



Reluctant Press

The Rape Of Europa

Francis Burnay



ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHAS

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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Prologue

The dream was worse than any nightmare I had ever had. In it I was strapped down in a small, metal box. The box was curious because although it was possible to see out of it, there was no breath of air within.

However, there was far worse to come. The clothes I was wearing were coarse and prickly against my delicate skin. My body felt different too. The straps left my hands free, and when I looked down at them it was to see that, like my clothes, they were different. Nothing delicate about these hands. They were coarse hands with a growth of disgusting gingery hair on the backs. The nails were coarse too – thick and misshapen, one or two broken.

The upper part of my body was clad in a strange garment of stretchy wool, a drab olive green. More terrifying than anything else, when I glanced down, it was to observe that my chest was flat. Oh, I know my breasts are normally smaller than I should like but beneath that ugly olive wool there was no evidence of any swellings at all.

With a gasp of horror I pushed my ugly hand beneath the neck of the hideous garment and confirmed the equally hideous truth. I was without even my small breasts. Furthermore, my chest was no longer smooth and soft but covered in a mat of hairs which felt disgustingly stiff, like little coils of wire.

With a horrified suspicion growing in me by the moment, I slid my hand beneath the waist band of the nether garment to find to my surprise that beneath it there was a further layer - of softer cloth this time.

Frantically, I burrowed beneath the inner layer to have my worst fears confirmed. The entrance to my womb was no longer there, the softness of the lips and the moistness within replaced by a limp appendage with the little bag of a man behind it.

I became aware of voices, and, when I looked outside my cell, it was to see people gathered around out there – young men and women gesticulating and laughing, amused presumably because of my hand exploring beneath my clothes. It was then that I screamed.

The scene changed in the inconsequential manner of dreams, the crowd outside replaced by a vision of the sea. A very angry sea, gray and pitiless with curtains of rain drifting across big swells breaking on a rocky shore. My cell was falling downwards towards the rocks with the surf boiling over them, twisting and turning so that I soon felt quite sick. As my cell fell into the sea, I screamed again.

Soon I was sinking downwards but remaining quite dry. Strands of kelp drifted out of the darkness of the sea and slid past. There was a bump as the cell hit a rock and then the sea burst in, dark and cold. I struggled despairingly to free myself from the straps holding me but they were much too strong to break, even for my masculine muscles.

The Rape Of Europa

By Francis Burnay

CHAPTER 1

The room was small, the furniture functional rather than decorative. The boy opened the door tentatively and entered the room as timidly as a rabbit in fox territory. He was tall and slender with long legs, narrow shoulders and hips. Beneath curling reddish-blond hair cut rather long, his face was startlingly pale with the soft, delicate features of a girl. His nose was slightly tip tilted. His lips forming the cupid bow of a sensitive mouth a female movie star might envy were full, with a sensual pout which captured a highlight from the shaft of sunshine pouring in through the window with its view of green playing fields and the buildings of the university beyond.

“Come, sit down. Make yourself comfortable.” Hazel jabbed her pencil towards the lounge chair on the other side of her desk.

The boy hesitated, then headed for the chair as though it might offer some kind of refuge from the predator-filled world around him. He gave an uncomfortable wriggle, sat bolt upright in the chair and looked at her with something suggestive of apology in his light brown eyes. Apology for existing?

“Oh!” He gave a guilty start, fumbled in the pocket of his neatly washed and ironed jeans and handed her a crumpled envelope.

Hazel took the envelope, opened it with the paper knife which had been a present from the students of her previous semester’s tutorial group and glanced at the contents.

“Richard Grant, your doctor says you’ve had several attempts at taking your own life,” she said, folding the letter and returning it to its envelope. “It must be pretty bad. Especially for a student who gets grades as good as yours.”

He nodded, almost eagerly.

She rose, walked around her desk and taking the twin of the easy chair he was sitting in so uncomfortably, propelled it towards him and sat down herself. "Tell me if you like," she said.

His response was to bury his face in his hands.

She waited without speaking or moving. From behind the hands, a sob emerged. "I'm in the wrong body," he announced. "I can't bear it."

"The wrong body? Is that why you've had half a dozen shots or so at destroying the one you've got?"

He removed his hands from his face and nodded. The apologetic regard of the light brown eyes sought and found hers.

"The body you've got looks okay to me," she said. "Tell me what you feel to be so wrong with it?"

He shook his head. "You're not going to believe this," he said.

"My job's not to do with believing, it's to listen and try to understand. Tell me what you believe to be wrong with your body, Richard."

The boy shrugged and after an interval said: "Most people call me Rickie."

A longer silence ensued in which the tick of a clock intruded, sounding unusually loud.

Hazel waited patiently.

The boy rose from his chair. "I should go," he blurted. "I'm wasting your time."

"What do you think is wrong with your body?" Hazel asked again and added, "I'm paid a salary by the Department of Student Health. So as far as I'm concerned, there's all the time in the world. Do sit down again, please, Rickie."

He appeared relieved, and responded by returning to his chair. "I'll tell you what's wrong with my body," he said. "I'm in it!"

"Can you qualify that a bit," Hazel asked and added: "It's all a question of consciousness, really, isn't it. The brain in the body I'm looking at – a perfectly utilitarian and properly functioning body if your doctor and appearances are anything to go by — seems to be providing a firm physical foundation for the existence of your consciousness, or soul if you care to call it that. The brain cannot function without a body to carry it around and nurture it, provide oxygen and nutriment etceteras, which right at this moment yours appears to be doing very well. Many people would be pleased to have your body..."

"I know that," he interrupted. "Being so ungrateful for what I've got is one of the reasons why I can't stand myself. Shit, some people have cancer and all that stuff. I know all that. But I'm healthy as hell."

