

The Unmaking of Abigail



Philippa Peters

A "New Woman" Novel

Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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Love,

Ms. Chrissie
Editor in Chief

THE UNMAKING OF ABIGAIL

by Philippa Peters

I'd managed to stop crying by the time I got to the transport landing pad in Duncansford.

"Lady Abigail Brel," announced the pilot to the young men who swarmed forward to assist me with the luggage Jessica had packed. My husband hadn't told the pilot, evidently, that I'd be traveling on Jessica's papers.

I stood on my high heels; the breeze, kicked up by the slow rotation of the stubby, ornithopter blades, made my light skirt swirl about my legs, caressing my stockings and making me feel just like the person everyone thought they saw when they looked at me. They all thought I was a girl. I felt like one.

But I wasn't. Even my husband knew that now. He knew I was Jeffrey Dowerson, who I'd always been, even when he made love to me. I just couldn't help reciprocating, participating in loving him as a woman should. Most of the time.

On this world of Carmichael, nanotech transformation was widespread. Changing men into women was commonplace, well, not rare, anyway. The ordinary citizenry didn't know much about it as most 'girls' were psyche-conditioned after their transformations to accept their new roles. Some were dancers and actresses; others wives and mothers. Yes, mothers, by processes the 'women' seemed to accept, the 'natural way,' not just decanting the child from its uterine replicator, as almost all women did these days, even on the backward world of Foreman. Well, backward by Nebula Kingdom standards.

"She's married," I heard one of the boys, gently laying my packages onto a robo-hauler, whisper to his companion.

The other boy, the good-looking one—yes, I was becoming more adept as a woman at rating men—grinned at me, knowing I'd heard his friend.

"The pretty ones always are," said the good-looking boy, programming the robo-hauler to take my clothes, my *female* clothing, to the St. Duncan Hotel.

"No," I said to the boy, taking his recorder and changing that. "My maid will be following me. Most of this is hers. It will be better to send these to the Upabove Hotel, as I'm leaving on a trip to Prime tomorrow."

"Yes, myLady," said the good-looker, winking at me. "Would you like me to process that for yourLadyship?"

"I've already done it," I said to him. He shrugged, alerted by my tone, I think. I wasn't in need of masculine companionship for the night.

"Terly!" someone called and my admirer left. A sense of relief swept over me. I re-programmed the robo-hauler to go to a cheaper, smaller, sleep-inn, all I wanted before I headed out to Foreman, my home planet.

I was at the Travel Cottage within minutes. The robo-hauler, headed right to the room, along the out-

side passage, already assigned to me, 'Jessica Rainford'. A housemaid appeared right away, young and bouncy, to help me with my dresses.

"We know you're traveling on right away, Mistress Rainford," this girl no older than me said. She made me squirm. I realized why as she assisted me in putting my feminine undies in the proper drawers, makeup on the makeup table, and making my gowns hang as they should in the closet. I squirmed as she did feminine things for me, delighting in her tasks. Yes, Rosanne was a real girl, not a fake like me.

Rosanne explained in a most lively way why her father and mother insisted on maids being available to assist with this service, both on my arrival and departure. I had that to look forward to, another long visit from a real girl who loved clothes and adored every piece of underwear that I possessed. She didn't say but I'd guess she longed to try it on for herself. She should, I thought, quivering. She was the only woman in the room.

I couldn't stay there, in that room, as there was no flight I was actually booked onto. I'd have to enquire. It would delay anyone tracking me. My husband had warned me there'd be people like that, wanting to imprison a freak like me, back in Lannan. I wasn't a freak because I'd been changed into a woman. No, I was a freak because I wanted to be changed back into the man I really was.

The director of Lannan Laboratories wanted me back to find out what had gone wrong with my programming, my husband had intimated to me. Then, of course, she'd correct the flaw. I'd be like other 'girls'. I'd be conditioned to love being a woman, a temptress, a wife, desiring a man to make love to me. I'd be a woman, happy to be called that.

The night would be too long to waste doing nothing. I don't think, except for when I was asleep, I'd been out of someone's company, since I was captured on Lennox. I missed Cory, my husband, and Jessica, who'd have been a good friend, I was sure, if I'd wanted another girl as a friend. She was a geecee, gender-corrected, girl like me. Yes, that's what we

girls called ourselves but never in front of those who weren't from Lannan Labs where we'd been changed. That was built into us.

Where else could I go but the Drum Theater, the infamous entertainment center of Duncansford, where Barbara, a converted soldier like me, had told me Colette had gone, to be a dancer> I couldn't imagine it. Well, I could. I'd seen Colette dancing and laughing with men provided to us as partners in our 'training', as newly-created women. No one but me ever said that was what we were. We were just girls, being readied for whatever female 'professions' suited us.

Somehow, I'd been assessed as a man's perfect companion. I was marked as a wife and, in time, a mother. But I couldn't keep to that, even though I'd only allowed one man to share my body and bed, my husband Cory, Sir Cornal Brel of Grampton. I couldn't imagine what it must be like for Sergeant Tobert, my military adviser, macho, ('old and grizzled') I'd called him, trooper in the Foreman Civil War. He was Colette? He was a dancing girl who partied with men, more than one, night after night?

I couldn't believe it; but I did believe Tobert might be holding out, sending messages by girls like Barbara, rallying members of our squad, including me, the lieutenant, the only officer, to resist and find a way out of the predicament we were all in.

I took an autocar to the Drum, stopping a distance away as we approached. I shuddered as I looked at the crowd of soldiers and marines, space workers, and ship's personnel, milling about in the street, girls in pretty dresses swinging about on their arms, pulling them towards the massive Drum icon in front of the sexiest entertainment club, by reputation, in the Giant's Rift region of space.

"Hi, darling," said a boozy voice. Suddenly, I had an arm wrapped around my slim waist. My reddish dress flared about me as this tall, muscular spacer, I guessed, swung me around on the street in my red high heels, telling me I was his. He was going to spend every credit mark he had left on the prettiest

girl on the Strip, *me*. He'd remember having me 'forever', on his next trip across the Rift.

"No," I hissed fearfully at him, trying to break free. I'd no male strength any more. I tried to avoid the kiss he aimed at my lips and partly succeeded, wriggling partly free as the big man kept hold of me.

"Hey!" yelled a voice from across the street. I was swung around, my long hair flying around my mostly bare shoulders, only the small straps across them keeping me in the flirty, evening dress we girls wore. Some were wearing a lot less, and showing a lot more. I'd felt so embarrassed, as it was, to be out, in the city, dressed as a 'party girl'.

From across the street, a tall, powerful man was moving quickly towards us. "She's not a Drum girl!" the man yelled at the other, trying to squeeze my tush tight against him.

"Then what's she doing down here?" the drunk rasped, catching my breast and pinching it as I fought to break his embrace.

The drunk's arm was suddenly removed from my waist. I tottered unexpectedly away from him, my high heels feeling about to give way. The booze-influenced guy grabbed at me, before screeching as my rescuer jabbed him, hard, in his stomach with some kind of probe.

I stared, fascinated, as the drunk slowly sank to the sidewalk, his legs and body, even his arms, relaxing, ceasing to function. Two more men hustled up the street. Several, on the fringes of the big crowd, were turning to look at me. I saw the girls begin to smile, grab their men's arms and tug them again towards the Drum. No one came out of the crowd to aid the big man.

"Need help?" asked one of the approaching men.

"No," laughed my rescuer. "I've signaled the scruffs. They'll be here in minutes to take him in. All he needs is to sleep it off."

The big man was muttering incoherently as a blue vehicle, its green lights flashing, approached.

“I’m Rongey, crowd control here at the Drum,” said my rescuer, gently taking my arm and leading me away from the robo-attendants, scooping up the drunk. “I’m right, aren’t I? You’re not a Drum girl or a girl who brings customers into the club.”

Rongey seemed amused. I clung to his arm as security directed the taking away of the spacer, shaking their heads at him, telling him he couldn’t grab women like that, not on this planet, not on any planet of the Rift, for that matter. And I knew why. Women were rare out here, and precious. It was why Carmichael was making women in its ‘hospitals’ and labs. I was living proof of that.

“I, I came down to see a friend, a girl,” I said, adding the last as he lifted an eyebrow as if to tell me I could find any kind of male friend I wanted outside the Drum. “This, this is a bad time, isn’t it? I, I should head back to my sleep-inn, shouldn’t I, and get out of your way.”

“I see you’re not from Duncansford,” laughed Rongey as he led me across the street, away from the milling crowds, many people now watching security and the drunken spacer. “No time’s a good time to visit the Drum unless you want to party. I take it you’re not here to party?”

“N-No,” I gasped as he dropped his arm to take my hand in his, squeezing it. For a moment I was scared, thinking I’d jumped from the asteroid into planetary gravity.

“Pity,” said Rongey, using a computer key to pass me through the opening door and into a long passageway that clearly led to offices. “Who’d you come to see? A girlfriend, you said?”

“Y-Yes,” I agreed nervously. “Her, her name,” I shivered to use such a feminine pronoun for the sergeant, “is, is Colette.”

“Colette?” asked Rongey in surprise. “Well, that may be a something of a problem, whoever-you-are. I take it you didn’t look up at the displays going around the Drum?”

“No,” I said nervously. He led me down to where several office workers pored over screens, frowning at them as they did something I couldn’t comprehend.

“If you’d looked up,” said Rongey, pointing to a revolving drum on a large screen over one of the women’s heads, “you’d have seen Colette.”

I couldn’t help an involuntary shriek. There was this nude, blonde woman in a huge wine glass, bathing herself in some bubbly drink. Another busty girl ‘swam’ around her, obscuring their most private parts. The girls entwined their bodies before pouting at the camera trained on them.

Colette leaned forward, her gorgeous breasts exposed, and beckoned with a finger to whoever was looking at her. “Come on in,” she purred. I could hear as Rongey did something at a console, lifting the sound. Several people turned to look at us. “I really need a man, a real man, tonight, maybe two, or three!”

Colette’s eyes, so exquisitely made-up, were laughing as I’d never seen her, as a sergeant, ever do. “So do I,” said the red-haired girl, so perfectly feminine from her naked rear to her long hair.

“Colette and Melinda, ready to party, all the way girls,” said another sultry voice as both girls began to giggle and splash whoever was filming them.

The sound died as some technician took over. “Want the three-dimensional or holo version, Rongey?” the girl asked. She smiled at me. She was dark-haired, as pretty as the naked girls on the screen. But she wore a long-sleeved top and a short, dark skirt, with black hose that covered her legs as far as I could see.

“You’ll love them,” the woman said to me, her bright smile, showing perfect, white teeth to contrast

with her red, glossy lipstick. “They’ll make you feel you’re actually touching Colette or Melinda. Let me show you!”

It was true. The holographic view of Colette sliding around and over Melinda was frankly erotic. I could feel my phantom penis starting to rise as I looked at the girls. Shame and embarrassment swept over me as I realized I was lusting after a man, years older than myself, trapped there on the screen as if he was a pretty, teenaged girl begging a man to make love to ‘her’.

“Is Colette engaged now?” asked Rongey. The girl looked across the office at us and snorted.

“Do avians fly?” she asked with a smile. “Of course, that girl’s engaged, Ronge! She’s got two guys doing her at the moment. She’s a real big help to the assignment office, taking on doubles or triples all the time. She loves it!”

Tobert couldn’t be that woman, Colette, I thought, a tremor running through my feminized body. My sergeant taking other men, and not just one at a time but in groups! *He* was the busty woman! I couldn’t believe it. Barbara, who’d been a corporal with Tobert, must be wrong! Tobert couldn’t be the adorable little sexpot, Colette!

“I’m Nicole,” the dark-haired girl said, turning down the display of Melinda and Colette kissing one another’s breasts as they swam in the ‘cocktail glass’. “Colette will need a break after she’s been with juiced-up marines half the night. I’ll see your girl-friend meets the star of our show, Ronge. You can leave her here and go back on the street!”

“Come on, Nicole,” said the man who’d escorted me into these offices. “You can’t leave me like this, all horny and unrequited!”

To my utter astonishment, the girl behind the counter danced away from her desk and console, and threw her arms around Rongey. They ignored me completely as they kissed passionately, as Melinda and Colette were doing in the vid. Then, Nicole’s legs

were lifted about his waist. His hands were on her pretty, rounded tush, her short dress moving up over her garter belt. Her panties were coming down.

I gasped and stood back, unable to believe what I was seeing. Nicole had a penis! Rongey seemed to know it. He stepped back to a chair and drew her tush over his own enlarging penis. Then the two of them went at it in front of me, leaving me not knowing where to look.

“Oh yes, darling, darling!” Nicole was squealing between kisses, her breasts over the top of her bra and opened blouse, exposed to the attentions of Rongey’s mouth and hands. “Deeper! Deeper!” she was demanding, her whole body bouncing again and again against Rongey’s as she sought some kind of orgasm, her own manhood pressed against Rongey’s abdomen. “Do me, my darling! Do me! Drive it into me. You know how I like it! Come on, Rongey! Fuck me, oh, fuck me, fuck me, fuck me!”

And that’s what Rongey did. It was amazing how he lifted her up and drove her down on his manhood. How she giggled in delight, encouraging him to have ‘her’ in such a ferocious manner. It didn’t take long. Rongey was grunting as he came inside her. She was squealing as she climaxed as well, Rongey’s hands assisting in the process.

“Oh sugar,” said Nicole, swaying and refusing to lift from Rongey’s pole, “Colette’s girlfriend must be straight from Lannan! You are, aren’t you, whoever you are? You don’t know about blue girls and pink girls, do you? Rongey, you’ve got to get back on duty. I’ll take this girl down to the pool where I can clean up and we can get to know one another.”

Nicole had to embrace Rongey several more times before she actually did lift herself from the man, the one who dressed like a man that is. She took my hand in one of hers, her panties in the other, and wiggled down the hallway in her high heels, her hair and makeup showing the ravages of her tryst.

“Gwennie!” Nicole called to one of the other girls working a different console. Those girls had ignored

the sexual congress going on. A blonde looked over and shook her head in mock sorrow at the brunette 'girl', her short dress still showing off the manhood that had erupted on Rongey while he'd been emptying himself inside 'her'.

"Gwennie, look after the lists, will you?" Nicole said, wiggling on her high heels as if she was a girl, her tush swaying. "Melinda is to party with the Danforth captain and Natalie has the admiral. Wren is from the Liffey Heights and wants a blue girl. See if Sally's finished with her regular. If she isn't, call me in the pool. I'll take Wren myself."

"Is that a new girl?" asked Gwennie, shaking her long, flowing blonde hair in my direction. "Can I put her on the schedule?"

"Not yet," laughed Nicole, tugging my hand. I shivered at what I might be offered. "She's just a visitor, for now."

"Where...?" I began as we went further into the building, away from Rongey and the only way out I knew of.

"Shh," whispered Nicole, opening a door. We went into the back of a darkened room. At the front, there was a brightly-lit stage from which deafening music emanated. On the stage was a chorus line of dancers in the skimpiest of costumes and high, feathered headdresses, who were doing an intricate production number.

Suddenly, they all joined up and began to high kick to the music, the crowd at the tables between us and them standing up and cheering. Perhaps the fact that none of the girls were wearing any panties was the reason for the male voices cheering and whistling.

"Come on!" hissed Nicole to me. We slipped along the back wall. Several men who saw us shouted, though I couldn't hear a word they said, and indicated to us to join them.

We went through another door into a red-lit, dim passage. The door behind us closed so securely that we didn't hear music any more as we swished down the passage in our high heels, through the doors marked 'Leisure Room'. Almost immediately, the sound of girlish voices, laughing and giggling, reached me. There, in the pool stretched across a wide room, were girls of all sizes and shapes, some naked, and some in bikinis, relaxing in and beside the pool.

"Nikki!" called one girl, a brunette, her eyes violet and darkly fringed. "What happened to you?"

"Rongey!" said another girl, a blonde in a red bikini. "She's got a thing for that guy! She should marry him!"

I couldn't believe my eyes as Nicole began to take off all of her clothes, exposing herself to anyone who wanted to look at male genitals.

"What's your name?" Nicole asked me as she kicked off her shoes and peeled off her stockings.

"J-Jessica," I managed to say, although 'Abigail' had been on the tip of my tongue.

"Jessica's new, from Lannan, a friend of Colette's!" called Nicole to the girls who immediately began to call out welcomes to me.

Nicole tossed her female clothing into a basket, her panties and dress quite soiled with essences from Rongey and probably from 'herself'. "You can put your dress and bra and stuff in the change cubicle," said Nicole, "and join us in the warm water."

"But I don't have..." I started to say.

"Bikinis in the top drawer," said Nicole, turning and diving into the water. I was left to stagger in my high heels. A tall, naked brunette, with quite a dark bush about her vagina, pointed where to go.

It wasn't really a bikini, but a thong I found for myself. There was no top.

“Oh, don’t bother about that,” called Nicole. “Come on in. It’s so warm. Colette will be here in five minutes. She always relaxes in the nude!”

I shivered again but the warm water drove away the nervousness I felt.

“Jessica hasn’t seen a blue girl before,” announced Nicole. I felt very strange as I tried to swim across to Nicole from the steps. It was so odd, swimming with breasts.

“You’re new,” said a red-haired girl with a grin. “They don’t teach you that in Lannan, do they?”

“What’s a blue girl?” I asked of the sea of smiling, feminine faces around me.

“The Northern Continent coined the phrase,” the blonde, Andrea, told me. “They had no women there at all. It was forbidden. But you know men. They need sex with someone. So the youngest and weakest were forced to be housewives, maids, comfort girls. The men could make believe they were making love to women. Blue girls had everything a man has but they grew their hair—the men made them—and wore women’s clothing, makeup, jewelry, everything a woman does.”

“We’re given girl’s names as well,” said Nicole with a grin. “And we do for men, as I did with Rongey, everything a man wants from a girl.”

“But when Lannan began to do transformations for Lord John McDonald,” said Andrea, “there were all these girls to be given away to the rulers, the powers, of Northern. Some of the blue girls were so pretty they looked like us geecee girls from Lannan. That’s when the terms blue girl and pink girl came into use. We’re all pink girls from Lannan...”

“Not every one,” said one of the girls, a girl with chestnut brown hair and large, rounded breasts.

“... but some Northerners liked the girls they’d made,” Andrea went on with a grin. “They let some of us go into Coldhaven and have our breasts aug-

mented or our tushes rounded. But they liked us to be girls with a little extra, like Nicole and me.”

I gulped as I stared at the very pretty Andrea. Her maleness, if she had such, was concealed by her bikini bottom.

“Here, we don’t take any notice of the difference,” said another girl, the redhead, Marcia. “Besides, the blue girls often become pink after they’ve been here a while. You’re going to do it, Nikki, aren’t you?”

“Yes,” said Nicole with a grimace. “And I’m going to be a bride as well. You can when you’re a pink girl.”

“You can when you’re a blue girl as well,” said Andrea with smile. “Lady Liffey, Lady Rosemary, she’s a blue girl. She even has five kids, I think.”

“Ooo, that’s got to hurt,” said another girl, floating out on the water.

“Blue girls have caesareans,” said Andrea, who seemed to be the expert on this strange phenomenon. It sent shivers up and down my spine as the girls spoke so earnestly. “It really isn’t very different from the way pink girls have their kids...”

And how is that? I wanted to scream.

“Here’s Colette,” interrupted Nicole. “Hey, Colette, over here! Jessica’s here from Lannan to visit you!”

Colette’s dress was stained, her stockings were torn and her blonde hair was half pinned, half loose, as she smiled faintly. She dumped all her clothing, bra and panties, into the basket that Nicole had used, and dove into the warm water. She came up with hair all over her face.

