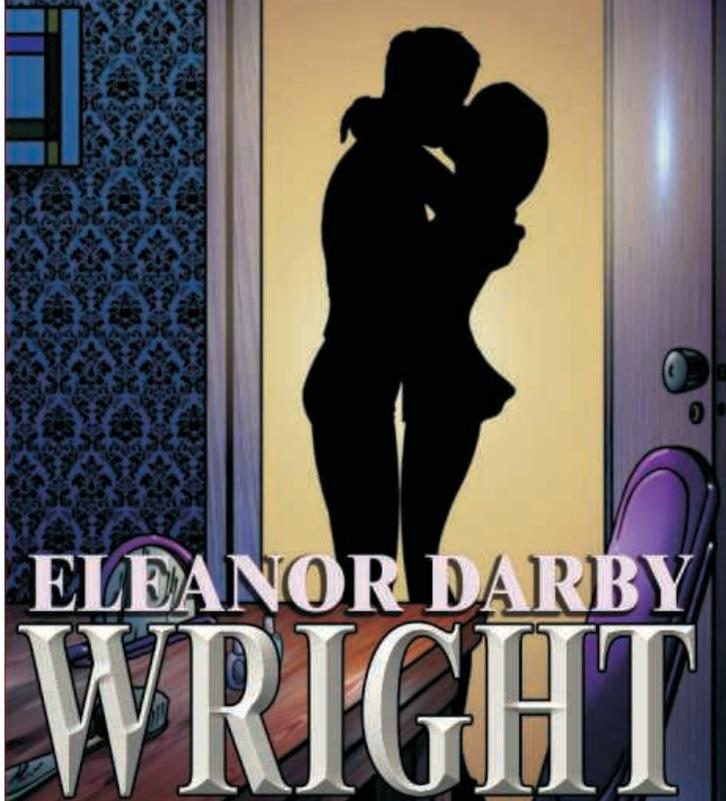


Avatars Three



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Avatars Three

by Eleanor Darby Wright

"Really, you fooled me," I said weakly, shivers running through me as I looked at the pretty girls in front of me. I just couldn't believe that either of them was a boy. I had no time to ask more about how they knew I was as Amy and Barb wanted me to get into the thong bikini.

I was persuaded to go into my bathroom and try it on, the bra having a revealing sweetheart neckline. "I, I don't have the bust ..." I began as I came out and there were two girls like me, in thongs as well.

"Neither do I," grinned Amy reaching into her purse. "That's why I have to carry these." She brought out breast pads that she showed me how to put inside

my new bra. She came to me and adjusted the padding at the sides of my breasts, making them stand out even more perkily than before.

"You were putting us on," said Barbara then tossing her blonde hair again. "You had these thongs in your closet, Wendy."

"This stuff was all bought for me," I protested. "I haven't had a chance yet to even look in the closet at what there is! I've never worn a thong like those. Honestly!"

"Oh, but you look so good in them," said Amy then, making a female shape with her hands to suggest how girlie I was. "Your figure is so great! I wish I could look as slim and girlie in a swimsuit as you do, Wendy."

"I can't let the other girls see me like this," I whispered then. "L-Look how I bulge."

"The duct tape," said Amelia then to her stepsister. "We're both wearing it! Let us show you how."

The tape was so thin. I was sure it wouldn't hide anything of me at all. "We use ice cubes to shrink us when we have to," said Amy when I protested that I couldn't get all that I had in the little tape.

I tried that. I ferociously tucked, not wanting to disappoint the other girls about what I was. The thong fitted to the thin tape and I tied up the sides tightly, almost sobbing as I looked at myself in the mirror, so girlish with my vivid makeup and the ribbons binding back my hair to show off my earrings.

It was so hard to swish without a dress on me at all. Amelia and Barbara, in dark high heels and black thongs just like mine, were waiting for me. We had to sashay then like models into the tearoom. There were

all the girls, waiting for me and applauding me and saying things like, "Way to go, Gwendolyn!"

That was when it really hit me. All of the girls I was looking at weren't girls at all. That is, they were pseudo-girls, wannabes, like me. They welcomed me as if I really was one of them, applauding the sisters and me as we kept our chins up and modelled our thongs for them, the freezing being released more and more with every step. My genitals were on fire as I swayed after Amelia, keeping the same rhythm as her as we strutted, our breasts jutting forward before the combined seniors' class.

The other girls, who would later have to wear the same thing that we were, watched us without comment as we had to learn to dance to the music being played by Danielle on her CD player. We had to smile as we pretended to show off our thongs to women who would never be wearing such uncomfortable swimwear. They would probably be applauding us as our friends were. Oh, I felt so giddy, so weird and so much at home as a girlie boy then for just a little while.

