



Reluctant Press presents:

The New Era Girls

Monica James



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The New Era Girls

By Monica James

Double Trouble

Colin and Merle first saw each other as they sat on opposite sides of Dean Stapleton's reception room. Both boys, looking forward to achieving their letters as Rogue Academy graduates, were understandably nervous at the unexpected summons.

Finally, the secretary came out and called for Colin Foote.

"This way, Master Foote," the secretary said in a voice tinged with disdain. He was a diminutive man, slightly stooped due to his tenure, but walked and

spoke with the supposed authority of his office which comprised very little.

Colin followed the secretary into the opulent office. Dean Stapleton sat at his desk but turned around to gaze out the wide English windows to the gardens of the Rogue Academy. He spun in his chair when Colin was announced.

Colin shifted his weight from one foot. The dean was a slender man, angular and tall enough to duck when going through most doorways. His brows were bushy so it appeared they topped the steely blue eyes like a mantle.

“Ah, young Master Foote, come in.” He directed Colin to a leather covered ottoman next to the wide desk. As the youngster sat rigidly on the low stool, the dean watched him with a quick eye. “You are all grown up now, Master Foote,” he said quietly while he surveyed the boy’s lithe frame. “Your sprinting ability, I noticed, served you well during the football season.”

“Thank you, sir,” Colin answered. He was angry with himself when his voice faltered giving away his nervousness. “Was there something I can help you with?”

Dean Stapleton leaned forward and rested one hand on Colin’s knee. “Yes, to business; you are a bright lad. Two issues that have been brought to my attention give me concern. First and foremost, your grades in the ending terms have taken a nosedive. This has to have a deeper meaning but I merely wanted to point out that the credentials you bring to the workplace reflect on your academy. Perhaps you can elucidate?”

The resolute stare was disconcerting. “Correct, sir; I have to confess to more play and less work as my time

here nears the end. Your comment regarding my grade point average is accurate. I shall try to do better as the finals approach."

Dean Stapleton moved his hand a few inches higher on Colin's leg. He pressed with his fingers. "I can feel your strong sinuous body. You do have an attractive frame. I have arranged for tutors, one in each of the subjects in which you have fallen behind." He cleared his throat. "Secondly; our swim coach reports you have been more than your usual gregarious self with some other boys. Coach has mentioned warnings in the past. Do you like boys, Master Foote?"

Colin's face turned a deep crimson. "In my defense, sir, I can only repeat what I said to our coach. I was just fooling around; a camaraderie with the team, sir."

The dean stood up slowly, his face clouded in thought. "Um, I see. Again, in some circles gay behavior is seen as a detriment." He stalked the young lad until he was directly behind him.

"I understand that sir. If I am to be disciplined, I've no complaint."

There was a long tense moment. Colin could feel the high anxiety. His breathing deepened. The dean began massaging his neck and shoulders with the long fingers with demonstrable strength.

"I had that in mind but I'm uncertain it will be of benefit. If you have grown up to become a screaming homosexual, there is little anyone can do about it. I therefore want to caution you to be more discreet lest our school get a reputation for harboring degenerates. Pardon me, son, if my words are direct. You are a very handsome boy with a great future. That has to be tempered with good judgment on your part."

Colin sighed in relief; it seemed the dean was letting him off easy with a warning and a couple tutors. It was not to be. "Thank you, sir for taking such an interest in me. I shall make a positive effort to avoid any discredit on our school."

The strong massage the dean was applying to his body lightened to a comfortable fondling. He ran his hand inside Colin's shirt and traced his youthful torso. "You are certain to have an interesting life," he whispered in a hoarse, lusty voice. "Have you had sex relations with a boy? A man? There are many men of your, ahem!, persuasion that have aspired to higher levels. It is a lesson you might consider important." He touched Colin's lips with his fingers and pressed until Colin parted his lips.

It was an erotic moment and, in that flash of insight, he realized the dean that came with a lofty title, education and stated ideals was making a play for him. He turned to face his tormentor. The man was so tall it seemed his head was in the clouds. "I am not the aggressive type, sir," he answered. "Because of that, I've very little experience to relate."

