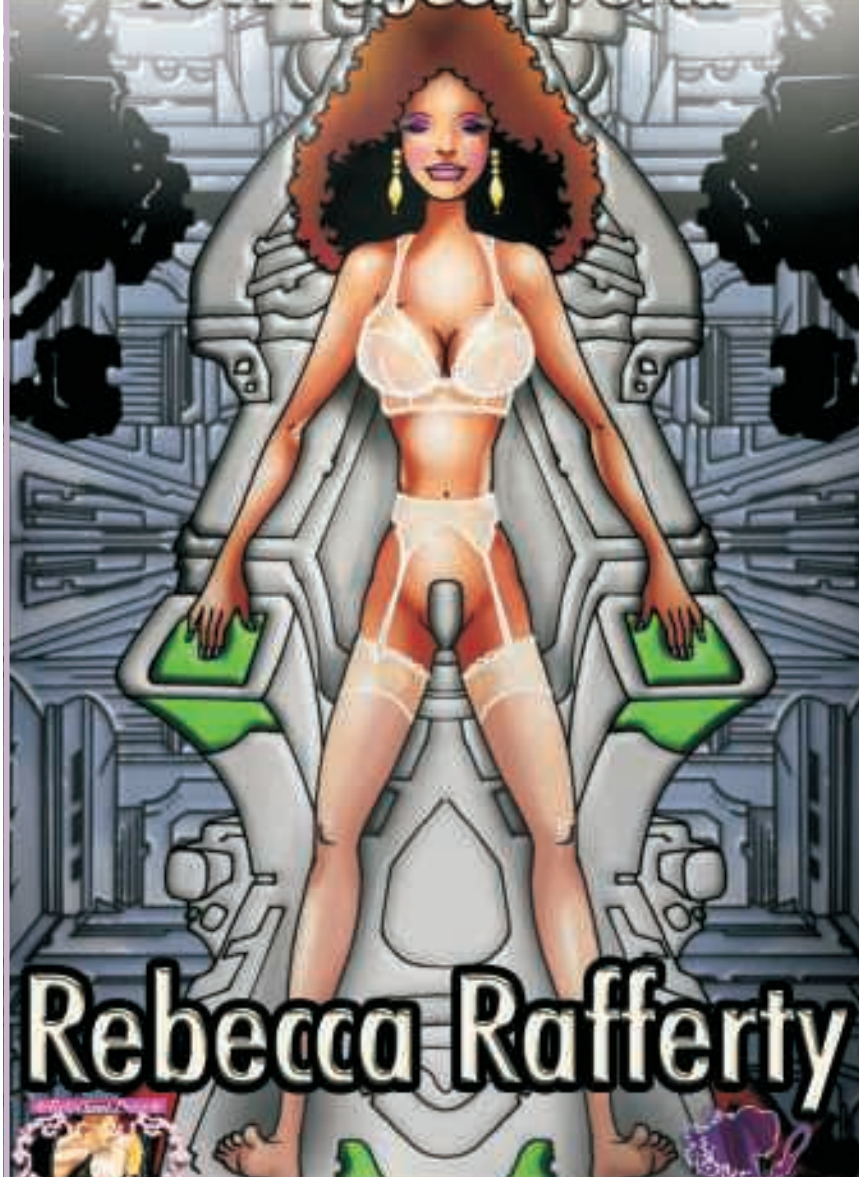


Stowaway

To A Perfect World



Rebecca Rafferty



An "Adult Tv" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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STOWAWAY

to a Perfect World

by Rebecca Rafferty

There was this big argument on the space station dock. I did my usual disappearing act into the shadows and grinned at the participants. The girl was pretty, very pretty, long, dark hair falling across her face. She pushed it back, showing off the thin, diamond bracelets she wore. Out in Trajan's Rift, of course, diamonds are as common as asteroid dust but a scoop of them could buy a rough passage to Old Terra where, on what you had left, you could live the life of a stationmaster, or so I've heard, in conversations I've listened in on.

"We have to go back there," the girl was insisting, her thin arms quite bare as she tried to pull the big guy back towards the docking slips. "Marten, we have a contract with your father ..."

Surprise! The guy slugged her, laughing as the brunette bounced off the deck, exposing panties and lovely, dark-stockings on very feminine legs. I'm a leg man I must admit. I'd seen this girl sway down the

dock before on her high heels. She always wore them, as slim, attractive girls do. I almost jumped out to take on the guy treating the brunette so badly.

Then, I heard some men shouting and the sound of running feet in the distance.

“Oh, look, Karen!” sneered the guy the brunette had called Marten. “Here come the guys you’ve been sleeping with, instead of me.”

“You said you never wanted to sleep with me again!” the beauty screamed, getting up, blood, darker than her lipstick, pouring from her mouth. “We’re divorced! Are you too drunk to remember?”

Marten made a gesture as if to hit his ex-wife again. I’d have broken cover and confronted him, no matter that I was only as tall as she was, and probably lighter than her as food was getting hard to swipe on Averill Station.

“I’m going to find myself a real woman!” Marten shouted at the woman who cowered beneath him. He took something out of his pocket and threw it against the deck. It smashed into several pieces. One, the largest piece of an identity clip, skidded right up to my feet.

“You can go back to your pervy bum friends!” the big guy roared. He took off running before the girl’s boy friends, if that’s what they were, reached him.

“Are you all right, Karen?” asked a slim, athletic-looking guy while his companion, bigger and muscular, breathing a little more heavily, came to a stop and glared down the deck.

“I’m all right,” said the brunette, with a shaky smile I thought was just gorgeous. I think the first guy did as well as he put his arm about her and cuddled her to him. He helped her to her feet. The bigger guy retrieved her high heel. They said something about Cinderella and a shoe fitting which made the girl named Karen laugh as she daintily stepped into the shoe that had come off.



“Marten’s gone, Bretton,” she said, slipping her arm into the bigger man’s so that she held onto both men, limping a little, grimacing, as she walked. “He threw his ID at me and it smashed all over the place.” She gestured daintily at the floor of the deck. “And we’ve an undock call for the fifth of mainshift!”

“That’s Xander’s problem now,” said the big man. “Trash that one was, Karen. I know you only married him to get off Perfect. But you should have married me or Devis,” he indicated the grinning, smaller man. “We’d have been willing.”

“You should have asked me,” a smiling Karen said winsomely. “But April wouldn’t let me get my hands on Dev, you know that! And besides ...”

The rest of the animated conversation didn’t reach me as the threesome went off down the dock. I waited until I couldn’t hear Karen’s heels clicking on the metallic surface of the deck and slid out of the alcove formed by several LOX containers. I had to crawl on my hands and knees but I finally found all the pieces of Marten Sellars identity. It only took me ten minutes to make the ID clip usable. I was able to read the name of the ship Marten had just deserted.

The *Rimrunner Princess* had an undocking time, in eight T-hours, according to Marten’s clip. Yes, Averill was one of those stations that kept to the old ways of measuring time in Terran units. I think it made them think they were so superior and more civilized than the rest of the rougher worlds of Trajan’s Rift.

The first thing most inbound ships did was to adjust to local time. Most offworlders like this Sellars carried clips that converted station time to ship time. I guess since I had his ID and his ship time conversion, Marten Sellars wasn’t going back to the *Princess*. Which meant an open berth, for someone like me, a stow-away.

I had to get on that ship, whatever it was, passenger or freighter, or both, as most ships were. Yes, I was nimble with my fingers, probably with my mind as well. I’d survived the death of my birth ship to pirates,

finding my skills with small electros, faking IDs, masking myself from system scans, really useful. I'd hopped from ships that traded with pirates to legitimate traders and then to planetary stations.

I don't know why but I'd always found it uncomfortable to tell anyone about how I came to be where I was. I found it easiest to pretend I was a Slug, someone's useless kid, dumped on a station for the station to have to look after. I could snivel a bit and actually be put on the station Slug List, the Welfare Roll, but I didn't want the kind of forced labor, that getting your food on cred, meant you had to do.

It was easy just to pilfer what I wanted. I could use just about any handheld and make it do something for me, charge to the previous owner's account, or pay a food or bar bill. But sometimes, if I kept a 'lost' item too long, security would come looking for me, as they were on Averill. I could have kept this Marten guy's ID and raided his ship's credit banks if I wasn't already being sought under two different IDs I'd used. I had to get off what was an orbiting trap for me.

But I'd have to do it in eight hours, less, as I had to understand how this clip worked before I used it. If I just took from the *Princess's* credit banks, the ship would be called and I'd be in big trouble. No, I didn't want a security search to find me as Marten Sellars. They'd probably space me without a suit if they thought I was a real criminal, an identity thief, and not just a petty pilferer, as I'd been called before.

I had to get off Averill. I'd pilfered just a little too many times from the fifth rate eateries along Docking Deck. I'd actually walked into a trap at *Tootles* and was chased by a frigging Robosec. Luckily, I'd learned before how to beam instructions into the asses of those tinboys, that's where their brains were placed, and so I got away. But at least one guy at *Tootles* had seen me, which meant that soon, if I kept stealing as I was, there'd be a real hunt for me. They would know, too, what I looked like.

The *Rimrunner Princess* was an old mixed-job freighter, an Outbounder V. Had passenger quarters,

said the Info-guide I contacted as Marten Sellars, shorthaul usually, longhaul if you could take a couple of T-years in space in a metal casket. Personally, I couldn't.

Twenty-one light years, the docking permit informed me, to Perfect Station. Well, it had to be better than the imperfect one I was on, I thought, setting up opposite Devis, the sentry at the entrance to the *Princess*. I played with the Marten Sellars ID and awaited my chance to move.

It was a girl who distracted Devis. It would have to be, wouldn't it? I heard the click of her high heels, the sound of her laughter and the protest of some guy who was with her.

"I told you," I heard a girl saying in a most seductive voice. "See, we undock in three hours and there's Dev, who's been calling me to report for the last two."

"Come on, April," called Dev from his watchpost. Yes, I thought. That's it. Go out. Meet and greet her like a good, little watch officer! Dev did exactly that, getting into an argument with April and her new boy friend, I gathered, about the little time she had left to board. They were so concentrated on one another they didn't notice Marten Sellars check in at the watchpost, enter the *Rimrunner Princess* and disappear into the hold behind main entrance.

No one posted on the inside. Very sloppy, I laughed to myself. It was so easy. I was Marten Sellars. I had access, from the consoles on every deck, to all the records of everyone on the ship. Nine men and five girls, a bigger crew than I'd expected.

I heard a man talking to a woman above me. I did what I've done twice before in my little career as a stowaway. I used some of the electronics I've made or acquired. I was a 'package', the electros in my shoulder pads, shoes and knee pads informed the scan. I sat down and didn't move in the passageway into the far hold.

Bretton' led yet another woman down the ramp I might have gone up, down to a passageway where passenger cabins were situated. He stopped not fifteen feet from me and pulled the red-haired girl to him. She was smiling at him, her face exquisitely made up.

"Oh, Brett," she murmured, flinging her arms around his neck. He pushed her back against the bulkhead, gyrating his body against hers. "Whatever brought this on?"

"Seeing you looking so beautiful, Del," Brett whispered to the girl, caressing her hips, pulling her tight against him. Their lips locked together as I sat and tried not to move a muscle, nor to breathe loudly, as they went at it in the hallway.

Del's leg was up around Bretton's, trapping him to her. He freed one of her breasts, kissing it most enthusiastically.

"April's on dock. We have the room to ourselves," murmured 'dear Delores', stroking Brett just as much as he was stroking her. His hands lifted her skirts, showing me her lovely, black, silky panties and her womanly thighs.

I sighed in relief when the pair of them kissed and groped their way through a doorway one of them locked behind them. I was sort of sorry to see them go as all the heavy petting and endearments were turning me on as fervently as the lovers. "I just love coming inside you, Delores," Bretton had said and, "I love the feel of you inside me so much," she'd said to him, rolling her head in ecstasy as her kissed and fondled her breasts again.

I heard a noise from the outer entrance. A laughing April came in, clinging to Dev as she did. Her long, flowing mane of blonde hair gleamed in the light as she and the guy who'd been on watch outside groaned and moaned as they kissed one another with such passion.

"Oh, bother," said April sweetly in a lovely soprano voice. "Delores is in the suite. It'll have to be the mattress if you want it now, my darling!"

“After working me over, filling me with jealousy of that patroller lunk?” asked a husky-voiced Dev. “I don’t know why I fall for your games, April, I really don’t! But you know I can’t stop now ’til I have you, have you again, and probably again.”

“Promises, promises, big boy,” April crooned to the man with her, turning and wiggling her tush against him. “I know you haven’t had a girl in ages which is why I’m taking pity on you, my hero!”

Dev was laughing, saying something about a husband. “A marriage of convenience,” murmured April as she started undoing Dev’s clothing, “to get away from Perfect.” She giggled. “And now we’re going back anyway!”

I tried not to look through the spaces between loaded items in the front of the hold, but I couldn’t move back as they danced past me, arms locked together, like their lips, and fell into a space I’d registered as one to hide in.

Thank goodness I hadn’t done that. The two fell onto a mattress of some sort, quite high, maybe a stack of three. I could hear them going at it as any man and woman would have. They paused, April’s pretty blouse being draped over a case, his uniform top joining her clothing, followed by his pants. I saw April’s legs above the case. Her stockings and bra were draped on the top quite neatly by her lover before he descended on her and her laughing mouth, cutting off whatever she was saying.

I looked away before realizing there was a mirror, a full-length mirror over the ‘mattress’ they’d stretched out on. It was dark but I could make out April’s thin, girlish arms clinging to Dev’s bare back and neck. My eyes quickly became accustomed to the lack of light. I smiled as I was aroused myself watching them make love, the girl so pretty and rounded in all the right places, I could see. She quivered and shivered as she wiggled her breasts against Dev, not even looking up at the mirror as her eyes were closed in bliss.



Devis was completely naked, I noticed, but April still had her panties on. Dev was playing with her, kissing between her legs. She squeaked and drew his mouth onto her panties. She must have perfumed herself there as Dev kept murmuring how wonderful she was. He could do this forever, enjoying ‘the flowers in her garden’.

“Oh, Dev,” murmured April, her voice flushed with emotion. “Please Dev, don’t tease me so! I want you inside me! I want you now!”

She started to take down her panties. Dev finished that task, slipping off something else, too, some tape she’d worn beneath her panties. That’s when I saw something rise from her that I’d never seen on any girl before. I blinked hard and rapidly. I gasped and was sure they’d heard me; but they were too much into loving one another. They couldn’t hear me over the incredible noises they were making.

Dev lifted April who put a pillow beneath her that helped her tush rise, her legs way up and around Dev, allowing Dev to thrust himself into April’s tush and showing me what I still couldn’t believe, a pecker on a girl! She squealed in a little girl’s voice and begged him to do her like that, ‘yes, just like that!’ She began to buck up and down as Dev wriggled his body over hers, her little breasts being kneaded and caressed as a woman’s should be.

I watched in shock and amazement. I’d lost sight of the penis. No, not Dev’s. That was going like a ramrod engine into April’s tush. No, the other penis I’d seen had been hers, April’s, and, yes, there it was. Dev was squeezing it hard between them and she was thrashing around on the mattress, begging him not to ease off.

It didn’t take ‘her’ long. She shrieked and cried, hugging and kissing Dev as the two of them made love. I shivered more than ‘she’ did. I watched two men making perverted love, I knew, and couldn’t take my eyes off the pair. She was so like a real girl, this April, even if ‘she’ was a man.

Dev must have known it but it didn't seem to make any difference to him. He filled her, I'm sure he did, as she went into feminine spasms on the bed and kissed Dev ferociously. Her generous, reddened lips must be bruised, I thought, as she kissed him forcefully. Finally, she released in a furious climax that had her spurting all over Dev as he was releasing inside her. He quivered on top of her as they kissed and petted frantically as if they were a real man and a real girl.

When they slowed, they didn't stop cuddling and caressing. They kissed and kissed, their tongues often exposed as April received just what any woman might have received from a man. Wow, she worked on Dev so seductively, ensuring their lovemaking continued. Dev had her again and finally a third time. I faded back as far as I could behind the package rack, sure they wouldn't see me as I'd seen this perverted couple, so many times.

April's legs and panties were quite close to me. I might have been able to reach over and touch them, not that I dared. Dev kissed and caressed April's legs enough, however, for me to know they were femininely smooth and scented and 'worth the visit', as Dev said to his 'woman'.

I wondered if April was a 'drag queen'. I'd heard the term before. Dev kind of confirmed it as he raised the matter of the guy outside. "You were being really dangerous with that patroller, April," he said to her, tracing out and caressing her breasts and nipples, nibbling on them as they lay together.

"He only walked me down the dock," said a laughing 'girl', her voice beautiful and soprano-like.

"He wanted into your panties badly," said the young watch officer, stroking his girl's thighs again with his tongue. It sent her into a fit of trembling. She lifted and turned to let Dev mount her from the rear.

"You know I wouldn't let any stationer do anything like this to me," said April, pressing back into Dev, wiggling so eagerly that Dev grimaced in ecstasy, I saw, as he fondled and kissed 'her'.

I thought I'd be trapped by the deviate lovers forever but suddenly there was a chime. Dev reached up and pulled down his pants for his ID.

"Since you're down there in the hold, Dev," said a strong man's voice, "could you and April check on storage items we have in the holds?"

"We can do that," April said with a giggle. "Anything for you, Xander, anything at all!"

"April!" said the strong voice but there was a laugh in it. "My wife is right here beside me. Con is listening in as well and giving me a really black look!"

"Your wife doesn't love you enough, darling Captain," said April with a pout as she trapped Dev with her lovely legs and wouldn't let him up. "And Con, if he really loves me the way he says he does, he wouldn't leave a girl like me all alone for so long I have to turn to Delores's castoffs to get a little male attention."

"Goddesses, woman," said a gruff voice. "Isn't half a dozen times at the end of alterday shift enough for you? You went dancing with Fane who's staggering down the dock now. If one of you two down there could manage to put some clothes on, please let Fane in before you check the hold for some parcel of Marten's. It's showing up on Inventory. We've no idea up here what it is."

"Fane can wait," giggled April. "Devis has more to show me, something to make me feel so-o-o good. Oh, oh, he's found a new position to have me, Con, darling. Oh, you have to try this with me first, darling, before Del learns of it. Oh, Dev, that's marvellous. Oh, do me, do me, like that. Oh, I love you, my darling Dev."

I watched the two of them writhing together. I didn't see anything new in what they were doing. They were just doing it all again but with much greater intensity. I waited. There were chimes again which the rutting couple ignored. I glanced at the way they were making love but Dev's body covered up a lot. April's legs were so high again. She was squealing all the time as Dev seemed to intensify whatever he was doing to her tush,

his mouth glued to her breasts as the two made fervent love.

The chimes started again. Dev finally kissed and kissed April, working himself free of her. "Hurry back!" she murmured as Dev reached for his pants and went off somewhere as the chiming went on.

There was a noise then from the front of the ship. I heard Dev's voice as he returned with another man. "Delores has Brett at the moment. I rescued April on the dock," he said, bringing the other man into the mattress bed area. "I have to do something for Xander now; so if you want your wife ..."

The other man said not a word. He just began stripping off his clothing before climbing onto the bed and into April's loving arms. It began again. Another man cupped April's lovely, feminine breasts, whispering compliments to her, having her, penetrating her tush with his penis, while April clung to him and writhed frantically beneath him. I think 'she' had another violent orgasm. It was just like those I'd seen sometimes in women, real women, that is. April didn't seem to be faking, not with the emissions I could see appearing all over her stomach.

