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JAILBAIT

by Eleanor Darby Wright

The Square Dancers

The men filed in eagerly and were assigned to the sets where we girls stood so nervously. I was assigned a dark-haired, Italian-looking guy who was grinning with pleasure as he looked me over. Priscilla, opposite me, gulped as the shaven-headed man who had come to stand next to her, put his arm about her laced-in waist and then let his hand run down over her tush.

Mistress Louise moved her mountain of voluptuous flesh behind Priscilla and there was a sharp crack, like a pistol shot, that ricocheted about the quiet room. "You will not handle the girls in anything but a respectful manner," said Mistress Louise. The shaven-haired man glowered at her, swore

under his breath, and lifted his hand to his mouth to blow on the red weal forming on the back of it.

“Wow,” murmured the guy beside me.

“Girls,” said Mistress Louise. We all could hear her though she didn’t raise her voice at all. “You may smile to your partners and curtsey to them.”

I tried to smile up at the dark-haired man beside me but I felt so sick inside. I had to bend my knees and hold onto the outer skirt of my ruffled dress and curtsey girlishly, smiling all the time at my partner.

“Melissa,” said Madame Louise to me. “You call that a smile? You can smile a hundred times more nicely than that. We have seen you, haven’t we, in your morning classes. This girl fancies herself as a model, gentlemen. Perhaps that is why she has such a sulky face. Now, Melissa, again!”

All the eyes of the other dancers were on me as, chagrined, I had to smile up as femininely and with as much girlish delight as I could fake at my partner. I had to keep my eyes on his smirking face as I curtseyed to him, not a quiver allowed in my legs as I swished my dancing dress audibly about my stockings. Of course, I made sure that I didn’t wobble at all on my high heeled, open-toed, women’s shoes.

“Passable, Melissa,” said Mistress Louise, turning then on Suzanne, who had visibly wobbled, according to the Mistress, in her curtsey.

Suzanne’s face showed some of the stress and terror that mine must have showed as she strove not to wobble at all, even though Mistress Louise left her in position with her skirts clutched in her hands, knees bent, for several minutes while she found fault with many of us girls.



“Let’s get on with it,” murmured the man beside me as Mistress was haranguing Natalie about not looking up with adoration at her partner as she dipped down. “We don’t have all day.”

Mistress Louise, however, had Tiffany, Ashley and Elizabeth to chastise. Then she swung around to find out who among us wasn't still girlishly smiling at the wonderful hunks of men who'd come in to share a dance with us.

The country and western musicians had evidently heard it all before as they looked bored with Mistress Louise's tantrum. But they clicked smartly together when the Mistress turned us over to the caller, Slim, and told us all to do everything the way that we'd rehearsed it.

The square dance started. We girls strutted as girlishly as we could around our partners, swishing our dresses against them, showing them the white, beribboned petticoats that were under the colorful outer shell of our dresses. My dress was mostly cherry-red. My high heels were cherry and black. My blonde wig was securely in place but I had to swish my loose hair around my partner's face as I swirled, smiling and giggling, letting him grope me around my waist.

The guys soon got into the act, whooping and hollering, as they swung us girls just as the caller told them to. We ended that first set by swirling around our kneeling partners, smiling all the time at them, sitting on their knees, crossing our stocking legs in front of their eager eyes and putting our arms about their necks as we leaned our painted faces against their mouths.

We had to show enthusiasm as we jumped up to our feet altogether and chattered to our partners about how wonderful they were as dancers.

"Oh, that was so marvellous!" I said to the guy who called himself Tony, keeping my arms about his

neck, fondling the back of his hair as Tony held me tightly, trying to pull my frontage against him to feel the erection he couldn't control. And all for me, I thought in distress.

"You're just so light on your feet, Tony. I loved dancing with you!" I finished as I batted my eyelashes, my thick, dark, false eyelashes, at him and swirled away from him with a smile at his bereft expression. I twirled into the arms of a Charlie who was to be my next partner.

"Wow, babe," said Charlie with a welcoming, sleazy, male smirk. "You gotta be a real girl!"

We had all had a class in how to accept a compliment. This was one, despite the leer, that had been anticipated by our instructors. So I knew exactly how I was to respond. "Of course I am, darling Charlie," I twinkled at him, his eyes opening wider as he heard the silly, high, little-girl voice we girls had had to practice and master. "I love dancing with a real man. Dancing with other girls is such a bore!"

