

# A Perfect World



# Rebecca Rafferty



An "Adult Tv" Novel



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# A PERFECT WORLD

by Rebecca Rafferty

## 1. Come on over to our side – Be a Perfect Girl!

We were quite used to promos for all kinds of products being a continuous part of space station life. We were, after all, a captive audience as we had to wait for the repairs to our light sails to be made. This station, Perfect, as it called itself, didn't have the familiar ads we'd had back in our home systems. So, we paid a little more attention to Laura and Suzanne than we might normally have done.

"Wouldn't you like to be just like us?" Laura, the blonde, was saying, running her hands down her lovely figure.

"Come on over to our side," pouted the brunette, sitting beside what I'd thought was a patient in a medical chair. The guy leaning back was being shaved of his beard and more than that. Time-lapse photography showed us that he was being shaved all

over, save for his head, which was soon under a woman's hair drier. I gawked in amazement as the guy was assisted into women's underwear and a dress before lying back as his face was transformed by makeup into that of a woman.

"Come and join us," purred Laura seductively, "just like darling Melissa here." Darling Melissa had her hair brushed out, smiling as she was hugged by the other two girls. She looked at her image and swayed back and forth in girlish delight.

"Don't you want to be a girl like us, too?" asked Suzanne, her arm about the man who was prancing like a real girl as she and Laura kissed his cheeks. He, and despite the makeup you could tell it was a 'he', had to kiss them as well, leaving signs of lipstick all over their faces. "Here, at Pretty Perfect Girls' Salon, you can begin your wonderful journey into girliness. We're here to help you in every way, no credits up front required, and a limit of ten percent garnishes on future earnings. Come on over to our side, like Melissa, and really experience life as a Perfect girl. You know you'll love it. We do!"

Johnny was still laughing as we cleared out of our doss, that's what they called short-term rooms on Perfect, and went out to spend a little money on whatever pleasures this backward space station had to offer. We had very few credits left, but we were spacers. And how do spacers make a living? Let's face it, on the information that we glean from other spacers in dock bars from Terra to the Nebula.

"Can you believe that?" Johnny chortled, pointing to the video of the promo we'd seen. It was running on screens, and even in holos, along what passed for a Spacer Row of cheap bars. There hadn't been many ships with interstellar rigs, we'd noted, when we'd been directed by the locals into Baron's Perfect Repair Yard.

But the guys at Baron's had known right away what had gone wrong with our sails and how to repair them. The station bank had accepted our scrip, the price as modest as our ship's directory's latest down-load said it would be. We all felt good as it meant we

were right not to have coasted on twenty light years to Averill, a station we could have reached, which proclaimed it could service models years older than our Outbunder V, but the prices had made us wince. We'd have been stuck on Averill for a couple of T-years, re-paying the tariff, in bond to a local combine. We'd all had enough of that back home.

"Have you ever seen anything like that before?" giggled Johnny, pointing to 'Melissa', dancing and high-kicking, showing off her girlie undies, laughing as 'she' danced like the other girls in the promo. Locals, I'd say, saw us pointing and laughing at the holos. They frowned at us, surprised at what we were laughing at.

I shuddered and couldn't believe the glares being directed at us. I wanted to shush Johnny as the reaction we were getting just didn't seem right. Several Perfect bar denizens had looked really annoyed. One 'native' seemed about to confront Johnny, about what he was laughing at, but his friend had pulled him down and whispered something in his ear. The 'native' suddenly began to laugh as he looked us over, his face leering, or so I thought.

"Sure is a weird station to have promos like those," said Andy, agreeing with Johnny as he always did. "What's on other public outlets?"

I'd already checked in our doss. The programs were mostly old movie remakes and feelies as far as I could tell, but the promos for station products were all like the one we were seeing everywhere.

"Let's get a beer and watch a show," I suggested, ducking into a bare-bones watering hole.

The holos were almost life-size. I recognized the music and songs right away. The dancing girls were very beautiful and looked real as they swirled and pouted seductively as if they were smiling at us, just inches away from them. When the blonde began to do *Diamonds are a Girl's Best Friend*, I recognized the oldie.

“Those weren’t the girls in the original,” I said to Johnny who was pretending to dance with the blonde girl, making believe he was touching her breasts as she arched and smiled. “I think this is a re-make of a re-make.”

I looked over to the bartender who was scowling at Johnny. “We only show new stuff in here,” he muttered to me.

The chorus line of girls were skittering off the stage in their skimpy costumes, showing all kinds of shapely women’s legs. They chattered about men and boys as they changed costumes and went back to dance or change to street dresses.

“Wow! Look at the boobs on that one!” exclaimed Johnny while the bartender seemed to perk up as he looked us over.

“Where you boys from?” the bartender wanted to know, grinning as the holo concentrated on the blonde and her boyfriend, Chance, in a hotel room. As quickly as she’d dressed, so Chance had the blonde out of her clothes. They got right to it on the bed. The holo in our part of the bar made us feel as if we were in the bedroom, four of us guys, all horny as could be, watching this pair having it off, his mouth on her breasts. Her breasts moved and writhed to the caressing of Chance’s hands and face, while Johnny’s hands, when he tried to join in, just went through the holo image.

“Ain’t you glad we stayed to watch this one?” laughed Monty.

I was getting hot myself while Andy was stroking himself under the table.

“We don’t need to watch porn!” I said as the girl smiled prettily at Chance and begged him to do it to her. “Can’t we switch the holo to something else?”

“I’ll break your teeth if you switch now,” growled Monty as the boyfriend, Chance, was going at it right in front of us, taking off the blonde girl’s garter belt and stockings and kissing the girl’s long, dancer’s

legs, as we'd all have liked to do, I'm sure, if she wasn't in a holo, exposing her tiny panties.

"This is the best part," leered the barkeep, as Chance and the girl tussled over her panties, a fussle that Chance won. He rolled her over, her tush high in the air, and began to pump himself into her. She wriggled in ecstasy, obviously liking to be taken in the rear. Then she rolled up, his hand playing with the front of her between her legs.

"Geez! Look at that!" Johnny gasped, pointing at what was in Chance's hand, between the girl's legs, equipment the same and as male as the guy she was making love to. I recoiled in shock as I realized that the blonde girl we'd been salivating over wasn't a girl at all. I think the other guys were going to be sick as they jumped up, making as if to run from the bar.

"Watch this!" sneered the barkeep, a wide grin on his face at the expressions on ours. "She really gets reamed, the blonde cutie. Look, I can rewind. You can watch it again and again."

"No thanks!" I said hastily, initialling his bar chit for all of us.

"Better get used to it," the barkeep called after us but I think I was the only one to hear him as the holo girl was squealing, her legs high in the air, as Chance penetrated her tush. She wiggled and begged him not to stop, her long, red-nailed fingers clutching his hair and face to hers. She kissed Chance just as I loved girls to do to me.

"We came out to watch that?" asked Johnny sarcastically as we darted down the passageway after our friends and partners in the *Rimrunner Prince*, our ship.

## **2 At Madame Harvey's, we make Perfect girls!**

"Looking for a job on Perfect?" asked another well-stacked blonde girl in the holo ad. "You want to earn a few credits? Oh, but there are few jobs on Perfect unfilled, right? If you're young and thin and not too tall, consider what you'd earn as an actress, an

escort, a showgirl, a waitress or even an exotic dancer? Yes, here on Perfect, all those careers are open to you, young men. All you have to do is choose to be a girl! We'll do the rest for you, here at Madame Harvey's. You'll have all the money you need in no time to travel anywhere in the Nebula! Come on over to our side, for love and for money! Choose to be a Perfect girl and all your dreams will come true!"

"Let's find real girls," grunted Monty, heading into a place that I, treasurer of our independent crew, knew we couldn't really afford. Not regularly at least, not with what the repairs were costing us. We'd just the slimmest of margins left to remain solvent. There was carrier trade to Averill but we'd have to bond with what was left of our credits, all of them, to get in on that.

"That promo we just saw," said Andy, "was different to the first one!"

"Still had a guy being turned into a girl," said Johnny as we followed Monty to a long bar with stools along it.

"What the fardling heck have we walked into?" asked Monty, chugging on the expensive, real-grain beer he'd ordered for us all.

"Hey, bartender," Monty loudly asked the frowning guy behind the bar. The guy might have been a twin to the first guy we'd dealt with in the holo bar. "What the heck is that in your vid promo?"

The first ad we'd seen for the Pretty Perfect Girl Salon was running again.

"What?" asked the bartender in surprise. A glamorous, heavily made up, muskily scented waitress came sliding and smiling between us to pick up a tray of drinks the bartender had arranged. She smiled at me, her face delicate despite the heavy makeup. A wide ribbon held back her fairly long, blonde hair as she bounced away from us in her skimpy uniform, her cleavage revealed by her tight costume. She minced over to serve several veteran spacers and stationers. Hands tried to caress her rounded tush and



stockinged legs but she laughed at the caresses and slapped them away when the locals, I guessed, tried to do more than caress her shapely thighs. She sat, though, in one guy's lap as she collected their tab.

One guy held up a tip and demanded something for it. She sat in his lap and kissed him. He must have goosed her little tush as she finally catapulted up, flipped her rusty little skirts in the guy's face, taking her credits and wiggling back to where we were admiring her.

The bartender had another tray ready for Wanda to take upstairs. So, we got to watch her sexy walk, away from us, she knowing that we were watching with our tongues hanging out, as she minced off on her high heels.

"Mmm, tasty," murmured Monty, staring as Wanda climbed the steps to an upper deck. I think every guy near the stairs was looking up to see under her skirts as she went clicking up to serve her drinks.

"Why do you have so much pervy stuff on all the promos?" Johnny asked the bartender when he'd a moment to talk to us.

"Pervy?" the guy asked, frowning even more.

"Perverted! Drag queen stuff, like that!" Johnny said, indicating Melissa and her transformation by Laura and Suzanne. "She-males! Trannies! Ladyboys!" Monty and Andy joined in with other derogatory words for men in dresses. I froze and tried to stop them when I saw the bartender's face tightening as they leered and chattered on.

"Shush," said the bartender finally in alarm, glancing at others in the bar, some of whom were staring at us, I could see. It occurred to me that we'd probably wandered into the deviates' section of the station. I thought we should get out of the bar, right away.

"You can't say stuff like that here," muttered the bartender, trying to be quiet. "In fact, don't say it

anywhere on station. Not unless you want security to take you in!”

“What!” said Monty loudly. He’s always getting into fights. Usually wins them, too. “All we’ve seen since we got here is movies and promos with guys in dresses!”

“That’s not what we call them on Perfect,” whispered the bartender, the frown still on his face as bar drinkers were pointing in our direction.

“What do you call them?” I asked quickly.

The bartender smiled at me. “We call them girls,” he said.

The others didn’t seem to get it but I did. I wanted to get the others out to explain but this couple came into the bar, a male and a female in a dress, but she wasn’t very feminine. She was trying to speak in a feminine voice, squeaking about how lovely it was to be out of their stuffy quarters. The older guy hugged ‘her’ about her waist, while she swished most affectionately against him with a smile. I froze as I saw the looks on Monty’s and Johnny’s faces.

“Hey, Faldo,” called the older, grey-haired guy. “A Prime and a Ladywine, over with my wife’s friends.” He indicated some other couples over at the back half of the bar.

“Let’s get out of here!” I whispered sharply to the boys.

Monty not only ignored me. He let out a terrible laugh. “Look what the Solar Rays have driven in,” he said very loudly.

The woman’s hand trembled as she flushed and pushed long, brown hair back from her face.

“What did you say?” asked the older man, totally shocked, it seemed, as he stared at Monty.

“You heard me, faggot,” sneered Monty. “Why’s she bother to wear a dress, your bum-boy there, with a face and shoulders a stevedore would love to have?”

“You’ve insulted my wife,” said the old man furiously, as the ‘woman’ whimpered behind him. ‘She’ tried with both hands to pull him away from Monty and the looming confrontation over her thin, pink-dressed, ‘female’ figure.

Monty cackled at what the old man said. I knew he’d drunk more than the rest of us.

Insult after insult about the man in the dress and high heels, clinging to the older man’s arm with long, feminine fingernails, as red as the lipstick ‘she’ was wearing, followed from Monty’s mouth.

The old man took his wife’s hands from his arm. He was as red-faced as ‘she’ was. It was kind of neat the way he pushed her behind him and stood up for ‘her’, to defend her. But I might have been the only one who thought that way.

“Take back every word, you off-world slug!” snarled the older man, shoving Monty hard. Monty staggered; wow, the old guy was really strong, I was thinking, as Andy grabbed the local’s arm and Johnny jumped on the old guy’s back. They all fell in a heap on the floor, the ‘wife’ squealing like a little girl, calling for ‘Help!’ in a funny kind of half-male, half-female voice.

The bartender vaulted over the bar, baton in hand, lights flashing all along the countertop. I heard the crack of the baton on Andy’s head. He was out of it as Station Security arrived, much faster than I’ve seen in any station we’ve been on.

Security piled on Monty as he was throwing hay-makers. He connected with the old guy and with the friends who’d charged in to help him. Johnny went down after another crack of the baton. I put my hands up and was grabbed by two security men who know the safest place in a fight is with a non-combatant like me.

“What happened here, Faldo?” asked the leader of Station Security as he had Monty trussed with ties behind his back.

“Strangers,” said Faldo. “Shouldn’t a-been allowed on station. All upset at the promos.” The security men frowned as if not knowing what would upset us about them. “Then, this one,” he indicated Monty, “insults Baron’s new wife. Those two,” he pointed at Johnny and Andy, “jumped Baron when he defended Abigail as he should for the insults she was given.”

The security looked quite grimly at Monty and the other guys. One bowed to the brunette Abigail. She blushed but looked pleased with the gesture.

“What about this one?” asked the head security, indicating me. “What did he do?”

“Nothing,” said Faldo, shaking his head. “Just stood there. Tried to get the others to leave. All he said.”

Handcuffs came off me as my friends and partners were hauled out of the Pepper Bar and onto a rig moving away to wherever station lockup was. I was left standing there in a group with Rafer Baron, the owner of the yard fixing our ship, his wife, Abigail, Faldo, the barkeep, and Wanda, the waitress.

“You guys don’t know anything about Perfect, do you?” asked Wanda, saucily posing with a hand on her hip.

“We just came in for repairs,” I gurgled as Wanda’s smile and arm about me were provoking me.

“Why here?” asked a puzzled Wanda.

“Cheaper than anywhere within fifty light years,” I said.

“Cheaper,” agreed Wanda, her perfume really filling my nostrils. “But surely you must have heard of Perfect before, what we’re famous for?”

I shook my head. I had an idea but didn't dare to say it to a pretty girl like Wanda.

“Wanda,” called Faldo from his bar, seeing the way she was bouncing her cute, little body against me. “Take that boy up to the obs deck and run a little history by him.”

“I'd love to,” said a smiling Wanda breathlessly, clasp my hand in hers. We went through the bar where Baron and Abigail had joined other couples. She was being hugged by them all, even another guy, clearly, who was in as cute drag as she was. That was when I noticed that all the girls, including Abigail and the other cross-dresser, were wearing lovely, feminine wedding rings.

### 3. Look a little more womanly - thanks to the Perfect Woman Clinic!

A new promo filtered across the screens, all about cosmetic surgery, a really pretty brunette in a pink dress gesturing and moving in front of the camera as if she was showing what had been done to her.

“What's that all about?” I asked Wanda as she brought me out onto the observation deck, empty but for the two of us. She smiled and led me to a couch in front of one of the screens, black space with the red veil of the Nebula filling the window. Wanda activated a screen and the brunette in pink began her spiel again.

“Want your girl to look a little more womanly?” the brunette asked coyly. “Why not bring her to the Perfect Woman Clinic here on Gamma Deck?” The shot faded to show her entering a bright, glitzy clinic, with blonde, smiling nurses leading the way to up-to-date examination rooms.

“That’s Barbie Robbins,” whispered Wanda in my ear as she cuddled up to me, putting my arm about her. “She’s one of Perfect’s favourite actresses.”

Barbie was going on about changes that could be made to a girl, talking about facial feminization, T and A augmentations, and several other improvements, such as to skin and hair that I didn’t follow. I did follow the before and after pictures and vids that appeared on the screen. I watched in amazement as guys like me, no, even uglier than me, were transformed by surgery into pretty women. I watched the guys smiling in delight as their breasts were inflated, their tushes and even their legs rounded. I saw a model show of ‘girls’ in delicate lingerie, smiling as the camera panned over their female assets with occasional insets of the rugged man that the woman had once been.

A doctor had his arm about Barbie, hugging her to him and proclaiming her to be the most wonderful patient he’d ever had.

“Let’s turn it off,” said Wanda. I was never so glad to see the stars again as the screen and the promo disappeared.

Wanda was so close to me, her perfume so appealing. It was natural that I kissed her cushiony lips and she eagerly kissed me back. I caressed her back and she moved even tighter against me, her breasts bouncing, her short waitress skirts rustling.

She didn’t mind my hands on her legs. In fact, Wanda encouraged me to stroke her, her own hands pushing my tush close into her. Soon, she was opening my pants and freeing my manhood. I was still struggling with the tight fastenings on her little dress when she slid down my body and went down on me. Her lovely mouth aroused me to a frenzy as only a man, who’s been six months on a space voyage without women, would understand. She had me in just minutes of action. I couldn’t hold back as she seemed to be delighted that I was so frisky, so quickly.

She had a bottle of wine in a basket beside the couch as she giggled and cleaned her mouth. “You

taste of cinnamon,” Wanda murmured as she snuggled back against me, kissing me again with her clean-tasting mouth.

“Faldo said you were to give me a history lesson,” I said to her. Wanda pulled a face and began to kiss me some more, taking my hand and putting it on her aroused breast.

I couldn’t make love to her right away after coming as I had, I knew that, and so I tried to talk to her. “We only came in here to get our sails re-built,” I murmured as she took off her earrings as I kissed her face and neck.

“Baron’s yards do that,” Wanda whispered to me, kissing my face as she rolled on top of me, her legs inside mine, her thighs trying to trap my manhood between them. “Now, you’ve pissed him off about Abigail, it could be you boys are going to be here for a long time, don’t you think? Your friends could visit up here in obs with me and my friends! You’ll have time!”

I didn’t doubt that my randy friends, as sex-starved as me, would love to be up here doing what I was doing with Wanda, her little dress open enough that I could fondle her perky breasts, kiss and caress them as she frolicked over me.

“I, I don’t understand how a man like Baron,” I gasped, “and a woman,” I felt I had to use that word, “like Abigail could be married!”

Wanda giggled again squeezing my strengthening manhood between her thighs, her panties so soft and silky against my intimate parts as well. “You really don’t know about Perfect at all, do you?” asked Wanda, her hair falling so beautifully about her lovely face. I had to lift my head to kiss her soft, cushiony lips. “I thought it’s the talk of Trajan’s Rift and the Nebula.”

“We only came in,” I said, shivering as she wiggled expertly on me, getting me to rise to heights I hadn’t known I could reach, “to get the cheapest repair job we could.”

