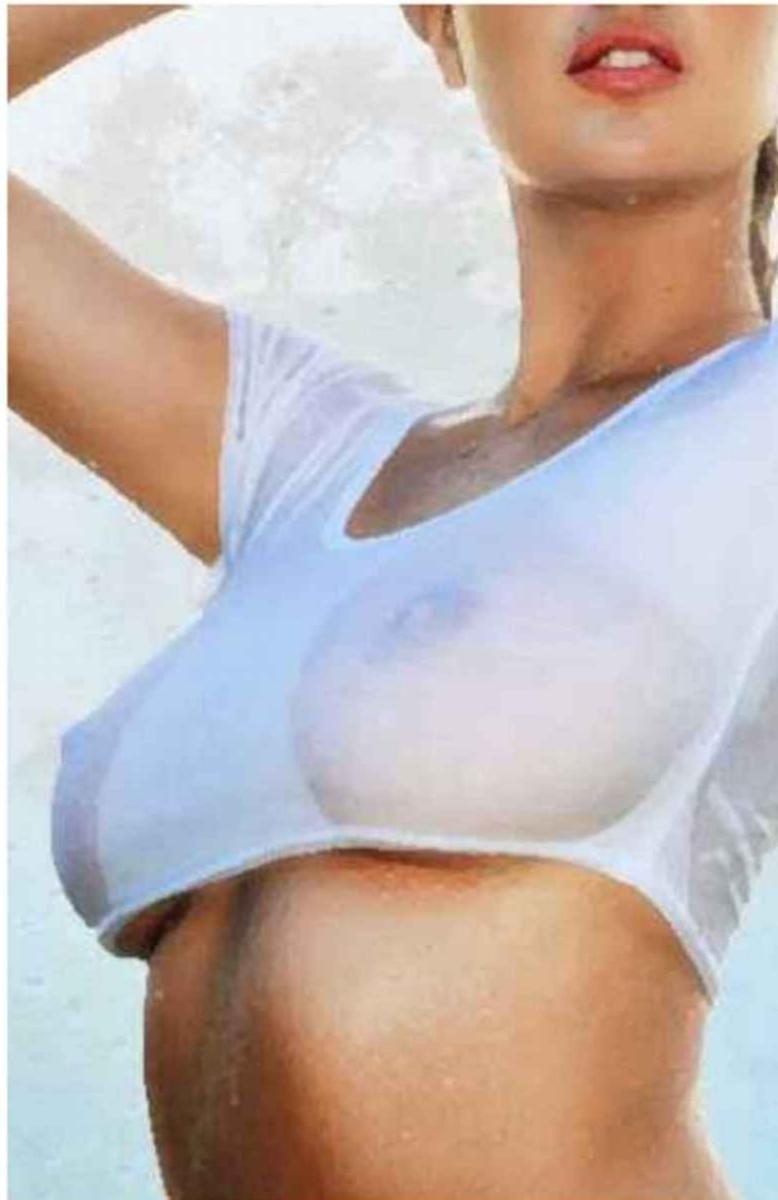


Slave Girl



**HE DEDICATED HIS LIFE TO
PROTECTING HELPLESS WOMEN.
NOW HE IS ONE.**

Surrender
Media

Slave Girl

Free sample!

This is a sample from later in the book!

He opened his eyes. He saw a woman looking at him. She had curly red hair that spilled out from her little Taylor Swift cowboy hat, and she was wearing a tank top, her bright lime green bra straps slipping out from the tank top straps and so bright against her peach colored skin. She was pretty, but really skinny, with no breasts. Big hoop earrings dangled delicately from her ears, and she had big, innocent eyes, and full lips, and he felt himself getting horny looking at her and thinking he would love to get a blow job, to feel those big, soft lips around his member. She smiled, and he saw she had dimples, and the whitest teeth, and God he wanted to fuck her so badly. He felt himself getting a little hard. Maybe he should say hi, because she was looking right at him, and he'd tell her she had a million dollar smile... wearing all that make-up she was either looking for company anyway, either that, he thought, or else she's a... prostitute?

He looked down at his hand and saw long, lime green nails on a

slender, delicate hand, and a bunch of delicate bracelets drawing attention to his tiny little wrist, and then he saw his green bra strap, and looking back up he saw his soft, pretty mouth dropped open into a cute little “O” as he realized that pretty red-head in the mirror he’d been wanting to fuck was actually him.

“Omigod,” he whispered. He was sitting at a bar, looking into the mirror. Above the bar was a big pair of bull horns, and turning on his stool he saw people all wearing cowboy hats country line dancing , and he was wearing a pair of tiny little Daisy Dukes that showed off slender, round, tan legs—a gorgeous pair of legs any girl would love and every guy would love to have wrapped around him. He could feel his dick hard, crushed inside those tiny shorts, and it made him both frustrated and relieved... He was still a man at least down there, though he now had the face of an angel.

Slave Girl

Part I

As a child, Carter Blue watched in horror as his mother and sister were murdered! From that night of horror a HERO was BORN! Carter grew up to invent the cybernetic combat chassis and became the hero known as C3

—hunting down those who do violence against women and bringing them to JUSTICE!

Now, after an epic battle with the super-powered villains Whips and Chains, he has finally located the headquarters of Slave Lord, the world's most notorious figure in the world of human trafficking! Yes, faithful readers, that selfsame Slave Lord who kidnapped Maxine Manning, the woman C3 LOVES! (See last ish, natch!)

The epic adventure starts now!

"Quite a welcome committee at the front door," C3 thought to himself, looking over the gang of heavily armed thugs gathered outside the warehouse. "Looks like I may want to use the servant's entrance."

With that he activated the super silent jet-propulsion system in his armor and launched himself into the air, gliding over the guards and landing silently on the roof. Carefully scanning the rooftop for any trips wires, sensors, traps-- or security systems of any kind, he paused. Nothing. He scanned it again. Nothing.

Impossible, he thought. This could only mean that Slave Lord wanted someone to enter through the roof. In other words, a trap.

Creeping to the back of the building, he saw three thugs standing in

a circle, their faces intermittently lit by the red flares of their cigarettes, and scanning further he spotted a stasis generator—which had he stumbled into it would have rendered him powerless!

Three stun darts launched from his wrist and the thugs fell to the ground. At the same time, he launched a rocket that took out both the stasis generator and then dropped a concussion grenade that blew the back door to splinters.

Not even waiting to see the minions of the slave lord take the bait, he activated his jets as well as his force field and rising into the air about 500 feet, turned and launched himself down, down down to smash through the skylight in a shower of flashing splinters.

The men who'd rushed to the door collapsed in a cloud of knock out gas. An alarm sounded and a bank of elevator doors running along the side wall opened with a whoosh. Bolt of blue hot lighting fired from each bank and crashed into C3 sending him hurling backwards and slamming him into the opposite wall. He found himself paralyzed as his systems strained to counter-act the massive power surge “Adjust shields to maximum efficacy against the threat,” he said calmly, and as his systems adjusted to fully counter the electrically charged attack, he saw dozens of armored shock troops charging across the room. “Clever,” he thought. The moment my shields maximize to counter the electricity, they launch a bunch of good old-

fashioned projectiles at me—and I die.” Death. He felt a jolt of adrenalin and smiled. He preferred an enemy that didn’t fuck around, and the Slave Lord was earning more and more the brutal beating he had coming.

“Disperse! Disperse! Disperse!” At that command, his defensive system shifted their polarity and instead of merely deflecting the lighting attacks now turned them around and sent them knifing back into the room in a ferocious storm jagged death. Screams and howls of agony filled the room, and then suddenly stopped as the men collapsed into piles of trembling, smoking flesh.

“Filter,” C3 said, crinkling his nose against the smell of burning hair and flesh.

“Well done, C3,” a mechanical voice called out over the building’s intercom system. “I did not know about the reflective capabilities of your magnificent apparatus.” The voice paused as if waiting for a response, but C3 ignored him. He’d learned early on he had no interest in bantering with the sub-human scum he hunted. Meanwhile, his suit was restoring, recalibrating and most importantly using its sensors and probing apparatus to generate maps of the facility.

“Silent, eh? Not a surprise. I have studied you, and my profiles predicted you would not respond to me,” Slave Lord said smugly. “Let’s see

how accurate the rest of information is?”

A section of the floor slide open and a glittering metallic platform rose. “Join me?”

C3 paused. The facility far exceeded anything he’d seen in the world of human slaving. Slave Lord was the biggest player, but what he was seeing here was a billion-dollar criminal empire. He'd obviously been lured here, but by who? Why? The whole thing was a trap, but one he had to walk into whether he wanted to or not.

Crossing the room, he grabbed the platform and ripped it from the base, tossing it across the room and dropping into the elevator shaft under his own power. “Exactly what my profile said you would do,” Slave Lord chuckled. “Like most men, C3, you are laughably predictable.”

C3 dropped to the floor. He found himself in a large room, opulent, like a movie sheik’s harem, and all around the room women in thin, colorful silks lounged on pillows, looking at him with wide, fearful eyes. He saw they all wore chains, pretty, delicate chains, that flashed at their wrists and ankles. Slave Lord stood boldly at one end of the room—he was tall, 6’ 3”, slender and wore a black silk suit. His face was hidden behind a wolf mask, and in one hand he held an old Lugar. The other arm was around the waist of a terrified Maxine Manning. “Help!” She screamed. “Don’t let him

hurt me!”

“Silence,” Slave Lord yelled, pressing the gun against her temple.

“Let her go,” C3 said, watching Slave Lord, gauging the man’s calm, his steel. One nervous twitch of the finger and Maxine Manning would die!

“Let her go, unharmed, and I won’t kill you.”

“Power down your suit or the bitch dies,” Slave Lord said.

C3 felt his temper rise at the use of the word bitch. His systems had targeted Slave Lord at five different points, but he was picking up some sort of force shield, and his system couldn’t get a fix on it, couldn’t find a sure fire way to penetrate the shield. He needed time. “Surrender, Slave Lord!”

“On the count of three.”

“I could kill you where you stand with just a thought!”

“If you could you would!”

“No! Unlike you, I don’t kill for...”

“Three!”

“... no reason, I...”

“Two! And just for your stubbornness, I will now kill all of these girls while you watch in addition to Miss Bitch here!”

“This is your last chance!”

All the women around the room began to move, some screamed, several crawled toward C3. “Don’t let him hurt us!” One of the girls said, wrapping her arms around his leg.

“Watch, fool, as the woman you love...”

“Don’t do it!”

And then, suddenly, C3 found himself wrapped in chains as the girls sprung into action, wrapping the chains around his arms and legs, one throwing a chain over his head and wrapping it around his neck, yanking him backward off his feet even as the chains activated and sent a surge of power through his suit, frying his power systems and filling his body with agonizing pain. “No!”

He struggled, but the now giggling girls pinned his arms and legs and quickly stripped off his helmet. He was powerless. Defeated. Slave Lord stepped forward, put a foot on his chest and looked down at him.

“Good works, girls.”

They squealed.

Slave Lord still had Maxine with him, and he slapped her across the face-- once, twice, three times. She screamed and struggled to get away, but he slapped her again, then tossed her aside, out of C3's sight.

C3 strained helplessly, his face twisted in a mask of hate and rage.

“I’ll kill you!”

“You are cute,” Slave Lord said sadly. “It’s a shame.”

C3 just stared at his enemy, enraged, but trying to calm himself. To focus. “Maxine?” He managed to rasp.

“She’s fine. You really are such a predictable little boy, C3. It was so easy to trap you. So easy to see that your whole act was a mask for the fact that you are really nothing but an old-fashioned sexist pig.”

“Bullshit,” C3 said, getting annoyed in spite of himself.

“Oh?” Slave Lord squatted down and fished something out of his pocket. “My data showed you would not see a female as a potential threat. That’s why you were such an easy target for my girls.”

“So?”

“So, you’re a sexist. You don’t respect women. You certainly never thought you’d be beaten by one.”

“They’re just following your orders, Slave Lord!”

Slave Lord chuckled. “Oh? And so you will probably be surprised to know one little thing about me.” And with that, Slave Lord reached up and pulled off the wolf mask, her raven black hair tumbling down around her beautiful face, heart-shaped face.

“No...” C3 said. “No...”

“Oh sweetie,” Slave Lord said, chuckling prettily. “We don't need you to save us. To protect us. That's what you don't understand.” She opened the compact in her hand and began to rub pink blush onto C3's cheeks.

“What the hell?” He twisted his head, trying to stop her, but soon he had pretty, flush cheeks.

“There,” Slave Lord said smiling. “Now you look pretty!”

“Why are you doing this?”

“Because I am getting paid very well to break you!”

Next, he found himself fighting as she tried to paint his lips with a tube of glossy red lipstick. “Candy?”

“Yes, boss.” He felt them jam a needle into his neck, and all his muscles turned to wet noodles. He lay, paralyzed, and unable to speak as Slave Lord painted his face.

“I know you are feeling humiliated right now,” Slave Lord said as she worked. “Emasculated. I am doing you up just like sexy girl—smoky eye shadow, thick lashes, big, wet lips...”

“He looks soooooo pretty!” One of the girls said, and they all giggled.

“You’re just a doll!”

“Pictures,” Slave Lord said, standing, and two girls came into his vision, snapping pictures.

C3 felt himself dying with shame, thinking about the pictures going public, about the shame, about the laughter. He was powerless. Defeated. Humiliated. Just kill me, he thought. Kill me.

“You’re probably wishing I would just kill you, but I have much bigger plans for you. I am going to turn you, my pretty little thing, into a girl. It will be slow, and painful, and humiliating, but you will become a female.”

No. No. No! He thought, looking up at Slave Lord and the two girls with their cameras, all three leering down at him now.