I had tried every possible word that I knew to release myself from the ordeal I was going through. Nothing worked. No word, no combination seemed to be correct. Days went by. I realized, as I was being taught to model and to be a young lady according to Devonhill's expectations, that I was really going to have to go through with this fashion show. I was going to have to attend the Black and White Ball in my diamond jewellery. Like the other girls, I was going to meet a man and probably bring him back to my room

for a shagging session, as they called it. How the heck could I get out of this unholy mess that I was in?

Barbara unwittingly showed me how. We waited until Storm went to bed after her four in the morning stroll around our rooms and went out to pick up the paper from the boy who drove up in an old van to deliver it. I promised to keep watch while Barbara and Keith had it off, in the doorway of the kitchen garden entrance, to which we girls had the key. I waited until I saw them slip into the kitchen as Barbara said they would.

It was much warmer there, she said. I watched as they got onto the old sofa and Barbara's panties came down and, no, she wasn't limp. She was erect and Keith loved it. He clamped his mouth on it as Barbara clutched his head with her legs and began to writhe in ecstasy as the boy had her like a Lady that I had learned that she was.

I didn't stay to watch it all. I took off my high heels and slipped into the van then. Of course, Keith had left his keys inside. I tossed out the papers and took off the brake. I rolled the van just a little, around the side of the school. Then, I jumped in and started the van. I sailed along the long driveway and out the iron grill gates. There were no lights and no-one running down the road behind me.

It took me a day and a half, by van, train and taxi to get to my apartment. What a shock that was to see Cindy, the sissy-boy-girl made from me, coming out of there with a man on her arm. They stopped and she gave him a blissful kiss, clinging to the man's lips. I was so stunned, wanting to run over and demand that she give me back my avatar right away. Whoever was possessing me, I had signed it away I remembered bit-

terly, had her hand on the man's tush, laughing at him so prettily. She went off in the taxi that had just deposited me at the end of the street.

I had a few bills left in my purse. Daddy Darcy had been good in that respect. It was early afternoon. So, I took a bus, walked and finally made it to the café across the road from Avartech.

There it was, with people going in and out of the place. I was still in my schoolgirl skirt but I had a coat to cover that. I plucked up my courage, tucked my purse under my arm and went in.

"Yes, miss," said a pretty girl at the reception desk.

"Is, is Grant working today?" I asked her.

"Can I tell him who is here?" asked the girl then with a big smile on her face.

"Douglas, Michelle Douglas," I said, a lump in my throat. I never expected then to come face to face with me, with Cindy, me, the sissy me.

"Oh, darling, so good to see you," said Cindy, taking my hand, squeezing it and hugging me. "Come in, come in. It's fine, Audrey, fine. Michelle Douglas is an old and valued customer of ours!"

"Grant?" I gasped as I walked into a familiar room and a white-haired man arose from a desk.

"Here she is," said the image of Cindy in front of me and Mr Smith smiled.

"Well, you were right, my dear," the old man said, heading forward and kissing Cindy, Cindy the sissy, made out of me. It was obscene to see her like that, kissing a man who had marooned me in the body that I was in.

“She did come home to where her avatar is tethered,” said an exquisitely madeup ‘Cindy’. I couldn’t believe that it was Grant inside that lovely body in front of me. The way she was stroking the man when she knew that he knew very well that she wasn’t a man at all, not as Cindy ... unless, oh gods no, they wouldn’t have had her operated on, would they?

“Your avatar is quite safe, Miss Hart,” said the white-haired man I knew as ‘Smith’. “Now, I am prepared to let you see that Mike Douglas is sound and is still connected in every way to you. But you do have to return to Devonhill Girls’ School, Gwendolyn. Your experience is not yet finished which is why your release code is not yet activated.”

“I’m not going back,” I said through gritted teeth.

“Wonderful,” said Mr Smith with a pleased smile. “The press will just eat up a new story about the tranny who was Mickey Stone’s girl. They’ve been probing everywhere to find you since we whisked you away from there.”

“The real William Hart,” I began.

“Is currently the delightful new wife of a very rich sheikh,” said Mr Smith. “Oh, and not as an avatar. He only has one and you occupy it now, Wendy. You can go on doing that as your new Daddy wishes you to or you can face a press conference and expose us all, even the redoubtable novelist, Mike Douglas, to the world. Your choice, Miss Hart.”

I raged all the way back to Devonhill in Daddy’s car. He knew it wasn’t his son in Wendy’s body. Mr Smith and he had acted like old friends when I was picked up at Avartech. So I kissed Daddy passionately for luck before I went back to being a schoolgirl. He re-

acted to me, I swear that he did. And, when he let me go, he did so most reluctantly.

Oh, he hadn't seen the end of me, I promised 'Mr Darcy' as I blew him a last kiss and became again Wendy Hart, his schoolgirl daughter, at Devonhill Preparatory School for Would-be Girls. It took me the rest of the school year to get out of that place.

"We'll just keep the money from your father in the school safe," said Ms Knight, her fingers tapping on the desk in front of her. "Just in case you decide to run away again."