I finally crawled along the passageway, listening to Dev repeating numbers into some kind of recorder. I couldn't evade him forever; so I did the only thing you can do on an Outbounder. I went into the life support system, the air exchange super-piping.

I tried to listen to what the ship was doing. With what I'd seen crewmen doing together, and the captain, that Xander, whoever he was, condoning it all, I thought I should get off the *Princess*. What a perverted ship it was! I grimaced as I thought how apt that name was for what I'd seen.

"It's moved off," I heard the Captain say as I tried to check Marten Sellars' tracker. "Don't worry any further, Dev. I'll get my wife onto it. She's been lazing around for cycles and doing nothing but looking beautiful and making love to the captain of this bucket. She needs something to do."

I eased along life support until I was at a transfer point between decks. A small console was alive. How sloppy, I thought again, with no-one in the life support tube working on repairs. It showed the cabin below and the one above. Above wasn't so bad. A woman sat there, a strikingly beautiful woman, with long, golden hair. Her beautiful legs were crossed I could see. She worked on some kind of console.

Below me, I could spy into the inside of another room. The spyhole was over a bed. Bretton and the red-haired Delores, were going at it. I felt the temples of my forehead begin to throb as I clearly saw that Del had a penis the size of April's. She and Bretton were making love, as April and Dev had, as if they were man and woman. They ignored completely Delores' penis. 'She' must be some sort of male pervert! Yet, 'she', he, was being treated totally as a woman by a member of the most perverted crew I'd ever seen.

The gorgeous blonde woman, alone above me, picked up a cup, drinking from it, studying her console, reminding me I was hungry and thirsty. I needed to go up a level where, according to the scheme posted beside the console, there was an exit through a screen into the kitchen where the golden woman in her dark blue dress was sitting.

I moved quietly, looking through the exit screen first. The table was empty, the woman gone. There was an aroma of coffee and something else, some kind of baking. I spotted the cakes or muffins on a tray by the door, abandoned. I undid the robot hatch and slid out into the room, my mouth watering.

"A stowaway!" said an amused voice over my shoulder. Someone swished behind me, moving as if out of the wall itself, blocking me from the exit I'd opened. "Yes, Xander, a parcel that can move as fast as this one isn't a rat, not at all. It's a rather young man, I think, with a lot of intriguing electronics about him that say he's a parcel and also Marten Sellars."

I stood there all that time while the beautiful, exquisitely made-up blonde spoke. I stared in awe at her. Finally I shook myself free of the spell she'd put on me.

She didn't need the stungun she held in the folds of her shimmering dark blue dress.

"My name is Jennifer Burton, the captain's wife," this most perfect woman in the world said to me so sweetly. With what I'd seen in the other rooms, cabins, on this ship, I was aroused as a man should be, just at the sight of her, the quivering of her long, blonde hair, the swishing of her dress and her lovely, beautiful, feminine voice. "Who are you?"

"M-Marten Sellars," I said to her. The blonde laughed and shook her head. I loved the tinkle of the intricate long earrings she wore.

"You aren't a bumptious idiot," Jennifer said with a lovely smile at me. "So you can't be him." She flicked her hair to one side and pressed a device to her head. "You can go ahead, Xander. By the look of him, this young man is as anxious to leave Averill as we once were to leave Perfect."

"Perfect?" I said stupidly. "But that's where you're headed, isn't it?"

Jennifer Burton sighed. "Yes, we have a contract to fulfill," she said. I could sense her fragrance now. I loved it. "We don't have to like it, though, do we? Why would you want to stowaway for Perfect, Marten?"

"Anywhere is better than Averill," I told her with a little tremble.

Jennifer laughed at me. "I don't think you'll say that once we've turned you over to station authorities on Perfect," she said, her lovely pink mouth curving in a smile.

"Then let me off here on Averill," I said quickly. "You aren't undocked yet."

The ship swayed as the last grapple was withdrawn. The *Rimrunner Princess* was on its way out of Averill. Somehow, every ship I've ever been on seems to do that sway when clear of a mooring and free to engage en-

gines. I hate that awful floating feeling that threatens to overcome me.

The hatch opened. The captain, I guess it was him, came in with Devis, who swore when he saw me. I was expertly frisked. They found and took everything from me, even the stuff I'd had on me for over a T-year which Averill Security had never found.

"Put him in the brig," said the captain to Devis. The captain had his arms about the beautiful blonde, making me feel so jealous. I wanted to be touching her as he was. I wanted her to be looking at me with the adoration she was showing him, the man who'd called her his wife. Jennifer, I repeated the name silently. I'd never heard a prettier name for a girl before.

"Come with me, kid," said Devis, smiling ruefully at me. "And tell me how you got by me." He actually patted me gently on the shoulder. "You look like you've lost a lot of weight, Marten Sellars; so let me find you something hot from the galley."

I stared at him as he winked at me. I went meekly to the brig and Dev was as good as his word.

As I ate, Dev asked in a most friendly tone, "From where you were, you must have seen April and me?"

"Is she one of those tranny things?" I asked him. Dev gave me a genuine smile.

"Kid, you've got so much to learn," Dev said with another grin. "April is a girl, a perfect girl. I just want to warn you. She'll come onto you, so will Delores, and maybe Karen. You're not a virgin, I hope. So, let me assure you that Perfect girls," it occurred to me then that the word 'Perfect' was describing the station these so-called girls came from, "on this ship are not going to disappoint. You wouldn't, either, if you were a girl like them!"

“How do you know he isn’t a plant?” the older guy insisted as he cuddled his long-legged wife in his lap, letting her kiss his neck and ear. “I wouldn’t put it past Clements to have sent someone like him out here. If he made those electronics himself and put Marten’s ID back together, he’s downright dangerous! He’s probably a saboteur!”

“If you could just stop boffing Abigail for a moment or two, Rafer,” said the captain softly. The couple broke apart as Abigail slid down onto the couch beside her husband, smiling at me as if she knew how her womanly behaviour was turning me on.

“This kid doesn’t speak with a Perfect accent,” said the captain. “He doesn’t know the first thing about Perfect and its, well, its most peculiar customs.”

Abigail looked at me with interest. Her husband, Rafer Baron, took her hands in his, as if he was jealous of me, or any man, looking at her. She looked delighted by his response and cuddled up to him, caressing his hands in hers. Abigail Baron was one of the most feminine women I’d ever seen, in how she dressed, how she responded to her husband.

“We’ll put him to work in the galley, Abigail and me,” Jennifer, the captain’s wife, suggested with a sweet smile. “That’ll keep him away from your project, Rafer. You can keep watch over it if you like. Abigail can come down and share the mattresses with you when you’re feeling lonely.”

“We have to check the cryo-units,” said Rafer abruptly, standing up. “I still say we should space the stowaway before he sabotages what this trip’s all about!”

“It isn’t just about bringing the project back to Perfect,” Xander, the captain, muttered, ushering his sparkling wife ahead of him, out of the galley. “Well,” he finished, his wife’s hands in his, “our new crew

member hammocks with the rest of the crew and does galley duties to earn his passage to Perfect.”

“Where,” said Jennifer, “we’d better make sure to keep him on board.” Jennifer, stood with her husband as he had his arm about her. He had that look in his eye which meant they were about to vanish and make love for a while as everyone on this perverted ship did, on duty or not.

“You are not to go on leave on Perfect, Marten,” the captain said. They were all calling me ‘Marten’ as I hadn’t told anyone my real name. I didn’t want them to laugh at the girlish name, Bell, my parents had given me. “You stay on this ship,” Xander said as his wife tugged on him, making me so jealous of him. “If you want, we’ll let you off on Onyx, where we go, next.”

April and Devis were in an argument at the watchpost, April telling Dev in no uncertain terms she was going to meet her friends on Perfect station. There was nothing he could do about it as she was a married woman. She had rights. Then, she giggled at him and backed away. Dev followed, trying to reason with her.

Listening to ‘her’ made strange feelings rise inside me. I was used to April and Delores taking off with various members of the crew. I’d begun to think of both of them as women even though I’d seen the proof they weren’t. But no-one else on this perverted ship seemed to care what they were or what they did with other male members of the crew. Putting it bluntly, they were having sex with just about every man on the ship as far as I could see. So was the other dark-haired girl, the long-legged Karen, who’d once been ‘married’ to Marten Sellars.

I’d retrieved a bit of information here, a bit there, aboard the *Princess*, which was a pretty well run ship, save for its sex practices. April and Delores both offered themselves to me on the two cycle run into Per-

fect, laughing at my frantic shaking of my head as I said, 'No!', quickly.

They laughed when I was nice to Karen. "He doesn't think that you're a girl like the rest of us," April said as she poured tea, her lovely breasts bouncing. It was nerve-wracking to work with her in the galley, watching her being so girly. They'd let me out of the brig on leaving Averill space, treating me as one of them, and, as Jennifer suggested, put me into the galley to work.

April's remark made me look carefully at the beautiful, long-legged Karen who studied me in return. "Don't believe everything you hear from these jokers," Karen said. I didn't. I'd probably have gone with her, to find out who was speaking the truth, but Con, the alternate captain, poked his head into the cabin and called for her, Karen.

Karen shrugged and smiled nicely at me. "You had your chance," she'd said to me with a sweet, feminine smile that turned my insides out. I'd wanted her even more than I had when I'd first seen her, arguing with the real Marten.

But she'd gone off with another man. We didn't see them for two shifts. I mooned around the kitchen, wishing I wasn't such a wuss. I should've grabbed her, Karen that is, and had her in her cabin where Con was doing her, I was sure. Abigail and Jennifer were nice, sympathetic to me, but were both in committed relationships with other men. They wore marriage rings as women did in some parts of the Rift. When they weren't looking, I swiped kitchen gadget spares and had new IDs, as Marten Sellars and Devis Alderton, ready for the time when we docked at Perfect.

Of course, I was absolutely forbidden from setting foot on the docks there. "Oh, goddesses!" I heard April scream as I casually walked past the watchpost that recognized me as an outgoing Marten Sellars. I was halfway to the passenger elevator before I heard her scream. "That idiot boy is going on-station!"

Devis called after me but my slow, unconcerned walk alarmed no-one and gave me too great a lead on

him. I got into the express grav-lift and was off at the first deck stop, Double R, right into a group of girls, giggling and dancing along the passageway. One pretty brunette grabbed me in a waltzing dance, her perfume heavy and intoxicating.

“I’m Roxanne,” she simpered at me, pressing her bouncy, little boobs against me. “I’m going to be dancing in the Femina Burlesque tonight! Come and see me, darling man. I’ll be really good to you!”

Several of the girls, all with exquisite figures like Roxanne’s, squealed at her for being so forward. “We’re all dancing in the Femina tonight,” said a blonde with shoulder-length, wavy hair. “Any of us will show you a good time tonight, you, whatever-your-name-is.”

“Marten,” I stammered as another blonde put her arms about my neck, her vividly madeup eyes sparkling as she began to kiss me with soft, gentle, feminine lips. “Marten Sellars.”

“Oh, that’s a terrible name around here!” said a red-haired girl, who seemed a little older than the others. She wrinkled her thin, pretty, little nose and pouted at me. “You’re not related to the Stationmaster, are you?”

“No,” I gasped. “I, I’m just off an off-world ship! We’ve got station leave!”

“What are you doing down here?” asked a laughing Roxanne. “You should be on Delta or Gamma decks, spending all your credits on girls like us! Come to the Femina, Marten, next shift, and see us all. I’m the girl in the dark blue bikini and feathers. If you come up to the stage, you can tip me and touch whatever you like!”

“I-I’m a leg man,” I managed to gasp.

“So was I,” said Roxanne as she took my hand and ran it over the outside of her short skirt and down her lovely, smooth, stockinged thigh. She kissed me quite passionately, as if she was starved for male attention. An older girl, Stella, broke us apart as I was fondling a

shapely female just about wherever I could put my hands. She wasn't stopping me at all.

"Roxanne," said the laughing Stella. "You've mussed your lovely hair and lipstick. We have one more routine to go through. Agnes isn't going to be pleased with you!"

So, as quickly as I'd been covered in girlish attention, as quickly it went away. The girls were hustled off to some dance rehearsal. I was left dazed and aroused, thinking how I was going straight to the Femina Burlesque as soon as I could raid the *Princess* ship accounts as Marten Sellars.

I laughed to myself as I took a slower, viewing car up to Gamma deck. The Devis identity ought to be good for a great time at the Femina Burlesque, whatever that was. I was surrounded by kissing couples on the viewing car, most not interested in the magnificent view of the Nebula and Trajan's Rift, never mind the glowing planet downbelow.

"Looks beautiful, doesn't it?" asked an older looking man, who'd followed me onto the car on RR Deck. He was smiling, studying me as I sat by myself as he did. "There's a prison labor camp still down there," he indicated the glowing planet. "Very few survive three of four T-years down, not on the face of the mines, as they call them. The girls sent there survive, of course, but not the guys."

"I'll make sure never to visit," I said to the guy earnestly.

"Your first time on Perfect?" asked the older man with a friendly smile as the little tram swooped around the outer circle of the station and came to a gentle stop at a watchpost.

"Yes," I began, freezing as I saw the Security step into the car I was riding. A stunner covered me as I got up to move to the other exit. It was being held by the older man who'd been talking to me.

“His ID says he’s Marten Sellars,” the older guy said to the blue-uniformed men who snapped manacles on my wrists. A few of the couples raised their heads briefly to see who was being hauled away but, when they saw it was me, someone they didn’t know, they quickly returned to petting and kissing.

“Can’t be!” said a blue-uniformed Sec. “He was as big as me. He’d be drunk by now if he was on station!”

“And whoever saw Marten Sellars without a girl on his arm?” laughed the second man as the other two nodded in assent.

“Two girls,” suggested the older man. “This one came off the *Rimrunner Prince*, I bet.”

“It’s the *Princess* now,” said the blue Security who hauled me out of the car onto a short platform where another car, dark blue like his uniform, awaited me. All three of them laughed at some joke I didn’t understand.

“This little guy, whoever he is,” said the older guy, frowning as he worked the ID clip I’d made, “is for the Judiciar, right away. Hey, says here he’s Devis Alderton. That’s the ID of the guy we caught charging along Docking, trying to scan every bar on that level!”

I’d begun to tremble as I was bundled into a security car. It turned inside the station along a chute that led to well-appointed rooms, a government office, I guessed, many well-dressed people bustling about on important station business.

I was dumped onto a seat beside a furious Dev Alderton. “You idiot!” he yelled at me as Security guys grinned at him. One tested Dev’s shackles. They were as firm and unbreakable as my own, holding him in his chair.

“Be nice now, girls,” said one of the scruffs as they strolled away. We were left in the busy hallway, Dev and me.

Dev's face had gone white. He looked so scared. I didn't know anything about the downbelow prison but looking at Dev's face made me begin to think I was going to be in some place akin to Hell.

"I'll take the blame for you, Dev," I began, knowing I owed him. He'd been really kind to me as I worked around the ship. He didn't even blame me for slipping past him onto the *Rimrunner Princess*. I wondered what he thought of me escaping him again. "It wasn't your fault ..."

"Keep your mouth shut!" hissed Dev furiously, staring at me. When he spoke again, it was in his usual friendly, bantering tones. "You know nothing, you idiot! The last thing I want to be is a girl, even if you don't care about that at all!"

"What ...What are you ...?" I began as there was a sudden commotion at one end of the office. Jennifer entered the security post. I think every scruff in the place was surrounding her. Most were smiling at her and offering her things like a comfortable chair, drinks, and stuff. Dev looked quite relieved and nodded to me as if our problems had just become much less.

Jennifer crossed her lovely legs in her short skirt as she sat down. The lovely, brown-haired Karen came in after her; with an older man, in a sort of the station uniform. He seemed fascinated by Karen. I could see why.

"For a newbie on station," I heard Karen saying persuasively as the older man nodded his head, "in my time here as a clerical, there was never a charge unless a crime was committed!"

"Impersonating," said a taller, grey-haired oldster coming out of the inner office. He had armed bodyguards fanning out in front of him. The guy with his arm about Karen faded away immediately. All around I saw heads going down. I shuddered as I recognized power when I saw it. This must be the Station Judiciar, the head of Security forces here on Perfect.

There was a triumphant smile on the lean man's grey-toned face. "His IDs proclaim him to be both Marten Sellars and Devis Alderton, at the same time," he said in a mocking tone to Karen and Jennifer, who'd risen gracefully to stand beside her friend. "It's quite an interesting program that produced those names, the AI states. The device this Marten possesses has algorithms we don't use in security. Seems like we will, though, in the future.

"Oh, Karen, how could you forget Marten Sellars? You were, after all, married to him."

The vidscreen on a far wall began to show a picture of a woman in a white, bridal gown being paraded through station passages to wherever she'd spend her wedding night with the man she'd married. When she moved her veil aside, it was definitely Karen in the lovely, off-the-shoulder dress. The guy, laughing with her, holding her, was the big guy who'd beaten her up on Averill Station.

"I divorced that Martin Sellars ..." Karen began.

"This Marten is guilty of identity fraud," said the Judicial with a smug smile. "That means we revoke his right to choose what becomes of him. He and this Devis, if we've got the right man, can work side-by-side on the face, downbelow."

"And what is Devis charged with?" asked Jennifer coolly. "Trying to do Security's work for it?"

The Judicial stared at her. He looked absolutely shocked.

"You're a girl!" he snapped while the men around him moved uneasily. "No girl, even if she is a famous actress, is allowed to speak to a man like ..."

"According to the law you're sworn to administer," said Jennifer calmly, while beside her, I could see Karen getting very distressed, "you shouldn't abuse a married girl as you're doing, Judicial Clements, or you might find, after the next cycle election, that it's you

who occupies a punishment cell, not one of my husband's crewmen."

At that moment, Xander Burton made an impressive entry into the Security offices. A guard tried to impede him but was thrown away as if he hadn't even laid a brawny arm on the captain at all.

"What are you doing to my wife?" Xander stormed. The Judiciar's bodyguards were useless. They looked at the Judiciar, I saw in astonishment, as if they agreed with Xander and wanted the answer to that question as well.

"You need to discipline your wife on how she speaks to a man!" snapped the person I'd have called a judge. "She confronted me! She confronted a man! That's not proper, girlish behaviour!"

"I'll be the judge of my wife's girlish behaviour," snapped Xander, his eyes glittering. He moved beside Jennifer and put his arm around her waist. She looked up at him in adoring fashion. My insides gave a little turn as I recognized love and devotion when I saw it.

"Anyway," said this judge with a grimace, "your wife has already convinced me, Captain Burton," there was a sneer in his voice, "that you can have your crewman, Devis Alderton, returned to you. I'll expect a two thousand credit bond for future good behaviour by anyone from the *Rimrunner Princess*," he exaggerated the name as well, "but Marten Sellars, since he's divorced your sister, Karen, has to go back to his punishment cell."

There was a big argument as Devis, at first relieved, and then, frowning in concern at me, was let free.

"I told you," said Rafer Baron whom I hadn't noticed coming into the room with his attractive wife, Abigail. He sneered at me as if I was something distasteful in his food. "I told you the little saboteur was one of Clements's spies, didn't I? He wants to get him back and find out what stage we're at in our project!"