“You’re going to have bigger tits than Brandy,” Slave Lord said nodding toward the buxom blonde, “and wider hips than Jasmine,” with a nod to the other, curvy girl. “You are going to be a hot little bitch, and a slave girl! And there’s nothing you can do to stop it.”

And with that the room filled with the sound of female’s laughing and giggling and snickering and they all started to crowd together, his eyes filling with all the mocking female faces as they laughed down at him, and laughed and laughed, and laughed.

“No,” he struggled to whisper. “Don’t... do... this...”

But they couldn’t hear him over their own laughter. “A helpless little woman, C3! Helpless and pretty and weak!”

“Please,” he managed. And then, he fainted.

Carter fell into a deep, empty sleep, a sleep like death. If he dreamt, he didn’t remember the dreams. If he felt, he didn’t remember the feelings. But then, gradually, floating in that formless world of non-being, he began to sense a feeling, a need—thirst.

He moved toward that feeling, gradually becoming aware of his body, the feeling of soft sheets against his back, then a tightness around his chest and hips, and he opened his eyes and looked up at a pink canopy. Confused, he found he couldn’t move. He tried to lift an arm, but nothing happened. He could feel his arms and legs, his toes against the sheet, but he couldn’t move.

Then, the memories flooded back to him. Slave Lord. The ambush. The paralysis.

And I a woman? He wondered. He tried to look, but he couldn’t move his head. He couldn’t tell if he still had his manhood or not, couldn’t tell if his chest was flat or hard or if he had, as Slave Lord had promised,

huge breasts. What would it feel like to have breasts? He had wondered, in an off-hand way. But if he had them now, they felt the same as his old chest. Which didn't seem possible. Yet, the feeling across his chest and back—that felt the way he imagined a bra would feel. Straps on his shoulders? Yes. He could feel them.

Voices. He couldn't understand what they were saying, but he could hear them. Whispers at first, and then gradually they grew louder and more urgent, and he started to make out a word here and there... “weird”... “sick”... “unfortunate”... he could feel heat... intense heat on his face and body, and then he felt a hand on his shoulder, gently shaking him.

“Ummmmm I guess....Sir? Sir? What's your name?”

Carter opened his eyes. He saw a man looking down at him, a man with a blue police officer's hat on his head with a glittering brass badge that read NYPD.

Carter lifted his head and felt the world spin, struggled to speak... “I... I...”

His voice was hoarse, his mouth dry.

“Okay. Just lay back down and relax. Help is on the way.”

Carter glanced down and saw he was wearing a hot pink bikini top, but it was stretched across a flat, hairless chest. He wanted to take off the

top, to get up, to run, but he was so weak, so dizzy, and he needed to say... something. So badly. There were words he needed to say, had to say... he struggled to push himself up onto his elbows, to get to his feet, a terrible sense of panic coming over him as he thought about Maxine and the Slave Lord, about his defeat, about being outside, wearing a bikini, and he saw that he had long, frosted pink fingernails, and the cop was pushing him back down saying, “just calm down. Relax.”

“No! NO!” Carter said, helpless and desperate. “I I... need...”

He was aware now of a murmuring crowd gathered around him, watching, talking, and more cops, and he heard someone say, “the ambulance is here.”

“We’re going to get you some help. Just relax.” The cop smiled. “We’ll take care of you.”

Ambulance? They’d take him to a hospital or to Bellevue... he’d be locked up, put under watch, and he had to move, to find Maxine, and he had to say... something... he needed to say it, the words, they were there in his mind, fighting to get out... He grabbed the cop’s arm with a pink taloned hand, pulled himself up into a seated position and finally, the words came out as he screamed, “I need DICK.”

“What the fuck?” The cop said. The crowd suddenly grew silent.

No. No. No Carter thought, feeling his face flush, no. He shook his head and screamed even louder, “I NEED DICK! And now the words wouldn’t stop, he couldn’t control himself as he screamed, “I WANT DICK! I NEED DICK! I NEEEEEEED DICK SOOOOOO BAAAADDDDD!!!”

“Christ,” the cop said, shaking Carter’s hand off and backing away. Carter, terrified at the words coming from his mouth, ashamed and scared, struggled to stand, his legs shaking like a new born fawns, and he realized he had pink high heels strapped to his feet, and there was a pink, plastic bracelet dangling from one wrist, and his vision blurred even as he faced the huge crowd that was gathering, phones up, snapping pictures, taking video, and he wanted to scream HELP ME, but instead he screamed, “I NEED DICK!!!” And he stumbled and fell, right into the arms of an EMT, who lifted him and carried him toward the gurney, and helpless in the man’s arms, Carter began to cry, whispering, “I just need dick.... I need it so baaaaadddd.”

The images flooded the Internet, the Cable News shows, joined by a set of earlier pictures of freelance APP designer Carter Blue, now revealed as the secret identity of the vigilante C3. The earlier pictures had shown him in full make-up and had purportedly been leaked by an employee at a bondage dungeon in the East Village who claimed that he liked to dress as a woman and then get spanked. Now pictures of him in a tiny little pink bikini laying out in Central Park and videos of him screaming about Dick joined those

pictures, and the world got their first impressions of Carter Blue.

The EMTs pumped him full of sedatives and strapped him to a gurney, and he finally stopped yelling and murmuring and drifted into a fuzzy haze, staring at the ceiling of the ambulance unable to form any coherent thoughts. Fragments flashed through his mind... memories of his life, past and present... paddling in a boat in Central Park with Maxine... his first kiss, to a freckly-faced Sue Anne Watts, his first stakeout and first collar, a low level street pimp who lost his two front teeth in a fight that took less than 10 seconds... the first news story about the mysterious C3, and how he had sent the criminals of New York running and hiding for cover. It had made him feel good, strong, important. He loved it. Hunting down criminals. Beating them senseless. Breaking apart their little empires, showing the world that for all their tough talk and bravado, all their rap video posing and bullshit, they were all cowards. All of them. And they had learned to fear and respect C3. Word had gotten around in a hurry that he had a special thing about protecting women, and that any criminal who got a rep for using or abusing girls would get taken out.

He was strong. Fearless. Willing to die to protect the girls.

And now the whole world was laughing at him. He could feel the lines of his bikini tight against his body. The bracelet on his wrist.

Remember some of the faces in the crowd coming into focus, coming clear,

the looks—shock, horror, pity, contempt—as he screamed about dick.

Slave Lord. Somehow, she'd planted it in his mind, and now a new fear began to grow in him. What else had she done to him? What else had she changed?

She'd promised she was going to turn him into a woman, and he'd thought she meant just his body. But could she also turn his mind? He had to find a way to fight it. To fight it all. Whatever she was doing to him, he would find a way to stop it and stop her, to rescue Maxine.

“How are you doing?” The EMT asked, taking Carter's wrist in his hand, placing his fingers across his veins, checking his pulse. “Nice and calm now, right?”

“I'm thirsty,” Carter said through parched lips.

“Sucking cock will do that to you,” the man said.

“What?”

“Okay, Dolly. Looks like you're ready. He took a syringe out of a case and raised it. “Estrogen and testosterone blockers.”

“No,” Carter said. “Don't.”

The man put the syringe in Carter's arm and smiled as he pressed the plunger. “That'll put some boobs on your chest! Am I right?”

“Damnit! Let me go!”

Then he raised a second syringe and smiled. “Of course, estrogen is nothing. Child’s play. Slave Lord has tech, I mean, you’d be surprised at what she can do to a guy.” He stuck the needle into Carter’s arm and pressed down, and Carter immediately felt his body growing hot, feverish. “I should say, you will be surprised, because, well, you’re about to find out little girl. Yes, you are. And now, for the final injection.”

“Please,” Carter said. “No. She has my girlfriend. I have to save her.”

“Oh, you’re not going to be saving anyone, little princess. Not anymore. You’re going to small and weak as a kitten. Just a pretty little thing, really, not good for much other than being pretty and having sex. A helpless little slave girl.”

“Please... no...”

He plunged the needle into Carter’s arm and said. “You’re already getting so good at begging and pleading. We all can’t wait to see how you turn out.”

Carter spasmed and arched his back as it felt like every cell in his body caught fire and began to burn, he screamed and the man covered his mouth with an oxygen mask and laughed as Carter’s vision blurred and he started to

fade out, gratefully running from the pain and the terrible feeling of being so helpless.

“You broke my nose and shattered my jaw two years ago, asshole,” the man said. “You’re getting what you got coming.”

Darkness again. Blackness. No light. No sound. No feeling. Just a detached awareness of timeless non-being. Then, out of that soft velvet nothing, a voice said, “RUN!”

Instantly, Carter felt PANIC! Terror. He had to run, to get away from that voice, that presence, something terrible that wanted to catch him, hurt him. And though he couldn’t feel his body, he began to run, to feel, to race away from the voice as fast as he could, and he felt his heart pounding, a tightness around his chest, burning in his lungs as he labored for breath, and then he became aware of the world around him—red stone walls and white granite floor, iron sconces and the smell of burning incense... like an old church—and he was he was clutching a bouquet of white lilies in one hand, a hand encased in a white, lacey glove that came to his elbow, and with the other hand he was lifting the full skirt of his white silk dress, struggling to run, hair in his eyes, but he had no time to stop, to slow down, because SHE was behind him—Slave Lord!

“I’m coming for you,” he heard the woman say in a high, mocking

voice.

“No!” He whispered, panicked, running, running blindly, having no idea where he was going just running and running.

“Turn and face me like a man,” he heard Slave Lord say.

“No!” He whispered, and then he called out, “someone help me!”

Was his voice higher? Like a woman’s?

“Be a man!”

“No,” Carter whispered. “I can’t anymore.

“Do it.”

He saw an arch ahead. Golden sunlight pouring into the darkness, warming the red stone. Motes dancing in the golden rays. He ran for it, finding some new strength. He would escape. He would be safe!

“Coward!” Slave Lord said.

Carter reached the sunlight. Stopped. He stood in the sunlight, feeling its warmth, and he felt his courage returning. He turned, the sunlight lighting up his pure white dress, flashing in his golden curls and sparkling playfully in the diamonds of his tiara. “I’m going to beat you,” he said in his new, slightly higher voice.

He heard voices from the courtyard. “What? Who’s she? Is

something wrong?" "Wait, is that the I want Dick Dude?"

Glancing over he saw a crowd of people on a terrace, could see the palisades beyond. He realized he was at The Cloisters, medieval monastery Rockefeller had moved to upper Manhattan and turned into a museum. Carter felt a surge of embarrassment as he realized he was standing there in a dress, but no matter. He had more important things worry about right now.

Looking back, he saw Slave Lord standing at the other end of the hall in the shadows, tall and lean, wearing a man's suit. Her face lit as she drew in on her cigar and then blew a cloud of smoke into the air. She stared at him. Silent. Unmoving.

Carter tried to throw the bouquet he held to the side, but found it had actually been tied around his fingers and wrist, so instead he twisted his arm behind him, hiding it. He squared his shoulders and stared back defiantly, his chest still heaving as he tried to catch his breath.

"Look," Slave Lord said, gesturing, and Carter glanced over to see he was standing next to a full length mirror.

He saw—small. He'd lost so much muscle. Gotten so thin. The white dress he wore hugged a slender, girlish body, and the skirt flared out giving his hips a rounded, womanly shape. He wasn't as soft and fleshy as a woman, but there was slender, rounded softness to his arms and shoulders

that scanned more girl than man, and his face—it was his face still. Easily recognizable, but slightly softer. He wasn't sure if it was the full make-up—the pastel eye shadow and pearly lip stick, the foundation and blush, or if his face had softened, but he definitely looked more feminine, a look that was enhanced by the flowing blonde curls that circled his face and tumbled down over his bare shoulders. The tiara, his pink nails, seeing himself dressed like this, looking so--- he didn't choose to say them, but the words tumbled out of his mouth effortlessly, words that Slave Lord had planted in him, forced him to say, his voice rising into a higher register, "I'm a princess!"

He spun back to face Slave Lord, who still just stared at him silently.

"I'm a princess! You... you... turned me into a princess!"

"Yes," Slave Lord. She started to walk calmly toward the slender, diminished form of Carter Blue, letting her eyes run up and down his body. "A pretty little princess. A little princess who is SCARED."

The fear and panic. It came back, and Carter found himself hyperventilating. He clutched the flowers to his chest and tried to regain his courage. No. No. Fight. Fight. His hands were shaking, his knees getting weak. He... couldn't and so he spun and ran out into the courtyard, one arm out wide, waving girlishly while the other clutched his flowers to his chest,

and he screamed, “Save me! Help me! Someone save me!” No. No. Be a man, he thought. Fight! But he had no choice. No control. He was a frightened little girl now, and he could only scream for help and look for protection.

The crowd backed away from the screaming girl, even as some of them recognized “her” as C3, whose escapes in the park has been spread all over the world. Carter saw a tall, strong looking man and instantly ran toward him. “Help. Please!”

The man stood, shocked, as the little man threw his arms around him and put his head against his chest. “Save me!”

“Who are you running from?”

“A woman... she’s the one who turned me into a pretty princess! She’s coming after me!” He pointed fearfully back toward the archway he’d come from. The crowd turned and grew silent. They could hear footsteps. Laughter. “It’s her! Don’t let her take me!” Carter begged, emasculated, terrified, hating himself for being so weak, so easily broken, but needing this big, strong man, needing his protection.

The footsteps grew louder. The voice clearer. “So, then, I was like, whatever, and she was like... whatever. So whatever, right?” And then a 12 year old girl with red pigtails and an innocent face full of freckles walked out,

saw everyone looking at her and said, “Whatever?”

The crowd began laughing, looking back at the cowering man in the white silk dress clinging to another man, and they laughed and laughed, snapping pictures and making their videos.

“Uh, I think you’ll be safe,” the man said pushing Carter away.
“Okay, Princess?”