“Twelve men I wrecked tonight,” Colette said with a feminine giggle. “I need some food, fuel, before I go back again!”

“Twelve isn’t the record,” laughed Nicole to the naked woman drifting beside her.

“I can’t do twenty-five,” protested Colette. “The marines off that Kingdom ship are animals, *animals* I tell you!”

This led to all kinds of laughter around the group. The arrival of a group of girls, led by Gwennie, organizing food and drinks for everyone, finally led to Nicole pointing me out to Colette, who turned and smiled at me.

“Do I know you, Jessica?” she asked me, a smile on her pretty face as she stood from the water and took a white robe to cover her fantastic female figure. Colette had a pretty, upturned nose, delicate features and didn’t appear to be a day over eighteen. Quite unselfconsciously, she was taking the pink lotion that Gwen passed to her and was languidly, femininely, creaming her hairless legs.

“I, I wasn’t Jess-Jessica in Lannan,” I half-whispered to this beautiful, lithe girl who stretched and smiled in pleasure as she applied the lotion to her firm, perky breasts. “Th-there, they c-called me Abigail.”

“Ah,” said Colette, stepping over to a shower and letting warm water caress her athletic body. She was a picture of feminine perfection as she eased her wet, blonde hair back from her face, showing off the golden flowers at her ear lobes. There was something like them as well at her navel, as well as a thin, golden chain at her ankle and bracelets at her wrists.

“Abigail?” asked Colette with a frown. She glanced around at the other girls, several of them flushed and shrieking in delight and laughter about the party they’d been in and what various men had tried to do, had done, to them. “You’re from Foreman, then?” She studied me intensely. “Cal?” she asked with a curve of a smile on her full, pink lips.

Colette couldn’t be Sergeant Tobert, I thought with a shudder. He was thin-lipped, scarred, where her long, lovely neck was marked only by some other man’s attention to kissing her. Tobert did have dark, grey-green eyes as she did.

“Not Morshin,” she mused. “Not Parres. Herrick?”

“D-Dowerson,” I said, my voice shaking as I turned with her, she so naked, a little muff of blonde hair between her legs and nothing else. In the mirror tile, there I was beside her spectacular femininity. Only I was a woman as well, in a red bikini, a young girl, my hips as rounded and my legs as shapely as hers.

“Lieutenant?” gasped Colette, taking my arm and making me face her. “What, how, how did you, how did you find me here?”

“B-Barbara said,” I began, the words tumbling out. “You were organizing, f-finding a-a w-way out of h-here ...”

“Shush,” murmured Colette, taking a white robe from a trolley and wrapping it about her nakedness. She took a soft white towel, bending to dry her long, blonde hair as she handed me another and a robe as well.

“Toss your bikini in there,” Colette said, indicating the basket of clothing, as I dried myself. “I have a performance to give in about an hour but we can talk until then. Is it Abigail or Abbie or Gail?”

I shuddered. But I could see, with all the girls around, that I couldn't really call her ‘Sergeant’ or expect her to call me ‘Lieutenant’.

“None of those?” asked Colette. “Oh, Jessica! That's what Nikki called you. Is that a new name you've taken? A husband or a lover?” She took my hand and caressed my ring finger. “You've still got the marks. Mmm, a big ring, wasn't it? Cost a lot of money, I'll bet. So, Mistress Abigail, why are you here, coming after me? Surely, Barbara told you what I told her.”

“She, she said,” I said quietly, hating to speak of Corporal Parres that way. He wasn't a ‘she’, as I wasn't, nor was Colette, not really. “Barbara said you wanted to get us all together again. I, I tried to recruit Priscilla but she was too scared to even tell me who, who she really was.”

“But you told her about me,” said Colette, leading me to the table Gwen had prepared for us all. She handed me a long, cool drink of juice which was all I wanted.

“I, I thought it would make a difference,” I said, finally controlling some of the shakes I’d been feeling.

“It won’t,” said Colette in the tiniest of whispers. “Come. Let’s go to my room before we get the makeup call.”

As soon as we stepped through the Leisure Room doors, we were accosted by two men, their peckers rampant. “No, no, no, darling,” said Colette, kissing the man with his arms pinning hers to her sides. “We’re getting ready to perform in the champagne glass! When that’s over, you can have me!”

A dressed, laughing Gwen came out of the Leisure Room, with two other girls, scantily dressed, behind her. “Here they are, Jenny, Denise!” she exclaimed, releasing the hand caressing my naked breast and putting it on a redhead’s bra instead. “I said there were dates for you both out here. Now leave that guy alone, Colette.” Colette was mauling the man’s lips with hers, a hand behind his head to draw him down to her as her tongue flickered over his mouth. “He’s Jenny’s.”

A laughing Gwen disentangled us from the soldiers or marines. I was shuddering as I followed a grinning Colette into a fairly luxurious suite, one side dominated by a huge, canopied bed. She bounced up onto it like a young girl, again making me stare at her and wonder where the Sergeant I knew had gone.

“You haven’t heard anything about your home?” asked Colette. I shook my long hair, shivering at the touch of the pony tail Nicole, the blue girl, had made for me as I’d waited to see my Sergeant again.

“All the time as a wife and you never thought to access news from Foreman?” Colette asked, opening and sweeping away the dressing gown she wore. So there I was, in a room, with a naked, eighteen-year-old woman. I couldn’t do anything I’d

sworn I'd do if I ever got the chance. No, I couldn't because I was an eighteen-year-old girl in looks and body, as well.

"We, or more specifically you, Jeffrey," said Colette softly as she pirouetted over to me in a girlish dance move, helping me out of the robe I had on, "were betrayed. All of us were, home boys and mercenaries alike. Your father called it 'avoiding a blood bath.' His present sycophants call it 'acting the responsible statesman.' That's a quote from your eldest brother. Branford has a mountain holding, doesn't he? It wasn't touched in the fighting. He's your father's chief of security in the new coalition government your father formed."

"He said he'd never..." I protested hotly. "He said *I* was his heir!"

"Your brother heard him. That's why you're here, Abigail," said Colette, putting her thin arms about me as if I, a naked woman in looks, wanted another naked woman to take me in her arms.

I pushed her away as she looked surprised. "You could ask your father about it, Abigail," Colette said, her eyes gleaming as she called me that. "He's coming in with a party later tonight. Branford might be with him. There's only six of them but they want a dozen girls, all long-haired blondes, all pink girls. We could slip you in. Yes?"

My look of horror surely showed her what I was feeling.

"And don't ask me to revenge myself on your father or your brother," Colette went on easily, moving over to a large table where makeup and women's lotions had been laid out in orderly fashion. "I'm not in that business any more. Even if I tried, I wouldn't be able to do anything without a blaster in my hand, and I've nowhere to conceal that.

"No, if Daddy picks me, I'll just try to get him to overdose on his meds and alcohol, the usual stuff. Get him so excited he could pop off, having a girl like me. It'll be fun for me, even if nothing comes of it. The

medtechs here are too good. They can revive anyone who overdoses it or who crashes. They've seen just about everything it's possible to see round here."

"You, you wouldn't make love to my *father!*" I exclaimed in horror, looking at the blonde girl brushing out her long hair. "Not with whom you once were...!"

Colette turned her head and smiled coyly over her shoulder at me. "Why not?" she asked. "He'll be the biggest present-giver here tonight. I'm not who you think I am, Abigail. I'm not who I was. I've moved on. I'm Colette now. That's what Barbara should have told you. She was just being mischievous. She loves being a dancer in the touring burlesque show she's in. She fucks as many men as we do here in the Drum, though she doesn't have as many off-worlders."

"You'd let my father make love to..." one of his veteran soldiers, a man older than he was, I wanted to declaim.

"Of course," Colette pouted at me. "Why don't you come with me tonight? You'll know the ministers he's bringing with him. We could have him to ourselves, a threesome, us and Daddy. We could probably blow his mind right off this planet, two girls like us."

I struggled to speak as Colette's eyes went up and down over me. She changed her brush for more lotions that she eased into her soft, smooth girlskin.

"It's the best I can offer you, Lieutenant," she said gently, "for old times' sake."

Make love to my own father as a woman!? Kill him by bringing him to a point of sexual excess? What sort of woman did Colette think I was?

I reeled back as she began to tell me where I could find women's clothing to fit me. I'd barely got my numb fingers onto a pair of panties when there was a chime at the door. Colette let in a pretty, older woman.

“Makeup,” said the woman in an amused, high-pitched voice. “Melinda only just got out of His Lordship’s clutches, she says, but we’ve all heard that before, haven’t we?”

Colette introduced me as ‘Jessica’ to Alanna, who assisted all of the performers with their makeup, Colette said. And Melinda, I gathered, routinely went overboard with her ‘dates,’ getting so worked up that she never got to rest before she was on stage again. She was due to perform with Colette, as I’d seen them do in the promo vids.

“And costumes, I do those as well as cosmetics,” agreed Alanna, making me blush as she looked me over critically. “You’re not performing today, are you, Jessica? I don’t have you on my list!”

“She’s a visitor,” said Colette, opening her eyes wide as she began to darken her eyelids and apply curled, thick eyelashes to those she already had. “We knew one another in Lannan.”

“Oh, that’s where I’ve seen you!” exclaimed Alanna. “You must have been a dancer with a figure like that!”

“No,” I said, quivering yet again at the appraisal of my ‘female’ body. I hastily put on the bra Colette had told me to use, wondering if I could get my own female clothing back from the poolside cubicle where I’d left it.

But Alanna and Colette laughed when I tentatively mentioned that. “It’ll be in the wash by now,” said Alanna, her giggle infectious. She sprayed Colette with some new scent, from the Yost Abergris perfumery, whatever that was.

“Here, Jessica,” Alanna said to me. “Try this. Isn’t it marvelous? Drives my husband wild! It’ll make your date tonight unable to keep his mouth off your body!” She lifted her own dress, sprayed over her tiny black panties and then inside them. She attacked a smiling Colette in the same way.

“Men have tongues,” said Alanna, making me wonder about her. Was she really a former man like Colette and me? “But they really don’t know what they’re for, do they? It’s taken me nearly all this year to train my husband to loving me the way a woman wants to be loved!”

“And are you doing what he wants you to do as well?” asked Colette archly, standing and arranging a thong about her vagina and tush. Alanna began to attach tassels to Colette’s breasts. That was her entire costume for whatever ‘number’ she was about to perform.

“Of course,” laughed Alanna. “I’m not immune to this crazy *Perverse* perfume, either. I promised Teddy I’ll go up to Lannan for him at the end of the year.”

Colette squealed then like a little girl. She jumped up and down and flung her arms about the woman opposite her, quite spoiling her lipstick as she kissed her. “You’re going to be a mummy,” shrieked Colette. “Does everyone else know?”

“I just told Gwen and Nicole,” said a squeaky-voiced Alanna, hugging Colette in her turn. “I’m sure the word is on its way ‘round the Theater.”

“It will be so thrilling!” squealed Colette, astounding me as she sounded so girlish and excited that this other woman was to become a mother. “Are you hoping for a boy or a girl? They can do that, can’t they? Impregnate you with the sex you want!”

“Teddy says ‘no’ and I wouldn’t want to know anyway,” said Alanna, smiling at me. “Oh, I *do* know you, don’t I? You were on all the vids! At the last bridal auction at St. Duncan’s. It’s you, isn’t it? Lady Abigail Brell! Your husband paid ten millions for you!”

Colette stared at me open-mouthed, tossing her brushed, waved blonde hair about her thin shoulders. “Lady Abigail Brell!” she gasped. “Of course you are! What an idiot I am!”

“Sit down here, Abigail,” said Alanna. After a few whimpers and protests, I sat in Colette’s makeup

chair. Alanna turned me into a painted showgirl like Colette. They wouldn't hear of me wearing a dress like my old one. No, I had to wear a tiny skirt, a tiny top and impossibly high heels, all to show off all my female, feminine attributes.

My hair was re-done. It was swept up and arrayed over my head with strings of beads, matching the heavy, dangling earrings I wore at my ears. My stockings were dark-topped and almost came to the hem of my skirt, where the black, garter belt held them in place.

I stared at the woman they 'd made me into so quickly. I'd have been called a tart or strumpet or floozy by my father who loved such old-fashioned words. If he saw me like this walking through the Drum Theater, I'd no doubt he'd claim me for the evening. I didn't doubt Colette was planning that for me.

"Go do your thing!" Alanna said to Colette for a tenth time. A rap on the door and Colette went dancing to it, to meet another girl whose tassels were swinging just like hers.

"Melinda," said Alanna but I'd already guessed that. "If you're going to work here, Lady Abigail, I'd guess Colette wants you to replace Miranda. You and Colette would be really hot, I'd think, in the champagne glass routine!"

I thought about what we were as I tottered after Alanna. A naked, grizzled, veteran soldier and his nude, murderous lieutenant, would be weaving about one another in a bubbling, 'wine' filled glass, entertaining a shrieking group of Drum devotees as we touched and stroked one another. Who'd pay to see that?

I followed Alanna as she went down a chorus line of girls, adjusting clothing and makeup, perking up breasts and making all the girls smile as they readied themselves to follow Colette and Melinda in quite a different act.

“Your panties have to drop at exactly the same time,” I heard Alanna saying. “No being late, Brigitte, this time!”

A dark-haired girl down at my end smiled and did a sexy pose for the rest of the group as they razzed her, laughing as they did so.

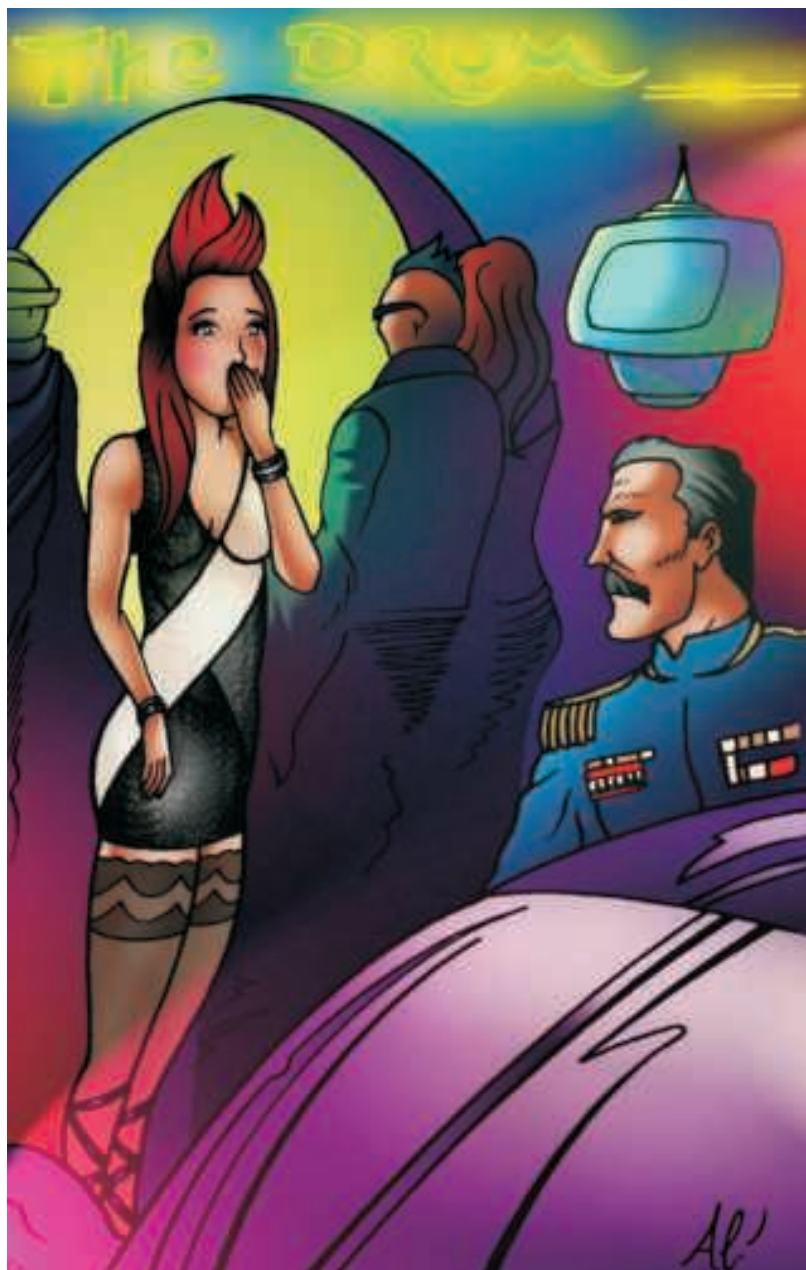
I could see the girls in the champagne glass over my head. Colette and Melinda slid about one another, kissing and caressing, faking ecstasy (or so I was told by Brigitte, the girl on the end of the line). It was she who pointed out an exit that avoided groups coming in. I slipped away as the ‘chorus’ moved forward and went through doors that only opened one way.

I was on the street outside the Drum, the breeze still blowing, making me quiver in my skimpy clothing. A huge limo pulled up at the main Drum entrance. My father was dressed up like a general. The woman judge who’d sentenced me to exile was on his arm, looking up in interest at Colette and Melinda, cavorting in the champagne glass. Then, the line of girls appeared across the drum symbol. She, the judge, clapped her hands and pushed my father forward to join other distinguished men, entering the Drum.

Oh yes, we’d been betrayed. There was my brother, as Colette said. There were Squid River leaders, arm-in-arm with ranchers, more than six of them together, as far as I could see. I should have stayed and assisted Colette, I thought bleakly. But what if my father had chosen me to be his party girl? Gods, even worse, imagine what it would have been like if I, as a showgirl, had to entertain that old wrinkled woman judge! Or my brother, Branford! Well, maybe I’d have gotten one of them to listen to me.

“Hey, honey girl,” said a voice beside me. A calused hand caressed my tush. “How’s about a party with me and my friend!”

I squealed loudly. Security came running as the drunk’s ‘friend’ was splashing all over my legs as I



tried to get away from the man who said he loved me so.

Where else could I go but back to the Travel Cottage? I was accosted several times by different men on my wobbly return to the place I'd rented. Inside, I was seething with terrible emotions. I'd been betrayed and not just by my father.

The person I'd counted on, to be like me, to try to find a way out of the mess men like us, nanotech transformations into women, were in. I'd believed Sergeant Tobert would never give in. But he wasn't a man any more!

Tobert was this simpering doll of a girl, willing to sell his new body to any and all comers. He was enthralled and delighted to be the woman he was. He was being sexually fulfilled, it appeared to me, as a woman. 'She' wanted nothing more out of life than to be sexed, in myriads of ways, by perverted men. Yes, Colette was the queen of the Drum Theater, I raged inside. She was definitely, *most* definitely, a queen.

The mirror in my room showed me a girl who wouldn't have been out of place at the Drum. I should have stayed there, I thought miserably, as I wiggled out of the sexy outfit I'd worn through the streets of Duncansford. No wonder men had thronged about me, no wonder they'd touched my tush, and wanted me to party with them. I looked like a girl who was flaunting herself!

I trembled all over as I removed the garish makeup from my face, got out of the sexy lingerie and tiny skirt I'd been wearing. I shuddered at what Alanna and Colette had done to my hair. I was crying as, finally, an hour later, I got the last strands of pearls and the last barrette out of my hair. Then I had to endure long, feminine hair falling about my face, neck, and shoulders as I got ready for bed.

