



Reluctant Press presents:

Sissy Corps

Dee Dee Perri



AN 'ADULT TV' E-BOOK

Copyright © 2010, Reluctant Press - All Rights Reserved

Reluctant Press TG Publishers

This story is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder.

Protect Professional Fiction on the Internet!

We need *your* help! We want to keep providing our readers with low cost, professional quality fiction on the Internet. We spend thousands of dollars to edit, illustrate and typeset *each story*. It is important, therefore, that everyone works to help keep professional fiction alive on the Net.

This story is protected by US and International copyright law, and is owned exclusively by Reluctant Press, which retains exclusive rights to publish these materials. The civil penalties for copyright infringement can be severe, including substantial monetary damages, injunctive relief, and liability for attorneys' fees incurred in prosecuting a case. If a court determines that the infringement was committed willfully, statutory damages of up to \$100,000 for each copyright infringed can be awarded. Even if not found to be acting willfully, a defendant can still be held liable for statutory damages of \$500 to \$20,000 for each copyright infringed. **These penalties apply even if money was not charged.** In addition, criminal penalties may be imposed if someone willfully infringes a copyrighted work for commercial advantage or private financial gain. This crime is punishable by up to five years imprisonment, up to \$250,000 in fines, or both. State civil damages and criminal penalties vary from state to state and country to country, but are always severe.

The best way to keep professional illustrated fiction available on the Internet is to do **YOUR** part to protect the author's and publisher's copyright. *You can be part of the solution.* Encourage others to purchase our stories. Never share the access rights you've purchased. *You* make the continued availability of TG fiction on the Internet possible. Thank you for your cooperation!

Sissy Corps

U.S. Army Active Reserve

By Dee Dee Perri

Chapter 1

I hadn't been in Nebraska before but from what I could see from the train window, I'd not missed much. The absence of trees and hills made the landscape featureless, nothing on which to settle one's gaze. Worse, the view seemed static, unchanging as if the train itself had come to a complete stop and yet I could still hear the wheels against the rails and I could feel the irregular sway of the car in which I sat as the track bed rose and fell asymmetrically across invisible deviations from the horizontal. My forehead was resting against the pane of glass between me and this bleak, barren panorama as my eyes continued to seek something, anything, by which to gage our progress, Denver was still a long way off to be sure. The window glass was cold against my flesh, almost painfully so, for it was late October and near freezing out there in that void; even as I watched, snowflakes began to replace the sleet that had been falling since we crossed the Mississippi River earlier in the morning. Ironically I remained uncomfortably warm. This car, like the other ninety odd cars in this train, was crammed with eighteen year old draftees and each and every one of us added our own small measure of humid warmth and ripe body odors. The background of meaningless chatter of young men that had been confined far too long, punctuated by obscenities and the occasional yell, 'are we there yet', had become familiar like a toothache. For most of us this was our first train trip but for me the novelty had long ago dissipated into tedium and I was certain I wasn't alone in my reaction. A soft, supple breast abruptly pressed against my bicep as a hand quietly settled on my upper thigh.

"There," he said. My accidental companion, my seat mate, leaned fully against me now. His small, pear shaped breast, unfettered inside his tee shirt, squished nearly flat

against my arm as he twisted and leaned yet more to his right. I could see his other breast react by growing a sharpened nipple that tented his tee shirt. His left hand swung into my field of view, stabbed out and pointed. "Those are cottonwoods," he said, "over there, see? About the only kind of tree that grows out here on the Great Plains."

His breath, laced with honey, slid across my neck and then cheek before finding its way into my nostrils. The ripe, musky odors of his male body soon followed along with the floral tang of a popular girly-boy perfume. I half turned, partly to see what he was pointing out but mostly, to be entirely honest, to lessen the unrequested contact. Both of his breasts were now squished against my back but my thigh was momentarily free of that hand. "Um," I said as I pressed my face fully against the glass. Metallic odors replaced the all too sweet olfactory flavors of my companion. I felt my gut cringe. For the first time in hours I could actually judge the speed of our progress. "I could walk faster than this." I groaned. The contact of those breasts ended abruptly as Carl flopped back into his seat with a languid, almost self satisfied, sigh.

I eased back into my seat as well and closed my eyes hoping against hope that I could fall asleep but such an escape was impossible. I was too keyed up. Where would I be in say six months? For starters would it be Air force or Army? I'd hoped for the Navy but that desire was now hopelessly out of the question, wrong initial destination. Had the draft notice assigned me to one of the Great Lakes camps... my eyes fluttered open against my will once more. Across from me was another 'girly-boy'. He was asleep. His jaw hung open exposing white teeth between his red, perpetually wet looking lips, his head back, I envied his ability to sleep under these conditions. His eyelids, painted with the flat, dark grey powder so popular with his kind, lay relaxed across his eyeballs though the fringe of mascara laden lashes fluttered from moment to moment as the car rocked from side to side. I found myself staring at his crotch. He was wearing a skirt and it had ridden up until his panties were fully exposed. His freshly shaved legs, sprawled apart, hid nothing. The bulge of his penis and testicles was entirely too evident underneath the nylon fabric. I averted my gaze, twisted once more in my seat and closed my eyes yet again.

I was annoyed with myself. The aversion I'd felt toward that girly-boy across from me was as automatic as it was perverse. Paw had started taking me to a shrink way back in tenth grade for this problem, not that my Paw was any better than me. Like most oldsters, he was a confirmed heterosexual. My little brother Bobby hadn't had any such problem, but then he'd been only ten when Mom and Sis had died and frankly he'd never had a chance to think of females as sexual objects. Me, I was twelve at the time and well fixated on girls before the Flu took most of them away. The few million females who survived in the U.S. were simply too precious to risk allowing them to go about unescorted. The continuation of the human race was at stake for Pete's sake. Not that really rich men did without real female companionship, to be sure. And females still played a rich cultural role, one could see and experience real women and new women easily enough on video and the internet but for people like Paw and I, well, we'd have to make do with what was possible, right? And my little brother Bobby? Like most of his generation, one didn't miss what one never had. Bobby had started wearing 'girly-boy' clothes before high school. Makeup and boyfriends soon followed. Paw still wouldn't let Bobby get a boob job even though the government would foot the bill. Paw, like me, was still stuck in an earlier age.

My shrink had said there was no homosexuality, only sexuality. And life lived in denial of one's essential sexuality was, well, perverse and decidedly unhealthy. Not that the psych treatments had helped me one whit. At eighteen I was still a virgin and try as I could I'd never been able to go all the way. Hopefully that would change. I felt myself finally drifting off to sleep- thank God.

I don't know how long I'd been asleep, seconds perhaps, but someone was stroking my penis and there was little question as to the culprit. The unwanted attention had already had some significant impact, for I'd grown a full woody. "Christ, Carl!" I swore a tad too loudly. Someone across the aisle giggled but it might have not been in response to my situation. I jerked to my feet. My raging hard-on trapped in my slacks was all too evident as I pushed out on to the passage way and headed for the john. My companion started to follow me and I jerked to a halt and turned to face my would-be-lover. "Carl. No." I hissed.

He looked stunned as if he'd never experienced a rejection before and then his face brightened, "Oh, you're a guy-guy type, right?"

"Yeah," I said, completing the lie and then I retreated to the john to jack off. A guy-guy type was a male that liked ordinary males rather than girly-boys. I was neither, of course. I was a secret heterosexual, go figure. As I pushed down the aisle toward the rear of the car, it was obvious in the growing twilight that lots of guys and girly-boys were doing 'it' right now in the crowded train car. Breasts were being fondled, lovers embraced and more than one male was enjoying a quiet blow job. There was nothing rowdy or out of control regarding the sex in this confined space, nor even any embarrassment about the activity. Some guys even watched, the latter certainly beat staring out the window as Nebraska slowly slid past. Sexual activity was both natural and completely necessary and far more open than in my Paw's day. I was half sick with myself. Why couldn't I be, well, normal? The next four years could be long indeed considering the lack of privacy common in the military. How could I hide the fact I wasn't exactly like most of the others. Oh sure there were other's like me, lots of them probably. Guys that had matured in the old days, back when women literally walked the streets, like my Paw. But in my generation I was a distinct 'odd-ball'. I learned early in high school that one didn't flaunt one's heterosexuality openly. Under the circumstances, it was 'almost' unpatriotic if you followed the twisted logic seen and heard on television and the internet. With approximately one hundred men to every one female, real or new woman, anyhow, the world population would continue to shrink well into the next century having already dropped from to six plus billion to less than two billion in half a decade to potentially less than a half billion by the beginning of the twenty-second century, same sex relationships would have to be the unavoidable norm. I found the concept depressing.



Basic boot camp probably hadn't changed in a hundred years, may be longer, leastwise for the U.S. Army, which was, it turned out, my fate. Anyhow, over the next six weeks, any concerns I might have had regarding my sexual orientation difficulties was about as relevant as toast in a roaring forest fire. Up before dawn, they ran us into the ground with all deliberate intent. Oh yeah there were a few guys hopping from bed to bed after taps

but most of us were simply too exhausted to play so my refusal to get 'involved' with another guy, any guy, went largely unnoticed. By the end of that period I was as hard muscled and physically fit as any young man having suffered the Army's systematic physical enhancement program which was, after all, the primary purpose of 'basic'.

I hadn't seen Carl since we'd started basic and to be truthful had he not recognized me, I'd never have spotted him in a million years. Apparently the Army treated the girly-boys exactly the same as the other draftees. His long locks were gone and he wore the same regulation clothing as I did, sans makeup, even his feminine mannerisms had been 'tucked away'. What I saw was a cocky, young male who'd just completed Army basic training and he was chock-full of his manly self. He still had his 'tits' but they rode on a chest every bit as masculine as my own and there in lay the problem. I guess he thought that he could get lucky with me, now that he was so... dude. Perhaps my original rejection still hung over him or maybe he was seriously attracted to me. The reason didn't matter of course. Shorn of every feminine feature except for his small, pear shaped silicon implants I think he expected me to be attracted to him, you know, guy-guy wise. Thus began the mating dance.

"Fuck me," He said, "Armor." The look on his face suggested that maybe something special had happened, something magical, as if we were fated to be together. On the bulletin board was a list of initial duty assignments and yes we were both selected for Tank school.

"Hey," I responded. I had yet to recognize that this was someone I knew and I certainly didn't connect this 'dude' with Carl. "It sure beats slogging around in the mud and when the bullets start to fly..." I didn't need to finish my statement, it was well known that the modern U.S. battle tank was immune to most stuff the Mexicans were using in the war that wasn't a war.

"Yeah," he said letting his mouth hang open as a grin seemed to lurk at the edge of his features. "Assuming you end up in Southern California."

"Oh... yeah." I said immediately growing more somber. He was referring to the Victorian front. Once the Northwest Provinces had broken away from Canada, most of Washington and parts of Alaska had followed into the so-called country of Victoria. Lincoln hadn't like that idea back in the mid nineteenth century and the current President wasn't any happier about the possibility of losing Washington and parts of Idaho, Alaska and Montana. The 'Vickies' had weapons that make even a modern combat tank whimper. "There is that," I concluded.

"It's me, Frank."

I stared. "Sorry?"

"Carl. Carl Ragguf. Indiana, remember? We sat on the train together going to basic training."

"Fuck me." I said and was immediately horrified by the way his eyes lit up as if..."



They should have moved the Tank Training facility out of Texas after the war that wasn't a war heated up between Mexico and the much battered U.S. of A. but the Army doesn't always do the smart thing. Going from the camp into town on a weekend pass was literally taking one's life in one's hands. Roadside bombs mostly and the occasional grenade tossed into a dingy bar. All too many of the locals were of Mexican descent, not unlike San Diego, Los Angeles and Phoenix, so the usual suspects were plentiful. Anyhow, the first couple of weeks were spent mostly in classroom instruction with, as yet, little hands-on experience. Weekends I chose to stay in camp. Paw didn't raise an idiot. Or maybe he did. Anyhow, Carl stuck to me like a second shadow. He was properly miffed and confused by my continued rejection of his advances but his frustration only seemed to make him want me more. And he wasn't beneath giving a go at aggressive seduction.

Physically we were evenly matched. What started out as Carl's attempt to show his affections ended in a knockdown fist fight which resulted in the two of us landing in the stockade. To be entirely honest, fights were common enough between the guys in camp, especially now with the growing problem in town, weekend passes were temporarily canceled. Things change dramatically after our third trip to the hoosegow. Apparently Carl had given me up, that is to say he used the 'H' word.

It was only a junior officer setting across from me, a Captain, but as a lowly Tank Corp cadet I wasn't expecting to have a heart to heart talk with brass, not even a Captain. I was sitting across from him stiffly erect and fully ready to say yes-sir and no-sir as the situation required. He went into a surprisingly long winded exposé about the ancient Greeks, to be specific, the Spartans.

"Soldier, do you have any idea why the Spartans were the best fighting men the world has ever seen?"

"No sir." I said. I expected him to answer his own question as officers usually do but he just sat there and so I took a wild guess, "Superior training? Sir?"

The Captain smiled, "The Spartans fought for each other. Oh I'm sure they fought for their people, their city but good soldiers fight for the man beside them. A good army squad is a band of brothers."

I nodded, "Ah- yes Sir."

"All superior soldiers in all modern wars have done the same. Flag, country are used as explanations but it is always about the man beside them that really counts for why they fight. They fight for each other." He looked at me. "So now you know why they were the best of the best?"

"Yes sir, they fought for each other."

"No," the Captain said. "All good fighting men fight for each other."

"I'm confused, Sir."

The captain looked at me like an interesting but odd artifact. "The Spartans understood something that we lost sight of until recently soldier, they fought alongside not mere comrades."

"Sir?"

"They fought, side by side with their lovers, soldier."

"They were gay?" I said forgetting myself and my current position and then remembered just in time to avoid grief, "Ah- Sir?"

The captain laughed, "I haven't heard that term used in five-six years. Gay? That outdated term has negative connotations, soldier." He paused before continuing, "Real men love real men."

I felt my heart stop. I knew I was supposed to say something but I just couldn't. The silence grew pregnant. "Sir?" I finally added.

Your fellow cadet, Mr. Ragguf, a man you might very well fight beside, a man who might die for you..." He left that idea hang for several long seconds and then he seemed to change his mind. "Are you heterosexual Mr. King? Exclusively heterosexual?"

I gulped.



I never returned to my barracks in camp, not even to pickup my personal belongings. They ran me through a psych evaluation, but it was a casual affair as if my status had already been determined and it was, I had no reason to lie. All that shit bottled up inside me since middle school just came out in a messy gush. Truth? I masturbated to the images of naked women, pictures of 'real' women. Males just didn't work for me. They ran some tests with pictures of guys and 'girly-boys', naked of course, and I failed to respond. Oh yeah, they had me cold to rights.

By late afternoon I was one of perhaps fifty men herded onto a bus by a contingent of MPs. The bus was a hurriedly converted school bus, like so much in the battered U.S. of A., some Army green paint had been splashed over the original vivid orange there by converting the vehicle from civilian use to military. There probably wasn't an elementary school in operation anywhere in the Southwest anyway, what with the small pool of breeding females housed much further north and toward the east. Where the women and children were precisely was, of course, a government secret. It's been rumored that the original stimulus for the conflict between Mexico and the U.S. was over women or more precisely female Mexican nationals in the good old U.S. of A. that survived the flu. Apparently the Mexicans wanted their 'own' back and the U.S. refused. Hell if I really knew what-was-what considering the vice like grip the government maintained on the so called 'free press'. After the President was given emergency powers that were but a step shy of a full dictatorship a lot had changed in my country, like the universal draft.

The converted school bus rattled slowly north and east, avoiding major highways and the interstate. Ahead and behind us were armored Hum-vees, each sporting a fifty-cal machine gun. It was so obvious that even a blind man could see that the U.S. was losing con-

trol of this part of Texas. Just south of Huston we lost our escort and I, for one, breathed a tad easier. I glanced around at my companions for about the hundredth time that night.

Most of them were, like me, fresh face draftees. Concentrated toward the rear of the bus there was a contingent of older men: Non-coms and possibly even officers. Their badges of rank had been removed but here and there one could see from the darker, unbleached patches on their fatigue jackets what had to have been chevrons recently ripped off. One had to wonder if they were all, you know, heterosexuals, as if the military were purging themselves of people like me. One thing was clear however, the atmosphere was as somber as a funeral. Except for the bang and rattle of the vehicle as it found and navigated across numerous pot holes, we, the lot of us, were mostly silent.

After Huston we made better time. The bus was now on an interstate and moving at top speed. There was damn little civilian traffic until we swung due north in Mississippi and headed toward Memphis Tennessee according to the signs along the highway. It was there, just outside of Oxford Mississippi, that we finally stopped for rest and food. I hadn't eaten for more than twenty hours, none of us had. The camp looked more like a prison compound, ringed with razor wire and fully staffed with MPs, I had the distinct impression that they weren't here to protect us. Go figure.

Someone had made a camp fire and I and a couple of other draftees had carried our mess tins full of hot beef stew and took advantage of the opportunity to eat by fire light. I had just gotten comfortable when one of the old guys made his way into our growing circle. I don't know, probably it was all those years avoiding the attentions of older men that too often had had a sexual intent but when he stopped beside me and asked if it was ok to join me, well I felt that familiar quiver of discomfort. It must have showed on my face.