He fell silent, a long silence in which the ticking of the clock intruded once again.

Hazel sighed. "Except you keep trying to kill yourself because you feel your body to be failing you in some way. What way Rickie?"

“All right then, I’ll tell you.” He grinned savagely. “I’m really a woman,” he blurted. “I’m a woman incarcerated in a man’s body.” He buried his face in his hands. “Go on laugh,” he said through his fingers.

“Is that all?” Helen said.

“All?” His face emerged from behind his hands. “All my life,” he said. “All my life, I’ve been shy and timid. No aggression – no good at football. Nothing like that. I go on the beach and watch the girls parade along the sand in their g-string bikinis and yearn and yearn to be one of them. I can’t tell you how much I’d like to have one of those strings between my buttocks and coming into that little triangle of cloth in front and all the men watching me as I swing my hips and backside to make them want me.”

“I’m a woman,” Hazel said. “I’ve never worn a g-string bikini.”

“No,” he conceded. “But you’re... you’re...”

“Past it?” Hazel suggested.

“I wasn’t going to say that. What I was going to say was, ‘The wrong generation’.” He rose from his chair. “I’ll be on my way then,” he said. “It’s useless. I knew you wouldn’t be able to help me. No one can.”

Hazel regarded him for a few seconds. “I wouldn’t say that,” she answered, levelly.

“Look, I’d sooner manage without Psychotherapy or drugs or any of that bullshit, thanks. My problem is I’m a female in a male’s body.”

“All human beings are essentially females,” Hazel said. “When you get a Y chromosome, the basic model is altered to turn you into a male.”

“Only in my case the feelings stayed female.”

“What you’re suffering from is not all that uncommon. Maybe, sometimes the Y chromosome doesn’t contrive a complete adaptation and sometimes despite having all the apparatus of a male, the victim remains feeling female.”

“I can’t go on like this for the rest of my life,” he said, bitterly. “What am I to do?”

Hazel returned to the chair behind her desk and scribbled something on a sheet of paper. “Take this to the address on the front,” she said folding the paper into an envelope. “The man’s name is Dr Rudolf Rubin. I can’t guarantee the bikini g-string but he’ll probably be able to help you. In the meantime I’ll call him and explain.”

“He’s a surgeon?”

“No,” she said and, to his amazement, added: “He’s a particle physicist, actually.”

Dr Rudolf Rubin was an untidy man with a helmet of wild gray hair which he encouraged to become even wilder by a nervous habit of constantly running his fingers through it. He had thick full lips, a strong fleshy nose and the gentle brown eyes of a fallow deer. His clothes looked as though he slept in them, and he had rather intimidating body odor.

Like its occupant, his room appeared to be in chaos. There were two or three wooden chairs with a look of excruciating discomfort, some work benches, and, in one corner, an examination couch with, at the head end, a tangle of strange-looking wires

and dials surrounding what looked like a hollow metal cylinder a meter or so in diameter .

“Yes,” he said after Rickie had introduced himself. “Hazel Dwyer called me. She has sent several like you to see me.”

“And have you been able to help them?” Rickie asked, breathless with eagerness.

Rubin spent a few seconds in frowning thought after which he once again ran his fingers through his hair and answered: “I believe so. I certainly hope so.”

“You believe so?” Rickie echoed dejectedly. He had been hoping for something more positive.

Rubin treated his hair to further digital disarray. “I shall try to explain what I think I can do,” he said. “After that it’s up to you to decide. Please sit down and listen carefully.”

“Okay. Go ahead,” Rickie said and, removing a pile of papers from the seat of a chair, placed them carefully on the floor before lowering his posterior gingerly downwards. The papers had looked as though there might be a pie under them.

Rubin leaned back and touching the tips of his fingers together, spoke over the top of them. “First, what you have to appreciate is that the whole universe is permeated by consciousness. Our little lives and brains provide outlets for that consciousness much like appliances plugged into an electric grid. Many of the phenomena of consciousness can be explained only by quantum physics. For example, a thought, which is instantaneous, requires information to be assembled from various parts of the brain without the passage of time. According to relativity theory it is impossible for any signal to travel faster than the velocity of light. So here we have a paradox at least the equal of your female self locked inside a male body. How can it be resolved?”

He rose and began pacing restlessly up and down the floor between the heaps of papers then flung himself untidily down in the only remaining uncluttered chair.

“How?” Rickie asked.

“There is a quantum phenomenon, the existence of which Einstein himself denied but which has recently been shown to exist beyond all doubt. It is called ‘non-locality’. In quantum physics, if two particles interact or are otherwise involved with one another, then no matter how far apart in the universe they may be in the future, any subsequent activity on the part of one affects the other. The effect is instantaneous. In other words something happens between them which has defied the proscription of relativity theory concerning signals not traveling faster than light speed.

“There are other strange phenomena of fundamental particles. For example when, say, a particle is confronted by a situation in which one of two possible outcomes is possible, quantum theory requires both outcomes to occur, however contradictory that might be. How can that happen you might ask? The answer is, that to accommodate the situation, the universe splits into two, in each half of which, one of the possible events has come to pass. Thus there is an infinite number of universes, each existing in parallel. In each there will be identical copies of you and me and everyone else, each individual blissfully unaware that he is not unique. But I detect a suggestion of what?

Skepticism? Impatience? Impatience because you feel that what I am telling you is not relevant to your wish to change your gender?”

Rickie ran his fingers through his thick fair hair. The habit seemed to be catching. “Yes,” he said.

Rubin sat back in his chair touched the tips of his fingers together again and smiled. “You’re wrong,” he said. “Because what I have told you contains the key to the change you desire so avidly that you have tried to destroy yourself because you can’t have it. Not quite the key or the change you envisaged, perhaps. But a way maybe.”

