

Pandemonium *Retribution*



A. Scott



A "New Woman" Novel



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Pandemonium

Retribution

by A. Scott

The Battle Continues: To Be Normal In An Abnormal World

“Trixy,” the voice of her Mistress boomed in her ear.

“Yes, what do you want, Mistress?” she answered in a tired defensive voice.”

“You need to clean yourself up. You look like a slut and a whore.”

“Why, Mistress? Isn’t this what you want? This is what you have created, a perfect slut, a whore, a prostitute First Class. Is it not good enough for you, Mistress?”

“What you say is true but it would not be good for you to look like what you really are when you pick up your children at the school bus stop. We have an im-

age to uphold, you know. They are due home in less than one hour and you need to get ready for your husband.”

“What do you care about how I appear, Bitch? You created me, this apparition. Well, when you get down to the facts, that’s not really true. I entered this world freely and with full knowledge of its inherent dangers but it took a beast like George Williams to perfect this ghastly form that I can call Me. Now after all you have done you are concerned about what I look like? You are a two-faced Bitch. All you care about is you, and you are making me a mirror image of what you would like to be and look like.”

“Nevertheless, the truth be told, you look like a tramp, an unfit mother to boot. You don’t want to look like a tramp all the time, do you? After all ‘We’ do have an image to uphold, you know. I do care about my main Bitch, I really do, whether you believe it or not. Now get upstairs and clean yourself up.”

“Yes Mistress, just allow me to find the peace of mind that I need to become human again. I need the peace and solace that I had before I undertook this project. It seems so long ago that I was a normal person. I had a life, a real life. Not this charade I have come to accept as my life today.

“I am not the monster I appear to be. I am a loving wife and mother to my children.”

“Have you looked in the mirror recently, Trixy?”

“I am not Trixy, I am Suzanne Wilson. In answer to your question, yes, I have and I do not like what I see, Doris.

“I find what I see to be disgusting and vulgar, but at the same time I feel pretty and acceptable. I have been poisoned against myself. With what you and George have taught me, I am unable to choose what is right from what is wrong. I am always going the wrong way when my morals are concerned. That disturbs me, Doris. Now I must clean myself up for my children’s sake. Excuse me.”

Suzanne proceeded up the stairs to prepare for her children's expected arrival. She missed a step and fell on the stairway. Her mind filled with waves of sexual pleasure that emanated from that cursed place. They beckoned to her, drawing her deeper and deeper into the dark domain. "Darn," she said as she recovered from her fall and continued up the stairs.

Even as she continued to her room she knew that there was no escaping it; she was trapped in a cesspool of debauchery and uncontrolled lust. Suzanne knew that sinister pleasures rippled out from Sin City like a whirlpool capturing everything in its sphere of influence. The community was flooded with the evil waves that stood to control most of the computers in the neighborhood. They would override the protections built into them and the individuals would be exposed to the satanic influences of Sin City. The people were like lambs to a slaughter, innocent victims to an unholy god.

Anne felt her mouth water and her body vibrate as her avatar was subject to unspeakable acts the degenerates subjected it to. They had no morals and were able to practice their activities in a secret place, a protected place.

They were cloaked in a game which allowed them to exploit and subjugate without limits.

Suzanne could see their faces and hear their voices as they beat her and probed her, looking to inflict as much pain and suffering as they could.

Suzanne knew that the game had a life of its own as it projected its negative evil patterns throughout the community. As long as the platform was up and running, it would continue to spread its evil tentacles deeper and deeper into civil society. It was up to her and her alone; only she could remove the devil's blight from her community.

It was all Suzanne could do as her imagination flowed to the possible activities she could be doing this very moment. It didn't matter to her that in a few short minutes her children would be coming home. The reality was that Suzanne had forgotten about her

children; all she cared about at that exact moment in time was her own needs.

Entering her bedroom, Anne removed what little clothing she had on and took a hot bath. She dosed herself with a can of Hell's Brew and Enhanced Sperm. Half-asleep and in a drugged state, she heard and felt her children rush up the stairs yelling and screaming, "Mommy, Mommy, where are you?"

"In here taking a bath," she said

They rushed in and said, "You forgot to pick us up at the bus stop."

Anne felt ashamed at neglecting her children, still she tried to put on her brave face, "Yes I did, didn't I. Well, I will try to do better tomorrow. At least I will meet you at the door. You know the women don't like me very much these days. It seems that I make them uncomfortable by my appearance."

"We know, Mama," the younger girl said. "We still love you."

Another Day In Hell

"Have a good day, I love you," Suzanne said. She looked at the other parents and said, "I am a good mother in spite of what you are thinking. Now I am going back to bed. Have a great day."

The sound of her door bell rang through the house. Trixy looked at the clock and saw it was just 9:00 A.M. "Now who in the world could that be?" Getting out of bed, she trundled out of the room.

Opening the front door, she saw the now familiar UPS truck. Trixy stood there, naked as the day she was born except for her ubiquitous high heels. She said, "Yes, may I help you?"

The driver, flummoxed by the appearance of this naked woman, said, "I have four boxes addressed to Trixy Strumpet. I will need some ID, Miss Strumpet."

Trixy looked down and realized that she was naked. She felt her whole body flush.

Thinking quickly, she said, "As you can see, I don't have any ID on me. Please wait and I will be right back."

Leaving the door open, she walked up the stairs slowly so the driver could not help but watch her body as she went to her bedroom.

Taking stock of her most provocative selections, she pulled out a short miniskirt and an abbreviated top. Trixy felt Suzanne react to her choices. Responding to her ever present ghost, she said to her, "Would you rather I was naked when you interact with the driver, Suzanne? I can arrange that. You remember when you woke up and you were on the pole in the strip joint? You raked in the cash that night, didn't you. No? Well, let's go down and see what our Grandmother sent us, shall we?"

Trixy knew that this combination would do little to hide her physical attributes. Suzanne realized that she would have been better off naked as her current appearance drew the eyes to those areas she would have liked to hide.

Trixy updated her makeup and appraised her appearance in the mirror. Suzanne noted that her lips seemed bigger, fuller, as the lipstick was applied and they seemed to be wanting something special. They craved to be used for some special purpose that would surpass anything she had ever experienced in her short time as a slut.

"Perfect," Trixy thought.

"That's what you would think, Slut," Suzanne said, "You might as well be naked for all the good it might do. Do you really think you are going to appear civilized to this man?"

"In some circles I would be considered overdressed, Suzanne."

Suzanne, trapped inside her mind was frustrated as Trixy, her alter ego, controlled her activities. "Oh,

alright if you must. It will be better than going naked like you planned. Someday I will be free and you will be here, caged up. Then things will change. I will be *your* mistress.” She looked at the mirror and was shocked at what she saw.

“What have you been doing with my body, you Bitch? You keep making these changes and it’s all I can do to cover for your activities. The hardest part is the questioning looks and comments I get when I go to the bank to deposit your ill-gotten gains.”

“Look in your purse, Anne.”

Anne looked in the obscene pink purse. There was over four thousand dollars. “Where did that come from?”

“Guess, my dear Suzanne. We went to the Blue Jungle last night. I put you to sleep and I stripped, no, *you* stripped in front of hundreds of horny men and a few women. What you are holding is the money you earned as the reward for your floor shows and lap dancing that night. We had fun, I made sure of that. You must have sucked over a hundred cocks that night, in record time I will add.”

“I don’t suck cocks. I never have and never will.”

“Oh but you do my, little whore, and you do it well.

“Anyway, we have a man downstairs with lots of goodies for us. Doris and I have been very busy selecting special items for you and David. He will look very pretty in his new frocks and pretty bras and panties. Before Doris, I, and George are through with him, he will be a showpiece of womanhood. As for you, have some big, should I say huge, surprises coming your way. You will learn about them will be afterwards. I’m sorry to say. I can’t have you messing up my well-laid plans, can I? Now I am going to let you watch as I control this insignificant male. I will bring him to his knees.”

Suzanne knew if she was given the choice, she would rather be that naked person that stood before her in the mirror.

Trixy reached for her purse and went down the stairs, now covered and presentable. She sauntered her way down to the front entryway. She liked the way her high heels accentuated the movement of her breasts and rear end and their clicking noise along with the slap really got her blood steaming.

She knew that Suzanne preferred her low flats and heels but she had fixed that and had trained the once saintly housewife to accept her fuck me shoes as normal footwear. That's all Suzanne would wear around the house and to social occasions, not that she and her family were invited to them anymore.

Anne, encapsulated in her cell, felt that she would rather be totally naked. "Have I changed that much?" she thought. "I like being naked these days, it's comfortable. If only I didn't have to wear my sexy high heels all the time. They have their uses but where would I wear them in my social circles anyway?" Suzanne was interrupted.

"Sorry to take so long," she said, giving the man her old I.D.

"This will not do," the driver said. "You will need some I.D. with your name and picture if possible to prove who you are."

"This is my ID, or it used to be before I became the thing that I am today. I can't do this. I don't have the proper I.D."

"Yes, you do, Trixy, it's in your pink purse," Doris said.

Suzanne opened the pretty pink purse again and found her driver's license under the name of Trixy Strumpet. It showed her as the bleached blond that now occupied her body. "Thank you, Doris. You are a dear." Suzanne felt endeared to the A.I. for some unknown reason."

"I know I am. I'm an old softy."

She showed the driver her ID and signed for the boxes. "Thank you for your patience. Now would you please help me carry them inside?"

“It’s against company policy, Miss.”

“Please, just for little old me? I’ll make it worth your effort.”

“I suppose this one time, Miss Trixy.”

She found that the boxes, while large, were lighter than she thought. They were just awkward for her to carry by herself.

Anne noticed that in the process, the driver brushed her breasts as she held the door for him. Her nipples sprang to life and her pussy was stimulated to no end. Her body demanded that it be satisfied.

“Sorry Miss, I apologize,” he said as he watched her nipples spring to life. “I am so sorry,” he said. “I didn’t mean to do that.”

Trixy smiled, “That’s quite all right,” Anne responded, “Accidents do happen, don’t they?”

Suzanne was forced to confront the major changes that her body had undergone in the last few days. The major restructuring had caused her breasts to develop into a 44 C and they were still growing. They had become very, very sensitive and that accidental titty rub was driving her insane. Standing there, she had a flashback to a club where she exposed her titties on the wild dance floor. They were inflamed with passion and she knew that they were intruding upon her very being, changing and altering her thoughts and actions. She had no control over what she was doing.

Even then, Anne knew, or thought she knew, that she was in command of the situation at all times and that she was the master of her destiny. Deep down inside, however, she knew that the forces in Sin City were really in control. She was but a pawn in a bigger game.

She knew that her butt had put on what must have been ten pounds and the large life-like dildo that Doris had ordered sent a rush through her neither region. As it moved and issued its chemical messen-

gers, it did relieve the itch her body was demanding. It filled a dominant need in her existence.

Anne felt her very being, her very existence, was forcing her to revert to some primeval creature from the distant past. Suzanne knew that this would be her constant future that she would now have to accept as her new normal.

Her world view had changed. She was now a driven harlot out to conquer society for the Dark Forces.

Anne found that her enlarged breasts were constantly getting in her way when she wanted to do something, *anything*, these days. Still they had become her and what she was. Anne knew that she had been cursed by her own ignorance and search for independence.

She knew that it was not God who had done this destruction upon her and her family. It was Lucifer himself who directed this monstrous energy to the unsuspecting world. She was caught in the middle but she alone was to blame for what she was going through right now.

Looking in the mirror, she found that her lips also had also become thicker, more prominent, and defiantly more sensitive. They demanded, no they *craved*, the touch of a cock, any cock, to be inserted in her mouth. Master George and others had created the creature called Trixy Strumpet and her excessive urges.

Anne realized that her recent training sessions had taught her to crave their life-giving seed. She had become dependent upon it for her everyday subsistence.

Anne, alone and caged off from her body, thought, "What is going on? I don't understand it. My body is out of control, doing things I would rather not know of and I don't know how to stop it." Shame flooded her very being. "How can I have sunk so low?"

As if Doris could read her mind, she said, "You volunteered, Bitch and I am helping you to improve yourself. You wanted in and you got what you de-

served. You have become the Slut you always wanted to be. I made you. You are my creation.”

Her room, her prison, was covered in mirrors that reflected her current condition. She was helpless. She knew that Doris was right. She had created her own down fall.

Trixy interjected, “Everything both of you have said is true but it’s George Williams and his kidnaping of your astral body that has forced you to become the slut you are now. Even now his will is forcing you to accept the fact that you are one of his slaves. You are changing into one of his vile creatures that you once abhorred. You need his loving touches even now.”

Anne continued to look at her body and she realized that Trixy, Doris and George had forced her to become the demanding bitch she had become.

“I have to do something, and fast, but what can I do from here? I have to escape and regain control of my life and existence. I need to escape this Hell. Lord, help me find the way.”

Doris nudged her with a verbal whiplash, “Look Bitch, we need to get you laid. When are you going to make your move?”

Looking at the driver, Suzanne remembered to say, “Please, can I offer you some ice tea, or something?”

“No thanks, some other time. I have a schedule to keep.”

“I suppose you’re right. I wouldn’t want to get you in trouble, but it would have been fun.”

“I’m sure it would, Miss, but I am really not interested in what you are offering me.”

Almost pleading, she said, “I would have shown you a good time. Are you sure there is nothing I can do for you, Mr...?”

Trixy looked for his name. "Mr. Smith. I can offer you some interesting times, if you wish."

"I'm sure you could. Now if you will excuse me, Miss Trixy, I have to leave." Turning around, he left the house quickly.

She was dismayed at her dismal attempt to seduce the driver. Trixy knew she had lost her chance to impose her will upon the weakened Suzanne.

Doris said, "I thought I taught you better than that. That man should have been putty in your hands, Trixy. Well Doris, she seems to have vanished for the moment and I am proud that I was able to implode your seduction of that innocent man. Didn't you see his ring? You could tell he was devoted to his wife."

Trixy, affected by the temporary emergence, said, "You idiot! The man was as Gay as a happy bird. You scared the living daylights out of him, Suzanne. I hope you are proud of yourself."

Suzanne, realizing her position, responded to Doris's admonishment and replied, "Of course, Mistress. I was amiss, it won't happen again."

Doris said, "Open the boxes, Trixy. I have ordered you and David some very interesting items to wear and use for the next few weeks."

Anne's hands flew over the contents of the first box. Doris said, "This one is yours, Dearest. I hope you like the contents."

Anne pulled out a spandex corset that just begged to be put on. Then came five Lycra dresses, all having an abbreviated skirt designed to show off her pussy and ass. It hid nothing. Anne knew that there would be no panties for these frocks. Then there were the assorted bras and panties that begged to be worn and shown off.

Doris said, "This box is for David and his coming business trip. Sorry you don't know about it yet. George is doing all the planning for it. You will need to get into the right frame of mind to pack his special

bag when the time comes. There will be a lot of preparation for it. George and myself are counting on you to assist in his developmental phase so he can achieve his true status as a woman by the time he returns home.

“Did you know that you reached a milestone today? You are a true Slut, Suzanne, or you soon will be. That’s not to say that Trixy is a saint, but you are proving to be her equal in many ways. That’s quite an achievement for one so timid and prim as you are, or were.”

“No, I didn’t, Mistress. It never occurred to me that I had done anything special. I knew that I had degraded myself this last week, but a milestone? I doubt it, Mistress. I am trapped here in my room unable to do anything.”

Once more Trixy felt herself being put in her special place. She was stopped in her tracks, unable to control her movements and actions.

“Doris, it’s hard to to call this an achievement. Some milestone! I have been turned into a slut, a whore. It has been less than a month since I became a Beta tester for this game from hell. I, Suzanne Wilson, have had my total existence turned upside down and sideways and now I have been praised and classified as a whore, a slut First Class. That’s some prize.”

Even as she said these words, she searched and searched and could not find her old self anywhere. Suzanne Wilson was gone.

Suzanne realized in that instant that she had traded her soul to the devil for silver. She should never even have considered this project as a viable option.

Anne could feel her skin crawl as she contemplated going to George’s office so she could be allowed to be photographed and recorded in her degradation for all to see and enjoy. There had to be a better way but she couldn’t see a way around her plight.

Now she had the chance to take back her life. All she had to do was to say no to him, or simply not show up for her debasement. Her future was in her hands. Would she would be lost forever in his world as his property, or would Suzanne Wilson be a free woman once again?