“No...” he said blushing with shame. “No... there was someone else... the Slave Lord.... She... she...” but no one was listening. They were all just laughing and smiling, taking pictures, and he felt the shame and humiliation, the utter hopelessness of his situation, and he stood there in his dress and cried, and cried, and he felt himself dying. He was beaten. Defeated. Humiliated. “I’m a princess,” he said forlornly. “A princess.”

And then he did the only thing that made sense to him, the only path he could see to end the mocking laughter, the shame, the nightmare that had become his life, and he started walking toward the balcony, and then he began to run as fast as he could in his dress, and when he reached the balcony he threw himself onto it, and he looked down at the East River, flowing so far below, and using his soft, weak arms he started to pull himself over, struggling, struggling, to throw himself down, down into the river, onto the jagged rocks, and end it all.

But then he felt strong arms grab him around the waist, and he was lifted into the air, and kicking and screaming he said, “Let me die!”

And the man he’d run to earlier, the one who he’d begged for protection, carried him over to a bench, sat him down and said, “You just sit still, Princess. It’s going to be okay.”

“No!” Carter struggled, but the man grabbed his wrists and forced his weak, shrunken arms to his sides, and Carter, feeling overpowered and weak, began hyper-ventilating again, and then he screamed, a high-pitched, tea-kettle scream, and the man said, “hey, calm down…” looking frustrated and unsure of what to do with this screaming little princess man, but then one of the women who’d been watching stepped forward and slapped Carter hard across the face.

“What? Ow!” Carter said, stunned.

The woman looked down at him, shaking her head and said, “Enough hysterics, young lady. Now just sit there and be quiet, and someone will be here to help you soon.”

Carter buried his face in his hands and cried.

When the men came to take him away he didn’t struggle or argue or care. He just passively went with them, clutching his flowers to his chest, and hanging his head in shame. He had little doubt that the men, despite their

police uniforms, were more agents of the Slave Lord, and that they would soon be injecting him or chaining him to a radiator or some other madness.

They put him in the back of a patrol car. No one spoke. It was quiet. Just the crackle of the radio as the dispatcher called out for cars to go here, or there, or somewhere else. Carter calmed. He looked at the flowers that had been twined around his fingers, and tried for a minute to untie them becoming more aware of the strange feeling of the dress tight against his upper body, the delicate straps over his bare shoulders, the gossamer material of his full skirt. He thought again of how he looked now—that slender body, his face looking so feminine, the flowing blonde curls.

He stopped toying with the flowers and reached up with his free hand, tugging on the hair. He felt is tug on his scalp. Was this his hair? Or had they just woven a wig onto his head? He looked at his hand in the lace glove, the pink frosted nails visible through the lacy mesh, tried for a moment to peel the long glove off, but found it impossible—the glove fit so tightly and he couldn't manage to get it to slide down.

Of course, there were no handles on the doors in the back of the cop car. And if he did open the door and run, did he really want to be running around the Bronx alone—like this?

I'm a princess. The words had just sprung to his lips unbidden. Just

like in the park, but this time they had come even more easily. And the panic and fear? The tears?

I don't even know who I am anymore, he realized. Slave Lord is reprogramming me. Making me helpless and scared, making me—what did the EMT say? Good for looking pretty and having sex and nothing more?

I can't just give in to this, he decided. I have to fight it! But how?

He looked at the backs of the cops' heads—if they were even cops. And raising an eyebrow, he shrugged. It was worth a try.

“Where are we going now?” He asked, letting his voice slide into a slightly higher register.

“Shut up,” the one with a shaved head said.

“I just wonder where we're going. Can't you tell me?”

Shaved head turned around and looked at Carter. He smiled. “You remember me?”

Carter shook his head.

“Yeah. Well, you're the one who gave me this crink in my nose,” the man said, pointing to his Z shaped nose. “Spent me a year in Ryker's Island thanks to you.”

“You should thank her,” the other cop said. “It's an improvement,

you ask me.”

“Har har. Well, I don’t she’ll be breaking any noses anymore. Looks like she’s going to be spending more time sucking cock.”

“Never,” Carter said.

“Oh? Boss says you’re going to be spending a LOT of time on your knees, Princess!”

“I’ll get my body back, and then I’ll find you and break your neck.” It was a tactic Carter had used before in a tight spot. Provoking guys, getting under their skin, using it to make an opening, but this time he was surprised by the man’s reaction as Bald Head just started laughing.

“You? Break my neck? Hahahaha.”

“Go ahead and laughed. I kicked your ass before. Even now, like this, I could kick the crap out of you.”

The man just laughed some more and shook his head. “You’re cute when you try to talk tough,” he said.

Carter felt his cheeks flush. His new reality seemed to weight down on him, a shocking realization—he was sitting here in a white dress, holding flowers, and he was as skinny and small as a teenage girl, and no one would respect him as a man anymore, no one would take him seriously, no man would consider him even the slightest threat. Just as he wouldn’t have—

didn't even see himself as any kind threat, take himself seriously. He was not, he realized, a real man. Not anymore. "Maybe... maybe I'm more dangerous than I look," he tried, not wanting to give up, to accept that he would not be taken seriously anymore, but the man just laughed some more, and not a forced laugh or even a mocking laugh, but the kind of laugh you here come out of someone when they see a kitten or a puppy trying to act ferocious.

"You remind me of my little sister, Princess," the other guy said. "It's like Betty Boop trying to talk trash!"

"Oh my God," Bald Head said. "Oh my God, you're right! It's like getting threatened by Minnie Mouse!!! Hahahahaha!"

And Carter crossed his slender arms and looked away as the men sat and laughed and laughed and laughed at him.

They drove down to the East Village, parked the car on the street. As soon as they opened the door, Carter kicked one of them in the knee and ran, but Baldy grabbed him by the arm, then threw him over his shoulder and carried him kicking and punching up a narrow set of stairs and to an upstairs apartment in an old Brownstone, where he plopped the little man down on a dirty cot, and Carter looked over to see Slave Lord standing there with a syringe, smiling.

Searching deep within and fighting the brainwashing and conditioning he'd been subjected to, Carter lunged at Slave Lord, hoping to somehow grab the syringe and stick into HER! But, Slave Lord easily stepped out of the way and Carter tripped over the hem of his dress and stumbled, falling onto his side and rolling on his back. Slave Lord straddled him, laughing, and the two thugs laughed. With her free hand, Slave Lord slapped Carter across the face. "From Princess," Slave Lord said, stabbing the needle into Carter's belly, "to prostitute!"

Carter screamed in pain as the elixir flooded into his system, filling him once again with burning pain, but he did not pass out immediately. Slave Lord grabbed a fistful of his hair and yanked it, hard, forcing him to turn his head. "Look," Slave Lord commanded.

Carter opened his eyes, and he saw Maxine's face on a flickering old black and white television. Maxine was sleeping peacefully. "Turn the trick," Slave Lord says, "or I torture her!"

"No!"

Slave Lord slapped him and slapped him. "The pain you're suffering now is nothing compared to what I'll do to her. NOTHING!"

"Okay," he finally said, as much as anything else in the hopes she would let him pass out, run and hide from the agonizing pain in his body and

the terrible agony he felt seeing Maxine on the screen, knowing she was still in danger, still a prisoner, still in the clutches of a depraved sadist. “Okay!”

“Turn the trick,” Slave Lord as Carter began to fade into the sweet, welcoming blanket of oblivion. “Turn the trick for Maxine!”

Again, our hapless hero found himself floating in a warm, safe place, a place where he felt nothing, needed nothing, but was merely calm and relaxed, where time didn’t exist, and he was at peace. It lasted forever, and it lasted for only a moment, and then he became aware, again, of tremendous thirst. He was sooooo thirsty! And there was music... country music.... Hank Williams singing “Honky Tonkin” and then he heard laughter and the sound of someone yelling, “Order’s Up!”

He opened his eyes. He saw a woman looking at him. She had curly red hair that spilled out from her little Taylor Swift cowboy hat, and she was wearing a tank top, her bright lime green bra straps slipping out from the tank top straps and so bright against her peach colored skin. She was pretty, but really skinny, with no breasts. Big hoop earrings dangled delicately from her ears, and she had big, innocent eyes, and full lips, and he felt himself getting horny looking at her and thinking he would love to get a blow job, to feel those big, soft lips around his member. She smiled, and he saw she had dimples, and the whitest teeth, and God he wanted to fuck her so badly. He felt himself getting a little hard. Maybe he should say hi, because she was

looking right at him, and he'd tell her she had a million dollar smile... wearing all that make-up she was either looking for company anyway, either that, he thought, or else she's a... prostitute?

He looked down at his hand and saw long, lime green nails on a slender, delicate hand, and a bunch of delicate bracelets drawing attention to his tiny little wrist, and then he saw his green bra strap, and looking back up he saw his soft, pretty mouth dropped open into a cute little "O" as he realized that pretty red-head in the mirror he'd been wanting to fuck was actually him.

"Omigod," he whispered. He was sitting at a bar, looking into the mirror. Above the bar was a big pair of bull horns, and turning on his stool he saw people all wearing cowboy hats country line dancing, and he was wearing a pair of tiny little Daisy Dukes that showed off slender, round, tan legs—a gorgeous pair of legs any girl would love and every guy would love to have wrapped around him. He could feel his dick hard, crushed inside those tiny shorts, and it made him both frustrated and relieved... He was still a man at least down there, though he now had the face of an angel.

He took a deep breath and tried to calm himself, to let that deep hunger he'd been feeling to bang himself pass. He closed his eyes and breathed. Breathed. Opened his eyes and looked at the gorgeous female face, at his little nose, his big eyes, and he closed his eyes again.

“You want another drink?” He heard someone say.

He opened his eyes and looked up a tall, dark haired man in white t-shirt and a pair of tight jeans. “Um... okay? He said, his voice still the slightly higher, woman’s voice he had the last time.

“Cosmo coming right up.”

Looking down, Carter saw a napkin with the words, “Turn the Trick” written on it.

He remembered his last meeting with Slave Lord. Maxine! He’d seen her there on the screen. Could it have been fake? Maybe. But she could be alive, and he could still protect her, even as he was now, and all he had to do was... turn the trick?

He didn’t like the sound of that. Didn’t think it was likely to involve pulling any rabbits out of hats. Looking around, he spotted the exits. Didn’t see anyone who seemed like one of Slave Lord’s thugs, didn’t see anyone who seemed to be watching him.

He could make a run for it. Stop running on Slave Lord’s hamster wheel, stop playing the game by her rules. He had allies. Friends. People he could gather and then go after Slave Lord. He stood up, glancing at himself in the mirror, seeing his sway back, his tight, high round ass, like a ballerinas. It was so hard to accept this slender little girl boy was him now.

He would run for it. Get help. Escape.

But no. Maxine. He couldn't risk harm coming to Maxine. Wouldn't. Even if it meant....

“This stool free, baby doll?”

He turned. A short older man with a huge belly and sleazy intention. “I'm John,” the man said, licking his lips and letting his eyes caress Carter's face and body.

Carter crinkled his nose. It was the first time a man had leered at Carter, looked at him with a look of naked lust, looked at him like Carter was a piece of female meat. Carter's skin crawled. It was... gross to have another man look at him like that, and he recoiled at the feeling of disgust he felt as the fat, flabby man's skimmed over his slender body.

John, oblivious to Carter's disgust, squatted on the next stool like a pregnant toad, his belly oozing out from under his greasy Miller Lite t-shirt. “What's your name, honey?”

“Dolly,” Carter answered without thinking, knowing that was his name now, and the words of the Slave Lord echoed in his mind like a chant: turn the trick. Turn the trick. Turn the trick.

“Let me buy you a drink, Dolly,” John said, reaching down and putting his hand on Carter's bare knee.

“Okay,” Carter said quietly, forcing a smile onto his face.

John’s hand slid up the inside of Carter’s soft thigh, and Carter squeezed his legs together and slapped the hand away. “Stop!”

John laughed. “Gotta pay first, right, babe?”

Feeling his face flush, Carter nodded. Swallowed.

“Relax,” John said. He leaned in, his breath stinking of cigarettes and cheap beer, his Aqua Velva cologne mixing in to create a gag inducing odor of pure chemicalized sleaze. “This your first time, girly?”

Carter nodded. The man grinned, showing crooked, yellow little teeth. “I love breaking in new girls.”

The bartender arrived with Carter’s cosmo, and John ordered another as well as a Miller Lite for himself. “Drink up, Dolly,” John said.

Carter picked up his drink, and started to sip, and John shook his straw. “Work the straw, sweetie. I’ll throw in an extra 10.”

Carter sighed. Thought of Maxine. He had to do it. For her. He puckered up, thought of a woman going down on him, of scenes in movies where women had fellated a banana or a lollipop, and let the straw slip into his soft lips, and then he started to bob up and down on the straw, sucking and then glancing up from beneath his red curls and meeting John’s eyes.

John's mouth dropped open, his eyes hard and glassy, and he let his hand drop to his lap. "Yeah... yeah... that's good."

Carter went back to working the straw, closed his eyes and tried to think of nothing and no one, to block it all out of his mind, but instead he saw himself, like he was watching himself from an overhead camera, saw himself in his daisy dukes and tank top, his little cowgirl hat and red curls, going down on a straw like some dumb little slut, and he was sickened at what he was doing, what he'd become, what he was about to do.

Someone help me, he thought. Someone save me. Don't let this happen.

"Oh... baby..." John said. "You drive me wild."

Carter felt like throwing his drink in the pervert's face, but he had to do whatever it took to save Maxine, and so he decided to push the scene forward, to get it over with before he puked all over himself in disgust. He finished sucking down his drink, set the glass down and climbed onto John's lap, straddling him and instantly feeling John's stiff member throbbing against his thigh.

John slipped his arms around Carter's waist, and Carter fought against the urgent need jump off the man's lap and get away from that THING. Instead, he leaned in close and whispered, "you want me to... turn a

trick?”

