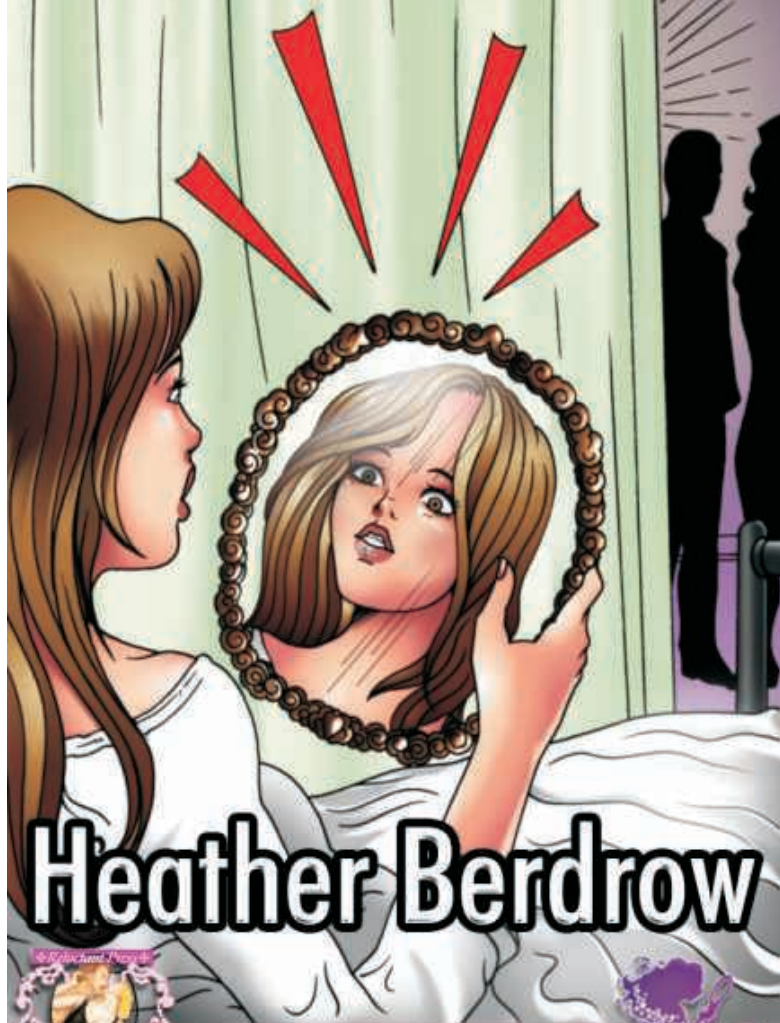


# An Unforeseen Journey



## Heather Berdrow



A "New Woman" Novel



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# **An Unforeseen Journey**

**By Heather Berdrow**

Over the last several years, I have found myself drawn to stories of the transgender plight. The articles depicting their journey from secret lives to fully out into society. The travels they take from self-hatred, to self-acceptance, only to discover hate and rejection from family and friends, and society in general.

But I think my story is as different from theirs as night is to day. I have become something I could never have dreamed of even in my darkest nightmares. Please bare with me as I travel my own road. A road with many dips and inclines, as well as rocks and other assorted debris, all placed in front of me,

asking the question, “Will this be your downfall? Will your soul contract onto itself, leaving only a shell? Will you end up broken and shallow, with nothing left of yourself?” You can be the judge. I know who and what I am, and I am damn proud of the end result.

For my own peace of mind, I guess laying down a foundation will help you understand the start of my life, the middle, and where we are now. I was born to a traditional upper mid-west family unit. I had loving parents, Stan and Carol Gray. I have two older sisters, Sarah and Gina, and bringing up the rear was my little brother, Brian. I was number three in line, and my name was Timothy.

When I say traditional, I am sure all sorts of things come to mind, but I am referring to the gender roles. Pink is for girls and blue is for boys. It was that simple. Dolls and dresses for the girls, trucks and jeans for the boys. The lines sat down were never to be crossed. I guess I was about six or seven when I began to notice the fairer sex. Before that time, girls were, put simply, just yucky.

The girls seemed to gravitate to my Mom. She helped them with cooking, sewing, and fashions. As they grew older, makeup and hair styling was next. On the other hand, the boys belonged to my father. He took us to sporting events, camping and hiking, even fishing off his tiny aluminum boat, where we learned patience, waiting for the fish to start biting. We spent a lot of time in Dad’s shop. He had converted the garage into his work area, and showed us how to use each and every piece of equipment, and every tool he had. We all spent hours upon hours with our parents, learning girl and boy things.

My big epiphany came when I was about nine. Gina, who by this time was about twelve, wanted most of all to be considered grown up. She knew everything, and wasn't afraid to let anyone else be uneducated about that. Just as a footnote, Mom could control her brewed with just a look. You know the one, we all do. It was an unspoken rule that if you came dangerously close to getting on her bad side, she would glare at you, turning your blood to ice. My Dad was more of the corporal punishment disciple. A good sound spanking could cure any type of misbehavior.

This one particular afternoon, Gina had made plans to spend some time with her girlfriends at the local mall. Of course she had to dress just a certain way or her life would be over before it even started. When my Mom saw what she was wearing, a very short skirt, moderate heels, and a belly baring tee shirt that left very little to the imagination, she folded her arms, gave her "The look," and pointed Gina back to her room. After Mom had turned around, Gina stuck her tongue out, and stamped her foot. What Gina didn't realize is that Dad was sitting back, watching the whole scene as it played out, right in front of him. I never saw Dad moved so fast before. He had Gina by the arm, and not so gently tossed her across his lap. He raised her tiny little skirt, lowered her panties, and began to warm her backside but good. When he was done, he directed a sobbing Gina to fix herself up, dry her eyes, and go apologize to her mother for such a display of bad manners.

Of course growing up, I saw my sisters in all states of dress and undress. But seeing Gina's firm round bottom, with her panties down around her

knee's, really had a strong effect on me. I don't think I looked at a girl after that day in the same way anymore.



Once I reached my teens, I was always on the prowl, hoping to catch the sight of a panty covered bottom, or young growing breasts contained in a silky or lacy bra's. If I remember correctly, that night, as I tried to go to sleep, that afternoons dramatics' played over and over again. I found that I was getting harder by the second. All I did was touch myself, and I had my first real orgasm. Boy, did it make a mess, but it sure felt good.

It seemed that life was so different after that, for me and my family. I think I was in my freshman year of high school. My sisters were out shopping, and my brother was at a friends for a sleepover. I was in my room working on a science project, when I heard my parents talking, and my Mom sobbing between sentences. Before long, I heard the front door shut, and I went to investigate what had happened. Not once, during my time at home, did my Mom and Dad fight, so this was all very new to me. I had heard my friends talk about their parent's battles, but that was not the case at our house. When I peeked into my parents' bedroom, I saw my mother with her face in her hands, crying. When she raised her head, she saw me in the doorway, and waved me into her room. She then hugged me like never before. "What's wrong, Mom? I heard you and Dad talking. Are you all right?" I asked when she released me.

"Yes son, I am okay. Your father needed to work on a few things, and didn't feel like he could do it here. But he wanted you, me, and the other kids to know that he loves us, with all his heart. But that there are some things that even love can't cure," she sobbed. "You are now the man of the house, and I will need your help." By this time, I too, was crying.

My Dad, gone? Why was all I could think about? I told my Mom that whatever she needed, I would do all I could. By later that evening, my sisters and brother had all been told of the severe changes that had taken place. And like me, they too cried, but promised to help wherever they could.

With Dad gone, Mom decided she needed to go back to work. Within days she was working as a sales rep in the downtown department store. The turnover rate there was very high, so in only months, Mom was promoted to department supervisor. Things were very tight for a while, and we had to make some serious sacrifice's to make ends meet. We all did without things that we all had taken for granted, but in the end, I think it made us better and stronger.

In many ways, I was just like my Dad. Neither of us were very big, in fact we were both of average height and weight, but we were wiry. Something that I had developed over the past couple of years was a gigantic chip on my shoulder. I had found myself on the soccer team, as I was too small to play football or basketball. I wasn't even the star of the team, but I did make my presence known. I was also pretty good looking, so I never seemed to want for a pretty girl on my arm. I started with the cheer and pep squads, and then moved on to more of the general school population. I enjoyed each and every one of them, I just wasn't ready to settle down with just one. I didn't treat any of them badly, just with a sense of indifference.

I did have something happen during my senior year. We were playing a home game, and we were winning quite handedly. The coach wanted to see some of the younger guy's play, so he began to sub-

stitute for the first team. As I left the field, I saw this very attractive, and very well dressed woman and her friend, enter the bleacher area. One was a brunette, one was a blonde. The brunette kept her eyes on me for the longest time. I found myself beginning to fantasize, and then I finally knew what all the guys in the locker room had said about “Cougar’s.” When I looked up again, they both were gone. I chalked it up to a vivid imagination, and listening to too much locker room trash talk.

As graduation inched closer, I was hoping for a scholarship to play soccer, but sadly, none came. I then thought about community college, but I really wanted something else. To sail the sea’s, be an army of one, fly high, or be one of the few and the proud. Since I considered myself a tough guy, I joined the Marines. Only a couple of weeks out of high school, and I found myself on a bus, headed for boot camp. Boy, if I knew then what I know now, I am sure I would have picked an easier road. But now that I have done it and won, I am a better person for it.

Now that boot camp was out of the way, it was on to more training, but a specialized training for one’s given skill set. I was assigned to explosive removal, basically, the bomb squad. I never dreamed there was so much to know, but after my first tour in a hostile area, I knew there was a whole bunch of learning still ahead. My first tour lasted about a year or so, and then it was time to head home. It was really nice to see my Mom, sisters, and brother there at the airport. But something strange happened there as well. As I was hugging my Mom, I swear I saw the same brunette from my soccer game in high school. But just like before, I blinked, and

she was gone in an instant. I thought to myself, I really need a vacation.

I was on a thirty days leave, spending time at home. Sarah was now married and expecting her first child. Gina was engaged, but it was to her career choice. She wanted to be a lawyer, and nothing was going to stand in her way. Brian, probably the smartest one of all, had received a scholarship to an Ivy League school, and was spending all of his free time in the astronomy lab. He was working towards being an astrophysicist. Quite a mouthful I would say. When leave was over, I headed for an east coast duty station, somewhere in North Carolina. It was now spring, and the weather was clearing up nicely. My days were filled with more training, as the enemy was always finding new and creative ways to blow us up. So we had to stay one step ahead of them as all times, if that was possible. Initially, the nights were something else entirely. I was never much of a drinker, so going into the local city had little to offer as far as entertainment. I think there were more bars than people in town. Instead, I went to libraries and museums to stay sane. It was there that I met Melissa. Oh she was so pretty. Long red hair, fair skin, and a ton of freckles. She had all the curves I guy like me could ever want, in all of the right places. After just a few dates, I knew she was the one for me. But before I could take the next step, my crew and I received orders. We were needed back into the enemy zone. The night before we left, Melissa and I talked till the sun came up, and we promised to be there for each other. For the first time since my Dad left, I cried.

My crew and I had been back in country, I'll say for about than a month, when we received a mes-

sage about a small mine field very near a school and town. By now, I was squad leader, and had been promoted to corporal. My crew included myself and the LT. We then jumped into our Humvee's, and headed for the school and mine field. We were nearly there, and were preparing to do what we do best. The road we were on had many twists and turns, like most roads in this hilly terrain. I was in the first Humvee with half the crew, and the LT was in the second, with the rest. We had to make a hard left around a huge boulder, and ran smack dab into a trap. There were at least fifty heavily armed men waiting for us. It would have been pure suicide to try and fight our way out of this mess. So the LT did what any good commander would do in this situation, he had us surrender. Our Humvee's had GPS markers on board, and when we didn't arrive at the school, a whole lot of someone's would come looking for us.

In an instant, we were roughly removed from our vehicles, stripped of our weapons and equipment, and our hands zip tied behind our backs. The last thing any of us saw was a large black hoods that were then pulled over our heads. We were then herded into some type of vehicle and then driven away from our Humvee's. I then thought to myself, "So much for the GPS being our savior."

We had been in custody and on the road for what seemed like hours. Finally, the vehicle came to a stop, the doors were pulled open, and we were moved into a large building and placed into a small, cramped room. Our hands were untied, and we were allowed to remove the hoods. It took some time for our eye's to adjust to the light, and we then found ourselves in a make shift cell. In what was a large

building that was very old and decaying. It even smelled old. There was always an armed guard standing at the door, and we were allowed to speak to each other, but no louder than a whisper. We soon found out, quite by accident that we weren't the only captives being held. There were at least five other groups, all westerner's locked up in the same manner.

The food and water was very scarce, with us being fed only once a day. We were given a small bottle of water to drink, and only provided a temporary felling of relief. Of course bathing and washing up was really out of the question. In the corner of the cell was a stove pipe looking structure with a toilet seat attached. I'll let your mind finish the rest of that description and use. It just added to smells we all were assaulted with.

Upon our capture, all of our jewelry and watches had been taken, so we had no way of telling just how long we were been held. At this time, we guessed it was about three days by using the cycle of guard changes. Each had been at the door for at least four hours. Even with our whispers to occupy us, and keep ourselves calm, we all were beginning to feel a bit squirrely. But then we all heard a key being placed into the lock, and three men stepped into the small cell. We knew one for sure must have been the leader of this pack of rabid dogs. The other two were quite burly, and armed to the teeth. Just in case, I guess.

The leader began to speak in perfect English. Maybe even a bit of Jersey in his voice. Could this be one of those home grown terrorist we all had been on the hunt for? It really didn't matter, as he was the one calling all of the shots. "As you may

have guessed by now, I am the leader of this group of patriots,” he started. His head and face were covered by a head scarf, and he wore very expensive sunglasses in an effort to hide his identity. “You will choose one of your group to be made as an example to show our strength. The rest will be held until the rest of our brothers and sisters in arms are back among us. Right now, they are being held, quite unlawfully, by your countries. You will have a five minute period to make your selection,” he then said flatly.

In an attempted to save his men, the LT stood up and volunteered himself. The Leader just laughed, and scoffed at the move. “No officers will be taken. You are too valuable as a bargaining chip.” He then scanned the room, and his eyes fell upon me. “You there, the small one in the back. You will come with us,” he stated in no uncertain terms. My men began to rise in protest, but the burly guards just leveled their automatic weapons at my crew, who then quieted down, but not silent.

