

Too Naughty For Bedtime



Nick Lorange



A "New Woman" Novel



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By Nick Lorange

The Island

The small plane leaped into the air. Roger Kramer watched the dials nervously as his older brother Vince took them out low and fast. Behind him, Dasher Conroy chuckled, running his hands through the money.

The armored car job had been perfect. Roger had come home from Iraq with ten kilos of C4 hidden in his bags. He had also spent four years learning how to blow things to hell, and a year disarming IEDs at about two bucks an hour. Vince, his older brother, had been in stir when he left, but he'd had connections for other things. Like this plane.

But Dashel had brought it together. He had worked at that armored car company for fifteen years. He'd driven the trucks, then moved over to dispatch. He knew all the routes, and especially knew the delivery schedules. The second Friday of every month was the Federal Reserve delivery. Never less than five million in brand-new bills. Usually a killer when you try to fence it, the going rate was 10 to one. You walk in with a mil, and leave with 100 grand.

But Vince had the connections. He could trade that five mil for 500 keys of coke, and that was worth 100 million when it hit the streets.

"We made it!" Vince screamed. "We're outta here!" He was aiming at Jamaica. Things had been going south relations-wise between the island and the U.S. and he knew that if he hit the ground the local authorities would not turn him over. At least before he left the island again with a new ID.

Roger bit his lip, going over it again. Vince had picked up a .50 caliber Barrett rifle somewhere, and they had been ready. When the truck had hit the narrow section of highway, they drove in front of them. The door popped open, and Vince put three rounds into the engine through the radiator. Using armor-piercing incendiary rounds, depleted uranium, it blew the engine back into the cab, killing the driver. The truck spun and rammed a tree. Roger leaped out, laid a strip charge on the hinges, and blown the door clear. Dash popped up with the A.K., blew the guards in the back into hamburger, and began throwing bags.

The entire thing from the first round fired had taken less than a minute and a half.

The plane flew out over the ocean. From there it was less than an hour to the island, less than a minute to international waters...

Something came by them in a blur of speed and missiles. Vince rolled to avoid it, climbing desperately. A goddamned F-16! The fighter rolled, coming up behind them at twice their cruising speed, then seemed to stop as it matched the speed of the little plane. The pilot tapped his ear, then signaled for them to descend. Vince flipped the switch on the radio, switching the radio to 121.7, the Guard channel.

“Private aircraft 321, you are ordered to land immediately. Come to 331, and climb to 2000.”

“What do we do?” Dash screamed.

“Tough it out.” Vince snapped. “I ain’t going back to stir!” He looked around. “There, that cloud. He can’t see us.”

“He can still fucking kill us!” Dash screamed.

“Sure. But he can’t fire without clearance,” Vince snapped back. “Local authorities don’t have that kind of pull.” He dived, pulling out so close to the water that it was a rippled sheet rushing past at almost 300 miles per hour.

The cloud was...odd. It came down almost to the water itself, like a fog bank unwilling to touch the ocean.

Something flashed past the wing, and Vince rolled, 20-millimeter cannon shells shredding the delicate surface. One moment they were flying, then, just as they entered the fog, the plane slammed into the water.

Roger wiped the blood from his eyes, frantically kicking the jammed door. His brother was crumpled over the wheel. Dash was unconscious. If he didn’t

get the door open, they would die! The metal bent and water began to pour in. He kicked harder and one of the hinges broke, the water becoming a flood. The other broke, the door swirling away as the flood inundated them.

Roger gasped a breath, then unhooked the seat belt that pinned Vince, shoving him toward the door. He caught Dash under the arms, kicking in a swimming stroke into the water beyond.

The plane, minus wings and tail, drifted toward the bottom as he kicked for the surface. He came up, gasping in a breath of air, then looked around. Vince. Where was Vince? He tossed Dash up on a piece of debris and dived. He found Vince drifting downward and caught him by the neck, pulling him upward.

He took another breath as he broke the surface, and carefully swam toward the debris where Dash still hung. It wasn't large enough to hold them all out of the water.

He was sure they would die but suddenly a yellow shape burst from the depths. It was the emergency life raft automatically deploying. Carefully, he rolled Vince into the raft, then retrieved Dash. Only then did he drag himself from the water. The fog was all around him, deep and dark. He sagged against the edge of the inflated boat, and found himself drifting into unconsciousness.

He felt a thump in his head, a massive headache from the sound of it, like a kettledrum being beaten. Again and again. He rolled on his stomach, and vomited up the sea water he had drunk during the frantic rescue. Someone spoke, he didn't recognize the voice,

and hands rolled him on his back. Something was thrust into his mouth, and he coughed as

brandy filled his mouth and went down his throat.

He snapped upright, staring around him in shock. He wasn't in the raft. He was on a boat he had never seen outside of a fantasy movie. A Greek style Pentconter, a lot like the Viking longships. It was long and low, and dozens of oars flashed as they lifted and stroked in time to the beating of the drum. At the bow was a carved figurehead, looking like a woman stretched in a supple arc, her hand reaching toward the forward horizon. Back where he was, a figure stood at a giant oar slung off the starboard. His eyes caught on something, and he closed them, shaking his head before opening them again.

A pair of bare breasts hung before his eyes, above a smooth stomach with rippling muscles and a bikini bottom. He looked upward. The woman looked Greek or Italian, her long flowing curly black hair held back by a bandanna tied around her head. Unlike the boat, he recognized the Harley Davidson Logo on the cloth.

“Are you back with us?” she asked.

“Yeah.” He tried to stand, but his legs wouldn't work. She grinned, reaching down, and pulled him almost effortlessly to his feet.

“Your friends are below.”

“Where are we?”

The woman shook her head, waving. The boat was running through the same fog he had seen before he fainted. “The Mistress told us to pick up the survivors.”

“How did she know there were any?”

“She always knows. Come on.”

He followed her to the hatch going below, and they went into the darkness. The narrow passageway led aft, and she threw open the door into opulent splendor.

The cabin was wide, spanning the ship from side to side; on a large bed, Vince and Dash lay unconscious. Roger checked them out, then turned back to the woman.

“Who are you?” he asked.

“Philomena,” she said motioning toward a table set with food and drink. “I’m captain of the Mistress’s pleasure barge. We will be ashore in a short while. Sit, rest.” She turned, leaving the cabin. Outside, her long-legged stride took her to the ladder, and she went back up on deck. She looked at the black woman on the helm.

“Poor bastards,” the black woman commented.

Roger turned as his brother moaned. The burly man squirmed, then his eyes opened, and he sat up.

“I feel like shit,” Vince moaned.

Roger walked over, handing him a goblet of wine. “Hey bro, chug that.”

Vince took the container, sipped, then spat. “Wine? No beer?”

“It’s what they have.”

Vince cursed, sipping the bitter beverage. “When we get to Jamaica, I’m going to drink Red Stripe until

I puke! Where's the money?" He waited, then turned an eye on his brother. "You did save the money, didn't you?"

"It was the money or you two," Roger said. "You'd be fucking dead if I had thought of it first."

"So we get nothing?"

"We're alive, and we aren't in jail."

"So we fucking get nothing." Vince stood, stalking over to the table. He snatched up a handful of grapes, stuffing them in his mouth. "I don't have the thanks of a grateful nation like you do, bro. I need money."

It was an old argument, and Roger wasn't in the mood. "If you're alive, you have a chance to steal more." He stormed out of the cabin. He went up the ladder and stopped, stunned. The sun had come out, and ahead of them was a rocky island. On the spit above the cove sat a Victorian mansion.

"The Lady's home," Philomena said. Roger turned. He noticed the full-figured black woman at the steering oar. "That is Charon. She is our helmsman. Slow beat," she said conversationally. The drum beat slowed, and the oars matched it still.

"How many people does it take to row this fucker?"

Philomena looked hurt. "None. It is done with magic."

"Bullshit."

"Look for yourself." Philomena motioned toward the deck below.

He walked down there, then stared around in amazement. The oars hung in the air as if on wires, moving to the beat of the drum. He picked up one of

the drumsticks, but the beat was not affected. The other laid across the drumhead, bouncing at every stroke.

“That is amazing.” Her face was still cold. “I am sorry about calling the ship that.” He shrugged. “I seem to hang around with the wrong people.”

“The one thing to remember about life here on the island is that you get out of it what you bring into it.” She looked at him as if hoping he would understand the cryptic statement.

“I’ll try to remember that, and behave myself.”

The galley moved around the edge of the cove, heading now toward a pristine beach. Figures moved on the shore, some of them headed for the area where the galley would beach. Every one of them was a woman. The drum rolled, then stopped. The oars lifted, then slid inward as the ship slid up onto the beach. Philomena ran forward, throwing the lines down to the waiting women, who tied them off to stone pillars sunk in the soft soil. A ramp was carried from the trees, and laid against the side.

“Two more below!” Philomena shouted. “One is still unconscious.”

A dozen women ran up the ramp, and headed for the ladder leading down. Philomena motioned to Roger. “Go ahead, we will bring your friends.”

Roger stood, and there was a hush on the beach. The women stared at him as if they had never seen a man before. Then they began giggling and chattering to themselves. They were dressed in an odd mixture of clothing. Some wore Greek style chitons ending at mid-thigh. Others wore bathing suits ranging from an old-style single-piece down to a woman who stood there wearing a thong and nothing else. He walked



down the ramp, and there was a sigh as his feet touched the sand.

“Well don’t just stand there!” Philomena shouted from the deck. “Take him to see the Mistress.”

A girl who looked about seventeen came running up. She was dressed in a cute bikini that looked to be from when the garments were first made; her long brunette hair had been braided. “I am Chastity,” she said, bowing her head slightly. “Please follow me.”

Roger followed her. His eyes caught on her cute little ass as she sashayed up the stone steps. He looked up and blushed when he saw her slyly watching her. “Do you like my ass?” she asked.

“Very nice.”

“I am glad, sir.” She shook it again, then continued walking.

The house was huge, with a stone pool behind it, sauna, hot spring, and large open spaces around it. From here he could see that the island wasn’t that big. Maybe half a square mile. On the opposite side of the island he could see docks.

“Why didn’t the boat go to those docks?”

“Our guests arrive there.” She motioned toward the beach where women were carrying a stretcher down the ramp. “This is for the staff only,” she said. “It’s where we relax when we don’t want our guests disturbing us.”

“Staff?” He looked at the house. It was a rambling structure that looked like it must have a hell of a lot of rooms. “How big a staff do you need for this place?”

“Our Mistress allows guests to come here. We service them as well as our Mistress.”

He looked at her. "Service them how?"

"In any way they wish us to."

"Wait a minute." He stopped, turning to face her. "When you say any way..."

"Any way," she replied. "Shall I demonstrate?"

"Here?"

"Why not here?" she asked, moving closer. "Some of our guests enjoy such things in the open air. Or before audiences." Her hand brushed his thigh, moving around to the front. "Wouldn't you love to be in my mouth? To feel me sucking upon you? To be inside me, ramming this into my body, knowing that the others will be coming up the steps with your friends at any moment?" She chuckled, squeezing him. "I see that it does interest you." She released him, standing there expectantly.

He shook his head. "I...think we had best go on and see your Mistress."

She sighed, smiling a little sadly. "If you are sure."

He reached out, touching her face. "Chastity, you were told to take me to see your Mistress. I don't want you to get in trouble."

"She would not complain if I did that first," she said softly. Her fingers ran across his crotch. "She would say that I was doing my duty." Her fingers caught the zipper. "Shall I?" When he didn't complain, the zipper hissed down, and her petite hand reached in. "Oh, it's so hard!" she gasped.

She dropped to her knees, and he moaned as she began to suck him. Her hands played with the shaft, his balls, then one caught at the back of his pants, pulling him forward as her mouth sank on him. She

slid up with a pop, hand sliding on him as she looked into his eyes.