Abigail was tugging on her husband's arm but the two older men started yelling at one another all about laws and legalities. Everyone just looked on, mouths agape, even the supposed bodyguards.

The last thing I heard, as I was taken out, was Abigail saying, "Oh, James," to the Judiciar who was screaming at her husband. "Can't you see that this station has to change? We girls have to have more in our lives than just making love to the men who are so wonderful to us! We're not pretty dolls to be brought out on display at parties and compared one to another!"

I was hauled away, in the silence that followed Abigail's impassioned remark, by the older man who'd trapped me on the viewing car. He deposited me in a windowless room, a prison cell, I supposed, where time passed really slowly. I think a whole shift had gone before the older man came back. I was dragged, in manacles still, in front of the Judiciar.

"I don't know who you are," he said, looking fiercely at me. "I do know that you're not any saboteur in my employ. Your shipmates, though ..."

"They're not ..." I shook my head. The Judiciar smirked at me.

"... won't pay twenty thousand credits for a useless stowaway to be returned to them." I gasped at the Judiciar. Twenty thousand credits! I could buy a partnership in a space-going vessel for that!

"So, this project of Baron's," the judge went on. "Did you see the uterine replicators? Did you do anything to them?"

Uterine replicators? They were for women who didn't want to have babies from their own bodies! What the heck was he talking about?

"I see that you haven't any idea what Baron and his dratted wife think they're going to do here on Perfect," said the Judiciar smugly. "But if I paid you, would you, could you, Marten or whoever you are, infiltrate the

Princess and wipe clean all the samples Baron brought back with him?”

Before I could answer, the older man said, “They’re already gone, all of them, to Baron’s shipyard. A lab was built while he was gone. Only way to stop him now is to have a patrol ship open fire on his place!”

“Pity,” said the Judiciar to me, staring at me. I wouldn’t have done the sabotage he was asking me to do, anyway. They’d been fine to me on the *Princess*, Dev most of all among the guys, all of them really, especially Jennifer and Karen. “Well, if you’re really a stowaway, it’s the tube and no spacesuit for you. So tell me you’re a stowaway, Marten Sellars. We’ll apply the penalty that’s been the law ever since we were first overseeing the prison camp downbelow.”

I stared at the judge and the now silent, white-haired man who’d brought me from my cell. “So, you’re Marten Sellars,” smirked the judge, “because your ID says you are. And previous laws apply, Marten. You have no choice any more on what punishment is chosen for you.”

“I don’t?” I blurted out nervously.

“No,” laughed the Judiciar. “Mallow says you don’t understand Perfect at all. So, here’s a history lesson, Marten. This station was built to hold prisoners, those who’d work downbelow in the mines. As with all prisons, only men were assigned here. No women. When the prison was closed, we were all left here with nothing to do but try to make the mines a working proposition.

“Our forefathers did that, but there was one problem. We still have it, no women here on station or downbelow, none at all. So, we decided to make our own Perfect girls. You’ve met some, already, on the *Princess*, haven’t you, Marten? Or didn’t you know? Jennifer thinks you’re really naïve but we shouldn’t hold that against you. In your little jaunt around the station, no-choice Marten, you met more Perfect girls and still you didn’t clue in. Put the promo on for Annabel, Mallow.”

I choked at what the judge called me. The promo was one I'd seen in the distance but not with sound. "Wouldn't you like to be just like us?" the strikingly attractive, blonde Laura was saying.

"Come on over to our side," a brunette, just as pretty, flicking her long hair behind her huge earrings girlishly, pouted at whoever was watching the promo.

I thought that they were nurses, working on a patient. But the 'patient' was a guy. He was shaved, so quickly because of time-lapse photography. I couldn't help gasping, as I chilled inside. He was dressed in female underwear, put into a dress, female makeup and a wig.

"Come and join us, like darling Melissa here," said Laura seductively as Melissa swirled in her pretty dress and high heels. 'She' was hugged by Suzanne, the brunette. Melissa, how could 'he' stand such a name, seemed really proud of 'herself'!

"Don't you want to be a girl like us, too?" pouted Suzanne, twirling herself to show off her lovely, girlish figure.

"Here, at the Perfect Girls' Salon, you can begin your journey into girliness," said a smiling Laura.

"You, Annabel, won't have to pay for any of this," said the Judge smugly.

"Come on over to our side, like Melissa," Laura was going on, "and really experience life as a Perfect girl. You know you'll love it. We do!"

"You can't think I'd want ..." I began, cold shivers running through me as I stared at these perverted old men in front of me.

"You've no choice, Annabel," said the Judicial smugly. "You came back and are still under a punishment order for what you did and said to Jennifer Burton. You can't insult girls like that on Perfect, Annabel. No, I have to apply a punishment, which could be a journey to the mines.

“But Annabel Smith, I’ve chosen a way out for you. You’re chosen to be a girl. No, don’t thank me.” I wasn’t. I was screaming at him in terror. “You know you’ll love it. Look at Jennifer, Abigail and Karen. They all chose to be girls and love being wives and girl friends, just as you will, Annabel Smith.”

I was in shock, catatonic. I was hustled out the back of the office. I learned much later that arguments about me were still going on. The Stationmaster had become involved as the identity I’d stolen was that of his son. I might have put up much more of a fight, if I’d known, but I didn’t. Mallow walked me, shackled, protesting in fright, into what I thought was a brothel.

I was still in shock at the thought that every woman I’d met, like Roxanne, was a primped-up guy like me. Jennifer and Karen, even Abigail! They were girls by choice which meant they were really men! My mind reeled at the thought of those girls having penises like mine. Oh, but Del and April did! I’d seen them!

“A no-choice girl for you, Cynthia,” Mallow said to an older, orangey-haired woman, who ran the brothel, I supposed, with a shudder.

The woman didn’t turn a hair at seeing a youth like me being called a girl and being thrust at her, my hands still in manacles. “Does she need those?” Cynthia asked.

“She’d look pretty good in black leather with them, wouldn’t she?” asked Mal, referring to me, as the woman was, as if I was a girl.

“I’m not a girl!” I said hoarsely. “I don’t want to come over to your side!”

Cynthia smiled. “We’ll keep them on for a few days,” she said lightly. “She’s heard the Perfect Girls’ Salon promo?”

“Yeah,” said Mal. “Mind if I have a little visit with whoever’s not out and about, Cyn?”

“Fifty creds,” said the woman with a smile, putting her hand out.

“You’ve put your prices up again!” protested Mal. “Hey, I’m a bloodhound now. Annabel can tell you. Picked her right off a viewing car!”

“It’s Juliet who’s next on call,” laughed Cynthia. “And she sets her price, Mal. I just get the house expense, five. You can afford her, Mal. Or, I could dress up this Annabel and let you teach her what she has to know to be a woman.”

I think both of us screamed, “No!” But Mallow was grinning at me. I was blushing in embarrassment at what the woman was saying. I had to find a thin wire, and get myself out of these handcuffs. Or a nail file. I quivered as I thought that there must be lots in a woman’s establishment like this.

“I’ll go visit Juliet,” said Mallow, grinning at my horrified face. “Some day, Annabel, you and me, fireworks and rocket ships in bed.”

“I’ll slit your throat first,” I told him hoarsely, wanting to throw up.

Both Mal and Cynthia laughed at me. Mal hauled me, scared out of my mind, to a bedroom where he chained my manacled hands to an embedded ring.

“Look, kid,” Mal said to me sympathetically as I struggled and seethed. “I’ve seen a lot of girls like you on this station. My advice is always the same; lay back and enjoy what’s done to you. You’ll enjoy being a girl, you know. I’ve seen much worse than you, doll. Karen was like you. When I meet her now in *Sunfall* or a club, I have her for free, all shift long. She’s not a girl who ever says ‘No’ to a guy as well equipped as me.”

“That’s, that’s perverted!” I sputtered, pulling on the chain. I couldn’t get free. Mal disappeared, laughing as he went.

I'd time to think about what would be done to me. I shuddered as the promo ran through my mind. All the women on this station were men. Goddesses! There, I used the oath used by perverted 'women' aboard the *Princess*. Jennifer was from this station! And Abigail! And Karen! April and Delores had talked about Perfect men and the clubs they missed. The men on the *Princess* had promised to take them to new shows on E Deck, the place for real entertainment, I was led to think, on Perfect.

But all those girls, the beautiful captain's wife, Jennifer, so in love with her husband, and so kind to me, Abigail, older but so fashionable in her tight skirts, and Karen, all long legs, tanned, in stockings all the time and such high heels, they were men like April and Delores. And all the men on the *Princess*, real men that is, had treated them as if they were women! It wasn't going to happen to me!

Five women finally came into the room where I was manacled. Cynthia advanced cautiously. "If you run when I let you out of your manacles, we'll have to knock you out with drugs. That will go into the reports I make about Annabel Smith to the Judiciary and Admin," said Cynthia. "It's better to have reports that say how co-operative you are. That way, Admin doesn't bother checking you."

I couldn't help a scowl. Yes, I was going to run just as soon as I could. Cyn's womanly face frowned at me.

"Didn't you came in with Karen on the *Princess*, Annabel?" asked Cynthia as I spluttered at what she called me. "She's back under Admin now she's not married?"

"I bet Effington's searching all over the docks to find her and check her out," said one of the girls in a long, black negligee. It parted and I could see long, lovely, smooth legs. She laughed as she saw me looking at them.

"Naughty girl," 'Sarah' said to me, closing the negligee about herself, her painted toes peeping out, the polish matching that on her long fingernails. "You

can't be a lesbian on this planetary station, Annabel. It isn't allowed!"

"Don't tell her that!" protested Natasha, shaking white blonde hair over her shoulders. "She'll be no fun. It'll be a cycle before she loses her virginity! We should take advantage of our little cherry!"

"Girls!" snapped Cynthia, sighing. "Just when I was telling Mal I didn't allow kinky behaviour in my establishment."

The girls hooted at her. I looked fearfully at them as I was freed from the manacles. They were so girlish! And I was under orders to be just like them! I shuddered yet again. I didn't see an Adam's Apple anywhere. I had a prominent one. They could call me a girl but I wasn't going to fool anyone for two seconds, even if I was dressed up and my face painted.

"The first thing we're going to do, Annabel," said Cynthia, "is bathe you and do your hair. That's why Rose is here. She has her own hair shop. You'll be going there for your beauty treatments but, otherwise, we keep newbie girls on the premises. What do you think, Rose? She won't need a wig, will she?"

The vividly dressed brunette leaned over me. I found myself immersed in a flowery perfume that made my legs tremble. Rose was exquisitely made up with the longest eyelashes I'd ever seen on a girl. Like the others, she had long, shaped fingernails, only hers were a dark plum color.

"Is it the fashion where you come from for both genders to have long hair?" asked Rose in a lovely soprano voice. She ran a hand over the thick hair gathered at my neck, making me shake with pleasing emotions. "Oh, I can do a lot with this girl, Cynthia. She has such thick, coarse hair. I love it like that. It will take such a lovely, feminine cut and styling."

"I don't want ..." you touching my hair or anything else, I wanted to say, I tried to say. But Rose's feminine finger closed my lips with a touch.

“Don’t say things like that,” Rose whispered to me as five pairs of feminine, madeup eyes regarded me in sympathy. “We’re monitored here.”

I was shushed all the time as I tried to resist being feminized. I did try, really I did, but I became a girl. I became a maid in Cynthia’s Salon. I was dressed in dainty women’s clothes, wobbling around the place in fishnet stockings, and a short, frilly dress, serving the girls refreshments between the trysts they had with men.

It was a brothel but the girls didn’t work exclusively from Cynthia’s. There were any number of escorts whom she arranged dates for. Two girls, Samantha and Natasha, worked full-time in the office keeping records of who was going where and how much they were earning with the men they ‘escorted’.

“Newbies, Annabel,” said Cynthia, re-arranging my frilly, emasculating dress and panties, after the weirdest sleep I’ve ever had. I’d thought I was a real girl! It must have been brought on by the nightie I had to wear, especially the bow tied beneath my artificial chest, making me feel, each time I moved, as if I really did have breasts. Goddesses, I was sore, too, where I’d been zapped with an animal probe any time I didn’t stand, move or swish like a girl.

“Newbies always start as frilly-dressed, sissy maids to the girls” Cynthia decreed as I suffered girl’s makeup and hair styling by Rose.

So I was a ‘sissy’ maid. My makeup made me so womanly that I couldn’t believe it was me I was looking at. I had eyelashes, false ones, like Rose’s. Eye makeup seemed to make my eyes twice as big and ten times as vivid as they were before. My lips were a dark pink, plummy color while my face was smooth and creamy. My eyebrows were almost non-existent. Oh, it was so awful to look like a pretty girl!

My hair was what changed me so much. Rose waved, curled and cut my hair until I had a woman’s hairstyle. I couldn’t take it off. I could only brush my hair which fell into place again, a thick bundle of curls

at my neck, feminine bangs across my forehead. I don't know how my curls could be that long as they hadn't been that way when I was a guy. As Annabel, I quaked at my soft, curly hair, a maid's cap and ribbons pinned there, making me look so absolutely girlish.

My fingernails and toenails were painted as if they were on a girl's hands and feet. And, yes, I wore women's underwear, a pad pulled very tightly over my male parts to hold them between my legs while girlish panties really covered me. I trembled as I wore a girdle with garters that held up my fishnet stockings.

I'd tried so hard not to let them put such things on me. They'd giggled, Natasha, Samantha, Sarah, and Elisa, as they held me down, held my waving legs, put the stockings and garter belt on me and fastened them to me. They ignored all my beseeching them to stop. Oh, 'my dress' humiliated me even more!

The maid's dress didn't cover my tush or the front of me but it didn't have to. I wore frilly panties that made the dress float out femininely on either side of me. Oh, how I rustled as I tried to walk. How silly I felt when I looked into the long mirror and saw the girl I'd become! The sleeves were small and puffed, black as was the rest of the dress but the neck was high.

I had to wear a black velvet collar to cover my throat. A little, frilly, white apron shaped my waist, as did the padding put on me, beneath the frilly, demeaning dress. For the first few days, I was manly aroused, just looking at the girl I'd been transformed into. I felt the frilly dress about me, my legs so bare in my garter belt and fishnet stockings. If I'd met 'her', me, I'd have stroked her as men did to me, if I could.

I had to sashay, the girls said, in heels that got progressively higher. I shivered, feeling so awful, swishing and swaying effeminately, humiliated all the time. I had to mince into the girls' dining area and serve them, and their men, who always fondled me, reminding me to dip properly, as if I was a real Annabel, when serving. The 'girls', oh, they looked, and sounded, so real, praised me for girlish things I did well.

Cynthia and her 'girls' coached me in what to do, how to speak, as a girl, even the words girls used. It was 'marvy' to be like them. Juliet was the one who made me gush girlishly over little things, making me swing my tush or swish my skirts in excitement over a new perfume or a lipstick.

It was amazing how the girls changed with men around, fawning all over them. They let men touch them in so many embarrassing ways. Men pawed me, as well, particularly my tush, fondling me, making me quiver in embarrassment all over. I wanted to tell them I was a man like them when they asked why 'this pretty, little thing' wasn't available to them.

"I can't do this," I gasped to Cynthia after having one man run his hand right up my leg, over my tush and panties, before pulling me against him. I could feel his erection! Juliet came to my rescue, even though she was entertaining another guy. I couldn't believe how meekly each man went with her. Ooo, she'd led each of them away, her tiny hands about their male erections, evident at the front of their pants. I could never do that, touch a man there! My mind reeled in disgust at the thought!

"You will, Annabel," Cynthia said, so blasé, as if it was quite normal for me to be treated so girlishly. "There's a tourist ship in, on alterday. We could really use you, if you felt you could take a man to the observation deck."

"What for?" I asked before I thought about it. "Oh!" I blushed at Cynthia's knowing smile.

"Some guys like newbie girls," Cynthia said thoughtfully. "They think that girls like Rose, Sarah, and me are just too girlish. They like girls like you, Annabel."

"No!" I screamed at her. "I'm never ..." I was only waiting for a chance to find some electronics I could use, find a new ship, and get away.

“No,” said Cynthia, pulling a face. “You don’t have a choice, do you, Annabel? I should be grateful you haven’t run yet, shouldn’t I?”

Cynthia looked at me intently. I felt very guilty. I hoped it didn’t show on my face. I’d gathered a few tools in my room. I’d even told myself that, when I slipped away, I’d shift between man and girl, so no-one could track me again. But thinking like that, made me hot and cold all over. No, I couldn’t do that. I was a man. I could never, ever, be a woman, not even if I dressed and looked like a party girl as I did now, all the time.

“Why don’t you take those drinks to my room, Annabel?” Cynthia asked me. “Take the rest of the shift off. You’ll find Mallow there, waiting for me. He’s the kind of guy I’d like you to have, Annabel, for your first but he couldn’t afford your virgin’s price.” She’d openly discussed with other girls what my price would be for making love to another man. It would never happen, I wanted to tell her. “Mal knows how to make a girl feel like she’s having her first time again, every time he does you.”

“I don’t ...” I began shivering, feeling so ill inside at the thought of a man, who knew I was ‘Marten’, kissing me as if I was a girl. I’d never kiss him back, I’d said at the thought of any man kissing me. Juliet had zapped me and told me I must. I was a girl now.

“Not tonight,” said Cynthia with a smile. “Tonight, Mal’s mine. I just have to arrange with Sarah to take over and fuck the scruff behind the Security Screen. We don’t need him scowling at clients. Serve him before you go to Mallow, there’s a good girl, Annabel. Let Captain Angus caress your pretty thighs, and arouse him for Sarah!”

At last, it got through to me. I had to get off this perverted Perfect station now! I’d sat gingerly, femininely,

with the Security lout. He'd wanted me to 'be nice' to him, stroking my smooth, feminine leg, snapping my garter, showing me the surveillance of the other girls 'being nice' to their men.

"Do, do they know they're being spied upon?" I gasped at him. Angus sat me in his lap like a girl as we stared at a wall, full of views of men making love to other sweet, girlie men. The mirror views showed time and again that the women, lying beneath or beside the men caressing and kissing them, had male genitals just like the men they were making love to. Goddesses, I wanted to be sick! I'd seen the same things on the *Princess*, but that was only one girl at a time. This overloaded all my senses with horror.

Cynthia was clearly a man as she snuggled up to Mal who loved touching 'her' manhood, constantly playing with it. This is what she wanted for me? Ugh! Mal aroused 'her' to wriggle beneath him, put her legs about his back, she bucking away with him as he penetrated her. When they'd both come, an intense kissing session followed between them as they thanked one another for the indecent pleasure they'd enjoyed.

Juliet, Samantha, Natasha, Elisa, even the stylish Rose, who'd arrived with an older man in uniform, were all men who enjoyed being made love to as women. "Just look at these two," chortled Angus, the man who wanted to stick his thing into me, trying to position my tush, in my frilly waitress skirt, over his erection as if, by doing that, somehow I'd be aroused to have sex with him. He wanted me to pretend I was a girl and do with him what one special girl in Cynthia's Salon was doing.

The girl was sitting on this guy's lap. I watched her gently lubricate the man's staff and ease herself over on top of him, smiling as her long, black hair fell over her shoulders and about her breasts. He caressed them as she rotated gently on him. She covered her maleness with her panties and padding. Watching her bounce and grimace as he thrust up into her, was like watching a real man making love to a real woman.