“It’s okay guys,” I said firmly. “We are Marines, and we always will be. Just remember that,” was my response as I stood up proudly. I then turned to the LT, as I figured of all the guys, he was most likely had the best chance of making it out. “Hey LT. Find my girl, Melissa, back in the states, and tell her I loved her to the very end. And that I am sorry we never had the chance to be together.”

My LT looked into my eyes and said, “Of course Tim. You are my best guy, and we all will remember your sacrifice. Stay strong, bro.” It was the last that I would hear his voice for quite some time. I then looked back at the rest of my crew, and threw them a thumbs up, and proudly left them behind. I did

hear a last word from them, “Oorah.” I hoped the LT and my crew could find Melissa. Of everything in my life that I had been through, she was the best thing that ever happened to me.

Once outside of the holding cell, I was taken to another room, some distance away. The door was unlocked, and I was roughly pushed inside. There, I saw five others, and figured that there was one taken from each captive group. Each had a proud look on their faces, but like me, there was fear in their eyes, fear of the unknown. There were two from France in UN uniforms, one Englishman, Aussie, Belgium. Without words, we all shook each other’s hands as we were now brothers in whatever lay ahead of us.

A few hours later, the head guy came back, and entered our new cell. He still had that goon squad with him. A chair was brought in, and setup very near the door. He then invited us to sit before him.

“You all have been selected to join a very small, but important group,” he began. “As men, you know all too well that we all have needs, physical needs. And our women are too valuable to us for other tasks. So as westerners, you have a knowledge that will allow my men to enjoy themselves without tarnishing our religion. So in a very short time you’ll be taken to another location where you will begin a journey into a whole new world. “It seemed to me that he was taking in riddles, and was very puzzling. By the looks on the others faces, they too, were just as confused as I was. “So please, enjoy some fruit and cold water while you wait,” he stated. With that, he rose and left the cell. Immediately, several older women entered, carrying a basket of local fruits and tall bottles of water, all on ice. After so long with so

little to drink over the last few days, we all dived for the water as soon as the women had left. I can't speak for the others, but that was the best tasting water that I've ever had. But that would prove to be a ruse. Unknown to us, the chilly fluid had been spiked. In just minutes, the room began to spin for each of us, and one by one, we fell to the floor, out cold. That was the last thing that I remembered, as I was the last to succumb.

It was like a dark blanket had been tossed over my mind. I didn't know where I was, or how I got there. All I did know was that I was in a lot of pain. From my face, to my chest, and all the way down to my crotch and feet. I have been hurt plenty of times as I grew up, we all have. But it never hurt nearly as bad as this. I then heard a male voice.

"Can you hear me? If you can, gently nod your head," he whispered. I did what was asked, but it was a real chore, and I felt like my head was going to fall off. "Very good," he continued. "I am sure you are in a lot of pain and discomfort right now, but we will help with that very soon. I just wanted to see how you and the others were progressing." I tried to speak, but all I heard was the air passing through my mouth. "Please refrain from trying to speak, as it may harm your voice for the long term." As a Marine, I did as I was told as I was used to taking orders. I then felt a wave of comfort pass through my body. I thought to myself, "God love those pain meds," as I stopped hurting almost immediately. I think I then drifted off to sleep, I am not very sure about that.

When you are under the influence of medication, there really is no time frame to speak of. One never knows if it's day or night, morning or evening. Hours

pass as if they were minutes. Everything is just all clumped together. I finally could tell that the medication was starting to wear off, and I was really waking up.

As I opened my eyes, it was like looking through a cobweb. I batted my eye lids a few times, and it seemed to clear, but just on the periphery of my vision, the cobwebs remained. As I tried to get up, I found that I was tied to the bed, both hands and feet, but the majority of pain was gone. I found that I was quite stiff, probably from laying down so long, and I felt that all of my strength was gone. I then remembered that a nurse was talking to me, but I couldn't understand what she was saying. All of a sudden, I felt something smooth, warm, and very large shoved into me. I tried to escape that feeling, but it just wouldn't go away. In fact, I still feel it to this day.

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A man, I think the same one I had spoken to before, grabbed the chart at the end of the bed, flipped through a few of the pages, then replaced the chart. He then rolled a chair up to my bedside, and sat down heavily. "Hello, my name is Doctor Stevenson. I have a few things that I need to share with you. Over the past couple of months, your body has been put through some major changes. I also need to share something else that you need to understand," he said, his voice heavy with regret. "My family and I were on a vacation. Not long after we arrived, we were kidnapped and brought here. My wife and two young daughters were taken elsewhere, and I was threatened to do as I was told or they would be put

to death.” I could see tears forming at the corners of his eyes. My first instinct was that I believed his story.

“I am an OB-Gyn, a women’s doctor. But I am also a surgeon that has very specific clientele. But enough about me, let’s discuss the changes in you,” he started. I could feel something strong was coming my way. “To begin with, you have had several surgeries. Facial feminization, breast implants, liposuction to your mid-section, and the fat was placed on your hips and bottom. There was surgery performed on your feet to make them a bit narrower, but the biggest change you’ve had is a complete sex reassignment procedure.” He stopped there, letting my mind catch up with what he was telling me. I am sure my jaw dropped, my eyes widened, and my heart began to race, wildly out of control.

“But why?” I asked in a soft but huskily feminine voice. The sound of my words even shocked the doctor. “I don’t know, I wasn’t told why, just that it needed to be done.” I felt like I was going to pass out, right there. The doctor called to a nurse, who then brought a caplet of smelling salts. He broke it open, and waved it under my nose. I quickly regained my composure, but began to recoil from the acrid odor.

“I am so very sorry about all of this,” he gestured to my new body. “But my family comes first. I hope you understand. I know this is all a big shock to the system, and the position that I was put in,” he begged. I tried to show him that I did with a weak, little smile, and I saw his shoulders and body somewhat relax into the chair. “I only know you by your record, subject twelve, but they have given you a

new name, Stephanie Martin. Again, I do apologize for all of this,” he whispered.

“It’s okay doc, I think I can understand, but I do have a few questions,” I stated.

“Please, ask away,” he then encouraged.

“If and when I ever get back home, can any of this be taken away, and make me a male again?” I wobbled.

He shook his head, “No. For all intents and purposes, you are now a woman. You cannot get pregnant, but in all other ways, you are a female.”

That final statement hit me like a ton of bricks. I suddenly felt sick to my stomach, and then thought about Melissa, and started to sob.

“You have been given high doses of female hormones that have changed your entire system,” he continued. “You will have a monthly cycle, but it will be all emotional.” The news just kept getting better and better I thought. “Not long ago, it felt like a truck had been driven up between my legs. What was that?” I then asked, afraid of the answer. “After your surgeries were completed, we needed to keep your vagina open while you healed. A medical dilator of various sizes were used to stretch the tissues.” The term ‘My vagina’ kept echoing through my mind.

“Thanks doc, for your honesty. I hope all goes well for you and your family. If I survive all of this, I will come looking for you and your wife and family. After all, I still am a Marine. No amount of surgery will ever change that,” I said with a much wider smile. The doctor then shook my now delicate hand, and then directed the nurse to remove all of the restraints and any remaining bandages. He then told

me that I should get to know the new me, as I would be this way for the rest of my life. I nodded my head, as he then left my bedside, and headed for the next subject. My heart really went out to him, as I thought what an awful way to torture someone that is if his story was all that he said it was.



After the ties were released, and the final bandages were removed, I asked a nurse for a mirror. She was very hesitant for just a second or so, and once she looked to the doctor who then nodded his agreement, went to find one. It seemed to take some time, but when she returned, she handed me an ornate hand mirror. I thanked her, and she then turned and walked away, presumably to assist some of the other 'girls.' I could feel the lump starting to build in my throat. Did I really want to see what I now looked like? Was I going to be some sort of grotesque collection of male and female parts? I swallowed the lump away, and raised the mirror to eye level, and took a long look. Again, I nearly fainted once more. The image I saw could have been a twin of my mother when she was young. The hair, the eyes, lips and cheek bones were now identical to her. It was as if they had taken a picture of her, and then painted her image on my face. But I was in for more surprises. My body now looked like nothing I could have remembered.

I now sported moderate sized, perky breasts, my waist had been narrowed significantly, and could see that my hips now flared out in a very attractive manner. I must have lost a lot of weight while I was under as I had almost no muscle mass, just baby soft and smooth skin. But now, what I was worrying about was 'my vagina.' At this point in my life, I wasn't sure that I could ever accept that concept. Even now, it sounds so foreign. I moved my hand down my smooth, flat belly and under the waistband of the panties I was now wearing. Only some of the hair had grown back, and I could feel the heat and moisture of my now new parts. Because of the dilator, I was not able to explore any further. But

that was okay by me, at least for now as I don't think I could have coped with very much more.

I laid back and scanned the room. There, I found the other patients, but none looked familiar. I then thought, "*Why would they. If the doctor was correct, the men that I had come in with were now all women.*" Only one other patient was awake, and we looked at each other with both awe and sadness in our faces. She was beautiful, blonde, and quite buxom. We didn't speak, but our eyes spoke volumes.

By the end of that first day, we were all awake and amazed with all of the changes we had all gone through. There was a wide variety within the group. For me, I was a young, beautiful college coed. There was two blonde bombshell types with breasts bordering on being dangerous weapons. One was made to look much younger, not more than her middle teens, and finally one was created into a drop dead gorgeous redhead with curves that did not stop. Think of that lucky rabbit and his wife. We made quite a collection, as not one male trait could be realized from any of us. But we were soon to learn that our path had just begun. We had quite a bit to learn. Not only how to be a female, but how to be a true woman. Those classes were about to start, much to our chagrin.

For the first days, we only wore hospital gowns and panties, very high couture. We all saw some wild bum shots, and as some explored themselves more than others. The initial embarrassment had quickly faded, as we were all just a group of girls now. On the morning of the third day, we were aroused from sleep early, and then taken to a room where several chairs, one for each of us, had been set up. We were directed to sit in a specific chair,

and when that had been done, Mr. Leaderman, we now not so affectionately referred to him, entered and sat in the final empty chair. He must have been very confident in his position as the goon squad was left just outside the door. He still wore the same old, tattered scarf and sunglasses, just like every time that we have had contact. He then cleared his throat to get our attention, and began his not so well rehearsed conversation.

He first looked at each of us, smiled widely, as reflected in his demeanor. "Well, I must compliment the good doctor. You are all very attractive and feminine ladies. Bravo on your acceptance of your new roles in life," he stated proudly. "Firstly, I am having some real women come in and get you dressed more appropriately. Then, we are going to start a finishing school, right here where we are all sitting. You will have two weeks to learn how to be women. How to walk, talk, dress and the use of makeup. After that time, and if you pass the tests, it will be on to the next phase. If you fail, I know several tribes of local men that would love to have you all to themselves. Remember, they have no rules when it comes to women." He smiled again, and left the room just as quickly as he had entered.

Moments later, several young women hurried into the room, rolling large suitcases and carrying a number of bags. They were quickly followed by a tall, Asian looking woman, which had a very stern look on her face. She clapped her hands twice, stopping all activity in the room. All eyes were now focused on her.

"I have been instructed by the leader to have you ready for the next phase. As he has already stated, you will only two weeks. If you follow my direction to

the letter, you will be moving on. If not, I am quite sure a fate worse than short skirts and high heels will await you. Do I make myself very clear?" she asked pointedly. We all nodded our heads in the affirmative. "Good. Firstly, we will start with wardrobe and fashions, then we will move onto makeup and hair styles, ending with behavior and manners. I will not tolerate any masculine behavior from any of you. I am sure a sound spanking in front of you peers with help you return to the program of femininity," she then said, grinning from ear to ear. It was just like to one your mom gave you that could turn your blood to ice.

And so our education began. We were shown every type of lingerie, and how and when to wear it. From barely there thong panties to silk stocking and garter belts, and then on to a vast array bras. We each had two women that we weren't allowed to talk to, to help us at first, putting on and taking off each article until we could do it ourselves without help. I found the most difficult to master was putting on a bra, any type, woman style. It wasn't difficult to clip the straps together in front and slide the cups around, but the Madam, as she wanted to be addressed, would have none of that. I did then notice that everything we were being shown were not for everyday use. There was no cotton, and nothing simple and comfortable. At the end of the first day of class, we were all dressed to the nines, but looked like a bunch of hookers, not something more high class. I began to worry as I started to put together all that had gone on from the beginning.

Day two and three were exact replicas of day one, only they began before the sun was even up. Dress and undress over and over, then how to take care of

the delicate items. We now added short skirts, blouses, and skin tight mini dresses to our list, finally ending up with heel training. We began by walking in circles wearing modest two inch heels, but by the end of the day, we were stumbling around in four and five inch monsters. Madam gave us a few extra hours to master the highest of heels. It was tough, tougher than a three mile hike, uphill at double time. I felt just like I was back in boot camp. But at least there, I knew what I was training for. We all noticed that the higher the heel, the more sway in our backsides and hips. Being a man at heart, I did notice these things, and really enjoyed the show. That is until it was my turn to sashay for the Madam. During this time we also learned how to walk the crossover model gait. There were quite a few trip ups then anyone would have expected. It is really very difficult to master.

At the end of each day, we were ordered to bath, but not in a shower, but in an old pedestal style tub. The water was always hot, and various bath salts were always added, helping our skin stay soft and delicate. At night, only the sexiest of night wear was allowed. Absolutely no PJ's, sweats, and no tees. Just silky, lacey, and very feminine items. On the fifth day, we were gotten up very early, as usual, and after putting on the outfits that had selected for us, we were escorted to the classroom, where a lighted vanity and stool had been set up for each one of us, even with a name on each stool. I quickly found the one with Stephanie Martin on it, and took a seat. Our female attendants then entered and stood at attention on either side of us. Madam then tapped her foot to get our attention.

“Ladies, today we will start with makeup application. You will learn how to apply each product in front of you, when to wear it, and how to remove it. I must remind you that this is another key to you moving on. There will be no clown faces, only the most feminine and perfectly done applications will be permitted,” she stated on her usual stern manner.

No sooner had she spoken her final word, then Madam must have seen something that displeased her to no end. She walked over to one of the French girls, and leered at her. “Yvette, please stand and follow me,” she spoke out loudly. Yvette did what she was asked to do, and followed Madam to the front of the room. A chair had been placed there at the beginning of classes, but unknown to us, it was left there for a specific purpose. “Stand at attention while I speak to the rest of the group.” She then stood in front of Yvette and said, “I warned you at the start that any masculine behavior would be dealt with in a severe way. If I see any more, this little demonstration will be just the beginning.” Madam then took a seat in the chair, and turned her eye to Yvette. “Please remove your dress,” she ordered. Without comment, Yvette complied. We saw that she was wearing only a black bra, bikini panty, and garter belt and stocking. “Now, lay yourself over my lap,” Madam then said.