"Yeah," said Charlie, putting both his arms about my waist and squeezing me which wasn't allowed. But we couldn't object. Only Mistress Louise or one of her cronies could do that. We had to accept whatever a man wanted to do to us even if what he wanted was to break the rules. It was a rule. We girls would be punished if we broke that rule.

The caller had us form up in our new sets. This time I was opposite Brittany, who looked at me in silent appeal, as if she thought I could get her out of this situation. I can't even get myself out of this, I thought at her, smiling femininely and reminding her that she had so as well. She smiled nervously as

we had to cross hands with our partners, Charlie exclaiming at my long, pointed, feminine nails.

“You babes really go to extremes, don’t you?” Charlie said with a grin. “Earrings, the hair, lipstick, eyeliner, the lot.” He was looking at my chest and the two obvious, bouncing mounds on my chest. “You wear a bra under that dress for those as well?”

“Of course I do,” I told him cheerfully, watching the girl in the short, cherry-red dress in the rehearsal mirrors along one side of the room we were in. She was swirling her hair most femininely and letting the man twirl and twirl her as we ‘promenaded’ down the hall, me the girl I could see, my skirts flaring out and swirling, showing off my stockings, my garter belt and even my silky, cherry-red panties.

I knew better than to try to hold my dress down and not show off my lingerie as Brittany was trying to do as she followed me with her partner. It might have looked more genuinely feminine than what I and Christina were doing but it wasn’t allowed. I could see Natasha, one of Mistress Louise’s cohorts, grimace and start to move towards Brittany.

I hoped that Brittany wouldn’t get more than one slash of Tasha’s wire ‘rope’. That thing not only hurt but it raised welts as well, as I’d found out in my very first time in this class. I forgot to smile as I did difficult steps such as being twirled, seemingly endlessly, by a man.

Brittany’s eyes were bright when we reconstituted the set. The fair-haired guy beside her was holding her sympathetically as she quivered but she didn’t dare to touch her tush where Natasha had lashed her twice. Some other girls had been struck

as well and had become more girlish immediately, using their free hand as I had, to lift their skirts up and make them swirl and expose even more of their feminine underwear and girlish legs as they danced.

“Now, reward your partner properly,” Madame Louise said into the microphone. She bent the emcee over and planted a huge, red kiss on Slim’s unsuspecting lips. He came up foul-mouthed and spluttering.

Our partners weren’t annoyed with us kissing them, however. They expected it from us. They were there to be rewarded for whatever they had done well in prison. They expected us ‘fellow inmates’ to be affectionate with them. They weren’t disappointed. Charlie wasn’t disappointed in me as I flung my arms about his neck and pressed my body, my mounds leading the way, against him.

We could both hear the swish of my dress as I clung to my partner, one leg off the ground behind me as if I was in ecstasy to be kissed by such a dangerous criminal. I even let Charlie caress my leg and my stocking although it raised feelings in me that made me want to hurl. Still, I was used to feeling like that all of the time as I was trained in this dancing class.

Just the touch of a dress and the petticoats I had to wear on the backs of my stockinged legs were enough to make me shudder so, inwardly. I didn’t need to be any more femmy than I actually was but it distracted the Mistress from looking at me if I really tried to be a girl. The newer girls like Brittany were having a hard time being as affectionate with their partners as I was with my fellow inmate.

Charlie clearly hadn't kissed a girl in an age. His arms were about me as he pressed firmly onto my lips which made me resist for a moment. Then I realized that was what he wanted me to do, resist him. He wanted to kiss me that way. He moved and I felt his hands as well on my tush, tracing the lines of my high-cut panties, a violation again, but one the monitors seemed to be ignoring.

We were just supposed to give the second partners a peck, a short kiss, but that was ignored as well. Mistress Louise was standing at the mike and laughing at us all, I was told later, as she let the guys have their way with our mouths for several minutes before she called for the next move. Charlie sure used his time well with me to kiss and maul me from side to side; and, yes, his erection I really could feel through the thin layers of my dress and my cherry-red, silk panties. Finally, Mistress Louise called the changes that a sulking Slim wouldn't. I was off to another set with a guy named Barry, a wicked scar along his jaw.