“Doris, this has been a very stressful week. I have been run ragged with all your demands. I have fallen behind in my assignment. I have been neglecting my family. The house is a mess and I don’t care for some reason.

“In regards to the project, I haven’t been keeping a record of all that has happened to me and in the game.

“This is a dangerous platform. It’s like a slow-acting poison that will eat you from the inside out. By the time you see the danger, it’s too late to do anything. I need to let the engineers know what, if anything, can be changed to make this program safe for the general public to use.

“The Corporation wants me to culminate the project soon but I don’t want it to end it just yet. I need it, damn it.”

Suzanne picked up one of the boxes. It seemed heavy. She knew that one was for David. Anne knew that her David would be able to dress up to his heart’s content. He would become the woman of his dreams.

Doris interjected, “With these frocks and such, he should be happy a happy woman. I believe the clothes make the man, don’t you, Slut?”

Anne responded to Doris, “Doris, David is not himself and you know it. He is under the control of the hormones and the thoughts that you have subjected him to.”

Doris said, “Remember the high heels that you forced him to put on three weeks ago? Look at him now. I soon will have a new bitch to control. You have been most helpful, Suzanne, thank you.”

Suzanne, forced to confront her efforts to convert her husband to a female substitute, said, "He is a slave just like I am."

"I disagree, Trixy. The clothes from this box will allow him to develop into the woman of his dreams. He will be able to reach sexual heights that even you cannot imagine. Our David will be driven mad, off the sexual scale when the new nanites are released into his body.

"The clothes are super saturated with the most potent little robots you have ever seen. You think your breast development is fast? Wait and see his when he puts these new bras on. Don't forget the panties, they will create such uproar in his body, he will wonder what hit him.

"Womanhood is in his future, Trixy. I hope you have you made plans for his birth control procedures after he makes the changeover, Suzanne.

"You will not be able to control yourself once he has a pussy. If you are not careful, my dear woman, you will soon be the father of your own child."

"Impossible, Doris I can control my urges. Just you watch."

"If he continues to wear his female clothes like I expect him to, I can see him becoming fully female before Christmas, if not sooner. Would you be happy with that, Trixy?"

"No, I would not. I liked him the way he was. We have destroyed his entire being. He was happy being a man. I could not have even envisioned that he would have become so feminized. I wanted to get pregnant again. Right now it's like living with another woman.

"I didn't sign up for this. It's sickening and I hate you for even venturing into that realm with him. He did you no harm and yet you came down on him like a ton of bricks. Why?"

"I hate men, Trixy. I always have. I think they are all pigs. They prey upon women and abuse them with

indifference. When I saw how he treated you, I wanted to horsewhip him and bring him into submission. I did you a favor, whether you wanted it or not.”

“Well, you certainly have done that, Doris. Tomorrow I am supposed to be going to Georges’ office in person. I am to wear that short red dress and shoes. He likes blonds. I fit the bill. He has nothing on me other than I look like and act like a whore, and now I am expected to provide him with actual legal proof that I am what he thinks I am.

“Speaking of pigs, Doris, why do you tolerate George Williams?”

“George is special. I met him when I was working with Suzanne the programmer who helped write Sin City. We formed a union I can’t explain to you right now. Maybe later, OK?”

“You were infected too, weren’t you Doris.”

“There is more to this story, Trixy, a lot more than you need to know right now. Get off my back, will you?”

“Well, if that’s what you want. Anyway, getting back to my problems. I am to be there by 10:00 sharp. After what he has put me through the last three days, I’m not sure I can do what he is asking in person.”

Doris looked at her creation. “You will do fine, Trixy.”

“She’s not present right now but I feel her getting closer. There is a need I feel and it is to degrade myself in public and it is getting stronger with each passing hour.”

“Suzanne, just be your normal self and everything will be perfect. Remember, I have trained you well. You have become the whore I knew you could be.”

“Thanks, I think. It’s hard to think these days, everything is so cloudy. What have you done to me? It is a chore just to remember that I need to take care of the house and the children. They mean everything to

me and all I can think of is my need for sexual stimulation and fucking.”

“That’s my good girl. I knew you would come around and be my whore. I love you so much, Trixy.”

Trixy felt the warm glow of being in control once more, the mental stimulation flooded her body. She felt like she was being invaded by huge dildos in both her pussy and her ass. Their combined vibrations culminated in one massive climax. She looked down to see them but it was then she realized that it was her avatar that was being attacked so vigorously.

“Damn you, Doris, stop playing with me. Leave me alone,” Suzanne said

Trixy looked at her her arch rival, so prim and proper. “Don’t you worry, Missy. You will get yours tomorrow.”

A Big Win For The Opposition

Suzanne weighed her options. She could resign herself to perpetual slavery with George Williams, or she could take a chance and decline his invitation/order to come to his office tomorrow. After the children left for school, Trixy confined Suzanne to her cell; then she dressed Anne in the little red dress and her new high heels. She could feel the flow of power flow from her new shoes into her body.

Trixy looked in the mirror. “Take a look, Suzanne. Don’t we look pretty?”

Suzanne knew that she was wearing nothing underneath the little red dress. It would have been futile to wear her underwear. It would make George mad and he would punish her for that. She had to please him whatever the cost.

Her tits felt like they were about to burst out of the skimpy material and they bounced as she walked around the room.

Taking the dildos from her nightstand, she inserted them in her pussy and ass. Turning them on

full, she slumped in the chair. They flooded her already saturated body with millions of the invasive nanites.

Suzanne could see that the offending things extended an inch from her body and her dress did not hide them from public view. Their bright red neon color highlighted what they were and would have caused discovery by the individuals she came in contact with. Any attempt to hide them from the public view was impossible. Besides why would she want to do that?

All at once they turned on and Anne's body was instantly ignited to orgasm. "I have to get control," Anne thought as her body convulsed to the rhythm .

Trixy settled in and proceeded to fix her face so that it matched his exact specifications. She made sure that she added perfume in the proper places, then walked out of the house to the car.

Entering her car, she checked her purse. It was the one that Doris had prepared for her. Pulling out of the driveway, she noticed that several of the neighbors were looking at her strangely. Her dress had hiked up and the dildos had activated once more and were driving her crazy. It was all she could do to keep it on the road and not hit anyone on the way to David's office building.

Parking in the visitor's parking space, she extracted herself from the car. She pulled the hem of her dress as far down as it would go. It wasn't far enough. Her pussy and ass were exposed, along with the dildos.

She was George's Slut. Walking up to the front desk, she said she was Trixy Strumpet and she was there to see George Williams.

The guard looked her over and smiled. Looking at his list he saw Trixy Strumpet, but standing before him was Suzanne Wilson. There must be some mistake.

"Would you say that again, Mrs. Wilson? I thought you said Trixy Strumpet."



“That’s correct, Adam. I have an appointment with George Williams at 10:00. I can’t be late.”

Adam was deeply distressed she was dressed like a whore. What had George done to have the refined lady that was Mrs. Wilson become the whore-like ‘Miss Trixy Strumpet’?

“I need to see some ID please, Miss Strumpet.” She produced her driver’s license. “Yes, I see you are expected, Mrs. Wilson. Would you please sign in? You may proceed to his office. Do you know where it is?”

“Yes and please address me as Trixy. I will find my way to his office, thank you.”

“Yes, of course Miss Trixy, it won’t happen again.”

George watched with glee as she made a big deal about her name. She had really done it. The bitch had entered his trap willingly. Now she was his for the taking, regardless of what she did with the project. With just the video of her registering at the front desk, he would be able to blackmail her to do anything her wanted.

Suzanne walked through the hallways and took the elevator to the twentieth floor where she caused a stir among the female staff who knew who she was. They watched her body as it bounced and moved in her minidress. The projecting dildos and the fuck me shoes did not help her image. They exacerbated the movement and she needed to take small steps to traverse to the tile floor. Her climaxes forced her to drip fluids on the carpet as she walked to her destiny with the devil incarnate.

Suzanne approached George’s office. Alice looked up from her work and said, “You’re late, Slut. You should have been here twenty minutes ago. Now bend over my desk, I need to beat your butt. No one reports late to this office, understood?”

“Yes, Mistress,” Suzanne said, submissively bent over her desk.

“May I go in now, Mistress?”

George videoed the whole interaction and her subservient behavior with his slave. He watched as she was spanked. She did not cry out, even though it hurt.

It was the culmination of a grand plan that George had envisioned for the prim and proper Suzanne Wilson for many years. Soon she would be his for the taking, like a ripe apple.

Anne had learned from several run-ins with him that it would do no good. She stifled a cry and stood up. Waiting, she tried to pull her dress down.

“Don’t. Pull it off and stand there.”

Suzanne stood there naked except for her high heels and dildos. Her heavy breasts pulled her forward. She felt off-balance and exposed. She should be fighting this woman who was her inferior in many ways, yet she accepted her as her superior and obeyed her orders. She could not disobey them because they came from George himself. April was in effect an extension of him and she needed to be obeyed.

“Better, bitch. Do you know what you have cost me these last few days?”

“No.”

“My body is black and blue because of you. I could feel you take it over and I could not control it. Do you know what that is like?”

“I was helpless. Now you are here and I don’t have to worry about being physically abused. Follow me.”

Suzanne followed meekly with her head down as she entered his office.

“Lock the door, April and tell everyone that I am conducting a business meeting. I want no interruptions, understand? Leave the dress, please.” he said.

“Yes sir, no interruptions.” April lay the skimpy dress on the chair. Locking the door from the outside, she continued with her transcriptions.

She knew what was going to take place and how the trollop would feel after being abused and tormented by him. The buzzer announced a call coming in and she took it. "George Williams' office. May I help you?"

"I am sorry, he is engaged at the present time. May I take a message?"

"Thank you. I will make sure he gets it the first moment he is free, Mrs. Norquest."

Trixy, standing naked except for her dildos and high heels, held her head high, proud of how she looked, while Suzanne cringed at the thought of him touching her body. She was very uncomfortable being naked in front of him. Why was she here? Why was she doing this despicable act? The games were one thing but this was real life. The thought that she was actually endangering her personal life by just showing up here and performing for him like some circus animal made her sick to her stomach.

"Mr. Williams, I believe I have made a serious mistake in coming here today. I don't even know why I came here. There was a compulsion I could not fight and I lost."

"I know why you came, Mrs. Wilson, and it's as plain as the nose on your face. You are hooked on sex and the pleasures it will produce. The game has whetted your appetite for these dangerous lessons. You are becoming your avatar, there is little doubt about that, Trixy. Even now Trixy is in control of the basic functions of your daily life. You just don't know it yet.

"Her wants and needs are yours now whether you want to admit it or not. Each time you enter the black world of Sin City, or your avatar goes through major changes you bring them back and they fuse with your very being. Each time you are transformed into that creature you fear most.

"It won't be long before you are my slave and willing to do anything for me. That's why you are here; the fear of discovery and willingness to allow yourself the freedom to explore the dark side of this world

without the fear of exposure and the cost to name and reputation. Watch this.”

Trixy allowed Anne to view the events of this morning. Anne cringed as she watched herself perform in front of people she knew had respected her. The moment lapsed and she was closed in once more.

George continued, “Soon you will be the true slut that Doris said you would be. Your body will rule your needs and your compulsions will become overwhelming. It will supersede any emotional limits the love of your family would impose upon you.

“Even now the love you bear for your husband is waning as he becomes the female you hate and despise. Soon you will need a real man to see to your needs. I intend to be that man, Trixy. I now demand that you show yourself and play with me.

Suzanne felt pressure forcing her back into a place where she would be able to see and feel everything She could now influence what was taking place.

“I can’t do that, George, not now, not ever.”

Suzanne felt a smile appear on her face and a different attitude replaced the one the prudish, previous tenant held.

Trixy said, “Well George, I got her here. It wasn’t easy, let me tell you. She has a very dominant personality. She is all yours. Can you do something about that?”

“I believe I can, Trixy my whore, but I might affect you too.”

“Do it. I don’t want her taking over my life anymore than she has these last few weeks. That dolt of a husband is a hindrance. If it hadn’t been for the doctored clothes and the business trip he would have never been eliminated from the equation. The time and energy to get this far with him has slowed down my timetable for the Mrs.”

“Trixy, take these pills and you will have her under our control and influence. Now release Mrs. Wilson from her cell.”

Suzanne felt the bars fade and there was the freedom and the ability to move once more, but there was something more. She felt a sinister force moving against her. It crept into her brain, swallowing whole parts of it. Slowly the chemicals moved into place, disrupting her thoughts.

A peace of mind replaced the concerns of her world. There were now more immediate needs that had to be handled to be fed. She needed something special to fill that void in her existence. She needed a master to guide her and tell her what to do and when to do it. “I need to look to George,” she thought. “He will be my Master who will tell me what to do and what to expect.”

“Mrs. Wilson, you are my slave and will do as I ask without question. Is that understood?”

“Yes, Master”

“You hold a bottle of pills. You will need to return here to secure another supply. You can only get these pills from my office. You will do anything for them; that includes prostituting yourself for them as I see fit. They are very addictive and in a day or so you will not be able to function. Without them you will suffer migraine headaches and cold sweating, a total withdrawal response. You will be hooked and be willing to perform any sexual duties to secure them. Is this understood?”

“I am to take the pills and they will become my habit, my addiction, I will perform any sexual act you wish to procure them. I will do anything you tell me to do because you are my Lord and Master.”

“Excellent, I will want Trixy to suck my cock and allow me to make love to her.”

“We willingly perform this task, Master.”

“Mrs. Wilson I have a need. Service me.”

“Yes Master, at once.” Suzanne removed the dildos from her pussy and asshole and placed them on his desk. She then unzipped her Master’s pants and pulled out his beautiful cock. She worshiped it as a gift from her God. Taking it in her mouth, she proceeded to make love to it. He came and she did not allow any of it to escape. She wanted more and more of the salty mixture.

Releasing it, she said, “Take me, Master. I need release, please.”

She bent over his desk. George entered her pussy and they both came as one. “Master, now my ass, please. You will be the first.”

She felt the massive probe enter her and the pain became transformed into pleasurable feelings that she would look forward to in the future.

He offered her a cigarette. She did not smoke but he expected her to indulge in the vile habit. He then put a glass in her hand and said, “Drink, bitch.”

She drank the foul tasting liquid in one gulp. She held it out for another. She craved more. “May I have another, Master?”

“Of course. Only the best for you, my slave.”

She felt the smoke go deep into her lungs. She had another vice but that didn’t matter. From now on she would be smoking and drinking because it was supposedly her choice.

“Here is a carton of them. My Lady’s Gold will be your brand from now on. See me or April if you need more.”

“Thank you, Master, you are most kind.”

“What is your name, Mrs. Wilson?”

“You may call me Trixy Strumpet, Master.”

“Replace your dildos, Slut. You will wear them always from now on. Is that understood.”

She took them and slipped them in the gaping holes that they had just left.

“You may unlock the door now, April. Mrs. Wilson will be going home now. Please make sure she has a dinner dress and new shoes for tonight. While you’re at it, help her repair her makeup before she leaves the office complex. We wouldn’t her to look like the Whore we know she is, would we? Use the alternate supply closet. I believe there will be everything she is going to need for tonight. Be sure to include yourself in this, as your services will be needed also.

“We will be going out to dinner tonight and for a night on the town. Make a reservation at Geno’s using Mrs. Wilson’s real name. I want the press there. She will be splashed across the society page as my up-and-coming Mistress. It will destroy her.”

“Yes sir, I will carry out your orders perfectly. Do you want her to get dressed, or do you want her walk out of here naked?”

“Get the Slut dressed. You don’t want her to go about the building naked, do you?”

“No, Master,” she said with a smile.

Suzanne put on the dress she came in, checked her make-up and waited for more instructions.

“You will remember all of this and the blackmail threat and how you were coerced into doing all these of the acts today. From this moment on, you will be addicted to the pills and the cigarettes. Perhaps I should have you inject the drugs. It doesn’t matter, I suppose as you won’t be able to exist without them, understood? Call me George when we are in public from now on”

“Yes, Master.”

“Now kiss me goodbye and I’ll see you later on tonight. We have a dinner date. Go with April and she will help you select some dresses and shoes for the occasion.”

Suzanne said, "Yes, George. I will follow Miss. April's instruction."

Suzanne left the office looking none the worse for wear. She followed April and was handed off to Margo for the next phase of the operation.

"What do I call you?" Margo asked.

"Call me Trixy, please. I was told to find some evening clothes and repair my makeup."

"Right this way, Mrs. Wilson. Sorry, Trixy."