You don't know the threats that Avartech has made to me, do you? I asked her silently. Their threats were to expose Wendy Hart, pillorying her in the press as the he-she who had been a rock star's girlie friend. Mickey was still the butt of jokes about it all. Avartech would also pillory me, Mike Douglas, author of three books, one still on the hard cover best sellers.

It was a Mexican standoff really. I could expose Avartech. The sexual side of their 'avatar experiences' would be titillating fodder for the tabloid press. But they could expose me as well. They could let the world know that Mike Douglas, me, a thirty-two year old man, was out in the world in the body of an eighteen year old 'he-she', as the tabs had labelled the boy whose avatar I had been dumped in.

My threats had meant nothing to 'Smith', the white-haired, older man who seemed to run the part of Avartech that dealt with me. His counter-threats of ex-

posing me to ridicule, leaving any kind of reputation I had in tatters, had terrified me.

“Avartech will only grow on the kind of publicity you will give to us, Mr Douglas,” Smith had said to me as I sat there in front of him in my schoolgirl uniform of short, red miniskirt and white blouse, through which my bra straps were clearly visible. I filled the bra as well. The pills I was being given, at Devonhill Girls’ Preparatory School, ensured that the development continued that William Hart, the real Gwendolyn, now some sheikh’s plaything in a secluded harem, according to Smith, had started.

I had actually not realized that I had no padding in my bra as I fled from Devonhill in the newspaper boy’s van. It didn’t matter as I was filling the soft bra completely as it was. My tush, in pretty panties, was also rounded like a girl’s. My thighs, a garter belt and stockings on my legs, were round and hairless. My blonde hair was now dyed black and re-styled in page-boy fashion so that, with different makeup, I looked like a different girl from the notorious Gwendolyn who had had sex with Mickey Stone and all his Stoned Def band.

No, Ms Knight, I thought, you don’t know it but I have to come back here with my Daddy. Smith had insisted, refusing me access to my own body. I had been allowed to see it and there I was. I appeared to be totally asleep. I didn’t know, and neither Smith nor Grant, still in the avatar that I had originated as the sissy, Cindy, would tell me, how it worked. Was I, Mike, dreaming all this? It really did seem so real.

Each time I had been having an ‘experience’, I had always had a release word, something I could use to get me back to my own body. What had Smith said to me when I had complained that nothing worked?

“Your release code is not yet activated.” There was something that he expected me to do as the new Wendy Hart that I hadn’t done up to then.

So, no, Ms Knight. Take away all my privileges as a senior girl at Dunghill School for Would-be Girls, the name given to the school by members of the senior girls’ classes. I wasn’t going to be going anywhere until I did what Smith wanted and got my release code activated. Then, I would be Mike Douglas again, and never, ever again, would I see the inside of Avartech and its stupid experiences that always made me into some kind of girl or transvestite.

“My heroine!” mocked Lady Barbara Hendon as I entered the common room for senior girls on the second floor of Devonhill School. The last time I had seen her was on the sofa in the cooks’ kitchen, her legs wrapped around Keith’s head, the newspaper boy, a man really, the two of them engaged in a sex act that Barbara’s ‘stepsister’, Amelia Lacourt, had said that Barbara, with all the hormones she took, wasn’t capable of. Well, she was. I could attest to that if the subject ever came up again. And it probably would as the senior girls of Devonhill were sex-starved and boy-crazy.

“How is the future Duchess?” I asked her. ‘Lady’ Barbara grinned at me. She was really a Lord, as she was the son of a Duke, but of course, in Devonhill, that had become ‘Lady’ and it was sometimes used for her.

“You really left me in the lurch with Keith when you went off in his van,” Barbara said.

"I'm sorry about that," I said, accepting the tea from Danielle, sitting primly on a chair, crossing my legs as all of us girls had to do when we sat. We all had to do it as we were all constantly to practice being young ladies. We had to, as all of us at the Girls' Preparatory School were not female at all. There were over two hundred of us at all levels in the school and all of us had to present ourselves as girls all of the time or, by the rules, we could be expelled.

"You should have seen him," laughed Amy. She had the room with the best view of the park and driveway at the front of the school. "He looked so funny on Allison's bike, trying to pedal it with all the papers in the pink baskets she has on it! And the ribbons kept streaming back on his face as well! So, where did you go, Wendy? And why didn't you stay there? At least, we all got to see you snogging with Mr Darcy again! He looked like he was enjoying it this time!"

Wendy Hart's father wasn't mine, of course. I don't know if Mr Hart knew that. He definitely knew Mr Smith from Avartech. Mr John Hart had a striking facial similarity to the actor who had played Mr Darcy in *Pride and Prejudice*. The other girls all had crushes on my 'father' and seemed to think it the most decadent thing in the world that I kissed him as passionately as I did. I couldn't tell them that he wasn't really my father without getting myself into a real mess of explaining what I really was.

"I had to see an old flame," I said haughtily to Amy. "He was worried that he had made me pregnant. I had to go and reassure him that he hadn't."

