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BEST OF TWO WORLDS

By Stella Satin

PROLOGUE

Some years before.

Mrs. Kerr was shown into my office. "Hold all calls," I told my secretary. Then I motioned to a chair in front of my desk. Smiled. "Have a chair?"

She was attractively dressed and coiffed – as befitted the ex-CEO of a company I'd just acquired, but the dislike that shone from her eyes negated any attraction she had for me. "I'd rather stand," she said. "What I have to say won't take long."

"If that's the case, you've had all of MY time you're going to get. Either sit – there? Or don't let the door hit you on your ass as you leave."

She wasn't used to be talked to in that manner and a flash of hatred shone in her eyes as she sat. "You are a rude, despicable, little man" she spat. "It was you that created the need for this meeting, not I . . ."

"I called NO meeting!" I snapped. "You want to talk to me. Say your piece and then get out!"

I was delighted with my own performance. She had always intimidated me with her height, her good looks, and her obvious athleticism. Now? She was mine – and I was just about to put the hammer down! I saw her take in a deep breath in an effort to compose herself.

"Mr. Dean? You have swallowed Kerr Industries whole. A company that my husband put his very soul into before he died – with one of the most advanced, and generous, pension plans in the country."

I sneered at her. "If you hadn't had so much money tied into that ridiculous plan, I could never have done it. You two had one of the greatest cash cows ever – and yet you didn't milk it. Not my fault!"

"But you intend to plunder it, don't you? In fact you've already started, haven't you?"

I grinned at her. "Just taking some minor withdrawals – at least so far. By the way? I admire your sense of honor! To sink most of your fortune into it – to try and shore up the assets? Silly girl! I think your husband might have been most offended – but it was a nice thing to do." I put a lot of sarcasm into the word nice.

"Mr. Dean?" she said. "I'm probably wasting my time. But I've come to plead with you to leave the pension plan alone. Kerr Industries is the major employer in our small town. If to plunder the pension plan? You'll ruin a whole lot of people – destroy the town!"

"So?" I asked, pulling a folder towards me and pulling out a sheet of paper. "Says here that the plan has holdings worth – what – three hundred and twenty-one million? You want me to leave that alone?"

"Yes! Sir? You are one of the richest men in the world – that's pocket change to you! Surely you don't need to ruin those poor people. Surely?"

I put the paper back in the folder. "Perhaps we can come to some arrangement?" I said.

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Mrs. Kerr, my housekeeper opened the door to let me in. Her smile of welcome was, as usual, distant and cold – ask me if I give a shit. "You're early." she said coldly. "I was under the impression you wouldn't be arriving until later this evening. I may have a problem getting dinner ready for you."

"Your concern for my welfare warms my heart," I said sarcastically, walking past her into the house. "Claudia get here okay?"

"Yes sir. She arrived two days ago."

"Good! Then I'll have dinner with her. I assume that it will be possible for you to stretch out what you intended for her – to include me?"

She drew herself up indignantly. "I resent that tone, sir. Miss Marston eats very little and at odd hours. She has been very busy with your computer system, working night and day and rather than disturb me, or the rest of the household staff she takes care of her own meals. As of this moment, I don't know if she's eaten or not. The maids will be eating dinner in an hour – would you like me to stretch a meal out from theirs?" she asked, matching my sarcasm.

"That might be an idea. Time I met the girls anyway. Let them meet the boss."

"You want to eat with the girls, sir?"

"Not particularly, but it would be a nice change to see some friendly faces around here."

"I wouldn't bet on that – sir. Shall I have one of the girls show you to your suite?"

"Nah. I want to speak to Claudia. Have your girls get my luggage from the car. I left the keys in my trunk. They can unpack for me and move the car. Call me when dinner is ready."

"Yes sir."

I nodded curtly. Left her and crossed the large hallway to the stairs, then went up and soon found myself in the vast computer area that Claudia had created per my specifications – what promised to be the most spectacular Virtual Reality capability in the world.