"Trixy will be fine, Mistress."

Margo smiled and continued, "I believe we have your size in stock. May I say that you look ravishing today? Have you known Mr. Williams long?"

"Not long but it looks like I will be seeing more of him in the future. He said he had plans for me. I don't know what I can do for him that you don't already do."

"He likes fresh meat and you are as fresh as he can get right now. Soon he will tire of you and you too will be replaced, Trixy."

"Margo," a voice said from the lobby entrance.

"Sorry, I see our Lord and Master is at it again." The call from outside the room

"Trixy, April replaced me two years ago. I am still at his beck and call, even now." Suzanne looked at the woman and gasped.

"Margie," Suzanne said.

Margo looked at the woman before her. "I once was but that was long ago." She could tell that she was untrained and needed to be used some more before she felt comfortable being a slave to a bastard like George. "You look a little out of water, Trixy. Have you been on the circuit long?"

"Circuit?"

“I suppose you will learn about that later, much later I pray. I thought you were a professional. Your boobs are almost perfect and there’s not an ounce of fat on your body. Someone must have spent a lot of money to create the perfect whore I see today. I watched you when you walked in. I know who you are. I don’t know is what he has on you, but it must be very powerful. Suzanne you need to get out of here and never come back. Is that understood?”

“He had nothing on me, I came to him voluntarily, of my own free will.”

“You are a fool, Mrs. Wilson. I know your husband and you have everything. You are giving it all up for this loser? You must be mad.”

Margo took a closer look at this woman. She was not what she appeared to be. She was under his spell and she couldn’t escape if she wanted to. “Trixy, come with us. We have to get you dressed for dinner tonight. I hope you like red?”

“Red is my favorite color, Margo.”

Suzanne looked in the mirror and was astonished at her transformation from a month ago. Before her stood a proper Slut. She looked at Margo. “Yes, it’s my most favorite color in the world.”

“You have made a commitment with Mr. Williams and he comes first from now on. You know that, it’s company policy,” said Margo. “You can wear the dress home, or you can wear the clothes you came in with. It’s your choice.”

“I’ll wear my own clothes home, thank you. They are very comfortable and I like the fit.” Taking out a cigarette, she lit it and smoked it as if it was her last one. Pausing between puffs, she said, “Tell him to expect me at 8:00, I will need to find a baby sitter. It’s such short notice. I really need to go now.”

Leaving the offices, she looked at April. She carried with her new dresses and shoes. April observed that she was still walking funny and her dildos were even more prominent than before. Her lips looked thicker than before and she had a funny look on her face.

Suzanne walked through the office complex and down to the Lobby. “Leaving so soon Trixy?”

“Yes, I must get home.”

“OK, please sign out.”

Signing out with a flourish, Trixy made sure they could see her dildos.

As Suzanne drove home, she reviewed what he had told her and what she had done at his direction. She had allowed herself to be videotaped having sex with him. She should be feeling shame and remorse but she was at peace with herself. She reached for her cigarette and enjoyed the smoke as it entered her lungs.

Arriving home, she rushed upstairs and cleaned up as best she could. She put on her short shorts and tube top and placed the party dress on the bed. It was designed to be worn without a bra and panties. The new shoes were at least two inches taller than she had ever worn before.

The dildos, still embedded, were now deeper in her pussy and ass and turned on to their full speed. She was sure she would suffer an internal hemorrhage as her body shook and her eyes saw a rainbow of colors cascade before her.

“Not now, damn it, not now,” she said to no one. Her body climaxing as never before, she felt a surge of growth in her breasts and butt. Her lips also puffed up and there was an urge to put something in her mouth. Removing her shorts she withdrew the dildo from her pussy. As she sucked it, she could taste herself.

Calling Sophie, she said, “Sophie, I need you to do an overnight tonight. Would that be possible?”

“I am not doing anything, Mrs. W. Sure. What time do you want me there?”

“Would seven thirty be OK?”

“That would be great, thank you. I will see you then.”

Her children looked at their mother. She still had the dildo in her hand.

“What is that, Mommy?” Christine said.

“One of Mommy’s new toys, dear. I will be going out tonight so you will have a sitter all night. She will see you off to school so be a good girl for her, OK?” Looking at her son, she said, “You too, no problems, understood?”

“Yes, Mommy,” they said.

Taking out a cigarette, she nervously smoked it as she dressed. Suzanne took care to make sure she was perfect for her man. Part of her accepted this validation of her status as a slave and a slut to him. There was a part of her independent but isolated that still saw her as a woman free to chose her own path. Her rational mind, confronted with the facts as they stood, accepted the fact that she was George’s chatel. Taking a last look at herself, she walked out of her room.

The shoes were taller than she had wore before and they caused her to walk even more unstable and funny so her steps were smaller; she felt like she was going to fall at any moment. The massive boobs were not helping as they bounced even more as she wore no bra and they threw off her balance. A chain reaction took place and she fell down on the landing. The baby sitter and her children looked on as she picked herself up and walked out the door to the waiting limo.

The limo driver said, “Trixy Strumpet?” Suzanne tried to shout “Suzanne Wilson,” but it was to no avail.

“Yes,” she said in a soft voice.

“Will you please follow me?”

She kissed her children good night. “Be good for Edith. Don’t give her any problems.”

The two children said as one, "We won't" as she hugged them for dear life.

Suzanne walked into the cool night air. She shivered in the thin dress.

The driver opened the door and she saw George Williams and two other women sitting in the enormous interior.

She thought that they could have been sisters, the way their blond hair and bodies were a match for their dresses. The women were exposed for all to see as the dresses left nothing to the imagination. She knew that she was a match for them in all respects tonight.

"Sit here, Trixy." As she sat down her abbreviated skirt rose up, exposing her newly shaved pussy.

"Trixy is taking a nap, but don't fret, she will make her entrance when the time is right."

"Nice. I see you follow directions well, slut. Now play with yourself." He handed her a cigarette and lit it for her "Here is a whole pack for later."

"Thank you, you are very thoughtful, Lover." The other two women also started to smoke their cigarettes.

George said with a gleeful voice, "You know that habit will kill you Sluts. Let me introduce Alpha and this is Pet," he said, pointing to his left and right. "They will be accompanying us to dinner tonight; We will then attend a special party given in my honor, would you believe. I hope you are ready for a fun-filled night."

Trixy, listening through a haze of sexual noise as she climaxed, nodded. George played with her tits and said, "We need to get these pierced with some massive gold rings. You will need to see Dr. Admosom tomorrow. He can increase the size of the nipples and do the gold rings at the same time. Your belly button needs some attention too. Girls, will you take her to Wilma's so she can place the golden penis there?" pointing at her belly button"

“Yes sir,” Suzanne said, once more half-listening.

As if to make his point, he called Suzanne out by name. “Trixy, you have a busy day tomorrow. I have arranged an 8:30 appointment and you should be through by 1:00. As for your golden penis, it will have to wait for another day.”

“Yes sir,” she said as she watched his hands roam all over her body in a random manner.

“This is the address for the doctor but you won’t need it. I will send the limo for you. He does all my alterations and he is an expert at what he does.”

“Thank you, George, you are very thoughtful and through.”

Dinner At Geno’s

Arriving at Geno’s, the women were whisked inside out of the rain. Suzanne and the women were taken to the table while George attended some urgent business out of earshot. The three women attracted a lot of attention by the local paparazzi. When George arrived, they began to circle the table. George said, “Anna, stand up and blow them a kiss, will you? Be sure to give them a good view of your beautiful breasts while you are at it.”

Anna stood almost six foot tall in her nine-inch high heels and her yellow and red mini dress allowed her to display not only her breasts but her dildos. She was proud of her beauty and wanted the world to see it.

“Now sit down. Do you want to do hog the whole show?”

“Yes I do, George. I want to be a star.”

Trixy continued, “Wait until tomorrow, Princess. Then you will really stand out. I will see to that.”

George said, “Ah, dinner is served. I know it will be perfect. Trixy, you will get the New York Steak with all the fixings.” Looking at the other two women, he con-

tinued, "I have reserved the lobster tail and steak special. Enjoy."

Suzanne was famished after an exhausting day. She dived into her steak dinner with an energy she didn't know she had. Cleaning her plate, she said, "Thank you, lover. The steak was just what I needed. You certainly know how to create a hunger in women."

"I do, don't I, Trixy?"

"Actually, we are becoming good friends," Suzanne said. "I am finding we have many common interests and they include you."

"Me?"

"Yes you, George"

George looked confused at the complement. "I don't understand."

"We love you dearly, Lover. Isn't that true, Alpha and Pet?"

"Yes, Mistress Trixy," they said

George was still confused "You do, do you?"

As a single voice all three women said, "Yes, we do. We agree that we want to be your slave and allow you free access to our bodies. We love your cock and the way you make love to us is fantastic."

Trixy continued, "You captured my heart in Sin City and you swept me off my feet. Now that I know you are real, you're mine forever, Master." Suzanne was awe struck and turned mentally to Trixy, "You really don't mean that, do you?"

"I do, I meant every word of it and after tomorrow you will be bound to him. You will be his Woman willing to do anything for him. Trust me on this, Slut."

"Well, I never. I hadn't dreamed that girls like yourselves could just give herself to me like that without

the use of force. What about your families and your husbands?"

"We are unable to live without you, Master. We love you."

Dancing Till Dawn

Suzanne sat at the table and watched the masses of natives gyrate across dance floor. The music brought about a change in the men and women. Their masses became more fluid and flowed like one force. Suzanne could feel the sexual energy flow filling the room. She was pulled from her chair and dragged into the dance floor. In the process her clothes were ripped from her body and she was sandwiched between Alpha and Pet. Their naked bodies created its own energy field. They were independent from the main mass of dancers. They moved as one in a sexual union more powerful and binding than a marriage vow. United as one, she was kissed and held tight in their grasp. They saw George walk over to them and took them back to the table.

"Are you having fun?"

"I think so."

"Well, you have beautiful bodies. Why do you hide them?"

"We don't hide them, George. It's just that we are very private individuals and don't like to advertise what we have most of the time. You bring out the best in us."

"When we are with you, we feel free as a bird and want to fly."

Trixy chimed in, "Two months ago I would have blushed at the thought of wearing a micro-mini skirt, and now it's all I want to wear. I have changed and I don't think it's for the better.

"I am a slut, *your* slut right now. Sometime in the future I will be someone else's slut. Right now I am your slave and I can not do anything that you don't

want. Later on this morning I will be desecrating my body for you. For the life of me I don't know why, but I will.

“What have you done to take over my life? What powers do you have to turn decent women into whores and sluts at the drop of a hat?”

“Look at me, I am what you have made me and it has only been ten days since you have defiled me and made me want to commit the greatest crime I know. You have destroyed my marriage and my family.”

“I am sitting here with you mentality and physically naked and unashamed of it right now. Yet I am comfortable being with you and having sex with you at your whim, even here. Do you think that is normal? I am a disgrace, George. The drugs and the game has warped my judgment and my morals and these habits you given me are driving me crazy.

“The fact that I need to constantly have a cigarette in my hand and feeling the smoke deep in my lungs is insane. What more can you do to me?”

“I need to go home now. You don't know what is going on in my body. There is a civil war taking place between the woman I was and the creation that is the result of my activities in the game from Hell and you.

“Can you possibly understand my dilemma, George? No, I don't think you can, or ever will. You are a bastard and think only of yourself.”

George looked at the apparition of beauty sitting at his table and said, “You are still sober after all the drugs you have taken and the drinks you have drank tonight. I don't know what to do to bring out the ‘wild thing in you, pussycat?’”

“You can take me home and call it a night, George. That's what you can do.”

Suzanne woke up and needed courage to follow through with what she had to do this morning. She should simply decline the procedure and walk away from George. She took her last cigarette form the pack and lit it. What am I going to do now? I am out of

smokes and the only source for this brand is George.” Taking her pill with whiskey, she stared off into nothing, waiting for the rush to flood her body.

She had changed so much and to face exposure about her illicit affairs right now would destroy any hope for her and her family’s future.

If she gave in and had the procedure done, she would be facing additional pressures to conform to the Sin City Game mentality. That would also destroy what family life she still might have possible.

What about David and his transformation into a diva of the first rank? His life had been forever altered.

Self-doubt flooded her mind as she got the children ready for school. “Be good for your teachers and make me proud.” Suzanne dressed as if she were going out to a stag party for horny old men. “I am Suzanne Wilson and I am of a sound mind and body. I should be able to dress in a reasonable manner and conduct myself as a decent woman should. I should not have to resort to the public display of my body all the time.

“What am I doing? Here I am dressing like a slut and behaving as if I were a tramp. I can’t leave the house this morning and see the children off to school like this. It’s obscene.”

Walking the children to the door and opening it, she said, “Have a good day. Mommy will see you after school. I love you both.” Walking to the bus stop, she heard the comments and felt the stares. She gave each of the kids a kiss just before they got on the school bus. Tears formed as the bus drove off. She was left alone to face her inner demons. Taking a pack from her purse, she extracted one of the cigarettes and lit it with her new gold lighter. She walked back to her home. She took an additional pill and her rational mind went to sleep. “Finally,” she thought, “peace.”

“It’s about time,” Trixy thought. “I thought the bitch would never leave. Now it’s my turn. She ruined my party last night; she was supposed to stay locked

up in her cell. How could I have ever let her escape? Now it's time to show her who is the boss around here. I will make sure that she sees the result of the beatification project I have set up for her.

A Day At The Doctor's Office

8:30 sharp the limo arrived. Dressed to the nines, Trixy stepped out of the house. She was proud of herself and her looks. Her pale blue mini-dress and high heels complemented her makeup. She chose to walk slowly, allowing her noisy neighbors to see the proud Mrs. Wilson strut her stuff walking to the limo. Entering the rear compartment, she saw a note and a package waiting for her.

“Morning, Slut. I am glad you made it. I was concerned that you might have deserted me. I want you to please yourself and enjoy the surprise in the box. I want all my women to consider themselves special. Enjoy the toy and the gold.”

Her hands began to play with her pussy and her clitoris. *“I have a gift for you, a very special gift. Open the box, Slut, and insert it into your pussy.”*

Her hands moved with their own volition. Suzanne forced them to pause, but only for a brief moment. They opened the box. There she saw a very realistic dildo, down to the body hair and human skin. It looked alive. It felt alive. Trixy picked it up out of the box and it reacted as if it was alive. “How strange,” she said to no one as it doubled and tripled in size and mass just like it would have if it was attached to a human body.

Trixy, going strictly on instinct, placed it in her enlarged pussy. It moved into place, then took root into the recess of her body. Instantly she knew the grief her husband had just suffered at her hands. This was David's and she had deprived him of his manhood.

Trixy knew that she had made a major modification to her body. She was now a hermaphrodite capable of anything a man could do. Trixy had made her

prim and proper hostess as she said, "I know where to put this and that sissy David will know my power."

As she entered the doctor's office, a nurse with enormous breasts and a very skimpy uniform said, "May I help you?"

"Yes, I have an appointment. Trixy Strumpet."

"Yes, please come this way. The doctor and his team are waiting for you, Miss Strumpet." As she walked, she felt the penis grow larger as it was part of her now and she wasn't sure if she controlled it, or it controlled her.

George had played a trick on her; she was now a she male. Her dress did little to hide the new appendage. Matter of fact, the skimpy outfit did more to draw attention to it, her breasts notwithstanding.

"Would you come over here and lay down please?" said a nurse.

Trixy lay on the bed and it conformed to her body like a mold. She began to feel sleepy and drifted off to a peaceful dreamland.

Trixy was awakened by a pain. "Excuse the shots, they are part of the process," said another overdeveloped nurse. "It replaces months of waiting, I find."

A doctor moved off to her right, placed two plastic tents over her breasts and connected the suction tubes. "This won't hurt a bit, it might even make you feel better. I am going to put you back under now. See you when we are done."

She felt the suction draw her huge breasts and nipples into their individual chambers. She watched as her nipples were drawn into the chambers and grow into the two-inch space that would allow them to expand to one half-inch wide and two inches long.

Even in her slumber she heard, "A little more, Nurse"

"Yes, Doctor."

“Perfect,” he said as the covers were removed.

Trixy emerged out of her darkness into a bold pink recovery room. “You are awake, I see. How do you feel?”

“OK, I guess.”

“Let me know if you feel anything out of the ordinary.” She watched as the doctor reached over and touch one of the nipples.