He laughed and sat down without waiting for me to answer. "I ain't one of those." He said softly. "Not to worry." He took a spoon full of stew and chewed and stared at the fire. He started to talk. Not to me precisely or to anyone for that matter. Maybe he was thinking out loud. "Nineteen fucking years in the Service, one year shy of retirement and a pension. I had it all figured out when things began to go South, you know. Me and Pat." He stopped and chewed. "We went through the motions of being lovers." He laughed. "Fuck me if we didn't." He stopped and looked at me, "There ain't nothing wrong with being a heterosexual, son. Not a damn thing." He went back to eating and seemed lost in his thoughts. I finished up my food and thought of getting up but he started talking again and he directed his gaze toward me. "It'll be a hundred years before things get back to anything like normal. Oh they'll make as many girl babies as they can, all in a hurry you can be sure. Before you see women walking fancy free down the sidewalks son, you'll be wearing dentures and swinging a cane. They don't need you and they sure as hell don't need me in this brave new world. Heterosexual men here in the good old U.S. of A. and in the whole wide world are just plain superfluous, you understand son? Tits on a bull."

"Uh-huh," I mumbled wishing I was somewhere else.

"Sergeant Tyler's the name," He said swinging out a ham fist paw in my direction, "but you can call me Jack."

"Sir? I mean, glad to meet you, I'm King, Frank King." I took his hand. It was a hard, well muscled grip.

"So what's going to happen to us?" I said, asking the question that was on everyone's mind, leastwise between us draftees.

"Oh for me and the other regular army types, we'll go home, find jobs you can be sure of that. Some will eat a gun or drown in booze. You young guys..." He looked at me thoughtfully before continuing. "You'll have a long, long road ahead of you. A hard one I should think, heterosexuals without women."

"So can we, well, get out of the service? Now?"

He shook his head no. "Don't think so. If the Army don't want you and they don't that's as plain as the nose on my face, the government will find something to keep you busy I suspect. Most likely they'll use you as cheap labor, digging ditches and the like for the full term of your enlistment." He shrugged, "They'll get their pound of flesh and then some, trust me on that."

I felt relief. "That doesn't sound so bad."

He slapped me on the back, "That's the spirit, son. You have the makings of a first class grunt."

~oOo~

We were back on the bus before dawn. I can't think of a single reason that the Army felt compelled to start my day, every day, in the dark except maybe tradition, go figure. Rations were distributed before the bus moved out so at least we wouldn't starve before we got to wherever we were headed. I figured that was a good sign.

Sergeant Tyler took the seat beside me. Of the old guys, he was the only one with us now. He seemed miffed that he'd been separated from his buddies. "I should have been on that other bus." He growled. "Same old Army, AFU."

"AFU?"

"Read my lips, all-fucked-up." And with that he fell asleep.

The guy across the aisle from me laughed, "He's quite the character, isn't he? Pete's the name but my pals call me Pee Wee," He said extending his hand out.

"Pee Wee?" I said taking his hand. "Frank."

"You have any idea what they're going to do with us?"

"Sergeant Tyler thinks we will be used as labors or something. Cheap labor. Four years of digging ditches." I paused and thought before adding, "It sure beats having your ass shot off."

Pee Wee twisted his face in a grimace and shook his head no. "I don't think so. Cheap labor? Naw. Seriously? Unemployment is like fifteen percent, ok? Too many goods and too few people. I read somewhere that almost a half of the houses and most of the apartments in this country are empty, construction ain't coming back for a long, long time. Hell before the bad times the American farmers could grow enough food for almost half the world all by their lonesome and now we have half the people we used to have and that number is going to get smaller, a lot smaller. My dad says the whole idea of the draft isn't about na-

tional security a-tall. It's to keep guys like us busy. Fact is, if the Mexicans and the Canucks weren't shooting at us, we'd be shooting at them anyway."

I laughed, "Your Paw seems a bit negative."

"Naw, Dad's just a realist. He thinks the country's got way too many people, guys I mean. Anyhow, you bring a squad of us into say Springfield Illinois as dirt cheap labor, hell the locals would riot."

"You're from Illinois?" He nodded. "Ohio, Westville Lake," I said. "It's just a little village, farmers mostly, hardly a town at all." I paused, "Your Paw is right about one thing, farming. My Paw says it's hardly worth growing stuff for market these days, the prices are so low."

Sergeant Tyler abruptly sat up and growled, "With all your yammering..."

"Sorry Sir," I said.

"Don't ever call me Sir, you lunk head. Sergeants aren't gentleman and, well, fuck it, I'm not a sergeant anymore just another ex-Army mug." He stuck out his hand toward Pee Wee, "Name's Jack, just plain Jack," He said giving me the eye. And they shook hands. "Fuck me if what your old man says doesn't make sense. That crap that's going on in the Southwest? I was there all last year and part of the year before. We had no clear cut objectives, no strategic goal except killing greasers. And the poor bastards on the other side, hell what would they do with Southern California anyway? Like us, they're already rolling around in a country that suddenly got way too big for their britches. Northern Mexico's got no civilian population anymore, none, zip. Like us, it's all military, the whole Southwest."

"So you're saying..."

"Fuck if I know what I'm saying. You, me, the lot of us are just surplus assholes that don't fit in this new 'fag' society and that worries me plenty. The new regs that came in last year identified straights as, well, liabilities. Sexually unstable since they had no reasonable expectation of access to females, you know?" He looked at me and then Pee Wee. "In the old days, that was one of the arguments they used against the homosexuals who wanted to serve their country. Homosexuals were identified as security risks, bad for moral and so forth. Now the shoe's on the other foot." He laughed darkly. "God only knows what civilian life is like now. I read somewhere that more than half of the men over thirty are still exclusive heterosexuals, even after all the brainwashing the government has done. If we are a source of instability in the military, imagine what it's like in small town U.S. of A."

"Yeah," I agreed. "My Paw, he'd rather eat pig shit rather than have sex with a man. Doesn't say much about it though, he isn't stupid." I paused, "He never used to drink much."

"Yeah, there is that," Added Pee Wee. "You don't think... naw."

"What?" I said.

"You know like the Germans did with the Jews?"

"Hell, that's... sick."

"Is it?" Said Sergeant Tyler. "That's pretty much what they're doing in the Southwest. Christ I should have seen this earlier, these wars aren't wars at all just another ah- solution to a population problem."

"Fuck," I said. "That doesn't make sense Jack. If too many straights are a problem for the establishment, why aren't we in the damn Army so we can get... eliminated."

"I didn't say the Army was smart son," responded the old Sergeant. "More than likely they're just doing the best job that they can do, winning battles. It's the egg heads in Washington we got to worry about. More than likely they're more worried about the ninety million heterosexual males that are too old to change. Hell, most of them eggheads are probably straight themselves now that I think about it."

"Yeah Sergeant. You think they have women of their own?" I waited for an answer but none was offered. "Maybe in the next election..."

"If there is an election son, yeah those millions of frustrated normal men might just blow their collective top. Civil war? It ain't impossible boys."

"Wouldn't that be a pool of piss, huh Sarge? There aren't nearly enough women to go around even if they tried to make them more available. And a couple of million very, very tired females would be hard pressed to repopulate the country and provide sexual services to enough men to make a difference. Beside a lot of those females are probably either too old or too young, right? Maybe only a million could be in play, Christ even the new women have more guys digging at their shorts than there are ants at a picnic even if they look like toads."

"We're fucked," Pee Wee said.

The old sergeant added, "The whole world is son, the whole fucking world. This ain't just a U.S. of A. problem."

Chapter 2

I'd never been in Saint Louis before, it was bigger than Cleveland and that was the only big city I'd ever been to. Denver didn't count, the camp I'd gone to was a good thirty miles from the 'Mile High City'. But the so-called Gate Way to the West was a huge city with hardly any people. I mean the downtown area next to the baseball park was like empty. One could walk around looking up at all those tall buildings with hardly a chance of getting run over if it wasn't for the occasional military vehicle. I guess the absence of civilians was no accident. Jack said that marshal law had been declared here almost six years ago after a really, really bad riot. Anyhow, they'd apparently emptied out the downtown area and it had remained that way ever since.

One could house an army in all those high rise hotels setting almost under that amazing arch that dominated the sky line. And house a tiny portion of the Army they did. The lot of us were put up in the Hilton. I'd thought I'd died and gone to heaven. Clean sheets every day, the works. Most of the labor was performed by P.O.W.s, Mexicans, which made Jack uncomfortable but for Pee Wee and I, no problem. Chow was served all day in the hotel restaurant, all one had to do was go in and wait for someone to take your order and it was free. It was all so un-Army that Jack got really nervous, like there was something hor-

ribly wrong with this. Anyhow, me and Pee Wee were having the time of our lives. We both went up in the Arch a couple-three times, wondered down to the Mississippi River and just about anywhere our feet could take us over a twenty block perimeter. MPs manned the outskirts of our zone but they mostly stayed on their side of the barriers. Hell, they were even friendly as long as one didn't try to go too far, not that Pee Wee or I had any intention of doing so.

Most of the buildings were closed, locked up. The window fronts in the department stores, the ones that weren't smashed anyhow, were just as they had been back when the riot had happened. Manikins, mostly female forms, in dresses and such. It made me sad considering it was so much like it had been, well before the sickness and all. We were both mesmerized by the displays and the memories of 'before'. It was Pee Wee that saw the difference first. Girly-boys don't really look like real girl at all, do they Frank?"

"A lot of them got boobs."

"Yeah. And big chins and five o'clock shadows."

"So? Most of them don't do hormones, it fucks up their performance, their sexual performance that is."

"The government would supply them all the hormones they might need to become more like women. Even sex change surgery, completely free."

"Yeah Pee Wee, like who'd want their prick cut off. You know my brother is a girly-boy, has been almost forever. Anyhow, he doesn't want to be a girl, a real girl. He's happy just the way he is, all man where it counts. No my Paw says Bobby is just an old fashioned queer. Trust me, Paw ain't exactly happy with the whole thing except, what can he do? The government would come down on his ass



like a ton of bricks if he tried to stop Bobby from being a girly-boy.”

“So you think the government is pushing this girly-boy thing?”

“Duh, Pee Wee. You get a gold star. Girly-boys on TV, the movies, free boob jobs, whatever. Yeah. But it didn’t work, not for me.”

“Or me.” Added Pee Wee. And then he waved, “Oh-oh, the neighborhood’s going to shit.”

“Huh? Oh. Hey, Jack, over here.”

The old sergeant headed toward us, his shoulder hunched forward and his head down. A posture that said he wasn’t happy.

“Com’on you lugs, we got work to do. What do you think this is, the Army?”

~oOo~

Our leisure days were over, perhaps Jack had been right in the first place. Grunt work, a lot of it and the natives weren’t objecting but how could they, they were long gone. It was a massive cleanup of downtown St. Louis for starters and then there were the new arrivals. They came in small bunches, more heterosexual rejects, but not just from this year’s draftees, guy’s that had already completed two-three years of their enlistment in the Army. By the end of the month there might have been eight or nine thousand of us with only a tiny handful over the age of twenty. It was during this period that the Army discovered Jack was in the wrong place, AFU. Anyhow I was sorry to see the old soldier off. He’d been a rock of stability for me at least.

Gone too was the ad-lib feeding. The Army chow lines had re-appeared and all the other niceties of military life. Both Pee Wee and I knew that it had been too good to be true and it was.

There was also something sinister under foot or at least that was my take. The MPs were no long quite so friendly and the barriers around us were becoming, day by day, far more significant. I almost pissed myself that first morning that I saw the razor wire that had sprung up over night and the river front was no longer accessible. “Fuck,” Said Pee Wee when I showed him what Santa had brought us.

“Yeah. I got a really bad feeling about this pal.” I shivered but it wasn’t from the cold as I shoved my hands more deeply into my overcoat pockets.

“They’re still feeding us.” Pee Wee added hopefully.

“Yeah, so?” I turned and headed back to my hotel room. Unlike the late arrivals, we still had plush accommodations, satellite TV, the best of the best.

Pee Wee grabbed my arm as I turned to go, “It don’t make sense, Frank. If they’re going to murder us, why have us clean up this place first, huh?”

Through clenched teeth I said, “Because they’re not going to kill us twit. Just cut off our balls.”

Pee Wee yelped and then hurried along with me. "Why do you think that? Why? Huh?"

I stopped and looked at him, my breath steamed into the frigid air in bursts as I puffed and tried to regain control. "Because, I haven't been able to get it up for the past three days."

Shock was in Pee Wee's eyes but only for a moment, disbelief followed quickly and then was replaced with amusement, "You're a fucking nut case Frank." He started to laugh, "That's the dumbest thing I've heard- ever. You think they're putting something in our food? Like my Gramps says, the Lord must have loved idiots, he sure made enough of them."

I was appalled. "Y-you mean you haven't had any problem? Be honest with me Pee Wee."

"Christ, Frank. No, not that I've noticed. You're paranoid, you know what that is?"

"Yeah and I surely hope so Pee Wee, I surely do."



The idea that the government might wish to cut off our balls was pretty farfetched or rather not nearly farfetched enough. For starters, there was the issue of numbers. For any solution to the nation's problem, they'd need, say twenty million pseudo-females, what they called new women. Eight-nine thousand guys like Pee Wee and me wouldn't even scratch the hurt. Second, cutting off a guy's balls kind'a puts a damper in the desire department if you follow my logic. If you are going to have say, ah- five pseudo-females per male, the new women would have to really want to put out. Honey I have a head-ache said over and over again wouldn't be relief, it would be hell. And then there is the problem of scale again, performing twenty million sex-change operations in a reasonable amount of time, say over a couple of years, would be like building the great wall of China out of tooth picks. But there were lots of smart people in the world and more than a few of them had to be thinking about this 'problem' for the past five plus years or at least that was my take.

The more obvious problem was that of attitude. We'd already demonstrated that in spite of five years of government propaganda, we, that is the young men in our enclave, clung to our heterosexuality even though the chance of ever encountering a female was close to zero. Sexual object choice and sexual and gender identities are, apparently, difficult to alter. Hell if they could alter the first of these, they wouldn't need new women in the first place. Or would they?

On the other hand, and there is always, it seems, another hand, we made a pretty good group to experiment with. The government already 'owned' us, we were conveniently collected and imprisoned and if we could be made to 'function' as new women, the sky was the limit. That I was thinking along these lines was a reflection of what was happening to me or, more precisely, not happening. As I told Pee Wee just before Christmas, I couldn't get it 'up'. Now that would have scared me under any circumstance. My inability to achieve an erection was simply the more obvious aspect of a pair of problems, the latter

being that I was as horny as hell. Jerking off had always given me relief. I felt like a pot filled with boiling water with a lid firmly on top. I couldn't sleep nor focus for any period of time on anything; my poor, non-responsive prick was raw from abuse. I was in hell.

"No, I don't want to see it Frank."

"It's like bloody hamburger for Pete's sake Pee Wee."

Pee Wee blanched. "Thanks for sharing that, asshole. They got a whole MASH unit here, have a Doctor look at it."

"I... I can't. That's just what they want."

Pee Wee rolled his eyes, "You are one seriously fucked up dude."

I stabbed my finger toward his face, "If anything happens to me, its... your fault." And then I stomped out of his room.

It was three days before I saw Pee Wee again. He came to visit me in the makeshift hospital located in the Hyatt Hotel. "Hey," he said looking quite uncomfortable and then added, unfortunately, "How's it hanging?"

I looked at him in horror. Did he know and was he being merely insensitive or what. "Fuck you Pee Wee."

"Geeze," He responded. He was a small guy but he managed to make himself look even smaller. Hurt was evident in his green eyes.

It was kind'a hard to stay angry with Pee Wee but the truth was I was more embarrassed than angry anyway. There had been nothing physically wrong with me. The Docs had concluded it was mental just like Pee Wee had claimed. Hah! Pee Wee, the shrink. "Anxiety induced depression," I said mouthing one of the terms the doctors had used.

"What the fuck does that mean?"

There was no way of avoiding it now, I could see that. One had to laugh at one's self from time to time and this was certainly one of those times. "Fuck if you weren't right Pee Wee, I'm a fucking nut case, OK? Satisfied?" He still looked concerned. Normally it would have been hard for me to talk about something like this but I was full of happy juice and, well, relieved that my tool wasn't going to fall off anytime soon. "I guess being rejected by the Army as, ah- unfit must have started something inside my brain." I shrugged. "When I was a kid, we pretended to be soldiers or warriors almost all the time. I guess I was looking forward to being drafted and playing soldier for real, you know, all that action stuff with me being a hero, naturally. The Doc said something about the draft forming a rights-of-passage ritual, how one becomes a man in our society. Anyhow what that Captain said to me back at Tank School: real men love real men? I thought he was full of shit then but maybe, deep down inside me he'd hit a sore spot." Pee Wee just nodded and I was fairly sure he understood. "Anyhow, I couldn't get it up kind of follows and I tried so hard that I hurt myself, you know."

"When are they going to let you go?"

"Any time I want. They're not keeping me here."

"So let's went."

“Why? What’s out there I want to do anyway.”

“Man, that’s not cool Frank.” He looked even more concerned. “Everything’s changing here, everything. Scuttlebutt says we’re going to get discharged from the Army any day now.”

That got my attention. I sat up a little straighter. “No shit? I wouldn’t mind going back home, not a-tall.”

Pee Wee laughed, “Not quite so easy farm boy. The thing is we’re to be inducted into the Civilian Corp.”

My feet had already hit the floor, out of the Army, I could live with it. “What, pray tell, is the Civilian Corp?”

“Fuck if I know, fuck if anyone knows. They keep bringing more guys in here, every-day you know. This morning it was a bunch of hetero-sailors, all decked out in their Winter blues.”

I went to the closet and began to get dressed. “Now that’s something.”

“Yeah, I mean, some of the new fish are combat veterans, career military, not just chump draftees like you and me. Like the military is getting rid of all their heteros. Hell, Jack is back like a bad penny.”