Claudia, apart from being a most attractive woman, always seems pre-occupied. She's quite tall and blonde – towers over me – something I dislike intensely. But, at the same time, she's accepted as being the leading expert in the field of Virtual Realism Displays in the world. She sensed someone was in the room and looked up with a pleasant smile, until she saw who it was. Her nice blue eyes frosted immediately. "Oh. I thought you were supposed to arrive later tonight." she said.

I should explain. I am very rich. Didn't start out that way and I've been accused of some nefarious dealings by some of the weaklings and sissies who got in my way. I may have twisted a few things as I went along - but what the hell, I never pretended to be a nice guy.

But now? Now I was on the point of realizing my lifelong ambition. I was going to be master of my real world – the huge house located in the middle of a huge estate, staffed by an army of women. And? The FUN part! I was also going to be master of a Virtual world, staffed also by nothing but women! There? I intended to rule the roost in a way that would never be accepted in our namby pamby world of today – with all the frigging lawyers running around protecting every goddam weakling!

I won't go into details, but I'd acquired the services of two outstanding women to set this up. Mrs. Kerr had been the CEO of a large company I'd taken over. The stupid bitch had wanted to protect her employees from losing their jobs and pensions and had made a deal with me. I'd laid off the peons of course but left their idiotic pension plan alone – as long as she came to work for me as my personal housekeeper and administrator. Being a woman of high morals she'd agreed and had basically hired my household staff – and the army of landscapers – to my specifications. Of course I hadn't told her what was on my mind regarding my Virtual kingdom. None of her goddam business!

Claudia had come under my rule in an entirely different manner, but was as effectively under my thumb as Mrs. Kerr. Honestly, it constantly amazes me how stupid people are. Get themselves in shit and promise to do anything – ANYTHING – for you if you'll extricate them. Then, when you do what you say, and ask for payment, they look down their noses at you as if you were some kind of freak. Hey! She knew she'd done nothing that merited any prison term – but a little blackmail isn't any good without a realistic threat to back it up, is it? She, of course, was well aware of my desires with respect to the women who would staff my virtual world and, naturally, despised me for the level of power I wanted to hold there.

Why surround myself with women, you may ask? Why not? Bunch of emotional wrecks that I've nothing but contempt for – but a damn sight easier to control than men.

And, though I'm a man – ALL man – I can't say I like the male sex very much. I mean, it's not my fault that I'm small – and I was too damn busy making money to build up my muscles. But I knew that if I brought men into my little empire, the women working for me would have something to compare to me – and I didn't want that.

So, in my house – the servants are all pretty, small, and very feminine. Outside I have the workers – big strong women. Now, you must wonder how I have any hope of keeping them here. Easy. All the accommodations are first class. Golf courses, tennis courts, amusement centers, theater. Cost me well over a billion – and guess what? All of the women, both outside and outside, are lesbians! This way, I keep them all happy and interested. Naturally, I pay them far more than they're worth, but what the hell – I can afford it. As I said, I'm rich.

To tell the truth, this is an experiment. I'm ashamed to admit it, but I've been afraid of most people all my life. Could never make my way in a male society – they just instinctively seem to hate me. I've stayed away from them all my life and, as I acquired more and more wealth hired nothing but small, pretty women. Now, as I was smart enough to realize that I needed predatory instincts in my staff, these small women were almost as nasty as I am – and they scared me too. I just rewarded them so well that they HAD to kiss my ass.

Big women actually terrify me for some reason. Why, I don't truly know – but think it's because I tend to despise the smaller editions of the female sex – their stupid bitching about equality with males, when all they can think about is their goddam hair – or makeup – or clothes. I mean, they're practically begging to be bossed about. They just won't admit it.

But I look at big women. See their confidence – and their muscles, and they're not the same thing at all. I couldn't avoid working with some as I worked my way up the ladder and learned that I seemed to generate the same sort of response in almost every one, a sort of need to dominate and denigrate me. What made this worse was the very strong feeling I had that they could. I mean, I'm a MAN for God's sake and the thought of being dominated by a woman – just because she's bigger than me is particularly humiliating.