Alicia's lipstick was still on Barry's lips as he welcomed me into his arms with a smile. We promenaded again, his arms so strong that I was moved at twice the speed Charlie had twirled me. I didn't need to lift my skirts at all as they swished up around my waist and all the band could see my padded panties and my garter belt as well as my smooth, skin-toned stockings as I went by them.

"Very nice," murmured Barry, holding me as my chest heaved after all my exertions. I could guess he'd been rewarded before with a trip to the girls' room as he was looking at me intently and trying to get me to smile at him.

“You’ve another girl’s lipstick on you,” I told him as sweetly as I could, his arm around my waist as we went around the circle, stepping in unison, me raising my high heels as prettily as I could, wiggling my tush like a female dancer. When we stopped, Barry smiled as he took out a handkerchief and wiped away Alicia’s lipstick.

“That would never do, now would it?” Barry asked me, as we jitterbugged into the center of the set, he as light on his feet as I was in my high heels. I was the one, however, who’d been trained to do jitterbug. He deserved the applause of our group more than I did. Of course, he broke the rules and stole a kiss from me as well as we swirled back to the line while a smiling, extremely girlish Suzanne did a fantastic Charleston with her partner, her skirts flying everywhere about her as she did so.

“Now, I have your lipstick on me,” whispered Barry. “And I want to keep it there.”

I felt so sick as I knew what that meant. “I’d love you to,” I whispered back sweetly to him as the set drew to an end. We concluded again on our partner’s knee with our heads against our partners’ chests.

Mistress Louise delayed the rewards the men were to have as she chastised more of the girls, Fiona and Jessica mainly, for not being flirty enough in their improvisations. Of course, as we were all trained so assiduously all day long, my jitterbugging and Suzanne’s Charleston weren’t really improvisations at all.

“Rewards,” said Mistress Louise with a smile. Barry’s called first, as I was dreading. “Yes, Scarface,” she drawled to the man holding my shiv-

ering body. "Let us see if you remember how to dance with your woman before you disappear with her."

Oh no, I thought in terror, but it was too late. The band was snickering at me as Barry twirled me to my feet and we danced around all the other stationary couples. Barry knew just when to lift me so that my legs went about his waist as he spun around. He smiled as he lifted me completely over his head, my legs high in the air, so that my dress fell right over me and over his head. I was on show in my female lingerie to everyone in the room.

The other men roared in delight, of course. The girls began to laugh and applaud as well. They had to or they'd have been chastised. Barry spun me and dropped me, catching me in his arms, his hands on my garters as he carried me off like a babe in his arms, my face the same color as my panties and my dress.

"Thank you, Scarface," the Mistress was saying. "And which of you gentlemen would like to try it with your girl friends now? Oh, no takers, all right, kisses again and we move on to the next round."

Natasha had a door open at the top end of the hall. Barry carried me in, past her leering face, my kicking and flushing having no effect on Barry or her at all. I had to do it as it was part of the 'act' that all of us girls had to put on. We had to go into the rooms with our men and be tossed on the bed there as if we were reluctant in some way to do what we knew we were going to have to do.

I'd been reluctant the very first time. I'd been tied to the bed by Natasha and her friend, Lindsay, then. Edgar had come in and raped me. Edgar was an

older prisoner, a trustee. He'd been in Fort George for over twenty years. He'd stuck his maleness into my tush and stroked mine as I fought against the bindings holding my wrists and ankles.

"He's not raping you," said Natasha in her drawling voice, still so masculine, despite the years she had told us she had been dressing as a drag queen. "You're a man," she'd snickered. "And you can't be raped, can you?"

The gag in my mouth stopped me speaking but I raged on. The shrieks and grunts made it clear what I was going to do to them all once I got up from that bed and out of the room.

"Lie still and enjoy it," Lindsay, the other drag queen, said to me. "There'll come a day, Melissa," I hated the name they'd hung on me, "when you'll remember this with affection and love, the day we made you into one of us girls!"

"This is the best job I've had since I was sent here," Edgar whispered to me. He always talked in a whisper, I found out, as that's how he talked when I saw him as a clerk in the warden's office, smiling at me. Oh, I was terrified of him then. I'd have fought him, being unshackled for a while. Yes, he did rub my tush gently, when we met the second time, caressing my tush with his hands to remind me that he was my first. I suppose that I could have done much worse in the rape artist assigned to me.