“Please tell me,” Rickie said, impatiently.

“Very well. For Hazel’s sake.”

He leaned forward in his chair, bony hands clasped, gray locks awry. “At the moment of conception, whether or not you receive a Y chromosome to make you a male, depends upon several factors, most of which are determined by sub-molecular quantum events associated with things like the valences of proteins and nucleic acids which are in turn determined by the behavior of electrons. The acquisition of, or failure to acquire, a Y chromosome, constitutes a quantum situation in which particles are involved with two possible outcomes. As usual, both occur, the universe splitting into two to accommodate the two possible outcomes. That is to say, Rickie, at the moment in which you became male, a copy of you, which apart from the lack of a Y chromosome, was genetically identical with you was brought into being. In other words, there exists a world parallel with this in which you, or an identical copy of you, is female.”

CHAPTER 2

“You understand the implications?” Rubin put his hands behind his head, riffled his hair, leaned back in his chair and regarded Richard Grant expectantly.

“In some other world, I have a, a sister, kind of, I suppose.”

Rubin shook his head impatiently. “Not just a sister,” he said. “A twin sister. But unlike any other twin sister any man ever had in the past, a twin sister identical in every way to you, apart from lacking a Y chromosome.”

“All right. So what? How does that help me? I have a bloody Y chromosome. It’s made me a male when I’m really female. I should have been her.”

“But if we could extract your female consciousness and transmit it to your twin sister’s you’d become female. Or you’d have a consciousness which inhabited a female body. Which is what you wish, huh?”

“But I’d be my sister, not myself,” protested Grant.

“Neither you nor your sister would have the slightest inkling about any change. As far as she or you were concerned, you’d find yourself in a totally familiar situation with all the memories and associations appropriate to it but just possibly perhaps, with one or two of your experiences in this world embedded deep down in your subconscious.”

“Okay,” Rickie said. “I can’t go on as I am. I’ll do it. How do you arrange it?”

Rubin smiled. “It’s a technique I stumbled across when I was doing my Ph.D. research in Artificial Intelligence,” he said. “As I said before, you have to accept and understand that the whole universe is permeated by consciousness of which individual minds are mere extensions.”

“Like Jung’s universal subconscious?”

Rubin reflected. “Like it, I guess,” he replied. “The point is, however, that as individuals, we are mere extensions of a greater awareness so that a connection exists, if you will, from you in this world through the universal consciousness to your sister’s consciousness in her world. If you want an analogy, think of the universal consciousness as being like the Internet in this world. Pursuing the analogy further, think of you and your ‘sister’, both sharing identical genes, apart from her X chromosome and your Y of course, as e-mail addresses linked through the universal Internet of consciousness.”

“How’s the connection established?”

“By using the quantum process I told you about: quantum non-locality. The fact is, that at the moment of conception of both of you, a quantum event was confronted with a choice of yielding either an X or a Y chromosome. The possibility of two consequences caused the universe to split to accommodate both possible outcomes. This means that the particles submerged in molecules which determined that she kept her X and you acquired your Y continue to retain their association. The situation is that your ‘sister’s’ consciousness could be connected by processes of quantum non-locality

so that your consciousness can be transferred into hers. The result would be that, without either of you knowing anything about it, your awareness would be shared with hers. Effectively, your mind would be submerged as part of a woman's mind in a woman's body."

"But I'd have to move to this other universe to do it?"

Rubin spread his hands. "Not any part of you physically. It's outside the power of physics to make a woman's body to replace yours. All we can do is insert your consciousness into that of a woman with identical DNA to yours, who already exists. Neither of you would ever be aware that any such exchange had occurred. She would continue with her memories, feelings and emotions in her world, just as she had always done and, having become blended in with her, you would join in them, again without being aware that you had ever previously been anything other than her."

"So effectively, nothing's changed?"

"Nothing's changed. Except you have been released from the hateful situation of being a woman incarcerated in a man's body."

"It seems a bit sneaky doesn't it, just moving in on her?"

"She'd never know anything had happened."

"This other universe. Would it be the same as this one?"

"It would have been at the instant of your conception, so there's every likelihood it's developed to a point where it's currently similar to this one. Who can tell? There's no possibility of anyone ever returning, so there's no feedback. So we just have to trust the equations." He frowned. "Only..."

"Only what?"

"The future, the past and the present, have no meaning elsewhere in this universe. They're all local phenomena, so God alone knows how time functions in a parallel universe. According to my calculations, there's a remote possibility that your genetically female twin might inhabit a different epoch.

"What epoch? How different?"

"Well, an entirely different time from ours. When your sister's DNA was being assembled, it's possible that the time factor could have gotten scrambled."

"Meaning what?"

"Meaning there's a chance she might inhabit a world of the remote past or future. In the equations, time's always a variable."

"So, if you sent me to become part of her consciousness, there's a chance she might live at a time I shouldn't like."

"Like or dislike doesn't really come into it. You/she would have no inkling of any existence other than the one she grew up in, so nothing would seem at all unusual."

He sat forward in his chair and once again ran his fingers through his straggly gray thatch. "I wouldn't worry about it too much. My guess is that her world's pretty much

like this one. And even if it wasn't, she'll be part of whatever society she has grown up in and be accepted in it as such and accept it as such."

"Hmm!" Rickie reflected. "It's not quite what I'd dreamed of but if it's the best you can do, I suppose I'd better go along with it." He sat forward and added, vehemently. "I have to!"

"You don't have to decide all at once, though," the physicist said, soothingly.

Rubin reflected. "Before I explain the practical details, there is one other thing you must consider."

"What?"