“Give it to me,” she whispered. “Come in my mouth, drown me!” She gasped, then sucked, dropping her mouth until it brushed his pubic hair.

He whimpered. It had been a long time and he wasn't ready for the rush of pleasure at her actions, His hands touched the back of her head, and she paused, looking at him. Instead of holding her head, his hands slid down, cupping her face. Her eyes softened and she began moving again, eyes locked on his as he came in her mouth. She slurped the offering down, licked him clean, then slid the shaft back into his pants, zipping him up.

He helped her up, and she put her arms around his neck, kissing him. “We must go,” she said, taking his hand.

Vince growled as he staggered on the steps. The only thing he hated worse than the way he felt was the solicitous way these bitches were acting. He shoved yet another pair of hands away, finally reaching the top of the cliff. The House was right there, and he stormed toward it. Behind him two of the women carried Dash on the stretcher. Ahead of him he could see Roger on the porch, watching.

“Why the fuck did you leave us down there?” he roared.

“I couldn't very well carry you both,” Roger replied.

“So instead you went up with the slut?”

Roger stiffened, half stepping between Chastity and his brother. “Vince, don't call her that.”

"I'll call the bitch whatever I want to," Vince snarled. He glared at the girl. "Does his dick taste nice, whore?" Her hand reached up and came away with a thread of semen that had escaped her mouth. She licked it from her fingers, then wrapped her arms possessively around the man beside her.

"Yes he does taste nice," she replied levelly. "Jealous?"

Vince stalked forward, but Roger stepped between them. "Leave her alone."

"You're throwing me aside for some slit?"

"Vince, I said leave her alone."

"Fine." He turned around. "Where do I go from here?" he snapped.

The woman at the head of the stretcher motioned with her head. "Chastity, take this... gentleman and your friend to see the Mistress. I will put this one in the red room."

"Yes Felicia." Chastity motioned, then walked ahead of them. Her ass muscles were tight. Roger figured she was still pissed.

The interior of the house was all dark lacquered wood and shiny paint. The decor was as ancient as the design. Heavy furniture stood in the rooms and a dining table almost twenty feet long stood in the dining room.

Chastity took the hall toward the back of the house, stopping at a door. She knocked, then at an unheard command, opened the door. The room beyond was an office, and a tall statuesque woman sat at a desk. The phone on the desk had an antique loose handset with the speaker in a separate spindle right out of the 1920s. There was no sign of anything

more modern in the room. She looked up, then stood. Her fiery red hair ran in a sheet down to her waist, her clothing a simple shift dress that fell to the floor.

“Mistress, these are two of the survivors,” Chastity reported. “The other has been taken to the Red Room.”

The woman nodded gravely then looked at the two men. “I am Merida. Have you been well treated?”

“My bro got a blowjob, but beyond that I don’t think so,” Vince snarled.

Merida looked at the man, then at Chastity. “Was this solicited?”

“I offered, Mistress.”

That seemed to be that as far as Merida was concerned. “Sir, hospitality upon my island is never forced. If you have not received it, you obviously have not merited it. My guests can have such things, but nothing is ever forced on my staff. Not more than once.” She looked at Chastity. “Condition of the other?”

“Unconscious. No other report.”

Merida nodded. “Gentlemen you are welcome on my island, but as I said, my patience and my mercy are not infinite. You will behave, or you will suffer the consequences. The Blue Room is next door to the Red Room. You can both move into there until I can find a way to deal with your presence. See to it.”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“Wait a fucking minute!” Vince snarled. “Who the hell do you think you are, telling us off like that?”

Merida had been turning to return to her seat when Vince talked. She turned, looking at him appraisingly. "I think that this is my island, and my house. My word is law on the island, sir. Transgress and you will discover that for yourself. Have you any other pithy comments?"

Vince was taken aback. Like the character of Bill Sykes in *Oliver Twist*, he had never really had to beat anyone unless he felt like it. His size and rumors of his violent nature had carried him through life, causing people to assume violence even when none had been overtly offered. To have a woman simply ignore that danger confused him. He turned, stalking from the room. Chastity motioned for Roger to proceed her.

"Return when they are situated, Chastity. I think you and I should talk."

The girl led them down the hall, then up the main staircase to the second floor. The Red Room was a large suite with red velvet wallpaper. Dash lay still out of it. The girl led them to the next room, which had a blue velvet trim instead.

"There is clothing in the closets. I am sure you can find something in your size. The bath is there and there are refreshments in the cabinet there." She looked at the two men. "Is there anything else I can get for you?"

"Yeah, some peace and quiet, and a schedule of the boats out of here," Vince said.

"I will see what I can do," she demurred. "And you, sir?" she asked Roger.

"When he wants his dick sucked, he'll call you."

Roger shook his head. She rolled her eyes, drawing a smile out of him, and left.

“Stop making eyes at the bitch. We have to get out of here.”

“Yes, Vince.” Roger moved to the table, listening to his brother.

Chastity walked past the maids that were working on the rooms on this floor. They were all dressed in the same manner. French maid style uniforms with short ruffled skirts, six-inch heels, small caps perched on their heads, ball gags locked into place.

“Marina, make sure those two men have enough towels,” she told the maid. The woman curtsied, head down. Chastity went down the stairs, knocking on the office door again. Merida was staring out the window when she came in.

“That was not in character, Chastity,” Merida said. “How often have you just initiated a sexual contact?”

“I know that, Mistress,” Chastity replied. “But he seemed like a nice man. I asked him what he might want, as our instructions tell us to. He was at first embarrassed. When I actually touched him, he was more worried that I might get in trouble than his own satisfaction. During the act when most men force a woman’s face, he merely caressed mine. It was...pleasing.”

“So you gave of yourself to him,” Merida replied. “I think you have progressed well, my dear. It has been what, sixty years?”

“Eighty, Mistress.”

“Soon you can move to the next level. No, not soon. Now. Have you an interest?”

“Could I...” She blushed. “Could I remain on staff near this man Roger for a while yet, Mistress?”

“Ah.” Merida nodded. “As long as he does not transgress, you may place yourself at his disposal.”

“Thank you, Mistress.”

Up in the Blue Room, Vince was pacing. “Just like prison.”

“What you had velvet and women around you there?” Ralph asked.

“Fuck you, bro. I mean being stuck and you can’t get out.” The older man went through the closet, and picked up a pair of shorts. “I’m going to scope out the docks. See if I can find a boat for us to heist. You watch Dash.”

“Right.”

Once Vince was gone, Ralph stepped from the room. One of the maids was walking toward him, and he walked up to her. She looked at him with doe-like eyes questioning.

“Is it possible to get a beer? Or a shot of whiskey?”

The girl motioned, leading him back to his room. Behind a section of wall was a full wet bar. She picked up the ice bucket and held it up, questioningly. “I don’t need ice. But thanks for the offer.” Her eyes twinkled and she gave him a deep slow curtsy before going back to her duties. He poured a single shot of bourbon, and knocked it back before going next door.

Dash was lying there, eyes wide open. He looked at Ralph, then at the room.

“Are we dead?”

“Nah. We were rescued by a group of women.”

“Women?”

Ralph explained. Dash stretched, standing. “What about the money?”

Ralph glared at him. “Damn it is that all you and my brother can think about? I had to get both of you out of the plane and it was already underwater when I did! So we lost it. Sank with the plane. We can’t win every time.”

“Hey, chill, man,” Dash said. “I understand. It’s just this was my only chance to get away. I’ll never be in that position again and it’s a little hard to take throwing your life away for nothing.” He smiled sadly. “So we’re surrounded by women in a whorehouse, and can do anything?”

“I don’t know if it’s that simple. The lady who runs this place is major league creepy. She acts like she’s God or something. It’s her island, she makes the rules, and if we break them, she punishes us.” Ralph shuddered a bit. “Reminds me of my Aunt Katherine.” He shrugged. “Anyway there were clothes in our closet, so there must be here.” He walked over, and there was as he had anticipated, a bar. “Need ice?”

“Yeah.”

Ralph picked up the ice bucket and walked into the hall. A maid was mincing by and he raised a hand. She flinched as if she expected him to hit her. Like the other one, she had doe-like eyes, but her hair was a mass of curly blonde. “My friend needs ice,” he told her. She cocked her head, then walked into the Red Room. She pointed at the bell on the table. “Sorry.” Her eyes softened, and again he was given a slow curtsy before she walked away with the bucket in hand.

“They all like that?”

“Only the maids are dressed that way.”

“I mean the gags.”

“Just the maids so far.”

The girl returned, setting the bucket down. She looked at Ralph, lifting a glass. “Scotch and soda,” Dash ordered. She made the drink, bringing it over, and curtsied, handing it to Dash. Then she looked again at Ralph.

“Nothing for me, thanks.” She seemed to wriggle in pleasure at his tone, gracing him with another slow curtsy so unlike the one she had given Dash.

“Seems you made a conquest.”

“No.” Ralph shook his head. “It’s almost like they don’t get treated politely that often. She’s the second one to act that way with me.”

“So, how do we get out of here?”

“Vince is heading down to the docks. I was going to look around. If you’re feeling better, you can join me.”

“No. I’ll stay here. My legs are still a little rubbery.”

Ralph nodded and left. Dash finished the drink and got another one. He hadn’t told the brothers yet, but he had a better reason for running away than just the money. He had...needs.

As much as people hated child molesters, none of them fully understood the quirk of the human mind that made them. He hadn’t wanted to consider children attractive; it was like a man liking blondes or fat chicks, or hell, guys. He hadn’t even known about it until he’d been in the Navy. The first time he saw one of those smooth-skinned girls in Cebu, he’d been hooked. They had gotten younger, then even youn-

ger. By the time he left the service, he'd slept with girls as young as seven.

Unfortunately, the mores and laws were a lot different here, and he'd resisted, God knew he had. He avoided playgrounds, stayed away from schools; done everything he could to ignore them.

But they were always there, taunting him with their unformed bodies, with their sweet faces, with their pert mouths.

So he'd slipped. He'd grabbed a seven-year-old girl off the street and when he was done had killed her. He was terrified of prison, and she would have talked. But that had only turned his appetite into an obsession. He'd done it three more times, the girls getting progressively younger.

But he'd fucked up big time on the last one. He had left enough evidence that if his DNA was ever checked, he'd be on death row. He had to get away, go somewhere little girls were an allowed practice rather than illegal. There were places in South America, or in his beloved Cebu where a rich man could disappear and have his needs met for all eternity. And he wouldn't have to kill anyone else.

He decided to take a walk. Maybe some sun and relaxation was what he needed.

Ralph stretched, standing on the porch of the house. He was trying to decide which way to go when he felt a presence behind him. He turned slowly, then smiled at Chastity. "Hello."

"Were you looking for something?" Her question suggested 'someone' could have been substituted. She was dressed in a navy blue antique dress like the

uniforms worn by Catholic school girls from the 20s with a neckerchief tied in the fashion the U.S. Navy used to use. She wore flats, and her hair hung in a tight French braid to her waist.

“No. I was just going to take a walk, scope the place out.”

“May I go with you?” The question was soft, hesitant.

“Of course. But I don’t know where we could go.”

She chuckled. “So it is all a plot. You wanted to look around, needed a guide, and I just happened to be here.”

They laughed together. She took his arm, leaning into him. “Come on. I will give you the dollar tour.”

“Dollar?” he asked. “I thought it was the nickel tour.”

“Inflation,” she harrumphed. “Do you want the tour or not?”

“Lead on, beautiful.”

She started at the open clearing that held the house, taking him to see the stables, the farm where cows grazed contentedly, the small vegetable garden, the much larger flower garden, then to the cliff over looking the small bay where the Pentconter still lay on the beach. She took him to the trails leading toward the docks. The forest was almost a jungle, trees soaring to the heights, making the day a soft twilight. The trails meandered as if they knew they hadn’t had to get anywhere fast, and the undergrowth was alive with the movement of small animals away from them.