“Yeah. Yeah. God, yeah, you sexy little bitch.”

“Hey,” the bartender yelled. “Take it to the parking lot.”

John stood, trying to lift Carter like he would carry the pretty little man out of the bar, but he was fat and weak, and his flabby arms failed him and he dropped Carter to the floor after taking only one step. “Ow!” Carter squealed.

“Oh, shit,” John said, laughing. “Ha hahahaha. Oh shit!”

Carter struggled to get to his feet, and John just stood there laughing, but then a guy who’d been watching took Carter’s soft little hand and helped him to his feet.

“Thanks,” Carter said, glancing up at the man gratefully.

John threw a fat arm possessively around Carter’s waist and bellowed, “Yeah, thanks! She’s a clumsy little dame, right? But a great fuck.”

Carter cringed, blushed, looked down at his little cowboy boots.

“You with this guy?” The man said, eager for a chance to punch the fat drunk in the face.

“Yes,” Carter said without looking up, putting a hand on the man’s

chest, realizing “John” had bigger tits than he did. “We’re... um... together.”

“Yeah. See? Now me and this hot little piece of ass are heading out for a little fun, so excuse us!”

John started to steer them toward the door, but the man grabbed Carter’s slender little wrist and said, “you sure about that?”

Carter’s heart skipped a beat and he felt a rush of gratitude for the man who wanted to protect him, but he had to do what he had to do. “It’s fine,” Carter said softly. “But thanks!”

“Well, you be careful.”

“Okay!”

"And don't forget your purse."

"Purse? I don't..." the man reached down and grabbed a little leather purse with a western fringe from the floor next to Carter's stool and handed it to him. "Oh," Carter said slinging the purse strap over his shoulder, feeling silly and feminine and absurd.

“Yeah, yeah. Let’s go, baby!” With his flabby arm around Carter’s waist, John began to drag the fragile little man toward the door. Carter felt a rush of confused emotions—disgust as being manhandled by a fat old pervert, gratitude toward the man who’d offered to protect him—but then he heard, or thought he heard—the whispers---

“Is that HIM?” “No way. That’s a chick.” “No. He had his face done. That’s HIM! It's the I need Dick Dude. I know it!” Cameras' flashed. His chin fell to his chest. He thought about that face he’d seen in the mirror—that pretty, big-eyed girl, the girl that didn’t look anything like him, how did they know it was him? Was Slave Lord leaking the stuff out through social media?

John dragged Carter out of the bar, into the parking lot and into the back of a beat up, Bondo splattered VW microbus. Carter felt his heart race. The door to the van slammed shut. In the back—no seats. Old musty sleeping bags tossed about on the floor. Tattered black velvet posters glued to the walls and ceiling, and Carter crinkled his nose in disgust as he realized this was John’s home—where he lived. It smelt like sweat, cheap beer, cigarettes and onions.

John slapped Carter on the ass. “You sure are a hot little piece of teen-age ass, aren’t you?”

Carter didn’t know what to say or do. How he was supposed to respond. He wanted to kick the fat freak in the balls, but instead he forced himself to smile and managed a strangled little giggle.

“Let’s get down to business,” John said, licking his lips. “Do me.”

“Do...? What...?”

“Do me. With your hand.”

Turn the trick. Turn the trick. Turn the trick.

John sat back against the wall of the van, spread his chubby legs.

Carter crawled forward. He felt sick, felt his eyes burning, fought back the tears. He knelt there, his curly red hair in his eyes, on his hands and knees, frozen, and John just laughed and said, “come on now, girly. Get to it. Daddy’s as hard as the rock of ages.’

Carter reached forward and pushing his slender hand under John’s belly roll, undid the top button on his Levis and then found the zipper and began to pull it down. John closed his eyes and moaned. Carter soon had the pants pulled down, and closing his own eyes yanked down the top of John’s underwear, the man’s member popping free, hard and stiff.

He sighed. Do what you have to do, Carter. Be a man about it He’d never touched another man’s dick, certainly had never even thought about giving another man a hand job, but now he reached out and wrapped his soft palm around the man’s shaft and biting his lip, struggling against his tears and disgust, he began to slide his hand up and down, just the way he would do himself, and John moaned and said, “how much is this going to be, Dolly?”

“How much?”

“For the trick?”

Carter didn't know and didn't care, so he just blurted out the first number that came to his mind, “50 dollars.”

As Carter kept working John, John fished in his pocket and threw a couple crumpled bills in Carter's face. Carter kept working, just wanting it all to be over with, ended, and John's moaning started to fall into rhythm with Carter's stroking, and they both got faster and faster, and finally John grunted and Carter squeaked and jumped to the side as the man's jizz spurted into the air.

It was dirty and sordid and sad and disgusting, and Carter felt his skin crawl, and the tears finally poured free, rolling down his smooth cheeks, and he wiped his hand against one of the old dirty sleeping bags in disgust.

“Jesus, Dolly. You really know how to ruin the moment,” John said with a chuckle. “You make me feel like a dirty old man.”

“I'm sorry,” Carter said. “It's my first time.”

“Well, you got a lot to learn, baby doll. A lot. Take your money and get the fuck out of here.”

“I don't...”

“Take your fucking money you nasty little bitch!”

Carter didn't want the money, didn't care, but he reached out and grabbed the crumpled bills, and then as he started to turn and crawl out of the van, John reached out and slapped a cold steel hand cuff around Carter's wrist. "You're under arrest for solicitation, sweetheart."

"What?"

"Like I said. You got a lot to learn, Dollface."

Carter found himself with his arms handcuffed behind him. John fished a walkie talkie out from among the sleeping bags and said, "the press ready?" An answer crackled back over the old fashioned machine. "Oh yeah."

The double back doors to the van were flung open and Carter found himself blinded by flashing lights as a small group of photographers and camera men recorded him being helped out of the van and lead to a police cruiser. He heard one reporter, standing in front of the live camera for the local news: "So Carter Blue, also known as the superhero C3, continues his Charlie Sheen-esque meltdown as he is arrested for prostitution outside a country western bar in Poughkeepsie, New York. He is being led to the squad car behind us now."

Carter could practically feel the camera caressing his lithe body, taking in his long, soft, coltish legs, his round little but in those tight little

daisy dukes, those slender little arms.

Carter slipped into shock, barely aware of the drive to the police station, his processing, the shooting of his headshots, which would spread from Kiev to Kabul, from Saigon to Siam and all parts in between before morning. He heard nothing, just mumbled and did what he was told, right up until the point where the cop led him to a large holding cell. It was painted lime green and white, with dim, buzzing light bulbs behind metal grating, and long, filthy benches along the back wall opposite the bars. Five big, burly men looked up at Carter with hard, hungry eyes, that started with his curly red hair, lingered on his face, and then slid down his body as they mentally stripped him naked.

Carter instantly snapped out of his funk, the immediacy of the threat like a bucket of cold water in his face. He, standing there in his tiny little daisy dukes, showing off those long, smooth legs, his tight little top, his pretty face... so small and weak and vulnerable. His knees went together, and he put a gentle hand on the cops arm. "Um... can't I... maybe? A different cell?"

"What? The girl's holding cell?"

"Yes? Please?"

“You ain’t a girl,” the cop said, and he put a hand on the small of Carter’s back and pushed the frightened little man into the cell. “Though, you are prettier than any of the girls we’ve had in here in a long time.”

“You’re not a girl?” One of the men said, standing. He was wearing a black leather vest. On the left breast was the image of a zombie eagle with a bloody dagger in its mouth-- sign of The Dead Eagle Gang.

“Boss, that’s C3.”

“What?”

“Yeah. I saw it on the news. He’s been turning hisself into a chick.”

“That right?” Boss said, stepping toward Carter.

“No,” Carter said. “My name’s Dolly.”

“Dolly? Who the hell names a kid Dolly? You’re s shitty liar for a woman,” Boss said, and now he was towering over Carter, forcing Carter to back up until Carter was against the wall, trapped. “But, you do look like a broad, ‘cept for no tits.”

Boss’s buddy, who went by the name Freak, stood slightly behind his boss. “Naw. That’s C3. I saw it on the news. “

“Are you C3?” Boss said, taking Carter’s chin in his hand and tilting his head back.

Carter tried to slap Boss' hand away, but Boss grabbed Carter's wrist and then tightened his grip on Carter's chin. "Ow!"

"I don't think I believe this little thing is or could ever have been a man. Nah. Not even possible."

"Look and see," Freak said.

"Yeah," Boss said grabbing the top of Carter's Daisy Dukes. "Maybe I should just yank down these little shorts a yours and see what you got between your legs."

Carter struggled, trying to get away from the man, but Boss had him pinned against the wall, and Carter was too weak now to even push the man back in the slightest way. "Let me go!"

Boss unbuttoned Carter's shorts. Slipped his hand down inside the tight denim, cupped Carter's soft, round ass with his bare hands. "That's a nice little ass," he said. "Real nice."

"Let me go," Carter said again, frustrated. Scared.

"You heard her," Someone said.

Freak turned and said, "You gonna do something about it?"

"Yeah," the man said, and he smashed his fist into Freak's face, spun kicked him on the temple and then slammed his elbow into the back of

Freak's head, sending him crashing to the ground, unconscious.

Carter's eyes lit up with hope. This was a serious fighter. Someone who could protect him.

Boss threw Carter to the ground, and he fell down on his hip with a yelp. Boss turned to face Carter's knight. "You just made a huge mistake, shithead."

The man didn't say anything. Carter noticed the man stood in a perfect hapkido fighter's stance, his weight back, hands forward, protecting his center, and he was breathing calmly, his face empty. The other inmates started making bets, but Carter felt his heart flutter with joy. He knew fighters, and as Boss lumbered forward, a street fighter, all brawn and bravado, Carter knew that he was about to see that JERK get taken down.

"Oooooooooohhhh, Kung fu? You gonna sop choy me or some kind of chink shit?"

The man didn't speak. He only waited.

Boss lunged. In a graceful and fluid series of kicks and sweeps and strikes, the man effortlessly beat Boss to the ground. Then, he walked over to Carter and reached down. "Miss?"

Carter took the man's hand and smiled gratefully as the man helped him to his feet. "Thank you!" Carter said. "I was so... well anyway, what's

your, I mean, can you tell me your name?” Carter’s heart was fluttering, he couldn’t focus, he was aware that he sounded like an excited school girl, and it annoyed him that he was getting so giddy and silly, especially given the other man’s impressive, masculine calm.

“I am Malachy Midnight, Dolly.” He put an arm around Carter’s waist, just like John had, but this time Carter leaned in, put a man on Malachy’s rock hard chest, and he smiled up at the man, feeling safe and protected as Malachy led him over to a narrow bench and helped him sit. Then, Malachy went over, picked up Carter’s cowboy hat, walked back and plopped onto Carter’s curly red head. “You look cute in that hat, miss.”

Carter giggled and rolled his eyes. “I guess I’m supposed to be some kind of cowgirl???”

And then the wall exploded and the cell filled with thick, grey gas. The gas blinded Carter, stung his lungs. Slave Lord. It had to be. He fell to his knees and tried to crawl away from the area of the explosion, but someone grabbed him and lifted him in the air. Squinting, Carter saw through the gas induced years that he was being carried over some man’s shoulder. He screamed, “Malachy!”

As he and his captor emerged from the cell, the man plopped Carter down on his butt and held something out to him. “Take this!” He

yelled.

Without thinking, Carter reached out and grabbed the bleary object, then bringing it closer saw that he was now holding a knife—a knife with a blood smeared blade. He tossed it away, and then someone threw a hood over his head, his hands were quickly bound and he felt a needle stab into his arm just before he faded out again, back to the soft, dark velvet world of painless existence.

Part II

He heard a door open, could actually feel a slight draft, the sound of footsteps crossing the floor, and then he saw Maxine! Looking down at him, smiling, excited, but also there was something in her eyes—embarrassment. “You’re awake!”

He tried to nod, to speak, to throw his arms around her and give her a hug, but nothing. So he blinked.

“Yes. They told me the paralysis would last awhile after you woke. Just relax. You’ll be able to move soon.”

He blinked. He had so many questions. Are you okay? Are you safe? Am I still a man? Where are we? But he just focused on breathing and tried to relax.

Maxine pulled a chair up to the bed and he felt her take his hand in her own small, soft hands. “I was so worried,” she said. “I thought they might kill you! But, well, they didn’t. So, that’s that.” She brushed the back of her hand against his cheek. He noticed his cheek was as smooth and soft as her hand, and it sent a stabbing fear through him, but he just breathed some more thinking—show me! Tell me! And I still a man?

She slid her hand up to his forehead, then leaned down and kissed him on the forehead. “Well, I am so happy you are awake, and I want to tell you, have to tell you...” and his eyes started to fill with tears. “I’ll always love you, Carter. No matter what they... do... or change or whatever! I’ll always love you. You know that, right?”

He blinked, his own eyes flooding with years.

“Oh, I’ve upset you! Oh, I am so sorry. I mean, you’ve been through so much, and I just need to be quiet. I know! I’ll get some things together, so when you can move, when you can get up, well, we’ll get you dressed! Isn’t that a good idea?”

She disappeared from his view, and he felt suddenly very sad and alone, and he wanted her to stay and hold his hand and tell him things would be okay, and the feelings of vulnerability surprised him and he thought—is this me as a woman? Am I becoming ... what? Dependent?

“I’m going to take care of you,” Maxine called from somewhere outside his vision. “We’ll get through this together. You’ll see! It’s going to be fine. Just fine and dandy!”

Get you through this. Together. Maxine? No. If he was a woman now, he didn’t want her to see him, didn’t want her around him to see him disfigured, cut, emasculated. No. That was not the way it should be. He would kill himself. That was all. Slave Lord would not get the satisfaction of seeing him live as a girl, free or slave.