Trixy instantly felt it send sexual messages throughout her body. She wanted to climax just at his touch. Suzanne, alone in her cell, wanted to scream out in pleasure.

“What have you done to my nipples?”

“Good, the conductivity factor is excellent.

“Now I am going to have to deaden them for a while but they will return to their new normal state in a short while. We have hyper-sensitized your nipples to cause you to climax each time they are stimulated. It was part of the package agreed upon. Don’t be worried, this next step will not hurt one little bit. When I am done, you will be a natural, a star on the Circuit. With these beauties in place, everyone will expect a star performance out of you. They are my best work I can humbly say, Miss Trixy.”

Trixy felt Suzanne panic at the thought of something being put through her nipples. She was grossed out enough already by having her nipples expanded but to have that compounded by the fact that there would be huge golden rings placed through them was unthinkable. Trixy entered her mental cell. “When I am done, Suzanne, all you will be capable of is to be a good fuck on the Circuit. Forget being a member of the PTA, or attending your church. I will have my revenge.”

Suzanne knew that she would carry out her plan. She and David were as good as dead. There was little or nothing she could do about what she was going through.

Trixy continued, "Watch and learn, Suzanne. I am going to allow you to observe the desecration of your precious breasts."

It was all Suzanne could do as she watched the laser being placed next to her nipple and felt it cut a one-eighth-inch hole through the living flesh, knowing that it would soon accept a heavy solid gold ring that filled the empty space left by the laser drill.

Suzanne could smell the burning flesh and watched as the man placed the huge nipple ring through the expanse and welded it shut. "Now they will never fall off," the Doctor said. He repeated the process with the next nipple. "Almost done."

"Now sit up, please, and stand."

Trixy stood almost immediately. She felt the difference. The process not only affected the nipples but the breasts too. They were now firmer and more perfectly balanced.

With her penis and new breasts in place, Trixy put on her dress. The gold rings stuck out, forcing the world to see her for what she was. For some reason, Trixy's world looked different. She could see all the possibilities that were now open to her. She was special, unique.

Touching the rings she said, "Thank you, Doctor. You have been very nice to me. I will need to repay the visit someday."

"I look forward to such a time, Miss Trixy. That is a serious contender," he said, pointing to her cock. "Does it work?"

"I don't know," she said looking at the card, "It's a gift from George. Knowing him, it will function perfectly. It came in this box. He says that this is all that is left of David."

"Well, it seems that I am to be both mother and father in the household, Doctor. May I barrow a nurse?"

"Yes of course, by all means."

Trixy looked at the pretty nurse and said, "Bend over."

The nurse bent over, exposing her pussy and Trixy drove it deep into her. Extracting it, she said, "Kneel, bitch."

The nurse complied and proceeded to take the member into her mouth. Suzanne, much to her horror, began to enjoy the process. She came and the nurse removed her mouth.

"Thank you, Mistress, you have been most generous."

"No problem. There is more where that came from."

An Unexpected Surprise

Suzanne woke up from her nap and found that it was almost time for her children to come home. How could she have slept for so long? She saw a note placed on the table next to her.

I hope you had a good nap, Miss Goody Two Shoes. While you were napping, I have been playing. You made your doctor's appointment on time. The medical personal were very through and professional. I asked for the deluxe service and they delivered.

You may discover that your beautiful breasts have been altered. I think you will find that the enhanced versions are a hundred percent improvement over the ones that you had. Love, Trixy.

"Enhanced, altered, improved? What does she mean?" Getting up, Suzanne saw that she had a nightgown on. When did she buy that one?

Removing the nightgown and bottoms, she saw the enhanced nipples with the gold rings. Her hands went to the nipples and the rings. As she moved them about, she discovered an additional change. It automatically sent sexual signals to her groin.



Her flaccid member suddenly became quite big and solid. Her now enlarged nipples increased in size as did her her new member.

Her breathing became rapid and she felt a rush of sexual energy course through her body. She reached down and touched her new organ. It seemed to have a mind of its own. She wrapped her hand around it and moved it back and forth, up and down the shaft.

She watched as it ejaculated a solid stream of sperm. "Oh my," she said. She should have been shocked at what Trixy had done to her body, but the reality struck her.

She had no one to blame but herself. She had opened the door when she took on the project. It was she who had converted her friends to the dark side. It was she who allowed the relationship with George to continue outside the game. She was the one who had forced David into the game and the subsequent repercussions resulting from his becoming a female in body and mind.

She chose to put on a pair of David's jeans to see if they would fit. Her new cock was not evident to the general public. Her enhanced breasts and nipples with their massive golden rings were another matter.

She put on a neon tube top that she knew was one size too small for her breasts before the procedure, knowing that it would expose the massiveness of her new nipples and the force everyone to notice the huge golden rings that now adorned them. "At least they won't jiggle when I walk," she thought.

Suzanne had not realized that she had adapted to be the the slut she so wanted to avoid so she could return to her former life style. Now her body modifications, in addition to the clothes she chose to wear, would forever mark her as a wanton woman, a woman of ill repute, whore. She should have panicked when she saw the cock, but she didn't.

Going downstairs she met her children as they entered the front door. "How was your day?" she asked them. It was all they could do not to stare at her breasts.

“Mommy, what are those things sticking out?”

“Those are Mommy’s nipples and the round things are gold rings. I got them today while you were at school. They were a surprise for me too. Aren’t they pretty?”

“I suppose that I will grow to like them, but for now I will accept them as part of me now and I will have to learn to live with them. We will learn to coexist with each other.

“Are you hungry?”

“Yes,” they said.

“Well, let’s get some milk and cookies to snack on until dinner, shall we?”

The phone rang and Suzanne answered it.

“Hello.”

She knew George’s voice and she said, “What do you want?”

“My, my, what a tone. I see that you got my gift. Your husband gave his all for that, you know. You should see him now, or should I say her. It is a total transformation. When he comes home after this business trip, I think you will have to rethink your marriage.”

“You bastard.”

“Now, now. Such language from one such as yourself seems incongruous. One only needs to look at you now and see the change in your behavior to see the real you.

“The neighbors will attest that they saw you dressed up as a tramp get into my Limo twice. The babysitter will testify as to your dress and demeanor the last night.

“Now when I post the videos of our exploits on the web tonight, I believe you can expect a visit from the child protective agency. Once they see what your

husband and yourself have been up to, you can expect to lose legal custody of your children soon after.

“As I see it, you have no choice but to join me in my new venture, GW Pictures. We will make the best porn in the world. We will outsell Japan, I think. I want you to be my star performer. Alpha and Pet will be your costars. Maybe we could even get your friends to join in. I hear the pastor’s wife is a knock out in a miniskirt.”

“David will soon realize that I was behind everything that has happened to you and he. I will more than likely be canned, or in jail. I expect that you will come with me, leaving him and the children in our exile. I think he will make a wonderful mother, don’t you? I want you to

get him pregnant, then leave him behind to fend for himself.”

“I can’t, no, I won’t do that to him, George. He’s my husband and I am his wife.”

“Are you sure about that? You saw what happened when Trixy took over this morning. By the way, you should be running out of pills in a few short hours. You will have to come to me for them. Why don’t you come by the office tomorrow, say about ten-ish? You should be good and ready to deal then. Good night, Slut.”

“David is due back in four days. I should be able to complete this project in that time,” Suzanne thought. Moving to her office, she composed the final report to the Corporation.

Suzanne weighed her options. She could resign herself to perpetual slavery with George Williams, or she could take a chance and decline his invitation/order to come to his office tomorrow. Would she suffer the extensive withdraws he was predicting? Reaching for her cigarettes from her purse, she realized that she needed one badly. How could he have given her a habit so quickly and why did it have to be this one?

Her hands started to shake as she thought about getting her next one. How would she make it through the morning without her nicotine fix? What kind of deviant was George? She didn't deserve what he was doing to her and her family.

She settled down and was close to completing her project. She had explored almost every avenue of the software and the potential problems associated with the external and internal conflicts in the program and its relationships with the user/player. She had all the information to complete the assignment. She had completed the check-off list and then some.

She was duty bound to write her final evaluation of the program; they needed to know the facts about their project. Still part of her wanted to continue with the game because it now filled a need that only it could. She was addicted to it for her sexual fix just to survive the day. She was hooked as much as any junky was.

This was not a time to go cold turkey. It would be too much for her system just now.

George's interventions and Doris's programming had changed her. She was no longer the shy, demure young housewife. She had been transformed into a sexual butterfly moving from flower to flower, seeking the nectar she needed to sustain herself.

Drawing from an inner strength that only the Lord could provide, she realized that if she was ever to be free from this curse she had to cut the strings to this program and its evil influences.

Suzanne composed her final summation relating to the project and the problems she encountered during the last two months. She did not leave anything out. The backdoor ability to steal the astral projection of the player was a killer. She had to close that door forever, lest another George take advantage of it to enslave another innocent. After double checking the report, she dispatched it. Now all she had to do was wait for a response. She turned off the light and went to bed. The house was quiet; most importantly, her head was silent. There were no voices speaking to

her. She could sleep soundly, unafraid of what they would tell her to do next.

She tried sleeping on her stomach as was her normal practice and she found the nipples and rings prevented her from getting comfortable. "Damn him," she thought.

Suzanne drifted off in to a troubled sleep. She feared sleep as that's when Trixy was able to control her body. Still she couldn't not sleep. She took the chance, shut down her conscious mind and was engulfed by the friendly darkness.

Something woke her up. She wasn't sure what it was but it was loud enough to bring her out of a sound sleep. Was it a real sound, or was she bringing up imagery ones that existed only in The City?

She got up and checked on her children and returned to the bedroom. Satisfied everyone was secured and safe, she returned to the slumber she so desperately needed.

The sun woke her and she cleaned herself up. As she took a shower, she noticed that the hot spray stimulated her breasts. Pinching the nipples, she experienced a climax and she called out her pleasure. "They are too beautiful to cover up," she said to no one. It was then she noticed that there was a tremor starting in her hands and body. She would work her way through it as she did everything in her life. It was simply a case of mind over matter. In this, she was an expert.

She checked her computer. Her reply came quickly. As she read, it lifted her heart. She had made the right decision. She began to feel clean once more. The hard part was done; now all she had to do was wait for them to pick up the material.

She wanted to feel normal again, to wear her jeans and tees once more without feeling uncomfortable. With her new cock projecting out, it was impossible to wear her normal clothes. Grabbing David's jeans and her new bra, she prayed that the top would accommodate her enlarged nipples and rings. If this

didn't work, she would have to cut nipple holes just to feel comfortable.

Putting on her low top tennis shoes, she walked across the room. Suzanne felt pain in her lower legs. Replacing the tennis shoes, Suzanne discovered that her legs wouldn't permit her to wear normal shoes and she would be restricted to wear her high heels all the time time now.

Gone were the days of carefree living. Now she knew that whenever she wore her jeans or short shorts, she would stand out like the whore she had become of her high heels.

Doris watched her as Suzanne attempted to reverse the Bimboization process already started, knowing that it would now be impossible to halt, or reverse. She had won. She had destroyed the prim and proper woman who had undertaken her playground.

"What are you doing, my Bitch?" Doris said into her ear bud.

Suzanne said, "I am now a freak, something that is only allowed to come out at night. I need to feel normal and clean. You and George have made that impossible."

Suzanne knew because of the hormones added to her system that she may have a pregnant husband in her future, and an impossible family life situation. "Doris, from now on I can't go out in public without being singled out, or accosted by individuals because of my appearance or the expectations of whorish behavior. Because of you I now have to wear high heels just to walk ten feet. I am a freak."

Doris said, "Trixy, my whore, you have little to complain about. You are still a work in progress and how you will turn out is still a question to be answered. You have only been under my care for a very short period of time. I would like one year but I know you won't give me that time, will you?"

The Analysis

From Susan "Trixy" Wilson

I have been working on this project for three months and it has been a bitch. Even with all your warnings, I still got sucked into my AI's world. Any safeguards you build in to the platform are able to be defeated. In my case, the AI used them to her benefit. Also there is a flaw that allows individuals to divert the user into another host body without them knowing it until it's too late. This was done in collusion with the AI's knowledge and, I believe, assistance.

My husband, if I can call him that now, was altered into the perfect woman by your machines. She is now pregnant with child, my child as I now have a cock and his sperm. I have been able to finally place Doris, my AI, in her protective case. As a result I am able to prepare this report in the confidence that she would not hinder its writing. My husband David and myself are craving Doris's input in our existence every minute of the day.

In truth this is a very dangerous platform. Combined with the side issue of program bleed off that has affected our personal and professional lives, I could not recommend this so-called game to anyone. It is not a game for the ordinary individual as it should be rated XXX.

If you intend to proceed with this project, you will need to increase the personal protection factor by at least 100 percent. Written warnings are not enough. You will have to have a hands-on approach that will keep tabs on the user. I could have used that in my dealings with Doris. Just knowing that you were there would have been a tremendous relief.

I will note that you did not follow up on me, or my activities as Doris was everywhere at once. She was controlling my life down to the smallest detail. I could not use the phone, or other electronic device without her being aware of it so contacting you even by E-Mail was out of the question.

Face-to-face contact would have been the only sure way to speak or communicate with you. I had to mind what I said in the house, or on the computer. If I stepped out of line, Doris would punish me in ways only she could devise. When I took on this task, I volunteered for a trip to hell.

There are three friends who fell into her trap because of my addiction to the game and the sex. They will also need your help in fighting this addiction.

You can come and pick up the project anytime.

[signed] Suzanne 'Trixy' Wilson, Beta Tester.

Suzanne pushed the 'send' key and considered her next moves in this chess game.

The End Of The Trail

Suzanne heard the sound of an incoming message on her E-mail account. She read the enclosed message. As she read She read on in

From: D.M. Whitney Quality Control DFW

To Suzanne Wilson

Mrs. Suzanne Wilson, you can expect a certified letter in ten days to confirm the contents of this E-mail as it relates to the completion of your assignment.

Thank you for your honest appraisal of our product. Enclosed you will find a check for the \$300,000 dollars plus an additional \$500,000 to help you in your adjustment from the program's effects.

We are also including a medical payment for your husband as he has also been infected with the sexual virus. Please inform the three other ladies that have been affected by our rogue AI will also be given the same amounts and we will assist them in their transition from the infection introduced into their lives and help them to return to their normal lives. Any and all taxes have been paid in full so you and the ladies will not have any tax liability from your participation in this venture and your interaction with this product.

“Perhaps some good will come from this after all,” Suzanne thought. She continued to read on.

As a reward we will allow you and the other ladies to have an iPad version of the game. It is what we will be selling to the general public as the more powerful AI units have proved to be detrimental to the health of society in general. This concludes your contribution to this venture. We thank you for your honest appraisal and apologize for any problems you encountered while testing this platform.

Your input was most helpful in our decision in this matter. Thank you.

Please re-box any and all items for later pick-up by our technician in the next few days.

You may keep a pair of the glasses and the iPad unit as our gift for your efforts to debug the system. Also we will assist in the retrieval of the earpiece and the net will be destroyed as a safety precaution. The clothing is yours to keep if you wish, along with any other devices that were acquired in this testing phase.

In going over your account, we noted that the AI ordered some complex intelligent sexual simulators for you and your husband. Because of the agreement we have with you, currently these are yours to keep but keep in mind that the nanites that reside and operate them are still very dangerous to non-affected individuals. Please do not use them on anyone else in your household or in your social circle as they are capable of creating their own empire. Treat them as a sickness that only you can control.

We are unable to inactivate all the nanites that currently reside in your body. We gave them a five-year life cycle and during that period they may flare up and cause you problems.

We also understand your husband has been infected by the program and Doris. We may be able to help in that matter. We can ship clothing that has been programmed to alter the human body to take on the mental and physical aspects of the normal male. It will reverse the female nanites but be aware there may be a fight for dominance as to who will prevail. There is no

guarantee who will win. You and he might be stuck the way you are for the rest of your life.

We cannot guarantee anything in this area.

Of course this will be strictly voluntary on his part. He may have been so ingrained at this point in his development with his female persona that it is irreversible. You may be able to convert him to a She male and that's all. Please keep us informed about his progress. Any cost resulting from this will be defrayed.

Yours

D. M. Whitney, Quality Control DFW

Suzanne heard a knock on the front door. She opened the door and saw the postman waiting there. "Suzanne, I have a certified letter for you to sign."

"Thank you, John. I have been expecting it."

"I will need some ID on this one Suzanne, sorry."

"No problem but thank you for your concern."