And something else was at the back of my mind, I'll admit it. I'm not a monster. Or at least don't think I am. But I've never lain with a woman, large or small. Am certainly not gay so there's absolutely no interest in cohabitating with a male. I was sort of hoping that maybe, just maybe, I can attract one of the prettier maids? Tempt her away from her 'boy' friend? I mean, I look very young. Have very little hair – lots on my head, but practically none anywhere else. On top of that I'm often taken to be someone in his early twenties – when I'm actually much older. I've never told Claudia about this though. After all, if I'm going to attract a partner, I want it to be as real a person as possible, not some kind of goddam computer robot.

I slid into a chair beside her. "Aren't you finished this goddam thing yet?" I barked.

She glared at me. "Michael? This 'thing' as you call it has been in a working mode for weeks! It's been your bells and goddam whistles that have caused any delays. Want to try it just now? See what your money has bought you?"

She's bigger than me, and I felt the old feeling of being intimidated. At the same time an incredible excitement ran through my entire body. I licked my lips. "You're kidding!" I said, and even I could hear the fear in my voice.

She relaxed. "No. I'm not. See that headset there? Put it on."

"Nothing else? Just this?" I said, picking it up.

"That's all. And you'll only need it for this once, so that I can get your model created. After this, you'll simply put your forefinger into that pod there and you'll be in the virtual world. Go ahead. Don't be frightened."

Normally, I'd have chewed on her. Frightened indeed! But I was too curious. Put the headset on carefully. Nothing happened! She was doing something at the computer, so impatiently, I waited for her to finish. After about thirty seconds she smiled and looked up at me. "Okay Mike. What do you think?"

"Think of what?" I snarled, disappointed and angry.

"Your virtual world. What do you think I meant?" she replied.

"Doesn't work! Something wrong! You spent all my money for this? Jesus H. Christ! You goddam phony bitch!"

I was astonished by the speed with which she reached across and slapped me! My head rang with the force of the blow. "You ARE in the virtual world you stupid prick! And here? Don't talk to me like that! You can't put me in prison here – this world ends at the Guytown border."

I rubbed my stinging cheek, almost in tears. She'd hurt me! "What are you talking about? I'm not in any kind of world but the kind I live in! You've cheated me!"

She made another move as if to slap me, and I cowered back in my chair. She shook her head contemptuously. "Little sissy!" she sneered. "Touch your head!"

"Why?" I asked, but did as she'd told me.

"Where's the headset you just put on?"

"It's not here." I said puzzled, then figured it out. "You must have knocked it off when you hit me.

That's what happened."

"Okay. Where is it?" she asked. "Shouldn't it be lying on the floor somewhere?"

That made sense, so I looked around. Couldn't see it.

"Put your finger in the pod!" she said.

I did. Nothing happened. "Touch your head again." She said.

The headset was there! "Put your finger in the pod." She said.

Slowly, I did – then felt my head – the headset was gone!

"This is it?" I said in wonderment. "I can't tell the difference!"

"Oh, there's differences alright," she said. "The inside of the house is an exact duplicate and all your stuff have been read into the machine. The outside I've changed a little.

Around the outside of the house is Girltown – It's got all the kind of things that girls like – beauty salons, dress shops, that kind of thing. Then bordering that is Guytown. You and the girls can go anywhere – though I'd suggest that you make sure that you stay the hell out of Guytown. But the guys can't leave their place. They'd raise too much havoc if we let them. You're the only one with access to this room though. You're the only one who can re-enter the real world. All the people you meet in the virtual world are basically models of themselves. I'd like to be able to say that the 'virtuals' have no way of transmitting what happens in their world to the 'reals' but I've had a few anomalies that I can't explain. That's one of the things I'm working on."

"You mean that I won't remember what happens in the virtual world?"

"No. You will remember everything that goes on there. To tell the truth, that's where I think the problem comes from."