“But why?” Yvette countered. Madam smiled, and said, “I saw that you were sitting with your legs wide apart. No woman of class would ever do such a manly act.” Yvette hung her head, and placed her torso over the Madam’s upper thighs. Quickly, Madam pulled Yvette’s panties down to mid-thigh, and began to spank Yvette quite vigorously. Within

seconds, her bum turned a bright shade of red, and the tears fell as Yvette sobbed and pleaded for the Madam to stop. A few more well placed smacks were handed out before Madam dumped Yvette onto the floor, quite harshly. Madam the told Yvette to get up and return to her station. Her dress remained where Madam had tossed it.

“Let this be a valuable lesson for each and every one of you,” the Madam spat. “Now, onto today’s instruction.”

We started with foundation, both for day and for night time. Then onto highlighting with blush, using mascara and eye liner for a more dramatic look, and finally to lipstick and gloss colors that best suited us for any occasion. Our eye lashes had become very feminine thanks in part to the daily doses of female hormones, but the use of false lashes was also explained. We were told that these were the basics which we now applied, and then removed. The process was repeated time after time until we could do it in our sleep. By the end of the second day of makeup, we were doing an admirable job. Some of the other girls still had some work to do, but for the most part, we all were on track.

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The eighth day was something else entirely. We dressed, put on our makeup, and wiggled our way to the classroom. We all really had this woman thing down pat by this time. We didn’t even have to think about it. I can’t speak for the others, but I rarely thought about my male life. The images were fading day by day. They would never really be gone, just put in storage for some hoped for time. Now, it just

seemed to happen. We all took our places at our vanities, and a new player was introduced to the game. An older woman who we were to address as only 'Miss.' "your hair has a long way to go," Miss stated. "Before you will be able to style it properly. So we intend to add hair extensions until your own comes in much longer," she then said in a low, husky voice. Our attendants began the process of lengthening our hair. Once the pieces were all in place, which took hours to complete, the extensions were dyed to match our own. As always, we were shown how to take care of the extensions. Next we took turns trying different styles, some upswept, some down and quite sultry, and even how to put the hair into ponytails and braids.

Both Madam and Miss were very pleased at our progress. Only one, the Belgian woman, seemed to falling well behind the rest. We all tried to help her, but she was very resistant to the idea of being a woman. The very next morning, there was but five of us left. The Aussie, the English and French gals, and of course, me. Madam and the Leaderman were already in the class room when we arrived. Silently we all sat down, as femininely as possible. We did learn some things on our own, and out of necessity as none of us wanted Yvette's own experience. Our attendants were also very helpful with their own suggestions. Mr. Leaderman spoke first. "Well, I see you all have come a long way from just ten days ago. You all look beautiful, and should fetch a handsome return on my investments. You will notice that your numbers have decreased by one. Lilith was not progressing quite fast enough, and had fallen well behind. I did warn you all that there would be consequences for any failures. I have a short video of her exit from the program."

In the front of the room, a screen lit up showing Lilith wearing only a ratty, old tee shirt, and a blanket tied about her waist. She had been taken to a local barn, where several men had their way with her. She had been violated in every orifice, very violently. So much so, she was bleeding from both her vagina and bottom. She was covered in bruises and cuts where she had been beaten. The video went off, and we were all very quiet, trying to take in all that we had just witnessed.

“So if any of you want to join your sister, Lilith, in a faraway place, you had better continue to do well with your training. I look forward to see you at your graduation, for your sake,” he said with a smile as he left the room. Madam had already started her own oration. “So now you have evidence of the Leader’s promises. There are just a few things left to learn in this phase for you to master,” she said. Silently, we went through the motions of proper manners when we are around men. We practiced speech and using our own devices to flirt and draw attention to ourselves in the most minimal ways. We practiced over and over, hoping to get things just right as none of us left wanted to suffer Lilith’s fate.

Our two weeks were nearly over, and all had learned a great deal in a very short time. We then were informed that this phase was over, and it was on to the last stage of our training. Madam was very cryptic on that stage just saying we had better learn quickly if we were at all wise. Our clothes and makeup had been packed away and moved to the new location, just where that was, turned out to be a mystery. Our hands were tied behind us, not too tight, just enough to remind us that we were still their prisoners.

The hoods were placed over our heads, and then led to waiting vehicles, hustled in, and taken to the new place, about an hour away by my guess. We were so disconnected from our previous life, family, and former friends and comrades. We had no idea what was happening in the world, outside of our tiny group that had been in custody for so long.

I learned much later that back at the first cell that we were held in, one on my crew managed to escape just days after our separation. It took him several days to finally find a friendly outpost. He had to hide during the day, and move carefully move at night. He had left himself a trail so that if he made it, he could find the others upon his return. A recon/sniper team was immediately dispatched, and within a day or so, all had been rescued.

All but one of the guards had not survived the raid. He was then taken back to HQ to be interrogated. He knew very little as he was just a paid guard. He did, however, had enough Intel to point the team in the right direction. An all-out search was launched, looking for me and the others that had been taken away. After a couple of weeks, the classroom jail was found, but found that it was abandoned. The area commander vowed to keep searching for as long as it would take to find us. Our forces knew we hadn't been executed, but moved elsewhere. They just had to keep looking and hoping for a little luck.

In the meantime, my LT and crew had been sent stateside. When the debriefing was over, each member was given survivors leave of thirty days. I found out later that the first thing LT did was to go to all of the museums, searching for Melissa. She wasn't at all difficult to find. Her flaming red hair and vast

numbers of freckles was all he had to go on. After he introduced himself, and then escorted Melissa out to a waterfall/pond at the center of the complex. He then shared the story of our mission, our capture, and the subsequent separation we all had experienced. He told her it was originally thought that I had been executed, but now all that was known that I and the others had been moved to another unknown location. The area commander was searching for me, and promised to bring me home, because we are Marines, we never leave anyone behind.

Melissa was a real trooper. Even with tears streaming down her cheeks, she still had hope, and continued to believe that we would be reunited, alive. The LT then told Melissa that he and the rest of the crew had already asked to be sent back to the combat zone so that they could be the ones to find me. Melissa took off a necklace that she had been wearing, gave it to the LT and kissed him on the cheek. "When you find Tim, give this to him. He'll know that I am still waiting for his return," she then sobbed. The LT gave Melissa his word that he would be the one to bring me home.

Once the vehicle had stopped, and we were herded off, we found ourselves in the middle of a bustling city. Lots of people scurrying about, all day long. We were moved to the third floor of what appeared to be an old apartment complex. All of our things had been placed in one of the larger rooms, a room with a good half dozen beds in it. Only minutes later did we find out what the final stage of our education would be. Madam came into the large room, and shut the door behind her, and looked at each one of us, eye to eye.

“You have graduated into the last part of your training. Here, you will learn everything you need to know about pleasing your master. If you haven’t guessed by now, the Leader has had you changed into beautiful women, just so he will be able to sell you into the white sex slave market. Each and every one of you are worth hundreds of thousands of U.S. dollars. So you need to learn whatever is required. The women here are some of the best whores in the area, and they will show you all of the tricks of the trade. I do remind you that if you fail here, there are others that will enjoy you, but you will not enjoy them. That, I can guarantee. Just remember poor Lilith if you need a reminder.” With that, she turned and left the now cramped room. At a point some-times later, we found out that we weren’t the first ones on this path. At least twenty ‘girls’ had made this trip before us.

Maybe it was all of the hormones we had been given, but we looked at each other, and began to sob openly. So this was our fate, we were to be bought to pleasure men from around the world. No questions, no remorse, no escape. Our only value was to some cheap hoodlum that was disguised as a patriot and a terrorist. Then there was a knock on the door, and an older woman entered, and stood near the door.

“I am Sherry, the owner of this brothel. Each of you will be assigned to one of my finest girls. Learn well, and learn quickly. Your life depends on it. Now, straighten up your makeup, we have clients waiting to be serviced,” she barked before leaving the room, slamming the door as she did. We all tried to dry up, and repair our makeup as fast as possible. We waited and waited for more than an hour before sev-

eral girls entered the room. One look was all it took to see that these girls were professional sex workers. Clothes that left little to the imagination, too much makeup, and cheap perfume to cover up any body odor. One was even chewing gum like every hooker in every B movie to date. I was lucky, as the girl that I was to learn from was at least clean and spoke English well enough. But the way we were looked down upon was well past embarrassing.

Sophie, my love teacher, as she called herself, was no more than twenty years old, but I could see that she had been around the block a time or two. She had me stand, so she could inspect the new meat. Sophie poked me here and prodded me there, all the while tsking her tongue.

“Well, you have all of the curves, but do you know how to use them?” she asked sarcastically.

“I have never been with a man,” I replied sheepishly. “I have only been with women.”

She smiled. “Well at least you know where to find proper love and happiness. Men are only good for one thing, money. They treat one like crap, then expect you to smile and say ‘Thank you.’ If I had a dick, I would screw them all just like they have done to me,” she then said. “Let’s get going, there will be plenty of men for you to practice on.”

She took me by the hand, and led me down a flight of stairs to what Sophie called the working floor. We passed room after room, all with dull lighting, old cigarette and cigar smoke filling the air, and the aroma of cheap perfume that so many of the working girls wore. Sophie took me into her assigned room where I saw that there was not much to it. A chair, small table and lamp, and a bed was all

that I could see. “Park it in that chair,” she directed. “I’ll let you watch a couple of times and then it will be your turn.” It wasn’t long before a middle aged man came knocking on the door frame before pulling back the flimsy curtain. “Wow, I get two for the price of one,” he said excitedly. “Not so fast, my friend. She is only an observer, but I will take really good care of you,” she replied with a sly wink and a wide smile.

“What’s your pleasure today?” Sophie then asked.

“Something your wife won’t give you at home?” she asked. Even in the dim light, I could see him blush fiercely. “It’s okay, that’s what we are here for, to help you live out a fantasy or two.”

He cast his eyes down with shame, and said, “My wife will not use her mouth on me. She thinks that it is below her,” he stuttered.

“Well baby, you are in the right place for that. Please, have a seat on the bed,” she told the nervous man. He complied, and she went about deftly undoing his trousers, pulled them down to his knees, and began to massage his balls when she looked up, smiled, and licked her lips very invitingly. Then, without hesitation, Sophie took the man’s ever growing member into her mouth, and began working it. Gently at first, but as time passed, she picked up the pace.

The man through his head back, and began to moan loudly. “Yes, yes, that’s perfect,” he kept saying time and time again, as his hips began to move in rhythm to the pace that Sophie had set. She then removed her mouth, grabbed his member by the shaft, and started to pump her hand up and down.

His hips made one final thrust, and his seed began to fly out the end. But Sophie wasn't done just yet. Just as he began to climax, she shoved a long slender finger up his exposed bottom. The man not only came like a volcano, but his eyes rolled back into his head, and he wasn't able to breathe for a few seconds.

"My god, that was the best I ever had," he exclaimed loudly. "Can I see you again?" he then asked.

"Of course, baby, anytime," she replied. Sophie then reached to the end of the bed, took a towel off a tall stack, and then wiped her hand off, and then his shrinking member, before smiling impishly, while he pulled his trousers back up and into place. He then smiled back, left a small tip as he left the room very quickly.

It seemed like only seconds later, when a young girl, I'd guess about nine or ten years old, entered the room, quickly changed the sheets and pillow case, and grabbed the soiled towel, and then quickly left the room, all without making eye contact with either of us. "That is Sherry's youngest daughter, and free labor. Her other two girls also work here, but they are making money for Mama," Sophie said with much disdain.

She had taken care of two more men, effectively and with speed.

"Okay baby girl, it's your turn for the next customer," she exclaimed. Just a couple of minutes later, my worst nightmare was about to come true. There was the familiar knock, and an older man, about fifty, stepped into the room. I could hardly look up into his eyes, as my embarrassment was

starting to get the best of me. I could feel the sweat start to roll down my back, and my heart was racing wildly.

“Come on baby,” Sophie said. “Help the nice man out. What is your pleasure today, sir?”

He smiled, and then said, “She has a very pretty mouth. I was wondering if she knows what to do with it?” he laughingly inquired.

I knew I would have to do this if I didn’t want to join Lilith, so I swallowed hard, and then said, “Of course I do, baby. Have a seat and I’ll take good care of you. He stepped over to the bed and turned towards me. I could see that he was already very excited.

“Here, let me help you with your pants,” I said, in almost a whisper. I fumbled with his belt, pant clips, and zipper. I let the pants fall to his knees, and now was eye to eye with his massive and engorged piece of man meat. He then sat down on the bed, and invited me to start. I could smell his muskiness, and saw a drop of glistening fluid leaking from the angry red and purple head. I licked my dry lips, and started to kiss his member, while with my hand, I gently played with his enormous balls. I felt him place his hands on the back of my head, as he began to piston in and out of my mouth. I soon learned that I had little time to prepare for the ultimate goal of this pervert. With a strong thrust of his hips, his member slid fully down my throat, and his seed began to gush out. I did everything I could to not throw up. The amount of fluid he released was incredible. What didn’t go down, oozed out of the corners of my mouth and down my chin. When he finally let go of my head, I recoiled in terror. He then started to laugh heartily as he reached over a

grabbed a towel, cleaned himself off, and tossed the soiled article in my lap. He then stood, pulled his pants into place.

“She has a lot to learn, Sophie,” he said as he laughed his way out of the room.

“You know, baby, he’s right. The first thing you need to know is never let the customer control the outcome. Maybe in the future, if you learn to enjoy it, swallowing isn’t really so bad. I’ve heard that it’s really good for your skin,” she giggled. I finally had had enough.

“First of all, my name is Timothy, not baby. And I am not here to be your love and games plaything,” I then said sharply.

“Well you don’t look like a Timothy, but whatever. But you are here to learn how to please a man, and I am your teacher. So get off of your high horse baby,” she said, somewhat angrily.

“I am sorry, Sophie. I have been through quite a lot, and I’ve had to bite my tongue for most of it. I guess it all came to a head just now,” I replied, apologetically. “I understand,” Sophie said, more softly now.

“Most of us have had a hard life before we started to work here. Let’s just try to get through today. Tomorrow may be a better day,” she soothed.