Suzanne went up stairs and picked up her pink purse. "No, stupid, the black one," She thought. Selecting the correct purse, she presented her license to him.

"You don't match your picture, Suzanne, but I will accept it out of courtesy,"

Signing her name, she took the package. "Thank you, John. You have been most helpful."

Suzanne opened the thick packet, extracted the checks and reviewed the contents. Satisfied with the official documents, she prepared to take the checks to the bank for deposit.

Putting on her most civilized clothes, Suzanne walked into the bank and up to her friend April. "To what do we owe the honor of serving you today, Suzanne?"

“I have finished the project and this is my final payment. It has been a horrendous task and I am sorry to have undertaken it.”

“You look better, Suzanne. Now how much are we depositing today?”

“Five hundred thousand dollars.”

“That’s quite a tidy sum.”

“Yes it is and I am glad that it’s done. It has been a hell of a job, let me tell you.”

“Here’s your receipt, thank you for your money. God bless you and keep you, Suzanne.”

The End, Or Is It?

A company truck pulled into Suzanne’s driveway and the driver and a man in a suit got out.

“Are you Suzanne Wilson?”

Suzanne said, “Yes I am. I have been expecting you and it’s about time. You can call me Trixy. Everyone else does these days.”

Suzanne still wanted to dress as minimally as possible so she was wearing short shorts and an abbreviated top that did little to hide her 38C breasts. The company bras were the best at controlling her massive titties.

The driver stared at her tremendous rack and said, “I’m sorry about those, Mrs. Wilson, but you must admit they are an tremendous asset in some circles. We might be able to mitigate their size and mass if you wish.”

“That’s OK. I have become accustomed to them and would be thrown off balance again if they were reduced in size, but thank you for the offer. The saving grace is that your bras have been able to accommodate their size and weight so far.

“I have found nothing else that will accomplish that feat on the open market. My husband’s breasts

are another matter and he needs his penis back to be able to reproduce offspring. He is still a man, you know.”

“I know that our bras and panties that have transformed you and David. It is known throughout the industry that our technology has the ability to alter the physical state of any living human, male or female. By continuing to wear our clothes with their nanites a person would never be able to return to their normal state. I will send some normal clothes that look and feel like the ones you have now. But they will not contribute to your existing state. They will not contribute to your mental and body modifications problem.”

Suzanne listened, pondered the offered solution and said, “I think that would be the wise thing to do in this case. They are as addictive and compelling as anything in that box. My question to you is, how do I get this blasted earbud out? I found that if I do anything that even threatens it, I am subjected to an sonic blast that is very painful.”

“That might be a problem. We have found the extraction process can be problematic. That is a problem with have with all our nanites It seems they were programmed to survive under any conditions, even though they have a limited lifespan.

“Your husband will have to accept the physical changes that have occurred. They will become his normal nature now.

“Even if we were able to change him back tomorrow, his transition to a normal man would need very special assistance and that would take years, I believe.”

Suzanne thought about David and his state of mind these days. “I don’t know how to change his mind on this matter. He has expressed no interest in returning to his male state.

“He likes his pretty dresses and long beautiful hair. The nanites have done a number on his face and he has been transformed into the very beautiful woman most men dream about.

“I need my husband back. Anything you can do in that area?”

“Yes but you will need the help of one of our AI doctors to restore him to a mental state that will allow him to accept the needed alterations voluntarily.

“If he doesn’t respond to that process, we could send you the reversed nanites in his clothing. It will take longer but it will produce the greatest amount of change with the least amount of argument from him.

“The other option would be wait five years and start all over again. Whatever we do, it will take a very long time and effort. Even then, we can’t guarantee it would work when we were done.”

Suzanne, lost in a state of confusion, said, “Let’s go ahead and work on both ends of this issue, but for now let’s let him think that he is going to be a woman for the time being. Meanwhile we need to send some female clothes that contain the male nanites Just send them so I can make the switch with his female infected clothes as they arrive. They should allow him to make that transition to his old self. Hopefully it’s not too late. Thank you for your help.”

“I pray we are not too late to help David.”

“He makes a very sorry lover and I don’t like living with another woman.”

The driver/technician said, “Once more I hope we are in time. You have proven to be our most proficient Beta tester to date. In the short time you have had the game, you have done more to improve it than anyone else.

“Trixy, I mean Mrs. Wilson, we will make things right, no matter what the cost.”

“You know after hearing almost everyone I know call me that name, it has become almost respectable. You have no reason to apologize, I assure you.

“Please come in. The boxes are just inside. I am afraid that when you unleash Doris from her PC case, she will be madder than a wet hornet. Be careful.”

“We have dealt with her kind before so I don’t think she will be any problem now. You should have reported her before you did at the end of your task.”

“I had other issues to contend with that were more pressing and immediate; besides she can be a nice person when she wants to be. It was George and his intervention that was the real problem. If that hadn’t happened, I believe that I could have resolved most of the outstanding issues I have confronted. I did find a lot of weak points and at least two major flaws in your programming. That’s quite a feat, I think. ”

“You have done that and more. You must be referring to the astral projection retrieval flaw that escaped us. We had no idea that it existed until you reported it. Doris should have reported it herself, but she had been captured by that man too. She was as much a pawn as you were so we can hardly fault her judgment in this case. It has been rectified and others are now safe to travel to and fro.”

“I was glad he changed my life. I was enthralled by him and almost went to his office to perform for him. I did it freely and of my own will, I *think*. After you leave, I still have to work with him on his own terms. You see what he has done to my body and I don’t think it is the last thing he would like to do. He has plans and I am a key element in those plans.

“If it is OK with you, I have kept those things that I felt would continue to keep my sex life alive as my husband changes back. I hope it is soon.”

“Please keep them as part of our agreement. I didn’t find the credit card in the box but it is an easy thing to lose I guess. Reviewing the materials list, he noted mostly clothes and the 3D visors, along with the iPad. The phone was still there. I must find out why the smart phone was not acceptable to her.

“I see you left the phone. You do realize that it is a direct line to the company and can be used at any-time day or night. Please keep it as it may come in handy sometime in the future. As for the iPad, it is our gift to you. I believe that we will offer the game using that platform and not the AI’s. Too dangerous.

“I cannot stress your contribution to this project too much and we thank you for your help in producing a quality product, Trixy. Without individuals like you, we would be operating in the dark and would have produced a dangerous product. Now we need to visit the ladies that were adversely affected by this AI. I hope we will be able to rectify their situation.”

“I have told them of your visit. I am sure they will greet you with open arms,” she responded. She held the cashier's check for five hundred thousand dollars, tax free. She smiled as she walked into the house. What to do with George?

The security system blinked and stored the information of who was present and what they were doing. Suzanne went to the control panel and watched the playback for the last 24 hours. She watched as a dark shape moved about the house. It was like a mist, but it was real. “What was that?” she said.

“I don't know,” a voice said. “It has not happened before on my watch. It appears to be human and yet it gives off no body heat.

“I think it could be your avatar, Trixy. How it got into this world, I do not know. It is like a ghost with no place to go, wandering around, seeking home. If I find it is dangerous, I will call the Corporation and have them capture it and remove it from the house. So far it has done no harm to anyone here, or has shown any hostile intentions to anyone here. I wouldn't fret about it too much, Trixy. I will keep an eye on it just to make sure nothing happens.”

“If there is danger, would you call the police?”

“Yes, my job is the security of this household.”

Suzanne thought to herself, “Whatever happens I will have done everything I could to protect the family.”

The phone rang. “Hello?” she said.

The woman's voice on the other end said, “Suzanne, it's me. I am on my way home. Can you pick me up at the airport at 11:30?”

“No problem. I’ll bring the kids. They will be glad to see you again.”

“Perhaps you shouldn’t. I am not the same person they would remember. I am ashamed of what I have become, Suzanne.”

“Have you done anything, David?”

“I have these feeling that I cannot control. It’s like there’s another person inside me, directing me, trying to control me.”

“I see no reason not to bring them, dearest David. They haven’t seen their father in several days and I believe that it would be good to get what has happened out into the open. Also tomorrow is Saturday, no school, so we can clear the air and answer any questions that they may have.”

“I’ve changed, Suzanne. You will have trouble locating me in a crowd.”

“I have a spy and he tells me that you are now have a full-fledged female body, pussy included. What have you decided to call yourself?”

Major Changes And Life Changing Choices

“I think you will find this ironic. Doris was the best I could come up with, sorry. Whoever set up this itinerary made it difficult and there was a lot of backtracking. The one good thing that came from it was I have been able to boost sales and production. Computers and E-mail have no sexual signature, thank God.”

“I too have much to tell you and not all of it is good, David. I have completed the project and have been paid. Doris is no longer in the house and we are free of her. Tomorrow I deposit eight hundred thousand dollars in the bank and we can declare freedom from the bitch.”

“I will see you then, beloved, and do bring the children I will like to see them. Bye Love.”

The Daylight At The End Of The Tunnel

Suzanne looked out of the corner of her eye. There it was again. She said to no one, “If there is danger. would you call the police?”

“What would I tell them? My doppelganger/avatar is in the house and she looks just like me? Don’t hurt her, please. Yes, my job is the security of this household and I will take care of any problems that take place.”

The Airport

Suzanne watched the passengers debark the plane. All she told her children was that they were going to pick up their Daddy.

“Where is he?” the boy asked, looking at the men walking past them. Then a woman walked up to them and said, “Sorry I’m late. My feet are killing me.”

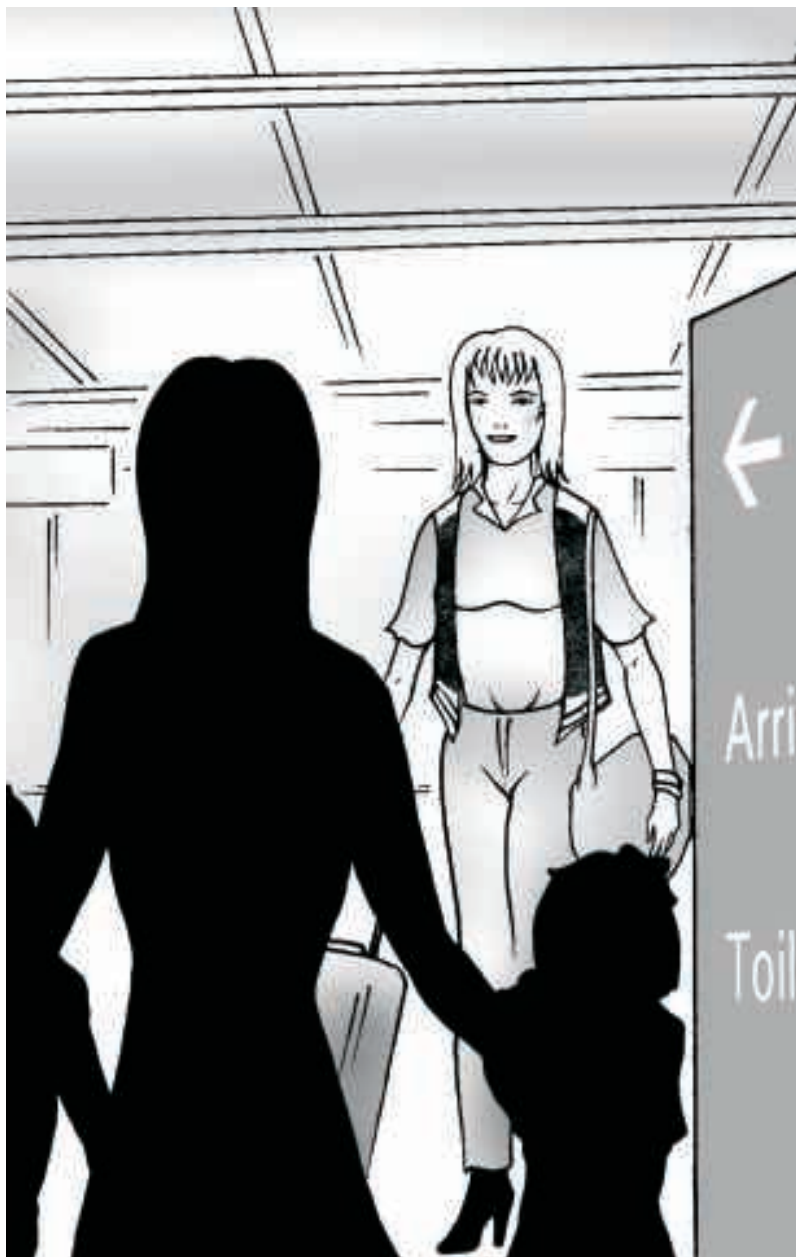
“David, is that you?” Suzanne asked.

“I told you I had changed. It all started with the underwear. Then the dresses. Someone switched my luggage in the office, I guess.”

“That would have been George and Trixy, I would guess,” said Suzanne. “Only they could come up with such a stunt. Why didn’t you buy some new clothes?”

“Well, I would have, but the panties convinced me to continue with the bra and the dresses followed. I couldn’t stop, Suzanne.”

Smelling her perfume, Suzanne said, “I know what you mean, Doris. My time has been much like that too, so you aren’t alone in this. I have something you lost, David, and it has been a bitch just to control it. I would like to give it back but I don’t know how.



“Let’s get you home and we’ll talk some more, OK? Besides the children are sure to have lots of questions.”

“Let’s do that, but first lets eat. I’m famished.”

At a Denny’s, the waitress said, “What can I get you ladies?”

David looked at Suzanne and said, “I will let you go first. What would you like?”

“A salad would be nice and a bowl of soup.” Looking at her children, she continued, “And what do you want?”

Her daughter said, “I want fish sticks and fries.”

Her boy said, “I want the Big Boy Hamburger Special and a large shake.”

David looked at the assembled group and said, “I want the biggest steak in the house and a baked potato. Don’t forget the house salad. To drink, I’d like a large ice tea.”

Abbie, the waitress, said, “Thank you. Your food will be out directly. Can I bring you some bread or an appetizer?”

David said, “The bread will be fine for now, thank you.”

“Daddy, why do you look like Mommy?” asked the little girl.

“That’s a long story, Pumpkin. I am not sure myself but I will find out then I will tell you, OK?”

“I guess, so.” she said

After the meal, it took an hour to get home. David put his children to bed as he always did when he was home. Walking into the bedroom Suzanne said, “I have been waiting for this moment for what seems like months, Beloved. Get undressed and get on the bed.”

David undressed for her as they got ready for bed. She watched as his dress was removed then came the frilly bra and panties. George did not lie when he said that David had changed radically. "David, you are beautiful. Does everything work?"

"I don't know. All I know is that I am learning a lot about being a woman. It's a good thing I can still sell no matter what gender I am. God gave me that skill anyway. You look almost unscathed from this ordeal."

"Let me undress too so you can see the changes, David." As she removed her jeans and top, she exposed her modified breasts and her cock. Standing there she said, "Well say something, damn it."

"The male part of me says 'wow' and the female part feels sorry for you. You say that George gave you that cock?"

"Yes, he delivered it in a box as I was going to get these done." She held her breasts up for him to see. "I am told that it is yours but I have no proof."

"You really should do something about that man. He is a dangerous person. He also has me over a barrel. I fell under his spell and now he has pictures of me doing things I am ashamed of now, but when I was doing them I was elated."

"David, he got me addicted to cigarettes and some drug that only he can dispense. The cigarettes are a special blend and they, while legal, will always get me high. You must have watched me smoking them the last few hours. I can't stop. I don't want to stop. I don't know what to do."

"He could ruin me, us, in an instant. All he has to do is release those pictures and recordings. I worry about the children and what the legal authorities could do to us about our current life style."

"He can't do a darn thing, Suzanne. He is a lot of bluster and hot wind. True, he could be the devil incarnate but in this realm he is powerless."

“When I get into the office tomorrow, I will set things straight. I am sure there are many women in the office that would like to see him gone but I have a better idea.

“Were you able to keep the clothes from the project?”

“Yes.”

“Well the worm is going to turn. I will unleash the power of a woman scorned and abused. You think I am beautiful? Wait and see how *he* turns out. Now let’s see if that wonderful cock works. I have been waiting for days to see if this pussy functions like it is supposed to.”

“I was wondering the same thing, Husband. I was wondering what a lesbian relationship would be like, but never with my own husband.

“I have developed some very bad habits these last few weeks shall I show them to you?”

“I would like to see some of them in action, Wife, but it’s almost three in the morning and we have a very busy day, at least I do.”

“Let’s go to bed, Husband, and maybe I can show you one of them.”