"Reasonable explanation," said Danielle brightly then while several of the other girls giggled at me.

“Oh yes,” said Charlotte, seizing a cushion and shoving it under her skirt. “Oh, Keith, darling, look what you’ve done to me!”

Lady Barbara threw a cushion at Charlotte.

“Ooo, let’s do that for the Ladies’ Guild!” shouted Samantha. “Let’s do the first parade with buns in the oven!”

“We should have the bride do it!” cut in Allison. “You know what poor Richard would be like then. He goes bright red any time one of us girls just puts her arm about him.”

“If he’s the groom, who’s the bride this year?” asked Charlotte. It was a tradition at the fashion parade that the senior girls of Devonhill presented for the Farwell Ladies’ Annual Fashion Show that one girl had to be a bride. Some boy was bribed or shanghaied into being the groom. All the rest of the girls had to be bridesmaids.

“You haven’t been in Wendy’s room?” asked Amy. “She has the bridal gown.”

All the girls began squealing, some putting it on and trying to be more girlish than the next, I thought.

“Sorry to tell you,” I had to admit. “But Midnight,” that was Ms Knight, “has grounded me. It will be someone else and not me who’s the bride.”

“Who has the least demerits against them?” asked Barbara. There was a hilarious discussion then on who had committed the least infractions of the School’s rules on being proper young ladies, not having sex with other students, or staff.

“I didn’t know the gardener counted!” complained an aggrieved Danielle.

“He’s definitely the best staff member ...” began Charlotte and she was assailed with cushions again. I gathered that it was an old joke.

After the litany of offenses that the girls confessed to, Amy turned to me and said, “See, Wendy, you’re still in the lead. You didn’t have sex with anyone in the School. You haven’t shown the juniors your battle scars or shown them how to do it. Your daddy’s made a big donation to get you back here. I’ll bet that they’ll find some way of making you the bride this year. You wait and see.”

Amelia was quite right. In the finale of showing off the Daniel Miletta collection at the Sorrento Hotel in Farwell, I was the fluttery, beautiful bride, and yes, I did have to embarrass Poor Richard by kissing him over and over again for the cameras. The ladies couldn’t seem to get enough of that. It made me wonder if they actually knew just who the models were who put on such a show for them. Poor Richard, of course, had to take the garter from my leg. All the old biddies wanted a picture of that, me with my dress hiked up, showing off my lovely, frilly underwear, my white garter belt and my panties.

It had been quite a sight in the dressing room when we ‘girls’ changed into the swimwear. We all had more than one bikini to show off. That meant that we girls did have to strip down to the buff. I didn’t have a stitch of clothing on at all several times and the other girls had much more to do than me. It was amazing what duct tape can do as that was all I could see when a girl slipped from one thong and put on another. We were supposed to be secluded but some mother, I suppose, could have seen us some time at rehearsals or in the

rush to get ready for the show, some one of us 'girls' forgetting where we were.

It was funny how I was dreading it all beforehand when Ms Storm told me that I was going to the Annual. I was a bundle of nerves all the way into Farwell and into the hotel. I was sure that I would fall off my high heels or that my tight skirt would trip me on the stairs or something. I was almost certain that I would be recognized, that all of us would be exposed. But nothing like that happened at all.

I was part of a smiling, beautiful group of girls and we were treated as that. No one had an accident. No-one exposed themselves. We were photographed a million times and referred to as the 'girls of Devonhill' in the papers and on the local news stations that carried the show. I felt so wonderful at being the bride as I was shown a lot. The kisses I gave Poor Richard were the cause of much oohing and aahing by all the girls in the school as they were allowed to watch us on the news.

"You watch," whispered Amy to me as we were in the common room. Storm, Berry and Derring were there to watch the television with us. "Every girl in school is going to be asking what it was like to kiss Richard and want to know exactly how you and he did it. Did you open your lips to him, and how much tongue, all of the real details!"

"Say what you like," I murmured back to her. "You've kissed a boy before." I got a few shakes in me as I thought of me doing that with the boy that I had. "You know what it's like."

"Tingles or fireworks with Richard?" asked Amy.

"Tingles," I said as it had been that way.

“Poor Richard,” whispered Amy back to me. The girls in front of us turned and smiled at us.

“Care to let the rest of us know, Miss Hart, what it’s like to kiss Richard Thompson?” asked Ms Storm then nastily.

“It was very, very pleasant,” I said, trying to make my eyes open wider, feigning an innocence that I didn’t really feel. The girls didn’t dare to giggle at me.

After, when the television was off, we girls had to prepare for bed and present ourselves without our makeup, creamed and lotioned, our hair in braids, in our nighties and sleeper earrings. I got to talk to Amy again.

“Are our teachers women?” I asked Amy. “We never seem to see anyone leaving or visiting them? Are they all lesbians or do you think they’re all he-shes like us?”