“Oh, you’ve got to be careful about doing that,” whispered Wanda. I could feel her passion rising as I went to work on her breasts, sliding her dress and bra down her lovely, girlish body. “You never know what you’ll fall into that way. Could be pirates, militias, fanatics. Didn’t you use the cultural index?” Every ship has one and adds to it on every station visit. “Every planet and station from here to Old Earth is listed. I know Perfect is!”

I had to admit that I didn’t think any of us had looked through that compendium. It took hours just to load and we weren’t interested in culture, just in ship repairs.

“Did you even know this station was once as a prison?” Wanda asked me as she knelt up so that she could wiggle out of her dress and let my hands caress the thin panties about her tush.

“It was?” I asked, far too busy to really want more of the history lesson.

“What does that mean to you?” asked a smiling Wanda as she dangled her breasts in my face.

“A lot of rough guys?” I ventured between caresses.

Wanda pulled a face. “No women!” she breathed at me as she directed my hands to her rounded tush and the back of her panties, letting me pull them down. “Just men. Only men.”

“But it’s not a prison station any more,” I managed to say as she slid her panties down her legs, moving them outside mine so she could sort of sit on me.

“No,” Wanda agreed with a giggle as she took my hard male organ and caressed it against her tush which wiggled over me. “But the problem is the same. This is still a backwater. Rustbucket excavators used to stop here; that was about all. No women on them, either, and a hundred thousand men here and more in the mines.”

“But, you ...” I began, as she began to bury my manhood into her tush. That was when I felt some-

thing else against me, something that a man should never feel when he's making love to a woman.

"A hundred years without women is too long," whispered Wanda. "The solution had to be what you see in all the promos you've been watching. Perfect makes its own women!"

I must have been pale in shock. I know I was shuddering as Wanda bounced on me. I was penetrating her again and again in her tush as if she was a woman but I could feel on my abdomen that 'she' wasn't a real 'she'.

"You're a ..." I began.

"Of course," Wanda laughed as she descended on me to kiss me as she writhed all over me. I still felt her manhood pressing against me. "I'm a perfect girl."

#### 4. The right hair and anyone can look like a Perfect Girl!

A promo from a clinic that sold wigs was running. Oh, but when those wigs came off, did the men who'd had them on ever look weird with their faces all made up like girls' faces. A sultry, bewigged redhead shivered and crossed her lovely, stockinged legs, as a woman, whom I couldn't hear, demonstrated earrings and necklace that went with the hair, pinned tightly to the model's head.

The model smiled tremulously at the camera and rose up as a guy stepped into the picture and took her in his arms. Her long-lashed, painted eyes closed as she put her arms about the guy and held on to him, her body pressed to him as they kissed.

The girl running the promo went over to a dark-haired girl in a spaghetti-strapped, black eve-

ning dress. Boy, did she look weird without her wig. The girl was showing how the brunette in the black evening dress had implants all over his balding head. But a wig, with bangs across the front, and swirling over his shoulders and down his back made him look like a pretty girl.

I had that image in my mind as I travelled down the grav-drop to the prisoner deck, double W or lower, I think. A security man led me into the interview room where my crewmates awaited me.

“You gotta get us out of here, Steve,” pleaded Johnny, a definite swelling and bruise on the right side of his face that he hadn’t had, I was certain, when he left the Pepper Bar.

“Two thousand creds apiece,” I said to him, “six thousand total, four more than our reserve.”

The guys were gloomy. They knew, if I freed them all, we’d have to work for the station, with our Outbounder V, for half a Terran-year at least.

“We can get jobs on station,” said Monty grimly.

I’d already enquired. “That’s a real problem,” I had to tell them. “There’re no jobs on Perfect Station for guys. They got a waiting list on everything that’s a hundred guys long. Guys working as barkeeps are waiting for engineering spots. Cleaners are waiting for barkeep slots. And there’s a waiting list, the Slug List, doing cleaning any robot could do.”

The Slug List was technically called the Welfare List. If you had nothing, you got chits for a doss and food, and five creds a week for everything else. It was better than being spaced as happened on some stations we’d heard about. Some just rounded up and dumped Slugs, non-workers, on the next freighter out. What happened to such men and women, well, there were legends, guys-being-spaced-without-a-suit legends.

“The Labour Office only has listings for girls,” I said slowly. I made the same shudder as all of them

did back to me. “There are a thousand female positions listed but not one for a guy.”

The guys didn’t understand what I was saying. I’d pay their fines and get them out of the lockup. They’d find jobs for themselves, they proclaimed loudly. There were bound to be some, Johnny told me. I just didn’t know where to look. I did. It was why there wasn’t much of a Slug List. The pressure on Slugs was to find the jobs the station wanted them to find.

It took my shipmates a couple of days wandering the decks before they finally came with me to the Labour Office. Johnny had clued in a little by then. He just stared at the pretty, little brunette who served as a job councillor for the Government Labour Office.

Karen Burton, the brunette, wearing an ID tag that named her that, patiently checked for all kinds of jobs and skills that the guys said we had. “I can get you all jobs as waitresses,” she said brightly. “Or as actresses and dancers. Molinari,” he was a re-make film director, I gathered, “has a standing order for new faces. He even has a free, three-quarter cycle training period ...”

“We’re not girls,” Monty snarled at the girl behind the desk. I don’t think he really realized that she wasn’t a real girl, as we knew them.

“But you could be,” said Karen sweetly, leaning back and smiling, showing us how short her skirt was across her smooth, stocking-clad, girlish legs.

I think Monty got it but I was too late to restrain him. He was jumping onto and over the desk to get at her as she shot her chair backwards. I don’t know where the stun gun came from in her small, feminine hand but it looked ugly as she fired it right into Monty’s chest. He went down like a stone, collapsing the desk he’d been balancing on. Naturally, Station Security was there within a minute as the other three of us pushed our chairs back against the office wall, Karen’s stun gun swinging around as she pointed it at each of us in turn.

Monty was picked up and hauled away. Karen lifted her skirt. We watched in fascination as she put her stunner back into its holster at the top of her stocking and below the soft skin of her thigh that ran up to her panties.

“Your friend will be in Punishment for a while,” Karen said sympathetically to us. “He’ll be a lot more compliant when he comes back up. We always are.” She actually smiled at us sassily. “Look at me! It really worked well for me, didn’t it? I really was ready for any job after a cycle in Punishment. Your friend will be as well!”

Johnny and Andy were staring at Karen as the girl got up and went to a new console, linking whatever she was doing to the large screen, above where she’d sat. “I can place you all on a new movie that’s being made on Kappa Deck,” she said sweetly. “It’s not a Molinari movie. It’s a re-make musical which the brothers, Homan and Redden Carl, are making. You do know about re-makes, don’t you?”

I’d learned a lot from Wanda but Johnny and Andy were shaking their heads.

“All movies shown here,” Karen Burton said with a twinkle in her eyes, “have to have on-station girls in the all the girls’ parts. All the roles require lip-syncing on the Carl Brothers movies. It’s a musical about a night club back on Old Earth, the *Red Windmill*, quite famous in the old days, I believe. Redden was telling me he was looking for new, first-time girls. You three would fit the bill, of course. Quick way to pick up a thousand per cycle! It’ll be a cycle and a half’s work, at least.

“Or you could be waitresses at twenty a shift and tips. Steady work but you have to pay your own way for dresses, makeup, wigs and such. The Carl Brothers give you twenty-plus days of prepping for their feelie re-make. I think it’s the best deal for you if you want to get your rustbucket moving, free and clear again.”

“*Rimrunner Prince* is no rust bucket,” protested Andy.

“A lead in a movie is over five thousand credits,” said Karen seriously. “If one of you girls has the talent for it, you could do a couple of re-makes and have your friend’s fines taken care of with credits to the good in two to four cycles. Then, you could take off on your rustbucket and be out of here!”

“It’s not ...” began Andy again.

“Thank you, Karen,” I said to her quickly, interrupting him. “We’ll think on what you said.”

“You’re not seriously thinking that we can take that job offer!” Johnny screamed at me when I got him back to our doss. We’d stopped along the way at the Security Station where the news about Monty was all bad.

“Second offence,” the security desk officer had said, shaking his head, “and violence directed at a girl. He has to serve time down below in the mines. Two cycles for sure and a fine to get out of three more.”

“How much?” I’d asked him while the others had been blustering on about seeing Nebular consular services.

“Usually five for a second offence so soon,” said the desk officer slowly. “But it’s up to the Judiciar. Since there was a girl involved, he might tack on another five.”

“To get Monty, our engineer, out of the mines,” I said to Johnny, “before he’s become a vegetable,” we’d heard an old vet talking about what the convicts still had to do in the mines on the Perfect World down below the station, “we have to consider all the ways we can get some money together.”

Monty couldn’t get out of spending two months, as Terrans called cycles, on the face workings of a mineral mine. If he was injured, the time he spent in hospital didn’t count as time off his sentence. And if he had another three months added to his first two, Monty could be half a year away. What would we do in the meantime? Starve?

“You do understand what it means to be an actress?” asked Johnny with a shiver.

I didn't tell him that Wanda had made that very clear to me. I'd asked Karen leading questions about that as well and had got her to tell Johnny and Andy exactly what an actress had to do.

Here, on Perfect, an actress in a movie had to make love to the man she was partnered with in the re-make. That was how all vids were different from what we were used to. The holo we'd seen in the first bar we'd gone into didn't fade away in love scenes as the oldies did. No, in a Perfect re-make, if a girl and guy made love in the oldie, they made love fully in the re-make, as we'd seen.

In fact, Karen had laughed, there were lots more added love scenes to the rewritten re-make feelies. We, as actresses, would be paid extra, more than dancing girls, if we were called on to make love for real to another man.

“But that's perverted!” Johnny had yelled at her in disgust at that point. I know that my hair was standing on end as well. Karen was only saying to us all, smiling sweetly as she said it, what I'd had Wanda telling me as we made out for the third and fourth time on the observation deck.

“How can it be perverted?” Karen had asked Johnny with a frown before she went on with the female jobs that she said that she could get for us. “Homosexuality is forbidden by law on Perfect.”

I shuddered as I thought about what I'd done with the womanly, energetic Wanda, a man like me, on the obs deck. I wanted to object.

“The only lovemaking permitted on Perfect station or in the mines,” Karen had added with a sweet smile, “is between men and girls. As anyone knows, anything between a man and his girl, a man and his wife, isn't perverted at all!”

I realized then why Abigail had been in a dress and woman's makeup and wig. Once she'd crossed over

and was a woman, she was subject to the laws of being a woman. She had to say she was a girl. She had to wear women's clothes. She was free to marry a man as she had. She'd chosen to be a girl and couldn't be forced into doing what she didn't want to.

Abigail could be seduced or she could take on the duties of a wife. After all, she was a girl, and certain things were expected of wives in all societies, especially this one on Perfect. Soon, I didn't doubt, Abigail would be visiting the clinics and salons along Gamma Deck. She'd soon be looking like the glamorous girl that Wanda and Karen had made themselves into.

"It won't hurt putting on a dress for a few cycles, will it?" asked Andy anxiously, as we got cups of java in a little bar near the Labour Office.

That was about the conclusion I'd already come to. We couldn't last a full cycle on Perfect with the money we had left as the crew of the *Rimrunner Prince*. We'd have to abandon Monty, for sure, but the other two didn't seem to understand that once we 'crossed over', there'd be no turning back to manhood.

"Just so long as we can get back on the *Prince*," said Johnny. "That's assured, Steve, isn't it? You seem to know what the heck is going on here, on this perverted station."

"We can leave whenever we want to so long as all our debts are paid," I said to him with a shiver, my fingers crossed. A girl, Karen had already warned me, could only get on a ship with her husband, otherwise she couldn't travel. The promos were wrong to say that a man who became a girl could travel anywhere. Well, she could, but only if she was with her husband. "We'd have to replace Monty ..."

"You're not leaving my cousin behind to die in the prison mines!" Johnny yelled at me.

"If we do this," I said with a shudder, not seeing any way we could get out of the mess we were in but to do the unthinkable, "when we get out of here, we'll never ever talk about it again between ourselves and

never ever tell anyone else about what we did here for the money we needed.”

“Oh, I’ve got to have a copy of the feelie we’re in as girlie-whirlies,” said Johnny with a forced laugh. “What’s the matter, Steffie girl?” he sneered at the look on my face. I’d been about to tell him that one of us girls, at least, would have to marry a man. That man would have all our property, our share in the ship as our ‘husband’. It would be up to him if we boarded *his* ship to keep *him* company as wives had to do. Wanda had told me that there were girls she’d known who’d done that but that they usually married men who had their own ships anyway.

“Ain’t you man enough to do this?” Johnny went on, sneering at me. “Look, we just get enough together to pay off Monty’s fines and get out of here. We can all agree on that, can’t we? And we don’t do anything we don’t choose to do. That’s the law, isn’t it? We’ll stick to that. I don’t mind putting on a dress for a while to get Monty free, do you?”

“I’m man enough to put on a dress,” I said, thinking how insane I was to be saying that. Well, Monty could marry one of us and we could smuggle the other two out, couldn’t we? We could trust Monty with our money. “But you guys don’t understand it properly ...”

Johnny was already on his feet and heading back to the Labour Office.

Andy and I paid the bar bill and went after our ‘girlfriend’. When we got back to the Office, Karen was smiling at Johnny and flirting with him as I, at least, entered there in a high state of nervousness. Andy was actually grinning at Johnny and the ‘girl’.

“Here,” Karen said brightly as Andy and I joined Johnny. “You’re on set, girls, on Kappa deck. It’s where Agnes Miller, the dancer, has her studio. She knows she has you for three weeks prep for the Carl Brothers re-make of *Moulin Rouge*. Oh, I’m so looking forward to seeing you new girls in the movies!” She looked at me expectantly. I cringed inside. “You, I know,” she said to me, “are going to make a gorgeous

actress. I know my brother will enjoy making love to you!”

## 5. The Girlie Store on Gamma Deck for Everything a Perfect girl needs!

The promos for women’s underwear were pornographic. The featured girls were laughing and giggling as they cavorted about, posing for the male who was filming them. I learned that we could buy all the panties the girls wore on Lower Gamma Deck at the Girlie Store. That was when a man’s hand ran down the brunette’s leg and snapped the garter on her garter belt.

Laura turned in pleasure and smiled up at a guy who leaned over to kiss her most affectionately. Oh, goddesses, I thought with a shiver as we were ushered past the screens, that promo is aimed at us now. We were shown into the Judiciar’s office by Karen, looking so cute with her curly hair, vivid makeup and red earrings. She wiggled as she walked. The judge, as we would have called him, smiled most affectionately at her.

I don’t think it got to Linda, the name the Judiciar hung on Johnny, or Rachel, the astrogator for the *Rimrunner Prince*, otherwise known as Andy, what was really going on in that room. Our ship should be called the *Princess* now, I thought miserably, as the Judiciar said I was now Jennifer. We were all girls though nothing changed inside the room.

The Judiciar actually got up from his console to race over to the door and open it for us, bowing us out of his office as the security guard had bowed to Abigail at the Pepper Club. We had doors held for us all the way out to the elevators by smirking men. I had to hold onto Johnny’s, I mean Linda’s, arm as we went into the elevators or I think he would have popped one of the men gawking at us ‘new girls’.

But it was only when we buzzed the outer door to Agnes Miller's dance studio that our torment really began. The worst thing of all was that the women, who welcomed us, worked on us, clothed us, and trained us, took it for granted that we were girls, no matter how awful and sorry-looking we were as men. They knew we were coming and started changing us into female dresses and female makeup immediately.

I was used to depilatories on my face but Andy, Rachel that is, wasn't. He almost screamed his head off when a giggling Stella removed his beard with the chemicals she put on him. It all came off in tangles and there he was, looking like a little boy again. But that didn't last long.

There was no point in fighting it. That was what I'd wanted to tell the others. We were girls now. We were expected to remove our body hair. We were expected to tuck, hiding our male parts beneath tape and panties. It was putting on the body-shaper that got to me as it contained artificial breasts and rounded pads to make our tushes look more feminine.

The dresses, of course, were chosen deliberately for us. They were frilly, rusty and fragrant with feminine aromas that Stella and her helpers covered us with. We had to wear stockings on our now smooth, hairless legs and wobble in high heels to the makeup chairs. There was some relief there as our faces were made into remarkably feminine paintings. Then, with the wigs that were added to us, just as in the promos we'd watched, the transformations were incredible.

I'd never have recognized Rachel when she staggered to her feet beside me, her dark hair so shiny. It was thick and swung about her neck and forehead. Earrings, large and hooped, had been inserted into the new holes in her ears just as had been done to mine. When my chair was tipped forward, the shock was even worse. I couldn't believe the blonde girl who looked back at me in horror from the mirror. What had they done to me?

I tried to move and I was in a dress! I wasn't in pants! I could feel all the strange, women's underwear these girls had made us wear. I felt the hair

about my neck and the earrings at my ears. What had Linda said? We could dress as girls for a cycle to get our friends free, couldn't we? No, I didn't think I could do even one shift with skirts swirling about me as they were.

"Oh, yes, Jennifer," said the girl who'd helped Agnes decide on the blonde wig, the makeup and the clothing I had to wear. "You're definitely going to be an actress with the way you look. It won't matter if you can't dance at all. Just wait till Redden gets an eyeful of you!"

Linda staggered up and stood with her hands on her hips, scowling at the female image she made in the mirror. Her white, embroidered dress swung about her as she turned this way and that to get a look at the female figure she had. Like Rachel and me, she'd lost most of her eyebrows which were now feminine arches over her painted eyes. The girls had done wonders with makeup on Linda's face, disguising for the most part the broken nose she'd received in our last barroom brawl.

"For first-timers," said Stella, hugging a stiff Linda and smiling cheerfully at her, "you girls are really fine! You have to wear proper shoes now, Linda. We'll all teach you how to walk!"

"I know how to walk!" exclaimed Linda gruffly as another girl came in with high-heeled shoes for us all. Of course, Linda didn't know how to walk like a girl. None of us did. But the girls were only too happy to show us, teaching us to take small steps so that we could balance on the wobbly shoes. They swished our dresses whenever we passed a 'coach'. They put their hands on our hips to make us swing as they all did so naturally. Oh, they reminded us, all the time, that we were girls and had to move and act like them.

"There's a first time for everything," said Stella, demonstrating again how to swish and sway like a girl. She was older than the rest of us, very feminine. I couldn't believe that she was anything but a woman. Gosh, I could even see the lacy edge of her bra and her wobbling breasts as she moved.

We had shoulder purses, just like the other girls. Stella took my hand as another girl slipped her arm through mine. Shivering like a leaf, I led the procession out of Agnes Miller's and down the hallway to the elevators. A couple of men watched us girls, there must have been ten of us, including Linda, Rachel and me, wiggle into the ride through the station. I was terrified as the guys looked us over. They flirted with the girls with us who flirted right back with the men.

The guys got off and others got on, some looking me over and asking my name but the other girls always interrupted for me, until we got to Gamma. We alighted into a bustling court, full of men and women, I'd have said, many walking hand-in-hand as they stopped and explored the shops along Gamma deck.