"Because of local time differences, your 'sister' may be a different age from you."

"But," protested Rickie. "According to you, we were both conceived at the same instant. So how can that be?"

Rubin shook his head. "As I told you, time is a purely local phenomenon," he explained. "It's different in every part of this universe, so goodness knows how it goes in her universe compared with ours."

"You're saying she could be older or younger than I am now?" Grant asked in dismay.

"Possibly. But probably only by a year or two at the most."

"So, in our reckoning, she could be twenty-one or even thirty, maybe?"

"Or seventeen or even fifteen!"

"But not fifty or eighty or even one or two?"

Rubin frowned. "No. Such discrepancies wouldn't be completely impossible but they're most unlikely."

Rickie heaved a sigh of satisfaction. "I can cope with fifteen or thirty," he said. "So how do you go about it, submerging me in this unknown woman?"

Rubin smiled. "First I have to have a sample of your DNA for analysis. Remember that she shares your DNA exactly, so continuing with the e-mail/internet analogy, your shared DNA is a kind of e-mail address."

"With the universal consciousness acting as both connection and server?"

"Exactly. But we shall need more than that. We have a message to send. And the message is, of course, your consciousness."

"However do you transmit that?"

"I shall have to prepare its algorithm. For a computer, the algorithm is like its consciousness. The hardware is like the brain with the rest of the body nothing more than a means for nurturing the brain and a vehicle for carting it around."

"How do you get the algorithm?"

"You will be required to place your head inside the recording element over there." Rubin indicated the bed with its wiring and dials at the head end, which Richard Grant had noticed when he first entered the physicist's room. "You will lie there and

answer a series of questions about your feelings and history. The process will make you feel very sleepy. Afterwards, you will indeed fall asleep. While you were awake and answering the questions, the recorders will have been monitoring your brain patterns, from which a computer operating a program which I prepared over many years will establish and file the algorithm of your consciousness. While you sleep, the transmission will take place. The next thing you know, you will awaken with your consciousness blended with that of your genetically identical female twin. You will share all her memories, emotions and experiences. She might retain a few ghosts of your own memories, emotions and experiences, like the recollections in adulthood of the memories of childhood flower gardens. Most particularly, she will savor and exult in the phenomenon of being female.”

“What of my body as a man here?”

“What’s left will be observed to have a personality change. Typically there’s a loss of emotional responses but to compensate, occasionally an improvement in intellect.”

“Like in schizophrenia?”

“Like that. For details you’d have to discuss it with Hazel.”

“I’m not sure I care for becoming schizophrenic.”

“Then withdraw from the project.”

“I can’t. I can’t go on hating what I am for the rest of my life.”

“Would it be worse than having schizophrenia?”

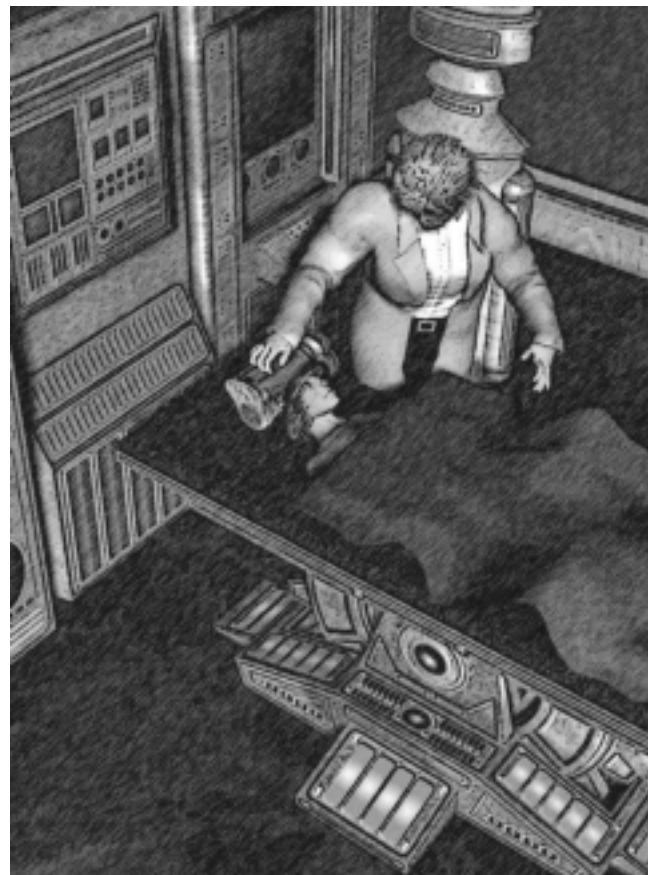
“I don’t know. How could anyone ever know? All I do know is, it’s bloody terrible.”

Rubin shrugged. “The choice is yours. Take a few days to think it over. Let me know if you decide to go ahead and I’ll set it up.”

“Okay”. Rickie rose to his feet and held out his hand. “And thanks. I was desperate.” He hesitated and turned to Rubin. “One thing,” he said. “What do you get out of it?”

Rubin smiled, beatifically. “The ability to demonstrate theories of the quantum mechanics of consciousness I have been developing for years.”

But, Grant thought. If there’s no possibility of feedback, what possible satisfaction can there be in that? How can he possibly learn anything? However, he said nothing.



CHAPTER 3

Somebody was shaking my shoulder. “Madam! Wake up!” a voice said urgently.

Through the veils of sleep I recognized the voice . Amalia! It was presumptuous of a slave to lay hands on me. Promising myself that I would have the girl whipped for it, I fought the requirement to waken.