The man standing tall behind him exhaled a deep breath. "Come with me, Colin," he said and led the unnerved lad across the room to the leather settee. "Some people think this is a psychiatrist's bench," he said with a moment of levity. "I suppose it does have something to do with head."

Colin blinked; the move was barely comprehensible and he sat nimbly in the center of the wide cushions. "Pardon me, sir," he said lightly, "I've no cause to be impudent but it occurs to me the couch seems to fit the head man."

The dean roared with laughter. "You are a clever one, you are." He sat next to Colin and again dropped his hand onto Colin's leg. He moved higher an inch at a time. "Do you mind me doing this?" he asked.

The 'frog' in his throat would not go away. "No, sir," he croaked.

Emboldened by the lad's receptive attitude, the older man began stroking Colin's crotch. He pushed Colin back against the cushions and reached for his belt buckle. Once that was loose, he continued with the gentle hand motion. "Ah, I see you do like me doing this. You are getting hard. Do you know what it is like to have your hot cock in a warm, knowing mouth?"

Colin gulped. "No, sir. It has not happened to me."

"But, you think of it, no doubt or you would not have come to the attention of the swim coach. You are very popular; all athletes have a following. Do you admire anyone particularly in your group? Who would you prefer to take liberties like this with you?" He slid the zipper down until Colin's slacks were wide apart. He explored with his finger to grasp and free the semi-erection.

"Not a single guy comes to mind," he answered. "Sir," he began with a stronger voice than he thought he had, "I don't think you should be doing this."

"You agreed a moment ago that you deserved some discipline. This is it!" He leaned to go down on the small lad until his tall frame looked bent to a sharp angle. His lips came closer and his busy hand stroking the naked cock made a firm prize to satisfy his secret longing. "Shall I go on? Do you want it? You are certainly hard enough. Tell me why you are so terrified."

"I'm afraid, sir. Yes, I've no argument; I know I need discipline but I did not think it would be like this." He began to feel a growing tantalizing tingle in his loins as the experienced man aroused him further. "I want you to do it."

Of the many sexual experiences he had achieved in his young life, fantasizing, masturbating with a guy in mind, dreaming of conquest, when the authoritative man sucked him it all came together. "Oh, sir, wonderful; marvelous."

He tilted his head and licked the shank up one side, down the other and along the ventral vein. "You almost came a moment ago. Are you ready to do that now?"

"Yes, sir; please, do not think ill of me. I'll do what you say; just don't stop."

It was the dean's magic moment. He deftly opened his trousers and pulled out a long, thick cock which he forced into Colin's hand. "Feel this, young man," he ordered. "Wet your lips, you said you were ready but you didn't know what I meant." He caught Colin's head at the nape of his neck and pushed him down.

Colin resisted; an error of magnitude. "I can't do this, sir," he said, his voice choked with emotion. "I've never done this before though I've known for a long time it would happen. I can't; sorry, sir."

The tall man obviously in full control raised his hand high in the air and came down on Colin's face with a roundhouse slap. Colin yelped. Watching the agitated man carefully, he reached again for the dean's cock and began jacking the shank with his small fingers wrapped tightly around it. It was a frantic move and

entirely without merit. His fingers slid and he lost touch a few times.

“Don’t be a fool, Colin,” the dean said in a stern voice. He raised his hand to bring another brutal hit.

“No sir, don’t do that again. Please; I’ll suck you.”

The distraught lad sank the huge cock into his mouth and worked it with his lips and tongue. A busy hand caught his cock and continued to work it while he intently studied the task at hand. When the horny man began ejaculating, Colin

pumped his passion at the same time.

After a long break, the dean stood up and closed his trousers. He strode purposefully over to his desk and clicked the intercom. The secretary answered promptly.

“Ask that other young man to come back tomorrow; same time. Thank you.”

Emotional Hangover.

Colin stretched out on his bunk with his eyes tightly shut. Both arms covered his face.

“Hi, can I come in?” Merle Clark said.

“Sure, it’s dollar day at the freak circus,” he answered. “Didn’t I see you at Dean Stapleton’s office today? Who did you kill?”

Merle pulled up a chair. He grinned. “Nobody yet. I have a bad report card; nothing new, I’m not much of a scholar. Anyhow, I guess that’s what the dean wanted to see me about.”