We had no choices. We had to go into a woman's clothing store, the Girlie Store, of course, where new women's bras and panties, new dresses and nighties were all charged to accounts opened in our names.

"We don't have the money," I whispered to Charlotte who was enthusiastically taking off delicate blouses from racks and holding them against me.

"You don't have to worry about that," said Charlotte smiling prettily to me. "All new girls get a station allowance, five thousand, to allow you to find the right apartment and the right outfits to start with. You can't expect a girl with nothing to have to earn her money on the flat of her back, can you?"

"Don't start that, Charlotte," snapped Stella right away. "These girls may not want to be escorts as you did from the start. Look, Jennifer, isn't this straight skirt just gorgeous? With pretty legs like yours, it will really work well with any of the frilly blouses Charlotte is picking out for you."

I felt so weird inside as I was treated as a girl by the ones surrounding me. I was escorted into a diner that seemed to be filled with girls, all talking in high-pitched, feminine voices. Many giggled. It was just like listening to girls talking. We carried our par-

cels, having to walk like women up the rampways above the stores of Lower Gamma Deck and into long corridors of Upper that led to apartments.

“We always put new girls in with old girls,” said Stella as she led me to one that had the name ‘Jennifer Brace’, my real last name, on the occupant projection. ‘Alicia Martinez’ glowed on the nameplate with mine. A dark-haired girl rose up from the sofa where she was sitting to watch a program on one of the station’s entertainment channels. She snapped it off and danced forward to put her arms out to me.

“Oh, Jennifer,” ‘Alicia’ said excitedly, flinging her arms about me. “Welcome to our apartment. Isn’t it fantastic?” It sure seemed to be very luxurious to me. “I hear that you are a first-timer and have your first cycle at Agnes Miller’s. How fantastic! I trained there over a year ago! Are you going to be in Homan’s new movie? I am as well! Isn’t it so exciting? The guys who’ve signed up for it already are so dishy! But you look so cute! I bet you get the novice girl’s spot and that means Xander Burton for you, you lucky girl!”

While Alicia chattered on, the other girls who’d brought me to this apartment left. I didn’t get to see what happened to Rachel and Linda but guessed that it was the same as was happening to me. I was a girl, I thought incredibly to myself. I was a girl with another girl who was as much of a girl as I was. And yet she was so incredibly girlish.

Alicia squealed about the clothes I’d bought and took me into our bedroom. Yes, *our* bedroom, pink and white, frilly and completely feminine. We had look-alike beds in different alcoves of the huge room. Alicia’s wardrobe was packed with dresses which she said I could borrow any time. She had the perfect one, red and white, with a bow at the back, that I had to try on. Yes, we should have a little dress-up party, shouldn’t we, and get to know one another.

So I flounced and swished for Alicia in all of her dresses through most of main shift, before I got ready for bed. She showed me how to remove my makeup, how to prepare my wig for the next day and where to put my false eyelashes. I had to bathe in scented wa-

ter and wear panties and a nightie as sleepwear. I had lotions for my skin, on my legs, face, arms and body. Alicia didn't say anything about how awful I must look as the makeup drained away from me. She didn't say anything about my natural hair, save to brush it just as she brushed her own.

"You have to do it like this," she showed me. "It will soon grow as long as mine. Mine was shorter than yours when I started. Oh!" Her communicator rang and her face changed to all smiles. "Parry!" she said. "Oh, I can't, darling, I can't. No, I've a guest now, a new girl, no one you know. Well, maybe later, you can bring your friend! We'll be delighted to go out with you but we can't this shift. I do have to work two shifts in a row. Yes, Jennifer and I are both working on a new feelie. I'm sure you'll adore it once it's out. But not tonight, darling. Bye."

"Your boyfriend?" I whispered to her.

"Parry Stewart," said Alicia, lifting her shoulders as if she was in girlish bliss. "He's a shuttle pilot with six days of leave coming. So, you won't be seeing much of me after tonight, Jennifer. Still, that gives you time to settle in, doesn't it? It won't be long before you have a boyfriend of your own. You're too pretty to be alone for even a quarter-cycle!"

It was so weird to go to bed in a nightdress, my smooth body, face and legs covered with one lotion or another that Alicia told me I had to wear. Perfume rose in my nostrils. I was certain I'd never sleep but I did. I should have known that a girl like Alicia would have drugged my last drink. She told me that with a giggle much later in our living together.

I awoke and had to do all the girlish things I had the day before, only I had to do them myself, with Alicia just there to tell me what I should do and the order I had to do them in. I had to copy her as she showed me laughingly how to put my eyelashes on, how to make my lips look 'kissable' and my eyebrows femmy.

I knew I looked awful with the way I'd put makeup on my face but the wig altered all that. I was almost

thankful that I looked a little bit like a girl again as Alicia helped me into my corset and padding. She had me wear the straight skirt I'd bought, a frilly blouse, stockings and black high heels.

Alicia laughed and slapped me on my tush to make me wiggle and mince like a girl in high heels again. We went down the hallway and called for Rachel and her friend, just waking up in their baby doll pyjamas, to come and join us for breakfast.

"Carmen is such a sleepyhead," laughed Alicia. "You'll have to tell Rachel she'll have to set her alarm for the two of them if she hopes not to get bawled out by Agnes Miller. She hates girls being late to rehearsals. She says that means we don't love dancing as much as a girl should. That could lead to us having to find other employment as girls." She smiled at me wickedly. "We could always be escorts, couldn't we?"

I shivered. I knew I'd never do that. I swayed to where Linda was supposed to be, with Alicia pushing me ahead, checking that I was walking like a girl. I felt really strange as I rang the outer call button on Linda's place. She opened the door, all long, blonde hair, ribbons and wearing a short dress that seemed made for a teenager. Linda must have been helped by her partner, Gina, as well, as she was in full makeup and would have seemed entirely female but for her voice.

"I've got to see a doctor today," Linda said to me angrily as if it was my fault.

"W-Why?" I gasped.

"It's my nose," said Linda. Well, she did have a long nose. Johnny had had it broken in fights a few times. Monty had put it back into place the last time when we'd run from Mexala before the station authorities could fine us or confiscate any of the cargo we'd been celebrating having just loaded.

"It will affect Linda's voice," explained Gina, a lovely brunette, coming out and putting her arm through Linda's and mine as well. "I've been telling her that almost all of us here have our noses done in

the first few days of being here. I mean, just look at me. You don't think that this slimmed down honker and upturned bob are natural, do you?"

Gina finished the last part with a laugh, a very feminine laugh. Her words reminded me she'd once been a man like me. 'She', I just couldn't help thinking of her that way. I'd referred to Linda, and Rachel as well, as if they were 'shes' when I'd spoken and thought about them. And Alicia, so elegant in her swishy dress, with boyfriends who called her up for dates, she wasn't really a she at all, was she?

Rachel and Carmen joined us, long hair all loose and about their shoulders. Each wore a mini-skirted dress and showed off black panties when they sat at the table beside ours for a hurried breakfast. Rachel, of course, was on a diet like me, and was served the gruel that passed for a meal for first-timers, like she and me.

Rachel and Carmen were all smiles and laughter about something, I think it must have been some ungirlish thing they'd done in getting ready for the day, but when I looked at them, I thought of a pair of schoolgirls, the way they were putting on female airs with one another.

I felt sick as I looked at my shipmates, prancing like me to the elevator to find more men going down to the lower decks along with us. Of course, the older girls flirted with them while several of the men wanted to date all of us, asking us where we were working and where we were dancing on the alterday shift Alicia said we were on.

We were the only ones to get out on Kappa Deck but there were a bunch of girls coming along from other elevators who all greeted us as if we were long-lost sisters as we sashayed into Agnes Miller's.

It was the start of torturous days as we had to learn how to be dancing girls. We had lessons in every form throughout the day. We had voice lessons and had to practice the new voices that didn't stay at one pitch. The other girls were sympathetic, even to Linda, when she had to attend a doctor. She didn't

come back straightaway as her nose was 'fixed' so that she could breathe properly and speak in the same way as all of us girls.

"We do this the old-fashioned way," Agnes Miller told us as she introduced us to our voice teacher, Debbie, and her assistant coaches. "We build real, girlish voices here and don't shortcut with chemicals and surgeries as some do. We'll have you first-timers as sopranos and contraltos in no time. All it takes is some willingness and drive on your parts to co-operate with us all."

Agnes was really our dance teacher. I felt like such an idiot in the ballet shoes and the little tutu that I had to wear. I couldn't believe how the other girls took to that type of dancing so easily, moving their arms gracefully as they did the exercises. Agnes Miller came and held me around my waist and steered me into doing the exercises almost like the other girls. She showed me how to curve each finger so that my natural feminine grace, whatever that was, could shine through.

"I can't believe it, can you?" murmured Rachel to me as we lined up to leap and pirouette on our toes for Miss Miller as Alicia was doing beautifully as if she was a real girl.

"Can't believe what?" I asked Rachel, noting how her dark, shiny hair was pinned back and a pony tail had been placed there, just like mine, in the style we girls had to wear our hair for ballet class. Her makeup was perfect like mine, as well.

"I can't believe how all the other girls love doing this," whispered Rachel back to me. "They love being girls so much, don't they? I forget entirely that they're not girls really, even Carmen. She's just like my sister, back on Treminek. It's infectious as well, isn't it? Don't you find yourself behaving differently even though it's only a couple of T-days since we inflicted this on ourselves?"

I knew what Rachel meant. I don't know where Alicia got the strength to go out on alterday but she had, the last couple of shifts, with Parry the Pilot. I

just flopped on the bed in my nightie and was asleep in seconds. Alicia regaled me at the beginning of mainday, as we did our makeup, with stories about her boyfriend and the shift they'd enjoyed together. She was quite frank as well about the sex they'd had, treating me as if I was a girlfriend who really did want to know all the gory details, as she laughingly called her stories about loving Parry.

Linda was away for a day and more. When she re-joined us, it wasn't just her nose that was changed but I didn't catch what had been done to her right away. She had a bandage across her face, of course, but only when we girls had to change quickly for the can-can practice did I see her lift off her ballet costume and there it was. Linda had real breasts! She'd had an augmentation of her chest and her tush. She didn't need padding as did Rachel and I.

The other girls had to gather round her to hug and squeeze her with their own inflated titties, as many called them, some even taking off their bras and comparing what they had with what Linda had, congratulating her on being so like them.

"You and Rachel get this done next," Linda told me furiously in her mannish drawl at the end of the high-kicking dance that all of us girls had to do.

"Isn't it supposed to be a choice?" I hissed at her.

"What girl would refuse such a choice?" asked Linda bitterly. "Only a guy would refuse and, if we were guys, think of all the laws we would have broken! All of us would be for the pits down below. Or worse, we might become girlie toys for the men on the mining face who have money to buy our services."

I didn't get a chance to explain what Linda had told me to Rachel. I heard her screaming, her voice all Andy's, as on the next shift, the doctor began to do what he'd already done to me. Yes, I sweated over it, wanting to refuse, but as Linda had said, how could I, not a girl like me.

So I had breasts and a rounded tush. I had the tops of my thighs padded, so to speak, from the in-

side, and, just as Gina had predicted, I had some work done on my face as well, my nose bobbed, I was told, and thinned just a little.

Despite all the stitching in me, I wasn't allowed to miss a session of dancing or voice-training. In one of the makeup sessions as well, Stella took me on one side and dyed my real hair. She made it platinum blonde and, after it was done, it was waved and styled and a weave was put into it. It was just as if I had my own long hair, like a woman.

The other girls loved me and the way I looked and sounded. I was welcomed into womanhood just as Linda had been. I know I was blushing and so discomforted as my breasts bumped and caressed against others of smiling girls just like me.

The final indignity came when I was working on a dance with Alicia, she showing me how to swish my dress about me, and not balance on my heels, but on my toes, when I told her that I just couldn't do it. I wondered why she was looking at me as she was but she suddenly called Miss Miller over and had me say what I just had to her.

"Oh, wonderful," said Agnes Miller to Alicia and me. "You've found your voice, Jennifer! You've kept that up for over ten minutes, Alicia tells me. The Brothers will be so pleased. I think we've found the ingénue actress they want for this movie of theirs. I definitely will recommend to them that you become an actress, Jennifer, as well as a dancer!"

"But I don't want ..." I began in a shudder as Agnes smiled broadly at me. Alicia hugged me as we were such close girlfriends, her lips brushing my cheeks as well.

"Oh, she's got it," Alicia sang. "She's really got it." That brought me to the attention of the other girls again. I was hugged and hugged once more by rounded female bodies which only inflamed me terribly. My own breasts perked upwards in the tension I felt at such affairs. If only girls didn't have to wear dresses and corsets and bras! I could have done this if I was a girl in unisex uniforms like those back



home. But, on Perfect, everything for a girl was entirely different from anything for a boy.

## 6 More to life than rehearsals

The blonde girl wriggled up onto the bed and the man went after her. She raised her face and he kissed her passionately. Her legs, her dress sliding up about her waist, were long and beautiful. The guy was pulling at his belt while the girl was hurrying him along but the holo moved on then to a long line of dancing girls.

“Love and Passion,” a girl’s voice intoned as more scenes of kissing and guys going down on top of girls on sofas and beds, on beaches, on grass, even on tables as the rampant, excited guys couldn’t get enough of the beauties under them.

“Barbie Robbins,” the blonde, was being passionately embraced by a different actor. “Portia Reece,” a brunette, ripped her dress over her head and was opening her blouse, her breasts begging to be released as the promo went on to another girl, so coy and demure as a handsome guy began to kiss her thighs. “Margie Williams, and Baby Jane Romaine.” The girl was dressed in a little girl’s clothing but was clearly a very big girl. The older men kissing her and pushing her down in bales or bundles of straw didn’t seem to mind.

“Perfect Pictures have all the latest feelies and vids from Judd Molinari, Frank Pullman, the Carl Brothers and Jaxton Ross plus many others, old and new,” the seductive, female voice on the promo went on. “Call in at any one or our three convenient locations on Gamma, Double M, or the Obs, between W and V grav-drops, and take a turn on our couch with the lovely Barbie, Portia, Margie, or Baby Jane.

“Units for rentals at your current locations are available and we set them up for you! Are you the

only man on Perfect who hasn't been inside Barbie Robbins? You'll know her intimately after visiting Perfect Pictures and taking her latest feelie home with you!"

"They'll have your name in there," Charlotte whispered in my ear as we rested between workouts and caught a little of what was being broadcast on the restricted entertainment channel. "If you become an actress, that is. Imagine, all the scummy miners, right off the slag boats, wanking off, so far under they think they're really having you. Wait till you meet one later in a club. He thinks he really knows you, inside and out, because he did you in a feelie! How bizarre is that!"

I should have said, "As bizarre as everything else on this station where men are encouraged to be women as I and my friends have been." But I only shivered and giggled femininely, Charlotte praising me for how quickly I'd mastered a woman's laugh.

"Really bizarre!" I said in the little girl's voice Agnes had had me talking in after the last session of dances, all in little girl clothes, ringlets and ribbons. Most of the girls had thought it hilarious to 're-live your lives as little girls', but I hadn't, ever, in the last three quarters of a cycle, ever felt so nauseated as when I was doing that.

"We're not going to waste those breasts and that voice any more," said Alicia as I danced and shimmied in my high heels along the hallways, as all we girls had to do after rehearsals, in long parades back to our apartments. It made lots of other girls look at us in envy as guys sure seemed to notice us. We girls supposedly relieved a lot of the tension in wiggling down the hallways, men admiring us. But I know I didn't.

"You can lose those bandages as well," said Alicia with a smile. I'd been hiding behind them but Quick-Heal had really repaired all the small alterations made to my nose and face, chest and tush. I really was ready to swish out in a pretty dress as the new me, Jennifer Brace, to be seen and admired. Parry had a friend who was dying to meet me, Alicia

had told me for the last two days, as Parry's patrol ship got closer and closer to docking on station. "I'm going to take you out to Parry's favourite night club! It's about time that my girl friend and roomie was exposed to the pleasures of being a girl on our Perfect world!"

"No, I can't," I said in a panic. The doc had told me I could take the bandages off several shifts before but just to be a little careful with makeup. Alicia laughed at me and danced suggestively down the hallway, as we'd been practising all day. She was as girlie and mischievous as all the girls on this station seemed to be.

"I don't have a dress to wear!" I complained with a shudder of fear and excitement mixed together. I couldn't go with her, could I? Not to a club, filled with men, some of whom were bound to ogle me, as they did any woman. Oh, but I wanted to go with Alicia and have men ogling me, I thought guiltily, knowing that I should see it as wrong and not as exhilarating as I knew it was going to be.

"So we'll go shopping and hit the high spots!" exclaimed Alicia. "Oh yes, Jennifer, you've got to have a dress to show off that gorgeous, new figure you have. Once the guys know you're a newbie, they're going to be all over you in any club we go to. They all love being one of the first to tickle a girl like us!"

Tickle? That wasn't what I'd have called what I knew the guys would want to do to me. I knew what I'd want to do to the girl I saw emerging from the baths I'd taken lately. I flushed as I thought about what Alicia was telling me each day that Parry was so good at doing to her, making her look forward in bliss to the next time he called her when he was off-shift.

Alicia was in seventh heaven whenever we went out shopping. She was a compulsive buyer. She couldn't let a pretty dress slip through her fingers, or a pretty bra, or panties, or stockings, either. So, not only did I get a new dress to go out and party in, shivering all over at the thought of what I was going to do, but Alicia and I had to buy new lingerie as well.

Alicia looked so lovely in the short, white dress she'd bought. It suited a brunette like her. I put on the dark pink dress I'd bought, the paler pink panties, petticoats and bra complimenting my silky, swishy dress. It was a strapless dress, the neckline caressing me with pink and white lace. I'd had my face done by Stella before I left Agnes Miller's on the last shift. My hair was a thick weave, gathered on my neck. My own hair was curled off my face, letting everyone see my slimmer, bobbed nose.

I suppose it was a very feminine look. I should have been grateful to all the girls who worked on me, encouraged me with their compliments, and made me into the pretty woman I was. But it was so shameful. I actually was beginning to feel like I was a woman. I tucked and put on my panties and lingerie without even thinking about it. I made up and put on perfume without a second thought. I smiled and laughed with all the girls even though I knew that it was all a part of the feminizing process. The girls were making me one of them! I could see Rachel and Linda too becoming girls just like the others. So much for just putting on a dress and earning some money.

I swished with my hand girlishly in Alicia's as we went out finally to party. I kept telling myself that I'd find out how the other half of humanity lived and enjoyed themselves. But, as Alicia and I joined up with other girls, all of them as glittery and glamorous as us, swishing along as we were, I felt so feminine and girlie in my dark pink dress. Yet, I knew that all my excited companions were as much men as I really was.

"We are really going to enjoy ourselves tonight," Alicia enthused. I promised her I would. Parry and a friend of his, Davis, were waiting for us outside *Sunfall*, music blaring from inside.

Davis's arm instantly went about my waist and, shivering in a little excitement as much as in fright, I was hauled out, my dress swishing so lovely about me, onto the dance floor where a mirror dance was in progress. It was exhilarating to be treated as a girl, to be hugged and caressed with stronger arms than

those of the girls I had to dance with in my ballet classes.