He focused on moving his fingers, wiggling his toes. And—yes! He felt his toes twitch. Just a tiny bit, but he felt triumphant and even managed to make a small noise.

“Oh!” Maxine rushed over. “You made a sound.”

“Unhhh,” he said, and the soft, high-pitched sound made him sick, but yet, he was now moving his fingers and his toes, and it excited him.

“Unhhhhh.”

She pulled back the sheets, and took his hand and lifted his arm. He glanced and saw a slender, white arm with a tiny, delicate wrist and a small little hand with pink nails— even more elegant and delicate than before, it was not his arm, could not be his arm, but he could feel it moving, feel his little hand in Maxine’s, and her touch sent a flood of warmth through his

body, and the arm seemed to get some life, and he flexed his hand and began to move the arm on his own. Maxine took his other hand and started to help bring that one to life, and with a sense of desperate urgency Carter carefully brought his shaking little hand to his smooth, hairless belly and let it slide down toward his groin, where he paused. He knew that when he slid it down between his legs he would feel a vagina, a slit, a woman's sex, and so he took a deep breath and slid it down to feel—himself.

What? "I'm not..." He managed to say, barely aware of the soft, girlish sound of his voice he was so excited over his rediscovered manhood.

Maxine looked down and saw what he was referring to. "Oh!" She said. "No. Not yet. But, sweetie, there have been changes."

"Yuh," he managed. "My arm."

"Yes." She took one of his hands, the one that hadn't been on his junk, and held it to her cheek. "Yes. But, it'll be fine. You'll see. You're strong enough to make it."

"Is our little girl awake?" He heard a voice say, and a moment later Slave Lord appeared.

"She just woke up," Maxine said.

"Excellent," Slave Lord said. "I am so excited at her progress."

"Not.. a girl..." Carter said, aware he now had to highest, prettiest

voice in the room.

“Of course you are,” Slave Lord said, smiling. “And a very cute one at that. You’re a pretty little thing, Dolly. Isn’t she, Maxine.”

“Yes, she is,” Maxine said.

“Let’s let you get a look at yourself,” Slave Lord said and then she effortlessly lifted Carter from the bed and carried him across the room, plopping him down in front of a full length mirror. His knees collapsed and he squealed as he almost fell, but Slave Lord grabbed him and he found himself clinging to her, one of her strong arms around his slender waist.

He hated the feeling of being in her arms, leaning on her for strength, but if he didn’t hold to her he would fall to the ground, and so, clinging to her, he looked shyly at the mirror and whispered, “Oh my God.”

“Goddess,” Slave Lord corrected.

He did not see himself at all. He saw a girl, a very small, skinny girl with snow white skin, clinging to the tall, tone Slave Lord. He, this girl he’d become, she had tiny arms, and soft, round legs. A wasp-thin waist and round, but slender hips. She was wearing a pink bra and panties, though she did not have breasts, but most shocking to him of all, most dispiriting, most frightening was her face. My God, what a pretty face she had. He had. It was a vision of feminine perfection, and it was his. The pretty girl's face he'd

seen in the bar, yes, but even prettier, more feminine, sweeter and angelic.

Big, wide blue eyes beneath slender, quizzical brows. A tiny little nose with a dusting of freckles across the bridge, and full, soft lips. She had high cheeks and a long slender neck, and it was a face that belonged on a doll with naturally flush cheeks and perfect, porcelain skin and that curly red hair. The man that he had been felt a hunger just looking at that face, a need to love and protect her, a need to have her, a desire to make her smile and laugh, to kiss her and lay her down and take her...

... and he was her. This sweetly feminine girl was him, and he was small and pretty and helplessly in this soft, tiny body, and though he may have technically been a man, the reality was whispered from those soft lips in that sweet little voice of his: "I'm too pretty."

Slave Lord laughed. "I agree, little Dolly. Actually. But your master, well, he likes his slave girls extra pretty, and master gets what he wants. Maxine?"

Maxine came over and Slave Lord transferred the fawn-weak Carter to her. Standing next to her now, looking at the two of them in the mirror, he realized he'd also gotten much shorter-- he was what? Maybe 5' 1" now?

"You're 4' 11" little Dolly," Slave Lord said, as if reading his mind. "Get her dressed and take her to the training room." With that, Slave Lord

left.

Carter, leaning on Maxine, clinging to her tall, strong body, looked up at her as she helped him toward the next room, and she had never looked more beautiful to him, more a perfect woman. And as much as he was now a girl, Maxine's strong, confident womanhood was even more apparent, and he felt safe in her arms, and grateful for her help. "Thank you," he said in his breathy little tea-kettle voice.

"For what, sweetie?"

"For not laughing at me."

"Of course I would never laugh at you!" She sat him down on a padded stool in front of a big mirrored dressing table. "Now let's get you dressed, Dolly!"

"Call me Carter?" He said.

"Oh, you mustn't ask me to use that name. You are Dolly now, and I must call you Dolly." She said the last line with a glance up, and Carter realized they were being watched.

"Oh. Okay. Whatever... whatever you think is best."

"And, Slave Lord would like for you to call me Sis."

"Sis?"

"Yes. I am to be your big sister now, and help you grow up into a perfect little woman."

It shamed Carter and embarrassed him, which he knew was the point, but sitting there in his bra and panties, brushing his long red hair out of his face with a soft little hand, was this really the battle for him to fight? So for now the woman he loved would treat him as a little sister, dress him and teach him to be a female. He couldn't expect her to ever respect him again. To ever think of him as a man again. But he had to do whatever it took to protect her, even if that meant losing her forever. "Okay, Sis. I'll do whatever you want me to do."

"Good girl," Maxine said smiling, thought Carter was almost certain he saw disgust and disappointment behind her eyes. "Let's get you into a pretty dress."

Maxine hummed to herself as she helped Carter into a slip and a lacy white blouse, and then pulled a party dress of emerald crushed velvet over his head, tugging down the skirt and putting her hands on his little shoulders, she looked at him and smiled, "come see how pretty you look!"

"Do you really have to treat me like a little girl?" He asked, but Maxine didn't answer. Instead, she led him to a full length mirror, where he saw the pretty little thing he'd now become dressed in what to him looked

like some kind of 19th Century party dress, which enhanced the perception that he was now a child even more. Maxine then got busy fussing with his hair, using big, shiny silk ribbons to give him curly side bangs, and teasing his bangs until they curved just above his wide, innocent eyes. Light make-up enhanced the girlish innocence of his features, and then she had him put on a pair of lacy ankles socks and shiny, patent leather shoes completing his little girl's tea party outfit.

"Let's practice your curtsy."

"Curtsy?" He asked. "Am I being sent back in time to an English Manor in the 18th Century?"

"Your master would like you to know how to curtsy, Dolly," Maxine said, glancing nervously toward the ceiling, where the camera's, real or imagined, watched.

"My master? My master is an idiot."

"Now, now. You mustn't ever criticize your master."

Carter sighed. This was it. Defeat. Complete and total defeat. But for now, he had no choice, so he walked over to the mirror and learned to curtsy, just like a good little slave girl should.

"Good girl," Maxine said, handing Carter a teddy bear. "Let's go to the training room."

Carter rolled his eyes and took the bear, aware that dressed and looking as he did now the gesture came across as an act of girlish petulance.

"Give me your hand," Maxine said.

Carter, knowing this was undoubtedly another requirement of his training, reached up and put his soft little hand in his former girlfriends, and then he walked alongside her, clutching his teddy bear as she led him down the hall and into the training room, where he immediately saw a mass of monitors, and on each were images of him-- in a little bikini in the park, dressed all in white, clutching a bouquet, in little jean shorts that showed off his long, sexy legs and cute little butt, being led away in hand cuffs.

He watched, transfixed, and then the images changed to news reports. Close ups of his new face with captions like "Super Slut gets nose job" or "Super Hero gets Pretty-- weird!" Then, he gasped, as pictures of him in his cowgirl outfit appeared with new headlines: Carter Blue, sex-changing former hero, wanted for murder. Blue escapes from jail. Manhunt ensues. C3 becomes woman. Goes on hormonal rampage.

"Murder?" He whispered.

"Yes," Slave Lord said, emerging from the darkness. "It seems your finger prints were found on a knife used to kill a biker named Abraham Flinkermeyer. You knew him as Boss."

Carter remembered the knife someone had shoved into his hand.

"Two witnesses have already testified under oath they saw you stab him."

"With these little arms?" Carter said.

"Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned, Dolly."

Finally, footage appeared of Carter's apartment. The police had found women's clothing, a Barbie doll collection, and evidence tying him to an Asian gang that dealt in human trafficking.

"You understand why I am showing you all this?" Slave Lord said.

"Yes," Carter said, fighting to hold back his rage, his desire to attack Slave Lord. He knew that in his present state it would only make him look ridiculous, so instead he just squeezed Maxine's hand and nodded. "You want me to know that you have destroyed me. Not just by taking away my body, my identity, but my reputation, everything I ever worked for, everything I believed in."

"You are a wanted criminal now, Dolly. Hated, despaired, ridiculed by the society you dedicated your life to serving."

All of the screens filled with the image of David Letterman, and the sound came up. "Hugh Hefner offered to pay Carter Blue 200,000 dollars to appear naked in Playboy. Did you hear about this? Blue's counter offer? He

would do it, but he didn't want the money. He just wanted a Dude Ranch Barbie."

Chelsea Handler. "I saw Carter Blue is telling everyone he's a princess now. Really? A princess? He seems more like a queen!"

Howard Stern. "I gotta tell ya, this Carter Blue is hot as hell, right? I see him in those little shorts, and I'm not gay, but I wanted that ass. The only thing, though, is he needs some big tits, right? I mean, huge tits, like Kate Upton tits. You know, Carter Blue, if you are listening to this right now, come on my show, I'll pay for the boob job! I'll make sure you have pair of melons that's make Dolly Parton weep! But, you have to let me motorboat them! That's the deal! Free boobs for that little pervert!"

"Maxine. Leave your little sister. with me. I wish to speak with her alone."

"Yes, m'Lord," Maxine said, turning and leaving.

"You look adorable in that dress, Dolly."

Carter didn't respond, and Slave Lord tsked. "You must always smile and say thank you in response to a compliment."

"Thanks," he said.

"You will address me as mistress. And don't forget to smile."

"Haven't you done enough to destroy me? Look at me! Listen to me! You've taken away everything, including the woman I love!" He threw the teddy bear to the side. "What more do you want?"

"The question is what more do you want?"

"I just want to die."

"What about Maxine?"

"What? Are you going to threaten to kill her? Torture her? Again? Don't you think I know that eventually you'll just do it anyway?"

"Then I will make you a new offer."

"What?" Carter put his little fists on his hips and stared up angrily at the woman who'd destroyed him.

"Maxine's freedom. Her safety."

"What?"

"You agree to... embrace... your new life. To work as hard as you can to become the best little slave girl you can be, and if you do that, I will release Maxine and promise never to bother her again."

"Why?"

"Because, my sweet, I am being paid a lot of money by your owner to deliver to him an exquisitely trained slave girl, and it will be much easier if

you cooperate. Yes, I have done much to change you, to break you, but he does not want a robot or a drooling, lobotomized shell. He wants Carter Blue to be his willing slave, and it is worth a great deal to me to deliver just that."

"So I'd be helping you."

"You'd be rescuing Maxine."

"I can't trust you."

"No, but you can leverage me. Maxine means nothing to me. She has no value. Your cooperation means a lot. Be a good girl, Dolly. Learn to be a slave girl, and serve your new master well. And I have every reason to keep my part of the bargain because your continued cooperation makes me look good!"

"You mean as long as I keep my new master happy, you keep winning."

"Me, Maxine, and in a certain sense, even you."

"Okay," Carter said, feeling almost like he was agreeing to kill himself, to die to himself, to surrender forever what he's been, the man he's been, and to embrace a life of soft servitude. "I'll do it. I will work as hard as I can to be the best little slave girl you've ever seen."

"Good! Good! Now, we'll begin." She handed Carter a couple pills and a glass of water. "These will begin your breast development, and also fill

out your figure, giving you a nice, womanly shape."

"Why not just inject me again?"

"Because it's important for me, and for you, that we move fully and completely into the new phase, where you do all of this by choice. You want big, soft breasts to please your master, right?"

"Okay, mistress," Carter said, and he took the pills. "I can't wait to have boobies."

"You'll have to work on sounding more convincing. Remember, it doesn't matter what's going on in that pretty little head of yours, sweetie. Just smile and say it like you mean it!"

Carter smiled and curtsied. "As you wish, mistress. I live to serve."

"What a good little girl you are! Now, go get your teddy bear and sit down. You'll be watching some training videos. I might as well tell you up front that these videos are loaded with subliminal messages and images, and they will be reprogramming your personality to become more submissive and feminine."

"Thank you, mistress. That will help me be a better slave girl."

"Oh, yes it will, Dolly. Yes, it will. You've made an excellent decision today, Dolly. It really is best for everyone."

Slave Lord left. Carter felt himself become hazy, almost like he was half asleep, and then a beautiful, cinnamon skinned woman appeared on the screen. "Today, you will learn sensual walking. You love to walk in such a way that it pleases men!"

"Today, I will learn sensual walking," Carter murmured, and then he smiled. "I love to walk in such a way that it pleases men."

Carter watched and watched, he didn't know for how long. Then, he found himself wearing a harem's girl's outfit, all transparent silk and soft, ballet slippers, and he was surrounded by girls, the same girls who'd wrapped him in chains another lifetime ago, back in the warehouse, the ones who defeated him and taken his manhood. Only now they were all smiles and hugs, giggles and sisterly kisses. And they were helping him practice his walk, learning to glide, to put a wiggle in his pretty little ass, to move as gracefully and sensually as a cat.

"Your master is going to love you!" Blush said, smiling. "You're so sweet!"

"I just want to please my master!" Carter responded, putting one little hand on his hip and smoothly pivoting, like a runway model.