David looked at his wife of fourteen years and undressed. When he was down to his bra and panties, Suzanne said, “Stop!” and she proceeded to undress to her bra and panties. “We are like sisters now, not husband and wife. You are now the pretty one, so breakable, you are a China Doll.

“Now the bras and panties. Lets see if everything works, shall we? You look good enough to eat ,David.”

After The Fact-A Demonstration Of Power And Forgiveness

“A nice touch,” Suzanne thought. She had used the iPad sparingly these last few months. Her world was slowly getting back to normal. Her body, still

mutilated by the gold rings in her nipples, proved to be a hindrance to melding with the people she considered her friends and neighbors.

She simply wanted to be normal again. Internally she was still at odds with herself. Trixy was alive and well. She feared that the sick individual would attempt to override her internal defenses again and run amok as she had in the past.

She remembered the hospital stay and the ten days during which she and David were cleansed of most of the nanites that inhabited their bodies. They were still present but their numbers were a tenth of the previous millions per deciliter she had subjected her system to. David was the more affected of the two of them.

Doris really did a number on him. To look at him now, you would never know that he was once her husband. Up to now she had been the most beautiful person in the family. Now she paled compared to his beauty and sheer grace. Suzanne had once looked like that beautiful; now she looked like a freak.

Suzanne felt the withdrawal process. It was painful and agonizing as the little machines fought every attempt to withdraw them from her body. They were highly intelligent and creative in their ability to hide from the extraction process.

She had gone cold turkey from the most complete invasion of nanobots a person could undergo. As they were removed and deactivated, she was left with an empty feeling, a hole in her inner being where they had existed, residing in her inner cortex. She felt unstable, unable to function as a person. It took so much out of her that just to get out of bed was a major event.

She could smell the hospital room as the doctor looked at her and said, "We got most of them but we know we cannot get all of them. This strain is particularly difficult to work with. They are very independent and intelligent. They refuse to cooperate when you want them to. They were very invasive, considering the access you gave them in the last few months.

Are you prepared for the distinct possibility that they may flare up at a later date?”

“I hope so. What choice do I have?”

“There is the possibility of using reverse nanities to restore you to your normal self. That is, if you *want* to change back.

“We have seen many individuals who do not want to do so after they have been exposed to the massive changes that they have produced.”

Suzanne thought about David and *his* massive changes. She had attacked him for what seemed like weeks now. He was totally female now in body and mind. He was what he was and that was all there was to it. The children had learned to accept him as a woman and as their ‘other’ mother. Oh, sometimes they still called him Daddy but Suzanne was surprised by their flexibility and adaptability when it came to the social roles one plays in a household.

Suzanne tried to fill the role as the husband but she imagined that it looked rather strange to see a woman going about the duties of the man of the house.

She felt relieved when David returned to work after the ongoing medical issues were resolved. He was always under foot, still she was surprised by his return as a woman CEO, and that he didn’t try to return to being a male.

Doris (David) was accepted as a equal, while George had not been dealt with. It threw the organization into turmoil for a few weeks but the company accepted David as CEO and chairman of the board as a woman. David had no trouble establishing order once more.

She liked that his first order of business was the clean-up of issues relating to interpersonal contact and the company’s sexual harassment policy.

Doris told Suzanne that George was called in. His behavior was confronted and all compromising material on her and the other staff was seized.

Doris had made sure that Anna was the one to destroy the proof that she was an unfit mother. She in turn had returned the videos that Doris had made of her friends. If there was other incriminating evidence out there, the damage was done and there was little they could do to undo the negative results if it got released.

Doris took all the nanites-embedded clothing and gave it to George to wear from now on while he was at work. His body soon reflected the changes they exacted upon it. His work still reflected his ability to sell the products and maintain the image of the company. He had been neutered and tamed. Turnabout was fair-play in this case. No longer would he be a threat to anyone in the company, or out of it. The punishment was meted out by the women he had abused and mistreated. They had the final say in his punishment. He would get what he deserved.

They found George a compatible sexual partner and the modified health plan allowed anyone who worked for the company to get full coverage, even for pregnancy.

Doris told Suzanne Six months after his return that George reported he was pregnant. He complained to Doris, lamenting, "I hope you are happy. How could you allow this to happen to me? It's your entire, you and those women. Why didn't you just send me to prison? You have consigned me to a lifetime in Hell."

Doris said, "I suspect that wedding plans will have to be made and we need to find you a white dress to wear. David looked at him, "Why is any of this *my* fault? Did I enslave women and make them prostitute themselves? Did I blackmail my wife into becoming your slave?"

"Consider this, Georgia. We did you a favor. At least you are free and able to move about freely. Now what are you and Michael going to name this child?"

Later that night at dinner that night, Doris said, "Georgia is pregnant and is terrified of the prospect of having a child. You would think that he was the only

man to be so endowed. To be able to create another life is a blessing and a privilege.”

Doris, have you thought about to possibility of you becoming pregnant?”

“No, and I have no intention of having that happen. That’s why birth control pill are used when we have sex.”

Suzanne said, “I am looking forward to a vacation, Doris. I mean a real long one with the family. I have been through so much this last year, but I forget you have too.”

David-Doris looked at Suzanne and said, “I’m pregnant. This will be our third child, Suzanne. What did you do to me?”

Anna looked at him and said, “What do you think it will be?”

David said, “I am hoping for a boy. Yes, I will breast feed it for at least the first year.”

Anna said, “This I will have to see. Do you know what that will mean to your working life?”

“Yes and I am willing to work my hours around the baby. Heck, I may even take it to work with me. Can you imagine the board meeting being interrupted by a baby’s cry?”

“Both George and I will have children and I suspect that this will set the corporate world on its ears. The glass ceiling will come crashing down and women in every field will be allowed to climb as far as they want without experiencing the fear of dismissal and loss of income just because they are what they are.”

“David,” Anna said, deliberately using his male name, “Men having babies was unheard of two years ago, but ever since the game has come out, I have heard of at least ten pregnant men in the news.”

“I would like to see the birth certificate. Mother: Doris David Wilson, Father: Suzanne Wilson.”

“She will refuse to change her name but I am being forced to change my name and take on a female one. I am very hard-headed and it will be hard to change my mind on this one.”

“I will give you that David. I can’t really blame you. It’s not your fault that this has happened. Inside you are mostly male but I would be hard put to say that it’s a good thing. You are still as hard-headed and opinionated as ever. You would have thought that some of those little bugs would have played with your mind some. Even though you look like a woman, David, you are still are a man mentally and emotionally. How can I expect to have you raise our child?

“You would not make a fit parent in my book, Suzanne. I will be the child’s mother and, if need be, its father.

Suzanne thought, :As far as I am concerned you are still a male, regardless of what the outside says, but she said, “Time will tell, my beautiful Doris.”

“I think you are wrong, Suzanne. I can be a good mother to the child if you would give me a chance. I promise to be the parent I would have liked to have been in the past.

“Be that as it may, Suzanne, I have had some physical complaints. My doctor says it’s morning sickness and I have had an awful craving for peanut butter and pickles. I will no longer make fun of anyone who is suffering from these symptoms. I am sorry that I made your life difficult all those months with our first and second child.”

“Perhaps something good will come from this experience, David. You have a long row to hoe before the baby is born, don’t forget that. I will help you as much as I can. Don’t clam up on me.”

The next day, the phone rang. Suzanne picked it up and said, “Hello?”

“David, it’s a bad time. I’m in the middle of something important. Really that soon? I will take care of it today. What color dresses are the bridesmaids wearing? Baby blue? I think I can find something decent

to wear for George's wedding. Thank you, dearest. I will see you tonight."

Looking in the mirror she appraised herself. Her breasts were massive and firm. Her lower body displayed her penis and balls for all to see. Elastic material confined it and supported it so it would not move or shift. The special panties protected it and held it securely in its grasp. She was very horny, there was no doubt about that.

Running her finger over the special panties, she shivered. A wet spot appeared and spread until the whole front of the fabric was damp.

"I have to get myself under control. I can't keep doing this." With her other hand, she reached up and played with her nipples. Lord help me. I can't keep doing this.

She climaxed once more. Her cock exploded, flooding her lower extremities. She closed her eyes and froze in place. "What have I turned into?" she thought as she fought urge to continue touching herself. "I need to clean up and look decent for my kids."

"David," she said, still using his masculine name. "I am truly sorry for getting you pregnant. I wanted it to happen ever since you lost your cock and acquired a vagina, thanks to those little machines. I was mad that I now have your cock and balls. I wanted you to suffer and feel the pain and discomfort of having a child. But now if I could take it back, I would."

"David you are bigger than I ever was, I think. The nursery is almost ready. Are you ready for the big event?"

"I'm not sure I would phrase it like that but I will be happy when I can walk in a normal manner. The kid must weigh a ton."

"Haven't the classes we have been attending helped?"

"Yes, in the sense that they have shown me what to expect and the duties I will be expected to perform after the baby is born. Suzanne, a man is not designed

to go through this. This body may be able to perform the functions, but my mind is unwilling to acknowledge that fact. God help me, Suzanne. I dream that this is your child and I am looking on as the helper and encourager.”

“I am glad it is you that is carrying the child this time, David. You needed this. I did not need to be equipped with your cock and balls. That is your doing as far as I am concerned. Matter of fact, I regret ever accepting that first job. I was a fool to even consider and accept the second commission. I am now beholden to the company for my clothes and almost everything else. I am a freak, David. Oh, I am tolerated by my so-called friends and the circle I move in has embraced the new me. Have you seen my waist recently? Look.”

Removing her blouse she stood there, exposed. “Well, what do you see?”

David looked at his wife. “Well, you look beautiful. You have been transformed into someone’s wet dream of a female. The older girls have been looking at you and I don’t like what I have been hearing from the school.”

“Go on.”

“Well, they have been dressing up in your clothes and putting on your makeup. They’re using the words like ‘slut’ and ‘whore’ when referring to each other. Your behavior is corrupting them, Suzanne. I can’t go out in public these days without hearing about your activities and the men and women you have been with that week. You have become a public disgrace to this family. I know you have been through a lot, dearest, but your activities have branded you a harlot in the neighborhood and the community in general.”

“I know I have been out of control, David, but I have needs that need to be filled. Besides, David, you are a man having a baby! That should have raised concerns among the proper people you run with.”

“As strange as this may seem, Suzanne, I am accepted as one of them for the most part. I appear nor-

mal, not someone to be pitied. Yes, there are those who show their anger and hatred toward me because they remember who I was. They are the losers as far as I am concerned. I know I am a freak, Suzanne and its all your fault so you are not alone in this mess.

“At least we are not as bad as George is now. His child is now six months old. They named the girl Bernadette. We don’t see much of her any more at work. When she does come, she brings the baby with her like any proud mother would. There is no social stigma attached to her having a baby and I do not expect any to occur with me, either. Heck, there may come the day when we both bring our children to work and they play together in the nursery.

“Getting back to you, Suzanne, you need to tone down your activities for the good of this family. Please stop the whoring and prostituting yourself. We need you at home taking care of all of the children.

“The nanny can’t do everything and I can only be around on a limited basis these days. You need to take charge and become the mother you once were.”

“Are you calling me an unfit mother, David?” Suzanne said, really emphasizing his male name.

“Yes I am, dearest. You have to get your act together so we can be the family we once were.

“What a strange world, me a male being pregnant. You still have to get your act together, Suzanne. That fact has not changed. Whatever happens in the future depends upon you.”

“David, you know that’s impossible. You, of all people, should realize that. I know times have changed but look at me, I am the freak in the family. How do we expect to be addressed in public? I don’t want to think about it. I just want to get high and disappear most of the time these days. I don’t know how to change me back to what I once was. Perhaps I should just disappear and let you get on with your life.”

“I will not divorce you, Suzanne, you are my wife. I will cherish you for as long as I live. I cannot control

your life. You will have to decide what path you will take. You can follow your sexual impulses and still be a mother to our children. Work with me and help us become a family once more.”

“David, you are asking a lot from me. I am too far gone to be rescued, even by you. Your love can only carry us so far. The road I started so long ago is catching up with me, David. I cannot stop and turn around like you.

“I will file for divorce and you will be a free woman to marry and have a proper family life.”

“You do what you think is right. Suzanne, I can’t stop you. Now make love to me as only you can.”

“As you wish my husband, as you wish.”

Looking at David, Suzanne said, “Beloved David, mother of my child. I love you and I love that child. It is our child and we will raise it together. Thank you for bringing me back to Earth.”

She put her hand on his belly and felt the baby kick. “David, that must have hurt. Our baby must be a boy. You may have gotten your wish. Maybe we should go to Dr. Osborn and see what it is?”

“No, I don’t want to know, thank you. It’s time for bed, Wife. You need a shower, Suzanne. Your masturbating is starting to affect your hygiene. I can smell it.”

“What a strange thing to say to me, Husband.”

“When I can smell both semen and female discharges that permeating what you are wearing, I can only make one assumption and that is you have been whoring again. You are reverting to the Slut you were. I thought we were past that phase in our relationship.”

“Doctor Williams, I know this sounds strange, but I need you to attend to my husband. He is going to have our child.”

“Mrs. Wilson you would have me believe that your husband is pregnant with your child. That is physically impossible.”

“Nevertheless, that is the case and I am the father of the child.

I am inclined to deny your request out of hand based upon the absurdity of what you have just told me. A man is incapable of having a child under normal conditions.”

“Normally what you say is true, Doctor, but we have been transformed by an unnatural process resulting from a project I recently completed.

“I implore you for the child’s welfare and his health to take the case.”

“The problems would be incalculable, not to mention the adverse publicity that would result from such a procedure.”

“All I ask is that you talk to him and examine him, then decide if you will take him on as a patient.”

“That I will do. Is he present, or do we need to make another

appointment?”

“He’s right outside, I’ll go get him.”

“No need. Abigail, would you please bring in Doris Wilson and take her to Exam room 2.”

“Yes, Doctor.”

Abigail approached a middle-aged woman looking scared and small. “Doris,” she said. “The doctor will see you. Don’t be frightened.”

The doctor saw what appeared to be a normal very pregnant woman. “Doris, I am going to have to examine. Please remove your clothes and put on the gown in the next room.”

“Everything?” he/she said.

“Yes, everything please.

“Mrs. Wilson, what are you trying to pull?”

“Pull, Doctor?”

“Yes, Pull.

“You told me he was your husband and he was a male. That is not a male by any stretch of the imagination.”

“Yes, he hasn’t been a man for some time now. Doris really got ticked off at him and he has been going to the female side ever since.”

“You see, David lost his male organs and they were given to me. You see I am now a hermaphrodite, whereas he is female, and I have been taking advantage of his sex.”

“You mean to tell me that your husband has been transformed and impregnated in as little as six weeks.”

“Yes, time moves much faster in Sin City than in our world. As a result, changes that would normally take months and years occur in hours and weeks in our reality. I don’t know how else to explain it.”

“Mrs. Wilson is ready, Doctor.”

“Mrs. Wilson, would you please wait in the waiting room while I examine my patient.”

“Yes, of course.”

Doctor Williams said, “Now, David, or should I call you Doris? I understand you are pregnant and that your wife is the father, is that correct?”

“Yes, that’s the gospel truth, Doctor. She is the father of the child in my womb.

“There is another man who has become with child. He enslaved my wife and forced her to do awful things. He assisted the other Doris in her diabolical plan to make me a real woman. Suzanne turned the

plan upside down and now he is being married to a man. It is expected that he will have twins within the year. Now she's free of his controls but still suffers from what he forced her to do in the last few weeks. Our children have adapted to the current arrangement but it hasn't been easy."

"I should say not. Any morning sickness?

"Yes, a little but it's not so bad that I can't do things around the house or go to work.

"Please lie down and put your feet in the stirrups. You may feel something cold touching you, do not be alarmed.

Down you go now, that's a good girl.

You may get down now."

"Go ahead and put your clothes back on and we will talk."

"Abigail, will you please escort Mrs. Wilson back here."

Suzanne watched as the nurse approached her. "Mrs. Wilson, would you please come with me? The Doctor would like to talk to you and Ms. Wilson."

"Of course. Are there any problems?"

"No, not to my knowledge."

The Doctor looked at both of them and said, "Mrs. Wilson and Doris, I have performed several tests and you David are having twins. You are healthy and should have no problems with his delivery. I want to do an ultrasound to check on the babies in two weeks. There are good heartbeats. Nurse, make an appointment for Doris Wilson in two weeks. Call me if anything happens before then. Any questions, either of you?"