Oh, but it was infectious, as Rachel had said. I looked up at the vid screens and there I was, a blonde, smiling girl, her strap-free dress showing off her lovely breasts and curled hair. My legs were so shapely! And the way that my dress felt against them as I deliberately twirled and swished my skirts so femininely! I felt like a girl and loved seeing my pretty image. I shook my curls and waves, my hair lovely and womanly, as I mimicked Davis and what he did. My lips were so red and shiny, my eyes vivid and heavily fringed.

Then, the music stopped. Davis grabbed me as all the other guys were grabbing their girls as well. Davis kissed me, fiercely and passionately, his hands pressing on my bare back so that my breasts bounced against him. Oh, his lips bruised mine as, in astonishment, I felt his tongue inside my mouth taking advantage of me, a pretty girl like all the others about me, also being kissed.

A laughing Alicia rescued me as the music started again, her mouth showing the marks of kissing Parry, he holding her as she tried to free me. "Davis!" she called to the man who was mauling me, his hands and arms squeezing my body in a frenzy against him. "Davis! Jennifer's a newbie! She isn't used to rough treatment! You have to be gentle with her!"

"You're a first-timer?" asked Davis, staring at me and releasing me quite a bit.

I nodded at him, shuddering, my body shaking as my mind reeled with unfamiliar feelings running through me. I didn't trust myself to speak.

"Jennifer, I'm sorry," Davis said, swirling me as the animated music demanded, his hands about my waist. "You just look so very pretty, not like a newbie at all. I haven't had a girl in over two months since I was out on patrol. I just got carried away!"

“That’s all right!” I said nervously, like a little girl, trying to reassure him, my lips still shivering under the imprint of his kiss, though I was trembling inside. I couldn’t believe that a man would want to kiss me like that, me, another man, just like him. But he didn’t seem to think of it that way. No one on this imperfect planetary station did.

“Jennifer!” screamed a brunette girl who was circling the dance floor with a taller, handsome guy. “Oh darling, you look so beautiful!”

Davis reluctantly slowed so that Karen, the clerk from the Labour Office, could hug and false kiss me as we girls had to do when we met. “This is my brother whom I said you’d probably meet if you did become an actress,” Karen squealed over the noise in the club. The tall guy smiled down at me. “Xander, this is the pretty new girl I was telling you all about!”

Xander bowed to me. “Karen didn’t exaggerate how beautiful you are, Jennifer, not one little bit,” he said. “Redden Carl is going to take one look at you and cast you as an actress in this *Moulin Rouge* thing he’s readying for a holo. I think I’ll accept the male lead in the thing after all, as it will be a real pleasure to make love to you, Jennifer. I’m certain of it.”

I couldn’t take that in. I shuddered as cold chills ran up my spine. I pulled away a little but Karen laughed and slapped at her brother. “Oh, Xander,” she pouted. “What a way to talk to a new girl. Now you dance with her, brother mine, and make up for all those insensitive words you’ve just said to a new girl like Jennifer.

“She probably won’t want to be an actress at all now since she knows that it’s you she has to make love to. Davis, come and dance with me and tell me all about this last patrol of yours. You had a bit of excitement this time, didn’t you?”

Davis didn’t seem to want to let me go but he did, Karen draping her body right on to his. Xander picked up my hand and swayed against me, his arm around my waist making me swish and sway to the music of the large, all-male band.

“You weren’t offended by what I said, were you, Jennifer?” asked Xander as his feet slid against me. I reacted automatically as I had in dancing classes but it was the older girls there who had been teaching me to dance.

“I’m just going to be a dancing girl,” I said to him quickly. “I, I’m not an actress at all! In fact, I hardly know how to dance with a man as it is.”

Xander smiled and proceeded to do several complicated spins and steps with me just to prove I was wrong. “I think you’ll make a beautiful dancer,” Karen’s brother murmured to me. “Look, there’s going to be another kissing pause in just a moment. It’s why this dance is so popular and the floor so crowded. Everyone has to get a girl and join in the fun. Oh, here we go.”

Xander bent over me and smiled. I stiffened and was staring at him as he kissed me gently on the lips. I know I clutched at him with my hands. Around us, the passion flowed but I just stood there. Xander did nothing more than hold my waist and run his lips over mine. Oh boy, did it ever send tingles and chills right up and down my spine. I actually found myself responding with a little pressure of my own.

“There,” said Xander as the music started again. I shivered and wondered how the other girls could stand what they’d done. Xander’s gentle kiss had inflamed me with passion beneath my dress. I could feel how aroused my breasts had become. “Not so bad, was it? The air hasn’t all rushed off the station just because you kissed a man, has it? Oh, yes, Jennifer, move your hips like that against me. I love a woman who can do that. Now, just let me twirl you a few times.”

And so I was twirled like a woman, my dress swishing around me. But all the time I was thinking of the kiss we’d shared. I was mortified that I’d just stood there; and then I’d kissed him back, a little! Xander must have noticed. Whatever must he think of me now?

The bandleader caught everyone by surprise by bringing on another kissing pause. This time, Xander had my arms trapped about him. He kissed me with a little more force, moving his mouth and making the strangest of feelings go through me. I was pressed against him, shivering, my dress swirling as his hands on my back moved me. I could feel my garter belt pulling on my stockings as I stretched. I was almost sorry when we resumed dancing again, his arms tightening about me.

“I liked that a lot,” Xander murmured as I shivered and actually leaned against him as the music went on. “It’s too crowded here, isn’t it, and Karen’s hooked your date.” I was shuddering as I looked at Karen sashaying away with Davis, kissing and kissing him as he guided her to a passageway off the floor. Davis stuck out a hand and a number lit up as the two disappeared.

“That’s to the make-out rooms,” Xander whispered to me, his lips touching my forehead as he spoke, sending more and more tingles through me. I was breathing much too hard, my breasts heaving against the tightness of my dress. Oh, this must be how women feel when they are being seduced, I thought in distress.

Xander put his arm about my shoulder, easing me from the dance floor. His arm helped me as I wiggled up the steps to a balcony where a short-skirted waitress was serving customers and getting a lot of touches on her panties and stocking tops which made her smile a lot. She constantly bent forward, as she served, to show off her stunning breasts and cleavage.

“Two,” said Xander to her. The waitress, it was Wanda, looked at me and smiled.

“You know her?” asked Xander, his arm about me as he steered me to a sofa. He put his arm about me and pulled me to him, my hand still clasped by his. He moved tightly to me as I crossed my legs as I was supposed to whenever I sat. I remembered that.

How could I tell this guy that I'd made love to the sexy waitress who was serving us, only I'd been the man and she the girl? She'd showed me how to make love to a Perfect girl! I hadn't stopped once I'd discovered what she had tucked behind her panties. Oh, the way she'd jiggled her breasts against me. But if I did it to her again as I was now, she and I would be in deep trouble as girls couldn't love girls, only boys.

"She, she was a waitress at a bar I went into with my friends," I finally said to Xander, squeezing me to him. Wanda returned, bending over Xander so that he could push a credit chip between her breasts and another into her stocking top.

"See you later on the obs deck," she whispered to Xander, batting one of her thick eyelashes at me. Oh, I shook inside as I realized that Wanda knew me, in spite of all the changes I'd been put through.

Xander just smiled at Wanda, rolling me against him so that he could kiss me. Oh, I felt that one right down inside me where I was wearing my pink panties. I felt it in my breasts that pressed against my lacy bra and dress. I almost yelped when his fingers stroked my aroused titties gently. I had to grasp at his hand but he captured mine. Our kiss extended and extended as his lips worked mine over, his hand on my silk-covered thigh.

"No!" I gasped, trying to retreat from him.

"Of course," Xander said, pulling me tight against his side. "I'm hurrying things a lot, aren't I? But I do like kissing you, Jennifer. So I apologize in advance but I'm going to do it a lot more times to you tonight. You're such a lovely girl and your lips are so kissable."

"I'm not ..." I began as Xander crushed my hand in his.

"Don't say it," he warned me. "If I report what you're about to say, you'll be in deep trouble. Karen said that and ended up in a camp down below for six cycles, doing every man on the face in any way he wanted. She was quite the tramp when I got her out."

We lost our pleasure yacht because of that and stranded our crew here as well. She supported me for a while as an escort before I finally got off the Slug List and into acting.”

“I’d hate that,” I gasped at the man holding me so tenderly.

“Wouldn’t we all?” said Xander. He passed me the small drink I took to be a woman’s drink while he had the frothy beer I’d drunk before in Pepper’s Bar.

“That’s one of your crew, isn’t it?” asked Xander, pointing over the floor. I followed his indication and saw Rachel and Carmen, with two young, brawny men heading into one of the pleasure passages. A colourful number lit up as Carmen danced against a wall and used her tush to light it up. The young guy holding on to her hauled her against him and mauled her mouth. I could see Rachel’s brightly painted fingernails on her date’s back. She had her eyes closed and was letting the man steer her into the passage as if she was quite used to doing what she was doing.

“Oh, Rachel,” I murmured, thinking that I should have called her Andy. The guy who was pushing her had his hands under her short dress as they disappeared from sight.

They seemed to be heading for just one room as just one number was gleaming. “They have rooms for partners,” said Xander, “as well as twosomes. I bet your friend and her roomie swap partners as the night goes on.. She could even end up taking two men at a time in her, that Rachel.” He shook his head. “It’s the latest thing with the younger girls. Sometimes, they just want to be abused by more than one man. I guess it makes them feel really girlie.”

Xander must have seen the look on my face. He must have felt the shudder running through me. He leaned over, gently kissed me on the cheek and then on my lips. I couldn’t resist the pressure about me to draw me into him. I got the shivers just kissing him which made him really smile as he let me go. His moving off my breasts made me realize how much

he'd been pressing on them and making them shiver against him.

"Down on the other side," said Xander, indicating a set of tables that seemed to be populated by the most glamorous women in the bar. A huge group of men stood around them, taking the place of other men who got up and sometimes went off hand-in-hand with one of the beautiful girls.

"Those are escorts," said Xander. I shivered as I watched a platinum blonde get up and push her hair back femininely with both hands. She smiled at a burly man who had been sitting with her, took his hand in both of hers, and smiled as she backed away in her short, revealing dress, leading the man off to the hallway behind that area. "That blonde was Cindy. She was an actress for a while but she used her fame to become one of the highest-paid escorts on this station. Only Barbie Robbins, the honey-blonde sitting with the Station Controller's son, can get a higher price for one shift with her."

"Son?" I asked, the word jarring with me. The man facing Barbie and laughing with her was as dark and as handsome, I supposed, as the man with his arm about me.

"One of the station's many unspoken secrets," Xander said, his arm caressing my shoulder and my bare back. I felt my temperature rising. "So, shall we head back to the floor? You can keep me under control by dancing with me. There'll be a kissing dance in the next set, I must warn you, but if you and I are going to be lovers on this next Carl Brothers feelie, we should practice for our big scenes, shouldn't we?"

I almost fell as I tried to get up quickly and get away from this man who kept saying such awful things to me as if I really was a girl. If he was an actor and had made love to other actresses like me, and I gathered he had, he must know I wasn't a real woman. I couldn't understand why he kept teasing me. I must make it clear to him that I was never going to be an actress, even if it was offered, never.

“Jennifer!” called Xander, jumping to his feet and taking my hand so that I couldn’t get away from him. “You really are a new newbie, aren’t you? Oh, screen goolies and gobbles, you’ve never had a man, have you? That’s what Karen’s been trying to tell me. I’m such an idiot! I thought she was trying to play a joke on me!”

“A joke?” I asked him, trembling with shame and humiliation as I tried not to think of Xander’s kisses. I watched us descend the steps in the shined, armour-plated walls that led down to the floor. He was handsome, I supposed, in his dark shirt and black pants, sinewy and yet thin as most spacers are. I, on the other hand, looked outstandingly soft, rounded and feminine in my flouncing, pink dress, my blonde hair and silver earrings swaying with every step I made on my high heels.

“You are not a joke,” said Xander firmly, putting his arm around my waist again, making my dress swish against him. Just the touch of his hand about me, made my tuck begin to hurt me so much. It frightened me that I should feel as I did about a man’s touch. All about me were men just like me, dressed in pretty dresses like me, accepting men touching them, caressing them, kissing them and smiling with pleasure at the attentions of men who were in no way as attractive as Xander Burton.

“But you must be the rarest of girls on Perfect Station,” said Xander as he led me out once more onto the dance floor. “Every girl here, after just a few days in Crossover, has been seduced by some guy, some many times. I know it’s true of your friend, Linda, because I saw her wrapped around Doc Limmersen, and that guy can charm anti-matter into safety cylinders without using black hole tech. And she just went off with him again to the pleasure rooms long before your other girl friend, Rachel, or even you, came in to dance.

“Jennifer, I’m sure that you’re a virgin, aren’t you, and I don’t mean at all to put you down when I say that ...”

“I’m not!” I said hastily, thinking of Wanda and me as I circled slowly backwards across the floor, my heart rate exploding. In some cultures, I know that it was an insult whatever you said to a girl, that she was, or wasn’t a virgin. In this Perfect culture, I could at least express my own feelings. I wasn’t a virgin; many times over, I wasn’t.

“Not with other women,” breathed Xander in my ear. I started at that, half expecting a tap on my shoulder and the arrival of security police. “But, beautiful Jennifer, you are a virgin with men. If you can keep from sleeping with Davis or any other of Parry Stewart’s shipmates, it will make *Moulin Rouge* into a most memorable film for everyone who purchases it after we’re done.”

I didn’t understand that at all. Xander wouldn’t talk more about it. He only made me shiver and tremble as he danced with me as if I really was a woman and needed his gentle support. He kissed me when the music stopped and I allowed him to. He didn’t make fun of me when I tremblingly put my arms about his neck and kissed him back, my mouth a little open for his tongue. I really did feel so girlish as Xander held me to him and kissed my face, neck and even my upper chest whenever he could.

Alicia came looking for me at shift’s end as I had to get my ‘beauty sleep’ as she did. Xander smiled at the demure Alicia who was definitely looking him over. She was giving off signals he could have her if he wanted her, even though Xander still had his arm about me.

“I’ll see Jennifer back to your apartment,” said Xander with a laugh at the flirting that Alicia was doing with him.

Alicia left, promising search parties in a short time period if I wasn’t back in my room and in bed as Agnes Miller demanded of girls like us. Xander made me put my arm about him as he escorted me back to my rooms. I shook all the way back as I kept thinking about what he’d said to me about being a virgin with men. It was true and I didn’t want it to change, I kept telling myself.

Outside my door, however, Xander did what I'd seen so many men do to girls they'd partied with all night long. He pressed me against the hallway wall and kissed me thoroughly, making me respond to him. Even when his hand brushed over my breast, I didn't push him away as I was on fire. My mouth was wide open for him to possess which he did most wonderfully.

I was shivering in frustration when Xander finally pushed on the bell to my apartment. Alicia opened it immediately as if she had been waiting there, just inches away from us as we had pressed against the door. My body convulsed against his, his hand caressing my raised thigh through my lovely pink dress.

"I'll see you very soon," murmured Xander, releasing me. I felt suddenly bereft. Then, I thought about what I'd just done with a man. No, this wasn't just putting on a dress and making a little money any more. I looked up at a handsome man whom I knew wanted to make love to me and whom I wanted to make love to me.

Alicia took my arm and hauled my shaking, humiliated body into our rooms. "Thank you, Xander," she said archly, looking so female in her short, frilly nightie, her nipples so large and swollen and easily seen through the almost transparent material she wore. "Thank you for seeing that Jennifer got safely home."

"It was a pleasure," said Xander with a frown as the door closed on him.

Oh, was I ever glad that night that Alicia put something in my drink to make me sleep. I only writhed and shivered for fifteen minutes and more as I pressed my nightie about me. I dreamed about what Xander and I could have been doing together, as actor and actress.

## 7 Feeling lonely, a beautiful escort can chase away any deep-space depression!

“What do you think, Charlotte?” Alicia asked slyly as we travelled through the station to our morning rehearsal. She pointed to the streaming promo with a long, silver-tipped finger. “Miss your old playmates?”

Charlotte looked up at the girls in their bikinis posing beside the pool of velvety, light blue water. I wondered where that was. It didn't look like a special effects artifice.

“Michelle!” shouted Charlotte, a delighted smile on her face.

The blonde with the gorgeous figure bent forward. I felt a tickle in my panties as she shook her long hair down her back and smiled at the cameras. “Can't get a date?” she asked, pouting with her soft pink and ivory lips, batting her long, thick, dark eyelashes. “Not enough girls on station? Why not call me, Michelle, at ...”

“Or me, Natalie ...” said the brunette, stretching out along the side of the pool, lifting a shapely leg, her perky breasts, in a thin, black bra, pointed like bullets to the roof of whatever recreation room they were all in.

“Or me, Sharona,” said a sultry, dark-skinned girl, removing her wrap and showing off a female figure that made the girls around me gasp and point at her. Wherever could she be hiding it, that Sharona? Her panties were string-like in the way it covered, or didn't cover, 'her'.

“Or maybe more than one of us?” said a red-haired girl, leaning in, her arm about Sharona's thin waist.

“The more the merrier,” murmured a platinum-haired girl in a black, shiny bikini, taking hold of Sharona's arm on the other side.

“At Perfect Girl Escorts, we always have someone available to chase your spacetime and station blues away,” said Michelle coyly.

“Call us!” murmured Sharona, blowing a kiss to the camera, a number flashing and walking around the screen as the girls began to jump into the pool, it was only waist-deep, giggling as they splashed each other.

“Come on in,” Michelle finished with a beaming smile. “The water’s lovely ... and so are we!” I shuddered at the way she pouted, looked over her thin shoulder and arched her back femininely as the promo ended.

“Way to go, Michelle!” Charlotte laughed, raising her thin arms in her flowery tank top as if she was cheering on a successful sports team.

“Charlotte used to be one of those girls,” whispered Alicia into my jewelled ear, my natural hair now platinum blonde and curled. Alicia had insisted that she do it, that it was long enough to be done. A half-wig was fitted over the back of my head and a black ribbon covered the pins that helped the ringlets cling to me.

“It’s a good gig,” said Charlotte with a laugh. “But I must admit that I like dancing more. And we get the boys with us this week which means we can make out just as much as I ever did as an escort but I get to choose my dates now!”

We joined other girls in short skirts, carrying their dance bags just like us. We had to wear high heels, stockings, dresses and makeup when we entered Agnes Miller’s. She gave a tongue lashing to a brunette who’d showed up in tights, ready to dance. The poor girl was a waitress now at some dock eatery. Dock eateries were the worst for having girls assaulted all the time by guys, or so I heard.

I tried to ask if there weren’t rules and if security didn’t intervene.

“Between a waitress and a punter, who hasn’t had a girl’s touch in six cycles or more?” asked Alicia, who’d been talking about Emma, the girl given duty on the docks after failing to meet Agnes Miller’s exacting standards of dressing as a girl. “Docksec gives the guys all the breaks in the world. Girls daren’t complain. Well, wives can but that’s a whole other matter.”