He felt like a child, even among the slave girls. Even the short ones stood 5'2" or 5' 3" and at 4' 11" with a decidedly slender frame, he felt small

and delicate around them. The taller women-- 5' 9" or more-- maybe him feel ridiculously tiny.

When he was done training, one of the girls took him by the hand and led him back to his room. He was never allowed to go anywhere without holding someone's hand and being led, which added to his infantilization and heightened his feeling that he'd been turned into a child again.

Back in the room he now shared with his big sister, Maxine, that night, Carter sat on his My Little Pony bedspread cross-legged wearing his Hello, Kitty nightgown. He was pressing his palms together, chanting, "I must... I must... I must increase my bust." Slave Lord had told him he needed to do whatever he could to speed the process of developing his breasts. He only had two months to be perfect for his new master!

Maxine came in and saw Carter sitting there in his nightie, his long red hair tied back in a pony tail. He was chanting about increasing his bust, doing exercises girls did to help get better cleavage. Her heart went out to him, to see him reduced to this, and yet part of her kind of hated him, too, for accepting his feminization. But, she had her orders, and so she counted backward from ten and then said, "What are you doing, silly?"

"Oh! Hi, Sis!" Carter said. "I'm getting my boobies to grow!"

"Do you want boobs now?"

"My master wants me to have boobs," Carter responded. "So that's all that matters. He wants me to have Double Ds."

"Double Ds? Oh my goodness. You'll have terrible backaches!"

"What size are your breasts?" Carter asked, thinking he should know that.

"I have C cups," Maxine said.

"So, I guess I'm going to have bigger breasts than you, then."

"Yes. And you're going to look great with D cups, little sis. I'm going to be so jealous!"

Carter went back to doing his exercises. They had told him to do a hundred each night and every morning. "I must... I must... I must increase my bust...."

Maxine went into the bathroom, sat down on the toilet, and cried. She'd agreed to help feminize him, to turn the tough as nails macho stud she loved into a submissive little slave girl, and she hated herself for it. But Slave Lord had promised her she could go free at the end, go back to living her own life, and though she felt guilty selling out Carter, what choice did she have?

He was beaten anyway. His life destroyed. It was better for him now to accept his new life, and -- no. She was lying to herself. She wanted

to be free, and she was betraying the man she loved to save herself. That was all.

"God forgive me," she thought. And then, wiping the tears from her eyes, she got ready to go to bed, to sleep, and to forget, at least for a little while, how she was betraying the man she once loved, turning him into her little sister, and preparing him to accept the day when he would willingly become fully a woman and a slave.

She gave Carter a kiss on the forehead, they said goodnight, and then the lights went out. Carter quickly drifted off to sleep, tossing and turning, his mind racing, filled with images, like a feverish nightmare, he relived it all-- screaming for dick in Central Park, his princess moment at The Cloisters... the hand job he'd given that fat, greasy cop. He remembered his walking lessons with the girls, sitting with his teddy bear, watching the video on how to walk, and then other images flitted through his mind: he saw himself dressed as a harem girl, swirling and kicking, dancing as a crowd watched and clapped, the shadowy figure of his master sitting on a throne, watching... watching... he saw himself with a tray, walking into a crowded room and serving wine to the guests... he saw himself smiling and putting a hand on a soft round hip, throwing his shoulders back and accentuating his full, swaying breasts...

He saw himself kneeling before his master, licking his lips and

smiling up at him, whispering, "How may I please you, master?" In his soft, pretty, little girl's voice.

The best. He'd always tried to be the best at whatever he did, from football in high-school, to engineering in college, and the whole time martial arts, training to become the fastest, most perfectly balanced and most centered fighter in the world... building his armor, taking down criminal empires...

That was over now. He had a new goal. To be the perfect slave girl. The best slave girl. He wasn't even sure what that meant yet, but he was sure he could learn, and he would, and he would be the best little girl in the world, and Maxine would be safe.

In the morning Maxine did his hair, this time in a pony tail. Again, he found himself dressed in a little girl's party dress-- this time an orange color that complimented his creamy skin and brought out his eyes. He did his bust building exercises. Took his pills. Maxine took him by the hand and led him to the training room, kissed him on the cheek and left him to learn the skills he would need in his new life. The same stunningly beautiful woman appeared as the day before, and she was folding a banana. "Today, we will talk about fallacio."

Carter settled back and watched. Later, much as before, the other

slave girls gathered and watched as Carter went down on a banana. He slipped it into his mouth and worked it, worked it, worked.

"You go girl!" Someone said.

When he finished there was hugs and kisses. "Oh my God! You are so good at that! You're going to make your master so happy!"

He was handed a dildo. "Practice with this tonight, Dolly. And every night."

"Of course," Carter responded, and gave the deep bow he also learned that day.

Maxine came into the room that night to find Carter kneeling next to his bed in a Barbie nightgown. He had a dildo in his mouth, and he was sliding it in and out like a veteran prostitute. "Oh my God," she blurted out.

Carter pulled the dildo from his mouth and shoved it under his bed. "Omigod," he echoed. "I didn't hear you come in!" He immediately got to his feet and covered his blushing face. "I wish you hadn't seen that."

Maxine turned away, disgusted at him, at herself. "I... I'm sorry. I should knock. Oh my god." She went into the bathroom.

Carter started crying, ashamed, helpless, confused. He still loved Maxine. He wanted to hold her. Kiss her. He wanted to make her feel safe. At the same time, he wanted her to hold him, protect him, tell him everything

was going to be okay.

And he wanted to take her. To lay her down and take her the way he used to, the way a man takes a woman that he loves. But... now? The woman he loved had just watched him stick a fake penis in his mouth and practice giving a blow job. What a turn on that must be for her, he thought. Not to mention my Barbie pajamas.

He did his breast building exercises, did some stretches he'd been taught to increase mobility in his hips and legs. Maxine stayed in the bathroom. Finally, Carter knocked on the door.

"Yes?" Maxine said.

"Goodnight," he said in a soft voice. "And I'm sorry you had to see that."

"Goodnight," Maxine answered. "Sweet dreams."

In the morning, as they ate breakfast, Carter realized Maxine was staring at him angrily. "What is it?" He asked.

"Do you have to do that at the table?"

"What?" Then, he realized he'd been working the banana without even thinking about it, practicing his method. "Oh! I'm sorry. I didn't even realize what I was doing."

"I'm... I don't know... I just, well, I'm having a hard time right now, Dolly. With everything."

"Don't worry," Carter said. "You said it yourself, 'member? I'm strong. I'm going to get through this. 'Kay?"

Maxine nodded. "Okay."

"And you were also right about something else."

"What's that?"

"I'm gonna need help from my big sis."

"Okay, Dolly. I, you know I'll do everything I can to help."

They hugged, and Carter gave Maxine a little kiss on the cheek. "I still love you," he said.

"And I love you, too."

Carter's days became a series of humiliating trainings. His training in the erotic arts continued, as well as walking, dancing, singing... he was trained to give massages... baths... to do nails... to sew and cook... and all of it as a giggly ball of feminine delight, a pretty little servant and toy.

At night he did his exercises, practiced going down on his dildo. He turned his back when Maxine was in the room, pretended she didn't know what he was doing, but they both knew, and it created tension.

"Do you have to do that?" Maxine blurted out one night.

"Yes," Carter whispered. "I do. I'm a slave girl now."

Maxine saw him go to the bathroom, pull down his panties, sit down on the toilet to pee, just like a girl. It shamed and angered her, just as it all had, and it was just another mark of his submissiveness, his willing acceptance of his new life.

His nipples got sensitive and swollen. And he woke up one day to find cute little boobs bouncing on his smooth chest. He sat up, feeling them against his nightie, and he looked down to see the little bumps. He put his small hands on them, squeezed and felt a strange thrill of pleasure run through the center of his body.

Maxine came out of the bedroom and looked at him with his hands on his chest, and she said, "Did you get your boobs?"

He dropped his hands, sticking his chest out. "Yes!"

They squealed and hugged, each filled with joy, each for different reasons. Carter because he'd been promised a small gift he could give to Maxine if he took some herbs that were said to foster breast development. Maxine because Slave Lord had promised her a day of freedom in the city if she slipped extra hormones into Carter's food.

It was strange for Carter to hug Maxine and feel his own little

breasts press against her soft body, but it was something he would just have to get used to. After the hug broke, he walked over to the mirror, looked at himself in his nightie, the new little cones pushing out the front. He pulled it over his head and looked at his soft, white breasts on his slender chest. They were small and pretty, and they matched his body and face, as well as his widening, round hips.

"I'm becoming a woman," he said.

"Yes. My little sister is growing up."

That day the other slave girls actually made him a cake. On the top were a pair of boobs with a candle in each nipple, and they word CongraDDulations! It was doubly spelled wrong, but Carter didn't care. It was the nicest anyone had been to him in a long time, and he liked all the attention, the hugs and kisses. In fact, he found himself getting really horny being around all those soft, half-naked female bodies, and the hugs and kisses, and all the caressing of his new breasts left him flustered and hungry for sex.

Back at the room, he slipped into a black lace, padded push up bra that enhanced his cleavage. Matching panties and lace stockings with garters. He took down his hair and let it fall wild and free over his shoulders. Then, he painted his face-- smoky eye shadow, wet red lips... it

was a fuck me face, and when Maxine came back, she found Carter sprawled on his bed, the room flickering in candle light. "Help me celebrate?" He said softly.

"Oh... what's all this?"

"I just thought it would be fun to celebrate a little. My new boobies and all."

Maxine laughed and came over, accepting a glass of wine, and then sat down looking at the gorgeous little woman her lover had become. "You look amazing," she said. "So sexy."

"Thanks," Carter said. "You're looking gorgeous yourself."

"Oh, you," Maxine said.

"No. I mean it. You've never looked as beautiful to me as you look right now." He reached out and put a hand on her thigh, and their eyes met, and Carter smiled, his eyes wide and eager, full of feminine need.

Maxine met his gaze, felt his hand on her thigh and laughed.

"What?" Carter pulled his hand away.

"Oh... I'm sorry..." Maxine said. "Are you trying to seduce me?"

"What...? Yes? I mean, why else would I be dressed like this?"

"Carter, I'm sorry. I really am. But, why would you be dressed like

that to seduce ME? I... like men."

"I'm a still a man," he said.

"No, sweetie, you aren't. You... do you think a man would squeal with joy over having grown breasts? Do you think a man would put on a push up bra to seduce a woman? Do his hair and make-up? Carter, whatever little piece of you may still be physically male, you are a woman now. A female."

Carter sat up, the truth of her words stinging him. How could he have thought this was the way to get Maxine into bed? How could he not have realized how ridiculous it was for him to imagine she would want to sleep with him-- like this?

His training, of course. It had sunk in deeper than he realized, changed him so much he didn't even know when he was acting like a silly school girl anymore. "Omigod," he said. "What have I become?"

"A slave girl," Maxine answered. "And a pretty one."

"I'm sorry," he said.

"Don't be. But let's not let this wine go to waste, girly girl. Okay?"

And so the two got drunk. Carter gave Maxine the bracelet he gotten for her as a reward for going all out to get his breasts. They laughed and giggled, just like two sisters, and they forget all about their troubles for

an evening.

Carter's breasts swelled, and his formerly skinny little body grew soft and round and jiggle. Each week, they measured his figure, and each week he and the girls shrieked and cheered Carter on as his breasts and hips grew bigger and sexier, and he found himself a tiny little, pretty thing, with boobs the size of melons with a bombshell figure any girl would die for.

He felt like he constantly had to relearn how to walk, to sit, to dance, as his breasts blossomed, from an A to a B to a C, getting bigger, bouncier, more prominent. He had been a breast man-- had loved a girl with a big, perky rack-- and he'd loved them but also felt kind of sorry for women who had such big boobs because they looked like a lot of trouble.

And they were. Goodness, but having such big breasts was a test for Carter every day, with them swaying and bouncing and he started having back aches and became fascinated with bras of all kinds and didn't really feel fully dressed unless he had a bra on to keep his puppies under control. But, often in the harem all he had was a thin silk top that provided very little control-- pulled tight against his boobs, his full, inviting nipples obvious through the thin material, his breasts free to sway and bounce, he felt like a woman, a total woman, hobbled by a pair of exquisite tits.

It changed things between he and Maxine. He could tell Maxine

didn't like to even look at him now. He couldn't blame her. He'd been a cartoon sex bomb, the man she once loved, with bigger boobs than her, a prettier face. Of course it confused and embarrassed her-- but for his part as his figure filled out and he looked more and more like a sex toy, he became more and more attracted to Maxine, and he pined for her like a school girl on a crush, often finding himself blushing when he tried on a new outfit, hoping for a compliment, a hug from the woman he loved.

At night he played with his breasts, but he pretended it was Maxine with her hands on his breasts, kneading them, squeezing them, making him sigh with pleasure as she learned to love the new, soft, pretty little Dolly he'd become.

Eventually, he stood eagerly in his harem girl outfit as the tape measure was wrapped around his bust, then his waist, then his hips. Then, the matron called out the numbers: 40-19-36.

"Omigod," Carter said.

"That's your perfect shape," the matron said, and all the girls cheered. Carter looked at himself in the mirror, and it was like he was looking at a sexy cartoon girl with gravity defying breasts, an impossibly small waist, and soft, maternal hips, long, tone, tan legs... He had anklets flashing at his dainty ankles, slender bracelets flashing at his delicate

wrists.... big hoop earrings dangling from his little sea shell ears, and of course, that face. The stunning, angelic face, that face that made him want to protect and fuck himself every time he saw it.

He was proud of himself. He'd worked so hard to trim his waist and tone his legs, to raise and tighten his sexy little ass. And now, with a perfectly feminine gait, he walked across the room, showing off his perfect body, his glowing skin, and he knew he was the prettiest girl in the harem, and it made him feel like such a badass little bitch.