“Fuck, why didn’t you say so in the first place, Pee Wee. Hell, it’ll be great to see Jack again.” I looked at Pee Wee, “What do you think all this means, huh?”

“Christ Frank, don’t start that paranoid shit again.”

“Sorry. I mean, well fuck I have no idea what I mean. Let’s blow this joint pal.”

~oOo~

A sudden influx of former Navy Officers led to Pee Wee and the rest of our group being moved out of our lush rooms in the Hilton into a much older hotel that had seen better days even before the riot during the ‘Great Death’. Gone too was the privacy we’d enjoyed. Six men to a room, all cots, make for a tight fit, still it beat the alternative. Tents were being erected in the downtown parks where ever there was room. Tents in St. Louis? In mid-winter, brrr. Anyhow housing wasn’t our main concern. The conditions of our discharge from the Army were anything but kind. “What the fuck is a D slash 4?” Swore Mike who was one of my new roommates.

Pee Wee answered for me, “If you’d been listening...” He started to say but decided what the heck, Mike had slept through the formal presentation made by the brass. To do so while setting in the baseball park, this time of year, that was surely remarkable. There must have been a hundred cases of frost bite after that ‘assembly’. “It means you have been discharged as ‘undesirable’, unfit for military service.” Mike mouth formed an ‘O’ but he didn’t mouth off. We’d all received a D slash 4 discharge. Of course we were undesirable, by definition, current military regulations made any and all heterosexual men unfit. Unfortunately, a D slash 4 also was given to child molesters, rapists, an assortment of convicted felons and the mentally ill just to name a few.

"You know the first thing they do in the civilian world is ask you for your discharge papers to prove that you are not a draft dodger."

"Fuck me." Someone in the back of the bedroom groaned.

"Yeah, you got that right soldier, you, me and the wall, we're all fucked."

"Hey, that's not fair." Someone else yelled.

"Guys with honorable discharges get first choice and hell, why not, they fought for their country." I said blinking back a tear. I would have been willing to do my duty. "Look on the bright side."

"There is one?" Pee Wee said sarcastically.

"Sure. Half of the positions in the C. C. (nobody called it the Civilian Corp after the first week, just C.C.) involve training, fucking free education. Like here on page fourteen, Nursing."

"Yeah," Mumbled someone behind me, "Six months formal training and a year of interning. Cool until you look at the fine print. None of that counts toward your terms of enlistment. That'd give, what almost six years in government service. Fuck that."

"So you got something hot waiting for you back home Sal?" I said. "Maybe your old man's rich?"

"Fuck you Frank and the horse you rode in on. My old man's dead along with everyone else in my family, the Flu didn't just take women you know."

"Shit. I'm sorry, OK?" I let out a long breath. The truth was this D slash 4 pretty much made our collective futures pretty horrible. Going to college for example, impossible for me at least, without an honorable discharge there would be no G.I. bill. And the jobs available when we go back home would be what was left over after the veterans had picked over them. The C.C. was a glimmer of hope, training for something useful. But not nursing, bedpans and me just didn't mix. The list was long and varied but there was one thing that was constant, not one of the service programs included upper level jobs. Hell we were all just high school grads to begin with, no special training. "You want out quick Sal, highways and roads, heavy labor services. Over-time counts toward service. Hell, you might carry your D slash 4 and your sorry ass back home in say fifteen months." It was OK if he thought so, for me, digging ditches didn't seem to have a long term ah- potential. And the worst was, even if you selected a particular service sector, that didn't mean you would get in. I guess that's why they asked us to select five huh? Christ-on-a-hand-cart, so many choices and so few good ones. Some of them were pretty sick.

'Vulture', who was setting cross legged on his cot with a copy of the 'assignments booklet' in one hand and a calculator in the other called out, "Hey you guys. This is weird." Everybody turned and looked at him. "At the lower left corner of each entry, that number there, represents the expected number of positions to be filled, OK? I added them all up from the first assignment to the last in this booklet and fuck me if the number of slots doesn't come out to nine hundred and thirty seven."

"So?" Someone said.

“So? Asshole, there are almost ten thousand guys here since yesterday’s new arrivals.” It took a few seconds for that fact to sink in.

Huh, I thought as I chewed on that. “Fuck, what does that mean Vulture?” He shrugged, he didn’t know but it was obvious that not everybody was going to get an assignment. Which meant what? We’d be here indefinitely?



Over the next several weeks the camp lost over nine hundred men which wasn’t a substantial reduction in our numbers, Vulture had been right after all. Maybe it was a seniority thing, but the guys that found positions were mostly older. Swear to God, Jack got into that nursing school program though to be entirely honest, imagining him as a nurse gave me the willies. Pee Wee noticed another thing, the really big guys, the brutes and sky scrapers, had also pretty much vanished. Of course Pee Wee would have noticed a thing like that, being that he was only five foot one. The last of the military structure fell away as well. The officers and NCOs were gradually replaced by C.C. personnel and that seemed to be a good thing. No more five A.M. wake ups, inspections and make busy Army style duties. The last of the POWs left with the army brass and we, that is the remaining eight thousand-five hundred souls, picked up the slack. Even the MPs were gone. The camp was being run by a bunch of welfare worker types, inefficient but well intentioned Federal ‘nice guys’.

Everything that needed to be done, we did, including security. The latter was important to me at least, it put my paranoid imp back in the bottle. The C.C. allowed us to set up our own ah- government, an elected counsel. Almost immediately there were plans to open up some of the downtown stores, several of the theaters, coffee shops, etc. One could work in the kitchens, or shops or provide services, like giving haircuts. Hell we were turning into a little self contained community. Of course we were all waiting for the other shoe to drop. No way the government was going to let us sit here playing house for the next several years but we were still getting our three squares and C.C. salary, five bucks a day, so it couldn’t be better. But that was before the new boss man arrived: Stillwell Markus. It was mid-March, the beginning of Spring and the dawn of a new era for us.

In 2021, a year after the ‘Great Death’ officially ended, the Congress of the United States had passed a bill providing free medical treatment for those wishing to undergo sex-reassignment surgery. The initial response was surprisingly strong, almost a half a million men took advantage of the opportunity to become women. For more than half of these respondents, the free sex-change surgery satisfied some inner need. For the others it was merely an economic opportunity, being a woman, in a world largely without women, had, well, significant economic and social advantages. The bill was later expanded to include a broad range of cosmetic surgeries at no cost to the client. One needed only to go to a properly equipped medical facility and prove that one was both a U.S. citizen and of legal age, twenty-one. Thus was born the new woman.

The initial avalanche of sex-change candidates stimulated hope in the hearts of the millions and millions of ordinary heterosexual men who made up the vast majority of the survivors of the ‘Great Death’. The expectation that the presence of these new women in

society would help return some limited degree of normalcy was quickly dispelled. Like gold coins in an economy dominated by nearly worthless paper currency, those thousands of new women quickly vanished from circulation. Before the end of that same year, the bill was expanded to include a substantial cash reward for those willing to undergo the change of anatomical sex. The amount increased steadily from ten thousand dollars to eventually a hundred thousand, which was, in an economy that had suffered significant 'deflation', a very large sum of money. Not surprisingly, the 'sex-change for cash' did engender renewed interest in the surgery, though not in the numbers that had been anticipated. Apparently even the principles of the free market, including 'supply and demand', had its limits. The cash approach to the problem had one predictable outcome, the second growth of the new woman population drew more and more heavily on the economically, socially and mentally disadvantaged. But again, like in the first phase of the program, the addition of another quarter of a million new women was but a drop of ink in the ocean. Most of the 'quality' items, the 'attractive' new women, again quickly disappeared from public view. It was at that time that the government finally recognized that something far more dramatic would have to be done to ensure the common good and long term social stability: thus was born the active encouragement of 'same sex' relationships. Homosexuality, which had been America's 'unwanted child', was now fully adopted. All the many tools of society were put into play: education, the arts and, grudgingly, some of the more centrist religious organizations. That was the world of my adolescence and my young manhood.

The notion that 'sexual object choice' can be readily modified by mere propaganda seems to fly in the face of objective scientific evidence that a male's sexual preferences are nearly impossible to alter once established. The key concept is 'once established'. Both sexual identity and gender are established very early in childhood. Sexual object choice, on the other hand, an imprinting process, requires an active sexual drive which emerges as a result of puberty but may not actually reach threshold levels for the imprinting to take place until much later depending upon the individual's genetic makeup. My little brother Bobby, for example, was still pre-pubescent when women disappeared. The government had merely fallen into a solution by accident. Each successive generation of young males would be increasingly more open to the new morality. The propaganda would, of course, have little effect in the majority of mature males, like my Paw or me for that matter, though some degree of bi-sexuality is evident in nearly forty percent of the population (many of these latter individuals did respond to the propaganda to varying degrees). Thus was born a 'minority-majority' propped up by the twin legs of necessity and legality: homosexuals were the 'legal' majority even though, in actual numbers, they were not. The hidden social pressure was enormous.

For people like my Paw, and most men, the new women would have been the better solution. The failure of the legislation to achieve the tens of millions of new women that were really necessary to provide social stability was due to the voluntary nature of the program, there simply were not enough males willing to make the sacrifice of their gender and sexuality, which was ironic considering that, worldwide, millions of young men were engaged in fruitless organized homicides and many of them were making the ultimate sacrifice. The world's human population, already crashing, was being whipped into a frenzy of self-destruction and, like a stalled aircraft, would plummet to its death, or that was the

conclusion of a Boston based think-tank. Dr. Stillwell Markus, a brilliant young medical doctor and social philosopher, a member of the semi-secret Eden Society and a member of the National Academy of Sciences had been sent to conduct possibly the most critical experiments in the history of the world, the success or failure of which might very well determine the fate of humanity. Pee Wee and the rest of us draftees living in downtown St. Louis sat directly under the hammer that was about to fall.

Chapter 3

As Dr. Markus entered the ball park, you could have heard a pin drop. Eight thousand, five hundred and some odd souls sat mesmerized, speechless and breathless. The new boss-man was a woman. Perhaps not, I mean the idea, the very concept of a female moving into our view was beyond the possible, though, if she were a new woman, then someone did a heck of a job. Eight thousand plus pricks came to full attention and a lot of faces must have been turning blue, for we were holding our collective breaths. And then, without prompting, or even conscious effort, we all stood. Some became exuberant and yelled and screamed in delight, others, like me, just stood. It had been six years since I'd seen anyone female-like in anything but 2-D. It had to be instinct but I knew that she was gorgeous, lovely, desirable and then I too began to clap and yell and leap around in this dumb, excitement that seemed to well up inside my eighteen year old body. Our welcome, our joy, went on and on for at least ten minutes. That nobody ran down onto the field was due, not to any reasonable security measures but rather to the simple fact that none of us tried. I, for one, was intimidated. I was twelve years old again. It was like a goddess had come to earth, a playboy fold out come to life. I will never forget that moment. Finally she moved to what had been the pitcher's mound, turned slowly around so as to look at all of us, and then grabbed the microphone off the stand and held it up to her fat, lush, so desirable lips.

"Thank you, thank you very much," she said.

That voice hit the crowd like a heavy, wet blanket had dropped over the lot of us. My breathless excitement was replaced by a bitter tightness in my chest. Her voice was male, unmistakably male. A deep, rich baritone, her words, crisp with that no non-sense, highly educated Bostonian twang of the Harvard elite. I sat; we all sat. She was still candy for the eyes but that goddess had feet of clay. She could hardly not be aware of the change in our emotional tone.

"Yes I am a new woman. And yes, I am here to ask you to make a small sacrifice, a small contribution for our country and for the whole human race."

The shocked silence was total and then someone booed. Cat calls followed and then, without even waiting for her to make her pitch, for we'd all heard the same old tired advertisements put out by the government over the years, many started to leave. She stood there in obvious frustration but she didn't make the mistake of pleading for us to listen and that caught my attention. I stopped and waited. I wasn't alone but I was but a member of a small minority that was still standing there when she began speaking again.

She was a good speaker, an excellent one. She could probably sell shoes to the footless. I knew that. I realized it was a sales pitch and nothing but. She was a real pro and that had entertainment value, I sat down to listen. She talked to me, to every heterosexual who had

remained behind. She talked about the D slash 4 discharge and how unfair it was. How we'd been made instant social and economic causalities in a war nobody wanted and nobody could win. She hadn't said anything I didn't already know nor anything that made surgery an attractive alternative. Like the intellectual she was, she shifted to the far future effortlessly, to a time we would never know. A world where homosexuality was the norm, where females were reduced to mere breeding machines. It was not a beautiful new world she described. The short term solutions the government had been forced to accept, like making heterosexuality a perversion, could and, she said, would have long term consequences. She talked about our women, the ones that lived hidden away. The picture she painted was of abject horror. Wombs with shackled legs. And I listened. She was believable. I, like most males, assumed that the surviving females had it good. They didn't, at least if we took her word for it. She talked about the present and future scars on the human psyche, the lost feminine impulse so needed to balance against the more aggressive masculine. Why new women had to fill the empty social slot until the arrival of next generation and the next and the next for the wound suffered by mankind would not heal for a long, long time.

The problem wasn't just about satisfying the male heterosexual's needs, society was rapidly being crippled without the feminine influence: caregivers, nurturing, loving, strong but gentle souls, the pink to give the blue a contrast. I think, somewhere in all that she lost me and probably most of us though we all would have agreed that a world without women was a lesser world than it had been. It was clear that she didn't want to simply cut off our balls, she wanted us to find our inner feminine. Frankly, Bobby was the only one of my family that had any of that. Somewhere in the very middle of her speech she lost all of us. I left and, eventually, so did most of the others even though she was up to full steam in her sales pitch now. What could I say, she meant well? She was asking too much. She was asking for things I didn't have to give.



Vulture was sitting on his cot, cross-legged. His shoulders were bent forward and his head drooped almost down to his chest. Sitting like that he looked like, well, a vulture of course. He'd just unfolded a flimsy and, with his thumb riding against the upper plastic lip of the device, had locked it into a functional, rigid rectangle. I was instantly filled with all consuming jealousy. "Where in the fuck did you get that?"

"Um," He said which didn't begin to satisfy my needs.

A 'flimsy' wasn't much of a computer by modern standards. It was just smart enough to find a wireless connection and then seek out and connect to the FLIM.com site. From there one could rent whatever 'virtual' devices one needed, it was all software and it remained in the FLIM domain. At a minimum one need an interface device. It was obvious that Vulture has opted for a virtue keyboard and mouse rather than the more expensive virtual audio-video interface, for his fingers began to play across the now rigid plastic film. "Hey," I said as I hurried over toward him and sat down on his cot.

He jerked the flimsy away. "Get your own."

"Like?" I said, my heart in my throat.

"Third Street, just beyond the barrier."

I left on a dead run. You have to understand that for the last five months, I and every other inductee had been, in effect, cut off from the real world. The first thing they took from us when we arrived in Denver was our cell phones, computers and any other device that allowed worldwide communication. Oh I think the security aspect, for the military, was obvious enough but none of us had ever lived without instant communication before.

Tell me I'm stupid, but the idea of crossing the barrier that defined the parameter of our camp hadn't occurred to me before. It was probably just habit that had controlled my behavior. The MP's were long gone and the guys on perimeter patrol were just guys you know, me if I wanted to take the assignment. "Hey," I said as I approached the guy on duty. Only the armband signified he was security, he had no gun. He looked up at me, for he was sitting on the curb with a flimsy in his lap. "I need to get me one of those." He just nodded his head as if pointing down the street.

It was kind of hard to miss once I crossed the barrier and turned down third street, there was a long line of guys in Army green, cued up in front of a doorway about a half block away. The store front window was covered with plywood and the door frame was scorched from an ancient fire that had probably gutted the facility during the riot. But tacked to the plywood was a sign that said 'FLIM Corporation' and in smaller print, 'Made in America'. "Hot damn!"

Like every other guy, the moment I got my flimsy up and running, I was sending out text messages to any and all. Most of the guys I knew were in the military so I didn't expect any response from them. Within seconds I was reading a text message from Bobby, it brought a tear to my eye. "Yeah, I miss U 2." I responded. A heavy weight had had been lifted from my heart, a weight I'd not even known I'd carried. The world had grown instantly smaller, and less threatening.



We were a bunch of young guys just hanging out and that's mostly what we did since the military had left. Oh there were jobs to do but the work was voluntary back then. I'd tried my hand working in the bakery but the heat got to me even though it was only mid March, I could imagine what it would be like when summer arrived, St. Louis was known to be extra nasty in the summer with all that humidity, not that it wasn't extra nasty in winter. Maybe the locals had made a good decision when they moved out, lock-stock-and-barrel. Anyhow just hanging out can get a little old. "Fuck, I thought something was going to happen when Sissy took over." Sissy was Dr. Markus. Nicknames were endemic here in camp. Like Ted was 'Vulture' and Pete was 'Pee Wee'. I was still mostly called Frank but increasingly the guys called me 'Farm Boy' which was hardly a nick name at all. Maybe not everyone got a handle, there was Sal. On the other hand, I had no idea if Sal's real name was Sal. Anyhow, to make a long story longer, a lot of guys started to refer to Dr. Markus as 'Sweetheart' or 'Sister' and the latter got shortened to 'Sis' and then, eventually, 'Sissy' and that stuck. I wondered if she knew? I doubt she cared.

"Well she isn't going to line us up and cut off our balls." Pee Wee said almost with a snigger. Unfortunately everyone knew about the time I went over the edge and ended up in the hospital.

"You got that right," Added Vulture.

"How so?"

"She doesn't have the political muscle."