I was so restless as I lay in my lovely nightdress, looked up to the ceiling mirror. A beautiful, restless girl stared back at me. I must cut off 'her' hair, I decided. Enough, I wasn't a woman. I didn't have to look like one. But, naked, my figure was so curvy. It wouldn't matter if I shaved my head, I'd look like a woman anyway.

I hadn't thought what it would be like to be in a place like the Travel Cottage. I was restless and afraid of my own thoughts. I was so depressed at what I'd learned in just one silly trip into the city of Duncansford. How could I return to what I'd been? The Cottage had no answers. All I could hear was laughter and giggles of pretty girls who seemed to sa-shay past my window all night long. Beds creaked loudly in the rooms above me, first on one side of my room, then the other.

Every girl must be wearing high heels and giving a fashion show, with all the clicking that echoed and re-echoed in my room. Then, as I dozed, some girl would flit by the window, on the balcony walk outside. I shivered as some would stop, a second shadow would join them, and the two would become one.

If I didn't get sleep soon, I thought in bewilderment, how could I ever make a plan to get away, or carry it out? Cory had said I'd have a day before this planet's security would be hunting me. Perhaps I should just get up, take a pack, and go, but exhaustion took over in the end. I half-slept, trembling as I dreamed of Cory, his arms around me, in our marriage bed.

"If you can't beat them, join them," Jodie, my supposed 'trainer' in how to be a girl, had whispered to me in exasperation. She, a boy as much as I was, had thought I wasn't making a proper effort to be a girl. She'd been genuinely concerned about the effect psych drugs would have on me. I'd certainly be given huge doses of Euphoria, 'E', if I didn't 'shape up'.

But I'm not a girl and neither are you, I'd wanted to tell her. Join me and stop this insanity, I wanted to scream. But all Jodie ever wanted was to have her boyfriend screw her, to put it crudely. Once her doc-

tor boyfriend had made love to her, she was an entirely different girl, much kinder and more friendly, more feminine, even loving, to me and other 'girls' created at the same time as me.

But no, I wouldn't join them, I remember thinking as I finally drifted off to sleep.

A shadow across the curtained window must have made me sense I wasn't alone any more. I felt the presence of dark, uniformed people in my room and woke, squealing like a little girl, for my nightmare was true. The planet of Carmichael's security force had found me. Several members of that establishment were in my room, pawing through my clothes, exchanging silent signals, expressing surprise I had such a feminine wardrobe to wear.

"Get dressed, Lady Abigail," said a woman with vivid blue eyes, her hair hidden in the helmet she wore. "We're taking you for a ride. You can guess where."

I clutched the blankets around my upper chest in fright, a terribly revealing feminine gesture that someone like me shouldn't have made, I knew. The woman smiled and motioned to another woman who'd been watching me from the doorway.

My bedsheets didn't stay against me for a second. I was exposed immediately to the people in the room as a woman in a short, red nightdress. The silent girl from the doorway pulled me across the bed and pushed me towards the bathroom. She stood in the doorway as I washed and did what I had to in the morning, hearing only quiet sounds as my clothing was packed in the other room.

"Here," was the only thing the girl said as she tossed me panties and waited, hand out, for my nightdress which she passed off to someone else. Other clothing, a bra, a slip, a dark blue blouse, ap-

peared in order and then stockings, a garter belt and a straight skirt, grey in color.

There were few items of makeup from my purse, in front of the mirror. I shivered as I did what I always did, as a woman, in the mornings. I shaped my eyebrows with a pencil, lined my eyes and thickened my lashes with mascara. I creamed my face as I'd been taught and put on lipstick and perfume, shaking a little as I realized that everything on my dressing table had been laid out exactly as I'd have done it. There was the makeup I'd have used, even the upland flowers perfume I wore during the day. Cory, I thought, for no reason, liked that scent so much.

Rosanne, the girl who'd assisted me before, stood at the entrance to the Travel Cottage, her mouth open in surprise at the little procession of women in uniform, escorting me to ground transport.

"Just taking our newest recruit to the training establishment," said the woman who'd spoken first to me. Her cheerful voice satisfied Rosanne. She smiled and waved to me, even when I was in the car, between two other 'women,' if they were indeed. What could I do? I smiled and waved back to someone who'd judged me a pretty woman in the short time I'd been in Duncansford.

A thopter awaited me and my procession. Unlike the one Cory had let me use, this one was all dark with no markings at all.

"On the way," said the chatty woman, taking off her helmet, showing braided, blonde hair to me. She smiled. "Yes, I have our friend with me. No trouble at all. Thank Vincent for his vids from the Drum. She didn't make any attempt to hide from us. No, she is no security risk, I'm sure of that. No, I won't refer to her as 'the package'. We're inbound for the next two hours."

I shivered as the thopter rose straight up, as they always do, the speed alarming, also as always.

"Men," said the woman beside me. "I'm Celia, by the way. The glum one beside you is Maggie. She was

hoping for some action today, a little tussle, girl-on-girl stuff, but I saw you in that bouffant hair and the costume you wore out of the Drum. I told her you were far too much of a girl to do anything stupid. You are a girl, aren't you?"

"No," I whispered to her. Celia had crossed her legs as I had. Our stockings made them appear very similar. Her heels weren't as high as mine.

"No, you're not stupid?" asked Celia while Maggie watched me in intense silence.

"No," I said, agreeing with her, although I'd meant to say, again, I wasn't a girl.

"Hold on, girls," the pilot called from in front of us. The rest of our party, save for the female co-pilot and tracker, were behind us. I could hear several low, baritone voices talking about some fight the night before. "I'm going for the jet stream! Be in Lannan thirty minutes early!"

"She didn't mean she wasn't stupid," said Maggie suddenly, across me, to her partner. She still had her helmet in place. I wished I did as the thopter rocked wildly as the pilot made a spectacularly fast climb.

"She meant," said Maggie, watching me as I glanced fearfully at her, so feminine and composed in her security uniform, "she wasn't too much of a girl to do stupid things. She meant that she was too much of a boy."

"Oh, now, Maggie," said Celia, taking my hand in hers, as soft and womanly as my own. "Let's not start making problems for ourselves, shall we? We all have bad dreams some days, don't we?"

"Ask her yourself," said Maggie in her emotionless voice. "This girl isn't a bad dream. She knows she isn't a girl."

I could feel Celia's heavily outlined eyes on me, studying me. "You know where we're going, don't you, Lady Abigail? And what's going to happen when we get there?"

“Yes,” I said apprehensively.

There was a long silence as the thopter rocked violently, before settling to a fairly even speed, the clouds passing below us, no ground in sight.

“It isn’t so bad,” whispered Celia after the longest while. There was sympathy in her voice. “It isn’t bad being a girl, really.”

“It is,” I said, with a shudder, which seemed to surprise her, this Lannan woman. I’d no doubts about what she’d been before she was nano-transformed into ‘Celia’.

There was silence between my ‘female’ captors and me then. I tuned in to other conversations going on around me. There was another female in the back seat, arguing with men, who seemed really amused and condescending to me, over her choice of blaster to carry.

“But my hands aren’t as big as yours,” she was saying to one of them. “That’s why you can carry that blunderbuss. I’m too, too...”

“Feminine,” laughed one of the condescending men. “You just like the look of the white, pearly trigger...”

“Just like yours, Ben,” I heard someone else say. “It’s why she likes you as well.”

“Men,” I heard the girl say in exasperation to subdued chuckles behind us. “All you think about is getting laid, isn’t it?”

“Not all the time, not while we’re *being* laid,” someone else whispered. There was more subdued laughter.

“Lannan approach has us now,” the pilot announced as the thopter ended its swaying; the effect of a tractor beam, I was sure.

The banter ceased as we descended into Lannan where more tall, handsome guys - could there be any

other kind in this facility that worked with nanotech transformations almost exclusively? – awaited us with smaller, attractive women in straight skirts and blouses that emphasized their femininity.

Celia and Maggie passed me to other women who asked how Duncansford was and if everyone had been co-operative.

“Yes,” laughed Celia. She glanced back in amusement at the rest of her squad, the men so muscular while the women looked so willowy and blonde out of their armor. “Just the usual comments about girls in uniform. Men like to be little boys, don’t they? You know how they are!”

“I’m sure you showed Maggie and the new girls the ropes,” said one of the women, her dark hair pinned so neatly to her head, a long pony tail bouncing as she walked beside me.

“Oh, I did,” said Celia, taking the gun belt from her slender waist. “They all had a really nice time. I made sure of that.” Her mischievous grin made me think she was referring to something different than searching for me.

I was ushered up to a level in Lannan I’d never been in before. Clearly, this was the security center. Aides, male and female, were working intently on whatever problems had been set them. But I went past all of that with barely a glance or a lifted head in my direction. Eloise, the red-haired woman, opened the door marked ‘Director Ivany’. A tall, willowy, blonde rose to meet me.

“Lady Abigail Brel,” said the smiling woman, Lady Ivany, as much a woman as me - was it Jodie who’d said that? - her long hair arranged in a chignon. “It’s a pleasure to meet you.”

I doubted that it was. My husband, yes, I must still be married to him on this planet, I thought with a shiver, must have talked to her about where I was.

“Jacqueline Ivany,” the attractive woman introduced herself, her lipstick perfect on perfectly

shaped lips. On the desk beside her, a screen displayed pictures of a dark-haired man, two very pretty teenaged girls and a young boy, a toddler still.

“My family,” said Lady Ivany, who was really the Baroness of Lannan, I’d been told. “Tarlan is my husband, also my security chief, and my daughters and my son. And yes, Abigail, I’m just like you, a geecee woman.”

The security, if that’s what the women who’d accompanied me were, withdrew quietly. The reddish-haired one indicated she’d stay but Lady Ivany shook her lovely head. I was left all by myself to confront one of the most powerful women on the planet of Carmichael, probably the most powerful.

“Did the men who took you into custody tease you very much?” asked Lady Jacqueline, smiling, trying to put me at my ease. She didn’t know how difficult that was for me, Jeffrey Dowerson, changed, yes, but still me, shuddering inside. We were meeting and greeting, two men, just as if we were women. I really felt it then, that I was a man just as she, this Lady of the Land, had once been.

“It’s still such an anomaly out here,” Lady Ivany went on easily, dialing on a console for some kind of refreshment for us, “women in security uniforms, armed with guns. Some of the men with you are quite aged and don’t think it right that women should be allowed to do men’s jobs. Carmichael is still a backwoods planet in many respects. But there are compensations.” She paused and waved me to a comfortable chair in the seating area of her office. “Aren’t you going to ask me what the compensations are, Lady Abigail?”

I gulped nervously as I sat and looked across at the lovely woman, so perfectly made up. Her legs were crossed, as shapely and feminine as mine. I shook my head, feeling my hair swish across my back, wishing I’d put it into some kind of braid to keep it from flowing over my shoulders and stirring the skin around my bra straps.

“The compensations are that all the men on this planet treat us women as if we were goddesses,” said Lady Jacqueline with a smile. “It doesn’t matter that I’m married to a powerful, dangerous man. Every man here treats me as if I am a blushing maiden who’s never known a man. It’s so exhilarating! Don’t you find it so?”

“Didn’t you find it thrilling when you were here and doing waitress duty in the dining halls? All the men you met and served must have paid you compliments on your prettiness, your figure, your clothes and so on. Don’t tell me that you didn’t notice. It’s supposed to be one of the most important ways, the psyches would have us believe, that we condition girls like you, to their new roles as women in a new society.”

“They, the men, all do it. It just becomes white noise,” I said to her, not knowing when or why I’d crossed my legs, when I had pulled in my elbows or when I’d started sitting as femininely as the person opposite me. She’d admitted to me she’d been a man like me.

“Ah,” Lady Jacqueline said. “You don’t know, Abbie, yes, I’m going to call you that, you must call me Jackie, that I’ve just got off the comm console with your husband. He’s very, very angry with me. He seemed to think that, with a day’s start on Eloise and my girls, you’d be off-planet by now. Of course, I didn’t believe him at all when he said he wanted a day to convince you to carry on as his wife. He didn’t try at all, did he?”

The last words were said very softly. This time, Jackie watched me until I finally shook my head.

“We did talk,” I managed to say nervously, feeling my breasts rising up perkily in front of me. “I had to tell him...”

“That you want to be a man again,” said Jackie Ivany gently. “Well, I told Cory it would be no problem making you into a girl who loved him. We have any number of psyche and drug programs here that would make you the perfect, loving wife for him. That’s when he called me a horrible bitch.” She

seemed very amused by what she was saying. “You didn’t tell him anything about your trainers, did you, Abbie? You didn’t tell him we’re all geecee girls, here in Lannan. All of us, that is, except our daughters.”

Jackie smiled at the laughing girl in the vid on her desk. A young soldier came up behind the girl, having his arms about her waist, as the two laughed at whoever was making the vid of them.

“Melanie, my daughter, and her latest boyfriend, one of the Lord Protector’s aides at Shannondale,” Jackie went on. “Unlike us, she’ll never worry about whether she made the wrong decision about her gender.” She turned back to me. “Yes, I’m one of the rare ones, Abbie, who chose to be what I am. I hid my interests for so long when I began here in nanotech research. Then, I worked with Brannon Lannan on his first experiments in replacement identities.

“I worked on prisoners and wrote the procedures we used on turning men into woman. Yes, that was me. I never told anyone that the reason I worked so hard and so long on that was because I knew that, some time, I’d want to have the same procedures used on myself.”

“So, you’re really a man,” I said, a nervous shake in my voice that I couldn’t control.

“Oh, Abigail, look at me,” said Jackie crossly. “Look at my husband who loves me dearly and made me the mother of our three children! I’m a woman, Abigail! I love it and wouldn’t be anything else.”

“I want to be me, Jeffrey, again,” I said, feeling so silly as I sat there like a woman, staring at the lovely, manicured hands of the woman opposite. She poured me a glass of white wine, smiling, the bangles on her arms whirling as she passed it to me.

“I can’t be Edward again,” she said, sipping on her wine, leaving a red stain of lipstick on the glass. “The procedure I pioneered calls for the removal of the male genitals completely before we begin transformation.”

I think all the air left my body then. My hand shook as I set the glass of wine beside me. “But that means...” I mumbled.

“I could never be a man even if I tried,” said Jackie, “and I don’t want to be.”

“All the men you’ve mutilated,” I began hotly. Jackie winced at that.

“They were prisoners, sentenced to death,” she said, waving me to silence. “I, we, gave them a new life. Twenty thousand rebels, mutineers, what would you have done with them? Make them slaves, so they could plot more rebellion against the men who held them in pits and irons? You’d have made them work for a hundred years, if they’d been unfortunate enough to take age-lengthening drugs, before they rebelled. I couldn’t be that cruel!”

“Cruel!” I gasped, wriggling on the seat, feeling my panties about me, my stockings pulling on the garter belt, my breasts heaving against the constraint of the bra I had to wear. “This, what you make me do, this is cruelty!”

“I only experimented on a few,” said Jackie as if I hadn’t interrupted her. “I was doing it for myself as well as for the project McDonald, the man in charge of Carmichael’s security and intelligence organs, wanted. He suggested the mass transformations of the rebels he’d defeated. It was that or kill them all, as far as he was concerned. So I gave those dead, pitiful men a new life.

“I gave you a new life, Abigail. You and the men dumped on Lennox would all be dead, carrion for birds or whatever flies or crawls on that planet. But I’ve made this massive program. It saved you all and, along the way, brings pleasure and relief to the men-only camps of Northern.

“You could have been a comfort woman, a whore, in one of those camps, Abigail, but Lady Pamela said you’d caught the eye of Cornal Brel. You were ready to move on. Jodie and Lucy, your trainers, agreed. We’re in a hurry this year to get all the new girls we

make through the training facilities. So Pamela, Lady Cameron, passed you for the bridal auction. Now, I realize when I look through your files, Abbie, that you never made love with any young man in your training, did you?

“Pamela’s angry at herself for missing that. But the pressure’s on us, on her, to keep the intake moving. A few mistakes are inevitable. Now, the easiest thing we can do is put you, Abigail, back in training. As I was telling your husband, you’ll have to go to bed with a dozen men, a dozen times or more. We’ll load you with E and a few other mood changers we’ve learned about here. I guaranteed him that you, his wife, would be in love with him with the psyche programs we’ll run... and that’s when he exploded!”

Cory had thrown things at the screen he was using to talk to Jackie, I heard dully. No, it didn’t matter any more. All I had heard was that I couldn’t go back to being Jeffrey. That was all I had heard in what Jackie was telling me. She, Lady Ivany, was amused at the temper tantrum my ‘husband’ had thrown.

I suppose it was funny, to her. Cory, one of the few lords who knew what had been done to make him a wife, knowing he’d married another man, was screaming horrible epithets at her, someone he thought was a real woman, for threatening to make me more of a woman for him.

Of course, he’d had enough of me, I thought miserably. I couldn’t say ‘I love you’ when we made love though he’d said it to me, many times. He’d read my responses to him correctly and knew I responded like a woman when he made love to me. But there was always that part of me that said I was Jeffrey and not Abigail. I sensed the tears welling up inside me as I knew I’d never be either one again.

Cory wanted me gone. He didn’t want me back at Grampton. Lady Jacqueline didn’t seem to understand his tirade. He wanted me back on Foreman, out of his house, out of his sight, never to return. No, I’d soon become a mindless comfort woman, I thought, with another surge of despair running through me.

“Barbara was a member of your squad, wasn’t she?” Jackie asked me. Why she was still talking eluded me completely. “I checked her out and terrified her, I think, when she knew who was asking her questions about herself and Corporal Parres.

“Barbara’s with a touring dance troupe, you should know. She told me, and I believe her, that she’s a girl now and is really having a lot of female fun, as a dancer and actress. Simon, one of Lord Waters’ sons, owns part of the Drum, among many other entertainment companies. He is promising Barbara he’s going to make her a vid star, once her tour of Northern is complete.

“She seems enthralled at the idea of seeing herself in holo presentations. I had a private word with Simon Waters after that. I told him I expect to see Barbara in one of his productions very soon. That shocked him, as much as my visit shocked Barbara. He hummed and hah-ed about what he’d said. Men will say anything, won’t they, to get a beautiful girl like Barbara to take off her panties for them? I had several like that before Tarlan, wooing me when I was finally confident enough to go out of this room as a woman.

“I didn’t know men lie all the time,” laughed Jackie. “Thank goodness, Tarlan straightened out that part of my life. When he tells me he loves me,” she actually seemed to be misting up, I saw in amazement, “I know it’s true and how lucky I am to have met such a wonderful man.”

There was a silence between us as she seemed to be daydreaming about her husband. Whatever it was, was making her smile, her eyes bright all the same.

“What you plan to do with me ...” I began, a shudder running through me, activating all my female parts again.

“You had a wonderful man as your husband,” Lady Jacqueline said, sighing and releasing her loving dream, I thought.

“He wants me gone, away from his house, off this planet,” I told her as she opened her lovely, thickly lashed eyes in surprise. “He doesn’t want me psyched or drugged into being any kind of woman for him. He wants me gone and, and, I want that as well.”

“Where were you intending to go?” asked Jackie, after another long look at me, her head shaking in disbelief, as if she couldn’t believe I was turning down the opportunity to be a woman like her. I’d be a mother too, I thought, with intense distress.

“Shalimar Station,” I said as her lovely eyes opened even wider. “They do reconstructions there...”

“Nothing like what you want,” said Jackie slowly.

“Once I’m me again,” I went on with a shiver at the look on her face. She was shaking her lovely hair in absolute denigration of the suggested destination I’d proposed, “I’ve the money to pay for it all. Cory,” yes, he was paying to get rid of me. He’d made no effort to hold back the money he’d paid for me at the bridal auction. “Cory’s let me have my share of the bride price. I’ll go back to Foreman, confront my father about, about...”