"How come?"

"It's in the emotional mapping I do for everyone. It's a very complicated piece of programming – but to keep your virtual memory intact, while trying to constrain or eliminate everyone else's? That's where the problem seems to lie."

"You mean, you can't remember what goes on in here?"

She shook her head. "Uh Uh. I can remember what goes on in here. Same goes for Evelyn."

"Evelyn? Who's . . .?" Then I remembered. "Mrs. Kerr. I forgot her first name." Then I thought.

"Don't think I care for that." I said after a moment.

"Tough! Michael? I don't know exactly what you have in mind for how you'll treat women in here but I have a feeling that it won't be with love and respect. There is no way in hell I'll let you do anything to me or Evelyn that we won't know all about, even if it is only our computer images. I don't trust you. If you don't like it, cancel the program. That's how strongly I feel about it."

I wanted to change the subject as quickly as I could. "Another thing? I don't think I like the idea of not being able to go into Guytown. I feel I should be able to go anywhere I want to in a world I paid to have made." I said coldly. "But other than that? I must admit that I'm impressed." I added.

"She stared at me. "I should slap you more often!" she said. "That's the nicest thing you've ever said to me."

"That's damned impudent!" I snapped before I thought of what I was saying.

She leered at me, a her lips in a contemptuous sneer. "Sweetie? This is the virtual world you and I are in right now. People here seem to have less inhibitions. Are more inclined to say what's on their minds. You want me to change the programming for that? It'll probably take me about six or seven months. And if you don't start behaving yourself? I'll put you over my knee and paddle the shit out of you!"

"Let's not fight," I said in a placating tone. "Why not show me around?"

"Okay. I guess I could do that." She answered, mildly enough. Then she added. "Look Michael, I can't see why you have to be nasty all the time. I know that you're hated in the real world, but in here, the only people you'll know is me and Evelyn. Why don't you start being nice to the girls? They really are sweet – will reciprocate, of that I'm sure - and it might open your eyes how nice it is to be loved and respected."

"Yeah. Yeah! Why don't you can it?" I sneered.

"Don't know why I bother," she sighed, and led me out of the room.

I couldn't see one iota of difference as we walked back down the stairs to the entrance way. We passed a few pretty maids who shot me shy smiles but they didn't say anything – I guess they're trained not to speak until spoken to – something like that. A few times, I thought I saw a window sill shake – or shiver – as if in an earthquake, but other than that, there was no way to differentiate the house I was in, from what I'd seen coming in.

Outside was different though. Instead of the gardens and open spaces, there was what seemed to be a small, quaint old village, with lots of little boutiques – dressmakers, beauty shops, that kind of thing. Some of the girls were wandering around shopping, eating ice cream at an outside patio and that sort of thing. Some of them yelled "Hi's" to Claudia – obviously girls who were not on a work shift – because I noticed that none of them wore the maid uniforms that they wore in the house. She responded with a wave and a smile.

At the far end of the village, we came to an old stone wall – seemed very high. There was a gate set in it and I could see girls going in and out, but all the ones coming in were checked by three girls before they were allowed to come through.

"What's going on there?" I asked.

"That's the one and only portal to Guytown. The three girls are checking to make sure that there's only girls trying to get back in here. Like I told you? We don't want any guys in here."

"Couldn't they tell just by looking at the height? I thought all of the guys were big?"

"Not necessarily. There's some that are pretty small. Tougher than nails, but they'd just love to get into Girltown." Claudia laughed. "Talk about foxes in the henhouse!"

"But they ARE girls!" I insisted. "Surely all they'd have to do is put a dress on? Act a little?"

"Michael? These guys are about the most macho things you'll ever SEE! For them to dress up in skirts? Almost impossible! They'd probably rather die first!"

"Aren't you gonna show me Guytown?" I asked truculently, more than a little angry at being lectured.

"It's a bad idea Michael. That's a rough place – I'm a LOT bigger than you – and I'm scared of going in there! But if you want? Maybe for a few minutes?"