I rolled my eyes, "And you would know?"

"Yeah? I've been following the stuff in Congress, Farm Boy. See, Sissy hooked her wagon up with the Eden Society." I shrugged, that meant nothing to me. "It's kind of a radical right wing super fringe group. I mean way over there. They want things to go back like they were."

"And who doesn't?" I responded with a chuckle.

"Neither the Republicans nor the Democrats see that as an option, else they would support involuntary new woman service."

"Which Sissy is in favor of?"

"Yeah."

"Why doesn't that make me feel exactly safe?" I said it for comic effect and we all laughed.

"But I can make a good guess what she is going to do," added Vulture.

"Oh tell me wise one," Said Sal. He and Vulture were in constant competition for the role of Alpha male in our little group.

Vulture's face grew smug and a half smile lurked at the corners of his mouth. "You been to her Face Book page?" Several heads nodded indicating that they had and mine wasn't one of them. "So you know she got her Ph.D. in Psychology before going on to medical school." The same heads moved yet again. "Well I looked up some of her publications and read them." We all looked impressed, except Sal, of course. "Before the Great Death, she was heavy into gender re-assignment, ok? Worked with transgendered individuals at John's Hopkins Medical School."

"And?" Asked Sal. The way he said 'and' sounded like 'so?'

"Content management," he said. "That's what determines the difference between a male and a female mind."

"That seems pretty dumb," Scoffed Sal. "So?"

"Yeah maybe it's dumb but it's her dumb, you follow. Anyhow using word association tests she says she can measure something called the cognitive gender index. Guys and gals, back then, didn't just use different words they used the same words differently. Anyhow, actions and activities can modify the cognitive content pushing it toward the male or female norms and..."

Sal stood up, "That's... psycho babble. And who cares anyway?" He said looking at Vulture and then at the rest of us. He walked out of the room and everyone else followed except me. I was confused but intrigued.

After we were alone I said, "What's going to happen?"

I think Vulture was hurt by what had just happened but then he recovered and gave me his full attention. "She's going to make us live like girls, real girls."

"Huh? Like dress up and stuff?" He nodded and I laughed, "Like that would make any difference at all? Come on. That's old guy thinking, OK? You put my Paw in a dress he'd have a shit fit. But you, me? My Paw still sees girl clothes as ah- a threat to his masculinity. We grew up without any females. I mean, they are only clothes some guys wear, you know, like my brother." I looked up at the ceiling, "If you can hear me Sissy, listen carefully, it ain't going to do diddle. Sorry Vulture, the other guys are right, it's a pile of psycho crap."

~oOo~

A few days later, the new dress code went into effect, so Vulture was vindicated. The code was really, really strict and much more complete than most girly-boys generally subscribed to. Legs and arm pits to be shaved along with any other offensive hair. If there was anything really obnoxious it was the requirement that high heels were mandatory. Exceptions were made in the latter, for we were also assigned jobs and, in some cases, heels would have been dangerous.

I was surprised that Pee Wee took exception and refused to comply though I'm not saying that any of us were happy with the requirements and more than one guy broke an ankle on those fucking heels the first week. They gave Pee Wee a citation which was like a traffic ticket. By the end of the week he'd earned a fist full and it was becoming quite a joke. Other guys followed Pee Wee's example. I didn't. Why wake the sleeping tiger?

Anyhow, Sissy had what she wanted. By the end of the second week, Pee Wee was declared 'incorrigible' which, of course, I thought was entirely appropriate. And then he disappeared. They'd arrived at our room like Gestapo in the middle of the night and dragged him away kicking and screaming. Sal, playing the Alpha male, threw himself into Pee Wee's defense which earned him 40,000 volts a la Taser, though that wasn't the brand name on the gun. And an unconscious Sal was taken away as well.

I should be clear about this, Pee Wee wasn't the only guy they got that night, he was just the only one I knew personally. About twenty was the general estimate. We learned later that Sissy could do exactly what she really wanted to do, which was to take Pee Wee's balls and the rest of his male equipment, assuming, of course he was a threat to the public order. Anyhow we didn't know that yet. What we knew was that Pee Wee and Sal had been taken away.

Sal returned two days later, a changed man to say the least. He wasn't a new woman since he hadn't 'crossed' an invisible line that had been drawn in the sand, but he would never be the old Sal again either. He had more silicon in him than a half dozen girly-boys. Implants like there had been a going out of business sale: hip, ass and breast. His lips were as fat as Sissy's now and his eyes showed fear, not rage. "I don't want to talk about it." He said when he returned. He was in pain from his many wounds, that was obvious, but more important, they'd broken his spirit. The lion had become a mouse. It was only later

that we discovered they'd implanted a timed release mechanism for the delivery of female sex hormones. Worse, they made sure that he knew about the latter treatment.

Yeah, Sissy had been a sleeping tiger. One glance at Sal was enough to quell the rebellion in my breast at least. If they did this to Sal one could only imagine what they did to Pee Wee. I couldn't stay to talk to Sal, not that he seemed inclined to talk just yet, I had to get to work. I had been given a sales position at the newly opened Department store. Oh yeah, Dr. Markus knew all about her nick name, the sign on the front of the building said 'Sissy's', go figure. Of course there was no male clothing to be bought. Jewelry, cosmetics and lots of girl things to be sure but absolutely no guy things down to pocket knives and video games of the more aggressive type. So far though I'd not had one customer and

made not one sale. The latter was fortunate since I was still learning what B cup or a size 'eight' meant.



~oOo~

One week after Pee Wee was taken away, Sissy added another level to her assault on our masculinity: comportment. She used the same system as she had before, citations for failure to comply. Such a policy was a lot harder to enforce. How one behaved in private, would certainly be impossible to regulate. So the moment I got back to my room, it was fuck this and fuck that. At least every third word was fuck or shit. Out there in the real world, one 'fuck' could get you a citation and nobody wanted any of those. Even one's tone of voice could raise an alarm and possibly a citation. We had to be all nicey-nice, all the time. I don't know what constituted proper feminine behavior but my Maw could have embarrassed a truck driver when she got angry. And maybe that was Sissy's intent. She raised the bar too high. Nobody from our

group 'disappeared' the following week, but almost a hundred other guys did. And there were snitches now, guys that would tell on you. One could earn a reduction in demerits by turning in a pal. Unfortunately, an accusation was as good as gold, no proof was required and some guys were not above using the system to achieve vengeance. Humanity, don't you love them?

The process of moving us out of temporary housing into apartments began with the arrival of a vast army of workers, ordinary guys, locals, mostly from East St. Louis, which was just across the river. Most of them were only too happy to have the employment even if it was only for a few weeks. That the city teemed with girly-boys didn't strike them as particularly odd and more than a few took a decided interest in us. We were young, after all, and youth is the very essence of 'sexy'. The rules of comportment made telling them to 'fuck-off' noticeably more difficult. It also brought home that I was in a dress and wearing makeup. It was May and, other than the sexual harassment we suffered, it was really quite pleasant.

In current culture, a girly-boy wore a sign on them that said, 'fuck me'. The clothes and makeup was a loud signal that they were open to male attention. I guess I was pretty enough even without boobs or long hair, I'd had my butt pinched until it was black and blue. Going to and from work had become a real chore. If this is what being a female was like, I didn't want any of it.

Whatever problems I had were nothing compared to those suffered by Sal. He drew men like an iron filing to a magnet. He certainly had the curves and his eyes, now all wimpy and scared, seemed to act like a red cape in front of these bulls. He made it perfectly clear that he didn't want their attention, sexual or otherwise, but most of the guys seemed, well, deaf to his protests. It was like, if you're sexy, you must want it. Anyhow, he hadn't been raped and that was something. Those dudes just didn't get it. Sex was supposed to be free and easy, especially with girly-boys and yet, we weren't either.

I don't think that bringing in the workers had been part of Sissy's plan but she must have seen and understood the significance of what was happening. Whether or not it was a good or bad thing, from her point of view, remained to be seen. So when the work was completed, most but not all of these men left. Some were offered jobs and free apartments and most of the latter accepted. Employment was not something one readily turned down back then. And so 'dudes' had become part of our changing landscape even as the Spring mutated into what would prove to be a hot, humid summer.

Our gang was broken up now. Each of us had our own apartment and mine was in a building at the far end of the 'camp' about as far as one could get from the river. It was a two bedroom affair with just the minimal furniture and no drapes or blinds on the windows. It hadn't been fancy even when it was new and five years setting vacant had done nothing for the place. It was classic shabby. I'd gone over to visit Vulture. His digs were significantly nicer than mine, though he'd taken the trouble of painting what could be painted and had replace the old furniture with nicer stuff. Maybe because I'd not seen him for a while I was taken back. He seemed, different, though why I couldn't put my finger on it, so I mentioned that.

He looked at me almost stunned. "Me? I was thinking the same thing about you."

It suddenly occurred to me exactly what was different about Vulture. He'd lost his vulture mannerism, indeed, he was sitting across from me with his skirt carefully adjusted in an almost lady-like pose. I decided not to point that fact out. He was holding his tea cup very carefully in his hand, pinky out, of course that was a little misleading, the delicate cup held raw local whiskey and not tea. I winced when I swallowed a sip of his booze. "Good." I said, it was a small lie.

Vulture was in training as a hair stylist. Like my department store, his C.C. funded beauty salon was now getting some business, not much, but any was a remarkable turn-about. I knew he was eyeing my uncontrolled mop of hair that now just covered my ears as I was assessing what size dress would fit him best. Our conversation had, almost from the beginning, turned to work, that's what guys did, right?

"It's happening," he said. "Sissy's plan. Here I was thinking what I could do with your hair and those nails..."

I laughed, "And I thought I was the only one. We have a collection of dresses that would look darling on you."

"Darling?"

I felt embarrassed. "Sorry, I don't know why I said that."

"Re-arrange the mental furniture, and the rest will follow."

"Dr. Markus."

He just nodded in response. "We'll wake up one day and wonder what the fuss was all about."

"And have a sex-change?" I wrinkled my nose at the idea.

"It will already have changed, don't you see Farm Boy? Sometimes I think, why not just get this over with. You heard about Pee Wee?"

I sat up straighter, "No."

"She's back."

"She?" I didn't need to know more. "You see... her yet?"

"No but she's asking about you. You do have an extra bedroom, right?"

I quickly responded, "I'm not sure I'm quite ready for that Vulture." I looked at him, "I'm surprised that they brought him back. Why not just send him home to Illinois?"

"Maybe Sissy's using him, hmmm?"

"Oh yeah, a real inspiration to be sure. Speaking of inspiration, how's Sal?"

"Sally? Pretty damn confused right now, hormones you know. Hardly knows which way is up. If he wasn't so darn stubborn... He doesn't want to give Sissy the victory." He leaned toward me and in a hushed voice said, "He's got a boy friend now so God only knows what's stopping him from taking the plunge."

We didn't know it then, but already Sissy's experiment was heading for the scientific junk heap. Her goal was nothing less than to get the majority of us to accept sex-change surgery, to willingly become new women. Instead, she'd accidentally created the perfect

program for creating 'girly-boys'. Our mental gender furniture was being re-arranged, to be sure. Eighteen and nineteen year olds are inherently adaptable and we were adapting. Social peer pressure was far more of a potent agent for us than it would have been for my Paw and Sissy had created an artificial but functional social frame of reference. The problem you see is that for Sal and, eventually, most of us, his penis was still the focus of his sexual pleasure. Sal's new femininity simply made the task of finding sexual gratification a lot easier.

Most of us, myself in particular, we just hadn't stumbled on to that truth, yet. However the door was wide open.

By allowing 'dudes' to live among us was another significant psychological factor. For starters, they responded selectively to us 'girly-boys'. The pretty ones, like Sal, got way more attention than say Vulture whose physical characteristics were far from the feminine ideal. Ironically, by restricting the number of 'dudes' to but a handful, Sissy had made them a limited commodity. In free market terms, they became scarce and thus valuable in our social context. The uptick in sales at my department store and in Vulture's beauty salon was probably a direct function of the growing competition between the girly-boys who had discovered the sexual potential of dudes. Oh yeah, Dr. Markus plan was veering off track, big time.

The real problem with Sissy's hypothesis was that she had a perverted view of the feminine. I say this in hind sight, for I was as stupid as the next guy when it came to female psychology back then. The mannerisms, the clothing, the whole nine yards were, ultimately, entirely superficial. And the sexual habits of the ordinary girly-boy were grounded upon base male instincts, not the classic female. Fucking and not long term relationships drove their social calendar. There were reasons why females, real females, behaved as they did and for the girly-boy those rules didn't apply. Truth? Even the new women were just girly-boys with a pseudo-vagina. But that is a long way ahead of my story. It was swelteringly hot. It was July in St. Louise when I got the boob job.



"Silicon is the traditional standard, Frank." Dr. Blackstone was employed by the C.C. and ran a small cosmetic surgical operation out of the downtown Hyatt Hotel. Though his facility wasn't equipped to perform a full sex-change operation, almost any other surgical procedure normally associated with feminine enhancement could be performed in his tiny suite of offices. He handed me a sample 'boob' implant. "They don't really have the feel of natural tissue, though some actually prefer the silicone texture and they're less likely to sag." Like I knew what a real breast felt like? Anyhow, what he said next got my full attention. "It is surgery of course and if you desire something that would fill a B cup..." I nodded, "more than one surgical treatment would be necessary in your case."

"A 'D' cup size?" I said. I mean if one were going to play baseball it helps to have the best equipment.

My request didn't seem to faze him at all, probably most girly-boys wanted big guns. Odd but most girly-boys ended up with relatively tiny hooters or at least that was my ex-

perience. I was soon to discover why that was true. Apparently one had to work one's way up in size. The first implant would be small, the next a little larger and so forth. Each surgery would be free, that wasn't the problem. Apparently there was some pain involved, enough that a lot of girly-boys stopped far short of their initial goal. I realized for the nth time that life wasn't easy, no gain without pain. "We have a non-surgical alternative, really a big improvement if I may say so myself."

"No surgery?"

He grinned, "The latest thing Frank, everyone will want it. It's a takeoff of the 'new skin' technology using T-cells to grow real breast tissue."

"No surgery?" I said again.

"Slow, ok? Silicon you leave here today with breasts and very sore arm pits. 'RealBreast' will take a few weeks to grow but the treatment is entirely painless, entirely. And there are other rather impressive advantages as well." I looked at him like he must have stock in 'RealBreast' but I nodded for him to go on and he did. "Based on T-cell technology," he looked at me closely to see if I understood what that wonderful term meant. I made a face 'as-if' I did, what-the-hey, no surgery was what I had heard. "Anyhow, the breast development is programmed genetically to within plus or minus a half cup size so one treatment is all you will need."

"I'll take it," I said.

His face fell. He wasn't done with his sale pitch just yet. He went on anyway. "Its way better, your new breasts will feel like the real thing because they will be real. Ain't that swell? Anyhow, it gets better." I twisted nervously in my seat. Enough already I wanted to shout. "Nipples," he said. "No more boy nipples, little false nubs but something a guy can really sink his teeth into." I winced, the image wasn't without its dark side.

"Fine. D cup. How long?"

"A couple of months, three at the most." My face must have fallen for he quickly added, "That's for full development Frank. A week and you'll have breasts as swell as most guys."

"Sold." My eyes widened as he loaded a long and very sharp needle. Apparently no surgery didn't mean no pain.

~oOo~

The doc was right about the needle work, it didn't hurt. As long as I kept my eyes closed, it was pretty much no big deal. When he mentioned that RealBreast, a product of NewSkin Inc. was only one of a whole product line, I listened. It wasn't all about more. Re-programming tissue could also make less, now that was a new idea. The treatments on my butt and hips could make more but my waist... that was almost too much to believe. Sweet Jesus, even Pee Wee didn't have a real girly waist and she was my role model.

"You do this for anyone else?"

"It's pretty new."

Which meant what? Would I look like a 'real' girl? I'd like to be pretty but I'd settle for believable. I had the best motive in the world, I was in love and I needed to look, well, real. "How much could you do?"

"A lot." He said. "Especially with your face."

"Cool."

His face clouded up, "It's not free."

That was a shock. We all took this stuff pretty much for granted, government approved and funded. "Oh."

"It's still waiting for FDA approval."

"Oh." I knew what he was saying, it was illegal, black market or, in other words, he was getting something under the table. There was only one question, "How much?"

"The works? Lips, nose, throat, vocal cord... a thousand, in cash."

A thousand was as good as a million to me or any of the other C.C. guys. Minimum wage was a buck an hour now and we C.C. guys got five dollars a day even though we lived rent free, five bucks just covered the necessities. "But it could be worked out, right?"

He thrust his tongue against the side of his cheek. His eyes said yes without him having to say so in words. He knew people that could 'set things up'. We were talking prostitution, that was clear. Servicing guys in a world in which sex was free and easy meant that the girly-boy had to be something extra special which meant that he saw me as having that extra special potential. It was enough to turn a guy's head. "I'll think about it, I surely will."

"Don't think too long honey. There are plenty of others that would jump at the chance."

"I'm involved with someone, Doc. I don't know how she would react if she found out that I was... you know?"

"Sorry?" He cocked his head.

"Hooking." I blurted out.

He looked appalled. "Prostitution? Heavens. What a horrible idea Frank. Sex for money?"

I was confused, "I... I thought..."

"My dear child, what must you think of me." He shook his head slowly, "Comfort services for visiting dignitaries."

Right. Prostitution but for visiting V.I.P.s, it was as clear as mud. I would be a pig wearing lipstick but still a pig. I'd be one of those guys wearing the candy striped dresses that were seen tucked under the arm of a favored 'guest'. It wasn't a job without opportunities, were I so interested. Not just the potential for extra cash, one could get connected. But I was already connected, I was in love with an extra special guy. "Ok, yeah, it's just a job, right?"