“...the state of affairs on Foreman for the ranchers,” said Jackie as I faltered, my grand plan not complete at all.

“Yes,” I mumbled, feeling entirely like Jeffrey in a dress then, talking to Sergeant Tobert. He’d have listened and then cogently filled in all the details to make my plans into possibilities.

“No,” said Jackie, decisively shaking her lovely hair. “Shalimar will take your money and give you nothing that will satisfy you, as a man or as a woman. No, you’ll have to be treated here, darling Abigail.”

She sounded so much like my husband. He always called me ‘darling Abigail’. Hearing the words on her lips made me openly tremble. I began to stand up, tottering a little on my high, high heels. The girls

must have made me wear them so that I couldn't run away.

"I told you about the procedures we set up for transformations we make here," said Jacqueline, waving at me to sit down again. "They apply to me and anyone transformed on Lennox or in Coldhaven or Liffey where we have outposts on this planet.

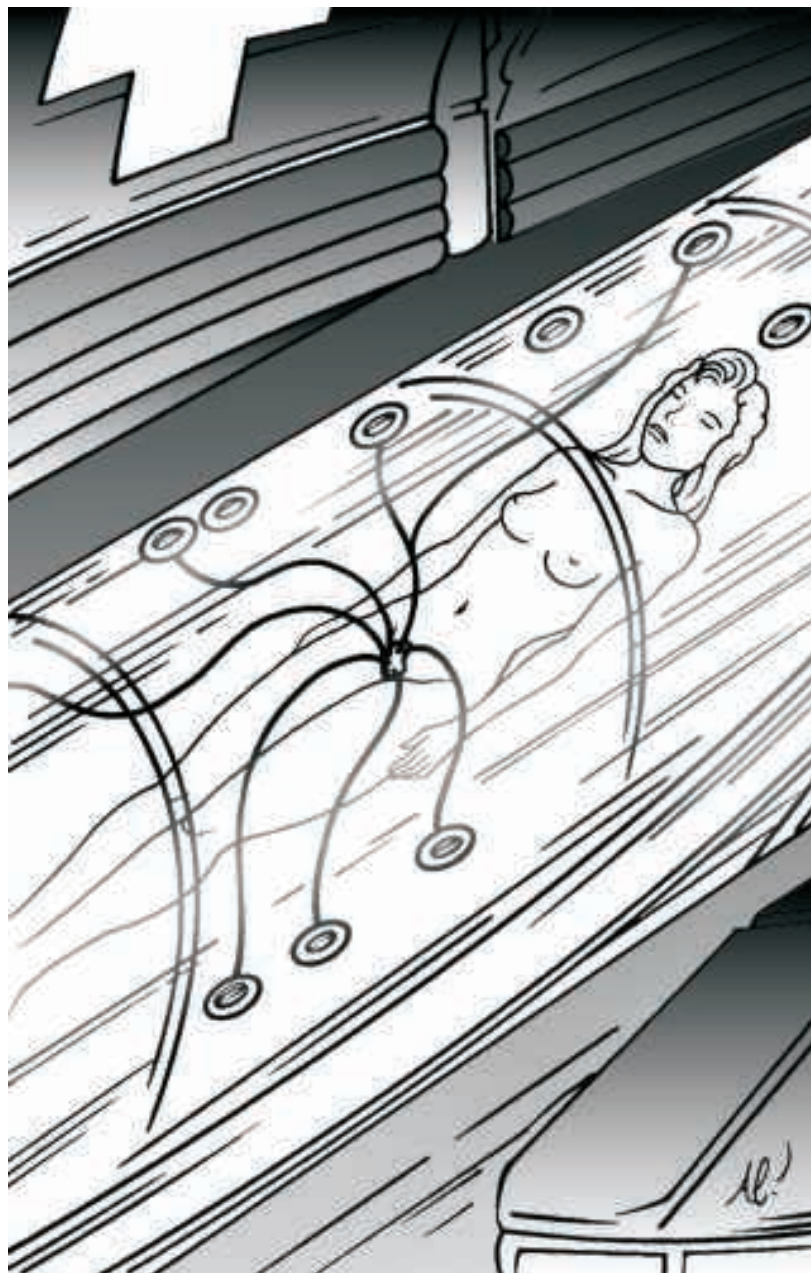
"But here at Lannan, we're using a new technique, one perfected at the Royal Hospital in the Nebula Kingdom. Yes, one of their agents was nanotech-transformed by a different procedure since they wished him to return to his original status when he finished the job of infiltrating John McDonald's organization and destroying the programs that were replacing crown ministers with replicates."

I didn't understand and said so. Jackie again pointed to my seat. I sat, crossed my legs with a rasp from my stockings, which made her smile.

"This agent didn't know that McDonald had found out about his mission," Jackie went on. "The agent was amazed, as you must have been, when he woke up on some space station as a woman. Well, he carried out his tasks and returned to masculinity. That's the story in short. But since then, once we heard his story, we've experimented with the techniques the great doctors at Royal perfected."

A gleam of hope flickered through me. And then it died. "But you said all your male appendages were removed..." I said. "You can't grow them back, can you?" Jackie had quite a smile as she shook her head. "Or do a transplant?" I asked, my throat dry, my voice croaking, as I stared at 'her'.

Lady Jacqueline Ivany frowned and shook her head. "No," she said. "Not yet, at any rate. But, in your case, or in the case of anyone we've transformed currently at Lannan, you don't need to worry. I told you we've changed our procedures to match those Royal did for just one person, using a crew of over a hundred people all told. You, Abigail, you still have your male attributes inside you, albeit in an atrophied form ..."



“You can change me back into myself!” I shrieked girlishly at her.

Jackie sighed and nodded her head. “Yes, darling Abigail,” she said. “If that’s what you really want. I did make promises about girls unwilling to be girls. You’re the first, so I suppose...”

I was shivering, my earrings dancing on my neck. “Oh, I want to be me again,” I proclaimed, letting go of all the dreams of strong arms about me, holding me, a firm mouth possessing mine and the surge of enjoyment that flooded through me when my husband began to make love to me. “Please, make me Jeffrey Dowerson again!”

I hated getting back into the medshell, having all the leads attached to me, to my female parts. Jackie walked me to it and watched me disrobe, me perfectly female, blushing and naked, before her. She directed me to the padded bed inside the shell and strapped me in.

“You’ll wake up off Foreman,” Lady Jacqueline Ivany said to me with a smile of sympathy. “I’d love to see you awaken, Abigail, but I have work on this planet. Anya,” she nodded at the female medtech from somewhere in the Nebula Kingdom, “has supervised this kind of transformation several times with the agent I told you about. She won’t talk to you about that. She will see you through to your final destination. Sleep well, Jeffrey. When you next awaken, that’s who you’ll be, Jeffrey Dowerson himself!”

I glimpsed the surprised look on the medtech’s face as the shell closed. There was a hiss as anesthetizing gases filled the space I was in. Blackness overcame me. I didn’t dream at all. Suddenly, I heard some woman saying, “Wake up, Jeffrey!”

I’d forgotten the blinding headaches, the flashes of light and dark, that effectively made me blind. I tot-

tered, naked, from the medshell. I did, however, manage to feel myself. The medtech, Anya, I guessed, laughed at me.

“Yes, it’s all there,” she teased from out of the fog of some sort of shower I was escorted into. “Looks like my little baby brother’s,” she added. “Maybe you’ll soon be old enough to grow a pubic hair or two.”

I shuddered. It had been the same when I was growing up. My father had insisted I attend the rough-and-tumble academy in Jumble Falls. It wasn’t much of a school for teaching academics, despite the name, but I did learn the rules of a dozen old-time physical games. We also had wrestling, archery and sharp-shooting lessons.

“Help make a man of you,” Papa had grunted when I complained I wasn’t learning anything properly, save how to be battered and bruised in a dozen different parts of my body.

Of course, I wasn’t at the academy long before the Squid River ‘jiggers’ came down the Jumble on horseback. The shooting lessons paid off. I killed my first man that day though Piggy Hornerson claimed the kill. He was older than me. His nose flared as he looked at me, daring me to contradict him. I didn’t.

I was his lieutenant, my father insisted on rank for me, directing Piggy and three others, on the advice of Sergeant Tobert, the mercenary who really ran the squad, to outflank the Squiddies when they came again by truck. They tried to encircle the academy, a refuge and hospital by then for our wounded. Piggy never came back from that one. We never found him even when we rolled up the light forces they’d brought against us. I think he deserted. A lot did in the first days of the fighting.

I let the hot shower surround me with a comforting mist. I thought of Sergeant Tober with a shiver. I recalled Colette tossing her pretty blonde hair, smiling as she and Melinda snaked their lovely, female bodies around one another, kissing and amusing men that they’d have sex with after their show.

“It’s growing!” Anya said, her hand pulling me from the warm flood of water. “You might make it with a real woman after all!”

I still couldn’t see. I lashed out with my arm and connected with a woman, across her uniform, but definitely on her breasts.

I must have been blushing, for Anya cursed me, a string of words I’d heard before from soldiers thwarted about something. She slapped me across the back of my head for my impertinence and threw me forward. I screamed, not knowing where I was going to land but a bed seemed to rise up and receive me, even though my knees were banged harshly as I landed.

“Should just put you in a dress and have done with it, pretty boy,” growled the woman supposed to awaken me to manhood. “If I hadn’t promised Jackie Ivany to see you off this bucket as a Jeffrey, that’s what I’d do to you, pansy cake.”

“I, I’m not a pansy!” I gasped. Anya laughed from somewhere over me, covering me with a towel to dry myself. I felt her hands on my chest which had no boobs, so weird! I felt her drying between my legs and had to push her away as she laughed at me.

“I saw you, girlie boy,” Anya laughed at me. “I saw you and the mark of the marriage ring you wore. I hear you earned it really from your loving husband.”

“It wasn’t a long time!” I told her. “I didn’t...”

“Can’t you talk like a man?” asked Anya, her mockery shocking me to the core as I’d thought I was talking as I always had. She put on a deep voice herself. “I sound more like a man than you do, girlie boy. You want me to put you in a nightdress for the little sleep you’re about to have? Yes, I’ll dress you properly and teach you how to behave like a real man? Oops, I should have said, dress and act like a real *girl*, shouldn’t I? Good night, dearie!”

Anya pricked my arm. In seconds, I was under. When I woke next, I could see. The grey interior of a

cabin swam into view, along with the image of a woman, her dark hair short and wavy, a smile on her face.

“Ready to start again, Jeffrey?” she asked.

I sat bolt upright and looked at the dark sheets over the top of me. Yes, my chest was Jeffrey’s. I had no breasts and was hairless. I felt beneath the covers in trepidation but it was all right. I had male equipment.

“I’d like to get dressed,” I croaked at the woman opposite me.

Anya frowned and picked up a bottle with a straw, which she held in front of me. I grabbed it. I guess it was a test to see if I could see well enough. Oh, the pearapple juice was so cold and refreshing. It was the most delicious drink I ever remember drinking. I sucked on the straw thirstily until Anya decided I’d had enough and took the drink away.

“You’re going to be unsteady,” Anya told me and I was. “Don’t slap me again or I’ll do one of the things I promised you earlier. You’d look prettier than me, anyway, in any dress I brought with me. A little makeup and perfume, and the sex-starved idiots on this bucket would be fighting over you. Tell me if you’d like a little bit of action.”

“I’m a boy!” I protested, shuddering at the sneer in her voice. “I, I really am. You’re not supposed to treat me like you are!”

Medtech Anya Torsett grinned at me. “We’re a long way from Carmichael, little girlie,” she said, her voice taking on female, seductive tones. “Be nice to me, Jeffrey, and maybe I won’t tell the crew they’ve a new playmate, Jacqueline Dowerson.”

I know I flushed. Anya reached out, put her hand on my head as if checking if I had a temperature or was overheated.

“First thing, Jeffrey,” she said, “is to make you look like a boy. That means you sit in this chair, with that sheet around you, and I cut your hair.”

I got to look at myself then, the boy I was, Jeffrey Dowerson. But it wasn't me. It was me as I'd been three, four years ago, at the Jumble Falls Academy, sort of, but my hair had never been so long or so femininely styled. No wonder Anya taunted me about wanting to be a woman.

I shivered as I watched Anya cut away long, curling locks from my head. She had some kind of hairdressers' electric razor which she ran right over my head. I had a groove right down the middle of my hair.

“Want me to leave it like that?” Anya asked, teasing me, standing back and pretending to put the instrument away.

“No, please go on, Anya, please,” I asked her nicely.

She frowned and began to plough through the thick tresses on the sides of my head. “You know, kid,” Anya said. “You really have to practice talking like a boy. This haircut isn't going to do you much good if you talk like that. The flashers on this bucket are going to think you're a girl who's lost her hair in medics. We do a lot of recoveries on long-time flights. The guys will hear you talk and jump your bones whenever they can if you sound femmy, the way you do.”

“I sound femmy?” I gasped.

“You do,” said Anya with a frown. She sighed. “We'll find a program on the console.” She indicated a comp in the corner of the room. “So, don't come out until I say so. Got it, Jeffrey, my girl? We're a tenday from the picket line but you stay here. I'll bring in a workout machine. You can try to get some muscles back. Goddesses, but you do look like a girl, even with the mop I've taken off your head!”

The sheet draped over the floor was covered with blonde hair strands. I glanced at the mirror and shuddered. I think Anya was right. Even with my hair

gone, somehow I looked very feminine as I stared at my kid self. I didn't ever think that when I looked at myself when I was a few years younger.

It wasn't just my voice, an exasperated Anya told me, a couple of shift-times later. "You cross your legs when you sit," she said to me. I was doing that then. I uncrossed hurriedly. "You even did that like a girl," she went on. "Honestly, Jeffrey, I could make you into a girl much more easily than make you into a boy!"

"But I'm not a girl," I whispered to her, trying to deepen the voice I used. "I'm Lieutenant Jeffrey Dowerson of the Ranchers' Alliance. I won't cross my legs again, Medtech Torsett. Are there other things I shouldn't do, that make me appear to be who I'm not?"

"Look how you sit," laughed Anya, making me cringe again. "You've got your elbows in and your knees together like a prim, little debutante! Guys spread out! Their legs are five meters apart! Oh why am I telling you this? You were a guy, weren't you? Surely, you know how to stand, sit and walk!"

"Of course," I said, lifting my chin. Anya collapsed in fits of laughter.

"You'd be a perfect, youngLady on Carmichael," she said. "What did they do, condition you to the part? Look, kid, I don't know how to say this, but this going back isn't going to work, I promise you. You're not going to convince anyone you're who you say you are, not by the way you talk or by the way you swing your pretty tush when you walk!"

I'd already endured a frightful morning. I'd dressed in pants for the first time in an age, feeling so fantastic. Yes, at last, I was getting back to being a man. But Anya had hooted at me not to walk like a ten mark hooker. I didn't know what a mark was. I didn't know if I was being complimented or not.

The answer to that was 'not', of course. Oh, it was hard to walk as if I really had something between my legs, as Anya described the way I had to walk. She

put a big pad in my underpants and that helped. I endured insult after insult, however, as Anya said I had to stop acting like a model sashaying down the runway, and walk like a man.

That brought back memories of all the things I'd done in training to be a woman. I wouldn't have thought they'd have become so ingrained in me but, clearly, they had. I was much more of a woman than I had ever realized I'd become.

I hardly dared to move or talk to Anya the last few days of our run-in to the picket surrounding the planet of Foreman. The circle of starships hadn't been there when I'd been fighting but there was one now. The Shelter Republics, enemies of the Nebula Kingdom, had now joined with the Kingdom to prevent any further interference on the surface of the planet.

"Doesn't the Kingdom know that Congreve," the chief of the Shelter Republics, "was supplying the squatters with weapons to use against us?" I asked Anya, who frowned and didn't say that my voice was still too high-pitched and girlie to be real.

"Course they do," Anya agreed. "So now the black stripes keep the Cloudies from arming your father's men; and the Rainclouds keep the scruffs from doing the same for the dirt jiggers. You ain't been keeping up on your home world, have you?"

I'd looked at the programs on the console. There wasn't much there, really, about a backwater like Foreman. There were twenty programs on new fashions for women, on Carmichael and Nebula Prime, for each mention of Foreman in a news program.

"Uh, no," I grunted as Anya nodded. It wasn't just the lack of news about Foreman that was bothering me, of course. It was the way I felt as I tried to get used to male clothing again. It seemed baggy and ill-fitting in comparison to the clothing I'd become so used to.

I wanted to talk to Anya, as well, about the way she wore her hair and the earth-toned makeup she wore.

Did she really wear them so she wouldn't be attractive to men? She could have been really pretty if she tried, if she let me help her. But, of course, I couldn't do that. I shouldn't even think that. I could see by the look on her face that she was laughing at me.

Anya saw the way I was looking at her in her straight skirt. I didn't doubt she'd monitored what vids I was watching and had seen how long I'd lingered on Pauline Santara's new collection. Jessica and Colette had both talked about it. As Colette had said, the stylish, swirling dresses would make a woman look so feminine and free. I had to stop watching such shows now that I was a man again, I thought with a shudder.

"Better," Anya said as I tried to frown and slouch in the chair. "Sullen, quiet and morose, those are the characteristics that'll get you by. Try shuffling instead of striding out. That's the way some guys do it. It'll keep you alive at least till we're out the system."

"But that's..." I began.

"In three shifts time," agreed Anya. "Lower your voice and practice that again, Jeffrey. Yeah, that's all the time the picket gives us. You're upabove next shift and booked on a shuttle to some port downbelow on the Jumble River. Good luck, kid! You're going to need it if you think you're going to make a difference in what they're doing down there to one another."

I shuffled and grunted, ignoring the sneers of the Congreve uniformed guards on the downbelow shuttles, despite all the shakes running through me. I was out in the world, even if it was only on a relay station, in orbit above a planet. There were real people to converse with, not just a medtech who knew all about me and my 'medical condition'.

I curled my lip at a couple of passengers staring at me and giving one another sly grins. They, probably

station workers, laughed at me too. I handed in the voucher Anya had given me and slouched into the chair assigned to me. I just wanted to be forgotten by everybody before we landed at the new spaceport across from Jumble Falls, the town. I'd only be a couple of hours from Dowerson House. There were rides I could purchase in the Falls, as I'd done when I was at school.

I grabbed the pack Anya had given me up above and was halfway across the wide-open departure area - the whole place so new I had to stop and look up at the vids and info they gave, weird promos for products I'd never seen on Foreman. Just then, an armed posse came bursting in through the main doors.

Instinctively, I half-stepped behind a pillar and saw, through transparent doors, guardsmen were jumping off a transporter, shaking their heads. As they burst through the main doors after their leaders, I slid out, past them, expecting at any moment to hear someone yelling after me.

"Sup," I said as throatily as I could to the driver of the transporter. He was shepherding people, me included, back onto the people carrier.

"Looking for a Dowerson," said the driver, shaking his head. "As if one of those would ever land here these days. Should have left that pack in the overhead rack, angel. Didn't have to get off with it. Let's get going, people," he called out, "before the PA thinks up some reason to keep us here all day."

Welcome to Foreman, I thought, the shakes returning as the transporter left the port. We headed across the Jumble River bridge into the little town. An academy transport would drive us there on our rare days off work at the Academy.

It was strange to stand on the main street, think of how the soldier had seen me, what he'd called me, and look around. Angel? Even long pants didn't make me a regular guy.