Maxine handed him a dozen long stem roses. "Congratulations, little sis. You've graduated."

"Thanks," he said. "I couldn't have done it without you."

She took his little hand in hers and led her pretty little boyfriend down the hall to his training room, where Slave Lord awaited. Upon seeing her, Carter immediately bowed, and then he put one hand on his hip and turned slightly to show off his profile-- his immense breasts, flat tummy, round ass.

"You are a stunning vision of feminine perfection, Dolly."

"Thank you, mistress."

"It's time for the final change."

"Yes, mistress."

Slave Lord approached Carter. She held out her hand, and in it was a large, pink pill. "If you take this pill, it will cause you to develop a womb, ovaries, a birth canal and a vagina. You will be fully a woman. Do you understand?"

"Yes, mistress."

"And do you agree to take this pill, become a female, and faithfully serve your master as a slave girl for the rest of your life?"

"Yes, mistress."

"Carter, are you sure?"

"Yes," Carter said. "I'm already a woman, anyway."

He handed the roses to Maxine. Took the pill and held it in his hand. "This is the end of whatever remains of Carter Blue."

"You're so brave," Maxine said. "I love you."

"I love you, too. Goodbye." He put the pill into his mouth, accepted a bottle of water from Slave Lord, and then closed his eyes. "Goodbye... goodbye... I wish..." and then, his voice breaking, "I wish you had killed me."

"Sweet dreams, princess," Slave Lord said, catching Carter in her arms as he fainted.

Part III

Carter opened his eyes and saw the diaphanous white canopy of his bed. He sighed, reached down and put his palms against his belly, feeling the weight of his breasts push up softly against his small arms. He slid his hands down the soft, round base of his belly, felt his fingers slide under the top of his panties. He felt stiff, bristly hair, and then he let his hands slide down further, touching the mound of his vagina for the first time. He felt dizzy, a strange sense of vertigo. He'd touched a woman before, touched her vagina, he'd put his whole face down there. But now, not only was he touching a woman's vagina, but it was his vagina, and he felt his own fingers now on top of his sensitive new slit. What would it feel like to inside? He wanted to know. Needed to know. So, bracing himself, Carter slipped his fingertips between the soft vaginal lips, and let them slide inside his slit, and it was soft and wet, and he arched his back against a surge of pleasure that shocked him and brought a tear to his eye as he pulled his hands back, cupped his breasts and wiggled uncomfortably in his slender, woman's body. He threw back the covers and rolled out of bed and onto his feet, his breasts swaying. He was wearing a translucent teddy, and he pranced girlishly to the bathroom, his head swimming with a confusion of emotions. He glanced at Maxine, sleeping peacefully, and he felt an emptiness and an ache at the sight of her. He was a woman now, too, in every way, and any lingering hope he had that

she would love him had to be let go.

Thinking of Maxine, he felt his nipples getting hard, and frustrated he sat down on the toilet and peed in fits and starts. It was strange and different to relieve himself as a woman, to feel what that would feel like from now on. He'd gotten used to sitting down to pee. It was all part of living as a girl for these many months. But now, he really was a girl, and as he wiped himself, he thought of Maxine's mysterious boxes of tampons and pads, and he knew that was part of his life now as well.

He took a cold shower.

It didn't help. He kept imagining himself on his back, his legs spread, Maxine's tongue darting in and out of his vagina.

What the hell is wrong with me? Carter stretched. Did some exercises. Reverting back to a male trick, he thought about baseball-- playing back last year's playoff game in his mind, but the players kept morphing, turning into leggy supermodels in short shorts and halter tops that showed off their tight asses and firm breasts.

He thought about going to see Slave Lord, to tell her what was happening, to beg her to make it stop, but he wasn't allowed to go anywhere without someone to hold his hand, and he didn't want to get in trouble. Finally, Maxine woke up, and Carter rushed over to his, his cheeks flush,

eyes wide with arousal. "Make love to me!" He said.

"Dolly," Maxine said, rubbing the sleep from her eyes. "We've been over this. I'm not into girls."

"Please," Carter begged, taking her hand. "I'm so... wet... and hot... God I just need you so badly right now."

"Oh God," Maxine said, squeezing Carter's hand. She looked at his pretty, wide eyed face, his full lips, those amazing breasts... his skin was radiant, and his hair was so thick and healthy and alive. "I am so sorry this happened to you, sweetie."

"Then make it up to me," Carter said, desperate. "Make love to me. I need you, Maxine. I want you." His nipples were hard, poking out the front of his teddy. The tip of his nose had turned pink.

"Let's get you dressed, little sister," Maxine said, sickened with herself. "Before you explode."

She knew that the pill had done its work. Macho stud Carter Blue now had a soft, wet slit between his legs, just like her, just like every woman. It was done. And just as Slave Lord had told her, pretty little Carter Blue had woken up a nympho, crazy for sex and desperate for love.

"Today is your special day," Maxine explained as she laced Carter into a white, silk corset. "Today, you meet your master."

The corset was barely necessary for a girl with a waist as small as Carter's, but it pushed his breasts up and accentuated his cleavage, and of course nothing was a more perfect symbol of his new status as a female in bondage. Over the top went a frilly white wedding dress with a full skirt and train. Elbow length white gloves. Maxine carefully pinned his hair up on his head, and then she draped her former lover in flashing, delicate jewels-- earrings, necklaces, bracelets. No tiara, of course. Because dressed up as he may have been, Carter was now and forever more a slave girl.

Maxine took Carter's hand and led him to the full length mirror for the last time. She stood and looked down on the tiny little sex doll her former lover had become as he put a hand on his hip and turned, smiling, admiring his soft, curvy shape, his pretty dress, his gorgeous jewels. "I'm very fuckable," he said and giggled.

"Yes, you are."

He came over and gave Maxine a sisterly hug. "Thank you for not taking advantage of me."

Maxine started to cry, holding her soft little former lover in her arms. He smelled pretty-- lilacs. And he would never know, could never know just how much she had taken advantage of him. "I will never see you again," Maxine said, breaking the hug and putting her hands on Carter's

small, round shoulders.

"I know," Carter said, looking up at her through his thick, mascara wet lashes, controlling his tears because he didn't want to ruin his make-up. "I'll always love you, Maxine."

Maxine put her hand under Carter's chin and tilted his head back. "Here's looking at you kid."

The next few hours were a whirl wind for Carter Blue as he found himself helped into a limousine, then hurried across the tarmac at a private airport and onto a private leer jet where he was plopped into a large, comfortable chair and handed a glass of champagne by a pretty young woman dressed like a 1950s flight attendant.

"Thank you, mistress" Carter said, eyeing her, wishing he had a chance with her. He was still feeling crazy horny.

"Your master will be out shortly," the woman said with a smile.

"Should I...prepare myself?"

"No. He wants you just like that."

"Yes, mistress."

"Is it true? That you used to be a man?"

"Yes, mistress," Carter said, obediently answering, just as he had

been trained to do.

"And now you're a little sex doll. Isn't that humiliating?"

"Yes, mistress."

Carter didn't drink the champagne. He had not been given permission. He felt frightened, curious. His little heart was racing, and yet he also felt a strange kind of spiritual calm, resignation? He was Dolly now, the slave girl, and he no longer made decisions. All he needed to do was look pretty and obey. There was a kind of simplicity in his new life that he found surprisingly comforting. Perhaps he'd grown tired of being a man?

He thought of a poem he'd read years before... a poem by, was it Neruda? Some of the words came back to him now:

It so happens I'm tired of being a man.

It so happens I enter clothes shops and theaters,

withered, impenetrable, like a swan made of felt

sailing the water of ashes and origins.

I don't want to be so much misfortune,

I don't want to go on as a root or a tomb,

a subterranean tunnel, just a cellar of death,

frozen, dying in pain.

Carter thought of them-- the thugs, criminals, abusers and users, all the

men he'd hunted down over the years, beaten, smashed, sent off to prison. He'd taken everything they had, everything but their names, left most of them with scars and broken bones, permanent marks of their defeat at his hands.

And now, he looked down at his soft breasts, pushed up by his corset, and he could feel the weight of his long red hair piled up on his head, the curls brushing against his soft cheeks, and now he had lost it all-- his sex, his name.

He wouldn't be hurting anyone anymore, whether they deserved it or not. From now on, Carter would serve only as a pleasure machine, a boy toy, a sex doll. And maybe it was time for that, for a new phase in his life, a time...

He heard the cabin door open behind him. Carter plastered a smile on his face. Shifted his arms and legs into a prettier pose. He could hear someone approaching-- not the girl. The footfalls were heavier, solid, assured-- masculine. A pair of big, calloused hands reached down from over the chair and settled onto Carter's soft shoulders and began to massage.

"Your skin is so soft," a deep, whiskey ravaged voice said. Carter recognized it immediately. It was the voice of The Gentleman, his greatest foe, and a man he believed he'd killed. Carter felt his skin crawl, shame and revulsion sweeping over him as he realized he'd been emasculated and

feminized by his greatest enemy, the man he hated more than any other in the world, the man who had killed his mother and sister!

But he thought of Maxine, and he pushed all that hate and disgust away, and he kept smiling, because he would do whatever he had to do to save Maxine, even if that meant living as a sex doll in the arms of the man who'd killed the two women he'd loved most in his life.

"Thank you, master," Carter chimed in his pretty little voice.

"Slave Lord told me your voice was adorable, but it is even sweeter and more feminine than I could have imagined."

"Thank you master."

"Do you want to look at me? To see the face of your new master?"

"Yes, master," Carter said.

"Then why haven't you, little Dolly."

"You have not given me permission, master."

"Oh, and you are just as well-trained as Slave Lord promised. You really have become a perfect little slave girl, haven't you, Carter?"

Carter. No one had called him that in so long. He hated it now. That name. It reminded him of all he'd lost, all he'd given up. "Yes, master," he said.

The Gentleman walked around the chair and stood before Carter. He was much as Carter remembered-- tall, broad shouldered, a big, powerful stallion of man. His hair had gone a little more gray, and he had an ugly scar running down the middle of his face-- a scar that Carter had given him the night he thought he had killed the son of a bitch. "Surprised?"

"Yes, master."

"I thought you would be." He let his eyes drift down over Carter's body, enjoying the sight of his breasts, his soft, slender arms, that gorgeous face. Carter sat still, posing for his master. "You are perfect, little Dolly. And I am going to have so much fun with you. Are you ready to please me little girl?"

"Of course, master. What would you like for me to do?"

"I understand you have been practicing and become quite the talented little cock sucker, Carter."

"Yes, master."

"Well, I can't wait for that. Get on your knees and show me what you got."

Carter took The Gentleman in his mouth and worked him until he exploded into Carter's mouth. Slave Lord held his head in, forcing him to keep the penis in his mouth, forcing him to swallow. Carter felt sick,

humiliated, but he was well trained, and he smiled when The Gentleman finally let him slip his lips free, and looking up at his master from beneath his bangs he giggled and said, "Did that please you, master?"

"Oh yes... yes it did...." The Gentleman helped Carter to his feet and then put a hand on the small of his back and led him to the bathroom. "Brush your teeth, baby doll, and then come into the bedroom."

Soon, Carter was on his hands and knees, rocking back and forth while The Gentleman took him, doggy-style, his breasts swaying and bouncing.

"I took a lot of drugs to keep me going all night long little Dolly. I am going to fuck you silly you nasty little bitch!"

"Yes, master."

"Tell me how much you like it, slut."

Carter had practiced this for hours with the other slave girls, and now he breathlessly gushed, "I just love having your huge, throbbing cock inside me! You are such a badass!"

"You love being my bitch, don't you, Carter?"

'Omigod, yes! I am love being your bitch, and pleasing you, you are such a fucking stud!"

As The Gentleman thrust away, Carter faked an orgasm just as he'd been trained to do, panting, moaning, crying out "oh god... oh god... oh god..." and then screaming with faked pleasure as the man came inside him.

And yet, Carter actually felt nothing but disgust and self-hatred. His body responded in a mechanical way to the stimulus, to the feeling of hands on his breasts, on his clit, to the sensation of a rock hard penis pressing against his soft, inner thigh, to a slap on his pretty little ass. But he felt empty, unsatisfied physically, and mentally he felt like a piece of pathetic garbage allowing another man to fuck him, slap him, taking that man into his mouth for god sake.

Carter found himself on his back, legs spread. The Gentleman was playing with Carter's huge tits, pinching his nipples. "Do you have any idea what I paid to give you these hooters, Carter?"

"No, master, but I love pleasing you."

"Yeah, well your tits cost more than most people's houses, bitch!"

Carter closed his eyes and pretended it was Maxine on top of him, Maxine playing with his breasts, Maxine with a strap on pressing against his thigh, and he gasped and said, "Fuck me! Please fuck me!"

And The Gentleman laughed, and he took the man who'd once beaten him, the man who's scarred his face, and he thrilled at the feeling of

power it gave him to have that man now so small and weak, so soft, begging to be fucked.

Finally, after hours, Carter lay naked on his side, bathed in sweat, his hair plastered to his face and body. The Gentleman lay next to him and said, "was that as good for you as it was for me, Dolly?"

"Oh, yes master," Carter said prettily. "You are an amazing lover."

"Hahaha. I am an amazing lover, but I also happen to know that you hated every minute of that you lying little slut. Isn't that true?"

"Yes, master," Carter whispered, sadly.

"It was all part of the package, Carter. All part of the package. I told Slave Lord I didn't want you to like it, to enjoy it. I wanted you to have the body of a sex doll, but the mind of a man. You'll always be attracted to women, Carter. You'll always be disgusted by having men take you, fuck you, use you. It's part of the deal. You are a slave girl, Carter, and you are going to hate every minute of it. Now that's what I call fun. How about you, Carter? What do you think of all that?"