He nodded in agreement.

Hell, I thought, could he make me that pretty? I'd do it for Pee Wee. "Deal." I said holding out my hand. Pee Wee didn't have to know the sordid details; it was like moving up from a sales position at the department store to ah- public relations for the C.C.

Chapter 4

Things were changing and not just here in camp. Around us, just beyond where the barriers had been, shops and stores were opening. Free enterprise was a foot. Almost nine thousand girly-boys who were beginning to discover their sexuality, had become a local attraction. At first just a few visitors would come over from East St. Louis, on weekends, to take advantage of the wide open opportunity for a little fun. Soon that traffic became a minor flood and we even had visitors throughout the week now. The Hilton, run and operated by the C.C., was a going concern by mid July and Sissy saw what was happening and concluded, incorrectly, that it was good.

Bars opened and even a Casino stumbled into being and all of that was controlled by the C.C. and, of course, Sissy. Government projects never, as a rule, make money and we were fast becoming the exception. By the end of July, I was hooking even though my breasts were the size of eggs, sunny side up, but that was getting well ahead of my story. How could a confirmed heterosexual male become a first class whore? Aside from the money and motive to pay my new debt, it was Pee Wee's fault.

~oOo~

Pee Wee had taken her own sweet time in looking me up, but she did one night back in early June. She appeared at my door, unannounced, in a pair of jeans and an oversized man's shirt. She was, after all, no longer a male and thus not regulated by Sissy's strict dress code now. Her hair was short, not any longer than mine but it had been nicely cut. Freshly washed and still damp, her red hair looked, in that dim light, as if it were perhaps black and not the brassy red that it was in reality. And freckles still spanned the bridge of her nose, for she wore no makeup, not even lip gloss. Perhaps she wanted me to recognize her for whom she had been, to see her as Pee Wee. If she had, the attempt was a complete failure. She was no girly-boy, I could see that in an instant from her clothing. She was a woman which, of course, was impossible. I stood there open mouthed looking at every young heterosexual's best wet dream, she was lovely and female and... it was her green eyes that told me exactly who was standing there. I almost collapsed. "Pee Wee?"

"Hey," she said. Her hands were clasped together in front of her as if she was cold but it was probably just anxiety.

"Gosh." My brain was a total blank now. I stood on locked legs like the dumb object I'd become. I stared at her until she couldn't take it any longer.

"Hey, can I come inside?"

I broke free of my mesmerized state and stumbled back, "Ah- ah... sure." I was still not exactly off the brain freeze.

I don't know what she thought of my behavior. She must have concluded that I was frightened of her, "I don't bite."

I giggled, now at last semi-free. "Gosh, Pee Wee it's great to see you." The truth was I couldn't find Pee Wee at all except for those green eyes and his voice. "I... I just didn't recognize you. Holy cow, you're excellent." And then I regrouped, again uncertain, "I mean, if that's all right." She looked puzzled, "What I mean is, you're a real babe." I gushed. "And... that's funny knowing you as... as..."

She made a sour face and pushed past me. "It get's old after a while. Frank, I hoped you of all people..."

"Sorry." I said feeling now defensive. "How about a drink? I got some local stuff that will take the enamel off your teeth."

She crossed her arms under her breasts as she looked around my place. "Yeah, sure. Pretty drab. Frank, you need to brighten this place up. Some paint wouldn't hurt for starters."

"Not at all like the Hilton, right?" I said as I hurried to the kitchen to get some glasses. I didn't know about her, but I knew I needed a drink. "You still staying there, at the Hilton?" I called out over my shoulder. She didn't answer. She seemed to be in a bad mood and everything I'd done, so far, was wrong. What did she expect anyway? That we would connect up like nothing had happened? Give me a break, I was only human after all.

The drink eased my stress a tad. She hardly touched hers, I could hardly blame her it was raw moonshine after all. She stared even more openly at me than I dared to do to her. "I swear Frank, I hardly recognized you when you came to the door. Those clothes," she made a flipping motion with her hand in my direction, "the way you wear them, you look like you were born wearing a dress. And I'd die before putting on heels and there you were, home, alone, wearing them." She just shook her head.

I was stunned. She, after all, had gone through the sex-change surgery. I cleared my throat and offered to pour her more booze which she refused having barely touched what I'd already given her. "You are a woman now." It was a retort but a weak one at best.

"Not of my own choosing Frank." She bit her knuckle and then brought her hand back to her lap. She was nervous, perhaps more so than I.

"There is that." I shrugged, "None of us are free to be ourselves. I don't know about you Pee Wee but what's happened to me isn't just skin deep. Me, Vulture, none of us are like we were."

"Fuck, you still have a dick." She snapped with irritation.

"Sorry, you're right." I let out a long sigh. This wasn't going very well.

"You want to talk about it?"

"Christ, no. I got to get beyond this... somehow."

"We all do, Pee Wee."

"Ain't that the truth. Frank, can I stay here for a few days? I mean, if that isn't a problem?" I nodded. "I need time to sort things out. Time away from every hot dick pointing in my direction." Again I nodded. "I trust you Frank. You good for that trust?"

~oOo~

Pee Wee and I were pals and had been since that early morning bus ride out of Oxford Mississippi. He'd been there for me when I'd lost it here in St. Louis, when I'd gone mental, and he'd had helped me get it together again. It seemed all too appropriate for me to be here, now, for him. It was only the threat that they would take my balls that had sent me over the deep edge and poor Pee Wee had actually lost his and then some or rather, she had been created. This wasn't a transgender thing, Pee Wee hadn't been happy as a hetero in a world without women, but he, like me, had been looking for some kind of life, some kind of sexuality that was acceptable to his basic heterosexuality, something that felt right, but surely not this. Uninterested in men, she'd been carved into the very essence of what men innately sought. New women were so rare, few, if any of us, actually saw one in the flesh. I remembered the impact Sissy had made when she presented herself at the ball park this Spring to the men in the C.C. camp.

Odd how just the sight of that female form had triggered our pent up heterosexual desires. Perhaps even stranger was the repulsion I'd felt when Sissy had finally spoke, as if by that voice alone, the magic had been destroyed. Pee Wee was really no different than Sissy. Younger and therefore equipped with the added sexiness of youth, to the eyes or at least my heterosexual eyes she was all that I might have hoped for. Her voice, however, lay halfway between male and female, the effect was like that of not quite spoiled milk, slightly sour but still drinkable. I would not comment on that unless it seemed appropriate. However, Pee Wee need not fear that I would turn into a male animal and attack her body. The potential for lust was there but I was certain I could control myself. Yeah, she could trust me.

We'd known each other for slightly more than six months and yet, like most guys, we hadn't talked all that much about things beyond the here and now. I knew she had been born Peter Stone and had been raised in Springfield Illinois. From that fact alone I could conclude that she and I shared much the same mid-western culture though she was raised in a city and I on a farm. She had two living brothers and I one and both of our Paws drank too much and still mourned for dead wives. Beyond that, our mutual knowledge of each other was pretty limited. I was sitting in my bed reading that first night when Pee Wee came into my bedroom. She was wearing an oversized tee shirt that came down to mid thigh and was naked underneath. The latter was obvious as the material had molded itself around her perky breasts, probably a small B cup would be adequate I recognized from my growing experience at work. My relaxed 'disinterest' was probably less than I pretended it to be sure. Those sharply tipped nipples and the way her breasts moved loosely under the cotton had already started an erection as if a light switch had been flipped. I ignore my body's reaction as well as I could and continued to pretended to not notice 'her' attributes but she had to know, she had eyes. There was a tent forming under

the bedclothes. She looked at 'it' and hesitated as if weighting her options and then, finally, she said, "Mind?"

"Huh? No." I lied as I shifted toward the opposite edge of the bed giving her space.

She tugged at her tee shirt, holding it down, as she pulled back the sheet and blanket and eased onto the bed. I felt the bed receive her weight, my balls were already tight against my groin as my penis became an iron rod fully capable of doing what it was intended to do. My face must have given me away for she paused before drawing up the bedclothes and said, "You can control yourself, can't you Frank? If it's too much, I can leave."

My heart was pounding, my palms were sweating and I lied with all the conviction I could muster, "Hey, no problem." I went back to reading but my eyes raced across the page and encoded nothing. I sat there pretending to read until I heard her breathing change into that slower, deeper sound Pee Wee made while sleeping. All those weeks we shared a single room in that old hotel, six cots crammed into one hotel room, yeah I knew Pee Wee was asleep. I turned off the light and stared at the ceiling. I lay thus forever awake or at least it had seemed to be an endless night.

I went to the department store the next day and the next. And each evening was precisely the same as the first one had been. There was a bond forming, of sorts, for I'd proven beyond measure that I was to be trusted, though if she only knew how thin the thread was that held me back, she would have been less secure. When they cut off her balls, they must have uncorked her verbal capacity or perhaps it was the female hormones that unleashed that



part of her brain. Unlike the old Pee Wee, she talked and talked and shied away from nothing. Oh it wasn't just chatter, I couldn't have stood it if it were, she was opening up to me like I was some kind of shrink and she was the patient.

Guys don't, as a general rule, open up and expose their vulnerabilities even though we all have them. We sure don't expose our social-sexual insecurities. Like me, he had dreamed of being 'normal' which, simply translated, meant to be like everybody else and in high school he discovered, as I had, that he was heterosexual. Unable to get it up with a guy and equably unable to play the passive role, he'd pretty much closed off his sexuality. It wasn't the best of worlds but it was acceptable. Only now, the pressure for sexual performance had been elevated to horrendous levels. She didn't just talk about these things, she cried a lot as well and I listened. Yeah, been there and done that.

"Dr. Markus is very, very unhappy with me." I laughed, I could imagine she would be. "Her whole plan is based upon getting guys like us to accept, to willingly accept surgery. Maybe she hadn't thought far enough ahead." Pee Wee shrugged, "Anyhow giving me a vagina didn't automatically make me want to use it." I nodded knowingly. "And cutting off my balls and giving me female hormones didn't help my sex drive. I really don't have any strong interest in sex anymore. It's... almost fucking gone Frank." And she began to cry yet again.

I drew my arms around her and held her close. She buried her face in my chest. I couldn't help recognizing for about the millionth time how completely perfect that slight form felt in my arms. Truth I was falling in love for the first time in my life. It was more than lust but, hey, lust is good. I wanted her to suddenly discover that maybe being a hot babe was really ok. A reflex born a zillion years earlier surfaced, quite unexpectedly, I kissed her head and squeezed her closer still and held her sobs in my arms as each successive shudder weakened and became more infrequent. She would soon quit crying and that would be my loss.

Eventually she untangled herself from my arms. If she realized that I had kissed her, she'd said nothing. She wiped at her eyes and blew her nose and pretty much looked embarrassed. "Hormones," she said and then shrugged causing her breasts to jiggle under the same over sized male shirt she'd worn that first evening. She pretty much avoided girly clothes and refused to wear a bra, the latter fact was all too apparent to my male eye. "I'm not a virgin, you know. Dr. Markus made sure of that."

"What was that like?"

"Strange, totally strange. My brain knew that something was wrong with having someone inside me. Yuck." Her face twisted into pain, "The worst part, I felt small and helpless. When he got on top of me I thought I was going to get smothered." She rolled her eyes, "Stubble like sandpaper. Everywhere his face went, I felt pain and later, God..."

"Hey," I said, taking her into my arms for she looked like she was going to start crying again. She went into my embrace almost eagerly this time. It was a big event even though nothing happened. Thirty seconds passed and she didn't cry nor, more importantly, did she break contact. It was a kind of passive-aggressive moment. I was stunned and she was silent. And then, finally, she twisted out of my grip, stood up and headed for the door.

"Pee Wee?"

"I... I got to go," she said. Her voice was husky with emotions and she avoided my gaze.

"But... Will I see you again?" She closed the door behind her without responding. I felt grief and even some rage and then I felt utterly hollow and truly alone for the first time in my life.



Three days passed. I was in mourning, my life was held together only by habit and routine. Had I not had a job to go to, I think I might have done something terrible to myself. It was mid morning on the fourth day since Pee Wee had left me and I was in the lingerie department setting up a display when I heard her voice. My heart stopped. I stood there holding a long, black negligee, the nylon material now electric in my arms.

"Hey." I turned and stood there not knowing what I should do.

Her eyes were as big as saucers, her cheeks were flushed and she seemed to be having as much trouble getting her breath as I was. "I-love-you." She said, taking care with each word.

I nodded like a bobble headed doll. One should have something to say, better yet, something swell, cool, poetic. I was without words and so I nodded 'yes' and was too brain dead to do better.

"I want to be with you Frank, can you handle that?"

"Oh God!" I said and in the next instant I'd swept her into my arms. She didn't resist but she didn't respond either. I was kissing a rag doll. I stopped and held her away. "But?" I said.

She twisted free and took four, five steps, almost leaving the showroom floor. For a second I think she was actually running away. Having expressed her love... And then she stopped, turned and squared her shoulders. "You're right, Frank, there is a but." She looked around as if seeing the clothing for the first time and then walked over and picked up the negligee that I had been holding but that now lay on the floor. She pulled it through her fingers and then brought it to her face and nuzzled it before letting it drop back to the floor. "I talked to Dr. Markus."

"Um." I responded.

"She says you might be good for me." I nodded though if Sissy approved, that wasn't precisely the best recommendation. "Truth? I really do love you. I can't get you out of my mind, so even if Dr. Markus didn't approve, I'd be here for you Frank, if you'll have me."

"I've been going crazy ever since you left Pee Wee."

She walked over and took me in her arms and this time she was no rag doll. The kiss, on the lips, was long and sweet. It was our first and, of course, it was special. Neither of us wanted it to end and so it didn't for a long, long time. Inside that kiss was my whole adolescence and adulthood, the entirety of my pent up and frustrated passions. My hands worked the whole of her body for the first time. Her butt cheek in my hand felt as familiar

as if I'd been doing this forever and yet it was the first time. Hard nipples drew my fingers like moths to light. It was she who first thrust her tongue into my mouth and still the kiss grew. But this was not the time nor the place for intercourse. Our bodies parted but we both shared the many tactile after images. I could think of nothing but of being alone with her. And then she hit me with her request.

"The first time I saw you standing in that doorway..."

"Yes?"

She looked flustered, "You looked so... adorable." She fluttered her eyes and then hurried on, "I hadn't realized just how sweet, how pretty you were."

"Me? Pretty?" I was taken back, thrown off the track so to speak.

"You look really good in heels and the makeup brings out your eyes."

"They're only brown." I answered still trying to sort this whole thing out. First she said she was in love with me and now this?

"Only brown?" she laughed, "Sweet doe eyes, yes. So gentle and warm and... I know this sounds strange Frank, but you turned me on like no girly-boy has ever done to me. I could almost imagine that you were... a real girl. I think I would have made love to you that first night had you worn something like this." She nudged the negligee lying on the floor with her foot.

"Phoo!" I exclaimed. That was too weird. I was really confused.

She laughed, "Dr, Markus says I might be the last lesbian on earth."

"Lesbian, right." My hands slid down the side of my skirt and I was all too aware of my feet inside my high heels, the nylons, every last feminine garment I had on. It had all become so, ordinary, and now, abruptly, alien.

She was looking into my eyes, her stare hard and analytical but her face was anxious. "Could you be my pretend female lover."

The key word was obviously lover. It wasn't like I had to do anything that I wasn't already doing, except dressing al la fem for bed. "You're serious?"

"I couldn't be more so."

It wasn't just weird, it was funny. "Honey, I can be all the women you ever wanted." I cocked my hip and threw out my arm, my hand dangled limply from my wrist. I giggled and so did Pee Wee. "Deal."

We were in each other arms again, "Lord I love you Pee Wee, I surely do."

~oOo~

In a fairy tale we would have lived 'happily-ever-after'. Of course it would have had to be a 'fractured' fairy tale. I did everything I could to be Pee Wee's ideal woman and, she reciprocated as well as she could. If Sissy were watching, and I expect that she was because Pee Wee was an important subject in her 'experiment', she must have been initially quite pleased with what was going on. Pee Wee's clothing and comportment became em-

phatically feminine, as did mine. Of course Pee Wee had the advantage in that she was a new woman down to her functional vagina.

Sexually we were decidedly the odd couple. It was important for me to be the passive, receptive partner. Pee Wee always initiated and always claimed the superior position and to do otherwise... well the love making would abruptly end. Needless to say, Pee Wee was very insecure about his manhood, duh? He had no penis and yet in his mind he was the guy and I was the gal, are you following me? Once my penis was inside his man made vagina, it was like it was 'his' and not mine. Ok, pretty odd but it worked as long as I remained passive and let Pee Wee drive his phantom penis into my phantom vagina.

Looking up, with Pee Wee on top, I had no difficulty with seeing a female there riding my rod so for me the necessary illusion was no illusion at all. It was Pee Wee that needed the illusion that I was fully female and that is why, eventually, we both decided that I needed 'breasts' and whatever else medical science could provide. Hormones were definitely out, of course, 'our penis' had to be fully functional for both of us.

Maintaining such a complex relationship was difficult and, ironically, almost counter intuitive. I had to become a woman to function as a man. There was a gradual disassociation between my penis and the rest of me as I strived to be woman-enough for Pee Wee. There was so much more at stake than mere sex, but sex is a powerful force. Both of us had, well, the classical idea of male and female in the biblical sense. Perhaps Pee Wee was simply the stronger personality, but gradually I gave my male sexuality to him as a gift, an offering. It was almost necessary for me to do so for us to succeed and it leaked into every facet of our relationship. I was a head taller than him but he eventually towered over me, emotionally if not physically. I cooked and cleaned and decorated and... he was my Alpha male.