It had been a wretched night. There had been a vile nightmare in which it seemed I was a man, a man confined in a metal cell which was twisting and turning as it fell towards the sea. So intense had been the dream , so great my horror of the change to my body and the prospect of drowning confined in a metal box, that on waking shortly after, I had done something I knew to be forbidden. I had explored between my thighs, and with the carelessness associated with desperate haste to know the truth, not to mention the vigor with which I had subsequently stimulated myself, I thought I might have damaged my maidenhead. If I had it would have been a disaster.

My father loved me, but I knew he would be furiously angry with me if he ever found out that I had destroyed the evidence of my virginity, which for the daughter of a Phoenician king with his responsibility for arranging the most advantageous method for disposing of her, was a commodity beyond price.

On subsequent tentative exploration with trembling fingers I had the inexpressible relief of discovering nothing worse than a tear which could easily have been a result of one of my monthly fluxes and for which no-one could accuse me of having committed a crime. But was it really only a tear? The thought it might be worse had made my heart pound with terror. But how could one ever find out for certain for oneself?

In response to the screams the nightmare had caused, my old nurse, Yamilulia, had rushed into the room and comforted me in a way which had brought back the yearning for my mother with an anguish which I hadn't experienced since I was a child. I opened my eyes to see Yamilulia hovering in the back-ground behind Amalia. She pushed past the slave to get to my bedside. She was tall, angular and strict, and whilst the comfort she could occasionally offer stemmed more from familiarity than love, she often detracted from it by admonitions and reminders of duty. Now, her thin reproving face was soured by urgency. The goddess alone knew how Yamilulia would scold me if she ever found out that I had accidentally damaged my hymen.

“Madam! Princess! You must get up! Your father has commanded you to appear before him. Unwilling to relinquish sleep, I turned on my side, away from her. The slave, Amalia, actually had the further temerity to slap my face. “You must wake up! Oh please, Madam! It's long past dawn. If your audience with your father is to be at noon, there's scarcely enough time to get you ready as it is.”

Whipping would be too merciful. I would have her pretty little backside branded, I promised myself angrily.

“You know how your father is if he's kept waiting,” the nurse reminded me.

She was right. My father's rages were not something anyone would willingly court. Despite the fact that I was his favourite daughter, I was, nevertheless, sufficiently

afraid of him to open my eyes and slide my long shapely legs out from beneath the silk sheets of my bed of cedar inlaid with mother of pearl.

I stood in the bronze bath shaped like a lily leaf whilst Amalia and a couple of black slaves poured tepid water over my shoulders, sponged my body and lathered my long hair, all under the supervision of Yamilulia, hovering in her black robes like an anxious crow. After I had been rinsed and dried and my skin anointed with oil and perfume, I sat on the cedar stool borne on the backs of sculpted golden elephants whilst Amalia brushed my golden hair. When Amalia snapped out an order, one of the black girls brought in a full length mirror of polished bronze.

Naked, and fresh from my bath, my hair glowing from being newly washed and brushed, I stood to admire my reflection. Within its frame of golden hair, my face was a delicate oval in which the skin of my cheeks had a hue of the softest rose –olive. Blue- gray eyes slanting upwards and outwards betrayed my descent from my Scythian mother whose golden northern beauty had, in me, predominated over my father's southern darkness. The full cherry red lips of my mouth were formed in a pout eloquent of my resentment at having been so rudely awakened. My figure, trim and muscular from the running and swimming which the priestesses of the Holy Mother never ceased complaining about, was neat and slender , my breasts which I considered to be too small, perhaps compensated for their diminutive size by being wonderfully firm and high, with thrusting rose -pink nipples. If my bosom somewhat betrayed my gender, the rest of my body was also more than a little boyish. My hips were narrow, my belly flat but with, at its base, a most unboyish triangular tangle of tight blonde curls hiding the shadowy gash of the womb within, its lips, like my nipples , of the most delightful rose-bud pink.

“It's true what everyone says about you,” Amalia said, admiringly, studying my image from behind my shoulder. “You are indeed the most beautiful woman between the two seas.”

Yamilulia clicked her tongue reproachfully. “Don't flatter the vain little creature,” she sniffed, and repeated the message my father received so often from the priestesses. “A woman with a body like a boy will never make a good breeder.”

Holding my peace with some difficulty, I forbore to threaten her with punishment. But if she was right about the masculinity of my body's appearance, she couldn't have been more wrong about the way I felt. I was a woman and I couldn't recollect ever having rejoiced in it so much before.

Despite Yamilulia's disapproval, I had accepted Amalia's flattery without denial because even though my breasts and hips were too small for me to be a good breeder or be pleasing to priestesses who believed that every woman should be vast in breast, hip and thigh, I knew it was the truth. There was, however, an intrusive memory that, on this particular morning, detracted somewhat from my complacency about my beauty, because, although my father was Agenor, King of Sejdon of an ancient house, my breeding still wasn't quite the equal of my appearance. My mother had been a mere concubine , an Amazon, daughter of a Scythian king , captured during my father's campaign against Cimmerian raiders from across the northern sea. My father had

loved her and, because of this, he loved me more than any of his other children, much to the annoyance of those born of noble Phoenician mothers.

Until I reached the age of twelve at which my monthly fluxes began and I was a woman, my father had kept me hidden from the world, but afterwards I was allowed to appear at court and be carried in a golden litter through the public streets, always with an escort of armed eunuchs of course. From this time on, despite my small breasts and narrow hips, the fame of my beauty spread throughout the land between the two seas and, on days of royal processions, people flocked within the gates of Sejdon simply to catch a glimpse of me. Furthermore, now that I was sufficiently mature, my father kept being inundated by offers of marriage from many of the greatest kings and nobles of the lands between the two seas.