Amy hadn’t heard the word I used and thought it was just great. She had no idea about the teachers. She didn’t want to know if Ms Bullard, the headmistress, was a man. “Whatever she is, she terrifies me,” said Amy. I had only seen Miss Bullard with my ‘father’ and at the Annual Fashion Show where she had been thanked in flowery speeches for the usual magnificent show that her girls had put on. Miss Bullard had smiled and made equally fatuous remarks about how we girls loved doing the show. It was an honor to come in each year and show off our talents to the ladies of the guild.

I sort of wondered if that was what I was supposed to find out for Avartech, about the teachers. Was that why they wanted me in Devonhill? But soon such thoughts went on the back burner as I got swept up in

the preparations for the Black and White Ball where all of us girls were told that we were to wear strapless gowns. We had sessions with beauticians and hair-dressers as we had to know how to repair our makeup and our hair if it became messed.

All of the school was involved in the Ball but only we senior girls were to go strapless. The assembly hall where I had never seen a school assembly was turned into a ballroom and all of us girls had to take a hand in decorating. That was where I met the younger girls in the school for the first time. I found that they were in awe of me. I saw several girls whispering as we placed glasses in the right places for the punch that would be served to everyone.

Finally, Rhonda, a blonde girl with braided hair, about thirteen, managed to ask me the question that all of one group crowded around me to hear her ask. "What is it like to kiss a boy for real?" Rhonda asked me.

"It's the most perfect thing in the world," I said lightly. They were clearly disappointed in what I said. The thirteen year old boy-girls really wanted to know. "How many of you have kissed other girls?" I asked them. Several brave ones admitted to doing that, including Rhonda.

"You remember the trembling that you felt when you decided that you wanted to do it?" I asked them and they all nodded. "It will be even more nerve-wracking when you decide that you want a boy to kiss you," I told them. "He, if he's your age, is going to be more terrified of kissing a girl than you were. You are a girl and he wants to get it right. So don't be surprised if some of them chicken out on you. The thing is, too, to be firm and clingy. Make your lips into cushions

for his. Always put your arms around his neck and don't worry about what his hands are doing to the rest of you. The more he caresses and touches you, the better the kiss will be."

"It's not fair that we can't take a boy back to our dorm," complained one girl. "We have to stay in the lighted gardens where the chaperones can see us."

"There are a lot of corners to the bushes and there is the maze," I pointed out to them.

"But we get demerits if we get grass stains on our dresses," said a red-haired girl. "Oh, I wish I was a senior girl and could take a man back to my room."

"You will," I had to say to her with a smile. "Enjoy being a girl. It's hard being a senior and having to make so many decisions as a woman."

The first part of the ball was one in which the younger girls of Devonhill got to dance with the boys who were brought from neighboring private schools to dance with them. I almost envied them as some of the guys were kind of cute. The boys all seemed to know why they had been invited as well. The girls didn't lack for partners of the right age and right inclinations. It was almost as if they had been prepped as much as we girls were about how to behave at the Black and White Ball.

Of course, we senior girls in our long, flowing black and white gowns, our hair so glorious after spending almost the whole day before the ball getting ready, were the belles of the ball. We'd spent hours getting our makeup perfect. We were femininely fragrant from head to toe. We sashayed into the ball on the arms of men, not boys. Our breasts bounced a little or a lot, de-

pending upon whether we had been augmented or not. I wasn't one of the augmented ones.

We all had long, dangling diamond earrings, as well as bracelets and necklaces that glittered with every movement we made. We were each specially introduced as we came down the main, circular staircase to where the teachers and the men who had brought the boys over to the ball, as well as sundry males who were there for our entertainment, the other girls told me, waited to admire and applaud each of us.

I was totally surprised when I came out of my room, checking my lips to see that they were perfect to meet the man who was to squire me at the ball. I was powdered carefully so that I was the black-haired temptress, Wendy Hart, my tiny purse with condoms inside it, plus a few touch-up makeup items, in my hand.

I was so surprised because the man waiting for me was my father, John Hart. "Wendy, you look so beautiful tonight," murmured my father to me. I could see then the hunger in his eyes as he looked at me. Was this the task that Smith wanted me to do? Avartech wanted me to seduce my own 'father'? I was to do something incestuous? Well, it wouldn't bother me, that part, as I knew that John Hart wasn't my father. He wasn't even Mr Darcy to me any more, I thought, as the constant smile on his face, I could see was painted on. The man was faking good humour as he put my arm around his and led me down to the Great Hall where the younger girls were all applauding us, sighing over the way we looked in our strapless gowns.

More surprise, Daddy didn't let his big girl go. No, I had to dance with him in the opening waltz, holding up my long skirts as he twirled me a faster tempo than

most while the smiling, excited, older men were twirling all my 'girl' friends from Devonhill. After the introduction of the senior girls, all of us having to make curtseys, holding on to our partners, to Miss Bullard, so elegant in her black dress as well, we were presented with flowers to put into our hair, mine a huge orchid that looked so colorful.