I have been using the pronoun 'he' when referring to Pee Wee for the very simple fact that having taken my offering, 'he' truly re-emerged. As long as 'he' was only visible in the privacy of our bedroom, there was probably no serious problem but once set free, the re-born male could not be compressed back into that new woman identity. Looking back, I can only guess that Dr. Markus understood something of what was happening and she could not have been happy.

The end of the beginning arrived one night early in July. Pee Wee entered me using a dildo strapped to his groin. He made love to me as he had always wanted to do, as a male. It was that night that we agreed that I needed implants. "Dr. Blackstone," Pee Wee said. Dr. Markus raves about the man's work."

I looked at my sweet Pee Wee, "If it'll make you happy my love."



Dr. Stillwell Markus' tenure as head of the St. Louis C.C. Camp for the Incurably Heterosexual (CCCIH) was fast coming to a close. She was a smart new woman and had to see the hand writing on the wall. Of the hundred and thirty some heteros that had under gone involuntary sex reassignment, not one had made a particularly good adjustment. Certainly Peter Stone, a.k.a., Pee Wee, was a classic example. More butch lesbian than new woman,

individuals like him had no known application to the existing mega social problem which was too many heterosexual males and far too few females. Males that felt trapped in a female body would not help stabilize the social fabric. The Eden Society's push for 'forced' sex change had lost most of the little clout it had had with Congress. That part of the experiment was on its last legs.

Ironically, mainstream politicians were really attracted to what had happened under the good doctor's guiding hand. Nationally, the girly-boy phenomena represented a small but stable minority of young people, about seven percent. Some said that was about the same proportion of effeminate males before the Great Death which was to say it reflected some underlying genetic predisposition. If so then Dr. Markus had indeed achieved a substantial breakthrough using only social techniques. Even if only one in three of us in the camp had 'really' accepted the girly-boy social role, that could translate into millions over the next decade and millions were relevant. The development of the NewSkin technology made possible highly advanced cosmetic feminization without resorting to hormones or surgery. Girly-boys with balls would be far more sexually active than castrated males. Anyhow the Eden Society wasn't happy. To them the girly-boy was as much of the problem as the disruption of the sex ratio caused by the great Death. But who was listening to them now?

Starting in October, a full third of all the new draftees would be sent either to the St. Louis Camp or, to one of twenty plus others, all modeled after Dr. Markus' brain child. All told, perhaps as many as four hundred thousand and for certain, girly-boys would no longer be treated by the military as just ordinary guys, so it would be more than just heterosexuals this go around. The war effort would have to do with what was left. Instead of basic military training, they would receive formal feminization training. It was law, passed by a strong majority, not that the President, a moderate, would have even thought of using a veto. Oh yeah, the enlistment term for these candidates, was determined by the rate of progress the individual demonstrated and could be as little as six months followed by duty in the U.S. Army Active Reserve until the age of fifty-five, yeah the Army was taking us back. Goodbye D slash 4.

I was still in my Candy Cane dress, having just completed an assignment with a Congressman. The transition from Pee Wee with a dildo to a real male with a functional penis was surprisingly easy. What had really worked for me was learning to be truly passive. It was like dancing, follow the guy's lead and all would work out. With Pee Wee, there was no other way to have sexual congress but it worked just as well with real guys. One couldn't be completely stupid or limp like a rag. It paid to anticipate, to look for subtle cues as to what guys really wanted or expected and then to give it to them in spades, lots of 'false' enthusiasm or what I called vigorous reaction. Since I'd developed my fem voice, squeaks and shrill cries worked wonders and a lot of quivering could make the slowest lover cum. Hell, sometimes I even caught myself getting turned on. This morning, for example, I came along with my customer. Messy but it sure beat the dry fuck, no blue balls.

"Vulture? What exactly is this ah- reserve duty?"

"Teddy," he sniffed.

The world was going to Hell in a hand cart all right, "Ok, Teddy Dear."

He was wearing long artificial lashes which did nothing as far as I could see for 'his' presentation. With a body like a basketball center, extra long and lean, it would take someone with particular tastes to 'enjoy' Teddy as a girly-boy. "Mostly you have to keep up the girly-boy persona. Dresses, make up, you know, the same stupid stuff."

"Until fifty-five? Like the rest of your life, more or less?" Teddy nodded. "How would they know?"

"Know what?"

"That you're doing it."

"It?"

"Sex. I mean, that's ultimately what this is all about, right. Getting old guys off."

"I'm sure they have something up their sleeve."

"So you don't know." I stared at him. "That's a first."

He laughed. "Rumor says we could all get out of here by the end of August." I blinked. "Most of us. You for certain." He looked troubled, "I don't want to get stuck here Frank."

"You'll be ok."

He shook his head, "Look at me."

"For Pete's sake Vulture- ah- Teddy, you look fine."

"Not in a pigs eye. You got to help me pal."

"Ok, sure." I looked at him. Nature had not been kind to poor Ted. "NewSkin," I said. It was obvious he didn't know what I was talking about. I was one of the few to have the treatment thus far. "I have contacts, ok?" He looked relieved. "And attitude." He groaned. "Look I was lucky, without Pee Wee I'd be no better off than you, ok? It's about wanting to please someone, to be receptive to their desires. To fem for them. Gosh I don't know. Look, you, me, most of us heteros get turned on to the idea of a real gal but there aren't any. So, I gave Pee Wee what he needed because I understood there was no other way."

"Understood what?"

"Some of us have to give up something for most of us to have a life worth living."

"Fuck."

"Seriously Ted, once I got over the initial hang up it's been like gliding downhill on a bike."

"You have Pee Wee."

"Yeah. For me that was everything. Love is the key." Teddy's eyes misted up and he started blinking them rapidly as if fighting back tears. "Are you all right?"

He jerked his face away and swiped at his eyes, smearing his mascara. "You know," he said, "I'd give anything to be normal like you."

"Normal?" It hit me like a ton of bricks, normal? Back in high school I must of dreamed about being, well, like everyone else a zillion times. To be in love, to be loved. Teddy was right, I'd made it. Admittedly Pee Wee wasn't your textbook average male but, he and I had formed a loving relationship. Normal? Close enough for me.



I had tiny breasts, as I said earlier, like fried eggs sunny side up, all areole with just a hint of breast tissue underneath. They were sensitive in a way that implants could never be. It wasn't long before having them stimulated got my engine running. They were like big soft buttons that started my prick to elevate. Equally odd, self stimulation wasn't a quarter as effective as when Pee Wee touched them. As yet there was no obvious change in my hips or butt, ditto my waist, but the NewSkin on my face had already made my cheeks as soft and smooth as a baby's bottom, not that I'd personally ever touched a baby's bottom. And shaving and stubble was a thing of the past and not just on my face. Everywhere Dr. Blackstone had applied the NewSkin the effects had been the same, an unnatural hairlessness and extra smooth, soft skin.

The real shocker was my voice. The treatment of my vocal cords threw me back to the voice I'd had before puberty. A lot of people were surprised at just how significant that change was. I remember being turned off when Dr. Markus spoke last Spring when she first arrived at the camp. The voice is really an 'inner' cue about one's nature, or so it seemed. What I knew for sure was that people stopped and looked at me when I spoke. It was better than a couple of cup sizes for making one 'real'. Anyhow, Pee Wee loved me before but he truly lusted after me now. So much for loss of sex drive, huh?

The more convincing I had become as a woman, the less Pee Wee held up his end of the bargain. His choice of clothing reverted to what he had worn earlier and all pretense that there were two women in bed together fell away. This was particularly odd considering that visually he was obviously a she, down to the last physical detail, but mentally... Once Pee Wee started to use that dildo he never reverted back to my penis. I missed that but not as much as I would have thought. Like my breasts, I'd learned or perhaps discovered that much of my body was capable of erogenous sensations especially where the NewSkin had been applied, like my school counselor used to say, there is no homosexuality (or heterosexuality for that matter), only sexuality. I would add that gender is grown out of necessity and, if you like, my re-vitalized gender was now fem-male born of love as well as necessity. How strong that love was had yet to be fully tested. That would soon change.

"You can't be serious Pee Wee."

"Why not? Why the fuck not?" His tone was rising sharply, his cheeks brightened, as blood rose just under his nearly translucent skin and his rich, full, lower lip thrust out aggressively.

I had seen this side of him more than once, and it was always a bit scary. It was the classic, dominant caveman, macho-male, the threat of physical abuse that hung not so latent in the sounds of his male voice. Ironically he looked like an angry woman and certainly not the macho male he was inside. "Because I'm very much attached to them." I was speaking of my balls and he was speaking of female hormones and the two did not go well together. "I... I can't believe you would even suggest..." I stomped my foot in anger. "NO!"

He just glared at me.

There was no end, it seemed, in his need to feminize me further. I told him over and over again that my breasts would grow. He was too impatient. Worse, I suspected that it wouldn't end until I had a vagina just like him. No he hadn't said that but one could read between the lines. And then what? Were he to drive me to the most extreme condition possible, would I then become just a failed project. The problem was, I suspected, Pee Wee wanted a 'real' woman and I could never be real enough. And I still loved him, damned if I didn't. I knew my resolve would eventually fold under his assault and he knew it too. I'd never said no to him since we'd become a mated couple. "I'll... think about it, OK?" Truth, he was really, really attractive, especially when he was angry, go figure.

"Peter," He said.

Apparently it was a day for new or rather old names re-discovered. Vulture was now Teddy and now... "Yes, Peter."



August 5 was my birthday, I was now nineteen. Ever since the Great Death, birthdays had been a bittersweet holiday for most people for it usually was as much about the mothers we had lost as it was about growing up. Peter made it about me, as did my friends. I was wearing a simple white cotton dress belted under my budding breasts in what the store called the Empress Style, the latter was 'in' right now. Both the front and back were cut square and the sleeves were puffy and short. It was too hot to wear the satin underskirt that had come with the outfit or nylons so I felt half dressed. It was too hot to hold the party inside our apartment and too many bugs to make a pleasant evening outside, which is why we ended up at in an air-conditioned bar near downtown.

Everyone, except Peter, was dressed to the nines, especially Sal or Sally now that she'd fully accepted her fem role. She'd brought her 'current' squeeze, one of the regular 'guys', a local, so Peter wasn't the only one in male clothing. But it was rather obvious that Peter was 'cross-dressing' and not a real guy. Peter raised a lot of eyebrows among the other patrons at the bar but then Peter seemed to wallow in being conspicuous. That he could get away with it, said volumes, so nobody actually said anything to him.

Dr. Markus even stopped by for a few minutes. Fortunately she didn't stay long, she made everyone, except Peter, uncomfortable. She made nice with me but it was obvious that her reason to be here was to see Peter. A few minutes later I saw her and Peter, heads together, talking in the corner. Truth? I was instantly worried. She was up to no good. After she left, I felt more apprehension than relief. And Peter? He seemed buoyant and proceeded to get really drunk.

"It's a secret." He said when I asked what he and Sissy talked about. He leered at me and pulled me close and gave me a wet, drunk kiss that I could have done without. And then he just left, me and the party. Now that was a kick in the fanny.

Teddy came over as soon as Peter was gone. His new breasts, silicon implants not NewSkin, rode loosely under his low cut red cocktail dress; they wobbled like peaches in a nearly empty basket with each step, which meant he'd not worn a bra and most certainly he should have. Red wasn't his color and his makeup techniques were crude and certainly

not effective. Were he trying to be a clown, he would have succeed, however I wasn't in a mood to laugh at that moment and he could see that. "Something wrong Sugar?"

"Yeah. No," I shrugged, "Hell, I don't know. Every time I see that woman..."

"I know the feeling. I wonder what she and Peter talked about?"

"That makes two of us." I looked at him and lied, "Looking good Teddy, real fem."

He wrinkled his nose, he knew I was just being nice. He looked at the other 'girls', most of them had been on that bus we'd taken from Oxford Mississippi. "It's hard to believe that just a year ago we were all fresh out of high school and getting ready to become soldiers. Boys ready to become men. All of them have implants now." He didn't need to add that with the new law, the chance to return home, had done more to stimulate Sissy's girly-boy program than any threat she could have engineered. Teddy was living proof of that.

"But how real, huh Teddy? How many will still be girly-boys when they get back home?" I really wished I'd not taken the NewSkin treatment now. Getting rid of silicone implants wouldn't have been too difficult.

"All of them, all of us will be girly-boys Frank this time next year." Teddy said gloomily.

I looked up at him, "You know something I don't?"

"Yeah, I guess. Dr. Markus has wanted to use hormones on us even before she got here."

"That was almost the 'least' of what she wanted to do to us and they wouldn't let her."

"Yeah, well... that was when she was pushing involuntary sex-change surgery. Hormones were just a step in that direction."

"Are you saying..."

"Actually it's in the agreement we'll be expected to sign when we accept Active Reserve duty. Yearly hormone implants and ah- well our overall physical condition will be inspected as well, each and every year until the cows come home and we are too old for anyone to give a rat's ass."

I looked at him, "You know that for a fact?"

"Sure, it's in the law Congress passed. Yearly fitness tests and 'tune up'," he laughed.

"You are a wonder," I said to Teddy.

"You should really read it, the law I mean."

"Why? I got you Teddy."



A week after my birthday, Dr. Markus disappeared. Officially, she stepped down from her C.C. appointment after the U.S. Army reclaimed the program, but unofficially she really just disappeared. Rumor had it that she didn't just leave the program, she left the

country. Probably China was the best guess. China's ruling class had the mentality that would support Dr. Markus's and the Eden Society's agenda. Mass involuntary sex-change wasn't about to happen here in the good old U.S. of A. I could have cared less about what happened to Dr. Markus, but when she left she took Peter.

Why? Peter was one of her worst failures. Most people don't want to be reminded of their own failures. Scientists, on the other hand, are often of a different mentality. She could learn more from Peter than she could from someone like me or at least that's my guess. Ironically I was her greatest success or certainly one of her greatest. But it wasn't what she'd done that had worked. There was something critical in that unique interaction between Peter and I. We were both young and sexually inexperienced but then that description could be applied to most of us in camp.

From the beginning we were vulnerable and frightened. The D slash 4 discharge from the military, which was in effect at the time, had done nothing for our self image or confidence but again that was true for all of us. That I found the new Pee Wee, post surgery, attractive and she, me, that had to be the significant factor. Lust and love grew together and led to an impossible situation with an improbable solution, we became the woman the other saw and loved, for a while at least. But that complex relationship couldn't be sustained and I guess I blinked first. None of that mattered now with Peter gone. I existed in a void, suicidal and I was certainly not good for the image of hope the Army wanted to project to the nation. Newsmen and congressmen and significant others began to arrive in droves about the time they took my candy stripped dress away from me. They wanted me out of sight and out of the collective consciousness. I was the first to be discharged as an official female, it said so on my all purpose, laminated, photo I.D. Fran King, someone had dropped the 'k' on my first name. It was the exact same identity card the new women carried so the obvious legal difference between me and them was erased. I was Miss Fran King, new woman, and I was going home to Ohio but without the money a new woman would have received, the hundred grand. Five bucks a day and full medical, U.S. Army active reserve. It was a pretty easy assignment, I just had to serve as a new woman in a world of horny men. The surgery option was still open to me but that wasn't a bridge I was ready to cross just yet. Home from the wars, I was a vet, oh yea, but active reserve duty.

Chapter 5

West Lake had a population of roughly twenty-eight hundred before the Great Death. Even then we weren't big enough to have our own high school. I went to a rural county school, the same one my brother Bobby was going to now. The largest employer in town sold farm equipment and the nearest hospital was twenty mile away in Lisbon, the county seat. We had a general store that sold anything you would ever need, assuming that your needs were very limited. But a Wal-Mart sat just outside of town on the main highway. Even before the government instituted the universal draft, West Lake had had trouble keeping their young folks at home. Now when I returned there wouldn't be a soul between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one. They hadn't changed the sign on the outskirts of town but the twenty-eight hundred and fifty-seven was way out of date, more like seven or eight hundred now. Like small towns all over the world, it was dying. But I was

home and my initial duty assignment to the twenty-first military district which included all of eastern Ohio, said I'd remain here until orders said otherwise. I would wear a leash but at least it was a long one. Show the flag, or in my case, a small pair of breasts to the locals, be that tiny ray of hope, of promise for a better tomorrow.

Bobby was there waiting for me when I got off the military transport in front of Charlie's Drug Store. Apparently Paw had relented, because Bobby's skin tight pull-over contained an un-naturally huge set of hooters. The way he stood, his thin shoulders thrown way back and his boobs thrusting aggressively out to the world, suggested that he was particularly proud of them. His outfit was something only a girly-boy could love. A micro-skirt made of spandex, fish net hose and needle thin heels that were almost invisible to the eye as if Bobby were walking on his toes. And walk he did, with that exaggerated swishy hip swinging and butt wiggling parade that screamed: I-want-to-be-fucked-but-maybe-not-by-you-so-eat-your-heart-out. "Frank!" He squealed and then stopped, "It is you, isn't it?" Unnaturally full lips covered in lipstick formed a vivid red 'o'.

Compared to him, I was wearing nothing special: White skirt and blouse, a touch of paint and those ubiquitous but relatively speaking, modest heels, of course. My hair had reached my shoulders, barely, and yet, compared to how I'd looked going into the service, I guess I'd changed more than he. Still, neither of us were unchanged to be sure. My bra said 'A' cup and they weren't exactly filled to capacity and his were C cup, at least, silicon cannons. "You should talk." I said.