Between Sophie and me, we had taken care of four more customers that had come to our room to be pleased with our mouths. I learned quickly how to control the men, and know when they were about to explode. I received a very nice compliment from Sophie at the end of the day. As ordered by Madam, each new girl would spend the nights with our ‘Mentors.’ It was late, and it had been sometime

since the last customer had left. Sherry announced that it was closing time, which meant everyone to their room. I followed Sophie back up the flight of stairs, and into what was her private place, if there is such a place in a brothel. Like every other room in this building, it had been decorated very Spartan like. A couch, chair, queen sized bed, and several book shelves that were filled with priceless treasures that Sophie had collected over her very few years. She directed me to the couch, and then headed for a quick bath. She then added a layer of lotion, and slipped on a very comfy pair of pajamas. I followed her routine, but instead of comfy, all I had to put together was a very sexy nightgown and panties. A small refrigerator had been tucked into a corner where she kept her cold drink stash, mostly water and a few cans of off label beer.

Sophie selected a couple of cans, handed me one, and then patted a spot next to her on the smallish couch. I was quite sure that she would report any type of masculine behavior to Madam, so I sat down, knees together what little material of the nightie under and gently placed my bottom down. She was looking out into the space somewhere else, I guessed out of habit, she pooped the top of her drink. I had never done so with long, delicate nails on, so I was struggling to open the can. Sophie reached over and did it for me.

But before I could thank her, she looked at me and said, "What is it with you western girls? It seems that you can't do anything without drama, or is it something that comes naturally?" The question really took me off guard.

"I don't know what you mean, Sophie. Please explain," I then asked.

She thought for a moment, and then answered. "It just looks to me that you have had it so good your whole life, one little bit of adversity and you go to pieces. It was like the look on your face when that man controlled you, and shot his load down your throat. Didn't you grow up listening and learning from bathroom talk with your girlfriends?"

Suddenly, I could see what she was implying. "Sophie, I really like you, and like it or not, I have to trust you. I am going to go out on a limb here. What I tell you, must stay only between us," I said. "My real name is Tim Gray. I am a U.S. Marine, and our convoy was ambushed and we were taken hostage by what we thought was a group of terrorists. But it turns out that the leader of the group is just another common criminal that has found a unique way of making money off someone else's pain. I was told that he kidnapped a doctor and his family, and forced him to do all of the surgery that made us into women, or they would kill his wife and children. Look, I was born a boy, and I have only been a manufactured girl for a few months now." I then began to weep. Sophie sat motionless, her mouth hanging wide open, and she had also put a hand on her chest.

"You must be putting me on. No one person could do that," she then grinned. I then showed her a few of the scars that had remained after the surgeries. Sophie shook her head in disbelief.

"Please Sophim, I am begging you for your help. The other girls I came with are in the same predicament. Once the leader is confident we can perform like real girls, he plans on selling us to the highest bidder," I pleaded.

“I, I can’t. If they even think that I had told anyone, the least I would get was tossed out into the streets, and live like a common whore. The worst? I would be beaten and then killed. I just don’t think that you and your friends are worth my life,” she declared firmly.

“Look, like it or not, I am a girl now, just like you. You have even said we have to control men, not the other way around. We have to stick together,” I tried to explain. I could see that Sophie was having a debate with herself, I just didn’t know what side would come out on top.

I then saw Sophie’s eyes widen, as she thought there may be away. “We have two more days before my only day off. Those days are scheduled for you to learn how to use your whole body for pleasure. There is nothing I can do to change that. You will just have to bear the embarrassment of being with a man in that manner. I am sorry, I feel for your situation. But when Thursday comes around, I have already asked for that day off to go and do some shopping. I don’t have a lot, but what I do have, I like to enjoy. Any ideas on how I could be of any help?” she then asked.

I tried to think of any possible way. “Is there any western consulate’s in this city or nearby?” I inquired. Her eyes lit up.

“Yes there is an American consulate only a few blocks away,” she said.

“If you can find a way to get a message to them, they will do the rest. If I am rescued, I promise to take you back to America with me, and get out of this filth, and start a new life,” I excitedly commented.

For the first time in so many weeks or months, there was a faint glimmer of hope. “You had better get some sleep, tomorrow will be difficult,” Sophie warned. Sophie went to the bed, laid down, and invited me to join her. Within minutes, Sophie was asleep, breathing slowly and deeply. I was too wound up inside. By the time the sun had come up, I had just closed my eyes. Sophie then shook me back to wake up land, and said, “Come on princess, there is a lot to learn today. I was dreading what the immediate future for me. I know some say that worrying about something only makes things worse, but for me, that statement was untrue, at least for the next quite a few hours.

I guessed that all that had happened, today was what I had stressed out about the most. Would I be able to complete this part of the training, or would I find myself at the hand of a bunch of animals, trying to recover from a beating or a rape. Sophie snapped me back to reality when she told me it was time to get ready for work. I donned a brief top and mini skirt and silky bikini panties. We then headed down to our assigned room. The sheets and towels were all clean, and all was now ready. It was less than fifteen minutes before the first customer of the day had come knocking on the door frame.

Sophie told me what to watch for, and that she would go first. Sophie’s attitude towards me had really changed. I was hoping that she had agreed to help. The man entered, and wasn’t bad looking at all. She moved quickly to him, and started to speak to him in a low tone, putting one hand on his chest, and the other on his crotch, teasing him with her body. I could readily see that he was all ready for action. She then helped him undress, and then onto

the bed where she began to tease him with her mouth, and apply a condom to his growing member. When he tried to touch Sophie, she took his hands into hers, controlling the entire scene. His head fell back, and his breathing became quick and raspy. She then stood, removed her robe, and then straddled the customer, seductively.



There was little to no foreplay involved. After all, this was sex, not lovemaking. He wasn't at all very large, but was quite long. The man rolled Sophie onto her back, and laid between her spread legs. Skillfully, she guided him into her waiting love nest, and then wrapped her strong legs around his body. No gentle kisses or caresses, his hips began to move up and down, and in and out of her. Her eyes were closed, head was back, and she was moaning for him to go faster. Her voice was again low as she complimented on the size of his tool, and how good it felt. His speed picked up significantly, and he started to moan and grunt. After only about ten minutes, he plunged himself deeply into Sophie, and released his hot seed. He then collapsed on top of her, kissing her on the cheek and neck. He soon became limp and slipped out of Sophie.

With one final kiss, he hurriedly dressed and left the room. Sherry's daughter rushed in, changed the sheets, and then left just as quickly as the customer had. Sophie washed up, paying particular attention to her groin. A quick spritz of perfume, and Sophie said she was now ready for the next man. While we waited for our next guess, Sophie suggested that I remove my clothing. "Baby, whores on the street have to use clothing to attract attention. That is not the case here. They know why we are here, and we know what they want." So I deftly remove my top, skirt, and panties, and then slipped a robe over my shoulders. Sophie smiled and nodded her head in approval.

The next customer was at the door almost before the last man had left. The knock, and the flimsy curtain pulled back, and he stepped in. Sophie then looked at me and encouraged me to move ahead. I

smiled and then was a little shocked, as a much older man, who was short and quite a bit over weight. My first thought was that I was going to lose my girl virginity to a dirty old man. I took a deep breath, and tried to emulate Sophie's approach as best as I could.

"Hi baby," I said as sexy as I could. "What would you like today?" I could see he was sweating and somewhat short of breath.

"I, I just need to relieve myself. I have been feeling very constricted for some time now," he warbled. I took him by the hand, and then led him to the side of the bed.

I took off my robe, sat down, and tried to help him remove his clothing. I began at his shirt, when he became very anxious.

"No, no, no. Just my pants," he shakily exclaimed. I loosened his belt and lowered the zipper. His trousers then fell to his ankles, and I was now facing a very large piece of man meat. He was very thick with an angry red, bulbous head. I liked my lips, looked into the man's eyes, and slid him into my mouth. His arms and hands never left his sides, but his hips did start to move.

From my experiences over the last couple of days, I could tell his travels to pleasure land was approaching fast. I stopped using my mouth, and squeezed the base of his penis until he calmed down. I was having a difficult time trying to wrap my mind around this whole scene. Never in my wildest nightmares did I ever picture myself in this position. Another man's tool in my hand, my mouth, and soon inside of me. I shook my head, trying to clear the images, as I tried to get back on track. I then

tried to slip a condom on him, which I found out was quite a chore. I laid down on my back, and nervously spread my legs. With his pants still around his ankles, he crawled up on the bed.

My fear level was really very high at this point. Nothing this size, even the dilators couldn't even come close to the girth of this man. I could tell the he had done this many times before as he positioned himself so that his manhood could just slip in without help from me. I felt his hardness move from the opening and slide inside. I tightened up, waiting for either the pain, or to the feeling of being split in half. But the tissues relaxed, and stretched allowing his entry. He started to move quickly, in and out. "Yes baby, yes. Make baby happy, you feel so good," I whispered, which I found wasn't too far from the truth. In less than five minutes, he gave one last push into me, as he was well beyond the point of no return. I could feel him get larger by the second, and without warning, he released his hot seed into me. He then collapsed, putting his entire weight on top of me, which took my breath away. I was already quite short of breath, and this didn't help that at all. Luckily for me, he rolled off quickly, kissed me gently on the cheek, before he left the bed. His pants had been returned to their rightful place, and he was out the door.

My whole body relaxed, and I felt like I had been paralyzed. My eyes were closed as I tried to take in all that had just took place. I felt so dirty, on so many levels, most of all was that I had grown up a straight male, but I had just pleased another man with my body. Then, it was just sex for money. Just how sick is that.

Speaking of my body, how was I able to accommodate such a large member? And my first time was with some old geezer, who was terribly disgusting. I then felt the bed move, and opened my eyes. I saw Sophie's lovely face smiling back at me.

"That was quite the performance. If I hadn't known better, I would have thought that you had been a girl your whole life, and a girl that knew her way around the bedroom. Congrats princess, that was wonderful," she complimented. I blushed deeply, for feeling so good about something so foreign to me.

As I was looking at Sophie, I saw a light in a high corner of the room blink out. When I asked her about it, she explained that they were there to let the room know what the next customer had requested. Green was for oral sex, yellow was for straight sex, and red was for the house special, anal sex.

"Come on princess, time to clean up," Sophie said, as she grabbed my hand and helped me to my feet. She then explained what to do to get ready for the next light. After washing up, the spritz of perfume, and for the first time, I heard the click when the light went on. My heart began to race as I turned to see what color was next. The yellow light was now shining. The next few had been yellow as well, and we were nearing the end of the day. Just when I started to relax a bit, the light flashed on again. Red. My heart sank to my feet, as I now knew what was expected.

Sophie tried to do her best to keep me calm. "It's just like you have been doing all day, it's just that you won't have to look at him during the act. Relax and go with it, princess." Faster than I had ex-

pected, a strong knock caused me to snap my head around to see who was calling. I stood, walked to the curtain, and pulled it back. I came face to face with a young, handsome man. I could smell his aroma, and I felt a stirring down low in my body. I had never had an attraction to a guy, so I guess the hormones were doing their job. If I had been wearing any panties, I am sure they would have started to moisten up. My heart never did stop beating out of my chest. I was afraid to touch him, he had so much charisma, masculinity, and power. But most of all, he had self-confidence and he knew it.

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Gently, he opened my robe, and took a long look at me. He then removed my robe and tossed it to the floor. He then pushed me back and then onto the edge of the bed. I would swear that it only took seconds and he was completely naked. I could see he had taken very good care of himself as there wasn't an ounce of fat anywhere. I then noticed he wasn't gigantic down below, but his tool was one of the most perfect I had ever seen. He moved towards me, put his hand on top of my head, and then guided his hardness into my waiting mouth. I could smell his masculinity, and I was mesmerized by this 'customer.' It became obvious, even to me, a rookie at, that this guy was completely in control. After several minutes in my mouth, he pulled back, and out. I looked up into his deep blue eyes, he then nodded his head, directing me to lay back to which I did without resistance.

He was surprisingly strong, as he was able to manipulate me without effort. He rolled my over,

and onto my belly. He then pulled my bottom into the air while pushing my head and shoulders into the bed. I was blushing fiercely as I felt so vulnerable and exposed in this position. I then felt him kneel behind me, and move up so that his manhood was just touching my quivering bottom. After swabbing my behind with a cold, slippery fluid, he gently pushed a finger into me.

It felt strangely good as he moved his finger, stretching my virgin part. He then removed his finger, only to be replaced by his hardness, and with easy and constant pressure, I felt him slowly enter, allowing my body to acclimate to his size. In seconds, his warm skin was pressed tightly, and in contact with my bottom. His strong, soft hands were on my hips as he started to move, slowly at first, but was soon picking up the tempo. I was putty in his hands, he could've done anything to me at this point, as I was beginning to enjoy his ministrations. I was moaning loudly, not because I wanted to, but because I needed to. A pressure was beginning to grow, deep inside of me. It was like nothing I had ever experienced before.

The man behind me was growing in size as I heard and felt his body start to contract. He then slapped and kneaded one butt cheek, and then the other. This just heightened and increased the pressure that was ever growing inside. With one last, strong thrust, I felt him release his hot seed deep inside my bottom. This sent me over the edge as electric shocks began to spread to all corners of my body. I was completely spent by this time, and I wasn't quite sure, but I think I must have passed out, but not before I felt him slide out of me, and the

warm, sticky fluid oozing out of me, down my legs, and onto the bed.

When I woke up, he was already gone, but I was a crisp one hundred dollar bill on the bed, next to my head. Sophie was sitting on the chair, with a beer in hand, and a wide smile on her face. "He is one of my reg's, and he the only guy that has ever completely satisfied me," she whispered. I closed my eyes and fell into a deep sleep, still lying in the pool of his love juices. Luckily, he was the last customer of the day. Sophie aroused me about an hour later so that I could get cleaned up, and the room ready for the next day.

So now it's Wednesday, and today was nearly a replay of Tuesday, but without him. All I had to do was go over the day before in my mind, and the man that was now on top of me, using me, disappeared. I couldn't get him out of my head. That was probably a good thing as there seemed like a revolving door instead of a curtain. I was with more than a dozen guys, but I couldn't remember a single one's face. I still felt dirty, but at least, I hoped, I was getting close to done with this whole, degrading experience. I may not be a natural born female, but I can still be used, genetic or not.

By my estimate, I had been separated from my crew and country for about three months now, and things just kept getting worse and worse as time flew by. I knew what plans the leader had for me and the others in my position.