"Okay. I only have a few minutes anyway. Said I'd have dinner with the maids." I replied.

She sighed. "Okay. But let me check something first."

She led me to the three girls. "Hi girls," she said. "Gonna be here for half an hour or so?"

"Yeah Claudia," a tiny blonde smiled. "We still have an hour left on the shift."

"Good!" Claudia responded. "This is Mike. He is NOT a girl, but he must be allowed back in here when I bring him back." She pointed at me.

To my surprise, all of the girls looked doubtful. The blonde spoke up. "We're only allowed to let girls back in here Claudia, you know that! He's not dressed right."

"Why don't you just shut up, you stupid bitch!" I yelled. "I'm the owner here! I can go any goddam place I want!"

All three – and Claudia, looked indignant. "Michael?" she said. "I thought you might listen to reason and not go in to Guytown. All the girls who have been identified as guards are only programmed to let feminine girls back in here. If they even suspect you're not? They won't let you in! I just want to make sure that they'll be on guard when we get back? If not? You'll have a helluva time getting back – and believe me, I don't think you want to spend any time in Guytown that you don't have to!"

"Seems like a bunch of bullshit to me!" I grumbled. "But it should be okay, huh? I just want to see what you've done for a few minutes! Okay?"

Claudia smiled at the girls. "Look at Michael, will you? Try to remember that I just brought him through? Let us both back in, okay?"

"I don't know, Miss Claudia." The blonde said. "We'll try? Is that okay?"

I felt like punching the stupid bitch, but Claudia must have guessed what was on my mind. "Okay! Just don't forget! Please?"

The girls nodded in unison and we walked through the gateway – into nighttime!

"What in hell's name was that all about?" I asked, staring at an incomprehensible sight.

"My fault!" she snapped. "I never thought you'd be so goddam stupid and want to come here! Now, for Christ's sake? Don't open your mouth if you can help it! Say the wrong word in here and you can get into some serious – and I mean SERIOUS trouble!"

We were standing in what appeared to be a desert, western, town. Gangs of tall women stood at corners, under bright neon lights, up and down the street – many of them drunk to all intents and purposes. They were whistling and propositioning groups of girls who walked past them – maids from the house I guessed, though now dressed very provocatively in tight skirts and dresses, wiggling their backsides.

Cars roared up and down the streets – models from the 50's it looked like, with tough, muscled young women hanging all over them, howling like wolves and drinking beer from bottles. It was a scene from hell! I couldn't believe it! "You spent MY money making something like this?" I hissed at Claudia.

"You wanted the studs kept happy – AND their girlfriends. This is what they want. This will keep them in your employ – being able to enjoy this type of relaxation. Remember, it's not REAL!"

She was talking sense – but by god, it LOOKED real. “Yeah. Let’s get outta here” I whispered, actually frightened at what I was seeing.

But one of the cars had spotted us. Came to a screeching halt. “Lookie here!” a dark haired muscled girl in a tank top and jeans yelled. “A girl! Howdy Claudia! Who’s that pretty little guy with you? Wanna be my sweet thing honey?” she shouted at me, beckoning with her finger.

With that, she and her companions exploded out of the car and came running drunkenly towards us! And the terrifying thing? They were all focusing on ME! As if I was some kind of prize!

“Run Michael! We have to get back!” Claudia whispered frantically.

“I’m not scared of them!” I shouted, lying in my teeth.

“Come ON!” she yelled and pulled me back to the portal, the female hoodlums not too far from us now. Then she pushed me ahead through the portal. “You first!”

The blonde guard blocked my way. “You’re not a girl! You’re not wearing proper clothes. Sorry. Go back to Guytown!”

“He’s the person I just brought through here a few minutes ago!” Claudia screamed. “He IS a girl! Let her through!” With that, she pushed me hard, through the portal.

“Oh yeah, the girl guards chorused, though still obviously confused.” That’s right Claudia, we almost forgot!”