Edgar's job was to initiate me into the life of the prison, specifically of D Block, the deviant's block as was whispered to me. From him, I learned what I had to do to all the prisoners who came into that cell when I was in there. I had to welcome them. I had to kiss them. I had to let them stick their

tongues down my throat, almost, if that is what the men I was to entertain wanted. I was a girl, the girl friend of the man I was with. He had to be pleased with me. I didn't want to end up like Veronica, did I?

So, when Barry carried me into the little bedroom and threw me down on the bed, I knew what I had to do. After all, I'd worked my way up in this class of dancers from rank amateur to what I was now, the leading girl, I suppose. I reached up and pulled Barry's head down on mine and kissed him as passionately as I could. I began to open his prison uniform so that I could caress his muscular chest.

I would have allowed him to undo my dress or to roll me over if that was the way he wanted to take me. Most of my men, however, wanted to kiss me first as they became more aroused with me. My perfume, my makeup, the feminine gestures I'd learned, made them desire me more and more. I was after all their reward for their 'good' behaviour in Fort George Prison. I was an idealized parody of what the lifers remembered of girls in their past, save in one respect of course. But I was as close to a girl as any of these men would ever meet in their lifetimes, now.

I undid Barry's belt, a little worried by his stiffness as he lay against me. He almost seemed reluctant as I found his penis and began to gently stroke it as he kissed me almost reluctantly. He lifted my dress, however, as he caressed my legs.

"How, how would you like me to take you?" I whispered in Barry's ear, stroking his manly chest and sliding down his body to slip his pants and underpants over his hips as he groaned. I took hold of his pole and began to vigorously arouse it. Barry fell

onto me, spreading my legs apart as if I really was a woman.

“Oh, darling,” I whimpered at him in my girlish voice. “Do me, do me, do me, please! Make me a woman, you lovely man. Please!” I lifted my tush so that my lover could enter me and ignore my male equipment, so similar to his. I lubricated his pole frantically and eased it into me, cooing little-girlishly to him all the time, complimenting him on what a wonderful stud he was to a girl like me.

*******Training School*******

Oh, how I'd hated it when Edgar did that to me the second time, unshackling and spreading my legs and lifting them up about his waist. I'd screamed and screamed and screamed as he had sprayed my rear-end with cool lotion. He'd whispered that I was a girl. This was how many girls loved to take it and many men loved to give it. Edgar eased himself into me again. I knew I'd been defiled. I'd sworn at him, no gag on my mouth, and promised him I'd kill him for doing that to me.

“No, you won't,” Edgar had whispered to me. “You'll thank me, though, sugar, later on. When you come by the office and we have a little time together, you'll come with me into my stock room. I'll do this to you all over again and you'll love it. You'll be such a sweet, little girl by then. You'll be a sweet, little treat for your Daddy, the one who put you on the right path to bliss and ecstasy.”

I was so sure that the pill he'd made me take was a drug. Well, it was but a vitamin which he told me I must have as I was unlikely to be out in the sun again, unless I graduated to the very top of my class

and became one of the showgirls. The kingpins of Fort George prison only took up with showgirls since they could have their pick of all the girls.

Well, the Ice-Pick was different. I was not to ask why he was called Ice-Pick or his real name. The Ice-Pick liked to visit the new girls, watch how we were trained. Sometimes he would take one for his own use. "Don't say anything to him that's negative," Edgar warned me, whispering, his soft hands caressing my legs, my stockings, my garter belt, my panties and my exposed manhood.

It was Edgar who showed me how to give head. He did it by doing it to me. I can still remember the disgust I felt with myself as I was so aroused by his tongue running up and down my manhood. I was hardening all the time and wriggling all over the bed against all the restraints on me.

When Edgar finally covered me, I almost erupted into him. He didn't take his mouth away until I was finally emptied out and crying in rage at myself.

"You see how to do it," Edgar had whispered. "Now, Melissa, you have to do it to me in exactly the same way."

I'd screamed at him again and called him every awful name in the book. He'd finally climbed up on me and sat on my chest, opening his pants and showing me his large penis. The terror I felt then was only increased tenfold as he explained to me how Veronica had refused to do what Edgar had tried to teach her.