Colin’s mind was racing. He debated telling Merle to be sure to change his underwear before any meeting

with the dean. The experience was still on his mind and the elation at ejaculating like a fountain while licking and swallowing all the older man could give was nagging him. "So, why this visit? Do you expect to be disciplined? That's what happened to me."



"I heard you cry out after a sharp smack or slap. Does he have a paddle?"

Colin swung out of bed and put his feet on the floor. "We graduated from that along about the sixth grade. He seduced me and when I tried to get away he smacked me really hard." He waited to see what effect that would have on Merle Clark.

Merle sat down heavily on the chair next to Colin's desk. "Is the guy a mind-reader? I've never done that but I think about it all the time."

"You are more honest than I am. I've tried my best to hide my feelings but I got caught by, of all people, the swim coach."

Merle's voice was strained. "I know who you are. Everybody knows you; top athlete and all that. I hesitated coming here into your king's court. I say that because I hold you in very high esteem."

Colin cracked open two cans of cola and offered one to Merle. "Have you had sex with a guy?"

"Only in my mind. You?"

"Not before today. The old goat really worked me over. We both came all over the psychiatrist's couch."

"Psychiatrist?"

"Private joke, sorry. I'm not too proud of myself at the moment."

"Perhaps a lesson to be learned. Is that what we go to school for?"

Colin sipped his drink. "Would you like to increase your grade point average across the board? I've been thinking up a plan. We can't go screaming all over campus that the dean is abusing his students. There

would be a homicide, I do believe. But, suppose we document it?"

Merle was interested. "How do we do that? We can't call in the photo op team from the annual."

"It has to be something simple. That's what I've been thinking about. When you came in I finally figured something we can do. You are going to see the dean tomorrow. Right? You are a nice looking guy; clean, upright, all that. He will want sex with you. Carry a recorder sewn in your clothes someplace. He is smooth as brushed velvet. When he seduces you, get it on tape. Don't cringe; he isn't that bad. In fact, I learned a lot about myself at the man's hand. I want to do it again. You've no idea the feeling of elation when he comes in your mouth. Incredible."

"They have mini-recorders at the canteen. Guys carry them a lot to record lectures, like that. I learned to sew for a merit badge in scouts."

Colin grinned and they did the hand contact ritual crunching their fists to each other. "Just get it recorded; I'll do the rest. Deal? There is very little risk you might get caught."

The next afternoon, Merle Clark arrived promptly for his appointment with Dean Stapleton. The secretary whom Merle considered a 'dork' asked him in.

The dean was friendly, outgoing to a degree. He went over Merle's grades. They discussed each topic in a frank give-and-take planned to inspire young Merle to study. Merle summoned his courage.

"Sir, thank you for taking an interest in me. Was there anything else?" For emphasis and to be certain the dean did not miss his meaning, he wet his lips with his tongue and smiled fully with a knowing grin.

“No, Merle. That will be all. You seem hesitant. Was there something on your mind you wished to discuss?”

“No, sir,” he answered as disappointment set in. “Colin mentioned you liked a physical approach to discipline.”

“I’ve no idea what you have in mind, young sir,” the dean answered suavely.

The interview was concluded when the tall man stood. He saw Merle to the door, they shook hands and he was gone.

Walking across the quad, Merle replayed in his mind what the dean said, what he did to offer his body by crossing and opening his legs, tongue wetting his lips, smiles, nods, all of it. Next he went over what Colin Foote had said; it did not go together.

In Colin’s room after dinner, Colin listened to the tape. He agreed with Merle nothing had been said that could be used as coercive evidence.

Next day, after free swim, the coach cornered Colin in the locker room.

“Didn’t Dean Stapleton call you in? I gave him a damaging report on you and your antics.”

Colin was immediately on guard. “Yes, he did. We had a nice chat. He arranged a couple tutoring sessions for me.”

“He must have something to add because he wants to see you now in his office. I told him I would send you right on over.”

Colin was perplexed. “Oh? Well, thanks; I’ll go now.”

Dean Stapleton's secretary was attentive as usual. When Colin came into the office lobby, he was escorted directly into the dean's office. Dean Stapleton was on the phone. Colin listened to the conversation.