Two men were standing with Agnes as we sa-shayed very deliberately into the foyer of Agnes Miller’s Dance Shop. “This is Jennifer,” said Agnes, signalling me to come and take her hand. “The girl I was talking to you about. We picked her out from the moment she came on station. Thin,” she smiled at my alarmed face. I was singled out to be a woman from the start? “Pretty face for a boy. Not too tall, she’s had a nose bob, of course, just a touch or two, and she’s augmented. She’s still a virgin, of course, despite Xander sniffing around. Alicia has done an excellent job of keeping her pure for you, Redden, Homan.”

I shuddered as the men frowned and studied me as Agnes made me pirouette and swish in my little dress in front of them as if I was a girl. I had to bend over. I squeaked as one of them ran his hand gently up my little dress over my quivering thighs before resting on my rounded, girlie tush. He held me still, not letting me unbend, as he caressed my lace-edged, white, flower-decorated panties.

“That is partly her own blonde hair,” grunted the shorter of the two men.

“A fall suits her very well,” said Agnes. “You can’t expect a new girl to have her own full hair yet.”

“Put her in the front row for the first dance with Alicia, Charlotte, Kate and Julie,” said the one who’d touched my tush and panties. Agnes made me pirouette again, holding up my skirt while the men studied me. “Then, we’ll make a decision.”

It wasn’t the can-can dancer costumes we had to put on but the showgirl regalia, all of it. I, of course, hadn’t been in the feathered headdress before, nor

the sequinned tights and short, figure-hugging, golden-sequinned, bikini costume.

Our high heels were impossibly high, our legs so bare-seeming. We had tails! Plumes of feathers were attached to the rear of our costumes while windows all over the skimpy outfit showed our soft skin beneath. Agnes's assistants rushed about, painting all of us with full makeup, arranging our headdresses and blonde hair pieces. All of us had to have blonde falls right down our mostly bare backs.

"Oh!" I gasped as Stella made my breasts protrude through two windows. She attached sticky caps with tassels onto my nipples. Oh, I felt so aroused as Janette began to put earrings, necklaces and bracelets on us all. Alicia was scolded for having one of her acrylic nails missing. Charlotte had to change her lipstick to the same shade of red as all of us girls were wearing while Naomi was pinched and pinched to get her breasts to be perkier and stand up in front of her as mine were doing.

We formed into a line with our hands around the waist of the girl in front of us. I felt Carmen's hands about me and could hear her giggle as we all tried to sashay in rhythm out onto the stage where we would become a line of high-kicking dancing girls. The familiar music played and so I danced out into the limelight, an audience of men watching us as we did our girlish strut and hop to get ourselves into position.

I don't know how we did it but for once we were flawless in our execution. I could almost feel the girls on either side of me, squeezing me as they kicked and so I knew exactly when I had to move. I knew when I had to squeal because they were doing it as well. Oh, and I knew how to dance and move my arms after all the ballet I'd done in my little tutu.

We ended with our arms raised. All I could see was the girl in front of me. Her quivering feathers obscured everyone else. "Very good," said one of the Carls. "Stay where you are, girls, and don't move at all. Boys!"

The guys who'd been watching us came down from the end of the chamber. The Carls strode about, moving guys here and there, talking about sizes and getting it right.

The door opened and Xander Burton came in. His face lit up as he saw all of us girls and the costumes we were wearing. "There you are," said the smaller of the Carl brothers, Homan, I think it was. "Yes, Xander, we've decided to sign your lady love to an actress contract."

Xander grinned. I was trembling as he walked over to me, moved behind me, and put his arms about my waist just as the other guys were doing to the other girls. Oh, I didn't need that, not after the way Redden Carl had touched me. I, a man, was standing there in my high heels and stocking tights, having kicked like a girl and showed that I, like Sharona, must be hiding something very small. I knew I looked as if I didn't have anything at all between my legs. Yes, I was completely numb where my male genitals were pushed back into a body cavity and taped firmly behind my panties.

The dance we'd rehearsed with other girls as partners we now had to do with men, men who were strong and could lift us. That didn't go well, at first, with our headdresses reaching up to the roof of the rehearsal room. There was a lot of feminine giggling as we could barely do a twirl until Redden Carl took Agnes in his arms and showed us all how to do it, how we were to bunny dip so that the man's arms could pass over our headdresses.

"Bring Jennifer into the set," said Redden Carl to Xander. I was walked into another room where several young men were setting up and exploring different projections in a blue-screened room.

Xander was smiling at me. I quivered openly as I had to dance with him just as I had the night before. A camera was filming me, I could see, even when Xander looked over at the others, questioning them with his eyes. Whatever sign he got meant that he could kiss me and so he did. I closed my eyes. I didn't dare to look at the men watching me and critiquing

my technique. This was what it was like, Alicia had warned me, if I was going to be an actress. And I had to, to get the high pay, to get Monty free to marry one of us and get the rest of us off this awful, forsaken prison of a space station.

Without my high heels being so high, I'd have had to pull Xander down to kiss me. As it was, he leaned over me only slightly. My bound groin seemed to go on fire as did my breasts, the tassels moving most violently as I tried to tell myself once again that the station wasn't going to explode just because I was kissing a man, actually feeling how good it was, right down to the tips of my painted toenails.

I'd asked Alicia if they were putting us on drugs to make us act like girls, mentioning what I'd seen Rachel and Linda doing, supposedly.

Alicia had laughed. "What would be the fun in that?" she'd teased, painting her lips and making them so delectably kissable. That's what it said on the promos for Hot Pink Lips.

"Come over here," said Redden Carl, breaking into the fearful thought that what I was feeling, the way I was tingling all over in excitement at being so feminine, was really me. I was a perv, I was thinking. Look, I was shivering, clinging to Xander. I, a man, pretending to be a showgirl, was totally dressed and augmented like one.

I minced with Xander over to where the brothers were looking at different screens. All of them seemed to be showing Xander and me kissing. We broke apart and Redden grunted to the tech to stop it. They all stood or sat there, looking at me, my lipstick mussed, my breasts heaving with the emotions I was feeling, staring up at Xander, my eyes terrified.

"If we could only capture that look when he takes her into his room," said Redden sourly to his brother.

"She'll have to practice it," said Homan. He looked up at me from where he was sitting. Xander had pulled me down into his lap, one hand caressing my tights and the other at my hip, helping me balance on

my quivering heels. “You see the way you looked there, Jennifer? That’s the way we want you to look when Xander puts you down on the bed and makes love to you. You have to look just like that, pretty, coy, totally abashed, ignorant of what our hero is going to do to you.”

I should have protested. No one was asking me anything at all. And why should they? I was there in my showgirl costume. I had a man’s hands around me and I had just been kissing that man on cue and for longer than that scene would ever have been used in a real film.

“You understand, Jennifer Brace,” said Redden Carl suddenly as if it had occurred to him just how much of a newbie I was. “No sex for you until we get to the scene where Xander has you for the first time.” I shivered as Xander tightened his arms about me. “We’re signing you as the ingénue, Jennifer.

“And Xander, that applies to you as well. We want this girl to be a virgin. It always comes through on the feelie if she is. There are residuals on that work, Jennifer. If you become famous, as Agnes says you’re going to be, there’ll be royalties for you. There are collectors who always want to find the movie that has a girl’s first time in it.

“So, moola for you, and more moola for my brother and me. When you’re famous, you can negotiate royalties before a film as Xander has. But for you, as a newbie, Jennifer, it’s five thousand credits, payable two cycles after shooting.”

I could get Monty free, I thought guiltily. Wasn’t that what all this prancing about like a girl was about? I felt more guilt as I hadn’t even looked for Rachel and Linda as we came out of our sleep period. I hoped they’d be dancers on the movie as that would mean more money for us.

Homan Carl gave me a datacube. “Retina scan,” he said sullenly to me, holding the cube to my face. I looked down with a shiver. “There,” said Homan. “Signed, sealed and delivered, Jennifer Brace, ac-



tress under stipulation of virginity. No torturing the girl with your kisses and caresses, Xander.”

Xander looked at the other man with an impish grin that made me shudder. Homan’s face looked very different, almost human, when he smiled at Xander, looking where Xander’s hand was touching me. I should have told him I was so numb that both of them could touch me there. There was no way that I could feel them caressing my crotch anyway.

## 8 And starring in the female lead ...

The procession into an ancient city on Old Terra was and wasn’t what I recalled from the first time I’d seen it. I was thoroughly engrossed, hooked onto the feelie machine. The pink, white-trimmed mask, a present from Xander, hid away all extraneous movements in my room. I had ear plugs but I jerked on them occasionally as I writhed in distress. After all, I was doing a first for me.

I was Barbie Robbins in the remake of *Cleopatra*, the first time I’d ever been hooked into the girl’s part in a feelie. I was her as the huge cart, with me on top in a white and golden gown, my hair long and black, was guided into the square with hundreds of thousands of people yelling at the spectacle of which they were a part.

I strode down the laddered steps, my long, diaphanous skirts swirling around my legs as someone called on me to wait. But I strode forward, my heart beating ten thousand beats per minute. The older man, Conrad Fielding, Caesar, awaited me to take me in his arms while a sullen Xander, in the role of Marc Antony, looked on.

Caesar, his face really handsome, sent my emotions soaring. I was Barbie Robbins, I was Cleopatra, and I was going to get laid as a woman. Caesar knew I

was there to marry him. I wanted him as much as any girl could want a man.

I shivered girlishly. Conrad rewarded me with a kiss. In no time, I was into his bed, the two of us hastily screaming out the marriage service before the priest scurried off, leaving us to make love. Oh, that's how she did it, I thought, my feelings totally engaged. I was Barbie Robbins, making love to Conrad whom I'd once wanted to marry so much just so I could demand this firm kissing and caressing every night from him.

The two of us worked well together. I kissed his bare chest, sinewy and muscular, and he kissed mine, rousing me so much as he actually bit my nipples, the old roué; but it was a delight to be with someone who shifted me so easily into position to receive his rampant penis, dripping all over my aroused thighs and tush.

"What the ..." I squealed as someone stopped the film. I felt soft fingers pulling my jacks away.

"Jennifer!" said Alicia sharply. "You're not to do that!"

"I'm not Jennifer!" I groaned at her. "I'm Barbie Robbins, making love to Conrad Fielding."

Alicia giggled at me. I slipped the mask from my eyes and came back to reality. The *Cleopatrare-make vid* was in the room console. Alicia was supposed to be with her boy friend for all of alterday shift. I knew what was planned for me soon in the movie-vid we were making for the Carls; I was panicked about what I was going to have to do, first, with Homan Carl himself, taking the part of the Duke, who was financing the show, before doing it again with Xander Burton, the so-called love of my life.

"How far did you get in the feelie?" demanded Alicia. "Oh, Jennifer, you can't have this now! You've only got one more sleep and then it's you and Homan before the cameras. You know that. They're paying you very well for doing that."

I shuddered. “I don’t think I can do it,” I whispered to her. Alicia gasped. “That’s why I was trying to find out what it’s like, what it’s going to feel like. I never really signed on for this, really. I’m just doing this to pay off fines on our crew. I can’t let another man have me, not when I’m a man as well!”

“No, you’re not,” snapped Alicia. “No, Jennifer, don’t think like that!”

“I wasn’t a few minutes ago,” I had to tell her. “I was Barbie Robbins. I was starring in the female lead. I was Cleopatra. Oh, what a lovely gown I was wearing and the wig of black hair! I knew I was going to make love to a man and I wanted to! And you stopped me!” I shuddered convulsively as Alicia stared at me, open-mouthed. “Now I’m just me, silly old Stephen Brace again. I should never have let the others convince me we should try to be actresses to rescue our friend and ship’s engineer.”

Alicia didn’t know what to say.

“Jennifer,” she finally said sweetly, sitting on my bed where I lay, agitated and still writhing a little, as the satin sheets seemed to call out to me to do. “We’ve all done this, you know, so many times. Oh, I should have let you and Xander do it on the night he brought you home, shouldn’t I? That’s how it happens to most of us. Some guy is just so nice and kind and irresistible and makes us feel that we are, we really are, girls, and we have to be his girl for him. And that’s it. It’s like we’re imprinted.”

“And you have all kinds of guys any time you want,” I said bitterly. I wanted to tell her that there was a name for her, for the kind of ‘queen’ she was, or, if she thought she was a man, for the kind of man she was who wanted to make love to another man all the time.

“Not true!” exclaimed Alicia with a girlish smile. “I have three boy friends because none of them are ever on station all at the same time.”

“So who’s Evan?” I asked her bitchily, being the kind of girl she played in the film we were making for the Carls.

Alicia giggled, just like a real girl. “He’s just my lover in the movie!” she squealed. “Everyone knows we actresses have to make love to the partners we have in vids. Our real lovers don’t hold it against us; and we don’t hold it against the lovers we have who are actors. I wouldn’t care if Parry was an actor and had to make love to you, Jennifer. I really wouldn’t!”

“But what we see in the rushes!” I said with a shudder. “You really get it on! You’re as hard as ...”

“We don’t say that about girls!” laughed Alicia. “We are girls, Jennifer, all of us, including you, Rachel and Linda. You saw the scenes with Linda and Guyle, didn’t you? And Rachel and Carmen with Stu and Benny. I’ve done scenes before with both of those guys and Parry has feelies of them. He loves making love to me when he’s off on solo patrol, he says, taking their parts and filling me as those actors did. He knows the passion between us is real. With a Perfect girl, as the man says, you can always tell that the girl is turned on, can’t you, not like the snotty bitches who call themselves escorts on Averill.”

“I don’t want to be passionate with Homan Carl!” I screamed at my roommate, who looked at me, open-mouthed with shock.

“But he’s really a great lover!” said an astonished Alicia. “Any of the girls in the chorus line, including your friends, will let him have them any time. In fact, your crewmates have already been had by Homan and Redden. They might just be in the outed scenes that make Carl Brothers’ movies different. They usually have pictures of themselves banging all the actresses and dancers in their movies.”

“There’ll be some of you?” I asked my girlish roommate with a shudder as she stripped off the flimsy dress she’d worn on her date with Parry the Pilot.

“Several,” said Alicia with a smile. “They’re part of my resumé!”

I shuddered, hardly able to believe her.

“Which is why this movie is special,” said Alicia seriously. “Girls are never like you, virgins up there on the screen. Redden thinks it’s going to bring a whole new audience to his vids. They’re sold all over the quadrant, you know. It’s a specialized market but they make a fortune. Messier, my second cycle lover, told me he found a feelie of me on Berenger, which is part of the New Terran Empire. I bet they’ve copied it! I’m all over the galaxy and I’m not getting a credit for letting the Carls boff me as many times as they like to do!”

“I’m not a virgin!” I told Alicia. She looked at me in complete surprise as her bra was undone. Her lovely breasts bobbed almost inches away from my face, from my mouth.

“Oh, you mean as what you were before you became an actress,” said Alicia, refusing, as all girls did, to admit that there ever was a time when they were men like me. I seemed to be the only one still to think about the illogical situation I was in, being called and treated as a girl by everyone, even when I wasn’t.

“I mean ...” I began. Alicia’s soft, perfumed fingers stopped me saying something that was a crime on Perfect Station, that I wasn’t a girl.

“You signed a contract,” said Alicia, standing girlishly in just her panties, kicking her clothes away. She got me a drink of water from the faucet near the bed. She put orange crystals in hers but I took it neat. How was I to know until she told me later that the sleep pills and the changing girl hormone pills were all in powder form and in the bedroom water purifier?

I couldn’t have avoided them if I’d wanted to. I only took a few sips and it was enough. I awoke. Alicia was brushing out her lovely hair and laughing at me again. She told me she was absolutely certain I was going to enjoy my first time underneath Xander.

“We’ve re-written the scene with me,” said a very smug Homan Carl. I’d trembled in such a short, flirty, silvery dress all the way down the hallways to the set where I was supposed to be ‘deflowered’, if such a word could be applied to a girl like me. “I don’t get to have you after all.”

Homan would try to have me when I was in my panties and changing from my final dancing costume. He was going to be ‘hanging out’ all over me, he said, but I was to fight him off. He’d try to rape me. I should scream all I wanted. Oh, I would, I promised him. I would.

“I tear your clothes, of course,” said Homan, inches from my face as we walked over to the costume racks. Of course, I said sarcastically to myself. Other girls were lacing themselves into the tight corsets we had to wear for the last dance number. It was all about asking men if they wanted to sleep with us that night. It was all in an old Terran language that had only a few words that were still in use in Trade which was what we all spoke. It was mostly why these old vids were re-made as holos and feelies. The Carls were doing this one in both forms.

I had to go to makeup and costume where Agnes and Stella made sure I was a trollop, as they called it. My breasts were squeezed as they never had been before. Girls in this time period endured such corsets all the time, the Carls had told us all. It was supposed to be very sexy.

When I saw us all doing the dance with our garter belts and stockings, whirling around to put our partly gloved hands on our tushes as we bent away from the audience, the viewer looking right up our panties to our pendulous breasts, it really did work. I often get excited just watching us dance that number. I looked so girlish as I swivelled like the other girls on high heels, our eyes sparkling with makeup, our red mouths so inviting.

And then I’m in the dressing room. Homan, as the Duke, comes in looking for me. He wants me and I fight him off, though he’s really strong. I was in a panic as I realized he could have had me if he’d

wanted. His pants were open, his manhood enormous! I was as frightened as any real girl would have been, I'm sure. I wasn't acting in that scene. I really was frightened to death with what Homan was saying he was going to do to me. I was 'a silly, little bitch who doesn't know how to be fucked by a man'.

Oh, the relief when Xander barged into the room and punched Homan in the face, blood spurting everywhere. The shock on my face in that scene was because I saw that Xander really missed by an arm's length from contacting Homan's face. The 'blood' that flew from the older man's mouth was something Homan had in there, in his cheek, from the beginning of the scene.

I was babbling as Xander dressed me, gently and lovingly, and took me out of that scene into a green screen area. In the vid, it was as if we were walking down a street in this old Terran city, very fashionable in its time, Xander holding me and telling me I was safe and nothing could harm me.

Of course, I believed him. I wasn't acting, not even when he took me in his arms and kissed me. I was just so grateful the terror had passed. I kissed my 'Christian' for as long as he'd let me, opening my mouth to him, pressing against him in every way as passionately as I could, trying to thank him for what he'd done.

I thought we were all alone as he led me into the next scene. The whole area was dark. There was no crew there.

"This is where our main scene takes place," murmured Xander, leading me towards the soft, wide bed. It was lit quite dimly in contrast to where we'd just come from. Light doesn't mean that much to a skilled filming company. They can shoot a scene in the darkest space, illuminate it afterward and make it appear to be on a grassy hill on a sunny afternoon.

I could feel the tension rising in me as Xander sat on the bed and patted the spot beside him for me to sit. "This is where ..." I began, unable to control the

nervous shakes that made my dress shiver and swish noisily against me.