“It’s a beautiful place to live,” Ralph said, looking at hanging vines. “I wish I could stay forever.” He didn’t see the sad look on her face.

“Come on, I want to show you something really wonderful.” She led him to the peak of the mountain, pointing at the stream that began on the summit. Then she led him down it. After about a quarter-mile it became a series of waterfalls. From the first which was too small for someone to sit in, to a pair almost back-to-back that were just right for one person, to another large enough for maybe three, and on down to a 200-foot drop into the bay above the docks. Far below he could see them clearly. A yacht was coming in, and he wanted to run screaming.

“Guests of the Mistress. In an hour or so they will be choosing their consorts for the evening. But come.” She drew him back to one of the smaller falls. She stripped to her bathing suit, then stepped under the water, which began its drop mere inches above her head. “Come in, the water is fine,” she called. He stripped, and they hugged beneath the water spray. She took his head, kissing him gently, then hugged him to her. Her face was down, so he couldn’t see her fearful look. Please, let him be free!

Vince finally came back to the house. The damn paths leading from the clearing all seemed to come right back to it. None led down to the docking area, or at least none of the ones he had tried had. Now it was getting on toward sunset, he was tired and not a little pissed-off.

Women moved around, a lot of them in maid’s uniforms, setting out tables and cloths. Candles were stuck in deep holders, and entire squads seemed to be setting places for a dinner. They ignored him as he

glared at them; except for a few who seemed to watch him with the same dread a bird would have for a snake.

He went inside and up to his room. The ice bucket had been filled while he was gone, and a twelve-pack of Bud had been stuck in the small refrigerator. He popped the top, sipping the brew as he considered what they had to do. They had to get hold of one of the guests and have him show them the way down to the docks. Otherwise that yacht would pull out and leave them here. As much as he liked hot and cold running cunt, he didn't want to stay here any longer than necessary.

A cute little maid with a long ponytail of sandy-colored hair minced in and began turning down the bed.

Vince sneered. "Just what I need."

She looked back at him, her pert little ass unconsciously aimed at him. Her head cocked as if asking him to continue.

"Just the way I like 'em. Bent over and ready to be fucked."

Her eyes widened and she shook her head, standing to leave. But she could not outrun him in those heels. He took three swift paces, cutting her off from the door. "Since my brother's already dipping his wick, maybe I should get a little of it too?" She shook her head vehemently, then clasped her hands and curtsied as if to say 'please'.

"I like 'em scared even more," he told her, stepping in, causing her to step back. He kept walking forward and she retreated, trying to stay out his reach. Then the bed caught her behind the knees, and she fell back with a silenced yelp.

He stepped in, grabbing her ankle, pulling her toward him as she tried desperately to pull away. But she didn't kick him. Almost as if she knew it would only make him mad. He leaned forward and his hand locked in her panties, ripping them away. She screamed beneath her gag and her struggles redoubled; yet still she did not hit him.

“With the gag you can't suck me, but maybe this will satisfy me?” He shoved his fingers brutally into her and she screamed again, eyes closed, face contorted with fear and loathing. “What, I'm not good enough?”

He snatched her up by her bodice, his open palm exploding against her cheek. She fell backwards and he was on her, straddling her hips, fists pummeling her stomach and face. She kept shaking her head and whining, yet her hands only clawed at the spread of the bed.

There was a rip and the front of her uniform was torn away. His fingers locked in her breasts and she sun-fished in agony. Then he lifted off her, unzipping his pants, and flopped himself out. “If that puss doesn't satisfy me, you get it next in the ass, bitch!” He moved farther down, and rammed himself into her.

Suddenly her struggles ceased. Her eyes were opened on a terrible view, but didn't lock on him. He began slamming brutally into her, fists beating at her face.

Her hands snapped up, catching his face, and as he watched in horror, she changed. Her body shifted, her hair exploding from sandy blonde to red, falling now in a blood red sheet. Her body shifted, her breasts getting bigger, her legs better toned. Merida stared up at him, and the gag vanished as she was there, pinning his face in her hands.

“As you would have it be,” she told him. Fire seemed to leap through his nerves and he screamed, trying to pull away from her grip on face and cock. Her face was twisted with an evil smile as he fell unconscious.

The maid straightened her uniform, looking at herself in the mirror. The clothes had knitted themselves back to the way they should have been, she noticed approvingly. Only now did she look at her face. The broken cheekbones re-knitted with a slight tingling feeling beneath the skin, the bruises were fading as if weeks had passed, then they were gone. She picked up her gag, inserted it into her own mouth and locked it firmly. She checked that her hair was still in its ponytail, then looked at the bed, sneering. Others would deal with that. As they had the dozen or so times it had happened before.

Ralph and Chastity strolled back into the clearing to witness wonder. A dozen men in everything from Speedos to full tuxedos were sitting at the tables, eating. Silent maids circled the table like a school of fish, darting in to fill a glass, or supply another utensil when someone dropped them. They ignored the hands that ran across their bottoms.

“Dinner time already.” Chastity turned to him. “Would you like to dress formally, or would you rather just sit and eat as you are?”

“I don’t know.” He turned kissing her gently. “How would you like me to be dressed?”

“Oh formal, but not an all-up tuxedo.” She turned his head a bit, then turned it the other way. “I cannot see you in a tux.”

“Not for me.” He laughed softly. “Ever since I came back from Iraq, I promised myself I’d never wear a tie again.”

“A promise I fully understand,” she told him. “Then a turtleneck sweater and jacket?”

“Of course. And what will you be wearing?”

Her smile slipped. “I do not eat with the guests. It is forbidden.”

“What?”

“I am of the staff, but not of the serving staff. If I were here, I would have to dress as they do.” She looked at him. “Do you want me to be reduced to a serving maid?”

“No!” He was surprised by her sudden smile. “I just wanted to have dinner with you.”

“I will ask the Mistress if that is allowed. I do not think it has happened in a long time,” she commented. “Please, go get dressed.” She shoved him gently, and she watched him go. Damn it, why did he have to be so nice?

She walked into the house, going to the office. She knocked, then entered. Merida was at the desk, making notes as she went through invoices.

“The guests have arrived, Mistress.”

“So I have been informed.” She looked up, then set the pen down. “What is wrong, Chastity?”

“It’s the man I am with. He’s...nice. Nothing like his brother or the other one. I sense goodness in him.”

“Do you? Do you know that he and the others robbed an armored car and killed three men to steal money?”

“Yes, Mistress. You told us of them before they arrived. But I believe that if the facts were known, he killed no one. The others murdered them.”

“That is possible,” Merida commented. “But that does not make him an innocent.”

“I never said he was, Mistress. I said I sensed goodness in him.”

Merida smiled softly. “What would you have me do? He can escape. It has happened twice in all my years. If he can escape, he can go free. If he stays, he cannot remain as he is. You know that as well as I do.”

“I wish he could escape.”

“And you wish that you could go with him.” The girl looked up and Merida shook her head. “You know what happens to any that leave the island after as long as you have been here. All of that time crashes down in an instant. You won’t turn to dust. You haven’t been here long enough. But you were, what, sixty when you arrived? After all of this time you would be over 160 years old when you step beyond the interface. How many of those years would you have been dead?” She leaned forward. “You are part of the island as much as I am now. For us, to leave is to die.

“Enjoy the time you spend with him as a man. Remember what he was when the change happens, and

love him as he becomes. Now, was there something else?”

“He wanted to have dinner with me. But I am forbidden to join the guests. What am I to do?”

Merida smiled sadly, then leaned forward, picking up a bell. A maid stepped in. “Candace, set up the small dining room for a romantic dinner for two.” The gagged woman nodded and left. “There. Inside the house, as you know, the rules are different than outside.” Chastity stood, bowing, and left to get dressed.

Ralph stared at the closet in surprise. He had gone through it earlier, he knew. But the one thing he had not seen was the uniform that now hung dead center. He pulled it out, staring at it nervously. It was an army uniform, with the black beret under the epaulet, and it looked like it had all the fruit salad he had earned. Even the stripes and the unit patch on the left shoulder were right.

No. He hung it back up, then chose a pair of black slacks and dinner jacket. He laid them on the neatly turned-down bed, and went to find a turtleneck. As he got dressed he wondered about Vince. He wasn't back from the docks yet. Maybe he'd already sneaked aboard? Yeah and if he did, Ralph would stand on the dock and wave a fond fucking farewell. They were brothers, but Vince had always been a pain in the ass.

He found some shoes and went to the door. It opened and he stared at the beauty before him. Chastity had changed into a sheath dress in a bright blue that hugged her braless figure, then hesitantly let go to fall to the floor. The neckline didn't plunge; it went into a screaming power dive that ended at her

navel. Her hair had been brushed out and now fell in a brown sweep to her thighs. She wore a pair of diamond stud earrings, and a silver cross necklace.

“How do I look?” she asked, looking down shyly.

“Beautiful.” He took her hand and kissed it gently. “So what did the boss decide?”

“She said the rules within the house are different from outside. Our dinner has been set in the small dining room.”

He extended her arm and she draped hers through it, her other hand on her wrist. They walked to and down the stairs without looking at anything but each other.

The dinner was superb. It must have been Kobe beef because it was so tender and flavorful. The wine was just right, the steamed vegetables crisp, and the conversation light. Chastity avoided speaking of her past, except for her time on the island. She spoke of the staff as being four-tiered. The lowest tier were the maids who cleaned and served their dinner with efficient silence. Above them were the girls that tended the needs of the guests. Then the outside staff, landscaping, gardeners, wranglers, even Philomena and Charon who ran the ship. Finally there was the concierge, wine steward accountant, chief cook and head of housekeeping.

“Not much room for advancement,” he commented sipping the wine. “How did you come to work here?”

“I started as a maid as so many of us did. More often new staff jump straight to attendants. I was lucky in that I was not the kind to automatically do so.”

“What do you mean by kind?”

She looked away. “The Mistress tells us what our duties will be. I spent several years as a maid before she asked me if I wished to go onto personal service. By that time I would have welcomed it.”

“Several years?” He looked at her with an appraising eye. “So you started at what, ten?”

“No. I was much older than that.”

“Can’t be much older. You don’t look a day over seventeen.”

She blushed. “You are too kind.” She pushed aside the small plate that held merely the melted ice cream from her pie ala mode. “Come, the beach is wonderful at night.”

They stepped into the hallway as the men poured into the house. They had been drinking heavily by what Ralph could see, and some were having trouble standing. They paused in the foyer, and every eye rose to look at the stairway. Merida stood there, high enough to see everyone. “Be welcome in my home, gentlemen. Before you run off and merely grab the nearest woman, please speak with the concierge. She will assure your... specific needs are met. Remember that nothing is taken from my women unless it is given willingly.”

“What if we like it a bit rough?” a huge hulking man snarled.

“Sir, we have girls who are trained for such exuberant sex. If I may...” The concierge clapped her hands. Pairs of women came from a door farther down the hall. Each pair was one woman dressed in leather, holding the leash of another woman that was manacled. Ralph watched in amazement as they began to pass him.

Suddenly a woman broke from the line, catching Ralph by the lapels, trying to pull him forward as she tried to scream at him around the ring gag that forced her mouth to stay open. She had green eyes, long blonde hair, and a wild-eyed expression. The dominatrix behind her pulled, and the choke chain bit into her neck. "Already misbehaving, Valerie?" she hissed. She looked up, cold brown eyes looking from a finely boned face. She bowed her head a little, her plaited sandy brown hair jerking with her head, but her eyes never left Ralph. "My apologies, sir. Some of our girls are a bit...fractious." She pulled the collar until Valerie fell to her knees choking, letting Ralph go.