Sarah came at last and plucked me off Angus's lap. "She isn't ready for a man like you yet, Captain," she said, lifting her dress and pulling down her panties, revealing to me something I didn't want to see, that there wasn't a real girl on Perfect anywhere. She made me drink what she'd brought me. I felt groggy right away.

I wiggled to the couch as Sarah and Gus made love in the chair, groaning and moaning, making the chair creak and protest at whatever they were doing. I heard the flapping of skin against skin as they made out. I've got to get out of here, I screamed at myself, my hands falling on my stockinged legs, my hair caressing my face.

The senior girls had drugged me from the start. I couldn't avoid it. I dozed, watching 'women' on the wall screens making love to men. Sarah shifted the perspectives. I couldn't see the girls' penises any more even though I knew they were there.

A refreshed, elegant Cynthia awoke me, the screens all blank with just the desk console flickering over several rooms showing several men and women, couples, wrapped in one another's arms, sleeping together.

Juliet was in the shower, what a gorgeous nude, female figure she had. She was soaping her breasts when a man, as naked as her, joined her. She smiled at him over her shoulder as he caressed her breasts and between her legs. She jumped as I think he entered her. She was laughing as she protested something, then all girlish, in her movements, as she accepted whatever the man was doing to her.

"Good girl, Juliet," laughed Cynthia, switching through other sleeping couples, bare breasts abounding. "That will cost her man extra if he doesn't give her a really nice tip and I don't mean of the sexual kind." She turned to me, sitting up in my maid's uniform and fishnet stockings, my hair feeling in disarray. "Sorry to knock you out again last night, Annabel, but Mal and me, well, I just had to have him last night. I was ready for a good man for a change."

“Did, did you know you were being displayed up there?” I squeaked at her. My voice was always that way now. “Do the, the other girls,” there, I’d said it, flushing as I said what I had been trying not to acknowledge even though it was what they called themselves, “know they’re being watched as well?”

“Of course,” said Cynthia, grinning at me, as I wobbled to my feet, my high heels so tight and high. “We’re not the *Sunfall* or *Touch of Silk* here. We accept any man who wants an escort or couldn’t get a girl in E and F hotels.

“So we girls, you and me, Annabel, need security. There’s always some bozo off a trader who doesn’t believe the rules. That’s why we keep security on call. When you’re fully an escort, Annabel, there’re a few other defences you’ll have as well, in case you come across a real animal.”

“Girls get hurt here?” I gasped at her, quivering everywhere at the thought that I might soon be a girlish escort for a man. I had to get away!

“Nothing we can’t handle,” said Cynthia crisply. “Now, Annabel, I want you in street dress today as we’re going out, you and me, shopping. It’ll be nice to get out of that outfit, won’t it? When we’re out, men have to behave well to girls or they’re in trouble.” She laughed impishly. “They could even end up here as a girl themselves, as you did, if the Judiciar’s in one of his bad moods.”

“Like he was with me?” I asked miserably before I thought of it.

“Oh, someone small and thin, with a pretty face and hair like yours,” said Cynthia with another grin, “was bound to be encouraged to be a girl. You’ll see,” she said, hugging herself. “It’s nice that men are big and strong. The only little ones are off-worlders. If they screw up, they end up in the salons or studios, willingly or unwillingly, as girls.”

“I can’t believe this conversation I’m having with you,” I said to her with a real shudder. Cynthia laughed.

“You should,” she said to me. “You’re a girl now, Annabel. You always will be.”

Oh, how I flushed at her words, feeling the frilly panties about me. I could feel my hair and my long earrings, and my legs in stockings ... Oh, that was just so awful and yet I was in them, every shift now.

“Just wash up and put on some clean panties and a bra,” Cynthia said to me. “Just a waist cinch with garters and skin-toned stockings. We’ll call on Rose and get her girls to do your makeup and hair today. Then, we have places to go. I’ll show you how we live here on Perfect. It’s not all primping and swishing around in pretty dresses, making love half a dozen times per shift, though that’s nice some of the time. We girls have other things we do. I’ll prepare you for them.”

I shuddered as I did each day as I prepped myself like a girl. I had to or security would come in and make me be a girl, demanding payment in kind for their efforts. I only saw it in a distance, what they did to Laura, a no-choice newbie like me. I could hear her squealing. Oh, I didn’t ever want to be attacked as those big men, amusing themselves, were attacking Laura’s tush. They told him he was a girl now and kept going until ‘she’ sobbed that ‘she’ was.

I washed my long hair, putting my long dangling earrings away, before adding the flowery studs to my ears as Cynthia had instructed me. Cynthia and Sarah had access to me all the time and thought nothing of coming in to instruct me on how to do everything like a girl. Even when I was in the shower, they’d instruct me on how to be girlish in washing and how a man could take me. The frilly, little girl clothing I wore? It was they who chose it for me.

I didn’t dare to take any of the paraphernalia I’d gathered to get me off Perfect some day. It was good I hadn’t put anything in my purse as Cynthia checked.

She removed the pads from my bra and just put tissues in there.

“You don’t need to be flaunting anything you don’t have today,” Cynthia told me as I shivered in the dress that bounced and swished so effeminately about my knees. I felt as if there was a breeze on my legs as I walked, minced, I should say, as I exaggerated my female mannerisms as Cynthia insisted I do in my open-toed, white pumps.

“You can hear Annabel coming a day away,” said Sarah playfully while I blushed at her. I couldn’t look at her without remembering her jerking and thrusting herself against Garth while I resisted sleep on the couch, within feet of where they were making out, she pretending she was female.

“She’s like me,” Cynthia said, “petite and feminine.”

Sarah laughed and wished us well in our shopping, telling us again that there was a lingerie sale at *The Girlie Store*, whatever that was.

But my shopping wasn’t for panties, garter belts and bras that Sarah had been telling Cynthia I needed. No, first, Cynthia led me down the deck, past Rose’s to Upper Gamma Deck where I was whisked into the Perfect Woman Clinic. I was cold as ice in the waiting room as the screens all around me rolled promo after promo for the Clinic and the procedures they carried out.

“I don’t want any of this!” I protested to Cynthia when she came back with a man in a doctor’s coat, a pretty nurse beside him.

“I’m afraid Annabel doesn’t have a choice,” said Cynthia with a sigh to the doctor, showing him something on her comm.

Behind him, an actress was showing what she’d had done, a new tush, breasts that she called titties, facial feminization, a nose job, nipple enlargement, and lips made so kissable with injections of some kind. She was smiling as the voiceover was saying how any girl could be made to look more like her, Barbie Robbins,

as if that was supposed to mean something to me. How was I to know she was one of the most famous actresses on Perfect, that her love scenes in films, made on station, were the biggest of moneymakers, not just on planet, but in the export trade that kept this place going.

The doctor was concerned, I could see that. “No!” I told him, unable to get my voice down where it should have been, mannish and gruff. “I don’t want any surgery! I don’t want to be a girl! I’m a ...”

The nurse clamped a mask over my nose and mouth then. I fought with her, but Cynthia was helping her. The doctor caught me as I weakened and lifted me gently onto a trolley.

“I hate these no choice cases,” I heard the doctor say as I drifted away.

“If you don’t report what went on here exactly,” said the smiling nurse, “you could be in my place next cycle, Larsey. You know girls like this one. I bet she deserves to be one of us or she wouldn’t be sent here.”

Cynthia mumbled something behind the two of them as the trolley moved. My head swam as I was hustled into what I knew was an operating room. I was screaming and holding on to my genitals beneath my dress and panties as I was rolled onto my side. The zipper on my dress released me as a soft hand did the same thing, to my bra.

“She’s gone,” said someone and I was.

I think they kept me under for a whole cycle. I’ve always been fuzzy on the clock and shifts at the best of times. I think I was kept under for a cycle as quick-heal takes time to work and they’d worked extensively on me. About the only thing that they hadn’t changed were my genitals.

They were the first things my girlish fingernails reached for when the nurse ran ice over my eyelids and told me, Annabel, to wake myself, anytime I wanted.

My hair was longer. I could feel it on my shoulders, making me shudder. I tried to talk but I was too hoarse. There was a tight bandage about my throat. That's what had taken so long, I later worked it out. My Adam's Apple had disappeared! 'Shaved down to nothing,' in the doctor's words, when he proudly went over what had been done to me.

"Don't try to talk, Annabel Smith," the doctor said with a friendly smile. "There'll be a therapist to start you on a speech program but I'll tell you we repaired your larynx. You should find yourself, within a couple of cycles, singing and talking in the soprano range. Who knows, you might be the next Marie Remington."

"Who's she?" I croaked. The nurse sprayed my mouth and throat with cold, cold water.

"Don't talk, Annabel," said the doctor with a laugh. "You'll only hurt yourself, my dear girl."

Oh, how I shuddered when he said that. Then as I moved, I found all the hair spread out on the pillow beside me.

The nurse noticed, took my hand and stroked it. I shivered in fear at what they'd done to me and how long I'd been lying in bed, being changed. "It's hair weaves as well as a cycle's growth," Nurse Susan Rozier said to me, a smile on her pretty, makeup face. She couldn't be man, I thought. She was just too cute and too feminine. "I had the same fear when I woke up that I'd lost a T-year of my life. We've lightened your hair," she went on as if that was the most important thing to me, "and highlighted it as well for you. We think you'll like it. It's really pretty!"

I shuddered and grimaced. I did not want my hair to be lightened and long like a girl's. I did not want it to be pretty. But that took second place to what my hands discovered as Susan Rozier, who'd gone through all this, guided my fingers over my face and chest. The

mounds there wobbled as she did that, sending all kind of hysterical fears through me.

The mirror she brought me showed me an entirely different person to the one who'd been dressed as a waitress at Cynthia's Salon. "Oh, gods, no!" I croaked as I looked at the long-haired, pretty girl, her face devoid of makeup, looking back at me.

My nose was so thin, and bobbed at the end. My cheeks were rounder and my chin thinner. My lips were fuller and shaped into a bow. My eyebrows were higher because my eyebrows had disappeared. I was flat there where once I had had prominent eye ridges. My eyelashes were thick and dark as if I was wearing false eyelashes but Susan told me I wasn't.

My neck was thin and devoid of any bumps, even when I swallowed. Susan smiled and gave me a drink. It seemed that my arms were thinner, my ears seemed to be pulled back and glinted with gold, several times, at my lobes. And they'd done something to my eyes, or was it just the way my skin pulled on me now?

My nightie was transparent. Susan pulled it down anyway so I could examine the breasts I had. I couldn't believe how they moved. I tried to sit up in a panic and check again beneath my panties. I couldn't appreciate Susan's compliments about how much of a girl I was, how I'd fit in with everyone else so wonderfully. I did not want to fit in with other girls, I wanted to scream, shuddering, as I kept glimpsing the girl I'd become. There was barely any resemblance to the 'me' I'd been before, in the mirrors Susan held for me in delight.

"Your hips are wider, of course," said Susan with a smile. "Your waist is a twenty-two now. Your tush is padded on the inside and is so lovely! You're going to need a whole new wardrobe, Annabel, for your new, girlish figure. I hear you're going into a show at the Nebula. I'll be along to see you when we release you to them. There are a few post-surgery procedures I have to follow up with several of the girls there.

"I hope you're in the chorus line with Danielle and Debbie, my friends. They're so outstandingly beauti-

ful, just like you, Annabel. That's why the doc gave you bigger nipples as you have to look good in the nude tableaux they do at the Nebula. I don't know how you girls wear those headdresses with all the weight in them. But you'll look so beautiful as a showgirl, Annabel. My boy friend will want me to introduce you to him, I know, but he's really nice. I don't mind sharing him if you don't mind that, either!"

I'd no idea what she was talking about. I knew I had 'no choice' still. Someone in Admin or Judiciary had moved me from Cynthia's Salon, from being an escort. Such a shiver came over me as I thought of working as that, or as a waitress. Now I was a showgirl, a performer, at the Nebula Burlesque, whatever that was. A most exotically madeup girl was waiting for me to get dressed in a new bra, new panties and a new dress because all my measurements had changed.

"Hello, Annabel," said the Nebula woman, her black hair pulled back tightly and held in a chignon at the back of her head. Long golden bands jiggled at her ears, and were matched by gold at her neck, wrists and ankles. She'd been waiting for me to be dressed as a girl, in stockings and high heels, my face clean and my hair all loose. Susan said that the woman was taking me to a beauty salon where I'd get, she said enviously, the treatment, whatever that was.

I teetered out onto the Deck in my high heels, the woman's arm firmly about mine. Girls passed us, going about their business. A lot of guys, their heads on a swivel, looking at all the girls around them, as I wanted to, looked me over as well. I squirmed under the appraisals but the Nebula girl smiled at several who spoke to us.

"Just taking a new girl to her spa treatment," she said several times to men who asked her for a 'party'. "Catch us at the Nebula and we can arrange something!"

So I staggered along, my mind stupefied, my chest wobbling in front of me. The thin dress swirled enticingly about my re-shaped, womanly legs, my hair caressing my neck. The Perfect Girl Salon loomed. I

gulped a dozen times but it didn't help. I was whisked in. Two girls took me from the Nebula Burlesque woman and I got the works.

I was naked for most of my treatments, numb with shock as the women treated me as if I was a woman, totally ignoring the obvious appendages I had. Only towards the end, every pore of my skin cleansed, depilated, perfumed, was a small pad put between my legs, my maleness gently but firmly hidden from view.

My clothing changed. The bra was intended to push up my breasts and make them more femininely attractive and it did. I'd have called the small, tight pad over my genitals a thong. Certainly my panties were that. They spent hours on my hair and it became a mass of curls from the bangs on my forehead to my neck. My face was exquisitely made up.

I could only stare in stunned amazement at what was done to me. My skin was so soft, my face had become even more girlishly attractive. My eyelashes were long and curved, so dark, while my lips were darkly pink, glossy and much more prominent than I ever remembered. Even my teeth were changed, now gleaming, evenly white.

Golden earrings dangled from my ears as the girls at the Pretty Girl Salon prepared me to leave looking very much like the exotic Nebula Burlesque woman who had brought me there. I shivered in my new, garter belt and stockings as a dress that barely covered the tops of them was put on me, a deep vee in the black dress showing off my expanded cleavage.

"This is the newest of fashions," said one of the girls, checking that my fingernail gloss was dry. "We're selling the new shorties by the hundred from our boutique. Debbie is buying you a lot with your dress allowance, all new girls get that. Oh, I can so tell that you're from the Burlesque, Annabel! You have such a lovely tush as all the girls do there. Oh, here's the promo for your show!"

I was almost sick as I watched the promo for the Nebula Burlesque, the shots of the girls on stage al-

most all from the back to show off the rounded tushes all the girls had. There wasn't much to the costumes the girls wore but they were all smiling as they looked over their shoulders at the camera person, wiggling their derrieres as they did so. They did all appear to love being the pretty girls that they were.

"Is Annabel ready?" asked the woman who'd come for me at the clinic.

I was helped out of the chair and forced to stand in my impossibly high heeled shoes, if they could be called that. The strapping was so thin and showed off my deep pink toenails, gleaming just like my lips and fingernails.

The woman admired my hair, my dress and my figure, so rounded and shaped like a woman's. Her admiration gave me goosebumps. I didn't want to be called a 'beautiful addition to our burlesque'. Oh, my legs were so bare and cold with hair all gone and no pants to protect me. I crept out of the chair as the woman took my hand.

"Yes, you have the legs for burlesque," said the smiling woman. "I'm Debbie, by the way, Annabel. You'll be staying with me for a while. Giselle, our manager, insists we girls room together. I have a spare bedroom now that Annette has decided to get married and become a mother. Silly girl!"

"Become a mother?" I gasped, feeling an instant tug inside my panties. "How ... How ... It's impossible ... isn't it?"

Debbie took my arm companionably, laughed at me and had me take smaller steps and swing my hips more. We could hardly move with all the male attention we received. I was frozen in terror at the suggestions made to us, men wanting to sexually penetrate me, they said in different ways, but Debbie only laughed off suggestions for trysts and parties.

"Come and see us at the Nebula Burlesque," she said a dozen times. "We girls will work something out with you and your friend."

I think I jumped a dozen times as hard male hands caressed my tush or circled my waist. Smiling male faces peered into mine and told me how beautiful I was. A lot tried to kiss me. The first guy succeeded, making my temperature go soaring as his mouth, a man's mouth on mine (!), took a good part of my lipstick before Debbie pushed him away.

“At the burlesque, Arnie,” she laughed at the man. “Leave our newbie alone. Can't you see Annabel is terrified of brutes like you?”

“She kisses really nice!” said the man who'd done that. “Annabel. I like that name. I'll come looking for you, darling, on my off-shift.”

“Horrible tipper,” Debbie told me with a smile. “Turn your cheek when they try to put their lips on you,” she said. “Didn't they teach you that at Cynthia's?”

“I, I wasn't an escort,” I whispered as we minced along the deck, now busy and raucous as mainday shifts were released to find recreation along the docks.

“Good,” said Debbie. “You have a fresh, innocent look that's going to make Giselle put you out front in a bunch of tableaux. You're not a dancer or singer yet, are you?”

I shook my curled hair, my earrings really bobbling on my neck, filling me with girlish feelings. Oh, I hate admitting that!

“Great!” Debbie went on. “Look at the crowd down there. That's for us in the Burlesque. We need all the girls we can get to hostess tables after our turns on stage! Giselle's picked up other new hostesses this last shift. But you'll be a big help, beautiful Annabel, if you do what I do!”



I didn't do anything for a shift but watch these girls with incredible bodies perform on stage. "I, I can't be one of you!" I exclaimed to Debbie who joined me, in the security room.

She was still in costume, her legs covered with fishnet stockings, the tiniest of panties about, her bra little more than pasties. Debbie still had thick makeup on her face, her hair pulled back into the tall, feathered headdress she wore.

"That's what we all said the first time," laughed Debbie. "It is intimidating, isn't it? But it's a lot of fun! Giselle said to teach you the strut we showgirls use. Oh, we'll have you working in Showgirl Bar in no time."

"I, I'm not an escort!" I gasped at her. Debbie laughed at me.

"Neither am I," she said, winking at me. "We don't get paid for partying with guests in the Showgirl Bar; oh, but they do give us marvellous presents sometimes. And if you become exclusive like Annette, who knows, you might end up married like her!"

"How, how, can she ...?" I had to ask.

"Become a mother with the equipment she doesn't have?" asked a giggling Debbie, pointing to a hostess sliding out with a guy into a reception room. Debbie adjusted a security measure. The couple entered a room and immediately went into a passionate clinch. The girl wore a dress just like the one I was wearing. She bounced on the softie, the guy following her down as she clawed at his pants, setting his manhood free.

"Her first night and she's right into it, isn't she?" said Debbie approvingly, as the guy lifting the smiling girl's legs pulled her panties down, releasing her pad at the same time.

I shuddered as the man, who'd brought the 'girl' to the room, made love to 'her'. She wiggled and wriggled as the man went down on her. She played with his hair as the guy was ejaculating in no time. Then, it was his turn to 'blow' the lovely girl who was as manly as he, even though she looked so feminine.

"Well, that was interesting," said Debbie, switching to another room where a pair were locked in an embrace, her legs about her man as he was gyrating like a piston as he filled her, the girl shaking as much as her man at being penetrated. At first, I thought it was a real girl being filled but the girl bucked and I glimpsed her male genitals as well. I shuddered as I looked back at the huge club with all the girls and the men attending them. My head pounded as I thought of how they were all girls like me, not real girls at all, Perfect girls, originally made to serve guards and important prisoners here.