Again his eyes widened. "Cool. I'd kill for a voice like that Sis. How do you do it?"

I'd forgotten about that voice and what it did to people. "Long story. My you have grown out, a lot."

He giggled and then put his arms around me and kissed me on the cheek. I returned the hug. It was impossible not to be aware of his full breasts squished against my chest nor of that mass of hair that threatened to cover the two of us as the wind caught and played with it. We were still hugging when I asked, naturally, "How's Paw?"

He broke free and held me at arm's length, "Still grumpy as ever."

"So he let you huh?"

"Oh these." He said taking his breasts in his hands and lifting them up. "Yeah, sure. He had too."

"Had too?"

"No age limit anymore, thank God. You know Paw, he screamed at me like there was no tomorrow, but I was within my rights." He puckered up his unnaturally full lips as if to say those breasts weren't the only boy parts that had received attention.

"He's not going to be happy when he sees me, like this," I said.

"He already knows."

"Of course he knows, I e-mailed him..."

“Naw, the world knows. They been running stories on the program at St. Louis for the last couple of months. They even ran a story in the paper here about you, like you are some kind of secret Army weapon and all.”

“So everybody knows.” So much for keeping a low profile. “It’s good to be home.”

“Damn right Sis, I can call you Sis now, right?” He giggled and continued, “What are you going to do now? I’d half expected you’d head straight to Cleveland or maybe New York City.”

“Hey Bobby, you know what the guys in the Army called me? Farm Boy. I guess I am. I want to work the farm with Paw.”

He gave me a sidelong look like I was crazy and then helped me with my duffle bag.

If there were a lot of guys like Bobby, the country wouldn’t need the new Army program, but there weren’t. I suspect that Bobby, in a different world or our world in a different time, would have been some frustrated cross dresser or a closet homosexual or both. He was no transsexual though, that was for sure. Like me, he was comfortably attached to his penis and balls. For him, his inclinations were, well, appreciated and encouraged in the here and now. To say that he was popular would be to make an understatement. He was probably going to be crowned Home Coming Queen this coming Fall and that would be a big deal if it happened and for all I knew he would be prime contender for Queen of the Prom next Spring. I guess I was lucky he was there to pick me up for his social calendar must surely be filled to the very brim.

When I left, which was still less than a year earlier, men in women’s clothing was still pretty uncommon. We were, after all, a socially conservative community. But as more and more men began to fill the roles formerly maintained by real women, some began to adopt the whole image. Breast implants weren’t exclusively the realm of girly-boys anymore. That fact was brought home like a hammer blow as I passed the minister’s house. Preacher Paul was sitting on his porch swing, with his husband. That wasn’t news, his companion and he had tied the knot almost two years earlier. No, what was news was that Paul was made up in full paint and in a dress and, if my eyes weren’t lying, he now had boobs. Of course, there had always been suspicions about our minister even before the Great Death. I gave the couple a little wave and they both returned it with bright smiles added in for good measure. I guess the point was that for a small minority in even our community, the Great Death had produced improbable opportunities. That there was a beauty shop on the corner and a dress hanging in the window of the General Store said that there were enough fem customers in and around West Lake to have a viable business.

“Any one special Bobby?”

He grinned, “Paw keeps the shot gun loaded all the time now. Seriously Sis, it’s not like I can get pregnant.”

I shrugged, “It’s a new world and Paw just doesn’t understand. Hell, I hardly know what’s right and wrong myself.”

“And you?”

“And me what... oh.” My voice collapsed. “I... I don’t want to talk about it.”

“Big hurt, huh?”

I didn't respond, I didn't need to, it was written in my face and my body. I felt suddenly cold like someone had just walked across my grave. Where was Peter now? Did he miss me? Would we ever be together again? Some things were better repressed but I wasn't there yet.

The car jerked to a halt. "Just a second," he said as he hit the speed dial on his cell phone. After a brief pause, "Honey Boy, we are heading out to my Paw's place." And then, after a momentary pause, "Roger that."

I looked at him, "What's that all about? And who's Honey Boy?"

Bobby blushed. "A guy, just a guy."

I could see that this Honey Boy was more than just a guy, "And?"

He twisted around and looked at me. "It hasn't been all peaches and cream around here lately. Bandits."

"Huh?"

"Started out with ordinary robberies but after the Armory in Lordstown got hit..."

"Whoa, backup a second Bobby."

"Things aren't like they were Sis. Kidnapping's the big thing now that they have real weapons, they go mostly after kids, if they can find them, and... fems like you and me."

"Who?"

"That's the worst of it. They're not outsiders for the most part. Ordinary old guys, neighbors like Olaf Dunker."

"Olaf? Mr. Olaf Dunker? He was my high school Civics teacher."

"Was is the right word. He was killed during a raid on a middle school last Spring."

"Mr. Dunker?" I was stunned. Who would have thought? I remembered him as a bookish type, a regular Mr. Peepers.

Nobody knows how many they are and they aren't very well organized. The Feds haven't been able to do anything about it 'cause they have a couple of wars on their plate already. The National Guard's pretty much sitting on their ass in the big cities, cause the problem isn't just here but there as well. God knows the Sheriff is doing all that he can."

"Fuck."

"Mr. Price has pretty much organized West Lake into safe zone."

I was way over my head by now so I didn't even ask who this Mr. Price was. "Is Paw safe?"

"Sure, I guess. It's not like they are 'real' bandits. They're just a bunch of fucked up hetero's. Anyhow, here's Honey Boy now."

Into view swung a fully armored Hum-vee that had Army written all over it. It was certainly not a civilian job. The thirty cal machine gun mounted above the cabin bobbed and swayed until a man emerged through the roof and took charge of the weapon. He was no kid, probably thirty to thirty-five years old, but he was certainly not Army either, long locks flown down and across what had to be a Hawaiian shirt nor he was he Honey Boy I

was quick to discover. As the huge vehicle slew to a stop, out jumped the driver. He was old enough to be my father, mid forties. He swaggered over as Bobby hopped out of the car and flew into his arms. Yeah, they were old pals, that was obvious. After a long, torrid kiss they finally separated. "Sis, this is..."

"Honey Boy, yeah, glad to meet you." I said holding out my hand. It was my voice again. That look of pleased surprise bloomed in his eyes. Bobby saw that as well and he wasn't pleased.

He recovered, "What are we waiting for?"

Honey Boy pulled at his face as if in deep thought. "You better ride with us."

"Huh?" Bobby looked alarmed.

"I'm just being extra careful." He said. "Look everyone knows one of them new women from the Army was coming here." He was talking about me as if I wasn't there. "Anyhow, can't be too careful."

Bobby's face lit up, "Swell. You ever ride in one of these Sis? Bitch'n."

I grabbed my duffle bag out of the trunk and was quickly relieved of the weight as Honey Boy became the complete gentleman. Again, Bobby's face flashed irritation or was it the green monster?



The last leg of my trip home wasn't at all like I had imagined it would be. Slits replaced windows so watching the landscape roll by was ruled out. While in St. Louis I'd become used to the looks I'd gotten from 'dudes' but in St. Louis I was a fem among thousands of fems, we, not they, were the majority. In the rear of the Hum-vee I sat with two militia guys, Bobby was riding up front with Honey Boy. The pair of militia men stared at me like a pair of hungry, stray cats with me playing the role of the canary. Both were in civilian clothes but they held automatic weapons casually in their arms like it was an everyday thing and both wore flak jackets. All I could do was stare back at them. The phrase, 'meat-on-a-platter', came to mind. Was this what the C.C. program was all about? I'd assumed it was to be this way but I was still made uncomfortable facing the fact straight on. The vehicle came to an abrupt halt.

Honey Boy's voice boomed from the front, "Lance check out the house. Benny, you work around to the back and give it an eyeball and Fran?"

"Yes?"

"Sit still 'till I give you the OK."

The armored doors opened with a metallic groan and the sun light streamed in. Lance? I was thinking to myself. It wasn't a common name here about. My little league coach had been... And then it sunk in, the guy that had sat across from me on the left was Mr. Thorn, Lance Thorn. Had he recognized me, known who I was... probably, I mean. How could he not? Maybe it would have been easier thinking of these people as strangers but they weren't. Locals, people I'd grown up with. Lance was one of the straight arrows or had been.

That look in his eyes said otherwise. Working with strangers would have been better, I concluded. I was a tad late and a dollar short coming to that conclusion. What was that old saying? You can never go home again? Well I had and both I and home had been twisted into a nightmare. I was lost in thought when someone blocked the sunlight streaming through the open door.

“Son?”

“Um, Paw?”

He was but a dark silhouette but the familiar voice hit me like a spear going into my gut. I was abruptly all too aware of my costume, of being like I was and not the son he'd seen off to war. I started to get out of my seat. My movements made all the more awkward by my intense self-awareness and it was like I had lost all that training, as if I shouldn't, no, couldn't be in high heels and... His hand reached inside to help me and I took it. That hand was hard and firm, as mine had been once.

“There,” he said as I stumbled out. He was holding both of my hands now in his and the sun was blinding me and it was so wrong as I wanted to tug down the hem of my skirt but I couldn't without letting go of his hands. I felt un-manned.

“Paw?” I said. I wanted to apologize even though I had nothing to apologize for. I blinked and there he was.

His face was a smear of conflicting emotions but joy and relief dominated and he pulled me toward him and enfolded me in his arms and held me thus for many long seconds and when he pulled back, tears were streaming down his cheeks. He didn't even bother to wipe at them. I don't know but that image brought tears to my eyes as well and in the next instant I flung myself back into his ready embrace. Paw had always been kind of stand-offish. He wasn't one to give public vent to his emotions but then we'd never been separated before. All that I knew was, I was home. “I want to stay here Paw. I want to work the land, work beside you.” He sobbed in reply. For a sweet moment, all that had happened over the last year was gone as if it had never been.

I wasn't happy going back to the village. Honey Boy ended our little reunion all too quickly and he made it entirely clear that my going back to the safe zone wasn't made as a request, but as an order. Paw wouldn't go back with us. There were animals to take care of he said, which was true. It was also pretty obvious that he didn't think much of Mr. Price and his private army, though he hadn't actually said that in so many words. And his eyes spit daggers at Honey Boy, Bobby's lover. There was bad blood there to be sure. Bobby and my Paw had, however, worked out their differences over the last year. My old man seemed to be finally willing to accept Bobby as a girl, as a daughter, and that was quite an accomplishment considering what things had been like before I left. Bobby was as much a real girl as nature could have made, a bit brassy perhaps but feminine to his very toe nails. Anyhow, the trip back to town was pretty much like the trip out except I talked to Mr. Thorn and he was, well, quite the fountain of information.

According to Lance, Mr. Price had been a carpetbagger from the East drawn to the opportunity to buy up a lot of prime farm land for pennies on the dollar. He'd already bought up half the land in and around West Lake when the troubles started. He used his money and considerable influence to build his own security force and, having created that

force, not only created a safe zone, he used the situation as an excuse to draw in and take possession of nearly all the girly-boys in the region.

The troubles started when the Feds started gathering up all the youngsters under the age of ten. Pulling kids from families, at least here, was a declaration of war. Anyhow, those that had young sons didn't give them up willingly no matter how rational the government's policy might have been. People like Mr. Price made the situation worse, as I said earlier, by monopolizing most of the fems. Bobby and his kind had been brought to West Lake for their protection. It was self-righteous greed and everybody knew it, even Mr. Thorn. The battle for the children had evolved into a battle for sexual resources. Now it was open war between the haves and the have nots. Mr. Thorn had made the decision to be on the side of the haves. The fact that he could be so frank with me suggested that at least it wasn't a police state. Mr. Price was, like something out of the history books, a 'warlord'. That the government pretended to not notice that fact said a lot about the current state of affairs.

None of the schools were in session now, it being August, nor would they open come September unless the 'bandits' were driven off. And how could they be driven off, this was home for the majority of these men. Unless Price relented and let the girly-boys go home, the guerrilla war would continue into the foreseeable future. It was obvious to me at least and I said as much.

Lance gave me a look like I was a complete twit. I pulled out my I.D. card and looked at it. They couldn't keep me here. This was as good as a pass when I was a soldier at Tank School. As an active Army reservist I could go where the need was greatest, assuming the Army agreed. I wasn't going to be an addition to Mr. Price's harem, leastwise, not if I had any say in the matter. I looked up and saw Lance staring at my laminated card. He had to know what I was thinking.



Mr. Price was a short slender man, lean and in his early fifties, he had a nose that looked native American if the Indian on the new Buffalo Indian Head penny were accurate and he had an accent that suggested that England and not the U.A. was his birthplace. He was better shaved and better dressed than the average male in West Lake and a very proper gentleman in manner and comportment. Some, principally Bobby, thought him to be sexy or at least passably attractive but she'd probably never seen the sneer that he wore on his lips in our meeting. I did not find him attractive either. He'd just discovered that the term, a new woman, was more of a legal technical description than a physical fact in my case. Lacking a vagina, I was just another girly-boy to him, though a bit older than the norm, and he wasn't pleased. It was like discovering that that brand new ten dollar bill he had found on the street was counterfeit. The heightened level of security I'd received this morning was due, no doubt, to that misinformation. Had I been a 'real' new woman, I would have been the first in the county.

Of course my figure hadn't made him any happier. My NewSkin boobs and butt had yet to grow to their eventual potential, perhaps they might never develop, after all it was experimental stuff. All Mr. Price could see was what I had, which wasn't much, though,

like everyone else he was taken by my voice. The new skin had softened my features as well as my skin and even I knew that my face was pretty by even the old standards. Apparently my voice and face had been enough to raise Mr. Price's sexual expectations, that and novelty. The sneer slowly faded and once again he became the suave, man-about-town, a lady's man. I was invited for dinner at his house, the old brownstone on the corner across from the now empty but not deserted elementary school where his Army was housed.

It wasn't like I had a choice. I left his office and was headed out toward the park where Bobby said that she would wait for me when I was intercepted by Mr. Price's private secretary and general purpose man-Friday. "You will wear this," he said handing me several boxes. He sniffed, "And for God's sake, bathe." And then he was gone. I was a bit miffed.

I spent the new two hours getting ready for dinner or rather Bobby spent that time getting me ready. I was the peasant girl selected by the Duke to share his bed, well he was a Duke of sorts, according to Bobby. That time I spent under Bobby's care was utterly strange. Not that Bobby was acting strange but that the two of us could have been natural born girls and that this would have been 'normal'. It started with a bubble bath during which Bobby sat next to the tub as I soaked and he filled me in on life here. Mostly he talked about 'guys'. He and Honey Boy were going steady, that figures I thought. But it turned out that steady didn't mean that their relationship was anything like exclusive. In addition to Honey boy there was Chris and Willy who were regulars, whatever that meant. And on every other Saturday, he went to a dance and, inevitably went home with someone new. "How many guys have you slept with, anyway?" I finally asked.

His face grew a blank, "Gosh. I don't know. Bunches. It isn't like the old days Sis. There are so many of them and so little time."

I laughed. Where had I heard that before. The only guy that had ever turned me on had been Pee Wee and she hardly counted as a 'real' guy. "Yeah, it sure isn't like the old days."

After I got out of the bath, he took my hair out of the curlers and fussed with it as I started to apply my makeup. I knew what I was doing, and in spite of Bobby's insistence, I didn't layer on the paint. Frankly I didn't need to.

The bra was several sized too large but it and the other undergarments were simply delicious. The gown was an off the shoulder job, very lush and, in good taste. It was after I was completely dressed that Bobby decided that my hair had to go up. And to give it mass or rather pseudo-mass he used a ton of hair spray. More air than hair but it make me look, well, regal or like the bride of Frankenstein depending upon one's view point. Finally there was the jewelry, lots and lots of jewelry, again that was Bobby's idea. If the diamonds on me were real, I was a walking bank. And in my gut I was fairly sure that they were exactly that, real and why not. Jewelry was as plentiful as real women were not. None of the precious stones were worth a quarter of what they had been before the Great Death and I'm sure Mr. Price had simply grabbed them out from abandoned homes, their owners either dead or gone.

My shoes were, swear-to-God, glass slippers, manufactured in East Palestine Ohio and were, according to Bobby, all the rage. Very strange fairy tale shoes and yes, not at all comfortable. It was thus that I was escorted to that brownstone house as darkness fell. A

pretend fairy tale princess for a very real Warlord. Not a real new woman but I certainly could pass as one. Perhaps it was all the care that went into my presentation, but I felt entirely feminine and now even eager for what the night had to offer.

~oOo~

I made a conquest that night by the very simple fact that I was beautiful. No, it was more than that to me. I found that inner feminine that Dr. Markus had asked us to find back at Camp, that inner feminine that I had thought belonged only to Peter. She belonged to me now and to whom ever I chose to share her with. Maybe it was his seduction of me, his carefully planned and perfectly executed entrapment, that lead to both of us being brought under the same magical spell. That I failed to achieve an erection was surely do to the hormones, but that fact had not dissuaded my lust as it would surely would have done on other nights. I was in full mode to please him as I had done so frequently with Peter, that I opened myself up to unexpected pleasure. I can't say that I climaxed and I can say that I certainly did not cum, but on another level, I did precisely that. I reached and passed sexual release or was it personal fulfillment. I felt complete and whole. I'd fed on Mr. Price's lust like a vampire on blood and had gorged myself.

I remained with Mr. Price, Lloyd, until well after dawn. I could have stayed indefinitely, I knew that with a certainty. But I had no de-



sire to do so. The magic wasn't connected to Mr. Price, perhaps it had happened in spite of the man, for he wasn't really a nice person. The magic had bloomed inside me, it was mine, it was me. He'd just been there, an accidentally witness to my birth.