The town meeting hall opposite me was now a heap of rubble. I saw the merchants I'd visited and bought from as a teenager, requisitioned from as an officer, in the shops, on the streets. No one, thankfully, looked at me twice.

Suddenly a siren blared from the top of the hotel. The street blurred as a mass of humanity hurtled out and began to run to shelters I hadn't seen before, one opening beside the rubble of the town hall. People from the hotel began to disappear into it.

"C'mon, sister!" called a man in shirt sleeves. "Move! The Rangers'll be dropping ordnance all over the street."

"I, I'm not..." I gasped, not knowing whether to say 'a girl' or 'registered in your hotel'.

"Catch you later, girlie," said the man, stopping and looking at me, really looking at me, smiling in a way that didn't make me feel comfortable at all. "Just stick close to me. We'll make it through."

"What, what's going on?" I gasped as he chivvied me along to the opened shelter where another man was shoving people down a sloping passage, many sliding in their haste to get underground.

"Rangers, Dowerson's mercs from the mountains," said the shirt-sleeved man, still holding onto my arm as my feet were kicked from under me. We went sliding down, into a dimly-lit tunnel where another man was hauling 'travelers' to their feet, urging us further down the tunnel.

"You're not from round here?" asked my savior as more people, hotel staff, mostly women, came piling in after us.

"Working upabove," I gasped, trying to remember the lessons I'd learned on how to talk like a man. How I was talking didn't seem to bother the guy holding my arm.

"Got yourself a soft lay, Nev?" a girl sneered as she forced her way past the man holding me back, as the

tunnel shook lightly. Dust fell from the ceiling. More girls pushed past us, real girls, girls in dark, maid-like uniforms, curling their lips at me as they pushed ahead to open space. I finally saw a great fan pumping air into the tunnel.

“Not so bad,” said a big man, tallying us on his handheld. “And who are you, honey?”

I was about to say ‘Jeff Dowerson’ when a big strike up above made the whole cavern reverberate.

“Damn that Branford Dowerson,” snarled the big man. “Gods save us if he takes down the shuttle. Cut our business in half. Who’d you say you was, sweetie?”

“R-Rainford,” I whispered, coughing as if the dust was getting to me. “Jessica Rainford.” I’d meant to say ‘Jesse’ but the guy accepted me as ‘Jessica’. “Didn’t get to check in yet.”

“Neither did half the people in front of you,” said the big man. “Let Jessica go, Nev. I got a job for you.”

Nev swore, taking the helmet and light from the big man. A blonde girl beside the tallier laughed at him. “Don’t worry, Nev,” she sneered. “We’ll see Bigger don’t make time with your softie gal while you’re away!”

The look Bigger, the name suited him, gave me then, made me flush and shiver all through my body.

“I’m no...” I began. The girl laughed openly at me.

“Can it, Stella,” said the big man. “She’s from upabove and talks funny. They all do up there. If she didn’t want Nev’s attentions, I daresay she knows how to keep him at bay. Wouldn’t be down here if she didn’t.”

Bigger moved back, calling to the men who’d bundled us into this living grave.

“Hey, Jessica,” said the blonde girl opposite me. “You going to be all sweet to Nev like a good little girlie?”

“No!” I squealed. I flushed even more as I heard my voice rising to girlish levels. I backed away from the laughing girl, following Bigger and the path that led to the surface of this planet.

“Hey, Jessica, don’t go that way!” said the girl. The tunnel trembled again but it seemed as if the tremors had an epicenter a long way off. “They won’t open the gates till All Clear sounds. Likely have to dig our way out. Don’t want to be digging, do you, not in your lovely top and pants?”

The blue tee and black pants had seemed normal boys’ wear to me upabove. I’d forgotten how scruffy the ordinary squatter was. I’d have to get some dusty, thick cords as pants and some old woolen sweater. That was normal for the squats, who worked mostly in the fields they’d stolen from the great estates, like that of my family.

“Is,” I began and saw the smile starting on the blonde’s face again. “Is,” I began in as gruff a voice as I knew how to use, her eyebrows rising in surprise. “Is this planet always like this?”

“The raid, you mean?” asked the girl, frowning at me. “No,” she said, brushing the dust from her flared, black skirt, turning,. “Would you just brush me there? I got some dirt fleck in there. Could you...? Oh, that’s great! Would you like me to brush out your bra? Oh, don’t go all strong on me, Puss-ica!

“J-J-,” Jeffrey I was going to say.

“Gigi,” laughed the girl. “You know what that is down here, don’t you? It’s any animal you can ride.” She rolled her eyes at me. “Is that you, Jessica? Are you an animal when you’re ridden? Or do you like being ridden? I do!”

“Hey! Stella!” shouted Bigger from down the tunnel. “Pass the word. Everyone comes up!” He was interrupted by the soft gong noise ricocheting down the

tunnel. “The Shelters and Cloudies are dropping in. The Rangers have high-tailed it.” Bigger kept yelling. “Everyone up!”

I wasn’t the first in line. Other people had come in after me, many of them in sort of uniforms, hotel staff, I supposed. It was a relief to climb the ladder and be out in relatively fresh air.

Stella was younger and prettier in the light than she’d been in the dark. “Mmm,” she said, leaning against me, tucking her arm through mine. “It’s you who smells so nice. I thought it someone else in the shelter. Are men as adorable upabove as you are, Gigi darling?”

“It’s Jess,” I said feebly, coloring at the way she held my arm, just as I’d been instructed to hold a man by Miss Delia. It really brought on a sick feeling in my stomach as I glanced at the amused girl’s brown eyes. I think she was catching on to me.

“Hey!” yelled one of the guys, from the shuttle I was on. “I thought you said all the Rangers were gone!” He was pointing down the street.

“Oh, fu-for crying out loud,” said the girl beside me, urging me to run towards the hotel. “Those are Squid River Boys! They’re looking for whatever it was that the Rangers wanted! Come on, Gigi! Let’s get off the street.”

My heart was in my mouth as the girl bounded up the hotel steps. I had to do as she did. I could hear running feet behind me.

“What room are you in?” gasped Stella, her breasts heaving as mine had whenever I’d exerted myself.

“I don’t have a room yet,” I gasped at Stella. “I didn’t get time to check in.”

Stella cursed again and rolled her eyes at the ceiling. There was the whoosh of a blaster weapon being used and a scream from the street, followed by what seemed like a hundred cries of protest. Two guys burst through the front door after us, another

whoosh following them, blowing a huge hole in the doorpost. That brought more yelling and screaming from outside while the two men who'd scrambled inside were off, running like high prairie herder hounds, down an interior passage.

“My room!” Stella yelled at me as I stood there, petrified, unmoving, staring after the running men. She grabbed my hand as I tumbled after her, down stairs and round a corner to a door that opened to the hand complock.

She ordered the comp to emergency lock, ending all room transmissions. The windows faded from sight along with the vista of the river. We were in a bare, white room as all adornments disappeared save for grey chairs and table.

“In here!” said Stella, pushing me into a long cupboard that one person could stand in before it was locked. I stood there in complete blackness, not knowing what was going on. I heard all kinds of thumps and bangs around the building. I half-expected to be killed and not know exactly who'd killed me or why. I was bracing myself for that as noises reached the walls around me.

I'm sure someone entered the rooms in which I was hidden. I was quivering as I heard Stella's voice yelling and screaming at whoever it was that they were ruining her systems and would they leave it alone. “He,” I heard her shouting, “isn't in here.”

He? That was me, I guessed. I stood, shivering in fright, afraid to step out, knowing that, as a man, I should. I shouldn't hide behind a woman's skirts. But all I could think of was the finality of being seared by a blaster. I stood quietly, wishing I was anywhere but here, on my home world. Finally, I heard a noise, the bathroom door opening. I braced for a blast that didn't come. I blinked at Stella and the man called Bigger standing there, staring at me.

“She cain't be him,” said Bigger gruffly, frowning at me. “She's too young. Her, a lieutenant in the Rangers in disguise? Don't make me laugh!”

“You got ID, girl?” Stella asked, staring at me in the same way Bigger had. I was so thin, Anya had said upabove. It was to be expected, she said. Anyone coming out of what I’d supposedly been through, Anya said, would look younger than the last time they’d seen themselves. I should be happy, Anya had told me angrily. There were many people who’d die for what I was experiencing for free.

“I think I lost it,” I muttered. That lie lasted only until Bigger pulled the pack off my shoulder, almost breaking it in the process. I tried but I couldn’t keep him from dumping the contents on Stella’s table. Several data cubes rolled over the table from a pocket I hadn’t even known was there.

“Lady Abigail Brel?” Bigger asked, a huge smile spreading over his face as the datacube in Stella’s recorder proclaimed me to be ‘her’ with my husband. Gods, I can’t think of Cory like that. I mustn’t, I screamed inwardly. But there I was, my husband’s arms about me, my dress and veil gorgeous, my eyes so darkly made-up, so striking, my lips pink and girlish, on my wedding day, as a bride.

I’d hoped never to see such scenes again, but there I was, the data feed naming me as Lady Abigail Brel. My stomach lurched as I was pictured so femininely, kissing my husband. Stella grimaced at me as my breasts, the ones I’d had, bounced as I was pressed to Sir Cornal Brel. She looked at my thin, skinny frame then and wrinkled her nose at me.

“M-my s-sister,” I gasped, wondering why such an identity cube would be in my possession. Why would Anya, ever have put it in my pack? Did she think I’d want to look at it or use it again? Oh, how I shuddered at such a thought.

“There’s more than one cube,” said Stella.

“But I like looking at this one,” laughed Bigger, watching me, as a pretty girl swirl and swirl in Cory’s arms, my hair so long and so golden. I could feel that lovely dress again and the tightness with which I’d been held by my figure-forming corset. If only I could be there, came the thought, unbidden, away from



this nightmare I didn't understand at all. It wasn't supposed to be like this when I returned home!

Stella snapped out Lady Abigail's ID cube, my ID in a way, I thought in panic, wondering if it was the only one I had. Stella played another cube, however. There I was, slouching across the station deck towards the down shuttle, handing over some other ID cube to the soldier on duty at the gate. Oh, I did look really girlish, I saw with a quiver.

Worse, the program was read, displaying all the data necessary, on me. There I was, revealed as Jeffrey Dowerson. The name shocked both people with me. For a fleeting moment, I hoped that the import of my name would make them treat me with some kindness and sympathy but it didn't.

Bigger swore as he looked at the data on display and then at me.

"They're killing good men up there, looking for you," he snarled at me, "And you're down here, in a frill's room, hiding behind her skirts."

I couldn't look at him as I felt the same way. This was a cowardly way to start my return to my home planet, trying to be a man again.

"Careful, Rook," said Stella thoughtfully, staring at me. "Can't you see the fortune staring at you in the face, right now?"

I listened, first in fury and then in rising fright, as Stella told us the Squiddies were really in alliance with my brother, Branford. They were going from building to building, down into the shelters, too, rooting out all strangers in Jumble Falls, looking for me, Jeffrey Dowerson.

Any man who looked old enough to be me was being brought onto the street and blasted on the spot. It didn't matter whether the strangers had IDs or not. The Squiddies claimed IDs could be faked. They were just blasting away at anyone who was a man in the right age range.

“Now, you don’t want that to happen, do you, Lady Abigail?” sneered Stella. I shivered and glared at her, as she taunted me with that name.

“We turn her, him, over to the Squiddies,” growled Bigger. “For a price. Right?”

“No,” said Stella, a touch of exasperation in her voice. Bigger stared at her, but not in the same grateful manner I did. The smirk on her face drove away the burst of relief I’d felt. I was all collywobbles again. “We hide her for a while and ask the other brother how much he wants to pay for his co-heir. I bet Papa Dowerson will want this boy back alive, unlike his brother.”

I couldn’t believe the look on Stella’s face as she took my chin in her hard hands, turning my head this way and that, as she looked me over.

“I bet the Squiddies,” she went on, “would like to have Jessica for public execution, wouldn’t they? We can offer him to the Congreves and Cloudies, too. I bet one or both of them would like to play politics for a while with us poor, dirt farmers. But we got his ID, don’t we, to prove we got him!”

“They’ll come after us and kill us, Stella,” said the big man she’d called Rook earlier. “They got patrols out. They’ll be in here, pulling every room in this place apart! No one’ll help us, even if we pay ’em big. You heard the boss of those jiggers out there! He wants to burn the whole town and kill everything that moves in Jumble Falls!”

“So, we’ll move her out and hide her in your squat,” the girl said with a laugh at the big man.

“But we’d have to take him through...” Rook argued, his eyes still on me, the hatred pretty clear there. He did seem to believe now, though, at the worst possible time, that I was Jeffrey Dowerson, a man, the arch-enemy of the squatters.

“We take Lady Abigail Brel through,” said Stella, making my short hair almost stand on end in fright. Her sneer enveloped me in horror. “He looks like her,

don't he? He said she's his sister. I can do his face and make him look like her!" I squawked in protest as Rook began to look at me, grinning evilly as he put the ID of Lady Abigail back in the console.

"See," said Stella as Rook stared at the image of Abigail and then at me. A little relief stirred as he began to shake his head. "We borrow one of Lona's wigs and pad him up!" Stella went on as I struggled to get free from Bigger's iron grip, but I couldn't.

"I thought she was a girl," said Rook, leering at me.

"I can't do it," I gasped at Rook. I should never have opened my mouth because they both smiled then. I knew it was because I'd sounded just like a girl.

"Yes, he can," Stella said to Rook. "See the ID there in our comp. No one'll tell the difference 'tween him and Lady Abigail when I've finished with her. And he's not going to call out."

It had been on my lips to declare that to the scheming pair right then. I'd find some way, I swore feverishly to myself, to destroy this plan of dressing me as a woman again.

"You won't betray what we're doing with you, darling Jessica, 'cos all that means is a blast from here," Stella smiled wickedly, sending me into a spasm of terror, which amused the pair. She touched my right shoulder, "down to here," she touched my left hip. "They'll want your ID and pretty head to prove to your brother you are dead."

It was absolutely, excruciatingly, awful to walk with Stella out of the Falls Overlook Hotel in a dress and high heels, in front of a huge crowd who whistled after Stella, Lona and me. The other two girls thought it was fantastic. The Squid River Boys had noticed them. Stella lifted one of my hands and Lona did the same, forcing me to dance down the roadway to the

runabout that someone from Bigger's clan had brought down for 'the girls'.

I was one of 'the girls'. Terrified, horrified, I might be but it took the bloody bodies in front of the hotels that served Jumble Falls and the new spaceport, those sliced-apart bodies to convince me Stella was right. There was no way I'd get out of Jumble Falls as a man.

Lona's wig was adhered to my head with glue. A headband let much of it flow freely in the wind, nevertheless. I sashayed as the other girls did, sexily, femininely, as we clicked past the mounds of dead bodies to the transport sent for us.

A Squiddie leaned on the runabout and leered at us. "Where you girls going?" he asked. "Taint like there's a shortage of men with coin in their pockets, for pretty girls, like you three."

I swallowed hard, at being included in such an assessment, as a girl. Stella swirled and made me do the same, my dress swishing about my stockinged legs. I smiled brightly as I was twirled by the girl who wanted to sell me for a profit.

"We'll be back after the men of Scudree," Stella warbled, naming the village where Rook's clan squatted, "have had there ways with us. Any of you boys from Scudree? Scudree men make the best lovers. They have such enormous... well, you know. They ain't puny like Squiddie boys!"

I flushed as that set up a furore. Several men near to us began to show off their donges, as they called them, the like of which, they said, we girls had never seen!

"Cross your legs like a girl," Stella whispered while Lona beamed and waved to the yelling men.

"We'll be back soon," Lona called. "Don't spend all your marks on the girls of the Ranchman's Paradise! They're unclean!"

That was the last hotel we'd passed. Several girls were outside in the arms of various soldiers and older men, men who couldn't have been me, Jeffrey Dowerson, in age.

"We made it," breathed Stella as we eased down a rutted road out of town, past the prisoner squad, digging the burial pit for those executed by the Squid River Boys, looking for me.

"Oh, my hair looks so much prettier on you, Jessica," cooed Lona, taking my hand and looking critically at my painted but short nails. "I can do something about this when we come back. I've got some lovely acrylics. And you'll have marks in your purse, won't you, pretty Jessica, after we've been to Scudree!"

One of Bigger's friends claimed Lona immediately we arrived, at the only store of any significance in Scudree. Bigger, Rook that is, took the pair of us, Stella and me, into his room at the back. He'd made some attempt to tidy up but it was still very much a man's room.

"You did it," exulted Rook to Stella. "I was sure one of the Squiddies would have put you girls down on the roadway and raped you good and proper."

I stared at him. He flushed as if, only then, did Rook realize I wasn't the girl he'd taken me for.

"She looks good," said Rook, taking me, lifting up the light, airy dress about my petticoat and bare legs. "Where," he began as he lifted my dress, "Where's she keeping it hidden?"

I slapped Rook's hand away, knowing I was visibly flushing in shame and embarrassment. His hand had stroked my thighs, aiming for my panties, I knew.

"She's well tucked and bound," said Stella with a smirk. "Now, I can trust you with *him*, can't I, Rook?" She stressed the 'him' as I saw Rook start. I squirmed and moved away from him.

“If I’m gonna be alone with *him*,” said Rook, stressing the ‘him’ as well, “I’m going to mess him up a little, Stella. I got a reputation to keep like you do, my girl.”

“And what a rep it is,” said Stella, turning on her high heels and sashaying out of the room, leaving me with a man holding me, about my waist. Even though I pried at his fingers, I couldn’t get free.

Rook grabbed my phony breasts. “Pity these ain’t real,” he growled. His huge lips pressed down on my glossy, red lipstick. I tried to slide away from him but he pinched my tush, hurting me. He did it constantly until I knew to open my mouth and let him kiss me as if I was a girl.

I swore Rook was a dead man to myself all through the mauling I was put through and the awful thing I had to do with my hands and fingers for another man. He laughed, telling me that, if all Rangers were as sweet and lovely as me, he, Rook, would be changing his sexual orientation.

I made an oath to myself as a man, and not Jessica as Lona’s wig made me appear, that, once I was out of this place and was me again, the first person I’d pick off with the new sharpshooter rifle I’d buy, would be this grinning pervert. Rook made me sit in his lap while he kissed the makeup from my face, all of it, his hands in my panties, caressing me, proving to him I was Jeffrey Dowerson.

I didn’t know, for quite a while, between bouts of pleasuring Rook (yes, what he wanted was more and more ‘female’ loving, each time, my tush a mess with his emissions against me) that there were several parties bidding on me with Rook’s squatter clan. Stella was delighted to tell me, finally, that the price would be over a hundred thousand for me.

Branford, my brother, hated me. He told me he’d kill me when I was a child. He’d made a huge bid, a hundred and twenty thousand Nebula Kingdom marks, while the Squiddies were asking for a delay to match it. My father was ‘thinking it over’, Stella said to me in disgust.

I was back with her in the Overlook Hotel, being primped for nightly appearance as Jessica ‘the dancer’ for the locals. It was a role I’d played in Lannan and did again. The evidence of the tumult in the streets had been removed. No more shuttles came down, not to Jumble Falls, I learned. The only thing wrong was that I didn’t have breasts to bounce over the eager mouths of the men clamoring to fuck me.

After a couple of days and nights, I felt, despite all the padding and tucking, like Abigail again. Stella was just like my teachers in Lannan, insisting that I do everything female and feminine. I primped myself constantly and joined her in enticing customers, men, in the bar to drink and drink, in exchange for all the kisses I gave them and the fondling I allowed and smiled at.