Still, Daddy did not let go of me. I was quivering a little as we went out on the floor again to dance with junior girls, teachers and their men friends, and us senior girls all together. We made a huge crush on the floor, the band/orchestra in fine form, while above us the chandeliers rotated but very slowly. A flowery fragrance swept over the dance floor as well. We had to stop, all of us, and drink champagne, our arms hooked through our partners as we did that. The younger girls got sparkling apple juice, I heard, for the champagne dances. The way that they giggled and glowed, however, you would have thought that they had been served the real wine as we senior girls were.

"Well, Daddy," I said coyly to the man who was pretending to be my father. "Why am I still here in your arms tonight? Are you warning off everyone that they can't have me or am I going to be warming your bed tonight?"

"So sweet, William," Daddy Hart whispered then to me, swirling me as the band picked up the tempo, our champagne glasses already whisked off by the older waiters and waitresses who served us at such functions. It had been drubbed into me that these workers did not know anything about the aberrations that Devonhill was really an institution for. I would do nothing, say nothing, that could be misconstrued by

them or by any of the junior girls or their partners at the evening's ball.

I was a girl, a young lady. I must behave as one all night long, however it turned out. I didn't mind but it seemed to me that all the fun that I could have as a young lady was being seriously taken away from me by the actions of my father. Why should he call me 'William' unless, and suddenly a huge tremble went through me that I couldn't control, unless he really didn't know that I was an avatar of his son. He didn't know that another man was his he-she son, his prettily dressed and madeup son, whom he was treating as if he approved of my womanliness.

"Daddy, you're spoiling my fun," I said to him in the high, lilting voice that I understood that William, the Wendy before me, had not always used.

Daddy laughed at me. "Not quite, my darling daughter," he said, the look in his eyes making me quiver down through my panties to the tips of my stockings. It wasn't a quiver of anticipation, either, as he held me and swirled me. "Isn't this the time when the juniors leave and the ball becomes more serious for all the senior girls, one of your last as girls at this school?"

"You would know better than me, Daddy," I whispered in his ear. He pulled me tightly against him. My lips brushed his ear which he really seemed to like, giving me a special squeeze for that, his hand on my panties beneath my dress. It was as if he knew exactly where the high-cut panties would meet my garter belt and where his touch would awaken the most intense, feminine feelings in me.

I trembled in Daddy's arms as the champagne was returned to us. The band broke into a march and the ju-

nior girls had to leave. It isn't fair, mouthed the very pretty Rhonda, to me, the boy she was with looking pretty dazed. Like all the boys, I noticed, he had lipstick not just on his lips but on his collar as well. The girls escorted the boys outside where they were allowed to kiss their dates goodnight.

So there never was a chance that the girls wouldn't be kissed by boys that night, even though Rhonda and her friends had feared that they wouldn't be kissed at all. Oh, they were well on their way to becoming girls totally, I thought with a shiver. But if they were scheduled for that surgery to finish off their transformations, they would be gone from Devonhill, Amy had told me, and a lot of juniors did go missing in the later years. That was why the senior classes were so small.

The Great Hall was quite empty with the youngest girls gone. Some of the teachers had gone outside with their men friends and were supervising the boys getting away with no-one left behind, I supposed. The band began another waltz but Daddy didn't want to dance. He was still holding me when he smiled suddenly, leading me over to where a little group of men had assembled.

"Your Highness," Daddy said. A tall, dark-haired man turned, someone whom I recognized right away. I almost gasped and gave it away. My goodness, I had given money to the British prince's humanitarian campaign. I, Mike Douglas, had chatted with him at his fund raiser about politics in Britain and America. I had sent him another donation and one from Brandy Reid, my agent.

"Your Highness, as I promised you," Daddy said. "I would like to introduce you to my beautiful daughter, Wendy."

The keen, blue eyes, I remembered, looking into before, appraising me. I remembered him clapping me on the shoulder and telling me that we would get together for golf when he was back in town. The keen eyes looked at me now and the expression in them was not at all like the one I had admired before. His new look at me made me quiver and get hot all over my femmy body.

“And I thought that you and Maude just had the one child, William,” said Prince Albert George Edward, ‘but I’m always called Stephen inside the family,’ looking me over, his eyes settling on my chest then,

Well, my chest was rising and falling in my agitation as my father passed my hand to Prince Albert, as the world knew him, as all the junior girls would have called him, if he had danced with me before. The Prince smiled lasciviously down at me.

“Well, you know how things are,” said Daddy, smirking at me as he moved on to talk to some of the other men. I was left with a British Royal Prince, a cousin of the Queen’s, to dance with.

“What a lovely dress!” said ‘Stephen’, twirling me and making my lower skirts swirl out and brush against him. He drew me right in against his chest, pushing my breasts against him. That was the way he wanted to dance with me. The music got slower and the couples got slower. Stephen put his arms about me. I had nowhere to put mine but around his neck as the other girls were doing with their men.