Debbie looked at me. "Doesn't turn you on?" she asked. I shook my head. "I said to Giselle you were fresh. You are, aren't you, Annabel? You're a virgin, aren't you?"

"N-No," I had to admit.

"I mean, a virgin as a woman with a man," said Debbie. "I'd bet you didn't even fuck a Perfect girl when you were still a man."

"No," I said, quivering, thinking of Karen, April and Delores on the *Princess*.

"Ever been hooked up to a feelie?" asked Debbie.

"Hasn't everybody?" I asked her flippantly, my teeth chattering as my nerves collapsed as I watched, above Debbie's head, the first girl we'd seen, satisfying her man. He'd undone her dress and exposed her breasts. She laughed, helping him put his manhood between her breasts. She squeezed them together as he became stiffer and stiffer as she moved with him, smiling up at him, as he leaned down and kissed her fiercely. As he started again, she leant forward enough to kiss the tip of his manhood each time it was thrust forward.

“That girl has read the handbook,” said Debbie. “I have to tell Giselle what she’s up to. She’s earned a hundred credits already. She shouldn’t give it away like that for the price of a room.”

I was forced to watch more scenes as other girls came into more of the empty rooms. Some were awkward which some guys liked. But all the girls were doing whatever their men wanted, rewarding them with kisses and caresses that made me cold all over. Surely they couldn’t expect that of me, but I knew they did.

I must get out of this place! I must fade into the background if I could. I caught sight of the girl that was me now, shivering as I realized that fading into the background was impossible now for a girl like me!

“Here,” said Debbie, turning from the security consoles. “Put these jacks on.”

“What for?” I asked nervously, as she attached feelie jacks to my forehead.

“This is one of my favorite feelies,” said Debbie. “Really, you should watch it with a man. It’s what you need, Annabel, before you have your first male lover. That’s what happens in this feelie. It’s called *The Red Windmill*, with Jennifer Brace and Xander Burton. Enjoy, Annabel.”

“But I know ...” Jennifer and Xander, I wanted to say, but Debbie tapped the feelie entry. I felt my body jerk as the feelie took control of me. I wasn’t me anymore. I was a dancer, a female dancer. Oh, the moves I could make and how I trembled at the touches of the male dancers who let me know with their caresses how much they wanted me.

Oh goddesses, I was Jennifer! I could see in the mirrors as I danced and rehearsed with Xander. He touched me and I could tell he liked me. We had hurried kisses in some dances. I was tingling all over every time it occurred, wanting it to happen again!

I smiled as I danced and, letting Jennifer’s body, in the feelie, take me over. I saw that body constantly as

dancers worked with mirrors all the time. I saw what a wonderful dancer Jennifer, I, was. I tried, briefly, to reject the role. If I was in a feelie with Jennifer, I tried to protest, I wanted to be Xander, but I couldn't flip. Debbie's soft hands wouldn't let me.

I was Jennifer. I was so pent up with emotion as the manager of the club in the movie wanted me, wanted me to be his woman and I hated him. Finally, I went off with Xander who was so nice to me. He told me that this was where the big scene took place. We had to make love but he kissed me gently, my insides fluttering as he told me the dark room was safe and nothing could harm me.

I believed him as Jennifer had believed him. I let him dress me and take me from the area where the manager had tried to rape me. I was crying and letting Xander hold me and caress me, kissing him. We sat on the bed and he agreed that this was where he was supposed to have me for the cameras.

"I want to do it," Xander whispered to me as I shivered against him. His mouth took control of mine. Oh, I passionately kissed a man, exulting that he wanted me as a woman. His hand gently caressed my tush and panties against him as I quivered, letting him do that, letting his wonderful mouth possess mine.

"What if someone comes in?" I gasped. Xander assured me the place was locked. When I wanted the crew to come in and film us, they could.

Xander stretched out beside me on the bed. I let him undress me, so gently. I objected but didn't want him to stop and he understood that. Xander kissed my rampant breasts. I was on fire, writhing beneath him. I know I said I couldn't, I wouldn't, but I didn't want to stop. I was in love with him! But I couldn't let him make love to me as if I was a girl.

Xander wouldn't force me, Jennifer. He asked me if I'd liked kissing him and caressing him so far. Ooo, I had. "So we'll just go on like this," he'd said, smiling down at me in such a loving way. "We'll stop whenever you want to, whenever you're uncomfortable."

I wasn't ever uncomfortable. I loved him slipping my dress and my undies from me. I loved his mouth on my breasts and then he slipped away my panties. I knew what he was going to do. Ooo, I didn't want him to stop. Xander understood me perfectly. Even though I was squealing, it wasn't because I wanted him to stop. I was lubricated by him, had my legs about him, just like a girl I'd seen somewhere before, but this was me, not her.

I kissed Xander Burton with all the passion I could muster. He 'did' me, my legs flailing about him. He thrust into me. Ooo, I loved him, crying and kissing him, drawing him tight against me as I felt him filling me. I erupted with feelings I didn't understand. I was wriggling beneath my lover as he was coming inside me. Ooo, I loved it!

I felt him taking my maleness and squeezing it as I screamed. He was making me come to a climax as he was, only mine must have been greater as I was thrashing around on the bed, pinned by what he had inside me. Then he exploded inside me and I couldn't hold back the torrent of emotions that swept over me.

I didn't know if I was Jennifer Brace or Annabel Smith. I only knew I was Xander's woman forever. I wanted him to keep on doing what he'd done to me again and again.

My exit from the feelie was the worst thing that's ever happened to me. I blinked as I wasn't in a man's arms. I wasn't making love to him. I wasn't the girl I'd thought I was.

"It's so great, isn't it?" said Debbie from across the room. How did my chair ever get so far back against the wall? "But I couldn't do Xander Burton now even if I was to meet him. It just wouldn't live up to the passion that comes across in that feelie, would it?"

"N-No," I babbled.

"Well, shift's over," said Debbie with a smile. "Take that feelie with you. We'll find you a nice guy. The two of you can snuggle down with it. I think it's the best

way to get into our business but Giselle doesn't agree. She thinks anyone as beautifully female as you really wants it. She doesn't understand you're a no-choice girl."

"Yes," I said, my teeth chattering.

The stage show was over. Debbie had to go back to the showgirl dressing room to change. I had to go with her, my senses reeling from the feelie I'd been in. But it was Xander and Jennifer Burton, captain and captain's wife on the *Princess*, in that feelie. They were feelie stars here on Perfect? My mind reeled again as I swished after Debbie. Oh, I shuddered as I was introduced to the showgirls, partly dressed in bras and bikinis, chattering about the show.

"Welcome, Annabel," said a gorgeous brunette in a lilting girl's voice as Debbie introduced me. "We're overwhelming at first, aren't we? But we're all girls like you. Soon, very soon, you'll be a girl like us!"

I stared open-mouthed at all the womanly tushes in the room, the breasts on view to anyone who just looked and long, lovely legs that being stripped of tights. I was going to be like these girls very soon!? No, I couldn't let them do that to me!

The 'girls' giggled together, not trying to make me join them. I was glad as they were often completely naked, exposing their breasts, just like the ones I had! The bastards here had completely changed me! The girls wiggled out of their pasties and thongs, not caring who looked at them, what they really were, before being concealed again as the girls switched to 'street' clothes. Some went off happily, femininely, on dates, some went off to the Showgirl Bar to meet men, and some, like Debbie and me went 'home'.

'Home' was a gorgeous showgirl's apartment where my bed had a nightie awaiting me. My closet was filled with girls' clothing. Every drawer revealed some item that was part of a girl's collection of underwear or cosmetics.

“Let’s do the strut before you go to bed,” giggled Debbie who’d accompanied me into my room. “If you hear a ring, it’s my boy friend arriving. He’ll be with us for first meal of alterday shift. Just stay in your nightie for that. Harris won’t mind. He loved looking at Annette and those long legs of hers. He’ll be staring at yours but pay no mind. The guy has the serious hots for me. He wants me to do what Annette has. But I don’t want to be a mother, not yet, anyway.”

“But how can ...?” I began, a cold shudder making the extra flesh I had wobble and quiver. The doorbell made Debbie run off. I heard her giggling girlishly no end through the door.

I finally had to go over and close my bedroom door properly, just as I heard a man’s voice saying, “But darling, I love you. Annette’s going to breastfeed and ...”

I shivered. I should have waited just a moment longer, I knew. But I couldn’t open the door again. I had to go to bed as the whole shift was exhausting me mentally and physically.

I’d done nothing to deserve this. I’d woken up from an induced surgical coma, undergone a debilitating, humiliating spa treatment as a woman, been measured, primped and clothed as a pretty woman should be from the skin out, more humiliation, and then I’d watched girls who were really men performing sexy, womanly routines as showgirls that I’d have to do very soon.

What could have tired me out so much? I shivered as I recalled the feelie, and how I’d felt, all the forceful emotions that had overwhelmed me. I’d been Jennifer Brace. I could still feel that I was her. I’d been fighting off the word, Jennifer, and now it poured through every vein and cell of me. I was Jennifer, afraid of being a girl, of making love to a man. But I’d freely chosen to do that as a woman. I’d signed a contract and had to live up to it.

Xander had eased me through it. I was breathless as I knew I was in love with Xander Burton. I pinched my-

self. It worked again as when I'd watched feelies before. No, I wasn't Captain Joe Gibson of the Space Marines. I didn't go around rescuing pretty girls in distress. I wasn't Jennifer Brace, I knew as the climax I'd suffered began to shatter. I wasn't in love with Xander Burton. I could feel a sob rising inside me as I said that to myself. I wasn't a woman.

Images stirred again of the actress whose role I'd taken on. She'd communicated to me, through the feelie. Jennifer thought of herself as a girl, despite the penis she had. I began to shiver as I did what a girl had to do before she went to bed. I trembled as I used my lotions all over me after removing my makeup and clothing, all the time feeling Xander's hands on me, doing that for me. I kept on glancing around the room but he wasn't there. And I wanted him so, as I was a woman.

Even when I put on the nightie and clean panties, the breasts I'd been given so awkward to manipulate, I felt Xander, no, Christian, yes that was his name in the feelie. I was Satine, and I was in love with him. I felt him caress my breasts only it was my hands that were there, touching me, keeping me from sleeping.

"I'm not a girl," I said loudly to whoever was listening. "I am," no, I couldn't say that name that came to me from when I was a little boy. "I am Marten Sellars," I said. I half expected the Judiciar's stormtroopers to invade my bedroom and haul me to a punishment cell. But nothing happened.

My breasts wobbled again as I straightened my nightie about me. Oh, my legs were so smooth, so shapely. I was so lucky that it was Xander touching me, arousing me, draping my legs around him and making me into his woman. Oh yes, I was his woman, Jennifer, over and over again, loving him and promising to be his woman forever.

I was in no way refreshed by whatever sleep I'd had as Debbie awoke Xander and me. He'd made love to me all night and wouldn't let me go, starting over whenever I murmured someone was coming in soon to film us in what we were doing.

"Wake up, sleepyhead," Debbie laughed at me as she said it. She pinched my toes and covered me with a blanket as I thrashed around to get Xander off me. "You're having a feelie dream, little girl Annabel," Debbie said. "Come and get some juice. Reality begins for you today in the Nebula Burlesque."

I struggled with Xander but consciousness flooded over me. I sat up violently. It was a bedsheet I was wrestling with. Debbie was in a half robe, her long, lovely legs on view as she pulled me from the bed.

"Some lotion on your face and legs," Debbie said as she stroked me, her touch making me shake all over. "Come on, girl. Wake up and face the day."

I pulled the short robe about me, matching Debbie, as my nightie was short as well. I have to get out of here, I thought in distress, wondering why I hadn't done anything about that the night before. Now, I was probably going to be with Debbie all day. She was going to stop me acquiring the knick-knacks I'd need to create a new identity to get off this crazy station.

Then, I saw the girl in the long mirror on the door, her legs as long and womanly as Debbie's. Her figure was as wobbly in the chest area as Debbie's. Her face revealed she was the girl who'd left the clinic. She wasn't me. I wasn't her. But I had to be or I'd never get away at all.

"Hi, beautiful," said the man at the kitchen area table, tearing his eyes off the lovelies in the promo on the console to look at me.

I jumped in surprise when I saw a man there as I swished into the kitchen. He patted the chair beside him. "Come and sit, beautiful Annabel," he said with a smile. "We can let Debbie wait on us before we go on shift."

"You do this every time you're here, Harris!" exclaimed Debbie, shaking her loose, tousled hair. It really did make her look very sexy and female to my eyes. "Annabel, something hot to drink, tea from the Nebula Kingdom itself."

Water and heat worked their usual magic. Small fruit pellets and milk were what the food dispenser provided. Soon, I was spooning up soaked, grainy biscuits from a white liquid. But it was hard to eat sitting there in a nightie, with a man, looking at vids of beautiful 'girls', advertising bikinis and lotions, on a station with no real girls.

Harris glanced often at my legs. I tried to pull my robe down lower but it was no use.

"Don't let Harris's wandering eyes bother you, Annabel," said Debbie with a smile, opening her robe so that her lovely breasts could be seen as they bounced and jiggled as she reached for dishes in an overhead cupboard. "He's not going to do anything to you in my apartment or he'll be up before a minor judiciar for insulting me!"

"I'm not insulting you, Debbie," protested a smiling Harris. "I'm just admiring your new roommate and trying to let her know how desirable she is. I bet she wouldn't be miserable to me if she was my girl friend and knew I had to work this shift in the bowels of this Perfect station."

The two bantered like a married couple, I thought with a shudder, trying to ignore all the references to my feminine beauty. Debbie finally took the partly dressed Harris to the outer door, shoved his jacket and shoes into his hands and pushed him out. He protested that he deserved a kiss after what he'd done for her the night before. The little kiss she promised him turned passionate, his hands caressing her legs. I was

getting inflamed myself, thinking they'd do it right there in the doorwell, when Debbie pushed Harris and he tumbled out.

"The girls next door are used to seeing Harris leaving that way," said Debbie with a smile, turning on the outside viewer. We saw another guy laughing and helping Harris to complete dressing himself. Two girls came out of an apartment and moved smilingly in on the two men in the passage. One of them, a really sexy brunette, moved in tightly on Harris, waved at the camera. She proceeded to embrace him most sexily, sliding her sexy figure against Harris's, just as the other girl was doing to the other guy.

"Elena, you leave Harris alone," said Debbie to the screen. I don't think the woman heard Debbie but she did take her lips from Harris after kissing him very passionately. She waved to the camera, giving a beautiful smile to the watching Debbie, and sashayed off, her hips weaving in a female way I couldn't do. Oh, she had to be a real woman and not a fake girl like me, I thought wildly.

"Elena and Rosemary are dancers," said Debbie, indicating to me to go back into my bedroom. She took away my robe and nightie, leaving me bare-breasted and female in appearance, as she opened the door to the bathroom I shared with her.

"Debbie," I asked her anxiously as she guided me through my preparations as a girl as she was doing for herself. "You've started a few times to tell me about Annette and her being a mother. I, I don't see how that could be! How could it be?"

Debbie smiled at me. "It's not something to worry your pretty head about," she said as she, as naked and 'manly' as me, washed my long hair in the same sweetly smelling foam she'd used on herself.

"How ... How ...?" I persisted, knowing I couldn't stop the feminizing she was doing to my new, girlish body. She relented and, amidst all the beautifying I did for the coming shift, Debbie told me about politics on Perfect Station.

“Rafer Baron’s wife, Abigail, is a sister of the Stationmaster,” said Debbie. “I shouldn’t say it,” she whispered as she increased the water and the music that poured over us so intensely for a few moments, “but once she was Alben Sellars, next in line to be Stationmaster. But here, since we have no women, the only way to provide heirs to the big brass is to go off-station, or, send their sperm off-station to impregnate a woman on another planet. Berek’s World was the favorite for a long time.

“The heirs come back in their teens, about twenty of them over the last fifty years. They’re schooled on Perfect then to take over. Marten Sellars was produced that way but what an idiot he turned out to be. Now, it turns out he wasn’t Sellars blood at all, but someone else’s, foisted off on the Stationmaster. It’s quite a scandal. He’ll never be chosen again after his term’s over.

“Meanwhile, who could believe it, but after living sixty plus years as a male, Abigail chooses to be a woman. And not only does she do that but she marries Rafer Baron, one of the richest men on this station with his repair yards and what not.

“Then the two of them hatch this scheme of bringing children back to Perfect which is what has infuriated the old diehards of the prison culture in the ascendance here on Perfect.”

“There’s going to be little girls and boys running around the docks?” I gasped as we sat together in front of the makeup mirror and did our eyes, Debbie showing me how to make them more and more femininely vivid, her naked breasts bobbing in front of her as mine were in front of me.

“When are these children coming here?” I asked.

“They’re already here, the first batch,” said Debbie, laughing at me. “The *Rimrunner Princess*, Xander Burton’s ship, has brought in ova from all over the Rift, wherever he could buy them. Rafer’s set up a lab on his floating dockyard; and half the couples who really run

this station are paying handsomely for their heirs to be created from their sperm out in Baron's Shipyard."

"But, but it could be girls as well as boys," I said and Debbie shook her head.

"Only boys," said Debbie with a smile. "Rafer promised that and apparently has the technology, right from the Nebula Kingdom, to make sure that his labs do that, produce only boys. They've promised to space any born females if there are accidents, before you ask, Annabel." She looked at me very bleakly as she said that and shuddered, her breasts really bobbing as she worked on my eyes for me.

"Boys who are made right here from the ova Rafer Baron has brought," Debbie went on, "and the sperm from donations on the station will create the next generation of rulers of this Perfect world. The rich will have their own children, Annabel. Rafer and Abigail are each going to be siring a twin boy from this first batch. I don't know what other word but siring, fathering perhaps, we should use to describe what's being done. Rafer isn't going to change the culture of this station that much."

"And the other half who aren't buying children?" I gasped as Debbie brushed and brushed my hair until it shone about my shoulders in a glistening, thick mass. She took a hair ribbon, putting my hair up in a short, very girlish pony tail.

"They're opposing it in every way legally they can," said Debbie. "That's why the *Princess* is still in dock. They can't get out until they get permission and that's being held up."

"The, the *Princess* is supposed to be gone?" I had to ask in dismay.

"To collect more ova," said Debbie with a laugh. "It seems like Abigail and Rafer far underestimated the desire for their product. Giselle, and she ought to know, says that the wives of all the richest and most important men on Perfect, all want to be mothers. She's exaggerating, of course, but someone does have

to mother all the children that Baron's Shipyard Labs produce.

"That's why Annette is on her amplified lactose program," Debbie sounded regretful as she said that. "You've tasted what passes for milk on this station. We can get all the chemicals, or so it appears, and put them into us girls. We'll be able to produce real breast milk. At least, that's what the chemists who are selling the stuff are saying.

"So, can you imagine it?" Debbie shook her long hair again and looked most disgusted. "And Harris wants me to do it as well. Lose all feeling in my clit and have some limpet draining me for the next three or four years. How long is it before the brats are weaned anyway? No, I'm not doing that! I want to make love to my man and have him love me and we both feel it as much as we should!"