I was pretty angry with myself for falling so easily into my role as a woman. At times I didn’t even think about who I was. I just stroked Rook as he wanted me to and swirled my skirts at other men, showing off my panties and garters in the dances I did with Stella and Lona. I drugged the men I took to the back room, like the other girls.

I didn’t have to act out the fear I felt whenever the soldiers from Congreve, supposedly peacekeepers, came into the hotel I ‘worked’ at. I’d been Jessica long enough. The Congreves accepted me as that, as I purred in my lovely, feminine voice at them.

Oh, I entertained those men as well, hands and fingers only, for minimal prices, with me often pressed against doorways and walls until Stella rescued me and restored my makeup. I lied when I was interrogated about the arrival of Jeffrey Dowerson on Foreman, just as everyone else did.

“Why don’t they know Lady Abigail hasn’t traveled down yet?” I asked Stella, as we changed into different, more revealing dresses. My chest was taped to show female cleavage for the dances we were doing as girls on the Overlook stage. I was still trying to stick with the fiction that I had a sister by that name on the upabove station.

Stella smirked at me. “Her husband confirmed she’s here,” she laughed at me. “Says she came down on a private shuttle and is visiting relatives of one of her maids, trying to get them off-planet with her. If we don’t get the money we want for you, might be a good way for us to leave this hellhole.”

I was appalled at what I heard. “My, my sister’s husband is here?” I asked her, trembling and watching my long earrings shudder as I applied powder to my heavily rouged and made-up face. “He, he’ll know me!”

“We’re not that stupid, Jessica,” said my temperamental jailer, that’s what Stella really was, I knew. “We aren’t letting him anywhere near you, I promise.”

I didn’t know how I felt. Cory was here, somewhere about this planet. He knew all about me, I thought bitterly, guessing he was probably checking up to see if I was succeeding in what I’d set out to do, join my father in defending the Rangers of Foreman. And here I was, doing things for men I wouldn’t do for him. I was dancing, suggestively and sexily, as if I really was a woman, letting men touch me and put money in my tight, shapely corset, with my chest taped to make it look as if I had real breasts.

Oh yes, men were always getting their hands on me when we girls taunted them with our fans and our long shapely legs. I hated it at first but hadn’t realized how much the lessons taught me at Lannan had become a part of me. Stella was complimenting me all the time on what a woman I made. She was sure I was a blue girl, I thought, though she never used that word to me.

“If you get the money for me,” I said to Stella with a shiver, “I’ll be dead, won’t I?” I mustn’t think about myself as the powdered, painted beauty that I saw wiggling as she adjusted her bra in the main mirror. She looked so awfully sexy. No wonder Rook was always pawing me, especially my legs. He seemed to think that he owned my lips as well, holding me against him so I’d feel how aroused he was each time we met.

Rook wouldn't be doing it long, now, would he? Not if I was handed over to my brother to be killed. That's what it came down to, after all. Cory wasn't allowed to find me.

"Not if the judge, or your father, pays the price," said Stella, staring at me, at the image of a lovely girl, looking so much like Abigail. I could scarcely tear my eyes away from her, *me*, in the mirror.

"You won't be dead then but you won't be a woman either so don't pray for that, Pussy darling," Stella teased me as she did when she was annoyed. Or when I looked prettier than her in one of her dresses. "Of course, we could sell you to Branford as a comfort girl, couldn't we? He and his men would like that, wouldn't they? For a while, they would, anyway. But there's always some spoilsport who'd tell on you, isn't there? We wouldn't, though. Now, girlie, pick up your fan and let's entertain our regular Squiddie men."

I might as well have stayed in the Drum with Colette, I thought nervously. Tension rose in me as I swished after my captor. I joined her, Lona, and other girls I barely knew. The dance routine involved a lot of twirling and smiling, high kicks with our stockinged legs, showing off our frilly panties. We looked out on the avid faces of men who knew they'd be having all of us chorus girls as bed partners within a few days.

"You're the comfort girl," I said haughtily to Stella who leered at me.

"Maybe it's time you went all the way with some of our customers," she said.

Rook came behind the curtain and stared, wild-eyed, at Stella. Fear struck through the phony breasts I had. "Five hundred thousand," Rook whispered to Stella, while he kept his eyes on me. "The Rainclouds want him, alive. Gods know why."

"Going to organize a new revolution with a new leader," smirked Stella. "Or maybe, she's just going to disappear. Easy for the Interior Ministry, isn't it?"

I really quivered then. The Interior Ministry of the Nebula Kingdom was celebrated for the war of assassins it carried on with the Shelter Republics. I wouldn't want my worst enemy to be in the hands of the Interior Ministry. Well, Branford, I wouldn't mind if they got him. They could if they put their collective mind to it.

"You're selling me then?" I asked, croaking, my throat dry, wiggling in agitation as I tried to sit on the stool at the back of the stage. The other girls, dressed as skimpily as me, smiled as they listened to men applauding and encouraging Lona in her solo strip-tease act.

"No one down here can match this price," said Rook to his partner in crime.

"Let's go with it then," said Stella with a smirk. "You sit in that Squiddie officer's lap tonight, Pussy. Coax him to come on you and we'll do it. Otherwise, it's Branford's last offer!"

I didn't believe her. I vowed to myself I wouldn't do that for her. Not a man like me. No, I wasn't doing that with another man. Never! I took my feathery fans from the grinning Stella as Rook slapped my exposed buttocks. I wiggled girlishly by him as a woman should.

"I'm going to have you, sweetie," Rook whispered in my ear as I put my hands on my padded hips. I fixed the smile to my face that all showgirls must wear. "My last chance to have you all the way is tonight, isn't it? I'm taking you out of here, back to my place, sweet cheeks. You're going to be so nice to me, Pussy, Jessica, Gigi, my girl. I'm going to make you into a woman before I send you off, for all that lovely money, with the Rainclouds!"

My mind reeled. I lurched forward. Stella pulled on my hand, as Lona, naked, danced off the stage, hopped after me, pulling on panties and a bra, seizing the fans Stella and I held for her. I didn't have a moment to tell Stella she was being double-crossed. We were out in the bright lights. The men were cheering and egging us wriggling, lovely women on.

We did our high kicks to turn them on. I wiggled my tush. Men bounded up to push money into my garter, caressing my legs as I flushed beneath my makeup. I wondered what Sergeant Tobert would have thought of me. But I did know. He'd have been delighted. He'd have backed into the men and wiggled his pretty tush into their hands, faces, and their crotches, I didn't doubt. Yes, I'd seen Colette doing that, frightened I'd have to do what she did so easily, smiling with genuine pleasure as she did, kissed men who stuffed her bra or g-string with 'tips'.

I tried. I smiled at men looming over me. I did kiss some as they stroked my tush. They thought it a great game to hold me, as I couldn't move with the great fans I had to dance with.

Sheila and Renee began to gyrate around a pole as the music from the console slowed and became suggestive. Stella took my hand, our fans left on the stage, and presented to the officer in charge of the squatter soldiers.

The young kid looked like me when I was in charge of a squad. He was grinning as I leant over him as Stella had taught me. I planted a sticky kiss on his lips. He accepted it as his due, twisting me so that I was draped over him. I was sort of sitting in his lap, wriggling there for him, thinking that I'd arouse the manhood in his pants and, after a little while, drag him off to the room we girls used where I'd feed him a drugged drink.

It'd worked well enough. Several men I'd drugged were bragging to others, according to Lona and Renee, that they'd never had a sweeter girl than me. "In their dreams," I'd muttered, which had made them laugh and hug me. They'd welcomed me to the sisterhood all girls working in hotels seemed to belong to. I'd felt absurd at the pleased feelings running through me. I liked hugging and kissing the girls but I had to be careful. I didn't want them to get the idea I was a strange sort of 'girl', who liked kissing them more than I liked kissing my 'dates'.

So I sat on my lieutenant's lap and leaned back, kissing his lips as he held me tightly at my corseted

waist. I felt him gyrate and realized he was already aroused, this Squiddie officer. I wiggled, thinking I'd take him out soon. Stella was spreading herself nakedly over a whole table of men, having a hard time selecting the man she wanted.

I shouldn't have wiggled because I really felt him then. I felt his manhood on my thigh, outside his uniform pants. He wasn't pinned or buttoned in. He wore no underpants. No, the lieutenant was rampant and he pushed his manhood between the tops of my thighs, against my panties. He bounced and groaned. Everyone in the place encouraged what he was doing. He forced himself against me, trying to ease my tight panties to one side and himself into me.

Of course, he couldn't, not with how tightly Stella had taped me. I tried to rise off his lap but he followed me, his manhood almost lifting me up as if I was on a stick. I squealed, just like a girl, men laughing at me. Then, the lieutenant began to come, between my legs and all over the silky hose I'd worn to make my legs look more female.

Did the men ever think it funny as I was lifted for this lieutenant to ride me on his pole, sliding me in and out even though he wasn't penetrating me. I prayed my long wig wouldn't come loose as I couldn't help writhing in disgust at what he was doing to me, in front of all his friends.

Gods, he came, twisting me in his arms so that he could kiss my mouth as he spurted all over me, pushing my legs together. It must've looked as if I was accommodating his huge erection.

With Stella's laughing assistance, I managed to get this kid with the enormous erection positioned between my legs to take me across the stage, into the girls' area of the club.

The lieutenant wanted me face down on the bed, swearing he was going to tear my panties from me and bury himself in me. He hadn't reckoned on Rook, who was waiting in the trysting room.

I couldn't get the lieutenant to kiss and cuddle me. No, he struggled, wanting to have me face down in the bed. I was never so thankful to hear a dull thud, then a gasp from the boy trying to take me, and to feel his weight lifted from me.

"Roll over," whispered Rook, kissing my bare shoulders which my bra straps had fallen across. "I'm gonna do you right here, pretty girl!"

Rook stroked me, nauseating me as he kissed my false cleavage, running his hands over my hips, patting and slapping. I panicked, knowing I had to get away.

"S-Stella's going to find us," I gasped as another man's pecker was between my legs, growing larger and larger.

"Damn her," swore the man I'd thought of as 'Bigger'. He was so huge, everywhere, and so strong. "If she comes in, she's on top of the pretty boy down there," he nodded at the floor where the lieutenant's body lay, unmoving. "She can join him in the Grey Fields if she gives us any trouble."

I realized Rook had killed the man trying to penetrate me as a woman. Rook knew he couldn't do that to me. I wasn't a woman, but the way he spread my legs apart and pulled my tush onto his writhing pants made me squeal in distress as I realized what he planned to do to me.

"No!" I squealed, rocking and struggling to get away from him. Rook slapped me as I shrieked even louder.

"Bitch!" he yelled at me. "Lie still and take it like a woman!"

It was at that moment the door burst open. A gun barrel protruded through the opening. "What...?" began Rook as I squealed girlishly. The barrel went whoosh and the man's head over me dissolved. I screamed even more, my voice going up another octave as I was covered in blood and brains.

The uniformed men wore dark Ranger green and brown, all nearly as large as Bigger had been. “Is he in here?” one of the rankers said to the man holding the blaster, the glow from its barrel subsiding as they searched the room.

They found the Squiddie, his throat cut, though I hadn’t seen it done. “This ain’t him,” said the talkative one. “Hey, darling, where’s the kid your lover boy was hiding? His brother wants to talk to him.”

“You were dancing,” said the shooter to me. “What happened to lover boy with the big bazooka?”

I stared at the calm, studying eyes, knowing I had to be convincing as a woman. “We, we came in here, the lieutenant and me, to, to, you know, where we’d get a little privacy and...”

“How much?” asked the talkative one. “How much for a lay, right now?”

“Gods, Narney,” said the shooter in disgust. “You got two bodies to clean up and that’s all you think of?”

“She’s a pretty one,” said Narney, a smile on his face.

“What happened when the lieutenant brought you in here?” the older man wanted to know as Narney’s smile dimmed.

“I don’t know exactly,” I said. I tried to explain about Rook coming out of nowhere. I hadn’t seen him at all.

“He wanted you, the kid lying beside the pair of you,” the shooter said slowly.

“We heard you getting it on with him’ squealing like a little piglet,” said Narney. “Will you squeal like that when I’m giving it to you?”

“He didn’t,” I said, gasping as I consciously tried to keep my voice high and girlish.

“Didn’t have time,” grunted the shooter. “You need more clothes, girlie,” he went on, “as we’re probably going to torch this place.”

Narney escorted me to Stella’s room, which I claimed as mine. I stuffed several of her dresses and underclothes in a pack, fended off Narney’s attentions, and was led outside. The man in control of the town glanced at me as I was hustled over to the other girls, shivering in the night air.

“You killed him too soon,” I distinctly heard Branford say, a shiver running up my spine to hear such a familiar voice, in such a strange place.

“He killed the Squiddie officer,” said the man who’d killed Rook. “And was about to rape the lieutenant’s dancing girl.”

“Which one?” my brother asked, his voice having that edge of haughtiness I always hated hearing.

“The pretty one,” said the killer. I didn’t look up, guessing he was indicating me. Narney came down the line, lifting my head for my brother to look at me. He didn’t recognize me at all.

“Burn the place,” said Branford, my brother, pointing at the Overlook Hotel. “We’ll go to Surdree and root out the big fellow’s partner. There was someone else who contacted the Rainclouds to set up the meet. Remember? Whoever it was called that one,” he nodded at what was left of Rook. It had been dragged out onto the main street of Jumble Falls even though there really was no head to put with the body. “Bring the girls with us, Narney. A little reward if you get me my brother this time, dead or alive.”

Lona didn’t cry like the other girls in the back of the cart as the Overlook Hotel rose in flames behind us. “You,” she said to Stella. “You were Rook’s partner. Everybody knows that.”

“You’re gonna tell the Rangers?” taunted Stella back as the other girls cut down on their sniveling to look at us in surprise.

“Why not?” snapped Lona, looking at me, her eyes squinting as she studied her wig. She was trying to think what I looked like without it, I bet myself.

“They’re Rangers, Dowerson Rangers, the worst kind,” said Stella, not looking at me as I pulled up my legs. My stockings were ripped. My little skirt didn’t cover my panties and corset. “You tell ’em anything and we’ll all be dead before morning light.”

“Yeah,” said Renee furtively. “Say nothing, Lona. None of our business, for now.”

“We want a cut in what you and Rookie had going,” Lona persisted. The other girls stared at her in various stages of bewilderment.

“Yes,” said Stella, looking at the others, who looked back at her with interest, then. “Five thousand apiece, all of you.” Man, did everyone’s eyes ever expand when she said that. The gloom lifted from me just a little as the chance I’d see the following day made my mind quiver in hope. “That’s just for saying nothing. You all know nothing. Swear it and five thousand is yours. More when we finally ditch these bull-lovers and get to contact the people who’ll give us more money for saying nothing. You’ll earn it,” she went on before the girls could ask her more. “This thing’s getting very dangerous.”

Renee stared open-mouthed at me as if she guessed now what was going on. The others sat there, as befuddled as they’d been before.

“You’re hiding the kid they’re looking for,” said Lona, not looking at me.

“Not a word, Lona, not a word,” said Stella angrily. “That might be what they want to know but none of us says a word, right, none of us, not even you, Jessica.” She punched me on my bare arm. It hurt.

“Ow,” I gasped. Elsa’s fine eyebrows rose as she stared at me. I think she got it then. They all should as I was the only one, after all, who’d come down on the shuttle and been pressed into entertaining the menfolk crowding into Jumble Falls to search for Jeffrey Dowerson.

The ground transit lurched up the dirt road towards Surdree which, not surprisingly, was deserted. We could hear the men outside cursing but my brother’s voice overrode everyone’s. He ordered out patrols to round up the inhabitants who’d fled.

We girls had to walk across the hard-packed street into the familiar chandlery. “Find my brother,” Branford was shouting to the men, tying on packs and holsters to carry all the ammo and guns they needed for their hunt, “and you can have any girl you want!”

“What if we don’t want him?” sneered Lona.

“Don’t say that!” hissed Stella aloud, as I quietly thought the same thing. I put my hand on my hip, posing as the line stopped. My brother didn’t change expression at all as he jumped down from his carrier, onto Lona. She was stepping back in alarm as the back of his fist, clamped to his blaster, struck her, splitting open her pretty face.

“Well, there’s one no one’s going to pick as a date anytime soon,” drawled an older sergeant type to the patrol, waiting to herd us into the store before heading out.

Renee and Elsa rushed over to haul a groggy, groaning Lona to her feet. That left the three of us, Sheila, Stella and me in front of my brother. His eyes roved over us, taking in our legs, our tattered stockings, our flimsy underclothing and mussed-up makeup and hair.

“Wouldn’t want any of them myself,” said my brother with a sneer. Then he stepped over to me with a frown and grabbed the dark hair glued tightly to my head.

“That’s a wig,” snarled my brother, raising his hand to strike me.

“We’re all wearing wigs!” snapped Stella. Branford turned to her as if he couldn’t believe someone would have the nerve to interrupt him. “Look, mister, you smash up her and me, and your patrols ain’t gonna have nothing to come back to, are they? Leave us alone and we’ll do your men like you want, like we know how.”

“Lock ’em up, Gill,” said my brother to the sergeant. “Save for this one,” he meant me, still dragging me by the hair, strands of it definitely coming loose. “This blondie girl comes with me.”

Terrified, I was dragged into the back parlor of the chandlery, where the store owner must have lived. It had clearly been searched. There was little on the floor but a pile of empty dresser drawers.

“Leave Borston and Gree to guard the girls,” Branford said harshly to his sergeant, “while I check this one out.”

“Don’t leave me,” I whimpered to the older sergeant but he only shook his head, closing the door on my brother and me.

“Take off your panties,” snarled my brother.

“What!” I gasped at him.

“Don’t come all cutesy and girlie with me, Jeffroid,” he snarled, using the pet name he’d used for me when we were kids. It reminded me he’d said I was ‘my father’s hemorrhoid called Jeffrey’ whenever he had new friends over and Branford was left to introduce me to them.

“Think I couldn’t tell my own brother in panties and fake boobies?” snarled Branford. “You don’t know, Jeffroid, but I always did picture you in a dress. You do look so cute with girl’s makeup on your face. I should have done that for the Founder’s Day Ball, shouldn’t I? I’d have made sure your dance card was full with all the right boys!”

“You’ve got it wrong,” I spluttered while Branford raised his eyebrows and said something about what a pretty voice I had. “I’m not a boy disguised as a girl!”

“Take your panties down and prove it,” said my smirking brother. “You always wanted to be a girl, didn’t you? And you finally get to be one. How long did it take you to talk that big squatter to putting you in a dress? Five minutes? I bet you were all over him, rewarding him, isn’t that it?”

“You’re wrong!” was all I could think of to say, edging away from Branford, looking for anything I could use to fling at him and force the blaster to fire away from me.

But Branford moved with me, to cover me, grinning as he knew what I was doing. “It’s the only way you could have eluded those dopey Squid jiggers for so long, isn’t it?” my brother jeered at me as I saw myself as a shapely girl in the mirror behind him. My earrings were gleaming like the other jewelry I’d worn for my dancing like a showgirl.

“You-you’re making a terrible mistake!” I said, shivering, not so much in fright, as with the cold. I was facing my own death, here, dressed like a girl. I still felt I could think, a little, and try to outfox my brother, gloating over what I appeared to be, how he was rid of me, at last.

“Who’d tangle with that Rook squatter for a girl like you?” my brother was asking me as I tuned into him again. He seemed to want to show me how clever he was, having bested me at last. “And who should Rook run to when we copied the signals from the Kingdom pickets and promised him a fortune beyond any ransom any of us here could afford to pay? He runs to his new girlfriend, a whore at the Overlook Hotel. The role suits you, little brother. You looked good with that Squiddie captain’s pecker up your ass!”