I couldn’t see through the portal, and maybe it was my imagination, but I thought I heard frenzied howls of frustration coming from the other side?

I tried to recover my composure. “What in hell was that all about Claudia? I can’t say I appreciate being called a girl! Don’t ever pull that shit again!”

She shook her head disbelievingly. “Michael? Want me to tell the three guards there that you are NOT a girl? I guarantee that you’ll be back in Guytown, talking to your new fan club there in about thirty seconds. Would you like that?”

I was almost positive that she was trying to intimidate me, but thought better of testing this hypothesis. “Enough of this bullshit!” I snorted. “I want something to eat! Let’s get back to reality!”

“Showing some sense – finally?” was all she said, but a few minutes later, I was back in the room, putting my forefinger into the pod. Again, except for what felt like a flutter in time, there was no way for me to know where I was, although I was now sitting in the chair – but it DID seem real, so I thanked her brusquely and headed downstairs again to meet Mrs. Kerr – and the maids.

I’ll admit it. The visit to Guytown had been frightening. The raunchy lifestyle there had scared the wits out of me and the interest that these masculine girls had shown only added to my discomfiture. That probably explained why I felt so comfortable amongst the pretty girls who were all lined up waiting for me to be introduced when I finally arrived in the dining area.

They were all dressed in pretty satin and velvet uniforms and, without doubt, were as pretty a group of young women as you’d find anywhere. Beautifully made up. Flashing

eyes, and the whitest of teeth all shining with delight at (finally) meeting their new master. It was a pleasant thrill for me when Mrs. Kerr saw me coming and said "Girls? Please meet Mr. Michael Dean, your master in this estate. Curtsey nicely now!"

My breath actually caught in my throat at the pretty spectacle of almost thirty beautiful young ladies curtseying in unison – and to me! Quite honestly, it was one of the nicest things that had ever happened in my life, and I actually felt quite emotional – then I remembered that all the money needed for all those pretty dresses and all the food going into those pretty mouths was coming out of MY pocket – and some of my common sense returned.

Nevertheless, I saw Mrs. Kerr look at me in surprise a few times as I started to enjoy myself in amongst the girls. It felt nice to be the master of all I surveyed – and the fact that all those lovely young women were obviously trying to impress me made it extremely pleasurable. Of course I knew that it was all playacting – my companions were all avowed lesbians, - but my instincts told me that they wouldn't be averse to a little dalliance with one of the richest men in the world.

The meal was first class and the service was, naturally, at the same level. The girls who were serving seemed a little on the sulky side but when I asked why, I was told that both they and the cooks had wanted to eat with me – there had been such a commotion when they found out that the "master" was going to be eating in their dining room, that jealousy had run rampant between the ones who were on shift to serve – and those who had the 'honor' of eating alongside me. I was puffed with conceit by the time that the meal ended – and might have spent more time with my new companions, if I hadn't wanted to get back to my new toy. This time – I was going to spend a LOT more time in Girltown!

Before I went back into the virtual world, Claudia explained something to me. Only she, Mrs. Kerr, and myself were the only ones who existed in one 'world' at a time. Okay, when I was in the virtual world, my body was in the real world – but when I returned, ALL of me was back. No part of me remained in the Virtual one. All of the other employees had 'selves' wandering about in the virtual world – AND the real one at the same time – with neither of the 'selves' having any idea of what the other was up to.

"It's not perfect yet," she explained. "What I'm trying to get is a complete divorce from both sides of the personalities. In other words, you could talk to anyone there, then come back here and meet the same girl ten seconds later – and she'd have no recall of you and her just meeting at all."

"Is it that important?" I said. "Seems like a waste of your time to me?"

Her eyes met mine. "You want to have any people here remember what kind of shit you pull in the virtual world? Bring possible resentments back here with them?"

"Aah!" I said, finally understanding. "Not particularly."

"That's what I'm so busy on," she said worriedly. "There seems to be a glitch somewhere and I can't put my finger on it."