I reeled into a clean bra, as upwardly pushy as the one I'd just worn. I got into a skirt that didn't cover my black panties, donned black pantyhose, a glittering silver, sleeveless top and became a girl again. I minced out fearfully in my high heels to join a perfect world of men and girls, where, if I was of a mind to it and could marry a rich enough man, we could have children and be a mother.

Promos were all around me advertizing services the station provided to make me a Perfect girl. I must have been blind before to think that such blatant, descriptive advertizing, was meant for real girls. So many showed how men could be transformed. How could I not have understood them before? Now, I seemed to see one every second of altershift, as I swished down the decks of Upper and Lower Gamma towards E Deck, smiling and pushing off eager male hands.

"I didn't see any promos about what we're talking about," I said to Debbie as we slipped down a short passage and coded ourselves into the Nebula Burlesque, just a pretty pair of girls going to work as girls did on Perfect Station.

“No,” said Debbie in alarm. “And, and, don’t mention it, please, Annabel. I, I told you more than I should a newbie but you’ve got a very important man interested in you, haven’t you? I thought you should know since you asked. Who knows?” Debbie put her arm about me and kissed my ear and my tiny stud earrings. “He might be thinking that a girl like you could have a kid for him every couple of years,” she whispered into my ear, frightening and chilling me all over, as showgirls called out greetings to us.

Giselle looked no older than the rest of us but she was older than Abigail Baron, Debbie told me. “She’s got a nice strut and her figure is great,” Giselle said to Debbie about me. “She’s not got the experience I’d like but you’ll have to make up for that, Debbie. You stay with Annabel in the Showgirl Bar until she links up with the guy who’s paying her way.” Goddesses, I was already ‘sold’ as a woman! “He won’t be in until the end of the cycle. She can do promos as well for next week. We can’t let a pretty tush like Annabel’s go to waste with so many new ships coming in to party.”

“I thought there wasn’t room on dock,” said Debbie, stretching out her long legs in the glittering hose she wore, caressing herself with long, red fingernails. I shivered, looking at her and her skimpy costume. I must look exactly as she did.

“They’re kicking out the ones who’ve been here three cycles,” said Giselle, her eyes glinting. “Sorry, Debbie, it’ll have to be another cycle before you get the real Xander Burton into your bed. If you don’t have Jennifer Brace scratching your eyes out if you do, of course.”

I understood that that meant *Rimrunner Princess* had finally left Perfect Station, leaving me, altered beyond belief, made into a girl. I’d been planning to escape, of course, but I couldn’t believe what was happening to me. Now, I was all alone, deserted by people I’d come to rely on. I’d even thought they were looking for me and trying to get me back for the ship.

But that was a feelie dream, I realized. I gulped as I was overcome by ice-cold shivers. I wasn’t me any

more. I was Annabel, a showgirl. My picture was up on the wall where there were static displays. My rounded tush and long legs matched those of the showgirls who were in skimpy costumes like me, our breasts hanging out for men to ogle.

I was Annabel, a showgirl, who, in the shifts that followed, went to bed each sleep cycle with the feelie of *The Red Windmill* hooked up to me. I awoke each shift with the desire to be Xander Burton's woman. But that wasn't to be, of course. On the fourth day of my being a showgirl, the Judiciar of Perfect Station came to collect his prize, before other men claimed me and I became a wife or girl friend.

"You were just fantastic!" enthused 'Danson'. I'd strutted femininely off the stage into the Showgirl Bar with the rest of the girls. "I have to buy a drink for the prettiest showgirl in the line!"

"Well, thank you, kind sir," I said with the bright smile and quiver that all of us showgirls showed to men with memberships in the Bar.

"I don't know how you girls can walk in those heels," said Danson as he put his arm around my shoulder to lead me to a booth he and his friend had procured. Rita was already sitting there, her arms about Danson's friend, staring into his eyes as if he was the love of her life.

"I have to do another set in these heels," I lilted as I slid into the booth, the feel of material on my skin-toned tights so enervating. It was like skin to skin touching. And the glittering thong I wore like the other girls didn't cover any skin at all. The top of my costume didn't cover my breasts entirely and my back was completely bare, save for Danson's hands stroking me.

"You have to get used to it," Debbie had said. "That's what we're there for, to have contact with the custom-

ers. Let him perch you in his lap and give him a few torrid kisses, wiggle your tush over his stick and he'll be happy when you have to leave him to perform again."

Perform again? You could hardly call it a performance what I did. I had a massive headdress on my head, a blonde wig, tons of makeup and a smile on my face. The rest was just strolling about the stage in a feminine strut, my breasts perky and aroused. I felt so exposed as I stepped as Debbie did, smiled as she did and tantalized the guys in the front rows with my feminized body. We could see ourselves in the bar mirrors and did look, oh so female, even me. We did little kicks and twirls here and there but it wasn't really dancing.

On the few numbers where we wore actual dresses, we swirled those over the heads of the men near to us, panting to touch us, despite the fact that almost all were already entertaining a hostess or a girl who had come in with them.

I still had on my long earrings and necklace as I cuddled up to Danson and felt a man's hand, a real man's hand, on my legs. It wasn't Xander's feelie image beside me but a real man who didn't mind my thickly madeup lips. He didn't mind the lipstick I smeared all over him. He thought it really funny when I squeaked and pulled away when he caressed my breast, tweaking my nipple.

"Be a good boy!" I said to him with a quaking smile. That had been so hard to learn from Debbie and other showgirls. We couldn't berate men in the bar even if they broke the rules about us showgirls. They were supposed to ask our permission to fondle us, to kiss us, to take us into a reception room for a 'time-out'.

"You be a good girl," Danson said to me, a funny smile on his face.

"I have to go back in just a minute," I said to him with a smile, taking a tissue from the table to wipe his mouth clean from where he'd planted a kiss on me. Not that I would have called it a kiss as it wasn't as if I was co-operating with him.

Danson's hand on my back pressed me forward. His mouth was on my chest, mauling my smooth, scented skin. I was just starting to panic as Debbie arrived. "Easy, tiger," she said to him, lifting his head by pulling on his hair. "Annabel, you're needed on stage in five minutes to make love to Gordo. Melissa has a headache again. Get a move on, girl! It'll take you five minutes to strip and get into the nightie and ribbons."

I didn't know which was worse. But Debbie slid into my place beside Danson. "Hi, frisky," she said, lifting a fishnet stocking and garter across his lap. "Shall we start where you left off with Annabel?"

I wobbled away from the booth to the stage entrance. Several guys tried to grab me. I pointed to Giselle who was waving from the stage door.

It was a relief to sashay to her. There, behind Giselle, was Melissa, in her nightie, holding her dolly, her hair in ribbons, her makeup really toned down, chatting to another girl in a costume like I was wearing.

"I thought ..." I began, another feeling of relief overcoming me. Even though Melissa's bedroom scene with Gordo was simulated, she had to pretend that she was a woman and was having glorious sex with a man. I'd been told I might have to take her place on a slow shift.

I'd had to watch her from the wings as the newest girl, even newer than me, Serena, was studying what Melissa was doing. Melissa winked at me before dancing onto the stage. She talked about how wonderful it was going to be to go to bed alone and with just her dolly. Then, Gordo's hand snaked out from beneath the bed and the scene was choreographed as a dance. Of course, she ended up in his arms, taking him into her.

"That isn't always faked," Debbie had said to me. "Depends upon how much time Gordo's spent with new girls like you. He loves initiating new girls into the show. He did it with Melissa and kept her when Kailee

decided she'd had him enough times before going back to Cindy's Salon as an escort."

"You thought you were going to make your debut with Gordo?" asked Giselle, looking so pretty in her off the shoulder dress. She could sing beautifully as a woman. I couldn't believe how easily she sang, how womanly she was as she interpreted a song, finishing with a flip of her dress and petticoats to show off her lovely legs as well. Men always surrounded her when she went into the bar. She exchanged kisses with many of them, always having some panting male around at the end of the show, it seemed, one she'd chosen for the night.

"Don't change," said Giselle to me, handing me a plastic card. "He's here for you in reception room J. Be a good girl, Annabel. He's a lot mellower after he's had a pretty newbie like you. Do anything that he wants you to do. You're a girl, remember, and you, Annabel, have no choice."

I couldn't go down that hallway passage. Giselle finally took my hand and pulled me as I tried to stop her. But J was the first doorway in the passage. It was open to the Judiciar, standing there, as Giselle turned my unwillingness into a charming introduction.

"Well, here she is, James," Giselle said with a smile. "Annabel got lost in the passage trying to find you. She's so afraid you'll be angry with her but I've told her what a sweet man you are, the perfect man for a perfect girl on her first tryst."

"Annabel," said this man who'd been called Judiciar Clements by Jennifer Burton when she was trying to get me free from his clutches. He looked me up and down, still in my showgirl's costume, but for my head-dress. "Thank you, Giselle, Annabel and I can take it from here."

James Clements was wearing just a robe, and had a glass of wine in his hands. "Your makeup is mussed," he said with what he obviously thought was a charming smile.

“I, I had to go into the bar,” I said to him as he began to pour a second glass. I said what Giselle had told me to say. “There was a man there, Danson.”

“Danson Effington?” the Judiciar said to me. “Thought he hung out at the *Sunfall*. Trying to steal you from me, I don’t doubt. Giselle warned me, if I didn’t come down very soon, I’d lose you to some admin officer, one with enough credits to afford a membership to ogle the showgirls. I’m glad I got here on time.”

The Judiciar took my hand. I trembled and accepted a drink from him. “The Perfect Woman Clinic did a wonderful job on you, didn’t they, Annabel?” he said. “I wouldn’t recognize Marten Sellars any more. You really are an exotic creature named Annabel, aren’t you?”

I didn’t get to drink as it was taken away from me, joining his on a table. Then, his arms were around me. He kissed me, his tongue running over my lips, making me shake with disgust. Then, I was lying down on the bed and he was on top of me.

It was a weird parody of what I’d gone through in the feelie as Jennifer while Xander made love to me. Only, the Judiciar wasn’t Xander. He tore my skimpy costume from me and buried his head right away between my breasts, his robe opening to show he was naked and rampant.

James didn’t want me to kiss or make love to his manhood. He ripped my thong from me, leaving my pad in place. He spread my legs and lifted my legs up around him. He took me as a man takes a woman. I was a girl and supposed to like it but I didn’t. I squealed as it hurt. It wasn’t at all like the excited feelings Jennifer communicated when Xander took her.

“The first for a pretty girl like you, Annabel,” snarled the Judiciar, way above me, bouncing me up and down as he forced himself deeply into me. “The ten thousandth time for me. I really like new girls like you, so tight and trying to resist. But this is how it’s going to be, you little bitch, for the rest of your life. You’re a girl

now. And this is what a girl gets, a man inside her, doing this to her!”

I was screaming as I felt him, a man, coming inside me. I squealed until he descended on me, pressed me down, and kissed me as I tried to say, “No.” I twisted my head from side to side but he grabbed me, held me, kissing my lips gently as he pounded into my tush with his maleness.

He wouldn't stop. He kissed my breasts and my bruised mouth again. He put my limp arms about his head and told me to kiss him. He fondled my breasts and pumped into me as if he was never going to end. To my shame, I let him. I was so scared of what would happen to me if I didn't kiss him back as if I meant it. I tried to dream that I was kissing Xander, that I was Jennifer. It only worked for a few moments but he loved it.

Oh, goddesses, I thought, using the expression that all Perfect girls seemed to use, I hope no-one dares to look at what I'm doing with one of the most important men on this station. James was taking off my woman's stockings, kissing my womanly legs all the way up my thighs. I whimpered as he kissed into my crotch where he removed the pad that kept my male genitals at bay.

“You girls love a man to arouse your clit, don't you, Annabel?” said the Judiciar, the man with the power of life and death over me. He proceeded to make me rise as I wriggled beneath him as I couldn't stop him, nor could I stop what was happening with my body. All I could hear were the instructions from Debbie and Giselle on what I must do for a man or I would end up downbelow, on the planetary surface, working in the mine, at the face. James' caressed my breasts savagely as he aroused me, stroking my tush as I came, his hands taking over as his mouth rose to mine. I squirted in shame over another man.

“Lovely Annabel,” said this man forcing me to act so girlishly He made love to me again, making the bed rock and buck as he went so savagely into me. “You're a girl now. You don't have to hold anything back with

your man to get your own pleasure. You're a girl. You pleasure me in every way you can!"

I'd love to say that I hated it absolutely. He wasn't Xander. I wasn't Jennifer. I tried to be; so, sometimes, I was her in my mind. For a moment, it was really wonderful just as it must still be between the *Princess's* captain and his wife. I thought of the look Jennifer had given her husband in the Judiciar's office. Oh yes, they'd be doing this again and again themselves, treating each other with love and joy at the feelings being aroused. Jennifer would be such a willing and lovely woman.

The third time James had me, he gave up the snarling, just praising me and my lovely body and what it was making him feel. It was almost as if we were Xander and Jennifer. Oh, I felt that it was as I writhed beneath him and loved my Xander, bucking myself as he came and came and I did as well. I kissed him fiercely as he did, against everything I'd promised myself I wouldn't do. Yes, he made me into a Perfect girl.

I must have drifted off to sleep. I awoke as Jennifer with a man making love to me, kissing my face and stroking my breasts as he lifted my tush to enter me.

"Darling Annabel," whispered James, as I knew where I was and what was being done to me. I clutched at his arms as he drove into me, pushing my legs aside. I had to lift them over him as that was more comfortable for a man having me, my hair such a mess about my face and neck as he rocked and rocked on me, finally encouraging my little man to rise again.

So, my titties demanding to be caressed, we came together with he grunting as I kissed him, imagining again that I was Jennifer and this was so marvellous, to have a man having me like this. I know that Jennifer thought so. She couldn't keep her emotions and love for her man from what was recorded on the feelie.

"You'll be ready for the alterday shift," murmured James as I quivered and shivered as I came down from the strange, womanly climax I'd experienced. Goddesses, I began to evaluate what I'd been doing. Well,

at least, he couldn't have been dissatisfied with me, I thought, a rage and disgust building inside me as the Judiciar began to kiss me as if I was a woman again.

"You can go out and entice men to make love to you," smirked James at the lovely girl I finally saw in bed with him. The mirror over the bed showed her lovely lips pursing as she kissed the Judiciar as if she was in love with him. Where had she got the sexy, little nightie, I wondered. It made her legs look so long and so feminine. "I have to go back and do some real work, making you a few more lovely companions, Annabel, from the dross arriving now on this station."

How to wake up to reality! I recoiled as this vile man ran his hands gently over my nightie, exposing my tush and thighs as he kissed me voraciously, obviously expecting me to enjoy being fondled like a girl. Well, I had given him every indication that I was open to everything he wanted to do to a girl like me.

"Let me up," I whispered, taking hold of my panties and pulling them on, at least, so revolting did I look in the overhead mirror with my maleness so much on show.

"Such a beautiful girl," said the Judiciar caressing between my legs. "This is the way Perfect girls should be made for our perfect world. When I show the Council how many new girls I've provided them with, and the quality of beautiful girls like you, Annabel, I'll be elected the new Stationmaster.

"Now I'm no longer married, I may even make you my new wife. You'd want for nothing, no trifle," he snapped the frilly garter I'd worn on my thigh, "no perfume or frilly, feminine knick-knack. There," he kissed me gently, "I'll be with you again soon, beautiful Annabel."

I was drawn to the door, where, in just my panties, my hair all loose and shaking, the perfect image of a sexy girl, I could see in the mirrors, I had to kiss my lover while his bodyguards looked on and envied him.

Giselle arrived as soon as Clements was gone. I sat on the edge of the bed, shivering, looking up at her, so cool, so womanly, in her short dress. "That bad, was it?" Giselle asked sympathetically. "Debbie said the feelies weren't enough. You needed a sweet guy to initiate you. Jim Clements has never gotten over the fact that his father was a prison guard and could take what he wanted. He acts just like him, I'm told."

"He, he talked about me marrying him," I had to whisper to her as she moved me to the padded seat in front of the dressing table mirror. She brushed the girl's hair for her, smiling at her, at me, over the mass of curls that floated over my bare, girlish shoulders and around my breasts, making me shiver.

"Yes," said Giselle with a sigh. "He has the sweetest wife, Estelle. She used to be a showgirl here, you know, just like you. Well, he has her until the divorce goes through. Estelle, you see, wants a child. She wants to be a mother. She wanted so badly to have one of the ova that Rafer and Abigail Baron brought back to Perfect. She doesn't care if it's her, or Jim's, seed, that fertilizes the ovum. She just wants to be complete as a woman, she calls it. I know, it's all dreck, isn't it? I think Jim called her a traitor when she asked him if she could be mother to his heir."

"He, he thinks he's going to be elected Station-master soon," I said with another shiver as Giselle gasped. "He says that he's made so many girls, girls like me ..." I couldn't help the tears and the shakes that went through me as I looked at the pretty girl, who didn't look like me at all. She, Annabel, me, was so girlish, having another woman put her earrings back in her ears. The other woman was even beginning to touch up her, my, ruined makeup.

Giselle did it all softly, kissing me lightly on the cheek as she helped me back into the brief, black costume that I'd wear to strut across the stage. She hugged me in a very sisterly way. I had to hug her back, her breasts against mine, so bare, so round and so femininely aroused. Her deft fingers soon had my long hair curling through the feathers of my headdress and so it was secure above me. I had high heels to put

on my feet, another garter to put on my thigh, no stockings at all, but large, feathery fans to manipulate about me as if I was wearing a dress.

I clung to Giselle. It felt so marvellous to be holding a woman in my arms. Giselle didn't push me away and tell me not to be silly. She put her arms about me and lightly kissed my cheek as she hugged me. "We can't do too much of this," she murmured. "The boys don't like us girls getting friendly with one another."

Us girls. How I shook at the words Giselle chose to use. Yes, she was a girl, a girl like me. I could see by the look on her face though that she liked hugging pretty girls just as much as I did.

"So beautiful, Annabel," said Giselle as she hugged me, my braless breasts shaking against her and my legs feeling so funny as they were so bare and another woman's dress was swirling about me quite deliberately. "But don't you worry about Jim Clements. He's going to find, I think, that his old-fashioned views are not a majority on station, nor even in Council."

"They're not?" I asked, reluctantly letting go of this soft, feminine woman who smiled at me, giving me a final quick hug and a squeeze. Giselle perfumed my neck and my breasts, feminizing me as she had feminized herself, helping me to slide stockings onto my legs and attach them to my garter belt. I could feel my arousal growing as her soft hands eased over me, caressing me as she did each thing just a little longer and more slowly than it needed to be done.

"Each of those councillors and masters has a wife, doesn't he?" whispered Giselle, putting a finger on her lovely pink mouth, her hands flitting over my thighs and the tight thong I'd pulled back in place. She adjusted the panties so that my buttocks were on view, as rounded as my breasts, which, in a woman, they were supposed to resemble.

"A wife whom he adores," Giselle went on with gleaming, laughing eyes, "and whom he loves to please. I think the next session of Council is going to be very exciting. But you, darling, you start thinking

girlish thoughts, of the man who's been making love to you each night in the feelies." Her voice dropped. "And the woman who'd love to be making it with you as well." I moved towards her but she just smiled, holding me just as she had before as if we were two women consoling one another.

"You're not padded in your panties, are you?" Giselle asked with a laugh, her long earrings quivering with her platinum blonde hair as she shook her head at me. "So don't think of the girl who'd like to fill your fantasy, think of the Judiciar. We wouldn't want you showing how girlie you're feeling tonight, would we?" She smirked, kissed her fingers and put them over my trembling lips. "The men would be all over you!"