It was Thursday now and Sophie had the day off. Sherry must have been feeling generous as she said I could also stay upstairs for the day, and not entertain any customers. Sophie left the building quite early in the morning, telling me she was going shop-

ping and would be back in the afternoon. I decided I would spend the time relaxing. First on the agenda, a long hot bath.

Without discussing her thoughts with me, Sophie had decided what to do about me and my situation. After leaving the brothel, she headed in the general direction of the embassy, taking her time window shopping, stopping for coffee at a street side café. She told me much later, she had been very unsure if she was being followed or not, so she tried to find out by her deliberate actions.

Once she felt it was safe enough, she made a beeline for the consulate. She had written a note describing me and the circumstances, that the time was short, and the location of the brothel. She walked up to the Marine guard, acted like she was asking directions. She told the guard that she had some important information, but didn't want to be seen delivering it. She then palmed the note, and dropped it over the waist high wall. The guard played his part to perfection as he leaned out, and pointed down the street like he was giving Sophie the directions she had asked for. She then thanked the guard, and walked in the direction he had pointed to. Bless her forever as I am sure she saved my life that day, and those that were being held at the brothel.

The guard waited several minutes before picking up the note, and delivering it to the ambassador. Within minutes, he was on a secure line to the State department, and then on to the Department of Defense. Only a couple of hours later, a rescue team had been assembled and was very near the brothel. Sophie was smart enough to stay away, and was nowhere near the building.

After my bath, I slid on a pair of panties and a tee shirt, and then laid down on the bed. I guess with no distraction, I was able to consider my plight. I would soon be in a harem somewhere, serving master after master. Then, when I wasn't pretty enough or young enough, I would be turned out into the street, or just killed to destroy any evidence that I had ever existed. I rolled onto my back, and the tears began to run down my cheeks. I then heard a knock on the door and Sherry just walked in.

"Put a robe on. The Leader and Madam are downstairs," she stated. She then turned and walked out the door, leaving it open behind her. I put the only robe I had, which was short and silky, and not thick enough to hide anything. I walked down the stairs, and with the others, we all were put into a small room. The Leader was already there, sitting down, with Madam standing stiffly right behind him. In each corner of the room, a heavily armed goon stood in the shadows.

"Well, well ladies. So nice to see you all again," he gloated. "The reports I have received have given me great pleasure. You all have performed well in all of the scheduled phases. I was especially delighted to hear that you, Stephanie, are near a professional pleasure giver. My son says you have a lovely ass, and really know how to use it."

*What a bastard*, I thought. Not only plunging a knife into my chest, but turning the blade, back and forth. I turned a deep red, but said nothing as I looked into those evil eyes.

"So tomorrow, you'll spend the day getting all of your things packed up. On Saturday, you'll be taken to the auction house and well, who knows where after that," The Leader grinned greedily. My heart

sank, and my eyes closed, as I sank to the floor. Remembering nothing I found myself on the bed in Sophie's room, wearing only my panties. Was it just a nightmare, or did it really happen? It was now early evening, and the darkness was closing in. I began to worry, and was very scared that Sophie wasn't back yet. I didn't know if she was just late, or had taken off to parts unknown.

The rescue team was now in place and had been for a few hours, waiting for the cover of darkness. They had surrounded the aging building with orders to let no one in or out. The team leader had dressed in local garb, and had walked to the door and knocked. Sherry answered the door, surveyed the man, and then invited him in before shutting the door and locking it securely.

"What can we do for you, kind sir?" Sherry asked.

"Well I was told by a friend that you have a very pretty girl here named Stephanie, and that she loves oral sex. My wife has been sick lately, and well, I am in need of servicing," he replied.

"Oh Stephanie. Well much like your wife, is also not available. Monthly visitor if you know what I mean," she grinned. "I do have many other girls that are just as skilled, if not more so, for you to choose from."

By this time, part of the team had made entry into the back doors, and another part had unlocked the front door, and had taken up positions to control that exit. In order to buy more time, the team leader asked Sherry to see the girls that she had recommended. Sherry walked to a panel, and had flipped several switches, calling the girls down to the

first floor. Luckily, he was the only ‘customer’ at the brothel right then. It would have made it more difficult to clear the building.

The girls now began to arrive, and the team leader heard that all exits had been secured, and the next phase was ready to proceed. The order was given, and the mission was to begin in earnest. The team leader, and another member had taken the girls and Sherry into custody. The rest of the team started a methodical search of each room, on each floor.

The leader got the message from another team member that they had two down and two in custody. The search went slowly, but soon, everything from the first and second floors were now clear, leaving the few rooms on the third and final floor. Stephanie had heard some type of ruckus, and after donning her robe, went to investigate. The first male she ran into was the team leader.

“Are you Stephanie?” he asked quietly. She clutched her robe tighter and answered yes. “Thank goodness. My team and I are here to rescue you and the other hostages,” he said.

I nearly passed out from the ultimate release, and began to cry openly.

“Your friend Sophie told us you were here, and it was up to us to come find you. By the looks of things, we were just in time,” he then smiled. We then went through the remaining rooms, and I was able to point out the others.

“We have to go. Please get dressed so we can get you back to the embassy,” he asked. The others and I did what was asked, and then hurried down the

stairs. Once on the first floor, I saw the Leader and Madam in zip tie cuffs, and on their knees.

“Do you happen to know these two?” the captain asked.

“Yes, they are the ones responsible for our condition. He is a white slave trader, posing as a terrorist. And she is his right hand,” I replied with plenty of acid in my voice.

“Very good. We will take them with us to face justice,” he said just before we left the building. We had to proceed slowly, and the time was slowly ticking by. We were now but a block from the embassy, when a forward scout called a halt. We sunk back into the shadows, waiting for the all clear, which came just a few minutes later. A hired gunman had breached the procession, and was taken down silently.

It was only when we were inside the consulate that we finally felt safe. As I stepped in the door, I saw Sophie standing across the street.

“Captain,” I said. “That dark haired girl across the street is Sophie. We need to take her with us.” The order was given, and Sophie was also escorted inside. I then ran to her, and hugged her tightly.

“Thank you for saving my life, Sophie. I can never repay you for all that you have done. What I can do is take you with me back to America. Maybe there, you can find your happiness that you have always wanted.” Sophie hugged me back, and we both shed tears of joy and relief.

During our debriefing, I was able to give enough detail to help find the doctor, his family, as well as Lilith. The doctor had been truthful, as was soon reunited with his family, they were now on their way

back to the states. But poor Lilith. She had only lasted a few days from our parting. Her remains were found at the base of some cliffs, where she had thrown herself off, instead of living such a violent life.

The very next day, we all were taken to an airport, and flown to Germany for medical exams and any needed treatment. After landing, Sophie and I were separated, but I was assured that she would be well taken care of. After all, she was the hero in this saga. The five of us went through a battery of tests, and discovered the doctor had been right. Between the hormones and the surgeries, our bodies were now female, and we could do nothing about it. It least I wouldn't live a life as some kind of monster, and genderless. I did have hope that someday, I would be Tim once again. But now, I knew that would never happen. I needed to accept the fact that Stephanie was my new future. At least, the doctor had done a wonderful job with the operations, I thought.

While we were being treated, word had been sent that all of the hostages had been rescued and were in very good condition, and would be home within a week. My family was one of the first to be notified, then the LT and the crew. After a muted celebration at home, my Mom decided to find Melissa and share the news of my rescue. Melissa fainted at the news, but was just relieved at the news of my safety.

But there was a hitch. Isn't there always? No one had been told of all of the changes in their loved ones. Once all of any additional information was gleaned from us, we all prepared to go home. We were all now kindred spirits, and promised to keep in touch. We all had been seen by several psycholo-

gists, and without exception, we all had been given clean bills of mental health. After the others had left Germany for their own homes, I had several sessions with a counselor, who I found out, had another client that was transgender by choice.

She thought it might be helpful for us to meet, and talk. The next day, I was introduced to Gloria, a transgender woman that had completed her transition only a few years before. She was absolutely gorgeous, and had an infectious personality. We spoke for hours, including lunch, and she was of the idea that we all have a personal journey, and that we need to own it, and love one self. She allowed me to see that just because I now had a vagina and not a penis, I was still the same person inside. Our outside doesn't dictate what is inside. I can't tell you how much better I felt about myself after spending time with Gloria.

The time had come to go home, and face an uncertain future. Before leaving, Gloria and I went shopping. The clothes that I had brought with me were not really appropriate for everyday wear, unless you were working the streets. Having never really shopped for clothes, I was amazed at all of the choices a women had. Styles, fabrics, and of course colors.

Nothing could ever come close from a man's point of view. It was just one more thing to learn, at least for me. All was now set for my return. I had chosen a form fitting suit set in a muted dark gray, three inch pumps, and a white silk blouse. My exposure to others was very limited since my capture, so walking through the air base shocked and scarred me to no end. The looks, ogling, and whispered comments took me off guard, and really lowered my

comfort level to zero. I felt a thousand eyes measuring and comparing me to others. The men rarely looked into my face, but focused more on my chest, and my behind. Wearing high heels didn't help either. I found that my walk and wiggle were exaggerated. I felt embarrassment with myself, knowing I had done the exact same thing myself, when I was a male. I couldn't wait to find my seat on the plane, sit down, and worry about things that really mattered.

Probably the main question I considered was just how much my family had been told about my new status. Apparently, no one had considered that. I told the counselor that had been sent with me my concerns, and she made a few calls ahead of our arrival to educate them on what had happened, and what to expect. The woman sent was named Carol Carnes, and she was very familiar with trans issues. As it would be quite a few hours before I touched down, Carol had called my mother and set up a quick meeting with the entire family. Right on time, Carol knocked, and was invited in. My mother, Sarah, Gina and Brian were all there, sitting comfortably around the family room.

After introductions were made, Carol got right down to business. "The main reason I am here is to share Tim's story of his capture, and all of the changes that he has had to endure during his confinement." The family all sat up, and were on the edge of their seats to hear what Carol was sharing. "As I wasn't there, I can only tell you what was reported to me. After his capture, he was separated from his crew, and everyone, including Tim, thought he was to be executed as an example. Depending on one's view, it may have been easier if that had taken place. But the leader of the group that had captured

those men had ulterior motives for his actions. Afterwards, we found out he was more criminal than terrorist. His plan was to take Tim and a few others, and sell them into the sex slave market. But in order to do that, quite a few changes would have to be made,” she began.

Carol paused at this point, and asked for a glass of water. Mom and Sarah got some refreshments for everyone, and then returned to their seats. Carol then continued.

“The criminal, who we now know is a former American named Peter King. He had renounced his citizenship over political differences. Apparently, he worked his way into a leadership position. From there, he built up a criminal organization, and was making millions of dollars.” The family was holding their collective breaths as Carol went on. “He brought together all of the resources he needed to make his plan work. That included kidnapping a doctor and his family, forcing the man to work to work for the organization by threatening the doctor’s family.”

Mom held up a hand, and said, “Can we stop here, I need to get something to calm me down.” She then got up, went to the liquor cabinet. There she grabbed enough glasses for everyone, and a bottle of Bourbon. Mom then walked around, handed everyone a glass, and then poured a small amount of the golden fluid into each glass. Carol was the only one to opt out. Each family member took all of the potent drink down in one gulp. “Okay, Ms. Carnes, please continue,” mom then stated. Carol nodded her head and began again.

“The doctor performed several surgeries on each one of the captives, effectively changing the men

into women,” Carol said. The family members gasped all at once.

Sarah then asked, “You mean Tim isn’t a man anymore, but is now a girl, with girl parts?”

Carol smiled slightly, and then answered Sarah. “Yes, that is about it. Tim was given facial surgery, breast implants, and had a complete sex change. He was also given high doses of female hormones which continued to change his body and mind.” Carol paused for a moment to let what she had just told them to sink in. My family all had tears in their eyes, but couldn’t bring themselves to ask any more questions. “I am so sorry to be the one to share Tim’s situation, but he will really need your support right now. The trauma’s that he has suffered is so much more than physical. Can you imagine having to learn in a few weeks what all women have a life time to know?” Carol asked. The women all shook their heads together. “I know this all a shock, but you have to make this work for all of your sakes. Oh, and Tim now goes by the name of Stephanie.” Talk about a bomb shell.

My flight was now in the air. It would be many hours until I was anywhere close to home. I was on a non-stop route from Germany to New York, and I was scheduled to get a connecting flight to my home town airport. I had to work pretty hard to keep myself calm and relaxed, but the closer I came to the states, the higher my heart rate went. I put my head back, closed my eyes and tried to find a calming place in my mind. All of the images from the last few months kept popping into my thoughts. From the discovery of the new me, and to my time with the leader’s son. “Okay,” I said to myself. “I think I need a drink.” I then called the flight attendant and or-

dered up a glass of white wine. Funny, if I was still a male, I probably would have ordered a beer. Wow. After downing it quickly, I had hopes that the wine would do the trick.

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I was due to land about five in the evening. Once I was on the ground, I had a short layover before starting the last leg of this very long trip. I found that I was so tired, that the walk from one terminal went by without incident or drama. I didn't even notice the thousand eyes following my every step. Almost immediately after taking my place on the second plane, I was asleep. The other passengers around me were really nice, and were quiet while I slept. I was awakened about a half an hour before landing. I did feel better, and after checking my makeup, I was as ready as I ever would be. I tried to remember everything that Carol and Gloria had shared with me. It would be a difficult road to self-acceptance, but I had to start somewhere, and having my family with me, would be very helpful, and a step in the right direction.

I took a slow, deep breath as the plane touched down. Because of the security rules, I knew that my family would not be allowed onto the concourse. I was torn. Did I want to see my family, or do I want to run away, never to be seen again? But I knew I was not a runner, I was a fighter and a Marine. As I walked, I had hoped that my family was waiting down near the baggage carousel. I then stood up, and found that many people, mostly men, ask me if I needed help getting my things down from the over-

head cabinet. I just smiled sweetly, thanked them, but did it myself.