There were others who advanced claims upon me, most notably the priestesses of Holy Cybele who tended to believe that a girl of great beauty and royal blood should in some way which, from fear of my father they took care not to specify, be devoted to the service of the goddess, even if the girl's breasts were too small and her hips too narrow.

Now after the terrible night, it seemed that the High Priestess had sent an envoy to my father requesting an interview with me in the afternoon. I knew instinctively that this boded no good for me.

With my toilette complete, Amalia and the other two slaves dressed me in my new dress of pale blue silk which, though of many layers, was so sheer that my body could easily be seen through it.

Following the sleepless night in which I had almost committed the terrible crime of destroying my maidenhead by self-stimulation I was feeling restless, so after I had eaten my breakfast of bread and fruit, and in obedience to Yamilulia's admonitions, finished my beaker of milk, I ignored suggestions that I should spend the morning preparing myself for the audience with my father, and shrugged myself inside the robe which Amalia hastily placed around my shoulders, before walking into the little room in which Yamilulia had slept during the times of my childhood ailments. Today the room was tidy with disuse, the bed neatly made, and no evidence of the old nurse's tenancy. Still restless, and consumed by the secret forbidden yearning for something more stimulating than my own finger, I wandered through the oval doorway of Yamilulia's old room and out onto the terrace beyond.

It was a crisply beautiful spring morning with the sun shining in a cloudless sky of fathomless blue. Over the rail of the terrace with its scarlet and black creeper, I looked across my own gardens and the new water gardens my father was having built, towards the wide beach where the ships of the traders were drawn up with the blue Western sea sparkling with dancing diamonds beyond. In the remote south, the isle of Cyprus lay along the horizon, a misty lilac dragon sleeping in the haze.

My garden was ablaze with flowers, all around which butterflies, red, yellow, and blue, fluttered like animated chips of a disintegrated rainbow. There were birds down there too. Golden crested hoopoes dancing from tree to tree, little Lycian wrens, blue as fallen fragments of sky. Their songs filled the air, together with the cooing of the

bronze-winged Lycian pigeons, the sweetness of the little dun-colored linnets, and the occasional echo of a cuckoo.

There was one sound that shouldn't be there. A man's voice raised in song. A man! It was impossible! As the daughter of a king, I was jealously guarded. My gardens and apartments were constantly watched by armed eunuchs. Any man who came within the perimeter was courting immediate death. It had always been so. Now there was one in my garden. The fool was actually advertising his presence by singing too.

Scarcely daring to draw breath, I moved to the edge of my balcony, and, taking care to keep myself concealed behind the red and black flowers of the desert pea climbing over the rail, peered down into my garden.

Immediately below my balcony, a naked slave wielding a pick was attacking the rocky soil outside the basement rooms of the Emerald Palace. The light reflected from the sheen of sweat on the skin over the rippling muscles of his shoulders and back was almost dazzling. As I watched, he straddled the hole he was digging and bent over to drag a large lump of rock from the ground with his bare hands. The muscles of his upper arms and shoulders, bulged. The calves and thighs of the legs straddling the pit he was digging also bulged with muscle, The cleft between his buttocks widened with the strain and free between his thighs I could see, stiffening slightly with his effort, an example of what I had been dreaming of having thrust into me, ever since I had so sinfully stimulated myself following the previous night's dream.

When hearing a thrush sing, he glanced up, I thrilled to see that his hair, sodden with sweat, framed features as handsome and rugged as Heracles, the legendary hero of the Greeks. This man was no hero, he was only a slave, but in my thoughtlessness and stupidity, it seemed that the sweat pouring from him provided sufficient justification for what I did next.

Amalia and Yamilulia were occupied elsewhere. Unnoticed, I filled a cup with water from the bronze breaker in my bedroom and carrying it carefully to avoid spillage, ran down the basement stairway.

His back was towards me. "What are you doing in my garden?" I demanded, speaking Lydian/Carian.

At the sound of my voice, he started and turned around. As I proffered the cup of water, the brown eyes were full of questions. Clearly, he hadn't understood me. He understood something though: The intensity of his regard switched from my face to the diminutive breasts visible through my transparent dress, and from there to the blonde curls at the base of my belly. He used the back of his hand to wipe the sweat from his brow and grinned at me, revealing strong white teeth. I noticed that at the sight of me his sex had begun to harden and lift in salutation. Quite right too! I handed him the water. He took it without comment and drank. "Skorsi," he said, so I tried him again; in Lycian this time: "What are you doing in my garden?"

"Your garden?" His voice registered bewilderment and fear. To my chagrin, the stiffening of his member subsided into softness. Not that I could really blame him. It was death for an uncastrated man to venture within six cubits of me.

“I dig hole for foundations for aqueduct for king’s new water garden,” he explained, nervously. His skin was the usual velvety brown of the native Lycians. The fact that he wore no clothing, the brand on his buttock and the marks of the lash on his back proclaimed him a slave. As he continued to regard me, the look of fear on his face intensified.

“You are Princess?”

“Europa, yes! But don’t worry, no-one will ever know.”

He was incomparably inferior to me, socially, but I was filled with yearning to be penetrated by him. I wanted to be anointed with his sweat, defiled by his semen and saliva.

He knew that at a word from me he would die a horrible death and despite the beauty of my virtually naked body, fear of the consequences kept him limp.

Betraying every trust placed in me by my father and teachers, I stepped towards him and, kneeling between his feet, reached for his sex and peeled back the hood of skin to reveal the vermilion globe within before taking the whole organ into my mouth. A few passes with my lips and tongue, and I had won a massively hard erection. He at once began thrusting into my mouth, the truncheon of flesh hammering into my throat, making me retch and gag.

However, having him discharge into my gagging throat was not part of my scheme, so I hastily withdrew. The fool was sufficiently bereft of his wits to seize my hair and use it as a handle to pull my mouth back onto him.