"If you will go, sir? She is more easily handled without someone else within arm's reach."

Chastity pulled him down the hall as the man that had commented about liking it rough walked down the line of women. "I think that one." He pointed at Valerie. "I like 'em with spirit." He caught her chin, looking into her terrified eyes. "Makes it so much more fun when you break them."

"There are girls that like that?" Ralph asked. "She looked scared out of her mind!"

"Part of the training. The Mistress chooses women for such duties who show a natural bent for it," she hedged. "There are fewer of them than we used to have at least. There have been times I was told where half of the girls had to like it rough. Thank God it isn't like that any longer."

"I never considered the ins and outs of this business. Everything I have seen of it suggests that a man would walk into a room full of scantily-clad women and just pick the one he liked best."

“In some places, perhaps. But not here.” As two or three of the men chose women from the rough and tumble section, the others chose from other selections. If their bent was anal sex, there were girls that did that, oral sex, normal sex, and even those willing to do just about everything, who were the largest draw.

“Which section were you in?” Ralph asked. Chastity stopped, looking deep into his eyes.

“I only gave oral sex.”

“So you’re a virgin?”

She nodded, her hand dropping to his belt. She could feel him pressing against her hand. “That appeals to you, I see?”

“Not with everyone,” he protested. “It’s just thinking of you being a virgin that...” He shrugged helplessly.

“Would you like to correct that?” she husked.

“You mean...”

She nodded gently, rubbing him through the cloth.

“Yes. With you, I would do anything.” She took his hand, and led him up the stairs.

Dash had drunk his dinner and had a pretty good buzz on. He’d heard the announcement, and sat for almost an hour thinking about it. Finally he picked up the bell and rang it.

The door opened, and the maid came in.

“I’m allowed to sample the girls, right?” The woman gravely nodded. “How young can I get here?” The woman cocked her head, then raised a hand to signal for him to wait. Then she was gone.

A few moments later, Merida appeared. “You wish a young girl. How young were you thinking?”

“I don’t know. Ten maybe.”

“There are none here of that age at the present except for children of the staff, and they are not on the service roster, Sir. I can bring a girl that can pretend-”

“Spare me, bitch. No twenty-year-old with a shaved cunt can compare. Leave me alone.”

Merida’s eyes had grown cold at his diatribe, but she merely nodded and left. Dash poured another drink and sat, sipping it. Vince was probably getting laid, Ralph definitely was. But he? He threw the glass across the room, then rang the bell again. The maid came in, saw the mess, and hastened toward it.

“Leave it, you fat cow. Where are the staff quarters?”

She shrugged with a look that said ‘why’?

“Because I want something the bitch won’t supply, that’s why. Where do you bitches sleep at night?”

The woman pointed upward. “Third floor?” She shook her head, and raised four fingers. “Fine. Now get the fuck out.” She motioned toward the mess. “I said leave it, you bitch!” She hurried out and Dash grabbed a glass and poured himself another drink. He shot it back, then left the room. He walked up the stairs, then the next set. The floor seemed...bigger than he would have thought. The doors were the

same distance apart, but there seemed to be a hell of a lot of them.

He walked along, listening at doors as he did. Ahead he heard something, and he paused. A lullaby. He found a door that led into a closet for cleaning supplies and stepped in, closing the door except for half an inch. Farther down the hall, a woman stepped from a door, speaking to someone who remained in the room. Then she walked briskly past where he hid. He waited until she was gone, then stalked to the door. He pushed it open, seeing a room of bunk beds with small heads lying on their pillows. One girl of about five lay there with the covers kicked off her, her small prepubescent body making him painfully hard. He crept across the room, and her eyes snapped open as his hand slammed down on her mouth

“Hello, bitch,” he snarled.

Ralph laid on the bed, naked under the sheets. She was taking an awful long time in the bathroom. Maybe she had decided to run like hell... The door opened, and she stood there, haloed by the lights behind her. Then they went off. Only candlelight touched her now. She was nude, standing there self-consciously, her hands trying to cover herself as she blushed.

“No,” he said. “You are beautiful and your body is beautiful. Please, let me see you.”

She flushed even deeper and her hands dropped hesitantly. Her breasts were not large; in fact he would have almost said she had tiny titties. But her hips filled out nicely, and her hair merely accented her form. There was a narrow triangle of public hair.

Obviously that antique bikini was all she ever wore to the beach, because there was no sign of a bikini wax.

He rolled out of the bed, walking over to face her. He started to reach out, but he stopped. "May I?"

Her eyes softened and she nodded. His fingers brushed her nipple and she whimpered at the sensation. Her hands came up, holding his to her breast, and her eyes opened, shining. "Please. Love me," she whispered.

Down in the basement, the man finished, spitting on the shuddering little bitch. "You're not as good as I would have liked." He kicked Valerie, feeling satisfaction as ribs broke. "But you were an excellent sperm bank in any case." He picked up his clothes, walking out.

The dominatrix came in, nudging the girl onto her back. A few hours before, she had been a maid. She was enjoying her new role; untouchable, and able to watch her vengeance. "You'll be fully healed by morning." She knelt, eyes satisfied. "Maybe next time, you'll think before you just shove yourself into someone, eh. Vince?" She pulled up the shredded panties. "But for tonight and every night you get used, you can feel what all those other women felt."

Chastity purred as she held her man to her. She had heard horror stories about what had just happened. A lot of men received little or no training in sex before they became active, and more pain was caused by men that didn't think about that than any other source in human existence. Ralph had been careful, gentle, bringing her to an orgasm before he

had thought to insert himself. She was on her third; a shocking multiple that had her screaming when he broke her hymen. One brief ouch in an ocean of enjoyment. Then he had begun to actually make love to her, and she had gasped at his willingness to please her before anything else.

The method he had used was so gentle and loving that she found herself hungry for more. She had brought him back to hardness three times, and each time accepted his offering with the love with which it had been given. Now he was sated but she felt the burning need to feel him inside one more time.

But she knew the rules, as did every girl that was here. Force was not allowed, from either side. She could be punished just as efficiently as his two friends. She so wanted to sleep here beside him, but again, that was something for which she should have asked permission. Besides, she wanted to remember him as he was. She kissed his sleeping face gently, then picked up her clothing and shoes.

She walked up to the third floor, then up to the fourth. A small figure of a seven-year-old girl with long black hair, a dark olive complexion and almond eyes came running up, grabbing Chastity's hand. "*Nasaan Ralph? ako ay sabuyan! Sanhi gumawa ka hindi kilalanin ako? tumulong!*" she wailed.

A large woman who looked Samoan came from the nursery, shaking her head. "Still misbehaving, Dash?" she asked in heavily accented English, then repeated it in Tagalog. The terrified little girl tried to push back behind Chastity repeating "tumulong". The word for 'help me'.

The woman walked up, catching the girl by the ear. "She's going to spend a long time that size. We haven't had a child molester here in what, three, four years?"

“At least,” Chastity replied. “Well, I leave you to your duty.”

“My pleasure, you mean,” the woman snarled. “His kind almost ruined me when I was a child.”

Ralph came awake with a bemused expression. He felt wonderful. The sun was bright beyond the curtains, and he stretched luxuriantly. The door opened and a maid sashayed in, opening the curtains all the way. She turned, looking confused for a moment, then bowed, making the motions for eating.

“Thank you, I’ll be right down.” The girl wriggled like a puppy wanting to be petted, and he smiled as he got another one of those deep curtsies. Why were they all so pleased that he was polite? he wondered. Then he remembered the dinner, the roving hands. They had ignored them, but he was willing to bet they remembered every such slight. He dressed, wondering where Vince had gotten off to. If they wanted to find someone to hate, he would be the most likely candidate.

He knocked on the next door, then opened it, but Dash was not there. Dash was a strange one. He shrugged, then went down the stairs. The tables outside had been reset, and the guests were there. But a maid on the porch stopped him, waving him toward the interior. He followed the girl to the small dining room, where both Merida and Chastity sat.

“Come, sit,” Merida said softly.

Ralph looked at the women, then at the maid. “Thank you kindly,” he told the girl. Again the little wriggle of pleasure, again the deep bow, and she was gone. Ralph stepped over, pulling out the chair beside Chastity. She seemed to shrink a little at that,

but brightened when he touched her hand. “Last night was wonderful,” he whispered.

“Last night is exactly what the problem is, my dear man,” Merida told him. “Please, eat.”

A maid came in, delivering a plate of bacon, sausage, eggs, hash browns, biscuits and gravy. Exactly what he liked for breakfast. He thanked her, and received another deep curtsy. “Why is that a problem?” he asked.

“What do you know of the old Greek legends?”

“Nothing, actually,” he admitted. The hash browns were perfect.

“Do you at least know Homer’s work?”

“The Iliad and the Odyssey? I have heard of them, but I have never read anything.” He snapped his fingers. “Wait, about ten years ago, they made a miniseries of both of them separately.”

“Did you happen to watch the ‘miniseries’ Odyssey?”

“Some of it. I remember Vanessa Williams was in it.”

“Do you remember the witch Circe?”

“Yeah. Didn’t like the actress they used. Too old in my book.”

“Do you remember what she was best known for?” she asked more persistently.

“Didn’t she turn men into animals?”

“Yes,” she finally sighed. “I used to do that. Men were such pigs, and a number of them became pigs.”

But I grew bored with that. I found I had more fun making the punishment fit the crime as it were.”

“Wait a minute.” He set down the utensils. “You’re saying you are Circe?”

“In the flesh, my dear man.”

“And this is what, your most recent way to mess with the human race?”

“Only the male portion of it,” she replied.

He stared at her, then picked up his utensils again. “Funny, you don’t look crazy.” He stuffed a portion of pork sausage into his mouth, then paused. She gave him a bright smile. “No, I don’t turn them into pigs anymore.”

He finished the meal, and picked up his coffee. “All right, what do you turn them into?”

“Where do you think I gain my staff?” she asked. He stared at her, then his head turned to Chastity, who was trying to disappear without moving.

“So Chastity is, or was, a man?”

“Oh my, yes. What was your name again, dear?”

“I was Hiram Eubanks, a rumrunner during prohibition. My boat got shot up, and I ended up here. That was in 1926.”

He looked at her for a long moment. “Funny, you don’t look a day over 140.” She stared at him, then grinned.

“Such a polite person. And that is the problem,” Merida said. “When Chastity arrived as you did, she sampled the girls because she was told she could. She did not harm the girl she chose, so she was made

as you see her now, and became one of the maid staff. You see, except for guests, every uninvited man on my island becomes a woman in the end. Except you.

“You see, you did not ask to sample the women here. Every time you were with her, she gave of herself willingly, asking you instead. You treated our maids as people, polite, and thankful for them doing their duty. It was your gentle way in introducing her into womanhood that allowed you to keep your form.”

“Odysseus didn’t change either, if I recall. Neither did Anaeas.”

“Oh good, at least you remember some of the legends. Odysseus had help from the gods, and Anaeas had his quick brain and an aversion to wine. But only two men that were not invited to my island have ever left it.”

“That means that if I can find a way, I can go?”

“Oh yes. There is nothing that will hold you here if you escape.”

“Then have Philomena drop me in the ocean, and I will be out of your hair.” He looked at Chastity. “Coming, darling?”

“I...I can’t,” Chastity cried.

“She really cannot,” Merida said. “You have to remember that here, time has no meaning. But once you step beyond my shore, you will begin to age again. In her case, all of those years will catch up to her in moments. She will age and die before your eyes. So if leave, you will, you must, leave alone.”

Ralph looked at the crying girl, then his arms enfolded her. “I can’t leave her here. There must be some way.”

“There is,” Merida said after a moment. “You can be together as you are for as long as you wish.”

The guest walked along the garden trying to walk off the calories he’d eaten. The house was one hell of a brothel, and he expected to get laid tonight. They had told him they had a sweet little seven-year-old Filipina in there, and he’d always wanted to pop a cherry that young.