"Captain Hawser, thank you for returning my call. Just in the last couple days I have two candidates for your award-winning cruise. Take the names; Colin Foote and Merle Clark. ... Cherbourg Friday; yes, they'll be there. Both very fine lads willing to help out on the cruise. ... All right, Hal. Thanks again."

He turned to face Colin. "I learned today from your friend, Merle, that you had some plan distinctly not to my benefit. I just arranged an answer to your juvenile subterfuge."

Colin's face blanched. "Merle said you were a mind-reader. What exactly is coming down?"

"Couple items of interest. In a way I admire your efforts to discredit me. I suspected Merle was 'packing' a device of some kind. It didn't take a nuclear physicist to put it together. As of this moment, you and Merle are under lockdown. You leave early tomorrow morning for the Chunnel crossing. French authorities will escort you to a handsome cruising yacht named the *Tempest*. The captain will welcome you on board and assign you your duties. He appreciates some help along the way. Any questions?"

"We are being shanghaied because our sexual preference might bring your academy a bad name? We aren't the only gay boys. Of that I'm certain."

"Just the foolish ones." He tapped his buzzer. "Answer this, young

man. Since you like the masculine form so much and have such difficulty coming to terms with your

new life, would you rather be a girl?" A huge uniformed campus 'rent-a-cop' came in and gently led Colin out.

Without comment, Colin let his new life unfold in his mind. Next the deep thought hit him. 'What did the dean mean by being a girl to stay out of trouble?'

Sail On, Sail On

Colin and Merle were welcomed by Captain Hal Hawser. He showed the lads through the boat, assigned them staterooms and introduced them to other crew members.

The boys took to the sea-going life with alacrity. They readily accepted duties assigned to them. They were friendly to the passengers when they came on board. It was a 'grad trip' from a Parisian finishing school. They jumped at the chance to strike up friendships with the students. They joked with other crew about the girls being 'finished'.

Leaving Fado near the Portuguese southern coast, the cruiser went dead in the water. Captain Hawser was out of his cabin and up to the wheelhouse at top speed.

He came on the loudspeaker to alert the passengers. "We've hit something in the water which has apparently damaged the hull. We are taking on very little water so there is no danger of sinking. Bilge pumps can handle it. The *Tempest* is a sturdy craft but, in case there is some critical factor we cannot see at this time, we will be moving more slowly until we can put in to assess any risk. Please, accept my invitation for free drinks all around. Enjoy your cruise."

Merle looked at Colin and shrugged his shoulders. "Did you hear or feel anything, like, hitting us in the water?"

"Maybe a whale. Don't worry about it. The captain is being cautious is all."

On the rugged coast of Algiers, the *Tempest* put in at a small marina.

After securing the boat to a wide cargo dock, passengers and crew were free to go ashore and test their land legs. There were lights and power tools in use forward but Colin and Merle had not been asked to help.

They walked along the wharf to a small English style pub. Going in they saw a dart game in progress. Two elderly gents were in a chess game but did take a moment to look up as the boys came in. They ordered beer. The pretty barmaid was friendly so they had several more.

Colin challenged some girls in a dart game and quickly lost. He was good natured about it but wandered back to the cruiser to go to his bunk. The many beers were having an effect on his brain. He was aware Merle remained on the beach talking to some of the students. He did not feel anything amiss when Merle and a guy came back and went directly to a private stateroom. After a cold shower, Colin was quickly in the bed and asleep.

Several hours into a sound sleep, Colin was awakened by someone shaking him. "Colin; wake up."

He rubbed sleep from his eyes and pushed himself up on his elbows. "Oh, Cassandra; hello. What 's happening?" It was one of the girls he had befriended when they left Cherbourg.

“Come on deck, please,” Cass pleaded. “Merle sent me to get you.”

Colin pulled on his denims and went out with the stunning girl. He didn't see Merle but that did not disturb him. Cass disappeared and after a few minutes came back with Merle.

Next, Cass introduced a masculine looking woman that they did not recognize. “This is Tori Jax,” she said. “She lives at the top of the tramway leading to that abandoned monastery up on the point.” Cass directed their attention to the old mosque.

“Come with me, please,” Tori Jax said in a pleasant voice.