“It is,” murmured Xander as he gently pushed me back on the bed. His arm went about me and he kissed me, softly and gently. I felt my spirits beginning to soar. Oh, I wanted to tell him I was still clicked in to the feelie machines I’d had to wear when I began the scene with Homan. It was to help me be more girlie for him. I might have knocked off a few of the most important ‘sequins’ as the tech had called the relays that recorded how I was feeling. I didn’t know, till much later, that they were definitely working.

“This, this isn’t what ...” I tried to say as Xander climbed properly onto the bed and lay out, pulling me beside him.

“I want to do it,” whispered Xander, his mouth taking control of mine, his arms around me. I felt my chest bounce against him as he increased the pressure of his kissing. His hand caressed my tush. I could feel my panties becoming aroused.

“Xander, if someone should come in,” I had to say to him as he pulled the clips from my hair. The weaves floated about our faces as we kissed and kissed so violently at last, my heart beating a mile a minute.

“They can’t,” murmured Xander. “The door’s locked. When you’re ready, if you’re ready, my darling, we can let them in.”

“Oh,” I said with a shiver as Xander rose and lay right on top of me, kissing me, his hands caressing my body on the outside of my silvery, flirty, dress. He kissed my neck, my chest and then my lips as I so much wanted him to. Then, he opened the fastener on my dress. I was breathing so hard as I had to press myself close to him. His hand gently caressed my bra.

“No, no,” I murmured but Xander didn’t stop. He just smiled down at me, and hugged me, his hands releasing my bra. There I was, my breasts rising nakedly in front of me. When Xander kissed them, I was

on fire. I rolled and reeled beneath him. Finally, after kissing me enough so that my nipples were engorged and hard, Xander rose and took off his top. I nervously caressed his muscular chest, so masculine and such a contrast to the feminine hands that moved over him.

“I’m not going to ...” I began before his mouth stopped me. His tongue thrust into my mouth. I knew what that was a parody of. But his hands caressed my breasts and slid over my body, drawing my nipples against his, so tiny, but hard with desire like my own.

“I can’t,” I gasped, tearing my face from his.

“I know,” whispered Xander. “You don’t have to, darling Satine. But you do like this a little bit, don’t you?”

I nodded to him, flushing as I said it. He undid my necklace and my earrings. One seemed to have scratched his cheek.

“I’m enjoying it immensely as well,” murmured Xander. “We can continue with this until the rest get here and try to force you as they shouldn’t. It’s illegal here to force a girl to have sex, you know that. So, we’ll just go on enjoying one another for a little while and stop whenever you want to.”

I must have lost my mind when I became a blonde actress. It’s supposed to happen to us girls on Perfect just as much as it happens in the rest of the universe. I thought I was in control. Xander said I was. I found every touch of his body and hands so wonderful and so exhilarating. My dress slipped from me. His hands caressed my legs which he thought were so lovely. He removed my stockings and my garter belt as I seemed to slip into a bemused, loving state in which I couldn’t get enough of his caresses anywhere on my body.

Oh, I knew when he began to slip my panties from me what was going to happen. I knew it and I gloried in it as his manhood touched my thighs and I became a Perfect girl. It was just like the Barbie Robbins vid

when she clasped Conrad Fielding to her. I did the same to Xander and he lifted my legs about him, over his back as I squealed. I didn't say "No". I couldn't as my mouth was covered by his. I knew he was going to penetrate me and he did, slowly, stopping to lubricate me with whatever men have on their bedside tables.

I joined with him and squealed in ecstasy as he pinched my nipples and my breasts seemed to want to caress him all on their own. I was bounced on the bed then as he went deeper into me and I wanted him to.

"Oh please, oh please," I implored Xander, pulling him tight to me as I wiggled and thrashed in ecstasy beneath him. I felt his hand caressing my manhood but he would never call it that. He called it my clit which I know it wasn't but it seemed to react like a girl's clit as he stroked and squeezed it.

Suddenly I was spurting all over Xander, apologizing and crying at the same time as then, wonder of wonders, I felt him getting so hard inside me. A warm fluid filled me as he came. I couldn't hold back. I convulsed beneath him, my lover, my male lover. Oh, goddesses, went through my head. I am a girl after all!

## 9 Some Perfect girls like it hot

That was only the first time that I was taken as a girl. I couldn't get enough of it. A dam broke inside my mind. I wanted Xander with a girlish passion that I couldn't requite in just being made love to as a girl once. I had to be had again and Xander obliged me.

We wrestled and moaned on the bed, making a completely awful mess of the satin sheets as Xander took me again and again. I remembered all the pornos I'd seen since I'd arrived on Perfect. I behaved like the girls in all of them. I was Laura helping Me-

lissa, I was Michelle beside the pool, I was Barbie Robbins and I was Baby Jane. I was even Wanda, doing to Xander what she'd done so lovingly to me.

"I love you," I whispered to the man making love so wonderfully to me as he penetrated me for the fifth time. He was on meds, he told me later, as I gripped him and pushed him more deeply into my wriggling tush.

"That's just the sex talking," whispered Xander as he rolled me over. I sat on him, giggling as I bounced even more that way, my clitoris so aroused in front of me as I was wriggling in pleasure as I felt him rising so firmly inside me. "Now you're really a girl, Jennifer. This feelie's going to be a sensation. Every guy on station is going to love being me the first time we made love."

"Oh," I gasped, leaning over Xander, my breasts caressing his nipples which he loved. He had to kiss them as I went on, "I-I don't think I can do this again with you this shift, my darling. I'm dry and you are as well! We'll have to ask our bosses if we can just do it again on mainday, won't we?"

I was shivering as I said that. Oh, it would be so wonderful to make love to Xander again for a shift as we must have done. I looked at the chrono as I bounced some more on him, smiling in pleasure at him. Was that the time? It couldn't be! I should have left the set scores of minutes before. I still had some scenes, didn't I, to finish, touch-up scenes Redden had called them.

My nipples and breasts grew hard again, my hair falling once more across my face as I kissed my lover. Xander held me as he became stiff inside me. I felt so weird that I'd made love as a girl.

I couldn't make recordings, I knew, me as a girl, in front of men, watching and critiquing what I'd done as a girl with Xander. I trembled as I knew it wouldn't be at all like what I'd gone through on this shift. I'd never be so girlish and loving with a man again.

After I collapsed in bliss on Xander, he rolled me over and looked down in my face. "Jennifer," he whispered to me. "We can do it tomorrow and any time that you want as we did it today but we don't have to. It was all recorded today. The cameras were rolling. We will have to touch up the dialogue. I can't be calling you Jennifer when it's Satine I made love to."

It took a moment for what he'd said to register. "It was all on screen," I gasped. "The Carls, the cast, the crew, have all been watching us making love? Oh, Xander, how could you do this to me?"

I started crying then. Xander held my naked body against him and tried to comfort me. He might have succeeded but for the lights going up. The smirking Carl brothers came onto the set to congratulate us on the finest bit of action they'd seen in a long time. I buried my head in a pillow in shame which only Xander noticed as he tried to comfort me and tell me what a lovely girl I was.

"I had to have your friend, Linda," said Homan, "when you and Xander hit the hot spots for a third time. She's quite something, Linda, isn't she? She was squealing just like you when I fucked her. Then she sat in my lap and I did her again, stroking those really nice titties of her. I don't think I've had as wiggly a girl in quite a while. I'm going to put her in our next picture for sure. Redden's taken her back to the Love Shack for his piece of her."

The Love Shack was what the Carls called the apartment where they screwed the girls on the show. I think I was the only girl in the cast who hadn't had to go back there with one of the brothers.

Xander helped me to get dressed, even taping me and pulling up my panties for me. He kept his arm about me almost all of the time which was quite limiting when he helped me into my garter belt, wanting to put my stockings on me and fasten my garters.

"I need to go home and shower," I said to no one in particular. Alicia appeared right away. She was the only one who was quiet and seemed to notice, really notice, how upset I was. Oh Xander, was all I could

keep repeating to myself. Why did you do it like that to me? Why couldn't you tell me you were recording everything I did? I really did feel abused.

A man had had me sexually many times. I'd co-operated fully with him. I'd been his willing girl. I'd let him enter my tush and had clearly had orgasms every time he'd done that. That was one thing Alicia was right about. It was very clear on film when a Perfect girl was aroused. And I'd had the most perfect arousals in ages. Everyone on the set was saying so.

## 10. The Girls of the Moulin Rouge

"The latest from the Carl Brothers is billed as a re-make," the host of a movie review broadcast was saying in a promo, "but it isn't, we must say. It's been extensively re-written, so many new scenes added, that this is a wonderful feelie based upon, but isn't the same at all, as the original.

"Thank goodness! I looked at the original and it's pretty bad. The new feelie, *The Girls of the Moulin Rouge*, is fantastic. It can be purchased as feelie, holo or even as a projected film. You'll love it." A string of pink hearts, ten, the highest number, glowed on the screen in front of the host of the New Productions program, on station vids everywhere.

"*The Girls of the Moulin Rouge* is the title," said a mustached man beside the first speaker, "but this should really have been called *The Girl of the Moulin Rouge*, wouldn't you agree, Dannon?"

"Absolutely," said Dannon Crenna, on the other side of the mustached guy. He had the role of best film critic on Perfect Station. "And that girl is Jennifer Brace, who steals this film right out from under the lovely breasts and tushes of experienced actresses like Alicia Mund, Carmen Tiller, Sylvia Bennett and a couple of other very pretty, promising newcomers, lovely Linda Hummel and perky Rachel Timms. Look

for these girls in movies of their own very soon, particularly Linda Hummel, who is the Carl Brothers' latest girl friend as well as holo cutie."

"Jennifer Brace has scenes with Xander Burton that almost sear the screen," the mustache went on. "I took in the feelie. Jennifer gives the most incredible performance as the last virgin girl on Old Terra, in the movie. Given her looks and amazing body and what she can do with all parts of it, the nearest that any of us red-blooded males is going to get to the real Jennifer Brace is to be Xander Burton in the feelie of this first-rate re-make."

"Barbie Robbins has real competition in this girl," enthused Dannon Crenna. "Never has an actress announced her presence on the film world with such a rush! And I do mean that as that's what you'll get as soon as this lovely girl sashays across the screen, strips off her blouse and skirt and shows you what she has."

"Such a gorgeous girl," were the last words said. Finally, Alicia turned off the promo, laughing at me as she sat in Parry's lap and wiggled her tush against his manhood.

"I think I'm with the wrong girl," said Parry with a sly grin, getting just what he wanted as Alicia leaned back and twisted so that he could kiss her lips. They went at it, mauling one another for a minute and more.

"Maybe not," croaked Parry, coming up for air. Alicia's mini-skirt rose up so that her bare thighs and the front of her panties were exposed. I didn't doubt that Parry was inside her by the way both she and he were moving against one another.

"I think I'll go out," I said, standing in my high heels, smoothing my short-skirted dress, shaking my blonde hair free and checking my look in the door mirror. The lovers didn't even notice me leaving.

I'd barely gotten onto Gamma Deck when Marten Sellars had his arm about my thin, black top and wanted me to go to the *Sunfall* with him. I was

tempted to stomp on his foot with my black high heel but that wouldn't have stopped him, I was sure.

Marten Sellars was the Stationmaster's son. Somehow, he'd got a copy of *The Girls of the Moulin Rouge* feelie ahead of its release. He said he'd had me a dozen times in the last quarter cycle before the feelie was actually made available for every man on the station to have me, in their dreams, and under the influence of feelie tap-ins.

"I want you, Jennifer," Marten crooned in my ear, "in the worst way."

"That would be with you stretched out on a flensing rack," I said to him, faking the sweetness in my girlie voice, taking his hand off my tush and tiny mini-skirt, "and me with a barbecue pointer jamming it into every orifice in your body!"

Marten had had a lot to drink. He laughed like a moondog howling as if I'd been trying to amuse him. The man would not take 'no' for an answer. He swore again he was going to get me into bed with him, that he wanted to enjoy the real thing himself.

"Why not, Jennifer?" Marten asked me. "Barbie Robbins let me fuck her and that was incredible." He's always crude like that. We had a dozen ways of politely saying what he'd just said and he wouldn't use any of them. "She's ten times better in a face-to-face fuck than she is in her feelies. What's the matter, Jennifer?" he called after me as I sashayed determinedly away, leaving his feet whole. I clicked towards the *Sunfall* where I could lose myself in a crowd of girls who loved dancing. I still wasn't known to everyone yet, only to a creep who'd stolen the feelie I'd made.

"Afraid you're not as good in real life as you are in the feelies!" Marten called after me, playacting for his cronies as if he was jerking his manhood into me. A lot of people were looking with me in interest as the stationmaster's son called after me. I shook my shiny, platinum blonde hair about my face and tried to get lost in *Sunfall*. I would never, ever, let that man

make love to me, not even if he became an actor and contracted to be my husband in a feelie.

Never, I thought with a shudder. Not while Perfect Station and his father enforced the laws that said that being a girl was only by choice and so was sleeping with a man. Unless a Judiciar found someone guilty, of not paying a fine, of course, and then one could become a 'no-choice' girl. Which, I thought with a chill, is what I really was. Not convicted like Monty but what choice had I had?

I had first hand experience of how that law could be gotten around, of course. Xander Burton had seduced me and seduction was not against the law, not even when it was done for a commercial purpose to get a film completed.

Xander had his reward as well. He was shooting a new feelie with Barbie Robbins for Judd Molinari, supposedly the best of all feelie directors on Perfect. Linda, our pilot on the *Rimrunner Prince*, was in that production. I'd gone to see her at the Love Shack. The Carl Brothers were working with actress callbacks on some scenes that might or might not make the final cut of *The Girls of the Moulin Rouge*.

Alicia had told me the girls being called back would all be engaged in sex scenes with the brothers. That made me shudder as Rachel, the astrogator for the *Prince*, was one of the girls called back to 'add to her scenes'. Carmen, her friend, told me that seriously when I'd tried to contact Rachel, a short time ago.

Linda had laughed at me when I suggested we'd enough credits to get Monty, our engineer, out of prison camp. We could be off Perfect in a cycle, I'd told Linda, 'Johnny', the one who'd sneered at me that I wasn't man enough to be a girl. Now he sat with his lovely legs crossed, in a short, girlish skirt and a deep vee-necked top to show off his, her breasts, definitely larger and wobblier than mine.

"Why should I want to get back on that old rustbucket?" the dark-haired girl with reddish highlights asked me mockingly. I had blonde, platinum hair. Linda teased me about looking so lovely as a

girl. "Surely, you don't want to go back on that thing," Linda added disparagingly. She'd fought fist fights in the past with those who'd put down the Outbounder V the four of us held shares in.

"You've made quite a hit here, Jennifer," she, Linda, said in the high-pitched, girlish voice she'd affected in *Moulin Rouge*. It had got her noticed. Now she drew my name out in her little girlie tones, stretching each syllable as if my name was as fake as hers. "And all you had to do was fuck another man! Well, darling, I'm going to outshine you. Homan's got me a part in this Molinari feelie. I get to be the bad girl, the really bad girl."

"You want to be famous as a girl?" I asked her, trembling in disgust as Linda smiled at me, her nose now so feminine. She'd had something done to her eyes and chin as well and didn't look at all like Johnny any more. She did look like Linda Hummel, the sex kitten, as another commentator had called her. He'd showed her from some film she was making, in black leather skirts and tops, high-heeled boots and black stockings.

Oh yes, Linda was going to be a bad girl in the Molinari feelie, wasn't she? Her ample breasts wiggled as she poured wine for herself and for me in the apartment where she was the love toy of the Carl brothers, something everyone seemed to know. She wasn't wearing a bra under her tight top, which was why she jiggled so much.

"I'm already famous as a girl," laughed Linda. "And after this film, with Barbie Robbins and your boyfriend, Xander, I'm going to be as big as Barbie. I'll be making it with Xander on and off the set. You really let a live one slip away from you there, Jennifer. You're going to be entering the escort business like your friend, Alicia, right? That's what Gina was telling me."

"I think that we're leaving that for you to try first," I had to say cattily to her. "Cindy D'Amour, Barbie Robbins, Gayleen Ford, they're all escorts now, aren't they, thanks to appearing in Molinari feelies. I can

see why you're thinking of it. You'll be following in their footsteps, is that it?"

So, of course, I now had an enemy. Well, Johnny had never really gotten along with Steve. Now, Linda didn't look like she was going to get along with Jennifer, either.

I met a lot of guys in the *Sunfall* who wanted to dance with me. I did, smiling at them all, saying I was a girl named Rebecca, but not going off to any private room sessions for a while. It was amazing how many guys ran their hands over me anyway and tried to kiss me, as if that would have changed my mind.

I'd thought Karen Burton wasn't in the *Sunfall* that night but she came bobbing out of the private rooms, turning to waltz with an older man, a spacer, I thought, as he looked so distinguished. She kissed him with affection several times in public before the two parted company at the drinks bar.

"Karen!" I called to her, shaking my blonde hair in refusal at several guys who wanted to get their hands on my tush in a slow clinch.

"Jennifer Brace," said Karen with a big smile. Her makeup was fresh and vivid. She must have re-done it, with great expertise, after she'd entertained her spacer friend. No wonder she'd taken a long time to come out of the pleasure pits. "I shouldn't be talking to you, not after what you've done to my brother."

"I haven't done anything to your brother," I told her hotly, flushing a great deal. "He was the one who did what he did to me."

"So we're hearing," said Karen, laughing. I realized she'd been teasing me. She pointed up at a promo screen which had a scene from *The Girls of the Moulin Rouge*. It showed Xander kissing me and me kissing him back forcefully as I snuggled to him and extended my arms about his neck.

"I wanted to ask you about my crewmate, the one down below in prison camp," I said to Karen, who raised her thin eyebrows in surprise.

“I want to pay his fines and get him out,” I said to her. “Should I just come into your office and arrange it on the next mainday shift?”

Karen stared at me and shook her lovely dark hair. “You really want him back?” she asked. “The others want him out of the hole we dropped him in?”

“Yes,” I said grimly. “Andy and Johnny want him out as well as me. We need our engineer to get our spaceship ready for a run to Averill.”

“Linda wants your engineer out?” asked Karen in astonishment. “Not by everything my brother’s telling me about that girl. He has to fend her off with a marlin spike in rehearsals, you know. She’s going to bed with everything and anything in men’s pants. Everyone except Xander.”

“You could tell the girl that if she wants Xander, all she has to do is drop the other guys she’s doing all the time, like the Carls. A slinky, leather outfit like she modelled on Annabel Carson’s show, and she’d have Xander right where she wants him, if, of course, a certain blonde cutie doesn’t come back into the picture and make a play for him.”

Karen reached over with a soft hand and flicked my platinum hair back, making me feel very girlish as she smiled at me.

“If the blonde cutie is me, then no thanks,” I said to Karen. I was flushing, I know, but I wasn’t going to forgive Xander, ever, for the way he’d deceived me into making love to him for the cameras. Then, he’d gone off and arranged to make love to Barbie Robbins in another holo. That had hurt me, too. I was a jealous bitch, I’d told myself, more than once.

“About Monty,” I asked her. “When can I get him out?”