He had been right to be afraid of me. Other slaves had died for less. Tearing myself free, I hastily peeled off my silk gown and, darting back into the basement chamber, threw myself down upon the low table in there with my legs apart. In no time he was kneeling between my knees and caressing the insides of my thighs with his erect monster which he held in both dirty hands.

I cried out as his seed planter penetrated me and then lay rigid with horror as I heard the voices of some of my eunuchs approaching from the direction of my father’s new water garden.

The Lycian slave had heard too. He withdrew from me and rolled off the table onto the floor where, like the slave he was, he groveled with his face buried in his hands and sobbing with fear.

Pausing only to gather my silk robe, I jumped over his prostrate form and ran naked up the stairs back to my apartment where Yamilulia and Amalia greeted my sweating nudity streaked with grime from the slave’s filthy hands, in open-mouthed consternation.

I managed to gasp out, “I want another bath, immediately,” before the screams from the garden began.

“Tell whoever’s making that noise to stop it, this instant,” I ordered. A minute later, when I looked over the desert pea creeper clinging to the rail of my balcony it was to see the slave I had tried to make the instrument of my lust being led away by my eunuchs. Beside him walked his overseer carrying the many-tailed whip with which,

judging by his bleeding back, the Lycian slave had already been severely punished. Soon no doubt he would suffer further before he died.

He deserved whatever came to him. After all, I was a princess and he had made me gag by seizing my hair and driving his flesh into my throat. If only briefly and to a pathetically limited extent, he had also penetrated me. I felt no remorse; more like a benefactress really, because whatever the eunuchs and his overseer had in store for him would be as nothing to my father's revenge if I voiced the slightest complaint against him. That's if I was ever able to recognize him again, of course. I'd recognize his stink though and I'd always remember the stale urine taste and smell of the unwashed flesh I'd yearned for so much and which, to my everlasting disgust, I had taken into my mouth.

Thinking that I would never get the stink of that slave out of my nostrils nor the memory of his sweating, grimy hands on my thighs, nor his fingers with their black nails groping for the lips of my womb, I made my slaves bath me all over again.

One of the Ethiopians was different from earlier, a girl with breasts even less developed than mine. Whereas mine, although small, jutted jauntily like little rosebuds, this girl was as flat-chested as a boy. Her hips were narrower than mine too. As she knelt to wash my legs, the defilement I had suffered at the hands of the Lycian slave and what he had failed to provide brought me to a boil of sudden anger. I seized the crinkly hair of the kneeling black girl and used it to bend her over backwards. With her body arched like that, her tiny breasts achieved a certain prominence.

"Wash me well," I ordered, still filled with nausea because of the defilement of the hands of the Lycian slave. I parted my legs and, ignoring her cry of pain, pulled her head between my thighs. "Wash me clean of him, wash right up inside me," I ordered.

She might have been nothing more than an Ethiopian slave but fear of me lent her an intuitive sense of what I required. She poured more saponin solution into her hands and soaped the insides of my thighs right up to the lips of my womb to which she attended with exemplary devotion to detail.

"You will come to my bed tonight," I told her. *Well, I thought, sleeping with a female slave made willing by terror would offer less political complications than taking a male into my bed.* A further consideration was that most of the males immediately accessible to me were eunuchs.

Showing the whites of her eyes, the Ethiopian glanced fearfully up at Amalia, who nodded.

As they dried, oiled and scented me, Yamilulia came into the bedroom. "The captain of your guard requests an audience, Highness," she said.

Dressed in my second best silk gown, I sat in my cedar throne and watched the eunuch crawl across the floor towards me. Like many of his kind, he was tending towards obesity and the sweat gleamed upon the rolls of fat hanging round the junction between his naked chest and pendulous belly.

"What is it Sachram?" I asked, and, after he had placed my feet upon his head: "For heavens sake get on your knees, man." In the circumstances, perhaps 'man' was

an unfortunate choice of word but he got onto his knees and with the rolls of his great belly hanging over his sword belt, knelt facing me.

“Oh Great Madam,” he said. “Respected Princess, I regret that men under my command have failed in their duty.”

“In what way?” I asked, intrigued.

The trembling eunuch clasped his hands together and looking utterly woebegone stared up at me from fearful brown eyes.

“Well, tell me then!” I snapped.

“Oh! Great, Much-Feared Princess, I have to confess that a man, a slave digging the foundations for an aqueduct in your garden, overstepped himself by venturing into a basement room of the Emerald Palace.”

“Disgraceful!” I said. “Where were my guards?”

“Oh! Great Mistress, I am no longer young. Be merciful, I beg you. They were escorting other slaves to their work on your father new water garden.”

“But they are supposed to guard the Emerald Palace!”

“Indeed so, Great Princess. Unfortunately there was confusion over duty.”

“Have them whipped. Thirty lashes each.”

“Thanks be for your mercy, Great Princess.” The wretch must have been expecting something much the same for himself.

“Well don’t start counting on it.”

“No, Great Princess. I won’t”

I snapped my fingers to dismiss him, but he remained on his knees looking up at me like an anxious dog expecting a kick.

“Yes. What else?” I sighed.

“What of the slave who entered your basement room, Great Madam?”

“What do you suggest?” I asked, feeling somewhat out of my depth.”

“That he should be tortured, castrated, then hanged, Great Princess.” He hesitated, before adding. “Er! He seemed to expect that you might show him mercy despite the seriousness of his crime.”

I drew a deep breath. The man had defiled me with his unwashed body and withdrawn when I wanted him. For that alone he deserved whatever was coming to him. Besides, by announcing to this eunuch that he might expect mercy by appealing to me, the fool had as good as betrayed me.