"How can you tell?" I asked.

"Can't really explain it. It's just sometimes? I've maybe been talking to someone in the VW and meet them back here within an hour or so – and they'll look at me with a puzzled look as if they know we've just had a conversation. That's about all I have."

I sighed in relief. "Okay. I see what you're getting at. But it's just like an intermittent thing?"

"Yes. Exactly! That's why it's so difficult to pin down."

"Okay. I'm glad you're working on it. But it's okay if I take another trip?"

"Sure. You're the boss. You're not thinking of Guytown, are you?" She grinned.

I shook my head. "No way. Just look around the house and Girltown." Then I paused. "By the way? How'll I know when you or Mrs. Kerr are there?"

"Damn!" she said. "I figured you might want to know that. Forgot to give you this. Here's a ring that is adjustable to your finger size. If this green stone lights up? I'm there. If the yellow one lights, it's Evelyn that'll be there."

"Thanks" I said, putting the ring on and admiring it. "You really have thought of everything. Is it safe for me to go now?"

"Absolutely. Just don't forget the way back!" She said this, her mind already on something else. This time, when I sat down in the chair and put my finger into the pod, she disappeared immediately.

It was fantastic! I walked through the house, introducing myself as the new master to just about all of the maids and other servants I met – and the deference with which they treated me! The curtsying. The shy smiles. I even hugged one or two in a friendly embrace and they didn't take it amiss! Then I walked out into Girltown and discovered something even better. Out of their uniforms, the girls were just as pretty. Not as deferential perhaps, but just as friendly.

To my amazement, I found I could walk through the boutiques and see those nubile young women in all states of undress – trying on their new clothes. Some even posed for me and asked my opinion – had me touch the materials and express my thoughts on them too. I stood at their shoulders and watched them apply their makeup. It was the closest I'd ever been to any female and it was very, very, sexual to me. I could touch their silken bodies in the most intimate way and they'd turn and give me warm, welcoming, smiles.

I couldn't figure all of this out, then it dawned on me. Claudia had left nothing to chance. The girls had had their virtual selves brainwashed. I didn't know just how far I'd be able to go, but as it stood, they seemed to have no fear of me at all – they liked me! They gave me the impression that they knew I was male – but accepted my presence as if I were a close female companion!

For some reason, although I was highly charged sexually, I didn't attempt any sexual advances on any of the pretty things. Found that I was totally entranced by going into the shops and chatting with them while they'd be getting makeovers, having their hair one, or getting deep massages. It was strange too when they'd invite me to join them – asked me if I'd like my hair done – would I like to try a dress on? Naturally, being as masculine as I am, I backed away from that sort of thing – but enclosed in a totally feminine world, amidst the satins and laces, the perfumes and the soft voices? A major turn on!

I bumped into one of the girls I'd chatted to at dinner – Rose by name. She seemed to have no memory of me whatsoever. Pretty and vivacious. Long dark hair and an Asiatic cast to her yes. Petite, with marvelously tiny hands – and immaculate fingernails. I plucked up the courage to ask her to join me for coffee – and she accepted! As we finished, she told me that she was just on the point of buying a dress. Would I like to keep her company? I was surprised at this, but agreed immediately, and we left for the boutique a few minutes later.

There, she picked out the dress she'd picked out earlier, and led me into the changing room with her. Undressing rapidly, she handed me her dress and stood there in her slip, smiling seductively at me. Am I pretty?" she asked quietly.

"Oh yes, Rose. Very pretty," I said, my mouth dry.

"Well then? Don't you want to make love to me?"

"Well . . kinda . . yes. I'd like to do that." I stammered, stunned at her suggestion.

"Then how come, you're not making a play for me?" she pouted. "You're not gay, are you?"

She was advancing on me now, and I was backing away from her. "No Rose, I'm not gay!" I protested.

"Well you certainly act that way. My guy Toni? She'd have jumped me already! Maybe you should get some lessons in how to act like a man from her?"