Karen took my arm and led me to the Girls’ Room, several guys trying to get us as we clicked over in our high heels. I don’t know what real Girls’ Rooms look like but they’re probably the same as the one in *Sunfall*. There were girls in lines using the mirrors to

re-do mussed makeup. The last dance had been a kissing dance which had been a good reason for missing it. Look what had happened to me with the man who'd kissed me so gently, so nicely, in that dance.

"Monty Moore isn't Monty Moore any more," said Karen directly when we were able to get a corner to ourselves.

I stared at her. "He's dead?" I asked her.

Karen shook her head. "Might as well be," she said grimly. "He had two fights while working on some mine face. That's a real no-no. I never did that and this is what they did to me. You saw the guy I was with earlier."

I nodded and Karen shuddered. "My supervisor," she said in a quiet voice, looking up at the monitors that filled the upper shelves of the Girls' Room. A loud promo for a dress shop on Gamma was running. It seemed to be selling just strapless gowns. "He checks up on me. You can guess what his checking up entails. There are six of them in the admin office. I have to be bright, cheerful, feminine, and willing, very willing, with all of them. Then they write good reports on me and I get to go on living here as a woman. I'm not down where we sent Monty and, once upon a time, seven other members of Xander's and my crew."

"What, what happened ...?" I asked with a shudder.

"To Monty?" Karen asked. I nodded, my earrings swaying over my face. A new bunch of giggling girls replaced the outgoing ones, re-scented and delicate looking.

"It was an argument over girls," said Karen, giving me a quick look. "Your engineer said something that had others hitting him with their excavators. The second time, he attacked first and was screaming insults to us girls, badmouthing us as girls who-who aren't."

“And?” I had to ask.

“They took away his option to choose,” whispered Karen leaning over so that the words only reached my jewelled ears. “That’s what they did with me. But Katherine, your, your engineer, isn’t allowed up above. She’s a special girl who services front line workers now. She’s quite pretty with all the surgeries she’s had. She has quite a girlish figure. They had to keep her in shackles when guys had her. She’s lost front teeth as she did bite.

“The guys are doing what they always do to new girls who used to be one of them. They make her, three, four of them, at a time, always dressing her in showgirl outfits. Her clothing doesn’t last long down there. She has to pay for each new outfit.

“She’s no choice now. Her last report said that she’s more docile and wasn’t objecting to the men put in her cell on off-shifts any more. She’s doing whatever they want her to do as a girl. We all have to do it! I could have told her! It’ll be three, four cycles, if that, before she’s allowed up here. No, money won’t get Katherine free. I think she’ll be an escort forever when, if, she’s allowed to come up above. She’ll never have choice in her partners.”

“You do,” I said to her.

“Limited choice,” Karen agreed guardedly, fluffing out her hair and re-glossing her lips. “But they’ve renewed the standing order on me. That’s what Effington was so smug about telling me. He just loves me making love to him as if I’m his slave.

“Anyway, my order still says I have to have a man in my bed every night I’m released from entertainment duty. That’s every alterday, Jennifer. So, I have to go out on the floor now, and hook up with some guy whom I don’t know. That’s what Effington told me to do; and I have to obey my supervisor, no matter that he’s an idiot.”

“That’s so awful!” I said, shivering through and through.

“It’s not so bad,” said Karen with a smile. “See those boys in the uniforms. They’re off a ship that calls here regularly. Those guys know all about us, not like those idiots over there in the suits, trying to figure out what they have to pay an escort to sleep with them. Straight off a tourist ship and wanting kinky sex. I feel so unclean whenever I have to do one of them.

“Give me the guys who know what we are, girls, and who treat us like girls and don’t ask questions we don’t want to answer. You want a guy tonight, Jennifer? I have to make a move on those tall guys before the jigglers dancing the can-can come off the floor looking for drinks and men. You want to double with me?”

After all Karen had said to me, I didn’t want sex with a man at all. I turned her down and watched her go off and hook up with a guy in ten seconds. I went back towards my apartment. There really isn’t anywhere for a girl who just wants to be alone with herself to go on Perfect. I shouldn’t go back to my rooms with Alicia, not with her getting it on with Parry.

I fended off several offers and headed back towards my room anyway.

An older woman in a sequined dress stepped out of *Dresses and Dresses* and stood in my way. “You’re the, the ...” she was at a loss for words. “You have shares in the *Rimrunner Prince*, don’t you?”

“Yes, I do,” I said to her with a shiver as she slipped her arm through mine and matched her high-heeled, mincing walk to mine.

“I’m Abigail Baron,” she said with a blush.

“Abigail!” I gasped, remembering the mannish figure in a dress and limited womanly makeup I’d seen entering the Pepper Bar, on Delta, and how my companions had insulted her. She wasn’t mannish at all now as she minced beside me.

“My husband ...” she began in a lovely, measured, feminine, contralto voice.

“Baron’s Shipyard,” I said in my own girlish tones. “He’s repairing the ship for us.”

“My husband,” said Abigail. By the flush on her feminized face, I could see that she loved saying that. “M-My husband has been trying to reach the crew of the Prince. He, he has a proposition for you girls. You do know, don’t you, that it’s illegal on this station to have girls crew a spaceship?”

“No, I didn’t,” I said to her. But I did. Wanda had told me about that and how to get around it: marry a good-looking guy who wanted his own ship. A cold chill went through me as I thought about being trapped on this station forever as a Perfect girl, making holo after holo as an actress.

I’d have to make love to different actors in every show so that others could enjoy making love to me in a feelie. That was what the tourists often wanted, according to the dancing girls on the *Moulin Rouge* set when we’d talked about it. That’s why feelie entertainment was such an industry on Perfect. The most jaded of all could be a man or a girl, a Perfect girl that is, whenever they wanted to be.

“W-Would you come down to our apartment and talk to Rafer?” asked Abigail nervously.

“If he just wants to buy the ship ...” I said, shaking my hair and earrings, feeling them jam against my neck.

“Oh, no, no,” said Abigail quickly, sashaying like a model beside me along Upper Gamma Deck. “It’s not that at all.”

But she wouldn’t tell me what her husband wanted. He’d asked her not to say and, like any dutiful wife, Abigail did what her husband told her to do.

It wasn’t an apartment like the ones we girls shared on Gamma. Rafer and Abigail Baron lived in luxury. They had multiple rooms, three bedrooms, a study, a gym of their own, a games room, as well as both a family and a reception room.

Rafer came out of his study with a frown. He stared at me as Abigail chattered nervously and went up to him. His arms went about her. I could see she'd had a T and A operation as I'd had. Her tush was rounded and firm in her tightly fitting skirt. Rafer squeezed it even as he kissed her passionately. She didn't stop him at all.

"Sit down," Rafer said, holding Abigail to him. Her chest was pressed hard to him as he pulled her onto the sofa with him. She crossed her legs in a rasp of nylon. The two were kissing again, paying no attention to me as I sat girlishly, smoothing my dress skirts beneath me as well.

"You'll have to excuse us," said Rafer Baron at last, smiling as Abigail cuddled into him, his free hand casually caressing her breast as she kissed his ear. "We've only been married a couple of cycles. My wife and I are still adjusting to being married. Which one of the *Rimrunner* crew are you, Jennifer?" Abigail had introduced me. "I hope you weren't the one I punched."

"No," I said, trying to keep my hands still in my lap, the gleaming rose colour of my shaped, pointed nails emphasizing my femininity.

"Good," said Rafer Baron, breaking off to kiss and caress his wife. It was like watching a holo.

"I can meet you down at your office," I suggested sweetly as Abigail clamped her husband's exploring hand to her breast, seeming to be in the throes of ecstasy as Rafer's mouth was clamped on hers as well.

"No women allowed down there," said Rafer with a scowl. "Look, Jennifer. I hear you're an actress so you know what it's like with a man and a girl. Make yourself at home but I have to take Abigail into the bedroom for a little while and teach her not to be as beautiful and attractive as she is. We'll talk after. It's important."

I just stared at Abigail, unable to believe that she was the 'woman' I'd seen before. Surely her eyebrows had been moved, her skin was smooth, her eyelashes

were as thick as mine, and her lips had been augmented like her breasts and tush. Now, in the sequined dress, her hair permed and feminine, large earrings dancing at her ears, her face so feminine, she was really a woman to me in looks and definitely in attitude.

And Abigail was eager to obey her husband. They didn't close the bedroom door all the way. I could hear them as I minced around their apartment. Feminine decorations were in every corner of the place. Not only was Abigail an artiste but she was also a feminine squealer in bed while Rafer Baron was a very male grunter.

After I thought they'd made it once and would soon be back to talk to me, they suddenly erupted again. For over an hour, the bed didn't stop creaking. I could have tiptoed out and they wouldn't have missed me, I think.

It was a red-faced Rafer Baron who finally came back into the living room where I was sitting as femininely as I could in a single chair, watching the trailer of *The Girls of the Moulin Rouge*, being touted highly again by the same critics I'd watched earlier.

"You can't own a spaceship," said Rafer directly, "but your husband can. If he's a husband like me, he's going to want to please you and let you make all the decisions on where that spaceship travels once it leaves Perfect. I want to hire your vessel for cargoes I've been asked to find a ship for."

"You want me to get married?" I asked him, chills running through me. "That's what I've waited around for you to ask? You want me, you know I'm a man, to marry another man like me."

Rafer pulled a face. "Girls don't say things like that," he said to me gruffly. "Or they get sent to Punishment. You want to be a girl like that other one from your crew. What's her name?"

"Katherine," I said.

“Yes,” said Rafer. His lip actually curled in a smile. “I saw her, you know. Had some work down below. Could have had her as well but I don’t do that any more. Not now I have my Abigail. She’s all the woman I want.”

Aghast, I stared at this man who talked to me as if the things he was saying, marrying me off to some crewman so he could get control of our ship, was a perfectly normal undertaking.

“What about a crew if girls aren’t allowed?” I asked him as I struggled with all he was saying to me. I knew I had the power to act in the names of all the old crew, even though I wasn’t the captain. I was the treasurer, though. The deeds and the ship’s funds were in my hands. Well, I hoped they were.

I thought of the things I hadn’t known that girls like me couldn’t do. We, Linda, Rachel and me, had all thought it’d be so easy, once the ship was ready, to just get back on board and get far, far away from this absurd excuse for a space station. We’d get Monty free, slip on some men’s clothing and be gone.

Now, Monty was Katherine. If Karen was right, Katherine wasn’t getting off this station, no matter what. And none of us, Linda, Rachel, or me, even if we wanted to, could ever look like men with the things we’d had done to our noses and figures, even if we could fit into men’s clothing. I doubted I could even walk like a man again.

“I want to get away from this station and start a new life,” I told Rafer Baron. He must know that a new life meant for me, to return to being a man, but I couldn’t say it to him. He could have security come and take me away for admitting that.

Rafer nodded as if he silently understood what I wasn’t saying. He looked me over well, at my dress, my legs and my breasts. He shook his head as if saying what a waste it was that a girl like me didn’t want to stay being a girl like me.

“I can find a crew,” said Rafer. “Actually, I’ve found a crew, guys who got stranded here, who’ll work for

me. They're Slugs at the moment, all but two of them, who're girls like you." He looked at me significantly. "So they won't mind you, a girl, getting on board your own ship and going to places I've contracted to send you.

"They want to take their girls, that's how they put it, with them. I told them how they'd have to do it. They didn't want to get married, either, but a couple of them volunteered in the end. You know that girls aren't allowed out of this planetary system unless they're with their husbands."

I shivered. "You've said that twice now," I said to him. "You've said I have to get married, give up my ship to a man and hope he'll have the decency to live up to any agreement we make."

"It's different when you're married," said Rafer with a smile. "I have to treat my Abigail well. If she asked for a divorce, not only would she get it, most like, but I could find myself down below on first face if they thought I'd abused her."

Rafer was looking at my breasts. I wished I was in a more modest outfit. But I'd been going out to dance. I couldn't help the way I looked now.

"Let me tell you why we need a ship," said Rafer. I didn't understand half of the politics of what he was talking about. But it did seem that the laws were changing. It was because of some girl who'd been a favourite of a Judiciar, I didn't know if it was the same one who'd made me legally a girl or not, had run off with some space jockey to be his 'space bunny'.

Now girls didn't have property or travel rights any more. Travel was being restricted even for station staff. Rafer, backed by important friends, was going to reassert the rights of all Perfect citizens to travel where they wanted and to take their wives with them.

"You know about Marten Sellars?" he wound down his long recitation to ask me.

I pulled a face at that. "What about him?" I asked.

“He’s the Stationmaster’s, um, son,” said Rafer with a nod as if asking if I knew what he meant by that. I pretended dumb and nodded back. “He’s in Punishment right now.” I looked at him in surprise. “Seems like twenty citizens and more heard him abusing a ravishingly beautiful, platinum blonde girl near the *Sunfall*. All the citizens wanted to talk about was how lovely the girl was in her little black dress,” he looked significantly at me again, “and how abusive Marten was to her. Then he fights with Deck Sec when they try to talk to him about it. So the Stationmaster talked to me and asked if I’m really outbound and, if I am, can I take his clone with me to a place of safety.”

His clone! A world of understanding suddenly came to me. I know that must have shown on my face. “Yes,” said Rafer. “It’s how the admin types stay in power. But there’s some, influenced by their wives, who want to change how we do that here. They want their clones raised here on Perfect.

“I’ve orders to bring in something I never thought I’d ever see on Perfect. I’m bringing in uterine replicators, five of them that Med’s ordered from Averill. Yes, there’s going to be the pitter-patter of little feet on Perfect. We’re going to be like every other station in the quadrant soon, with baby shops, pregnant wives with kids in replicators. Wardens like the Judiciar are going to lose their grip on this place.”

“You’ll have real women with their own uteruses coming here,” I teased him with a smile.

“No,” said Rafer then with a scowl. “No, we won’t do that. We all agree on one thing. We aren’t going to do anything that would harm our wives. You girls on this station are perfect the way you are.” He smiled at me. I shivered in my little dress and exposed legs and stockings. I felt my bra and panties wrapped so firmly about me. “No, Perfect is always going to be a place where girls like you and Abigail are loved and cherished.”

A fanatic, I thought, as I shuddered under his admiration of my female form. But, if he could show me

how I could get off this planet and out of this madness, I'd let him 'help' me, a poor, little girl.

"We have the man for you to marry," Rafer said. "Abigail will introduce him again to you." Abigail came into the room, smiling brightly, her hair gleaming as if she had freshly brushed it, her makeup perfectly done, her eyes smoky and sexy. She even wore a short, mock-leather miniskirt that made her smooth, tanned legs look long and feminine.

I gaped at her. Rafer's tongue was hanging out. Abigail giggled when he got up and had to kiss her, his arms all around her again as she pressed against him. I'm sure he had an erection. I know I probably did as my panties were covering my hurting groin! Could I say that now about the girl I was pretending to be?

"Down, tiger," whispered Abigail, blushing. "I won't be long. I'll just take Jennifer to meet the man who wants to marry her."

"Yes," said Rafer, his hands kneading Abigail's tush. They kissed so passionately again that I thought they were sure to head back to the bedroom. "And time is short. The Judiciar's going to move against Sellars with new laws and interpretations of laws. I want to show you the quadrant, my love," Abigail preened at that, "and that means I must let you go with Jennifer. Convince her our friend's the man for her."

There was a new bounce and wiggle to Abigail's walk as we went from Beta down to Lower Delta and the Pepper Bar. It wasn't just me that guys noticed. It was her as well, revelling in the attention she was getting.

"I didn't promise Rafer anything," I had to say to her as we entered the Pepper Bar. The waitress, not Wanda, smiled at us, wiggling her fanny as Abigail ordered Ladywine for us. Tanya must be a newbie as she still looked a little like a boy in a wig and a skirt, the front of his dress improbably padded.

“You will,” said Abigail happily. “Girls will do anything for Rafer, you know. He’s such a man. I’m so lucky he wanted to marry me. I thought everyone was laughing at me when I crossed over. I couldn’t keep on supervising in the mines. Rafer was the only one who told me how I could get out. Then he found me and married me. I’m such a lucky girl.”

He’s made you into his ideal girl as well, hasn’t he, I thought, admiring the changes that had been wrought in this formerly gawky woman since I’d first seen her. I wondered if Abigail knew that Rafer still had a wandering eye. I’d half-expected when he was bussing her as we were leaving that I was going to be invited to join them in a threesome. I shuddered as we wiggled around the tables to a private corner in the Pepper Bar. That was never going to be.

The man was sitting with his back to us, a foamy beer, like the one I’d drunk here before, in front of him. He sort of looked familiar. Abigail touched him on the arm. He turned and looked up. My heart lurched as Xander Burton half-rose as I passed him and sat with Abigail Baron across the table.

My senses reeled as the waitress did a bunny dip and set the Ladywines in front of Abigail and me. She smiled tentatively at Xander who was staring at me. I could feel his intensity as I tried to feign indifference. Abigail had credits ready in her purse and gently pushed them into the waitress’ fake cleavage. Abbie said something nice to the new girl that made her go bouncing off with a smile on her lipsticked mouth.

“I don’t think this is going to work out after all,” I said to Abigail.

Abigail was mystified. “I thought that you and Xander got along so well,” she said. “That scene in *The Girls of the Moulin Rouge*! You weren’t faking how you felt about him, were you? You couldn’t have! Not with what you two did so wonderfully together!”

Someone else who’d had access to an early release of our feelie, I thought cynically.

“I wasn’t faking it,” said Xander. “It was the most enjoyable sexual experience of my life, ever.”

I shivered as Abigail smiled at me as if to say, So there. “He’s an actor,” I said to Abigail. “He can make you believe anything he says. You can’t trust him at all!”

“An ex-actor,” said Xander, looking at me directly. I shivered but returned his stare. “I quit on Molinari last shift. I’m on a blacklist now, of some kind. I’ll never work in the entertainment industry again. So, you can see, Jennifer, why I have to get out of here. Marry me.”

I shuddered at him asking me like that so matter-of-factly.

Abigail sighed beside me. “That wasn’t very romantic, Xander,” she said girlishly.

“I know,” said Xander, my body shivering as he gave that crooked smile that looked so good on him. “Sorry Jennifer, but time’s pressing. If you want out of here before they start putting more restrictive laws on girls, we have to do this today. Sorry, I can’t arrange a party and have you sit in a bower while I go down on one knee and beg you to marry me. I’ll love you and treasure you, though, Jennifer, when we’re married, as if I’d done that.”

“Not so fast,” I said to him, my senses reeling as my mind fluttered at all the images he made me think of. “If, if, I m-marry you, I’m, I’m only doing it so I can get out of here and start a new life. A new life without a husband.”

Xander nodded as Abigail gasped and looked as if she was about to protest.

“I understand,” said Xander. “I’ve tried to explain to you why I did those scenes in the feelie the way we did. I wanted a rerun ...”

“So you shot off the next day and signed up to make love to another girl in her next feelie,” I snapped at him. Oh, that sounded so bitchy and so jealous. I

didn't mean that at all. He could have all the other girls he wanted, girls who weren't really girls, as far as I cared. I wasn't a girl, was I? I squirmed in my little, black dress. My stockings rasped as I changed the leg I'd crossed to relieve some of the distress I'd been feeling.