The thought of strutting about the stage with a male erection appalled me. The 'girls' were waiting for me to take my place in line. Giselle started me in a sway forward, onto the stage where a lovely girl was singing in a high soprano, soaring easily, incredibly, while the bar audience applauded every note.

"Thank you so much, Marie Remington," said another smiling girl in a tight-fitting red dress, the emcee for the show. "Isn't she just so wonderful, all you perfect men and perfect girls out there? Marie will be back twice more through alterday which gives everyone the chance to call friends to meet them here for more fabulous, Nebula Burlesque!"

That was the signal for all of us girls to strut forward while the dancers shimmied across the stage as we paraded, men joining them for an athletic dance which required the dancing girls to progressively lose their clothing, ending up in nothing but their panties.

The emcee didn't have to say, "Well, are they real or aren't they?" to the man in the audience. But she did. Every girl, including Debbie and me in the line, smiled as our breasts bounced in the fan dance we showgirls did, our bodies female and desirable. Then, I realized that the smiling emcee was referring not to our breasts, but to her own.

“Hey, it’s nothing, girl,” Lynnette, the emcee, said to a hostess, a newbie and not augmented like me, yet. Melody had been a boy three days before, so drunk that security had hauled him in. Now, here he was, in a wig and plastic boobs, looking up at the feminine figure looming over ‘her’ from the stage.

Melody wiggled in the lap of a dark-haired man, gyrating a little as she was supposed to, looking so femininely cute as she adjusted her flared dress around her, snuggling into the man’s arms. “A little limpet attached to you, girlie,” Lynette went on, “would alter those boobies for the best, wouldn’t they, especially with the lactose stuff they put into you to be a mummy. I bet that guy you’re attached to wouldn’t mind being a daddy, would he?”

The newbie girl looked so embarrassed, appalled and frightened, from where I stood but the guy she was with hugged her tighter, whispered something in Melody’s ear, and kissed her as she wriggled more tightly against him, kissing him as passionately as he was kissing her after whatever he’d said to her.

“Lynnette’s going to be in so much trouble saying that and getting everyone talking about it,” said Debbie after we’d finished girlish strutting and had finally swished off the stage.

Melody and the guy she was with were oblivious to the gorgeous showgirls prancing off and into the dressing room. I couldn’t believe she’d been arrested only three days before. Perhaps she’d wanted to be. Melody and the man holding her were deep into necking with one another. A security man would soon escort them to a reception room. She might have come later than me to girliness, but Melody was much more into it, despite what she lacked, clearly accepting she was now a girl for the rest of her life.

Debbie laughed at me when I hastily put on new panties and she saw me completely. “Oh, Annabel, living dangerously!” she said with a grin. “I couldn’t dance or strut as we just did without my panties! The old boy drained you, did he?”

“I was in a hurry,” I whispered fearfully to her. “Giselle helped me dress ...”

“He gave you a good time?” asked Debbie, nodding her head emphatically.

I swallowed hard as for a moment I thought about Giselle. “No,” I gasped. “It wasn’t like that at all. Giselle ...”

“I meant James the man,” whispered Debbie. “Come on, Annabel. You’re a showgirl! Don’t let Giselle touch you or you’ll be off downbelow where any man can have you. Wasn’t the Judiciar,” she went on loudly at me, as her costume fell to the floor. I was surrounded by the soft, rounded bodies of girls! I wanted to touch and possess them all! “so wonderful? He’s a real man, isn’t he!”

“Ooo, yes!” I murmured in as girly a tone as I could, a chill passing over me at the thought of security looking at me in my nakedness and assessing me as a girl. “Judiciar Clements was so-o-o wonderful. Do you know how many times he made me c-come with him, c-come w-with him as a g-girl?”

“More than once,” said Debbie with a smile, getting me into a pad. I shuddered as I was trapped in my woman’s body among other, incredible female bodies, none of us real to the last detail.

Debbie helped me into a sequined costume that clung to me, as it did the other girls, from neck to waist. Then, it flared out and swished with so many petticoats to set off the long dark garters that were visible on my thighs. Of course, I wasn’t wearing a bra and so I jiggled, just like all the other girls.

“Pin your hair,” Debbie said. I did, the white-blonde of the wig making me look like one of the sisters we were supposed to be. We went bouncing out in the flimsiest, sexiest, of costumes as little girls. We sang in our little-girl voices while Giselle joined Marie Remington. They sang together while I couldn’t believe my eyes and ears. I don’t know how they managed to

sound just like girls but they did. And smiling girls whirled about them. One of those girls was me.

“I can’t believe it,” said Debbie, coming into the kitchen area with a smile as I went back to retrieve my coffee. She had Harris’ arm about her waist, her robe barely at the top of her thighs. “That’s the seventh man you’ve had back here, Annabel, never mind the dozen or so guys you’ve had in the Showgirl Bar. What are you doing, girl, going for a shift record?”

“Escorts do more than I do in one shift,” I reminded my roomie as Harris began to tug on her to get her back into the bedroom. If they asked me, I’d join them for a threesome. It would be really fun to see Debbie’s face when I did her as aggressively as any man she’d had.

Giselle had told me how incredible it was to be loved by me. She’d done me just as Arten had while we had that useless guy with us. He’d kissed me and used his hands on me, his mouth all over me, thinking he was the one who was making me come so gloriously, not the lovely Giselle who was holding me from behind. She caressed me so gently, so wonderfully, fitting herself into me as I’d done to her when we were supposedly making love to Kollin.

We’d managed to have a half dozen trysts with just one guy but it was her kisses and caresses I craved even as I bounced up and down on some guy’s thing, someone I didn’t even know. I could put all that to the back of my mind and ignore it while I was kissing Giselle and she was kissing me.

I’d even told Giselle I loved her. She’d shushed me while looking very pleased. We’d tried to double-date but the guys wanted us individually too much. All I really got with her was to kiss her goodbye after we’d fried some poor guy, changed partners and splattered the other guy’s brain too.

We tried to bathe together but the guys seemed to revive as we had male company in the bath as well. But it was thinking of her, Giselle, so soft and so feminine, watching me, admiring me as the girl I'd become, that made me be so pouty and flirty with the men who wanted me. I even loved shopping with her for new, pretty panties and bras that I could model for her, as she modelled hers for me when we had a guy who actually wanted a threesome.

Then Giselle's husband, Merven, had come back from some flight he'd been on and what could I do? I'd been trying hard to get Giselle alone, to really make it with her; but the way she'd squealed with absolute joy when she saw her husband enter the Showgirl Bar, the way she'd run over to him to greet him with furious kisses, the way she'd leapt onto him, her legs around him, told me that her fling, I suppose that was what I was, was over.

No, Giselle didn't even look at me as she poured kisses onto her husband, if that's who it was, but she'd called him that and gone off with him. His hand was already caressing her tush as I'd wanted to do so badly but couldn't, in public.

I'd let Lewen come home with me that night. He'd matched every urgent need I had for furious, passionate sex with Giselle. He was so rough, so male, that he'd frightened me. It was if he'd known that my femininity was all a sham and was making me pay for all the fake flirting I'd done with him and other boys.

He'd slammed me round the bedroom in a frenzy that I'd started, by the way. I'd flung myself on Lewen, thinking only of Giselle. But Lewen wasn't Giselle, I found out, as I was held down on the bed and mauled, upside down, frontwards and backwards, having to arouse him without mercy as he wanted, again and again.

I was sure we must have broken the bed, so intensely did he come inside me, ignoring my girlish tears and moaning. That was when I found myself urging him on and delighting him. He'd kissed me passionately and called me the best girl who'd ever made

love to him. I'd ridden him as much as he'd ridden me. He wanted me to do that, but it was always him inside me whether I was on top or not.

I had marks of Lewen's mouth all over my breasts. At shift change, Debbie had marched me into the bathroom and put quick-heal salves on me; so I didn't miss a turn as a showgirl but all the other girls knew I'd had a thrilling night. They all told me how they envied me. Danielle stole Lewen from me the second time he came before I could get off stage.

So I might as well enjoy myself as much as I could, I told myself recklessly. I became what Debbie said I was. I was a nympho. I couldn't get enough sex. I'd have taken on Debbie but she was monogamous with Harris. My overtures were laughingly rebuffed by her. It was no wonder I had to have so many men after Debbie wouldn't see or react to the man in me, as Giselle had. Giselle was on a protracted 'honeymoon' with her husband, I heard, as she always did when Merven came back from prospecting in-system.

"He's drilling for a new motherlode in Giselle," said Krystal, a really doll-faced, little showgirl. She must have been changed like me, I thought, wondering what her crime had been. But she seemed to be as active with guys as I was trying to be. She wouldn't try a threesome.

"I want a guy all to myself," Krystal smiled at me. "Griffen can wear himself out inside me as our boss is doing to Giselle. She'll keep him away from newbies like you, Annabel, for as long as she can but, in a cycle or so, Merven's going to be having you as well, in threesomes with Giselle, and by yourself. I'd love to know what that man takes! He never seems to go soft, ever!"

After our work shift was over, I listened to Harris and Debbie going at it in her bed and wished that I hadn't kicked Kirk out so soon. Kirk, wasn't it? Or was that the guy who'd had me earlier, or on last shift? No matter, whoever the guy had been, he hadn't been aggressive enough for me. If he was going to be soft, I wanted him with boobies and long hair like me.

While my roomie was being filled by the guy who might as well have been her husband, I hooked into a feelie. There seemed to be only the one Jennifer Brace feelie available but there were lots of others with actresses in them, girls like me. In fact, all the vids available, Debbie had laughingly told me, were re-makes of oldies with Perfect girls in the roles that real girls once played.

No wonder the actresses in most films ended up getting married. Oh, but the wedding nights didn't match Jennifer and Xander Burton's. I kept trying different feelies to capture what Jennifer had with Xander. Being Barbie Robbins was sometimes close as she had such great actors with her to get her off.

Debbie told me that a new girl, Linda Hummel, was getting raves for some scenes she was in. She wasn't in many but Debbie was right. Linda Hummel was a girl like me. She wanted a man to be a man with her. The scenes of her and Jayton Perry on a beach in some re-make of a disaster feelie were perfect for me.

Jayton kissed me so fiercely that I really did feel that my lips were bruised, my breasts were on fire and I was hurting wonderfully inside. I was so surprised to awaken and I wasn't. All the pleasure and pain I was feeling was entirely Linda Hummel's who wouldn't let Jayton go until he'd inflicted pain and pleasure in her, making sure she knew her place as a girl in a man's world.

I was in the middle of Jayton holding me down, hungrily twisting his mouth over mine, my legs about him, when the link suddenly let down. Debbie stood over me, grinning. I reached up, put my arms about her lovely hair and kissed her right on the lips.

"Ugh," she said, pushing me down. "I don't get off on girls kissing me. And you've got a call, Annabel. Effington wants to see you?"

"Effington?" I asked, trembling as I tasted her lipstick still on my mouth. I stretched out in my nightie, not embarrassed at all at Debbie looking me over warily, at the pretty baby dolls I'd bought and that

made me feel so femmy in bed. “Clements mentioned a Danson Effington once. Said he was trying to steal me from him.”

“He probably is. He’s an admin auditor,” said Debbie, caressing my shoulder and pushing the hair off my face as she often did. “He’s the one who checks up on court cases and decides how you’ll be employed on station. He makes Karen Burton’s life a living hell. She’s Xander’s sister, you know. Effington checks her out by making her sleep with him. Then, he’ll make her do things like make love to new guys off a trader who don’t know what Perfect girls are like.”

“I didn’t know you knew Karen Burton,” I murmured, my surprise overcoming the effects of being Linda Hummel. I loved having this guy pumping his thing into me so ferociously while I, Linda that is, enjoyed every second of it. I sat up and took off my top, again not at all put out that I was parading in front of Debbie in my panties and bare breasts as I got out of bed.

“I knew her when she was captain of the *Firecrest X*,” said Debbie, frowning at me as I sashayed into our bathroom. “You know Karen as well? Oh, how the owners of that rust bucket jerked her around when she, well, when she was a he and was captain. I was so thrilled when Forries, that was Karen’s name once, came into the Nebula. I was the one he chose to go with. He was so kind and gentle to me. I had this date with Forries, when he was arrested, charged and fined some enormous amount.

“Karen,” whispered Debbie as if my bathroom wasn’t secure at all even with the taps at work and each of us doing mundane, noisy tasks like brushing out my hair. “She’d have lost her brother and all her crew into the mines if she hadn’t stood up for them and look what it got her. She got the mines and had no choice in what they did to her.

“But she did get away when she married Marten Sellars, the Stationmaster’s son. She’s stuck here again, I hear, because she divorced him and doesn’t have a husband now. So she’s still servicing Effington.

You, Annabel, you're not connected to Karen Burton in any way, are you?"

"Not that I know of," I said, splashing into the bath where Debbie had taken the time to run a scented bath for me as we were talking in mere whispers. I slipped off my panties and slid into the lovely water.

Debbie sat beside me on the side of the bath, looking down at my male and female attributes. She must be so used to it, after looking at herself and the other showgirls for so long. It didn't seem to bother her at all though I felt sort of delicate and nervous as she looked at me.

"This Effington is a piece of work," said Debbie softly. "He'll have you in a reception room so that he can see the vids of you and him again and again. His security will be watching you all the time. They'll be following you afterwards to make sure you do what he says. Oh, Annabel, really, do whatever this guy wants. He's not like Clements. This guy likes you doing him all the time! Karen said he would have made a perfect woman!"

I was uneasy as Debbie talked of Karen so easily. I finished bathing and found a really frilly, sexy bra and panty set that had been part of whatever Debbie and Giselle had bought for me as a showgirl.

"I have my friends about me for support while I'm with Effington, don't I?" I asked Debbie with a smile. I sat partly on an armchair while I put on my new high heels to match my flirty dress. "I'm an experienced girl now, aren't I?"

That made me shudder inside. I shouldn't be thinking of myself like that, I shouldn't. "He won't meet you in the Burlesque," said Debbie. "You have to go over to the *Sunfall*. That's on Lower Gamma on the planetary side. It has more reception rooms than any other bar you can name. Effington has one permanently there in his name, hooked in to his security."

"Well, I hope they enjoy the show," I said lightly to my roommate, stopping to give her a hug and a peck

on the cheek before swishing away along E Deck towards the grav lifts. It's so hard to be a pretty woman and a thief. Everyone is watching you all the time. It does help if you get caught. The dumb blonde act really works. Oh, I didn't know what I was doing, you could say with a sassy smile. I'll return that right away. I don't even know what a micro-accumulator switch is, anyway.

How could a showgirl like me buy anything that I could use to construct my own identity tag, one that I could use to evade whatever markers security had on me, or in me, to keep tabs on me? I'd succeeded, of course. Pilfering and hiding what I needed in my bra or garter belt was just as easy as when I'd been a boy and hadn't been able to use pockets.

Most of the time, I didn't dare to put stuff in my purse but I had things there that I wouldn't want Clements to know about. As I went to have sex with a new man, Effington, I was mulling that over as I swayed down the hallways of Lower Gamma to the *Sunfall* night club.

"Sorry, I have a date," I had to say to all the men who tried to pick me up, several of them quite persistent. Of course, I flirted a little with them, pirouetting and swirling my thin dress at them. It was what Debbie had taught me how to do. Being without her, flirting stopped me having to think about what I was, a man in a dress.

I was just an empty-headed, blonde Perfect girl with not a thought in her head but of pretty clothes which I just had to stop and look at. I loved the latest perfume which a girl in one of the shops, a girl like me, sprayed on my arm and so I was both *Intimate* and *Passionate* as I minced my way to my tryst.

I'd tried to be cheerful with Debbie but I was really scared. Why wasn't Clements reaching out for me again? I had something special for him in my purse. All I needed was access to his ID. Then I could be his wife, able to travel off this stupid station. Yes, I'd empty his credits and requisition passage on an outgoing tourist

ship. I'd slip aboard and be gone before the access block I'd use, faded from his accounts.

Oh, yes, Judiciar Clements, a mere girl as you thought me, was going to get even with you for all you forced 'her' to do. But where were you? Why were you letting Effington have me?

I shivered as I thought of all the men in the security monitors, watching me making love to a man. My faked, girlish gestures seemed to work well with the men I'd let screw me before Giselle had showed me that I didn't need to do that. But now she was gone. She must be in love with her husband of the last twenty years, according to Krystal and Danielle, who ought to know.

I actually feared more what I'd have to do for at least the captain of one of the ships that would take me. I might look like a girl. I saw her in all the windows I went by, blonde hair streaming behind me, my perky breasts so prominent in the thin, silk dress that flowed about me.

One of the men who ogled me and ran his hands all over my figure in our brief encounter even followed me right into the bar where so many guys were chatting up pretty, Perfect girls. He wanted me to go with him to a reception room.

"Could you tag an admin type, Effington?" I asked an old bartender who looked me up and down. I could almost feel his eyes stripping my short skirt away from me and caressing away my stockings as I pressed my nipples sharply onto his. Oh, I swayed as a flashback from the feelie I'd been yanked from came flooding back into my mind. At the name, my escort wannabe melted away in the crowd.

"You all right, Annabel?" asked the barman, returning my ID to me.

"You, you just reminded me of Conrad Manning," I murmured to him, not having to pretend I was recovering from feeling faint, "in a feelie with Linda Hummel."

The barman grinned at me. “Happens to me all the time,” he said. I think we might have got off together right then but a soft, moist hand took my shoulder. I turned to see an older man smiling down at me. He had silver hair and the look of a man who’d been out in space very often, that almost bloodless look that older veterans get.

“Annabel Smith,” Effington said to me. “Let me buy you a drink before we get out of all this noise and chatter and get to know one another.” The barman served up the older spacer, giving me a rueful shrug, showing me he regretted, as well as I did, that we weren’t going to be coupling after all.

Debbie was right. Effington had his own reception room in the *Sunfall*. Security didn’t even check him but they took my tag before ushering us into a much quieter hallway. Several couples, pausing for last kisses and caresses, made way for us. There was a blonde and another guy really going at it, her leg up beside his as we stopped outside a doorway, me holding the glasses as Effington had his arm about my waist. He reached for the in-let with his other, tag extended.

“Karen!” I gasped as the woman turned around and zapped Effington right on the neck. He gargled and started to fall as Dev, stepping around Karen, grabbed him and held him up.

The recorder that Karen held in the folds of her dress was much more sophisticated than the little devices I’d used to skip in and out of secured bars and stores. “Karen, it’s me!” I blurted out as she moved as if she was going to zap me as well.

Karen frowned and stopped Dev from zapping me. Dev didn’t look like he thought that was a good idea. He covered me while Karen entered the room, a finger on her pretty lips to me. I stared as she stepped in and did something to the room console.

“Come,” Karen whispered as Dev dragged the unconscious Effington into the room. I looked down the hallway. A singing, dancing girl was leading a grin-

ning, shaven-headed spacer to another room, her rendition of a Marie Remington ballad very feminine and tuneful.

Karen took the glasses from my hand as Dev laid Effington on the bed. Dev brought out restraints for the man's wrists and ankles but only after taking down Effington's pants. I grimaced as it looked really obscene.

"He has security," I murmured. Karen shook her head, pointing at the console.