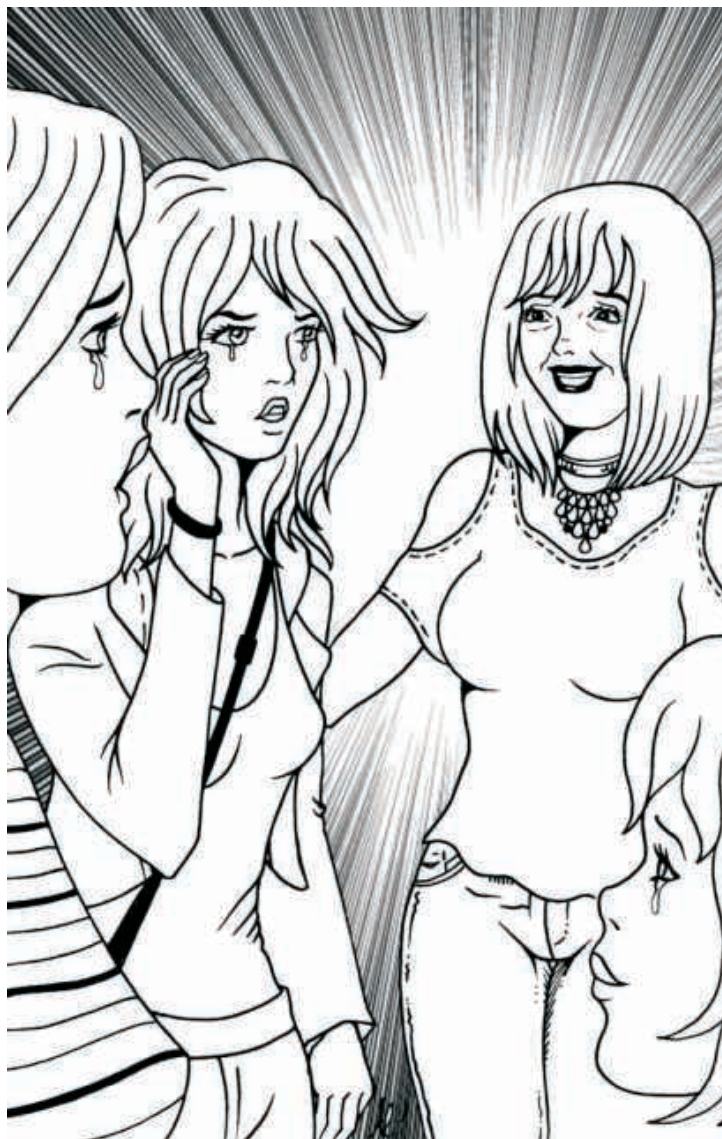
A couple of times, while I was reaching up, and felt a hand quickly and stealthily rub across my bottom. “Men,” I thought, and then a smile spread across my face as I thought that just a few months ago, I probably would have done the same thing. With my Bolero jacket in place, my purse over my shoulder, and my briefcase in my right hand, I started up the jet way and onto the concourse. I did have to stop at least twice before I got to the escalators. I was having a debate with myself.

“Can I really do this, what if they’re not there, what if they can’t accept the new me?” I had so many questions, but zero answers. When I reached the top of the escalators, I looked down, and scanned the crowd for my family. Nothing. No one there. “I knew it, I was now an orphan,” I thought. My heart sank to the lowest part of my gut. Dejectedly, I stepped on the escalator, grabbed the hand rail, and rode it to the bottom. I was looking down and shaking my head, as I walked across to the baggage claim area. I stopped dead in my tracks when I saw, not twenty feet ahead of me, and to my left, my family.

Sarah and Gina were holding a sign that said, ‘Welcome home Stephanie.’ My mom and Brian were standing next to the girls. They were all looking around, I had to guess for me. I even saw my mom look right at me, but didn’t react, as she continued to scan the area. I then remembered that they didn’t know what I now looked like.

The baggage area became silent to me. I took a deep breath, and began to walk towards them, hearing only my heels click on the highly polished floor.

I stopped in front of them and said, “Hi, I am Stephanie.” My sisters dropped the sign, as well as their jaws, and just stared at me. It had been less than a second before the tears started to flow from all of us. They all grabbed me, and we all hugged in a tight circle.



“Oh my, you are just gorgeous,” my mom exclaimed proudly. My brother and sisters all agreed with her, and I blushed fiercely. I then noticed the same woman I had seen before on multiple times just standing there. I closed my eyes again, thinking she was just a figment of my imagination, but she was still there when I reopened my eyes, and was walking towards us.

It was as if I was looking into a mirror.

“Hello Stephanie, my name is Simone, and I am your father,” she said softly. We all were now speechless, except for my mom.

My mom interrupted the unpleasant silence and said, “There is a better time and place for discussion about all of this. Brian,” she directed, “Go get your sisters luggage so we all can get out of here. Brian left, but was back in just a few minutes with all of my bags.

“I’ll meet you all back at the house,” Simone said to us, with a wide smile, and slyly winked at me. She then turned and walked away, with hips and bottom swaying very sexily, and moved in the direction of the parking lot. My sisters and Brian took control of my luggage while my mom put an arm around my waist, and we followed Simone.

I heard my sisters giggle about my swaying hips and bottom. “Wow, she looks like she was born a female.”

Mom had rented a van, and once the bags were put in, we all piled in with Brian at the wheel. The conversation consisted of nothing but non-stop questions. I was having a difficult time trying to keep up. Mom saw my distress and hushed my siblings.

“There will be time enough to answer all of your questions,” she said. “She has been on a long flight, and looks very tired.” She said, “We are all just glad you’re home and safe,” Sarah exclaimed, and then she kissed my gently on the cheek. The rest of the ride was much quieter, but I could see that the girls kept checking out the new girl in the family.

Brian pulled into the driveway, and once the van had come to a stop, we all piled out, with Brian helping us exit. I was the only one wearing a skirt, so it was hard to get out of the van without showing Brian my intimates. I began to look around, but didn’t see Simone, or even a strange car parked nearby. My heart did another flip-flop again, but that would change very quickly. As I entered the house, I smelled a different perfume from moms. She was the only one that wore it, as my sisters hated it. In the middle of the living room, Simone was standing with her arms spread, and motioned us to hug her. We all looked at mom, who then gave us her blessing with a smile. We then moved towards Simone, and did as she had asked. “I see that it is going to be a long night,” mom stated. “I had better make a pot of coffee.”

We all took places in the family room, and once we all had something to drink, and were comfy, Simone cleared her throat, and began to speak. Her voice was soft and melodic, no hint of the voice I was used to as I grew up.

But before she had said five words, mom interrupted. “Honey, maybe I should be the one to share the story with the kids.” Simone smiled, and yielded the floor.

“Before I start,” mom began. “That your father and I love you all very much. What your dad did was

out of that love and for your benefit.” Mom took a long sip of coffee, and then continued. “Growing up, your dad had certain feelings, and at that time, very little was known about the condition, and a lot of shame was heaped on those that felt that way. He hid his feelings deep inside, and grew up with it always in the back of his mind. When we met, one of the first things he shared with me was those feelings. I didn’t think it was such a big deal. He was very good to me, didn’t drink, take drugs, or had any violence in his heart. After we married, he was able to express himself, right here at home. His condition is now known as Gender Dysphoria. He felt better, and more at ease when he was wearing clothes that had been made for a woman. Your father also felt that we should get counseling, and by the time we finished it, he had the diagnosis changed to Transsexualism.” Mom then stopped, and grabbed a tissue to blot her eyes. “This is very difficult,” she then said.

“He did his best to suppress those feelings as soon as we started having children. Most of all, he was a good provider. The feelings were becoming overwhelming. We talked about it for a long time, and finally decided that he would leave the family, and take care of himself, which as you can now see, he has. He continued to support us financially, and even set up college funds for each and every one of you. Once the surgeries had been completed, and he began his life as a woman, we stayed together. That is how Simone knew everything that you kids were doing. From skinned knees and on to your great accomplishments, she was there. We never divorced, and were able to get together when you were all at school. I found that I still loved the person that

Simone had become, maybe more so than I did when she was still a male.”

We were all very silent in shock. None of us had any clue that this was the case, and didn't quite know what to say. “I know this is a big shock to everyone,” Mom continued. “But please believe me, we were meant to be together. Now, what Simone and I want to know, if anyone has any issue that would prevent her from moving home?”

The kids all looked back and forth at each other. I surely didn't have a problem, how could I. My dad and I now had so very much in common. Sarah was already living on her own. Gina was living in a dorm at college, as was Brian. No one objected, which made Mom and Simone very happy. With that out of the way, I was now center stage.

Mom turned and asked, “We were told of your capture, some of the things that you went through, and of your rescue. But there are a lot of dark spaces. Do you feel up to sharing with us?”

I had been wondering all evening just how much I should tell my family. After all, if you didn't experience what I had, it would be hard to understand. On the other hand, if anyone was going to support me, it would be them. So I decided to jump in with both feet and worry about the result later.

“You all know of my capture, and incarceration. One of the things you weren't told was that I was only one of six men that had been held for the upcoming plan. We were taken to a different location. While we were there, we were all drugged. I can only speak about myself, and don't know what the others felt, but when I did finally awaken, I was hurting from head to toe. I had had multiple surgeries. So

what I found out what exactly they had done to me was facial feminization, breast implants, liposuction to my abdomen, and what they had taken out, they replaced into my hips and bottom.

“My feet were narrowed to allow walking in heels that much easier, and the grand finale was sex reassignment surgery. None of this was described to me in detail, but basically, I now have a functional vagina.”

I stopped there. First to let what I had said, sink in, and second, I saw that Brian was a bit uncomfortable with some of the descriptions. Not a word was said, and all, except for Simone, had amazed looks on their faces, as one would expect.

After a sip of tea, I went on. “Once we were all healed up enough, they put us through what they called a finishing school. We had two weeks to learn makeup, walking, sitting, and mannerisms that all women should know. This was done under the threat of death, or worse. As we neared the end of that education, one of my comrades had been lagging behind. She taken in the middle of the night and was given to a more primitive group, who then had beaten and raped her. We found out later that she had taken her own life instead of living in that manner.” Another pause to swallow down the lump that had been growing in the back of my throat. “From there, we were transported to a brothel where we were to learn everything about pleasing a man in the bedroom. For five days, I had pleased quite a number on men, in a lot of different ways. Not something I care to share at this point anyway,” I blushed. I thought to myself, “*Wow, I have been doing the blush/flush thing a lot lately.*”

“You poor, poor dear,” my mom said, as she rushed to me, and held me close. It was the first time in a very long time that I truly felt safe, loved, and protected. I could tell that everyone else had silent questions, but did not ask, I suppose out of respect for my privacy.

“So for all intents and purposes, I am a twenty five year old woman with lots of baggage to carry around for the rest of my life,” I joked, trying to lighten the moment. There was a series of weak chuckles, but things stayed rather somber.

My mom then stood and declared, “It’s really late, and a good night’s sleep will do everyone a world of good.” I couldn’t argue with that. Brian volunteered to sleep on the sofa for the night, Sarah and Gina took their old room, leaving me Brian’s old room to bed down in.

This was the room I had grown up in. It hadn’t changed much since I had joined the Marines. I washed up, slipped on a nightie. As I said before, I only had very sexy and revealing ones. As I lay down, I knew that it would be sometime before I could go to sleep. There was a soft knock on the door, and I heard Simone’s soft voice ask if she could come in. I pulled the covers up, and then invited her in. She too, was in a very sexy night gown and little else. I could see the outline of her body through the thin, nearly transparent material. Very gently, she sat down on the edge of the bed. I could tell from my own experience, that she had this femininity thing down to a science.

“I wanted to speak to you alone. I know that leaving as I did was very hard on the family, but especially you. So I am very sorry about that, and I will do everything I can to make that up to you,” she

whispered. Seeing Simone dressed as she was still confusing to me.

“I don’t think that’s necessary. I never stopped loving you as my dad, but I missed you even more than I realized at the time,” I responded. “Look Simone, we have both arrived at the same point, only from very different perspectives. I guess I still have a long and winding road ahead of me, to really get comfortable with the new me. So, can I talk to you about things that I might not understand? I don’t think the rest of them can really know what happened.”

Simone then smiled. “Of course you can, any time, day or night. At this point in your life I know that you have a great heart, and I will there whenever you need me,” she said. I lunged forward, and wrapped my arms around her and cried, releasing the many weeks of stress and uncertainty that I had accumulated. I could feel her soft skin and breasts, as they pushed into mine. Simone gave me some tissues, and then bent down and gave me a kiss on the forehead, just like she used to do. Now, I knew I was home, and I could get through this.

After meeting Simone, many things seemed to fall into place. Firstly, there were times when I saw my dad looking at my mother and sisters, especially when they got all prettied up. He always had on a wide smile. But there was a sadness in his eyes. Now, I know why. He was proud of the women in our family, but I would think he also was a little jealous, but not in a bad way. He just wanted to wear what they were wearing. And when it was time to shop for clothes, like just before the school year started or a special occasion, my dad would get very animated when it was time to pick out the articles.

Not so much for Brian or I, but for Sarah and Gina. Funny on the things that one remembers from their childhood.

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The next few days went by quickly as they were just so busy. We all helped Simone moved back into the house. I was surprised, as she really had a lot of stuff. I then considered that by the time I got her age, I would have just as much. A few people stopped by to say their hellos, and to check out the new girl on the block. Strange how word travels in a smaller community.

By the end of the first week, I was exhausted, and just wanted to sleep. But even that would have to wait. The one visitor I didn't expect showed up on the door step. It was the LT. I had almost forgot about my previous life. As soon as I saw him, it all rushed back into the present like a tsunami.

And I remembered my relationship with Melissa.

"Oh my gosh. What am I going to do about that?" I then thought. The time I spent away, she was my rock, the one I could think about to really feel loved. I heard him introduce himself to my mom, who then invited him in, and then seated him in the living room. She offered the LT coffee or ice tea, but he said he was there to make sure I was okay. I could see him from the hallway, LT was sweating up a storm. I didn't know how much he knew, but I knew that I couldn't put this meeting off any longer.

I was wearing a flowing, A-line sundress with thin shoulder straps. The hem was just at my knee, and I had paired the dress with white strappy plat-

form sandals. My hair was pulled back into a simple ponytail, and I had a minimum amount of makeup on. I waited until I had calmed down my nerves a bit, then I walked proudly into the room.

I extended my hand and said, “Hi LT, I am Stephanie, but you may know me better as Tim Gray.” He stood quickly, taking a quick look at the woman standing before him. I could see the massive confusion in his eyes. I asked him to sit. And we could discuss what had happened.

“I want to thank you for everything that you have done for me,” I started. I know that you and the crew thought I was to be executed as some sort of political message, but in reality, but the leader who I am quite sure that you remember, was nothing more than a common criminal using the war to line his pockets. We were taken elsewhere where we were drugged and operated on. This is the result,” I said as I waved to my face and body. “He had planned on selling us into the sex slave market. He said we would fetch more than one hundred thousand dollars each. But we got lucky, in a way. A woman I had befriended was able to get a message to the American embassy, and well, you kind of know the rest from there.”