“It wasn’t...” I hissed as Branford raised his blaster, laughing at me.

“Show me your pecker,” said my smirking brother. “Or should I just haul you to Pops and his latest lady

friend and let them see how pretty a girl you are. You know who she is, don't you? The judge who sentenced you and who's plotting to kill me so that the kid she's incubating for Papa can be the real heir and 'heal the breach' between the two sides in this civil war."

I'd made no move to take down the panties which peeped below the very short, tight, skirt I wore that barely covered my hips. "I, I hope she gets you first," was all I could think of to say. My last act of defiance, I thought as I looked at the girl in the mirror across the room. Even with my wig a mess, I did look like a girl. The tape holding my chest muscles tightly together made it seem I did have breasts while the tiny, thin straps of the corset I'd been wearing since I'd danced and pranced for the Squiddies made me look very feminine as well.

"Last words, Jeffroid," taunted my brother. "Panties down or I'll call up Borston. He likes deviates like you. He'll give you a very good time, little brother, better than anything Rook or the Squiddie gave you. I'm recording it all. See?" He indicated the medallion on his uniform, used as a recorder by fighters in combat.

But look at me now, I thought with a shiver. I was more of a girl now than I'd been when I'd come from my medshell upabove. Anya had said I'd change, become hairier, 'grow hair' had been her laughing words, and 'grow muscles' as well. "First thing you should do," Anya had teased me, "is grow a mustache, if you can!"

But that hadn't happened. No, I was getting more girlish by the day, if that was possible. It wasn't anything Stella was doing to me. I hadn't tried to keep my skin so bare, smooth and girlish. It was just like that. I was becoming more Abigail and not Jeffrey, with each passing day.

"I'll call up Borston," sneered my brother. "Give you another hour to live, sister-brother of mine. Anything can happen in an hour, can't it? I might even change my mind, Jeffroid, and not kill you after all. Maybe I'll just make you the perfect date for Borston!"

Sheer off that little thing you're trying so hard to protect!"

I hadn't noticed, in all the talking, that I'd dropped my hand in front of my panties. As if that would have stopped a blast passing through me.

"Shoot!" I told him, my voice croaking. I'd go for the shelving and hurl it at Branford in a last, futile gesture. I was sure, in this last moment of my life, I sounded more like Jeffrey than I had since I'd come down from Foreman Station.

"Shoot!" I gasped at him. "Yes, down there and no one will ever prove you shot your brother and not some poor comfort girl who wouldn't give you a tumble! No, I don't fancy you at all, Branford Dowerson, not at all! That's why you're going to kill me, isn't it?"

"Shut your stupid girlie mouth!" snarled my brother.

"Are you recording this, my supposed brother?" I laughed at him, not knowing how I could do that. I suppose it was hysterical laughter, totally overwhelming me. "Well, you've got it wrong, Lord Branford. I'm not your brother pretending to be a girl. I was a girl pretending to be your brother. He's over the hills, into contact with the pickets by now!"

My brother fired into the pile of shelving I'd been heading for, showering me with splinters. He stepped back to the doorway, opening the door. "Borston!" he yelled, still looking at me as I stood with arms about my girlie costume, in fright, brushing off the splinters stuck in me.

"Borston!" my brother called again. His eyes gloated. "Now we'll see what's inside those panties and pretty corset!" he sneered. "You like being dressed like that, don't you, girlie? Here, Borston, here's a girl you're going to love making ..."

But it wasn't Borston who came through the door. It was a man whom I knew very well. He leveled a stunner at Branford's head and fired. The blaster in



Branford's hand discharged and the back wall of the chandlery disappeared in a whoosh of flame.

I stared, open-mouthed, at my husband as he reached down and ripped the recording device from Branford's uniform jacket, tossing it into the large incendiary that the great blaster discharge had made of the Surdree store.

"So?" Cory asked laconically. "How is this return to being Jeffrey Dowerson going? Well?"

"W-Where'd you come from?" I gasped at him, standing there in my silly, short dress in front of a man who knew me as I'd been. I could still feel the heat of the blaster charge that had passed me by and incinerated the wall behind me. It should have killed me. I knew it and could feel my whole trussed-up body about to fall apart.

"The short answer is from out there," Sir Cornal Brel, Lady Abigail's husband, said, indicating the store behind him. "The long answer is the picket that's keeping the civil war on this planet in check needs ships to enforce it. And since Carmichael is an ally of the Nebula Kingdom, we assist in the picket. And since I didn't have much else to do, as I wasn't a married man any more, I volunteered for the duty of Marine Commander of the Foreman Picket. Since there was fighting downbelow, well, here I am. More to the point, Jeffrey, what are you doing here?"

"T-Trying n-not to get killed," I said miserably, looking out of the opened store. Several men in dark-grey uniforms were staring at the opening into the building.

"Need help, my Lord?" called one of the men.

"You can take this prisoner!" Cory answered, pointing to the still form of Branford on the floor. "He's Branford Dowerson, the President's son and heir, for the next few weeks at least."

The man who'd spoken climbed across the rubble of the wall and whistled after him for a medtech, quick. Cory took off his uniform jacket as I began to

shiver, not certain what I should say. I couldn't speak to these men, glancing and smiling at me as I Cory put his jacket about me. It was so warm although my bare legs were twitching with the cold.

Should I declare myself to be Jeffrey Dowerson? Should I call myself Jessica, as Stella definitely would, if she saw me? I couldn't call myself Lady Abigail Brel, I thought with a shudder. I watched Cory lean over the prone figure on the floor as the medtech worked furiously with some reviving instruments battle medtechs carried with them all the time.

"I think we've lost this one, my Lord," the medtech panted, the physical techniques he was applying to Branford seeming to have no effect. "You shot him in the head, my Lord? I think his brain has gone into shock."

"He was attempting to kill my wife," Cory said then. Almost all of the men started in shock. "Yes, this is Lady Abigail, my wife," said my husband courteously. "She was visiting with her maid's family when this whole furore began. They've been hiding her from this thug who claimed he had her and was going to ransom her back to me. Excuse me if I don't shed a tear if I killed him."

"You won't have killed him, my Lord," said the medtech as more men came in with what I recognized as a medshell. "We can revive him, I'm sure. But he's going to have lost everything he knew up to now. He's going to be a walking vegetable for a year or two until he learns how to speak and do everything we take for granted. I hope he's got a good family to look after him."

"He does," said Cory shortly. "He has a brother somewhere on this planet whom I'm sure will look after him."

I went numbly out of the building with Cory's arm about me. "Stella Berrick was telling me quite a story," said Cory as he directed me from the chandlery to an armored transport that immediately whisked the two of us out of Jumble Falls, across the bridge over the Jumble River and towards a guarded,

military shuttle that was waiting for us on the landing site. Several more were discharging troops as our transport delivered us to the on-ramp for the shuttle.

“She was the one who suggested I, I dress like this,” I said with a shudder as Cory waved away other assistance. I wiggled into the shuttle with his arm about me, a nervous shivering running all through my body.

“So she said,” said Cory dryly. “She also claimed she’s entitled to the ransom we agreed to pay for you. She was furious when I told her we hadn’t made any offer for your return, that it was a trick to find out where you really were.”

“Do, do I still have access to money...?” I began, having to stop as I couldn’t acknowledge I’d married another man, been his wife in all ways, and had received a dowry, essentially, from him. I felt sick as I thought of all that, of being in bed with him, Cory, holding me so lovingly as he was doing now.

“Yes,” said Cory, “as far as I’m concerned. Legally, I suppose, I’ve no obligations to you, Jeffrey, but I’ll honor any reasonable requests you wish to make, for old times’ sake.”

“The girls who hid me, the one who was so badly hurt and scarred by Branford,” I said, my guts churning. “They deserve some reward, all of those girls. The one who was hurt will need real medical treatment.”

“I can agree to that,” said Cory, directing me into a cabin where a female soldier, was waiting with a whole group of cosmetics and female clothing spread across the seats.

“Thank you, Lisa,” said Cory with a warm smile at the girl.

“No problem, my Lord,” said Lisa cheerily, smiling in most friendly fashion at Cory. She touched him on the shoulder as she left, I noticed, my stomach and throat tightening. She raised her eyebrows at me and the feminine mess that I was.

“Sorry, Jeffrey,” said my husband as soon as the door had closed, not explaining Lisa at all, but the way he said ‘Jeffrey’ told me all that I wanted to know about how he still thought of me. We were alone in the cabin as he took his arm from me and then his warm jacket. “You’ll have to be Abigail for just a little while longer,” he went on, not looking at me at all as he began to open and display what was in the boxes for me. “Get rid of that horrible wig and try one of these.”

There were three boxes with blonde, female-styled hairpieces for me to try, I saw. More shivers and fearful emotions coursed through me. There was solvent in the cosmetic pack Lisa had left. Cory drifted backward as I sat down in the chair in front of the mirror and began to disconnect the long, black hair from my head.

“That hurts,” said Cory sympathetically from somewhere above and behind me.

“When it’s been on so long,” I murmured, hating what was being revealed to him as I peeled away the black hair. My short, fair, ‘Jeffrey’ hair was revealed. Only I wasn’t quite Jeffrey. I was Jeffrey in a girl’s dress. I was Jeffrey who automatically sat with crossed legs like a girl. I was Jeffrey with long dangling earrings hanging from my ears. I hastily pulled those off and the bracelets from my arms. Then, there were my fingernails, so red and pointed, gleaming with every movement I made.

Cory was buzzed by the pilots up front. I gathered we were ready to take off and go up above to a picket ship.

“Wait,” I heard Cory say. “How long is it going to take you to change your clothes, Abigail?”

I shuddered as he called me that. I guessed it was because he, we, might be overheard in what we were saying.

“Hours,” I said bitterly as I found makeup remover and applied it to my face. I felt satisfied in a stupid way that Cory would have to look at me like this, like

some gargoyle to frighten off the su-birds of Foreman.

“Ten minutes,” said Cory to whoever he was talking to. “Signal us when you get into position for take-off.”

“I can’t...” I began.

Cory didn’t say a word. He just lifted me from the seat I was in, took the cloth from my hands and wiped my face. He spun me. Within seconds, my corset was unclipped and my bra was loose about me. He didn’t make a comment as I was fiery red and enraged at him seeing me as Jeffrey in girlish panties and hose. I was unceremoniously dumped back in the chair and off came my stockings.

I can’t imagine what he thought of me as I stood in front of him, a skinny, teenaged boy in white girl’s panties. Again I was spun around and a black bra, already padded was placed about me. Cory tightened the thin straps over my shoulders. A silky, sleeveless blouse went over my head and he fastened it to me from behind.

“The middle one,” said Cory, taking the blonde wig and putting it, lop-sided on my head. He pushed barrettes into my hand as well as the wig adhesive that would keep it from falling from me at the slightest bump.

“I, I don’t want to do this,” I managed to say.

“Of course you don’t,” agreed Cory, slinging a dark skirt, a garter belt and mid-thigh-high stockings at me. “But, for the moment, it’s necessary. The Nebulans on this ship think that they’re rescuing my wife. When we’re back on the *Breeze*, we can resurrect Jeffrey. Now, do you want to attach your stockings to your garter belt or do you want me to do it for you?”

I shuddered at the thought of him doing that for me, making me look more like a woman. “Just a touch of makeup on your eyes and a smidgen of lip-

stick,” Cory went on calmly. “You’re not a showgirl now, you know.”

“I’m not a Lady, either,” I said to him.

Cory frowned. “I don’t get it,” he said then. “If you’re Jeffrey now, how come you sound like Abbie all the time?”

“I don’t!” I insisted, reddening as he stared at me grimly as if he really was trying to figure out the mystery of my voice.

“Overtrained and imprinted by Jackie Ivany’s experts, I bet,” said Cory as there was a ping over the inner sound system. “Shoes, my Lady, the black ones.” He handed them to me and began furiously to pack everything away in the little cabin, beneath seats and in cupboards that seemed to open everywhere.

The curvaceous jacket he thrust at me was stylish and lovely. I barely had a chance to look at myself, a young girl who’d one day grow up to be Lady Abigail, I thought, surprising myself as I thought that.

Cory belted me in as he was calling on the console and telling the pilot to take off. I fell back into the soft confines of the plushie take-off chair while Cory grabbed the few items he’d missed and locked them into a cupboard behind me.

“There,” he said finally, sitting and clicking his restraints into place. “Sir Cornal and Lady Brel head back to the stars.”

“I’d prefer to be left downbelow,” I snapped at him. For the first time Cory smiled at me.

“You want to die that badly?” he asked. “Well, Jeffrey, I think we shall accommodate you after I’ve arranged for your girlfriends to be taken off this planet. They all want to go and, yes, Lona will be treated by a competent medical staff. They’ll each get the bonuses plus that Stella promised them. She’ll get a special bonus for keeping you alive in all the chaos going on in Jumble Falls.”

“Thank you,” I whispered to him.

“Now, your voice,” Cory went on with a frown. “We’ll use a voice regulator when you talk to your father. We’ll do that on the *Breeze*. The fewer in the know about Jeffrey, the better for us. I’m thinking of taking Stella with us as well. She’s got this strange idea Lady Abigail is your sister.”

I had to flush at that. “They found her ID, she and Rook, before they found mine,” I told him. “They saw the resemblance.”

Cory frowned again. “But you’re not Abigail now,” he said. “Even with that lovely hair, you’re not her. As Jeffrey, you don’t look like my wife at all. Sorry to tell you that.”

I flushed in dismay at the matter-of-fact way Cory talked to me as if he was talking to Jeffrey Dowerson, not Abigail. I felt aggrieved that he could treat me as he did. Idiot, I screamed inside at the way I was thinking and feeling. I should be glad my husband had accepted me for what I was, another man just like him. Yes, another voice inside argued with me, but did he have to be so brutally honest in showing his emotions?

I wobbled across the personnel tube to the *Breeze*, a smiling Lisa waiting to assist me with my high heels. Cory was talking to the ship’s deck officer and to some comtechs. They were frowning as he gave them instructions on circuits they were to set up.

Lisa chattered gaily about fashions on Carmichael and how Nicole Stanway had produced the most fabulous collection of clothes that all the other designers on the planet were copying.

“Oh, I just can’t wait to get home, Lady Abigail, can you?” Lisa went on. “Haven’t you had your fill of Dowersons and Squid River Boys? You must have by the strained way you look. You’ve lost so much weight!” She touched her bust to indicate where I was slimmer and caressed her shapely hips. “You can’t trust them at all to do anything that they say, can you? They break every parole and... Oh, look, my

Lady, your handsome husband wants you in his stateroom!”

The last was said with a coy smile and a twist of her shoulder as she smiled glowingly at my ‘handsome’ husband, indicating to him I was going to come with him into his rooms.

“Don’t worry about your clothes, my Lady!” gushed Lisa after me as I rose and swished across the ship’s reception area towards the senior officer’s cabin beyond. “I’ll have them stored in your bedroom with your husband’s uniforms and stuff. You take your time with him! He’s been so moody, everyone says, since you left him to find your maid downbelow. Then to find you in the fighting area! It’s a wonder he hasn’t been exploding over us all for every little slip-up, as he did on the way out here from Carmichael.”

So my husband’s a tyrant, I thought savagely. No, hold that thought. He’s not my husband any more and, no, Lisa, despite what you think, you’re the one, not me, who’s going to soften his temper. What did he say? Ah yes, he wasn’t married any more, which is why he got this duty. We’d better get our stories straight, though, if Cory wanted to return to Carmichael and not be thought of as strange for abandoning his wife way out here.

“Sit at the far commset,” ordered Cory as he closed the door behind us. “Close us up, Regen,” he said then to someone on the other end of the comm. “I don’t want anyone, anyone or anything, listening to what is said from this office. Got it? I don’t want them downbelow having the capacity to record what’s going on, either. Got that?”

Someone sighed over the commset. “Done, my Lord,” a man’s voice said. “As ordered, your office is a void in the comm systems of this ship. We’ve done the same to the target office downbelow. Regen, over and out.”

I strolled over to the other set. “Before you do anything, Jeffrey,” growled my ‘husband’, “take off your wig, all your womanly clothing, your makeup and get into Jeffrey’s uniform as a captain in the Rangers.

Yes, you got a posthumous promotion when the Hordan reported the loss of their ship and all aboard it.”

“I, I can’t...” I said with a shudder.

“...do such a thing in front of me, your husband,” said Cory with a grimace. “Use the bathroom but when you come back, come back as Jeffrey, sit down at that set and press that black button on the special recorder in front of you. Talk when I tell you that you can.”

So I went into the bathroom and stared at the young girl in the mirror. It didn’t take me long to slide out of my female clothing, the removal of the tape from between my legs revealing I wasn’t a young girl. I was definitely Jeffrey Dowerson. A thin, effeminate Jeffrey to be sure with straggly fair hair, growing out of the military cut Anya had given me.

It was awkward to move in uniform pants again and in hard-soled, flat shoes. I’d nothing across my chest, no bra or taping. I nervously tip-toed out of the bathroom as Cory was talking to someone on his console, shaking his head as he spoke.

“General,” Cory said, looking at me pointedly and indicating the console where I was to sit. “All this nonsense has to stop. With Branford out of the picture for a few years, it’s an ideal time for you to meet with the settlers...”

“Squatters,” boomed my father’s voice from the console. There he was, as large as life, looking at me.

“...and come to an agreement with them. Gods, man, you’re married to their nominal leader...” Cory was going on.

“And her children and mine are going to inherit this planet,” snarled my father. “By then, we’ll have united every group into one...”

“Even those who support Branford?” cut in Cory. “I was just talking to Mountford who said he’d declare for Jeffrey if Branford was incapacitated, anything to

keep squatter brats, his words, from sitting in the Lord Protector's seat in Council!"

"Jeffrey!" scoffed my father. "We both know he's dead, don't we, Lord Brel! What were you trying to do with that boy you sent down to Jumble Falls? Did you think we're stupid? I've been to Shalimar Station and Duncansford. I know what you were doing in the Kingdom before the Interior Ministry caught on to the replicates Carmichael was infecting them with! Don't think you can fool me with a replicate Jeffrey..."

Cory signaled to me. I pressed the button in front of me. I don't know exactly what happened but my father jumped as if he'd been bitten by something. He stared at the screen, at me, in total dismay.

"Greetings, Papa," I said to him, my voice so deep as if I was speaking from the bottom of a well or something. "No, I wasn't on the Hordan ship when it was blown. Nor were Sergeant Tobert or Corporal Parres. Remember them? We saw the shuttle run for it and get blown away. Then, we were imprisoned."

"You're not Jeffrey!" shouted my father at the screen, at me. "You're some impostor!"

"I want to come home," I told him, the deep voice resonating, at least in the officer's quarters where Cory was watching me silently. "Please, Papa." I related incidents to him, not all of them happy, about our life in the House, but my father was shaking his head as he listened to me.

"Branford promised me your head!" he snarled. It was as if a sword had been pushed through my heart. I sat there and listened to my father tell me that he wished he'd drowned me at birth. "I nearly did, didn't I?" he said with a sneer.

"When I went over the Falls," I gasped. "I thought I was going to drown but that bladefish rolled me against the rocks and I caught on."

My father stared at me as he'd been staring at me back then as I'd called out to him. Several Rangers

had come bursting into the water past him and saved me, hauling me to land.

“Well, that was a good lesson,” I said to him now, repeating the words he’d used to me at the time. I couldn’t help it; tears came to my eyes and began to stream down my face. I sat there, life draining from me. I could feel it as I looked at a man who’d have let his son drown for some reason of his own.