“Hey; wait just a minute. We are crew members on this scow,” he said trying for some levity. “It's not right to go wandering off like tourists.”

Tori Jax looked at Cass with an appeal. Cass reacted quickly. “Oh, come on guys. The *Tempest* is going to be here for awhile.”

The boys shrugged and went with Cass to the single rail tram that went from the small town to the top of the hill. “*Tempest in a Teapot*, I say,” Colin said disgruntled at being deprived of sleep.

At the top, the four trudged into the old mosque to meet the resident in charge. “This is Jacob Sluyh,” Tori Jax said and went directly to the bar. Another girl yelped and quickly embraced Cassandra. Colin recognized her as Brean; another of the students on the cruise. Then it hit him. ‘Something isn't right here,’ he thought carefully. Merle was in a friendly discussion with the Jacob fellow. They were sampling some weed stuffed into a meerschaum pipe. He pulled Cassandra

aside. "What's going on here? I'm getting really bad vibes."

Cass sighed and glanced with a speculative eye focused on Colin Foote. "As near as I can figure it, we are in the hands of sex traffickers. They are rampant in this part of the world. They like young, healthy, educated, white girls. I don't like it either but it isn't likely we can get out of here without a fight."

"Camel crap!" Colin said. "I don't fit the criteria; I'm just a guy."

Cass smiled. "For all I know you and your friend are special orders. We can guess all night. Do you play 'what if'? That game will apply before this is over."

Journey to the Casbah

After a long trip along the coast in a windowless panel truck, Colin and Merle were led to a 'safe room' in a bungalow near the ocean. Their room was sparse, only bedrolls, a few blankets and another door to the toilet. Merle shivered in fright.

"What the hell, Colin? What is this place? Why build a house on stilts half way up the mountainside? When do we eat?"

Surveying the room, Colin saw some other bedrolls which meant to him they were in transient quarters somewhere. Eventually a very pretty Eurasian girl came in with mint tea and scones.

"Your arrival in middle of night surprise us," she said sweetly. "There be breakfast a few hours. Please do not ask questions; I am work to make you comfortable."

Colin ignored that. "Who are you? Why are we here? We are U.K. Citizens, you've no right to detain us. We would like to see our diplomatic counsel." He rambled on while the girl just stood and smiled grimly at him.

"Perhaps learn at time later," she said and left.

Colin sat cross-legged on the floor. He pounded the palm of one hand with the fist of his other hand. "We have to get out of here," he whispered to Merle. "I do not like this one bit. One of those girls back at that monastery mosque place told me there were sex-traffickers. She suggested we were prisoners of some kind. She knew very little, she admitted, but came up with some frightful conclusions."

Merle began to shake with fear. "How can anyone do this to us? We didn't hurt anyone. Oh, no! Dean Stapleton is on the take; how can it be otherwise?"

Colin nodded 'yes'. "I came to the same conclusion. We are going to have to stay alert and remain together. If this is indeed what it appears, they will have super security in place so we don't run off. Incredible!"

The young girl served breakfast in a small dining room which opened onto the long hallway. The boys looked for signs of other prisoners but saw nothing. The meal of couscous, eggs and a few vegetables served with mint tea helped calm their nerves.

"They want to keep us alive," Colin said trying to be conversational while he looked at every item of any possible interest.

After breakfast they were served more tea and told to wait. Eventually, a tall woman came in. Stern features commanded attention. She was possibly thirtyish, Colin judged. She wore a severe black and white busi-

ness suit. She smiled with such effort the boys looked askance at each other. They both had the same thought; the smile will break her face like shattered crystal.

“My name is Mari Frayme,” the lady said. “Thank you for being cooperative while on this first leg of your journey. I suppose you have some questions but before you voice them, I’ll orient you so you will better comprehend your situation. Please, do not be frightened. We need to keep you intact. As for your origins, I am from Glasgow so I have some understanding of English Law.”

Colin spoke first. “Thank you for coming. We need to talk to someone; your Scottish accent is convincing.”