"I am a slave girl," Carter said softly. "I think whatever my master wants me to think."

"Well, then I want you to think that you just got fucked in more ways than one. And, that you always were a stupid little bitch."

"Yes, master."

"Say it."

"I always was a stupid little bitch."

"Good girl," The Gentleman said, slapping Carter on the ass. "Now get some sleep. I want you looking rested and sexy when we land."

Carter lay on his side feeling ashamed, numb, humiliated. He couldn't help replay in his mind all of what he had just done-- the feeling of being penetrated by a man, of having a man cum in his mouth, of swallowing it. He thought of his mother, the sound of her screaming as his sister was strangled, the sound of her begging as the man took her, beat, raped her and killed her.

And now he, her son, had given himself to that man, had let that man take him three different ways, had pretended to like it. Silent tears poured down his face, and found himself whispering, "I'm sorry, mommy. I'm sorry. I wanted to protect you, to protect Cassie, I wanted to avenge you, but I wasn't strong enough. I wasn't man enough. I'm just a helpless little slave girl now, and the one thing I can still do is save Maxine! Can you forgive me?"

He thought he could feel her presence there in the room, feel her spirit and the spirit of his sister, his sister who never got to grow up, to have

her first kiss, first dance, first love...

The plane hit an air pocket and jumped, throwing him in the air and then bouncing back down onto the bed, his breasts bobbling about wildly. He sat up, pushing his red curls from his face. The bedside clock had been jostled, and it now read all zeros, flashing, and Carter put his face in his small soft hands and cried. "I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. Forgive me."

Carter finally slept. Somehow. It was a shallow, fitful sleep. When he woke, he showed and the girl helped dress him-- a little black dress that celebrated his curves, stilettos, jewelry, make-up, a little black leather purse. Big hoop earrings that dangled down almost all the way to his shoulders. "Do your make-up for day slut," she said before stepping out.

Carter did as he was told-- going for the full out call girl look he'd been taught at the harem. He walked behind and to the side of his master, out into the blinding sunlight, and he saw palm trees swaying in the distance, could smell the ocean, hear the waves. A group of men and women waited, and there were oohs and ahhhs. "Is that him?" "Yeah, right?" "I bet he'd a great little cocksucker now." "Look at the size of those tits!"

"Enough, enough. Yes, my friends, this little toy is indeed Carter Blue. He does have amazing tits, and he does really suck cock like a champ." He turned to Carter, who was posing as he'd been training to do.

"My private island," The Gentleman said. "I have over a hundred guests coming tonight-- the crème de la crème of the criminal elite, many of whom you troubled in your past life. It's my birthday, little Dolly, and the highlight of the evening will be unveiling my latest acquisition-- a little sex-toy the world once knew as C3!"

"Yes, master."

"You're gonna need to stretch and practice the dance of the seven veils, honey. You'll be performing tonight-- and then, you'll be really performing!" The men all laughed at the last line. "But first I want you to work the pool for a little while."

'Yes, Mast-- OW!" Carter jumped as The Gentleman gave him a really hard pinch on the ass, and the group laughed some more as a flustered Carter quickly plastered a smile back on his pretty face and struck his pose again.

He squeezed himself into the tiny little green bikini he found waiting for him in the poolside changing room, slipped into the pair of matching stiletto heels. Fixed his hair and then sprayed himself down with suntan lotion. He was very fair skinned, and would burn quickly. Looking in the mirror, he saw a super-sexy young woman, big, generous breasts, an impossibly tiny waist, full round hips. She had tiny little arms, impossibly

delicate wrists. Again, he felt himself getting aroused by the sight of himself, the gorgeous female vision he now embodied. He left on his day slut make-up, went out, and began mincing around the pool area, serving drinks to the guests. He recognized most of them-- thugs, really, however much they dressed in expensive Italian suits, and now they were all leering at his tits and ass, laughing at how small and sexy he was, wanting to fuck him, and mock him, and kill him.

Carter smiled through it all-- let his butt sway seductively, leaned down and gave them all eye fulls of his soft white breasts. He giggled and laughed and flirted, just as he'd been taught to do. No one dared touch him, as much as they wanted to put their hands on his sweet ass, to touch those breasts, those legs. No. He was The Gentleman's slave girl, and they wouldn't dare touch that man's property.

"Hey, Dolly! Come over here!" The Gentleman called.

"Yes, Master," Carter answered in his little girl's voice, looking up to see his master standing in the middle of a half-circle of gorgeous women.

"Hurry! Run!"

"Yes, Master," Carter said, running as much as he could manage, his huge breasts bouncing wildly in his little bikini top. Everyone laughed at the sight of the former stud running in his heels, his hands out to his sides,

breasts bouncing like any dumb bimbo.

"Good girl!" The Gentleman said putting a hand on Carter's shoulder and pulling him to his side. Carter instinctively put a small arm around The Gentleman's waist and smiled up at his master.

"God, she's just a perfect little doll!" One of the women said.

"I can't believe she used to be a man."

"I paid good money to turn this bum into a little slut, believe me," The Gentleman said.

"I wish I had boobs like that."

"Do you talk?" One of the women said, patting Carter on the head.

Carter looked up at his master.

"He's waiting for permission to speak," The Gentleman said.

"Oh my God!" "That's amazing!" "I want one!"

"She a perfect slave girl. So, anyway, let's get down to business. Dolly, I bet these pretty ladies you could go down on a banana like a pro, I mean, girls, you gotta see this little slut work."

"Show us."

"You heard the woman. Show us how good you are at sucking cock now, Carter."

"Yes, master!"

"And her voice... so cute!"

Carter was handed a banana. He peeled, sensually, of course, and then he teased the tip with his tongue, slid it smoothly and sweetly into his mouth, began to bob and then suck, moaning softly with faked pleasure.

"She makes me wish I had a cock," one of the women said.

"You could give lessons, sweet heart."

"Don't let my husband see that."

"You see, girls? Now that's how you break a man, isn't it, Carter?"

"Yes, master."

"Give me a kiss, Dolly."

Carter turned and reached up. The Gentleman was so much taller that he had to lean down so he could kiss the tiny little woman Carter had become, but he did, and Carter lifted his legs as their lips locked, and everyone watched as he kissed the man who'd killed his mother and taken his manhood. He felt The Gentleman undoing his bikini top during the kiss, and when their lips separated The Gentleman was waving the little scrap of green plastic in the air, and Carter's breasts were swaying free in the tropical air.

Carter shrieked and threw his slender arms across his boobs, having

been trained never to let another man see his nipples without his master's permission, and everyone laughed as The Gentleman grabbed Carter picked him up and threw him shrieking into the pool.

When Carter came up for air he giggled and said, "Oh, master! You are such fun!"

"Hahahaha. Now go get yourself ready for the big dance tonight, Dolly."

Carter climbed from the pool, one little arm still across his soft breasts, and as he started the changing room, The Gentleman yelled out, "One more thing."

"Yes, master?"

"Tell everyone you love being a nasty little slut."

"I love being a nasty little slut."

"That's too much." One of the women said. "Yeah. It's not fun anymore." "You shouldn't be so mean to her."

"Okay. Fine. Yeesh. A guy can't even have fun with his own slave girl. Go, honey. Run on now. Get yourself ready."

"Yes, master."

Carter was dressed in full on harem girl regalia for the big party-- a

see through silk number that hugged his curvy little body, and showed off plenty of his creamy skin. His feet were bare, his face prettily painted. He sat on a pile of pillows for the first hour, motionless, a living doll, simply there for the guests to gawk at and admire. And then the lights went down, and the vaguely Arabian techno music started, and Carter crawled out into the center of the floor like a sleek, sexy kitten, and then as the music rose in volume he rose to his feet and began to dance the dance of the seven veils, an erotic celebration of his womanhood, a series of moves designed to proudly display his hips and slender arms, his strong, round legs, his full, soft breasts, and his flexibility as he effortlessly sank into splits, rose back up and offered his breasts to the audience, all the while smiling, smiling, so pretty and happy to perfect as a woman could be....

... he noticed someone out of the corner of his eyes.... one of the waiters, dressed in an absurd Arabian nights costume, was moving toward the head table where The Gentleman sat watching Carter, his eyes glued to the little sex doll he'd made of his former enemy.

The waiter... the face... Malachy! The man who'd rescued Carter that night at the jail!

Carter tried not to let on that he saw him, instead he twirled and danced, removing the second veil and tossing it to one of the thugs with a smile, and he danced, and smiled and kept The Gentleman's eyes on his lithe,

curvy shape, using every inch of his womanly perfection as Malachy moved slowly, slowly forward...

The veils came off one by one, the dance continued... the crowd grew more and more excited as Carter came toward his climax, dropping to his knees, throwing back his shoulders and screaming out in an orgasmic moment of release, just as Malachy drew a knife across The Gentleman's throat, and sent a jet of blood arcing through the air that splattered across Carter's now naked, sweat slick breasts like an erotic Pollock painting.

The lights came up, and the servants all around the room pulled out guns and shouted, "Nobody move! This is a raid!"

Carter felt someone grab him around the waist, and he screamed, "Malachy!" as a man roughly pulled him toward the door, a gun pressed to Carter's head.

Malachy, seeing the pretty little female in danger, vaulted over the table and out onto the floor, his own gun now drawn.

"Stay away from me, copper! Or I kill the dame."

"Drop the gun," Malachy said. "There is no way off this island. You're trapped."

"I get off this island, or this little fem gets all bloody, see? Drop the gun!"

Carter heard the heavy metallic click as the thug pulled back the trigger. He started crying, helpless in the big man's arms. "Please don't kill me!" Carter said in his little tinker bell voice.

"Shut up! Drop it, and it kick it over to me!"

"Okay," Malachy said, crouching, setting the gun down.

"Now, kick it."

Malachy kicked it, keeping his eyes on the thug.

There was an explosion toward the back of the room, the popping of guns as some of the thugs decided to try and shoot their way out, and the man with his arm around Carter's waist laughed and raised his gun toward Malachy. "Die, copper!"

"No," Carter screamed, and reaching up with all his strength the slapped at the man's arm just as he fired, causing the bullet to fire up and into the ceiling.

The man tossed Carter aside, desperate to get off another shot, but Malachy pounced like a puma, beating the man senseless with four quick blows. He then rushed over to Carter. "You okay, little Dolly?"

"Yes, Carter said looking up at the man who'd saved him for a second time. "We've got to stop meeting like this."

Malachy scooped the little female into his arms, and she eagerly threw her own arms around his neck, feeling a thrill pass through her body as he lifted her and carried her to safety. She felt safe, protected, and comfortable in his soft, pretty skin with him, and she decided right then and there that she was okay being rescued by a man, as long as that man was Malachy.

Epilogue

Carter was wearing a sundress and flats, his hair tied back in a pony tail. He'd just finished checking his make-up and slipped his compact back into his white purse that matched his shoes. "So, at the jail, you planted a tracking device in my... ass?"

"Yeah," Malachy said. "I know it was asking a lot, but we needed you to lead us back to The Gentleman."

"So you let him turn me into a woman, his slave girl? So you could kill him?"

"Those were my orders."

"You make it seem so cold. So calculated."

"It wasn't. I argued. We debated. It was finally decided that taking out one of the most dangerous and destructive men in the world was worth

the price of letting him turn you into a woman."

"Would you have made the same decision if it was you who was going to end up with the D cups?"

"No. But, I kind of like them on you."

"I've been talking to people. Trying to find someone to change me back, or at least make me a little taller. It really sucks being a midget."

"I can't imagine. That's probably worse than the boobs, right?"

"I refuse to rate which is more humiliating. But being so small? So weak? It's hard because I feel like I am so vulnerable. I'm nervous and anxious every time I leave the house, and at night? If I hear a creak, and I think a man might have broken in? It's really scary for a little female in this world."

"I know. That's why I brought this for you."

He handed Carter a swipe card.

"What?"

"That's the swipe card to a state of the art lab where someone with the right no how could build herself a kick ass suit of armor."

"What? You mean?"

"Yeah, to make it up to you in a way, The Organization is going to

help you build a new suit, only instead of 3C, you'll probably have to call yourself Double D now."

"Har... har..."

"Dolly?"

Carter looked up. It was Maxine.

"Maxine!" He jumped up and the two women hugged, squealing."

"How did you? I mean... I thought?"

"It's a long story, and I will fill you in, but right now meet Malachy, my boyfriend!"

"Boy.... Dolly?! Hi... I'm Maxine and old...."

"I know. She's told me all about you."

"Join us," Malachy said, signaling to the waiter to bring a chair.

"I couldn't..."

"I insist," Malachy said with masculine authority, and the women exchanged a smile.

"Well, then... Dolly, he's a stud!"

"I know," Carter said, glowing. "And can he ever cook!"

Carter did still like women, and he probably always would. But

Malachy was the one man he seemed attracted to, satisfied to be with, happy in his arms. He didn't question it. He was just happy he'd found the one man for him, because as pretty and curvy as he was now, he didn't think he would ever find a woman who would be the fem for him, and, anyway... what did it matter?

Carter Blue had accepted that he was a woman now and probably would be for the rest of his life, and he'd found a man to love him. What was it about Malachy that made him so attractive to Carter? He'd decided that Malachy reminded him very much of the man he used to be, especially his drive to protect helpless females. Probably something Freudian in there somewhere, but Carter didn't care. He had enough to worry about without questioning his happiness.

He was happy despite finding himself living as a busty little female, and that was enough for now. If things changed tomorrow, well, change was inevitable. Marcus Aurelius had said that, and if Carter ever doubted it, all he had to do was look down at his breasts to remember how quickly life could change. Maybe he would get to be a man again. Maybe he wouldn't.

But for now, for today, he was sitting at an outdoor cafe, enjoying a glass of wine with the two people he loved most in the world, and that was enough for this pretty little woman to feel blessed.