“Just like your mother,” snarled my father, the General. “She always thought the waterworks would get me to change my mind. Well, it won’t, Jeffrey or whoever you are. You set foot on this planet and every hand will be against you.”

Abruptly, the screen in front of me went blank. “General,” I heard Cory say. “I think your position is very clear.”

“You’re going to publish what I said,” sneered my father.

“No, General,” said Cory icily. “As I said to you at the start, this was a private conversation entirely. We’ll send Branford back to you as soon as he can rise from a medshell. Jeffrey, we’ll find a new place for in the Kingdom. We’ve many planets and many...”

Whatever Cory was going to proclaim as a future for me was lost in a stream of invective and foul words my father let loose. Cory cut off the picture on the screen and stood up, advancing on me.

I stood, too, backing away from him, the tears down my face becoming a flood. Silently, Cory pointed to where the tissues were and backed away from me, sitting down at a low table and pouring himself some kind of strong liquor.

When my snuffling subsided to a whimper, Cory looked over at me. “I think you need something stronger like what I’m drinking,” he said, going over to his console and releasing a drinks table from a sidewall.

Cory poured a glassful of some greenish liquid that tasted like liquid fire to me. “Metaxa brandy,” he said.

I shuddered as I sat where he indicated. "I heard it puts hair on your chest," I said to Sir Cornal Brel, thinking how important he must be on this ship, important enough to speak to the Lord Protector of Foreman as an equal, more than an equal. He also had the power to make the conversation we'd had disappear from any record.

"As I see it," said Cory, not looking at me at all. "You have three choices at the moment, Jeffrey." I shivered. There it was again. He called me 'Jeffrey' and meant it. I was Jeffrey Dowerson now to him. Yes, Lady Abigail had been unmade. I didn't know why but I felt like crying as I thought about that.

"One," said Cory. "You defy your father, go downbelow on Foreman. I don't know what Anya was doing, dumping you there with no support team. This time, I'd send you downbelow with a couple of platoons, at least. You'd be safe as you set up. You could carve out a niche for yourself with one of the parties down there. I wouldn't recommend Mountford. He's like your brother. He was his right-hand man. We'll make sure you're established and have money, about five millions should be enough. You'll become one warlord among the many."

I nodded gloomily as Cory went on. It wouldn't be so bad if I had Tobert with me, I thought, shuddering as I thought of who Sergeant Tobert was now, who Corporal Parres was for that matter, and who I'd been.

"The Giant's Rim is huge," Cory was saying. "With five millions, you could purchase a start in anything, ranching, mining, transporting, financing, whatever project you'd like."

I nodded, thinking bleakly of starting over as someone else, not Jeffrey Dowerson. That's what Cory was saying to me. Start over, forget who I was, and that was awful. How could I ever forget what I'd heard my father say? How could I ever forget what had led to me being driven off Foreman? How could I ever forget what had happened when I awoke in Lannan? How could I ever forget being married to Cory and being his wife?

Cory had stopped and was watching me intently. I realized there'd been a silence between us for some time.

"None of that attracts you?" Cory asked me very quietly.

I shuddered as I thought of how awful each thing he'd said had sounded. "No," I said but then it occurred to me. "You said three choices and that's only two. What's the third, kill myself? Yes, that's the best choice for..."

Cory was up on his feet. With no effort on his part, he drew me up, towering over me. "I forget at times how tiny you are, Abigail," Cory said. My insides began to churn as he demonstrated what the third choice open to me was.

There I was, in boy clothes, no wig, no makeup, no high heels, just unpainted, feminine nails. Cory held me against him, raised my trembling jaw with a finger and kissed me. A wonderful surge of feminine feelings swept over me. His mouth was just as I remembered it, his lips pressing down on mine, moving slightly, tantalizingly.

I gasped, knowing how terrible it was that a man should be kissing me but, worse, his hands pressed my tush, my body against his. Oh, it was so embarrassing! I was aroused as was this man, standing with me, holding me, caressing me...

"And your third choice," murmured my husband. He gently kissed my face as I clung to him, my body exulting at his touches, feeling so much that I was home where I should be, in his arms. "Your third choice, my darling Abigail, is to be my wife and, some day, the mother of our children."

Panic almost overrode me then. If Cory had let me go, I'd never have done what I eventually did. But he wouldn't let me go. He kissed and kissed me, making me long to have breasts as I once had, that could be aroused by him.

Cory finally helped me re-dress myself 'properly'. I had to board his ship. "I can't do this," I whispered a dozen times as I took off the man's shirt I'd yearned so long to wear again and put on a bra and girlish top. At each 'I can't', Cory pulled me against him, no matter what state I was in, and kissed me, guiding me through the next part of my retransformation to being his woman.

Cory put my garter belt on me. I'd frantically put on panties after he'd divested me of men's pants and underpants. He drove me crazy as he kissed my legs, slowly and gently, from my toes to the tops of my thighs, sliding stockings over my legs, finally attaching the garter belt to me.

I was weeping a little again as I put on some feminine makeup, Cory choosing a perfume he liberally poured over me. "I can't..." I began again. Oh, how Cory kissed me, his mouth so demanding, his hands first caressing the bare skin of my shoulders, pulling down my bra straps to nearly my elbows so that he could kiss and make me feel I my taped 'breasts' were real.

I had to kiss him back and caress his firm, masculine chest as he drew my legs against his. I felt his erection against and between my thighs. "Oh, I can't!" I squealed but his mouth clamped on mine again. I was lifted, in the briefest of lingerie, and carried to my husband's bedroom.

"I look horrible!" I hissed at him as he carried a mannish, girlie-boy to his bed. The blonde wig and some eye makeup changed that, he said. I was still unshapely to my eyes but it didn't seem to matter to Cory.

I thought we might kiss and cuddle and that would be it for him. I never thought my husband would want to make love to me, want me, half made up like a woman, to make love to him.

"I can't..." I began as Cory covered me with demanding kisses, spreading my legs as I lay beneath him on his bouncing bed.

"I don't have..." I started as Cory lifted my legs up about his waist. He was caressed and squeezing my manhood, me squealing at how odd that felt. Cory's own moist manhood drove against me, penetrating my tush! And then I was squealing once more as he made love to me, not knowing whether I was pleased or not! Cory used my panties to caress my manhood to heights of ecstasy I didn't know I could ever achieve as J... No, I'll never say that name again.

I squealed girlishly, deliberately, and writhed, rocking furiously against my husband as he had me, his Abigail, as if I was some sort of woman. He drove into me as he kissed, caressed and pinched my nipples. I shook and gyrated, begging him not to stop, ever, as I felt so womanly! Cory and I united our bodies so that it might have appeared that we were one to anyone watching us.

I was shivering and convulsing as I'd done before, in bed, as a woman with female equipment, with my husband. This was so different and yet it wasn't. I was still the female, no matter what plumbing I had. I received my man inside me and cried with pleasure and happiness as my husband filled me again and again. I kissed and kissed him, the wig holding in place, making me feel more and more a woman. Cory kissed me, stroking my hair as he emptied himself into my wiggling, wriggly tush, my legs around him, eager to be touched and kissed as if I was his woman, his wife.

"I love you, my darling Abigail," my husband said to me, teasing, tugging on my garter belt, making my womanly desire for my husband arise.

"I love you, my darling Cory," I whispered back to my husband.

Cory stopped what he was doing, stunned, and looked down at me, a look of amazement on his face. "What, what did you say?" he whispered, pressing my body so tightly against his.

"I love you, my darling Cory," I told my husband which made him attack me with pleasure and delight. Oh, I basked in carnal bliss as I made my body

a receptacle for my husband. Yes, I did those things men had been trying to get me to do. I'd drugged so many but many had come close. With my husband who wanted me so much, I didn't hold back. I wiggled and writhed as sexily as I could, feeling wonderful as he aroused himself. We were locked together as man and wife for such vivid, intense, somewhat strange, bouts of lovemaking.

Inevitably, my husband had to do other things. He said he'd be thinking only of me and me spreading my legs to receive him when he returned.

I put the time to good use, covering myself with scented lotions after I'd bathed. I did all the things I'd been taught to do as a girl. For alter-shift, when Cory returned, I was his showgirl, sitting in his lap and pleasuring him while his hands caressed my lovely bra and pulled on the nipple rings I wore to enhance the pleasures of his hands and mouth on me, Cory's wife.

The *Breeze's* captain came to visit me while I was in the midst of making myself beautiful with a new wig and fake breasts.

"Lady Abigail," said Captain Gersen, frightening me with the way he stared at me. I thought I'd made some awful error with my makeup. He seemed to be looking at me in awe as if he couldn't believe a man like me could look so feminine.

"Lady Abigail," he began over a half -dozen times before he jocularly got to the point. Whatever was I doing to my husband was making Cory dreamy, not concentrating on the tasks he had to do. "I know that you and your husband were apart for some time but I have to tell you that Sir Cornal will have an incident with someone on the picket, or in the forces down below, if you don't let the poor man sleep."

I stared at him, blushing and pulling my long robe about my loose nightdress that Cory loved to bury his face into against me. "I, I'm not sure I know..." I whispered to the Captain, thinking how flushed my face must be as I understood him very clearly. Oh, but I couldn't let my husband *not* make love to me, could

I? I needed his kisses and caresses as much as he needed mine. His attentions were driving away all the blackness I'd felt in the conversation, if it could be called that, with my father.

Only, I wasn't thinking of him as my father any more. "Just let Lord Cornal do his job, my Lady," said the captain, his eyes twinkling. "And tonight, Lady Abigail, I invite you to accompany your husband to the officers' dinner. Cornal has missed the last two! I've come to the source of distraction, and, my Lady, I can see why he's so distracted! I don't blame him at all."

"But he mustn't be totally distracted," I murmured, trying to smile pleasantly at the captain.

Cory came in then and asked the captain, a little jealously, I thought, with a lovely shiver of delight passing through me, what the other officer wanted with his wife.

"She rejected me, Sir Cornal," said the captain jovially. "Be at the next dinner, your Lordship. Show off your lovely wife to the officers and crew before they start to proposition the new woman on board, like that other girl you brought on as your wife's maid."

"The officers' dinner isn't formal," grunted Cory when the captain was gone. "The *Combat Queen* will be here with my replacement by next shift change. Then you, my darling Abigail, is going to spend the next several months on the slow voyage we make, in a medshell, becoming again the lovely woman I married!"

"What was that last bit? About the other girl?" I had to ask Cory, loving now to be called a girl by anybody.

"That's Lisa," said my husband with a grin, taking me in his arms, making my dresses swish about my legs which I liked almost as much as he did. It made me feel so womanly. "She's a girl like you, you might have noticed, from Lannan. Very good at obtaining pillow talk from all her conquests is Lisa. And she

loves what she's doing. Captain Gersen is not impervious to her charms."

I felt so conspicuous as I dressed in an evening gown and was paraded by my husband before the Carmichael officers of the Foreman picket. "It's a hello and goodbye dinner," laughed Dr. Byras, one of the picket officers who vied with several others for Lisa's attentions, as I was spoken for. That's what the Captain had wanted Cory to make clear to them all. I was his wife!

"What on earth have you and your husband been doing," the doctor wanted to know, "bottled up for so long in that great cabin of his? We know it's not making plans to defeat the bastards downbelow because Sir Cory's leaving that for his successor."

"Now you can see," said Cory, his eyes gleaming, "why you haven't missed anything, my darling, by not attending mess hall with these lonely lechers." He kissed me gently on my mouth in front of everyone, his arm around my waist. Oh, I felt the shivers running through me. No, we shouldn't have come to a goodbye dinner, not when I wanted to hold my husband tightly, my arms about his neck, doing all sorts of interesting things to his manhood, things he could do to me, too!

"Lady Abigail is only going to grace our table on this one occasion," Captain Gersen announced to everyone there. "This will be your last shift aboard, my Lady, as the *Combat Queen* has been detoured here to take you and your husband back to Carmichael. You'll be there for the Autumn season, I think, my lady, in time for the great balls and parties that tradition demands. Poor Sir Cornal will be bankrupted when he discovers how much it takes to keep a wife in dresses and jewels for a whole season!"

"I am going to enjoy every minute of draping my wife in pearls and evening gowns," said Cory loyally, squeezing me, kissing my cheek, making me flush in front of so many men, watching us, basically two men if they only knew, making out as husband and wife.

Of course, when we finally got away from the officers of the *Breeze*, we'd only a half-shift for Cory to make me feel I was his woman. I was in ecstasy as Cory whispered that he loved me. I stirred and re-awakened his intensity in penetrating my tush, he loving me as I whispered back that I loved my handsome husband, as I truly did.

I loved him so much that we were very late, to the *Combat Queen's* Captain's annoyance, in transferring to his ship. But I knew what was going to happen; I'd be leaving Cory alone for three months basically while I was transformed willingly. Lady Jacqueline would be so pleased to know that! I'd be back into being the real and true Lady Abigail, having no regrets, only wondering a little how it would be when I was a woman again. Would my husband want me in the same ways that we'd made love so often on the *Breeze*?

Well, it wouldn't matter, I told myself, not to me. I was Cory's woman, his wife. I knew he loved me and felt warm all over when I thought about us as a true couple, as husband and wife forever. I wasn't going to regret it, I told myself in determination. I didn't want to be a man again, ever. Not with the way I felt traveling with my husband. I felt as if I was going home, to where I belonged, to be in Jessica's company again. Oh, goodness, I realized, she'd surely be a mother by the time Cory and I were in Grampton again.

It wasn't Anya with the medshell who came for me when I was transferred from the *Breeze* to the *Combat Queen*. This time, I had a tall, handsome male doctor who didn't like Cory that much but who was really pleasant to me. Then, he met Lisa and it was like two limpets getting together. I could see what Captain Gersen had meant about distractions.

I had to hope the doctor knew his job well when he was three-quarters asleep as he seemed to be when attaching me to the special leads in the special medshell sent for me. The doc was yawning as he sealed me up, not commenting at all on my obvious masculinity. I guessed he was Lannan-trained and used to doing what he was doing.

But no, that couldn't be. Lady Jacqueline had said I was special except for...

It was so hard to kiss Cory a last time, floating away as I tried to think what Jackie had said to me about this transformation. Oh, I knew that when I woke up, it wouldn't be the same between us. In my last thoughts, as the fog descended, I clutched Cory's hand to where my breasts would be. I was terrified, knowing for absolute sure Cory wouldn't like making love to me again, not after all the deviate things we'd done together.

Of course, I needn't have worried. That first night, after I'd awakened from my re-transformation, my shortish, fair, blondish hair all my own, my breasts my own, and a most inviting vagina between my legs settled it all between Cory and me. It was a thrilling night as Cory tried me out and confessed he'd been so worried I'd hate him for the things he'd had done to me.

"I just couldn't help loving you the way we did on *The Breeze*," my husband and lover told me. "I just wanted you, my lovely, darling wife, so much! But this is so much better, isn't it? This is the way it's meant to be between us, me inside you as I am."

"I love you so much, darling," I had to whisper to my husband as he kissed my breasts, spiking the pleasure I felt so incredibly. Cory made me jiggle and gyrate girlishly beneath him. I loved doing that for him. I wanted to do for him all the things I'd held back on when I was a woman before, thinking I shouldn't. "I couldn't have waited for you to love me as you did. I wanted you to love me more than you wanted me."

Cory grunted his objection to me saying that as he fondled my breasts and thrilled me through and through.

But this was just too wonderful, I would tell him later as I wrapped myself around him. I surrendered to him as a woman in every way. After all, he was the man and he was meant to be inside me, wasn't he?

Oh, and the baby thing was so wonderfully weird as well. It seems that the doctors in Lannan, or whatever hospital a girl like me goes to, put this strange uterine replicator inside the mother. It's not at all like the large replicators in which most children on civilized worlds are born. No, the one inside me seemed so tiny but an ova and Cory's sperm were inside it. It was latched inside me where it should be.

As I was shown it being done, I felt it, my breath racing as Jackie explained it all to Cory and me. I could see that the uterine thing was like a little sac that would grow inside me as my baby grew. I shivered with joy as Lady Jacqueline supervised me being implanted for motherhood. She was so happy for me, kissing and hugging me and telling me that everything had gone well. In nine months I was going to be a mother, just like her. Then it was Cory's turn to have me.

I was in such fear as Cory and I were so passionate in the hotel suite we were ensconced in for a whole planetary day after I'd been implanted. I was so afraid we'd damaged the child growing inside me. What Cory did so energetically to me was what all husbands did, Jackie told me later, in a follow-up exam.

Cory knew what I was taking on and loved me for doing it. I became a pregnant woman, with all the wonders a woman must 'endure' as she changes and feels her baby grow. Finally she gives birth as women have all through the ages. I was so lucky in having such a wonderful, loving man as my husband all through the process.

Well, it wasn't quite the same as a normal woman would have felt in birthing her child. The uterine replicator was implanted in me. The rest I did in the same way a woman would have done it in another age. I was torn up quite badly by my darling little Roxanne. She couldn't help it, of course.

Roxanne had to get out of me when it was her turn to be born. Oh, the thrill of having your baby placed

on your breast is so fantastic. Cory clung to me, too, as our daughter suckled instinctively even though she didn't really get anything the first time. Oh, but my milk came in, in abundance. What a constant thrill motherhood became as my little girl received all her sustenance at my breasts.

My husband is so proud of me. You'd think that no woman had had a baby before me. There was my friend, Jessica, a woman like me, with her son and another baby on the way. She wanted a little girl as I'd had.

Well, things have moved along. No, I didn't bankrupt my husband in my demands for the latest womanly fashions. I dress prettily, inside and out, as my husband reminds me, as we have status in the world.

It took three confinements before I was able to give Cory his son, named Haran after his brother. I'll have more for my adorable husband but he says we should have a break from baby-making as he loves having a slim, sex-obsessed wife again in his bed.

I am not sex-obsessed. It's my husband who always has to explore what I'm wearing beneath my short skirts and dresses. It's he who wants to see me in the outrageous lingerie he's always purchasing for me. I don't know why because after I finally let him see my new bra and panties, they just don't stay on me very long.

It's not as if I'm overworked, either. I have lots of young Lannan girls assigned to me as maids and nurses. The difficult part sometimes is getting them involved in the balls we supply to our neighborhood, the reputation of my girls ensuring we're always invaded by enormous numbers of handsome young men, whom my girls adore.

Even among our crowd of amorous ladies and young barons and baronets of the kingdom, we're often singled out as the most amorous couple of all. And my 'girls' take after their mistress. It's all Cory's fault. He won't stop buying me pretty lingerie. He says he's worked hard to obtain the reputation we have and we have to live up to it.

As the noise of the party dies, Cory guides me upstairs to our beautiful bedroom. I'm eased from my lovely gown as soon as he has the door shut and locked. I pretend not to hear the girls swishing along the hallways as rooms are exchanged and young men are enticed to giving my maids pleasure I never experienced before I was married. I wish them all the best of trysts and don't doubt the young men, whom we have vetted for my girls, will rise to the occasion in loving them as they should.

I stretch beneath Cory's kisses and guide his hands to my lovely breasts as he kisses me. I wiggle under him and let him kiss and explore my womanly parts as he loves to do. Soon, I can stand it no longer and move so that he has to have me, penetrate me deeply as a woman should be penetrated. Oh yes, I squeal in joy and bliss as the choice I made so long ago is reaffirmed to me.

I am Lady Abigail Brel, wife and mother, being loved by my beautiful, adorable husband, who thinks the same of me. I am home. I am what I really want to be.

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