She spoke quickly as if the tumble of words were routine. “This city you saw as you came in last night is known all over the world as the Algiers ‘Casbah’. It is a clearing house for all fans and fanciers of Peter Lorre, Humphrey Bogart and Sydney Greenstreet. Alas, there is no Maltese Falcon and no American bar named ‘Rick’s’ in Casablanca.” She tried to be pleasant; it was an obvious effort to the boys. “There are no leftover Nazi or NKVD agents snooping around; you are quite safe. So, you see, the world has changed from your perceptions of history to the wild and raucous present. Your travel plans are being set as we speak. Your flight is to the West Indies, the Island of Martinique. There you will be escorted to the Middlesex Clinic that offers some much sought after services. Before we launch all this, I have some questions.”

“So do we,” Colin said gulping to control a nervous stomach.

“Good; I can see you both are rational. Yes or no! Are either of you or both homosexuals?”

She waited tapping her foot on the cheap linoleum.

Colin winced. "Affirmative!" he managed to say. "However, we are both inexperienced. The status is anticipation rather than realization." He checked with Merle and saw his friend was ready to bolt and run. "We wish to know if we will be treated well. Oh, do the rules of the Geneva Convention apply to sexual misfits?" He tried a wan smile but failed.

Mari Frayme frowned then grinned. "All right; you have retained your sense of humor. You shall need it." She stared hard at Colin and next to Merle. "Have either of you had sex with a girl? Do you want to? How do you feel when a sexy girl walks past? Would you like to ball that pretty Eurasian girl keeping house for us?"

Colin looked at Merle and nodded to encourage him. "Miss Frayme, you are asking if we can be trusted in a harem or such as the like. We both are socially acceptable with other boys, girls, adults, straights, gays, and so on. We are also sexually inept at initiating social contact with anyone other than our own kind. I speak for myself here." He looked at Merle for agreement.

Merle nodded 'yes' and said, "I agree. Why is this so important to you?"

Mari Frayme stood up. "I am satisfied you both are candidates for a full and luxurious life. All you need to do is cooperate. I cannot delve into the many freaks and fetishists you may encounter but that is no different to your future than the streets of London, New York or Paris." She hesitated still staring at the two frightened lads. "If you go quietly and with a stout heart, you will be well kept. Give us trouble and you will get it back in triplicate. Do I make myself clear?"

“Omigod, yes,” Colin said out of breath. “Why go to a clinic halfway around the world? We are not sick.”

“You will be when I tell you what awaits you. You are both to enter the expanded ranks of transsexuals; a gender reassignment will be performed on you. After that, well, boys will be girls; you will wear skirts, curtsy and check your lipstick. Are you at all familiar with what I’ve said?”

Colin sank down into the chair. “We are now. I am not in favor of this. I like the pleasure my body gives me. Why should I favor that kind of change? Aren’t you afraid we will start a riot, an insurrection, revolution or something?”

She put on her shiny kid gloves and tugged them into place. As she picked up her purse, she turned to speak to them. “I wish you the best of luck in your new adventure. As for your threat; you do have a choice. Do as you are told or spend most of your short life in chains.” She stepped smartly out the door. Her high heel spikes punctuated the hallway parquet floor.

Merle broke down in tears. Colin put his arm around him for comfort but felt entirely inadequate to the task.

They spent the rest of the day in the ‘transient room’. It was easy, they told each other, to just lazy-about, plenty to eat and drink, and wait whatever fate had decreed.

Late in the afternoon, the two girls from the *Tempest* were escorted into the room. They remembered they were the girls that betrayed them and led them to the mosque and thus into captivity.

“Do you remember us or are you drugged? Cass asked. Brean stood beside her.

Colin stood up. "Why are you here? Haven't you done enough damage?"

Cass sank to the floor and hugged her knees. "It is natural if you resent what is happening to all of us. Maybe it will make you feel better but we did not single you guys out. We were forced into this dilemma. There was no way we could have escaped with our skins as the native American Indians would say."

Merle perked up and smiled. "We were blaming you for our troubles. It is nice to know we are in the same flock after all."

"Have you learned any more?" Colin asked.

"An attractive gal met us. Her name is Mari Frayme. She told us up-front precisely what is going on. Now that the fear of uncertainty is removed, we have come to terms with it. Like you and Merle, we have to stick together to see this through. Did she visit you, as well?"