He sat on the bench, sighing deeply. God, this was the life!

A maid came up, then motioned toward the house. The man harrumphed, pinched her ass, then walked away. She watched him coldly, then looked at the statue.

It stood in the center of the garden. A man and a woman, nude, embracing. The woman’s face was upturned, eyes half-closed, lips pursed as if asking for a kiss. The man was looking down, his face filled with so much love that a human man could not have held it all in. The maid’s eyes gleamed, then she gave a deep slow curtsy before returning to her duties.

##

Toshiro’s Story

Toshiro Matthews sighed, lifting the note from his desk. He flipped it open. On the letterhead of the Gamma Lambda Fraternity was typed,

“You are required to appear at the Halloween party tonight in drag.”

It had to be Bledsoe, he thought. The bylaws of the Fraternity required any pledge during his first year to obey implicitly the instructions of any elder 'brother'. No matter how absurd. Bledsoe was a legacy, a man who had gotten into the Frat because his grandfather had not only been a member, but had donated money to them after he'd made his first million. Bledsoe was a pompous piece of shit, and he liked riding roughshod over the pledges.

Especially little half-breeds like me, Toshiro thought. Up until now, he'd stayed within the unwritten rules of the Frat. He hadn't suggested having someone bend over and get screwed, or requiring the sole Moslem to chug a beer, but sooner or later it might happen. He looked up, and for a moment, he caught his reflection. Not bad-looking actually, at least that was what girls had told him before. Narrow fox face with a pointed chin, almond-shaped green eyes and a slim build. He'd gotten everything but his eyes and gender from his mother. If he had taken after Thomas Matthews, he would have been a foot taller and probably a member of the football squad as a defensive lineman. Instead he was small, almost petite, what Bledsoe, at his anti-gay best, called a closet fag.

Well, the rule was clear. If he didn't show up at the party in drag, they could kick him out, and Bledsoe would guarantee the vote. He considered asking someone in the co-ed dorm across the way for a dress, but the idea of having people that knew him laughing because of the request stuck in his throat.

No. He'd head into Hollywood and find a costume shop. Better an impersonal clerk than people he'd have to face every day. He grabbed his sunglasses and wallet, then walked down the hall and out of the Frat house.

The sun had passed noon, and he shaded his eyes as he put on the glasses. The bus should be by in a few, and he started down the street that paralleled the campus. He heard a horn go off and his eyes flicked toward the sound, just as something slapped across his face. Frantically, he clawed it away, and stared at the crumpled paper in his hand. All he could see was part of the first word, and part of the last.

UNIQTUMES

Intrigued, he pulled the flyer open.

UNIQUE ONE OF A KIND COSTUMES

BY

ARTEMIS

At the bottom was an address. He whistled happily as he stood at the bus stop, and looked at the flyer again. Then the thought hit him:

There had been no wind.

The bus dropped him a couple blocks away, and he walked over, to finally stand before the store. The shade covered the front and as he stepped into it, he felt a chill. As if this side of the store had been in shade all day, rather than just the last few hours. He shrugged the feeling off.

The inside of the store looked like a half-plucked tree. The racks were festooned with hangers and the sad remnants of the day's business still hung there, hoping to be used. He walked to a rack of woman's clothes, but there was nothing that caught his eye.

"That is not the right rack." He turned, and nodded to the redheaded woman that approached. "You would want something special. Come." She turned,

walking back to the counter. On the pad near the register a huge calico tom lay, purring. Her hand ran down his spine and the cat stretched, eyes opening. He meowed and the woman nodded, as if agreeing.

“What do you need, sir?”

“Well-” He blushed furiously. Damn it, the woman was almost old enough to be his mother. It was actually worse than having a friend know his predicament. “I’m-”

“You are a member of a Fraternity and you need a special costume for it,” she answered.

“How-”

“It doesn’t matter. I know the type. What do you need, ah.” She crossed her arms, one hand stroking her chin. “Someone wishes to embarrass you by making you wear women’s clothing.” She smiled. “As I said, I know the type. My question is simple. How far do you wish to carry the impersonation?”

“Excuse me?”

“How perfect do you wish to be as this woman?”

“I don’t know.” As he said it, he knew it was a lie. Damn it, he was always exact in his clothes. He would have rather been caught dead than with everything not in the exact place it belonged in. “No, that isn’t true. If I have to be a woman, I want to be the drop-dead beautiful, come-fuck-me-if-you-can, best bitch in the place.”

Her smile was sad. “That can be difficult. But I have just the costume for you. Is there somewhere nearby where you can get dressed undisturbed around dark?”

“I do have a friend’s house a block from campus. He’s working as an exchange student in Thailand for a month.”

“Good.” Her voice was pensive. “We can’t have anyone walking in during the transformation.” Before he could ask what she meant, she turned, disappeared through a beaded curtain, and was back before they had stopped moving. The heavy box she handed him was a utilitarian white cardboard, taped closed.

“Listen very carefully, for what I tell you is more important than you can imagine. You must hurry because the preparations will take more than an hour to complete. There are directions inside the box; follow them all to the letter, omit nothing. Do not wear this costume by daylight. Remove it before sunlight touches it. If you wear it too soon, or too long, it may be irreversible.”

“What may be irreversible?”

“The effect.”

“You’re not making any sense.”

“Be thankful.”

He shook his head. Some things, obviously, were not for everyone to know. “How much?”

“Whatever it is worth to you.”

Confused even more, he pulled out his wallet. Fifty dollars. He knew most shops charged a hell of a lot more on short notice, but he wasn’t complaining. He took out forty, and laid in on the counter. She ignored it.

“Remember, once the costume is on, everything begins to work. And I do mean everything.”

“O-kay.” He picked up the box. As he left, he heard the cat meow again. The door closed before Artemis replied.

“Well, we can’t very well make everyone decide, can we?”

II

The bus took longer than he had anticipated and it was an hour to dusk when he arrived at Victor’s house. Left to him by his parents upon their death, it was vacant at the moment. Toshiro had offered to come by every few days to assure that it hadn’t been robbed while he was gone, and he remembered that he should have been here a few days earlier as he had promised.

Thankfully nothing had been stolen, no windows broken. He walked into the bedroom and looked at the box. He slit the tape and opened it. There was a small wooden box on the top, and he pulled it out. Inside were some small tubes and a jar. Each marked with a letter from A to F. A small note in red ink sat under the jar.

Take a tub bath. Pour Vial A into the water as it is running. Let stand for a minute. Pour Vial B into the water.

Bathe, making sure you do not wet hair.

Once you are done washing, use the shampoo in Vial C, and the conditioner in Vial D. Once your hair has been rinsed, put on the wig without drying your hair.

Put on the choker, and leave it on until the facial mask is dry. Then remove it.

Use the facial mask in Jar E on your face, and allow to set until dry, about one hour. Rub lotion in Vial F on your hands front and back and put on the rubber gloves supplied.

Put on the panties, then take out the bra. In the box with the bra are breast forms. Decide now which size you want to use, and put them in the bra, then put it on.

When the facial mask has been removed, brush your hair, and dress.

Without the costume the affect will fade in less than an hour if you change your mind.

He shrugged and started the tub. He actually liked a shower better, but he understood following the rules. When the oil in Vial A hit the water, there was a flash, and the water turned a tawny gold. He waited and, carefully, he poured in B. The water seemed to glow, and he shook his head at the fancy.

The bath was invigorating, the oils seemed to find every pore and cleansed them as he scrubbed. He wondered why he'd gotten out of the habit of a slow relaxing tub bath. This made him think about starting them again.

The shampoo smelled of spices and herbs and his scalp felt as if he'd run a brush across it, easing every care and woe. It was almost anticlimactic when he opened the conditioner. It smelled like something you'd get over the counter at any drug store.

Still damp from the bath, he padded into the bedroom, and picked up the box marked WIG. He walked back in, dried his body, and pulled the wig from its box. It was human hair, and when he had snugged it down on his head, it reached his thighs. He remembered his mother's hair before she had gotten sick a

few years before, a long ebony sheet to below her waist when she had it down. This looked as if it might have been his mother's hair.

The choker was a dull brown stone on a thick ribbon. He tied it, centering the stone under his chin.

The herbs in the facial tickled his nose as he smeared it on. He remembered movies where they showed women getting ready for bed, and how he'd laughed. He chuckled now, seeing himself in the same situation. Then he took the thick lotion and smeared it on his hands. It was a good thing the woman at the store had supplied the gloves, he was terrified at the idea of trying to touch anything.

He slid on the panties, glad no one could see him, then took out the bra. As the instructions said, there were a dozen different pairs of foam artificial tits from the 'more than a mouthful is a waste' size to a pair that were marked EE. He settled on a set marked C.

He slid on a robe from the closet, laid on the bed, and turned on the television. As he sat, there was a tugging at his head as his buttocks caught the sheet of hair. Instinctively, his hand came up around the back of his neck, pulling the sheet of black around to lay between the breast forms. He suddenly thought of the ease with which he'd moved that mass of hair. I probably remembered from watching Mom, he thought.

III

He snorted, eyes opening blearily. He must have dozed off. He rolled toward the edge of the bed, noticing a strange shift in his body as he did. Probably should have taken the bra off. The breast forms are what's causing it. He felt a desperate need to pee, and



padded across the darkened room. He reached into the panties, and froze in shock.

He knew what should have been there, but it was gone. In its place...

He staggered back, off balance from the damn breast forms, a flailing hand catching the light switch. All he saw as he stood, ripping off the bra, was the green of the facial mask. But as he rose higher, he stopped, leaning forward on the counter.

Where his chest had been, a pair of firm and rather delectable breasts now hung. He screamed, catching the wig and pulling. The pain seared through his scalp, and he lifted the front, trying to find the seam where the wig met his head. All he saw was more scalp.

I've got- and I've got- and I don't have- part of him cataloged calmly as he fell forward screaming, pounding his hands on the sink. He ripped off the gloves, and the hands weren't his. They were soft and delicate. A hand caught and ripped off the choker. Even that vestige of his manhood was gone.

How did she do it? Oh, that bitch! What do I do?

He ripped off the facial mask and beneath it, a beautiful woman looked back at him. He could see, by careful examination, his own features. But they had been softened, the vulpine face becoming a bewitching mask.

He staggered back to the bed, sitting, rocking himself as his hands caught the hair. I can just sit here. Rip off the panties, pretend this never happened. I can go back to school, check into a dorm, put this behind me forever. He froze as he noticed the hands neatly braided the hair as he was thinking. I've never

done a French Braid before! How did I know what to do?

He clawed across the room, throwing the box over, dumping the remainder of its contents on the floor. A scrap of paper lay there and he opened it, hoping to find something with a phone number.

'If I have to be a woman, I want to be the drop-dead beautiful, come-fuck-me-if-you-can, best bitch in the place.' Your own words, Toshiro.

I have given you what you asked, now the decision is yours. You can strip off those panties and an hour from now, you'll be back to normal. But will your problems be solved?

He stared at the note. I didn't give her a name, how'd she know? He snorted, biting that delicate hand of his. First answer how she's given him a nice set of tits and removed his manhood. Then get to the small shit.

He looked at the note again. *But will your problems be solved?*

Bledsoe was his biggest problem. If he had to throw something together, it would be more humiliating than not going. The bastard had to be brought down, and he looked at his body with new appreciation. Right now he looked as much like Toshiro Matthews as Lucy Lu looked like Justin Timberlake!

Murph will help if he can, he suddenly thought. Hunter Murphy was the President of Gamma Lambda. He was quietly disapproving of Bledsoe's actions, but because he'd stayed within the rules, he couldn't stop him.