"She made her worst mistake by biting Al the Body who liked the way she looked and wanted her to do him," Edgar told me so softly and so gently that it was chilling. Fear came over me as he told

me how biters had all their front teeth knocked out. “Didn’t you see that about Veronica?” he asked me. “She’s as smooth as she was when she was a baby. She gives the most wonderful blow jobs now. That’s why she’s always on duty in the canteen, shift after shift. Al will let her back into the general pop soon, now that he’s recovered as well.”

I’d seen this woman crawling about the trustees table, being ignored by the men, as she reached up and unzipped their pants. Some men had let her take their penises in her hand. They’d let her blow them even as they ate their supper and talked to their friends. We girls couldn’t talk in the cafeteria, on the occasions we went there. It was only from Edgar that I learned what was going on. I shivered as I realized that the one having sex so publicly with any man at the table wasn’t a woman at all.

“We’re looking for someone to take Veronica’s place,” Natasha had said, when we were back in our makeup class, her face madeup like a beauty queen, her hair pulled back in a blonde chignon, but wearing a prison uniform, pants and shirt, like the other men. “The men are getting a little tired of it always being Veronica to service them. One of you girls screws up really badly and you’ll be our next Veronica for a while.”

So, all of us had listened to Edgar and then Rupert, who’d come to us and taught us how to be women in bed with a man. “Now don’t raise your hand to me, duckie,” a swishy Rupert had said. “So you only want a real man like Edgar to touch you and not a gay man like me! But this is a test, my little darling. I only have to mention to Natasha what a terrible lover you’ll make and you’ll be on your knees at the trustees’ table.”

A short time later, I had to sit in front of Mistress Louise and go over my report card from Rupert. He gave me an A minus for my hand jobs, a B for blow jobs, and a B plus for my frontal tush, but only a C for being his puppy dog. “She’s improving, but most of her good work comes when she’s most terrified,” Rupert had written of me as if he really was my teacher and took his grades seriously. “We need to find the right man for Melissa. She could be considered as showgirl material in time but another round in dancing classes would suit her best.”

So I was in my third round of being in dancing classes, square dancing being only one of the ‘courses’ we girls had to take. Taking men sexually had almost become second nature to me as I really was terrified of failing. I’d seen what had happened to Margarita, a feisty girl, who refused to admit she was a girl from the start. She’d tried to fight her way out of D Block and into the general population but of course that didn’t work.

She’d had her teeth knocked out right in front of us, screaming and spitting blood over everyone as Slim and his friends, who’d done it, had then trussed her and screwed her, one at her ass and another in her mouth right there in front of all of us. We girls had all stood there in our Victoria’s Secret corsets and lingerie and done nothing, so terrified had we been.

The worst part had been when Natasha and her friends, their faces and hair so girlish but in prison uniforms like the other men, got out their penises and made the sobbing Margarita give them blow jobs as well.

“Any of you girls want a piece of ass?” Lindsay had asked us as she was bucking Margarita’s tush

while she, we had learned very quickly to call each other 'girls', she, Margarita, was having her face washed with male seed by another of the band's musicians who'd joined us.

"I actually prefer my women to be willing," said the musician with a leer at us, as we writhed there in dark stockings and dark corsets. "And if this helps to remind all of you girls what'll happen if you ain't as willing as you're supposed to be, well, it's all in a good cause, ain't it?"

I think I was sick in the toilet for over an hour. I know Suzanne was. So was Tiffany because I remember she got some on her wig, much to Mistress Louise's disgust. She made Tiffany assume the position, her head down at her knees, restrained by a collar attached to the floor, her tush high in the air. She was in black panties and a black corset along with black stockings. Any man who came in through that day was offered a poke into Tiffany.

I didn't see anyone refuse. A lot of them took a long time to come inside her, her moans and groans disrupting our modelling class. I know I wondered what it would be like to be her but I couldn't ask her as we were kept apart at night after the first training round. Well, we had to be as we were often taken about the prison and locked in with other inmates who had us for the night if they wanted us. And they always wanted us. I saw many of them paying off the wardens who took us to the cells, the clicking of our high heels bringing other men to the bars of their cells to whistle at us.