"Yes," Colin answered in a low voice. "This is a disaster, likely just as deep as yours. We are going to have a gender change; we will be girls. After that we will be assigned to a family that feels secure in that we won't mess with their women and, by inference, will be available to the men for sexual entertainment. It doesn't look good. We should all remain alert for some means to escape."

They continued to chat until the pretty Eurasian girl came for Cass and Brean. Colin and Merle were again alone and cursing the memory of Dean Stapleton.

"Look at it from his point of view," Colin said. "If word gets out he is seducing his young charges at the school, it will not go well. He sure worked me over but with, I think, an elegance I did not expect. To protect

himself, he shipped us off to this place and, well, what next?"

The two guys slept in each other's arms. Shortly after midnight, they were awakened by two burly brutes intent on transporting them. Where, they were not told.

The leader was well over six feet tall with a muscular body and, Colin noticed right away, beefy hands that could do lots of damage. He grabbed Colin with one hand behind his head, the other hand beneath his arm. Colin was quickly on his feet.

The other fellow was gruff. He just grunted and pulled Merle up. His gravel-voice seemed to Merle to infer some threat.

"Take it easy," Colin complained. "We were asleep and you came in here like a typhoon and started pushing us around. We will cooperate."

They were soon hustled to the black sedan which was waiting just outside with the engine running. They were taken to another safe house where they could bathe and put on fresh clothes.

"Where are you taking us?" Merle asked. The tremors of terror snapped across his body. The brute had not for one moment taken his eyes off him.

"Quiet!" he demanded.

Before Merle had a chance to dress in the travel clothes furnished, the savage that had been dogging him since early on, reached down and began stroking his crotch. "Hey, I didn't ask for this," Merle said, his voice high in panic.

"Just pay attention," the guy said. There was menace in his tone of voice.

Colin and the leader had left to select some clothes of more proper size. Merle could see he was at the mercy of the rough-and-tumble man interested in his body.

“Please, don’t,” he pleaded.

The man grunted and shoved one hand inside Merle’s briefs. He fingered the flaccid cock. “Get on all fours,” he ordered. Before Merle could escape the man’s arms, his assailant wrapped his strong fingers around Merle’s throat and squeezed. Next he released his hold and pulled back with his fist raised ready to smash into Merle’s face.

“Omigod, no,” Merle cried out. He quickly jumped onto the position, hands and elbows in front plus knees parted behind. He felt the strong hands grab his briefs and they tore like tissue paper. Firm fingers, suddenly gentle, fondled his lower cleavage and tapped his tiny sphincter. Merle braced himself knowing what was coming but unable to adjust. “Don’t, no.” His words dropped uselessly. As the firm cock made ready to invade him, Merle panicked. He started screaming and trying to run away. Again, the man raised his fist and intended, Merle thought, to smash him in the back of the head.

That was when the leader and Colin came into the room.

One look told the leader what was happening. He spoke sharply in a language Colin and Merle couldn’t understand. He ran over to Merle and lifted him to his feet. The would-be rapist stood aside.

Merle saw the open door through which Colin and the leader had come. On his feet like an athlete, he bolted. Before anyone could stop him, Merle was out of

the room, down the hall and through the door to the porch. He vaulted the porch railing and dashed down the streets into the darkness.

Within the hour, Merle was back in captivity. Hand cuffs had to be used to attach him to the cast iron ring on the wall. Colin tried without success to calm the panic stricken lad.

Finally, a medic arrived and with one quick shot, Merle collapsed onto the floor. He was still naked so Colin covered him with a small blanket.

Frying Pan into the Fire

The huge jumbo jet screamed through the clouds and the long landing strip came into view. Colin watched through the window as the land came rushing up.

“Merle, look; we’ve arrived,” Colin said shaking Merle awake.

Customs officials had been informed of their arrival so they were quickly processed through the lines with only a cursory inspection. Each boy carried a small ditty bag with their few personal items. Outside the terminal they looked askance for anyone expecting them when a station wagon pulled to a stop.

The stencil on the door of the wagon said, “Middlesex Clinic” and beneath that in smaller letters, “Fort de France, Martinique.” The boys waited.

An attractive blonde which Colin guessed at ‘twenty something’ came around to greet them. “Hello,” she gushed. “I’m DeDe Devine, welcome to Martinique.”