LT just looked down, and moved his head back and forth. “I am sorry, Stephanie, Tim was one of the best Marines I had ever had the pleasure to command. He was more of a friend than subordinate. After we were rescued, we tried to stay and help with the search for you. But as you are aware, we had orders. I really felt, like it was something that was my fault, and you are here, like this.”

I put a soft, well-manicured hand on his arm. “There was nothing you, or anyone else that could’ve

done differently. The only one to lay any blame on is the leader. I was told his name was Peter King, a former American. He is the one responsible that did this to me, not you. But knowing that you and the crew were willing to find me just reinforces what I already knew. The Marines never leave anyone behind." I could see a weak smile cross the LT's face.

"Do you know what is next?" he asked.

"After my thirty day leave is up, I plan on reporting back to the base. I guess we will see what goes from there," I replied.

"I just want you to know that me, and a whole bunch of great Marines are behind you, one hundred percent," He then declared.

"And I thank you all from the bottom of my heart," I sobbed.

Then came the question I knew was coming. "Have you seen or talked with Melissa since you came home?" he asked, pointedly.

"No, not yet. That was next on my list of to-do. I had to get my family squared away first. But that is done now. You were to be next, and I have talked with you, another check. I plan on calling her tonight. I wish I knew what to say to her. When we parted, I was an entirely different person, and I just don't know how she will react and feel about me," I worried.

"At least give her a chance, my friend. When I talked with her, and shared your situation, she asked me to tell you that no matter what, she would be waiting for you," he said. "You don't know until you try. Man or woman, you're still the very same person inside. That is what she fell for. By the way, she asked me to give this to you when I found you."

LT then dropped the fragile necklace into my delicate palm.” I looked at it, and then took a deep breath.

“I know, but a girl like Melissa needs a man in her life, not some soft wannabe,” I whined.

“Enough with the pity party. You have to toughen up. I know you still have it in you. If you didn’t, you wouldn’t be here. That is something any type of surgery can remove. Besides, I brought her up here. She is sleeping in an airport hotel right now. I really think you should call and see her.” The LT made it sound more like an order, and not a request. “Here is the number. Remember, she is a keeper. If you don’t do the right thing, she will be crushed.” I knew the LT was right. I did owe her more.

We chatted for more than an hour, and I was able to tell him all that had gone on after we were separated. I still could see the pain in his face, but when he left, I received a manly hug and a kiss on the cheek. I just stood there as he shut the door behind himself. He had done something so totally unexpected. I delayed as long as I could stand, but finally broke down and dialed the number. The operator asked the number, I gave her Melissa’s room number, and waited to hear the ring tone.

I heard Melissa’s sweet southern voice. “Hello?” she asked, as I fumbled for something to say.

“Hi Melissa, my name is Stephanie, and I am calling on behalf of a friend of mine, Tim Gray,” I finally got out.

“Is Tim okay? I haven’t heard from him. I understand he is back in the states?” she then inquired.

“Yes, he is fine, but I would like to meet and talk with you beforehand. How about I meet you in the hotel lobby and go from there?” I replied.

“Well, it seems kind of funny, but okay. About six then?” she said.

“Six is fine, I will see you then,” I said and then quickly hung up. I then said to myself, “That was really stupid. She deserves so much more.”

I searched my closet for the best outfit for the meeting, but all of the skirts were too short, and the blouses were too form fitting. So I decided that the sundress that I had been wearing was going to be the best I had. I then showered and applied lotion. I did my makeup, nothing too over the top, and then my hair. I took a long look in the mirror, and was happy with the results. I borrowed mom’s car, and headed for the airport. It seemed that every time I glanced down, the hem of my dress had ridden up my thighs. I was sure that the truckers had a great view of my panties.

I parked outside the hotel, then went in to the lobby. As she had said, Melissa was sitting there, waiting for me, looking so beautiful. My heart ached, as I wished I could still be with her, along with all of those cute freckles. I walked towards her, hearing my footsteps and nothing else. No background noise at all. I could feel my backsides swaying provocatively. I have to admit, I put on a pretty good show from behind. Melissa was looking in the other direction when I stopped very near her. And even though I was wearing my own, I could smell Melissa’s aroma. I always loved that fragrance.

“Hi Melissa, I am Stephanie. I would like to speak with you before we go. Care to take a walk?” I asked.

“Sure,” and Melissa rose, and together, we went into the garden area. We found a secluded bench, where I asked Melissa to join me. I sat across from her, sweeping my dress under me as I did.

Melissa jumped right in. “How do you know Tim? Are you one of his sisters?” she asked. I had been rehearsing what I had planned to say to her, but that went bye-bye when I saw her in the lobby.

“No,” I said. “I am not one of his sisters. Their names are Sarah and Gina.” Before she could say anything else, I just blurted it out. “I hope this won’t come as a big shock, as I am sure it will, but I am Tim,” I said as softly as I could, so it wouldn’t sound too bad.

Melissa smiled, and then said, “Did Timmy put you up to this? It would sure be his style.”

I only half smiled back. “I so wish that was true, but I do owe you an explanation,” I replied. I told her everything from capture to the rescue, leaving nothing out, even my time at the brothel.

“Oh my, that is a frightful story!”

I then reached into my purse, and removed the necklace that she had given the LT. Her eyes widened and her jaw dropped. “I am so very sorry, but I wanted you to know the entire story. You deserve to know the whole truth, I owe you that,” I said, looking down at my narrowed feet.

There was a brief silence, broken when she asked, “Did they change the insides when they did the operations as well?”

I licked my lips, then told her, “No, I am still the same in there, it’s what is outside that was altered,”

I answered, feeling a tear form in the corner of my eyes.

“So the person I fell in love with, is still in there, just a bit different than before, correct?”

I shook my head yes.

“So now you have boobs and a vagina. None of that matters to me. As I told you before you left, I would be here, waiting for you, no matter the circumstance. I meant it then, and I stand by that now. I just have to get used to calling you Stephanie. Tim was just easier to say,” she joked, with tears streaming down her face. We both jumped up, and into each other’s arms.

“I only dreamed that there would be with you, but now that dream has come true,” I sobbed. “I love you,” Melissa said.

“I love you too,” I replied. Then, in front of everyone, we kissed like there was no tomorrow.

We left the hotel, and went out to eat. I was the best meal I have ever had. When we finished, I told Melissa that I wanted her to come home with me, and that she didn’t need to stay in the hotel.

“Thanks, I love that idea, but I think if I stay here tonight, it will give you the opportunity to prepare your family. Then tomorrow, you can come and pick me up at the hotel in the morning. And maybe we can go shopping. I think that this is going to work out so very well,” she said, wrapping her arms around me, and kissing me so lovingly. It was all I could do, not to follow her up to her room, but she shooed me away. As I turned, I felt a sharp slap to my rump. I then turned to face her. She smiled, and then smiled slyly.

I don't know how I got home. My mom's car must have had wings, because I don't think the tires even touched the ground. I then told mom and Simone what had occurred with Melissa, who said they liked her even more now. I couldn't argue with that. I hardly slept that night. I was way too excited. The next morning, as I drove to the hotel, I was both happy and scared at the same time.

Would this work out? I don't know, but I was determined to stick with the plan. I went up Melissa as was planned. After I knocked, she answered wearing a very sexy night gown and panty set. She invited me in and once the door was shut, Melissa grabbed my blouse and pulled me into the bedroom, where she pushed my down onto my back. She then crawled on top of me, pinning me. With her hands holding mine down, she began to kiss and tease me. I tried to plead for her to stop, but she continued to ignore me. Melissa then sat up, and began to unbutton my blouse, exposing my bra and my breasts.

"I have never felt this way about another woman, but after spending time with you, I wanted to see if those feelings were real," She coyly whispered. Then the assault started in earnest. She undid the clasp to my bra, freeing my breasts. Not taking her eyes from mine, she lowered her mouth, and began to bite, nibble, and suck gently on my quivering mounds.

"Mmmm, you taste so good, I want you to taste me," she commented. In a flash, her night gown was on the floor, and she was dangling her breast near my mouth. I reached up my head, and returned the favor. Next to go was my skirt and panties, leaving me naked and exposed.

Melissa was now laying on her side, facing me. All the time, rubbing and caressing my sensitive areas, raising the level of our excitement. Now it was my turn to pleasure Melissa. After spending a bit on her lovely chest, I worked my way down her smooth belly, and onto her waiting honey pot. Melissa was in heaven. Very soon, she was moaning and writhing on the bed. I felt her body clench, her back arch, and I knew she had gone over the edge.

We spent the rest of the morning pleasing each other in oh so very many ways. We almost missed the checkout time, but called the bell captain just in time. When I tried to help her with her luggage, the bell captain stepped in. "Miss, let me get those for you." He put the suitcases on the trunk, and then tipped his hat at us.

"See, there are some real advantages to being a girl," Melissa chided. My whole family knew about her even before my last deployment, so it didn't come as a big surprise to anyone that Melissa had come to stay. Once she had come to the house, she blended right in, just as if she had always lived there.

When we were alone at night, I finally had someone to share all of my experiences, including how they made me feel. I guess that all that I had told her, peaked her imagination. It was only the second night that we had spent together that she basically attacked me. I had never seen that side of her before, but I liked it. We had made love before I left, but this was just much more satisfying. It seems she was a very dominant, and made love to me just that way. I slipped into the submissive role like I had been born that way. Go figure, a submissive Marine, ha, ha, ha, ha.

As my leave time began to dwindle, we made plans for me to move in with Melissa once I had to go back. We both shared a tearful goodbyes to my family, but we all knew that it was only for a short time. I moved in just two days before I was scheduled to report back. It was a lovely time, just Melissa and I, exploring the area around the base, and made a mountain of treasured memories. The LT and my crew were still at the home base, so I thought I would just be reassigned to the same unit, not thinking that this was no place for a woman. I asked the LT what I should do, and he directed me to the unit commander's office, as was his orders issued just days before. My days of blowing things up are most likely over.

I didn't have a uniform that fit anymore, so I chose a conservative suit top and skirt. Melissa and I have had several trips out shopping, and we really upgraded my wardrobe. I reported to the commander's office, where I was asked to take a seat, and wait to be called. I sat for some time, and I was starting to feel uncomfortable when the aide came out, and then escorted me into the boss's office.

"Please, Ms. Gray, take a seat, we have a few things to discuss," he said as he leafed through my service record. He had flipped a couple of pages, and then looked up into my eyes. "You have been an outstanding Marine in service to our country, and you should be very proud. I am very aware of your situation, and it puts things between a rock and a hard spot, wouldn't you agree?" I was sitting up straight, proper for a non-comm speaking with an officer.

“Yes sir. I love my job, and the men that I serve with. As you can see, we have been together for some time now.”

He shook his head in agreement. “Therein lays the problem. As of right now, women are not allowed to serve in a combat unit. I personally don’t agree with that rule, but for now, that is what we have to go by. We have several options to agree upon. Because of your situation, I have been authorized to offer you an honorable discharge, with life time medical care for you, and for any family that you may have in the future.”

I was feeling a little light headed, and that familiar lump was in the back of my throat. “Our other option is to change your M.O.S. to a non-combat role, and have you stay in the Corps. If you choose this option, you may pick any job you want. In addition, you will be promoted to the rank of Staff Sergeant at the level of E6. A re-up bonus will be considered, as you are a very valuable commodity, young lady. Your field experience and excellent service record are a reflection of that. But please, take some time to consider your options. Personally, I would like you stay, we need people like you as well as your country,” he finished.

“I will sir. When would you like to have my answer, sir?” I replied.

“Let’s see. It’s Thursday now, how about by Monday morning. Is that enough time?” he asked.

“Yes sir, more than enough,” I replied. He then stood, extending his right hand. “Thank you, sir. I feel better than I could have hoped for. I will see you Monday, first thing.” I then saluted him and left the

office. I couldn't wait for Melissa to get home. We had a lot to talk about as well.

As usual, at least lately, I have dinner on the table when Melissa gets home from the museum. It's nothing special, I leave that to her skills, but it is hot and tasty. After we both got changed into our nightwear, and we were sitting on the couch, I told her what the commander had offered. It was a lot to consider. Instead of making a decision, we made love that night. We still had enough time to come up with an answer was required. Melissa and I were just having too much fun together. It wasn't until late Sunday afternoon that we came up with a solution that we both could live with.

I was at the commander's office, bright and early Monday morning. After I was shown in, and had taken a seat, the commander asked what I had come up with.

"Sir, I would like to take you up on your generous offer of staying in. I would like to learn radar and all of its peripheral hardware," I said with pride.

"Very good, Ms. Gray. But first, we need to get you into proper uniform. My aide will drive you the supply department, and they will take care of all your needs. I will make some calls, and get you to where you'll learn and serve. I want to thank you as well. I know that with all you had to endure, most men would crumble under the strain. But you have made the best of a bad situation. My congratulation on your promotion as well. I was told that the president himself will be here to personally give you those well-deserved awards."

I had thought that I would never to see this day. "Thank you sir. I promise I won't let you down," I

said. The commander smile, then buzzed for his aide, and was instructed on what was needed. Before leaving, we both saluted the commander, which he returned with a wide smile.

I was able to get a dress uniform in time for the medal ceremony. I was so very proud that Melissa that was able to attend, even meet the president. I was surprised to see that my family had been flown in for the ceremony as well. There were just so many pictures taken, and so many hands to shake. My arm was getting tired from the salutes and shaking of hands. It was quite a day to say the least. I was then notified that the radar school would not start until later that year, and that the school was based in Hawaii. Bummer I know, so Melissa and I would have to move there. Until then, I was attached to the administrative offices. I had little experience, but I caught on quickly. I found that long nails were quite a handicap when one types for a living.

There was only a few loose ends to take care of. I needed to visit my old crew and the LT. It turned out to be a bitter sweet reunion. The guys couldn't believe it was me until I was able to share a few minor secrets that only Tim would've known. Talk a glow of red faces. Later, I pulled the LT off to the side, as I had some things I needed to get off my chest.

"I wanted to thank you for all that you have done for me. I know that if you hadn't jumped in, I would have tossed away the love of my life. I now know that I have a great friend, one that I am sure, will last a lifetime." With that said, I pulled him down to my level, and kissed him on the cheek. I left a gorgeous, dark red lip stain on him. I hope he doesn't see it, until someone else tells him about it.