I had breakfast with Bobby and I told her everything that was important. She looked at me like I was dumb as if I should have known what I had discovered as a birth right. Perhaps, for her, it was just that, a natural state of mind. For me it had been hard earned. I knew now that Bobby was female and perhaps she had always been that way. Not a girly-boy but as female as, well, our mother. It was a state of mind, not a product of surgically created femininity. Had Dr. Markus, Sissy, known or effectively communicated that, I would have gotten on her bandwagon. "I'm leaving," I said. Bobby looked startled. "Out there," I pointed. "They need me." They? The thousands of heteros not part of Mr. Price's kingdom. "That's what the C.C. program is all about. Bobby, you should come with me."

She looked stricken, "I... I can't."

It was obvious. She was afraid. Common sense said stay here were it was safe. Propaganda from Mr. Price probably reinforced that fear. It would only get worse unless something of normalcy could be given to the majority of the men in this community. Mr. Price was the problem and not the solution. I didn't push it. "I'm going back and live with Paw." Her eyes widened further, "And yeah it might be dangerous." I laughed, "What are they going to do, rape me? They certainly are not going to kill me Bobby." I patted her hand and stood up. "I love you Sis, take care."



Paw's eyebrows bobbed up and down in surprise, as much from the fact that I appeared almost magically out of the corn field from behind the house, as the fact that I had appeared at all. I'd simply walked out of West Lake and made a bee line for home. By avoiding the roads, I'd bypassed the several checkpoints Mr. Price had set up and heck, it was shorter, less than three miles. Coming across the land also gave me a chance to appreciate what was happening or rather not happening. Most of the fields I crossed hadn't seen the touch of the plow blade at least for a year and these were prime farm lands with rich, dark soil just begging to be used. When I finally reached the edge of our property, I could see that Paw hadn't given up at least. Lots and lots of field corn stood in regular rows waiting to be brought in but, to be honest, it should have been harvested already. Dried out it was fit for animal feed and nothing else. "We need to get this in, Paw," I said holding out a dried ear of corn, "unless you plan on feeding the deer all winter."

"You shouldn't be here Frank." He looked around as if expecting to see a band of naked men suddenly appear. "They're savages."

I stood there and shrugged, "Paw, they're neighbors. Just ordinary folks like you and me." I pushed past him and went to the shed to check out the harvester.

"You sure you know what you're doing?" He said following after me.

"Yeah Paw, we were trained in St. Louis for just this sort of thing." I lied. I knew what had to be done, the problem was I didn't know how exactly to get it done. For things to re-

turn to normal, one had to live like normal people, somehow. "And the first thing we need to do is get that corn in and try to save some of that hay."

"You fit enough?" He said, looking concerned.

It was probably the lack of real work and exercise all those months in St. Louis that accounted for my loss of upper body mass. There hadn't been time for the hormones to do their thing, right? "Sure Paw, this dress only makes me look wimpy."

An hour later I was on top of the John Deere pulling the harvester through the corn field. I started out wearing a pair of old cutoffs and a long sleeved cotton work shirt but that didn't last long in the Indian Summer sun. I soon shucked the shirt and rode the Deere bare back. By evening I'd be as red as an Indian and in three days, I'd be as brown as old leather. Been there, done that. Unlike old times, my chest now wore boobies the sized of cooking apples, Grannies, they, like the rest of me were pale white with over sized nipples. One could hardly miss the nipples, they were the color of my hair, brown, and stood out in visual contrast to the rest of my white skin like giant buttons. The first time I passed Paw, naked to the waist, his eyes bulged half out of his head. He opened his mouth to say something and I just stared straight ahead. Truth, he'd just have to get used to me being like I really was. I couldn't pretend to be the guy I had been.

I let Paw work on his lonesome once the sun slid noticeably toward the horizon. I hurriedly washed up and changed into full fem clothing that I'd carried here. Nothing fancy: skirt and blouse, ordinary stuff my Maw might have worn but with a tad more makeup than she would have used and heels, she never wore heels except to church, I set to preparing dinner. More than enough for Paw and me. Enough for guests, if they came. I knew someone had been watching me most of the afternoon or at least I'd felt a tickle that worried my neck.

By the time Paw came in I was surely exhausted. It wasn't easy playing the part of son and daughter. Paw gave a start when he saw me all fem but I think the smell of fresh baked bread took his mind away from that in an instant. "Wash up Paw. Dinner will be ready in thirty minutes." He didn't comment when he saw the extra dinner plates on the table.

We didn't receive guests that night which gave Paw and I time to catch up on each other. I told him how I'd changed, inside I mean. How I'd accepted the need for someone to fill in for the missing women. I didn't go into the details but he had some idea of what I was talking about. "So you're queer now like Bobby." It was a statement, not a question.

It was clear that I hadn't fully succeeded in my explanation. "Look Paw, if there were gals, I'd be looking to hitch up with one, ok? But they're aren't and I can't." I was frustrated. "I'm not like Bobby. Bobby is um- a natural. She has a gift, me, I'm still working at what has to be done."

"Has to be done?" He growled.

"Yeah Paw. We need to see families again." He looked stunned. "It's in our nature."

"Are you saying what I think you are? You're planning to marry some guy?"

"More'n likely two or three Paw." I could see this discussion was heading for a cliff. Heck, he'd hadn't accepted my Maw's death and that had been more than six years now.

“Don’t worry your head on it Paw, it might never get that far.” The truth was I could be dead or worse if things didn’t go just right. I showed him my I.D. card, “It’s official Paw, it say’s I’m female and I’m doing my duty for the country. I can’t do that hiding in West Lake. This is the front line, the real front line.”

We went to bed early that night. I hadn’t felt so tired in ages nor so good. Honest work appealed to my inner nature.

~oOo~

I started growing out of my clothes in a hurry. Perhaps it was all the fresh air and the hard labor but probably it was just that enough time had elapsed for the NewSkin treatment to finally get rolling. The next morning I woke up with red skin and breasts the size and shape of mature Bartlett pears but it was my pale ass that had really bloomed over night. Those cutoffs had been loose on me yesterday but the material was stretched tight this morning. Gone was my boyish butt. If Paw noticed the difference he said nothing.

That day passed exactly like the first had, though now the corn was in. Tomorrow we’d start haying. The first step was to get it cut and baled, that I could handle. But then after that, there would be a problem. Wet, the bales would weight about a hundred pounds each. I could likely carry one but as to tossing them, probably not. It was pretty clear by now that I wasn’t as strong as I had been. Again I put out extra plates and again, no one appeared. Things weren’t going as I had expected them to go.

That night it rained cats and dogs so we wouldn’t be haying tomorrow or probably even the next day. As it turned out, it was almost a week before we could start haying with one storm following another. And the bales would weigh an easy hundred and twenty pounds once made. I hardly noticed for my body was working on over drive. I remember wanting big breasts, well they came in all right. Surely ‘D’ cups and they weren’t things that either Paw or I could ignore. My ass felt wider than a barn door and my waist was down to an even twenty-four inches. I had turned into a virtue sex kitten. Even Paw was treating me differently now. The idea of me tossing around hay bales just vanished like the morning dew. Truth, I was responding to me differently as well.

I got some of Maw’s clothes out of the attic. Nothing I had would fit now. Most of what Maw had wouldn’t do either but I found a wrap she wore that I could make do. It was some kind of manmade fiber, nylon-rayon-whatever that when I pulled it around my body fit like a second skin. Without a bra or any underwear, I felt buck naked. The emphatic additions to my figure were all too apparent. “Paw, I got to go shopping.” He just shook his head in strong agreement.

Chapter 6

Some people had lived beside Gilford Lake all year round but most of the houses there had been built by rich folks from Akron or even Cleveland and served as summer homes back before the Great Death. Now, like so many of the former home owners, the community was utterly dead and the houses, empty. A few, like the one I was in now, were really rustic mansions with huge fire places and decaying boat docks. A little attention and it

would be swell. The only thing in this monument to the past that had received attention thus far was me. I could hear the faint sound of a gasoline engine coming from the rear of the building, the electrical generator I assumed and I could smell the lingering acid odors from the great fireplace that had provided the only heat last night. As August slid into September, the last few nights had grown cold. Fall was coming.

I was lying in a large four poster bed and the cotton bed sheets were covered with an antique, handmade patchwork quilt, the likes of which would surely not be made again in my lifetime. To my left and right were the Nelson brothers, both were asleep and naked. I could hear sounds from the 'great' room coming through the open bedroom door. The main part of the house was configured like a simple cabin, for giants. The overly large room, dominated by the huge stone fire place served as a kitchen, dining room and living room. An old fashioned wood burning Franklin stove, the sounds of it being fed fuel, rang out as wood collided with cast iron. Breakfast was being prepared. There was nothing like fucking to give one an appetite. I climbed over Robert or at least I think it was Robert. He and Danny were twins. I crouched on the floor and picked up my wrap and drew it about my body. The cold made my nipples wrinkle into sharp points which were duly expressed by the thin pseudo silk fabric. Thus equipped, I headed into the bathroom.

I was still more sex slave than a whole person, though slowly a sense of civilization, of community, was growing. Last night I'd chosen the Nelson brothers rather than them choosing me. The simple fact that there were all too many men here and only me had made my desires worthy of even that slight weight. It was better that I choose someone than the endless fights that had been so common before as long as I chose everyone with the same frequency. And multiple bed partners was the only way that I could satisfy enough men in a reasonable amount of time. Having been so long without, many seemed to want to catch up with that lost opportunity. To be completely frank, the task I faced was substantially larger than I'd expected. I told Paw I'd probably take two maybe three men as husbands, but twelve? I wonder if Christ felt this way.

I never did get new clothes. In fact I was on my way to the Wal-Mart when I had been taken. Sammy Green's white pickup truck had forced me off the highway less than a mile from my Paw's place. Thank God Paw wasn't with me. He would have died trying to protect me and that would have been a real horror. A white van that said Charlie's Drug Store on the side, pulled up even before Sammy got out of his truck. Charlie wasn't driving, of course, Charlie Peru was almost seventy. Nor was it his son. It was Henry, his grandson, who'd only just completed his tour of duty in California, that was at the wheel. I knew 'of' Henry growing up but he'd graduated from high school before I was a freshman. "Henry?" I said.

He was looking at my breasts and nothing else. Those 'D' cups were a little hard to miss. "You're coming with us," he said to my breasts.

"Yeah, ok I can see that." I was scared, to be otherwise I would have had to be nuts. Having known what had to happen eventually, having mentally prepared myself for this encounter, was still a long way from dealing with the reality. "There's no need to rape me Henry."

Damn if it wasn't that voice of mine working its magic for Henry's eyes jerked away from my breasts, startled. "Damn." He said. A shit eating grin broke out across his face. "Fuck me if you ain't real."

I wasn't about to argue with him. "Real enough Henry, just don't gang bang me, ok? I couldn't stand that."

Sammy either didn't hear me or he didn't give a shit as he shoved Henry aside and grabbed both of my breasts in his hands and made like a meat grinder. I think Henry was intimidated by Sammy or perhaps it was his own needs that took over. It was unpleasant to say the least. Draped over the hood of Paw's car, they took me. It wasn't sex, it was a release of pent-up anger and frustration. I think I came within a hair of dying that morning and more than once I wanted to die.

But I didn't die and, by late afternoon, I arrived where I was now. I left the bathroom, my hair still damp and my face unmade but my wrap around securely in place. "Pancakes, right? Paul? The world can't run on pancakes every day. Com'on, let me make up a batch of home fries and eggs."

He looked at me blank faced, "You'd do that?"

"What? All I'm good for is fucking? Dang, get away from that stove." I watched him retreat. "How about homemade bread and maybe a pie, later of course." Eyes wide he just nodded. Yeah, civilization starts with fresh hot bread. "I'll make up a list of what I'll need Paul." For the first time I felt like I had regained something of real control at least over Paul. While you're at it, see if you can find a vacuum sweeper and some cleaning supplies. No reason we got to live like pigs, right?"



I can't say that I went from sex slave to queen of all that I could see by baking a pie. In fact it backfired on me initially: cook, house keeper and sex slave. But I was unique, more precious than anything else they had and, frankly, I was like a drug, a habit forming drug. The more they got from me the more they wanted. They needed me far more than I needed any one of them. The first time I refused sexual favors because Jimmy was being crude, the whole structure of our 'community' hung in the balance. His open hand slashed out and just about took my head off my shoulders. I spun around and hit the floor, all ass and elbows. The next thing I knew, Paul and Nick beat Jimmy to a bloody pulp.

Anyhow, that didn't happen again nor would it ever. In less than three weeks, I could freely say whom I would or wouldn't have sex with and even when the event would happen. I went home to Paw's place for Thanksgiving, on my own, and when I returned of my own free will, I think the last nail was in the box. From that point on, having earned their trust, I was no longer a captive. Twelve almost husbands now and they began to compete for my attention. Gifts and more important, open signs of 'real' affection soon followed.

To paraphrase my sister Bobby, it wasn't all peaches and cream after that. In their eyes I'd evolved from girly-boy female sex substitute so someone who was less substitute and more, well, real. The change in their feeling toward me was palpable. They had to know that I was as close to a real woman as they were ever likely to see. Grudgingly for some of

them, readily for others I became a complete new woman who happened to have a penis and balls. As I transitioned into a fully acceptable female the fairy tale happily-ever-after came apart at the seams. Males, as a rule, work well together as a team if a goal can be defined, but as a household it was another thing entirely. Don't ask me why there has to be an Alpha male, but apparently there does.

Over the weeks between Thanksgiving and Christmas, there was a great deal of coming and going usually preceded by fights and it seldom involved only two of my 'husbands'. They'd form cabals, usually in pairs against one or several males who had grown too strong. Murder had yet to be committed but it seemed only a matter of time before such a thing happened. Jimmy left, never to return and then Sammy. With the worst of them gone, it got better but not good. Finally on Christmas Eve I could take it no longer. I'd spent the day putting together a regular feast and it was toward the end of that meal that I made my announcement.

"I only wanted us to be one, big, happy family but guys it isn't happening. Maybe it can't. All I know is that if we are a family, we're pretty dysfunctional." Paul snorted but before he could point the finger at anyone in particular, for there was always someone to point the finger at, I continued. "I love all of you equally." That was a lie, of course, no one could love ten different men equally. I certainly had my favorites. But it wasn't a big lie either. "I guess we are not a family and we will never be." Some faces fell others seemed to agree with what I'd said.

"So we just walk away?" It was Henry and he looked crushed.

"I didn't say that. But I can't have you all fighting over me."

"Which one, then?" It was either Dennis or Robert, one of the twins.

I stood now, at the head of the table, and looked at the lot of them. "I was thinking family when I should have been using a business model."

"Huh?" they said collectively.

"As a wife, you all want to control me and to do that you need to control each other. War. As a whore..."

They were all on their feet now, each in distress in their own way. Each talking or rather yelling and none of them were happy nor accepting of that idea. "Gross!" Someone shouted.

I lost it then and there and I began to yell, "Gross is what I have been watching! Gross is coming home to find a pool of blood leaking from someone I love and spilt by someone I love! One day I'll come home to a dead body or two!" I was shaking now. I forced myself to calm down as much as I could. Finally in a quiet but shaky voice I said: "Do you think this is what I want? It's the best I can think of and don't even bother telling me that you'll work things out, I don't believe you can."

"How much will you charge?" It was Paul, one of my favorites. He had a funny look in his eyes, like he'd lost something of value.

"Whatever you can afford. The money's not important."

"Not important?" Paul laughed with pain in his eyes.

"No Dear."

"Fran, leave us for a few minutes, ok? Let us work something out. You're no whore and... I love you."

I stood there nonplus. "Whatever."

The few minutes became an hour and still no one came to my room. I couldn't imagine what they were doing, though the voices sometimes became quite strident. "Men!"

It was Paul that knocked at my bedroom door. That he knocked was a novel event in itself. "Come in."

He stood there a big, hopeful grin on his face, "A farm Co-op," he said proudly.

"Huh?"

"We all pitch in, doing whatever we are best at, and at the end of the years we get our share of our profits. We got the resources to run a slew of farms, so we decided to call them Fran's Farms."

"That's sweet," I said but I didn't really see the point of a Co-op in this context."

"You'll get your own house set up just the way you want and share in the yearly profits, if there are any."

"And?" He just looked at me without comprehension. "What is my job?"

"C.E.O."

"Cool," I said, a whore by any other name. "You're not serious, are you?"

"It's not like we've given up anything Fran. You have one share as do we all. And decisions requires a majority of the members and anyone that wants to leave can cash out anytime. Oh yeah, you do have rather extensive um- social responsibilities."

"Which I control, right?"

"Within reason."

"Deal," I said holding out my hand. Was this the new social model? The idea of family sure hadn't worked. "About the name? Let's call it Frank's Farms, ok?" Paul's face clouded over, "Damn it! I am the C.E.O. right?" It was clear that term didn't mean all that much. I giggled. It was just as well, power wasn't my thing. And guys will work together to make a buck. I had ten 'partners', not husbands. Lord I had to wonder what the world would be like in another twenty years. I guess we'll just have to wait and see. It sure wouldn't be my Paw's old world, that was for sure.

A few hours later, I sat down to complete my quarterly report to St. Louis, now the permanent headquarters of the New Woman U.S. Army Reserves, and started with a new heading: Alternatives to the Family Model. One had to wonder whether contracts could or should replace vows. It was clear that men had trouble sharing a woman, even a new woman, but they could work with women, that had been proven a long time ago. The co-op made us interdependent, not dependent, that might be the key. Yeah, a whole new social order.

The End