Bledsoe doesn't like the ones that don't fit neatly into his pigeonhole mind, Toshiro thought. He giggled,

and the voice almost brought him back to the edge. It was a smooth soprano. No, He-

Suddenly he laughed. He doesn't really apply does it? He, no, she chuckled wryly.

He hates anyone that doesn't fit his definition. That shows prejudice, but unless it can be proven, Murph can't do anything.

She stood, stalking back into the bathroom. The face looking back was cold and determined. "So you want to catch the bastard? Can you lie to his face?" The mirrored image smiled grimly. "Then we had best get to it."

She padded back into the bedroom and flipped the pile of clothing over. Beneath it was a flat case and when she opened it, she found a full-scale makeup kit. Taking it back into the bathroom, she picked up the eyeliner and began gently tracing her eye. During the process from bare face to sexy sultry wench, she pondered a couple of times how she knew what to do. But it wasn't important.

On top of the clothes that remained was another set of underwear, these in a deep Kelly Green. Along with panties and a bra was a garter belt, and seamed stockings. She took off the panties she had worn, ignoring the empty space where there should have been something, and slipped the green ones on. As she stood, she noticed that her hips had filled out, giving her a bewitching rear view.

'Stop admiring the work and get done,' she told herself. The stockings went on and snapped to the garter belt. She looked in the mirror again, assuring that the seams were straight. She had instinctively put the clips under the waistline of the panties. 'What, you're thinking maybe of removing the panties and leaving the stockings on?' she asked herself. Her

mom had always called doing the straps that way the 'slut style' of garter belt.

'It may come to that,' she thought grimly. The bra was a perfect fit and she blessed the gods for her circumcision. *With this build, I would have looked like a freak with the EE set.*

The dress was a skin tight sheath that had a high collar, no sleeves, and fell to her ankles, slit up each side to the thigh. The dress was actually a bit too long. She realized that it was so she could wear heels. There was a set of emerald green pumps. Slipping them on, the hem now merely brushed the floor. A box held a set of Jade earrings and a necklace of jade beads. The earrings were for pierced ears and as she turned her head, she noticed that each delicate lobe was pierced. Last but not least, a pair of opera-length gloves in Forest Green.

Finally, she picked up the handbag. Inside it was another note.

Congratulations on facing your fears. Remember that you must remove the costume before dawn. If sunlight touches it while you wear it, the effect can become permanent!

She looked in the mirror and the woman that looked back was self-assured. "Well, here's where that bastard gets what he deserves."

IV

The college was boisterous as the students began their parties. Toshiro walked down the street. *No*, she thought, *she* strutted down the street. Men that passed gave her the eye, and a couple made passes that had caused her to blush. She paused outside the frathouse and clutched the bag in her hands. Then her shoulders straightened and she marched up the

walk. Davis was on the door and his eyes bugged out at the vision that approached.

“Hey, babe, looking for me, I hope?”

Toshiro paused. Davis was a lowlife, but he was a friend in his own way. “No, I am here as a guest of Toshiro Matthews. Is Brother Murphy in?”

“Shit. No. Toshiro hasn’t shown yet. Murph is on a beer run. Can I get you anything?”

“No, thank you. I’ll wait.”

“Where has Toshiro been keeping you hidden?”

She smiled. “You wouldn’t believe me if I told you.”

The party was starting to swing and Toshiro walked into the living room of what had once been a six-bedroom house. The men in the room turned and their eyes locked like targeting radars on her. The women looked and Toshiro smiled inwardly at the looks on their faces. He’d seen the reaction before, when two women met who each believed the other more attractive. If they had been cats, the claws would have been out. She smiled benignly and strolled to the bar, every eye locked on her. Benson, a senior, was behind the bar, and his mouth was hanging open. She slid onto one of the barstools, setting the purse on the counter.

“What can I get you, uh, do I know you?”

“I doubt it,” she replied. “I don’t know. Is there any Chambord?”

Benson looked frantically, and found a bottle of the raspberry liqueur. She waved away his attempt to pour it in a whiskey glass, settling for a wine glass half-full. Her thank you caused him to flush bright

crimson. Finally someone else came up, and he had to depart.

What do I do if someone asks my name? she thought furiously, sipping the drink. *I could say Toshiro, but if Bledsoe had thought me a faggot before this, dressing this well would pretty much prove it.*

The front door opened and Hunter Murphy entered, pulling a dolly filled to the top with beer, and a box of assorted harder drinks on top of it. He looked at the woman at the bar, eyes speculative for a moment, then returned to his duties.

“Mister Murphy, may I speak with you?”

He turned drying his hands. “You’re Toshiro’s friend, the one that asked about me.”

“Yes. I am Fujiko. A very close friend of Toshiro’s.” Closer than you might think, Murph.

“Glad to meet you. I’m Hunter Murphy. My friends call me Murph.” He extended his hand, holding hers delicately. He bent and Toshiro, No, think Fujiko! felt an electric shock run up his arm as Murphy kissed the hand delicately.

“I am pleased to meet you as well, Murph. Is there somewhere we can be alone for a few minutes?”

His eyes flashed. “Yes, my office.” He walked around the bar, offering his arm. She took it tentatively; the men in the room grumbled as she was led triumphantly from the room. They went down the hall, into the office which had once been a den, and Murphy closed the door. He turned, leaning against it, watching her.

“I need your help, Murph.” She clutched the bag. “According to the bylaws, if a fellow brother needs

your help and swears you to secrecy, you must obey, correct?"

The eyes became wary. "Yes, I just wonder how you would know that. Unless Toshiro told you. That, however, would be a violation of those same by-laws."

"Toshiro didn't tell me." Should she? "I *am* Toshiro."

Murphy looked at her, then suddenly burst out laughing. "Oh come on! He does look a little effeminate, but not as good as you do!"

"I can prove it."

"Yeah? Do it."

"Last month, you and Toshiro talked about a woman named Tanya who works in the cafeteria here. She has been making heavyweight passes at him, and he wasn't sure why she was suddenly showing interest. He came to you. You told him that Bledsoe had been talking with her and was trying to prove that Toshiro is gay, which would be a violation of the by-laws, and would get him kicked out.

"At your suggestion, Toshiro dated her and took her to bed. After that, she began ignoring him like before."

Murph's eyes hardened as the recitation began. "He shouldn't have told you-"

"He didn't tell me anything," she spun. "You sat in that chair at the desk. After he came back from that date, you opened the bottom drawer, where you keep a bottle of Laiphroaig Scotch. You gave him a shot of it. You told him to hang in there. In fact your exact words were 'If we could find a way to dump the bastard within the by-laws, I would do it in a heartbeat. I can't stand bullies, especially bullies that don't even

have the guts to face the ones they torment’.” She turned, advancing on him, then put out her hand.

Murphy extended his, and his eyes widened in shock as she gave him the Frat hand shake. “Clavis omnis,” she whispered. “Not proper Latin, but ‘screw them all’. The secret password.”

He moved around her, and sat in his chair. “All right. For the moment, I will accept that somehow you are Toshiro. But that still doesn’t explain how you look like that.”

Tell him the truth? she thought. *No, he’d never believe it. Hell I don’t believe it!* she thought furiously. Well a lie then, only a part lie at least. “There’s a woman I met in Hollywood who does special effects for the movies.” Her hand moved to accentuate her form. “As you can see, she’s a master at makeup.”

Murphy shook his head wryly. “I’ll say. What did you have in mind?”

V

The party had gotten frenetic as the night wore on. Fujiko moved through it quietly, smiling at those that merely looked, gently rebuffing those that wanted more. Everyone was commenting on Toshi’s luck. Fujiko smiled when she heard it. Sure, the best looking woman here, only he never gets to hold her, right?

A man entered, and she concentrated on him. Bledsoe. From the look, half in the bag already.

The upper classman looked around, swaying slightly. He pulled a half-pint bottle from his pocket, finishing it before staggering toward the bar. “Bushmills!” he shouted. Benson set the drink up without a comment. Fujiko began walking toward him, her stride suddenly becoming a sinuous glide.

“Another Chambord, please.”

“Sure, Fujiko.” Benson picked up the new bottle, pouring another drink the same size as she had gotten before.

Bledsoe turned, and his jaw dropped. “Who brought her?”

“She’s Toshi’s girl.”

“Girl!” he snorted. “Has she seen him in his dress yet?”

“As a matter of fact, I have.” Fujiko replied before Benson could say anything. “You would not believe what he looks like in a dress.”

“Like the faggot he is, obviously.”

Fujiko raised a hand, stopping Benson from complaining. “If he were standing right here, with his arm around me, you would not dare call him such things. Benson, who is this...” she paused, as if choosing her words, “this *man*.”

The room became quiet at her sarcastic tone.

“I’m the one that will get him kicked out of this Frat.” Bledsoe looked around. “Unless I see the little faggot in the next five minutes-”

“You’ll do nothing.” Murphy walked in from the hall. “I have already seen Toshi and he has fulfilled the order, Bledsoe. Unless you want to argue with me about it.”

“Nah, not worth the sweat,” Bledsoe replied. “Another.”

Fujiko looked at Murphy, who nodded. She smiled, then turned back to Bledsoe. “For someone of such

small mind, you put down someone much better than you could ever be.” She turned on her heel, her ass twitching as she walked past Murphy down the hall. The downstairs bathroom was on the right, and she walked in. Tonight it was the ladies room. She leaned over facing the mirror, her stomach trembling.

Are you ready for what happens next, kid? she mentally asked the reflection. If he drags you into the wrong room, or they don't move fast enough, you might find out more than any girl wishes to know.

“I’d run like hell if I were you.” Fujiko looked at the reflection. She suddenly remembered the face. Amanda Waters, at present dating Charles Wainright, but once Bledsoe’s girl. “Hank likes it rough, you know? At least, rough for whoever he’s with.”

“I’ll scream-”

“Yeah, he’ll love that!” Amanda laughed, a sound more pained than funny. “If anyone busts in, he claims you asked for it, and the brothers here will back him on it. They did when it happened to me that last time.” She shook her head. “Get out of here while you have the chance.”

“No.” Fujiko turned, catching Amanda by both arms. “What I do I must, for the Fraternity, for Toshi, for me.” She impulsively hugged the woman.

“I hope you know what you’re doing.”

Funny, Murphy said the same thing, and I’ve been thinking it for the last two hours. “I do.”

Fujiko stepped back into the hall. Down at the far end near the living room, she could hear shouting as a drinking game started. The other end, leading back to the private rooms of the elder brothers was almost

silent in comparison. She started toward the party area.

As she passed the hall closet, someone grabbed her from behind. "Scream and I'll break your fucking neck!" he hissed. She struggled, more for effect than anything else. Bledsoe carried her, squirming, down the hall into his room, kicking the door closed. He threw her on the bed, locking the door.

"Leave me alone, you animal!"

"Or you'll what, scream?" Bledsoe laughed. "Go ahead, bitch, I like them to fight. Even if someone tries to stop me, we're all brothers, remember? I say you asked for it, then started screaming when it got too rough, they'll believe me like always." He ripped off his shirt. "So take those clothes off, or I'll rip them off."

Fujiko dived forward and he caught her in mid-leap, flipping her back against the wall. His hand ripped her dress to the waist, taking the bra with it. Then she was laying, pinned as he caught both wrists in one hand. The other mauled her breasts.

"Once I'm done that needle dick boyfriend of yours won't even be able to touch the sides." He ripped the dress completely off her, then rolled, his knees pinning her arms, reaching for his zipper. "But first, you're going to learn how to deep throat."

He caught her head, then froze as there was a ratcheting click from behind him. Bledsoe turned and saw Murphy standing there with a pump shotgun. Murphy smiled, finishing the action to chamber a round. "Get up, you bastard."

"What the-" Bledsoe stopped when the shotgun leveled.

“Get. Up.”