"I was an actor," said Xander, his eyes looking quite haunted as he reached out for my hand which I quickly withdrew from the table. "It's what we do. Homan told me you'd already signed to be in an epic with Conrad Fielding ..."

"That's not true!" I gasped.

"I thought it was," said Xander, staring at me, at all the feminized parts of my face, and then at the front of me, as girlish as it had been the last time he'd been with me and, and we, we had made love as man and girl.

"Getting married," said Abigail anxiously.

"I just marry you," I said to Xander bitterly to hide the rising emotions in me, "and you control all the properties I have. My spaceship and everything in it, the contracts we made to be fulfilled on Averill and Sparks' Planet."

"That's the law here," said Xander earnestly. "It's not fair to girls at all, I know, but I won't treat you cruelly, Jennifer. I'll do whatever you want me to do with your ship as if you were still the owner. When we get out of Perfect space, I'll divorce you and cede it all back to you."

"Of course you will," I said with a sneer. Abigail gasped again beside me and made once more as if to intercede.

"Abigail is here to witness what I say," said Xander. "I'll marry the most beautiful girl on this station and obey her every command."

Abigail seemed satisfied. The look she gave me said so. I shuddered. "This crew you've taken on ..."

“Is my old crew,” said Xander. “They’ve elected me captain pro tem as our old captain, my brother, um, my sister Karen, can’t do that while we’re still in Perfect space.”

“She’s supposed to come with us?” I asked. “Then she’ll have to marry as well.”

Xander nodded. “She’s marrying Marten Sellars as we speak. I wanted to be there,” he said, his face haunted. “I wanted to tell Marten that if he harms one hair of my sister’s head, if he hurts her in any way at all ...”

“There’s some other girls as well that used to be your crewmates,” I said and Xander nodded unhappily.

“Dolores and April will come with us and entertain the crew while we’re in passage,” he said bleakly. “It was the agreement they wanted. It doesn’t matter who they’re legally married to, they’re really married to all members of the crew. That’s what they want and the crew agreed as well.

“I think, once we get to a civilized port, that will change. I wouldn’t do this for them, Jennifer, but you’ve talked to Karen. You know we have to get her out of here. The girl in her is taking over. She’s in the party rooms every time I go looking for her, making out with different guys all the time.”

With a start then, I realized that Karen hadn’t told her brother of the standing order she was compelled to obey. I shivered as I realized it wasn’t just me I’d be saving if I could get the *Rimrunner Prince* out of Perfect.

Xander was going on about Karen. “So, that’s one of the reasons why I want your ship, Jennifer,” my husband-to-be said, ignoring the chance to be all romantic with me and tell me what love I would have as his wife. “I don’t want to blow this chance for her. Marry me, Jennifer.

“No one will question why we’re doing it since the holo we made is out now. It seems obvious that we

love one another. We can load, slip out of Baron's dock and be legal according to everything on port entry and exit protocols, before anyone's the wiser. They'll think we're in a love nest down on E Deck." That was where most of the raunchy 'entertainment' went on, on station. "We can be past the patrols and gone."

"How can Karen get out of here?" I asked him. "She's some kind of special prisoner, isn't she? Even if she's married."

"She's married Marten by now," said Xander quietly. "It will all be legal for her to be gone with us. Will you do me the honour now, Jennifer, of being my wife?"

"Just to get us out of here," I said to him unsteadily. "I'm not going to be a Perfect wife to you as Abigail is to Rafer."

"No," said Xander equally unsteadily. Abigail smiled smugly.

"You're not to try to seduce me as you did for *Moulin Rouge*," I said to him. Abigail's thin eyebrows went up in surprise.

"No," said Xander quietly.

"You are not to kiss me," I said unsteadily in my turn as I felt tingles and chills running through me as we sat across a bar table from one another.

"I have to kiss you at the marriage ceremony," said Xander. "But I won't after that, not unless you want me to, and give me permission. Think of this as our Perfect agreement." He smiled at me. I had to let him know I wasn't going to be easy, even if I was trembling inside at the thought of marrying another man. I wasn't looking forward in delight to it, was I? No, I was trembling for other reasons, wasn't I?

"I would have thought that making love to Barbie Robbins and Linda Hummel," I murmured sarcastically to the man who was saying he wanted to marry me and get me out of the system, "would have been

quite an inducement for you to stay here on Perfect, Xander. Didn't you tell Homan that you had the perfect assignment coming up as soon as we finally got our lovemaking chores done?"

"That was chattering to a rampant Homan!" said Xander angrily. "And you weren't talking to me at all. You wouldn't accept my apologies. But I did have to do what I did with you for your sake as well as mine. They'd have shipped you down below, Jennifer, if you'd refused to meet your contract terms. I couldn't let that happen to you, not after what happened to my brother."

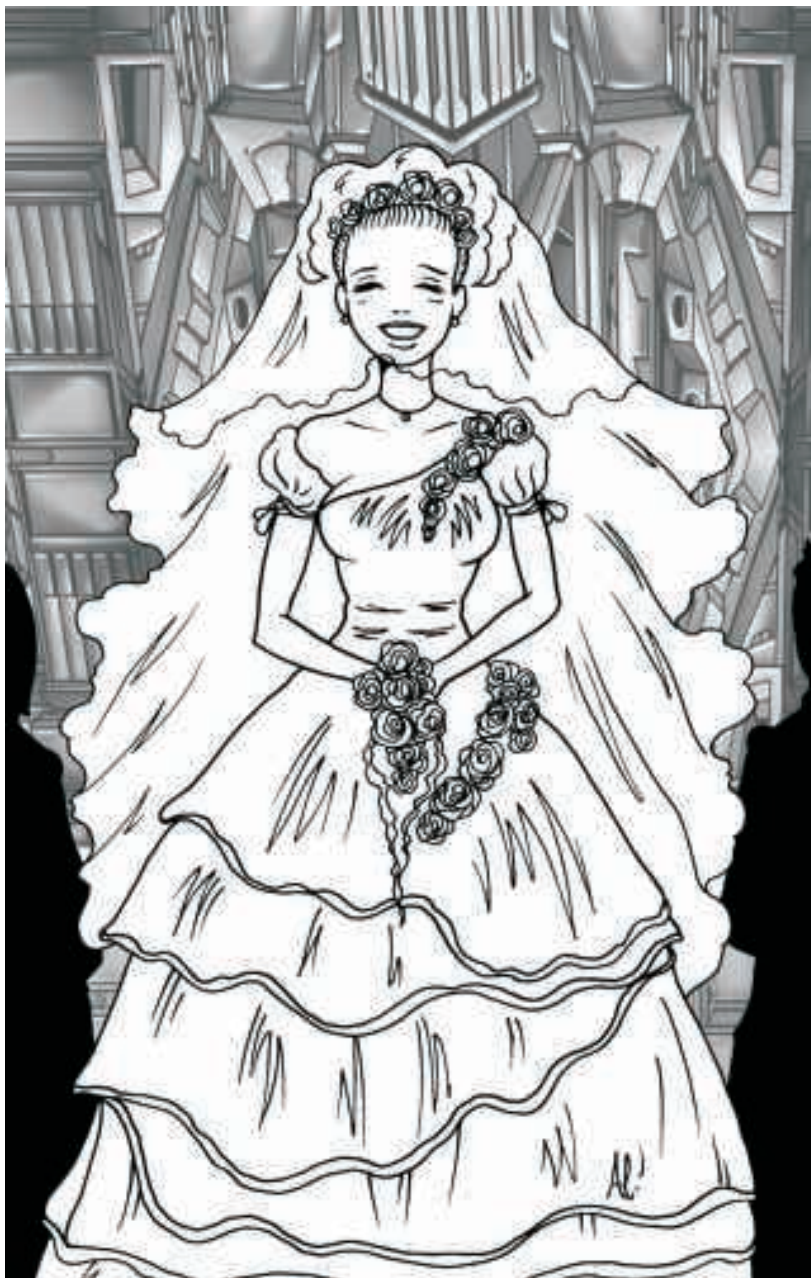
To Karen, I thought. Again he was thinking of her and not me. Don't think that way, I told myself bitterly as I shivered and looked at Xander. He was a nice guy to his sister, wasn't he? And that was what he should be as a brother. As a husband, he'd be a nice guy, I knew, shivering as I thought that.

"All right," I said unsteadily. "I'll marry you, Xander, according to the terms we've outlined and that Abigail witnessed. Let's just do it and be off this misbegotten, Perfect world before I forget why it is I dislike you so much."

Just doing it wasn't a simple task. It wasn't just going into the legal office and recording our new status as husband and wife. Xander was a little bemused about telling me what I had to do, leaving it to Abigail to tell me. Abigail flushed as she told me that I had to be a bride.

That meant wearing a white dress, of all things, to signify that I was pure and a virgin, I supposed, along with a veil. She must have done it all herself before, I realized, as she nervously went through all the procedures. I had to stand before a minor judicial and promise to love, honour and obey my husband. He had to make the same oaths to me, endow me with the marriage ring, and then he had to kiss me to seal the bargain.

"It used to be ..." began Abigail but Xander stopped her there.



“It will be just a kiss,” he said to me. “Then as we’re married, I’ll take you straight to your ship and we’ll be off.”

“Your ship, Xander,” murmured Abigail.

“Legally,” said Xander. “Will you go with Jennifer, Abigail, and make sure she’s suitably dressed? You should both have flowers as well as you’ll be her attendant.”

“Bridesmaid,” said Abigail, with another blush as we looked at her. “An old word for the same thing.”

So, we went to the bridal shop on Lower Gamma. The dresses there were unbelievable, floating creations that were mostly white. Monica, the girl running the store, insisted that I try on the one with a tight bodice, accentuating the breasts that I had been so careful to cover lately, save when I went dancing.

This ‘bridal gown’ had many petticoats that pushed out the dress and made me look like one of those pottery items called shepherdesses that are on sale everywhere. The ruffled outer dress had pink ribbons running about the dress to mark each layer. More pink layers and puffed sleeves feminized me as did the veil that Monica pinned in my hair.

“Jennifer Brace!” Monica suddenly said excitedly. “Your lovely hair, which is why I suggested this, gives you away. Your blonde hair suits such a soft, light colour Oh, who is your husband going to be? Not one of the Carl Brothers?” She pulled a face as Abigail smiled and answered a call on her communicator.

Abigail had bought a pink, ‘Liberation Day’ dress, and was holding fake flowers that each of us were supposed to carry in this ceremony.

“On Beta Deck, in fifteen minutes,” Abigail said to me. “Xander is there and waiting for you, Jennifer!”

Monica let out a squeal and began to dance around her shop. “Xander Burton!” she screamed. “Jennifer Brace is marrying Xander Burton!” She was slapping at her communicator. “Isn’t Station Comm going to

be broadcasting it? My dresses will be on all the holos, everywhere! I have to have a promo made!”

“We’re in a hurry,” murmured Abigail. I didn’t have a chance to tell her that the dress was too frilly, too feminine for me.

As soon as we came onto the deck, however, the men and women going up and down the hallways stopped and made lines for us to pass through. Music blared from all the sound connections, a march I’d heard in the distance before. I now understood it was for a bridal parade.

I was the one blushing as I was ushered through cheering, whistling lines of people from Lower Gamma to Beta Deck. It was there that Abigail pulled the veil down over my face and shoulders. I had to mince through more lines of men and girls and into an office where Xander and Rafer Baron were waiting for us. A thin, nervous man got up with a recorder in hand.

I shuddered in my swishing, ruffled, pink and white dress as Xander took my hand. I did something I never thought I’d ever do in my life, not ever. I married another man. I became Mistress Jennifer Burton as Xander had to lift my veil. He stared at me for a long minute. I thought he wasn’t going to do it. I was sure he must be thinking just what I was thinking, how obscene it was to be marrying another man, to be kissing him. But he lowered his head and his lips met mine, each of us trembling, as his arms pulled me closer to him and the music peeled out again.

The judiciar was saying, “I now pronounce you husband and wife,” but I could scarcely hear him as my body shook, profound shocks were running through me. Oh, Xander’s lips on mine were sending thrill after thrill through me. We were on the set of *Moulin Rouge* again and I was his woman.

Deep shivers ran through me, not horrible, not terrible, but scary just the same as I felt delight rising in me that I was now, really, Xander’s wife. He wouldn’t be sleeping with any other women on any more film sets. I wouldn’t be making love to any other men. Ex-

cept him, a tiny voice whispered to me, making the nervous thrills become a violent shaking.

I was cheered again all the way to Rafer Baron's apartment, as Xander held me and led me through the lined hallways. "Fourth time today," I heard one guy say to the girl who was draped around him. "This marrying stuff is catching." He wasn't saying any more because the girl he was with was kissing him passionately, making her intentions known to him if he did but know it.

Abigail took my hand and led me into the pink and white, frilly bedroom where she and Rafer slept. I changed from my lovely dress, looking at it longingly as I put my little, black dress on again.

"I'll pack it and have it sent after us," said Abigail with a laugh, not changing out of her pink dress or the flowers in her hair. "We have to go."

Xander was there in the hallway to take my hand with its marriage ring glinting in the overhead lights. "You've got to go," he said as an express car arrived, one that rode around the outside of the station.

It was quite terrifying to hurtle along in the tracked tube all the way 'down' Perfect Station and onto the dock, the familiar shape of the *Rimrunner Prince* lodged right against a docking tube.

The man standing at the entrance point urged us to hurry. So, we ran, my skirt swirling about my legs, my high heels clicking and my breasts bouncing until Xander picked me up and ran with me the rest of the way, my panties exposed to anyone who looked our way. A lock opened. Karen Burton, a worried look on her face, stood back in her bridal dress and let us into the familiar *Rimrunner Prince's* hold.

"Security is on its way," she said as Xavier put me down in the familiar lift to Main Deck. "The Station Judiciar is ordering us not to leave!"

"Everyone in?" asked Xander as Abigail and Rafer, breathing heavily, came in, followed by the grinning

man from our station entrance and exit. "Tell Con and Bretton to take us out."

We rode up to main deck where the control seats were filled with people I didn't know. One guy in the astrogator seat, it should have been Andy, looked back and stared at me. "My wife, Jennifer," said Xander. The man nodded. I shivered as tingles of feminine emotion went through me to be described so by my husband. Oh, this wasn't going to work as we'd agreed, I knew.

An image appeared on the station communication board while in the background we could see the station pulling back from us. "This is the Station Judiciar," the man in the picture, who had made me into a girl with push of a button, roared at us. "You are not to leave the station, *Rimrunner Prince*, on the order of the Judiciary of this station. Return at once to dock."

"Only the Stationmaster has the right to order us to do that," said Xander, as the man sitting where I would normally have been, at the comm, looked up at him anxiously. "Send that and ask him to contact Stationmaster Sellars and confirm that permission to leave has been rescinded."

Messages flew back and forth as I stood with Xander's arm about me, which he showed no inclination to move or take away. He squeezed me lovingly several times making my feelings soar. I leaned my head girlishly against him, cuddling to him as the patrol ship, I'm sure it was Parry's voice I heard, asked for confirmation from the Stationmaster on our status.

That was when I had to make my only contribution to our leaving off station. I confirmed that I, Jennifer Brace, was married to Xander Burton. My husband had taken charge, naturally, of all my assets, which meant that he was now the owner of the *Rimrunner Princess*, I said. That made the men at the controls start to smile as they went about monitoring the tasks they had.

We reached outbound speed and still no one fired at us. The last message from Perfect was from a raging Judiciar, "Don't you ever set foot on this station again, Xander Burton. We don't want impotent fools like you here any more."

Xander grimaced while I shook in his arms. My stomach did its usual little heave as we crossed the light-speed barrier. We were away from Perfect!

"Tell me what that was all about," I said to my husband.

"It isn't true," Xander murmured to me. "We'll take alterday shift, Con," he went on to the crew. "Since I got married today, I am retreating to the captain's suite to explain a few things to my wife."

I was thinking of our agreement, no kissing and stuff like that. It lasted only for as long as Xander could close the door on us. Then he was kissing and fondling me and I wanted him to. I was a wife and I wanted my husband to take every advantage of me that he could. The captain's suite wasn't as comfortable as the guest suites but Karen and Marten Sellars had one, Rafer and Abigail had another, and Dolores and April, former crew members, 'girls like you and Karen' had the third with their husbands, one the kid who had closed the doors for us on take-off.

"What did he mean, impotent?" I had to ask my husband as he feverishly pulled my little dress from me and began to stroke my legs, his face pressed against my eager, thrusting breasts.

"I got this far with Barbie in Judd's film," said my husband between kisses as he worked me out of my panties as he was working himself out of all of his clothing. "And I just couldn't do it with her. I was thinking of you all the time, darling Jennifer, but it didn't help. She wasn't you, not as beautiful or as loving as you."

"I couldn't get it up with Barbie though she wanted me to do her. She really did. No, I told Molinari I just couldn't do it and was Barbie ever furious with me."

She claimed she'd never been so insulted and she'd ruin my career. I told her I was going to marry you. Barbie threw a flower pot at me. That's the mark on my forehead."

It took him a long time to tell me all that, time for me to wiggle my legs about him, time for me to writhe into position where he could have me as a girl, time for me to marvel at how aroused my husband was with me, and time for me to finally untuck and clasp myself entirely to my husband. I was as agitated as he was as I frantically kissed him, squealing in joy when we finally coupled together, wriggling all over the bed in the desire we had to be husband and wife to one another. I was the wife, of course.

"You're not impotent," I murmured to him at one point when he was penetrating me again as I was wiggling my tush for him.

"Not with a girl as beautiful as my bride," said my gallant husband.

I shivered in pleasure as he said that. A girl, a bride, yes, I was those things. I wanted to be those things forever.

"So we have to complete our agreement," murmured my husband as he caressed my breasts. I felt his erection once more grinding against my thighs. I couldn't hold them together against him. I swallowed hard and spread them out and let my husband penetrate me again. "You want to be a man again and ..."

"Let's think more about that later," I whispered to him, pressing my face to his in a long, wet kiss as I began to buck beneath him. He loved it. And pleasure rose in me as well. I was a woman! I was a wife! And I wasn't ever going back to what I was!

I don't know where the last thought came from.

"Oh, I love you, Jennifer," my husband whispered to me. "I wish that you were like Abigail, Karen, April and Dolores and wanted to stay a woman forever. I wish you'd be my wife. I'd love you like this for the rest of my life."

“You can,” I murmured to my husband. He stiffened against me. “You can,” I whispered again, wriggling so that he could impale me on his manhood more deeply, more pleurably. “I love you, Xander. I, I have since you first kissed me and made me a girl. I love you and I’ll be your wife forever if you want me to.”

Xander answered me by kissing me so hard that I could feel his lips on mine all the next shift and more. “I love my perfect woman,” he whispered finally to me.

“I am! I am!” I screamed at him as I finally gave up all pretence to being what I had once been before. I shut that away in my mind, walling that knowledge and protesting off. I am a girl, after all, a perfect girl. I am Jennifer Burton, wife of Xander, and I always will be.

\*\*\*\*\*END\*\*\*\*\*