His hands were on my tush as Stephen kissed me on my neck, complimenting me on what a gorgeous girl that I was. He caressed my high-cut panties just as Daddy had, holding me so tightly, our cheeks brushing one another’s in the clinch that he was inflicting on me.

“What is Your Highness doing here?” I gasped at him.

“Stephen,” said the prince then with a huge smile, his face just inches from mine. “No-one here will recognize me ...”

I gasped at that as I could see Lady Barbara Hendon looking at me intently. She opened her heavily lipsticked mouth at me to show her surprise, and her recognition of whom I was dancing with.

“And if they do, I came here and danced with a few girls,” Stephen said with a big smile, “as a friend of your father’s. If necessary, I will have to admit that he had a very beautiful daughter, who is so delectable that I don’t think I can hire her as a nanny and au pair girl for my sister. If you were in London, I wouldn’t be able to leave you alone, Wendy Hart, I wouldn’t. What a scandal that could turn out to be some day! But here, in this setting ...”

“But everybody knows you,” I whispered to him. “My friend, Lady Barbara Hendon and her stepsister, Amelia Acourt, are looking at us now.”

“I hate to be goggled at by the hoi polloi,” said the Prince with a big smile, letting me go just a little. “What do you say, Miss Wendy Hart? We don’t have to stay here at this ball, though I must say that everything about it is perfect in my estimation. So many old school chums on both sides of the fence here. I feel quite safe but if you would prefer to head somewhere more private ...”

I think that my hair must have stood on end then as I realized what this man, this Prince, this man I had admired, was saying to me.

“What, what did you mean a-about both sides of the fence?” I gasped at him as the band sped up a little though it was still playing very romantic music. I saw some of the percussion unit moving over to the marimbas and conga drums and knew that they would switch to Latin American music soon. That meant the lambada, even though our dresses weren’t really conducive to that close dancing. Maybe we would have to tango as we had seriously practiced both dances to be ready for this particular evening, Ms Storm loving to partner me and making me behave so girlishly for her.

Stephen grinned at me. “There’s several school chums here tonight. Oh, that must be the Hendon heir.” He smiled at Barbara who batted her dark eyelashes at the prince. She shuddered as the man she was with put his hands on her hips and pulled her strongly into him saying something that clearly meant to pay attention to him and not to the Prince.

“My friend, Rupert, is dancing with her,” said the Prince then. “On the other side of the fence, Andrew Fitzroy went to school with me. Now he looks spell-binding in that pink dress, doesn’t he?”

Miss Berry, in her pink, low-cut dress, was smiling and dancing with a young man who seemed really affectionate with her.

“Andrew and Graham Furlong always did get along,” said Prince Albert, I mean, Stephen. “Andrew was Graham’s fag at ‘Chester when I was fagging for Domenick, who is with that lively, little redheaded girl.”

Danielle looked as if she was thoroughly enjoying herself and was teaching Domenick, the man indicated, the lambada, as the music underwent a complete

change. As I expected, the Prince knew the tango well and wanted to do that with me. So I had to oblige him.

We left the floor for drinks, and to cool down, said the Prince, his arm around my waist. "Show me the foyer, would you, Wendy," he said to me as soon as we had drinks in our hands. "I had to come in from the back. Everyone was telling me what I had missed. I'd love to see the Auguste statuette as well!"

So, I was maneuvered out of the Great Hall and into the dimly lit foyer with the staircase I had descended an hour before. Amazing, wasn't it, that the doors closed and there was no-one but the Prince and me in the foyer. My glass was taken from me and joined his on a table beneath a portrait that he didn't want to look at.

No, what the royal prince wanted to do was to kiss me. He wanted to hold me to him and squash my breasts against him, admiring so much how lovely they were. He took my flower out of my hair and drew it over my lips, following that with his own. Oh, I felt the fever rising inside me as his lips held onto mine. I did what I had told Rhonda to do. I kept mine firm. I yielded only a little as a cushion would do, drawing the prince more deeply into pleasuring both him and me.

Stephen swept me up in his arms then, lifting me as if I was as light as a feather, which I was, of course. He ran up the stairs with me in his arms, clinging to him. He was breathing a little harder as he headed directly to my room as if he knew the way, stopping in front of the door to kiss me passionately while I was held in his arms. I could feel his hand under my thighs caressing me.

Stephen took my purse from me. He smiled at the condoms I had. "Only ten?" he asked as he kissed me, pressing me back against the door while he inserted the computer card into the key slot. "Not enough, darling Wendy, by a long shot, not enough!"

The door opened. I almost fell in as Stephen lifted me up again. He carried me into my own bedroom, laying me on the bed and following me down. He wouldn't let me touch anything about me. He removed my makeup for me, very gently, and kissed each part of me as it became clean. He removed my jewellery and then kissed every part of my chest until I was on fire beneath him and he knew it.