Bledsoe moved away from Fujiko, hands at his sides. “Hey if you wanted the bitch, that’s all right, Murph. But she’s a hot little number. She grabbed my crank in the hall, and you know I get a little carried away.”

Murphy motioned with his head toward the hall, and Bledsoe shut up, walking toward the door. A pair of men grabbed his arms, dragging him toward the main room as Murphy lowered the shotgun. “Are you all right, Fujiko?”

“Yes.” She clutched the ripped dress. “I’ll be fine.”

Murphy took off his sports jacket, draping it over her to cover her. He hugged her against him. “Then come on. You’ll get to watch us nail his fucking coffin lid tight.”

The front room was silent, every vestige of party atmosphere gone. Bledsoe was in a straight backed kitchen chair, a dozen Frat brothers glaring at him.

“Guys-”

“Shut up.” Benson, one of the more mild mannered slapped Bledsoe. “Shut your lying mouth.”

“Why? Because Toshi’s bitch decided to take on all comers and I went first?” Bledsoe snapped. “She wasn’t complaining until the last second in there. I swear it.”

“Oh, you do?” Murphy went to the DVD recorder. He fiddled with the controls. “You have given Malcolm Cooper and Charles Wainright a lot of shit, especially since Amanda decided she likes Charlie more. When we told Amanda what was happening, she almost picked up the phone for the police.” Murphy switched on the plasma television. “Remind

me to thank your father for the TV. Full color, digital quality.” He started the DVR and Bledsoe’s bedroom appeared.

The two brothers Murphy had mentioned were electronic whizzes, and they had wired the one room they needed to wire in less than a half-hour. On screen, the door flipped open and Bledsoe tossed the frail girl onto the bed.

“Leave me alone, you animal!”

“Or you’ll what, scream?” Bledsoe laughed. “Go ahead, bitch, I like them to fight. Even if someone tries to stop me, we’re all brothers, remember? I say you asked for it, then started screaming when it got too rough, they believe me.” He ripped off his shirt. “So take those clothes off, or I’ll rip them off.”

“That was when I started back. I’m sorry I was late, Fujiko.” Murphy’s eyes moved to Bledsoe. “Brothers, first we cast out a brother, then we call the police. Amanda, since you were good enough to wait, you can make the call.”

“With pleasure.”

“Wait, my Dad-”

“The one that came here before you?” Murphy asked quietly. “The one who had a girlfriend raped, ending up in a mental hospital? The woman he loved that your mother knows about. The mother that admires his devotion in paying all of her bills since that time? That father?”

“When I tell him about this and show him the disc, you’ll be lucky if he sends you Anal Ease in prison!” He handed the shotgun to Fujiko. “Cover him, kid. If he moves, shoot him where he’ll regret it the most.”

She took the shotgun, dropping the aim until it was on Bledsoe's crotch. The tense tableau eased a little as the brothers blackballed the ex-brother. The police arresting him was merely a formality.

With Bledsoe gone, suddenly Fujiko handed the shotgun to someone, shaking. An arm caught her and she walked numbly down the hall and into Murphy's office. A glass was suddenly before her and she caught it desperately, pouring the shot down her throat, then choking as twenty-year-old Laiphroaig burned it's way down her throat. She coughed, feeling a hand pound on her back, then clutched it to her as she hugged Murphy.

"I was so scared," she gasped, crying against him. "I was so sure that you would be too late, or go to the wrong room." She cried, his arms holding her, a hand gently patting her head as he rocked her. The tears slowed, became sniffing, then silence. He held a handkerchief, and she blew her nose.

"You were marvelous."

"I was a scared little bitch that fell apart the instant everything was over."

"Yeah, but you waited until it was over to fall apart." He kissed the top of her head. "I'm proud of you."

Fujiko looked up, and for an instant their eyes met. Murphy looked both worried and excited. Then he leaned forward, kissing her. She froze, then pushed him back. They looked at each other, then Fujiko reached out, wrapping her arms around his neck, and kissed him again.

VI

Murph wouldn't let her walk back to Victor's house alone, and Fujiko was surprised how comfortable it felt. His arm was around her shoulders, their hips bumping. Part of her was so excited she almost threw herself at him. Another part made her want to run until he was far behind. They talked, light, an inconsequential banter that merely made the time flow faster. Finally they reached the darkened house.

"Well." He stopped, uncomfortable. She was uncomfortable too. "Then I'll see you tomorrow?"

"Yeah." Fujiko looked up and saw the gleam in his eye.

"I had better let you go and get the hell out of here." His arms encircled her shoulders, stopping her from leaving.

"Frightened?"

"Terrified!" Murph laughed. "Terrified that I'll take you in my arms, carry you in, and wake up with that hair on the pillow beside me in the morning."

"I'm frightened too, Murph."

"You are?"

She nodded somberly. "Because part of me wants you to do that very thing, to feel you inside me and beside me all night. That when I'm back to normal it will make things different, even impossible, for us."

"I know you're Toshi. I understand that though I don't know how this happened." He brushed her face with his fingers, watching her eyes close, and felt her shiver. "But at the moment I don't care." He leaned

down, and their lips met again. She clutched him to her frantically, gasping as the kiss broke.

She took his hand silently, and led him into the house.

VII

Toshi sat up suddenly. The sun came through the window, lighting the room gently. He reached up and the wig came free in his hand. The breast forms lay on the bed and he had all the right equipment again.

Part of him mourned. Feeling Murphy in her arms, inside her. The smell of two healthy human animals in rut filled the room; he could close his eyes, see it all happening with the same sense of wonder there had been that night.

‘Never again,’ he told himself harshly. He gathered up the costume pieces, the shredded dress and bra. The torn panties. He packed it back in and lifted the box.

The trip by bus took less than an hour, and he wasn’t surprised that the shop was already open. The proprietor watched him with her own small smile.

“I hope you had a pleasant evening.”

“An *interesting* evening,” Toshi replied.

“Good.” She took the box.

“I’m afraid someone ripped the dress and the bra. I’ll pay for the damage.”

“A pity about the dress. I’ll probably have to make another one for you.”

“For me?” Toshi was shocked. “When would, I mean, why would I need this costume again?”

The woman leaned forward, touching his cheek. “Maybe because you enjoyed yourself last night. Maybe because you might want that again.” She set the box aside. “With a violet silk sheath and pumps to match?”

“But there won’t be another party until New Years!”

“I don’t think either you or your friend need a party to get together.” She smiled. “Do you?”

“No.” He turned, then looked over her shoulder. “How about a burgundy red outfit with black lingerie for later?”

She smiled. “Ready when you arrive.”

##

Cinder-Fella

Like any fairy tale, this one begins simply:

Once upon a time there was a young man named Fred. His mother had died young and the boy ended up with a step-mother faster than you can say ‘Dad is so effing horny’. The stepmother had two older boys of her own and the boys made little Fred’s life miserable.

However when his father died, his stepmother added her own vitriol to the mix, which isn’t good.

Unwilling to buy boys clothes for the son so much younger than her own, instead she made him wear

her own altered dresses, blouses, and skirts, so Fred grew into puberty with some quirks. After all, if someone walks by in full female regalia, why would you call the creature 'he'?

That might have ended when he reached eleven; after all, the two other boys had clothes he could wear now. But old step-mama was having too much fun with things. An interesting reaction since if you have ever priced gender-specific clothes you know that a dress, panties, bra, stockings, garter belt and shoes cost a hell of a lot more than shirt, boxers, slacks, socks and shoes.

Anyway, from the time he needed a stool to do dishes and cooking, Freddie, as she was called, did all the cooking and cleaning. While her brothers were allowed to play boys sports, she was required to learn ballet and dance. The medicine she had to take every day from the age of six on helped, because while doing all of the manual labor made her stronger than she looked, her muscles were sleek and wiry.

Of course what Freddie didn't know was that she had been fed hormones, so right on nature's timetable her hips filled out, and her breasts budded. Her little dickie of course didn't grow that much and she never had the wet dreams a young 'boy' would have. Not to mention that when she reached seventeen both of her older brothers began noticing how well she filled a pair of jeans or a bikini.

Actually if they hadn't been stopped by their mother they might have done more than just notice. After all, at seventeen, Freddie looked like someone you'd like to wake up beside.

At that age, the family money Freddie's father had left began running out, and Step Mama began to worry a little. After all, she had four mouths to feed. But there was a light on the horizon; the royal family

of Blathaskan had two children vying for the throne. One was Prince Rupert, who had just reached 24, another was his slightly younger sister Regina.

However each had to satisfy some conditions. Rupert actually liked boys better than girls so he was required to find someone able to deep throat him, not that easy as the term 'hung like a horse' fit the man's reported 14 inches of man-meat.

Regina was a nympho who swung both ways so she had to find someone who would satisfy her in a single night, gender no object.

Everyone in the city who was sexually capable and relatively well-to-do got invitations to the ball, and Freddie's brothers were no exception. Even Freddie got one, though she didn't have anything upscale enough to wear to even think of going to the ball.

The brothers made fun of her because of it. They had tuxes they owned, and Edward the elder swung both ways, so both bases were covered.

So poor Freddie went upstairs on the night before the ball with nothing to look forward to. As a cute little she-boy, she had fallen in love with long tub baths when she was young. At puberty the only gift she got that wasn't clothing related was a six-inch vibrator. Just a little thinking and experimentation showed her what she could do with that. So every evening she would take a long hot soaking bath, with a little judicious sliding of her best friend into her depths.

But tonight that just didn't satisfy. She found herself on her knees, head on the edge of the tub, her friend thrust as deep as he could go, buzzing through the battery charge. "Just thinking about getting out of this house makes me hot," she whispered. "But you're not reaching deep enough to scratch my itch tonight." She sighed, flicking off the vibrator and

pulling it from her. She sighed, setting in on the edge of the tub.

Something touched her hip, and she flinched. Then gasped as something larger than the vibrator took its place.

“You really want out of here?” A soft voice asked as she felt another pair of balls hit hers.

“Oh, um, yes,” she replied as the invader, much larger and more fun than her electric friend, slid first out, then in. She arched her back, the intruder sliding in faster and faster.

“I can fix the problem for you,” the voice whispered seductively in her ear. She groaned as it reached so far in that she was sure it would come up her throat to strangle her from there. Not that she cared, she held to the hands on her tits, arching even more.

“What must I do?” She leaned back, feeling breasts against her back as she moved of her own volition on the invading pole.

“Not what you have to do, beyond the obvious,” the voice said, a hand dropping to her clit, another to her breasts. “We’ll need to make some changes.”

“Changes?”

“They both like tits and the woman wants more down below,” the voice said. “But one thing at a time.” The rhythm built faster, and Freddie was hard-pressed to keep up. She wanted to come so desperately, and the deep penetration was driving her mad.

Suddenly the pole in her claspings ass spurted; she almost shrieked with joy as she felt herself being filled. The lovers paused, feeling that wonderful relaxation really good sex causes. Freddie fell forward,

relaxing as if boneless against the tub's edge. She felt the hardness in her pull away, and gave a cry of protest. She rolled over, seeing her lover for the first time. The woman had Titian red hair, quite a rack on top, and a dick any man would feel proud wielding. The trannie smiled, leaning over. "Hello, Freddie, I am your fairy godmother."

"With a dick like that you're my *godmother*?"

"Figuratively speaking, yes." The woman leaned forward, licking a still hardened nipple. Freddie gasped, arching into the touch. "Do you want the prince? Or the princess?"

"Both, either, it doesn't matter.."

"Good answer. The prince doesn't care as long as you can deep throat that horse cock he has, but the princess wants to both give and receive."

Freddie's hand reached out, playing with the hardening member before her eyes. "As in being fucked as well as fucking?"

"You're quick," the fairy godmother replied. "But we have to make sure to alter your throat as well. If you can't deep throat him, you lose." As she said that, the length in her hand lengthened, then widened until it looked like the bottom of a baseball bat as if someone had trimmed off the grip at the narrowest point.