"They're watching him having me again as he likes to have me," Karen said. "And Jode at the bar switched your ID or didn't you notice?"

I looked stupidly down at my bracelet and, yes, I could see that the inspidium marker wasn't there any more. It wasn't my ID.

Dev got up and did a real double-take as he looked at me. "She isn't," he said, mouth agape. "She can't be!"

"What other newbie would know me right away?" asked Karen archly. "She didn't call for help, did she? She's what you'd be, Devis, my man, if Xander and Jennifer hadn't fought with Clements and got you free from his clutches."

Devis turned a strange shade of green as he looked at me. "How, how?" I asked as in the mirror behind Devis, I could see myself, my hair crinkly blonde and over my shoulders, my figure so different from how they'd seen me. My dress fitted me, low cut enough to show off my breasts, making me look girlish. Then there was my face. They couldn't know it was me, not with the way that I looked, not with the makeup I had, my eyes so vivid with the thick, black eyelashes.

"Debbie Goring said you knew me," said Karen with a smile at the stunned expression on my face. She waved the device in her hand. I realized it was a recorder I'd made to listen in on distant conversations. It must have been easy to convert to a communicator.

“I must let you in on the all-girls’ network sometime,” she went on, stepping over to me, giving me a womanly hug, her breasts crushing against me. It was something I’d always wanted to do, hug her, but now it felt so odd as she was pressing against my breasts as well.

“We didn’t do this to rescue you from Danny Boy’s clutches,” said Karen as I tentatively put my arms about her, girl-like. She didn’t stop me. “We have quite a lot of retribution to inflict upon this pillar of the station community. Annabel, you have to change in case some really alert scruff, if there is such a one, notices that the blonde who Danson picked up in the bar, as he loves to do, isn’t the blonde he’s being screwed by in the vid.”

I wasn’t unwilling as I stripped down from my flirty dress to the female clothing she’d brought with her. I loved the feel of a tight black skirt, dark stockings and black panties, a red top making my breasts in the new, black, tight bra stand up so prettily. I quite forgot that Dev was watching me as Karen chattered on about the *Princess* being in-system, hauling in from the inner marker. It would be here on main shift with more ova and uterine replicators for the growing laboratory out at the Baron Shipyard.

“You really are a girl,” muttered Dev in awe when I turned from the mirror, my lips now vividly red, my earrings matching my lipstick as did the stones on my necklace. He was staring into my face as if searching for something about me that he could recognize from before. I wished him luck as I couldn’t find me in Annabel at all.

“Of course she is,” said Karen crossly. “Do come on, Dev. Remember that she’s a nurse for the new installation on Baron Shipyard. You’ll be her escort, Dev,” she laughed at that and Dev looked a little sheepish. It took me a moment to think that, on Perfect, an escort was always a Perfect girl, a ‘girl’ who had sex with men for money.

“You aren’t escaping from here as well?” I asked her. Karen shook her long, blonde hair and smiled at me.

“I wouldn’t miss this Council meeting for the world,” she said, glancing at the bed and smiling. “Danny Boy though, is going to miss it. You have fun with Dev,” she looked into my eyes and seemed to recognize what she saw there, the real me whom she’d called Marten, her former husband’s name.

“Still got the some old leanings, have you, Annabel,” Karen whispered kindly to me. “So many of us do. That’s another club I’m going to have to initiate you into, when I manage to get out of here and see you again. Dev can keep my place warm until then.”

Dev turned, frowning, from the door. “Come on,” he said roughly and handed me an ID marker that I again recognized as one I’d put together just when I’d been taken by Security. “Yes,” he said, “Mallow gave it back to me and asked me to show him how it worked. I gave him a duplicate but this is your original, B-Annabel. It does a lot more than just switch IDs about, doesn’t it?”

What could I say but “Yes”. If he gave me the chance, I could show both Karen and Dev how they could get about the station and not need any kind of ID at all.

“What’s going to happen when the vid runs out?” I asked him as Dev put his arm about me as all the guys did when they were leading a girl out of a reception room.

“Danny Boy’s wife is going to arrive,” said Dev. “And there’ll be quite a scene. Danson won’t be able to make the Council meeting on time, especially since his wife will take the key to his manacles and swallow it.” He grinned at me. “It was Kendra’s idea. She intends to have a lot of fun before she files for divorce. With luck, after the Station Council meeting, there’ll be a new Judiciar, too.”

“But how?” I asked. Dev smiled and hugged me as we strolled past security, stopping just outside *Sunfall* as music and noise erupted all around us. Dev kissed me, hugging me to him. It surprised me just as much as it surprised him. I just naturally kissed him back as I did other men now.

Only, Dev knew me. He knew me from before. He knew I'd seen him with April as I'd teased him about it once, each of us making believe it was a girl he'd been making love to on the mattress in the *Princess's* hold. I kissed Dev back, his arms tightening around me.

I swayed with him as he guided me into the dance, going on all around us. His hands were on my tush as I felt his mouth working over mine. I was being pulled tightly against Dev, so tight that I could feel his arousal through my thin skirt and against my panties.

Dev kissed me as if I was a woman, though he knew I wasn't. He broke off to breathe as I shook nervously against him. "Annabel," he whispered as I wiggled against him, he pushing me gently towards a way out of *Sunfall*. He kissed me again as I wanted him to. It was just as good as the first one, waking my whole body to the feminine state I was in. His tongue brushed my lips. I let Dev into my mouth, just a little, and he couldn't stop kissing me.

"You really are a Perfect girl, Annabel," Dev whispered to me, shuddering in his turn, just as much as I was.

I looked up to him and nodded. What else could I do? I had to get off this station. Dev, for the moment, was my way out. So what if I enjoyed being kissed and mauled as if I was a woman. There was so much pleasure to be had from my breasts, for him and for me. I might as well enjoy them while I could.

We became a couple on the outer transit that led right down to the docks. Like the other couples on the tramcar, we were wrapped in each other's arms. We shared other delights rather than the vista that was supposed to be the function of having such a scenic transport system, leading to the docking areas of the station.

I had to unwind my legs from Dev as we got up shakily and left the car. Dev could scarcely walk as we followed the other couples who got off on the Lower XX deck where rooms could be purchased by the hour, the shift or the cycle. I thought that was where Dev would

be taking a girl like me even though it was going to be very strange, making love to someone who knew me as myself. I was prepared to tough it out and see if it really was the end of the world.

But Dev didn't take me into a 'doss', where several girls were leading their men, one dark-haired girl pulling on a guy's belt and sashaying most invitingly as if she was a little lamb leading the wolf to the slaughter. Security didn't exist down here, I was told, or rather, it was minutes away. Girls along the XX decks were willing to do what pretty showgirls and escorts wouldn't. They were also armed and quite willing to defend themselves if they felt it necessary.

The security at the gate was familiar. I gripped Dev really tightly as Mallow smiled at the pair of us. "And where's Karen?" asked the man who'd caught me before. He'd started the whole process rolling that led to me standing before him, my hair blowing in the moving air from the huge fans at the end of the dock. I tried to smile as Dev squeezed me. My skirt tightened as I lifted a leg as Dev caressed my tush. My stockings felt light and feminine as he pressed into me against the security gate.

Breathing heavily, my breasts moving, Dev took my ID bracelet from my wrist and handed it over. "Julia Lathrop, nurse," said Mallow with a frown, staring at me while the other security with him were smiling and looking me over. "If you don't mind me saying, Julia, you look more like a showgirl than a nurse."

"Why thank you, Sec," I purred at him as Dev was feasting on my scented neck. "I was off duty." I couldn't say any more as my mouth was full of Dev's. I got tingles all over as I closed my eyes, dreaming I was Jennifer. It was Xander kissing me so wonderfully. Oh yes, Dev could really kiss a Perfect girl very nicely. I could get used to it if I was going to stay here as a girl. He wouldn't be someone I'd be sending off early like Kirk or Arten.

Besides, I had to keep in with him so I could connect again with Karen. What had she said? Oh yes, that there was a girls' network she was going to connect me

to, girls like Giselle and Karen, I supposed. No, I couldn't slip away from Dev just yet, not when the thought of the long-legged Karen filled my mind.

"Move on, Dev," said one of the lower security. "More girls coming. You're going to be spoiled for choice over at Baron's tonight."

Three women, richly dressed and bejewelled, I could see at a glance, came down from transit. A couple of security men trailed after them like little puppies being taught how to heel. I smiled as I imagined them as the lapdogs I had seen on Averill, the rich women caressing them in their arms. It was a sign of great wealth to have a little dog on Averill. Here on Perfect, there weren't any pets, so far as I knew, save for us girls.

"Mistress Sellars," said Dev, greeting the beautiful blonde woman who swept past us without deigning to show her ID tag as I'd had to show mine. "Mistress Molinari." That was the ash-blonde who had curled hair floating down her back. The third girl was a brunette who stopped and handed her ID bracelet to security.

"Thank you, Mistress Aitkens," said Mallow, following us all down the dock to where a spacer was ushering Mistress Sellars into a narrow umbilical. We followed as Mallow grabbed Dev's arm. "It's started in Council," he grinned at the sinewy member of the *Rimrunner Princess's* crew. "They're all ganging up on Clements. He's going to be out of his job before this shift is over!"

I swayed as the umbilical moved and could barely keep my balance in my high heels. A crewman was waiting at the other end as we entered the courier. We had to strap ourselves in. It was most disconcerting to be a woman with breasts in space as we were released from the station's artificial gravity. We fell away but I couldn't look at the fabulous view as Claire Sellars called it.

My breasts seemed to be floating in front of me with a life of their own. My hair was spread out all about me as was that of the other girls. They were laughing. "I

didn't know I was a D cup," Irina Aitkens laughed, her dress also floating about her as she wriggled in her seat.

It was a relief to dock in minutes at the Baron Shipyard where Abigail Baron was waiting dockside to greet the other women. She accepted without question Dev's introduction of me as Julia Lathrop, a nurse for the laboratories. With panic rising inside me, we entered a facility filled with gurgling machines, uterine replicators in full working order.

"Oh, Claire, you are just going to love what we have for you," crowed Abigail.

I almost flipped when I saw what was in the tank that was wheeled forward by a smiling nurse, Peggy, and a couple of fussy scientist-doctors. It was a baby boy, red but beautifully formed.

"He's ready now," said Peggy with a smile at Claire, who looked most apprehensive and yet delighted at the same time.

"Is he mine?" Claire asked in awe, her voice trembling as she said that.

"That's what you came for, Claire," said Abigail. "I just wish your husbands could all have come with me for this formality."

"Bennett wouldn't come," said Irina with a lovely smile. "Oh, he's so lovely, Claire! I told Ben that it would be a joyous affair but he said that something would be sure to go wrong if he was here. I just have to call him when and if everything is all right!"

"Perren has a really important meeting tonight," said Claire Sellars dryly then. "He'll call me if things go well. He's already been over and seen Elizabeth here several times already."

Elizabeth? I stared at her in amazement. Dev pinched my arm, making me shudder.

Peggy smiled at me. “Just stick with me, Julia,” she said. “I’ll show you the routines we go through here, decanting the babies, and teaching the mothers how to care for them.”

I looked at Peggy in horror as she seemed to think I was a female nurse or something. But she winked at me, reaching out to squeeze my hand as the other women oohed and aahed over the baby floating with occasional threshes in the replicator water.

One of the doctors unhooked the machine from the main sources of life support, I supposed. We trooped into a small reception area, Peggy winking at me as she led me over so that I could watch her gathering towels, blankets, diapers, liquids and bottles.

“Ready?” one of the doctors asked. “You can lift Elizabeth up, Claire. I’ll disconnect her from her umbilical cord.”

Peggy put a blanket over Claire’s shoulder and moved into position so that she could support the child’s head as it emerged from its transparent bag. There was a little blood after the cutting of the cord which the second doctor attended to with a swab, taped in place. While that was going on, ‘Elizabeth’ became aware that ‘she’ wasn’t in the warm, soothing moving bath she’d been in for so long. ‘She’ let out a great scream as she squirmed and objected to being freed.

Peggy quickly and firmly wrapped the baby in the towels and blankets she had and laid the baby in a delighted, scared, Claire Sellars’ arms. Its head was cushioned in the crook of the woman’s arm.

Claire went right to the rocking chair, guided by a laughing Abigail, Claire staring down at the tiny red thing with dark hair, the blubbering subsiding.

“Oh, she’s wonderful,” gushed Hilary Molinari.

“Husbands will eventually come to see this, to be here from the first,” said Abigail. “This is something we’ll encourage. You couldn’t do this if you had an heir

being raised light years away on Averill or some other place.”

“Yes,” agreed Claire, all her attention still on Elizabeth Sellars. “I told Perren that Marten would never fit in here, not after his upbringing on Graythorne. This is so much better. We can raise Elizabeth here and teach her all about Perfect so that she fits in from the start.”

“You are going to give her the choice, aren’t you?” asked Hilary anxiously, I thought. I still couldn’t get over how everyone here but me had accepted the male child so easily as Elizabeth.

“Oh, yes,” said Claire Sellars. “It’s in the law that they’re passing right now. It’s going to be at the start of the fifteenth T-year. But my Elizabeth is going to choose to be a Perfect girl, just like her mummy, aren’t you, my little darling?”

I was shocked and numb as two more babies were brought in. There was more squealing as the little men were brought out of their replicators and then laid in their mother’s arms. Anita Molinari fought to get her hand free, her eyes tight shut while Helen Aitkens almost immediately began to suck on her mother’s fingers, to that Perfect girl’s rapturous delight.

“When may I start to feed Helen?” Irina Aitkens asked. Abigail immediately left and came back with her child, Nicole, who was three days old and wanted to be fed, the way she attacked her mother’s breast a sight to behold. Rafer Baron came in to watch the procedure in fascination. His expression was repeated by the Perfect girls and their babies who were watching and questioning Abigail, the proud mother, who was in bliss herself at the attentions of her husband. He had to kiss her and hold her as she opened the front of her dress and switch Nicole to her other milk-producing teat.

Dev squeezed my arm. We slipped away from a scene that seemed to me to be from some utterly different world from the one on which I was living. Dev seemed to be really aroused after what he’d seen, easing me through the labs, frequently stopping for kisses

and caresses until at last we found a room that might have been his.

“I, I can’t believe what I just saw,” I had to say to him as Dev kissed my neck and pushed me down on his bed. “Dev, did you see what I saw? All those children were male and they’re going to be raising them as girls!”

“Only till they’re fifteen,” murmured Dev, undoing my skirt as he tried to hug me close to him.

“But they’re boys,” I gasped. “Don’t you think that that’s a crime to be raising a child in the wrong gender?”

Dev kissed me, longer and stronger than before. His arm brushed my breast and I shivered beneath him. “This is Perfect,” said Dev huskily, taking my top from me, over my head, making my hair float out all around me as it had been on the courier shuttle. He kissed my upper chest, admiring my perfumes. His mouth pressed down on what was inside my bra. “Don’t tell me, Annabel, that I’m making love to the wrong gender.”

I didn’t tell him that as I slipped out of my bra. Dev’s wonderful mouth and gentle fingers made me understand just what I had been missing with the rough guys I’d been with lately.

“You’re a perfect girl, Annabel,” Dev whispered to me as he caressed my bare legs and rocked me beneath him. I wrapped my arms about his neck and had to almost urge him to get on with making love to me. He lubricated me first and did it so gently that I couldn’t help bouncing and bouncing on his springy bed. He went into me and I did something strange. I convulsed beneath him. All my aroused nerve ends weren’t just satisfied with his having me, they exploded with pleasure as I was a wanton woman.

I pulled him down tightly onto me, putting his hands on my nipples as I pinched his. Dev got the message and began to drive and drive into me. I squealed and begged him not to stop and he didn’t. I convulsed



again beneath him before he finally came and we were locked in a loving embrace, kissing and fondling one another before I encouraged him to have me again.

“Oh, Annabel,” whispered my besotted swain. “What a wonderful woman you are!”

Then, it hit me. I was. I was a wonderful woman and I loved what I was. So, maybe I had been holding back a little with Dev. He was pleasuring me, but he knew that there had been a time when I wasn't Annabel. That all disappeared when I knelt with my legs beside him, let him extend his hands and caress my breasts and the soft skin of my body, my waist so thin and my hips so soft and wide, so womanly. My hair fell over my shoulders as I helped him to enter me. I rode my man as a girl can until he finally had enough, drew me down on him for more kisses and petting before turning me over so that he could have me.

That's when I started bucking uncontrollably again. He stroked my legs until I lost it completely, coming in what must have been an orgasm (!). I so wanted my man to keep on making love to me. I was a woman, Dev's woman. I couldn't let go of him. I wore him out eventually.

Dev had to sleep while I lay beside him and kissed his lovely, gentle lips; he finally awoke and tried, the poor man, to please me with his mouth. Of course, I did the same to him and awoke him enough that he finally allowed me to wiggle his rising manhood inside me. I was me, not Jennifer, or Barbie, or Linda. I was a woman. I had a man whom I knew I could make love me as he was doing so desperately, murmuring my name, Belle, Belle, over and over, as I saw it only in a female spelling.

I married Devis. I wore a strapless, white gown, as traditional Perfect brides do. I kissed him fervently as he withdrew the veil from my face. I was paraded along

the decks on my husband's arm, my dress streaming out behind me as we headed to the reception rooms in the Starlight Hotel on Upper E deck. We had a great party with all the crew of the *Rimrunner Princess*. I kissed all of the guys long and lovingly, even Xander, who kissed just as heavenly as he had in the film where he had made love to Jennifer.

I was hugged by all the girls, by Jennifer, so perfect a woman that I still wanted her, by Karen, who still hadn't initiated me into the girls' network, if it really existed. That was mainly because Dev was so protective of me. I hardly got to be alone with anyone else but him.

Dev wanted me so much as a woman. He wanted to marry me as he told me he'd loved me from the start. Being a married woman had so many advantages. I could go down to the docks when I was on station. I could even take a shuttle by myself out to the labs where more and more women were arriving every shift, several with their husbands, to take charge of their babies, all boys and all given feminine names and referred to by female pronouns.

As a married woman, I could also enter a spaceship, as Jennifer and Abigail did, and assist in setting up the new uterine replicators. Yes, I was a nurse now, but my job was more that of a technician making sure that the replicators worked fine, the way that they were supposed to do.

I won't be married to Dev Alderton for the rest of my life. He knows that. I can tell him that I love him. It's true but we have such long lives in the Rift these days, and all at the peak of human strength, and loveliness, for women.

One thing that being Annabel 'Belle' Alderton is doing for me is that it is making me enjoy being a woman. Dev really is a very considerate, kind and giving lover. I hear some of my sisters and their complaints when I am showing them how they need to suckle their new, little, perfect girls. Then, I realize how lucky I am.

Dev really did deserve the wedding night I gave him. He was so marvellous as well to the pretty woman he married, taking forever to get me out of my glamorous dress and traditional, flirty underwear. I was begging him to take me and have me as every bride must have done to her husband.

I won't be ending our contract marriage any time soon. Twenty years of wedded bliss should be enough and give me time to see how these little girls I was passing on to Perfect mothers developed. How many would exercise their choice to be boys again at puberty was something I would like to know before I have my own child. Dev would make a wonderful father. He says that I would make a wonderful mother.

I'm thinking about it but, for right now, I'm content to be learning how to be a Perfect wife. After all, if I didn't love it, as I tell Dev when he questions me, I could always stowaway again.

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