"Hey, pretty boy!" they'd call at me and whoever I was with. I watched Brittany shivering in her mini-skirt just like the one I was wearing as she was taken and put into a cell, another inmate ejected

and put into one with two other men. “What’s your name, pretty boy?” the men always wanted to know. “Tell me and I’ll buy you for a night as well. I got the tender. Come on, pretty boy. Look, I got a hard-on for you.” And sometimes they did.

Once, Beyonce, a pretty, black-haired, dark-skinned girl, was sprayed by one of the laughing men in a cell. He wasn’t laughing as the guards went in then and beat him to a bloody pulp with their nightsticks. The whole block was very quiet after that. They hauled the body out and left it in the middle of the hallway.

It was eerily quiet save for the clicking of our high heels as we girls went on to the next stop, where, my heart beating wildly, I was given to a black dude, named Leroy, I think, who was really charming with me. He made me feel that I was a woman with him, so that I was shivering and was almost sad to leave him in the morning.

*******I’m looking for an old friend of mine*******

Barry sat on my chest, not bothering to undo my dress or to let me take off my earrings or my necklace. “If you want it so bad,” he growled at me as I tried to wriggle under him but I was held pretty well in place, “here it is, Melissa, if that’s your name.”

Of course it’s not my name, I could have told him, but my mouth was full of him. I tried to ease his manhood out and caress it as Edgar had taught me but Barry was having none of that. He swatted my hand away and held my head as he drove into me, my wig coming almost off in his hands.

Barry was disgusted at that and found my hair pins and released my wig. I think he was surprised

to find my real hair was as blonde as the wig. He released the topknot I had piled it all in and he laughed as he ran his fingers through my real hair, longer, I think, than most women's.

"Maybe you really are a Melissa," Barry said to me as he pulled his huge cock out of my mouth, lifting his body from mine. He pulled down my panties and explored me, swatting my genitals in disgust when he found out for sure that I was as male as he was.

"Not a Melissa then," Barry said as I shuddered beneath him. This wasn't going the way it normally did. Most guys knew what we were and what we'd do for them. They usually went for what they wanted, we girls having to accommodate them. Barry, however, didn't seem to know exactly what he wanted.

"I have to roll you over?" Barry asked me.

"You don't have to," I said nervously to him. I piled the pillows behind me and showed him how he could lift me, lift my tush and penetrate me as if I was a woman. I'd have been in real trouble if I hadn't. I couldn't allow one of the trustees to come in and find me just sitting there, not committing some sexual act with the man I'd been assigned to as a 'reward'.

I lubricated myself with the liquids which were always there, beside the bed, spraying Barry's penis as well.

"Hey, this isn't really so bad," said Barry as I wiggled and wiggled to get myself into position, assisting him to enter me. I wondered as I always did why I was doing that, assisting a man to have me as a woman. If I didn't, I told myself sourly, I'd have a

man taking me, something like the way it was when they took Veronica or Tiffany, or something worse if Madame Louise or Natasha could think up something to debase us girls even more.

I put my arms about Barry's neck. He relaxed down onto me, kissing me as much as I was kissing him. Pretty soon, he was pumping me just like a man does a woman. I knew how to whimper and moan as if it was such a delightful experience to have a man inside me.

"This is actually," said Barry through gritted teeth as he ground his penis into my tush, "pretty good." I kissed his neck, knowing how soft and waxy my restless lips were. Men were always telling me that. I had girls' lips, I was told. I really did kiss like a girl.

It had been Edgar again who'd taught me that. He'd taught me that men like to be kissed in different ways. Barry was one of those who liked a little resistance to a girl's kissing. I'd have bruised lips in the morning if he stayed with me all night long. I didn't know if he would. I didn't know where I was on the roster. I only knew that I'd be delivered somewhere later on that night. It might be to a man, like Leroy, whom I already knew. There'd been a few of those.

The last few had even had little gifts for me, new earrings from Gord and perfume from Clarence, a huge black man whom the other girls were terrified of. I was scared as well which is why I was really girlie with him but, the last time with him had been, well, actually enjoyable.

Clarence had been the first to ask me how much time I had left to serve, the first to treat me as if I

was really female, praising me and complimenting me, calling me 'girl' all the time. He still had two years but, if I was out before him, he promised me, he had friends I could go to who'd look after me for him.