The length slid out even longer and Freddie looked with terror at what she had to accept to be chosen. The fairy godmother grasped her face, looking into her eyes, "Ready or not, here I come!"

Freddie wanted to scream for the fairy godmother to wait but before she could say anything, that length had rammed into her mouth; she swallowed frantically as it did not stop one whit. She felt it hit her



throat, then slide down one inch at a time until she felt her lips touch the godmother's pubic hair. She opened her eyes in shock and felt another impossible inch slide into her throat. The godmother held her tight, grinding her crotch into Freddie's mouth, then withdrew about two-thirds of the length before sliding back forward. Again the frantic swallowing, then again she felt her nose strike the godmother's pubis.

The godmother began sliding in and out, lips sliding down her length, then up, as she cemented the deal. Freddie understood what was happening. It was part and parcel of her dreams to this point. All the Fairy Godmother had done was assure that she understood.

"Good," the fairy godmother purred. Her hand clasped behind Freddie's head and her speed picked up. "Oh God!" She clutched Freddie to her as she came, filling the girl's throat with pulse after pulse of come that went straight into her stomach.

"Well done," the godmother said, sliding herself back into her panties. "Now you remember the old Cinderella story. You have to leave at midnight and the same for tomorrow night, because you have to seduce both the prince and the princess."

"I understand," Freddie said. "But how do I seduce them both?"

"By sucking his dick and fucking her senseless in one night."

"Sounds easy."

"Not every gullet can take 14 inches of dick, girl. And we have to increase your length by almost triple so that the princess is happy."

"So when do we begin?"

“Wear your best clothes and board the train to Central Park; you’ll be ready when you get there for the first night. The same thing the next night. But for the first, you have to leave before midnight” She sniffed. “You know the rules; it’s inherent in the system.”

Freddie chose carefully. A long ivory white dress, three-inch heels with white stockings and garter belt. She minced down the block, drawing many a wolf whistle as she strutted. She click-clacked down the steps into the subway station, buying a token. She walked out onto the platform and a few moments later, the train came into the station. She stepped into the car, and felt something seize her. No one seemed to notice as her clothes glowed.

As the lights flickered, her clothing changed incrementally, and no one seemed to notice. Her bodice deepened, showing quite a lot more of her cleavage than she had been able to reveal before. She felt a corset suddenly tightening, her breasts leaping upward as if awaiting a lover’s touch. Her dress lengthened, going from ankle-length to something more suitable for a wedding. Delicate lace finger gloves raced up her arms; her hair writhed as it formed into a bun at her neck. She could feel the ghostly touch of makeup being applied, then a delicate white domino mask appeared in her left hand, and in her right, an engraved invitation.

The door opened and she stepped out. The stairs to the street were steep but she took them willingly. Across the park she saw the hotel, taking a deep breath as she marched toward her destiny.

It was incredibly boring. Rupert sighed as he looked down the row of people kneeling awaiting his

pleasure. “Ladies and gentlemen, the first test is depth. I will insert my member in your mouth and throat and push until either you signal you can’t take any more, or I hit bottom. If you fail, you are asked to leave. You will not touch my member in anyway. In San Francisco last week, some woman who couldn’t even take a third of me in her mouth coated the rest with ipecac, causing anyone who could go deeper to vomit.” He unzipped his pants and whipped it out. Halfway down the left side of the kneeling queue, Freddie gasped. Fourteen inches? Try maybe fifteen to eighteen, depending on which battleship you liked better!

Rupert went down the row, taking each face in his hands and slid forward. There were about 200 of them but none of the first thirty could take more than half of him. He reached number 30 before one woman caught his eye. She reached up not to grab his dick but to hold his ass. Then she opened her mouth and descended it as if she did it every day. When she reached bottom, she used her fingers, and slid his scrotum into her mouth as well. Then she looked up and gave him a saucy wink as she slid down. Then to prove it wasn’t a fluke, she did it again.

Only ten were able to take him that deep, though only she had slid all the way down and included his ball sac in the bargain.

“Well done all, now we come to the endurance test. You will all hyperventilate, then one by one, I will insert myself. You will slide all the way down, then remain there until you need to breathe. When you signal that you can take no more, I will pull out. Whomever remains down the longest, wins.”

Now number nine, Freddie looked to the side where her stepbrother knelt. He was already breathing deeply.

Rupert went to number one and slid into her throat. It was less than 30 seconds before she was flailing frantically, coughing as he pulled out. Down the row he went. Two and a half minutes, five minutes, one was an astonishing six minutes. He came to Freddie's step-brother David (five and a half minutes), then, finally, to Freddie. She smiled, took one last deep breath, and slid the stalk of love down until she again inserted the scrotum. Then she merely watched Rupert's eyes in challenge.

Four, five, she merely kept watching his face. Seven eight, still she merely watched him. At ten minutes her eyes rolled back, and she slid backward off of him. She had literally passed out rather than give up. No one else was even close.

Freddie came back to consciousness to find her nipples being rubbed by the prince. Her dress had been taken down to her waist and the corset removed. Not that it didn't feel nice, but she looked over his shoulder at the clock which was at less than eight minutes to midnight.

She sat bolt upright, both of them groaning as their heads collided, and her fingers finished doing up the corset.

"Are you all right?" he asked, rubbing his forehead.

"Yes. It was wonderful." She spun, holding up her bodice. "Can you zip me please?"

Bemused, he assisted. "But why are you leaving? You've won my heart."

"I have to take your sister's challenge tomorrow too."

"Why?" He asked. "Regina is insatiable."

Freddie turned around, kissing him deeply. "I will satiate her." Before Rupert could comment, she dropped to her knees, opening his dress slacks. She slid down his member and his hands clutched her head as she sped up, drawing him so deep he worried she would suck all of him in.

Thanks to some minor alterations, Freddie had no problems dealing with this. Now she was showing off her style as she licked and sucked on the hardened member. It was like sticking your member into a living vacuum hose. Rupert had no more chance than a fly that had run into a spider's web. He came and Freddie sucked all of it down with aplomb.

"Now you have to get with your sister afterward to find out who sucked all the chrome off your trailer hitch!" She gave him a finger wave, then ran like hell as the first toll of midnight sounded. Rupert tried to give chase, but his pants were around his ankles, so he ended up on his face as she escaped.

When she arrived at the train, the magic reversed. When she came up the steps at home, she was back in her own rather tatty outfit. She sashayed down the street drawing many more whistles as she headed home.

Of course the house was abuzz when she arose the next morning. David was depressed. After five years of going down to the bawdy house to work as a fluffer, he had been out done by the Mysterious Stranger, not to mention a couple of others that held the Prince's esteem (Such an odd thing to call it) in the last test. As she served breakfast in her little French maid outfit, Freddie eavesdropped shamelessly. The Mysterious Stranger had not only held him for the longest time, but had been squired away to revive elsewhere as the rest were ignominiously kicked out.

Michael sneered. He knew he was long enough and intended to overdose on Viagra and Cialis before his competition began. Freddie was her normally flighty self and no one even considered that she had outdone her older brother in his on-the-job training. Everyone was discussing the second section of the trials. Because Princess Regina demanded both enough length to satisfy her and endurance of her lover, this was trickier. It would be not the next evening but scattered over the rest of the week as a number of the competitors (Some of which had already failed in getting the Prince) would vie yet again.

So it was the next evening that two invitations, one for Michael, another for Freddie, arrived. The one for our heroine of course was sent through the document shredder; no biggie, as her Faerie Godmother had already duplicated the invitation. The invites required the contestants to arrive at the hotel that evening, and stay until either they had been disqualified or surpassed in the competition.

Freddie went up, ran herself a bath, and immersed herself. Honestly, she wanted to gargle since the previous evening's festivities had worn her down.

Soon enough, of course, the Fairy Godmother arrived. She wore a different dress as this time she expected more than a willing vessel. The Fairy Godmother slid her panties down, turning to present her velvety chute. "As I said, we need to expand your horizons."

Freddie was all up for that; she had been fucked more often than she had done the honors. The Fairy Godmother sighed as her student took her chance and slid deep as she could with something the length of the average middle finger. The Fairy Godmother concentrated and the dimensions expanded. A bit longer... Then a bit thicker... mmm. Maybe a bit longer... Oh yeah, much better. The Fairy Godmother

sighed as it was much better than it had been before. She arched, sucking her student deeper, “Now remember to keep going like this all night long with the princess. I’ve made the modifications and we’ll test them for a few.. oh, god... hours.”

“But the Princess!” Freddie said. She could no more have stopped than rain could jump back into the clouds.

“Don’t worry.” The Fairy Godmother wasn’t going to give this up! “It will take a week and I’ve made sure you’re on the last day.”

The next evening Freddie slipped from the house and again walked down to the subway station. She boarded the train and was whisked to her rendezvous. This time her clothes changed to something more Gothic. Her hair was covered by a black wig, Her nails were crimson as was her lipstick. She was dressed in a black leather corset and skirt with four-inch thigh boots. Her domino mask was black as pitch. She had a few whistles but when she looked at them, they froze. Her look suggested whips, chains, and long evenings of being brutalized.

The concierge took one look and gave her a room. Her number was 251, not high compared to those that had arrived for Rupert, but these rooms would be for anywhere from overnight to a week.

It was Day Five and Regina was bored, bored, bored. Being a nymphomaniac was a pain in every orifice large enough to hold a cock. By her count she had gone through 167, and the longest any had survived was eight hours. When they stopped begging, she was more than done with them. She rang the bell and took a bath. Give her half an hour and she would be good to go. Number 168 had better last longer than that!

One day and fifteen hours later, she sighed as #250 sagged in collapse. There was only one to go so she ran yet another bath. Honestly with her bath-water on this gig she could have irrigated the Gobi desert! Her maids came in and began to wash her down gently.

She was laying there, relaxing as the hands ministered to her. Then they were gone. She wanted to whine, but princesses do not whine.

A mouth closed on her nipple and she gasped arching into it. Her desires, never very far below the surface, rose, and her hands came up, feeling long hair in a bun. The mouth became insistent and Regina felt herself rising into it, slipping up out of the bath, feeling hands lips and tongue playing over her flesh, rolling her in a tide of perfumed liquid.

Something slipped into her and she sighed as she eased back. Firm enough, hard enough, long enough, oh, more than long enough. She slid backwards, sighing as the member drove her desires higher. Would it be long enough in time? She would find out.

The second part of the fuck-fest ended 8 days after the beginning. Regina was found in her tub, unconscious after (by her own estimate) eighteen hours with one person. The she-male that had fucked her into the ground had whispered, "Go to this address and you will find the one who satisfied both of you," a moment before she fainted after the one hundred and fourteenth (or was it the one hundred and sixteenth?) orgasm.

The pair of nobles got together and warned the city that someone had not only satisfied the Prince's requirement but the Princess's as well. They had the list of everyone who had arrived at the two soirees, and they began a lightning visit of all of them. About nineteenth on their list was an address where David,

(who had failed to satisfy the Prince) and Michael (Who had similarly failed to satisfy Regina) both lived. But there were three invitations delivered there. The Stepmother had tried to dissemble but their intelligence told them there were three people given invitations within the house.

They tried to resist the argument, but Freddie arrived. She smiled at the men and agreed to go with them to prove her bone fides, which took the better part of the day. She fucked both nobles into the ground, taking Rupert both back and front, then proceeded to fuck Regina into a stupor.

And so it was that she was chosen as lovmate of both nobles. She left behind the world that made her worthless, and entered one where her capabilities were enjoyed. With a budget larger than most small countries for clothes, especially lingerie. That made her so happy.

And so they, all three of them lived not only happily ever after, but well-fucked as well.

After all, what else does a sweet little trannie want beyond love, enough sex, and a pretty wardrobe, eh?

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