Finally, my traveling orders came through. I had ten days to report to the Marine base on Oahu. We had been planning for this, and had packed up everything that we could, and putting them in storage. Next, we drove to the outskirts, of Atlanta to visit Melissa's mom. She has been in poor health, and really didn't remember that much about me. This made Melissa sad, as she thought she might have to stay and take care of her. Luckily, her mom had placed herself in an assisted living facility. From there, it was back to my home town to say aloha to my family.

We all took the night out, and partied like there was no tomorrow. I kind of felt guilty about leaving them, but mom now has Simone, and all of the others were starting their own lives. Before I left, Sarah had called me into what was her old room, and handed me a gift wrapped box. When I opened it, it had two matching, very tiny bikini's. "These are for you and Melissa, and I want to see some picture of both of you. I want to see some nice tan lines, Sis," she chuckled, before kissing me tenderly. Mom and Simone took us to the airport, and stayed with us until it was time to board the plane. We cried, laughed, and cried some more. Too many female hormones you know.

It didn't take long for us to settle in. We had been assigned a two bedroom condominium like apartment. Our things were already there, as well in storage on the base. The training I was to receive was scheduled for Monday thru Friday, and from eight in the morning, to five in the evening. The training would be very intense, but I was really looking forward to it.

We fell into a routine quite easily. I went to school, and Melissa had found a position at one of the WWII museums. She loved to learn new things, things she never knew about. It was during this time, that I will have a memory permanently tattooed on my mind. It was the day that Melissa and I tried on the bikinis that Sarah had given to us. After putting it on, and looking at myself in the mirror, I swore that I would never leave the apartment wearing it. But Melissa insisted, and dragged me out by the arms. I am so very sure that most that had seen me thought that I had spent too much time out in the sun and had a sunburn. In reality, it was a body wide flush of embarrassment.

The suits left very little to the imagination. Just enough fabric to cover my nipples, and less to cover my down below. Melissa giggled the entire time. "Big, bad Marine afraid of a little bikini," she joked. I told her one day I would get her back. After a few hours of nothing earth shattering had occurred, I finally became relaxed. Most of the girls our age were wearing similar, so it was nothing out of the usual. That is how we spent the summer. If we went out to a casual meal, we would just throw on a tank top and short shorts right over the suits, or a short beach cover up.

It had been well over a year now, since my change, and things were going great. School was a blast, and spending day and night was even better than I had expected. I had become very comfortable in my own skin, and had put the negative parts of my life well behind me. I rarely even thought about being Tim that is until we had company one Friday night. Melissa and I had just finished a light salad and ice tea, when there was a knock on our front

door. Even that was wasn't very strange, as many of the people that lived near us had become friends, and had the habit of dropping by, inviting us to a party, BBQ, or movie night.

I was wearing a light, spaghetti strap kami top, short shorts, and no shoes. When I opened the door, there were two men in suits that just screamed government, standing there.

"Ms. Gray?" the taller one asked.

"Yes, I am Stephanie Gray," I responded.

"My colleague and I are from the Attorneys General office in Washington. May we come in? We have something we need to discuss with you." I knew that Melissa was decent, so I invited the in, and offered them a cold drink before seating them at our smallish kitchen table.

They gratefully accepted our offer, removed their suit coats, and sat down. As we prepared the drinks, G-man number one set his briefcase on the table. He then opened it, and then removed a thin file folder. We served up the glasses, then Melissa and I sat across the table from our guests.

"I am Mr. Collins, and this is Mr. Blackman. We are with the United States Attorney's General office," he said as he opened a wallet and showing his identification, then passed us a business card.

"What is this all about?" I asked.

He cleared his throat, then said, "You were the victim of criminal activities by one, Peter King, a woman known as Madam Golden, and brothel owner by the name of Sherry Snow, were you not?" he inquired. Just hearing their names brought a

flood of all of the memories of contact with them to the front of my mind.

“Yes, but that was some time ago,” I answered.

“Yes, that is true. But sometimes, the wheels of justice move very slowly,” he smiled. He then flipped open the file folder and removed several sheets of paper, and then handed them to us. “As you can see, each member of this group is facing a long list of crimes that include treason and murder. I am sure he saw the blood from my face and rush into my feet, as I turned as pale as a ghost. I had seen the list of charges, and they were as long as my arm.

“How does this concern me?” I asked.

“Well Ms. Gray, we would like to add your name to the roster of witnesses. These three are very bad people, and they have done some really terrible things to good people, as you well know. Do you think that you are in a position to testify against them?”

I felt cold shivers run up and down my spine. I had hoped to never see any of them again. But my strength was sitting right next to me. “You need to do this, to close that awful chapter of your life, so you can really move forward,” Melissa encouraged. “She is correct,” Mr. Blackman said. “With your help, we can make sure that this will never happen again. If convicted on any of the charges, they will never see the light of freedom again.”

I sighed heavily. “Of course. I will do whatever is necessary. Are any of the others that were with me going to be there,” I asked.

“No. They all rejected our offer. They all cited the need for their former lives to be kept a secret, and to

live in obscurity, as one woman told us,” Mr. Collins added.

“Look, Ms. Gray, we have a very strong case against these criminals, and with your testimony, we’ll really seal that victory. Not just for you, or those with you, but for every victim of every crime.” They had made a strong case, even Melissa pitched it to convince me. “You will need to come to Washington. That is where the trial will be held. We have already contacted your commanding officer, as well as the Defense Department. They both told us that they will stand by any decision you make.” There went the one ace in the hole I was counting on. But I had already given them my word, and I stand behind it.

Less than a month later, I was called to the commander’s office. There, I was given my orders, and the leave time to cover my travel time and the trial. The trial had already started, and I was scheduled to take the stand early the next week. As I drove home, I called Melissa and shared the news. She too had arraigned for the time off to be with me. We met at home, packed quickly, and were on the next military transport heading to Washington.

The day before I was to testify, I had a meeting with the prosecution team. They went over what questions that they had planned to ask, and what questions I should expect to be asked by the defense.

“We really appreciate you being here, Ms. Gray. We think your words, coming from you will be the strongest evidence we could have,” the lead attorney, a Mr. Billson, said. “We would like you to wear your uniform to the courtroom. We can show a pic-

ture of you before you were victimized by the defendants. Did you bring one with you?" he inquired.

"Yes I did, as was requested. There is no problem wearing the uniform as well. I brought one with me, as I was thinking the same thing," I proudly said.

"Great, then we will see you at nine AM sharp," he told me. "I'll be there. This has been a long time coming," I grinned.

I was up early the next morning. I had picked up my uniform from the cleaners, where I had it cleaned and pressed. Now it hung proudly in the open closet. As was protocol, I wore my hair up, and had a minimal amount of makeup. My legs were shaved clean, and my heels were polished brightly.

Melissa was also an early riser, and while I was getting ready, she had ordered coffee and toast from room service. Not long after, there was a soft knock on the door, and the attendant rolled a cart into the room. I had gone to my purse to give him tip, but he refused, saying all had been taken care of. Once he left, Melissa and I cracked up. We agreed that we could get used to this.

We took a taxi to the courthouse, and had walked to the third floor as was directed. Mr. Billson and his team were there, waiting for us. I saw that they were watching my every step, I then walked smartly up to the group, and extended my greeting. "You look wonderful, Ms. Gray, much better than we could have hoped for. You are going to get a lot of attention, and should have the jury eating out of your hand," he said. Court had been called to order, and Melissa and I waited in the hallway, just outside the doors. We didn't have to wait long. A bailiff poked his head out, and called my name. I stood,

straightened out my skirt, and then kissed Melissa before entering the courtroom. Melissa followed, and took a seat in the first row, behind the prosecution team. To my right, I saw the three defendants. They all were a lot less scary than the last time I saw them. They looked gaunt, tired, and very pale. Spending time in the slammer will do that to one.

After taking the oath, I sat in the witness chair with my purse at my feet, and my cover on the rail in front of me. I had turned my cap so that the gleaming gold eagle, globe, and anchor could be seen by the entire room. Mr. Billson had started with laying a foundation and basics. I gave my name, rank, and place of birth. As I scanned the room, I saw the defense team trying to read me as close as possible, as I answered every question without hesitation. Mr. King had tugged on his lawyer's sleeve, and was whispering something, but was very agitated as he did so. At the very next pause in action, the defense asked for a side bar. I didn't know what that was, but all of the attorneys met with the judge, and were talking in hushed tones. No one else could hear what was being said, and soon, the conversation ended and the participants returned to their respective seats. The judge then moved the microphone, and began to speak. "It seems as though both sides in this matter have reached some sort of agreement. I will excuse the witness, and have the jury retire to the deliberation room. The court will be adjourned while the details are finalized." He then rapped his gavel, and everyone rose until the judge had left the room before exiting into the hallway. Melissa met me at the gate, and we left the courtroom together, and waited to hear what had just occurred.

We had to wait, which seemed to take ages. Finally, Mr. Billson invited us to join him in a private consultation room. After we all had taken our seats, he gave us the breaking news.

“Congratulation on your testimony, Ms. Gray. Just seeing how you answered my questions, and how intently the jury was hanging on your every word, the three defendants wanted to make a plea deal. They would plead guilty to most of the charges, but the two major ones, treason and murder, would be shelved. In return, they would spend the rest of their natural lives in prison without the possibility of parole. How do you feel about that?” he asked. I was still unsure just what had happened, but if Mr. Billson seemed happy about the it, then I could share in the triumph.

“I was hoping I could say a few things to them, but I guess that is off the table as well,” I asked.

“Not at all. You can still make a victim impact statement before sentencing, and direct them at the defendants. We could arrangements for that by the end of the week,” he then advised.

“No, that won’t be necessary. Seeing them as they are now, and comparing all of their futures is enough for me,” I replied.

“Very well. I would just like to extend our thank you for your courage, and your service. Our country would not be where it’s at, without people like you and the sacrifices that you are willing to make,” he said as he was shaking our hands.

We stayed in Washington until after the sentencing. Peter King received five hundred years and one day, Madam Golden got three hundred years and one day, and Sherry received the least amount, one

hundred years and one day. None would be able to seek parole. We watched the proceedings from the back row, but Peter King turned, and looked our way. As he starred at me as he was being handcuffed. I just smiled at him as I gave him the finger, before leaving very satisfied.

Well, that bring things up to date. Mom and Simone plan on remarrying once it is legal in the state they live in. Sarah is now married, and has three really amazing kids. Too bad they are all boys. It would have been fun spoiling girls. We visit as often as we can.

When we do show up at their house, the boys run up to me, hug my legs, and say, "We love you, Auntie Steph," before returning to play. Gina is now a full partner at a large law firm in New York City. She never married, as yet, but it's seldom that she is alone at night. Brian met a girl at college who was very much like himself. I tease them, calling them the Egghead twins. They are engaged right now, and plan to marry once their educations have been completed. He plans on being a Biotech Engineer, and she is going to be an Astrophysicist. Like I said, geeks to the max, but I love them both deeply. About a year after the trial, Melissa and I got married. We both wore gorgeous wedding gowns, and the entire family, both hers and mine. They all flew to Hawaii, and were an integral in the wedding. The ceremony was part traditional, and part Luau. After the church ceremony was done, we all headed for the beach where we partied the entire night. We really didn't need to honeymoon, as we were already living in paradise. Simone and I even went out, and took Hula lessons, and danced together in grass skirts. Boy, she could really move those hips. I even

wore the bikini that Sarah had purchased for me, and we all had a great laugh about that, especially when I shared the story of my first time wearing it.

Much later, I learned that for her help in our rescue, Sophie was granted amnesty, and then citizenship. The last time I had spoken to her, she was living in Chicago, and was going to school to learn fashion design, and was in heaven. She also works for an organization that helps girls and women get off the streets, and into a better life. Sophie should know, as she is a perfect example of what you can become if you put your mind to it. One of the girls she helped rescue has now become her live-in lover. They have been together for more than two years. Sophie told me that it was the longest relationship that she has ever had. We exchange phone calls and pictures often, and she looks happier than ever. I truly hope she can achieve all that she wants out of life. I am forever grateful for her help, as I might not have been here if it hadn't been for her courage.

Melissa and I have been together for more than five years, and both of us have wanted to have children. So through the miracle of science, Melissa was able to get pregnant. One of the most fascinating thing I found was how she was handling the changes in her body. What was most puzzling came as she neared the end of the pregnancy.

We had identical twin girls, and they are the center of our lives. As soon as they were delivered, the girls were put to Melissa's breasts to start the bonding process. After she was moved from the delivery room to her private room, she encouraged me to hold them, which I did without further prompting. After about twenty minutes, Helena, the first one born, started to get fussy, as she was getting hun-

gry. When I returned her to Melissa, she noticed that I had two large wet spots on the front of my blouse. At first, I thought that Helena had wet through her diaper. When I went into the bathroom to clean up, I found that I was starting to produce milk.

When I shared this with Melissa, she encouraged me to try and feed Melody, the number two to be delivered. I opened my blouse, moved my bra to the side, and placed Melody on my own breast. I was taken aback at first, but just as soon as she began to feed, I started to feel a glow begin, deep inside of me, low in my belly. It really felt wonderful, as Melissa had described it to be. After Melissa was discharged, and we were home, we took turns feeding the girls. Wow, who would have thought this was even possible. Melissa is Mommy M, and I am Mommy S. Just how cute is that. We didn't start that, they did as soon as they started to talk. We were able to buy a small home very near the beach, and spend most of our free time there. Our neighbors think nothing of our living arrangement, and have gotten very close with quite a few of them.

But things don't always work out as we would wish. Not long after I had left for Hawaii, the LT and my crew were sent back into the war zone. They were heading for a forward base by chopper. Mechanical problems began, and the helicopter crashed, about five miles from their destination. They were all killed, and the news hit me like a boulder. I think I cried for a week. Like there was anything that I could've done to change the outcome, but we had shared so many hours together, and faced the same dangers together. I wrote a long letter to the LT's family, thanking them for raising

such an amazing son. He was a man's man, but he had a huge heart. I was very proud to call him my friend.

So that's about it for now. My journey had been chosen for me, and I never would have wanted it for myself. But things happen for a reason. It doesn't matter if you are male or female, young or old, black or white. One must embrace who and what you are now. Learn from the past, live for today, and have your eyes wide open for tomorrow. All one can hope for is to be the best at whatever you are, and whoever you strive to be. May your panties always be clean, and that they hug your butt in just that special way. Always remember to keep your panty side down, and your bra side up, unless you enjoy it that way.

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