“Do as you suggested,” I said, coldly.

Before noon I received a letter from my father. Clad in my second best silk dress, the lime green, I left the courier lying with his head beneath my feet whilst I sat in my throne and read:

'Beloved daughter, it is with considerable regret that I am forced to cancel your visit to me scheduled for after the hour of noon today. Please forgive the shortness of the notice but yet more ships of ambassadors have appeared in the harbor, each the representative of some foreign king asking for your hand in marriage, either for themselves or their sons or cousins.

A decision on this must be made soon. You are, after all, now fourteen and well past marrying age. I have asked the High Priestess for her advice and her envoy tells me she has agreed to visit the Sacred Mountain tonight where she will put herself in a trance and hear the goddess's word on the matter. Thus, apart from love, there need be no reason for either of us to be in the other's company this afternoon, but today I also have an embassy from the Lord of Cecheulia asking for help with the famine in that unhappy province which has been *without rain for three whole years.*

The High Priestess's envoy tells me that should the goddess speak to her tonight, she will visit us in person tomorrow. I know you hate her, but if she has instructions concerning your future it will be best if you are present at the meeting to have at least some say in your own destiny,

Your loving father,

Agenor

I finished the letter with my eyes blurred by tears. What girl ever had a better father? It was typical of him to consult rather than order. Most other men in the same position would have selected the richest, most powerful king or prince to marry me to and I would only have found out about it after the decision was made.

That night just after I had snuggled between my silk sheets, Amalia brought the black girl to me. Her name was Ngula or something equally barbaric, and she was shaking with terror. However, although the priestesses of great Cybele would have considered her slender boyish body even more of an insult to the female gender than mine, I have to confess that I found her singularly beautiful, and at my first glance towards her was instantly aware of the insides of my thighs moistening. Although she had no bosom, the nipples were full and pouting ; in color, not pink like mine, but purple, softening at the haloes to the most exquisite violet. Despite the slightness of her bosom and narrowness of her hips, like mine, her legs were long and shapely. Her skin wasn't jet black like so many Ethiopians but a superb chocolate brown, in the oiled sheen of which, imps of reflected lamplight danced in time with the trembling of her limbs.

She looked so pretty and forlorn with her black eyes downcast that I held out my arms to her like a mother, and when she crept fearfully into them, held her close and stroked the tight little curls of her head and whispered the sort of nonsense that parents use to soothe frightened children. At first, the stiffness of her body suggested rejection but just as I was about to call for Amalia to fetch a eunuch with a whip, the tension went out of her. She turned onto her back, her legs fell apart and I found that I was easily able to insert half my hand into her moist cavity. In no time I had given her sufficient pleasuring to bring her to a shuddering gasping climax. After that, I inserted a finger into the opening between her buttocks and was rewarded by a contrac-

tion of the ring of muscle around my finger. The tightening of that ring around my finger was symbolic. Without needing to be beaten, she was mine. Impatient at having begun by taking the role of slave, I lay on my back and made her kneel, straddling my face with her thighs whilst she supported herself on her elbows to lie face down along the length of my body. Thus , with the big nipples of her tiny breasts brushing against my stomach, she was able to put her face between my thighs and push her tongue into me.

Before my father's agent had bought her from the Greek ship owner who had brought her out of Africa she had been destined for a Tyrian brothel and had been well trained. She had a trick of rolling her tongue into a cylinder to produce an effect worthy of the faithless Lycian slave who was probably still screaming as he expiated his crimes and deficiencies of earlier in the day. The thought of his well-deserved suffering excited me even further, and with my head on my pillow, I gazed up between the forest of tight black curls clustered around the entrance to the black girl's womb. Unlike the rest of her body, her lips were by no means chocolate brown but the most exquisite purplish-black and glistening with the flow of her moisture. In the little valleys between her lips and buttocks there was a glint of sweat. I raised my head and pushed my own tongue into her, and with mutual cries of satisfaction we reached twin peaks of pleasure in unison.

Attended by Amalia and an escort of my eunuchs, I waited outside the bronze doors of the royal audience chamber whilst Hakoun, my father's Arab master of protocol, went in to announce my arrival. When Hakoun returned, footmen wearing the red and black livery of the House of Critonikes knelt before me, whilst armed guards with white gloves on their hands swung open the great doors. From within, the stentorian voice of Hakoun, rang out, announcing my presence: "Her royal highness, the Princess Europa Ricschia Atalanta."

I walked between the guards inside the great hall to be confronted by the familiar scene. The tall granite columns soared aloft to support the bronze cupola of the roof built by my ancestor, Sejonius, after he had drawn his ships up on the beach and led his men into the hinterland to enslave the native Lycians and occupy their lands. .In the time of Sejonius the cupola had been one of the wonders of the world . With shafts of golden sunlight from the light wells blazing between them, the columns receded in geometrical progression towards an eastern perspective where, robed in red and black satin, my father sat on the golden throne of Sejdon beneath the image of Holy Cybele holding aloft the orb of the world and the winged wand of fertility. To my alarm, I saw that sitting beside him, actually on the dais within the moat which no-one , not even myself was ever allowed to cross without invitation, was the robed figure of Kaninchoza, High Priestess of Cybele, Blessed Mother of the Whole Universe. Either I was late or she had arrived early. My father would probably have my backside caned for keeping her waiting.

I dropped to my knees, and, then on my belly, began crawling towards the throne. I had gone no more than eight or nine cubits, and my knees and elbows were still ungrazed by the flagstones with the mosaics of flowers and golden lion heads between them, when I became aware of somebody near me. Summoning all my courage, I dared to look up and saw once again the tall figure of the herald, Hakoun . He was smiling