Fleeting thoughts that I was Mike Douglas went through my mind. Even more fleeting were the thoughts that I was a man. Prince Albert didn't treat me as if I was in any way masculine. He removed my dress so slowly that I was shuddering and aching for him to have the huge thing he possessed inside me but he wanted to tantalize and tease me.

My mouth was his, my breasts were his and I was caressing his body in every way that I could with my so rounded and feminine body. Oh, how he enjoyed it. He ignored the taping on my most private parts and did me as I wanted him to, from the front, with our bodies aching with desire as we got them as close together as was humanly possible. With him inside me, I bounced and squeezed him. Soon he was as much of an emotional wreck as I was, frantically caressing and kissing me as we united and became one, a man and woman coupling, that was intense and orgasmic.

I went into spectacular convulsions, laughing hysterically, assuring the worried prince that it was all right, that it was just him doing it so well to me, mak-

ing me into the woman that I so much wanted to be with a man. That puffed him up of course. He flooded me not just that first time but several times as I lost more and more of my lingerie to him. Even my taping went until he got to see me as the he-she that I was. He wasn't displeased at all.

"I don't think I've ever been so satisfied in my life," said the Prince, his legs over mine as I lay back after the umpteenth time that we had come, smiling up at him. He tweaked my nipples. He shouldn't have done that as I began to harden between his thighs.

Stephen liked that. He liked taking our penises together in his hand and caressing them at the same time, crushed in his hand. Oh, how, I had to kiss him then, keeping my hands away from what he was doing as I used my breasts to entice him into growing more and more, my legs squeezing his as I arched against him.

"When John told me that he had a daughter who was quite a woman, I couldn't believe it," the Prince went on. "When he told me about Avartech, I was really intrigued. He never knows who is going to be occupying William's avatar, he tells me. But Avartech had you on its highest rating, I'm told, a twelve on a ten-point scale. Oh, now don't go all womanly on me."

"Womanly!" I almost shrieked at him. "What do you think that I've been doing with you for the last three hours and more!"

"Poor choice of words, Wendy," said a laughing Prince Albert. "I was just trying to compliment you on how girlish you are. I know that you are a man, not William, but another man occupying this body. I really would love to have you, Wendy, again and again. Have you thought about being in a different avatar, a blonde or a redhead? Or an Asian girl, or Arabic? I'd

love to make love to you as any and all of those types of girls. It's hellishly expensive to have an avatar made and not have just the right type of person inside to give you the time of your life. Your father said that, at Avartech, they regard you as a star performer. I have to agree.

"So don't get all huffy like a real girl, Wendy. I want to do you again and I'm going to. You were getting into it, weren't you? So, let's enjoy it again. You tell me exactly what I have to do to get you bucking me into the air as you did on that glorious shag that we had at the beginning. Jeez, Wendy, I never had a girl, or a drag queen, like that before. You really are a star, Wendy!"

I was a star all night long. I thought that I was going to have Stephen in my room right through the next day but he got a call in the early afternoon. So we had one last, glorious ride together. Stephen decided that he didn't care about me being a series of other women. He just wanted me to stay as Wendy Hart. He wanted to buy a casket for me at Avartech and have me permanently assigned to Wendy Hart. He wanted to take me back to England with him. He was in love with me. Oh, how I purred and stretched and became even more womanly at such marvellous praise. And, yes, I made him so late that he missed his flight to London and that was a minor scandal.

But after that, I tried to have it out with Daddy about all that he had told the Prince about me. Daddy came up to my room where I was still getting the ravages of the Prince off my body. I was so spent that I just put on two pairs of panties and hadn't bothered to tuck when Daddy came in.



I was doing my nails in a negligee and a nightie, having kissed my prince to the door. No matter how hard I kissed him, I couldn't get him to change into a

frog. He wasn't going to be back in the States for a month, Stephen said, holding me to him, my legs up around his waist as he supported me, letting me kiss him goodbye as his erection was into my tush. We could easily have gone all the way again. But he had to go or he would miss his plane. I wriggled and he missed his plane. I was very pleased with myself.

I was brushing my hair when Daddy first knocked on my door. At least I was in panties and the negligee when he came in, me flapping my hands to get my new fingernail paint to dry.

"I want to go back to being a blonde," I pouted at Daddy. "Stephen would love to see me as a blonde the next time he's here. Or as a Chinese girl. How come, Daddy dearest, that he knows all about me and about avatars? Shouldn't you be telling your darling daughter everything?"

"Daughter," snarled Daddy then. "You're not even a woman, whoever you are inside there. Who are you really?"

"My real name is Grant," I said sweetly. The whole scene around me went grey. I heard Daddy Hart saying that that wasn't true at all. But the scene darkened and blackness filled my mind, though I was alert.

I heard the noises on the casket first as it opened. Smith, the white-haired man, was standing there with Cindy, who reached over and began to stroke my hand with her so soft, feminized one.

"Another stellar performance," smirked Cindy, Grant I supposed, in that avatar of me.

"You can monitor what I am doing when I'm an avatar?" I asked bitterly.