a duck when he walked. He wore a black leather vest open in front. Two pistols were holstered against his ample stomach. Orders were barked and the victims lined up dutifully.

Each girl clung desperately to their guy as the pirate leader surveyed his catch like an experienced deep-sea fisherman. Captain Hawser stepped forward.

“You cannot get away with this,” he said firmly. “What do you want from us that we can supply you and be left in peace?”

“Shut up,” the leader said and took out one pistol to hold in his hand. He pointed it at the captain. “We are trading boats.”

Hawser stepped forward. “You are not! You don’t know who you are dealing with here. Rob or harm any of us and the penalty is higher than you’d like.”

The robust brute stood next to the captain; his jutting chin inches from Hal Hawser’s face. “I said trade. You get my boat, I get yours. As for your sailors, you will need them so they may go aboard with their gear. The boys and girls are destined elsewhere. We have higher connections as well. Step aside, captain. I’m tired of haranguing over such a simple transaction.”

Captain Hawser had a brief seizure of panic and desperation. He lunged for the armed thug in front of him. “You will not!” he screamed just as the pirate leader pulled the trigger. He fell in a clump onto the wharf. After the screams and moans settled down, he instructed the six passengers to get back on board The Tempest.

The leader turned to Captain Hawser’s sailors still in shock after witnessing the murder. He spoke to them with easy assurance. “If any of you would like to join us, I can offer you a handsome retirement package in a very short time. Just step out and let me see your ship’s papers. Certification doesn’t interest me but your seamanship does.”

There was a lot of conversation and, finally, everyone was back on board. The old hulk sat forlornly nodding in the ocean waves.

“Well, that’s something to write home about,” Cory said. “By the time Jacob Sluyh catches on, those guys will be back on the high seas with a new boat and expe-

rienced crew. Brutal trade, I suppose; one boat, one murder."

Merry sighed and watched as *The Tempest* broke away from the dock and headed out to sea. "We are free," she said with emphasis. "When the final reports are in, we will have been erased from our TeeGee register."

They wandered along the shoreline. "I am thinking that eventually those handsome lads will end up at the Middlesex Clinic like we did. Just different sponsors. It's like a plan gone together," Cory mused.

"Evie had a bundle of cash tucked in her passport folder. We can pay our way for awhile," Merry said with amused aplomb.

They walked along the path toward the small town at the base of the cliff. Cory started to laugh.

"What's so funny?" Merry asked raising her eyebrows.

"I was just thinking how much fun it would be to get all dressed up in feminine finery and waltz into Dean Stapleton's strict domain of seduction. The look on his face would be priceless after we identify ourselves as the mutilated lads lately of Rogue Academy."

"You are funny," Merry observed. "Oh, look; it's a bus. We can catch a ride someplace. It doesn't really matter where."

EPILOGUE

After several months living off Evie's generous donation, they found a quiet flat on a side street in Casablanca.

Cory came in excitedly waving a tabloid. "Look, Merry Cherry, she called out. "News!"

"A 'confidential source' has news of the demise of a lucrative sex trafficking operation practically in our back yard. A luxury cruiser filled with holiday tourists was hijacked and the captain murdered. All the tourists were channeled into the sex traffic agencies and have disappeared. Though there have been many queries from family and the authorities, nothing has turned up about the unfortunate young people."

"Wow," Cory said. "Keep reading."

"Authorities have implicated underworld characters long sought by Amnesty International. Several operative locations on the sparsely settled coast of North Africa plus a club and transit house in the Algiers Casbah have been raided in hopes of finding some clue to the disappearance of what appears to be hundreds of young people now spread all over the world to satisfy the nefarious needs of many people. One of the operatives, Mister Jacob Sluyh has turned state's evidence to plead for the court's mercy."

"There is a ray of hope in his confession. 'Many girls and young boys have been abducted and sold into sex slavery over the past years,' Jacob Sluyh said during an interview. He was unable or unwilling to divulge names and places at this time. He speculated that competitive pirates are at work to gain control of the long list of captives. There is an ongoing investigation."

Cory was relieved. "It's over; finally," she said. "We can go back to England. It is not likely we'll run into any of the people we knew. As for the risk, it appears the New Era Girls experiment has fallen astray."

"We have enough to start a little business," Merry said.

“What did you have in mind?”

“How about a flower stand on The Strand? We can do a great business importing tulips.”

“I don’t know anyone named ‘Tulip’ but we can advertise,” Cory said laughing.

“Maybe something new and interesting will happen,” Merry answered.

The end