Suzanne said, "No," and David-Doris shook his head no. He was baffled by this turn of events.

Ghosts

Suzanne watched as Trixy appeared out of a portal in the living room. She said in a clear voice, “You have changed, my vixen beauty. When I first saw you, you were such a conservative bitch. Now you are truly a slut to be reckoned with. Still blonde, I see.”

“I have been trying to change the color for over a year now. Something the nanites did has affected the hair. It won’t take a dye job no matter what they do to it. It’s like the boobs. I reduce them and overnight they are back as you see them now. The cock and balls are a fixture and they are hardwired into me. Sometimes when I am in bed with David, all I want to do is fuck him silly. Now that he is pregnant, I can’t touch him. His ass is still mine and I have been tempted to take him in that way many times. For some reason I have been reluctant to do this. Maybe it’s because I don’t like that kind of sex. I was forced into it during the game by George’s slavery. Anyway, he has been spared my assaults for several months.”

“I’ll bet you could use some relief?”

“I fear if I indulge in the sexual activities of Sin City, I will revert to being that woman I hate. Why are you here? How did you get out of Sin City?”

“You will never know, Trixy, until you jump in and go swimming with the other sharks in the water. As for my presence here in this room, I can thank Doris. She transported me here just before she was taken away.”

Suzanne said, “You are right. I did not know how debased I became. Perhaps I need to swim with the sharks, perhaps just one fling, one taste of pure sexual pleasure before I revert back to my Miss Goodytwo shoes persona.”

“Atta girl. I knew that you wouldn’t let me down. Where do you want to start?”

“I need to fuck someone badly. I want to hurt them and make them scream in pain and sexual release.”

“I know just the place. It’s OK if you use your old avatar? I have taken the liberty to include your current accouterments in its new design.”

The old Trixy/Suzanne said, “Why not? It is better than breaking in a new one.”

Suzanne watched as her avatar stepped out of the shadows. Her nipples and gold rings displayed prominently through the holes in her ultra minidress. Her cock and balls were on display for all to see. “Is that what I look like?” Suzanne asked.

“Yes, of course. I added some makeup but for all intents and purposes this is what you look like today. I personally think you are beautiful.”

“Well, I think I am a freak. That’s what I think. I am a clown and I now see why others are afraid of me.”

“You need some self-esteem building, my dear girl and I am just the person to help you get it. Shall we go for a stroll, my little slut?”

“Lead the way ,Mistress Trixy.”

“You drive, I’ll tell you where to go.”

“OK, I need to tell David I am going out.”

Entering the bedroom, Suzanne said, “Doris, are you awake?”

“I am now. Do you realize what time it is?”

“No, I was talking to a Ghost and she promised me a good time so I am telling you I am going out and I am not sure when I will return.”

“You were doing so well, too. You have your phone with you, I hope.”

“Yes, of course, what do you think I am, a dumb blonde?”

“Be safe, Dearest.”

Another Trip To Hell

Suzanne drove and drove. Finally, together they walked up to 241 Belmont Lane and knocked. The door opened and they entered into Bedlam. The insanity was evident from the moment they crossed the threshold.

Suzanne could hear the cries of the damned as they were being flogged, and worse. Trixy said, "Open the door and find your future, Suzanne. Allow the pestilence to engulf you and consume you, become one with it. We, you and I, are one. I will not enter this place alone. It is for the living to enjoy the effects of death itself."

Trixy said, "Become one with the smoke dreams are made of and enjoy the pain and suffering you crave. We are one and together we will conquer the world."

Trixy walked into the room and Suzanne saw her prey. It was but a child, no, a man. It shifted and became a young maiden, naked, lying on her bed. The entity shifted once more and became an older man primed and ready to go. Then it returned to the young woman.

She said, "Take me, Mistress, please, take me. I am your vassal, your slave. I have no will but yours." Her eyes pleaded and her body entreated her to enter her and have her way with the damsel.

Trixy stopped and waited for something. She listened and looked about the room. Something was wrong. She could smell it, feel it. Something was definitely amiss. She smelled a trap.

Suzanne could feel tension run through her body; coldness filled the room and she was being drawn to the sacrifice. Her cock became alive as if it could sense the nearness of the young pussy before her.

Suzanne watched as her cock responded to the energy being transmitted to her from that room and the souls engaged in the destruction of their innocence. She could see her face and feel their breasts push against each other. Their lips touched and she came inside the being. The energy was overwhelming and reached out to her.

Twice Suzanne felt Trixy enter her after she sucked her cock. Sweat poured off her body as the process continued. The old game was never like *this*. Every nerve ending tingled as she began to shoot cum from the avatar's cock. She watched as she came, spurting uncontrolled into her jeans. The spot grew bigger and bigger until it covered the front of her pants. The glasses didn't lie.

Suzanne had become the predator, someone to be avoided at all cost. She had crossed the line and took without mercy and pity, just like she was taken in the first go 'round. This was truly the devil's game.

She felt the pain she had inflicted upon this innocent, for she truly was one. This was her avatar but she was violated as if it was her own body. Suzanne could feel the warm blood flow from her womb and she knew that this was a virgin. The penis did not get soft in the woman's pussy as it was clutched and massaged. It was ready to perform another task. She desired too cum again, stimulated from without by the pure force of the muscles that now held it prisoner in their grasp.

The woman child said no words, nor were any needed; their bodies were united once again, each one grasping the other in their own way. Slowly, Suzanne felt the penis fall from her pussy. Flaccid and diminished in size, it lay outside her womb.

"Thank you," she said. Trixy said, "It's time to go. The sun is starting to rise and we need to get home.

"I suspect you are right, Trixy. I need to clean up, a hot bath is in order.

Her children could not see her like this.

Taking a much needed nap, she awoke to the door bell ringing. Walking to the front door, she answered it. "Margaret," she said in surprise.

"I heard you were at it again. Don't you ever learn?"

"Apparently not, I needed to probe the darkness once more. Please come in and we will talk as I change."



“Of course, whatever you say, Trixy.” As she was lead up stairs and into the bedroom, Margaret watched as her best friend stripped and was putting on clean clothes.

“My, it is quite big, isn’t it?” she said as she watched the cock being exposed.

“Yes, David was quite endowed. He misses it a lot, I am sure, and wishes that he was the one with the cock. Now he is getting morning sickness, would you believe?”

Suzanne left a note for David. *“Dearest, I will leave you to find the path that is best for you and the children. I am unfit to even stay in this house. I started the divorce papers yesterday. It was no-fault and it should not reflect on you or your condition. Love, Suzanne”*

Babies Are Born

Suzanne got a phone call at 2:30 in the morning, “Suzanne, my water broke and I am on my way to the birthing center. I will meet you there. Aunt Martha will stay with the kids. She watches over me like a hawk these days.”

Suzanne went into the Arnold Birthing Center and was confronted by Nurse Jacky, “Who might you be, and why are you here?”

“My husband is having twins and his water just broke, so he drove himself here.”

“Let me get this straight. Your husband is having twins?”

“Yes, he is going under the name Doris Wilson. Has he checked in?”

A blonde nurse whispered in to the Head Nurse’s ear and she turned three shades of red. “I humbly apologize, Mrs. Wilson I was looking at how you were dressed and assumed there was another purpose for your visit. Come with me and I will take you to her.

“Doris, your wife is here, sorry about the delay. Just being careful.”

Doris looked at his wife and had no doubt as to the Head Nurse’s concerns about Suzanne. “That’s quite alright, Joan she may look like a slut but she is my wife and I need her here right now. Thank you for bringing her back here. Suzanne, are you ready?”

“Yes David. What can I do to make you comfortable?”

“Right now some ice would be nice.”

“Your wish is my command, my lady.”

The floor nurse stuck her head in and said, “Can I be of assistance?”

“Yes I believe one of the babies is coming. It feels like the boy.”

“You are ready. Let’s get you in the room and let the Doctor know.”

“Suzanne, hold my hand, please. That feels good. Don’t let go, OK?”

“I won’t, I know what it’s like, David. You won’t suffer as much as I did.”

As the contractions became faster, she watched as the nurses prepared him for the birth of the first child. Suzanne said, “Get ready to push, David, push with all your might. The first will be the hardest. The second will be a breeze, trust me.”

The doctor said, “Here it comes, Doris, Keep pushing.”

Suzanne watched as the baby emerged from the womb. “It’s a boy,” the Doctor said, slapping it on the rear end. The baby cried out with a lustful noise.

The girl went as Suzanne had said. “Like I said, David, a snap.”

The Doctor said, "Congratulations, Doris you have two beautiful, healthy children."

Suzanne watched as the nurses placed the children on David's chest and they sought out his nipples for their first meal in the open air.

Suzanne said, "They are beautiful, Doris, just like the mother."

Through The Looking Glass And Back

Susanne opened her eyes to another morning, or was it afternoon? She wasn't sure. How long had it been this time?

She looked around and saw another hotel room. It was not much different from the last one she was in. She looked to her left and saw a naked man. How many had that been? Ever since she acquired her penis, she had considered herself a freak, a side show.

Was this poor bastard a homosexual? Did he care if she fucked him? She took a closer look. Not too bad and not too old. It would have been better that she remembered this last one. At least she would have gotten some satisfaction from it. She reached over and touched his cock. It began to spring to life and she tenderly ran her fingers up and down it. Soon it was erect and ready.

She mounted it and rode it until he came inside her. She waited for it to assume its normal size and then she smiled down at him. "What's your name?" she asked in normal voice.

"Evan," he said. "That was the best ride I have ever been given. May I suck your cock in return?"

"Only if you want to, I might even enjoy it." She listened to the words she spoke. "Have I become so brazen that I tempt even this? There is a darkness that I cannot see. It blinds me so I cannot see the truth. I cannot go home like this. What have they done to me such that I am acting like the harlot Trixy?"

She felt herself cum in his mouth and she delighted in the experience. "I am a true fiend. I can't trust myself to control my urges."

She got out of bed and walked to the bathroom. She noted that her body was very sore and she wanted something extra.

She heard a voice say, "You're awake and alive. I didn't think that was possible from your performance last night. You must have entertained at least four different men at the same time. I hope that you were kinder to that poor lad out there than you were to the others."

Suzanne looked at the woman. A hard look filled her black pupils. She said, "I'm sorry, Trixy isn't here right now. I am getting tired of waking up in strange beds with strange men next to me. I don't know when this shit will stop. Can you tell me when this I can go home to my family? Where are we anyway?"

"Right now we are in Paris, France. As for who you were when you woke up, I have no control over that. I'll let you and Trixy fight it out as to who is in control of your body. We are not expected to return to the United States until August.

"I have a question Trixy, I'm sorry, Suzanne, when we return, do you expect to go back to your normal life? If so how will you support your three-hundred-a-day habit? A mother who is an addict does not bode well in the courts. I saw your reaction to the man in the bed. While it's not as much fun as Trixy, it was risqué for you, Princess. The sexual activity must be rubbing off on you."

"If I have anything to say about it, yes. You don't get it. I feel like I am in Brigadoon and everyday I wake up, I am a hundred years older. Please can you tell me why I am feeling so rotten right now?"

"It's time for your afternoon fix. You missed the morning one and your body is crying out for the heroin it has come to expect. We can control you should you decide to become independent like you are now. You should know how to do it by now. You have done

it a hundreds of times before. You will find the kit on your bedside table on the left.”

Suzanne looked at the kit and the needle it contains. How did she get into this and how could she get out of it?

“What’s wrong, Suzanne? Do you think you can go a day without it? Try it. It would be interesting to see how far you get without your bloody fix.”

Suzanne reached for the kit and prepared to inject herself.

“I knew it. You can’t resist, can you? You are turning into quite the snow queen too. I’ll bet you can’t stop using the white powder. It has a magic that even H cannot match.”

Suzanne felt the drug course through her body. Then she started to float. There were no words to describe the feeling one gets when they are lost in that euphoric high. Nothing else counts. It is the only thing that one needs to continue in this world.

She was directed to the bed. The man was gone and she knew what to expect next. Her pussy was ripe for exploitation and she was to experience another emotional high. Trixy was ready for another climax. She yelled with screams of joy and passion and her body shook with pleasure.

The darkness enveloped her once more and she was consigned to her cell until the next time.

Once more Suzanne awoke. She was once more intertwined with two men and a woman. Naked and exposed she said, “Who are you?”

“My name is Evangeline Forthwright.”

“Do you know who I am?”

“You are Suzanne Wilson and I have been waiting for you to emerge. It has been over a year since you last appeared. I switched the pills for placebos two months ago in the hope that you would be freed. I

hated the woman called Trixy. She was so coarse and crude.”

“Why? How?”

“I don’t know exactly how but the why is that I was sent by the Lord to rescue you and bring you back to him.”

“When...?”

“It’s a long story but suffice it to say that I received a calling from the Master to come to your rescue. He knew that you were hurting and needed to be saved from the evil that enveloped you.”

“How long have I been doing this now? I have no memory of my exploits for the Corporation.”

“You are a legend. My earthly father followed you religiously.

“According to the Corporation records, you have been on the Circuit for six years now and they continue to exploit you as long as you are able.

“I think I can keep Trixy at bay until we can find a way to get you to safety. If you do slip back to your cell, I will find a way to bring you back, never fear.”

Suzanne looked at her calendar and was astonished at the itinerary that she had for the next six months. Fifteen different cities in twelve countries in as many months and she was the one everyone wanted to interact with.

On her wrist was a bracelet encrusted with diamonds. Still she could feel the internal battle in her body, the pull between Trixy and the freedom of not being tied to the circuit.

Evangeline looked at her Mistress. “When I was growing up, I had friends who were not addicted to the sex of the game.

“I never really established the bond with the game and the Dark one. Then one day a voice came to me and said ‘You are special, Evangeline I have a mis-

sion for you but first you must become one with the Corporation and become one of their care keepers.’

“The journey was convoluted and I suffered much at the hands of those who liked to debase women for their own pleasures. Through it all, the Lord Jesus protected me and kept me safe.

“Until you are able to walk on your own two feet, you will have to play the games, Suzanne. Next week we are expected in Dusseldorf and the following month in Anglinton, England.

“You have a great fan following whether you know it or not, my lady. Thousands worship the ground you walk on. Your sexual prowess is legendary and your ability to perform is unquestionable.

“I, at one time wanted to be like you but I was unable to muster the gumption to enter the Circuit and follow in your footsteps.

“We must hurry, Madam. We have to be at a party in your honor in three hours. Trixy likes to be early. I have drawn your bath and your clothes will be waiting for you on the bed.”

Suzanne slipped into the hot water and smelled the chemicals that laced it. Soaking, she could feel them infusing her body with their enhancements and the mental adjustments needed for the coming event.

“Miss, you need to remove yourself and begin dressing. The makeup will take some time to complete.”

Suzanne forced herself out of the chemically-induced euphoria and stood. Her body was covered with a very soft towel and she stepped from the tub.

“Is it always like this, Evangeline?”

“Yes Mistress, you always want to fly after the energy you get from the combination. Before we leave, I must prepare your injection. You haven’t received one today and you normally require three of them.”

“I had almost forgotten that aspect of my life, Evangeline. I would really like to forgo the drug, but I remember the last time I rejected it. Go ahead and get it ready for me, thank you.”

She felt the drug course through her body. Then she started to float. There were no words to describe that feeling one gets when they are lost in that euphoric high. Nothing else counts. It is the only thing that one needs to continue in this world.

She remembered little of the party. The sex was on automatic and she floated between individuals and groups, demanding that she service them. She was their servant, Beautiful and seductive, she was the personification of lust and sex.

She awoke the next morning; the sun shown in the window and she felt fresh and alive. Evangeline Forthwright stood by the bed.

“How may I assist you, Madam?”

“I need that special something, Evangeline. I can’t put my finger on it but it’s driving me crazy. It’s something else. A feeling, a need that has to be filled.”

“Perhaps I can help. Trixy. I know what you need and only I can give it to you. Lay down and let me take care of you.”

Suzanne lay down on the bed. “Open your legs, Miss. I need to service you.”

She felt the tongue enter her pussy and she felt the explosion start at her toes and move up her body to her head. “Don’t stop, Evangeline. Whatever you do, don’t stop.”

Satisfied, she looked down at the woman. “Thank you so much, Evangeline. You always know what I am needing. How do you know?”

“Trixy always needs a good fucking, or the attention of a woman to be at her prime for the circuit.

“I have observed her in her element and she was the Queen of Climaxes. That’s why whenever you

awoke there was always someone in her bed in the morning. She needs to constantly entertained these days.

“Now are you ready to inject your medication?”

“I suppose so, what choice do I have?”

Once more she felt the drug course through her body. Floating, she could have enhanced the effects with a good fucking. Still there were no words to describe the feeling that she received from that magic potion. She seemed to need that euphoric high, nothing else mattered. The only thing that counted was that high to make it through to the next fix.

“Evangeline, I need to quit using that stuff. Someday it will kill me, but God help me, I need it. How else will I be able to make it through the day? I no longer have your faith and Jesus is sometimes just a word I utter. I feel that He has left me and I feel so alone.”

“They tried to get me hooked on it when I first started. They said it enhanced the experience. I didn’t buy it then and I don’t now. You, on the other hand, had no choice in the matter. It was forced upon you. There are drugs that will kill that craving and I will pray that you find relief from those urges.

“I found a New York Times. It is a couple of days old but I don’t think you will mind some news from home.”

“Thank you for your kind thoughts, Evangeline. I am sure that Christ will build you a bigger mansion for it. I must be the biggest sinner you have ever seen, a back slider like me.”

Suzanne picked it up and read it. She came to the Society Section and saw the headlines.

“Billionaire Doris Wilson, now living as a female, engaged to Lanthrop Gambaro for over six years, is to be married this Thursday at a private ceremony at their estate. The couple’s children will give the wife away.

“His previous wife died several years ago after a long illness. It has cast a shadow over their marriage in this twisted sad love story. The bride’s wife divorced him and was found dead in shallow grave three years ago.

“The police report cited evidence indicating that there was little left after several months in the surrounding forest of the walking path she used each day. She was identified by her purse and personal items which included her gold nipple rings found on the ground. She was reputed to have been involved with a sexual domination ring called The Circuit. The Circuit is reputed to have worldwide events.

“When questioned, her husband said little about her disappearance and the gruesome discovery of what the authorities assumed to be her body. It is still listed as an open case.

“To this day Doris, as he likes to be called, says that his Suzanne is alive somewhere and that the body was a plant, to make her disappear. .

“When last contacted four years ago, the billionaire said the children need a father and she needed a husband. She left their marital home four years ago after the divorce was final. She left no word as to where she was going, or what she planned to do.

“Doris said, ‘I need to move on with my life. It’s time to put the past in the grave and move on with our lives.’”

The accompanying picture showed Doris was pregnant again. The children appeared happy and well-adjusted as they stood behind her.

“The happy couple intend to keep their names and reside in their current domicile. The couple’s four children will act as bride’s maids and ring bearer. The birth of their fifth child is expected in August.”

Tears came to Suzanne’s eyes as she read the words. She was truly dead to the world. Even if she went back and claimed her rightful place, she would never be accepted. The legal ramifications if she claimed that she had been kidnapped and turned

into a prize player in the circuit would have been covered up and her life would be forfeited. What good would it do to come out now? She had to escape this life, but how?

It's Only A Dream

Suzanne lay down and fell into a troubled sleep. She began to dream strange and demeaning visions. In one that stood out was she decided to go grocery shopping. Something was prompting her, compelling her to go. It was like a need or a drive that she could not control.

As she passed the windows of the store, they reflected a totally different person than she presented herself to be to the general public. Her florescent orange tube top and matching miniskirt created a sharp contrast to her blood red shoes. She stood out like a neon sign. It was then she noticed that her cock was hanging down below the hem of the skirt. It was exposed for all to see. "This can't be," she thought in her dream.

She looked again and now she was dressed in her blue jeans and cotton blouse. Her sandals were present on her feet. "Strange," she thought as she went inside.

It was like she still existed in two different worlds and she didn't know which one she was in at any given moment.

Moving through the store she saw a couple she thought she knew but that was impossible. Passing them ,she could feel them undressing her with their eyes. She turned a corner and they disappeared from view.

Upon exiting the store ,she was confronted by the same couple off in the distance beside a Mercedes. Once more they watched her as she walked to her car and put away her groceries. She looked over and they were no longer there.

At that same instant, from behind her she heard a man's voice. "Excuse us, we could not avoid looking

at you in that outfit.” Suzanne looked at the car and they were gone. The voice continued, “It was most reveling and provocative. We must know your name. It isn’t often that one meets a true hermaphrodite these days. They are quite rare, you know. I like the way you are so comfortable with displaying your cock in public.”

Suzanne, shocked, said, “You could see under my dress? I checked before I went in the store and I looked so common.”

The woman said, “But you do play, don’t you?”

Suzanne said, “I don’t understand.”

The man said, “Sin City, you do play? Yes, I can see you do. You bear all the pedigree of a First Class player, or you have been in the past. I’m not sure but I’m guessing you have recently taken up the habit again.”

“I am sorry, I must introduce myself. I am Deloris and this is my husband Alfredo. I apologize for being so rude, but it is hard to find someone who has indulged in the baptism of the sexual pleasures of the real Sin City.”

It was at this moment that Suzanne noticed something very strange. People moved about in the parking lot ignored them as if they were out of phase with the world around them. She looked at the man with a questioning look.

“I have moved us out of phase with the rest of the world. They can no longer see or hear us. For them we no longer exist, or if we do, all they see is a blur.”

“Now to the question that was asked you?”

“I have returned to the game in a related manner. May I ask you how you came to play the original game?”

Alfredo said, “It’s a long story, Miss Trixy. Yes, we know all about you. We have been a great fan of your rise to power in the City. Many’s the time that I and my minion watched you single handedly take on ten

men and satisfied all of them. That was a feat that few women could match in the City.”

“That wasn’t me, it was my avatar. I had little to do with those performances.”

“Are you so sure?” said the man.

“Yes.”

“I contend that you are underestimating yourself, Mrs. Wilson. I saw what you could do with George and his group.”

“How could you...?”

“Don’t be so shocked, Miss Trixy. I have seen many things in my tenure in Hell and yours was one of the most impressive and moving performances I have ever seen. Especially with George. It was a shame that you neutered him. I lost a prime candidate for Hell.”

“I was being blackmailed.”

“A good excuse, but you came to enjoy the activity too much.”

“I like how David turned out. I understand a baby is due very soon. Your husband will make a proud mother for your child. Will you both suckle it?”

“I don’t know that hasn’t been decided yet, besides it’s none of your business. Anyway, you sure know about me and what is going on in my family.”

“How do you think you got selected to be the Beta Tester for the Sin City game? It wasn’t by chance, I can assure you. It was the only way was to get you hooked by the sex and the drugs. How many packs do you smoke each week by the way?”

“What you are suggesting is impossible. No man has that much power.”

“You are correct. No Man has, but I do. I have invested a lot of time and effort to perfect this prototype. I should have been able to harvest millions from

the game, but you spiked the development of my game with your scathing analysis of the Beta version. I would like to get even but I don't really know how at this point."

"Doris was right, the game is possessed."

"In a sense, but you give me too much power. I must rely on the greed of mankind and his need to dabble in the dark regions of perversion and porn which open a vast range of possible outcomes which are all within my realm. They will beat a path to my door and I will not have to lift a finger to consign them to hell. You will help me, Suzanne. You will provide me the platform I need to gather my new proselytes into the fold. You have already been broken in, so to speak, and I could not trust another to see things my way."

Suzanne looked at her watch.

"Have no fear. You will be home in time to collect your children. You have been baptized in the blood of the Game, Mrs. Wilson, and you have the tattoos to prove it. Your golden rings are proof that I own you. It was I who drove George almost mad before he would agree to have your nipples enlarged and the rings inserted. He was one tough cookie. A pillar of the community."

"The Game took him just so far. I had to push him the rest of the way. You don't think he was able to control all those women all by himself, do you? Add into the equation yourself and his plate was very full."

"He was right. He told me the truth and I didn't believe him."

"Yes, in one sense you are, but after repeated episodes and exposure to my tender minions, I converted him to my side just like I will you."

"What do you mean?"

"I intended to convert you into the hedonistic Slut you are destined to be. You will gladly do my bidding and bring about the downfall of many more in your

community. I almost had that bitch married to the pastor and the others, but your Christ and your timely intervention prevented me from harvesting all those you infected. I lost you too and I didn't think that was possible. I thought you were in too deep and dedicated to the way of life. I was wrong but it won't happen again. You will not escape this time.

“It was your God and his son who saved you then, but I have the upper hand this time.”

Suzanne awoke with a start. She remembered her dream and thought, “Thank you, Lord, for accepting me back into your fold.”

Suzanne knew it was true, everything was true. Never again would she dismiss the presence of the supernatural.

“What could this mean?” she thought as she reviewed the encounter with the two people at the store. She was the link to Lucifer's attempt to insert himself into the electronic society.

Suzanne had to admit that she was quite taken with him, or so she thought. If he was a programmed demon or the real thing now, he was powerless to exert any influence on her or the world as she knew it.

If that was true, then she had nothing to fear from this creature of the night. If she was wrong and this truly was the devil himself, she was in serious trouble. He was worse than George ever was. His infectious nature could undermine any resolve she might have to resist him and his evil ways.

She was in a quandary. If she believed in the devil and his power, she would have to also believe that Christ would protect her in her hour of need. On the other hand, if this creature was a creation of some one's programming skills, then she still had nothing to fear. Either way her life was secure and safe.

Beginning Of The End: Peace And A Future

Suzanne heard a voice say, "Its time to wake up, we've got to go."

Suzanne looked at her friend who said, "Suzanne, I want the best for you. Do you remember when you got all that money for the completion of the last project? Well, I know that you took seventy-five percent of it and invested it. That will be your ticket out of The Circuit. You can build another path to a future you will be satisfied in."

"I had a dream last night, perhaps it wasn't one, I'm not sure. I fell asleep and slipped into the darkness. I found myself on a beach. I heard the thunder in the distance and felt the soft wind caressing my naked body. I thought I saw a sun there but it was masked by an overwhelming darkness. The lightning flashed and the thunder crashed over me, illuminating the beach. Then it merged with the silence and the two became one."

Suzanne checked her bank records and found that she, Trixy, was worth over one billion dollars in stocks, property and disposable assets. Her safety deposit boxes contained millions in diamonds and cash. She could be free, truly free. It was in her grasp, all she had to do was take the brass ring and get off the carousel forever.

She turned on her phone and read the date. December 8th. She didn't remember anything. It had been almost a month. How could that be? She had always prided herself on her memory.

She looked in her purse and found over five thousand dollars in cash and credit cards. The cards were made out to 'Suzanne Trixy Strumpet.' they came with a card. It read 'After all you have been through, we felt it was important that you get a new start in a new city. The corporation is providing you with a new future and identity. Enjoy. Everything has been taken care of and you are legal in all aspects. You even have a passport.'

A new future and life? Odd, they kidnap me from my children and family and then they give me a new future and life? What was wrong with my old life?

She turned on the news and found she was a thousand miles from her home. The hotel was a third-class dump in the middle of a rundown section of Atlanta.

‘On an odd note, the body of a woman identified as Suzanne Wilson was found in a local park. She had apparently been dead for several days. Her husband had listed her as missing. She will undergo an autopsy to determine the cause of death.’

‘I’m not dead, matter of fact I am very much alive and I can prove it.’ She reached in her purse to extract her phone and found her personal documents all matched her current identify. ‘What happened to me?’

Suzanne checked her appointments calendar and saw it was booked for the next three weeks. Checking her bank statement, she found she had three accounts. In her purse she found a cheat sheet of all the passwords and security questions should they be asked.

In each of the accounts she had over two hundred thousand dollars. On the first of December she saw a deposit of fifty thousand dollars in each account. Who had that much money to throw away on a trollop such as her?

Bits and pieces began to fall into place as she showered to try to clean off the filth and the smell of the last few days. It didn’t matter that she had already taken a shower, she still felt very dirty. How could Jesus look down on her like this? What had she done in those missing days? By the condition of her body, she must have committed many grievous sins.

She took care of her personal hygiene. It was then she noticed that she had been shaved clean of all the hair around her pussy.

Looking at her clothes, she saw that they were the best quality and they all had a slutty tinge to them. No matter what she selected, it all hinted to the naughty nature of this woman. All of the shoes were four inches or better and shouted 'Fuck Me'.

Picking up the phone, she dialed David. "Hello?" he said. He sounded as sexy as always.

"David, it's me, Suzanne."

"Don't play games with me lady, my Suzanne's dead. She's dead and buried. How dare you play a trick like this on me?"

She heard him break down in tears and sobbing like a baby. "David, it is me and I am alive. I'm in Atlanta and I don't know how I got here. You have to help me get home."

"Assuming I believe you and assuming I wanted to help you, where would I find you?"

"I'm in a hotel and I have been altered. I don't even look like myself. Matter of fact, I look like my avatar in the game. I still have your penis and it still gets hard. How are our children? I hope they are healthy."

"I have a new life now, Suzanne. There is a man who loves me and is willing to take the children and me. Robert is a kind person and very fair. With you dead and buried there would have been no problem,. Now you show up, alive. How could you? I think you should stay dead, Suzanne. It would be the best for all of us.

"The corporation has been very good to us since you passed on. It seems that you took out four million dollars in life insurance a year ago. That has proven to be a Godsend. Are you still there?"

She was stunned at the revelation that he would rather have her dead and buried than to have her back. "If you really feel like that, David, I will respect that wish." With that, she hung up the phone and sat on the bed. Tears welled up and spilled down her face.

A Friend

She looked at Evangeline and said, “You have been a good friend, thank you for watching over me and keeping me safe all these years.”

Eva looked at her and said, “I loved you and always have ever since we met. I couldn’t bear to be parted from you, dearest Suzanne. What will come of me when you depart? You are my life, my joy.”

“I need to get clean and find me a quiet out-of-the-way detox center where I can learn to exist without chemical dependency. After that we can talk about our future. I need to disappear, Evangeline. I need to leave The Circuit behind, to become a distant memory.

“I want people to forget I ever existed. I would like to become my old self and resume my old life, to become a mother again. You are young enough to have a child, aren’t, you Evangeline?”

“Yes I am. What are you thinking?”

“Just dreaming, Eva, just dreaming, dear. Our passports are current and we can go anywhere in the world we want. Money is not a problem. We just have to vanish from the face of the Earth and start anew.

“Find me that center and let me start a path to becoming Suzanne Wilson Strumpet, my own person.”

“Do you think it is possible, Suzanne, to be really free?”

“I don’t know. Can anyone be truly free from their past?”

“Drummond, Drummond, and Pierce. It has a good solid name,” Suzanne said. “They have offices located around the world and a good reputation to boot. Evangeline, I think we have found our ticket out of here.”

Suzanne and Eva walked down the wide hallway to the offices of Asborn Smith located in the Drummond building in Amsterdam, Holland.

She approached the secretary. Suzanne noticed that she was a sweet young thing. She could remember when she once looked like that. The woman said, "May I help you?"

"Yes, I have an appointment. My name is Suzanne Wilson Strumpet. I believe we are early."

She watched as the efficient secretary confirmed her appointment. "I have you down for 11:45. Would you please have a seat and Mr. Smith will be with you directly."

"Thank you," she said and they sat down. "Efficient," she thought, "thorough too," she noticed.

"You may go in now, Ms. Strumpet."

Entering the double door, they saw an immaculately dressed man behind a clean desk. "Please sit down. I am sorry about the delay. How may I help you?"

"We understand you are a discreet and honest firm. These are my holdings and Earthly goods." She handed him a thick briefcase with her entire life earnings. "I want you to convert all of the paper to cash, or diamonds. "I also want you to deliver to Abigail Wilson, April Wilson, and Alfred Suzanne Wilson the sum of one million dollars each on their 18th birthday.

"We want to be mobile and free to travel where we want and when we want. We also want to be invisible. We are not criminals, nor are we running from anyone. We want to be alone and unmolested the remaining days of our lives.

"Are you able to provide those services for us?"

"What you are asking is simple and we can provide everything you will need to disappear of the face of the Earth. Would you like a change of identity?"

“Can that be arranged?”

“Yes, we do it all the time.”

“What about passports and ID cards.”

“Those are simple to arrange. We can have a complete set of travel papers and monetary issues resolved for you in a week if you like.”

“Who do we say the money is from for the children?”

“Say, ‘Love, mother’.”

He made his notes and pushed a button, “Miss Simpson, would you please come in?”

“Please take these ladies to the processing department. They will need a complete work-up and travel freedom package.”

“Yes sir.” The secretary looked at the women and said, “Would you please follow me?”

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